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Today's collaborator

I brood here
suppressed in front of my type-
writer. At least my typewriter waits
patiently for me. Seems to be my only friend
these days. Need to start a required duel: an analysis
& rebuttal of Jonathan Swift's *A modest proposal*.
What an agony for a university essay assignment! I close my eyes
to feel lost. Pray for something. Anything! Like direction and
guidance. A need for positiveness. A meaningful word. Strength to do
what I'm supposed to do. To express gets tangled in there, too. My eyes
start to water. I call out to my grandfather: Long ago, dead!
"Please help me to recapture when I was very young, your teachings!" I hear his
voice calling me "Brother!" His favourite nickname for me. I did not care for this
name back then. I wanted a real traditional name. Something like Little Fawn
or Little Cloud in Odawa or Ojibwe language. This white name instead is what I was stuck
with. So, I tolerated (I)t with plague-like uniqueness. Little did I know it was his way
of showing me to RESPECT, to ACCEPT another language. Now, I also see *n' mishomiss* [my grand-
father] considered me EQUAL to his status when he called me Brother. "*Keche megwach* [a big
thank you!]" I reply today with a raised head. With a recompensed state of mind, I wipe a
tear away.
He continues calling me to help him in my spontaneous mind. We proceed to fill the back of his
wagon with fresh fish, to deliver a dozen or so, to each family on the reservation. Today, I
see this was his way of showing me SHARING.
Big tears fill my eyes again. As my eyes apprehend stay focused on the word "brother." The
manufacturer's trademark on my brother typewriter.

From the north to the east, south and west. Our four directions: sacred, the
complete circle.

N' mishomiss hasn't left me yet.