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Peer reviewed

# His Name

*Janelle Pewapsconias*

His name        needs no introduction  
His name        Two syllables and a brown faced obstruction  
His name        22 years and 88 seasons until his horrible destruction  
His name        Is one word, a 6 English letter construction

His name        Was my brother, my lover, my friend, my son  
His name        Erased for 10 G's and a farmer's shotgun  
His name        Frightens, heightens, grips on our sons tighten,  
                         and enlightens the dark like a midnight sun

His name        His name tastes like my tears  
His name        Is ridden with all his momma's fears  
His name        Is tarnished with ignorant tongues and hateful sneers  
His name        Is reconciliation 500 years in arrears

His name        Crook, trespasser, and better off dead  
His name        Met his fate on a settler farmstead  
His name        Stains our hearts with unnecessary bloodshed  
His name        Was called a "non-unique issue" by the premier of Sask instead

His name        Is "get the hell off my property" owned on stolen land  
His name        Tells us they don't know about the Indians, man  
His name        Resounds with sins against the Indigenous man  
His name        Was a mistake of leaving 3 witnesses stand

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JANELLE "ecoaborijanelle" PEWAPSCONIAS (she/her) is a nehīyaw spoken-word artist and social innovator from Little Pine First Nation, Treaty 6 Territory, Canada.

His name Is hard to love in times of hate  
His name In the face of all our unjust fate  
His name Are land ties and wahkōhtōwin ["wah-gkoo-dtoo-win" - 4 syllables]  
His name His name is love to all our relations  
People, planet, the animals, and kin

I am a borrowed body living on stolen land  
Say his name His name is the invisible line drawn in sand  
Say his name His name is the water, the air, the rock, the trees  
Say his name His name was Colten Boushie