HAVEPOETRY.COM

SIKU ALLOOLOO

ARNAUQATIKKA

i.
Maybe it’s your old way kind of vision…
That looking past and through
ability
that enabled you to see me
Glint on the distant horizon
Sunlight held in floating ice
I am named/from a world
that no longer makes sense
Translucent, disappearing
I no longer make sense
I walk with secret knowing
Loving, in that old way
only spirits understand
… and somehow, you
You smile as you greet me
like you’re happy to see home
Like you see my mother’s vision
I beam with vibrant blue
_Happy – to see you too
You call me forward
the way you call spirits into form
But I am trapped –
I thought I was a mirror
nothing more
I thought it was all gone –
the power that we came from
But I see it in your gift:
We still belong
ii.
I am standing on the precipice
afraid
to step
forward
You see me – terrified
of these rough waters
and myself
You are standing alongside me

You’re already in the sea
You are named/from a world that is losing sense
translucent, reappearing
You make perfect sense
Step in, you tell me
Let it hit you
None of this will break you
It will only set you free
iii.
That one with wild hair
and severed fingers
who transformed instead of drowned
transformed pain into creation
(I am her)
(You are her)
We are hers
All of it’s still real
We are here to bring it back
None of this will break us
It will only set us free