

It was the Mikmaq family who believed in their ancestors and their culture. While Mikmaq women could take the credit for the Nation's cultural integrity, such credit is buttressed by tribal values which foster family coherence over individual effort.

There would be no "Indian movement" in Canada or in the United Nations, if the aboriginal families did not teach the ancient lessons of life and love. In the Mikmaq struggle for human dignity and self determination, there was no one dominant leader. Instead there were many men and women standing up for their received tribal values as was needed. Ideal overpowered personality. This is very different from the European and Canadian tradition of the leader. This is an extraordinary difference. It is another tribute to Mikmaq knowledge and the value of family life. Indirectly, it's a monument for the continued role of the Mikmaq "women" as the keepers of the changing future.

In the restoration of this shared worldview in the hearts of all the Mikmaq people for the future generation, gender will not be as important as it is in Canadian society. In the restless individualist society of Canada, the equalization of gender is a necessary task in creating a better society. In the restoration of Mikmaq thought, an unreflective notion of gender could be merely another means of dividing our tribal society. The task of removing prejudices and obstacles which prevent the coherent sharing of our common beliefs or ideas with modern ideas is the task of every Mikmaq family. This crucial task cannot be accomplished by individualized Mikmaq nor by reliance on European assumptions or knowledge.

Ending the trivial artificial divisions created by European ideas and languages among Mikmaq people is a difficult task. Yet, the problems which European ideas have created between woman and man in the modern age demonstrate the validity of Mikmaq thought and language. Ending our unreflective use of gender classification and sexism acquired from Europeans is as important as ridding ourselves of European stereotypes of Mikmaq society, and of its men and women. It is only through empowering Mikmaq knowledge through its genderless language that the transformation of Mikmaq society can occur. It is only through understanding Mikmaq wisdom that family unity can continue to be an empowering experience.

MONICA MCKAY

Journey

Each time I close my eyes, I journey
within,
... to the strains of the drum.
The harmony, the melody,
my soul dances.
To a song that neither begins or ends.

The heaviness upon my form tries
desperately to move,
instead I stand among silhouettes,
...dark against darkness.
this song has come and gone.

My soul struggles to move but does
not know how.
... As the drum persists, I struggle to
dance without
heaviness.

EDNA H. KING

The Revealing

I

Night.
Starless night.
Grandmother steps aside
as the skies speak.

A pleasant smell fills the air.
It is sweetgrass —
a smudge from the other world.

Smoke falls from a tiny circle
in the night.
as the circle widens to show
blue sky, and in the sky a
speck.

The blue sky widens, the speck
grows and begins to take shape

II

So high were you, but closer
you came,
gliding at first, in silence.

Then I saw your eyes — so round
and brave. You blinked and screeched
flapped your wings, talons spread
ready to fly inside my head.

Hawk.

LINDA MCWATCH

They Look Here

They look here
they look there
their search is long
frustrating and hopeless

Where shall they look
to seek out
keep searching what they are looking for

Where shall they start
to find that peace
peace which is made of
body, mind and soul

Spirit who knows the way
smothered by lust
smothered by greed
smothered by corruption
envious of things not worth much

Spirit of soul searches long
Spirit travels many roads
spirit still searches

Where shall it look
where shall it start
seek and still seek

Start at the heart

CAROLE ROSE

The Candle

At dusk, as night would search the
tiny home time,
A candle would be lit,
Hour by hour it would burn,
Flickering and Weaving a spell of lights.
The shadows would be cast on the walls
for hours I did watch.
And the stem would burn till end,
barely a brush of wind.
How mellow the lonely hours fell,
till no more of the flickering wax.
Slowly my eyelids would fall as I
drifted to a readying sleep. The
flame goes out and I asleep, till
morning does arise.