

INDIGENOUS POETRY CONTEST WINNERS 2023



Volume 7

A collection of our Indigenous Poetry Contest Winning Poems for 2023

The Indigenous Education Department of School District No. 27 first started our Aboriginal Poetry Contest in 2009 in celebration of National Indigenous Peoples Day. We proudly introduce our winners and share their poems.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

A total of 328 Poems were received in our 2023 contest.

Poems were sorted into categories depending on numbers received.

These are the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th Place winners and those with Hon. Mention in each Category.

Winners from 2023

Chapter 1: Winners from Kindergarten Category

Chapter 2: Winners from the Grade 1-3 Category

Chapter 4: Winners from the Grade 4-6 Category

Chapter 5: Winners from the Grade 7-9 Category (*No entries from Grade 9's this year)

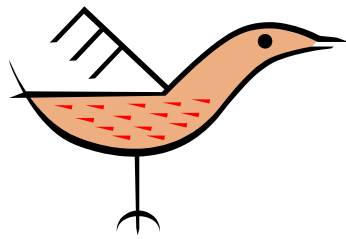
Chapter 6: Winners from the Grade 10-12 Category

Chapter 7: Winners from the French Category

Chapter 8: Winners from the Chilcotin Language Category

Chapter One
2023

Kindergarten Category



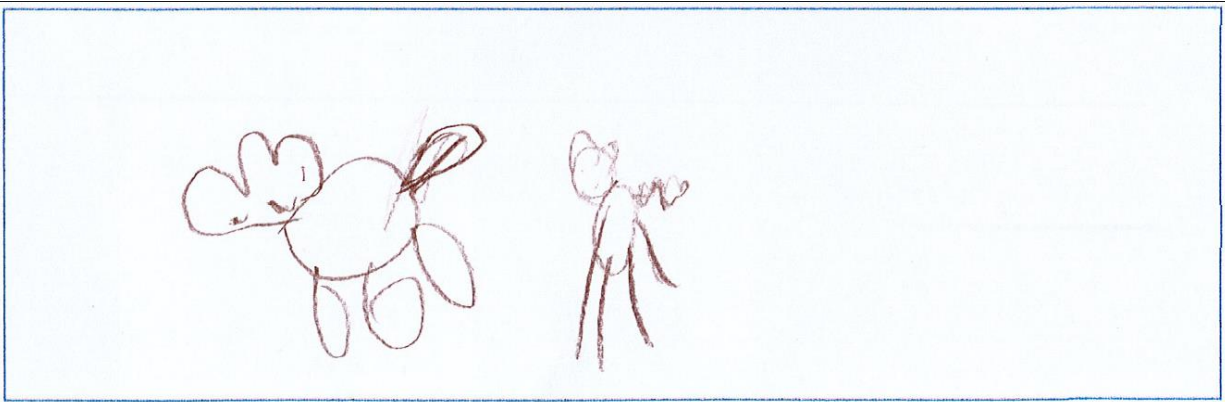
1st Place Winner Kindergarten Category 2023
Maia Strombe
School information withheld by request

Berries

Acrostic Poem of one of the Seven Sacred Animals in the
Seven Sacred Teachings

1st Pl.
K. Category
2023

Berries
Large
Courage
strong



2nd Place Winner, Kindergarten Category 2023
Ayla Morey
100 Mile Elementary School
Submitted by: Penny Reid

POW WOW

I sometimes dance at Pow Wows
Lot of people dance

Even Grandmothers and Mothers
And babies

There is drumming.

There is singing.

It makes my heart feel good.



3rd Place Winner, Kindergarten Category 2023
Joseph Brock
100 Mile Elementary School
Submitted by: Penny Reid

Talking Stick

You can hold it when you are talking.

I got a stick, I put some beads on it.

If you are holding the stick
Then you get to talk.



4th Place Winner, Kindergarten Category 2023
Marley Schoenit
100 Mile Elementary School
Submitted by: Penny Reid

I Learned this at School.

First Nations grow their hair long.

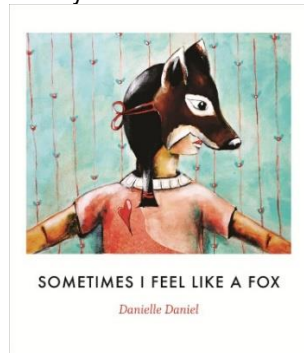
If someone in their family dies,
They cut their hair.

Then you know their family is not OK.



