

i a'int sweet no more: a collection of notes, writings and stories

July 8, 2016, 1:21 AM

I haven't been writing like I use too. My auntie told me I ain't sweet no mo'. Is my innocence no longer visible in my reflection. When the words do not come and the weight is too much. Used my last American dollar to buy a beer today. I think about my grandma Marva. I was told by a friend they saw my death in their dreams the other night. When the tears will not fall and the need to cry is too much. Black bodies fallen like raindrops on a summers eve, I lay in bed wet from heat and sweat. I like to imagine I am sweating out the poison this world has been feeding me. I haven't been moving like I use too. Reminding myself I am love and light. Holding enteral black love n beauty

She's punk. she's been a fucking punk, she grew up punk. southern punk. southern cunt. southern pussy. southern punk.
she punk.
she a punk.
she a black femme punk nigga bitch.
she a black femme punk nigga bitch
she a black black fem black black fem black black fem black black femme..
she a black, femme punk.
she's so sweet. she so sweet. sweet gurls. she bois.

You have to be more than bitchy bitchiness only takes you to the cliff, you can never get to the edge. You can never lose yourself. Fear is binding bb. bitchiness is stifling bb. trifling bb and Death is just pass the edge, the last drop. Spills. Onto my tongue, I taste a mixture of you and it. Yeast, fermenting in my inwards. Feel it block the passageway, slips down my throat through the small and large intestines. We never really think about choking while eating and drinking, until we can't breathe. Gasp for the next breath. For a clear path in the air flow, blowing on a hard dick is dangerous. Slowing the flow, causing the passage to be temporarily clogged, toilet. U C. When hoes think you only speak coon but you really a fox, u a foxxxy type bitch #knowyourselfworth #badblackgal. when you a bad black gal. What is language? How do we speak, how are we heard? You can never get stuck at the cliff when you are looking for the edge. The cliff leaves you speaking con, white washed, washing my body with soap. Rinsed. Baptized. Cleaning, you can never remove my roots, my blackness. She is always with me. You see. I see. We can C, u.

Don't let the look, don't let the voice, don't let the speech fool you. Gurl, Only fools get played, the game is on. It's always been on. Who we running for? who you running from? Who's the captain of this ship? How many waves we traversed to get to here. To get to these. These shores. Here's where, I fucking start. Come on ladies now let's get in formation. Come on ladies, now lets get in formation. prove to me you got some co-or-da- nation. Beyoncé, ms carter. She cute but home girl ain't the start. Mix that mayflower wit them white savages you get a people. thats ready to fucking shit. thats ready to shit. ready to fucking shit, fuck shit up. waiting for a fucking revolution to hit. She serving. She me. She she. #girlslikeus.

Bb. Living in. perpetual hashtags will get your ass caught, up. Rise up b. Know ya self. Nobody knows your shine your angle your view your position betta than u. Let them talk, keep ya heart in the right fucking place. Fuck shit up in the best way. Make them work fa u. Move dat ass, twerk for u. Nigga say my name, while you whistle. Suck my fucking pussy while you jiggle. 1 faggot 2 faggot 3 faggot 4. She feeling faggody. She feeling fag-gody. She feeling fag-godessly. Step ya pussy up, bitch. Step ya pussC up bitch. faggots on fleek. Damn. I Got my goddess spirit, my goddess fucking faggot spirit on fleek. N if u on ya feelings u can kiss my ass bitch. While I shake on top of 4 bricks. Sweat. She wet.

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She Dripping faggot sweat. Taste like caramel, chocolate, coco. Minaj. what she said? He in love with coco. But she no white men. n its Always for the girls. I said we are sisters fucking keepers.

