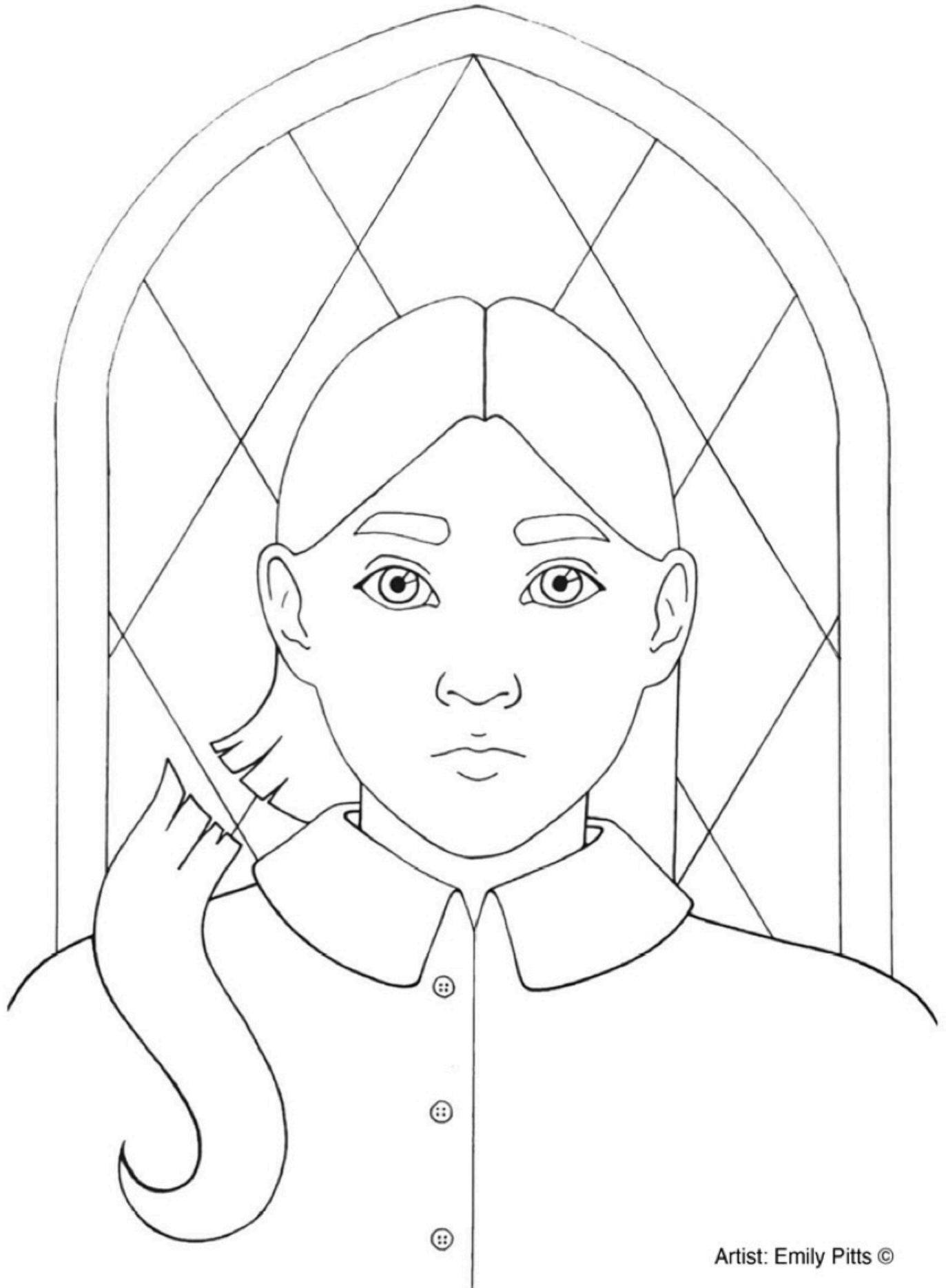




Artist: Daelynn Doxtater ©



Artist: Emily Pitts ©

The Haircut

Emily Pitts

Stripped bare
Of everything that defines me
Skin scrubbed raw,
To wash away my perceived sins
Sleek, black locks of culture flutter to the floor
Swept away and disposed of.

Uniform-clad children,
Silently marching in unison
To the dining hall, to the classroom,
To the White clapboard Chapel up the road
The house of their Creator.

As night approaches,
Retreating to the girls dormitory,
Assigned numbers above each bed,
Nameless child
Dreaming of my family
My home

Remembering who I am.
I am Haudenosaunee.
I am Mohawk.
Kanien⁷kehá:ka niwakonhwentsiò:ten.

This poem was written to honour my grandmother, a Mohawk Institute survivor and witness.