

Visions 17



VISIONS is dedicated to

The students and staff of Basic Education

*Thank you to those students who contributed stories,
poetry and other literary works to this anthology.*

Edited by Joe Hilbig

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Autumn leaves falling
Choreographed with the wind
Watch them as they dance

Mother
Painful goodbye
Reunite in sorrow
Family gets a second chance
Siblings

This is just to say
I have spent all of
our money

And which you were
probably going to
pay the heat bill

Forgive me, we can
use these new clothes
to keep us warm!

The birds have flown south
The threat of snow is in the air
The fallen leaves swirl about
Creatures prepare the homes they'll share

The snowflakes begin to fall
It seems winter is finally here
The season change is nature's call
What a beautiful time of year

The love of a friend is not to be taken for granted
There are only a few rare times in life when one
is blessed with a true friendship

You'll share times of love and laughter
And there will be times when you are embraced with grief and sorrow
But when it's all said and done and you still have one another
It is then, that you know you truly have
The love of a friend

Amanda Bird

Loneliness

Sometimes this pain
drives me insane
Every woman knows this pain
that is being alone
Sometimes a heart gets lost in
the dark so it learns
the part of playing the stone

Listen

I hear the trees blowing and gently swaying
They play a musical tune that only the heart
and soul can hear
They are gentle whispers to comfort us
All we have to do is listen

This is just to say I borrowed your brand
new stereo. The one you have not
taken out of the box yet!
I know how much you wanted to listen
to your new cd that you just bought today
Don't worry I will bring it back
when I buy one for myself

this life can never change my true self
I'll describe life: it's beauty, pain and death
again its pain
yet they called me insane

Cry in the Night

Street child, if you have to cry,
cry in the night
If they don't see your tears,
they can't see your fears
to silence your screams
to kill your dreams
In truth, I don't know why, street child,
you have to cry,
cry in the night

To be the guardian
of his heart
you must be the lover
of his soul

Bonnie Howson

Eyes

When I look into your eyes, I see two worlds combined,
When I look into your eyes, I see two worlds entwined,
When I look into your eyes, I see a thin disguise, but
When I look into your eyes, all I see is you and I.

Life and Love

My life without you would be lonely and cold,
my life without you would be hurtful and depressing,
so I sit here and try not to think about the life we would share
apart from each other
and I start to think of a love a love that is so true and strong
that nothing could ever tear our lives apart.

Chris Love

I dreamed that
I was a horse
racing across the plains
Wildly

Wild horse running free
Hoofbeats drumming, thundering
In the midnight sky

This is just to say
I have taken
your can of Coke

and which you were probably
drinking
for thirst

Forgive me
I was thirsty
so cold and refreshing

Winter
cold, wet
falling, drifting, melting
like a phantom mist
Ghost

This is just to say
I have taken
Yet another cookie
from your cookie jar

and which you were probably
saving
for guests
forgive me
I am not a guest
I am your daughter
they were delicious

Darkness
softly, quickly
like pussycat feet
on silent velvet paws
mysterious

How do I love thee?
You put me in such a daze
I love thee so deeply, my heart
is filled with delight
I love thee by sun
or by the soft moonlight
The mere touch of your hand
fills my heart with delight

I have to write a limerick
I have to write a line
I can't seem to enjoy it
cause I really cannot rhyme
my eyes are feeling heavy
my legs are fast asleep
I have to write this poem
or a failing grade I'll reap
I feel the pressure rising
to put down something funny
I hope my teacher likes it
Or I've wasted Daddy's money

I dreamed that
I was a Violin
playing Madison Square Garden
Triumphantly

Streets of Kinistino

As I walked out in the streets of Kinistino
As I walked out in the streets one day
I saw a poor farmer all wrapped in white linen
It had been white linen but now it was grey

I see by your outfit that you're a poor farmer
I said to this farmer as he sat on the ground
Come sit down he said and hear my sad story
The Government took all my grain and seized every pound

T'was once on the combine I used to sit proudly
T'was once on the sofa I would comfortably lay
But now the Bankers have sent a retriever
And now I am going to be laid away

Get six poor farmers to carry my coffin
Get six poorer still to lay me in the ground
Throw bunches of Marijuana to cover my coffin
So I can get high as I lie without sound

Oh beat the barrel slowly and play the saws lowly
As my debt-ridden farmer friends carry me along
And take my Intestines and sell them for Violin strings
So someone can play as they sing this sad song

True Friendship

Most siblings find things to fight about. Supposedly we leave these so-called “little differences” behind us when we become adults. How is it than, now that we are grown, we still fight?

