Colony Felony

The day before Columbus arrived
On Guanahani island in 1492
The Taíno People spent the day
Fishing from hand-carved canoes
The gardens were tended
The weather was splendid
The children played and splashed in the waves
While Elders shared stories from previous days
The people were content and loved their life
They lived in an enchanting paradise

On Cape Breton Island in 1497
John Cabot was praying to heaven
The Mi’kmaq People were in sacred ceremony
Singing honour songs with chant and drum
To Mother Earth and Grandfather Sun
The celebrations to the Strawberry Moon
Had just begun
The Elders were delightfully making decisions
While young men prepared for future expeditions
The elected Saqmaws were distributing
Canoes and supplies
That was the day before John Cabot arrived

In 1534, not to be outdone
The French sent Jacque Cartier, their navigating son
To sail to new lands in treacherous seas

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Seeking gold and resources to satisfy their greed
   The Onkwehonwe Nation
   Keepers of the Eastern Door
   Were carrying out their daily chores
   Planting gardens of squash, bean and corn
   The smoke from the longhouses billowing up in the sky
   Were testament to the vitality of the Haudenshaunee lives
   Rich with the gifts of Our Mother Earth
   There was nothing more they needed to survive
   That was the day Jacque Cartier arrived

   Samuel de Champlain came in 1603
   With Muskets, gunpowder, and disease
   Invading the great river that flowed to the sea
   This was the cherished home of the Anishinaabe
   Champlain called us savages
   There was nothing he could see
   That corresponded with the false equivalency
   That puts Man after God
   At the top of an imaginary hierarchy
   The Anishinaabe
   Were motivated by gratitude and romance
   Hunters and gatherers who raised their young
   With art, music, and dance
   That was the day Champlain arrived
   To steal the land for France

   In 1611 the English hired Henry Hudson
   To find a shortcut to the spices of Cathay

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He sought the Northwest Passage
But was fated to lose his way
Sailing into an icy inland sea
He found himself surrounded by nature’s bounty
As far as his eyes could see
Chipewayan, Assiniboine, Innu and Cree
Inhabited this sacred territory

In 1670, King Charles II
Put his beloved cousin Prince Rupert in command
Of the territory now known as “Rupert’s Land”
The area was five times larger than France
It was a Charter the Crown had no right to grant
This was the outright theft of an entire continent
The year was 1670

In 1867 the Fathers of Confederation
Rejected Indigenous representation
When they named Turtle Island
The Dominion of Canada
From sea to sea to sea
Declaring war on anyone who disagreed
The Indigenous Nations were now the enemy

It is now the year 2023
The Indigenous People are seeking the truth
While the government is seeking reconciliation
For inflicting 353 years of death, deprivation and starvation

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On the bodies, minds, and hearts
Of the Indigenous Nations
But Canada cannot wipe away a pain like that
Without THE TRUTH
Reconciliation is an impossible task
16 British Monarchs have come and gone
And nothing has been done to right the wrongs
Of a system that has normalized
The policy of cultural genocide
The lands were never deeded
Never conquered, never purchased,
Nor ever ceded
We didn’t agree to having them held in trust
It was a treacherous deception thrust upon us

We have to distinguish fiction from fact
And ask King Charles III for a new compact
And agree to hand the Crown Lands back
Canadians can nurse the 11% they own
With a promise to leave the rest alone
Only the Indigenous stewards of the land can reverse
The harm that has plagued and cursed
Our Sacred Mother
The Earth

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