

# First Peoples Child & Family Review

An Interdisciplinary Journal Honouring the Voices, Perspectives, and Knowledges of First Peoples through Research, Critical Analyses, Stories, Standpoints and Media Reviews



## WARRIORS

Hannah Battiste

Volume 10, numéro 2, 2015

Special Issue: 10th Anniversary of the Touchstones of Hope for Indigenous Children, Youth, and Families

URI : <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1077258ar>

DOI : <https://doi.org/10.7202/1077258ar>

[Aller au sommaire du numéro](#)

Éditeur(s)

First Nations Child and Family Caring Society of Canada

ISSN

1708-489X (imprimé)

2293-6610 (numérique)

[Découvrir la revue](#)

Citer ce document

Battiste, H. (2015). WARRIORS. *First Peoples Child & Family Review*, 10(2), 15–17.  
<https://doi.org/10.7202/1077258ar>

© Hannah Battiste, 2015

Ce document est protégé par la loi sur le droit d'auteur. L'utilisation des services d'Érudit (y compris la reproduction) est assujettie à sa politique d'utilisation que vous pouvez consulter en ligne.

<https://apropos.erudit.org/fr/usagers/politique-dutilisation/>

Cet article est diffusé et préservé par Érudit.

Érudit est un consortium interuniversitaire sans but lucratif composé de l'Université de Montréal, l'Université Laval et l'Université du Québec à Montréal. Il a pour mission la promotion et la valorisation de la recherche.

<https://www.erudit.org/fr/>

## An Interdisciplinary Journal

*Honouring the Voices, Perspectives and Knowledges  
of First Peoples through Research, Critical Analyses,  
Stories, Standpoints and Media Reviews*

## WARRIORS

Hannah Battiste

Poet, Nova Scotia, Canada

Contact: [HannahBattiste@hotmail.com](mailto:HannahBattiste@hotmail.com)

You have walked for years  
Proud of your choices  
Proud of your language  
Proud of the God you worship

You took a group of people  
Not just any people  
First Nations people  
And you broke them down  
Sent One here and Twenty Two there

You didn't take the time to understand  
You took away their identity  
You took away everything  
And buried it in the ground

You watched them suffer  
To this day they suffer  
And all you do is laugh

You punished the child out of them  
You punished the language out of them  
You killed the person inside of them

You made something sacred to them vanish  
Vanish like the happiness  
Vanish like the families  
Vanish like the love  
They had in their hearts

They call First Nations warriors  
Because we are strong

We are infinity  
 We are special  
 Some of us are still angry  
 Some have found forgiveness  
 Some have found faith  
 And some still hurt

We all know the stories that lay  
 Beneath their eyes  
 We feel the hurt  
 That you have caused

We do not understand  
 We do not forget  
 And it still hurts

But we have each other  
 Side by side  
 United as a team  
 of WARRIORS

## Why I became a writer

Growing up, most of my life, I didn't have a father or many friends. I was bullied badly, and I had many mental health issues by the time I was seven years old. I lost a lot of people in my life. I gained new friends, and lost friends. My new friends betrayed me and family. I lost what seemed to feel like everything. When I was nine, my father died. My father didn't take care of himself, and he also abused drugs. After my father died, my family was falling, but we were still standing tall. At the age of 12, my brother committed suicide.

My family suffered a great loss; they broke, and it is still taking them a long time to cope. I was going through a lot, and I was suffering every single day. During the suffering, I was being bullied, I did not have any friends and I was in a deep depression. Everything started building up, so on October 21st, 2012, I committed suicide and survived. For two years, I quit school and stayed in my room because of how ashamed I was. I didn't let anybody see me. I would wait until my family was asleep and then I would sneak out of my room to eat. It was a difficult time. One day I was sitting around, and I wrote a story. And then a story turned in to a poem, and a poem turned into more and more poems.

I didn't have any idea that I was smart, beautiful, talented, and IMPORTANT. Life became so meaningful to me, and I shared my stories. My stories became inspirations. My poetry was being published, I was being asked to do performances. I am now a public speaker, poet and student. Sometimes I lose my ways. Sometimes I still need to get help. But I am not afraid to seek help. When I

know my mental health is getting in the way, I run and find help. It takes time for me to get what I need, but struggling only makes us stronger. I struggled so much in my life, and it hurts to think about the things that I've been through.

The bad times are going to make good times. The experience is unreal, and I try not to think about it, but that's how I make myself—through my writings, through my mental health, through my experiences and my life lessons. Writing saved my life and I am completely grateful.