

## caliche fields <<en que busque una respuesta entre les antigües y les contemporáneas>>

how does it feel to know where you come from?  
my parents, my grandma, my grandpa,  
mi abuela, mi tía chele, les adoro.  
but my biological mother gifted me three things:  
a tribe, a confusion,  
and three spotted wolves.

my grandfather was an orphan,  
adopted by a family and taken in  
with all the love of the world  
in spite of what my father says.  
but, how does it feel to know *whom* you come from?  
because with him i felt that.  
he and my father told me education:  
learn about where you come from,  
read all the knowledge,  
access all the info and i heard that.

mais, quand j'étudiais le français,  
un françois m'a dit «les indiennes n'existent...»  
and i couldn't draw up the strength  
to tell him that i may be legendary  
but i am not a myth.  
i was courageless and naive  
to remind him that the only word  
i have for myself is a misinterpretation,  
a misendeavor of frenchmen playing  
adán naming all they see.  
so i ask you again,  
how does it feel to know where you come from?

we took a deep dive into el castellano  
donde sí existen les poblaciones indígenas  
pero these were not names for myself  
but una aproximación de una lengua indígena,  
“le barbarie elegante”.  
how does it feel to know oneself  
when only the victorious colonizers describe?

¡ROAD-TRIP!  
let's go to a museum.  
there's documentation of things long past,  
named before the time of christ.  
hopeful  
i went to my section identified by blood quantum.  
and do you know what i found?

the most beautiful bead work,  
animal skin dresses,  
and the crafts of hunting -  
spoiled with war...

and, beneath everything they printed:  
«artist unknown». splendid specimen.  
even le bonne sauvage was left  
renamed, unnamed.

in tears, i walked,  
wandered galleries,  
and so let me ask you again,  
how does it feel to know where you come from?