

a marvel

a story of origins of identity

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introversion, the nature of my being, introspection, reflections, musings,
being queer like me, introvert like us, black like us

How it starts... If I could write a zine in a day, wouldn't that be a marvel?*

** a few short hours, once you remove the "bills" of my day-to-day living, such as
employment*

explain yourself

It's behind the words spat out, coated in sugar to disguise the attack.

If I did offer up the secret parts of me, you wouldn't understand.

I am beyond the comprehension of those who aren't willing to do the work of unpicking the
lies retold since further than any of us can remember. Just beyond the reach of those who
are.

Some say it's always been this way.

But I know better.

So would they if they felt like listening to my stories.

who?

How can I explain someone I don't yet understand?

There are adjectives, but they do not contain me. Some return to me, again and again. I pick them up like a favourite utensil. Handy artefact Useful prompt.

Like queer. Like black. Like creative. Like writer. Like queer queer queer. Gender queer, gender fluid, androgynous. Queer. Female-ish. Artist-esque. QTPOC. Queer.

am I...

What I do?	I am a closed world, known only to myself.
What I feel?	I am a hive of bees, humming.
What I express?	I am a whirlwind of activity, it comes out altogether. I am plotting and scheming against the evils of the world.
Who am I when Silent and still?	I am recentring, repairing, recuperating from the (outside) world, [in order] to return to it
Do I change or remain?	I am everything that I feel, I think, I do. What I say is a tiny slice, small sliver.
Who am I when Silent and still?	I'm the recipe for pie, and you only tasted crumbs.

going home

What's home for me?

It's been many places, many things. Sometime fading altogether. More solid when paid solo.

Most transient when authority can take it from me at any moment, power figures deciding for their own reasons - rarely shared, never discussed - what I may or may not be entitled to, generally favouring yanking home away. It's "for the best". Whose best?

It thrives in container gardens, in the cracks between paving, green and strong and wild.

It can be resilient. Between back, and coming back, persevering, pervasive and contrary.

...creativity

It starts. Stops. Starts. It bursts and bubbles.

It comes when it pleases. Sometimes as if from nowhere. Sometimes as if from heaven. It comes between the words of friends and strangers.

It crawls when cajoled, begged, pleaded, demanded, threatened.

It sings in the wind amongst the branches of the trees. It hums around their leaves. Glides upon the wings of birds, scowling. It resonates. It reverberates.

It screams. From within the deepest pain, at times.

It leaps, from the greatest joys. Sometimes, struck silent, it dances, paints, splatters, splurges.

It says,

“Stop. Write me down. Tie me to blank pages. Make a mark. Make me immortal. Give me life and let me loose. Disseminate me. So that I may get into so many minds.

Eviscerate the still air and let me sound.

I dream of breaking silence, I dream of defecating the air, I dream of reach ears and eyes and skin.

Let me be free.”

What is worth keeping? Worth holding on to?

It takes the slow, steady passage of time for me to figure it out.

Let's call it discernment.

Let's call it wisdom.

By then I am awash in a sea of paper, drowning.

How may I refine the editor eye? Is the question of more efficiency, greater production, faster speed... a bourgeois question?

Critic, censor, finder of treasure, discarder of dross. Wheat from chaff, distinct, separate.

Who are you to decide what will and won't be read?

coming from mother

When I look at her, I see myself.
When I look in the mirror, I see her shadow.
Could I be her shadow, a pale reflection, mirroring?

No.

I say to her, introverts become exhausted by socialising, introverts like us.

I say: You're more willing to explore flavours & textures apart from what you know.

You say: Goji berries taste strange. Cashews are my favourites... moreish, is that a word?
I want to eat them all.

I wonder, what was the first quince pear like upon your tongue? Did you recoil at first, the gap between known and unknown too much to bear? And before, gazing upon the orangey flesh, did you gasp/exclaim, This is not pear; no pear I have encountered ever was like this?

I put these words together, in my head, in your mouth, but there is a gap between what is and what I plant/sow/create.

Maybe this is more like what the first quince was like upon my tongue.

I hug you more and more now, sometimes you reciprocate and it makes me smile, this late discovery of tactile tenderness.

You carried me for nine months and I thought you were through when I moved away, but in various ways you continued. You're still carrying me. I hadn't realised. But now, sometimes, I carry you too. We carry each other, sometimes together, sometimes in turns.

Creatively,
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a journey back, beginning...

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