*This Is the End*

*L.E. Jadot*

*Inspired by the First Nations of Canada, who have suffered ruthless persecution ever since Canada began. This poem is written from the perspective of a girl experiencing it firsthand. I am not of First Nations ancestry.*

*They= colonizers (European "settlers")*

This is the end.

This is the end.

This is the end.

There's nothing, nobody left here.

Everything we had known and held dear.

They came at nighttime, while we slept

Soon, our history would be over swept.

This is the end.

This is the end.

This is the end.

My sweet mother tongue, once spoken with grace,

Was shoved to the ground and looked at with distaste.

And Mother Nature, when she woke at dusk,

She couldn't have known of what was to come.

This is the end.

This is the end.

This is the end.

The old ways are dying, so few of them remain.

I have nothing to gain.

Nothing. No stories, legends, or tales of wonder

Instead, all I have inherited is pain and somber.

This is the end.

This is the end.

This is the end.