

Offering

Siku Allooooloo

I have always been ocean
between great distant islands
holding them in closely wrapped depths
a wide expanse of stories without ends
Sometimes water, sometimes sea ice
always flowing
Restless
Blessed and stretched
 and often torn
Sometimes too full with all the grief
of holding
 all of this terrible complexity
 all of these beloved island anchors
 that anchor me, and give ground
knowing that ground has always escaped me
and all I really know is how to drift

A solitary, lonely gift
to sense from silent spaces
buried needs we can never admit
So I spend this life
searching
searching
pulled by the moon

As I settle to my bottom I can see it
beyond the devastation and losses, this perpetual state
 the faint trace of inertia
 particles of lifetimes forgotten
 spanning across unfathomable distance
Like sun warmth on your face in the pit of winter
a mother's caress long after she has passed on

Perhaps my deepest urge
for uninhibited love
for children to raise in our richness, close to the earth
to give them my body and my life
until there is nothing left to give
and we are all overflowing

Perhaps these are seeds that will blossom in them
the ones yet to come
the ones we must deliver safely
across

Perhaps my spirit is dreaming
and my heart is in prayer

My hands will keep building
My mind will keep working
My life will keep searching
 newfound ways to bring you through

Maybe I am tobacco
laid on the earth
imbued with ancient prayers
from palms of ancestors

Maybe I am the smoke that rises
with the offering

Maybe these pulls
are the migration paths of caribou
too long unfulfilled
on verge of return
from spirit world to new form

In the afterlife my joy will be
to graze your cheeks with loving warmth
as we beam at you with pride
knowing that at last
 our job is done
 your time has come
 The cycle, now stronger
 will continue