

Wettaqiet (Descendent)

I am overlaid,
Fanning myself over land and sea
Roots tangled in beaches and tuckamore
Buried deep so I cannot find them

I am interwoven
Bloodlines tangled and confused
Burnt lines on the ground
Silence ingrown and knotted
Consuming and restricting me
I am twisted
Woven backwards

I am reaching
Grasping at air
Drowning under nothing
Tangled in myself
Silence choking me
Could I find the threads
Spinning in the wind?

I am built from their blood
My veins run through with memory of
Those who stood on this land first
Walked beside it
Where are you?
I want to tell you

I am here

I am twisted

Knotted

Braided

Woven from a hundred stories

To make me whole