

Monument Valleys, or Our Bodies (Sister Song)

Our bodies
are these reservations,
incantations strung in pairs
like Auntie's white shell earrings,
ones I paw for at the trading post.
My arms
blush in sunrise,
 in ancient language:
 woman
I am woman,
 I am woman
 here,
where the river
of my spinal cord seeds sacred song
into my flesh.
Our grandmothers fill our moccasins
with life, red stones,
 salmon bones,
 wherever our ribs
 call the canyon waters home.
We here,
we as women,
 I am woman,
I
am woman,
 pound drumbeats
 into grinding stones,
 fill our lungs
with every lick of shade our mothers roamed
to rest their horses.
These bodies,
 cosmic, copper worlds,
will bear no treaty,
 no white man's will, no pill
dropped and drowned
in plastic party cups.
As woman,
 I am woman,
this land is mine:
a declaration
of reclamation
as still,
as woman,
I rise.