

The Origin of “Nobody’s Son”

Tom Mowatt

I had just finished a seven year federal sentence, four months before writing this poem. I was in remand, which means being held in jail while waiting to go to court, at Prince George Regional Correctional Center. I was in remand over three years. Evidence was being collected in hopes of declaring me a dangerous offender, which would have given me an indefinite sentence. The teachings I absorbed throughout the first seven years helped me to understand what I was being forced to deal with in 1999. This is the ultimate example of the blame game of how and why social problems are so rampant on my Reserve and still is. This poem has stayed with me all these years and rings more true every passing day

While in remand I sent a copy of this poem to my sister. Unfortunately, she thought this was my last testament before I was to commit suicide. In wanting to get help to me, she handed it over to the court system. The prosecutor tried to use it against me in the Vancouver Supreme Court, hoping to designate me as suicidal so I would be put on depression medication. I’ve used this poem, in my presentations in Native Studies with Bruce Allen here at College of New Caledonia.

I can proudly declare that I am a graduate Of Correction Services of Canada as an inmate.

All My Relations