

Where I'm From

I am from the heat of the PlayStation

Escaping from reality into the pixel world.

I am from the good smell of frybread grease, the dough soft, but crunchy

It looks good, I take a bite, the sound it makes is satisfying.

I am from the birch, the pine, and the maple trees

The bark, the roots, and the sap

Rough and sticky

I am pow-wows and long hair

I come from my Shomis, Roy and my Kokum, Jane

I'm from pulling of the string, careful not to lift the rod to soon.

I'm from the crunching sticks and rocks as I walk in the bush to hunt.

I am from the stories carried down to my generation

I'm from the tobacco offerings that we put down after we are done our prayers

I'm from Big Grassy and the circle of the pow wow grounds

I'm from wild rice soup and moose meat

From the residential school my Shomis survived

The hard work my mother went through

From the pictures from Manitou Rapids and Big Grassy First Nation

I am from the cuts, and scratches of thorns as I run on the rez.

I am from the sound of dogs barking at bears at night and the sound of a train passing through every 4 hours.