

Gathering  
**Mawiyewakon**  
By Jenna Lyn Albert, City of Fredericton Poet Laureate 2019

Late September heat breaks  
**Metsiw Toqakuwi-kisuhs ehqihpote**

like a fever: we are all appetite.  
**tahalu oposuwakonakon: psi-te kilun kotuhpuwakon.**

Our familiar hunger beckons us  
**Pehqi kotuhpuwakonon wathomakun**

to old-growth. We forage  
**oloqiw 'kani-kisikok. Mamatuwessultipon**

through leaf litter, root amongst  
**sapiw mipey piyemiyak, kulopikuwan**

den trees on hands and knees.  
**aloqeyak oposiyik qeni yalapekultiyeq.**

Old white pine, rock maple  
**'Kani kuw, sonaw**

and bur oak offer us acorns,  
**naka wahcilomoss kmilkunen asahqahanol,**

pine nuts and delicate whirlybirds,  
**kuweyal pokanol naka puskoleyitit kiwtahqessitit sipsok,**

bark star-crossing our palms  
**pqonhikon possesom-ksokassit lamilcok**

with lines we are not yet able to read.  
**wici elapektekil mesq kisokitomuweq.**

We gather riverbank grapes,  
**Maqenomonen alaqiminol,**

gently pry chaga blooms from yellow  
**menakaci monikomonen 'cakaweyal psqahsuwekil 'ci-maciw**

birch for tea. Deer have marked

**mossonok 'ciw ti. Otuhkiyik 'kisi cilsawa**  
the finest crab-apple trees with deep  
**piyemi kolowosilit cikonesiseya oposi wici mulapitit**

runes and garlands of antler velvet.  
**tpaskutikonok naka ritsol 'cel somuwey cahcahges.**

Their tart fruit tops off the yield,  
**Suwahpukok minkasik nit etoli mehciyak kisikkil,**

pomanders scenting our procession  
**keqsinutiyil petaqhessik pemamkuhsiyeq**

from forest to feast. Place settings  
**'ci-maciw kcihqok tokiw etolihpultiyeq. Mitsihtasikil**

are simple: knife, fork, book.  
**peqosikonul: mihkutan, mitsut, wikhikon.**

Under harvest moon we break bread,  
**Neqiw amilkahtiney nipawset macehpultipon,**

break into the wine, salt liberally.  
**wici meqpahak, kekesk salawey.**

Each morsel is garnished with a story,  
**Ehtahsi micuwakon wiciye acomuwakon,**

words passing around the table  
**kolusuwakonol amoniyetul tuwihputik**

like half-sour pickles, canned beets.  
**tahalu epahsi-suwahpukok pihkolsol, kenhasitit mehqapskosicik.**

Lips pink from ripe elderberries  
**Lektunol amuwi-pqeyuwol 'ci kiscossok puskockolaniminol**

and poetry, we savour the creative  
**naka amalhewestuwey, wisokitahatomonen milikil**

juices lingering on our tongues.  
**pelkopahakil mec ehtek wilolmon.**