

YUHH

TURN LEFT ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROAD
FOLLOW YOUR HEART THROUGH THIS DARK
TIME, LET THOSE FAMILY TIES PULL YOU IN.
CALL ON YOUR ANCESTORS TO LIGHT THE WAY
ALONG THE ROCKY RIVER BED. LISTEN
FOR HER VOICE IN THE WAVES, GUIDING YOU.

REMEMBER, THIS FIGHT UPSTREAM CAN GET TO YOU;
MANY HAVE FORGED AHEAD ON THIS LONELY ROAD
TO FREEDOM, FREE FROM HAVING TO LISTEN
TO THEIR LIES. TRICKSTERS, LAUGHING IN THE DARK
DISTRACTING YOU FROM FINDING YOUR WAY
THROUGH THE CITY; BACK TO OUR *YINTA* IN

THE LOVING EMBRACE OF DECIDUOUS LEAVES, IN
BLANKETS OF MOSS, DOWN ON YOUR KNEES. YOU
REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE THE STARS. WAY
BACK NOW; WE HAVE SINCE FORGOTTEN THE ROAD
THAT BROUGHT US DOWN, AND FURTHER... THIS DARK
DREAM CAUGHT SO MANY, THEY WON'T LISTEN

ANYMORE. THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW TO LISTEN
FOR THE SWEET SONGS OF LOVED ONES AS YOU COME IN
BEATEN UP, BUT NOT DOWN, GROPING IN THE DARK
YOUR HEART SUMMONS ANOTHER BEAT, KNOWING IF YOU
CAN MAKE IT AROUND THIS BEND IN THE ROAD,
YOUR PEOPLE WAIT FOR YOU TO FIND YOUR WAY.

SO FEW REMEMBER THIS LOST ANCIENT WAY.
THE MOUNTAINS MOURN. LISTEN.
THEY LONG TO FEEL YOUR FEET ON THE RED ROAD,
SING THOSE SONGS - YOU CARRY THEM IN
YOUR BLOOD. THE WORDS SUNG WHEN YOU
WERE BORN, BRINGING LIGHT INTO THE DARK.

KEEPER OF THE FIRE, MEMORIES OF DARK
PLACES AND STORIES UNTOLD. LEAD THE WAY
BACK. FIND YOUR ROOTS. WHEREVER YOU
ENDED UP, YOU ARE NEEDED. LISTEN
TO THE OLD ONES; THEY INVITE YOU IN
WITH OPEN ARMS. WAITING, WATCHING THE ROAD

FOR A SIGN IN THE DARK. IF YOU LISTEN,

YOUR SPIRIT GUIDES THE WAY, BACK THROUGH, AND IN
TO THAT PLACE IN YOU, WHERE YOU WILL FIND THE ROAD.

*SUBMITTED & WRITTEN IN SESTINA FORM BY: JENNIFER WICKHAM
GITDUMDEN CLAN MEMBER*

JENNIFER'S MOTHER - JUNE WICKHAM; GRANDMOTHER - EMILY ISAAC; GREAT GRANDMOTHER - JULIE :

JENNIFER ORALLY SHARED HER POEM AT THE GITDUMDEN CLAN MEETING
THAT WAS HELD ON JUNE 26-28TH, 2009 IN MORICETOWN, BC

TOM; SON - SAMSON WICKHAM