My Place/Your Place

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Getting to know my place
took me to cracks in my consciousness.
To find a space/place that sees and devalues me.

Your place is filled with official policies and protocols.

My place has been to watch you perform a dance
that reduces the history, culture and voices of my place.

In your place, your consciousness is
a bright and shining voice screaming “me! Me! Me!”

In my place, the systems’ cracks don’t catch me.
The systems’ corners hurt me.

Why do you try to see me,
without knowing me?

Where is the time/space to create new policies?
To develop and name the keys to becoming we?

When nobody like me, can be respected nor accepted…

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Voice: As a second generation, Sikh-Punjabi woman in Canada, the voice in the poem is one
that I have lived (as a university scholar/researcher, public school teacher, community advocate,
and mother).

Recommendation: A deliberate strategy to develop culturally responsive ways of teaching-
learning and assessment, would build the learning capacities of racialized students through
transformative and emancipatory approaches to curriculum.