

# She'iiná yázhí\*

*Kimberly Hamblin Hart*

As earth began to shed the snowy clouds of  
death and slumber,  
as darkness ebbed within the solstice,  
you slept in my dark womb,  
radiating,  
and emerged,  
blind to light.  
For in darkness you began,  
you lived,  
you died,  
never to know the sun's sweet face.  
But your short life gave  
me new sight,  
initiated my recreation,  
made me more than singular,  
more than the sum of our parts.  
We were continents colliding—  
moving mountains,  
rerouting rivers,  
drying deserts.  
Quietly we rained together  
and were brilliant rainbows of possibility.  
You were my unknown  
knowingly defining my being,  
telling me I really was.  
I whispered to you  
secrets of me. But now  
I am an empty womb  
dark, dank;  
for not knowing more of you,  
for the brevity of time.  
Sometimes I listen for your whisper  
in the silent midnight stars,  
in the tremble of poplar leaves,  
in the loud brilliance of soft petals,

in the echo of a canyon wren;  
telling me secrets  
of who you are.

Your coming stilled my universe.  
Your leaving rent my skies  
and left  
a thundering deep  
in my soul.  
I held your crescent body in my hand  
like I was holding the moon,  
awesome and luminescent,  
piercing darkness,  
with power over tides,  
yet  
neglected, breathless, still.  
Your life  
juxtaposed  
by your death.  
From my womb,  
to my hand,  
never to be in my arms.

From you  
I emerge.  
Reborn.

\*She'iiná yázhí is Navajo for My Little Life.