

MONICA MCKAY

Giigs

Ahsim',
my heart is imitating the song of a woodpecker,
I look from within, surrounded by the rhythm of my heart.
in the background I can hear the echo of the breathe I
take, as it dances with my lungs.

You are mother to my mother,
I am daughter to your daughter.
my heartbeat imitates your heartbeat,
I am a woman of your bloodline.

Giigs,
Each breathe that I inhale,
I feel your presence, the warmth of your energy
feeds my soul.
My heartbeat echoes your heartbeat,
this is how we are bonded.

From your womb came my mother and her sisters.
who I know as mother.
From your womb came my mother's brothers,
who I know as father.
Each breathe that I inhale,
I feel their presence, the warmth of their energy
feeds my soul.

As my mind's eye blinks,
I am walking with you along the beach,
of the river.
We walk slowly,
your hip is sore.
I watch you and allow your movements to dictate mine
I worry about your hip as my heart swells with love for
you.

I become aware of the breeze,
the rhythmic flow of the water caressing the lip of the
shore.
We come upon a log and sit
and you tell me the story of the struggle and anguish you
felt when you were taken away to attend Residential School.
Yet when you returned home, you struggled again because
there was no money for you to continue your education.
I hold your hand in silence and feel your strength.

Giigs,
Each breathe that I inhale,
I feel your presence, the warmth of your energy
feeds my soul.
My heartbeat echoes your heartbeat,
this is how we are bonded.

CAROLE ROSE

Gifts

A gift should always be accepted,
No matter from the giver.
This is what I had been taught,
but no one knows the hidden thought.
So here we start, from friend or foe,
To treasure for what ever the reason.
A hint of ill fate may fade in time.
What your response to do, should take
a hearty *Thank You*, you shouldn't do that,
cast their spell to soothe the heart.

LINDA MCWATCH

Dreaming

Secretly held tight within
Secretly coming true
Secretly held within
Secretly not really wanting them
Seems too much at times
Dreaming seems too heavy at times
Dreaming it's all dreaming

Sitting Here

sitting here
while people pass by
going here, going there, going nowhere

trying desperately
to succeed

there's no time, not enough for all
time holds all on a thread

all trying to beat time
seems like there's no time

but there's no time

but there's all the time in the world

Look, Touch, Taste, Smell, Feel

dreams
what are they made of?
where do they really come from?
do they come true, not for most
people, for very few.

dreams are for dreamers