



Displaced

We are all displaced. The tents of internally displaced host our only belongings: memories stuck along barbed wires to the ground we do not want to stick to. We want to remain misplaced. We belong elsewhere. We belong to the lands of travel that makes us free to grasp the freshness of the air and the vibes of a town, the words of those we encounter and love. We deploy under labels: refugees, donors, blue tents and miradors. The stars show no way out. The sky is the limit.

We are framed, Blacks. RRRRRRRRRRRRRR. Blacks from the Blacks and Whites. Those from Conrad and Leopold, and those from the lush bush. We are caged. We feel cracks and hope as we peel away labels and skin. The skin grows another skin. The bars of the cage! Will they let the foul air of the cage de-mellow my new me? Oh! I wish I could fill the cage and bend its air to my will, say hello to fellows, touch skins and discover their feel, equals cutting windows and greeting. Touch me.

And we could. As we travel, we pick and we taste, and the fruit of the earth changing along the roads make us change our views. Let us take a look. Overdressed under the sun, we could shed unsuited bits, trim ourselves to be ourselves and walk. The mask! Contorted of flashing memories and lurking inside me, I crush him and he bleeds, and I wake up and make up, and wrap up and dress up. The masks! Thread by thread cotton or glittering silk, they implode me. Let us wash this up! This bit of me that is not me, sticks to me, let us rediscover that. Tradition, Identity: words to shed, too heavy, let us flush them away. We shall then walk and be. Just be, together or not, walk, arms unleashed and fearless.

There, there. They grow, they do not stop growing: the churches are calling. They glow. Like the gates to the city, they glow and spread awe in darkness. This rings a bell! It all started with the square houses and the schools and the roads and the passes and the naming of us. Now we build. We do not stop building. The lush bush is being built, suppressed. We do it. We wonder at what mushrooms and grows on our way, flies over our ways, sounds along our ways, crawls under our roads. It is best worth keeping track of our journey. We see some ones take refuge underway. The bells ring.

We could hesitate. We could write the utensils of the day. Minute chips and dots, balls and tracks, on the surface of edgy things. Canvassing the surface, this is it! An angle and a round, an angle and a round: if we need a cutting edge, it is to finish and to start, to end or to begin. A tree for its warmth, a body for its death: panga! Tilling is for life but its tools can mean death. We inscribe them, we ascribe them. Maybe we ascribe us as we inscribe us? Let us roll over this on the lawn. And yet, never forget.

Never forget the insects in the swimming pool of my parents as you displace the yellow jerry cans along the dust and to the well. How many buckets in the swimming pool, dear Eliza? How many steps in the dust for the insects to fall? Insects who build on the scaffoldings of our city, crawl on the fly-overs and pop over the trucks along the way, will they end up in the swimming pool of my parents, or will they breathe their last sigh in the dust? Will they stand up and talk, tell the many stories that weave the roads and the cities, and the path towards the sky blue pool of my well trimmed parents.

Did his suit on brown skin come from bleached Europe? There,
shades of us, shame on us, burned red under the sun, they laugh
and thrive. Never tired, drunk from the night possibly yet bryed-
eyed, we wander in awe, we wonder, shadows in the twilight. At
night all cats are grey. Neither predator nor prey, let us shed bits of
doubts and angst and walk in the sun, unbleached!

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