

## A word about MARION MUTALA

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Marion Mutala's book *Ukrainian Daughter's Dance* arrived home weeks ago. My poet heart quickly picked up a whole world of movement, sound, color in her poetry alongside the deeply-rooted sense of belonging to her traditions, and her will to honor and remember, all of which float intensely and wondrously in Marion's poems.

Ukrainian by birth, Canadian by choice, Marion enraptures us with her musical poetry. It is all motion, hues, pain, hope, refuge in nature; close images neatly and sincerely outlined for us. The three poems I chose will show you a poet whose soul is richly gifted and in return it gives us rainbows, winds and snow, depicted with passion and expressive power. The poem "Snow," for example, is a feat of work in words that reflect the poet's state of mind and her connection to what she sees, so much so that "Its beauty tricks me / into opening the door / Cold snow."

Enjoy these poems, my friends, as I have too.

(Taken from *Ukrainian Daughter's Dance*, Inanna Publications and Education Inc., 2016)

### **Rainbow**

Imagine the rainbow  
Magnificent colours  
Subtle, certain tints, like pink hues  
Moments create soft shades  
Years blend shadows in space  
I crave coloured tastes like ice cream, in 1,000 daily flavours  
Imagine an internal reflection of light  
Bright, boisterous sensations  
Coloured jets burst like pop rockets exploding in my mouth  
A double helix-spiral  
Yellow, vivid changing auras  
Today a vibrant boomerang  
Tomorrow a chameleon  
I am the rainbow  
Watch me

## ***Winds Blow***

How the winds blow  
Howling  
Eerie, whistling through windows

How the winds blow  
Bringing  
Frigid air, mountains of snow

“I ain’t going anywhere tonight and maybe even tomorrow”

How the north winds blow in Saskatchewan  
This stormy April night

## ***Snow***

Inside  
Through the windowpane  
White, pure, powdery flakes  
Mesmerizing  
Magical crystals  
True essence; glitters and sparkles  
Its beauty tricks me  
into opening the door  
Cold snow