Na Alankw

by Julie Ershadi


The Star

On a nice evening, I sit down at the window. It is nearly nearly three o’clock. I look at it; the sky is clear. I see the moon high up above. Beside that I see them several stars. They are pretty. I look at one star then I look at another star. I look here and there and I looked at one yellow big star. Suddenly; unexpectedly, that star looks at me star. I feel strange. Ku mpukhukuwen. Nteluwen, “Kishelemienk! Wechia, lehelexete na elankumak.” I do not understand it. (Then) I say, "O Creator, I wonder if he lives - that my relative. I speak Lenape with my relatives. I hear them those Lenape words. Indeed, it is a loud sound.