I got you boo. Gurls on the fucking cum up. Eat it bitch for 1 up. Mario. Riding hoes like yoshi. Super Nintendo. Flowwwwy. Fuck me with ya spirit, say my name. So I can hear it. Look me in the eyes so I can feel it. Riding waves, digging graves. takes these hoes on a play date. Rebirth. Rework. Resist everything these days. I know what this means but IDK... It difficult to put into to words, hard to formalize. It's more of a feeling, it's emotional and hard. Not rock hard, but drywall hard. tough but breakable. let me break you off, break you off with something good. and by good i mean bad but nice and slowwww

Bitch, I knew you would be here, I've been waiting for you. There's no cutting corners. They are always looking for a corner, to corner you. To make you stay, to make you pray, to make you wait. imma make you wait .You always think you is safe. Seeking safety under the low lights. Turn the lights down low. Bob Marley and LH, baby. Let your moon come, let your moon cum. shining in. Wait. Imma make you wait. Slow down baby. So slow you feel like you're time traveling. So low. Drop that ass down low. You like it from the back. Faceless booty shots. Don't move. Stay right there. She nasty. Ew. She nasty ew. She nasty. She grown, oh she think she, she think she, she grew up down low. Playing on the corner till the street lights came on. Out there on the streets. I told you, what I said.

Keep my sisters off the fucking streets. They always want to see us on our hands and knees. Don't forget we need too. And needing aint that fucking easy. When you are young, gifted and black. Miss Simone. I hear you. Neo slaves, slave femmes with no visible chains, enslaved, invisible goddess react. Visibility on deck. They say they can see us, now. We re act. They say acting comes natural but I'm real, she real? Imma a real fucking goddess gurl. What they say? Hash tag gurls like us, purple years, In purple rain, red flames.

I'll burn this shit down before I act for you again. Surrender for you, again. Gender non conforming bitches stand the fuck up. Bitch I see u. We outche too. Fuck it up. Femmes like us. The kinda power that let you shoot a men in ya music video.

U needed me, need us! N I'll never promise I to be a good girl gone bad. I'll never promise to love u more than I can give but. I'll love you my sisters. Forever .

Put Dat in Titty City

What if we were born at the same time and we felt each other's embrace from a distant place. Did you feel my spirit come into being? Can you taste my mother's breast milk on your cat sized tongue? When you don't have a wallet, where you hold your cash? My grandma use to put it in titty city. In between her breast, the same breast that cradled my mother, my aunties, my uncles, myself, my sisters, my cousins I wonder if this was the first time I smelt money?

Life Lessons in Tricking and Flipping Coins

When white people have our features, our being black and brown features they are celebrated for the simple fact that it is believed that they can do that too. I'm thinking about my sista rose rozzavelt label's track. i can do that too, were they rap i can do that too bitch. a declaration that it is possible. there are no limitations to the range, success and reach of black people. we possess everything we need. so how do we do the same shit and make space for each other?

When you spending years of your life and energy learning how to not be southern, how to speak professionally, how to navigate all white spaces without flinching. how to maintain your appearance, how to not be messy to get into higher education, to land that high paying job. to learn the language, the speech that you will eventually unlearn, refuse, go against. to remind yourself.your heritage. to embrace your upbringing, your roots. your young, black, country, Floridian. sweet boy, sugar in the tank, resilience.

June 29, 2016, 12:03 AM

Lol at you yt hoes that stay gagging, kikiing, lit, getting y'all life and steady trying to drag a bitch for her hustle. Last time I checked y'all hoes been caking off of black and brown culture and life force since the jump. Sit down, shut up.

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NO MESSY HOES

You have to be strong, silent and composed. You have to maintain order and control. They are watching you, watching us, watching them. You're not allowed to be emotional, angry or messy. You have to be composed, silent and strong. You have to maintain control and order. They are watching us, watching you, watching them. You're not allowed to be messy, angry or emotional. You are not suppose to have feelings, let alone, let them see you, feeling. Let them feel you. Your feelings are not valid, your feelings make you, too real, too human. Too Messy. What does it mean to be messy? Messiness as a lack of order, messiness as an act of disobedience, messiness as a failure to perform efficiently, messiness as a form of carelessness, messiness as dirty, messiness as spreading materials.

