



property.

My mother was conceived  
during a war waged

on brown bodies

and birthed

me under a moon obscured  
by flags.

Electric layers of ocean reveal  
themselves as

an ancestral coding of me and her and her and her  
as the spear and the plunge,

the cavern of handprints

the caverns of decapitation.

The lightning spark cannot be created because it was already there.

In the gloam human nostalgia

presses to know where

when which

gods' touch

(the first impulse of light into  
darkness)

first enacted a separation of shadow into meaning,

yet I fork bead  
ribbon the light

into existence insistence

with each sloughing  
of salt water blood,

each recollection of current.

(I)

Tano I Chamorro.

Our people

were shaped from stone

and

the pulsing

sea.

.

Sister's crouched

body

wave kneaded

salt

lapped

until

we tumbled

from her

of her

(of them)

all strong strong

and

whole

together.

Birds

regarded

our sea foam

anklets

our slippery ropes

of hair our

cheeks

full

of

pebbles

and scattered from the shore

singing.

We opened

our new mouths

to

our

own

chorus

crooning

SisterBrother

we are

sun

moon

sky

water

earth

all

siblings.

(I)

I believe in reincarnation

in so much as

I know an ancestor passed to me

the memory of

making oneself into a universe.

One. Self. (I)

connected to, no— concurrent with

every iteration of

subatomic movement.

How, then

am I queer? Queer?

Queered?

I am also only

(queer) because there is a world

outside of mine. If the world were

only me, I would seem just so. A microcosmos

of animal mineral

plant light. Electric, I.

(I)

Yet, the world.

Here is what I can say:

I am I. Warrior, I. Glacier, I.

Photon, I. Vine, I.

Rivulet, I. Integer, I. Summoner, I.

Wave, I. Exhalation, I.

Mother, I. Lava, I.

Hilum, I.

Hypha, I.

I.

I.

I.

(I)

Prism, I.

And

culture

bending

through

me.

The world

spits

grapples

tries

to tie me up in

basements

to

rid themselves

of my

insistence.

Ancestor

wired me a path

within.

Inside the brick spaces

throughout and becoming the walls and clouds, I.

Swallow bolts, I

expand

I empty

I

carry within

a hundred thousand

wombs of spectacular light.