

coming up from the ground and
pulling at you
pulling at your chin
pulling at your shoulders, hands
and feet

like waves
like soundwaves
like whispers coming up from the
ground

you stumble
you walk through the land
afraid you might fall
fall to pieces
collapse
splash open like water splashed
onto the floor

stop
why do you move like this?
stop
look inside

Some knowledge lies deep down at
the bottom of your soul. In your greatest

depths. This knowledge is passed on.
A heritage. It's not a memory that is
immediately conscious. It is diffuse. It
lies dormant. Sometimes, it opens an

inside you is the echo of a hundred
million people
moving inside of you
moving your body
moving their arms
shaking their heads



people that move
move restlessly
move in and out of schools
move in and out of houses
move in and out of work

eye and quickly closes it again. It's the
malaise of whiteness. It recognizes
in any non-white face, be it in the factory,
at school, or in the street, a survivor
of the colonial enterprise, at the same

in and out of cars
in and out of trains

time as it recognizes the possibility of
vengeance. This is why you are afraid.
(Houria Bouteldja)

getting up
getting up in the middle of the night
in and out of bed
floating
their feet not touching the floor
while their brains crack

Mourning is about dwelling with a loss and
so coming to appreciate what it means,
how the world has changed, and how we
must ourselves change and renew our

and think:
'I can't think
I can't move

relationships if we are to move forward
from here. In this context, genuine
mourning should open us into an aware-
ness of our dependence on and relation-
ships with those countless others being
driven over the edge of extinction. (.)

I can't touch
I can't feel
I can't hope
I can't touch
I can't go
I can't stop
I can't touch
I can't feel
I can't go
I can't stop
can't think
can't touch
can't feel
can't eat
can't sleep
can't think
can't touch
can't wake
can't bleed
can't do
can't eat
can't sleep

Like the crows and with the crows, living
and dead, we are at stake in each other's
company. (Thom Van Dooren)

The sea is a morgue, the sea is a morgue.
These things float in blood that has no
name. Wait, stop, don't forget, don't forget,
how I played with you, how I kissed away
your tears. (Patti Smith)



can't seem to wiggle my feet'
while their brains go:
crick crack
crick crack
crick crick
crick crack the crack
and bounce
bounce
bounce
bounce around like rubber balls



look up
you're here
you're in a valley shaped like a V
covered in trees

River, fire, mud are reminding us of their
presence. (...) Earth, waters, and climate,
the mute world, the voiceless things, once

placed as a decor surrounding the usual
spectacles. All those things that never
interested anyone, from now on thrust
themselves brutally and without warning
into our schemes and manoeuvres. They
burst in on our culture, which had never

look up
the wind is blowing rocks and dust
and sand down the hill

formed anything but a local, vague, and cos-
metic idea of them: nature. (Michel Serres)

wind blows so hard roots of the
trees are uncovered

immortal?
and then what?
watching immortally while
everybody around you dies
again
and again
and again?
you don't love anybody
you certainly don't kill anybody
sex
sex
sex is like
sex is this:
you find yourself a young hot
guy
then wait until he's 73 and dies
on you
while you stay all young and
perky and fresh
we need death honey
we need it like we need a cold
shower in the morning to wake
us up
wake up

I have memories of things that
never happened to me
moving pictures
short videos
that live inside my head as if
I've actually experienced them
but I haven't
there's one in which I'm being
put on an airplane

ladies and gentlemen
thank you for flying with us
in a few moments the side and
back doors will be opened
things will happen too fast for
you to understand
don't worry
thinking and understanding are
overrated anyway
you won't know what to do
but your body does
don't worry
relax

the pregnancy
my mom starts having
contractions
muscles thightening around me
pushing me out
pushing me out into the world
pushing me into form
maybe I wanted to leave
maybe she wanted to push me out
I don't know
it doesn't matter
we lied flat on a hospital bed for
two months
because in that moment
we knew exactly what our
relationship was
we knew: if you die, I die
if I die, you die
and then on the day of my birth,
the doctors sedate my mother's
belly for the c-section

but they plunge the needle in too
deep
and they sedate me too
so when they lift me out of the
womb,
I come out like this

it's three in the morning
it's three in the morning
the early hours
the wee hours
the dark hours right before the sun
gets up
you crawl outside
you crawl out of the hole you've
been sleeping in
and you
you start digging
you dig into the ground

Glissant spoke of silt as a substance made up of dead elements, things apparently lost, debris, dirty water. But he also saw silt

as a residue left on the banks of rivers, in the midst of archipelagos, in the depths of oceans, (...) in arid and deserted places where, through an unexpected reversal,

it gave birth to new forms of life. (Achille Mbembe)

and digging into the earth is like
digging through time

layers and layers of rocks
layers and layers of time
and you
you dig for hours
you dig for days
for weeks
for months
for years
you keep on digging back in time



digging through the earth is like
digging through you
layers and layers of you
and the first thing you hit is a
cavern of pain
and it's dark there
and sweaty
and there's no light
and all the rocks there look like
people
people standing up
people lying down

people hanging from the ceiling
pieces of people
cut up people
pieces of you
arms over there
a pair of legs there
somewhere in the back a cunt and
breasts you can no longer feel
and here, right here
a head split into pieces and a
mouth that doesn't speak
a hundred different voices
and mouths that do not speak

Citation is how we acknowledge our debt to those who came before; those who helped us find our way when the way was obscured because we deviated from the paths we were told to follow. (Sara Ahmed)

digging through the earth is like
shaking
shaking them up
shaking them back to life and
making them speak
you dig through layers and layers
of rocks
fossiles

music ants
singer ants
ants singing about love in a
world of debatable beauty
and meaningless pain:

brother where are you going?
you brother of mine
brother
you are always on my mind
you are always on my mind

and then in winter
the ants walk out of the grotto
into the snow
and then they eat the little
blackberries that are left
and then they pass out and fall
on the floor

and then they're dead?

no honey they're drunk
they wake up in fifteen minutes

and then they go celebrate
spring

but
but

I know honey
I know
I'm afraid it's part of the
package deal here
but it's just haunted spirits
being set free
it's the basement being
cleaned up
just let them fly
let them fly
because once the sun gets up,
you forget how long the night
has been always
once it's up, it's forgotten
again
and again
and again
and again

