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Κό

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Esther Belin

Kó

I wonder at the color of the heart, the way it whispers
and bears all things, digs deeper
to will the mountain within the stone, such pleasure
created between two
natural as the moment of conception
wrinkled into the pocket of a jacket no longer worn, yet

stores the tender moments of light
each day

I complicate my development
calling on a social order as appropriate.
My real map marks the births of my three children.
Along my spine, I still feel their tingle.

My womb aches, a hollow tree
yearning for the birds that no longer nest there.
A whirlwind trails circles around my middle
and sometimes is my only memory, kó
the spirit of fire, walks

and now whispers into its own hearth.
My heart glows to see that kó in my children
that blaze of blood mixing, hózhóní
soft moist breath, kó
like spirals and whirls, just stirring it up.

(Kó: Diné for Fire)