Reclamation

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Reclamation

It happens so fast
And the sweat rolls on my neck
And my hair is wild
And I whisper, I can’t do this.
And when the words escape my lips
She steels her eyes into mine and commands, Yes, you can!
And he slides to the earth from a star, covered in moon dust
And cries. And I become a birth-giver.

Bare feet in the forest
Long silky hair that is never combed
My glasses sideways, I am busy
Stirring my potion in a plastic pail
Putting mud on a bee sting
And asking the dog to lick our scraped knees
So we can stay in the calm the trees offer
And safe from where the yelling lives.

Platform shoes on pavement
In a place that itches like a sweater
I feel homesick. Caged. Threatened.
My hair is curled, sprayed, fluffed
And never enough.
I find a book with easy answers that
Repeats all the wrongs about myself
I already believe.

Sensible shoes tucked under my desk
That mirror my clipped hair and persona
I answer phones, solve problems, smile with gritted teeth
While stirring cookies for the bake sale and
Bouncing a baby on my hip.
I write agendas and go to meetings
With faces who never notice
I don’t sleep.

Legs curled on a sun-baked boulder
The salt water laps at my naked toes
My hair stretches as it inhales
The cedar that floats through the air
Like smoke.
My babies bathe with starfish
And I remember what it feels like
To be born.

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**Biography**

I was born in Grande Prairie, Alberta. I now live on the traditional territory of the Komoks First Nation in Courtenay, Vancouver Island, BC. I enjoy hiking, gardening, reading, and winning card games against my husband and five children. I am an active member of the MIKI’SIW Métis Association (Courtenay, BC) and Métis Nation British Columbia (MNBC). My Metis lineage is through my grandfather, Harry Logan, who was a resident of Egg Lake, Alberta, and a descendant of Cuthbert Grant.