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LITERARY magazine



*a journal of North American Indigenous voices*

Issue #1, 2014



## Issue 1

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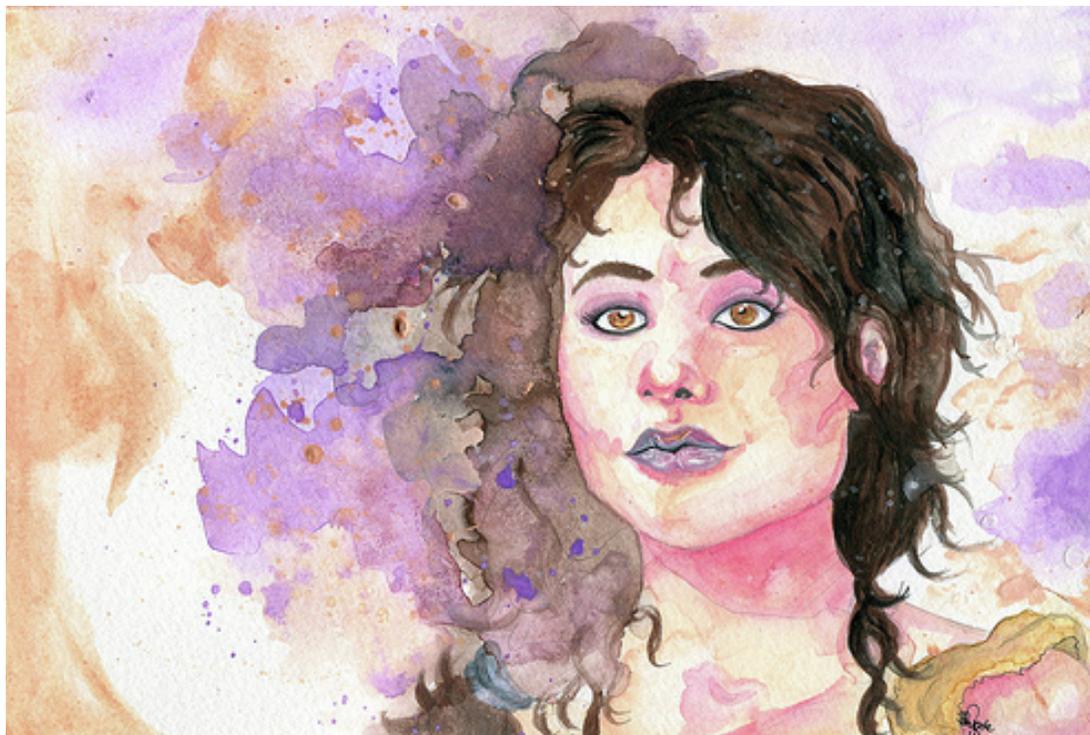
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*"says He reckons I'm a watercolor  
stain"*

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watercolors by *Melanie Pilotte*, Abenaki



## MY OWN ONENESS

Anita Endrezze, Yaqui

(After Cesar Vallejo's "Paris, October, 1936")

Everett, April, 2014

I plan on leaving  
 this chair, this pebbled sky. I go away  
 from my legs, their watery weakness.  
 Husband, you washed my skin  
 not knowing it wasn't me. I return  
 this flesh to the Great Obscurity.  
 I'll be singular, the one who leaves  
 sickness on her own terms.  
 Counting the white pills, I will hold my hand out  
 for the last time, opening my mouth to the light  
 and swallow thirty moons.  
 From the streams I walk away,  
 and from the cedars, ferns and shells.  
 I resemble the rain in my death  
 which gives me many names  
 and you, my love, know them all.

"GOURD PEOPLE" by *Raymond Leyva*, Yaqui of the Yoeme People





*"TOTEMIC WOLF" on Painted Drum by Lory Shipman Ellingburg,  
Shoalwater Bay*

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**DAMP** BY *KIM SHUCK*, Tsalagi & Goral

Rattle the windows shake/Pelt and/Storm something  
 Twists my hair in the night not/Into knots but another thing  
 Writing in a language I can't/Read a message for your  
 Fingertips this/Headache also has needs here in the  
 City greyed by my/Age and this plodding rain and  
 Every new green thing in the/Garden every  
 Whimsical yearned for thing/Under a slick of April  
 Damp



## KALISPEL 39TH ANNUAL POWWOW, 2014

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That day at the powwow, a tornado blew through the outdoor arboretum. The spectators, who'd come to watch us Indians in our finery and feathers, were quick to get into their vehicles and skip town as soon as the wind blew hard, but all the dancers put on their regalia anyway, and the children played in the center of the dance circle while a drum group, all under ten years old, beat their drum and sang while the rain came, barreling through two tee-pees and upturning all our tents. The children's laughter kept us warm past the thunder, and even after the power went out, all the Indians were dancing, and the children were smiling as they cried out, "Hit-cha-a-a-l" and nobody was afraid. We had already survived the apocalypse; what was a little rain?

