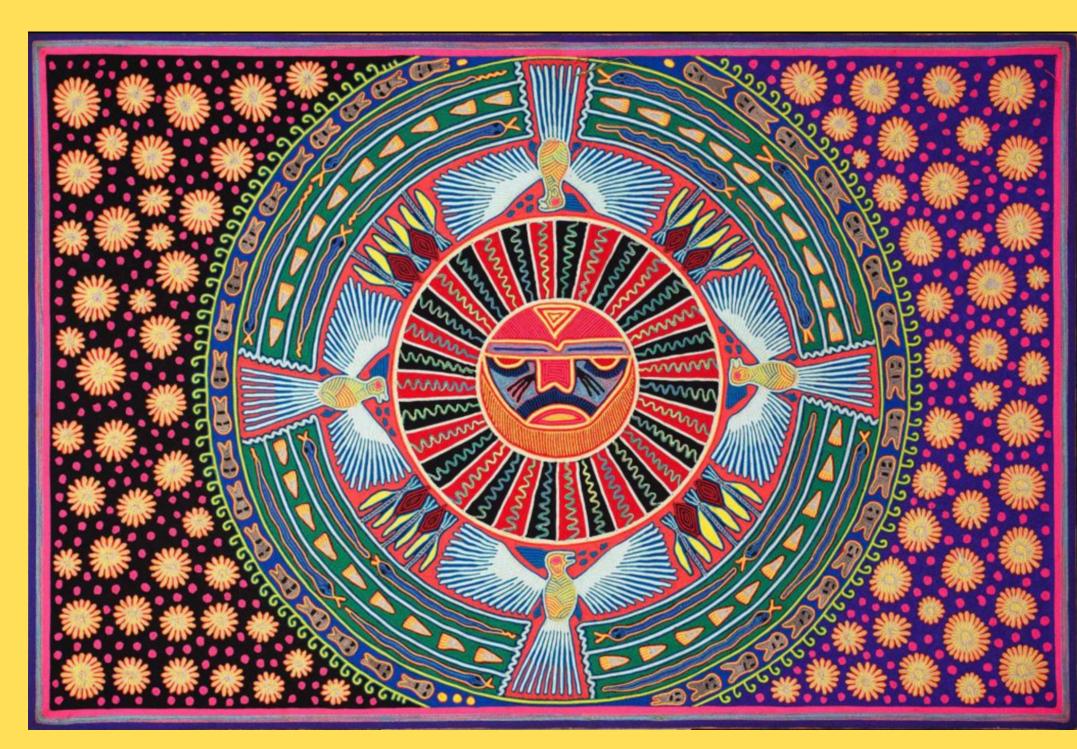


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by Talia White



LITTLE TALIA is a memoir in progress that I hope to publish. The book will hold a tyrannical shaman accountable, discuss relationships with hair and food complicated by spirituality and health, and depict honest reflections on being the daughter of two culturally Jewish Grateful Dead heads.



"In earlier days of my childhood, my family had visited Hawaii's Big Island five times with our shamanic study group to take in the power of its sacred ocean and land. There we dunked in the warmest water my Northern Californian body had ever felt and walked carefully to Mauna Kea over aa lava, the kind that can slice a person open to show a hot, red, ribbony interior --amimicry of our Earth's insides. We also hiked the King's Trail in Waipi'o Valley. Getting there meant a long drive, where

sometimes the cars in front of us of the road were crossed with rivers, submerged under rainfall. The trail itself rose from the other side of a real river, wide and more than a few feet deep, to it, the walkable ground was narrow. It forced us into single-file like ants. We always walked like this on pilgrimage anyway, but here it wasn't just for the fate of the left flip-flop of the boy walking in front of me. It fell to an made this hike dreadful. It was the mosquitoes."

disappeared in the thickest fog and parts switchbacking from a black-sanded shore up the mountain. Once having swam across meditative purposes. Here, it was to avoid untimely death. But it wasn't the cliff that

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Excerpt from "Single File"