

I Can Smell the Snow

By Marjorie Muise

Kwe', Weli eksitpu'k (Hello, Good Morning). This is Marjorie Muise. I am going to share with you a little piece of poetry that I wrote this morning regarding the winter solstice. I love to write. I'm a songwriter as well, and recently I've been compiling a lot of my short poetry and short stories into this collection that I may get published one day. But for this morning, I'd just like to share with you just this little poem that I wrote. And I titled it, I Can Smell the Snow.

Dad laced and mended the snowshoes
Signs of the winter solstice was everywhere
Print for print
Track after track
Traces of cross-stitch interwoven
Shorter days
Longer nights
Stories exaggerated under the winter's moonlight
Reflection
A collection of traditions passed down around the campfire
Body wrapped in the warmth, blanket of the first fallen snow
I can smell the snow
And feel the first snowflake on my face
Renewal, time to embrace

Wela'lin (thank you)