

it's all good this

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it's all good this
standing up here in my best modern indian blue jeans
not like the ones that were connected by the holes
no where left to stitch
still they covered your ass
and the knees were doubled
in the latest plaid
my memory not yet clouded by age
remembering the scent of the river
the muskeg still soft in my mind
and now I stand up here to say
it's all good this
before my body became part of the street
and my blood was not yet concrete hardened
i can say to you
as you listen to our stories
the scars are not yet healed
our vision not yet distorted
by broken promises
and high rise teepees
and city sweats on a street full of ghosts
and blood soaked sidewalks cosmetically covered
rise above a prairie city skyline
it's all good this
we storytellers don't cover up the scabs
or the sores
picked at and bandaged up
without antiseptic
then tossed back out into the street
nothing's changed except the year
but it's all good this
we can stand up here and tell you our stories
trying to educate outside the circle
the wagons not yet moved
for protection

the blanket still fresh in our memories
is now part of a legacy
though buried within
too painful to resurrect
but it's all good this
i remember still
washing in clear waters
the river not yet silenced
and the laughter echoed above the rushing rapids
we ran with wild dogs and spoke to wolves
when the moon was full
and the sky was filled with stars
while the northern lights danced to my song
weetigo was not so evil
and wesakajak played the fool
their stories flowed from kookum's mouth
it's all good this
no longer silenced
able to speak
able to teach
able to learn
able to dance without fear
it's all good this

Duncan Mercredi (a.k.a. howlin' northwind)