Teaching the Riff in Being Tuned to the Rez Blues

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Mamas put in Davis during children's naps time to let the miles of music unfold into sleeping ears. Mamas fear this world where babies are born already confined, waiting in lines of funeral processions, the patient air reinforces lessons of Indians playing along to historically provided scores, the notes read: broken livers, diseased hearts, and distended bellies in newspapers or television. So babies need the music, the rhythm and blues teach improvisation, the realization: life is making and creating. Embedded in the call and response of crying shames reside voracious cold trains, bodies freighted with ache.

Mamas wanna teach children the riff between what goes on outside these man-made borders, the ‘real’ world where cars are named after Indians:

Navajo, Cherokee, and Tacoma; they know the consequences of the American Dream. Reality: just like those cars they too will end up buried in graveyards; if they’re not careful sooner than expected

So Mamas pray their children dream blues like cracked cups. Broken may not be good luck but reminds us of survival, an object lesson: if you leave, leave blaring like trumpet, dented in all the places to sound your instrument loud for the trail of knowing behind you. History’s riffs may be blinding but babies need reminding when arms are strong enough to unravel muddy waters still needing to be crossed they are ready to embrace the splitting open like saxophone howling into the white space or ocean all to empty the darkness inside or to fill it with their own middle ground between the milestones and giant steps they’ll want to make in life. So whenever they think blues can be tasted with hands wrapped around a bottle until they’re wasted they’ll remember their Mama’s ingrained into their hearts unexpected deviations, their internal drums will beat louder than the drunken syncopations as they fall into no longer sweet grass laying flat on backs looking up at the Indian in the moon, in their sweat drenched sourness loving and wondering what’s so damn wonderful about a world where we are whole notes unraveling.