

We Are Still Here

In honour of our Indigenous Veterans

By: Cadence Davidson

We are still here
We are still living people
We fought for you
We killed for you
We fought in wars beside you
All we ask for is recognition
Why don't people see that we are the same
Even if the war is over
We are still fighting
We are still at war
We are at war with ourselves as a country
It needs to stop
Now put down your guns, and step off the battlefield.

This poem is about how Indigenous people of Canada are still at war for our treaty rights that are being ignored. The fact is that we were being treated like animals, physically and verbally assaulted, and being called "Savage" or "Dirty Indian." The fact is that I've already been called both of those, and I'm only 12 years old. It doesn't matter the age, no one should ever be mistreated because of their race or the colour of their skin. It needs to stop.

We've been here for thousands of years, and we're still trying to build peace. It's showing up in our schools, and it's disgusting. When you learn how to talk, you learn it from an influence like an adult. Same goes for racism. It gets passed down. Is this really what you want our generation to look like? We fought and died alongside you for peace, but where is ours?

"Now put down your guns, and step off the battlefield." What does that mean to you? Ask yourself that. To me, it means to end the fighting and come to peace. We still have that warrior in us. You can burn down our homes, take our rights away, but we will still thrive. We're not going anywhere. You can waste your breath, and voice talking about how natives are in the wrong. It's not everyday I can use mine to be heard, so I'll be using it on a problem that's been going on for generations. If I'm lucky, I'll live long enough to see a difference. No matter what, my spirit will forever be fighting.