

A Body of Stories

By Teajai Travis

Multicultural Community Storyteller
for the City of Windsor

We carry stories in our bodies Poems journey through our veins Electrifying our bones with memories That remind us of our ancestor's dreams Every time we breathe in and out We travel through measurements of time Footprints through a forested landscape Guided by the sonata a mother bird composes to seed navigational maps into the bones of their hatchlings. The wind performs a magical score of ancient prayers offered to the sky when the land becomes too dry to release food We carry these stories in our bones When I close my eyes My eye lids whisper secrets of The Underground Railroad My Ancestors hid beneath their tongues And pass throughout our family, one generation to the next Through receipts that seem to be thrown together haphazardly But contain the secrets of the stars And within those constellations an encyclopedia of existence I have those poems activating these bones To remind me wherever I am - I'm always at home. We carry stories in our bodies Poems journey through our veins Electrifying our bones with memories That remind us of our ancestor's dreams

This is the collective order of our collaborative existence. We are in relation with all that is and our strongest tool of creations and balance is love.

And love is a delicious recipe packed with life force nutrients that are guaranteed to nourish the soul, please the soil and fulfill our responsibility to our young – that is to honour, protect, inspire, and serve. Stories