Healing Is

T. S. LA PRATT

a purple flower that unfolds
on my face leaving a bruise
whereupon entering the therapist’s
office there was none before
but she had to ask
where did my father
hit me
before I even speak
on the exact
spot where he hurt me
it appears
an old memory forcing itself to the surface
to speak a language I didn’t know I had in me
sounds of emotions resurface to reclaim
their rightful place to sing their songs
and rejoice in freedom
up I go
a swaying of mitosak in the wind
blowing so hard it
grabs
twists
yanks
my breathe away
leaving only a prayer in my heart
the creator can hear

Therapists Psychiatrist state there is nothing
more western medicine can do so I turn to
the east
follow the red road
start my journey in the sweat lodge
people murmuring their prayers
red
spotted
skin
drenched
drained
the Elder says he saw the spirits return home
with the tobacco offerings in their hands
kicking up their heels

new colourful blankets wrapped around their shoulders
our prayers following behind them
my anguish taken
now carried by the Creator
then I remember the old ones believed
the grass is humble no matter what happens
iskote’wo
stamped pouring
of concrete into squares the grass comes again
I am strong no matter how
tired
sore
burdened
my ribcage aches from each breath
after days of sobbing over the terrors of childhood
my spirit knows I return like the grass on the
prairie
wild
free
as the drum in my heart beats
this woman’s heart and yours is not on the ground
this nation has not fallen from the prairie a distant
song calls out
miywasin

T.S. La Pratt is a Cree non-status Indian. She began journal and poetry writing at the age of ten.
She is a radio announcer at CJSR since 1999. She is currently working as a Youth Care Worker with Aboriginal youth. This is the first time her poetry has been published. She currently resides in Edmonton.