

Native Canada  
By Isabel Garcia

A silent movement of the canoe,  
Dipping the paddle in waves of blue.  
Hunting game through shadowed trees,  
Many a day in the cold winter's breeze.

Growing corn in richest ground,  
Waiting for the whooshing sound  
Of the autumn wind, so sweet and fair;  
Speaking of harvest and night's frosty air.

Living free in the forest's shade,  
Its wood used as our bow and spade.  
Its trunks, reaching up so high  
Gnarled and brown against the sky.

The trees' soft needles dropping low,  
Far above the frosty snow,  
Where the only footprints left to marr  
Remained there as solely ours.

The birds greeted everyone,  
Before the day had yet begun.  
Their songs of joy traveled through  
The morning air, clear and true.

We tread upon the open plain,  
Its grasses wild from the rain.  
Our smoking fires lit up the sky,  
When thunderous storms erupted outside,  
Reverberating powerfully in the night,  
Dropping in a torrent, a majestic sight.

In our shelters, we waited and slept,  
Until the morning, when out the sun crept;  
Reaching out over the hills,  
Suddenly, everything was still.

Dewdrops rested on every flower,  
Wind decreasing by the hour,  
Across the vast and beautiful land.  
Tribe to tribe, hand to hand,  
Free as the eagle far ahead.  
Home was where our chieftains led.

Rocky cliffs, on shores they lay,  
Guiding the land, pointing the way.  
Water pounding on their walls,  
Louder than the loudest call.

By this ocean we cast our nets,  
With abundant food we didn't forget,  
The predictable movements of the tide,  
Relying on them to feed our tribe.

We lived in peace, in nature's care,  
Appreciating the beauty there.  
A gift that will forever remain,  
In our hearts time and time again.