

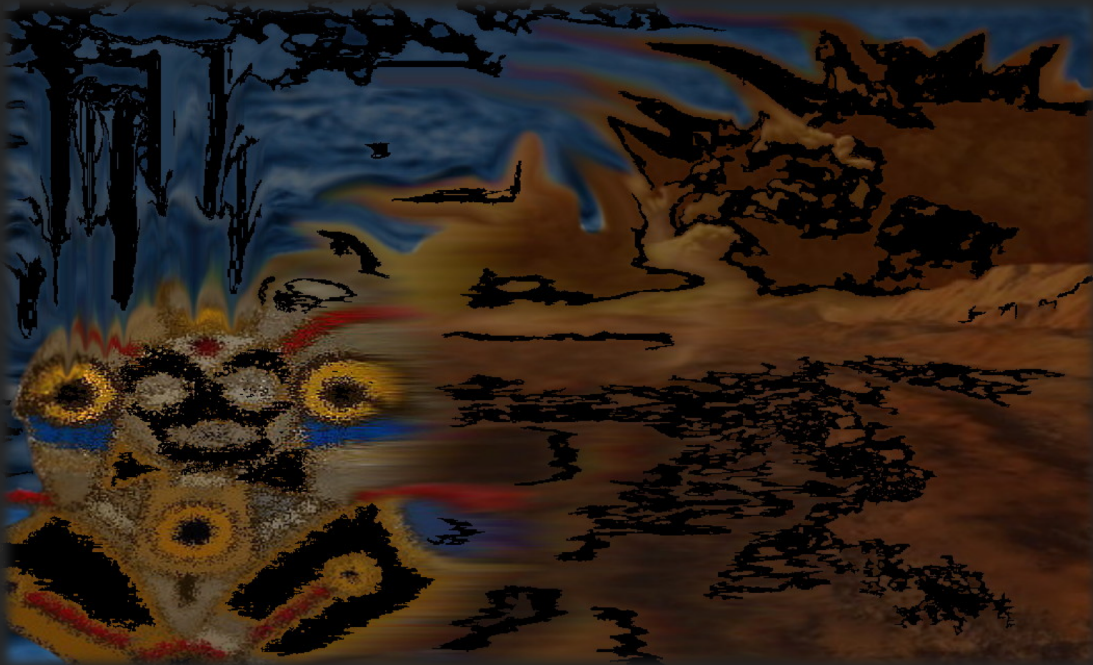
---

TWO

PERSPECTIVES ON COLONIAL

TIME

---



---

ALEXIS PAULINE GUMBS

i.

from the perspective of the arawak

well, think about it. if you live on an island or a continent on a planet, how do you know the edge of the planet. why would you differentiate the ocean and outer space by something other than thickness and the type of ship?

please don't be confused and think that we didn't know the stars, the navigation strategies, the true size and differentness of the world. in fact we knew we know we still look up and know about conversations between the ocean and the sky that the captors never admit to overhearing. the yacht owners deny it to this day. is there something that keeps them from knowing? we can't speak to that.

it wasn't that we thought our village was the whole world. it wasn't that we were provincial about skin. it was what they wanted, what

they did and what they tolerated, that let us know they could not be of the worlds (terrestrial or celestial) that we knew.

ii.

from the perspective of the student (bacteria)

they taught her how to make time out of dust. it would serve her well when the ground gave nothing up. it would elevate her close to priestess status when the dust accumulated on accumulated items would mean nothing to her captors but the passage of time, and the neglect of space, and the likelihood of tiny bugs who knew what she knew.

forgetting is nutritious.

having been forgotten, she became eternal. small enough to fit through and arrive anywhere. multiple enough to leave and stay at once. fine enough to coat the whole surface of a day. thick enough in moments to block the sun. sharp enough on all sides to puncture lungs. persistent enough to change your color.

so as the capitalists built for obsolescence, as the landfills changed the meaning of land itself, as even plastic reached its radioactive edge, as the skin cells and the memories filled the air, she waited. unseen. she was the silent destiny of everything.

---