

Un exemple du modèle national défensif peut être identifié dans certaines méditations du Huron-Wendat Jean Sioui :

J'avais un bel arbre devant ma maison  
je méditais à l'ombre de ses branches  
un grand vent brusque l'a fait tomber

I had a beautiful tree in front of my house  
I meditated in the shade of its branches  
a strong, strong wind blew it down

Il m'a manqué longtemps

I missed it for a long time

Aujourd'hui  
je me souviens de lui  
en regardant les pousses nouvelles  
à l'endroit même où il était  
Mon peuple est semblable  
je sais qu'il survivra  
(J'avais un bel arbre)

Nowadays  
I remember it  
by looking at the new shoots  
in the same place where it stood  
My people are similar  
I know it will survive  
(I had a beautiful tree)

Dans ces temps  
on nous donne  
des droits artificiels sous réserve

In these times  
they give us  
artificial rights subject to restriction

Dans nos temps  
on possédait  
des droits naturels sans réserve  
(Dans ces temps)

In our time  
we owned  
unreserved natural rights  
(In these times)

## Myra Cree « Mon pays rêvé ou la PAX CANATA ».

Mon pays rêvé commence, à l'évidence,  
au lendemain d'un ultime référendum,  
une fois le « verdict rendu »  
pour écrire comme l'ineffable Jean Chrétien parle.

L'autonomie est acquise,  
nous avons notre propre Parlement,  
il y a dorénavant trois visions de ce pays.  
Au Québec on est copains comme cochons avec la  
communauté francophone  
qui s'est mise à l'étude des langues autochtones.  
Nos réserves, sur lesquelles nous en émettions tant,  
sont devenues des colonies de vacances  
et nos chefs, qui se répartissent également  
entre hommes et femmes, de gentils organisateurs.  
À Kanesatake, où j'habite,  
y'a du bouleau et du pin pour tout le monde.  
Le terrain de golf a disparu  
et tous, Blancs et Peaux-Rouges (je rêve en couleurs)  
peuvent, tel qu'autrefois, profiter de ce site enchanteur.  
Nos jeunes ne boivent plus, ne se droguent pas,  
la scolarisation a fait un bond prodigieux.  
Tout va tellement bien dans nos familles  
(il n'y a plus de trace de violence)  
que l'association Femmes autochtones du Québec  
s'est recyclée en cercle littéraire.  
*Le Deuxième sexe* de Simone de Beauvoir  
vient d'être traduit en mohawk;  
*l'XY de l'identité masculine* d'Elizabeth Badinter,  
devrait l'être en montagnais pour le Salon du livre  
qui se tiendra à Kanawake,  
et *L'Amant* de Duras, en iniktikut (ça va dégivrer sec dans  
les igloos).

[...] je me pince pour y croire, trop fort sans doute,  
car c'est à ce moment-là que je me suis réveillée.

Avec mes meilleurs vœux,  
que l'an prochain,  
si nous ne sommes pas plus,  
nous ne soyons moins.

My dream country is obviously beginning,  
in the aftermath of a final referendum,  
once the "verdict rendered"  
to write as the ineffable Jean Chrétien speaks.

Autonomy is acquired,  
we have our own Parliament,  
there are now three visions of this country.  
In Quebec, we are friends as pigs with the French-speaking  
community,  
who has taken up the study of Aboriginal languages.  
Our reservations, on which we had so many,  
have become summer camps  
and our chiefs, who are evenly distributed  
between men and women, nice organizers.  
In Kanesatake, where I live,  
There is birch and pine for everyone.  
The golf course has disappeared  
and all, Whites and Redskins (I dream in colors)  
can, as in the past, enjoy this enchanting site.  
Our young people no longer drink or take drugs,  
schooling has taken a quantum leap.  
Everything is going so well in our families  
(there is no longer any trace of violence)  
that the Quebec Native Women's Association  
has recycled itself into a literary circle.  
Simone de Beauvoir's *Second Sex*  
has just been translated into Mohawk;  
the *XY of Elizabeth Badinter's male identity*,  
should be in Montagnais for the Salon du livre  
to be held in Kanawake,  
and *L'Amant de Duras*, in iniktikut (it will defrost dry in  
igloos).

I pinch myself to believe it, too hard no doubt,  
because that's when I woke up.

With my best wishes,  
than next year,  
if we are not more,  
we are not less.

