

**While Picking Juniper Berries
(for Julian)**

Stooped over picking juniper berries
I hum a tuneless song.
Unbending slowly to rest
I feel the winter sun on my face
And see the old Indian woman
In a new light.

I see years of bending to gather:
Acorns for food,
 Roots for baskets,
 Stones for cooking,
 Juniper berries for regalia.
Seeds removed and sewn with patient love
Into a dress, a woman's legacy,
A gift for the People's Future.

Felice Pace
Hurds Gulch, CA
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