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*"Prayer" by Erv Schleufer, featuring Alec Bluff, Kalispel*





*"ANDaIGWEOS" woodcut on paper by James D. Autio*

## **THE MEXICAN-AMERICAN BORDER FENCE**

by Anita Edrezze

The fence between us  
is the wall within us.





*"CORAL'S MEDICINE" by Raymond Leyva*

### ***memory and water***

*by Kim Shuck*

Weather has broken no  
 Rain for now and a painful  
 Clarity here in the middle of the  
 Dark there are those who speak of the  
 End times and there always are they  
 Just keep coming and yes there are  
 Premonitions and events that  
 Draw us over the doorsteps into  
 Some new thing something  
 Frightening the owl in the  
 Garden some kind of



(cont'd from page 7)

Sign past avian hunger and this  
 Lack of news we have  
 Nothing for one another not  
 One open palm or  
 Kindness left just this  
 Tight breathing and a pretense that you'd  
 Think I'd be able to live with there are these  
 Agates burned on an alter to a thing that  
 Remembers burnt stone offerings that remembers  
 What this is about and good thing too  
 Because this is just something I was taught I'm  
 Happy that it is understood somewhere  
 If not by me



"MT. HOOD AT SUNSET" by Gregory and Brittany McMahon



## WAITING FOR FOREST FIRES IN OREGON

All my life I take the pumper truck up Cougar Mountain,  
 some old Zen master bouncing and laughing in the back.  
 The sky is flint, an obsidian lid of wet cloud.  
 I get out with the binocs and climb up on the cab  
 to scan the ridge-sides for smoke.  
 The rain that won't break presses the sky down,  
 shattering it into dry lightning,  
 and there he is -- old Mr. Zen,  
 splitting wood on the far ridge ax handle on fire,  
 forgetting his name.

by *Earl Cooper*, Shoalwater Bay



"THE SACRED IS ALL AROUND US." Spirit Buffalo, Acrylic on Canvas, *Anita Endrezze*



## ***SPIRITUALITY AND RATIONALITY - THE LIMINAL SPACE BETWEEN CULTURES***

a CRITICAL BLOG POST BY **Dr. Carol A. Hand**

I don't often speak about the liminal space I occupy between Euro-American and Ojibwe beliefs about religion and spirituality. It was especially challenging to live between (Euro-American) academic notions of rationality, objectivity, and individuality and Ojibwe traditions of spirituality, inter-dependency, and other ways of knowing. I don't often speak of my experiences for several crucial reasons. First, my position on the margins as a Native American has meant that people have asked me for spiritual advice because of the romantic stereotypes they held. They expected me to be wise and saintly. I'm not under the illusion that I have any advice to offer anyone on that dimension. Second, Ojibwe cultural traditions strongly discourage sharing one's spiritual experiences with others. This makes sense on a number of levels. Third, as a Native American woman who has worked in Euro-American institutions that openly pathologize other ways of knowing, I have kept my personal beliefs to myself as I carried out the professional, analytical and scientific tasks required of my positions. What I believe actually enhances how I do my work, but explaining this to people would be pointless at best.



"SWAN RISING" by **Anita Endrezze**

As I was reflecting this morning, I felt a sense of urgency about sharing a portion of a dream I had almost 40 years ago. But before I do, I need to explain why this is not something that is easy for me to do beyond what I have noted above.



Traditional Ojibwe beliefs emphasize the connection each individual has to Gitche Manitou, roughly translated as the Creator. It is the responsibility of each individual to seek his or her path through meditative rituals and live according to “*pimadaziwin*,” the good life (Hallowell, 1967, p. 360) or *bimaadiziwin*, “a healthy way of life” (Peacock & Wisuri, 2002, p. 9). *Pimadaziwin* represents “life in the fullest sense, life in the sense of health, longevity, and well-being, not only for oneself but for one’s family” (Hallowell, 1967, p. 360). In order to achieve *pimadaziwin* in the past, individuals, particularly males, were required to seek and obtain spiritual guidance through a “dream fast” as youth. Girls were also encouraged, but not required, to go through this sacred solitary ordeal, since, as life givers, their connection with the Creator was already direct (Johnston, 1976). Especially for males, the dream fast “was the foundation of all he was to be in the future. Every special aptitude, all his successes and failures, hinged upon the blessings of his supernatural helpers, rather than upon his own native or acquired endowments, or even the help of his fellow human beings” (Hallowell, 1967, p. 361).

The details of dreams or visions one had during one’s meditative ordeal were not to be shared with others (Johnston, 1976). This makes sense in small tight-knit communities where members could easily be divided by comparisons and jealousies that arose over who had visions and who did not, and competition over the most “important” or “powerful” visions. (One of my grandson’s favorite videos, [Brother Bear](#), illustrates how important this practice is – competition among three brothers about who had the best spiritual “totem” resulted in fighting and death.) Keeping one’s visions silent also discourages the practice of judging others. If one does not know the details of another’s path, there is really no basis to judge them and deflect one’s attention away from the responsibility to follow one’s own path with integrity and fidelity for the sake of the community.

