

# **My Grandma**

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One language dies every two weeks. Native American languages are in danger of going extinct right before our eyes. Such is the case of Kiksht my grandma's language. When she's gone the beauty, the interaction, and nuances will be gone too, you see, my grandma is 94. She is the last fluent teacher of Kiksht on the Warm Springs Reservation in Oregon. Another speaker exists in Washington State and there are only a handful of speakers who understand and use the language less frequently. I wrote this poem for grandma because she is beautiful. She is a language warrior who works everyday to ensure we learn as much as we can, so that the language will continue to live. Her other granddaughter, Radine Johnson is learning so well, together we work night and day to help grandma. My new knowledge will allow me to catch her smile and listen to her laugh. It will be for all our grandchildren who are not here yet. Our language, Kiksht.

## **Akshk'ix**

Akshk'ix  
Aq'iuqt kanawi dan giukul  
gnengiq'nān Kiksht engi  
gnengiq'nān gangatbama itgiqlat  
Ichak'axsh nalugalaida i-carba taun yamt naikaba ich-car.  
kw'ala enkiāx  
Akshk'ix

## **My Grandma**

My grandma  
She's old and wise  
She teaches me kiksht  
She teaches me our old ways  
She likes to ride to town on my car  
I am happy  
She's my grandma