

## Dreamcatcher

by Brittany Bjorndal

Feathers, beads, dreams  
memories caught between

webs and wind  
and ebb and flow.

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We wove a dream to find  
I dreamt we all found peace

the dream flowed through  
the web stayed still.

\*

The feathers; white, black, or blue,  
each bead counted, threaded through

the holy sinew; prayer-laced,  
the patterns passed down and around.

\*

I wove a dream  
a dream within my hands

to carry us home  
across the mountains and seas.

\*

This web of dreams  
as ancient as a spider's

this web of words  
as ancient as the trees.

\*

This catcher of dreams  
that has guarded our sleep,

this circle of sinew, of feathers, and beads



has given us back the courage to dream.

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