

Transcript of *Inose/Field Trip*

Soundwalk

Aanii

Boozhoo

Hello

Welcome to this land

Whatever land you stand on

Or sit on

At this moment

Welcome

Inose means you walk in a certain way, to a certain place.

Please know that you have absolute autonomy over your body during this trip. While I will make suggestions, you will always have the ability to choose your own path.

What is the first bit of land you notice or sense when you leave your home?

How do you greet it?

When I was little, I used to hug the small bushes that my Papa planted along the walkway to the front door. I would gently wrap my little arms around this puff of green and brown. And I did it almost every time I went there ... until a wasp stung me and I never did it again.

Now I say aanii and miigwetch

Hello and thank you

Take a moment to greet the land

Pause

Now

Take a deep breath

Sound of a slow inhale and exhale

Fill your lungs

Feel your breath fill your lungs

Feel the air rushing in

Filling your lungs

Breathe out

Begin your journey.

Sound of footsteps and bird calls

As you move forward
Or imagine yourself moving forward
Use the senses available to you to take note of your environment
The space you leave behind
The space you are in
And the space you are heading towards

Do you see any trees?
Hear any grass?
Feel any rocks?
Water? Did you sense water?

It's ok if you didn't
It's ok if you did

Sound of water

You could be anywhere in the world
And the earth will still be there to support you
Is there to support you
She holds you up even now as you walk, or roll or sit
Or just exist
She is under the floorboards and the concrete
And the sod and fake grass
Can you feel her?

You are one of many living things in her roundness of being.

*The sound of water fades out
The sound of the forest fades in*

Take a moment and search around you
Find something green and living
Could be grass
Or a plant
A weed

Growing out of the sidewalk
Maybe it's winter or spring
And green things are hard to come by
In that case, find something that holds the green things
A branch
A patch of empty dirt
Because a green being is still there
Even if it's not green right now

Pause

Touch the green being
Really examine it
Feel it
Smell it
How is it like you?
What can you learn from it?

Whenever I see green growing through concrete
I think of resilience
Strength
As if that green being had split the stone itself

Seedlings grow down to grow up
And up
They break through those cracks
And stretch out their tendrils and spread wide
They take up space despite being unwanted in those spaces
And they look to see other displaced seedlings
Scattered
Growing
Spreading out
And thriving
But not without struggle and a strong will to survive

Have you ever felt like that?

(Whispered)
What can you learn from this land that you are on?

Say bamaapii - see you again to the green being for now
And continue

Foots steps

As you move forward
Or imagine yourself moving forward
Find or head towards some water if you can
Is there a lake? A stream?
Ziibi - A river?

Water sounds

Is the water rushing under you?
Because it's been buried?
Or is it raining?

Rain Sounds

Are drops kissing your arms?
Do you feel like there's grey in the air?
Like ash
I think about how much the forests are yearning for that rain.
Forests that are burning
I think about Oceans that are consuming

Fire sounds

And the melting
And the plastic
And the digging
And the scars in the earth
And how many ways can we say
That she is worth saving

The sound of drops of water

What do you know about the land that you are on?
Who was here before you?
And before them?

And before them?

Who has walked on this same path as you?

Footsteps

Who nurtured this soil?

Who swam in these waters?

Who tended to the natural gardens?

Whose energies are you walking through?

And how long have they been there?

Imagine this -

This land

Once could have been

Underwater

A splash

Submersion - sound of being underwater

Anaamibiig (*uh naw mih beeg*)

Suspension

In a large large lake

The fresh water feels like a comforting blanket on your skin

Because you're already used to the temperature

It's almost as if

You become the water

That deep, fresh water carrying

Mud minnows and tadpoles to maybe be caught in buckets by curious children

Wanting a closer look

Yellow perch and rainbow trout

Construction sites from beaver dams

Soft sand

Soft moss

Gichigami (*Gi-chi-gum-ih - all the i's are short sounds, as in "it"*)

Which translates to big water

Gives name to our great lakes
As well as our oceans
Because the waters connect
The way we connect
Gichigami
Like our own bodies
That hold so much
Life

Take a breath

Inhale/exhale

Imagine the rocky shoreline

Inhale/exhale

Are there any rocks near you right now?
Can you pick one up and roll it around in your hand?
What do you have in common with this rock?
Can you feel the tectonic history it holds inside of it?
Years of stories buried in each grain

Pause

Did you ever skip stones on the water? Or on the ice? Experience the ripples?

