Poetry worksheet alternate assignments- Do one for each missing assignment

You must one set of the following questions for each of the poetry assignments you have missed. You can choose from the poems below the questions. The identification questions must be answered using the definition to explain how the line of poetry is an example of the term. The meaning questions must be answered in full sentences with at least one reason, example and explanation given.

Identification Questions

1. Identify 10 poetic devices being used in the poem. Identify the line the device is being used in and write it down. Then explain how it is an example of the poetic device using the definition.

Meaning questions

1. What is the poem about? How do you know? Give 1 reason with an examples and an explanation.
2. What is the theme (main message) of the poem? What specific evidence in the poem makes you think this? Explain your answer.
3. What does the poem teach us about first nations culture/issues? Give specific examples from the poem to support your answer.

Poems to choose from

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| Walking Both Sides of an Invisible Border  By Alootook Ipellie  It is never easy  Walking with an invisible border  Separating my left and right foot  I feel like an illegitimate child  Forsaken by my parents  At least I can claim innocence  Since I did not ask to come  Into this world  Walking on both sides of this  Invisible border  Each and every day  And for the rest of my life  Is like having been  Sentenced to a torture chamber  Without having committed a crime  Understanding the history of humanity  I am not the least surprised  This is happening to me  A non-entity  During this population explosion  In a minuscule world | I did not ask to be born an Inuk  Nor did I ask to be forced  To learn an alien culture  With an alien language  But I lucked out on fate  Which I am unable to do  I have resorted to fancy dancing  In order to survive each day  No wonder I have earned  The dubious reputation of being  The world’s premier choreographer  Of distinctive dance steps  That allow me to avoid  Potential personal paranoia  On both sides of this invisible border  Sometimes this border becomes so wide  That I am unable to take another step  My feet being too far apart  When my crotch begins to tear apart  I am forced to invent  A brand new dance step  The premier choreographer  Saving the day once more | | Destiny acted itself out  Deciding for me where I would come from  And what I would become  So I am left to fend for myself  Walking in two different worlds  Trying my best to make sense  Of two opposing cultures  Which are unable to integrate  Lest they swallow one another whole  Each and every day  Is a fighting day  A war of raw nerves  And to show for my efforts  I have a fair share of wins and losses  When will all this end  This senseless battle  Between my left and right foot  When will the invisible border  Cease to be |
| **Lament for Confederation- Chief Dan George- 1967 Confederation speech**  How long have I known you, Oh Canada?  A hundred years? Yes, a hundred years.  And many, many ‘seelanum’ more.  And today, when you celebrate your hundred years, Oh Canada,  I am sad for all the Indian people throughout the land.  For I have known you when your forests were mine;  when they gave me my meat and my clothing.  I have known you in your streams and rivers  where your fish flashed and danced in the sun,  where the waters said 'come, come and eat of my abundance.'  I have known you in the freedom of the winds.  And my spirit, like the winds, once roamed your good lands.  But in the long hundred years since the white man came,  I have seen my freedom disappear like the salmon going mysteriously out to sea.  The white man's strange customs, which I could not understand,  pressed down upon me until I could no longer breathe.  When I fought to protect my land and my home, I was called a savage.  When I neither understood nor welcomed his way of life, I was called lazy.  When I tried to rule my people, I was stripped of my authority.  My nation was ignored in your history textbooks  - they were little more important in the history of Canada than the buffalo that ranged the plains.  I was ridiculed in your plays and motion pictures,  and when I drank your fire-water, I got drunk - very, very drunk. And I forgot.  Oh Canada, how can I celebrate with you this Centenary, this hundred years?  Shall I thank you for the reserves that are left to me of my beautiful forests?  For the canned fish of my rivers?  For the loss of my pride and authority, even among my own people?  For the lack of my will to fight back? | | No! I must forget what's past and gone.  Oh God in heaven! Give me back the courage of the olden chiefs.  Let me wrestle with my surroundings.  Let me again, as in the days of old, dominate my environment.  Let me humbly accept this new culture and through it rise up and go on.  Oh God! Like the thunderbird of old I shall rise again out of the sea;  I shall grab the instruments of the white man's success-his education, his skills-  and with these new tools I shall build my race into the proudest segment of your society.  Before I follow the great chiefs who have gone before us, Oh Canada, I shall see these things come to pass.  I shall see our young braves and our chiefs sitting in the houses of law and government,  ruling and being ruled by the knowledge and freedoms of our great land.  So shall we shatter the barriers of our isolation.  So shall the next hundred years be the greatest in the proud history of our tribes and nations. | |

