Leaks

Leanne Simpson

dirt road
open windows

beautiful one, too perfect for this world

the immediacy of mosquitos
humidity choking breath

my beautiful singing bird

five year old gitchidaakwe
crying silent, petrified tears in the backseat
until the dam finally bursts

you are the breath over the ice on the lake. you are the one the grandmothers sing too through the rapids. you are the saved seeds of allies. you are the space between embraces

she’s always going to remember this

you are rebellion, resistance, re-imagination

her body will remember

you are dug up roads, 27 day standoffs, the foil of industry prospectors

she can’t speak about it for a year, which is 1/6 of her life
for every one of your questions there is a story hidden in the skin of the forest. use them as flint, fodder, love songs, medicine. you are from a place of unflinching power, the holder of our stories, the one who speaks up

the chance for spoken up words drowned in ambush

you are not a vessel for white settler shame,

even if I am the housing that failed you.