**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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