

An Existence That We Can Call Home

by James Kim

Sitting quietly by the First Narrows
remembering The Lost Salmon-Run,
of the ravenous yearning for strength,
unaware of the consequences
that will devastate our community,
shattering the solace seen in the sea.

Rumbling throughout the city of glass.
Making space for something new,
though no one asked.
It was for the greater good, they said.
They lied
and we could not believe them.

They sought power
to feed a starving greed
to gross and gluttonous excess.
Though they never thought
it came at a cost.
And they did not believe us.

We have only
the memories,
the stories,
the truth to guide us,
ground us to an existence that we can call home.

When they tell us to never forget,
we must remind them
we have never forgotten.

We are taught by
our parents,
our peers,
our people,
we could not trust those who break promises made.