

"A poem written in response to the loss of native culture and what is happening to native kids. When we lose our language we lose our connection to our homeland. There is an electricity and living energy in language " ____ Karene Wood

What It Is

Around us charged particles of sound,
Language is lost every word
For what matters
We can feel lightening before it arrives,
The scalp tingles
Sparks course through capillaries
Hairs electrify
What an Indian won't say in any language
We can't forgive ourselves
Because we lost the land,
Ousted
Does why matter?
Fenced out we turn away,
But cannot let go.
Every evening bruised syllables,
Trees full of owls,
A cacophony of sirens.
Ghost children who do not live long enough to own a past,
Embers smoldering on our lips.