

OLD ATHABASCAN WHIT, RED MAN WITH A WHITE CANE

To him our metaphors are recondite,
Our modern terms are riddles to a brain
Where long-gone wispy hunter's trails remain
And only childhood images are bright.
When man transcends his bone-imprisoned night
To touch the saving Braille and taste fresh rain,
His lengthened grasp can snatch the key from pain
To open what mere language fails to light.

We read to Whit then he becomes our gauge,
Our guide for measures we can seldom find
To pace the dark, to pacify the rage.
For we, far-sighted, young and keen of mind,
Are often trapped inside a blackened cage...
Till life is lit with vision from the blind.

--Glenna Holloway