



from *CANTO*

now who among us will find a way
through these shining peaks of ice
the sun petals on the sea
sight touched down of the seagull's breast
at landfall early mother landfall
the wayworn voyage prepared by others
following the sun west
northern people to this greener land
flat rocks give way to scrub and berries
low pine to white pine spruce
oak maple black walnut
to the warm waters south
beaches strands marshes pink rose
black swamp salt rivers a landing

this land mass we call home
i thought it was a day until narrowing
the river with green and fresh water
swallowed us into the land like a snake

this journey never ceases of the sun's people
coming to our shores as a new home
it's part of me these generations later
you would understand this to be
home as a child in a parent's house
it is our creator's house
we are part of here in human family