Perhaps, what is perceivably messy is not as messy as one may think, perhaps, messiness is necessary in understanding those who are not afforded the necessity to interact with messiness. Those who have been told their entire lives that they are messy, they are too messy, they should not be messy. When you're a little kid, you remember when your family tells you not to make a mess, don't mess up your clothes, stay clean and presentable. At the time, you don't understand fully what it means to not be messy. To not get dirty, to follow orders, to perform efficiently. You don't understand this huge history of a people's, of black peoples, of black lives reduced to things, subhuman things, messy, scary things. Things.

You don't fully understand what your body says, what your black, black, black body means... But you are taught how to be have within this system that teaches you how to move, where we can move, how we can move, when we can move as longs as we are following the order of this system. This heteronormative system, this system of power, this system of 'the man', but we are not the man, we are not apart of the man. Be messy, if you have to be, be messy. Create your own order, let your feelings spread. We can be angry, we can be mad, we can be upset, we can be jealous, we can, be! Not here for you respectability! Not here for your decency!

My Last American Dollar

I've been thinking about family. I've been thinking about my family. I've been thinking about black households and people of color households. Families trying to survive, broken families, broken households. How did we get here? When thinking about the African American household and family structure I've been thinking a lot about success and what success means? Prescribed models of success and what that looks like? Often times, we utilize the model of higher education equals 'better' job opportunities, thus, overall lifestyle, but many families in the African American community and or households that I grew up around, rarely, do you have everyone and or the majority of a single household following this model. However, many individuals from the these households do follow this "American" dream/ heteronormative model of success, while neglecting and or belittling the members of their extended households who do not follow the normative model.

I've been asking myself why does this happen? I've been asking myself, what does it mean to challenge our cultures? To challenge ourselves? To be bold? To be bold, enough to say, enough is enough. To refuse to be invisible, to live your truth even when it makes other people feel uncomfortable or challenged. How do we use this energy in a productive way. How do we acknowledge alternative/ create lifestyle models for ourselves? How do we rejoice and commensurate each other for our success even when they don't look like/ fall into the same category of 'your' success? How do we build POC communities and people of color households and family structures that can thrive because we've built strong support systems. Systems that don't seek to reduce one another's lives and shine because we think it makes ourselves shine brighter. Let's remember that my struggle isn't the same as your struggle but they are also not separate struggles. Although the power structures that we live with in, seek to make us think we have to be "better" than each other and order to survive. My education is not better than yours, your jobs aren't less valid or valuable because of your pay rate, my house/apt/bed/my coverage/my roof/my blanket does not make my living situation less than yours, we are here.

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We are here. Let's be here, for each other. I've been thinking about family, family that you're born into, family you have chosen, family that have chosen you. Family that seeks to support each other without thinking of what's in return. Family that acknowledges one another as members fighting the same fight. A fight that is ours, in a distance that is crucial. Crucial to our well being. Being.

June 14, 2016, 6:28 PM

Thinking about all of my loved ones in Orlando, my family, my sisters, my brothers, my friends, our lives. Hitting me so hard as I think about the number of times I've been in Pulse, shared that space getting life on the dance floor, under the low lights. Seeking safety under the low lights. We always think we is safe. As much as I got out, I am always thinking about my sisters safety-- we have to not only create "safe spaces" for ourselves, but be intentional in making sure we protect ourselves. Fuck all of the my cuter than, hotter than, cooler than you. We in this together. Check in. Keep ya eyes open. I see u. We need each other. How we got protect one another if you too cute to say hey? Too pussy to see ya sistas carry? and I understand self defense, keep your mental safe. I feel that, but if we you recognize yourself in your fellow party goers. Who we fighting for? Who we living for? We need each other. If we are only brought together in mass murder of our people, how we gon protect ourselves? If we can only see each other, when one of our black trans sistas dies, how we gon protect ourselves? If we can only let theses hoes have it at the expense of our lives, how the fuck we gonna protect ourselves. If we can only recognize our shared experiences and ancestry through the slaughter of our people, how the fuck we gon protect ourselves? They always wanna see us on our hands and knees, but don't forget we NEED too. and needing aint that fucking easy, when we is young, gifted and black and brown! I grew up celebrating family reunions in Orlando, my cousins, aunties, uncles, nephews, nieces, sisters and brothers live their lives their. I can only imagine the pain and hurt each and every family chosen and given are experiencing. My heart is with my families. I see you all. I hear you all. I feel you all. I'm with you all. I love you all. and i never get tired of saying and letting you know I fucking love you all. forever. May we continue to thrive, may we continue to grow in love and protection.

