

Workshop Session 2

Reader Response: Keith Gilyard and Mourning Dove

Video Program Overview

Part I: Alfredo Lujan's students explore the poetry of Keith Gilyard. Gilyard reads his poem "the hatmaker" and prompts students to write their own poems in response. Part II: Greg Hirst's students engage in Native American storytelling. In response to Mourning Dove's collection of Salish Coyote tales, the students create and present their own stories.

Theory Overview

Reader response stresses the importance of the reader's role in interpreting texts. Rejecting the idea that there is a single, fixed meaning inherent in every literary work, this theory holds that the individual *creates* his or her own meaning through a "transaction" with the text based on personal associations. Because all readers bring their own emotions, concerns, life experiences, and knowledge to their reading, each interpretation is subjective and unique.

Workshop Session (On-Site)

Getting Ready—Part I (15 minutes)

- Divide into small groups of three or four people.
- Share a passage that you found provocative or moving from “the hatmaker,” “how is her name april?,” or “spring ride.” Explain why you chose it.

Watch Part I: Keith Gilyard (approximately 30 minutes)

Going Further—Part I (15 minutes)

Discuss as many questions as time permits. You may want to answer more of the questions in your journals at home and share ideas on Channel-Talk.

Students ... are creating new texts in response to Keith Gilyard's text. And they're also doing it in multiple media: poetry, photography, and artwork. Reader response celebrates a variety of ways in which students make meaning and create meaning with text. —*Beverly Ann Chin, Professor of English/Director of the English Teaching Program, University of Montana and former President of NCTE*

- What do you think about Part I and the way in which the teacher used a reader response approach to the literature?
- This lesson features numerous response-based activities: what are some of the activities you might incorporate in your classroom?

Getting Ready—Part II (15 minutes)

- Share your responses to Mourning Dove's *Coyote Stories*.
- Share your thoughts about Mourning Dove's version of Coyote as a trickster figure.

Watch Part II: Mourning Dove (approximately 30 minutes)

Going Further—Part II (15 minutes)

Discuss as many questions as time permits. You may want to answer more of the questions in your journals at home and share ideas on Channel-Talk.

The way that Greg Hirst is using the clan system in the classroom is an innovative approach in that he's using Mourning Dove's cultural terms to understand the narratives that they've read that are from that tradition. Using that as a teaching tool is a fine thing to do if you make it clear to the students that it's something that they should respect. —*Kathryn W. Shanley, Chair, Native American Studies, University of Montana*

- What do you think about Part II and the way in which the teacher used a reader-response approach to the literature?
- What are some ways in which you could build cultural understanding with your students?
- How might you incorporate or adapt the strategies for use in your classroom?
- What are some possible next steps to this lesson?

Between Sessions (On Your Own)

Homework Assignment

Go to the Web site at www.learner.org/channel/workshops/hslit and:

- Review Workshop Session 2: read the theory overview, teaching strategies, information about the authors and literature, lesson plans, and resources.
- Prepare for Workshop Session 3: preview the theory overview and information about the authors and literature (biographies, synopses, audio clips, Q&As, and key references).

In the Readings and the texts from the Reading List following Workshop Session 3:

- Read: Rudolfo Anaya's *Bless Me, Ultima* (if you are unable to read the entire novel, read the first three chapters).
- Read: James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* (or the excerpt included in the Workshop Session 3 Readings), "The Rockpile," and "Sonny's Blues."
- As you read the works and the online information about the authors, take note of questions that arise. Bring your questions to the next workshop session and be prepared to discuss your notes.

Ongoing Activities

- In your journal, include thoughts, ideas, or questions you might have as you review the online materials and reflect on the workshop session. Make note of whether your participation in the session influenced any experiences in your classroom.
- Online, click on Reflection/Interactive Forum, an activity that you can use to interpret poems using the pedagogical approaches covered in this workshop. Read one of the two poems featured and respond to the *reader response* questions. Share your answers on the discussion board.
- Share ideas on Channel-Talkhslit@learner.org.

Workshop Session 2 Readings

I

THE SPIRIT CHIEF NAMES THE ANIMAL PEOPLE



HAH-AH' EEL-ME'-WHEM, the great Spirit Chief,¹ called the Animal People together. They came from all parts of the world. Then the Spirit Chief told them there was to be a change, that a new kind of people was coming to live on the earth.

