Handout 2. Hopi Poetry Samples

The following poem is reproduced from Ramson Lomatewama, *Songs to the Corn, A Hopi Poet Writes about Corn* (Crystal Lake, IL: Rigby, 1997) p. 12–13 by permission of the author.

**In the Cornfield at 5:30 a.m.**

The sunflower sways
in the early summer breeze
while the swallow singsto the coming sun.

The daylight
slowly climbs the horizon
while the bullfrogs
turn and scurry
into the tall
slender cattails.

The crow is awake
and greets the morning.

CAW! CAW! CAW!

Its smooth body shimmering
reflects the sunlight,
‘tis a black mirror
that circles above.

A rabbit looks quietly
for the shade of grass
as the sun heats
the drying sand.

This morning
I too
greet the dawn.
The following poem is reproduced from Ramson Lomatewama, *Songs to the Corn, A Hopi Poet Writes about Corn* (Crystal Lake, IL: Rigby, 1997) p. 8 by permission of the author.

**Birth**

Young corn breaks ground
showered by rays of the rising sun.

They grow in happiness,
become filled with warmth.

Silky tassels grow long,
like my hair,
in search of new beginnings.

Tomorrow,
*itaha taawa*
travels the longest day.

With pipe in hand,
we await our elders
who bring rain.

*itaha taawa: my uncle, the sun*
The following poem is reproduced from Ramson Lomatewama, *Songs to the Corn, A Hopi Poet Writes about Corn* (Crystal Lake, IL: Rigby, 1997) p. 16–17 by permission of the author.

**Birth of a Song**

A beautiful dawn has ascended.  
Go as you will  
among the rows of corn.  
With happy hearts  
you will sing.  
And once again  
the clouds  
will come forth  
and rain.

Yes!  
it is true  
that from all directions  
the clouds  
will go among the cornfields  
and nourish them  
with moisture.

Yes!  
it is true  
my fathers  
that the young corn  
with happy hearts  
will grow  
and mature.

A beautiful dawn has ascended.  
Go as you will  
among the rows of corn.  
With happy hearts  
you will sing.
The following poem is reproduced from Ramson Lomatewama, *Drifting through Ancestor Dreams* (Flagstaff: Northland Publishing, 1993) by permission of the author.

**After the Rains**

Sandstone cliffs
reflect the red
of the setting sun.

My hoe is caked
with evidence
of my labor.

I see clouds
going to the east.
Dark clouds.

I look to the sky.
There!
A rainbow
is arched above me.

As I walk down
the dusty road
I look up.

Again!
The rainbow
dressed in beauty
walks with me.

There is no need
for us to speak.

Silence
will speak
for us.