It is my song

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My voice is my power
it is my song

that voice it bubbles up unapologetic underground
gurgles rushes blushes bubbles over boundaries and into rivers
sings purple blue midnight that cannot be contained by banks

it is honour
stepping up stepping out from sisters mothers grandmothers
the strength of women gone before they could tell
the stories that are
gift and calling
blight and resistance
grieving and joy
stories of stolen names and babies thrown over fences in the dark warm night fragrant cereus and
circle of hibiscus i step into surround me

this is who i am this is home this is tobacco box of cedar sweetgrass wood feathers that may have
been mangrove mango palm frond if not for those damned stories

stories that contained us and pushed us out at the same time silenced and faded the colours of
ocean and cinder block bush and sky
where are you, mothers, now that i am home?

that voice it gurgles rushes blushes bubbles over boundaries and into rivers sings purple blue
midnight that cannot be contained by banks