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| **MONSTER, A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL EXPERIENCE (2 pages)**  *By Dennis Saddleman*  I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL  I HATE YOU  YOU’RE A MONSTER  A HUGE HUNGRY MONSTER  BUILT WITH STEEL BONES 5  BUILT WITH CEMENT FLESH  YOU’RE A MONSTER  BUILT TO DEVOUR  INNOCENT NATIVE CHILDREN  YOU’RE A COLD-HEARTED MONSTER 10  COLD AS THE CEMENT FLOORS  YOU HAVE NO LOVE  NO GENTLE ATMOSPHERE  YOUR UGLY FACE GROOVED WITH RED BRICKS  YOUR MONSTER EYES GLARE 15  FROM GRIMY WINDOWS  MONSTER EYES SO EVIL  MONSTER EYES WATCHING  TERRIFIED CHILDREN  COWER WITH SHAME 20  I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL I HATE YOU  YOU’RE A SLIMY MONSTER  OOZING IN THE SHADOWS OF MY PAST  GO AWAY LEAVE ME ALONE  YOU’RE FOLLOWING ME FOLLOWING ME WHEREVER I GO 25  YOU’RE IN MY DREAMS IN MY MEMORIES  GO AWAY MONSTER GO AWAY  I HATE YOU YOU’RE FOLLOWING ME  I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL I HATE YOU  YOU’RE A MONSTER WITH HUGE WATERY MOUTH 30  MOUTH OF DOUBLE DOORS  YOUR WIDE MOUTH TOOK ME  YOUR YELLOW STAINED TEETH CHEWED  THE INDIAN OUT OF ME  YOUR TEETH CRUNCHED MY LANGUAGE 35  GRINDED MY RITUALS AND MY TRADITIONS  YOUR TASTE BUDS BECAME BITTER  WHEN YOU TASTED MY RED SKIN  YOU SWALLOWED ME WITH DISGUST  YOUR FACE WRINKLED WHEN YOU 40 | TASTED MY STRONG PRIDE  I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL I HATE YOU  YOU’RE A MONSTER  YOUR THROAT MUSCLES FORCED ME  DOWN TO YOUR STOMACH 45  YOUR THROAT MUSCLES SQUEEZED MY HAPPINESS  SQUEEZED MY DREAMS  SQUEEZED MY NATIVE VOICE  YOUR THROAT BECAME CLOGGED WITH MY SACRED SPIRIT  YOU COUGHED AND YOU CHOKED 50  FOR YOU CANNOT WITH STAND MY  SPIRITUAL SONGS AND DANCES  I HATE YOU RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL I HATE YOU  YOU’RE A MONSTER  YOUR STOMACH UPSET EVERY TIME I WET MY BED 55  YOUR STOMACH RUMBLED WITH ANGER  EVERY TIME I FELL ASLEEP IN CHURCH  Your stomach growled at me every time I broke the school rules  Your stomach was full You burped  You felt satisfied You rubbed your belly and you didn’t care 60  You didn’t care how you ate up my native Culture  You didn’t care if you were messy  if you were piggy  You didn’t care as long as you ate up my Indianness  I hate you Residential School I hate you 65  You’re a monster  Your veins clotted with cruelty and torture  Your blood poisoned with loneliness and despair  Your heart was cold it pumped fear into me  I hate you Residential School I hate you 70  You’re a monster  Your intestines turned me into foul entrails  Your anal squeezed me  squeezed my confidence  squeezed my self respect 75  Your anal squeezed  then you dumped me  Dumped me without parental skills  without life skills  Dumped me without any form of character 80  without individual talents  without a hope for success |

