

WENDAT

Véronique Picard¹⁰

My name is Véronique Picard. I am from the Wendat nation, and I live in Montreal. As far as I can remember, I always had my head in the clouds, and my nose into a book. Writing quickly became a way to escape a reality that didn't always belong to me. Creation, where these words connect and transpose to give a meaning to a feeling, a thought, or a memory, provides a refuge that protects me from the troubles of life while celebrating its beauty. Writing is a ghost that pushes me to acknowledge my weaknesses and my defaults, my resilience and my strength. I write lines tinted with poetry, softness and healing to understand who I was, who I am and who I will become. I am neither an author nor a poet; I am of this generation of young Indigenous people who share their stories in their own image.

10. Through community efforts, after a long dormancy, the Wendat language is slowly coming back to life, though unfortunately not quickly enough for us to include it in here.

HOME

My mother's pink house
On the souvenir road
The white-coloured stoop
Chipped paint, unstable staircase

When she opens the door
It creaks with love
Powerful laughs
And tunes on repeat

The loud TV
The screaming kids
The barking dog
The smell of home

And the mother at the end
The nightlight of my childhood
Illuminates me just a little
Without ever blinding me

When I have a house
A little girl and a dog
I will leave the stoop
Chipped just enough