

*Jarold Ramsey's workings from Isabel Kelly's
"Northern Paiute Tales" (Journal of American
Folklore, Vol. 51, 1938). The toothed-cunt poem
"synthesizes several versions of the story."*

NORTHERN PAIUTE NARRATIVES

How the Animals Chose Their Places

In the old time Coyote was boss.
Coyote said, "Bear, you better stay in the mountains."
Deer said, "I want to go live in the mountains too!"
Whitefish said, "I want some water."
Duck said he wanted water too.
Swan said, "Look at me, I am growing pretty now;
See, I am white all over."
Bear pounded the ground.
"Ground," he said, "Who is talking about me?"
Ground said, "Indian talks pretty mean,"
So Bear went out and bit him.
"I want to stay here in the rocks,"
Said Mountain Sheep.
"I like to feel the ground," Rock said,
"I like to stay here in one place and not move."
Sagebrush said he felt the same way.
This is Coyote's story.

How Her Teeth Were Pulled

In the old time women's cunts had teeth in them.
It was hard to be a man then
Watching your squaw squat down to dinner
Hearing the little rabbit bones crackle.
Whenever fucking was invented it died with the inventor.
If your woman said she felt like biting you didn't take it lightly,
Maybe you just ran away to fight Numuzoho the Cannibal.

Coyote was the one who fixed things,
He fixed those toothy women!
One night he took Numuzoho's lava pestle
To bed with a mean woman
And hammer hammer crunch crunch ayi ayi
All night long:
"Husband, I am glad," she said
And all the rest is history.
To honor him we wear our necklaces of fangs.