Now that we are no longer children, we’ve probably forgotten those particular incidents that created hurt feelings but, the reality, is we have not recovered from these feelings. When a situation triggers our memory response, then we tend to act in the same old familiar way. I have come to the conclusion that no one can revitalize my old “back up against the wall” feelings any faster than my sister.

I we are ever going to have anything similar to that of a smooth and easy relationship, what can I do? I suppose that if I’m ever going to get along with my sister, I’ll have to start seeing her an adult human being and not just the bossy big sister who thought it was a big joke to get the dog to pull my braids. That was funny to her, but it hurt a lot. I will also have to remember that she too harbors feelings and memories of our growing years. I need to relax a little and hear her side of the story. How angry she was when she caught me shaving her pet guinea pigs, and when I poured lamp oil into the fish tank. I guess, when I think about it, it’s not surprising that she holds resentments too. I have always believed that I held the short end of the stick in our relationship. But, in thinking about it, she is probably the one hanging onto the biggest chunk of emotional damage. After all, she did not destroy my stuff, she just scolded me an awful lot; in fact, she still does.

Well, we can put some of this baggage behind us by starting to build a friendship. If she agrees to try to be less controlling, I will make more of an attempt to phone and engage in some friendly small talk. Or, I can just opt for the wait-for-the-years-to-go-by approach.

Human behaviorists claim that something happens to our psyche after about age 40 that appears to help us make peace with our siblings.

So, if all of this friendship stuff becomes too tedious, all I have to do is wait. Eventually, my sister will stop bossing me, and I will stop overreacting. By the time I'm fifty, then, I may have gained enough wisdom to view my sibling as not merely someone with whom to have conflict, but, simply as a true friend and we can accept each other just as we are.

Culinary Delights

I used to think that the particular manner in which I lived and ate was the same around the world. In other words, I thought the world was the same as me. I have since come to the realization that there does not exist such an element as “normal” or “the same” when it comes to different customs and eating preferences. Normal is at best a contradiction. In truth it does not exist. It changes every sixty seconds and every sixty miles. The way people live and the food that they eat is as individualistic and unique as ourselves and our cultures.

Today, I am going to talk about some of the adventures I experienced while pursuing these culinary preferences in a variety of localities. In this speech I hope to enlighten the listener as to the various culinary treasures that exist in different places in the world.

In Arizona I lived on the Navajo-Hopi Rez and I was ushered into a whole new world of food preferences. The Navajo's main diet consists of frybread served with mutton and fried potato. They also harvest and roast Pinon nuts in the late fall. Ground cornmeal is an important part of the Hopi Nation's religion and culture. They make a delightfully

fragile food called “paper bread”. It is made from Juniper ash and blue cornmeal. It takes a very special technique to make this delicacy and only certain ladies possess the skills in order to create the paper bread. It is very, very thin and just simply melts in your mouth. I had a very different experience eating hominy soup. In the typical hominy recipe you will find tripe, calves feet, garlic, onions, and sometimes the odd eyeball can be seen floating in this brew. It is served with chopped onion and crushed chiles for extra seasoning. I found it very difficult to eat this soup when it was looking up at me. I also consumed roasted sheep’s head; this dish is considered a delicacy among the Navajo. I also attended a special feast at which roasted ground squirrel was served as the meat dish; it was delicious.

