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American Indian Culture and Research Journal

Title

Ukom & No'm (Poem)

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/6214q34z>

Journal

American Indian Culture and Research Journal , 6(3)

ISSN

0161-6463

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Publication Date

1982-06-01

DOI

10.17953

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NOTE: The following poem of William Oandasan is one of four original songs comprising *Round Valley Songs*, a working manuscript. *Round Valley Songs* is four songs of twelve verses each which are four lines long totalling 48 lines a song. Although each verse is not strictly connected syntactically to the other verses of each Song, it is logically connected nevertheless to the other verses, making each Song an esthetic whole. An example of this esthetic is Northwest Coast art in which, for instance, a grizzly brown bear can be represented by what at first might appear to be a disjointed painting of the teeth, two claws, the ears and the ferocious eyes, when in fact the painting is a symbolic whole representing the bear by its distinguishing parts in accordance with the traditional esthetic logic of the Northwest Coast cultures. Consequently, each verse of "Ukom & No'm" ("The Valley & People," trans.) represents a part of the Native American community in Round Valley in northern California—and the poem in turn represents one of many visualizations of "the valley."

Ukom & No'm

The blackberry grows sweet
plump and juicy near Williams Creek
it bloomed thousands of years ago
when we savored its flavor first

home sleeps 1,000 miles northwest;
when i palm the green jade
from the stream east of Aunt Mary's
smells of redwood surface again

near the foot of slopes fen-
cing the valley on the north
the reservation rests quietly
like resistance burned out

through the heart of Covelo
Commercial Boulevard parades past
a gas station, cafe, saloon, store, old barn
signs of the empire

an emptied bottle of Coors
ditched in moonlight at Inspiration Point
mirrors the faces of drunkards
cold like snow

across the street nearly mute
an old woman moans alone
inside the Buckhorn saloon
cowboys drink up and stomp

in brilliant feathers and strength
three Pilipino gaming cocks
appear from across the water
in the yard pullets cluck excitedly

west by east, north from south
one historical line cuts
apart the valley's lives
deep like bloodlines

across the salty distance
and decades of grief since Hiroshima
shadows of holocaust hang
over the valley and earth

next to the road into Covelo
Mr. A.'s land lies for desire
greed, deceit, shame, alcohol, distrust
all's now forgotten though not forgiven

between the round piece of green jade
and my firm touch
Medicine Hill so far away,
a horizon-line at dawn

Turner Creek's the core of winter
but blackberry buds flare again
and transform the light of spring
fire enough for another year