

IV Georges Castera

Gout pa gout

Lavi yon nonm prale

Drop by drop

A human life disappears

My poet friend Georges has died

I think of him on this last day of January

Port-au-Prince loses some of its temerity

Port-au-Prince liquidates its epics

Georges says FUCK in Creole

His tongue thirsts for justice

His tongue hungers for music

The earth spins in his worn-out hands.

*Borders: Donald Trump puts up walls and more walls. Does
this mean that the Earth is no longer round?*

V

Where are my eyes?

M pa wè. I cannot see.

Where are my feet?

M pa wè devan m.

I cannot see ahead.

A translator reinvents history

Says within their tongue

I've no eyes to see

The voice trembles and says the opposite of truth

the utterance stripped of its echo

Ah yes, I have eyes that see

Ahead *devan* the horizon is blocked

The earth is no longer the earth

The sea lines up its chimaeras

And protests its retreat

Period

I am the slave. It's never my mouth that speaks for me.

– Rodney Saint-Éloi (Translated by Oana Avasilichioaei)