Love is the Message, The Message is...

After Arthur Jafa
Michael Jackson in elementary school falling asleep at his desk every sharp rap on the blackboard sounds like the lash of the belt

*pan out*

a post-industrial hellscape from a moving train then

*smash cut*

graffiti in a bathroom stall that reads RIPedo the day that he dies

*the camera slides*

into the Compton swap meet, Redman’s shoebox, a big-boned jit, Pirate Jenny at the bow of the ship, Slide to the left, now slide to the right, one hop this time as the camera rides a carousel and captures the expanse
SOMEBWHERE I CAN FEEL SAFE

a supercut of spades explainers:

Follow Suit

Don’t Renge

Play To Win

AND IN MY HOLY WAR
Flo Jo across the finish line
The white Ford Bronco,
Pullman Car Porters fox trotting with Bayard Rustin,
George Washington’s 167 year old mammy circus-bound and toothless
   Midnight Train to Georgia, Cool Runnings, Craig
and Smoky,
   David Blaine reactions, if you can’t go to Bella
Noches,
CJ from San Andreas steals the train that kept a rollin’
   all night long,
   Don Cornelius, Jessie Owens, Usain Bolt,
John Henry in this bih,
   George Jackson in the back,
Harriet at the barrel,
   Walter Scott in the back,
Kathleen Cleaver at the barrel,
Korryn Gaines on the floor cradling her son

There’s no final station
only the endless tunnel.
My grandfather jumped off the pier when they threw loose coins in the water and make the African boys dive for them.

My uncle jumped off the bridge when his first girlfriend dumped him. They pulled him from the canal by his belt, still alive.

As a child who nearly drowned they asked me

*how come you can’t swim when your whole life is a river?*
Terraforming models: Till it drifted Pangea

Harlem  Cleveland  Detroit  Philadelphia  Dallas  New York City
Haiti  Atlanta  Baltimore  Los Angeles  St. Louis
Levittown  Raleigh  Orlando  Ethiopia  Kansas City
Gary  Miami  New Orleans  Roxbury  Oklahoma City
Libya  Egypt  Sudan  Houston  Austin
Ghana  Angola  Yoruba  Puerto Rico  Turtle Island

Land becomes home   Home becomes property
Property becomes power   Power becomes expansion
Expansion becomes theft   Theft becomes capture
Capture becomes people   People become property
Property becomes currency   Currency becomes exchange
exchange becomes threat   Threat becomes neighbor
Neighbor becomes border   Border becomes safety
Safety becomes protection   Protection becomes gun

Gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun becomes gun

history in a montage of jungle overlaid open sea overlaid fields overlaid car factories overlaid city grids until bodegas shapeshift to coffee shops shapeshift to vending machines in co-working spaces.

[When you reverse the tape, the king stands atop a mountain holding a ruby as it disintegrates into dry red sand.]
Follow suit:
a palimpsest of blacknesses
Don’t renege:

Nicki grins wide as she cuts the banana, Angela’s strut haloed in flame, Lorraine has had enough of Eartha’s shit, Betty on the track talking about topping Jimi Hendrix, Lisa burned the house down! Solange with the helicopter kick, Naomi throws her phone, Rachel Jeantel sucks her teeth, Remy Ma...you already know, Serena breaks a racket, Kara installs cameras, Sojourner bares her breast, Ida names the killers, Marsha threw the brick, Assata ran to Cuba, Lauryn showed up late, Janelle became a cyborg, Nina hurled a plate, my cousin tries to stab her abusive husband and ends up in the psych ward, my cousin marries well and goes to Trump’s White House for McDonald’s, my Nana drank and prayed, Moya gave us a word for it, this rank wound, so when I write Hattie McDaniel shooting a harpoon from the balcony I mean Trina telling you to suck her ass through a straw, Grace Jones slapping that talk show host in the face with a strap the size of a Buick, Rihanna rolling her eyes and a blunt on God’s bald head, and Crystal Labeija clocking your sloppy mug like

when you die I’ll come to your grave every day
and eat birthday cake
Remember what Mama said:

never let em see you sweat,
never let em see you at all.
hands painted indigo, a long low holler, a hot shame in red light, a bead of tears in congregation, crystals from the chandelier of an abandoned roller rink, the long finger pointing towards the door, the durag lifted to verdant fields, the twirling skirt of Oya, Donna Summers moan, bayou sundown, when Jesus washed, when Jesus washed

∞ and as a side note