

Our Family

Wolves howled in the distance.
Hunched beneath blankets
they carried a sapling
as they coursed up the road.
Howling again, they assembled,
knelt in a line shaking
their trees.

Sweaty palms squeezed tobacco as
the watchers approached the wolves.
And knelt.
From their bellies thunder
opened the grave of grief.

In stillness wolves and participants
listened as the Old Ones shared
the separation of the two boys
during the killing of their mother,
cihcipistikwan – atayohkewin
the wolves who carry this cry
of loss.

cihcipistikwan – atayohkewin
is the Sacred Legend of the Rolling Head

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