So why am I sharing this dream today, knowing I risk perpetuating stereotypes, appearing superstitious and naive, and awakening the potential for others to judge themselves as deficient because they haven’t been “blessed” with powerful dreams or superior because they’re more rational? Simply stated, I feel obligated given the state of the world today. And it’s not a dream about my path alone.

*Imagine yourself standing in a huge cavernous space urged to move forward into the darkness. With each step you take, you relive each moment of your life, each thought, each action, and each failure to act. Each step, you see the effects of your thoughts and behaviors on others. Dispassionately, you weight these thoughts and actions against a universal framework of ethics. You judge your actions on the basis of the path of life you were given to follow. For each “right” choice, you feel a sense of joy and gratitude, and for each selfish or thoughtless choice, you feel the pain of those you harmed. When you*



*finally reach the present moment, you can choose to walk the path toward light or darkness based on what you discovered about yourself. There is no room for illusions about who you have become because of your own thoughts and deeds.*



*"BeADWORK" by Kim Shuck*

What this dream taught me about living was to not waste my time comparing myself to others or judging them. This is not always an easy lesson for me to follow. When I realize that the temptation to judge and compete with others is becoming too strong to resist, I look at the context and forces around me. Often I find that it's time for me to change course, to be honest about what is my responsibility to do, and to simplify and refocus my life on what really matters on my path. I have a responsibility to do what I can in my thoughts and actions to end and prevent harm. I have a responsibility to judge actions and their consequences, but I cannot judge or demonize others whose paths I can never know.



I am sharing the message of this dream now because so many people in the world are being oppressed and harmed and murdered for things that will not bring those who have harmed them any solace on their final self-judgment walk. It is my hope that at least some may listen and realize that the choice of how we live is ours to make. The choice can bring us peace and joy or pain and shame as we face our final life review.

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"PENDLETON POWWOW, 2014" by *Erv Schleufer*



## AWAY LIKE WIND, by Earl Cooper

Snake leaves the surface  
hissing a snake song  
charming himself.

Hello gatestone, hello bedrock,  
hello earthnest, it's me I'm back.

Made it through another year  
without being made into a hatband or a belt.

So long old farmer by the well  
cracked hands praying for rain.

So long you monks in your chambers  
folding into yourselves.

Hello gravity cavity, pocket that always fits,  
hello hide-away, it's me Snake I'm back.

Snake leaves the surface  
slipping away into the realm of Dreams.

Again.

*"DESERT, CLOUDS."* by *Brittany McMahon, Comanche*





"THE ORACLE." collage by Anita Endrezze





charcoal and conté on taped grocery bags. James D. Autio. Ojibwe. "TWO CROW"

## WHEN ENTERS THE GREAT SEA

James D. Autio

I was thought on that boat.  
 There were such ecstasies bending  
 to be held hidden with a swollen mallet cup.  
 Wherever images skim along the boundaries  
 are led are of a sudden danger from sea monsters  
 that spring forth from the dangerous waves underfoot.  
 And the wine casks are beginning to leak and let  
 such a bleak fragrance across the deck. I have carried  
 every strange bird, a thousand subtle omens hanging



(cont'd from page 17)

around my neck. I have woven mats of kelp pulled  
 from the deep, thought to the see grasses been mirrors  
 for your touch and my pleasures in a rocking cabin.  
 A moon rises and falls throughout my portal display.  
 Until the sea caught up with me. Until getting caught  
 up in the nighttime. Who is to say what happens  
 after? The sea becomes as fluid clay again,  
 on which darken ripples push out  
 from my foot like singing.



"canoe journey LANDING IN Bay center, 2013" - Chinook Canoe  
 family by **Keven Shipman**





"POWER" by [Erv Schleufer](#)

## THE EAGLE'S NEST

BY [EDDY BOYIE PLANTE](#), Cree, ADOPTED NISGA'a

God wanted to create a perfect little valley,  
 So he chose the Nisga'a land here in B.C.  
 He called his green garden Aiyansh in Nisga'a  
 Where mountains, creeks and rivers rush into the sea.

This Valley was created with love and balance:  
 Even our four villages are built in line alphabetically.



New Aiyansh is inland along the Nass River with  
Canyon City, Greenville then Kingcolith where seafood is free.

The north mountains stand high, cold and proud  
While guarding the Nass River that flows nearby.  
A volcano and lava bed guard the south side:  
The old volcano still steams up the winter sky.

The cedar and salmon brought life to this valley:  
Shelter plus food, brought a secure way of living.  
Everything's in abundance within this valley we praise.  
We thank You Lord for this gift you have given.

Here I will live until my final days -  
I was adopted as Eagle and proud I did.  
Nass Valley is my nest: Eddy the Eagle has landed.  
Eddy Boyje Plante July 19, 2014



"EAGLE" by Lory Shipman-Ellingburg

