## Tsa'Chi Creek

For Stephen and Karen Charleson Hesquiaht Sound, Is'icc British Columbia, August 2007

In our absence, present.
A blanket on the earth, breathing...

Within the deep quiet sky swallows elephant skinned balsam lilting hemlock fir and sitka spruce, yew, and red cedar, the tallest ancestor.

Down here, green on green on brown.

Silence holds us among the red salmonberry, blue huckleberry, awaking us to the yellow flash of light on Tsa'chi Creek.

The red-breasted sap sucker flits between hemlock and cedar, squirrel chatters, jay scolds, all singing connection within the interwoven home of the Hesquiaht.

Black bear jesters a pause by the creek with a puppy heart ignoring us... we have nothing to offer but our curiosity.





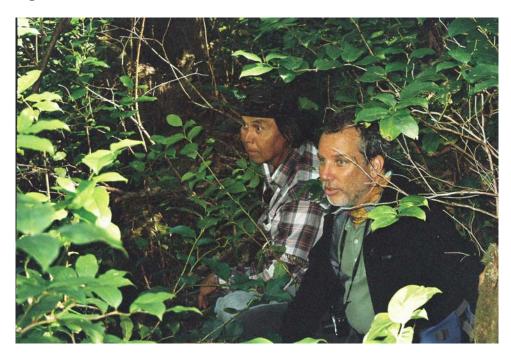


Moving like silk through the understory he stops to toy with ripe huckleberry, pawing tender branches finding fruit with his tongue, knowledge of a thousand years. Nothing is forgotten here.

Cedar and hemlock show memory scars, long healed, of Hesquiaht harvests. Bark and plank met clan needs, revealed totems for tribal obligations, ritual beauty, and canoe passage, harmony of tradition.

At Tsa'chi Creek the earth breathes its rhythm of oxygen and light.

A song seeps from a deep silence, glimpsing an orchestra of shadow secrets. Song of Ancestors.



We crouch, rooted among the sweet pungence of the fern, a downy understory.

Butterfly, yellow, floating soul, brings flakes of sunlight to us where we awake in awe, ourselves blended into your abundance, effortlessly,

just being.

Our separation is absorbed, uniting us in nothingness, alchemy beyond thought.

Tsa'Chi, your quiet dignity shows us you always were inside of us,

and now, we too can hold the earth again,

Breathing.

just breathing.

Dave Black August 15, 2007