

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.

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.