

, a web of trauma

, upon trauma

, upon trauma

a text by

Imani Mason Jordan

after

*Bring Me To Heal* Amartey Golding's

*In an interview with Steph Kretowicz, Amartey describes Britain as 'a web of trauma, upon trauma, upon trauma'. This motif is visible in Bring Me To Heal as dappled light woven amongst branches, the absurd, spontaneous appearance of slick, saline-wet hair atop Solomon's head. The following text is an exploration of trauma and language upon being unravalled by the pain of the colonies, its fact-ness, following a series of encounters with the work of Amartey Golding and the words of Foluke Taylor, Seah Wraye, Barby Asante, Femi Oriogun-Williams, Libita Sibungu, Alexis Pauline Gumbs, M NourbeSe Philip & Ruth Wilson Gilmore.*

**"a web of trauma, upon trauma, upon trauma"**

*Wound, wind, wound, dissolving  
destroying, interruption, dissolution  
ill-starred disaster  
catastrophe : to turn, down, turning,  
overturning, sudden turn, denouement  
apocalypse : to cover,  
uncover, reveal, revelation, disclosure  
epigenetics : over and above the genome, web*

*Tell-tale, we can talk  
til we're blue: shine, flash, burn  
inform, appearance in the face,*

*the idea that Europe was  
Fantasy: make visible, imagination, appearance  
Story (the root of which is history)  
Origin: to rise*

*Heal: Restore to sound health  
Whole /*

*Heel / hell / hall / wh- / w- / whole  
Sometimes confused with hole  
Cave, cover, conceal, hollow  
To bear, convey, take along in coming;  
Bring forth, produce, present, to offer*

*I can't seem to shake the sense  
I can't seem to shake the sense of  
I can't see  
I can't seem  
I can't see to the*

I can't seem to see  
 I can't seem to see the sense of the  
 I can't  
 I can't seem to  
     the  
 I can shake the sense           't  
 I  
 I can't  
 I can shake  
 I can shake off                                 't 't  
 I can shake the sense off  
 I  
 I can 't  
 I can                                 't  
     sense  
         shake  
   seem

Apart, prepare, disjoined, divided  
 to fluctuate, wave  
 mother city state  
 master more mickle much  
 metropole  
 to plant  
 a colony

womb, belly, bowels,  
 heart, uterus  
 abyss  
 Internal pit - without depth - bottomless  
 depth  
 deep long length  
 a deep place, deep water, the sea,  
 from without inward  
 denigrate  
 blacken, make dark  
 black, away, completely, blackened  
 Absorption  
 light and water

seedling sprout, cutting,  
 fix in place, plantation  
 settlement settler farmer  
 till, cultivate, worship  
 the child follows the belly

If they don't run, they get run down.  
 More times than the goose could count.

Grounding

, emancipatory possibility

Will you breath and ground with me?  
 Imagine yourself as a tree? Body solid?

Moving through this crust  
Where everything begins  
I come with non sense - I leave with non sense -  
Help me now, help me now  
The earth is always listening  
Earth language is coming through  
Echolocation  
The sound of the rhythm of the wing  
What sound are we? What song?  
A blueprint for ecological equilibrium  
A different way to grieve together  
Sea faring maritime labour seasons  
Masculinist dreamscape of absolute autonomy  
Historians of piracy  
Slaveship as factory  
Hurricane wind  
What gets transported  
Deep oceanic current  
Psychogeographic tools  
The anxious convergence  
of horror

and violence

Fast and slow  
Volatile traces under our feet  
We seek new varieties  
The tide may be turning  
My lodestar  
Fluvial liquid energies  
Water yields a precious sense  
Salt sweet clean dirty  
The state of the river in flood  
Narrative  
a genocidal wave  
Crossed mixed moved about  
Partial ways of knowing and seeing

Inefficiently suppressed  
A second set of questions  
Masterless, fugitive, rebel cosmologies  
Sea shanty , ruttier  
callous extermination  
I ask whether in the wild woods  
We lived for some years in a coastal place  
Defending self, faulty models , vocabulary  
borne from all the places the ship touched.

A local sense of dwelling  
You can always change your questions  
Not everyone will cross the threshold  
How do I mend what is torn?  
Regurgitate the rules and start again  
It is dangerous to be discovered  
The warmth of my own fat  
The source of all the salt we breathe

to get here *In the warm*  
, *in the Atlantic anything is possible*  
To be a breathing being in this space, amongst the dead  
Since the scale of breathing is collective, is planetary  
The distance of the ocean meaning people as property  
Under unbreathable  
Gather them up with your hands  
Gather the thread, collect your dead...

