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## Two Poems: Dancing with Creation & A Call for Love

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# Dancing with Creation

SKY DANCER — LOUISE B. HALFE

When the Sun dancers  
blew their Eagle bones  
their whistles pierced  
through the leaning aspen.

From the East  
an Eagle flew across the arbor.

Eyes concentrated  
on the Tree of Life  
knees bent,  
feet stepped  
to the chants and drums.

When the men dragged  
the Buffalo Skulls four times  
around the arbor,  
released themselves  
murmurs swept,  
sunbeams rising from the crowd.

Others tied to the tree,  
their chest pierced,  
pranced backwards  
and pulled  
until skin broke.

Arms skewered women  
wove their sweetgrass  
angels dancing  
as their Eagle Whistles  
shrilled the welcomed release.

At the end  
without food, without water  
the Sun Dancers swayed  
beneath the parched sun.

An Eagle flew  
in from the South.

The Dancers  
pushed the aspen enclosure  
open  
walked through the doorway  
to Life.

# A Call for Love

SKY DANCER — LOUISE B. HALFE

I sprawl on the living room floor  
soak in the solar heat. I am  
scorched.

The police drops of frozen men,  
the Boushie trial,  
missing and murdered men,  
women and girls, apprehended children,  
the uncovered burials,  
residential school, the women  
forced to cut  
their beautiful braids,  
the assault on our treaties.  
An endless list.

Uprooted trees. Blazing fires  
leap across the land. Burn houses.  
Hard pelting rain. Raging, roaring  
waters overflow banks. Flood  
valley. Mudslides.  
Tear highways. Bridges.  
Lightning strikes. Thunderbolts  
in my heart. I am an unsettled wind.

Snow clippers, blinding blizzards.  
What mercy is left?

I will braid my aging hair,  
wear ribbon dresses.

I will tattoo my face.

See this. The warriors  
protecting their women,  
children, and the old.

This land.

Armed against you.