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My lifeline Doesn't Stop When My Pulse Cease to Exist

I am walking here and there
And nowhere and everywhere, now
It was like walking in the ocean
The bottom of the ocean floor, fluid
But situated on the ground, foundational.
Walking through the sand feels like finding, fine.
Finding a path that leads to a history

A history that is my own and not mine
My entire family was with me, moving.
I felt the weight of a history so heavy
It moved me to keep moving, to keep.
A weight so full it felt like walking and swimming.
Swimming in an ocean much larger than myself, a body of scars and stars.
Walking with our heads pointed up, ascend.

Walking along tracks, tracks, forward
Forward in a motion that propels
Moving with spikes that ground us
The spikes that paved the direction of movement.
I move with the history of motion, a motion that takes us here.
Here is now and now is shifting and gravitating towards us

Moving with depth, the depth of a thousand souls with me. I felt me with me for the first time in a long time, now. I felt my reflection today and it was emotionally powerful to be able to feel my own two-ness, but perhaps, it was more than a two-ness. It was an us-ness that felt like, carrying. An us-ness grounded, moving together. Moving me to move with, move against, to move, to lift

I am not, alone. You are not alone, you are not alone, here. I am here. I am, here. I attend to the being, being here, being aware, being visible, being seen, being. How did we get here, I keep. I carry. I move. I lift. I am

August 20, 2016, 7:02 PM

When you over hear basic white people talkin bout average sushi lololol

TO MY LIL BLACK BROTHERS

To my young black and brown brothers. I see you too. I was riding the bus today and three little black boys got on the bus. I was immediately overwhelmed with so much emotion, so much love, so much appreciation. I want you to know. I am werking, working against, stereotypes and images that have conditioned many to fear you. To look down upon you. Remembering the beauty, sensitivity and grace with in your blackness. To see the power, radiance and passion. It is hard out here, it will be hard. The world has judged you by the surface of your body, your skin. We have to work against these destructive images that seek to reduce us to 1 dimensional beings. We are so much more. Like the surface of great trees, we are powerful. With the spirit of greatness found within the spiral of the bark and trunk. Never forget to spread love , don't be afraid of self care. Don't be too hard that you forget the softness of your mothers' touch. You are capable of many emotions and feelings. You have access to them all too. Let your hands work hard, let your minds work hard too. Let your heart love relentlessly. You can write your own stories. Fathers don't forgot to teach your sons that love is power too. Fathers don't forgot to teach your sons that crying is just as important as the fight to be heard, the fight to be recognized as human, to be seen, to see the world that is against you and the support and love of your families that are here for you. I love you my black and brown brothers! I'm here for you too! I appreciate you too! Sending you all lots of tight hugs <3

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BROWN BB GURLS ON THE COME UP

2 I'm starting here because hear is where, you need to hear me. Now. Why I need money, guy playing a saxophone, says. Save your money and give it to the guy at the bodega to put his son through college and buy me some chips. In a room full of white hoes you are talking about a bodega? Help the child go to school. I remind myself that I am not here for you. I say fuck you 5 times for every song played. Fuck art, you say as a joke.

4 When you look around the room and you realize that it's only you and him. Colored images in outlined white pages, empty, waiting to be filled, full. Full is half empty if you don't resist temptation. Temptation makes you wavy, makes you crazy, makes you want to get wasted. Pass me a drink, it's hard out here, there we go again.

6 We wait for the next set, the next band to set up, to get ready. Get set. We sit. We are set. Set in place, set here.

8 You think you're radical but you're not radical enough. Sitting down you, feels comfortable until you are put in an uncomfortable position. You're not as ready to sit with being, being uncomfortable, not being. You feel like you are being disrespected.