My first impression of Mexican food was that it was way too spicy and seemed to appear as though it was pre-chewed as in re-fried beans. After awhile, I came to realize that there are many different varieties of Mexican food. Re-fried beans make up only a small part of the cuisine. One time, since we had many miles to travel, we decided not to take the time to stop and eat in a regular restaurant. Instead, we headed down the road and stopped at a roadside stand that advertised chicken sandwiches and hot tamales. The lady cook was very proud of herself because she told us that she had recently learned how to make white bread. First, she served us the hot tamales; we discovered they made better eating when we learned how to remove the corn husks. After the hot tamales, we were served chicken strip sandwiches. The bread was delicious and the slices were thick, they were garnished with peppers and tomatoes. We took our sandwiches with us in the van and headed down the highway in the direction of Windowrock. When we arrived at Windowrock, friends asked us if we had had supper. We replied in the affirmative, but told them how dreadfully tough the chicken was in

our sandwiches. Our friends were quick to inform us of the fact that when you purchase roadside chicken you are actually buying Iguana. So, what we thought was tough chicken was, in reality, lizard. The idea did not sit well with us that we had been eating lizard meat.

At an eating establishment in San Flieppe, Mexico, a Senora was cooking breakfast over an open fire. Two tourists (who did not have command of the Spanish language) were trying to ask to have their eggs prepared minus the hot peppers. However, the cook could not understand how the tourists wanted their eggs prepared. So she tried scrambling the eggs (with the peppers), but the tourists shook their heads in refusal. So she then made an omelet (with peppers), and again the tourists declined to partake. Then, a look of enlightenment crossed over the cook's face, and she picked up two raw eggs and smilingly offered them to the tourists.

In Guatemala, they serve a chili-style soup that is made with hot strained peppers and strained beans in a bouillon-type oily sauce. This soup is designed to give a person a "kick-start" to their day when eaten for breakfast. This is very good to consume before embarking upon a strenuous hiking adventure. This soup is comparable to what sled dogs are fed in order to give them that extra boost of energy before they race.

Costa Rica is known as the "Coffee Capital of the World". They take great pride in the superior quality of their coffee beans. The flavor is smooth and robust. It is the opinion of the locals that coffee is to be enjoyed in its pure, dark, robust form, not tampered with by adding milk or sugar. They do not even have milk or sugar available at the tables and you receive a frown of disapproval if you make a request for these condiments. So most tourists quickly clue into the server's wishes that coffee is to be enjoyed in its pure form.

In countries that are geographically located by oceans, octopus is considered to be one of the deep-sea delicacies. There are restaurants in Seoul, Korea who specialize in serving live octopus to their patrons. The small octopus is presented chopped, but alive on the plate. It looks like a sea of moving octopus. Sometimes they crawl off and you have to put them back on the plate. This “moving” dish is usually served along with shooters. The patrons take a slurp from the shooter, then quickly stuff a squirming, unwilling octopus into their mouths. Sometimes, the octopus sticks its suction cups onto the person’s teeth. The octopus has to be plucked off and is then crammed into the person’s mouth. After much scrambling, trial and conflict, and many shooters later, this delicacy is eventually consumed. The patron ends up with a churning stomach and a buzzing head. Although I have witnessed this type of eating, I have not been adventuresome enough to sample this fare. I somehow cannot stop myself from sympathizing with the poor soon-to-be consumed octopus. Plus, as I mentioned before, I have a difficult time with eating something alive or dead that is looking at me.

Coming back to Canada, and moving up north, I met a wonderful lady Elder who showed me how to make rabbit stew. The stew was delicious. While in the north, some friends went hunting and bagged a moose. A grandmother got very excited and exclaimed, “bring me the nose”, and so I was introduced to moose-nose soup. This brings to mind that even within the boundaries of Saskatchewan, you can experience a great variation of cuisine. From the usual restaurant fare to items that are practically unpronounceable—all influenced by our multi-cultural province.

In summation, I believe that I have embarked upon an exciting and interesting journey discovering different foods that the world has to offer. Although I have made a good start, there is so much more to

explore, and so many places to visit. In the future, there will be a great variance of places and many unique table fares beckoning to be explored.

