

Sweeping

I read the books
I saw the looks
I stooped to the downward

of Canada's eye

cast in lead
cast in red

But inside my head
I burst with dreams
In my belly
I roared
In my throat
I chanted
In the wombs of my mind
I made love
with words and earth.

In the beginning was the word
and the new story
was the earth
and the new earth
was image nation.

With sweetgrass I
up
swept wards
the down
with sage
swallowed
lids
the leaded eye

Emma LaRocque