



Poems and Thoughts

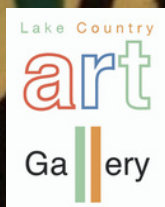
VOICE & LAND

with guest artist David Wilson

Lake Country Art Gallery

Community Exhibition

April 17th to May 23rd



Denise Wandt

Earthly Flow

Our Earth and land flow hand in hand,
With creatures great and small,
Through sparkling stream where fishes team and
Plants do heartily grow.

In splendour they spread their foliage reaching for the sun,
With majesty in colours bright,
It brings our people such delight.

There are those who savour each moment here,
They breathe the air so fresh and clear, and cherish every
Leaf of green and every beautiful earthy scene.
They tread carefully each and every day,
Taking care to make the best of this earthly stay.

These are the lucky ones,
Those who truly know all of the lands delights and
sleep so soundly on starlit nights.

Denise Wandt

For those who work and work and toil and
have no time to feel the soil,
or walk among the wondrous green
and discover every amazing scene,
I implore you....

Stop and breathe,
Just look around and listen to every earthly sound.
Let the land and trees and gentle breeze whisper in your ear.
Open your eyes to the forests and skies.
Just be happy you are here.

Take care my friend and do your part.
Protect this delicate balance.
Love every creature great and small,
Preserve our land and nature, all.

And when you do,
your heart will grow and
become a part of this Earthly Flow.



Maura Tamez

Movement

This work is an experimental and exploratory piece which involves space, place and time. These four objects are distinctly different in their form. The colours of the four cardinal directions, or medicine wheel, hold different meanings for many Indigenous peoples around the world and relate to both space and spiritual relationships to ancestors, memory, history, culture, identity, and reference my felt understanding of spatial kinships which are currently fractured by colonial processes, forced displacement, and settler colonial borders which have fragmented the Dene Ndé peoples.

Black, white, yellow and green are specific to southern Dene Ndé peoples whose existences became much different as the settler nations established policed zones. Today, the Canada-US and US-Mexico borders still continue the violent and destructive separation between Dene peoples.



Maura Tamez

The four directions and colours are not two-dimensional. They are meant to evoke a sense of movement and fluidity. I am exploring Ndé diaspora and being in-between communities, spaces and borders; belongingness in multiple homes and places while also exploring how diaspora forces change and change forces new adaptations and ways of being Ndé. I'm thinking about how relationships between identity, bodies, sacred knowledge, history and the present situation we find ourselves are actually sustained through our continual movement. My desire to create art representing loss as well as new beginnings help me to self-determine how political violence over time and through space has motivated me to adapt traditional ideas to the present and to advance Indigenous knowledge as dynamic, not stuck, in the western world's presumptions. In this piece, I am exploring, but also experimenting with current ideas circulating among Indigenous thinkers and activists who are challenging me to broaden and deepen my understanding of the false binary between traditional and contemporary concepts of sacred place, structure, and space. Many Dene stories suggest that the four cardinal directions, i.e. popularized in western new-age culture as the 'medicine wheel', actually implies movement as balance and stability. This suggests an identity that is in sacred motion is alive and sentient. This is a key philosophy. Dene Ndé peoples today are deeply fragmented by colonization's violence systems. Removing the expected form of the medicine wheel actually allows for a more realistic reflection of both fragmentation, displacement, and change. With forms that are not predictable and that involve recycled papers derived from shredded documents provided to me by the Faculty of Creative and Critical studies, I transform them into new cardinal points, in a decolonizing approach to current-day Ndé peoples, bodies and identities. These are meant to be seen as they actually are, to call attention to the historical violence and trauma, as well as to self-represent ourselves as resilient, recovering, and holding space together in new dynamic ways.

Anette Cameron

Tense City

Providing meager shelter from the storm that is homelessness, these temporary dwellings, much like their tenants, are frail and prone to disruption, offering only a paper-thin barrier against weather and other predators. They represent a frayed social system and false sense of security for the person and her/his few tattered belongings.



Hannah Cameron

The Pastel Sky

The water is soft and calm,
Dappled with shades of blue,
Pines and cedar outline the shore,
And the birds fly high,
The seagulls soar.

The mountains sparkle rich with green,
Their beauty unknown and unseen,
Their tall jagged tips,
Reach high to the sky,
Outlining the horizon.

The sky is mixed with pinks and yellow,
Like beautiful flowers,
Picked from a meadow.

The pastel sky is calm and soft,
And the mountains below are rigid and rough.

But the beauty is natural, strong, and free,
Something we rarely see.

We must preserve our land,
Our trees,
So that forevermore,
We can gaze upon the pastel skies.



TEARS OR
OTHER
Shannon!

Bethany Lorekeeper Davis

The Aspen's Song

Calm moving sounds of rustling leaves,

Aspen trees in Spring's strong winds,

They calm me, call me, bring me peace,

They only ask for me to sit for a bit,

Closed eyes and warm sun's kiss,

Sitting quietly lost in thought,

The Aspen's song the only sound,

A smile it plays across my lips,

My soul at rest, my soul at peace,

A sanctuary older than any church,

A grove of power, a grove of love,

Apart from all sit so still,

But one with every leaf and twig,

Forever lost, forever found, The Aspen's call, the Aspen's Song.

Gabriella Cameron

The Woven Basket

There lays the damp, mushy, dirt and out of it comes, a tall sprouted stick.
There goes Spring, and here comes summer.

The tall poky needles attached to a branch,
Soft fingers gently pick them off and are woven into a basket.

The basket is made, the tree is still there, night goes by,
and the tree suddenly sighs.



Cesar Alvarez

The best way to help nature and its creatures is by learning about them as much as we can. Northern Flickers are from the family of Woodpeckers, Flickers are loud and conspicuous birds and do not mind being near people so long as the humans do not appear threatening. If they feel threatened, they will burst into flight and will reveal their white rump and their under feathers which are Male flickers can be identified by their red mustache's. Flickers feed on insects and invertebrates either on trees or on the ground, as well as fruits and berries. Domestic cats present a danger to them as well as do large windows that reflect the sky, which confuses them and they often fly into them, as do other birds. You can help Northern Flickers by using less pesticides, and by planting native trees, plants, and grasses. If you are fortunate enough you may even through observation witness a Fall ritual; two Flickers face each other and bob up and down making soft



Karen Mellor

Are we there Yet?

Salmon have a Voice, yet they shape the land. They spend most of their lives at sea. As they travel upstream, sometimes hundreds of miles to the place they were born to spawn and die, they bring with them ocean nutrients in their bodies, depositing nitrogen and phosphorus that trees need to grow and carving the land as they stir up the river bed to lay their eggs



Noelle Nadeau Khoo

The Earth Awakens

As winter gives way to spring, ground warms & the worms turn, As days grow longer, whirling fractals of colour and form Explode from the earth blasting our senses with aroma & texture The promise and optimism of New Life is everywhere.





Denise Wandt Earthly Flow