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Chiricahua territory without even consulting them—as if they did not even exist. The Mexicans, though conquered, were fellow Europeans, fellow Christians.

Mangas Coloradas, who came in to talk peace, was murdered in the middle of the night in captivity by the United States Army, which allowed itself to be the agent not just of Manifest Destiny but of the Lockean principle that those who did not turn the earth to account had no right to it. Thus much can be inferred from Sweeney's restrained text, for example, when he writes of the civilians who opposed the creation of a reservation for the Chiricahuas on choice land: "After all, they must have reasoned, what if this proposed reservation contained valuable minerals? Would those not go to waste in the domain of the barbaric Apaches?" (p. 393)

What Sweeney finally cannot bring himself to say or even imply is that Victorio alone among the Chiricahua chiefs finally understood that there could be no accommodation with the European, that total war was the only alternative, if suicidal—what Mangas Coloradas called "war to the knife." Despite Mangas'—and later Cochise's—attempts at accommodation, where is the Chiricahua Reservation? In the period after Mangas Coloradas, the greed of the miners at Piños Altos was succeeded by the greed of southern Arizonans; the massive punitive campaign of General Benjamin Bonneville against the Bedonkohes and Chihennes in 1857, which Sweeney dubs "the first and the last of its kind in Apache warfare," was duplicated and outdone by General Nelson Miles' even more massive punitive campaign against Geronimo in 1885 and 1886 (p. 354). The settlers and the army both wanted total revenge against these most formidable freedom fighters, a revenge that virtually obliterated the Chiricahuas. The closest the Chiricahuas could ever get to their homeland after being held for a quarter of a century as prisoners of war was the reservation of their often hostile relations, the Mescaleros, in southeastern New Mexico. It is as if the mangled corpse of Mangas Coloradas still wanders the ghostly terrain of his appropriated country alone, alienated, unappeased.

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No Borders. By Joseph Bruchac. Duluth: Holy Cow! Press, 1999. 100 pages. \$12.95 paper.

To say that Joseph Bruchac is only a Native American writer would be to put limits on the scope of his work. Since his first collection, *Indian Mountain and Other Poems* (1971), Bruchac's output has been wide-ranging. While his Abenaki heritage, its myths, traditions, and accompanying ideology, play an influential role in his writing, his vision in *No Borders*, his most recent, major collection of poetry since *Near the Mountains* (1987), is surely global. In *No Borders*, Bruchac writes with the ease of an experienced poet, demonstrating a keen awareness for the subtle nuances of language. *No Borders* is not a

collection that takes many risks, though the work is consistently strong. These poems will certainly place Bruchac among an elite group of writers of his generation who pass on to a younger audience a lifetime of dedication to a most difficult art.

While much of Bruchac's work in the last decade has been focused on fiction and Native American storytelling for a younger readership, he has continued his work as a poet with pieces appearing from time to time in anthologies and small literary journals. Bruchac has also been an active editor of such notable collections as *Returning the Gift: Poetry and Prose from the First North American Native Writers Festival* (1994) and *Survival This Way: Interviews with American Indian Poets* (1990). As with his previous, prolific work in multiple genres, Bruchac continues to write with an ecological ethic often informed by his Abenaki ancestry. From Ghana to California to Wisconsin to Colorado, or in his familiar Adirondack foothills, poems in *No Borders* oscillate between home and away. In such circumnavigation, Bruchac discovers connectedness, espousing a need for balance and eschewing all which separates the human spirit from the creation.

The style of *No Borders* is both lyrical and narrative as with the poems of Anita Endrezze, Jim Barnes, or environmentalist Pattiann Rogers. As with Endrezze and Rogers, Bruchac leaves few details undiscovered. He works largely with a line of medium length allowing his words to tumble down his pages like falling water, as do many of Gary Snyder's most successful pieces. While initially the lack of sectional division in the collection may suggest a need for greater internal organization, the title, *No Borders*, becomes more than thematic. Longer meditative pieces make up the middle of the text, which has a clear, cyclical shape. The poems, though at times bordering on the didactic, use a comfortable, conversational language often filled with natural imagery that has a defined metaphorical significance. Bruchac's didacticism is, however, not without purpose as this collection's telling is intrinsic to its showing.

The opening epigraph establishes much of *No Borders'* focus: "For all those who see this earth without maps." While a physical map establishes clear boundaries, Bruchac suggests that without borders and limitations we can come to know our world and ourselves in ways differently, and perhaps more deeply, than we ever have. For Bruchac, it seems essential that we recognize our ancestries and traditions as we embrace the world beyond and in front of us. Bruchac's *No Borders* will appeal not only to a Native American audience in this respect, but also to a developing community of eco-critical readers. To live in this world, Bruchac argues, necessitates a sense of balance, a recurring motif throughout the collection. The first poem, "Snowshoeing Across Lake Champlain," equates balance with survival (p. 9). Imbalance, Bruchac argues, can lead to improper decisions and a crippled spirit, "where three season's worth of baskets / could be traded for a winter of provisions / or a two week drunk—" (p. 9).

