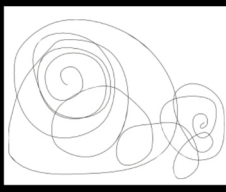


july 2020



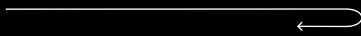
dear friend,

i hope this email finds you  
how are you holding

last time i wrote to you, i asked: [what time is it?](#)

we knew the time would come and when it did, preparedness and survival were sold to us as a commodity. time to spend (baking, learning, building, etc) but, as we know, time bends, loops, spirals and costs only imagination. If the clock is melting, we have an opportunity to [reclaim time](#), put forth a new calendar, and revise how we measure the space between intervals. [as statues come down](#), all archetypes are up for grabs. rushing into a crash symbolic landing on the beat misses the bar. soft suspension is available to us if we really mean it.

let me retrieve.



since my last letter, my orbits were placed on hold and the follow up got lost in transit. i had hoped that returning would mean [catching my breath](#). the year took a lap around me.

i began this second letter to you a few times. nine months ago, when my grandma called me a bird for always being in the sky, i was writing to you from the clouds covering [a grey october in british columbia](#) but i fell asleep. i woke up as i was being kicked by a flight attendant. apparently i was out of my lane by dreaming with my foot in the aisle, an offense punishable by force. when will it be safe for black people to rest, in public, or at all?



in unceded musqueam, squamish, and tsleil-waututh lands, black birds whisper-yell gossip in the air. my unintended ear caught the director of the museum of anthropology giving a private tour to donors on institutional progress. he gestured towards a few first nations masks covered for sensitivity reasons. he is sure to point out they are considerate curators. the masks are displayed in their hiddenness, dramatizing an ethics of care and contestation of space. the presence is still pirated. what's hidden is part of the show. who and what gets to rest in peace is still debated.

the flight after next i am mourning. as i leave joburg, my landlord is advertising her english (uk) to english (us) translations on the chalkboard outside. the jacaranda trees are in full bloom, non native prizes, like the cherry blossom to dc.

the native palms in athens are disappearing. weevils were bycatch when the greek government imported palms to dramatize the backdrop to the 2004 olympics. i tilt my head back to watch an agronomist climb a ladder to perform open heart surgery on a [beloved palm tree](#) full of rusty red beetles.

grieving on an airplane again. time travel and spatial in-betweens are interludes rarely depicted beyond a montage. temporal structures tied to modernism insist that time is headed somewhere - even to its own end. heterochrony, or the awareness of multiple times at once, is irreconcilable with teleological faith in a definitive apocalypse.



“The Latin [reliquum](#), means ‘remainder’ (‘left over’, initially derived from the New Testament, which lamented the healing power of places and objects touched by Christ and his apostles.)”

last summer, white scientists fought overtime for a telescope to look for answers in the sky. they demanded mauna kea. they knew time was up but didn't recognize it as such.

i'm staring at the same four walls i've been looking at since march. in crown heights on lenape and carnesee land, pop smoke's "dior" fades to ambulances to sirens to helicopters to fireworks and back to woo. rallies gather at the feet of museums that will eventually collect our protest signs for future exhibitions.

when it all comes down, what remains is that which was always already there. will you make relics of what's left?

my hope is for you to keep only that which is necessary to heal. my wish for you is the freedom to move in your own time signature.

the following offering is an invitation ([text](#) transcription/[audio](#) version). let me know where/when you are.

hold out/onto this with me,  
chanelle  
brooklyn, new york