"All of you *Chip-chap-tiquik*—Animal People—must have names," the Spirit Chief said. "Some of you have names now, some of you haven't. But tomorrow all will have names that shall be kept by you and your descendants forever. In the morning, as the first light of day shows in the sky, come to my lodge and choose your names. The first to come may choose any name that he or she wants. The next person may

¹*Hab-ab'*, or *Hwa-bwa'*—Spirit. *Eel-me'-wbem*—Chief. While the Okanogan, Colville, and other Salishan stock tribes of the interior paid homage to a great variety of minor "powers" or deities (as many members of the tribes still do), they firmly believed in a Spirit Chief, or Chief Spirit, an all-powerful Man Above. This belief was theirs before they ever heard of Christianity, notwithstanding statements that have been made to the contrary.

"The Spirit Chief Names the Animal People" by Mourning Dove is reprinted with permission from the publisher of *Coyote Stories* (University of Nebraska Press, 1990)

Workshop Session 2 Readings, cont'd.

take any other name. That is the way it will go until all the names are taken. And to each person I will give work to do.”

That talk made the Animal People very excited. Each wanted a proud name and the power to rule some tribe or some part of the world, and everyone determined to get up early and hurry to the Spirit Chief’s lodge.

Sin-ka-lip’—Coyote—boasted that no one would be ahead of him. He walked among the people and told them that, that he would be the first. Coyote did not like his name; he wanted another. Nobody respected his name, Imitator, but it fitted him. He was called *Sin-ka-lip’* because he liked to imitate people. He thought that he could do anything that other persons did, and he pretended to know everything. He would ask a question, and when the answer was given he would say:

“I knew that before. I did not have to be told.”

Such smart talk did not make friends for Coyote. Nor did he make friends by the foolish things he did and the rude tricks he played on people.

“I shall have my choice of the three biggest names,” he boasted. “Those names are: *Kee-lau-naw*, the Mountain Person—Grizzly Bear, who will rule the four-footed people; *Milka-noups*—

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Eagle,² who will rule the birds, and *En-tee-tee-ueh*, the Good Swimmer—Salmon. Salmon will be the chief of all the fish that the New People use for food.”

Coyote’s twin brother, Fox, who at the next sun took the name *Why-ay’-look*—Soft Fur, laughed. “Do not be so sure, *Sin-ka-lip’*,” said Fox. “Maybe you will have to keep the name you have. People despise that name. No one wants it.”

“I am tired of that name,” Coyote said in an angry voice. “Let someone else carry it. Let some old person take it—someone who cannot win in war. I am going to be a great warrior. My smart brother, I will make you beg of me when I am called Grizzly Bear, Eagle, or Salmon.”

“Your strong words mean nothing,” scoffed Fox. “Better go to your *swool’-bu* (tepee) and get some sleep, or you will not wake up in time to choose any name.”

Coyote stalked off to his tepee. He told him-

²*Milka-noups*—the “War Eagle,” or “Man Eagle” (golden eagle), whose white plumes with black or brown tips are prized for decorative and ceremonial purposes, particularly for war bonnets and other headgear, dance bustles, coup sticks, and shields. The tail feathers of the bald eagle, *Pak-la-kin* (White-headed-bird) are not valued so highly. In the old days the use of eagle feathers was restricted to the men. Except in rare instances, women were not privileged to wear them.

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self that he would not sleep any that night; he would stay wide awake. He entered the lodge, and his three sons called as if with one voice:

"*Le-ee'-oo!*" ("Father!")³

They were hungry, but Coyote had brought them nothing to eat. Their mother, who after the naming day was known as *Pul'-laqu-wbu*—Mole, the Mound Digger—sat on her foot at one side of the doorway. Mole was a good woman, always loyal to her husband in spite of his mean ways, his mischief-making, and his foolishness. She never was jealous, never talked back, never replied to his words of abuse. She looked up and said:

"Have you no food for the children? They are starving. I can find no roots to dig."

"*Eb-ha!*" Coyote grunted. "I am no common person to be addressed in that manner. I am going to be a great chief tomorrow. Did you know that? I will have a new name. I will be Grizzly Bear. Then I can devour my enemies with ease. And I shall need you no longer. You are growing too old and homely to be the wife of a great warrior and chief."

Mole said nothing. She turned to her corner of the lodge and collected a few old bones, which

³*Le-ee'-oo*. This form of address is employed only by males. A daughter calls her father *Mes-tem*, and her mother *Toom*. A son calls his mother *Se-go-ee*.

