

This poem was inspired by the beautiful and powerfully prominent sculpture at the entrance to the UNTAMED exhibition. It is for Dylan Lewis and that fisted, unmistakable voice of the wild in all of us.

THE RISING

One day
your soul will call to you
with a holy rage.
“Rise up!” it will say ...
“Stand up inside your own skin.”
Unmask your unlived life ...
feast on your animal heart.
Unfasten your fist ...
let loose the medicine
in your own hand.
Show me the lines ...
I will show you the spoor
of the ancestors.
Show me the creases ...
I will show you
the way to water.
Show me the folds ...
I will show you the furrows
for your healing.
“Look!” it will say ...
the line of life has four paths –
one with a mirror
one with a mask,
one with a fist,
one with a heart.
One day,
your soul will call to you
with a holy rage.

Ian McCallum