



# A Body of Stories

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*Multicultural Community Storyteller  
for the City of Windsor*

We carry stories in our bodies  
Poems journey through our veins  
Electrifying our bones with memories  
That remind us of our ancestor's dreams  
Every time we breathe in and out  
We travel through measurements of time  
Footprints through a forested landscape  
Guided by the sonata a mother bird composes  
to seed navigational maps into the bones of their hatchlings.  
The wind performs a magical score of ancient prayers  
offered to the sky when the land becomes  
too dry to release food  
We carry these stories in our bones  
When I close my eyes  
My eye lids whisper secrets of The Underground Railroad  
My Ancestors hid beneath their tongues  
And pass throughout our family, one generation to the next  
Through receipts that seem  
to be thrown together haphazardly  
But contain the secrets of the stars  
And within those constellations an encyclopedia of existence  
I have those poems activating these bones  
To remind me wherever I am - I'm always at home.  
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This is the collective order of our collaborative existence.  
We are in relation with all that is and our strongest tool  
of creations and balance is love.  
And love is a delicious recipe packed  
with life force nutrients that are guaranteed  
to nourish the soul, please the soil  
and fulfill our responsibility to our young –  
that is to honour, protect, inspire, and serve.  
Stories