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Federal Indian policy continued to undermine the legal status and self-government of tribes by institutionalizing the doctrines of wardship and plenary power until 1934. Nevertheless, the positive political and cultural legacy of the SAI inspired some of the late-twentieth-century Native American activism and protest that lives today. Changing public perception of American Indians, they laid the groundwork for today's National Native American Heritage month and Indigenous People's Day. Hence, Maroukis concludes, the refrain "We Are Still Here" "is louder than ever" (219). The SAI's activism ensured that Native peoples' voices would be heard in the American cultural mainstream.

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**What God Is Honored Here? Writings on Miscarriage and Infant Loss by and for Native Women and Women of Color.** Edited by Shannon Gibney and Kao Kalia Yang. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2019. 256 pages. \$19.95 paper; \$19.95 electronic.

The individual and family pain that so frequently comes with miscarriage and infant loss is often compounded for Native women and women of color in the United States. The loss occurs in the context of genocide and ongoing colonialism perpetuated against Indigenous bodies; it occurs within the context of ongoing, deeply structural racism. And the loss occurs within a dominant culture that continues to devalue women's reproductive lives—especially the lives of women of color and Indigenous women. Legacies and ongoing impacts of colonialism and white supremacist policies compound the grief felt by those living through loss: this is simply true, and, for many of us, rather easy to comprehend, intellectually.

That something is true and easy to comprehend intellectually does not make grappling with it any less difficult. And that something is true and easy to comprehend intellectually does not mean that one's belief and understanding can grasp the tenor, the temperature, or the emotional resonance of the narratives provided by writers who have experienced such losses. The stunningly good pieces in *What God Is Honored Here? Writings on Miscarriage and Infant Loss by and for Native Women and Women of Color* generously, righteously offer access to those greater depths. Some scholars become used to approaching our areas of study through data and analysis, even those of us who study the messy moments of life captured here: birth, and death. I appreciate the shift of perspective enabled by encountering a poetics of birth and death, a series of visual representations of loss, a personal story told intimately on six slim pages.

In *What God Is Honored Here?* editors Shannon Gibney and Kao Kalia Yang have collected twenty-seven poems, essays, stories, and works of visual art into a coherent and well-balanced whole. While the Supreme Court has approached pregnancy through a trimester system of biological time—such as in the cases of *Geduldig v Aiello* and the entire *Roe* progeny—the editors' arrangement of the pieces defies the

trite and the obvious, taking a reader intuitively through the spiral dance of loss and regeneration. From the spare and powerful opening poem by Lucille Clifton, *the lost baby poem*, to the closing pages rendered by Sun Yung Shin in her *Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Miscarriage*, a lushly gorgeous reworking of a Wallace Stevens text, this book offers an expansive view of the lifecycle of a pregnancy. In resisting normative time, the pieces in the volume open us to the possibility of suspended time, expanded time, circular time in that they offer us opportunities to grieve, and to hope—to rage, and to celebrate—to come “full circle,” and back again.

After the cowritten introductory section, which provides statistical and historical context for the pieces, the editors allow the writers to speak for themselves, from their own experience and without the necessity of argumentation. Nowhere are we told we must attend to the fact that BIPOC people are subjected to higher rates of obstetric violence and harm, suffer disproportionately high loss of pregnancy, and are denied easy access to necessary reproductive care. Rather, everywhere we are reminded, in every contribution, that personal loss and harm occurs within a broad *culture* of loss and harm. In this regard, the book is a more intimate examination of the themes raised in Dorothy Roberts’ *Killing the Black Body* (1998) and Khiara Bridges’ *Reproducing Race* (2011). It brings a series of personal lenses to what readers learn about macro-systems of colonialism through Roxanne Dunbar Ortiz’s *An Indigenous Peoples’ History of the United States* (2015) and it deepens readers’ understanding of the harms suffered by Indigenous women through sexualized violence so powerfully elaborated by Sarah Deer in *The Beginning and End of Rape* (2015).

Some of the pieces in the book are more overtly political than others—and as a political scientist by training, I sought them out eagerly. Among them all, Michelle Borok’s contribution “April is the Cruellest Month” perhaps most explicitly addresses the harms of obstetric violence. Reading it brought to mind scholarship by pregnancy rights advocates, such as Rebecca Spence’s *Cardozo Journal of Law and Gender* article from 2012 and Elizabeth Kukura’s more recent work published in the *Georgetown Law Review*. Seema Reza’s essay “Pity” reminds us that access to reproductive care is politicized in most jurisdictions. She writes of the doctor who said to her, “Terminate. Soon. . . . Your outcome won’t be good, [y]ou have to decide soon. Before it’s too late to be legal” (195). Those words remind me of the co-constitutive that Laura Briggs told us in 2017, “all politics [have become] reproductive politics.”

Honorée Fanonne Jeffers chronicles a legacy of slavery in her poem “Susannah Wheatley Tends to the Child (Re)Named Phillis, Who is Suffering from Asthma.” Jennifer N. Baker’s “The Pursuit of Happiness” takes on the racial fragility of white women, whose careful politeness attempts to obscure centuries of domination. Diana Le-Cabrera writes, in “Massimo’s Legacy,” that the biggest discomfort of her pregnancy was “the election of Donald Trump” (116). Taiyon J. Coleman’s “Tilted Uterus: When Jesus is Your Baby Daddy” poignantly demonstrates the power of intersectionality as a process for emancipation. All of these pieces spoke to me as someone who teaches reproductive law and politics in addition to American Indian law and politics, and also as someone who researches the prospects for improving access to care by the regulation of certified professional midwifery.

Yet other selections I sought out as a mother with a painful birth story of my own, though not one of pregnancy or infant loss. I read them as a (cisgender) woman, as a human who appreciates beauty and is trying to learn to live joyfully, alongside of pain. Sarah Agaton Howe's memoir, "Lessons from Dying," has the gorgeous line, "It's not like I had lived a blessed life, but I hadn't known tragedy this way" and closes, "It turned out there was a whole universe waiting for me. A world of ceremony, art, laughter, prayer, songs, and my ancestors. I died to get here" (19; 22). Maria Elena Mahler's "Not Everything Is a Patch of Wildflowers" exudes peace and grace in the midst of pain. Rona Fernandez's "The Ritual," offers soul-instruction-via-memoir for how to live with loss and document the recovery. What's more, in their organization of the volume, the editors are unsettling notions of time and the presumptive biological march of pregnancy. "The Night Parade," by Jami Nakamura Lin, follows right after "The Ritual," reminding us that even in the face of ritual, even in the face of biblical prophecy, "We make our own contingency plans" (143).

This is a meditative volume—one whose various essays and poems and stories and photos can be read and reread, turned to for comfort, and turned to in anger and grief. It isn't a volume for the faint of heart—but rather a book by, and for, the full-of-heart. Bring your heavy heart to it, and feel some grief lifted; bring a buoyant heart, and share the pain of others and in so doing, lighten their load. I first read this book to review it, during the spring and summer of 2021, and family circumstances made it, honestly, too difficult to bear. I reread it as the Iowa weather entered fall, as our wintering begins in earnest. Both times, I brought to the book the question, "What God Is Honored Here?" and at the close, I know so deeply that I write to you, as Kalia and Shannon wrote in their closing, "from these long days when the earth has lost its color and the wind has grown cold, from the days of dreaming of warmer weather and the good times still to come" (265).

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