Honorable Mention, Kindergarten Category 2023
Reme Twan
150 Mile Elementary School
Classroom Teacher: Mrs. Fofonoff

Based on story: Sometimes I feel like a Fox
By: Danielle Daniel



Chapter Two

Grade 1-3 Category 2023



1st Place Winner, Grade 1-3 Category 2023
Zarius Stump, Grade 3
Sacred Heart Catholic School
Teacher: Mr. Hilbert

EAGLE

There was an eagle
That flew for ages.

When he got back home
No one was there.

He never found his family
He still searches.

Flying town to town to town
Looking for home



2nd Place Winner, Grade 1-3 Category 2023
Shayla Gregg, Grade 2
Tatla Lake Elementary/Jr. Secondary School
Classroom Teacher: Mrs. Ikebuchi

Thank you, Mother Earth,

Thank you, Mother Earth, for giving us the land we live in

Thank you for the glow of the lakes.

Thank you for the animals that walk among us.

And the sun setting over the mountain.

And the majestic moon with the stars with black all around you.



3rd Place Winner, Grade 1-3 Category 2023
Annaliese Bromba, Grade 3
Forest Grove Elementary School
Classroom Teacher: Ms. Babicky

The Trees

Leaves sway in the wind.

Sticks fall off the trees.

Mother Nature grows those trees.

You should be happy for her gift.

The leaves fall off the trees to the ground.



4th Place Winner, Grade 1-3 Category 2023
Mason Morey, Grade 2
100 Mile Elementary School
Submitted by: Penny Reid

I'm Excited

I keep my drum in my room.

It's made from deer hide.

I haven't painted on it yet.

I might do a fox or a fish.

My Mom is making me some regalia.

She puts lots of feathers on it.

I'm excited to wear it and use my drum.



Honorable Mention, Grade 1-3 Category 2023
Kelayna McGladdery, Grade 1
Marie Sharpe Elementary School
Classroom Teachers: Ms. Graham/Ms. Goertz

Spirit Animal

I see deer tracks in the snow.

I hear the leaves falling.

I feel the cold snow.

I smell the fresh air.

I taste the juniper tea.



Honorable Mention, Grade 1-3 Category 2023
Avery Finlayson, Grade 3
100 Mile Elementary School
Submitted by: Penny Reid

How Sad.....Then Happy

How sad that kids were taken from their families.

How sad the parents would have been.

How sad the kids were treated badly.

It was mean to take Phyllis' orange shirt.

I'm happy that no kids go there anymore.

I'm happy that parents aren't sad anymore.

I'm happy that everyone wears an orange shirt,

And no one takes it away.

I bet Phyllis is happy too.



Honorable Mention, Grade 1-3 Category 2023
Tony Daud, Grade 2
Tatla Lake Elementary/Jr. Secondary School
Classroom Teacher: Mrs. Ikebuchi

My Special Poem

The sun glistens in the December air
While in the night sky, the stars glimmer
When the sun comes up it takes the moon's place.



Honorable Mention, Grade 1-3 Category 2023
Drake Colton, Grade 2
Marie Sharpe Elementary School
Classroom Teachers: Ms. Graham/Ms. Goertz

FISHING

I see fish splashing.

I hear waves crashing.

I smell salty air.

I feel the slippery fish.

I taste smoked salmon.



Chapter Three
Grade 4-6 Category
2023



1st Place Winner, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Lauren Pinette, Grade 5
Sacred Heart Catholic School
Teacher: Mrs. Smith

An Indigenous Poem

I like to wear my moccasins on a cold winter day,
Carve my totem pole and jingle dance away!

I like to eat my Bannock while I sit in my hammock.

I love to go fishing and paddle in my canoe,
People who see me say they want to try it too.

I love to wear my ribbon skirt with my ribbon shirt.
When I go to the pow-wow, all of them say **Wow!**



2nd Place Winner, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Naya Thomas, Grade 4
100 Mile Elementary School
Submitted by: Penny Reid

STILL HEALING

Before Residential Schools, they lived in great harmony.

Before, they were not so angry.

Before, families worked together.

Before, they could take care of Elders and kids.

After Residential School, they did not know their language.

After, the parents would sometime be mad.

THEY ARE STILL HEALING.



