

The Art of Reconciliation

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Did you know reconciliation only happens
when you are ready to meet
hands shaking to a rhythm
after sound dropped an unwanted memory into a pool of silence

Marry me goodness we were never properly introduced
along the shorelines of yesterday and future
my heart wants to remember
tell you secrets of a time where
happiness never collided with easy living

cluwe;wiyag



Reconciliation will you be my future
carved into stone while
soulless spirits float away
along the shorelines of dishonour and the unloved

Reconciliation you have deceived me countless times before
along the shorelines of lies and deceit
refusing to allow me to
let go of an unwanted past
of secrets and empty truths
abandoned by faith
marginalized by insanity
words of deception



tel awtik

*Flashbacks of a cold winter night occur
we were hitchhiking as usual
not a car or truck was in sight
the snow was so bad
the causeway to the island was closed
we were forced to walk to the nearest gas station
we did not know we took the wrong turn
no one drove by
we walked until we saw a house
we knocked and knocked until someone woke up
we should have known he wouldn't help
we stood there in the cold he wouldn't let us inside as we
begged for a ride to the gas station a couple miles away
remember that night "NO" well I do
after that door slammed in our faces
I was so afraid of white people*

Reconciliation you too met my bloodlines of sadness and repulsion
watery eyes dripping portions of my blood
escaping fumes of unrecognizable morality
executing pain

me:ka:s'k



wounds of discontent
armed only with recollections of uninvited delusions

Listen reconciliation
martyr is knocking on my back door
disguised as a devil that demon you introduced
to my ancestors still lingers
hurry answer the door
a story fatherless in time needs to be told
of broken down feelings and sacrificial moments

Marry me goodness we were never properly
introduced on the streets of unjust and persecution
is it true what they say
I was born into a bloodline
of trauma and deceit
categorized as unworthy
unable unlovable
memories lodged into my brain
will never be put on a pedestal



wetapeksit