Marilyn Dumont, Metis Poet

**Not Just a Platform for my Dance**

**this land is not**

**just a place to set my house, my car, my fence**

**this land is not**

**just a plot to bury my dead, my seed**

**this land is not**

**my tongue, my eyes, my mouth**

**this headstrong grass and relenting willow**

**these flat-footed fields and applauding leaves**

**these frank winds and electric sky**

**are my prayer**

**they are my medicine**

**and they become my song**

**this land is not**

**just a platform for my dance**