

Susan Richardson

Ice

is a minority language *kaniq qirihuaq hiku qirititat nilak* we all speak land so who needs *hikuaqtuaq kassut iluliaq manirak* who cares when polysyllables drip when verbs calve when the whole pack of paragraphs fractures and cracks *nilaktaqtuaq manillat hikuliaq* what does it matter when glaciers lose their tongues when once-precise bergs slur their words and turn to slush *hikurhuit auktuq* too bad if silence swells and drowns those coastal nouns where the home of communication's found and if the arctic can't articulate itself *ilu* so what

Note to poem:

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