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she put into a *klek'-chin* (cooking-basket). With two sticks she lifted hot stones from the fire and dropped them into the basket. Soon the water boiled, and there was weak soup for the hungry children.

"Gather plenty of wood for the fire," Coyote ordered. "I am going to sit up all night."

Mole obeyed. Then she and the children went to bed.

Coyote sat watching the fire. Half of the night passed. He got sleepy. His eyes grew heavy. So he picked up two little sticks and braced his eyelids apart. "Now I can stay awake," he thought, but before long he was fast asleep, although his eyes were wide open.

The sun was high in the sky when Coyote awoke. But for Mole he would not have wakened then. Mole called him. She called him after she returned with her name from the Spirit Chief's lodge. Mole loved her husband. She did not want him to have a big name and be a powerful chief. For then, she feared, he would leave her. That was why she did not arouse him at day-break. Of this she said nothing.

Only half-awake and thinking it was early morning, Coyote jumped at the sound of Mole's voice and ran to the lodge of the Spirit Chief. None of the other *Chip-chap-tiquik* were there. Coyote laughed. Blinking his sleepy eyes, he

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walked into the lodge. "I am going to be *Kee-lau-naw*," he announced in a strong voice. "That shall be my name."

"The name Grizzly Bear was taken at dawn," the Spirit Chief answered.

"Then I shall be *Milka-noups*," said Coyote, and his voice was not so loud.

"Eagle flew away at sunup," the other replied.

"Well, I shall be called *En-tee-tee-ueh*," Coyote said in a voice that was not loud at all.

"The name Salmon also has been taken," explained the Spirit Chief. "All the names except your own have been taken. No one wished to steal your name."

Poor Coyote's knees grew weak. He sank down beside the fire that blazed in the great tepee, and the heart of *Hab-ab' Eel-me'-whem* was touched.

"*Sin-ka-lip'*," said that Person, "you must keep your name. It is a good name for you. You slept long because I wanted you to be the last one here. I have important work for you, much for you to do before the New People come. You are to be chief of all the tribes.

"Many bad creatures inhabit the earth. They bother and kill people, and the tribes cannot increase as I wish. These *En-alt-na Skil-ten*—People-Devouring Monsters—cannot keep on like that. They must be stopped. It is for you

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to conquer them. For doing that, for all the good things you do, you will be honored and praised by the people that are here now and that come afterward. But, for the foolish and mean things you do, you will be laughed at and despised. That you cannot help. It is your way.

"To make your work easier, I give you *squas-tenk'*. It is your own special magic power. No one else ever shall have it. When you are in danger, whenever you need help, call to your power. It will do much for you, and with it you can change yourself into any form, into anything you wish.

"To your twin brother, *Why-ay'-loob*, and to others I have given *shoo'-mesh*.⁴ It is strong power. With that power Fox can restore your life should you be killed. Your bones may be scattered but, if there is one hair of your body left, Fox can make you live again. Others of the people can do the same with their *shoo'-mesh*. Now, go, *Sin-ka-lip'!* Do well the work laid for your trail!"

⁴*Shoo'-mesh*. With the exception of Coyote's "power," all "medicine" is spoken of as *shoo'-mesh*, which is regarded as definite aid communicated by the Spirit Chief through various mediums, inanimate objects as well as living creatures. Not infrequently an Indian will seek to test the potency of his medicine over that of another. Some present day medicine-men and medicine-women are reputed to possess magic power strong enough to cause the sickness or even the death of enemies, of anyone incurring their displeasure.

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Well, Coyote was a chief after all, and he felt good again. After that day his eyes were different. They grew slant from being propped open that night while he sat by his fire. The New People, the Indians, got their slightly slant eyes from Coyote.

After Coyote had gone, the Spirit Chief thought it would be nice for the Animal People and the coming New People to have the benefit of the spiritual sweat-house. But all of the Animal People had names, and there was no one to take the name of Sweat-house—*Quil'-sten*, the Warmer.⁵ So the wife of the Spirit

⁵*Quil'-sten*—Sweat-house. A mystic shrine for both temporal and spiritual cleansing, the sweat-house is one of the most venerated institutions. Its use is governed by strict rules, said to have originated with Coyote, the great "law-giver." To break any of the rules is to invite misfortune, if not disaster.

