

Ottawa Song

We were not young
It was massacre
But the end was coming
Later.
We are still here.
There cannot be the original
Sweetness—it was given over
To the moment of blood.
Those whites know of what
I speak,
But I am still here.
Once
While picking through the small
Fields I saw a white egg smashed
And turned, speckled, tinged of blue,
A dead unborn bird slipping out in
Sinews of grayish film.
For that bird
I would have written
this poem.

Knife Song

yesterday I heard someone's song.
it came to me like a knife
ripping my insides into tattered pieces.
the song was wide and long and took
me apart—like cleaving open the
skin of a fish you have just caught.
fish, gasping for air, no longer in the
broad soft water, dipping and gliding
with friends, but slapped on the dry
hard ground, wet with dew still, shoots
of green grass prickling up through the
gasping fins, opening and closing, opening
and closing
looking for water and finding nothing but
fat air
to kill the life.