

Langue way home
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A poem marking the 50th Anniversary of the Royal Assent of the Official Languages Act / Un poème marquant le 50^e anniversaire de la sanction royale de la Loi sur les langues officielles
Read during the celebration held at Government House, April 18, 2019.

- I. My tongue is chimeric, one voice born of two languages:
those of my mother and father, of *Acadie* and anglo roots
inoculate. *Ma langue* isn't tied or forked like a devil's,
but fluid— an ebb and flow of mixed vocabulary and chiac.
I emanate *poésie* : incantations to unite our two solitudes
and dispel bad attitudes when it comes to bilingualism.

- II. *Bilingualism is killing New Brunswick.* Laisse-moi traduire :
les francophones causent la mort de cette province, comme si
les Britanniques n'avaient jamais massacré mes ancêtres
acadiens à Pointe-Sainte-Anne en 1759. Un village incendié,
les familles entières abattues sur les rives fertiles du Wolastoq.
*Sais-tu, Acadie j'ai le mal du pays.** It's a *langue way home*.

- III. My bilingualism is more than arguments over the staffing
of school buses and ambulances, *plus que le point d'entrée*
pour l'immersion française ou la politique partisane.
Je reste ici au Nouveau-Brunswick parce que c'est bilingue,
a province whose half-century legacy of language equality
has made *chez nous* a safe haven worthy of preservation.

*A line taken from *The Band's* song "Acadian Driftwood"