

# it's all good this

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## *it's all good this*

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)*