

Self Inventions

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Come celebrate with me
that every day something has tried to kill me
and has failed.

I have been blessed with a heart that has survived.
Filled to capacity with the epigenetic material I carry in my hard drive.
Carry, I'm a carry, I'm carrying.
Love into this future.
From the djembay to the drum machine, look at what Africans are doing with
the computer.

Descendants of those who you cannot tame.
They call us black because they don't know our name.
Nameless, aimlessly, we move through spaces.
Adapt to spaces.
Create space where there are no spaces.
This is our safe space or perhaps a space with a healthy sense of risk.

The first time I came to this place, I had a time!
Past, present, and future.
Block universe.
African fractals transforming my form.
I have no center, for I am the center of all things.
I see myself in you and you in me.
Engaged in a software kiki.

Who you be?
Forever coming into being!
Where you from?
An idea waiting to be deciphered by the computers of generations to come!