



Rabz Lansiquot, *Steve Biko Kids 1* (part of series *where did we land*), 2019, courtesy of the artist.

where did we land is an ongoing experiment interrogating the effect of images of anti-black violence produced and reproduced in film and media. The film takes the form of a moving image essay that speaks to the problems of the spectacular for Black subjects onscreen featuring 900 abstracted still images that span the African diaspora, both spatially and temporally, accompanied by a spoken text that features thoughts from Tina Campt, Saidiya Hartman, Guy Debord, Frank B Wilderson III, Susan Sontag and more. It was initially presented as a sculptural installation at Many Studios as part of sorryyoufeeluncomfortable's exhibition (BUT) WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT WHITE SUPREMACY? for Glasgow International 2018 and was turned into a film for a solo exhibition at LUX Moving Image in Summer of 2019.

IN DEATH, WE MET IN SCOTLAND

MEGAN FERNANDES

Black beach, tides wild upon us,
the waters carried stunned crabs
to the shores. I knew it could not be earth
by their features and we, too, were distorted
by afterlife. But I held your hand.
Or what I think is a hand.
And you smell like your mother
and it returns, the velvet livingness — present
tension, fights we have on streets,
the red light of an Italian fair
where I rob drinks off drunks and everything
is carnivorous and lit. Our meals. Dancing,
when you get low with boys and I laugh,
room wet with joy at your nerve and swag.
You are now synonymous
with the city, synonymous with symphony
and so it makes sense to meet
here in solemn asphalt, in death.
I touch what I think is your hand
in the afterlife and recall the story
of your mom, newly divorced,
tucking you into bed on New Years Eve
in Oregon. Your little brother, too.
You choked imagining her lonely countdown
and how you had slept so well
through her despair.



Rabz Lansiquot, Justice for Sheku Bayou 3, courtesy of the artist.

DO YOU SELL DIGNITY HERE?

MEGAN FERNANDES

*Do you know what aisle
they sell dignity,
I say to the store clerk
on University Avenue
It is a cold October,
Frank Ocean's "moon river"
croons in my head
and earlier that day
I lay flat in the bathtub
like a wild infant, shower
pouring, thinking
of that Dickinson poem
where she says
a bomb upon the ceiling
is an improving thing
steam gathering in celestial
curls and I imagine bombs
fizzing out gas and me,
radioactive with love.
At the grocery store, I ask
where they sell dignity
and when the clerk says
"sorry, what did you say?"
I explain
that I am looking
for dignity,
having lost so much
in the last year
and was wondering*

if it was neatly placed
 by the baking powder
 or perhaps refrigerated
 with the perishables
 given its fragile shelf life
 and yes, I really did ask this
 partly because I was being funny
 and trying to make a friend
 but also, I would have taken
 a hug
 or any acknowledgment
 that I am a person
 who can laugh at myself
 despite walking
 with that odd angle
 of defeat.
 Children have no dignity
 and I really admire that about them.
 I love their ruthless response
 to injustices, their desire to feed
 birds in the park.
 To grieve the sea.
 Their right to be tired
 in public.
Do you sell dignity here?
 I ask one last time,
 and then tell him
 how it went down,
 how I had lost mine
 in Bushwick of all places
 near a building covered in glass
 and white girl gentrifiers
 having their white girl epiphanies
 such bad coming-of-age trash,
 Jesus, all my parents' sacrifices for this?
 For what?
Is this why I came here from Africa?
 they would say over my flat body,
 hopefully in the shape of a shrug.
 I am undignified.
 I prey on fluorescent light.
 I enter through the automatic door
 of grocery stores with royal glide,
 feetless into an even white.

I greet peaches and bawdy
 cauliflower, nod to the pink
 packets of sweeteners
 and wrapped meat thighs.
 I am drawn to the milks
 and oblong fruit, dent a red,
 Campbell can of soup.
 I want everything
 as cheap and damaged
 as this feeling.
When they go low, we go high,
 a president's wife said.
 I go low some days.
 I go so low, you cannot tell me
 from the animals we sell.
 From the hard grain
 my body has become.