will this ocean and its wave theory ever forgive us?

like any poet i have no anchored answers, only longings / and dreams of blue-green prisms that spin upon the surface as a precious address / floating for an era in our palimpsestic water-world / like sisyfis sharing a future-present-past / to begin and end with our encounter / i open my grey eyes and feel the hit of time form a language with my skin / when being after being has washed away / we are troubled by the ghosts of all the ruptured hope that ripples through our systemic nowhere / only in ruins and always an absence – you ask me to determine how i might keep resisting if i’m never all the way here, an overflowing body / wailing for the closeness of another holy soul / thank you, master mariner, for helping me emerge from the drone drone drone of sexual labour / blowing up my phone and taking every part of me / all my sisters left to make it on their own now / shucking the flesh, we refuse response-ability / forgetting unknown holders of outmigration’s touch / who rise from the seaways of the southwest shore / feeding on dulse and lovelorn liquids / a hundred queer lovers with no mother before them / staying in the wake of your hyphenated kin-ship / disposable-desirable, too much to hold dear
Formative Texts and Further Reading


Abstract: Thinking with an assemblage of Black Atlantic and trans feminist creative and theoretical work, this poem explores fishy felt knowledges of sex work, outmigration, colonial erasure, and archival absence in the lives of trans women from Ktaqamkuk/Newfoundland.