

dreamwaves:
an (affirmation) poem

Maybe I am a light
that manipulates air
that manipulates
a response we don't want
to show you that night
moon just yet. I am
still me. I am doing
my best. I am doing great.

The celestial shadow
starts as a blue mirror.
When the sun goes
down the mirror fades.

Opulent revelations
exist in riverside tarps.
Water is our forever
home. I never forget to
to practice the serenity
prayer. It hits me
like a soft light.
We name our children
after polyethylene and
fear loving tarpaulin
Elders. Brave. This is
the face of I want
to be held I want
to be happy I want
to astral project to
the spectra womb.

Asked my dreams
to tell me how

to be more confident
and woke up at 6 am
to write “apocalyptic”
in my phone notes. I am
where I am meant to be

and the Creator
whispers directions
in my ears and I
always seem to find
my way. No matter
how hard things get,
I always find my way.

The Siksika
astrophysicist
Rob Cardinal
tells a story
that led him
to the thought
that

“Everything
is a
reflection.”

I ask my body to reflect
the goodness in this world
I ask my mind to reflect
the joy that this world needs.
I refract all pain. I am
a prism for rainbows.

Trauma is sent

to the edge of
a blackhole
where it becomes
party streamers,
lit fireworks,
sinew for
dreamcatchers
on the other side.

I speak love
in symbiotics,
kaleidoscopic
shadows, weblike
pines that curl
in the wind,
creeks that
threaten the
ground,

the rhythm
of this storm
teaches us
how to breathe
again.

At night,
ghosts of buffalo
leave their path
along the walls.

Our family is
forever in recovery,
falling through
the universe
like the path
around each star.

In a world built
by violence,
love becomes
radicalized.

There is a
part of me
that has
seen how

halos
are
made.

I tend to
practice
trust
falling
through
life.

Let's learn how
to translate
ourselves into
another dimension,
there are depths
and edges we
have yet to see.

I find limerence
for all my autumns.

Dawn is the
original
apocalypse.

Each day is
the annihilation
of the last.

I trust
that
my life
is here.

I trust
and embrace
what is coming.

I release
any fear
of failure.

I have power
over my past
because

we are
still
here.