

Warriors

by Michelle Tracey

My people and I served in the war yet we were not treated the same
We fought, we saved, we did so much more.
When searching up soldiers, you won't find many Indian names.

The Government wouldn't give us same pay as the whites even though my people have
more skills from hunting to the land
no benefits, no medals, Indians didn't have any rights. Were treated differently because
of the colour of our hands.

Once the war was over, came back to our home, found our rights and freedoms were
not anymore.

We felt like Carcass, no meat just bone, even after how we were treated, we are proud
to serve the war.

This poem is in a first nations point of view and how they felt they were treated in their
own country.