

In a world driven by stereotypes and discrimination, can technology challenge the biases of our physical world, not deepen them? Can we imagine a space that reflects and produces the richness of our world's multiple forms of knowledge? Can the internet also look more like the world we live in? This is an attempt to subvert the textually prolific internet, break away from western notions of digital technologies impacting society and come up with *alternate vernacular narratives* with community owned devices and mesh networks at its heart.

The piece is an offshoot of the work Janastu has been doing with the cohort of Garima Girls in Mirzapur [UP, India]. Aamne Saamne Pi, a community owned white box laptop, built on top of the Raspberry Pi facilitates the creation, discovery and renarration of community expressions. It is meant to illustrate and provide contrast enough to see how the girls imagine their space, physically and digitally. The themes surfaced when the girls started interacting with the Pi and are meant to highlight the values and lived realities that were often embedded in our conversations.

P.s. Let your mouse do what your mouse wants. Jiggle-Wiggle and Click-Clack.

31,500 search results later

sat a story of a space

that quietly pulled us in

to a world within the world.

I

Squeals of laughter came bubbling from a corner where the creators of today painted

an unmistakable picture of tomorrow.

II

A black cat meowed at the crosswalk

and what felt like racing heartbeat

was actually the sound of progressing footsteps.

III

I tried to find metaphors

in the way a little sapling grew by a tree now old

one's roots strengthen the other.

At a distance a radio played the songs of a forgotten past
to which a girl danced with her grandmother.

IV

You and I have long fought for this wind of freedom, respect and justice
that flows past each one of us equally.

V

It is in the nature of things

To not exist

But we've been shaped

To form, to mould.

VI

The inevitability finally dawned

Assumptions were bygones

It was no more banking

Much more accepting

Outside, the rest of the world's rushing,

Searching for it's own voice in the cacophony.

But here, Sun has become one with the river,

the crickets have started humming the songs of the stars

and we who have finally found home,

delight in this.

A big shout out to all those who have been a part of this project especially garima girls without whom we could have never imagined this project, Beings of Janastu who brought Aamne Saamne Pi into this world, Micah, Dinesh and Bhanu who helped me at different points in the project, and Shanya who penned down the poem with me. Cheers to Ben, Mai and Udit for Compost!