

the tugboat

the modern day Marlon Brando (some days his lover)

or best of all the log the one that got away

I want the water to touch me wend me down the river

leave me to float in the moonlight

Copper Woman Dreaming

If I were a colour would I be burnt sienna?

Surely I would be an earth tone. Matte perhaps.

But then there is copper and I do love a little glisten in my colours.

I could see myself multi-coloured threads in a Métis sash

again earth tones, some copper and with the tassels I will keep track of time, mark days.

If I were a vessel would I be a pitcher? Full round at the bottom

a wide spout. White like my dishes or would I be glass? More delicate

like a vase narrowing at the top then opening again

 to facilitate the outpouring of love of wine of water.

I could be cloth, worn loosely around the swaying hips of a bare breasted woman.

Colourful purple lime green patterned but not floral.

Next life I want to be a piece of jewellery one worn daily by a woman of the woods.

Made of silver moonstone and

obsidian. Mirroring the light and the dark

 her evenings in the forest.

 Perhaps a hint of amber for the sacred fires within.

Whatever I am let me adorn the beauty of a woman. I want to be next to her skin.

A thing of beauty. I hope she will touch me often and with fondness.

And when she dies may she leave me to a grand daughter

hopefully a daughter of a copper woman.