

History 101

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All year long I've trudged along roads into people's lives, walking next to words written inside torn front covers; all I ever found on page after page afterward are records in the shape of doctrines, some as classical as sonnets and others real limericks; so I read them, with the eyes of when I was a child observing my parents and neighbours fight a fine fight, which it must have been because all of what we owned had been removed and put into the hands of newcomers, everything we had ever possessed till then: land rolling into hips of valleys, into forests of dreadlocks as far as the mind could see. These are what we lost, what we fight for. And so we must live, here beyond ourselves; never mind that we befriended them, what else could we have done? Never mind that at the end of every prayer, when we remember their arrival, we cuss our kindness the way a season curses the wind, now from then until finally we carry ourselves to them and without weakness make certain we spill the midnight syrup of their blood, slay them, mash their heads and eat them with flatbread.

