

A Call for Love

I sprawl on the living room floor
soak in the solar heat. I am
scorched.

The police drops of frozen men,
the Boushie trial,
missing and murdered men,
women and girls, apprehended children,
the uncovered burials,
residential school, the woman
forced to cut,
their beautiful braids,
the assault on our treaties.
An endless list.

Uprooted trees. Blazing fires
leap across the land. Burn houses.
Hard pelting rain. Raging, roaring
waters overflow banks. Flood
valley. Mudslides.
Tear highways. Bridges.
Lightning strikes. Thunderbolts
in my heart. I am an unsettled wind.

Snow clippers, blinding blizzards.
What mercy is left?

I will braid my aging hair,
wear ribbon dresses.
I tattoo my face.
See this. The warriors
protecting their women,
children, and the old.
This land.
Armed against you.

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