

wâhkôhtowin – Relationship

awâsis and Prairie Hen stood panting
after running a marathon.

awâsis felt a warm trickle on her calf.
Looking down, she saw a Dalmatian
had lifted his leg
and watered the post.

awâsis knows that humans are animals.
She moves back and forth,
comfortable in her skin.
Fire hydrant or not, *awâsis* is a delight
to have as a *wicêwâkan*.
Craziness follows her.

partner|friend

awâsis loved to visit farms.
She'd walk along the garden, collecting ideas,
stoop to pull a carrot,
yank a few weeds
between the turnips and beets.
She'd watch
the honeybees
swarm the farmer
who lifted their dripping trays.

One day *awâsis* offered to fill the pig trough.
She was bent over,
stirring the slop when Satan,
the resident donkey
mounted her.

There she was, pinned
under, braying
louder than the ass on top of her.

Once *awâsis* was out for a walk
with her little friend, *atim*.
There was a meowing in the cattails.
They stopped to listen, and out stepped
a spotted fawn.
awâsis called to him,
“Fawn, how good to see you.”
As if they were long lost friends.
But Fawn would have none of it.
He charged *atim*,
almost running *awâsis* over.
Then he backed up
and charged again.
awâsis hugged and cradled him.
They shared a little love before
Fawn returned to the cattails.

dog

Another time Doe kissed her
and filled her night dreams
with dancing deer.

Awasis loved her time on the land,
ê-pimohtêt.
Once she didn't have her *sîsikwan*,
and wanted to sing.
She filled her water bottle
with rocks,

walking with life in her heart
rattle

shook her makeshift
sîsikwan, and sang
to the earth, water, winds, and sun.

I just loves her, that *awâsis*.