

Postscript 78
Metamorphic black rabbits unravel

KAITLYN PURCELL

on “ublaak tikiyuak”
KABLUSIAK

batons out of soapstone you keep
searching for sediment in my skin.

We cried. Clung to crispy chicken strips and kissed
before bed. I wished I had been more romantic
and spent longer placing these lips all over

you and your hands are so small in mine.

I flossed, brushed, rinsed, put in my nightguard.
We kissed. I pulled out the wet crescent to taste
lips laced with beer and our bodies wandered until I shook
and the phone rang and rang and it was nearly midnight
on a Wednesday and an hour later another mouth arrived

more beer swam the air between us
and I could no longer taste the mint.

In the winter lives a thousand suns.
Wrap caribou and sinew around my head
until the snow burns quietly.

All my knives are very young.

My mother taught me how to make a home
she washed my hair in the kitchen sink
and told me that this was how her mom used to do it
but without running water. Just a bucket.

I wondered if she was scared
when the axe fell through her finger.
I wonder if scar tissue has a spirit
that lives on. In me.

KAITLYN PURCELL (Smith's Landing First Nation) is a Denesuline writer/artist and member of the Writing Revolution in Place creative research collective (University of Alberta). Currently, she is an English PhD student within creative and critical Indigenous studies at the University of Calgary. Her research centers arts and literature as theoretical practice exploring gender/sexuality and multi-modal creative productions (creative writing, visual, digital, and installation arts) as praxis towards healing and resistance. Her debut novella, *ʔbédayine*, was selected by guest judges CA Conrad and Anne Boyer as the winner of the 2018 Metatron Prize for Emerging Authors and was published fall 2019.