Sweat-houses, or lodges, are mound-shaped, round at the base, three and one-half to four feet high at the center, and four to six feet in diameter, accommodating three to five persons. In some sweat-houses there is room but for one or two bathers.

Willow shoots, service berry or other pliant stems, depending upon the locality and growth available, are planted like interlocking croquet wickets to make the frame. Where these "ribs" cross, they are tied together with strips of bark. There are never less than eight ribs. The frame is covered with swamp tule mats, blankets, or canvas. In primitive times sheets of cottonwood bark, top-dressed with earth, frequently formed the covering. Where a permanent residence is established, the framework is covered with tule mats, top-dressed with three or more inches of soil that is

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Chief took the name. She wanted the people to have the sweat-house, for she pitied them. She wanted them to have a place to go to purify themselves, a place where they could pray for strength and good luck and strong medicine-power, and where they could fight sickness and get relief from their troubles.

The ribs, the frame poles, of the sweat-house represent the wife of *Hab-ab' Eel-me'-whem*. As she is a spirit, she cannot be seen, but she always is near. Songs to her are sung by the present generation. She hears them. She hears what her people say, and in her heart there is love and pity.

well packed and smoothed. The floor is carpeted with matting, grass, ferns, or fir boughs. The last are regarded as "strong medicine," and always are used if obtainable. They give the bather strength, and they are liked, besides, for their aromatic odor. The Indians rub their bodies with the soft tips of the fir boughs, both for the purpose of deriving power and for the scent imparted.

Just within and at one side of the lodge entrance, a small hole serves as a receptacle for the stones that are heated in a brisk fire a few steps from the structure. The stones, the size of a man's fist, are smooth, unchipped, "dry land" stones—never river-bed rocks. The latter crack and explode too easily when subjected to a combination of intense heat and cold water. By means of stout sticks, the heated stones are carried or rolled from the fire into the sweat-house. Then the entrance is curtained tightly with mat or blanket, and the bather sprinkles cold water on the little pile of stones, creating a dense steam.

To the novice, five minutes spent in the sweltering, mid-

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night blackness of the cramping structure seem an eternity and almost unendurable.

Several "sweats," each followed by a dip in a nearby stream or pool, properly constitute one sweat-bath. The customary period for a single sweat is ten to twenty minutes, although votaries from rival bands or tribes often crouch together in the steam for twice or thrice that time. Thus they display to one another their virility and hardihood. To further show their strength and their contempt for the discomfort of such protracted sweating, they will blow on their arms and chests. The forcing of the breath against the superheated skin produces a painful, burning sensation. Hours, even days, may be spent in "sweat-housing."

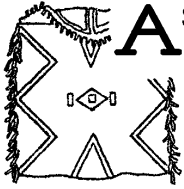
The stones used are saved and piled outside the sweat-lodge, where they remain undisturbed. For services rendered they are held in a regard bordering on reverence. An Indian would not think of spitting or stepping on these stones or of "desecrating" them in any way.

Old-time warriors and hunters always "sweat-housed" before starting on their expeditions, and many of the modern, school-educated Indian men and women often resort to the sweat-house to pray for good fortune and health.

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XVI

COYOTE JUGGLES HIS EYES



AS HE WAS walking through the timber one morning, Coyote heard someone say: "I throw you up and you come down in!"

Coyote thought that was strange talk. It made him curious. He wanted to learn who was saying that, and why. He followed the sound of the voice, and he came upon little *Zst-skaka'-na*—Chickadee—who was throwing his eyes into the air and catching them in his eye-sockets. When he saw Coyote peering at him from behind a tree, Chickadee ran. He was afraid of Coyote.

"That is my way, not yours," Coyote yelled after him.

Now, it wasn't Coyote's way at all, but Coyote thought he could juggle his eyes just as easily as Chickadee juggled his, so he tried. He took out his eyes and tossed them up and repeated the words used by the little boy: "I throw you up and you come down in!" His eyes plopped back where they belonged. That was fun. He juggled the eyes again and again.

Two ravens happened to fly that way. They

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saw what Coyote was doing, and one of them said: "*Sin-ka-lip'* is mocking someone. Let us steal his eyes and take them to the Sun-dance. Perhaps then we can find out his medicine-power."

"Yes, we will do that," agreed the other raven. "We may learn something."

As Coyote tossed his eyes the next time, the ravens swooped, swift as arrows from a strong bow. One of them snatched one eye and the other raven caught the other eye.

