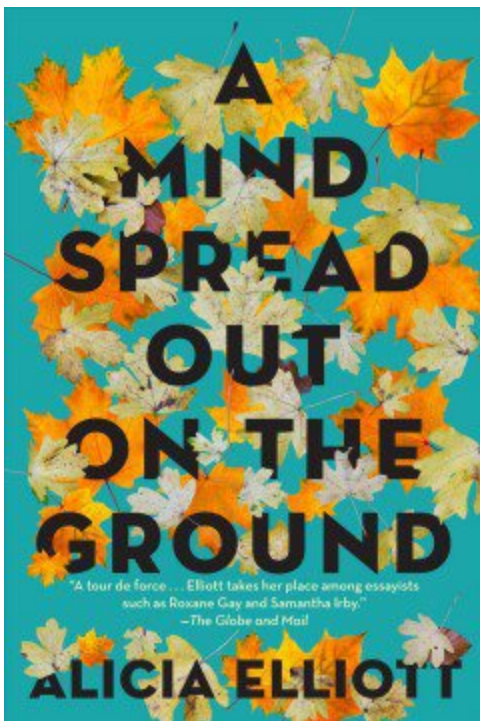




Read & Recommended

A Mind Spread Out On The Ground
by Alicia Elliott

*Shortlisted for Hilary Weston Writers Trust Prize for Nonfiction
2019 Best Books lists:
Globe and Mail, CBC, Chatelaine and Quill & Quire*



I've heard one person translate a Mohawk word for depression to, roughly, "his mind fell to the ground". I ask my sister about this. She's been studying Mohawk for the past three years and is practically fluent. She's raising her daughter to be the same. They're the first members of our family to speak the language since a priest beat it out of our paternal grandfather a handful of decades ago.

"Wake'nikonhra'kwenhtará:'on," she says. "It's not quite 'fell to the ground'. It's more like, 'His mind is...'" She pauses. She repeats the word in Mohawk. Slows it down. Considers what English words in her arsenal can best approximate the phrase. "His mind is..." She moved her hands around, palms down, as if doing a large, messy finger painting. "Literally stretched or sprawled on the ground. It's all over."

A collection of essays Haudenosaunee writer starts with piece on depression. It sets the tone for the rest of collection. This is an examination of her life, concentrating on the ways that colonialism, capitalism, and intergenerational trauma increased her personal trials of having been raised in a family plagued by poverty, abuse, and mental illness.

ALICIA ELLIOTT is a Tuscarora writer from Six Nations of the Grand River living in Brantford, ON. Her essay, "A Mind Spread Out on the Ground" won Gold at the National Magazine Awards in 2017, and another of her essays, "On Seeing and Being Seen: Writing With Empathy" was nominated for a National Magazine Award in 2018. She was the 2017-2018 Geoffrey and Margaret Andrew Fellow at UBC, and was chosen by Tanya Talaga to receive the RBC Taylor Emerging Writer Prize in 2018. Alicia is also presently working on a manuscript of short fiction