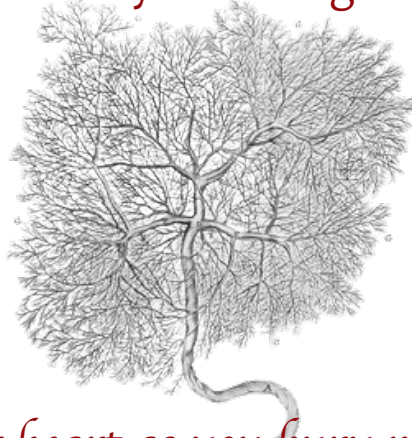


# The Placenta

Author: Unknown

“ At the beginning of your world, I was part of you. Made of the same luminous fabric, flesh of your flesh, of our father and mother’s being. As we grew, we were separated but united. I fed you, breathed for you, became a pathway for the flushing currents of our mother’s blood. As you slept, I was your cradle and your guard; when you awoke I was your companion. Together for that last day I leashed you to the very limits of our linking line before releasing you to the touch of others, but surely none will hold you as nearly, as sweetly or as softly as I did. As our connection was severed you wept for me once, then you were gone.”



*Carry me deep in your heart as you bury me in the soil of our home,  
for I am the earth of your making*

Traditionally, we make sure that we take the placenta home with us after delivery. There are many ceremonies surrounding the placenta but one that seems to be the most common among the Anishnabe from this area is to bury the placenta in the earth somewhere close to home or a place that is sacred to the family. This way the child always has a place to go for guidance or to a call home. It is said that a child will not get lost as long as they are grounded to their home.

