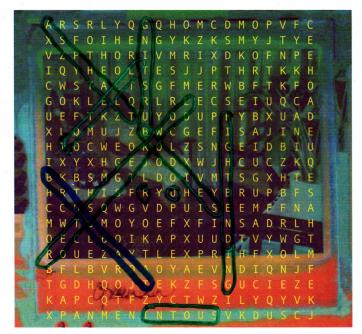
Artifact

Artifact #2: Nylon Pool speaks to the disorientation that comes to a group of people as they anticipate the end of one of their own, where the one person who has record of all their histories is at the risk of transcendence. Artifact #2: Nylon Pool utilizes the communal nature of the word search puzzle format, coupled with archival family images, to reckon with the gaps in my own family's history, particularly those held by my maternal grandmother. In our family, her role is that of the matriarch, a gatekeeper of our collective histories, the author and guardian of the archive. Artifact #2: Nylon Pool, in part, is a mechanism for intergenerational communication. Recently, rifts and migration between members of my immediate family have come to a head, which has made the collective history become fractured and less accessible

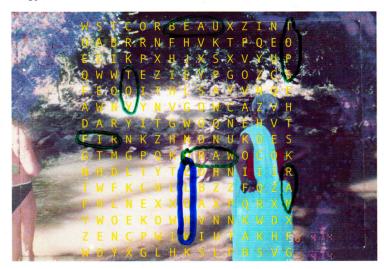
I employ the word search format to force the participant to meditate on the relationship between the words, images and their own histories. In this way, short phrases become extended interactions between the participant and the archive. The act of searching for coherent narrative in a seemingly arbitrary grid of signs and letters is an attempt to make sense of my grandmother and family using existing materials across the space and time of diaspora. These puzzles were first shown as a part of the group show To Break The Ocean curated by Zalika Azim and Marquita Flowers. Feel free to complete them or pass them on.

what is possible



I want to tell her that the sun is hot on all of our backs, that asphalt bodies retain heat in similar ways, but I digress. Light bending off of it and into us has already weakened from its' journey--take it and rest. Like hers, my own body has learned over time how to absorb rivulets of light and sound, a low register under the skin. How does she keep from bursting, bursting all the time?

argyle or edith



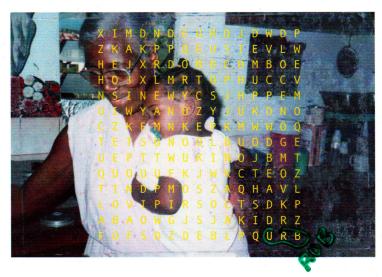
we only know the fundamental for sure--that we are breathing and maybe bleeding from kin orifices. That said, now we wait for decay. Circling in the sky, waiting for a light to go out, a whole corbeau, a whole coward.

disneyland 1995



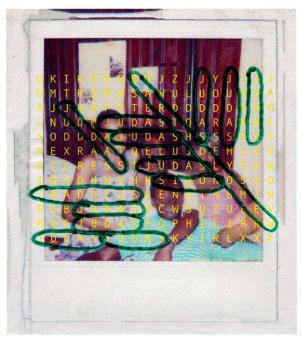
How you make it through customs with all that fucking baggage? You didn't feel like throwing it all into that have made things a little lighter for both of us? You should have given it all to me, unhollowing is both noun and yerb.

...or maybe not



You never <u>bathe me</u> in <u>coconut oil</u>, just regular oil; a <u>doubloon</u> baby without the obvious stench. <u>Soft skin</u> and <u>sinewy</u> muscles must make a child less inclined <u>to ask</u> questions, at least at least not until long after your own scent has <u>gone cold</u>.

play yuh role (yard fowl at the last supper)



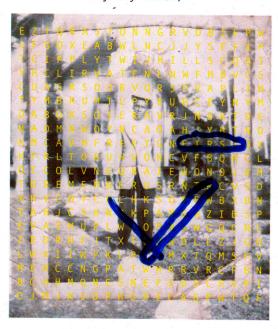
Peter Andrew James John Philip Thaddeus Bartholomew Thomas James Matthew Simon Judas

post-departure



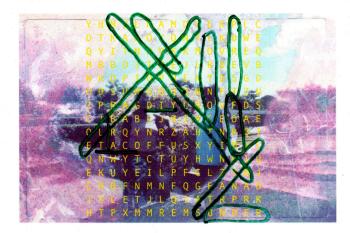
I told all my friends here about you, about your <u>cutlass</u> and your <u>tongue</u> and the <u>fact</u> that sometimes \underline{I} can't tell the difference. I told them about the <u>bhaji</u> and the <u>sugarcane</u> but nothing about him because I had no <u>names</u> for him to hold. All the citrus both you <u>planted</u> and \underline{I} 've nothing but bitterness to show for it.

queer as in plot twist (but not necessarily any safer)



Trying to remember if my second toe was always longer than my first or if you made it so. Passing the broom over them every now and then (girl, move yuh foot) was the true defense though; I imagine the pulling was just insurance. I see you now with a prayer in both wrists, transmuting myth into talisman into a plea to save a life.

tobago love aka some scorpio nonsense



And this is <u>control</u> in its <u>purest</u>, most visceral <u>form</u>: the <u>manipulation</u> of all things while you remain <u>static</u> and <u>unknowable</u>. Even today, I <u>love</u> your power, even when I am <u>under</u> its' thumb.

twice as nice



BLOOD CITRUS DISPLACE IMPORTED KEISHA KIZZY RED RUIN SHIRLEY SILENCE TORN WATER WITNESS





Press Press: Sentiments

Peter