

Here / Hear

Rob Budde

contact upon
contact, zones of furtive
creatures in their being
careful over careful
listening in on the epiphytes

the belief in that verdant act
all the while old growth
wit (wiid?) asserting itself
in the wet salt air

but instead, unknowing,
recording the whisper
of licorice root,
(little people), and
strange compulsions to
catalogue, while nearly
stepping on the single delight

the forests, the roots of the people
intertwined, *yah'guudang*

or the ongoing art harvest and
epiphanies of an unsustainable psyche with
languages pooling around
ankles—

where are you standing?

(beyond—first house point where Raven
coaxed the first out and watchers wait,
honouring the ancestors)

you see this colonization and the use of beauty
held aloft, a flag, a sound boom assertion—
did you hear them sing?—
an insignia sunk into the side of the ship

a coin
left at the base
of a tree,
or sold, either
just a small part
of the larger murmur
of turtle island