

Statl'imx Fishing: Night Air

By Lila Wallace

On the Fraser River rocks remain warm
from day sunlight
The river thundering, transforms to muffled sloshing,
its movement
demands space as water splashes rock

Away from urban lights
I wait
Meteor showers spray and streak across
the sky, layers of black and blue with spaces
appear to shift, stars at home
in the sky

Now, out of sync two satellites cross quickly
And high above the river bed, sound of gathering
tension,
several BC rail engines haul northern logs
Frenzied sparks on rails toss bickering light
at midnight

Laughing, talking, we stop: rocks falling, rolling
through sage brush and choke-cherry bush
We strain to see upward to piercing darkness
then velvet stillness

We await the wind spirit, that down rush of nightly hot
air
that sweeps along the Fraser River
to wind dry sockeye salmon



(Poem Source: Tea and Bannock Stories: First Nations Community - SFU.ca. (n.d.).
Retrieved April 10, 2016, from http://www.sfu.ca/uploads/page/24/tea_and_bannock.pdf)

(Images Source:
<https://marniej.wordpress.com/first-nations-poetry/>)