





**Figure 1.** Aialik Bay, Beach with Humpback Whale blow, 15 June 2021, photo by Julianne Warren

Crossing surfaces of ground to water to ground— i come to be standing in Aialik Bay  
 — a traveler

[i am coming from Lower Tanana Dene Land where i live, a grateful visitor, in Fairbanks, to here, the customary geography of Sugpiaq, in Port Graham. They lease some for a tourist lodge. i am staying with my partner who is working his summer job.]

For seven days i answer to this beach  
 i walk in the inbetween ground and water hour  
 after  
 hour  
 balancing  
 rock  
 to  
 rock

**Day ii. A methodology: Calls in and out, refusals, and rejoinders (in no particular order)**

This walking and balancing between water and  
not water calls in attention Attention is domestic

(In one version of my home making  
one told by mission co-directors aka my parents  
i am a space-rocket's payload recovery extracted in a ballston lake hospital

In another version from behind the grave of an uncle grandson of Eden  
and Rachel – she is happy mistress of a nearby forest log-house – a mossy spring

flushes me out of iron-red dirt i  
kneel  
nose-down  
in a thyme-scented bed  
this is my house)



**Figure 2.** Aialik Bay, Channel, June 2021, Photo by Julianne Warren

i am watching  
i am listening  
on the bank of a channel —  
between glacier-saturated lagoon and marine cocktail – while a full-moon tide turns  
water flows both ways – with more and less salt silt – boundaries  
liquid

(Flowing water makes a poor mirror This is important to remember)

One morning it happens to be low tide  
i move stone-stepping within moments  
| halt | by wonder of a blueberry-tinted  
someone pimpled with pearls  
like tiny stars constellating  
the surface of this is a  
star of the sea  
at my feet

The star's rays look something like five  
thick thumbs of a circular palm  
in the center of which is a round butter-colored  
sieve plate

Their wet form exposed to air  
glistens like freshly skinned meat  
To my ginger touch this body feels like a baked-sugar crust  
With the toe of my boot I nudge them who seems  
at rest on some pebbles  
This star holds fast refusestobudge

*The no of refusal is a mode of survival....  
It is a refusal  
to be killed or to succumb:*

*the Indigenous refusal of colonial recognition*

(In yet another version of my home making white supremacy calls out  
the colonial refusal  
of Indigenous sovereignty  
since my Ancestors  
fled from or to  
something hungry ground-water-ground we  
pooling  
into ever-already  
Native Spaces — barely  
detecting someone who are

[Esopus Munsee](#) —

dropped  
relics

so we told tell ourselves  
as we said say "mine"

It is a refusal  
not-to-kill or to stop talking over)

*the Black*                      *refusal of white erasure and enclosure*

(My ancestors deliver me – as if – we “yanks” also were

not    swaddled in

the white                      refusal of

Ghanaian and Haitian hands-

[indigo-stained](#)

the blanket i inherited

dignity

The *no*                      of                      refusal                      is a hold of brutality)

*in common Latin*                      *refusal also meant*

*to give back*

*to restore to return*

Derived from re- “back” and fundere-

[“to pour”](#)

to pour back

land

languages

fabrics

calcareous                      leavings

::

unravelments

sears

erosions

rejoinders

to oblivion

::

rejoinders

to dominion

as i stand there—returning to myself                      violent defiance                      of the star’s “no”—

the re-surgin g sea water gently re-covers the sea star

Response:

ability                      summons                      i reposition                      i move

beyond the waves                      there is a smooth boulder                      dry                      inviting

i sit                      still                      paying attention

The incoming tide seems to be                      spreading                      wider                      and                      wider

Heavier-salted water—middling—through outgoing lagoon-river currents

as the sea takes over

then                      undertakes the reverse

( Flowing water makes a poor mirror)

**Day iii. When sound carries**

over a river

or **Echo and Water**

In an old Greek story a nymph  
– repeating words of a river-god’s son–

Echo becomes  
Narcissus

a glassy reflector  
only the ends though  
of anyone’s sayings

*(paying attention*

*sea takes over*

*undertakes the reverse*

*makes a poor mirror)*

Already punished once by a god  
Echo no longer can speak her own mind  
Hot for Narcissus

by Juno (for talking too much)

desiring

his own star-eyed image –  
shining in the pool  
where he drank

– himself choosing himself –

Now her flesh wastes over his rejection  
Her bones turn to stones  
She becomes only a voice (though stirring)

