

CHRIS HOSHNIC

Pastoral Prayer as a Genre at the Kayenta Shopping Center

The
weight
ńdadoodleel
kodi

on the reds, the grease, the grands kóó it wakes the peaking cable ties, knit ties
running inside the valleys and mesas. Turn a turbulent rush
the sequencing of KKKKK'ooossss KKKK'ooossss
Kóó

Germ
inate
listen
nestle
kodi.

A wild waste coarse in manila violet blue. A discropping. Men boiled to tin foil
roofs. Abusehood. Kóó, a dream work of patience, prayer-men.

W e with them
o d
n r

This vacant plaza stains. Stakes them against the corners of the store grounds. A
lonely shadow lives here, kóó,

a laundromat, an Ace hardware store, a theatre, a wild
waging Subway of sorts. They once called this a Coast.
Kodi, the wishing seas of grief and burialment and fervor
come waist deep in cork-blue. Not a hermit in sight of luce.
A tailored yoke of amber jynx. Kóó, the crepe of a wild
Indian washing up against the highways nízaadgóó, they
run through. Call it pit-stop, call Me pixelated camera
phone

photo.

In this photograph,

Your icy fingers roar across my ceramic tiles. I call those *diyogí*. They bite
into the same Whitman lines you savor. Cause an avalanche on your
Rockwell fantasy. Would you hang me in your bedroom above the baby's
crib and call it *diyogí*? Would you call it

Me?

Kodi, this is all I will remember in the afterlife.

Kodi, this is how they will remember Me in the afterlife.

Of course,

not
a bother
of warp
Waning
K'os
will guide
Me
back

kóó
where
it
they
Us
be
long

Kodi
near
a grand
hope
of a weight.

now let us pray the weight away along this Coast,

kodi.

DESIREÉ BEWLEY DALLAGIACOMO

Blood Quantum Pastoral

My grandmother taught me when to pluck an apple
from the tree, twist like a doorknob. Taught me

to waste not want not. I know the land
loves me back because she told me so.

I'll say this: they did what they had to to survive
& so they did and did not survive. Yakoke

means thank you in our language & my grandmother
never knew that—her father did & did not survive.

I label my corn tanchi. I'm making my way back
somewhere. My hands in the dirt. My seeds in the earth.

Where she was born is an open plot of natural land
in eastern Oklahoma, sold off. There, she farmed

watermelon & corn & was forced to forget
our language. In my garden, I stake a hole

in the sheet mulch, cup three seeds in my palm. *One for the ancestors,
one for the animals, & one for us.* We count ourselves lucky

if even one makes it. She couldn't pass down
what she couldn't pass down, she handed

what she could. I keep my palms up.

2025
JAMES
WELCH
PRIZE

WINNERS

selected by dg nanouk okpik

Art by Aspen Decker