3rd Place Winner, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Charlotte Ethier, Grade 5
Sacred Heart Catholic School
Classroom Teacher: Mrs. Smith

Indigenous

*Indigenous people went through so much
to get to where they are now.
Many were betrayed.
Their homes taken from them.*

*It is important for us to honor what they did.
Today I'm happy to learn about their culture at home, at
school and other places.*

*I learn so many different traditions: Drums, Dancing, Stories,
Eagles, and Salmon (like when I went to Horsefly - there was
so many salmon and fish).*

*We have learned so much because of these people's cultures,
and they still have more to teach.*



4th Place Winner, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Lilia Sawyer-Ned, Grade 6
100 Mile Elementary School
Submitted by: Penny Reid

Gatherings

Gatherings bring communities together.
There is singing – like in Pow Wows.
There is also dancing.
There's lots to eat and drink.
We can connect with
our cousins and families.
We can connect with the Creator.



Honorable Mention, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Kolten Fuller, Grade 6
Marie Sharpe Elementary School
Classroom Teacher: Mrs. Uppal

They are Strong

Death was brought for their people who were stuck, entangled in the chains and locks. They were not given the needle that would cure their chicken pox.

The children were sent to residential schools and were stripped of their land. They were used as tools. Everything has fallen away like sand.

Many of their grazing traditions include hunting and fishing. I spend all day trapped in the visions of them sitting here today; still dreaming, wishing.

Indigenous people have been strong in hiding their emotions. They have in fact lasted so long their secrets are deeper than the ocean.



Honorable Mention, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Alyza-Rae Smith, Grade 4
100 Mile Elementary School
Submitted by: Penny Reid

Orange Shirt Day

When it is Orange Shirt Day
I remember all the kids
that went to Residential School that didn't survive.
I'm glad that my papa survived.
I don't want that to happen again.



Honorable Mention, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Olivia Gobin, Grade 5
100 Mile Elementary School
Submitted by: Penny Reid

INUIT/METIS

(Diamante Poem)

Inuit

Parka, Mukluks

Fishing, Carving, Sledding

Igloos, Oil Lamp, Camp Circle, Bison

Beading, Hunting, Travelling

Red River Cart, Sash

Metis



Honorable Mention, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Keyanna Sheena, Grade 5
Marie Sharpe Elementary School
Classroom Teacher: Mrs. Uppal

The Drum Starts

The drum starts, it gives butterflies.
Dances pass down from my mom, my cousins, my sister.
It looks like dancing like butterfly.
Everyone has different movement.
The colorful outfits look beautiful.
Shawls hang on our arms like butterfly wings.
When I dance for the people, I feel proud.
I dance for the people I love.



Honorable Mention, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Able Williams, Grade 4
Forest Grove Elementary School
Classroom Teacher: Ms. Babicky

My Drum

My drum is big.
I hit my drum.
It is very loud.
I like my drum.
It is heavy.
I want to bang my drum again, but dad said no.



Honorable Mention, Grade 4-6 Category 2023
Avery Diggens, Grade 4
Marie Sharpe Elementary School
Classroom Teacher: Mrs. Pagé

4 Elements

WIND. I shiver as my hair flows in your breeze. You are the wind spirit.

WATER. I splash in your clearness as my family cooks a beautiful fish dinner. You are the water spirit.

FIRE. I sit by you as you warm me. You go crackle, crackle, crackle. You are the fire spirit.

EARTH. I sit in your moss as the spirits surround me. You are the earth spirit.

These are the 4 Nature spirits.
It's our job to protect them.



Chapter Four
Grade 7-9 Category
2023



1st Place Winner, Grade 7-9 Category 2023
Tobin Kruus, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

Stolen

They took us from our home.
They did not discuss where they were making us roam.
We arrived at a building grey and somber.
They took our memories that made us stronger.
They took our culture and our language, locked us in that structure.
Finally, when we packed our baggage we couldn't recognize our family, our fathers, our mothers.
Our memories made unhappily.
The voices that thunder in our dreams.
Our names dishonored.
We still hear the screams.
Our happiness sundered.
We haven't recovered what they stole.
We were forced to discover misery as a whole.
But now we drum and will regrow.
Our feet still numb.
Too many sorrows.
We may forgive but can't forget.
We still relive those dark silhouettes.



2nd Place Winner, Grade 7-9 Category 2023
Gavin Reedman, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

Reconciliation

A sea of orange, in the park.
They used to beat us in the dark.
We stay strong, never stop.
They would starve us, till we drop.
Now we drum, and they learn
that they will never see us burn.
Now we sing, and we chant
for our healing; so they can't
scar us more than they did.
Don't let that happen, God forbid.
Reuniting with our family and friends
takes forever, never ends because we lost so many pairs.
When they took us, took our heirs.
Heirs to culture, and our ways, thus we lost so many days.
Thank the Creator for our lands,
and we hope they understand
that the things they did were very wrong, and they will help us go along.
The winding path to reconciliation and we both reach our ideation.
It is like this that we will find Truth and wellness in our minds.



