



we flock here to commune  
to be among  
to laugh in recognition  
of our matrix of complications

we are familiar to one another  
each chipping away at a corner  
a word here, an action there  
each chipping away at a corner

committing to work  
which will not be completed in our lifetimes

we flock here to amplify insistences  
that our lived realities are also real realities  
in defiance of whiteness  
which works to render  
its violent attitudes and effects  
otherwise

vibrations from our outpourings  
confess the ways we have been impacted  
differently, but within the same, gargantuan mechanism -  
in recognition of inequality  
in a tiring hope for change

have we failed?

can we initiate  
a fund which is not in relation to whiteness -  
a fund which doesn't privilege whiteness' dominance  
by drifting our eye towards its terrifying horizon?

a fund stable and enduring enough to  
not need to fight, exhaust  
or spectacularly resist  
but create performative and non-performative  
acts of repair

amplifying the revolution we name into  
physical and grounded change -  
a realignment of institutional bodies  
in relation to our own, multiple selfhood

at times, our truths still startle the air out of rooms  
aftermaths rush away  
in a loop of past-future-future-past  
unfolding violences we cannot hold alone