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We had our little Tang Dynasty poets circle, scribbling their notes to friends. Local, place-based, each word quieted with the rain that ran down our roofs.

We had our small clan house, the old-timers telling stories that call in the ancestral breath that lined the ocean before Raven was born. *How do you choose which stories to tell?* you once asked Bob Zuboff. He responded with a story, and after a sandwich he was done. The man got so close to the bear that he married her, and we all knew it wouldn't last, but we listened to the end. We never got our answer, just a story that still runs through our minds.

We had our own Elizabethan theater. Our dreams could be told in the public square. They belonged there, in some form, especially the dreams of the old masters. The bear shits in the woods. Fog steams through the cracks of the dock. Television plays in the background of Willie's telling of Khaaxh'achgóok.

I always paid attention to my dad, sipping his stoli, talking with you and others about the next clan conference. How many memorials, conferences, classes, plays, barbecues, and readings have you been to? You trust us to keep it up, but I was there. It's going to be hard to remake the world you and Nora brought to us. The Raven lifts up the ocean like a little blanket. We dipped our toes in, picked up an urchin or a dolly, kneeled in the sand, but did how closely did we look?

*We should appreciate good people when they walk among us,* my dad would say. Worn out, reading your *Selected Poems*, I huddle around the fire in poetry's comfort, and try to recall everything that you and Nora wanted us to know.