3rd Place Winner, Grade 7-9 Category 2023

Maya Robinson, Grade 7

Columnneetza Jr. Secondary School

Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

We Can Forgive, But Never Forget

They took us from our homes, from our cultures, from our friends.
Brought us to new biomes run by vultures.
Bringing our languages to an end.

We can forgive but never forget.

They took our voices; they took our families. They took our choices; these were the realities.
Don't take our spirits and replace them with digits.

We can forgive but never forget.

They were our children, our brothers, and sisters,
who were forced into a system by grumpy old tricksters.
To those who hadn't a choice, and to those unvoiced,
we give our rejoice.

We can forgive but never forget.

Our parents, cousins, aunts, and uncles who had to wear the same forehead wrinkles,
the same short hair, and the same old pants with lives full of despair.
Now we remember those lives that were lost.
Beginning in September until the end of the frost.

Together at last, we sign our past.
From before they took our children away and before our lives went all gray.
We sing and drum together as one; so, relieved this day has finally come.
Our elders teach and we sit eager to learn the stories from when our children played freely in the ferns.
On this very day, our truths are out; yet still we pout and that is okay.
Four we mourn our children who went astray. So, it never happens to our children born today.

Cause we can forgive but never forget.
For that sake, we portray and commemorate Orange Shirt Day.



4th Place Winner, Grade 7-9 Category 2023
Ryder Mclennan, Grade 7
Columnneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Marina Campsall

The Horrors the white men Brought.

Cheese maker and murder came to the new world and forced eight women onto bed and slayed their offspring without mercy. Killed six innocent men called these people Indians and for his crime he became rich and was honored as the one who discovered the new world. This was the first of many horrors the white men brought.

The Spanish came to the place where the Aztec once ruled. There, they murdered hundreds to collect a yellow metal in their greed and foolishness they sought for a city of gold that did not exist. When the natives told them that what they sought did not exist, the Spanish in the rage slayed them and continued their search. This was another horror that the white men brought.

The white men to justify their want to kill, made a lie about the murder of fourteen men so they attacked many villages before they were set alight. The women were stolen to be used for their pleasure the first of nations responded by waging war forever more. This would be called the Chilcotin War. This was another horror the white men brought.

After the war six chiefs were called to what they thought a meeting of peace. Five of them were arrested, the sixth fled, soon he was captured, and they were hanged for no reason for they committed no crime. This was yet another horror the white man brought.

A group of seven hundred fifty Nez Perce led by Chief Joseph fled from Idaho. They were chased by an army of English men. They fought with tooth and nail, slowly their numbers were whittled away. Finally, after a bloody battle, the sound of explosions still ringing in their ears Chief Joseph said, "My heart is sick and sad, and I will fight no more forever". This was another of the many horrors the white men brought.



Honorable Mention, Grade 7-9 Category 2023
Aspen Monteith, Grade 7
Columnneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Ms. Watkinson

Residential Schools

Children as young as three years old killed for not doing as they're told.

Forced to forget their culture bold. A sad, sad story to unfold.

One hundred and fifty thousand no less, young innocents abused and suppressed. Taken from their families, crying in distress. Separated from their loved ones, an inescapable mess.

Wonder how they would have pleaded. Their cries for mercy unheeded. Residential schools, not needed, soon closed, but lives conceded.



Honorable Mention, Grade 7-9 Category 2023
Gavin Reedman, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

My Regrets

We came, we burned, we took their land.
We ordered them to not expand.
Deep down I knew this wasn't right.
But still I had to be polite and never fight.

I thought that we could make amends.
But now this torture never ends.
I saw that they were doing ill, but I did not have the will
to stop what we were doing wrong. And so, I saw it all along.

We altered lives and said some lies.
And now we see that was not wise.
To strip them from their ways and say your ways of living aren't okay.

And now I lie so close to death. Seeing this is my worst regret.
To not stand up for what is right and solemnly fight the good fight.

If I had another life, I'd always do what I think right.



