

STILLP • INT
A MAGAZINE IN THE EYE OF THE STORM

THE SCAR OF THE HUMAN SOUL

TAHNAHGA YAKO

THE BEAR AWAKENS

I step from your room your spirit comes with me

that last lasting touch

oops I stayed in your moccasins a bit too long

this is not my journey this is yours

I burn sweet leaf to rub myself of your spirit that walks with me

the smell of death is strong in my bones

your smell I will not forget holds me to your spirit

I speak with the spirit of your soul send prayers to guide you home

yet you linger each step with my step

my sleep becomes your journey to open the door

I struggle I fight I scream I plead I beg I bargain

bear awakens growling kicking fighting to release your soul

SILENT VOICE OF BREATH

Today, bear, you showed up to care for the old ones.

Why do you care? Bear!

Crow, why do you bring them back to be cared for?

Cause, bear, I know you! It's your medicine to care.

You, who care for the dead, the dying, those who sit on the cusp between living and dying.

Crow you are the one, the black messenger.

Right, bear, that is what they say but remember it is "you-know-who" that comes calling, not me.

But the wind, crow, it sings their songs, the voice of the old ones.

The silent ones that come in the fog who dance between the shadows.

The wind that carries their pain and suffering echoes in my ears.

It says "feed me, feed me," then it is done.

Yes, bear, the silent voice that vibrates throughout the time of the no-time.

Why do you care, crow? Just who are you anyway?

Bear, I am the one who walks between both worlds: of dying, and Death.

I peck at the souls who are left behind. You might want to fear me, Bear!

Crow, now is not the time to get your feathers all puffed up.

We need to speak with the wind to bring a calmness of silence.

Why, bear, do we need to speak? Is it not just being here, in the mystery of life, and with life, death?

Crow it's time for you to dance the dance of voice!

Bear dance the voice of silence!

Yes, crow! Time to sit with death and speak with death.

JUST A LITTLE BIT OF YOUR TIME

Your voice a whisper
of past spirit that rises
from the depth of heart-land
land of the ancient ones
just a bit of your time, old ones
what was it like to ride free?
to walk freely through the woods
speaking with nature, being with the 4-legged ones,
watching the skyworld-winged ones flowing freely
with ever-changing voice of grandmother wind?
Just a little bit of your time to help your great, great, great, great
great, great, great granddaughter to take in your breath,
to exhale the sweetness of your breath that reaches into the past.
Just a little bit of your time, just a little bit of your time
to remember what was!
to comfort this restless soul of your granddaughter!

Tahnahga Yako is Mohawk, Taino and Ojibwa who was adopted into the lineage of her grandmother Keewaydinoquay. She has been named within the Longhouse and also carries her name from her grandmother's lineage. Tahnahga Yako is a Chaplain and Cultural Liaison who has worked in serving the American Indian community within the Great Lakes region as a person who shares traditional cultural practices that promote healing for the ongoing of her people.

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