

You say,  
*There are no Acadians in Canada*  
*Prove to me you are*  
*Who you say you are*  
*Prove*  
that the Acadians weren't all expelled  
indefinitely  
no suspension  
schoolkids who couldn't play nice  
with the other team

I am speechless.  
The story doesn't end with  
Acadian  
*Déportation*  
*Grand*  
Expulsion  
Great  
*Dérangement*  
just a little displacement  
for stubborn *Acadjens*

Deportation  
Great

Displacement

Acadians

Not the end of my story  
but there are no words  
Not in your language  
and you don't speak mine

You don't know the heirlooms  
we guard with our tongues  
from mouth to mouth  
the taste of minerals  
mined from the motherland  
in farm fields  
Smoothed and polished  
White  
from use.  
Those mines have run dry  
but still we say  
*Gnette pour moi au logis*  
Wait for me across the sea  
*en Acadie*

Wait for me at home (lit. at the house)

in Acadia

The sea broke through  
cracks in the ships  
*On peut plus virer d'bord*  
The salt stung our tongues  
water filled our lungs  
Yet,  
*Stella Maris nous guide encore*  
Yellow  
beacon for mariners  
*balons-nous*  
drifting on  
Blue

We can no longer turn back

Star of the Sea continues to guide us

let's go (lit. let's haul ourselves)

Splinters lodged in French skin  
*craques dans les bottes*  
so the English could seep in  
Patch the wounds  
cosmetic pronunciation  
to face the world  
I bear the scars  
Red  
of my blood  
*Riight fière d'êt'e Acadjenne*

cracks in the boats

Extremely proud to be Acadian

I say,  
*Ferme*  
Immersion in your throat  
*ta dgueule*  
lead weight  
sinks  
*ta bouche*  
rough words  
stick  
*tchient*  
grit  
between your teeth  
*ta langue*  
*Vins poun back icitte.*

Shut

up (lit. your throat)

your mouth

bite (lit. hold)

your tongue

Don't come back here.

So what do you know  
about it?