"Quoh! Quoh! Quoh!" they laughed, and flew away to the Sun-dance camp.

Oh, but Coyote was mad! He was crazy with rage. When he could hear the ravens laughing no longer, he started in the direction they had gone. He hoped somehow to catch them and get back his eyes. He bumped into trees and bushes, fell into holes and gullies, and banged against boulders. He soon was bruised all over, but he kept on going, stumbling along. He became thirsty, and he kept asking the trees and bushes what kind they were, so that he could learn when he was getting close to water. The trees and bushes answered politely, giving their names. After awhile he found he was among the mountain bushes, and he knew he was near water. He came soon to a little stream and satisfied his thirst. Then he went on and presently he was

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in the pine timber. He heard someone laughing. It was *Kok'-qbi Ski'-kaka*—Bluebird. She was with her sister, *Kwas'-kay*—Bluejay.

"Look, sister," said Bluebird. "There is *Sin-ka-lip'* pretending to be blind. Isn't he funny?"

"Do not mind *Sin-ka-lip'*," advised Bluejay. "Do not pay any attention to him. He is full of mean tricks. He is bad."

Coyote purposely bumped into a tree and rolled over and over toward the voices. That made little Bluebird stop her laughing. She felt just a little bit afraid.

"Come, little girl," Coyote called. "Come and see the pretty star that I see!"

Bluebird naturally was very curious, and she wanted to see that pretty star, but she hung back, and her sister warned her again not to pay attention to Coyote. But Coyote used coaxing words; told her how bright the star looked.

"Where is the star?" asked Bluebird, hopping a few steps toward Coyote.

"I cannot show you while you are so far away," he replied. "See, where I am pointing my finger!"

Bluebird hopped close, and Coyote made one quick bound and caught her. He yanked out her eyes and threw them into the air, saying:

"I throw you up and you come down in!" and the eyes fell into his eye-sockets.

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Coyote could see again, and his heart was glad. "When did you ever see a star in the sunlight?" he asked Bluebird, and then ran off through the timber.

Bluebird cried, and Bluejay scolded her for being so foolish as to trust Coyote. Bluejay took two of the berries she had just picked and put them into her sister's eye-sockets, and Bluebird could see as well as before. But, as the berries were small, her new eyes were small, too. That is why Bluebird has such berrylike eyes.

While his new eyes were better than none at all, Coyote was not satisfied. They were too little. They did not fit very well into his slant sockets. So he kept on hunting for the ravens and the Sun-dance camp. One day he came to a small tepee. He heard someone inside pounding rocks together. He went in and saw an old woman pounding meat and berries in a stone mortar. The old woman was *Su-see-wass*—Pheasant. Coyote asked her if she lived alone.

"No," she said, "I have two granddaughters. They are away at the Sun-dance. The people there are dancing with Coyote's eyes."

"Aren't you afraid to be here alone?" Coyote asked. "Isn't there anything that you fear?"

"I am afraid of nothing but the *stet'-chee-bunt* (stinging-bush)," she said.

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Laughing to himself, Coyote went out to find a stinging-bush. In a swamp not far away he found several bushes of that kind. He broke off one of those nettle bushes and carried it back to the tepee. Seeing it, Pheasant cried:

"Do not touch me with the *stet'-chee-bunt*! Do not touch me! It will kill me!"

But Coyote had no mercy in his heart, no pity. He whipped poor Pheasant with the stinging-bush until she died. Then, with his flint knife, he skinned her, and dressed himself in her skin. He looked almost exactly like the old woman. He hid her body and began to pound meat in the stone mortar. He was doing that when the granddaughters came home. They were laughing. They told how they had danced over Coyote's eyes. They did not recognize Coyote in their grandmother's skin, but Coyote knew them. One was little Bluebird and the other was Bluejay. Coyote smiled. "Take me with you to the Sun-dance, granddaughters," he said in his best old-woman's voice.

The sisters looked at each other in surprise, and Bluejay answered: "Why, you did not want to go with us when the morning was young."

"Grandmother, how strange you talk!" said Bluebird.

"That is because I burned my mouth with hot soup," said Coyote.

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"And, Grandmother, how odd your eyes look!" Bluejay exclaimed. "One eye is longer than the other!"

"My grandchild, I hurt that eye with my cane," explained Coyote.

