



over the past year i've had opportunity

to pause  
to return

to a few

*dangling* threads

stories that I know by heart

with the awareness of

*now*

... . .

*work in process*

*. . .*

*working on me*

*.*

*writing my way*

illness narratives

~

*spectral stories*

*cast an extended shadow upon my life being*

~

the legacy of *dis/ease*

• • • • •

**as reference:**

she

was my *grandmother*,

hunched over her bathroom sink

scrubbing her skin,

until it was red

raw

*over and over and over again*





her passing  
(her obsession)

my own

~

*pandemic precursor*

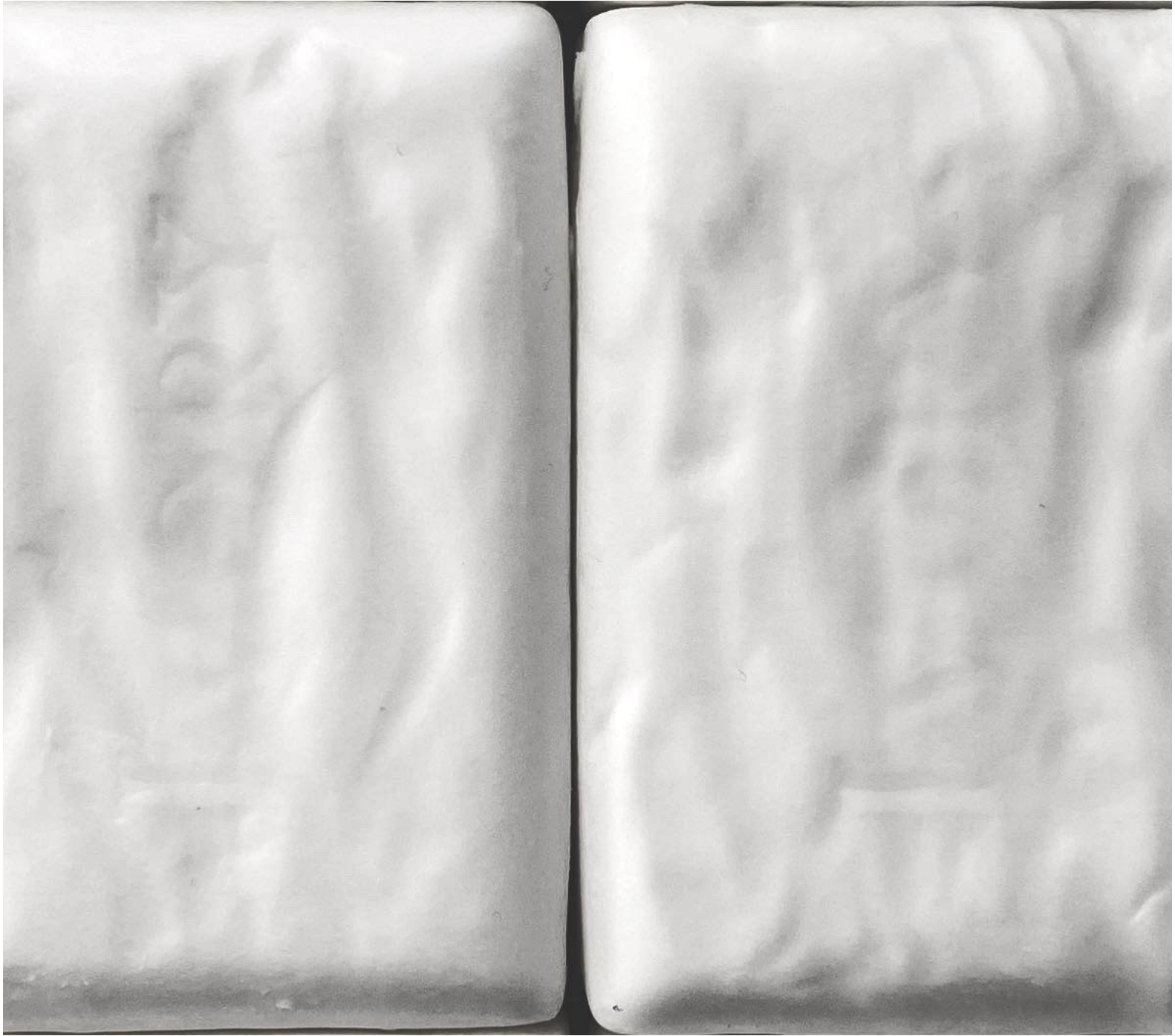
*today*

i wash my hands

..

*incessantly*

.



*scraping away the "ivory" beneath my nails*

exposing

excising

*whiteness*

..

my material

.

*my history*

*white/washing*

sickness stories  
*working on me*  
in a multitude of forms

*my making knot knowing*

... . . . .

