

ΔοΔ^c / INUK

Olivia Ikey Duncan

My name is Olivia Ikey Duncan, and I am a mixed Inuk woman from Kuujjuaq, Nunavik, Quebec. As a long-time advocate for my people, I share our truths and pride through many different platforms, whether through politics, reconciliation work, or creative arts. I write about my fight for identity, the search for balance between two worlds, and the love for my people.

My work concentrates on bridging the gap between Inuit and non-Inuit through empathy building and personal healing. My writing has always been an experience within my soul, and I believe my ancestors gifted me with the power to share my story freely, as they never got their chance.

NUNA POEMS

Meeting Place

In a land so vibrant and so harsh, I see worlds colliding. Meeting places are all around us. The soft blue snow meets the dark muddy ground. Noise and silence blend in the echoes. The tall, dark trees meet the bright blue skies. The reflection shows both sides, the same but somehow distorted and foggy. Feelings of isolation and freedom pick fights within my mind. Language disappears, communication forms within. I meet myself and lose myself, on the edge of the tree line.

Tupira / My Tent

This land is filled with mud, green leaves, frozen patches
and snapped branches.
Everything is left bare and open for the picking.
One can pitch a thought and sit inside one's mind,
sipping tea.
This is my place, you took up this space!

Land Loss

Hollow stumps, deep roots, forgotten.

Tall, strong and proud; knelt down before the crown;
land loss.

Foxy, moxie traded for leisure and luxury, priceless.

Children laugh, and children cry. Where is their home?

Lost.

Umajurq / Animal / Alive

High on the tip of a branch, I sang your song. Low in
the great blue show, I waved your colours. Out in the
dark cold night, I lit your fire. Jagged sharp rocks, soft
brown sand, I walked your journey. Sisters, Brothers
and Cousins, our blood lines.