10 I want to talk about pens, not with an I but an E. I just wrote baby I want to rock with you. My friend Mayra rocks my world. She's takes me... There. She is like walking into oncoming track and losing yourself. In the median. Sans logical logic that makes sense of senses. Mj. All night long.

12 I had a dream that the house was full of yellow flowers as I pulled out my hair tracks, loosening the glued bonds that held them to my head frame, the surface of my skull, scratched, stretched.

14 Sitting on the couch with Paula watching a girl walks home alone at night, bad city. Artificial light from the disco ball, reflective orbs bounce off the walls. Head against chest, ear against the surface, the cage for the heart. Heartbeats. You feel and hear, it, at the same time, sensational, lust for both the next and the last. Death is just pass the edge, the last drop. Spills

On to my tongue, I taste a mixture of you and it. Yeast, fermenting in my inwards. Feel it block the passageway, slips down my throat through the small and large intestines. We never really think about choking while eating and drinking, until we can't breathe. Gasp for the next breath. For a clear path in the air flow, blowing on a hard dick is dangerous. Slowing the flow, causing the passage to be temporarily clogged, toilet.

16 Sitting on the edge of the toilet waiting for a bowel movement take time and patience. Like learning a new language. I find myself, Being on the edge of comfort, it feels like traveling, traveling in a foreign country. Not really foreign, but to you... For you. Finding a station, in transit. Moving, always moving. Near. My friend Paula told me she was "two stops away from getting off the train in the middle of nowhere." I said, I am two minutes away from...

18 Sitting on the couch, listening to Charles watch pretty little liars: cast member says, nobody likes the gray spaces. I say ohh

The hospital bed, the last moments of contact, the warmth of the plantation field, fresh coffee dispensed like warm urine. The coffin, the ice cold body, life less. Not reusable, not recyclable. Sitting inside the house, pouring honey for sweetness, in the kitchen where they keep the flour in porcelain, ashes to ashes. Dust at Dust.

20 I've been looking for you, waiting for you. You is you and me and possibly an upside down m as a double u with an e. I felt you, I felt you approaching, me. I realized that I too, have built walls, borders, boundaries. I felt them, I felt you as me wanting to remove them, to let you in, to let you through, to let you, cum, closer, to let you see me, seeing you, fresh eyes, cucumbers removed.

22 Walking through the grass barefoot, witchu, sans shoes. Wit is with, too. Chu is you. Different sounds with the same meaning. Fo real. For real. Not lazy language, this is not about being easy. You easy, huh. Huh is right, too. Let's say, if I say...

24 I find myself wantin to resist everything these days. I know what this means but ldk... It difficult to put into to words, hard to formalize. It's more of a feeling, it's emotional and hard. Not rock hard, but drywall hard. tough but breakable. let me break you off, break you off with something good. and by good i mean bad but nice and slowwww

*Brown BB Gurls is a collaboration between Paula Pinho Martins Nacif & Keijaun Thomas, started in 2015 in Chicago in Pilsen at 1-800- SPACE

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WAITING ROOMS (HEARD IT ALL BEFORE)

I knew you would be here, I've been waiting for you. There's no cutting corners. They are always looking for a corner, to corner you. To make you stay, to make you prey, to make you wait.

You look like you been on the corner. The meeting place, where two walls collide. Collision resulting in a joining of forces. Can I join you? If I asked you to help me roll a joint, would you? They're always watching from the side lines. Don't get forced into a bad position.

Switch. Make that ass switch. I like you when your face is down and your ass is up. Don't break your neck. Wait. Take a break. Trying to cut corners is tempting. Backwards. Possession.

