

ANAYAWAKA'S LEGEND

A FULL MOON FORMED BY ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE TRIBE.
AT ITS CENTER, MY BROTHERS AND I, AROUND THE SUN.

THE MOON WAS SINGING. THE SUN BEGAN TO GROW, BECOMING BIGGER AND BIGGER, WIDER AND WIDER.
AND BEFORE THE MOON SANG ITS LAST SONG... I JUMPED.
I JUMPED ONTO THE SUN AND CROSSED THE BOUNDARIES OF THE MOON.

SUCH WAS MY INITIATION RITUAL, I WAS NOW A CACIQUE! PU-AM THE CACIQUE!
NO ONE IMAGINED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN THE NEXT DAY.
NO ONE COULD BELIEVE THAT WE WOULD SUFFER SO MUCH ON THE DAY THE WHITE MEN ARRIVED ON OUR
LAND. OUR LAND. LAND THAT WOULD CEASE TO BE OURS, BECAUSE THEY WOULD TAKE IT FOR THEMSELVES.
THEIR LAND. LANDS ON WHICH THEY WOULD MAKE US WORK. LANDS ON WHICH WE WOULD BECOME SLAVES.

THEY TOOK EVERYTHING FROM US. OUR FAMILY, OUR RIGHTS, OUR CUSTOMS... THEY CENSORED US.
NO MORE RITUALS; NO MORE CELEBRATIONS.
THE SUN WENT OUT.

AND WE WENT TO BED HOPING THAT REALITY WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE. ONE OF THOSE NIGHTMARES YOU
DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER, OR IF YOU DO, YOU SIGH WITH RELIEF THAT THEY ONLY DISTURBED YOU FOR A
FEW NIGHTS....

SLEEPING WASN'T EASY BECAUSE, YES, THINGS HAD CHANGED... BUT FOR THE WORSE.
WE REBELLED AND WE FOUGHT. WE ROSE UP AND WE KILLED.

THE CRIES TURNED INTO SCREAMS, AND THE TEARS INTO BLOOD. BLOOD THAT WE SHED FOR OUR LANDS, FOR
OUR CUSTOMS, FOR OURSELVES. BLOOD THAT WE CAN NEVER RECOVER. BLOOD UNJUSTLY TAKEN.
OUR BLOOD AND THEIR BLOOD, BUT BLOOD NONETHELESS.
SO MUCH BLOOD WAS SPILLED, STAINING THE GROUND EVERYWHERE... THE BLOOD THAT I BLED, THAT HE BLED.

ANAYAWAKA, MY SON. ANAYAWAKA, NEVER GET SILENCED.
ANAYAWAKA, MY SON. REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE, AND REMEMBER THAT FOOTPRINTS ARE NOT MADE BY
THEMSELVES, NOR EVEN BY SIMPLY WALKING.
ANAYAWAKA, MY SON. REMEMBER YOU. REMEMBER ME. REMEMBER US.
REMEMBER US, AND GIVE US LIFE EVEN AFTER LOSING IT.

THIS BLOOD THAT I BLED, THAT HE BLED.
HIS BLOOD AND OURS, THE SAME BLOOD...

North American Indian Legend

Unknown author



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