**i am graffiti**

**Leanne Betasamosake Simpson**

i am writing to tell you

that yes, indeed,

we have noticed

you have a new big pink eraser

we are well aware

you are trying to use it.

erasing indians is a good idea

of course

the bleeding-heart liberals

and communists

can stop feeling bad

for the stealing

and raping

and murdering

and we can all move on

we can be reconciled

except, i am graffiti.

except, mistakes were made.

she painted three white Xs

on the wall of the grocery store.

one. two. three.

then they were erased.

except, i am graffiti.

except, mistakes were made.

the Xs were made out of milk

because they took our food.

one. two. three.

then we were erased.

except, i am graffiti.

except, mistakes were made.

we are the singing remnants

left over after

the bomb went off in slow motion

over a century instead of a fractionated second

it’s too much to process, so we make things instead

we are the singing remnants

left over after

the costumes have been made

collected up

put in a plastic bag, full of intentions

for another time

another project.

except, i am graffiti.

and mistakes were made.

In an interview with Leanne Simpson, she explains that she wrote this poem because, “I was watching the closing of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission and I felt angry, not reconciled”  How do you feel the poem transforms that anger?

1. How is the image of graffiti used in this poem?
2. How does the poem suggest resilience and survival in the face of attempted erasure?
3. How does the poet use repetition to suggest a continued growth of the self?
4. Do you feel that the mood of the poem is the same throughout, or does it change? Do you feel that the voice is using dark humour or sarcasm at any point? Where?