He flattens into one dimension  
His remains (why does he get to)  
blossom into a flower

i face the waves  
i am learning first to listen ||

Water talks  
Using mirrors as shields

Under the mirrors there is fog  
Where there is breath water makes that is not waves  
then a whale at least two surface

**[Audio 2]**

i face the waves  
i am learning first to listen :: sponging up clouds

Water talks

“i want to go home” they say — a lonely voice  
beside those of Hermit Thrushes in woods behind me





*our own mirrors*

Echo says

across gleaming bay water cold and bay water warming

with a smack of Moon Jellies bubbling besides

justice and caring for

the intolerably

stinging voids

*whatever happens to water*

*happens*

*to everything*

to everything

bubbling besides

Many sea stars (i learn later)

– Blue Mussel-feasters –

oxygen-deprived

suffered lesions

shape-shift fragment

melt away

(some call it “wasting”)

while the mussels proliferate

under each painstaking stepcrowdedwithbysall-threaded shells

beach-floors crunch

anger twists with

still bright descants of

thank you

Sea Star

Whale Breath

House of Birdsong

Stone

Toothed Jaw

[Cama'i](#)

Blue Mussel

Grief

Sargassum

Styrofoam

Barnacle and Black

Oyster Catcher –

eyes aflame

And tenderness rings with what seems

more snarled

than sewn

ear in hand





**Figure 4.** Tiritiri Matangi, Island, Aotearoa, 22 February 2020, Photo by Julianne Warren

[Audio 3]

*Day v. It is like the disappearance of the Moa*

Whales speak and swim  
north south north and again – into bays like this one – singing  
hugging islands’ coastal forests now  
i imagine some Humpbacks might have

– life spans encompassing – not only Hermit Thrushes  
– within hearing – also

the times of whales  
not long past listening to  
Kaua’i ‘Ō’ō || memorializing their  
embodied language breaking

and (re)calling under water  
those birds’ language in another world

[Audio 4]

o here am i are we

In Aotearoa a woman sings  
Do you hear the Tūi call the Hu~i~a  
[who~are~you]  
in the trees

In te reo Māori a customary phrase

Ko te huna i te moa

(i wonder: What other worlds are not merely possible?)

[Audio 5]

**Day vi. No more loneliness**

The man whistling phrases of  
Huia on the recording is  
Henare Hamana—is Toby Salmon’s uncle  
stemming from Ngāti Awa  
Kuia Neteira alias Mamae who is pain  
entangled bone-to-bone with wishes  
to be buried with her son The  
Blue Gum Tree in Moawhango  
implants in her bearing leaves  
  
(May absences become familiars  
respond in becoming

*no more loneliness)*

Their tipuna ancestor	echoes in <u>gone-Huia</u> one bird calls to another
in whistles	electric refusals
to-be-dead	escape audio-as-artefact
	as shared as <u>taonga</u> to care for
	calls in others’
some tongues <u>unbroken</u>	ears lungs
	to seed
	languages <i>believed extinct</i>
	rain unshaded tones
	like teeth call out
stream songs	not merely reflections
ripen into sound houses	of rhythmic coherence



**Figure 5.** Aialik Glacier ice on beach, 14 June 2021, Photo by Julianne Warren

**Day vii. Listening with dripping ice**

Two rupturing glaciers in sight of this bay    pour back sunlight    into seawater  
 Waves cede a gleaming crackling    bulk of ice    shaped like a bird    a whale    a  
 woman    around  
 the bend  
 a grainy stretch    of boulder-less beach    D

rip  
 drip  
 drip    drip    (brief  
 tear like) spit    squelch (drop-  
 lets    shine)  
 sculpt squeak  
 pit  
 sand    black

vol    can    ic

full stop    .

a sharp quiet  
 startles another chunk  
 to plunge    (so far but so close)

repercussing

**[Audio 6]**

my cheeks flush

water always ever laps  
the in-between

(enter

longing)

Notes:

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