

SPINNING:

ZUIHITSU FRAGMENT ON ECOLOGICAL AND COSMIC
CONSCIOUSNESS

{when the acid hits}

seagulls hover above the lake where nothing lives our birthday boy
risked imprisonment hauling the tabs between hipbone & boxer
band from the Kenyan skyline to this pseudo-decrepit place at the
end of the world where the shore tongues us our tiny bodies
gnawed by the ancient sand whose six legged & winged gods laid
their eggs near the carcass of a fallen seagull before tasting our
human blood, six mammals rolling on a shore our species trashed
with plastic & aluminum, our eyes wet planets orbiting impossible
scenes, it is difficult now to describe the peachy sky turned inside
out, each cloud a portal, a body, a supple plea mouthed for the ear
of a higher consciousness in laughter we lose control we flesh
messengers of the divine unruly sails set to the sacred syntax of
surrender the elemental knowledge locked inside is not locked in
the azaan blows in from a nearby minaret, the first flutes were
rocks, hillsides, a hole carved in the trunk of a fallen tree, having

‘mapped the genome’ and traced our mitochondrial mother¹
experts insist civilization started in these parts.²

{thirst strikes lightning}

the silent intervals between the imam’s syllables grow infinite &
we begin to journey back to the villa we rented for a night hoping
to celebrate our friend’s thirty-second revolution around the sun
by surveying the frontiers of consciousness without being harassed
or arrested in a military state where the sight of ten friends, seven
of us Nubian gazing into the sky euphoric as children might offend
the sensibility of those set on caging and killing in the name of a
god cast in the image of a graceless human.³

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¹ AKA Mitochondrial Eve, is the most recent common matrilineal ancestor for all modern humans. Scientific advancements illustrate that our genetic root system links all 7.8 billion of us to a single human, the question is, now what?

² Egypt is a modern military state indivisible from its association with an ancient civilization and its kingdoms. There is no single or simple origin to our descent, rather the dominant (albeit partial) deterioration into the most violent, narcissistic and destructive end of the spectrum of human nature was emergent, it began inside people, in different places at different times, as feelings turned to actions justified by hierarchies solidified to systems calcified into a history and culture of oppression that leaves us little wiggle room to live otherwise, to taste freedom, to approach the miracle of our brief existence on earth experimentally. Every history, every genocide, every scientific discovery can be traced to the evolution of a sensation, a mixture electricity and biochemistry in the cerebellum. Our human inheritance, this global system of domination that is lethal to every lifeform including our own epitomizes the raw power of feeling in a highly intelligent species. We are blessed that this is not our only inheritance. We have organic, earthly, animal, and spiritual inheritances to aid us on the path to symbiosis and interspecies harmony.

³ We are Nubian-Sudanese, Nubian-Egyptian and Eritrean. The Egyptian state is hostile to Black people in general and has historically oppressed Nubian communities. In recent history this has taken the shape of displacing Nubians by flooding our ancestral lands in northern Sudan and southern Egypt to build the Aswan Dams.

{when night arrives}

circling the villa barefoot the violet darkness is a balm
the moon is a jeweler who spins starshine to white hair
threads the planets like beads, ties them to my feet

stuttering beneath this spell, I am labyrinth of light,
I am the wind's endless dance, drumming the earth

all flesh is an instrument of transmission
the treetops keep the unfolding record of everything

this footwork of round sweeping wing strokes
to bewilder the jeweler I warp to jazz
i dance for the stars

i bow without bending the splinter
of light at the center of each being trembles

my love is a cornea suspended in the hammock's eyelid
having journeyed to the borderlands of consciousness

together and apart, almost anything can be made
into a drum, just ask the rain, if true love asks for nothing

I am with god, when the birthday boy leaves his hammock
to hold me in his emerald arms, the white hairs

peel off our scalps to meet each other
we pluck our human forms from earth

& go.

