My name is Saul Indian Horse.

I am the son of Mary Marshall and John Indian Horse. My grandfather was called Solomon, so my name is the diminutive of his.

My people are from the First Clan of the northern Ojibway, the Anishinabe, we call ourselves the Ojibwe.

We make our home in the territories along the Winnipeg River, where we the river opens wide before crossing into Manitoba after it leaves Lake of the Woods and the rugged spine of northern Ontario.

They say that our cheekbones are cut from those granite ridges that rise above our homeland.

They say that the deep brown of our eyes seeped out of the fecund earth long before hair comes from the waving grasses that thatch the edges of bays. Our feet and hands are broad and flat and sturdy, like the paws of a bear.