

PandemiDiarios:
The Potency of Poetry as Ancestral Medicine

by Blu Au

For

Our Inner Children.

Our Generational Resilience.

Our Decolonial Imaginaries.

Writing as resistance.
As creating something that does
not yet exist.

How can we create in a time of crisis?
How can creation happen through
flight, fright or freeze?

We always have
and
We must
Still.

Ancestral Asks

Insistent in being here to be closer to you.

As if the energy of ash were more potent
or at least something more to grab onto,
if I had to.

In hopes that it'd help me keep it together,
the way you used to.

Trying to piece together memories as clues
for clarity of how you did it.

Daydreaming of all the ways
you'd fix things if you were still here,
or at least soften all the edges.

Not knowing how to do what you'd do.

Keep feeding the spirits and facing the sun.
Keep feeding the spirits and facing the sun.
Keep feeding the spirits and facing the sun.

Let Us Rest

Do you forgive him for dying?

Do you forgive love for dying?

Do you forgive you for dying?

Why are you clenching onto death

like it's gonna bring life back?

It really won't.

It'll only take you with it, quicker.

Where do you think the aches came from?

Breathe baby, breathe.

Let it go. Let it flow.

Choose life while you're still living,

cause when you're not,

you can't.

Love them but let them go,

doesn't mean you loved them any less.

Let yourself rest.

Because we're still "both so tired."

Loyal Lineage

Loyally holding heavy guilt,
just to realize it's never really been mine.
Still hot, heavy and sour, in the pit of my
stomach, since her stomach, and your stomach.
Still sucking all our energy out from under us.

Like leaky faucets, dripping with the consistency
to fill-up full-sized pickle jars,
on hardly, half-night's sleep.
Only to wake mid-morning,
still tired, still half-empty.
Still having to triage how much
presence to bring to what we love.
Because love is inevitably loss
and we've already used up all our
spoons for the sorrows of generations.

But still, please, give it here.
Please, hand it over, let me hold it.
Because I love you. And because I can see the
depths of the tired in your eyes,
from holding-on too long.
And you're long overdue for the rest you deserve.
And I'm still so sorry
I couldn't come around to forgive you yet.

Generational Grief

How do we hold grief in our bodies
nonconsensually and consciously?

How long do we let it live inside of us?
When will we ask it to leave?
When will it listen?

Making home heavy,
hearts and shoulders,
boulders on boulders.

Wondering if the weight of generational grief
makes it harder and harder to breathe.

Ancestral sorrows taking up so much space under
this skin,
from kin to kin to kin.

How does grief hold us in our bodies
nonconsensually and consciously?

Muscle Memories

Sometimes the sadness feels too vast
and the space feels so far.
Half-hearted attempts at
faint phrases through fences.
Made up mostly of muscle memory
from simpler times,
when both connection and dreams
felt abundant.

Waiting. Wading.
Shallow breathing.
Sensations of suffocation
from the spaciousness
of social distancing
and collective grief.

Grief is growing, growing over.
Lodged in my jaw and solar plexus.
Nothing wants to move.
Not flight, not fight, but freeze.

Acknowledging ancestors survived this way,
sheltering inside dense jungle canopies
and burrowing under earth.
Inheriting the strategic silences that saved them.

"Stay Home, Stay Safe, Save Lives"

What about when home isn't synonymous with the safety of living?

What about when home wakes up mamas at 1am to the sounds of someone's grown brown baby's brawling, shooting, hiding, running, bleeding outside bedroom windows?

What about when,
"We are all in this together,"
is actually the unspoken agreement of no neighbors answering doors when cops come knocking?

What must really be done to get out of all of this together, safe and alive?

Make Space

Critics on critics on critical y critique.

How does life live through all of this criticizing?

Where's the chaos? The creativity?

The space to breathe free?

Space to be free?

To sleep fat and naked.

With a big head and even bigger panza,

both with lots to say.

Space where all the wetness is appreciated.

From tears to fears.