The sisters did not find anything else wrong with their grandmother, and the next morning the three of them started for the Sun-dance camp. The sisters had to carry their supposed grandmother. They took turns. They had gone part way when Coyote made himself an awkward burden and almost caused Bluejay to fall. That made Bluejay angry, and she threw Coyote to the ground. Bluebird then picked him up and carried him. As they reached the edge of the Sun-dance camp, Coyote again made himself an awkward burden, and Bluebird let him fall. Many of the people in the camp saw that happen. They thought the sisters were cruel, and the women scolded Bluebird and Bluejay for treating such an old person so badly.

Some of the people came over and lifted Coyote to his feet and helped him into the Sun-dance lodge. There the people were dancing over Coyote's eyes, and the medicine-men were passing the eyes to one another and holding the eyes up high for everyone to see. After a little Coyote asked to hold the eyes, and they were handed to him.

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He ran out of the lodge, threw his eyes into the air, and said: "I throw you up and you come down in!"

His eyes returned to their places, and Coyote ran to the top of a hill.

There he looked back and shouted: "Where are the maidens who had Coyote for a grandmother?"

Bluejay and Bluebird were full of shame. They went home, carrying Pheasant's skin, which Coyote had thrown aside. They searched and found their grandmother's body and put it back in the skin, and Pheasant's life was restored. She told them how Coyote had killed her with the stinging-bush.

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COYOTE IMITATES BEAR AND KINGFISHER



ONE TIME during the moons of snow, Coyote and Mole and their children were out of food. They were almost starved. Their nearest neighbors, *Skem-buist'*, the Claw-Grabber—Bear,¹ and *Z-reece'*—Kingfisher—had plenty to eat. Bear and Kingfisher always had plenty. Coyote knew this. He said to his wife: "*Pul'-laqu-wbu*, I am going over the ridge and see your brother,² *Skem-buist'*. He may give me something for us to eat."

Coyote went to Bear's lodge. Bear and his wife had no children. Coyote noticed that they had nothing in their lodge but some bedding and a *klek'-chin* (cooking-basket). There were no signs of food, which made Coyote wonder. For awhile he sat in silence. Then he yawned. Bear knew what that meant. It was a hunger yawn.

¹*Skem-buist*, the Claw-Grabber—the black or brown bear.

²Brother—Bear is not Mole's brother. Coyote speaks the word in its flattering sense. He employs it with like meaning in his later reference to Kingfisher.

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Bear turned to his wife and said: "Put the rock in the fire and bring water in the basket. Your brother is hungry."

Bear's wife placed a rock in the fire and went after water. Coyote wondered where the food was to come from, and he yawned again. Bear's wife returned with the cooking-basket nearly full of water. Bear took his flint knife and cut a piece of buckskin from his wife's robe. He pressed the piece into a lump, and, when the rock in the fire was red-hot, he dropped the rock and the lump of buckskin into the cooking-basket. Then he rubbed ashes on his wife's robe, and the robe became whole again. It did not show where it had been cut.

As soon as the water in the basket boiled, Bear emptied a bag of pebbles into it. Coyote thought he wouldn't care for such food—buckskin and pebbles! But when the basket was placed before him, he tasted the food and quickly changed his mind; for the buckskin had become fine, tender meat, and the pebbles were juicy huckleberries!

Coyote ate all of the soup and the huckleberries and some of the meat, but he saved most of the meat for Mole and the children. "Let me carry this meat home in your cooking-basket," he said to Bear.

"All right," Bear answered. "You can send it back by one of your children." But Coyote

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insisted that Bear come for the basket, that he should come and visit him. Bear did not want to, but Coyote kept insisting until Bear said, "I will come for the basket."

The next sun Bear walked to Coyote's lodge. Seeing him coming down the ridge, Coyote had Mole hide all of their rose-hips that they had been eating for lack of better food. The rose-hips were famine food, eaten only in times of starving. Coyote also had Mole clean up the tepee so it would look like Bear's lodge, and beside the fire he had her leave only a cooking-basket, two sticks and a stone.

