

## **Mary Simon – Ningiukudluk**

When she arrived from the womb  
her father wrapped a seal-skin bracelet  
on her small wrist. Her mother  
sang softly into her ear her unfolding story  
how she would walk through the storms  
to bring life to her people.

Yester-year and today Mary Simon  
has never forgotten the Arctic terrain  
where she stumbled over boulders but  
never fell. The inuksuks constant companions.  
Her umiak rolled with the waves  
while she paddled with a steady stroke.

She covered many territories  
navigating with the stars  
her ancestors beside her.  
They have taught her reconciliation,  
reciprocity, revitalization, restoration,  
resurgence, resolution, resilience  
and relationship.

The Governor General  
has never forgotten.

In Cree, we say: ki ma mi hcih in an  
You have made us so very proud.  
We stand with you.

**© Louise B. Halfe – Sky Dancer  
Parliamentary Poet Laureate**