

Two poems

Mackenzie Ground

mend in the balsam

tourists visit our camp
mark our noted authenticity
note our marked authenticity
lacking there
never hunted môswa
just books with
prose statements that shatter me
this existence
the struggle of guilt
never feel political enough
never feel anonymous enough
never
 establish
 a sense
 of
 normal

feel deceitful hearing of agamemnon
as i stumble through ceremony

words lie lie lie lieke poetry
words coddle meaning
words hide
try to soothe the dark black bark notch
in my soul

tourists who
make my thread turn sour
the skin pull taught
the beat pushshove me away
discuss the indigenous
dis the individual

use barbed narratives of
the disingenuous
and the disindigenous
though grow up westernthroated
i creedreamed dark coats of memories

so i know the mâyimitosak
before i knew their names
rough looking we are
notches deep grooves
blacks
the greatest array of greys
yellows greens and oranges lush
rough and ugly

but deeper than all
the books ive read
there is the most giving inner bark

so i will heal this black notch
in my chest
nuture
use salves of
cobwebs and buddy resins
kin of catkins connect

in the rustle of the leaves
to light the ceremony again

and for the wâwâskesiw who
gave me his back
to drum sound out again

in the rustle of the leaves
to light the ceremony again

i will pull taught
this notch
rough bark
to drum the sound out again

breaths of love

how do you do your research

yōū

dō

body

story

gōōd

elōngating doing

beginning

first law in first breath

ḃṛṇ in our sounds

ḥṛṇΔḌʼ

hold the tongue

press the lungs o

o

o

possessive problems

memōries of trying to hear anōther's tongue

vōcal chōrds

lungs

breath

synch the sounds

differentiate sounds

know sounds

do sounds

ow ow

now now

know know

but do do

hold the hand to throat oat oat

to cōōrdinate vibrations

reverberations

of first breath

◁◁◁◁
◁◁▷▽

▷

▷

ō

ōō

ow

not first not last

◁◁ in between

preen vowels

rarely listening to

stories or stories or stories or stories ◁◁◁

our stories our stories our stories our stories ◁◁◁

breathe the paper alive b"◁◁◁◁◁◁◁

away

a way

stay with the brokenness b"◁◁◁◁◁◁◁

because we love you

put breath

ask

struggle

the life of words

we give

breathe on those kindling questions b"◁◁◁◁◁◁◁

◁◁

how to keep the breath

◁◁'s sound

as living

document

from first ◁

to last ▷

all the breaths love and communication inbetween
 breaths on paper
 breaths we share
 wahkohtohk
 the ▶▶▶▶
 connections
 ʔ"Δʔ° compounds

love in the breath out
breath in

take my $\triangleright \mathfrak{b}^{\#}\triangleleft \mathfrak{r}^{\wedge}\mathfrak{c}\Delta\cdot$
 that round compound
 relation marker
 $\mathfrak{z}^{\#}\Delta\triangleright\backslash$
 to love each and one another