The Tale of Chief Two-Dogs

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The Tale of Chief Two-Dogs

Ebony Jackson

Like the flower that blooms and the eagle that soars I am nature
I grew from the soil and my roots are deep in the ground
Then why will another man cut my life tree?
I am from the clay people
The hawk queen blessed me with her soulful eyes now I see the truth
Brother wolf gave me his heart now I feel the rapture of the willows
Men once loved each other now we hate
Is this why the sky cries and the rivers flood?
I have not heard the birds for many months now
Where have they gone?
My sheep hair too likes the feel of the wind so do not deny me
Can I not be a star in the black night?
Can I not be a cloud floating in life?
Must you squash me like the innocent worm?
I am the evergreens
I am related to the ferns and the grass strands are my sisters
So do not step on them
They scream, “Why will you not listen?”
My visions brushed by sun rays,
I danced with the moon
And rode on a shooting star
For a moment in time I held the planets in my hands
Why must I drown in your pain?
When I swim in happiness
We are all connected by the spider webs
Like the flower that blooms and the eagle that soars I am nature

The Ways of the Old

Ebony Jackson

Two Sisters Apart
Grandmother Willow

The shadows had just begun to dance and laugh at the moon when the visions came to me. I saw the bloodied bodies of elves, snails, and children. Their bodies lay so peaceful on the soft ground. It was almost as if they were sleeping in a bed of earth. The stench of torn flesh was high in the air and I could smell the hopelessness. And there beyond the thicket of the battlefield was where they stood. Both so very beautiful. One brushed in war paint and the other draped in torn clothes. Both of their chests pulsing up and down anticipating the inevitable fate they both faced. I could see the tears streaming down the elder's face like small streams. Though I could not hear the words spoken I could feel the pain in her yells. She was screaming or maybe pleading to the weavers of fate to change destiny just this once. But her cries fell on deaf ears. No one heard her. The fight had led them to this very moment when one had to kill the other. They had no choice. I could see the hurt in the elder's eyes. I could see that her heart screamed inside of her and pushed against her chest. It was clear how this would end. I knew which would fall in death and which would stand in life. The younger had strayed too far from the life she once knew. She cursed her life's truth and fell in love with the darkness. Her soul beat black and the true nature of her origins was now visible. The dark lord had succeeded. His plan to return and rule earth was now under way. Now he had his puppet and she would dance for him. She would cut the heart out of her own flesh for the love of him. The prophecy had always said that it would be love that would end it all. Now these two women stood eye to eye and all that guided them was love. For one it was the love of a sister that caused the pain in her chest to be so heavy. And for the other it was the love of a man.