

Reconciliation Trilogy

Civilize

The myth of civilizing

a land already civil . . .

The term civilization brings

about much imagination,

civilization; a figment of creation.

To rationalize & idealize

--denying the real reality—

to civilize, as seen

only through your self entitled

morality; makes me cry.

Self-righteous demons

have a tendency to be only

about who they see;

& they don't see me.

Their silent greed,

determines how they think things

should be. But

they never looked past

their growing nose. To see that their

ideas about civilization,

differ significantly
from those of my People.

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If you came
to a new place
--because the old
place just wasn't doing
it for you-- seeking a different way of living. Why
did, all that you
had despaired & feared
causing you to flee,
stick like a slug as you crossed the sea;
why were you unable, to change face?
You ended up just doing the same thing,
bringing barbaric insensitivity,
to a land of grace.

When confronted by an
ancient way of life,
which presented as a threat
--for whatever reason--
you became what you left.
To me I closed my
eyes & refused to imagine,
the evil you manifested.

Why didn't I visualize
that my way of life,
was really at risk of terminated existence.

Bring back the drums,
let me show you myself.
Put away your past &
we'll put aside our—rage & indignation.

Let me resolve how you have scarred my land.
Power lines through my front window.
Damns flooding mother earth, smothering everything that's there.
Your thoughts thrust upon an ancient race,
challenging our wisdom with your power & your prayer.

Let's put it aside so you can learn
what you missed;
by pushing enforced entitlement
instead of enlightenment.
What is confronting me,
--to reconcile your intrusion--
is my ancient wisdom
looking through a molasses mass,
of suspicion.
My life back-- it never left--
you only thought you could screw
it away into a hole-- scarring the earth--

covering it up, pretending it never existed.

Now, with this—your-- new
found understanding, found
in the natural college
of our timeless knowledge. . .
we can accommodate-- you. So that
I can step out into
the sun & give thanks
without getting anxious, I'm gonna get hung.

That there is
no end & I
don't have to believe
in your God, to guarantee
a blissful hallelujah, following
this existence.

Now I can see, there is
no beginning or end to you or to me,
just forever & that's the way
it will be.

I will never know
Civilization
Until we can all exist-- equally.

Residential School

Sheer terror

flows like a river,

through trembling little girl eyes.

An unrepentant door throws a robed shadow, against the distant night wall.

A sliver of light, passes through

her little girl fingers, shielding her little girl eyes.

Lying in bed. . . shaking in fright.

Rustling garments, dangling crucifixes, black dead eyes come into the dark dormitory room.

A ghostly glide approaches.

Shsssh Shsssh... gaudy rings-- pressed to priestly-- wine stained-- lips.

Trembling

shaking

a small trickle of urine yellowing her little girl sheet.

Perversely plump-- tobacco stained-- fingertips,

reaching down

touching her little girl mouth,

-- sour smelling-- silencing. . .

--- A priestly hiss---

A lifted robe-- revealing an irreverently engorged erect aberration-- hovering above the little girl; as a grotesque apparition.

His sweaty grip grabs the back of her little girl head,

forcing her down, an auger pushing

---Down---

---Down---

---Down---

Breathless little girl screams,

silenced by dread.

Fires from hell fracturing her little girl being,

she leaves this temporal plain--- into the realm of primeval pain.

Like a pumpjack

Sliding

Slipping

Stretching

a sharp-edged sword numbing little girl gums.

Pounding little girl throat. . .

pain

terror.

An eternity later the holy eruption.

Bellowing for God's forgiveness. The Priests head thrust back in heavenly groans.

Eternal damnation throbbing through--- his sanctimonious bones.

Priestly clammy hand, clutching phantom clumps of raven black stubble. The demons of desire pulsating through priestly blood.

The built-up lust of denial, bursting forth, flooding the tongue of the little girl.

Cum-drenching little girl lips,

dripping down the small child's chin,

sickening, silky white,

snaking, slithering, slushing-- lava like-- out of little girl mouth.

His sweating palm releases his gruesome grip,

ancient relief

penetrating his priestly veins,

a searing sigh only remains.

>>>>>

The monster he is

closes the traitorous door on his way out. He leaves

off to pray. Crying dry tormenting tears,

down on his knees, screaming-- My God Why--

A blackened blackness settles in.

The little girl curls tight,

squeezing herself into a terrified ball,

soft whimpering sobs,

a shroud of evil blankets all. . .

Self Portrait *

I painted you, are you me,
what do you see, do you see me;
are you displeased-- the artist reflected . . .
at what he's come to be.

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Conqueror's trinkets adorn me,
silver chalice medallion hanging
from my neck,
peacock feathers
poking up from my head,
now I sit & reflect.

Looking at me,
the portrait I have just painted,
tricksters turning my mind
a caricature is
what I find.

This is not me,
this is what they will see . . .
thinking they see me.

They brought their odour, their scent coats my brush,
the artist thought. Their temporal ways
of god & greed, their disease.
All the time their agent's provocateur
--praying like black clad pranksters down on their knees--
begging us to believe believe believe
please please please please please.....
Their secular soul misunderstanding our universal mind,
perhaps in this picture they'll see mine.

Land, sea & sky look about, what do you
see. . . now look at it all through me.

It is not my way for a beginning & an
end no matter what your god's
been known to say, I am of & beyond this
earthly space; look deep into my face.

You brought your time

here into my place,

-- mayhem chaos strife

ensued--

look at me, can you not see

the holocaust you've wrought.

See through me, my vision stretches from here to beyond the sea . . .

Forgive me my friend, it's not my view to offend,

for my hate it's not to late. Come walk with me,

you will * * see.

The artist replaces

his brush & brushes his brow.

His portrait is done, he's painted himself into immortality,

now hanging in the gallery

for all to see.

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Place--- Vancouver Art Gallery

Date- Nov/2017

Title--- Self Portrait

Painted---1870's

Artist--- Zacharie Vincent

Born--- 1815 Died---1886

Background--- Huron Chief, lived north of Quebec City. Classically trained.

