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| **A Survivors Prayer**  Terry Lusty,  Creator help me, ease my pain 1  Do not let my prayers be in vain  Raise me gently to your clouds on high  Comfort us survivors ’til the day we die.  It’s been no easy matter to forgive and forget 5  Those who wronged us in their religious net  Still, many of us put it behind and forgave  In our quest for closure, our sanity to save.  We have travelled so long, so very far  Bearing the memories, healing our scars 10  We lived with the trauma all of these years  It truly is difficult to stifle these tears.  We lose control, let emotions take flight  Any time, any place, be it day or night  No matter how resilient our people may be 15  Only you, Creator, can set us free.  So Creator, help us, ease our pain  Do not allow our prayers to be in vain  Raise us gently to your world on high  Comfort us survivors ’til the day we die. 20  Hiy – hiy! (Thank you!)  [Residential Schools](https://allpoetry.com/poem/12171330-Residential-Schools-by-TiffanyClouthier)  The men with the white skin, 1 Brutally took the children away, To be brought to their new schools, On that awful, fateful day.  Taken away from their parents, 5 That 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, 10 Boys 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, 15 The 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, 20  Compensation 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- allusion  This 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 prayer  Line 1- allusion  Line 4-allusion  Line 5- alliteration  Line 7- metaphor  Line 8- personification  Line 9-hyperbole  Line 11- personification  Line 13-metaphor  Line 14-hyperbole  Residential School  Line 3- alliteration  Line 5-assonance  Line 9- oxymoron  Line 10-personification  Line 13- personification  Line 15- metaphor  Line 17- allusion  Line 24- assonance  The Elder  Line 1- metaphor  Line2- alliteration  Line 3- metaphor  Line 4- assonance  Line 5- alliteration  Line 6- allusion  Line 9- oxymoron  Line 12- allusion  Line 16- consonance  Line 19- allusion  Line 32- irony  Answer 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, Queensland  I gazed into the depths of his dark brown eyes 1  And wondered what secret within them lies  I wished I had the knowledge they hold  But I couldn't ask, I'm not so bold.  Could he tell me how the sea birds know 5  There is water inland and its in full flow  Winding its way to Lake Eyre  And a myriad of birds lay their eggs there.  He can find food and water in the arid land  I look and all I see is brown dry sand 10  He knows the language of many tribes  And knows where the sand goanna hides.  The undergrowth is fired at a certain time  So the grasses next year will be prime  The seeds are crushed to make flour 15  Damper is made to eat at the evening hour.  The young like the music of the drum and the guitar  They think it is much better by far  But the Elders still prefer the didgeridoo  That fills the desert with sounds all through. 20  He is proud of the tribes people, who paint  Stories of the Dreamtime in lines and dots.  The stories that have been told by Elders  At night, by the glow of the fires' embers.  He knows that tribal living must move on 25  The kids must get an education  Literacy and technology has to be taught  Along with dance, art, music and sport.  The kids must cross that great divide  Tell the world the Indigenous race is alive. 30  With education a message will send  That 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 1  and we want it now  We want it to stop  and we want it to stop now  lies are violence 5  stop telling lies  and holding back  facts  there is only truth  and you know this 10  we know this  we feel it  truth is a choice  so choose it  it will set you 15  free  freedom  is worth it    We are survivors  with many scars 20  lined along body territories  brought together making  road maps looking like turtle’s back  this land mass  our home, where sisters 25  go missing, we miss them  this physical place so disconnected  we hear them call to us  they keep calling to us    Come back Sisters 30  to the teepees and lodges  Come back Aunties  to the bighouses and wigwams  Come back Grannies  to the forest deep lean-tos 35  Come back Clan-Mothers  more than ever, we need you    Do not walk softly  instead let your steps resound  on solid ground, 40  travelling down into  earth where my grandmother  sleeps and yours does too.  We knock on her door and say  show us the way 45  teach us, the words  feed us knowledge and  reconnect us to earth | Criminalized catastrophes  make headlines every time 50  The time it takes to keep  us safe takes up so much.  Hours better spent collecting  beautiful lessons and blurring  the lines between us until 55  we begin to move together  venturing outward under  magical moonlight without  worry of darkness or danger.  Running in celebration through 60  light filled fields  this need for protection  produces so much distraction  makes my head, and body  ache with exhaustion. 65  Stay calm reclaim your place    If we can really walk in her shoes  we wouldn’t be walking at all  but running for our lives  running with the wolves 70    We stand and watch  digital clocks rollover  into another year  without resolution or solution.  We see Elders mimic 75  Creator in folded-armed stances  They ask  “you don’t know war is wrong yet”  “You haven’t stopped the violence”? 80    Simple teachings are within reaching  we take it one step to the next  we make it our business  to correct this 85  we expand our minds  to the endless possibilities.  It looks like razor sharp wit  and feels like fire flares  sounds like heart beats on the 90 ground  so you better walk loud because.  there is nothing more powerful  than a woman naked  standing in nothing 95  but her intoxicating beauty  her gorgeous forthrightness  her strength to protect those  she loves. | | No weapon can penetrate this. 100  Action.  Our survival is a political  action  we walk  with intention 105  our legacy  is us, living  as examples  agents of change  moving in unison. 110  It is time it is time  To move, move  move 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 1  so much stacked up against the light  between us, against the odds  despite the tears, in this season’s bitter wind  listen to a dream 5  in which grandmothers stand  shoulder to shoulder, on the rim of a hill  they bend as one, and grasp one thing together  ask them, in the dream world, why  do they cry… and they will show you in reply 10  their shawls of many colours, spread these wings  sweep you in and teach you how  once a year, in the dark of the year  we wash the whole world in a day.  for one day, we cry. 15    from one dawn to the next  remember the fallen  mourning for the broken  wailing for regrets  love lost, wrong words, wrong actions 20  unbalanced moments and all the cracks  between heart and heart, parent and child  lover and beloved friend, nation and nation  creature, and creature of another kind    for what we choose and what we neglect to choose 25  for what we wish we’d known  for each hand unclasped  the tongue unbridled  one whisper falling short of heard  the bread far from the hunger 30  the apology  the confusion  the broken road    these things we gather in this blanket  brown and sand and beige 35  we wash the world, between us  we hold this blanket, fill it with our tears  and when we have cried  from one dawn to the next  then we will rise, and we dance 40  cradling this ocean, bitter healing, dark | | let them lay your hands upon the truth of beauty lost  heavy, soft as moss  this blanket full of tears and dust and dying  becomes, as the light is returning 45  the promise  washed clean  by our sorrow  not so much redemption  as the logic of seasons 50  calls for justice, to restore the rhythm  one day, the lawmakers must exit  their echoing halls, fall in  with the grandmothers  dancing 55  carrying it  cry it clean  until light through their bodies  translates to rainbows strung over the land.  she tells me that, her eyes all red. 60  and shrugs.  and trudges off through the deep  snow blanket that covers  this end of another year  waiting. 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?