Looking in, Bear asked for his basket. He did not intend to go inside, but Coyote urged him to enter and sit down. Being polite, Bear did. Then Coyote told Mole to heat the stone in the fire and get a basket of water. Mole obeyed. When the stone was hot, Coyote took out his flint knife and cut a large piece of buckskin from Mole's robe—the only robe she owned. He pressed the piece into a lump, as he had seen Bear do, and he told Mole to put it and the hot stone in the cooking-basket. Using the two sticks as tongs, Mole lifted the stone from the fire and dropped it in the water along with the lump of buckskin. As Bear had done to his wife's robe, Coyote rubbed ashes on Mole's spoiled robe, but it did not become whole again. It remained

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as he had cut it. Mole felt bad. Then Coyote poured pebbles from a bag into the boiling water. Soon all sat up to eat, but only tough buckskin and hard pebbles were taken from the basket. Coyote said nothing. He was ashamed. After awhile Bear spoke. "*Sin-ka-lip'*," he said, "this is my way, not yours. You cannot do what I can, and I do not try to imitate people as you do."

Then Bear rubbed ashes on Mole's robe and it was as good as ever. Bear picked up his own cooking-basket and went home. Pretty soon Coyote looked into his cooking-basket. What he saw made him grunt with surprise. Instead of buckskin and pebbles, there was plenty of good meat and huckleberries. He laughed.

For many suns Coyote and Mole and their children lived on the meat and the berries that Bear had made for them with his magic power. When all of that food was eaten and they were hungry once more, Coyote said:

"*Pul'-laqu-wbu*, I am going to see your brother, *Z-reece'*. Maybe he will give us something to eat," and he went to Kingfisher's tepee. Invited in, he entered and sat down. He saw nothing to eat in there. He yawned. Kingfisher knew what that meant, and he spoke to the older of his two children. "My son," he said, "go and bring me three willows."

Boy Kingfisher went out. He returned soon

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with three willow sticks, which Kingfisher took and heated over the fire. When they were hot, he twisted them to make them strong and tied them to his belt. Then he flew to the top of the lodge and from there to the river, where he dove through a hole in the ice. He came up with the willow sticks strung with fish. These were for his neighbor, Coyote. Kingfisher's wife cooked the fish. Coyote ate his fill, but some were left for him to take to Mole and the children. "May I carry these fish home in your cooking-basket?" he asked.

"Yes, take the basket," said Kingfisher. "Send it back by one of your children."

"No, I want you to visit me," Coyote replied. "You come over tomorrow and get the basket."

Kingfisher had no wish to visit Coyote, but Coyote coaxed him and at last he agreed, and the next sun he walked to Coyote's lodge.

"My son," said Coyote to the eldest of his sons, as Kingfisher sat down, "go and bring me three willows."

"What do you want them for?" Boy Coyote asked. "How will you use them?"

"You must know why I want three willows," Coyote scolded. "You always have brought them to me."

Boy Coyote said nothing more. He went out and got three willow sticks, and his father heated

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Workshop Session 2 Readings, cont'd.

them over the fire and twisted them, as he had seen Kingfisher do. He tied the sticks to his belt and tried to fly to the top of the lodge; he had a hard time climbing there without breaking down the whole tepee. From the lodge-top he jumped for a hole in the river ice. He missed the hole and smashed on the ice and was killed.

Kingfisher had been watching from the doorway and smiling to himself. He walked over to where Coyote lay. Taking the willow sticks from Coyote's belt, he tied them to his own belt and dove through the hole in the ice. When he came up he had the willow sticks heavy with fish. These he placed beside Coyote and stepped over him three times. That brought Coyote back to life.

Then Kingfisher said: "This is my way, not yours, *Sin-ka-lip'*. I do not try to imitate others, as you do."

Kingfisher took his basket and went home, and Coyote went back to his tepee. He carried the fish that Kingfisher had caught. He gave them to Mole to cook.

"See! We have plenty to eat now," Coyote laughed. "We have plenty for my imitating Bear and Kingfisher. That is why I imitated them!"

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Workshop Session 2 Readings, cont'd.

the hatmaker

i.

cold metal snake down

A snake

E snake

F snake

cold metal subway down

to the district

to make hats

fingers flipping through felt

rifling through ribbon

paste sequins mesh feathers

hard tight straw

didn't matter what style

hats since 1947

dark eyed dark faced momma

swept north of georgia on new hope

swept up to new york

new york, harbor of hope

swept to this big puzzle town

this half lit skyscraper town

this dazzle & dark mixed town

this dazzle & dull mixed town

this big rubik's cube town

swept north

brown georgia girl

fingers molding material

into hats to sit atop

empty heads of ladies who could never

have her grace

hats since 1947

hats since 1947

didn't matter what style

she didn't wear em much nohow

machines sucking hats from her fingers

sucked hats of pain from her fingers

didn't matter

sew on saturday

didn't matter

do overtime

didn't matter what style

she had youth to pour into hats in '47

youth into hats 38 years ago

just a new mover making this move

trying to beat this big puzzle town

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Workshop Session 2 Readings, cont'd.

