Ah sim', can you hear the drum,  
Ah sim', it is the earth mother's heartbeat,  
the beginning of my people began when we were moved from  
the spirit world,  

The gift from K'am ligi ahl ahl, (the all-being, omnipotent  
one), to be clothed in flesh and bone, but the sacred gift  
of the spirit-soul, protected in the midst of this body.  

Ah, can you not hear my brother, Raven, tell you how  
K'am ligi ahl ahl, gave him the privilege of bringing light  
to this Island, earth, together with my brothers and  
sisters, whom you gave the appearance of animal; eagle,  
beaver, wolf, frog, owl, bear, raven, and Killerwhale, who  
have taught us how to harvest and nurture the land,  

The spirit mother, is generous, she has taught us well, to  
recognize the dignity and sacredness of the cycle of life,  
my brother and sisters; salmon and moose, with your lives  
we will endure...  

My history, goes back to the beginning of time, My  
bloodline, My inheritance comes from the women from my nation,  
Who are the holder of all stories, property rights, and names  
Nisga'a woman, you are privileged to be given the gift of  
"Life-Giver," "Life-sustainer; provider, teacher," within  
you, is the power to re-create life  
My beginning, the time after the woman whom I call mother  
joined with the man I call father.  

aa es bebi', aa es bebi',  
memories of warmth,  
woman who is mother to my mother, Giigs'  
hot sun, song of the fly, smoke of hemlock, tickles my eyes  
as we turn flesh of salmon,  
softly I hear you, call me, Monica, are you awake, I answer,  

Yes, would I like some tea with cinnamon, I tell her yes  
I have known you since I remember  
I look at the clock, it is 3 o'clock, I wonder what she  
would like to tell me  
We sit and she begins her story, she tells me again the  
story of her two mothers, she is lonely.  
I listen.  
the woman she was born too, had a sister that could not  
give birth to a female child, and was very sad, so the  
woman who gave birth to my giigs', gave her to her sister.  
The woman has the power to re-create life, it is important  
to our survival, she is provider, sustainer, teacher,...  
She tells me of her mother, her mother's sister,  
She remembers gentleness, stories, learning, I listen.  
we finish our tea, and she reminds me that daylight will  
come soon,  

Ah sim', I hear the gulls, and the hear the river stroke  
the beach.  
I smell birch, and the stink of the rotting oolichans, I  
hear laughter, and the choir of human voices talking.  
I see the woman who is my mother's sister, who I know as  
mother, motioning me to come to her. I have rested long  
ough, I join her at the lip of the beach, and reach for  
cedar strips, in water drawn form the river.  
Woman who is sister to my father, whom I call mother,  
reminds me that the longer I have my hands in the water,