Peripatetic through space and time
Shifting through lands not mine
Flatten your hand to the earth, breeze your fingers through the browning grass shoots, let
stomata lick salt from your wounds
Lay down on me and suck chlorophyll from my mother’s breast

Until I find myself back here
Curling my fingers deep into the dirt, scooping out the grass from its roots
I’m not from here
This place is yours not mine
Come back
Earth whispers
Again

Negative geotropism pushing up forward away still always coming back to the same place
muddy banks of the Red even when my eyes are closed
Progress is the shadow trailing behind
Pushing me back to the same places walked for generations
Ancestors hold my feet in the holes where I ripped up the grass shoots, packing the dirt firmly
around my ankles
Stay home now child
Let these roots grow anew

Look shadow in the face and ask clearly with your chin held high—how can I move on if you
keep dragging me back to the same places and spaces, circling the same faces? I want to go my
own way now, let me go now.
So I can move on.
The guard cells have evolved to grow a better mouth
Retreating momentarily before you scream

me into breathe

ull the gr ou. Let me fresh
don’t p ound with y air…

And chose my own sacred path

Are you listening to yourself?
Open your eyes
And if you like,
Come home

Biography

Victoria Perrie is a queer Métis-Cree lawyer and artist. She was raised in Winnipeg and the Interlake region but has spent her adult life moving through space around the world. Victoria is passionate about access to justice and education for Indigenous youth. She is the co-founder of Nishtis Collective and sits as a board member for Winnipeg Pride. Most recently, Victoria showcased her new work Love, Louis, a play reflecting on the life and trial of Louis Riel, at the Royal Manitoba Theatre Centre’s Pimootayowin Festival of New Works. Presently, she is writing a collection of poetry that examines the criminal code through the taking up of Indigenous community spaces for court purposes.