Dannelle Messer

Dyslexics of the World Unite

Dyslexia is a disorder that affects millions of people all over the world. It is one type of specific learning disability that affects a person's ability to read. 'Dys' means difficulty and 'lexia' means words. A dyslexic learns at his/her own level and pace, and typically excels in one of more other areas. Some of their experiences include difficulties with concentration, perception, memory, verbal skills, abstract reasoning, hand eye coordination, social adjustment (low self-esteem is a commonly observed behavioural characteristic), poor grades, and underachievement. Often, people with Dyslexia are considered to be lazy, rebellious, class clowns, unmotivated, misfits, or of low intelligence. These misconceptions, without understanding dyslexia's effects on the person's life, lead to rejection, isolation, feeling of inferiority, discouragement, and low self-esteem.

The causes of dyslexia are neurobiological and genetic. Research shows that individuals inherit the genetic links for dyslexia. Often one of the dyslexic's immediate family (parent, spouse, aunt, uncle, brother, or sister) is dyslexic. More than one of his/her children could also be dyslexic. Some forms of dyslexia can also be caused when hearing problems at an early age affect a person's language comprehension skills.

and express information more efficiently. Research shows that programs utilizing multi-sensory structured language techniques can help children and adults learn to read. Some famous dyslexics include Hans Christian Anderson, Henry Winkler, Robin Williams, Tom Cruise, George Washington, Albert Einstein, Alexander Graham Bell, Leonardo Da Vinci and General George Patten.

Helen Michell

Teacher

Hey teacher! don't be a preacher
Just teach me to learn.

What you know? What you hear?
What you see?

I was scared to come to school
because I thought I was old, but
My Elder told me "You're never too old to learn."
He said, "get your education Boy!"

Hey teach! Here's a thought

I come to school everyday.
I learn now,
I'll learn something new tomorrow.

Kenneth Partridge

Standing, watching the horizon at dusk
The orange and red glow of the sun
disappearing behind the brown darkened
gently rolling hills.
A calm breeze flows through the tall grass
bringing the scent of a cold humid night
You can smell the rain coming as light turns to dark

This is just to say
I borrowed your car when you were sleeping
and you probably needed it to get to work

Forgive me
your car was so clean
and it was so nice not to ride the bus

The lightning flashes
Illuminating the sky
Exposing the storm

Flowing waterfalls
Powerful, crashing on rocks
Splash, the sound echos

Smoking
Filling my lungs
A short sense of calmness
Suddenly stopped by a craving
For more

Driving
Racing along
Fighting blurred vision
Suddenly out of control
Darkness

I dreamed
that I was a cloud
Drifting aimlessly around the sky
calmly

On Being Diabetic

I don't remember much of my life before being diabetic. I was diagnosed with diabetes when I was six years old. I remember spending a week in the Royal University Hospital over my Easter break from elementary school where they put me in the pediatric ward

On Easter Sunday the hospital had someone going around dressed up like the Easter Bunny handing out chocolate to all the children on the pediatric floor. When the Easter bunny got around to me, I was happier than any other kid because it was Easter, and I was used to getting a big basket of chocolate. Well he handed me a bag of chocolate and said, "Happy Easter!" I can look back now and see my parents' hearts break as they told me that I couldn't eat chocolate any more as I was so used to doing. But my father reached deep into his pocket and gave me all the change he had to buy the chocolate from me.

Now, with all the help from friends and family, I am able to keep my diabetes from getting out of control and causing more harm to myself. I hear stories about other diabetics who didn't look after themselves and are now having trouble with things such as heart problems, blindness, losing limbs, kidney failure, and strokes. Hearing these stories encourages me to maintain good control of my diabetes, since I don't want to end up with these problems.

Leigh Sharp

I dreamed that
I was a bird
flying high in the sky at night
Quietly

Baby
Young, beautiful
Laughing, smiling, crying
Wanting to learn
Child

Stars

Above the world, sky
Twinkling, shining, sparkling
In the silent night

She wears red
He wears blue
They yell and scream
And say no
To me too

They make me shout
And pull out my hair
When there's jelly here
And peanut butter over there

But she still wears red
He still wears blue
They're my son and daughter
And I love them
Too

On Writing Poetry

I have a block, that
I have, a problem with
Ideas, having ideas
I don't know where
To start
And what ever
Poem I write, I don't
Think
It
Will
Be
Good enough
Frustration definitely
Does it matter how long it is?
As long as you keep
Going and going
That's
It

Rachel McLeod

I dreamed that
I was a poet
writing what has deeper meaning
Poetically.

