**Published in Sequoyah Cherokee River Journal – Issue 6**

Editor/Publisher/Translator Mysti S. Milwee

Original poem written by Annette Marie Smith **©**

**May Your Wolves**

May your wolves walk on the path with you

where you can see them.

May they swirl with mane of mist with leaves

caught twined therein.

May you hear that their wildness calls

to you

that their teeth portend tools

as well as menace

that their howls are not just hunting jargon

but sonnets to the moon.

**Translated into Cherokee Syllabary by Native American translator Mysti S. Milwee ©**

**Ꮉy ᏲᎤr ᏬᎸᎡᏍ (May Your Wolves)**

Ꮉy ᏲᎤr ᏬᎸᎡᏍ Ꮹlk Ꭳn tᎮ pᎠth Ꮻth ᏲᎤ

wᎮrᎡ ᏲᎤ cᎠn ᏎᎡ tᎮm.

Ꮉy tᎮy ᏍᏫrl Ꮻth ᎹᏁ Ꭳf ᎻᏍt Ꮻth ᎴᎠᎥᎡᏍ

cᎠᎤght tᏫᏁd tᎮrᎡᎢn.

Ꮉy ᏲᎤ ᎮᎠr tᎭt tᎮᎢr ᏫlᏕrᏁᏍᏍ cᎠllᏍ

tᎣ ᏲᎤ

tᎭt tᎮᎢr ᏖᎡth pᎣrᏖnd tᎣᎣlᏍ

ᎠᏍ Ꮺll ᎠᏍ ᎺᎾcᎡ

tᎭt tᎮᎢr ᎰwlᏍ ᎠrᎡ Ꮓt jᎤᏍt ᎱnᏘng jᎠrᎪn

bᎤt ᏐnᏁtᏍ tᎣ tᎮ ᎼᎣn.

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**Summer Is a Blue Bird**

Summer is a blue bird

whose outline is still visible

against the lighter blue of the sky.

But as she flies, as she flies,

yes as she flies,

she gets harder to see until she disappears

all at once

with a last flash of brilliant light

along the delineation of her wings.

And as she winks out of sight,

out of sight, yes out of sight —

I swear she sings.

And the notes she trills

fall like feathers on the air

drifting as they fall,

as they fall, yes as they fall,

into a pile of leaves.

**Translated into Cherokee Syllabary by Native American translator Mysti S. Milwee ©**

**ᏑmᎺr ᎢᏍ Ꭰ BᎷᎡ BᎢrd (Summer Is a Blue Bird)**

ᏑmᎺr ᎢᏍ Ꭰ bᎷᎡ bᎢrd

wᎰᏎ ᎣᎤᏟᏁ ᎢᏍ ᏍᏘll ᎥᎢᏏbᎴ

ᎠᎦᎢnᏍt tᎮ ᎵghᏖr bᎷᎡ Ꭳf tᎮ Ꮝky.

BᎤt ᎠᏍ ᏍᎮ fᎵᎡᏍ, ᎠᏍ ᏍᎮ fᎵᎡᏍ,

ᏰᏍ ᎠᏍ ᏍᎮ fᎵᎡᏍ,

ᏍᎮ ᎨtᏍ ᎭrᏕr tᎣ ᏎᎡ ᎤnᏘl ᏍᎮ ᏗᏌppᎡᎠrᏍ

Ꭰll Ꭰt ᎣncᎡ

Ꮻth Ꭰ ᎳᏍt fᎳᏍh Ꭳf brᎢlᎵᎠnt Ꮅght

ᎠᎶng tᎮ ᏕᎵᏁᎠᏘᎣn Ꭳf Ꭾr ᏫngᏍ.

Ꭰnd ᎠᏍ ᏍᎮ ᏫnkᏍ ᎣᎤt Ꭳf Ꮟght,

ᎣᎤt Ꭳf Ꮟght, ᏰᏍ ᎣᎤt Ꭳf Ꮟght —

Ꭲ ᏍᏪᎠr ᏍᎮ ᏏngᏍ.

Ꭰnd tᎮ ᏃᏖᏍ ᏍᎮ trᎢllᏍ

fᎠll ᎵkᎡ fᎡᎠtᎮrᏍ Ꭳn tᎮ ᎠᎢr

drᎢfᏘng ᎠᏍ tᎮy fᎠll,

ᎠᏍ tᎮy fᎠll, ᏰᏍ ᎠᏍ tᎮy fᎠll,

ᎢntᎣ Ꭰ pᎢᎴ Ꭳf ᎴᎠᎥᎡᏍ.

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**Driftwood Tells Its Story**

Previously Published in She Wanted Storms, by Annette Marie Smith, published by Lucky Horseshoe

Publishing

Buoyed by salt and hollowed out by time

I am Driftwood

and I have made my way to shore.

Would you know yet more?

The bones of me sing upon the wind.

I have become a flute, a type of carved out reed

an intimate piece of musical instrument art

hand crafted by the sea.

My stag horns and fleur-de-lis rear wildly toward the sky

while my pale feet dip among the wavelet's small sighs.

My secret is imbued in every grain of me.

My great beauty comes from having drowned

but come back from the deeps.

I have weathered storms

and I have left a world of green behind.

Leaves and roots mean nothing now

to the likes of me

but the color I seemingly left behind

is hidden steeped in me

and when I burn upon a fire

new colors are set free.

Grass green and sky blue

and dancing yellow citrine

bloom like flowers as they flame

from my wan and twisted branches

by the roaring sea.

