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
In the café I sit at the only table visited by the sun. Cardamom cinnamon bun, cappuccino, farting. I’m reading Bolano’s 2666 past the part I left off 5 years ago when my dad returns my call with the plan: the Vancouver Public Library’s downtown branch’s concourse, 3pm. I’d last seen him 14 years prior—and then, voilà: I have to cover my eyes. At first. Laughter. Through my cracked cell phone screen I try to show him a photo I’d found online of a man I believed to be his father—but the website is down. He presents his own unblemished phone, and with an index finger not unidentical to mine, swipes through pics of the framed portraits hanging in the house of me as a child. My favourite one is there, blurred: I’m wearing maroon corduroy coveralls: I’m three, a lamb, the outside edges of my brows pointed downwards, eyes shining, stunned. In 2004 when I was last there, this photo framed the kitchen. Now it hangs in his bedroom. He looks at it every day, apparently. I take a single selfie of us; then we exit the library from opposite doors. Afterwards I don’t buy the panties I pick out from Urban Outfitters because the cashier says they’re sized funny nor do I bother to regard closely the ones heaped haphazardly on the department store’s 4th floor. The other thing about today was that I’ve been experiencing almost uninterrupted clitoral arousal and have been since last night. I am deciding to understand it as the rogue symptom of a UTI, so anyway, at A.’s apartment later, placing my fingertips where I believe my kidneys to be, I say, “I do feel something back here. But it doesn’t feel like pain. It feels like knowledge.”

And then even later, into the note app on my cell phone, “What I am attracted to in angels is freedom, i.e. the strength to recognize and live and speak the truth. But then I thought what is wildness, or what *worth* is wildness, without the structure of loyalty. And that loyalty and measure are virtues best expressed by the passionate. And that an angel might be a being as loyal and they are liberated.”
TO STAND AT THE PRECIPICE ALONE AND REPEAT WHAT IS WHISPERED
I AM MY OWN METER, ME
BECAUSE I HAVE MADE MYSELF IN MY OWN IMAGE (MOSTLY)
BECAUSE I HAVE MADE MYSELF IN MY OWN IMAGE
MOSTLY
AT THE CENTER OF MY FAITH IS WEEPING
K. texted me; he was trying to find his way to me blah blah. This was after I biked home thinking of the moon and his obsession with it and women’s cycles and how earlier I’d thought at the show at that gallery on Hastings: he should be here. Anyway and then he texted again yesterday morning to meet up, today or tomorrow I said tomorrow and then it turned out I had to pick up my mom in the evening from the bus trip, she was returning at night, so I said ok today and he said sure, after his float, which he does on the full moon and it was the day following so we met and he ordered, the second time now I’ve seen him do this: steak sandwich and fries except it was a wrap. I had grilled cheese, for the nerves mostly, and we both drank wine and it all actually got aired and no one was sick, and as he talked it was like a song I was hearing of a bird I had missed: his over-enunciation, his eyes, anyway, it was right and just and a relief, to play with the string I had put on my left wrist days ago, tearing it and tying it back again, as I talked and he listened or he talked and I tilted my head. He’s seeing a life coach. I said Tinder at one point instead of kindle to describe the grievances against him I’d accumulated in the weeks we were apart in August, the spark of whatever misalignment that first morning turned fire from.

So basically I didn’t invite him up though he walked me to the door and I thought of it and I feel peace because I don’t have any reason anymore not to be careful – I understand I’m unfree, connected, hinged,