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| **A Survivors Prayer**Terry Lusty, Creator help me, ease my pain 1Do not let my prayers be in vainRaise me gently to your clouds on highComfort us survivors ’til the day we die.It’s been no easy matter to forgive and forget 5Those who wronged us in their religious netStill, many of us put it behind and forgaveIn our quest for closure, our sanity to save.We have travelled so long, so very farBearing the memories, healing our scars 10We lived with the trauma all of these yearsIt truly is difficult to stifle these tears.We lose control, let emotions take flightAny time, any place, be it day or nightNo matter how resilient our people may be 15Only you, Creator, can set us free.So Creator, help us, ease our painDo not allow our prayers to be in vainRaise us gently to your world on highComfort us survivors ’til the day we die. 20Hiy – hiy! (Thank you!)[Residential Schools](https://allpoetry.com/poem/12171330-Residential-Schools-by-TiffanyClouthier)The men with the white skin, 1Brutally took the children away,To be brought to their new schools,On that awful, fateful day.Taken away from their parents, 5That they had known all of their life,They were sent to a school,So full of abuse and strife.They learned very little from books,Their education was cruel, 10Boys were given shovels,While the girls a thread and spool.They were told their traditions were evil,That their culture was wrong,Their names were taken, records destroyed, 15The shameful list goes on and on.The Residential School was a lie,It was nothing as it was imposed.The government once denied it, But the last school has now been closed, 20Compensation has been made to survivors,But the generations following, suffer too,All because the white man,Was given the power to decide what to do. Identify the examples of the following poetic devices from the poems listed and explain why it is an example of that poetic device. (see example below)Title Line – A survivor’s prayer- allusionThis line is an example of allusion because it refers to a survivor of residential school, which they assume the reader knows about.A survivor’s prayerLine 1- allusionLine 4-allusionLine 5- alliterationLine 7- metaphorLine 8- personificationLine 9-hyperboleLine 11- personificationLine 13-metaphorLine 14-hyperboleResidential School Line 3- alliterationLine 5-assonanceLine 9- oxymoronLine 10-personificationLine 13- personificationLine 15- metaphorLine 17- allusionLine 24- assonanceThe Elder Line 1- metaphorLine2- alliterationLine 3- metaphorLine 4- assonanceLine 5- alliterationLine 6- allusionLine 9- oxymoronLine 12- allusionLine 16- consonanceLine 19- allusionLine 32- ironyAnswer the following questions about these poems with a reason, example and explanation in full sentences.A survivor’s prayer |  The Elder by Patsy Jackson, Banyo, QueenslandI gazed into the depths of his dark brown eyes 1And wondered what secret within them liesI wished I had the knowledge they holdBut I couldn't ask, I'm not so bold.Could he tell me how the sea birds know 5There is water inland and its in full flowWinding its way to Lake EyreAnd a myriad of birds lay their eggs there.He can find food and water in the arid landI look and all I see is brown dry sand 10He knows the language of many tribesAnd knows where the sand goanna hides.The undergrowth is fired at a certain timeSo the grasses next year will be primeThe seeds are crushed to make flour 15Damper is made to eat at the evening hour.The young like the music of the drum and the guitarThey think it is much better by farBut the Elders still prefer the didgeridooThat fills the desert with sounds all through. 20He is proud of the tribes people, who paintStories of the Dreamtime in lines and dots.The stories that have been told by EldersAt night, by the glow of the fires' embers.He knows that tribal living must move on 25The kids must get an educationLiteracy and technology has to be taughtAlong with dance, art, music and sport.The kids must cross that great divideTell the world the Indigenous race is alive. 30With education a message will sendThat this is the beginning—not the end.  **Residential School****The Elder** |

