

“Two Eyed Seeing”

Kate Carveiro ~ January 2026



At river's bend, atop hill.

Her eyes absorb words displayed
across tree's memory.

A book- is it not life after death?

Coyote Medicine.

Heart resonates, cries out
for something so long missing.

Her soul craves the old ways.

Who are these people and where do I find them?

She searches for connection.

Two Eyed Seeing.

Energy builds in Heart....

GO!!!

Mind hesitates,

What if I don't belong?

Night before, unconsciousness doesn't keep.

Anticipation wakes early.

Two hours, tires circle south the asphalt highway.

Darkness gives way to light.

Hawk appears to guardian travel.

Arrive at high place of learning.

Wander frozen air

seeking meeting space

hidden behind concrete walls.

She arrives before most others.

Cold glass offers mirrored view.

She gazes upon neighboring river.

Winter reflects in.

Brother who coordinates audio video

extends welcoming smile.

A fellow sister offers "hello,"

a familiar soul.

She sits at room's middle left end,

as close as can be to river.

She breathes relief.

Imposter status dissipates,

belonging steps in.

Mindfulness awakens,

on the cusp of another place

far from where she's seated.

....she listens....

Lewis who leads,
voices Two Eyed Seeing creation.
Story melds, indigenous knowledge
offers to heal modern concerns.
Mutual respect. Don't fight. Both are right.
Brothers and sisters far and near
narrate tales of suffering and healing.

Colonization.
One who wanders without place.
One who's belonging disappears.
One who is disconnected from meaning.
One who is detached from Spirit.
One who asks who am I?

Loss of
too much too fast
creates impossible reality.
How can anything matter with so much missing?

One who hurts will hurt.
One who is without basic needs will not thrive.
One who ingests processed poison will malfunction.
One who is disrespected will not trust.
Is it even a wonder?

The anger-
for one who knows it's not fair.

The alcohol and drugs-
for one who desperately tries to escape pain.

The depression-
for one who shuts down in loneliness.

The disease-
for one who is not at ease.

All are screaming for help.

Stop turning blind eyes.

Detached systems are not working!

Can't we see we are sick too?

What is the answer?

The individual is fragile,
the whole is strong.

What if?

All that is stolen is returned.

Land, Culture, Language, Ceremony, Kinship.

Can we center our women

back to land?

Can we weave our way

back to culture?

Can we sing our stories

back to language?

Can we dance our bodies

back to ceremony?

Can we find ourselves

back in kinship?

Can we ever mend all we have done?

Humanity demands we try.

The ones who colonize
need reminding,
they were indigenous once too.

There was a time.

Before the first human
ripped the second human
from Mother's bounty,
against their own will.

Too long ago for them
to even remember.

Or is it?

Do they push forward
in need of conquer and control
only to hide the pain
originally done on them?
All told, "it's for the better."
Hurt people hurt people.

Two eyed seeing.

Something is stirring
People are getting ready.
Gathering circles of loving light
take hold one another's darkness.
Forming in all Earth's corners.

Sister Sandra teaches us her lesson
“you can’t keep it if you don’t give it away.”

So she has turned
to lend a hand to those still
remaining lost on the path.
As have so many others.

We are listening
to anger and hurt
to clear out shame and guilt.

We are turning dis ease
into communities.

We are erasing death sentences
through unified journeys of hope.

We are strengthening soil
to supply for the future.

With one eye
we enlarge spiritual condition,
with the other
we heal our biological being.

She believes in this,
feels this,
Resonation
leaks water
from her eyes.

Her soul suspended
lingering on another wavelength.

Trying to consume
all that's been spoken.

In humbled state
she pulls back to present.

Lewis who leads tells of changed plans.

Brothers and sisters must depart
sooner than expected.

Snow is coming
risking travel's safety.

Two hours, tires circle north the asphalt highway.

Hawk appears to guardian travel.

Light gives way to darkness.

At river's bend, atop hill

She arrives at her place of shelter.

Family greets her with open arms.

Heart is happy

to find something so long missing.

Old ways, her soul already knew.

Here are my people.

I have found them.

She has connection.

Two Eyed Seeing.