

SHANNON WEBB-CAMPBELL

With an Introduction by
LEE MARACLE

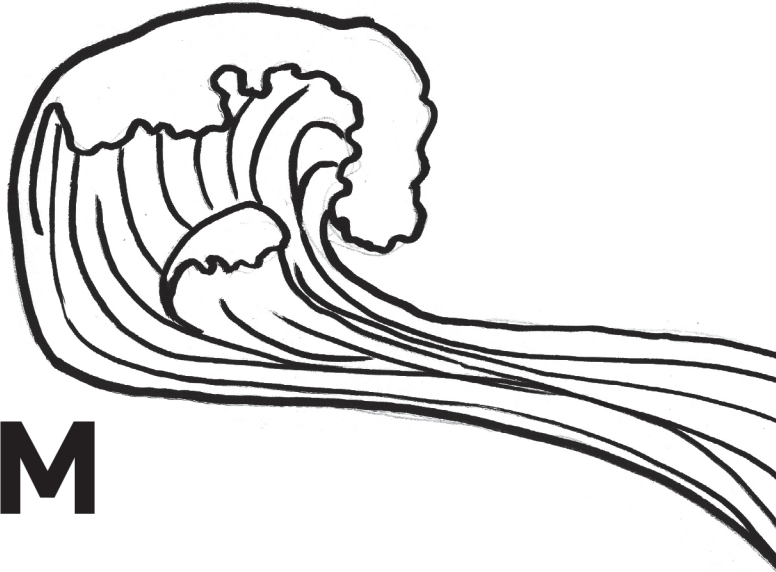


I AM

A BODY
OF LAND

SHANNON WEBB-CAMPBELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LEE MARACLE



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Book*hug Press

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FIRST EDITION

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Book*hug Press acknowledges the land on which it operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and most recently, the Mississaugas of the Credit River. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island, and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

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After the Upheaval

I've landed here
my voice damp with shame
my insides burn
I wait for someone to ask me to leave

I'm a translation of a translation
somewhere on the chopping block
of cutting and absence I cower
I trace tree lines

I am looking for a root
a stem to grow a sense of who I am
metabolize where I come from
and process who I belong to

I'm afraid of all that came before

I Have Been Called Out

I don't know my community
I don't belong
I have no spirit name
I am a question of authenticity

I'm still here
tangled up with the colonists
unpacking the settler within
I try not to disappear

I Want to Embrace My Ancestors

voices of father, my aching mother
my grandfather who cried out from the orphanage
deafens me to my grandmothers

I cannot find my way back to the circle
I'm spinning out a feral tether, a loose end

A Sphere Within Our Sphere

try different entry points,
avert your suffering eyes,
and intersect with love.

the body of this book is
traumatized.
the body is a wound.
we collapse on trauma's floor.
we stand in the spine of
what comes after.

Somewhere Beyond Known Body and Spirit

at an intersection between sex and rape
love and abuse—I hear whispers

*Make room for violence
for the abusers and manipulators*

generations move within
I enter spirit world
wade through lifetimes of shame
a mix of voices sing
clouds of smoke layered the lodge
like smoke the pain peels back
layer by layer

I Looked to the River

skinny-dipping under moonlight
I found myself in brackish water
floating on my back as dusk loomed.

Nipples perked toward stars
only mountain shadows watched.
My body became silk
as I swam across Conne River.

By Reclaiming Ktaqamkuk

bound by stories, myth
and misconceptions
we honour all who came before
who are here now
and who will come after.

On Airplane Mode

I fly west to outsmart
the seduction of harm.
If I'm far enough away
you can no longer reach me.

Seven months not talking
echoes of colonization run deep.
Be careful with this story you now live.

The Call-Out Was a Cry Out

Every hour I hear your voice like bells repeating—
you are alone in this, no one will stand with you.
I tried to speak but your ears don't hear.

You called me out when I needed to be
called in. Your grandmothers and my grandmothers
gave us more than this. You say I'm not
Indian enough, like I don't already know.

Block, obsess, threaten
—we no longer share our complex histories.
Separated by the telling,
a divide that repeats pain,
we can no longer see ourselves.

I Feed Myself Poems

I stop puking up 5,000 years long enough to swallow them

I bathe in freshwater to cleanse my body and spit all this out

I wake from lazy nightmares
with your hands on my face

I cry in muffles for the healer with your
fingers in my mouth

I try to sing lullabies but the language does not come

I say a prayer to become the dream if you will be the catcher

We used to share a table.