

Negrodality

Ari Gautier, translation by Ananya Jahanara Kabir

In me live the Negro and the Dalit
Insult and pride mingle and intermingle in my blood
Negro, howled to the wind: the word insults me.
I am Negro. Shouted at the wind, it makes me proud.
Dalit. Soiled, I curl into myself.
I am Dalit. The stain becomes my swing.
Oxymoron, pleonasm, contrary and contradiction
Oh yes, I am the affirmation of your doubts,
Because I doubt on your affirmations.
The Parianegro seeds the word
Up to you to collect the terms that love each other.

