Whiteness cannot help itself.
Whiteness must frame wilderness as threat.
Whiteness knows integrity will mean its end.
Whiteness thrives only in isolation.

Fred Moten said,

*blacken up*

, an invitation to find the darkness within and hold its horrors to the bosom *del tuo essere* assuring the void you know it is the space that connects the universe to itself.

If your spirit was born into a whiter brighter lighter body, reject the Sirens luring you out of our dark forest to shipwreck on their *civilizing* shores.

Take good care to shape with language worlds that want to hold us all.
(Like all Black women, plants dream of the day their wounds will matter.)
In an effort to love me better than she had been loved,
my mother shipped me off uptown to Hell

for it was shaped just like a school

(for it finished presidential wives)

for it convinced her it could care for me
and she wanted to believe that

for it convinced her it would care for me
and she needed to believe that

for it pretended to be good
and she decided to believe that

this Hell so slender
white
and
wealthy

[TK centos del campo da tennis]
(Maintaining life in this body requires vigilance you can’t comprehend.)
By which, of course, we mean
WHAT DO PLANTS WANT

AND WHERE WITHIN OUR OWN BODIES MIGHT WE KNOW IT

Par exemple

watching *Black Girl* (1966)

when the life of
Ousmane Sembène’s
hero
comes to that familiar
exasperated
resolute
pristine
instructive
liquid

end

we understand at once
elegantly
privately
entirely

our theorem has been grandly unified

and on the street below the cinema
tell our BFfL wide-eyed
SHE

KILLED HERSELF BECAUSE
HER CAPTORS DID NOT

DESERVE

HER

and
without resisting
dear BFfL follows us headlong into the florxal implication
with the kind of ease that comes from knowing well the capacious varieties of Death.

SCOR-PI-O OHHHHHH-0!
SCOR-PI-O OHHHHHHH-0!
SCOR-PI-O OHHHHHHH-0!
SCOR-PI-O OHHHHHHH-0!
we dreamt we told Babylon
every plant is a Black woman
and the naked empire said

THEY ARE NOT SMART ENOUGH TO FEEL PAIN

in tete-a-tête TALKs
signaling virtue
a young vegan proclaims

I DON’T EAT ANYTHING WITH A FACE

years later we hear

I DON’T EAT ANYTHING THAT HAD PARENTS

( JUST NOW A SPIDER STARTLED ME ALONE ON THIS PICNIC BENCH IN MARSHA P. JOHNSON STATE PARK AND I — AS IF I CARED FOR NOTHING HAD LEARNED NOTHING CONSIDERED NOTHING OFFERED YOU HERE NOTHING SO TENSE SO WORRIED AND SO FRAGILE FOR THE JUPITER OF ME — I BELOVED READER THEN PROJECTILED FLICKED DISASTERED THAT SURPRISING ESSERE TO AN ELSEWHERE AND UNKNOWN I MADE A CHAOS FROM MY REFLEX AND NOW FEEL SO SAD THE SHAME OF BEING THIS MANNER OF ESSERE UMANO ON EARTH IS ITS OWN JUPITER OF WOE )
(Anti-blackness is anti-environmental.)
The world of the forest is a closed, possessive world, hostile to all those who do not understand it.

yielded tension

At first sight you might think it hostile to all human beings, because in every village you find the same suspicion and fear of the forest, that blank, impenetrable wall.

from whitebodied pal

The villagers are friendly and hospitable to strangers, offering them the best of whatever food and drink they have, and always clearing out a house where the traveler can rest in comfort and safety.

cringing at reasonably imagined racism

But these villages are set among plantations in great clearings cut from the heart of the forest around them.

and the suffocating violence of the colonial/anthropological lens

It is from the plantations that the food comes, not from the forest, and for the villagers life is a constant battle to prevent their plantations from being overgrown.

and I

They speak of the world beyond the plantations as being a fearful place, full of malevolent spirits and
not fit to be lived in except by animals and BaMuti, 
which is what the village people call the Pygmies.

The villagers, some Bantu and some Sudanic, 
keep to their plantations and seldom go into 
the forest unless it is absolutely necessary.

For them it is a place of evil.

They are outsiders.

But the BaMbuti are the real people of the forest.

Whereas the other tribes are relatively recent arrivals, the 
Pygmies have been in the forest for many thousands of years.

It is their world and in return for their affection 
and trust it supplies them with all their needs.

They do not have to cut the forest down to build 
plantations, for they know how to hunt the game of 
the region and gather the wild fruits that grow in 
abundance there, though hidden to outsiders.