

- Silence
- Opening reading
- Prayer concerns / pray
- Closing reading/blessing.

The Way In – *Linda Hogan*

Sometimes the way to milk and honey is through the body.

Sometimes the way in is a song.

But there are three ways in the world: dangerous, wounding, and beauty.

To enter stone, be water.

To rise through hard earth, be plant desiring sunlight, believing in water.

To enter fire, be dry.

To enter life, be food.

Trail of Tears: Our Removal – *Linda Hogan*

With lines unseen the land was broken.

When surveyors came, we knew what the prophet had said was true, this land with unseen lines would be taken.

*So, you who live there now,
don't forget to love it, thank it
the place that was once our forest,
our ponds, our mosses, the swamplands with
birds and more lowly creatures.*

As for us, we walked into the military strength of hunger and war for that land we still dream. As the ferry crossed the distance, or as the walkers left behind their loved ones, think how we took with us our cats and kittens, the puppies we loved. We were innocent of what we faced, along the trail. We took clothing, dishes, thinking there would be something to start a new life, believing justice lived in the world, and the horses, so many, one by one stolen, taken by the many thieves

So have compassion for that land at least.

Every step we took was one away from the songs, old dances, memories, some of us dark and not speaking English, some of us white, or married to the dark, or children of translators, the half-white, all of us watched by America, all of us longing for trees for shade, homing, rooting, even more for food along the hunger way.

You would think those of us born later would fight for justice, for peace, for the new land, its trees being taken. You would think the struggle would be over between the two worlds in this place that is now our knowledge, our new belonging, our being, and we'd never again care for the notion of maps or American wars, or the god of their sky, thinking of those things we were forced to leave behind, living country, stolen home, the world measured inch by inch, mile by mile, hectares, all measurements, even the trail of our tears.

With all the new fierce light, heat, drought the missing water, you'd think in another red century, the old wisdom might exist if we considered enough that even before the new beliefs we were once whole, but now our bodies and minds remain the measured geography.

To Be Held— *Linda Hogan*

To be held / by the light / was what I wanted, to be a tree drinking the rain, no longer parched in this hot land. To be roots in a tunnel growing but also to be sheltering the inborn leaves and the green slide of mineral down the immense distances into infinite comfort and the land here, only clay, still contains and consumes / the thirsty need / the way a tree always shelters the unborn life / waiting for the healing after the storm / which has been our life.

Love in a Time of Climate Change

— *Craig Santos Perez*

recycling Pablo Neruda's "Sonnet XVII"

I don't love you as if you were rare earth metals,
 conflict diamonds, or reserves of crude oil that
 cause
 war. I love you as one loves the most vulnerable
 species: urgently, between the habitat and its loss.

I love you as one loves the last seed saved
 within a vault, gestating the heritage of our roots,
 and thanks to your body, the taste that ripens
 from its fruit still lives sweetly on my tongue.

I love you without knowing how or when this
 world
 will end. I love you organically, without
 pesticides.
 I love you like this because we'll only survive

in the nitrogen rich compost of our embrace,
 so close that your emissions of carbon are mine,
 so close that your sea rises with my heat.

America, I Sing You Back

— *Allison Adelle Hedge Coke*

America, I sing back. Sing back what sung you in.
 Sing back the moment you cherished breath.
 Sing you home into yourself and back to reason.

Before America began to sing, I sung her to sleep,
 held her cradleboard, wept her into day.
 My song gave her creation, prepared her delivery,
 held her severed cord beautifully beaded.

My song helped her stand, held her hand for first
 steps,
 nourished her very being, fed her, placed her three
 sisters strong.

My song comforted her as she battled my reason
 broke my long-held footing sure, as any child
 might do.

As she pushed herself away, forced me to remove
 myself,
 as I cried this country, my song grew roses in each
 tear's fall.

My blood-veined rivers, painted pipestone
 quarries
 circled canyons, while she made herself maiden
 fine.

But here I am, here I am, here I remain high on
 each and every peak,
 carefully rumbling her great underbelly, prepared
 to pour forth singing—

and sing again I will, as I have always done.
 Never silenced unless in the company of
 strangers, singing
 the stoic face, polite repose, polite while dancing
 deep inside, polite
 Mother of her world. Sister of myself.

When my song sings aloud again. When I call her
 back to cradle.
 Call her to peer into waters, to behold herself in
 dark and light,
 day and night, call her to sing along, call her to
 mature, to envision—
 then, she will quake herself over. My song will
 make it so.

When she grows far past her self-considered
 purpose,
 I will sing her back, sing her back. I will sing. Oh
 I will—I do.
 America, I sing back. Sing back what sung you in.

Indigenous Peoples Day. Yesterday. Today.**Tomorrow**

— *Javier O. Huerta*

Tomorrow marks
 five hundred and three years
 since Columbus found his way
 to the Americas, half
 a millennium and three years
 since the story of contact began,
 since Europe came west.
 Tomorrow marks the anniversary.
 Five hundred and three winters
 have transpired, as many springs,
 summers, and falls. Those seasons
 are gone, those times have passed,
 there is nothing we can do,
 they are gone.
 Tomorrow we will remember
 October 12th, 1492,
 here in the United States,
 tomorrow will be Columbus Day;
 here in Berkeley,
 it will be Indigenous Peoples' Day;
 here in Califas, Aztlàn,
 it will be Día de la Raza.
 As many winters have passed,
 as many suns have set, as many
 minutes and seconds have come
 and gone, up to the same tomorrow:
 Columbus Day, Indigenous Peoples' Day,
 Día de la Raza;
 but they are not the same.
 For we are different and we mean different
 when we celebrate
 the discovery of a new world, imagine,
 a new world, or different when we solemnize
 the most severe genocide in the history
 of the world, the most severe, or when
 we recognize the birth of a new race,
 a new race. For twenty-four hours tomorrow
 we can celebrate the greatest act
 of the Renaissance and the act of the single man
 in Columbus Day,
 and we can solemnize
 the death of tens of millions
 of Native Americans and the extermination

of whole peoples, such as those
 on the islands of first contact,
 remembered in Indigenous Peoples' Day
 and we can
 recognize miscegenation and the possibility
 of contact between races
 in the birth of the hybrid, mestizo peoples
 in the Día de la Raza.
 Tomorrow is Columbus Day,
 it is Indigenous Peoples' Day,
 it is Día de la Raza: all exactly
 mark five hundred and three years
 and all exactly mark something different.
 The events that have happened
 in the interim have happened,
 nothing can change that.
 The first joy at the sight of land
 happened. The unspeakable terror
 of parents watching their child
 fed to the conquistadors' dogs happened.
 Five hundred and three years of events
 took place, we cannot change that.
 We cannot stand up like Las Casas
 and say this must stop; we cannot
 tell Tainos, on first seeing the Spanish arrive,
 to run, to run, and not stop running.
 What was, was.
 We cannot change the number of days, nor
 can we change the events that happened.
 We can, though, choose to remember or forget,
 to celebrate, solemnize, recognize.
 (*1st stanza of Alfred Arteaga's*
"Tomorrow Today")