

*For the Murdered & The Missing: A Spiritual*

Someone's guilty of a million crimes!  
Blood on his hands, *Death* on his mind!  
To send my sister away, away;  
To put my mama in a distant grave.

Why she gotta be murdered?  
Why she gotta go missing?  
This land is hers, so I heard!  
All the saints are insisting!

Someone's gotta sink in Hell and rot!  
Left bones in snow and parking lot.  
Disappeared my sister, saw her die;  
Exiled my mama, served her *Misery*!

Why she gotta be missing?  
Why she gotta be murdered?  
Why I hear *Justice* hissing  
Like a viper in a graveyard?

Someone's papa mapped a Trail of Tears!  
Someone's son paved a Highway of Tears!  
Why my sister gotta stumble down?  
Why my mama gotta tumble down?

Why she gotta go missing?  
Why she gotta be martyred?  
Indigenous insisting,  
“*Justice* for our hearts pure red!”

Someone's flag looks like blood on snow!  
Someone's *History* be a damn crime show!  
To hurt my sister so she weep;  
To wound my mama while she sleep.

Why she gotta be murdered?  
Why she gotta go missing?  
Martyred in mud, slush, *merde*—  
From The Pas to Nipissing.

Someone's guilty of a million crimes—  
From five centuries back, down to next time!  
Ain't sorry to lil sister rape—  
Or put my mama in her early grave

Why she gotta be murdered?  
Why she gotta go missing?  
Ain't all government alert  
To crimes of commission?

Why don't Parliament just wail?  
How can this Parliament fail?  
Gotta have *Justice* insisting,  
"No more murdered, no more missing!

"No more homicide, suicide, genocide—  
Those screaming words that we can't hide!  
No more Trails and Highways of Tears!  
No more families cramming each a hearse!

"Time to put the guilty where they belong—  
On trial, in jail, by the end of this song!"

George Elliott Clarke  
7<sup>th</sup> Parliamentary Poet Laureate (2016-17)