The notion of proper balance figures heavily in the collection's many successful poems with an ecological, spiritual focus. Bruchac treats this theme respectfully. For Bruchac, the environments of the physical world are places

where we can come to know ourselves through the creation. Bruchac's Abenaki heritage and his reverence for nature inform many of these poems. Such an environment, as depicted in "Fallen Ash Tree," is regenerative and cyclic; from a decaying, downed tree "seeds" can "lift with spring" (p. 15). The natural places and animals found in "Desert Tortoise in the Rain" or "Geese Flying Over a Prison Sweat Lodge" seek to be recognized like geese who "bark an answer, / their touch deep as bone, / speaking words never written / that always mean home" (p. 25). To connect with these worlds, one must listen and feel.

In contrast, the imbalanced spirit is one separated from the creation as in "The Camargue," which focus on a fallen Europe:

So much human history
 makes less of the land.
 Memories of the many empires
 are written into every European map.
 Earth means no more
 than territory owned,
 baronies and departments,
 prefectures and duchys.
 Even the sea here is charted
 and confined, defined by battles,
 equally filled with human sewage
 and the wreckage of Rome and Carthage
 and more recent armored
 dreams of dominion. (p. 38)

Bruchac condemns Europeans for "clos[ing] the eyes / of those who might be native / to see that countenance / which is not human, / the last face of the holy earth" (p. 39). Such closed-off souls fail to recognize "the heartbeat in the sea" (p. 39). These are precepts to which no eco-conscious reader would take offense.

In the subsequent "Red Rock," Bruchac criticizes the greed of people like his son's "Economics teacher," "proving this earth / is only useful for human profit, / laughing at the thought of sacred land" (p. 42). For Bruchac the land has intrinsic value. It is able to facilitate in us an understanding of the depth of our spirits and a connection to the creation around us. The proper relationship to this world is that of caretaker, "that though we can destroy / the gifts of this land / we never own them, / only hold them / for the next generation" (p. 43).

In the reflective "On Lenape Land," Bruchac finds a connection between the Lenape and Cree; for them, a regard for nature brings an enhanced spirituality and provides a sense of proper balance. Bruchac demonstrates how art, or a "carved wooden post," acts in a symbolic, reverential fashion; a Lenape carving reminds Bruchac of Cree carvings for the "wabeno, the one chosen by spirits / to heal the unbalanced, see ways into earth, / pierce the hearts of stone with a voice" (p. 44). Similarly reverential

is the Inupiaq Whaler in “Inupiaq Whaler on the Browerville Bus,” who finds a struck whale believed lost in a recent hunt. He seeks “to give its [the whale’s] spirit a special thanks / for giving itself back to us” (p. 46). The notion of balance, in a more metaphysical and ecological way, is also the theme of “Nothing Vanishes”:

If nothing physical ever vanishes
 without transmutation,
 without some trace
 without some useful
 exchange of atoms,
 matter into energy,
 time in space
 a balanced balance
 then in a sense
 we all have done
 this dance before. (p. 48)

Such poems importantly demonstrate the need for balance and reverence in an increasingly irreverent age, where many people see only a disposable world. What *No Borders* effectively shows is a sense of greater unity to the creation, an interrelated world where each choice has definable consequences.

Other strong pieces such as “The Deer Are Calling Us,” “Great Blue Herons,” and “Seven Moons” further recall the collection’s major themes. In the sequence “Seven Moons,” Bruchac writes about the cyclic nature of the universe. For him lunar cycles represent a more natural way to measure time as opposed to the European calendar. The poems in this sequence have a gentle lyricism, demonstrating Bruchac’s keen ear as in “KTSI MANIDO [Great Spirit Moon]”:

Now as the drifts pile deep,
 the oldest tales remember themselves
 on the lips of those who share.
 The teachings of the animal people,
 those who fly and walk,
 those who swim and crawl,
 are loaned again for us to hear
 in stories older than human breath. (p. 90)

The only drawback to this successful sequence is that we only get part of the year’s cycle of poems.

Throughout *No Borders*, Bruchac provides his readers a way of being in the world. By the collection’s end, it is difficult not to be affected by his message and its immediate importance. In learning about this world, we come to know ourselves better. The unity of the creation about us is to be embraced, celebrated, revered, and preserved. Without balance, we destroy both the environment’s ecology and ourselves. Each part of the world that slips away from