

## The Land Speaks

by Angela (Angie) Trudell Vasquez

The land speaks to me calls from outside the car window we pass valleys, hills what glaciers made 10,000 years ago when people moved to the edges of newborn waters where ice chunks broke off became kettle lakes the sign says basins where ice lay depressions frozen in time melt mark the earth become altered landscapes birth novel plants where fish feed and frogs sing and mushrooms grow round white saucer hats that tip over in spring from the weight of their halo christening. Blue indigo buntings fly by the stars, chart moonlight migrations while we humans sleep our feathered friends leap follow the call to move, swans and geese congregate. See sixteen pelicans preen, their necks dip to drink, undulate herding fish in the water, they dance in rhythm, circle the prey, fin species, their beaks lead fish to a net made out of ripples, bubbles of gas and air, lethal concentric circles culling names unknown...

Before telescopes  
night watchers moon shine parades  
dinosaur return.

## History

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Settlers plowed prairies  
occupied others' homes  
sacred places torn asunder  
for cash fields, farms, bank  
pockets and fancy watches –

no song, no thanks, no story  
when farmers named old waters  
for themselves the people displaced.

Does the marsh remember  
the sound sung out centuries ago  
by those who fished on its first banks,  
fed from its lakes, swam and bathed on its shores?

Now, people gather  
seed prairies, count trumpet swans  
unfold land stories.

The Land Speaks V  
*(for Ega Hocak Hominal Ni)*  
by Angela (Angie) Trudell Vasquez

Harvested fields  
sing with crane footsteps,  
the threshers, the turkeys  
fan plumage scratch itch the ground.

Frog songs ripple from the pond say  
*I'm here, I'm here, How about you?*

Slog through mud, stickers,  
branches and burs tag our clothes  
we find a spot relieve tired soles.

Here, no bird pays rent  
they eat, swim, harvest the soil  
with tiny beaks robins, crows,  
red winged black birds, seagulls  
peck, plow the ground, water, air –  
they fly fish catch bugs midflight.

There are footprints underwater here  
where a creature stood at dusk or dawn...  
The Earth keeps the mold little hands and feet  
some creatures who bent their necks to drink.

A turkey vulture makes an appearance  
a hawk rests on an oak branch hunts  
barely visible against the tree trunk  
camouflage its best friend.

When glaciers peeled back their edges  
little huts sprouted circled emerging  
kettle lakes, pools of ice in retreat.