

*In the fall of 2018, I left Toronto for Vancouver—the city where I spent the bulk of my childhood and in whose suburbs my parents still live.*

*I stayed 4 months.*

Ended up as a slimy crustacean with eight legs, but started as me, artist/teacher, dressed flamboyantly at some place where they didn't expect me, you know, *racist*—and they kept putting me through security and then all of a sudden this white man who was going to reprimand these people, a man I insisted train them in anti-discrimination stuff (!), he takes me to some place that has hotel rooms and a couple was there a white couple who had good babysitters that they were endorsing for a reason relevant to me that wasn't about childcare but proof rather of someone's virtue anyway they were cheating with each other on their partners and I left the room to find the like police chief or whoever took me there and I demanded to know why I was taken to this semi-hotel and then I was a man and the white man he ended up shooting me with something to knock me out so as to take my skin sample in order to frame me and say I had relations with the woman in the affair I had met moments earlier, and the understanding was that interracial relations were illegal and then, then there were boats—sail boats and people inside them in this basement suite and I was still on the defense: fleeing blah blah blah at one point I was flying from these heavy beautiful sage green canopies that were like fuzzy very long grapes almost and I was like, I'm flying! and I was swinging actually and this was a great realization in the dream that swinging from trees was is a kind of flight. And the war continued and I had like a 360° perspective and then a family with school-aged children came down to the battle zone, which became a basement again, empty, and the kids ran around and I was there; I was the crustacean all-knowing and slimy. Maybe somebody tried to pick me up. My slime was my aliveness—even though I was bone I was not a relic. And the slime yes was basically pussy juice. And upstairs was a gentrified version of how it had been except now it was an ice cream store filled with black and brown children and some other kind of bougie restaurant, new and filled: the future.

TO BE UNPITIABLE

ADEQUATE LAUGHTER

WELCOME AFFECTION

SPONTANEITY

SURPRISE

TO BE SOUL

UNINJURED

BY ENVY

TO BE UNBORED

TO

TO BREACH THE WILL OF WHAT'S MOST DESTRUCTIVE IN ME

TO BE UNWRETCHED

BLACK AND LOVELY

TO BE LOVED AND ANGEL

IMPORTANT

DEFENDED

REMEMBERED

PROTECTED

UNALONE

TO LIVE IN A BRIGHT WORLD

TO LIVE IN A SHINE SHINE WORLD

TO SHARE WHAT I'VE ACQUIRED

WHAT I'VE ACQUIRED HAS TO BE RELAYED FROM INFANCY

TO BE RECOGNIZED

AS TOTAL