C.B. Sikstrom

Before there were Mirrors*

My name is Terregannoeuck – or White Fox, as you call me.
I was tall before I met you.
Now my beard is white, and it reminds me of you.

I have lived a long life in the Shadowlands.
Shadows are my friends.

Look!
There, on the shadow ridge!
There are trees beside us,
Below us tree-green and moss-green too.
Above us is deep-water blue.
A low sun and shadows are upon us.

I jump up-and-down to see myself.

Yes! There I am, walking the shadow-ridge
towards this big rock.

Yes!
Here I am, taller now,
taller than I used to be,
rocking this side, and that, on this big boulder.

That side is the other ridge,
with dirty-white lazy breakup ice
sleeping on the foot of the ridge – melting.
On this side there is gravel, boulders and the rock I stand on.

I say, “This is our looking place,
– see my friends, see us.
See me jumping up-and-down?”

You say, I look like a tree.
“Take this looking glass,” you say.
I see, and throw the glass away,
“I shall never kill deer more.”