Obliteration, collateral  
in the pursuit of other deaths  
A place of blood and transformation  
The rule is love — Last is a verb  
The archive of your breathing  
A supposedly endless supply  
Gelatinous gossip  
Unfit to be unfree  
dynamics of the deep, constant course bending  
The double implotment  
An everyday changing different  
The organised abandonment of this child's lungs  
Sand for cement ,double implotment

Out of generational order  
From the place the body is  
To labour with, the stored energy of money  
The fossil underground  
They need not hold their banners up by themselves  
The private allocation of the stolen social wage , a damned pattern  
Interdependencies stack up  
Not fixed by fixating  
By cracking the thing  
into some thing  
so it can be turned into something else

Don't lie to get in, don't lie to get out

Less than intelligible  
Unfolding our condition  
The rain, the sewage, the deer  
An algorithm for subsequent times  
Its not a negotiation  
Its fire, it's prayer  
it's not judgment  
It's all love  
But love requires reciprocity  
, requires honour

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On the first day of f/light, whose incumbent arachnophobia sets out  
Obliterating the intricacy of facades, the acquired delicacy of masks  
Bleaching out citrus pages, me, drying out my hind  
Missing daddy in my own mirrorless reflection, moving  
With the soft and weighted glow of a body in Chiron's motion,  
Beholden to an auburn flautist, the exhausted vagrancy of desires

*I keep trying to write prose, or, prose keeps trying to riot me, defiant  
no slaves no masters no subjects no home no way no wonder  
But a fiction falls out, brazen, naked, unfinished, dis-respectable  
It spills, it splits into existence, errant, whelmed, satiated with itself, refreshed  
My brain, a poor pouring ring jar or jug, already always unsatisfied, addicted  
A water falling joker more vulnerable than is expected, no more accurate*

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*Drift-*

*Drift-rift-*

*Drift-rift-raft-*

*Drift-rift-raft-riff-raff*

*Drift-rift-raft-riff-raff-overboard*

*Drift-rift-raft-riff-raff-overboard-shipped*

*tree cut out or hollowed out*

*to cut, split, mother ship*

*that which has given birth*

*to anything, mother wit*

*common sense*

*to contain; to grasp; to retain*

*to observe, fulfil*

*to possess, control, rule; to detain, lock up; to foster, cherish*

*to keep, tend, watch over*

*To have and to hold*

*moist, soft earth*

*husk, pod, shell*

*filth, dregs*

*something driven*

*a delay, a pause*

*hold, support*

*, custody*

*guarding, watching, keeping*

*laying hold of*

*a taking*

*course, current, enclosure*

*price, value, worth; reward*

*a taking hold , a grasp*

*Close in on*

*, a web of trauma*

*compel or urge to move,*

*impel in some direction or manner;*

*To imprison hence to confine, hem in*

*to hunt, pursue; to rush against*

*energy, labor actively*

*pushing from behind to, and trauma*

*police these fresh borders*

*please these fresh borders*

*an inexorable tragedy*

*a kind of inevitable failure*

*palpable delusion , and trauma*

*scarifications mirrored in scarifications  
is dread the equivalent of*

*beauty in the Diaspora?*

*let summer sing fast secret s  
sun said beautiful  
but all these and those reading  
never leave light lazy  
only rich loss  
winter thousand s  
household remember*

*In dreams I keep getting myself into trouble  
As I look ahead, I am filled with foreboding;  
like the Roman, I seem to see the River Tiber foaming with much blood.*

*Rivers of blood.*

*Rivers of blood.*

*Rivers of blood*

*, web*

*I am that cargo*

*And I*

*Is the cargo*

*And I was am is still*

*I was am is and*

*Frayed with air.*

*Cargo still*

*, web*

*my mother is a liar, liar,  
and she's not fooling me.*

Imani Mason Jordan (fka Robinson) is an interdisciplinary writer, artist, editor and curator. Their research-led practice combines live art and performance, oration, collaboration, poetry and critical theory, exploring themes of black geographies, the afterlives of transatlantic slavery, abolition, radical resistance and the politics of safety. Recent performances include *ATLANTIC RAILTON: LIVE* with Ain Bailey at Serpentine Pavilion (2021); *TREAD/MILL-WIP* at Somerset House Studios (2021) & *WELCOME NOTE (Quantum Ghost)* with Libita Sibungu (various iterations 2018-2021). Alongside Rabz Lansiquot, Imani is also one half of the artistic and curatorial collaboration Languid Hands, who are Curatorial Fellows at Cubitt Artists, Angel, until Spring 2022, presenting work by R.I.P. Germain, Ajamu X, Camara Taylor & Shenece Oretha. In 2021, Languid Hands curated the LIVE programme for Frieze London, presenting newly commissioned performances by Rebecca Bellantoni, Ebun Sodipo & Ashley Holmes as part of their programme No Real Closure.