beat this big 1947 jackie robinson town

hats since jackie was rookie of the year
hats to go see the black comet lose his
but not his head
big fun loving nerve wracked georgia boy
with flashy feet

fun loving georgia girl fan
with working fingers

hats since 1947
machines spilling hats since 1947

didn't matter what style
she didn't much wear em nohow

hustle bustle out hats
sewing machine foot stomp dance
hats for ladies in all styles

bosses doing finger tap dance
on the cash register
machine hum register jingle dance

great worker mary you are
good hatmaking girl you are
never sick
foot pedal machine stomp dance
since '47

tried to keep an eye on this big puzzle town
tried to get feet rooted in this
slippery as a seal's back
big puzzle town

metal snake down
struggling & sewing & struggling
wiggling out hats since '47
fingers shedding hats since '47
didn't matter what style

hats don't much keep off much chill nohow
in this cold metal big puzzle town

ii.

as long as too many women of thick fingered greed
or thin fingered vanity
scooped them up
and kept retailers happy
hats dripped from her brow

motherhood wore a hat
her children wore hats on their backs
hats on their backs in this cold metal town
hats on their backs and knew
a brown georgia hatmaking girl would never
let them down

Workshop Session 2 Readings, cont'd.

iii.

hats had her up at six
in bed by ten
then nine
then eight
even seven

hats in some pleasant dreams
hats in her greatest nightmares

hats since 1947
hats since 1947

hats get heavy since '47
hundreds of thousands of hats get
real heavy since '47
keeping four children in hats
gets real heavy

children get heavy

especially that son on the run
hardheaded boy
that do it his way boy
that in one ear out the other pants leg ripping
too hard on shoes boy
that disrupt class street running drug seeking
jail peeping sense leaking
boy

maybe worked on a million hats since 1947
maybe a million heads wearing her fingers since '47
heads bobbing to the rhythm
of sewing machine madness

hats since 1947
hats since 1947

never mattered what style
she never wore em much nohow

fingers as wheels on limousines
a hard driving answer for this town
a hard driven answer for this town
a hard children in hats answer
for this big puzzle town
a can't cover all bases but
i'm doing the best i can answer
for this cold metal big puzzle town

hats since 1947
hats since 1947

didn't matter what style
never really for her nohow

and the boy could not go hatless
wore her pride as his main skimmer in this town

Workshop Session 2 Readings, cont'd.

wore his mother as answer
in this big puzzle town
wears her even now on this
cold bitter night in this
cold metal town
this big puzzle
cold metal
snake metal
machine mad
son of a hatmaker's town

this son of a hatmaker's town

Workshop Session 2 Readings, cont'd.

spring ride

train chugs
along the rails
between lancaster and parkesburg

semi-obscured evening sun
triumphantly lights the pages
of an essay on the blues

one passenger
turns a page and the sun
winks through the clouds
upon a landscape becoming green
with striving

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Workshop Session 2 Readings, cont'd.

how is her name april?

you knew her from six months
so you knew her name
which wasn't her name
or so the woman snarled who
protected her
corrected you
when the right girl spun her head
in the sunlight
in vague recognition
in front of the building where
you knew her mother
who is rumored to have turned
you into a legend when she turned
lesbian because you split
which you never believed
the because part, that is

a split roped to rumors
about her being a rock star
ghetto style
means drug pipes for miles longer
and stronger than beautiful black slogans
you might raise a daughter with
or without life being as perfect as
the first day of love
ly weather like that day when
you didn't know whether
rumor two rang true and

you just remembered a toddler's blameless smile
a mother's maybe always absence
and a fierce new guardian who had no time
for you to take time to
delay traffic for
all your memories to dance
around that particular moment of chance

sometimes, when history sneers, you drive on

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Workshop Session 2 Reading List

*Works marked with * are required texts for this workshop that do not appear within the Readings in this guide. Other works are the sources for excerpted materials in the Readings or are recommended for additional study.*

Dove, Mourning. *Coyote Stories*, edited by Jay Miller. Lincoln, NE and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1990. ISBN 0803281692

Gilyard, Keith. *Poemographies*. Camden, New Jersey: Whirlwind Press, 2001. ISBN 092282715X