

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

**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.