

Subject: Poem

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**From:** Richard Lamoureux [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Monday, January 27, 2014 2:21 PM  
**To:** Apology Consultation MIT:EX  
**Subject:** Fwd: Poem

To whom it may concern; I was speaking to Pavan Bajwa and he suggested I send this poem to you. It is my attempt to express the experience of the Chinese people who came to settle in Canada. I hope you find my poem of value to your consultation process. Regards Richard J Lamoureux [REDACTED]

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## The Rail Ties That Bind

A little girl  
She comes to a land of ghosts  
Almost empty streets  
She wonders  
Where are all the people  
No one here looks like her  
Within her heart  
Emotions stir

It is so cold  
Foreign  
Lonely  
Where oh where, is the mountain of gold  
Her mom and dad they are so bold  
Pioneers  
Adventures  
People of action  
Not of words

Hong Kong  
Left behind  
A new future to find  
They endured the sad  
A world not kind

Their crowded apartment  
A benevolent uncle stole  
To leave the country they paid a toll  
Plane tickets in her fathers hand  
Brought his family to a new land  
The little girl did not understand

The language she knew  
Was Chinese

She spoke it with such ease  
She thought, she must throw it away  
The bits of her culture slowly stripped day by day

Forced to grow up, with blinding speed  
She looks after, siblings needs  
No time for her  
She couldn't play  
Duty and honour  
The Chinese way

Mom and dad, working night and day  
They do so much, for little pay  
Food on the table  
Their sacrifice  
A warm home  
Within a land of ice

Through the years  
A life is built  
Yet the little girl, she is filled with guilt  
She knows, there's been a sacrifice  
Beneath the surface, of all that's nice

Many, many, years ago  
Her grandfather was here  
Away from her dad, for many years  
Cooking for men, who worked the rail line  
A small comfort when they would dine

Disposable humans  
They took the risk  
The horrors so many  
To long too list  
They needed their families  
So far away  
Yet the politicians, turned them away

The abuse he suffered  
With all his friends  
It seems now the Government  
wants to make amends  
The past and future, are combined  
You can't move forward  
Without looking behind

The little girl, now grown up  
For the past, she gives her thanks  
Dreams from ties  
She rides their rails  
Blood and sweat  
from hammering nails  
She hears echoes, from the past  
It seems their gifts, were forged to last

This poem can be found on [PoetrySoup.com](http://www.poetrysoup.com) at  
[http://www.poetrysoup.com/poems\\_poets/poem\\_detail.aspx?ID=533125](http://www.poetrysoup.com/poems_poets/poem_detail.aspx?ID=533125)