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| **Move A Mountain** **(Walk A Mile In Her Shoes)****By Janet Marie Rogers**We want more 1and we want it nowWe want it to stopand we want it to stop nowlies are violence 5stop telling liesand holding backfactsthere is only truthand you know this 10we know thiswe feel ittruth is a choiceso choose itit will set you 15freefreedomis worth it We are survivorswith many scars 20lined along body territoriesbrought together makingroad maps looking like turtle’s backthis land massour home, where sisters 25go missing, we miss themthis physical place so disconnectedwe hear them call to usthey keep calling to us Come back Sisters 30to the teepees and lodges Come back Auntiesto the bighouses and wigwamsCome back Granniesto the forest deep lean-tos 35Come back Clan-Mothersmore than ever, we need you Do not walk softlyinstead let your steps resoundon solid ground, 40travelling down into earth where my grandmothersleeps and yours does too.We knock on her door and sayshow us the way 45teach us, the wordsfeed us knowledge andreconnect us to earth | Criminalized catastrophesmake headlines every time 50The time it takes to keepus safe takes up so much.Hours better spent collectingbeautiful lessons and blurringthe lines between us until 55we begin to move togetherventuring outward undermagical moonlight withoutworry of darkness or danger.Running in celebration through 60light filled fieldsthis need for protectionproduces so much distractionmakes my head, and bodyache with exhaustion. 65Stay calm reclaim your place If we can really walk in her shoeswe wouldn’t be walking at allbut running for our livesrunning with the wolves 70 We stand and watchdigital clocks rolloverinto another yearwithout resolution or solution.We see Elders mimic 75Creator in folded-armed stancesThey ask“you don’t know war is wrong yet”“You haven’t stopped the violence”? 80 Simple teachings are within reachingwe take it one step to the nextwe make it our businessto correct this 85we expand our mindsto the endless possibilities.It looks like razor sharp witand feels like fire flaressounds like heart beats on the 90 groundso you better walk loud because.there is nothing more powerfulthan a woman nakedstanding in nothing 95but her intoxicating beautyher gorgeous forthrightnessher strength to protect thoseshe loves. | No weapon can penetrate this. 100Action.Our survival is a politicalactionwe walkwith intention 105our legacyis us, livingas examplesagents of changemoving in unison. 110It is time it is timeTo move, movemove the mountain.**Janet is a Mohawk/Tuscarora writer from the Six Nations band in southern Ontario. She was born in Vancouver British Columbia and has been living on the traditional lands of the Coast Salish people (Victoria, British Columbia) since 1994. Janet works in the genres of poetry, short fiction, spoken word performance poetry, video-poetry and recorded poems with music and script writing.** |
| **Washing the World****By Anna Marie Sewell**In the dark at this end of the year 1so much stacked up against the lightbetween us, against the oddsdespite the tears, in this season’s bitter windlisten to a dream 5in which grandmothers standshoulder to shoulder, on the rim of a hillthey bend as one, and grasp one thing togetherask them, in the dream world, whydo they cry… and they will show you in reply 10their shawls of many colours, spread these wingssweep you in and teach you howonce a year, in the dark of the yearwe wash the whole world in a day.for one day, we cry. 15 from one dawn to the nextremember the fallenmourning for the brokenwailing for regretslove lost, wrong words, wrong actions 20unbalanced moments and all the cracksbetween heart and heart, parent and childlover and beloved friend, nation and nationcreature, and creature of another kind for what we choose and what we neglect to choose 25for what we wish we’d knownfor each hand unclaspedthe tongue unbridledone whisper falling short of heardthe bread far from the hunger 30the apologythe confusionthe broken road these things we gather in this blanketbrown and sand and beige 35we wash the world, between uswe hold this blanket, fill it with our tearsand when we have criedfrom one dawn to the nextthen we will rise, and we dance 40cradling this ocean, bitter healing, dark | let them lay your hands upon the truth of beauty lostheavy, soft as mossthis blanket full of tears and dust and dyingbecomes, as the light is returning 45the promisewashed cleanby our sorrownot so much redemptionas the logic of seasons 50calls for justice, to restore the rhythmone day, the lawmakers must exittheir echoing halls, fall inwith the grandmothersdancing 55carrying itcry it cleanuntil light through their bodiestranslates to rainbows strung over the land.she tells me that, her eyes all red. 60and shrugs.and trudges off through the deepsnow blanket that coversthis end of another yearwaiting. 65 |

#### The Elder – questions

#### Explore the poem

* Why wouldn’t the author dare asking the Elder (first verse)? What does this say about Aboriginal protocol?
* What does the line “I look and all I see is brown dry sand” tell you about the new generation of Aboriginal people?
* What is the “great divide”? How could it be overcome?