

Me, myself and my ancestors joined together last night

The Micmac?
The Sioux?
The Seminoles?

I honor the red blood that flows through my veins...
Somewhere in Maine
Before it was Maine
Or was it Massachusetts?
before it was Massachusetts....
New Hampshire?

Their bones buried in Aunt Mary's basement
because she refused to pour cement.
Gladiolas garnished their bed of bones

How do I know this?
I felt it in my bones
I heard them whisper in my feet
I gathered birch bark from the trees
to light my campfire as they did
when they sacrificed moose meat over fire,
sewed their moccasins with sinue threaded fine,
beat their drums to the rhythm of my heart

I knew before I was told
The memory etched in my DNA
not erased at birth
I may look like you but
I breathe like them
carried my canoe over portages between pines

We saw the same stars in the sky
followed different dreams

I saw them last night
They began as white/red/black skin
They vanished into the trees
Transformed into brown bark before my eyes
Turned gray into rock - A stone in the creek
Then vanished before I opened my eyes

Spirits remain

Body gone

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