Kô

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5375
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Kò

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, kò the spirit of fire, walks

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

(Kò: Diné for Fire)