

SAINT JULIAN PRESS

Kara Briggs ~ Poet

A Dream of Language

distant horizon of motherland, no, an ocean
ferocious rising and falling
so much that solid earth still undulates

left behind in silt a rib cage, a hip, a femur,
a jawbone, a skull awaits beneath an avalanche of air

on prairie splayed under unremitting light
was light the one unknown
In the deep blue? I cannot say

I do not know the cadence of
language like an ancient flood
sounding of ocean waves

washing over green grass, a speaker pours
language like liquid over drought dry ground

in the crowded camp the dancer and the tree

a thousand brightly colored ribbons break free
prayers float atop an open sea

in emergent mud bones re-gather a whale breaches
nearby a buffalo backstrokes our relations coming home

come quickly, sister and brother, the ocean is rising
on land dried in the silence of language
now the ancestral tongue is alive in our mouths and our ears

together as of old and as of now
our footsteps fit together, words are our bridge