

## Sister Orca's Mystical Journey

To the far ends of the world that reach beyond the horizons of time...  
Sister Orca and family venture north to seek her native village.

A village where the mystic wind carries upon her breath the myths of yesterday.  
She gently whispers through the ancient forest of cedar and pine  
and dashes upon the elaborately carved poles...  
Upon the sandy beach, some lay asleep...weathered and decayed  
and covered with mossy blankets of teal green, pale blues and golden browns.  
They too will return home.

It's a cool summer evening...  
In my long house, I nestle among my soft woolen blankets, warmed by the fire  
I wait for the bellowing sounds of breaching whales and that of Sister Orca.  
Suddenly a thick, dense fog appears overhead.  
Fog, he laces through our village as if to cover us with a mysterious spell of the  
unknown. It muffles sounds of every kind,  
to silence us from our most inner thoughts of mysteries yet to come.

Moments later I hear a loud noise which I've never heard before...  
Loud sounds of thunder crackling high above the mystic Blue Mountains ...  
and rolling through the lush valleys below.

I'm nearly blinded by the flash of light that penetrates my entry door.  
Dazed and confused I peel off my blankets  
and crawl slowly upon the earthen floor towards the opening of our whale house.  
I peer high above toward the deafening sounds of clapping wings.

Lightning bolts of cobalt blue lash and pierce through Fog's thick cape ...  
Creating immense transparent holes steaming with fire...  
The sky is painted wildly with brushstrokes of brilliant oranges and crimson reds

I gaze up ...I see Thunderbird  
With accuracy he once again hurdles lighting bolts towards Fog ...  
Breaking the spell...the spell is broken.

I regain consciousness...  
and harmony prevails once again over our village

As the new dawn arrives  
the sun breaks through the misty morning veil  
it shines brightly...  
I peer towards the ocean with amazement...  
I see Sister Orca gently nudging her son on their Mystical Journey home  
He stays close to her side for comfort and protection...he will someday be Chief.

With her home in view ....  
She joyfully breeches and gracefully glides toward her village.

Welcome songs resonate from distant drums.  
She's guided by the sounds.  
Her gifted songs are carried upon the prevailing winds  
that echo across the oceans rippled face  
And whisper to her the ancient melodies of yesterday as if to say its time to come home.

The village rivers are fed by nearby towering waterfalls  
that release streams of ivory ribbons  
which cascade down the dark grey cliffs of mother's earthen armor  
Flowing softly down upon the pebbled beds  
feeding the rivers thirst for water

Pooling... the salmon prepare to journey upstream.  
To travel to their native spawning grounds  
To the village of the silver salmon people.  
To spawn a new generation...  
To feed the village...

The newborn salmon travel downstream to the oceans entry below ...  
And enter the headwaters  
The deep blue ocean sparkles like diamonds...  
Thousands of fingerlings surround Sister Orca with a velvety silver cape  
She shines brightly as she glides closer and closer to her village

Which is nestled in a nearby hidden cove protected from the elements...  
Newly carved poles stand tall as if to penetrate Mother Earth's skin  
that surround the village to honor her return...  
From her travels around the world  
seeking wisdom wherever she went...

With a sudden surge ...  
She breaches once again to say...  
At Home at last...at home at last!

By Marvin Oliver, 2008