Chapter Five
Grade 10-12 Category
2023



1st Place Winner, Grade 10-12 Category 2023
Layla Cartwright, Grade 12
Lake City Secondary School
Teacher: Robert Fahoum

Mother Sister Daughter

Beautiful girl all dressed in red.
Come back home lay in your bed.
Where have you gone? Were you misled?
Beautiful girl all dressed in red.
Your story important but left unread.
Your family is sick and filled with dread.
Beautiful girl all dress in red.
Never found on the highway ahead.
Another girl missing, another girl dead.



2nd Place Winner, Grade 10-12 Category 2023
Claire Munroe, Grade 12
Lake City Secondary School
Teacher: Mrs. MacKinnon

Thoughts and Prayers

Thoughts and prayers to the families
of the sisters, mothers, daughters
stolen too soon.

Thoughts and prayers to the families.
Never action, never investigation, never change.

Thoughts and prayers
Do not bring back her smile, her kindness, her voice.

Thoughts and prayers do not heal the hurt
of those taken and those left to grieve.



3rd Place Winner, Grade 10-12 Category 2023
Rachel Kennedy, Grade 12
Lake City Secondary School
Teacher: Mrs. MacKinnon

Potlatch

Breath in.
Breath out.
Bring all your friends and family about.
The weather is beginning to turn cold.
For soon I will not feel so bold.
Bring gifts and things to trade in a large batch.
Time has come once again for a potlatch.
It was taken from us once in the past.
For now, to never be forgotten.
Long last.
Time to give thanks for this place.
Before it is time to leave with grace.
Breath in.
Breath out.



4th Place Winner, Grade 10-12 Category 2023
Ha Young Park, Grade 12
Lake City Secondary School
Teacher: Mrs. MacKinnon

Bye, Bye, Bad Dreams

Bye, Bye, Bad Dreams
“Get over it”, everyone says.
“Take the money and be quiet”.
Compensation for loss of culture
Of language
Of time
Of family.

We are not dreamcatchers.
We cannot take away the nightmares,
Engraved in their memories.
But we should not ignore,
Nor pass along the blame.

Do not mistake that a simple apology will wipe away the tears.
Perhaps a hundred generations down.
After trauma has been acknowledged,
After wounds have been healed.
Perhaps then
We will be able to live in unity for the first time.



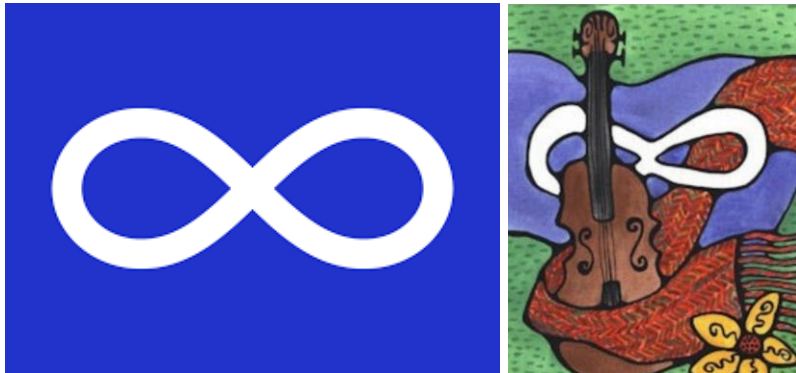
Honorable Mention, Grade 10-12 Category 2023
Morgan Langford, Grade 12
Lake City Secondary School
Teacher: Mrs. MacKinnon

Couldn't Be Me

I am unaware of my cultural traditions.
I don't know how to play the part.
But yet; I am Metis.

Others tell me my traits don't match.
I hear the whispers.
Blonde hair, blue eyes.
But yet; I am Metis.

I want to know my ancestors' stories.
I want to be a part.
I have not choice in who I am.
I am Metis.



Honorable Mention, Grade 10-12 Category 2023
Dallas Moe, Grade 12
Lake City Secondary School
Teacher: Robert Fahoum

Hear Their Voices

We are told to write poetry, the words from our roots of privilege.
But guilt sickens me, why am I putting on shoes that do not fit?
Why is my masked ignorance considered art?
While their truths are shoved to the bottom of paper stacks.
We tell them to speak louder while
We turn the dials left and change the channel.
I feel as if my name is on the cover of a novel I did not write.
This story is not mine to tell.
Our history is dark.
We must face our sins and reconcile with the ones we broke.
We must return their right to speak their native tongue.
We must bask in the beauty of their culture.
We must hang our heads in respective silence.
Thus, we can hear their voices.



