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This is the second part our three-week newsletter series publishing a *harlem nocturne: we stayed awake through the night, this dream was too good to sleep on* by nènè myriam konaté and Josephine Denis, as well as a new entry in *From Our Files*, an ongoing project of DIY experiments for families.



Photo credit: R. Alannah Morrison

***a harlem nocturne: we stayed awake through the night, this dream was too good to sleep on* | PART 2/3**
by Josephine Denis + nènè myriam konaté

ON-FR+AL THE LONG DOORWAY

we hop over and across borders
wonder
what makes a world (in)visible
here
where presentism and (re)presentation converge

what is left untold,
buried
in chests unopened
toss and turn
a donning of unfitting performance
why do we crinkle ourselves up
hallowing passability

how can the multitude swallow its tongue
the continued suppression of our imaginary

we sit in the discomfort of regurgitation
coughing up air that soothes the breathing of some
pumping us with bottled nothingness
agitated water filters and purifies
it's a trickster's game

we thought we had lost the words
went mad
opened every mouth
looked down every throat
re-membered

whispers ransack throughout the flesh
for scripted methods
creep in and out of the esophagus
to project muted voices spreading a low hum
articulation is indistinct chatter
uncertainty arcs storylines

can we re-member
what the skin knows
what it asks
do we know
how to move
towards each other
(back) into ourselves
negotiating in defense of optics

"what do you need to stay present in that scenario?"

we wonder

how much bile
turns anger
to fear
to confusion
to loss

how much of ourselves
slip through our fingers
as we embrace another
absorbed into artificial soil
islanded among new property
seeping into the land
rooting
into amnesia

sublimation
drowning battered desire

wrapping
around the lines
an attempt to hold us
where are we (going)
a dissolving matter

whisper screaming
afraid
of what might slip out
of who is listening

can we retrieve
access the feeling
swallowed
buried
beneath the pelvic floor
who will release it

who holds the mirror
always shaking
almost to the point of shattering

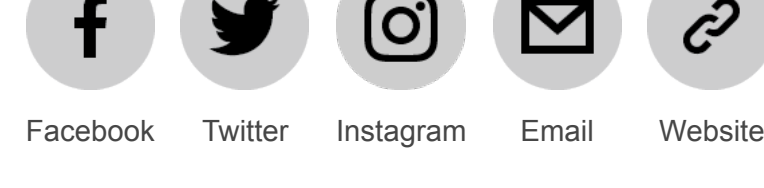
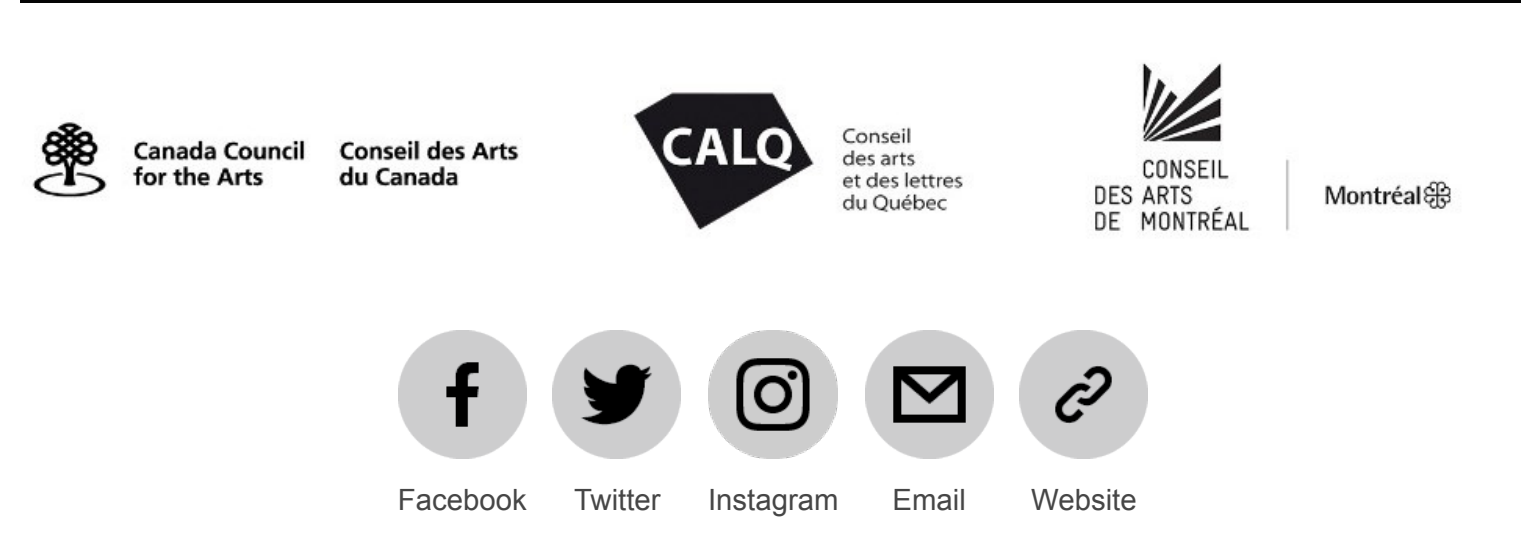


WEEK TWO : collecting

Like Deanna Bowen does in *A Harlem Nocturne*, collect, imagine, and map memories of your ancestors.

"How much do you know about your ancestors? Have you seen photos of your great-grandparents or others? With a friend or family member, talk together about a great-great-grandparent. Even if you don't know anything about them, imagine who they were. Did they look similar to you? What do you think they were like? Would you be friends with them?"

FULL ACTIVITY



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