

## VIII

*And who will be the Archivist of these forgotten people?*

*Not the rivers' water, not the sated condor, not the wind of childhood (Khireddine Mourad)*  
*Kay kraze nimeró efase.* The houses were razed. The numbers erased. No trace left. No memories. The childhood story doesn't describe childhood. We don't have the right. We still wait for the storm. We've been waiting for years for some unknown collapse that hasn't come. Here, childhood cracks. Time cracks. Childhood doesn't exist in our languages. Nor in our memories.

*History peddles triumphant stories. Since kings no longer exist, the valets will have freedom of the city.*

## IX

For my Indigenous friends, I changed my shirt. I also changed my name. I walk on the tundra. I sleep under the sky. I have become a big big cat in their language. I have a new name. The red Negro from America, I've been adopted. I have to stand up to feed the heating rocks. I hear the drums. I speak to the river. The shaman calls me. I see the moon again. The eagle. Enchanting Labrador. I fix my eyes on the horizon. I say kuei kuei. At dawn, I burn tobacco to honour the Ancestors.

*Decolonial. Resume the history.*

– Rodney Saint-Éloi (Translated by Oana Avasilichioaei)