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{I am a door the moon glides through}

the sky glistens with celestial beings who perceive us all at once
perceive alongside us, corollary consciousness, the melting sea
turtle, the hippopotamus who has little space to roam belongs
to no one, the young octopi whose limbs the human hacks off to
batter and deep fry is among the planet's most conscious and
curious inhabitants. elephants whales camels owls turkey
vultures arctic foxes bears groundhogs alpacas lions tigers
wolves penguins countless birds and marine creatures obey no
border. sahara dust migrates across the skies to fertilize the
amazon: our lungs. nutrients and minerals are nomadic. forget
human rights. migration is a planetary and organic right. fog,
floods, tsunamis and every living being is part of our complex
respiratory system, the coal miner coughs fluorescent phlegm,
we bright and tiny eco-organism spinning in space orbiting
celestial beings that marvel at our planet's alchemy and
strangeness. even us humans, how intensely we study ourselves
with instruments no other being imagined. we want to look
inside our blood, cells, and dna. to look at molecules. to make
them do things. we want to weigh all the dark matter in the
universe. to simulate the big bang then eat a cow just because it
tastes good. to become master manipulators of nature. to forget
it all leads to decomposition. our species missed the mark. we
fell out of the river of harmony. we who came into the world
knowing how to swim.

{embracing my non-human selves}

the marine turtle I encounter washed out in Bahía de Todos los Santos begins to decompose, innards gazing up into the graphite sky, a distant mirror image of its home, the borderless sea she mapped with her body, mesmerized, I gaze into her flamboyant interior, the billowing marigold-yellow fats, the webbed lightening of fascia wound over organs that are islands suspended in lakes of blood. the scent of rot has not set in yet. the vultures are napping in the morning shade. not even the flies have arrived. I am the first death doula on scene, singing gratiaxé! gratiaxé that the small god of decomposition is not a single being but a congregation! millions of tiny mouths, creatures categorized as the bottom of the food chain perform the most rudimentary of organic acts, unfurling us atom by atom. all of life we hunger, then one day yield to being eaten. Metabolic life. each one of us intricately choreographed socio-biological creatures is destined to come undone, our return to the elemental state of 'inanimate' matter is seamless and habitual, a metabolizing ceremony, aliveness is a dance atop the sharp blade of nature. This fragile fact of life (not death) is the great equalizer across species.

ALL LIFE IS SACRED.

DEATH IS A FORCE OF NATURE, NOT OF HUMANS.

DO NOT KILL / DISRUPT LIFE AT ANY SCALE.

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i awake with an ancient itch to touch the sea,
to climb into the hem of her eternal skirt

& pretend life has not yet begun

the world
does not exist yet

i am a transparent waiting room
my soul is made of tiny bells.

Before-form.

the waiting room
has no doors, no exterior,
no interior

the bells orbit a single unit of sound

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{we astonish the stars}

=

the stars are Conscious that We are overdue

our species missed the mark.

we didn't wake up in time.

we are late for a revolution in consciousness. the stars speak
telepathically.⁴ empathetically. yes, it is difficult to imagine
awakening. to peel ourselves from the waking-sleep of the
dominant now, to dissolve the field of collective disbelief. despite

⁴ Experiment #1: Talk to the Stars. In my experience, Stars communicate telepathically, as if air-dropping their perception of the universe. If talking to the Stars feels like a big leap, start by practicing telepathy with human and animal companions. You may alert a human that you are speaking to them through the web of collective consciousness and ask them to try and receive your message. You may send your canine friend a message or 'command' about a specific toy, location or person, and observe their response. Repeat, reverse, rehearse.

intricate human-made systems of suffering, we are ready. the
smallest revolutionary unit is the self.⁵ we aerate ourselves to
oxygenate our collective reserves we intentionally invigorate
everything: communities, imaginations, critiques, tools, our bodies,
our instincts, our emotional intelligence, our capacity to care is
revolutionary we are leaping we remember we make it up as we
go we arrive together and in the care of one another. our
imaginations will heal. the flow of collective consciousness will
heal. the imaginary world of individuality will cease to exist, we
who never were singular will outgrow identifying with flesh
draped bones. the universe is our flesh.

Our planet is a musical body.

We out here.

Spinning.

Instruments of our higher beings.



⁵ These words are by the writer, filmmaker and activist, Toni Cade Bambara.