

Tram-Top Morning Reflection

The chilly breeze brushes my cheek
As I inhale the damp morning air and
Raise my eyes to take in the
Fog winding its fingers around the
Snow-capped hills in the east and
The river, winding under the Tilikum Crossing

The Tilikum Crossing,
Named for *people* in the language of the Chinook.
The Chinook people once walked these grounds, they
Welcomed the salmon each year and joined the river in its
song. Colonizers tried to erase them, forcing them away onto
reservations. But their homeland does not forget them.

Them, the ones who stewarded this land
For generations before a hospital stood upon it,
Whose legacy and memory inspires me.
As I breathe in the same air that they did I
Say a prayer that my work will honor their memory,
That today I can heal the wounds of injustice.