

1.

This will be difficult to express in the language of my coloniser. I will fail.

2.

I will try.

3.

Dhulanbaa is the time of the Black wattle.

Dhulanbaa is the place of the Black wattle.

4.

There is no time without the place, and no place without the time.

5.

We do not mark each beat and swallow it whole.

We are rhythm people.

6.

When you die, said Garruu, you may be reborn not as person or animal. Not even as tree.

You may, instead, be reborn as place.

7.

This makes mining murder.

8.

This also makes us strong.

9.

When I say we are rhythm people, I do not mean that we just track them. And certainly not force them.

What I mean is that we *participate* in a rhythm that is larger than ourselves.

10.

Those who do not may perturb it, *yawu*. But they cannot break it.

*Gamil.*

11.

Take solace, my people. Rest easy.

12.

Wake early, my people. There is much to do.

13.

This will be difficult to express in the language of my coloniser. I will fail.

14.

I will try.