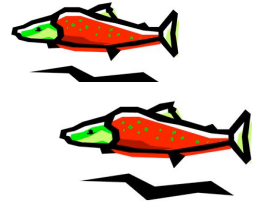


Salmon Life Cycle Chant



The Egg

I am the tiny
bright orange
salmon egg.

I wait the long wet winter.
The wild winds wave
in the forest
above the surface
of my stream.

The Alevin

50 degrees, for 50 days.

I am ready
to soften my shell.
I am ready
my spine to uncurl

My big, black-green eyes
are ready to see the world!

I hatch.
But what's outside?
I huddle, I hide.

Pebbles above me,
pebbles below me,
pebbles all around me,
yoke sac feeding.

I hatch.
But what's outside?
I huddle, I hide.

The Fry

I swim free,
for the first time
a little fry,
a pine needle with eyes.

I face the current
swift and free.
I memorize this smell.

The Fingerling

Mother? Father?

Quick!

I swim, darting, dodging.
We are a silver school,
of sisters, brothers.

Tiny fingerling
plankton feeding
and fed upon!

The Smolt

Growing, changing
We journey to the sea.
Smolt are we!
traveling to the ocean
so wide and
so deep.

The Young Adult

Feasting on
ocean delights,
we are the royalty
of the blue!
Waiting the calling,
the message, the clue.

The Adult

Time for returning,
fattened for travel.
Fasting we struggle,
jumping up ladders

Going home to our stream,
to spawn, and then die.

The Egg

Yet again
Bright orange spheres
In the pebbles lie.