

carried on the wind

Lacy Petersen

Vol. 1, Issue 1 (2023)

does the buffalo dream of its ancestors?
in the language:
 wind rolling across the plains
 rustling every golden piece of grass
 a whistle drawing you near
a rush of emotion—
there were so many
a rush
a rush

“you are your ancestors’ wildest dreams”
my ancestors’ love for me
could fill cold lake over
and over, but
i think they dreamt of more than this

their dreams played in language
my tongue can’t form the shape of,
did they even reach all the way over here?
among the ponderosa pine
yes,
this land knows me, knew me
at my youngest,
wind kissing my cheeks red
 this land dreamt of me too

the same wind that whistles for the buffalo,
calls to me in languages my tongue doesn’t remember

but my body knows, bending like grass
towards the wind,
the wind is drawing me back
whispering dreams of me,
whispering its dreams to me,
calling me back,
calling me home

Biography

Lacy Petersen (they/she) is an undergraduate student at the University of British Columbia Okanagan Campus on the unceded, traditional, and ancestral territory of the Syilx. Lacy dreams of art as resistance and cultural resurgence.