You got the ball now. It's in your corner. Keep it rolling. Pass me. Pass me a Rollie. Does anyone have rolling tobacco? Wait. You do. Can I have some? Just a little bit. You going to let me get a taste? To get a taste. Tasty

You is cute, too. You can be dangerous too. Wrap it up baby before you pass it. Unless you feeling rrrreal relentless. No mercy. Venus in retrograde. Thirsty. Sticky. Wet till it dries. I'm here to fuck up your orbit, dear. I'm here to duck up your orbit dear. I'm here I'm here to duck up your orbit dear. I'm here to remind you that even at a party under low lights I see you. I need you to know, I hear you too, boo.

You always think you is safe. Seeking safety under the low lights. Turn the lights down low. Bob Marley and LH, baby. Let your moon come, let your moon cum. shining in. Wait. Imma make you wait. Slow down baby. So slow you feel like your time traveling. So low. Drop that ass down low. You like it from the back. Faceless booty shots. Don't move. Stay right there. She nasty. Ew. She nasty ew. She nasty.

She grown, oh she think she, she think she, she grew up down low. Playing on the corner till the street lights came on. Out there on the streets. I told you, what I said. Keep my sisters off the fucking streets. They always want to see us on our hands and knees. Don't forget we need too. And needing aint that fucking easy. When you are young, gifted and black. Miss Simone. I hear you.

You can be lonely too. You know, u kno, life is hard. Harder than that dick from the other night. Harder than that acid trip too. She hard, she colder than Pluto. Ice princess. Yes yes. You was looking for a smile, huh. So Show me your teeth, huh. Identifiable even after they've burned, burned your body down low.

Wait for me. They say people are always seeking safety. Let me know how you getting home tonight? Check in. I got you boo. This is not a game. Sitting next to strangers in a controlled environment you feel safe. Safer than trying not to step on dog shit. Safety is a funny feeling, you can feel it, the blow like getting head while taking a shit. A blow job on the toilet. If you see me carrying, wait of you see me carrying. if you see me carrying a plastic bag, now that this not for dog shit.

I've been dreaming of worlds were black and brown goddess' roam free. Under the moon light, high on hill tops. Glowing in the Sun. Twerking when ever we feel the urge to pop, lock and drop it. Energy levels perpetually on fleek. Melanin so warm and deep. Skin tones of gold satin. Smooth like almond milk. Rolling down curves. You feel me? To look around and know that I am my sisters keeper, we are our sisters keepers. She q. She cute.

WHAT CHU WANNA DO?

When everyone recognizes u a bad bitch and u is but they miss the part were you a real bitch dealing with heavy emotions and realities that render you immobile and helpless. the world must go round, got to make them coins, got to thrive, to survive. reminded to get my ass up and work. my momma did it, ha momma did it and ha momma did it and ha mommas momma did it, too. no messy hoes. do your share or somebody gonna carry your share too? no time to feel sorry? right? your family came to live, to find a better life. when you're at the end of your light? when you feel like everything you touch is under spotlight

My family, my sisters, my brothers, my friends, our lives. Hitting me so hard as I think about the number of times I've been in Pulse, shared that space getting life on the dance floor, under the low lights. Seeking safety under the

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Too pussy to see ya sistas carry? and I understand self defense, keep your mental safe. I feel that, but if we you recognize yourself in your fellow party goers. Who we fighting for? Who we living for? We need each other. If we are only brought together in mass murder of our people, how we gon protect ourselves? If we can only see each other, when one of our black trans sistas dies, how we gon protect ourselves? If we can only let theses hoers have it at the expense of our lives, how the fuck we gonna protect ourselves. If we can only recognize our shared experiences and ancestry through the slaughter of our people, how the fuck we gon protect ourselves? They always wanna see us on our hands and knees, but don't forget we NEED too. and needing aint that fucking easy, when we is young, gifted and black and brown!

So what chu gonna do boo? If we are always looking for a way out, can we ever really make it thru? whats does it take to make it, it being alive, it being thriving, it been loving deeply. we've been flipping coins and making dollars hit, on cotton fields with bare feet, earth to skin, skin to memory.

RUDE 4EVA

August 19, 2016, 12:26 PM

when you afraid of liking a white person because they age so poorly... i can't wake up to that kind of playing in my face for eternity #rude

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-fin-