

## *mind how you go*

Camara Taylor

### 1.

disposable covers

The last was on a new moon, that one in pisces that tore us a new one, upchuck and fuck. The first was the one where I remembered what we do. Those who've been here before come equipped. Blue polyethylene booties cover out-the-box trainers /- are punctured by shiny black heels -\ or ground by secret dyke's boots. We who know bring spares lovingly passed out alongside each shovel. Dirt churned with the weight of our bodies, pressed down ^ lift up. Turn and throw over and over and over coffin submerged in repeated convulsions - earth piled high.

-“we bury our dead, none of dis [gestures with hand] and walk away!”<sup>1</sup>

We bury our dead to a rhythm incited by the weather, the density of the soil, the viscosity of grief and those throbbing transmissions exploding from the system that's tentatively perched on our beloved's new neighbour.

Libations poured and shared; Love is what makes the grief work  
Breathless love meets breathful e v e r y t h i n g  
It's the spell that makes the home work.

The cemetery is *very big*. The trees are *topological anomaly*. Only some names are *known* and yet,

we didn't really need the jee · pe · ah cuh beads still litter di shore, put otherwise: the sea *is* marked as grave and there are things we know before, after, in spite of evidence and testimony. Clay sandstone marble granite wood varnished made smooth. You look for references in shorelines lapping, crunched and yawning.

after after, before before, there's the shell, upturned stone and sacred grove\_\_<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Dad.

<sup>2</sup> See Imani Jacqueline Brown, 'Black Ecologies' 2018 -

2.

etymologies or, rework

Names roll off a tongue that swells to the syncopated beat of a closing throat. Sharp inhale, gurgled murmur, double take— shallow, quick and successive  
[inhale][inhale][inhale] [exhale—

—

—

—displaced,

strong beats become weak and vice versa.

shortened, dropped.

swooning

loss

temporary fall

//

strike together

true

names held in a mouth full of air

3.

lament: ocean rubbing reveals the abyss

## Sheku Bayoh

## Badreddin Abdallah Adam Bosh

## Axmed Abuukar Sheekh<sup>3</sup>

Break an eye roll down into steups.

Stretch a guttural scream into the *facts of the matter*.

FOI says PSD “do not record or categorise *means of death*”

for a' that, an' a' that

What's an inquiry to do?

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<sup>3</sup> 2014. 2020. 1989

4.

settle

two sticks pressed together, held with straw, string or some other make-shift fastening; plunged into earth marking a home planted in rough mounds.

It will take almost a year for the soil to sink.

5.

“it is immaterial if there were none,

one or one hundred...

...we do not intend to reiterate...

indeed if visibility was the solution,

the problem would cease to exist.”<sup>4</sup>

hold the mirror

□all the numbers in your head,  
they’re adding up to nothing<sup>5</sup> □

We lit a candle as ritual, we drank as ritual.

Three parts, equal measures—plus ice.

Your voice filled the room and we couldn’t help but smile at the revelation of your knowing lyricism,  
*“influenced by the strange nuances of life, rooted in grief, Scottish weather, the constant and inconstant.”*<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> R. Arshad & M. McCrum, ‘Black Women, White Scotland’, *Scottish Government Yearbook* (1989).

<sup>5</sup> Heir of The Cursed, ‘Hold The Mirror’. See also her performance of Arthur Lee and Loves, ‘Everybody’s Gotta Live’ for Celtic Connections. ‘Heir Of The Cursed - Everybody’s Gotta Live (Songs for Survival), [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O4uqyNtn604&ab\\_channel=RHLFOfficial](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O4uqyNtn604&ab_channel=RHLFOfficial).

<sup>6</sup> ‘Stuck in the House Session18 - Heir of The Cursed’, [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f6Qy0BMLMAs&ab\\_channel=OneRen](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f6Qy0BMLMAs&ab_channel=OneRen)

Rest in Power Beldina.

6.

yours sincerely,

Everything feels like the last gasp. And then it isn't. Life goes on and on ad nauseam.  
Energy never lost \ only transferred;

Hard to remember the last time you felt like this::that the last time it was the last gasp it felt like this.

All high drama wailing, eyes swollen and sticky, lashes stuck in salty goop

blue hue at the canal

- ...we put a lot on the dead
  - ha they put a lot on us!
- 7

[reading] [whispering]

*both freedom and death work as escapes from the present*<sup>8</sup>.

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<sup>7</sup> Rememberings from a blue hued exchange with Ada M. Patterson.

<sup>8</sup> Rinaldo Walcott, *The Long Emancipation: Moving toward Black Freedom*, Duke University Press, 2021

7.

—s—s—

still water mistaken for stagnant  
ocean dwellers and all that shit

Tricky in the thick of it w/  
friends/lovers/kin/memories  
the departed // still living  
still no single being  
Still finding solace in the long lineage:

the freedom fighters,

those divers,

the lethargic,

and all at rest.

Breathful love cures breathless everything  
Libations poured and shared; Love is what makes the life work

\* Dad.

† See Imani Jacqueline Brown, 'Black Ecologies' 2018 –

‡ 2014. 2020. 1989

§ R. Arshad & M. McCrum, 'Black Women, White Scotland', *Scottish Government Yearbook* (1989).

\*\* Heir of The Cursed, 'Hold The Mirror'. See also her performance of Arthur Lee and Loves, 'Everybody's Gotta Live' for Celte Connections. 'Heir Of The Cursed - Everybody's Gotta Live (Songs for Survival), [hUps:// www.youtube.com/watch?v=O4uqyNtn604&ab\\_channel=RHLFOfficial](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O4uqyNtn604&ab_channel=RHLFOfficial).

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