Honorable Mention, Grade 10-12 Category 2023
Mimi Meyrick, Grade 12
Lake City Secondary School
Teacher: Mrs. MacKinnon

INDIGENOUS SPIRIT

They were here first.
Then came the white settlers.
Who tried to erase them.
Who thought they were uncivilized savages.
But little did the settlers know.
They would rise from the ashes.
Leaders, Knowledge Keepers, Traditional Language speakers
Spirits of the ancestors passed along.
They could and will
Never be destroyed.



Honorable Mention, Grade 10-12 Category 2023
Peyton Klimek,
Lake City Secondary School
Teacher: Mrs. MacKinnon

The Children

We wear orange
For those who were abused,
For those who could not protect themselves,
For those who were left defenseless and vulnerable.
We wear orange,
For the children who were deprived of their childhood,
For the parents that had their children stolen,
Without knowing if they would ever be seen again.
For those who were broken down,
For those who were stripped of their culture,
Because the white man refused to understand.
We wear orange,
To remember the wrongdoing of history
To remember the children who were robbed of their right to grow old,
To remind us to not repeat the same mistakes made in the past.
We wear orange,
To celebrate the many lives that were wrongfully lost
To cherish the indigenous culture which we once sought to destroy.
To show our respect for indigenous life and all it provides.



French Poems

Français



1st Place Winner, French Category 2023
Maya Robinson, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

Les Flocons Dansant

*Les flocons dansant
De haut en bas
Comme s'il faisait
La danse de La samba,
Un flocon tombe
Sur ton nez
Et tu le fixes
Avec Les yeux croissez
Tu regardes
Et tu aperçois
Chacun si différent
Comme Les fleurs de printemps,
Aux arbres la neige qui cristallise
A L'air des fantômes de L'halloween
Du coin de L'ceil ça te paralyse
Mais ils te protègent du vent gourmandise,
Tu marches dans un champ
Vêtu d'une couverture blanche,
Tu t'étends tous tranquillement
Admirent Les flocons dansants.*



2nd Place Winner, French Category 2023
Edyn McMartin, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

Ou Es-Tu

Ma famille mesa mi perdu dans la vie.

Ou es-tu

Ou es-tu

Je regard et je regard

Mais je ne vois plus

O mama

O papa

Viens viens

Ju suis triste

Je suis effrayé

Ou es-tu

Ou es-tu

J'ai cherché et cherché

Mais je ne vois plus

Oh frère.