Wendate Éléonore Sioui le constate avec un détachement ironique de celle qui contemple ses blessures. Le poème s'intitule « Autochtonicité » :

Dans un verre  
De vin blanc  
Déposez deux ou trois gouttes  
De sang indien  
Ajoutez-y une once de pollution  
Brassez à l'européenne  
Et vous aurez un mélange de deuxième classe  
Puis fermentez le résidu de l'élixir  
Qui vous procurera une troisième classe  
Dont la dilution deviendra  
L'Amérindien  
Contaminé dans son authenticité.  
Make big plans, aim high in hope and work  
Do not make little plan as it gives no magic stir.  
(Autochtonicité)

In a glass  
Of white wine  
Apply two or three drops  
Of Indian blood  
Add an ounce of pollution  
Brew in the European way  
And you'll have a second-class mix  
Then ferment the elixir residue.  
Who will provide you with a third class  
Whose dilution will become  
The Amerindian  
Contaminated in his authenticity  
Make big plans, aim high in hope and work  
Do not make little plan as it gives no magic stir.  
(Autochtonicity)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Daniel\\_Burnham](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Daniel_Burnham)

**Italo-Québécois Antonio d'Alfonso : Vice Versa  
Babel (The Other Shore, 1987, L'Autre Rivage, 1999)**

**French edition**

Nativo di Montréal  
élevé comme Québécois  
forced to learn the tongue of power  
vivi en México como alternativa

figlio del sole e della campagna  
par les francs parleurs aimé  
finding thousands like me suffering  
me casé y divorcié en tierra fria

nipote di Guglionesi  
parlant politique malgré moi  
steeled in the school of Old Aquinas  
queriendo luchar con mis amigos latinos

Dio where shall I be demain  
(trop vif) qué puedo saber yo  
spero che la tierra be mine.

Nativo di Montreal  
raised [educated] as a Quebecer  
forced to learn the tongue of power  
lived in Mexico as an alternative

figlio del sole e della campagna  
by the frank speakers loved  
finding thousands like me suffering  
married and divorced in frozen country

nipote di Guglionesi  
talking politics in spite of myself  
steeled in the school of Old Aquinas  
seeking to fight with my friends latinos

Dio where shall I be tomorrow  
(too lively) qué puedo saber yo  
spero che la tierra be mine

**English edition**

Nativo di Montréal  
élevé comme Québécois  
forced to learn the tongue of power  
vivi en México como alternativa

figlio del sole e della campagna  
par les franc parleurs aimé  
finding thousands like me suffering  
me casé y divorcié en tierra fria

nipote di Guglionesi  
parlant politique malgré moi  
*steeled in the school of Old Aquinas*  
Steeled in the school of old Aquinas  
Where they have crouched and crawled and prayed  
I stand, the self-doomed, unafraid,  
Unfellowed, friendless and alone

queriendo luchar con mis amigos latinos  
Dio where shall I be demain  
(trop vif) qué puedo saber yo  
spero che la terra be mine.

## Romeo Saganash

Mahiganou

These echoes that chase me  
Come from the north, from the forest, Nouchimich,  
Countries of origin of my father. Other rhythms and melodies come to me from elsewhere.  
And also attract me  
To the east, the other side of the infinite sea, towards  
my destiny, my mother's homeland  
I am mixed, I am half-breed  
I cry.  
Are we doomed,  
We, people of red and white blood wander?  
Neither pale nor coppery face  
I am heiress of millennial cultures and  
Centuries-old problems.  
At the same time

Majish, half-breed, half-half, golden skin  
The one who gives herself  
The one who surrenders.  
I am often accused of the greatest crime of all.  
Think of the fate of Louis Riel, hanged  
Of the Children of Malintzin, of Gonzaleo Guerrero.  
I am accused of infidelity to a people, but which one, which one?  
The Cree people, Nouchimi Innouch?  
The white people, Wè-mishtigoshiouch?

I met her there, in the middle of the Mishigamish,  
Great-small lake Majestic and perpetual lake  
Dressed in her most beautiful furs  
And its legendary evening moccasins  
Mahiganou had put himself on her... 1492.  
She has the look of a she-wolf  
She explains to me what comes from the immemorial times.

My Cree sisters call me Majish  
The ugly one  
My Quebec sisters accuse me  
Missing white  
Tell me, Mahiganou, who am I?  
For I do not love myself.

No, you are not half of one and half of the other  
You are one AND the other  
A White Woman with a Cree Soul  
A Cree with a White soul  
You decide what to do with it.  
I am the heiress of beauties and misfortunes.  
of two worlds  
I see  
Our big Turtle Island  
Became  
A huge bed of exchange, love, and crossbreeding.  
The echoes of drums come back to flatter me softly  
My tears are rising again  
I raise my head  
Mahiganou is not there  
In the ice, however, it is still there...  
How beautiful I am, Mahiganou  
That I am a half-breed.