

## T. S. LA PRATT

### Healing Is

a purple flower that unfolds  
on my face leaving a bruise  
whereupon entering the therapist's  
office there was none before  
but she had to ask  
where did my father  
hit me  
before I even speak on the exact  
spot where he hurt me it appears  
an old memory forcing itself to the surface  
to speak a language I didn't know I had in  
me  
sounds of emotions resurface to reclaim  
their rightful place to sing their songs  
and rejoice in freedom up I go  
a swaying of mitosak in the wind  
blowing so hard it  
grabs twists yanks  
my breathe away  
leaving only a prayer in my heart  
the creator can hear

Therapists Psychiatrist state there is nothing  
more western medicine can do so I turn to  
the east  
follow the red road  
start my journey in the sweat lodge  
people murmuring their prayers  
red spotted skin  
drenched drained  
the Elder says he saw the spirits return home  
with the tobacco offerings in their hands  
kicking up their heels

new colourful blankets wrapped around their  
shoulders  
our prayers following behind them  
my anguish taken  
now carried by the Creator  
then I remember the old ones believed  
the grass is humble no matter what happens  
iskote'wo stampede pouring  
of concrete into squares the grass comes  
again  
I am strong no matter how  
tired sore burdened  
my ribcage aches from each breath  
after days of sobbing over the terrors of  
childhood  
my spirit knows I return like the grass on the  
prairie  
wild free  
as the drum in my heart beats  
this woman's heart and yours is not on the  
ground  
this nation has not fallen from the prairie a  
distant  
song calls out  
miywasin  
miywasin  
miyawasin

*T.S. La Pratt is a Cree non-status Indian. She began journal and poetry writing at the age of ten. She is a radio announcer at CJSR since 1999. She is currently working as a Youth Care Worker with Aboriginal youth. This is the first time her poetry has been published. She currently resides in Edmonton.*