

A Poet's Exit

Sometimes it's hard
to lift the pen
to scramble the words
that need to be said.

I may have put
my beaded head-dress down,
but my bow, the quivered
arrows are poised.

Like the trade
when my kin
loaded up the stone-boat
with my meager belongings
I moved
into the whiteman's fort.

I've negotiated all my life
the lines that crisscrossed
this braided path.

I've taken this place
among you
offered you my slate
as I make my exit
down this wind-blown trail.

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Parliamentary Poet Laureate**