

The Four Turtles

by Isaiah "Sleeping Turtle" Johnson

The cloudy sky in my waking eyes is adorned with blue, gray, and white. The yellow sun blazed in full as I lay in the grass. Bodies of the Indigenous flooded the water. The Great Eagle soared the heavens as the eye of the storm opened at Manitou's whim. I stood up and surveyed the four directions. The land curves and slithers upon the water like a serpent. The song of the eagle rings true and clear. Two men are in view, the Sagamore educates a Bay Colonist Man:

"The Earth is our Mother for she gives us all we need to survive. The Sky is our Father; in our tongues, he is Wakan Tanka, Tunkashila, Gitche Manitou, Creator, he is of many names and is the Great Spirit! We pray to the Four Winds and the Four Directions. We are all Creator's children, his Daughters, and Sons and we should never be fighting!"

In the hands of the Sagamore are the Four Turtles, one of each age; Infant, Child, Adult, and Elder. Four roped collars connected them. The Sagamore placed the Turtles in the water and removed their collars. As they swam, the Elder Turtle looked back to the shore as the Colonist and Sagamore bid him farewell. The Four Turtles swam into the Bay. I awake in bed.