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| Monster continued  I hate you Residential School I hate you  You’re a monster  You dumped me in the toilet then 85  You flushed out my good nature  my personalities  I hate you Residential School I hate you  You’re a monster……...I hate hate hate you  Thirty three years later 90  I rode my chevy pony to Kamloops  From the highway I saw the monster  My Gawd! The monster is still alive  I hesitated I wanted to drive on  but something told me to stop 95  I parked in front of the Residential School  in front of the monster  The monster saw me and it stared at me  The monster saw me and I stared back  We both never said anything for a long time 100  Finally with a lump in my throat  I said, “Monster I forgive you.”  The monster broke into tears  The monster cried and cried  His huge shoulders shook 105  He motioned for me to come forward  He asked me to sit on his lappy stairs  The monster spoke  You know I didn’t like my Government Father  I didn’t like my Catholic Church Mother 110  I’m glad the Native People adopted me  They took me as one of their own  They fixed me up Repaired my mouth of double doors  Washed my window eyes with cedar and fir boughs  They cleansed me with sage and sweetgrass 115  Now my good spirit lives  The Native People let me stay on their land  They could have burnt me you know instead they let me live  so People can come here to school restore or learn about their culture  The monster said, “I’m glad the Native People gave me another chance 120  I’m glad Dennis you gave me another chance  The monster smiled | I stood up I told the monster I must go  Ahead of me is my life. My people are waiting for me  I was at the door of my chevy pony 125  The monster spoke, “Hey you forgot something  I turned around I saw a ghost child running down the cement steps  It ran towards me and it entered my body  I looked over to the monster I was surprised  I wasn’t looking at a monster anymore 130  I was looking at an old school In my heart I thought  This is where I earned my diploma of survival  I was looking at an old Residential School who  became my elder of my memories  I was looking at a tall building with four stories 135  stories of hope  stories of dreams  stories of renewal  and stories of tomorrow 139 |

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| The knowing  by Connie Fife  the re-invention of oneself  through the tongues of whispering mountains  the re-arrangement of the universe  because a spider wrapped her legs around a star  the knowing  the remembering of stone’s story  while walking down a dried riverbed  being serenaded by crickets singing the blues  because everyone except them has forgotten  the knowing  which trail to follow through clear-cut forests  which scent will lead you home  because a thousand-year-old bear still lives  amongst the dead bodies feeding off their memory  the knowing  the recollection of the loudness in silence  the clarity of unspoken words while sound crashes earthbound  because it is in what is not said that the truth sits  the knowing  the peeling back of ones own skin  to discover that the lizard sleeping against your spine  was born the same moment as you  because she knew that one day you  would need her sharp tongue to survive  the knowing  the rediscovery of crow perched on your shoulder  her claws leaving scratch marks against your heart  because you need to be reminded that you are alive  on days when you are numbed into speechlessness  the knowing  the glimpse of your reflection in the eyes of a stranger  who is leaning against the chest of a cedar tree  while cars spit at her then mock her existence  because she refuses to roll over on the sidewalk  and you need to be reminded of why you were born  the knowing  the recreating of ceremony at the hands of change  while wandering through unknown places  because history has turned us into our own lodges  when it tried to bound our mouths and tie our words  **A Survivors Prayer**  Creator help me, ease my pain  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  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  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  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.  Hiy – hiy! (Thank you!) | the knowing  the acknowledgment of ones ancestors  must become an ordinary event taking place with each breath  keeping them alive so their voices touch our skin  with urgency and desire in our ribcages  because it is their shadows that protect us  the knowing  the importance of embracing our places or remembering  because inside their bodies live our beloved  through their existence we are fed love on a plate of resistance  while we swallow stars dropped down our throats by spiders  **My Little Residential School Suitcase**  The first time I left for residential school, my mother carefully prepared my little suitcase. She took care to put in it everything I would need. My clothes, some toys I would never see again. I was six years old on this first trip. In my little suitcase, my mother had also put all the love she had, without forgetting the love from my father.  There were also embraces, tenderness, respect, for me and for others, sharing, and many other qualities she had taught me. The trip lasted 12 years. When I returned home, my little suitcase was heavy. What my mother had put in it was gone; love embraces, all those beautiful things had disappeared. They had been replaced by hatred, self-rejection, abuses of all kinds (alcohol, drugs, sexual abuse) by violence, anger and suicidal thoughts. That is what I carried for a long time.  But I’ve been cleaning out this suitcase. I put back everything my mother had put in it when I left the first time: love, respect for myself and others, and a great many other qualities.  Oh yes…added sobriety and especially spirituality. My little suitcase is very light. It is full of good things I can share with everyone  I meet along the way. Regardless of skin colour– white, red, black, yellow-we are all human beings, we are all God’s creatures.  Marcel Petiquay (2007) |