



By Wendy Galbraith O'Connor

Murillo, Ontario - 2021

My land, their land, our land  
The green jewel in the goddess' palm,  
    containing all  
from our cradle to our final bed.  
In the moss that lives forever  
with our stories weaving together,  
among green blanket strands that keep us safe,  
the story whispered in the night  
as the moon rides over their land, my land, our land  
contains new enemies:  
Those who would come with  
poisons from afar, made from greed  
by some who once said,  
"Mother, we will have  
power, heat, speed, force - now, no longer waiting."  
And they plundered Her treasures,  
found Her elements of power  
down inside the jewel,  
and broke them open before Her eyes.

Those first greedy ones  
thought: the green jewel on which we live may  
become smoke and dust  
when we break the holy elements  
- but it was not so.  
Power they had, and  
eventually  
some thought to use it in peace.

But before Nature created this earth  
    it was made law:  
If those elements were broken  
    a poison would fester about them.  
From this alone  
the Goddess cannot protect Her children.

The Goddess does not live there,  
where Her elements lie shattered.  
But lives in our land, their land, my land  
where Her green jewel shines on, clean.

- - - - -

Where the poisons lie,  
where the greed lies,  
where the power is made from the broken elements  
    of Nature  
the occupants now say,  
"Let us remove this poison,  
    inconvenient, ugly, harmful to our kin.  
It belonged once to the Goddess.  
Let us bury Her broken elements in Her body,  
where She lies exposed,  
in the North,  
in the green jewel, where it is still clean."

And,  
as Summer sleeps and sings  
as Autumn scurries the squirrels  
as Winter watches  
and as Spring turns the face of the sun  
- they are planning.