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Genetic Memory

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Genetic Memory Amber Blaeser-Wardzala

my Soul is s t i t c h e d together by pieces of trauma passed down through generations. you do not know

my history.

ancestral fingers

lost to Boarding School Machines. every night, i count my fingers, always surprised when i make it to ten. what is the opposite of phantom limb syndrome?

siblings carried on backs through snowy minnesota country: we're going Home now. hiding from police and everyone else—

you never know who might squeal.

only

Three

Hundred

And

Five

Miles

to

go.

their trip, documented in my dreams.

with hart of soap at indian schools, wash your hands for twenty seconds

how long do you wash a child's mouth to Cleanse le and hill the In

now song as you serup ow can this language be

ny hne ynd

(20) M.De. account with dissess of matrices

n words

uty lipt, i do not want them back — do nor t that alien language in my month amin.

alwaya maama—

'na starting to believe hat a White Man's treaties are like glowatches

relocation, after relocation, Is there any

for Indiana anymore?

6

my own tongue trips over these english words forced into our mouths

with bars of soap

at indian schools.

wash your hands

for twenty seconds

to kill a Pandemic Virus.

how long do you wash a child's mouth

to Cleanse it

and kill the Indian?

how long do you scrub

to erase a Language, a Culture?

how can this language be

my first language

and yet

feel so unnatural in my mouth—

like trying to speak the tongue of Martians.

when words

leave

my lips,

i do not want them back — do not want that alien language

in my mouth again.

it always returns—

like Spiderwebs.

i'm starting to believe that a White Man's treaties are like glowsticks: made to be broken. relocation, after relocation, is there any

> space on a Turtle's Back for Indians anymore?

Generic Memory Amber Blasser-Wardzala

my bout is stitched by pieces of trauma passed

through

and an and an and an an

my history.

Culture?

üblings carried on backa dirough mowy minnetota coun

hiding from police

And everyone else-

solu sužitu num minur savau noš.

- 1000

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i'm starting to believe

i am a Ghost

trapped

in a White World who is

unwilling to remember me, unwilling to acknowledge my reality. they say the past is in the past.

they're wrong: the past is in my veins.

Gimikwenimigom inawemaaganag. Mikwendaagozidaa apane gosha.

i haunt my own steps through this colorless world and S C R E A M generations of history.

but my voice

chalked up by skeptics

as only wind.

the great surpardin that always lay over the lead of hit truck. Under which hy the most precious of cargo, a pile of bulks wask to frost carried back from over the sea, from a mas he had met long ago. It was these bulks that would channel hit munit and give it form. In much the same way that a tailor caught in the doldroma keeps himself and through the steady materemence of their ship. Themse gave blowelf fully to the care of these fragile bulbs, growing what little he could in the manner and them equestering them away with the coming of the first first fort. When the same full no heavy or the winds threatened to blow away the family farm, soil and all. Thomas would sit by the firs and dream of another place, fir to the west, should do it by and helind a low wall, where his calls like could graw and theire, minolested by the wind and the anow.

For him this promised land of warmath came to have the name Eastion, which nolled off the tongue like pelokke dropped in a pond. An old friend of his from the army had known the place well and had described his home, a red-brick Edwardian affair with a widow's walk from which the finners could view the sear of grain, waiting for the harvest or for their loved ones to return. Ete would wonder if his friend's wife still waited on that walfs if the still topic her eyes poded for a smilling boy in army finingoes curting through the grain like a ship in the sea, or if years of waiting had hardened her heart to minutes. For three is not much ema in keeping a matter's home—with a widow's walk and dil—in a place no least hat ever item. Feilure cow it was morprown with the clinging to the walk and breating place no least hat ever item. Feilure cow it was mengrown with the clinging to the walk and breating place no least hat ever item. Feilure cow it was mengrown with the clinging to the walk and breating the string the could the state.