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**DrᎢftᏬᎣd ᏖllᏍ ᎢtᏍ ᏍtᎣry (Driftwood Tells Its Story)**

BᎤᎣᏰd by Ꮜlt Ꭰnd ᎰlᎶᏪd ᎣᎤt by ᏘᎺ

Ꭲ Ꭰm DrᎢftᏬᎣd

Ꭰnd Ꭲ ᎭᎥᎡ ᎹᏕ my Ꮹy tᎣ ᏍᎰrᎡ.

ᏬᎤld ᏲᎤ kᏃw Ᏸt ᎼrᎡ?

TᎮ bᎣᏁᏍ Ꭳf Ꮊ Ꮟng ᎤpᎣn tᎮ Ꮻnd.

Ꭲ ᎭᎥᎡ bᎡcᎣᎺ Ꭰ fᎷᏖ, Ꭰ typᎡ Ꭳf cᎠrᎥᎡd ᎣᎤt rᎡᎡd

Ꭰn ᎢnᏘᎹᏖ pᎢᎡcᎡ Ꭳf ᎽᏏcᎠl ᎢnᏍtrᎤᎺnt Ꭰrt

Ꭽnd crᎠfᏖd by tᎮ ᏎᎠ.

My ᏍᏔg ᎰrnᏍ Ꭰnd fᎴᎤr-Ꮥ-ᎵᏍ rᎡᎠr Ꮻldly tᎣᏩrd tᎮ Ꮝky

wᎯᎴ my pᎠᎴ fᎡᎡt Ꮧp ᎠᎼng tᎮ ᏩᎥᎡᎴt'Ꮝ ᏍᎹll ᏏghᏍ.

My ᏎcrᎡt ᎢᏍ ᎢmbᎤᎡd Ꭲn ᎡᎥᎡry grᎠᎢn Ꭳf Ꮊ.

My grᎡᎠt bᎡᎠᎤty cᎣᎺᏍ frᎣm ᎭᎥᎢng drᎣwᏁd

bᎤt cᎣᎺ bᎠck frᎣm tᎮ ᏕᎡpᏍ.

Ꭲ ᎭᎥᎡ ᏪᎠtᎮrᎡd ᏍtᎣrmᏍ

Ꭰnd Ꭲ ᎭᎥᎡ Ꮄft Ꭰ Ꮼrld Ꭳf grᎡᎡn bᎡᎯnd.

ᎴᎠᎥᎡᏍ Ꭰnd rᎣᎣtᏍ ᎺᎠn ᏃtᎯng Ꮓw

tᎣ tᎮ ᎵkᎡᏍ Ꭳf Ꮊ

bᎤt tᎮ cᎣᎶr Ꭲ ᏎᎡᎻngly Ꮄft bᎡᎯnd

ᎢᏍ ᎯdᏕn ᏍᏖᎡpᎡd Ꭲn Ꮊ

Ꭰnd wᎮn Ꭲ bᎤrn ᎤpᎣn Ꭰ fᎢrᎡ

Ꮑw cᎣᎶrᏍ ᎠrᎡ Ꮞt frᎡᎡ.

GrᎠᏍᏍ grᎡᎡn Ꭰnd Ꮝky bᎷᎡ

Ꭰnd ᏓncᎢng ᏰlᎶw cᎢtrᎢᏁ

bᎶᎣm ᎵkᎡ fᎶᏪrᏍ ᎠᏍ tᎮy fᎳᎺ

frᎣm my Ꮹn Ꭰnd tᏫᏍᏖd brᎠncᎮᏍ

by tᎮ rᎣᎠrᎢng ᏎᎠ.

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**Everglade Drifting**

Previously published in She Wanted Storms, by Annette Marie Smith, published by Lucky Horseshoe

Publishing

After the rain

sugarcane runs long fingers

through the sky's curly clouds.

Gators spank the river bank

with disciplinary tails.

Mosquitoes drape the shoreline

like Spanish Moss hanging on the trees.

The sky is bleached denim blue

so soft

I decide to wear just that

the sky like a favorite old frayed shirt

as I drift in my canoe.

**Translated into Cherokee Syllabary by Native American translator Mysti S. Milwee ©**

**ᎡᎥᎡrgᎳᏕ DrᎢfᏘng (Everglade Drifting)**

ᎠfᏖr tᎮ rᎠᎢn

ᏑᎦrcᎠᏁ rᎤnᏍ Ꮆng fᎢnᎨrᏍ

thrᎣᎤgh tᎮ Ꮝky'Ꮝ cᎤrly cᎶᎤdᏍ.

ᎦtᎣrᏍ ᏍpᎠnk tᎮ rᎢᎥᎡr bᎠnk

Ꮻth ᏗᏍcᎢpᎵᎾry ᏔᎢlᏍ.

ᎼᏍᏈtᎣᎡᏍ drᎠpᎡ tᎮ ᏍᎰrᎡᎵᏁ

ᎵkᎡ ᏍpᎠᏂᏍh ᎼᏍᏍ ᎭnᎩng Ꭳn tᎮ trᎡᎡᏍ.

TᎮ Ꮝky ᎢᏍ bᎴᎠcᎮd ᏕᏂm bᎷᎡ

Ꮠ Ꮠft

Ꭲ ᏕcᎢᏕ tᎣ ᏪᎠr jᎤᏍt tᎭt

tᎮ Ꮝky ᎵkᎡ Ꭰ fᎠᎥᎣrᎢᏖ Ꭳld frᎠᏰd ᏍᎯrt

ᎠᏍ Ꭲ drᎢft Ꭲn my cᎠᏃᎡ.