Those ripples echo out for a very long time
Sending out that energy as you give that stone a new life
Who received those ripples?

Sound of stones skipping across water turns into the sound of children giggling

As children, on the shores of Anishinaabewi-gichigami or Lake Superior, we would build tiny boats and rafts made out of birchbark and driftwood and bluebells and pieces of grass and send them out onto the water.

Bluebells always remind me of storybook faeries

Which actually make me think of memegwesi
What us Ojibwe folks call 'little people'
Forest and river dwelling creatures that can sometimes be tricksters if not shown
respect
Maybe the boats were for them.
So the next time you're by a body of water, keep an eye or ear out for the memegwesi!

Leave the rock behind somewhere.
Maybe another creature needs it.
Send your ripple out into the world.

Silence

Safely come to a stop and take a drink of water

Send hydration to your organs
Is there a plant nearby that looks like it might need some water?
Can you share a drop or two with the land?

The sound of of waterloo pouring

Imagine that you're watering a maple sapling
Three or four green maple leaves with a tinge of muted rust red in the centre
Nestled among the twigs and branches
Accepting your gift of nibi - of water

An old growth forest floor is full of bountiful greenery

Sound of the forest, footsteps

Light bouncing and rippling from the canopy of trees overhead
The sunspots show clear the blades on the sweet ferns
You can see the ribs and veins on shaped leaves
Veins that also carry water and nutrients

Take a moment
Place your hands on your ribcage if you can and take a breath

Sound of a slow inhale and exhale

Feel them expand
Look at or feel your forearms
Can you see or feel your own veins?

Can you find a leaf nearby? - maybe it's fallen already
Maybe it's still attached to a tree or plant
Examine the leaf without plucking it
If the season isn't giving you leaves, really imagine the last one you looked at in your mind

Pause

Compare the leaf to your own body
What does it look like or feel like compared to your own hand?
Or your wrist?
How are you the same?
How are you different?

(Whispered)

Where does the land live in your own body?

Our varied bodies are explosions of diverse gardens of flora and fauna
Our varied bodies mimic the earth that we came from

When you look around or experience your world
Do you feel like it's diverse?

The sound of a plane overhead

Is there diversity around you right now?
How many different aspects need to be in rhythm with each other in order for us to exist and to keep existing?
Fallen branches turn to habitats for smaller creatures until they decay so much that they become nutrients for the birches and cedar trees that will grow there.
Forests and waters and even grasslands have so much variety of life
Ants and butterflies and wild bergamot
Goldenrod and cute jumper spiders
All working together
All coexisting
In communities that protect each other and help each other thrive

Say miigwetch and bamaapii - thank you and see you again to the leaf
And continue

As you move forward
Or imagine yourself moving forward

The sound of footsteps
Voices

Take note of your environment
Do you feel alone?
Are there other humans nearby?
Is it crowded or sparse?
Maybe there are animals
Do you feel alone when you see a squirrel?
Or a pigeon?

If there is a tree - a mitig - anywhere near you
Safely come to a stop and place your hand on it

Pause

Greet that tree in your own way. Introduce yourself.
Feel the bark beneath your hand
Chances are, this tree may be quite younger than their cousins who live in an old
growth forest
Are they telling you their story?

Can you think of a tree in your life that may have watched you grow up?
Maybe it was only fleeting moments that they caught.
Maybe they held you while you cried.
Or supported you while you climbed
A tree or a bush that may have witnessed your life in all of its beautiful simplicities
And complications
Without judgement
There is no other relationship like the one we have with the land that watches us grow
and change
The counter witness in the continuous cycle of life

Pause

Take a moment and stretch out your arms if you can
Or maybe your neck
Careful not to hit anyone

Is the wind dancing through your arm hairs?
Can you taste the air?