Never left because I stopped loving.

You.

Had to leave because we stopped loving.

Us.

So then, staying meant I'd have to stop loving.

Me.

I always knew we wouldn't last beyond learning
our worth.

Seasons

Sometimes
second chances
come with different people.

During the same season,
to the date
of a different year.

To learn
the same lessons
we didn't learn
the first time.

Loving Corpses

Be mindful of the ways you give your power away
to those who pretend to know more than you.

You remind me of a past love from a past life
and the corpses I still carry.

About a time when I had everything,
and still couldn't love myself into the story.

It's scary.

The way your love reminds me of the ways
I've squelched such sacred unions.

I'd never ask, let, or expect
you to hold this heart,
that's too heavy from carrying the
aches of generations.

Trust me.

I've witnessed its weight
crush the most resilient of lovers.

What If

What if someone witnessed
your far fall, backwards.
Watching you break, bone by bone.
To finally find you living in
deserted old homes, amongst ghosts,
beneath floorboards and broken bottles.
Existing only as fragments of
shattered dreams and sour promises,
calcified over with tears of
grief from cries unanswered.

What if someone still
picked you up and dusted you off
with their bare hands,
despite the risk of being punctured
by the sharpness of your edges.
What if they could still
make out the magnitude of your dreams
through your cracks.

What if they still
trusted you
for no reason
outside of intuition.

Queer Imaginaries

Grateful for you friend.

For coming back. For realizing you never left.

Daydreaming of the way you light up from being with babies. Daydreaming as prayer, that you'll light up from raising your own someday, if you want to. Praying in ceremony, that I'll have the privilege to witness you grow old enough to gray, as you make those big decisions.

Praying to the energies who've existed long before christ. Who've persisted the constraints of colonial constructs. Who insist on thriving through us. I pray to the energies who have brought us this far. Pray to the energies that keep us going and keep us showing up.

I pray that you will feel the fire in your heart from the "I love you" I send you on airwaves through time and space. I pray that in your daydreams, you'll catch glimpses of yourself through my eyes; so clear that you can feel the flush from the blush, in your own cheeks. The way I feel in mine, when I think of you. I pray that we can keep cultivating our queer visionary futures together.

Allowing

Allow the abundance of this love to grow
and overflow,
so much, so it saturates these soils
that have been seeded by stars,
and germinates generations.

Allow the abundance of this love to grow a home
that smells of yerbas,
beans, corn, chile and copal.
Where semillas and plantitas love us back,
with the soft sacredness we've always deserved.

Allow the abundance of this love to grow
our presence and knowledge needed,
for keeping the fires lit,
as these flames nurture younger ones
to warm and guide generations for lifetimes.

Allow the abundance of this love to grow.

Nonlinear Love

Grateful and giddy for our time.

Got me questioning the colonial constructs
of time and linear thought.

Cause this spirit is certain
that this trust and safety
must have been built through lifetimes.

Got me daydreaming of us
leaning into summertime blues,
in love bubbles on beaches,
and of sipping rose lemonade in living rooms,
while carrying on like old folks
until we're old old folks.

How do we let ourselves love
outside of the confines
without guilt?

Freedom Dreaming

Love and retrogrades spark the courage of decisions that can change the trajectory of generations.

Decisions that simultaneously energize my chest. While bringing hot sweats to the palms of my feet. Then tears to my eyes. Sensations of my body reaching for that heart energy from the increased blood flow of my ancestors dancing at this decision. While sweating out the fear from my feet of the doubts and indecisions from the "but can I even do it anyways?" Then crying out from the familiarity of the magnitude of this visceral memory mama must have felt, in her decision to end her lineage of violence, and love me instead.

As surviving children of indigenous peoples on colonized lands we must be able to breathe into a world beyond the constructs of colonial corruption. We must find the pace of our breath again through the heaviness of these histories, as they cannot rest without us. We must insist on the space and stillness to dream these old ways into new worlds. We must call in the courage to create from these dreams, our deepest desires.

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