

TIIOTA - TIPOTA - NOTHING

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Things I know for sure (In no particular order):

1. I am sowing what plot that I have while dreaming of a future without enclosures.
2. Surrounded by alien language I have been suffering what I call a period of wordlessness, as if my tongue, the sound of my voice in my mind, have been left somewhere in the Atlantic. I am reshaping myself in a new, foreign context.
3. I am often fatigued by *the world of ideas*, that phallic white planet, that leads me to forget that *I am the natural form of emptiness*¹.
4. I am continually grieving *my whiteful ways*².
5. In the whiteful world, I am either subhuman or superhuman. If I can't be human I reject both and align myself with other beings.
6. It gives me peace to know that no matter what I do or make I remain a speck in the sands of geological time.
7. Drawing is a self-conscious journey. I surrender to my intuition.
8. Though I may lose myself in the forest of fear, I always return to the sea of love.
9. Belonging is to be understood and to understand others.
10. Now is all that's left.

¹Anderson, Laurie, et al. "Natural Form of Emptiness." *Songs from the Bardo*, 2019.

²Clifton, Lucille. "Apology (to the Panthers)." *How to Carry Water: Selected Poems of Lucille Clifton*, BOA EDITIONS, LIMITED, S.L., 2021.