O soeur

Je veus jouer

Je veux rigoler

Ou es-tu

Ou es-tu

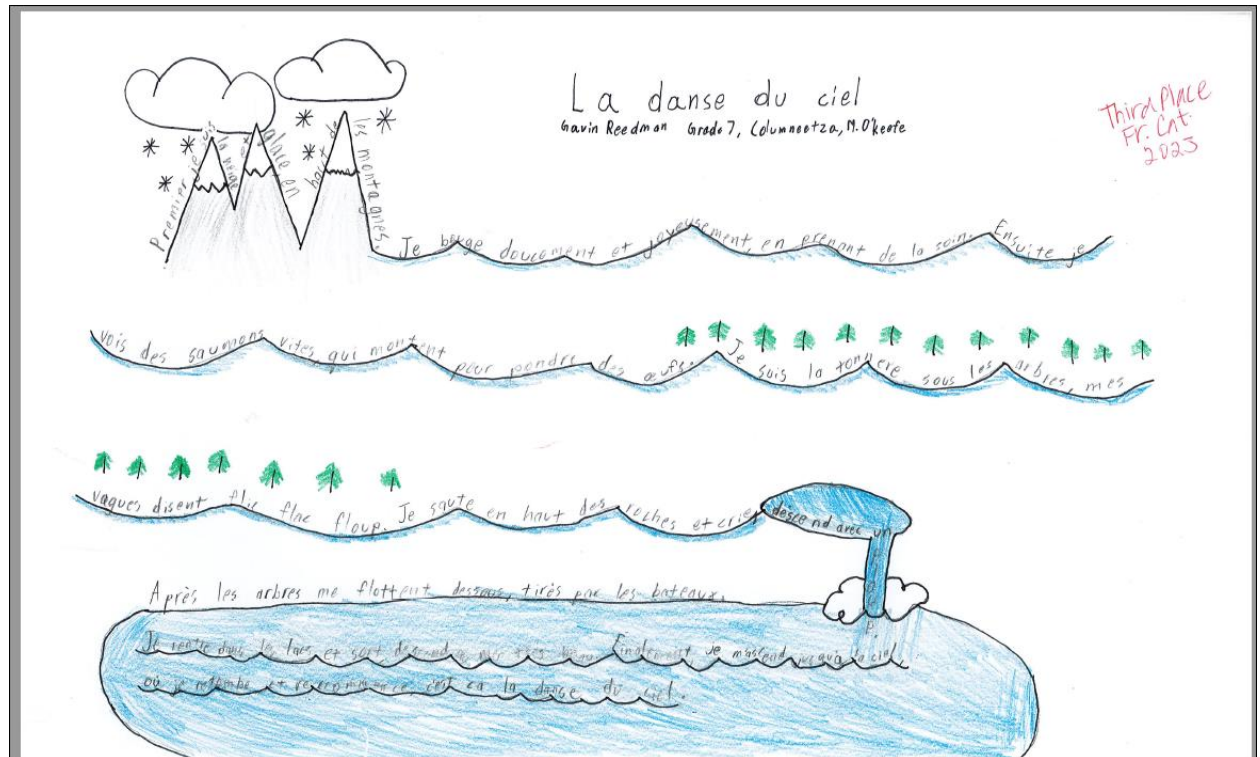
Je suis perdu je suis perdu

Je ne vois plus



3rd Place Winner, French Category 2023
Gavin Reedman, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

La danse du ciel



4th Place Winner, French Category 2023
Emma LeBourdais, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

Pourquoi je suis ici

*Ils nous ont pris de notre famille
Pourquoi je suis ici
Il coupe mes cheveux
Ils parlent une langue différente
Je porte des vêtements étranges
Pourquoi je suis ici*

*Où est ma famille
Nous faisons les tâches dures
Je suis déconnecté de ma famille, mes amis
Je vie dans un bâtiment froid.
Où sont mes parents
Les gens ici ne sont pas gentils
Pourquoi je suis ici*

*Où est ma famille
Ils nous ont pris de notre vie.
Pourquoi je suis condamné*



Honorable Mention, French Category 2023
Ty Thiessen, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

La Vie Difficile

J'étais le plus vite dans l'océan
Et personne ne peut me rattrape
Un pour je suis allé si vite que j'ai eu faim.
J'ai vu un verre de terre
Alors je l'ai mordu
OUCH !!!
C'était un verre de terre très pointue
J'essaie de nager
Mais quelque chose me tire.
La chose qui tire est très fort.
J'arrive aux surfaces de l'eau.
Avec le verre de terre pointue dans ma bouche
J'entends des grandes voix
C'était un grand ombre
C'était comme l'ombre dit à l'autre qu'il était pire qu'un lapin qui pêche
L'ombre prend la chose pointue de ma bouche maintenant ça ne fait plus mal.
J'essaie d'échapper
J'étais comme algues sur un roche glissant
L'ombre lâche moi dans l'eau
J'étais si content parce que j'étais libre
Ces ombres n'ont rien à moi
Je suis si vite
La fin.

Honorable Mention, French Category 2023
Samantha Zilcosky, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

La biche et le chasseur

La biche cour dans la forêt

Elle peut sentir et entendre le chasseur

Elle sait qu'il est proche

Elle peut voir du coin de son oeil

La lance que l'homme utilise pour chaser.

Elle continue de courir.

Elle craint le trappeur

Il est trop proche

Elle sait même si elle est tuée par cet homme

Rien ne sera gaspillée

Il utilisera sa peau pour faire un manteau.

Les bottes pour un member de sa famille.

Elle n'a plus peur

Elle regard en derrière et voit que l'homme n'est plus là

Elle continue de courir quand même.



Honorable Mention, French Category 2023
Tobin Kruus, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

La Nature

*Les montagnes, les rivières
Les saumons qui nagent dans les tributaries
Le vent qui crie whoooosh!
Dans les marais les serpents et les mouches
Les oiseaux qui chantant comme les musiciens
Les ours hibernons faisons rien
Les loups qui chassent dans la neige
Les chasseurs qui posent les pièges
Tout la terre.
Et ses créatures
Sont le produit
Du grand esprit*



Honorable Mention, French Category 2023
Bryar Graham, Grade 7
Columneetza Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: Mr. O'Keefe

A cause d'une école horrible

*Je retourne chez moi après longtemps
Je regard ma maison
Je souviens toutes les belles mémoires*

