

XII

One day, the time will come when we'll have to close the windows to mourn the dead.
Take sabbaticals to feign hope or count the past in despair. The birds are not birds. They no longer have branches. Where are the trees? Where is the life about which I feel nostalgic? Where is the sea? Is this blue the colour of the sea or a grimace, a memory that turns to blood in the disarmed hours of early morning?

Settler, piss off! This is how we tell colonial history.

XIII

I'm not in the habit of checking the weather.
It's raining or the sun is shining brightly.
We don't ask how's the weather?
We focus on bread and water
To tighten our belts
To wait for tomorrow
To defy the hurricane
To welcome death

Wordless

The earth engulfs us

We should take time to speak to our dead

– Rodney Saint-Éloi (Translated by Oana Avasilichioaei)