This is just to say
I have taken your jacket
from in the closet

that you were going to
wear today
in the blizzard

Forgive me
it was so warm
and so comfortable.

This is just to say
I have dropped your beer that were in
the fridge

and which you were probably
saving
for Friday night

Forgive me they were sparkling
with coolness and
smelt so sweet.

Sunshine on the bay
light reflects off the ocean
shining up the world

Breeze very lonely
cold wind brushing through the trees
birds with flight in mind

Darkness
children running
goblins and ghosts
scamper house to house
Twilight

Father's Words

How cruel you are
my father.
How cold
and distant too.
Words that burn
into my flesh.
More scars
and hurt from you.

Susie Petrisor

This is just to
I have borrowed
your man for he
was so tempting in my eyes

and which you were probably
at home
waiting for

Forgive me
for he was
good.

Family
Babies, children
cousins, nephews, nieces,
uncles, aunties, grandmas, grandpas
Reunion

The northern lights soar so beautifully through the night sky.
Just like lost little children holding hands, dancing and joyfully playing.
Searching for their souls with each and everyone of us that lies asleep.
When daybreak peeps they'll all be gone until the next night starts to creep.
When all the world is soundly sleeping once again.
Then and only then will the lost little children come out once more
opening the door of sparkling dreams of happiness.
For everyone of us that falls into sweet bliss, of when we were so innocent
and pure, finding the eternal child within our souls, just for awhile.
Then losing us once more just like the other nights before.
Time to awake for another reality check that awaits each and every
morning.
So let there be sunlight but only for awhile
We want to go back to sleep and dream of being a restless, wonderful and
blessing child.
Where we don't have to worry over life's complex ways for the rest of the
day.

I dreamed that
I was a mouse
scrounging around for food
Hungrily

Grandpa

So old and frail.

Your face has many wrinkles
that show the wisdom of the many years
of happiness, sorrows, hardships, and blessing.

With every wrinkle comes a different story, like tiny roads that lead one
way but branch off to another great tale, for whatever may lay ahead.

Grandpa give me the inspiration in order to live as long as you,
teach me what little things to enjoy, but not to take things for granted,
to accept the things that I cannot change, but the courage to accomplish my
goals,
the love and help to get through my troubles and heartaches that will come
with each passing year.

Suzanne's Summer

This summer was great. I really got back to my roots at Southend Reindeer Lake. My daughter and I went there for two weeks in July. She finally got to meet my dad's side of the family. Her kokums, kimosooms, aunts, uncles and her cousins were all there.

We drove to Southend from La Ronge and spent the night; then the next day, we took a boat to Lawrence Bay Lodge. We stayed at my dad's camp in a canvas tent. My father is a guide for the lodge. He has been there for twenty seven years now. It was so peaceful except for the noise of the children running up and down the shore line and splashing on the beach. The rest of my family stayed along the beach as well. I taught my daughter how to fish but with no hook on the spoon, only a weight. She really enjoyed learning how to cast and reel it in. Early in the mornings Tristen would go and catch minnows for Bert, our pet night hawk. My dad had found two baby orphan night hawks, but the one named Ernie died. Bert is now an adult night hawk (He takes off every night and comes back in the morning for breakfast.) Bert is used to our family, so he lands and flies from our hands and arms. In order for him not to scratch we used gloves and a long sleeved shirt. My father also bought my girl a puppy in Southend, and we took it back to the camp. The dog's name was Shorty. She was a female; part Rottweiler and German Shepherd. Tristen was frightened of Shorty because she would chase Tristen and try to nibble at her ankles. My girl would say, "Help me mommy; this dog is trying to kill me." She didn't like her dog that much because of this. Sometimes in the early or late afternoon, my brothers, Billy Joe and Paul, and I would go into the forest and peel trees for the cabin my dad was going to build, since he was guiding all day. Then one of my brothers would drag them out. When we weren't visiting my relatives at their camps, my brothers, my

daughter, and I would take a walk to the lodge to play basket-ball or horseshoes and wait for the guides to come in off the lake. Supper times were delicious. I hadn't realized that I had missed wild meat so much until then. We also ate fresh fish caught earlier that day. In late evenings my family would get together to play cards for money while the children played and roasted marshmallows by the fire pit. There were about twenty adults and over twenty children there from my dad's side of the family.

