

My arms they wave high in the air.  
My hands they flutter behind my back;  
they wave above my head like the  
wings of a bird.

Let me move my feet, let me dance,  
let me shrug my shoulders, let me  
shake my body.

My arms let me fold them; let me  
crouch down;  
Let me hold my hands under my chin.

I want to laugh, I, my sled because  
it is broken,  
Because its ribs are broken I want to laugh.  
Here at Talaviuyak I encountered hummocky  
ice, I met with an upset.  
I want to laugh. It is not a thing to  
rejoice over.

-- Western Arctic dance song.

