**I Love This Land**
by Chief R. Stacey LaForme of the Mississaugas of New Credit First Nation

You were and always shall be my brother
We were all the same color wrapped in the flag of this nation
My blood flowed as freely as yours, mixed in the fields one could not be distinguished from the other
Yet when we came home, when the nation's colours were removed
Difference became apparent, not between you and me, God willing never
But in the eyes of those for whom we laid down our lives.

Oh, we still stood shoulder to shoulder in the parades, but the government thought that your life was more
valuable than mine
So you were given land, property, while I waited and I waited,
I know what you were given was not enough for what we endured
Still it was much more than I.

I am not envious of you brother, I believe you deserve even more than you received
But it hurt me very badly, I am not ashamed to say I cried and why not
I bled, I died, I killed, why does my country think I am unworthy
The enemy I fought could never be as cruel as the people I came back to embrace.

I gave so much, lived through so much and then you,
you who I would give all for, you pushed me aside as if I was inconsequential
I feel as if I have been spit upon by one I honored.

Do I feel good, having to ask you for what should have been given long ago, no?
In fact, I am a little ashamed to ask for justice in this
For I never went to war for money, for glory, for reward, I went because it was the right thing to do and God forgive me, I would go again.

This may seem an old wound to you but it is a wound that never heals
For it is a wound to my people's heart and soul and insult to our pride
And we deserve so much better, especially from you

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