

SHAUNGA TAGORE

(un) suicide note

just so you know
all the reasons I can't bear to live in this
world...

I'm fed up with the grime
this built up hardened decayed bile filth spit
of plastic perfect manufactured bodies I wish
I looked like because of
cosmo magazine, MTV, and every media
farm in between
and all the gawking gaping staring
at trans bodies, people with disabilities
reminds me of histories of rich white
bourgeoisie
paying to see 'freaks' on stage, basking in
their supposed superiority
and then just yesterday I was on the subway
and
saw two people giggling whispering and
staring
debating whether the person in front of them
was a man or a woman
so I'm thinking that history is here,
only now gawkers get it for free.
I just wanna puke up all that bile
of years living life through boyfriends
girlfriends
being defined by people around me, how
others saw me, how they liked me
of being born into a world of
colonization, assimilation, homophobic
socialization
internalized racism
of bruises and scars that surface and darken
of holes that are suddenly dug in and deepen
when someone dies
of filling those holes with more bile grime
and spit
unhealthy relationships
too much alcohol
sending more angry fuck you and fuck off
emails than I'd like to admit
my body is full of all this filth grease decay
and I need you to know how many times I've
felt
so hopeless so beat up so worn down
faltering and failing
getting lost in a maze a system a design
not on my side

internally choking on all of this grime
that I knew I couldn't possibly wake up
another morning.
I just need you to know
all the reasons I can't bear to live in this
world.

just so you know
last night I saw a group of
tranny queer brown black and yellow
warriors
laughing and singing and dancing and
kissing
I went to sleep with a smile on my face and I
dreamt
of a kind of freedomland
where my mind had easy access
to write stories about kick ass girl super heroes
or to watch family sitcoms about
two moms
a girl who is star quarterback of the football
team
a boy who loves his easy bake oven
and a president of the US who can't be called
just man or woman
I woke up and realized there are armies out
there
gathering on the sidelines
meeting at midnight in abandoned
warehouses
I hear their marching footsteps
drumming resounding
like the undertow of symphonies
tympanis rumbling with thunder storms of
deconstruction, demystification,
decolonisation
all these armies screaming, screaming in hope
and they are there in every body that won't
bend
trees that won't break in violent winds
smiling and laughing and playing and
creating
transgressing revolting revolutionizing
painting singing dancing storytelling and
surviving
because there's this thing called family
where it's not about who we are, what we
were born into,
or how we've been screwed

but the miles we're willing to go for each other
the tangles depths and heights
we're willing to express for one another
searching for what we deserve,
and knowing we will find it inside of each
other.

and I need you to know
how many times I've woken up
with the seems of my skin bursting from love,
passion, hope
so filled so overwhelmed so shook so moved
from earthquakes of joy and rage coming from
lover fighters
soul sistas
brotha divas
gender terrorists
warrior poets
knowing everyday I walk with heroes,
the best kinda heroes who are
messy complicated scarred
running through gravel roads with bear feet
grabbing at the stars lighting their hands on
fire
and still fuckin fighting

I just want you to know
all the reasons I could never give up on this
world.

just so you know.

"(un)suicide note" is inspired by Eli Clare's "Gawking, Gaping and Staring" (GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies 1-2 (2003): 257-261). Clare explains histories of white bourgeoisie paying to see people with disabilities and trans people on stage, while displaying simultaneous amusement and disgust. He also refers to how this history is evident in the present as well, only now, the "gawkers get it for free."

Shaunga Tagore is a Women's Studies student at York University. Her passion for writing or performing poetry, prose and music is simultaneously personal and political. She enjoys thinking, speaking or writing in metaphors, as well as engaging with all kinds of art, in order to tap into ideas, feelings and complexities that currently available languages are unequipped to articulate.

CLAIRE DUFRESNE

laque dorée, soieries d'Orient
d'un lointain passé
triste chant de la poète

quand se lève le vent d'est
s'agitent
les drapeaux de prières
une âme cherche
le chemin de l'éternité

dans les temples de Kyoto
entre l'ombre et le silence
les bronzes anciens montent la garde

dans la grisaille du jour
en écho avec le temps
les socques d'un moine

à la tombée du jour
le soleil étend sur la plage
tout l'or de l'Orient

en blanc
se tricote l'hiver
emmitoufflant
un long silence givré

noir sur blanc
s'efface le long hiver
dans l'étang s'étirent les carpes
et sur la toile
mon pinceau retire sa trace

en bleu, de jour en jour,
je tricote les mots perdus
histoire d'habiller le temps