I remember my cousin, Carmen's dog; his name was Snowball. Snowball was a crazy dog because every time that he'd see someone smoking, he would wait until that person threw her cigarette butt away, run to it, step on it with his paw and eat the butt. We always had something to do and it was never boring even without the electrical technology. I hadn't been there for over ten years, and it brought back memories of me as a happy child when I used to go there every summer. This will be another memory that I will always remember too. From now on, I will take my daughter there in summer time and teach her the ways of our ancestors as my mother taught me.

Suzanne Clarke

Waters, current runs
Perpetuating motion
reflecting blue sky

Hurricanes angry
blanketing the ground bringing
forth tremendous sound

For the wind blows on.
All the shutters are drawn.
A boy sits alone singing a deep song.
How the day will sit for the wind's breath is
strong.
Everything is as it belongs. As everything
interacts.

Wayne Kemp

Bonnie Howson: I have been a student here at SIAS T since August of 2003. I'm a 38year old single mother of two boys, Billy-Jack and Bruce-Lee. They are both my pride and joy, for without them, I would not be here today. I have overcome many obstacles in my life to be where I am today. I just want to thank all my friends, staff and counsellors for having patience and understanding me when I didn't understand myself.

Chris Love: I'm 23 years old. I was born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I have twin brothers and two sisters. I am attending SIAST to achieve my grade 12 and I intend to take a computer engineering course. I write these poems with hopes to someday be able to write them to that special someone. I love to write; I started writing when I was 12, and one day I was feeling kinda spontaneous and decided to write a few poems and I showed them to a teacher and that is when my teacher told me about Visions. I decided I would try to submit a few of the things I've written and see where it would take me.

Dannelle Messer: I am a student here at Kelsey. For the majority of my life, my family has worked and travelled in various countries and localities. A love of travel and adventure was instilled in me at a very early age. When I can't go visit a place, I love to read about it. As a result I subscribe to many travel magazines. Reading is one of my favourite pastimes. The last few years my parents have decided to stay put on an acreage near Kinistino and so introduced me to the small town and farming way of life. This is also an added bonus because it is here on this acreage that I am able to pursue my love of horse riding and other equestrian endeavours. I hope one day to instill one of my many passions in a career and pursue a vocation relating to one of those fields of interest.

Kenneth Partridge: I come from the Makwa Sahgaiechan First Nation. It is about three hours northwest of Saskatoon, where the last battle of Chief Big Bear happened. I like to write poetry. I am also a "Prairie Chicken Dancer."

Leigh Sharp: I am twenty years old. I was born and raised in Dodsland, Saskatchewan. I moved to Saskatoon about three years ago. I found employment working for a construction company while I waited to get into school. I hope to achieve my Grade Twelve, then take classes to become an accountant.

Rachel McLeod: I'm 23 years old and blessed with a six year old girl, a two year old boy, and four month old baby boy. I come from Stanley Mission, and I was out of school for six years. I plan on getting my grade 12 before going to business college.

Susie Petrisor I am from Saskatoon, SK and attending SIAST, Kelsey Campus in the Adult Basic Education program. I hope to be completed by 2005. I have come back to school to make sure my family does not have to worry about money. I hope to have fully completed my Pharmacy degree by 2011, a long way away.

Suzanne Clarke: My family comes from Southend and Stanley Mission but I grew up in La Ronge. I moved to Saskatoon finish ABE and get my grade 12 diploma. Later on I would like to become a paramedic or fire fighter. I am a single mother of a beautiful bright daughter named Tristen Faith Clarke who is four and half years old; she is in kindergarten.

Wayne Kemp: I am a student enrolled in the adult 12 program. I am a quiet person who keeps to himself. I enjoy video games, playing chess, and drawing. My favourite memory is scoring the goal that got my hockey team to the provincials. Soon afterward, with ease, we were provincial champions. I hope to graduate within the year 2004, and hope to see you in university very soon.