

Rise to see the dawn that touches our landscape far and wide
The long, blistering winters of the north, maple syrup on a stick, steaming hot cocoa included
Where the feather of light brown and white echoes far with its' caws
A country, standing on the bones of the past, the cries of today, the uncertainty of tomorrow
Where do we stand today?
Whom do we stand for?
Do we stand for unity in diversity, to be able to play cops and robbers together as one
To be able to walk into the unknown, as one
Or walk separately tripping one another with each step we take
Do we know that division is a barrier for all
One we cannot cross but simply bump into, not going forwards or backwards
I remember the days of an innocent child, running and playing with whomever she wants
One who laughed, played and took pictures with Bonhomme as an elementary pupil
One who knew she could fall, play and live like every other
Tomorrow is a mystery, but today is just another gift awaiting to be unwrapped
I will remember that innocence, the memories, the freedom she got
So tomorrow the next elementary girl can be free and happy as she can be
The voice that will speak will be one who loved what democracy gave and how it protected her
I will speak for the ones who carry the wounds of the past, waiting for them to be healed
I will speak to protect the integrity and safety of every woman, man child, for harm and bad has
no race, religion, or colour
Perfection, resides with no one, nor humans, nor the things we may create
Justice is not perfect, the upholders of it are us, the imperfect beings
When lady justice will not remove her blindfold, the people will show her the true reality
The scars of injustice, the pain, the longing to see when will the just outweigh the unjust on her
scale
The fight I stand for, we stand for, to be equal
A little girl can be free