

i am beckoned by the moon. soundless reverberations cascade through copper and soapstone, crashing upon my ears like scathing winter mist. amidst the searchlight and sparkles of a northern night, i wander in search of my next snag at the local karaoke bar. for i am feeling deadly.

my jeans are too tight. my hair is slicked back, thick with dippity-do. my sunglasses are on, and i refuse to take them off. i am channelling Ernest Monias with a fervour unlike this town has seen in months. which is approximately how long it's been since i've been laid.

i can hear my ancestors above me, crying out: "Fuckin' rights, bud!" "Ever sick!" but i must control myself. for a hunter stalks its prey with precision and patience.

i often wonder if anyone believes me, and my stories. they are told by no one, to an audience i only ever imagine in my mind. i never could hear my ancestors. they sound like the whirring of a computer, the clacking of a keyboard. the distinct sound of the opening of a beer. the pouring of liquor. the lighting of a cigarette. it's all noise, caught in a web of half-truths and toxic, pseudo-masculine bravado.

if an ancestor is listening, i just want to be hugged. to be cradled in the arms of a lover, or lovers, rocked to bed as we fall asleep to Netflix. specifically, that episode of *The Office* where Michael, Dwight, and Andy take up parkour.

i want my hair braided, my long eyelashes accentuated with mascara, my beauty never excused. i want to go to workhall and buy a nice dress; or rather, the dress bought for me. i want to sing the men and the women's part to every song.

i want the flowers of my poetics to bloom in the brokenness of my skin. i want this body to revert, to grow anew in the ashes and cinders of a form twisted and shackled by *colonialien* forces. i want to hear my ancestors claim me, for i have yet to claim myself.

in the meantime, i will perform. this accent, these clothes, my hair, my eyes. this form is a clone, a facsimile of an idea buried in the depths of a sound only my mother can hear. i can only hope this vaguery i've become carves itself into a plinth upon which i can place parts of myself salvaged from the violence of silence.

but, until then, i will be my ancestor, and my ancestor is telling me: damn i look good.

Angunayuak
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