

Love Note to the Land

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I think there's a reason we feel so connected.

The connection goes deeper than skin deep. It's deep into the earth, way beneath the soil. I can feel it when the wind touches my skin, when my fingers intertwine with the grass and the plants growing from the ground, and when the sun touches my lips, and my smile gently turns upward. When I feel the land's presence, the search is over. It's like finding the missing piece. When I make that connection, it's like we are working to sew back together the torn-up pieces of ourselves. It's the pieces we know are a bit frayed and jagged.

But we are cut from the same cloth. Torn away from each other, the scars in our hearts and our souls are stitched just the same. When I run my hands over the grass or the dirt, it's like feeling the same comforting pattern. Fabric that was passed down from generation to generation.

You can feel and see, if you look closely, where our ancestors tried to mend the fabric. What tore us apart was never their fault. I am made of blood and flesh, and you soil and grass, but we come from the same nation. The Métis nation, which some people view as a quilt, made up of the sum of its parts. We are cut from that quilt, and we don't choose which pieces come with us. Nor would you want to. We are not just a sum of its parts. We are whole. An identity all to our own.

But yes, those stitches are there. They're in me, and they're in the land. Others may try to see them, but knowing what it feels like is something that both of us truly understand. We don't have to explain it to each other. It goes without saying. Our blood memory does the talking, reminding us that the pains we carry aren't our own, but they sure are part of us now.

Our paths have been guided by doing what we can to soothe that pain, coping in the ways we know how. We do what we must to survive, adapt, and thrive. Our connection will always be there; it was established a long time ago, when our fabric was sewn and then cut into pieces and scattered across the prairies.

The fabric took its time to slowly come back to one another. As we put our pieces together, we saw just how perfectly they fit. But we also saw how worn and ragged the edges were. It's not beyond repair; this is just the beginning of our love story that will never end. It will live on in the dreams we create together, and it will be brought to life in the generations to come.

Biography

Aron Skworchinski is a Métis woman currently living in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in the heart of the national homeland of the Red River Métis. Growing up in Lockport, Manitoba, helped her stay grounded to her prairie roots and connection with the land. She graduated from the University of Manitoba with a Bachelor of Social Work in 2019, providing her with a professional foundation built on promoting social justice and human rights. Based in Indigenous ways of being, knowing, and doing, Aron is passionate about the well-being and future of the community she lives and works in.