Say bamaapii to the tree and continue on

Bird sounds

As you move forward
Or imagine yourself moving forward
Change your pace
or
Change your position
or
Find a place to sit for a bit

Forest sounds

Imagine that you're in a forest
Maybe you're already in one
What bird songs do you hear?
Are they familiar to you?

The sound of a loon calling

Do you still feel alone amongst the trees?
These tall giants with family structures and social networks who breathe deep
And give us breath
They are our brothers. Our elders.
And their stumps leave behind fingerprints
Rings
Feel or examine the circles on your own thumb
The stories held in your own hands
Your own rings

Listening to the land requires every sense you have available to you
Listening to the land requires an open heart
How do you listen?
And then once you do hear the land speak
How do you translate what it is saying?

I might not always be able to translate what a plant is saying.
I'm not fluent in the language of a tree
But the connection lives in the trying to understand each other and what our needs are

If you study plants, you see aspects of it that others might not. You speak a little of their language, because you can understand that when the white trillium has green striped petals, it's telling you that it's been infected with a bacteria. Or that when its petals turn pink, it just means that it's aging.

You can translate the story of a fallen tree and the new life that sprung from it or the transported spores that caused a mushroom to grow

Think about your current relationship to the land.
Do you feel like you are respectful?
Do you feel like you take too much?

The sounds of geese flying over head

The honourable harvest teaches us how to respect the exchange of life that happens when taking from the land
And the plants have always been our teachers
It's why we don't take the first thing we see, because it might be the last
It's why we ask first
It's why we use every part of what we take and we share it with others

(Whispered)
How do you give back?
Azhen

I speak Anishinaabemowin words because I know it makes my ancestors happy
And I know that there are other creatures who understand it
When I was younger, my Gramma used to tell us
"If you ever see a bear in the woods, speak Ojibwe to it!"

“Av

And it wouldn't hurt you.

This land has heard many many languages over the courses of time
And will continue to
It deserves our attention
And our time

And time
Well, it moves different for all of us creatures
Where are you in time, now?

Pause

Are you in the past? In memory?
Or in the future? In hope?
Or are you here, right now
In this moment with me and the land you stand on?

Take a breath

Sound of a slow inhale and exhale

Breathe in the world around you

Is the sun touching your skin?
Is your skin touching the sun?

If you are walking, find a place to safely come to a stop
Take a moment to find a spot that calls to you

Pause

This is our last stop

Silence

Feel your feet on the ground
How do *you* ground yourself?
Is it through breath?

Wiggle your toes if you can
Or reach down and feel the ground
Maybe it's concrete
Maybe it's grass
Maybe it's your floor
Wherever you are, I guarantee
There's a heartbeat in there

Muffled heartbeat that slowly gets louder

Deep in the earth
Can you hear it?

Bizindaw ode'

Heart beat

Do you feel it in your own body?
Do you hear it in your own body?
Bizindaw gide'

Touch your heart

Take a breath
Fill your lungs
Feel your breath fill your lungs
Feel the air rushing in
Filling your lungs
Breathe out

Heartbeat stops

Say thank you to the land in a language of your choosing

(whispered)
Miigwetch

The sound of water returns

Miigwech giwiiiji' (**gi-wee-ji**) niyaw (my body) **nee-yow**
Thank you for supporting my moving body

Miigwech giwiiiji' (**gi-wee-ji**) Ninjichaag (my soul) **nin-ji-chawg**
Thank you for supporting my spirit

Miigwech giwiiiji' (**gi-wee-ji**) inendamowin izhi-mino'ayaawin (my mental health)
in-ayn-duhmoh-in izhih-minoy-yaawin
Thank you for supporting my mind

Silence

Miigwech giwiiiji' (**gi-wee-ji**) nide' (my heart) **ni-day**
Thank you for supporting my heart

And miigwetch to you for going on this inose / field trip with me

Take one more deep breath

Inhale/exhale

Maybe take another sip of nibi - your water

I hope that you keep the land - the aki - with you as you continue on

Bamaapii and have a great rest of your day on this beautiful planet

*The sounds of the land return
And fade out*