

My People II

For my people who are bound to their own chains of irrisistance
And survival turned complacence and fear,
Of feeling as if their individual lives and problems are the center of the world,
Which perpetuates the very idea.

For my people who don't know that to let other people know we love them
We must get outside of ourselves,
Outside the neural whiteness pathways that pervade and kill,
That others have told us we needed to survive,
Perpetuating the very idea.

For my people who don't know that these pathways are not their fault but their responsibility
To break,
Untwist,
Uncoil and wrap
Around new pathways of abundance and wholeness.

It is our job to do this:
To reach within ourselves deep enough to sort out the mess
colonization has wrecked on our own minds.
It is my job
To acknowledge and accept
That I *am* my people
And they are mine.

Language

Every day now when I sit down to write,
I write about 4 years old and Oreos,
And a red plastic cup with a flared out lip.
Cardboard bricks in primary colors,
Milk cartons inside out and turned into castles,
Cold hot dogs from a plastic cooler
Carried through sprinklers in their backyard.
Foraging for fake gold and silver and turquoise and pearls,
Hoarding them in our own private treasure chests,
Stealing handfuls of fake flowers from strip mall gardens,
Gold rocks from the shop at the end of Underwater World.
Days spent with strangers -
Because that was what we were.

Either that or I write about my mother
At the other ages
Reclined in her reclining chair
Always too cold, or falling asleep.
She was either drunk on too much Zoloft,
Or not enough.

If you ask me, our home language was silence,
Or a kind of meta-silence
Where we didn't talk about the fact that we didn't talk.
We sat around the doorway tables

And ate boxed dinners while
Men foraged all of the leftovers.

Before instagram and followers could take me outside of my
need for a mother
There was aunt Maria
And aunt Melanie.
I followed them everywhere in my mind.
From them I learned how to brush my teeth with coconut oil,
How to not wear a bra,
And to question the patriarchy.
To sleep in until 12 and then read all day long,
To dance at night, and during the day,
And to protest maltreatment of people,
Including myself.
To sing, and play music, and
To always be sure to live near water.

For my aunts, marriage was not a construct
Like it was for my mother three times.
It was not a necessity or a requirement to be a woman.
It was a passionate decision in the moment, or it was simply
the answer "no."

Now You Don't

We grew up all full of sunlight and couch cushions and patios and hot dish.

Mom built a fountain there and drowned all her sorrows.

Black slate pavement like shards of glass splitting the ground up into quadrants.

Now you see us /

Like the light on the rows of the neighbor's corn my mom saw growing up out her bedroom window,

The cats and the chicken heads and the horses to hide.

Swinging on the porch swing sad was mom, telling again of the lack of a man.

They didn't understand the water, how it trickled,

or the hollyhocks, how they stood.

Nor did they see the wheat's quiet shuffle, the gray soft ripples on the crick, or the little girl

milking the cow.

Scarcity

When mental illness is a gene so strong
That it spreads to everyone you know like smallpox,
You just wait until the sky gets hot enough to storm.

We isolate ourselves, afraid
That we will all disappear,
So we do.

Sidereal

si·de·re·al

ˌsɪˈdɪrēəl/

adjective

1. of or with respect to the distant stars (i.e., the constellations or fixed stars, not the sun or planets).

“This internal condition of scarcity, this mindset of scarcity, lives at the very heart of our jealousies, our greed, our prejudice, and our arguments with life, and it is deeply embedded in our relationship with money.

*...Sufficiency is an experience, a context we generate, and a declaration, **a knowing that there is enough, and that we are enough.** When we live in the context of sufficiency, we find a natural freedom and integrity. We engage in life from a sense of our own wholeness rather than a desperate longing to be complete.”*

- Nancy LeTourneau¹

As it turns out
In space

There is equal room
For pain,
Suffering,
And hope.

The weight of the not doing enough on earth,
You do not have to bear here.

In space, the having is not monetary

¹ <https://washingtonmonthly.com/2015/04/26/the-myths-that-feed-white-supremacy/>

Or bound by time or gravity but rather
The depths to which a heart can dive,
The extent to which a soul can reach.

Gravitylessness.

The yet
Being enough.

Back on earth, contested bodies
Negotiate
The amount of things they can climb on the backs of.

Back on earth, the painful
Physical
Pull
Is how the work gets done.

Surviving
In the flipside.
On each other's backs.

Holes in the sky condense and expand,
Falling through,
Falling up.

Come with me.
Live here.
There is room.