

# Klee Wyck

*For Emily Carr*

The stones that eulogise the lilies  
where you thrived  
are rough unspeakable seeds.

Bride of the painted field,  
sister of sea and sky,  
loved by the unloveable,  
unloved by the one beloved,  
you gave yourself to the Haida,  
godtrees carving themselves  
out of the burnished ground,  
saltburnt faces old  
and puckered as the young maize  
stripped  
from its ancient roots.

Now earth contains you  
like a silenced tongue a word.  
Yet asleep in a tent of sun and rain  
the seasons' girl is again  
the trees' divine interpreter!

Boldly still your spirit brushes  
the changing line  
flesh of ocean/  
bone of land.

Your eloquent silence stuns  
and honours us.

The big blue raven praises you,  
Klee Wyck,  
O Laughing One!

By Kathleen Moore