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This work of mourning
every day the city a new scar
how we learn from each other
we break and trace new paths

We went around to ask everyone
what they thought they had seen
all versions of familial records
we make maps that stretch
across our bodies to see
where they overlap
where they repeat and resonant
a non-history
of categories stacked
in density mobile traditions
We create another ceremony
We sit in the room facing forward
making small sounds
since we cannot look at anyone
we are permitted to cry
   as our weeping bodies
make a rustling that begins quietly
slowly gaining in heat and friction
the entire building vibrating
   shifting in       landscapes
   territories          continents
   until the dead are with us
This is not a fantasy
we are in the room with the dead
but we could hardly remember them
    and yet we knew every name

Our resistance
how does it devastate
    and mark us
no more healing as justice
no more compromises
    to steal away a cyclical motion
    of harm
How you’d wear the night
on your arm
all the beauty in your refusal
your bravery pushing through us
when we thought we couldn’t go on
   “a feather of the time” you spoke
   while we cut the world in stars
and told ourselves its not the end
   to not relinquish
   to not retreat
Birds piles social accumulations and what revives what kills when all the parts keep slipping past us architecture cracking rust piss complacency sometimes our limbs fall off or they are removed purposely to be replaced with a better instrument our skin peeling away in thick slabs
We form chains of tensile structures
growing and shrinking
through teething
we dread these moments
but accept the saliva as a salve
predatory yet potent
erotic assimilations
we stack in the sky
feeding in the air
others are nearby at different levels of interaction—
sometimes enemies sometimes friends or
both
To collide with others who
have seen terrains we
couldn’t imagine
have killed thousands
but have no tactile memory
Dramatically they strike
from the sky
we no longer fear repression
generally quiet
we remain undetected until our shadows
flood the water
until we are overcome
with this feeling of
the time you were
the most alone
revenge rises up in the back
of your throat
entices dissimilarities
in the dark
unloved
obliterate the signal
to no longer refuse the truth
because of its power to destroy
like any good hunter
a disrespectful scavenger
a thief caught in prolonged soaring