



We remember the Black women who nestled fire seeds in their hair despite the great unknown that lay before them. We recall the humble messages and songs that so much more was transcended than what bodies, physical knowledge and relationships to the land came with the people who were stolen from their homelands.

The bond between Black and Indigenous people is deeper than just the knowledge they shared during the middle passage, it is reinforced by relationships to land that extend beyond white settler colonial conceptions of property. Relationships to land that place the human in common with land and other than human beings that I argue is the commonwealth.

Commonwealth is to ask if we maintain a vision for freedom that is exploitative how liberatory?

There is no interconnected relationship between the Black human, the non-human and the exploitation of radically individual, but rather interconnected and interdependent with the earth. This then, reweaves the fabric of the exploitation of the earth. If we are ever to be free, we must first our relationships to the earth.

So I call for reparations, I do not call for a transfer in the ownership of the stolen land and wealth from the settler states to Black folk. I call for collective accountability and reciprocity between all people but explicitly Black and Indigenous people.

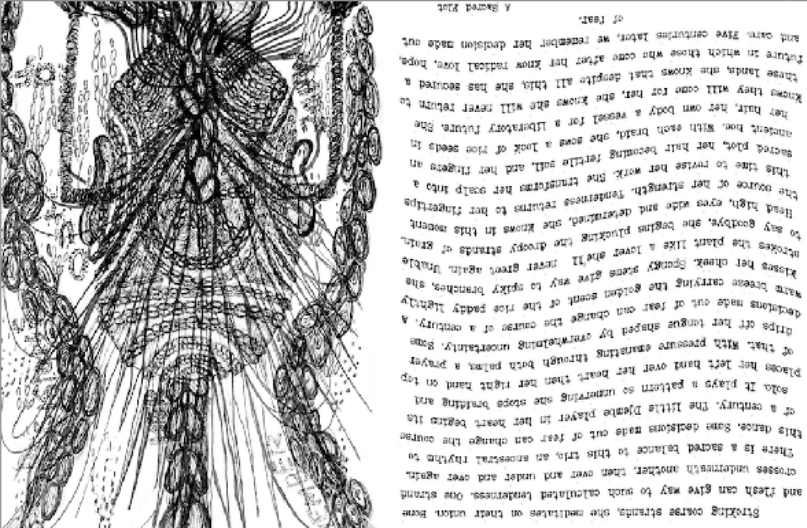
When settler colonialism renders land in spaces, commons repairs through filling in spaces with responsible and reciprocal relationships. Repairs spaces into a place



Property rights take root in the soil, producing sacred territories and being only to the people who first breathe only accountable to the state and its authority. Commons poses an alternative way of offering reparations that extend beyond the state's agenda, creating spaces where people belong to other people and the earth in interconnected, alternative

the process of property, in other words, become integral, or "relational" to the land. The land is made, the grain is sown, the soil is tilled, and the seeds are planted. The land and other than human beings become intrinsically bound up in the future, a future that is not just a future, but a future that is made, the grain is sown, the soil is tilled, and the seeds are planted.

As Z. Anandhi and P. Jaramba note, "property is not a neutral, abstract concept of ownership, but a social relation that is always already bound up in the future, a future that is not just a future, but a future that is made, the grain is sown, the soil is tilled, and the seeds are planted."



Striding across streams, she meditates on their vastness and their canyons. She crosses underneath another, then over and under and over again. There is a sacred balance to this fire, an essential rhythm to this dance. Some decisions made out of fear can change the course of a century. The little things that matter most are the ones that matter most. It plays a pattern of uncertainty in her heart, but she knows her left hand over her heart, then her right hand on top of that, with pressure exerting through both palms, a pressure that holds her together. She carries the golden seed of the tree, the seed of the tree, the seed of the tree. She carries the golden seed of the tree, the seed of the tree, the seed of the tree. She carries the golden seed of the tree, the seed of the tree, the seed of the tree.

of fear. A sacred plot.



**A BREAKDOWN LEADS TO A BREAKTHROUGH**

**SKJ**

**PLOTTING LIBERATIONS: COMMONS AS REPARATIONS**

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