*Mais quant L'été est fini
Je retournerai à une place
Avec les personnes horribles
Les personnes qui me frappent
Une place ou je dois manger la nourriture horrible
Et probablement empoisonné
Je ne veux pas retourner*

*Je me fais rappeler
de tous les bonnes mémoires que j'avais chez moi
Toute la bonne nourriture que j'avais mangé*

*Tous les temps que je sois allé nager dans notre étang
Tous les temps que j'eusse joué avec mes frères et soeurs*

*Et maintenant je suis toujours triste
Toujours en mal hurnour
A cause d'une école horrible*



T̓silhqot'in Poems (Chilcotin Poems)

The T̓silhqot'in (Chilcotin) are an Indigenous people who live between the Fraser River and the Coast Mountains in west-central British Columbia. Traditionally Dene (Athabascan) speaking, their name means "people of the red river" and refers to the Chilcotin Plateau region in British Columbia.



1st Place Winner, Chilcotin Category 2023
Treven Lulua, Grade 7
Naghtaneqed Elementary/Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: June Williams

Christmas Dechen

(Christmas Tree)

Qwen bitidat'in, Hutih

(Christmas lights, candy)

ʔEt'an ʔlgut'in, Šen, Qitel

(Green, stars, stockings)

Christmas Dechen

(Christmas tree)



2nd Place Winner, Chilcotin Category 2023
Enaqox William, Grade 6
Naghtaneqed Elementary/Jr. Secondary School
Teachers: June Williams

Yeê-Deni
(Snowman)

Gwening'eê, Yeê
(It's cold, Snow)

Ts'izox, Têinaquy, Bad
(Scarf, Hat, Gloves)

Yeê-Deni
(Snowman)



3rd Place Winner, Chilcotin Category 2023
Izabella Telford, Grade 5
Alexis Creek Elementary/Jr. Secondary School
Teachers: Annette Frank, Chilcotin Language Teacher & Miss Wight Classroom Teacher

Tsilhqot'in is what we speak.

My name is Izabella Telford and I am from Alexis **Creek**. I attend Alexis Creek School in Grade 5 and I join with Tsilhqot'in Language class and Tsilhqot'in is what we **speak**.

Our teacher shares with us about Tsilhqot'in language plus culture and **traditions**. We have learnt lots through winging Tsilhqot'in songs plus chanting songs with **ambitions**.

One subject comes to mind is the Ts'eman – salmon is one of my favorite learning of how salmon is a **survivor**. We all love being in the Tsilhqot'in classroom as an **achiever**.

Ts'eman journeys many miles upriver to go back to where it was born so they can lay their eggs **there**. Ts'eman has to keep going even though there are animals that want to eat them yet some make it back up **there**.

Lots of bears and eagles await to see Ts'eman swimming in the **river**. Yet the Ts'eman will is willing to **giver**.

Ts'eman journeys through fast river water and will even try to swim up the **waterfalls**. Female Ts'eman carries their eggs inside their belly as they journey up and some may carry heavy **hauls**.

Male Ts'eman journey upriver with the females as the males are sharing plus caring for the salmon **eggs**. Even though all Ts'eman have only fins to help them swim upriver with no **legs**.

As the Ts'eman keep going upriver their color changes plus their body changes as they reach the river**bed**. Yet the Ts'eman reaches their home that they make it to lay their eggs along the river **spread**.

Yeah, I learned that the Ts'eman is strong with their long **journey** and we shall continue to share their story with **glory**.

Well, this is my poem that I hope you **enjoy** as I say "**Ahoy**".



4th Place Winner, Chilcotin Category 2023
Shazzarae Haines-Lebrun, Grade 5
Naghtaneqed Elementary/Jr. Secondary School
Teacher: June Williams

Xi

(Winter)

Gunzun Jigwenil?in, ?Aye Hijed

(Looks nice, foggy)

Gwening'ež, Najaš, Gwelu

(It's cold, it's snowing, Icicles)

Xi

(Winter)

Honorable Mention, Chilcotin Category 2023
Landen Williams, Grade 7
Naghtaneqed Elementary/Jr. Secondary School
Teachers: June Williams

Kud

(Coat)

Niîel, Bi?edilex

(Warm, fuzzy)

Lhet'es hunilhid, Nezun, Lhet'es

(Brown, nice, black)

Kud

(Coat)



Thank you to all the teachers and support staff who encouraged their students to participate in our annual poetry contest in 2023.

This book can be found on the SD27 Website under the Department tab, Indigenous Education, then click on contests. There you will find all the Poetry Books we have put together.