

*GROWING OUR OWN: INDIGENOUS RESEARCH, SCHOLARS, AND EDUCATION*  
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**Readings with Richard, a poem**  
 For Richard Dauenhauer

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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.