

UCLA

American Indian Culture and Research Journal

Title

Creation Story (Poem)

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/249115dc>

Journal

American Indian Culture and Research Journal , 4(4)

ISSN

0161-6463

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Publication Date

1980-09-01

DOI

10.17953

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CREATION STORY

Light.
Stage of dawn.
Opening on new worlds
for the fifth time.
And not until they came forth
the Fourth Time was it ripe.
That dawn She came,
riding the sun,
humpback flute player heralding Her dawn
the Corn, sweet maiden, riding
the new day
latest in a series
of alternate paths
time of colors
rising.
And the sign of those days would be 4
She decreed, and the people arising
agreed. So we emerged into consciousness.
Born below in the place of nourishment
where those who have gone
wait, work, and come four days at a time
bringing the rain, coming home.
They fall on the gentle earth, sighing,
the squash, bean, corn sing of growing
and of grace. Pollen on the air golden
in that time, glowing, that return.
So on that day was given all this,
called Iyetiko, called Mother,
the clans, the people, the deer:
tracks left here and there
are signs.

—Paula Gunn Allen

WOMANWORK

some make potteries
some weave and spin
remember
the Woman / celebrate
webs and making
out of own flesh
earth
bowl and urn
to hold water
and ground corn
balanced on heads
and springs lifted
and rivers in our eyes
brown hands shaping
earth into earth
food for bodies
water for fields
they use
old pots
broken
fragments
castaway
bits
to make new
mixed with clay
it makes strong
bowls, jars
new
she
brought
light
we remember this
as we make
the water bowl
broken
marks the grandmother's grave
so she will shape water
for bowls
for food growing
for bodies
eating
at drink
thank her

—Paula Gunn Allen