

## **Na Alankw**

by Julie Ershadi

Welokunk nlematahpi eheshantesink. Kayahiti naxa kelak. Mpenamen mushhakot. Neyo na kishux hukweyunk. Pemichi neyook kexa alankok. Shikiyok. Mpenao kweti alanko na mpenao pili alanko. Nemesilinkwexin ok wenchi mpenao kweti wisaesit xinkolankw. Wixkochi mpenakw na alankw. Nchipamalsi. Ku mpukhukuwen. Nteluwen "Kishelemienk! Wechia lehelexete na elankumak." Ntalenixsin wichi elankumakik mushhakink. Mpentamenena nel lenapei laptunakana. Kehela xinkwitakon.

## **The Star**

On a nice evening, I sit down at the window. It is nearly nearly three o'clock. I look at it; the sky is clear. I see the moon high up above. Beside that I see them several stars. They are pretty. I look at one star then I look at another star. I look here and there and I looked at one yellow big star. Suddenly; unexpectedly, that star looks at me star. I feel strange. Ku mpukhukuwen. Nteluwen, "Kishelemienk! Wechia, lehelexete na elankumak." I do not understand it. (Then) I say, "O Creator, I wonder if he lives - that my relative. I speak Lenape with my relatives. I hear them those Lenape words. Indeed, it is a loud sound.