

ota

Cree for Here

I have been on this crooked-good
baring bear bones
burning in this midnight dream
walking and dreaming
with the blue marrow
of my ancestors.

They have sent awasis – the
kinky and dishevelled child
who taught me the courage
of sohkeyihta.

courage, endurance, perseverance

The trek filled with
mountains where I bathed
in the inviting White Rabbit River
my lover by my side.

Over the years I spoke
tapwewin acimowin,
ahcahk by my side.
Stored in marrow,
memory was a thunderstorm
that swept me into the fat darkness.

truth-filled stories
spirit and soul

The lodges of my head and heart
filled with gentle fire, cooling water
to quench my thirst
as I hung from the Sundance Tree.

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Parliamentary Poet Laureate**