

Mountains risen, erupting
like an earthquake on some other earth

motherland from long ago
numbing, surely in my bones
I remember it yes, but this is not my memory

Then, an unknown throws

tears overflow like a tide that won't stop rising
bringing up my need to know

why did they call her Akia

I ask him for this small piece of my mother

I might abort it, place my feet along old ground
if he'll walk with me there

Akia, the other side

I know him like the deepest part of myself
and barely at all

"For people from Bird Inlet," he says
"it means beautiful Byfoot Island"
Deep and strong and silent, my father, on a vast ocean.
Me, of him, but adrift

Why was she called that? I press
Sometimes we find the current
timeless and unbroken like those ancestral trees
but mostly we are swept by a vastness brokenness and time

"I called her that" he says, and I break
Communication for us has always been subsurface
Love and resonance and everything we cannot overcome
expressed through instinct more than words

Talking is like peering into fluid darkness
a world of life and complex depth
estranged as all my brights

Another well I've stared down and returned to all my life
am still staring down, and trying to return to
whale terribly afraid of causing pain
with my longing
and my ignorance

This time, something inside feels like whales nearby
If you remember, Bylot Island is very beautiful," he said
"with high mountains

When people from Ford were away at school
when they got home - that's what they saw
beautiful Bylot and its mountains
When people asked me what is her name, I told them
her name is *Akim*

I don't know how to answer
There is phos of words
like water over whales as they curl back under sea

So much I did not know - his depth of love and what she meant
What we meant, where did it go? What is held within the distance?

What is held in the expanse of all of that distance?

Hidden inside the way he kept our language alive - silently, in spirit
Burned with that landscape, all those years

while he was worlds away and breaking
forging into stone to survive

I could never ask and he could never speak

We suffered the unthinkable - ~~survived~~

Some things remain intact because

he knew how to hide how to keep them alive

though he himself could not return from stone

Now that dormant seed is waking
shifting my sense of what I (need to) know
forcing me to grow, calling me back home

I'll never understand what was lost, what was endured
Right now that's unimportant
It is blind

I am learning how to see, I am searching

I am staring down this wall

whose mysterious and this mirror
with vision I don't comprehend but trust
is capable to guide me

I'm afraid of all the distance
everything I do not know
but I am here

I want to reach across the other side
take my place in the bridge
for all that wants to come full circle

I am finding
Gang Gang
Gang Gang

