Gathering gray willow
Along flooded Putah Creek,
Swallows dart and turn
As we women softly
Talk, bend, cut willow.
Voices sing through willow
Into my hands,
Teaching me to weave
A tobacco basket.

This basket
Focusing my vision
And my Way, with every
Weave a prayer.

This basket a nest
Holding my blessings.

My blood tipped breast
Feathers, cradling sweet

Eggs, sweet dreams.

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