

Section: dawn (birth): Soil colludes with Glooscap

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The Wabanaki (The People of the Dawn) say that
Tabaldak first created the people from the dust of their body.
Then they made Glooscap and their twin Malsumis.
The Passamaquoddy Elders of Sipyiak told me that Glooscap was charged with
making a good world, and Malsumis, the opposite.
Twins are always a handful.

You can look it all up stored with electrons
in precious metals pried from the earth said to be
'owned' by someone who will try to own you
if you forget your privacy settings,
and despite your privacy settings.

Or you can learn the story by looking around at the ground... this very ground. Soils
amended by death and survival of some 650 generations.
Better yet, touch this soil, their soil, these People of the Dawn.
Soil, perhaps leftover from the dust of such figures as Tabaldak, the creator.
Right here, you can hear the whispers over thirteen thousand years,
and taste the iron of their blood and the earth, delivered from solar systems with
many suns that have since gone out and reignited maybe.
Where you're standing, were walking, and thinking ... though most likely not
remembering all this, until you are reminded by this poem.

Your heme which carries oxygen from the plants in these soils to your cells allows
you to respire and feed the plant people to whom you owe a debt for your breath.
Hold this soil which feeds your body, and which will take your body when you're
done with it and turn it back into dust for the gods.

Do you know the names of the plant people? They know yours.
Do you know the names of the rock people? They know yours.
Do you know the soil? It knows you and has tasted you from the
skinned knees of your childhood and knows how you tread across it now.
It knows the direction of your gaze and considers the flavor of a mountain blueberry
when you are looking away;
soil colludes with Glooscap while we have been lost.