



ateisha Davine
Lovelace-Hanson

*for fyah dawtahs of
rose petal and bay*

Montez Press

Writers Residency

to mek it hurt less

*dem ones, dem poems dere ripe with midnight words
dem ones inky for fertile flesh ground
dem ones dance memory, out from back a yard*

fuck you, for flames of unread freeze

i said no, streaming channels of late night voices
on repeat

come back, can we sit? soft step forward, hard pause we, only
to breathe riptide sea

i am sorry, crow god cries, battling brave
chest palpitating pathways

*dem ones dere, you know dem dont you?
dem ones reach, thistle and hawthorn root
dem ones be excessive, soak skin in overexposure*

i need you, forgive me flames of unread freeze

where you go at 2am? crow god cries beauty, befriend
battle relief, you return home

i have no voice here, scream yourself forward, hard pause breathe
become more than this moment, almighty sea

stop now, resource blocked channels, unshame cycles of
parental repeat

*dese poems do a madness
twisted, grateful, hungry
wordful with endless grace*

/ ?

is it aching baby? tearing
a new world? liberating how
is it down there?
in the dark place, the unwalled
the soft gentle i want to fuck
you place? what kind
of light is it? what kind
of smoke you got
down there
?

how many voice escapings / does it take
to keep / your whispers
calm / caressed / satisfied
see you know
you got witnessed / got oozed / got
my hearth here listening /

so / wys?

talk to me spell a
remembering (for
when he's a fucking ghost)

< grief is a grandmother whose burning hands enshrine light >

1—introduction

Who are you?

love waves memory

Thank you

for what?

Being with me, it helps

*oh darling where else can i go?
only places i see are daughters set free*

2—what it takes

Whilst writing, Feeling-Voices of *not-enough & do-not-speak & don't-write-this* creep up inside me. Their features, hidden in candid thick, velvet, neon face paint. They think they're so damn smart, camouflaged like that!

But I sensed their heavy footed obviousness pages ago...

"What do you want Feeling-Voices?" I oust.

"*Oh dang... you knew we were here?*"

"Yes! Obviously. You guys aren't quiet at all!". In a flurry, they magic up three overwhelmingly bright green high chairs. Pulling up, without permission, to sit in presence beside me. "What even is this? We ain't having a catch up over coffee or getting our nails done here... i'm, tryyyying to relax... on my ones!". I secretly pray my protest whilst avoiding their all omniscient gaze will give me time to cobble an argument together. "*Ah yes, we know, that's why we came to talk to ya*". "I really don't know what you mean... listen, please can we do this another time? I'm in the middle of stuff" I fidget as their presence disrupts something bubbly and wordless within my widening chest. "*C'mon you – laugh a little Lateisha*". I abruptly close my laptop on a sharp exhale. I look up at them. Damn, my Feeling-Voices really just pulled up unannounced didn't they?

Oh shit! They got me.

They reach their lavender bath hands towards me. “*What exactly are you doing?*” they keep reaching... towards, no, into me. “*Do you remember when you created us? In your earlier years. We kept you safe didn’t we? Found you good stories in the library. Kept safe your letters. Covered you in blankets the nights you cried in lieu of sleep. Watched, as you wrote wishes on the backs of ants and willow trees. We have feelings and voices too. Don’t ignore us... it hurts our big clown hearts*”. They laugh out silly string, daisy chains and pokemon cards. Fat grins stretch across their neon faces, paint cracking, dimples appear. A day, a week, a month, a year moves through us – what else can I do now, but breathe in their bright green high seat of change? “Wow – you LOVE a show don’t you? Okay, you can stay... stay with me Feeling-Voices. Just, gimme some moments to trust you both again ye? It’s like, sometimes – i,i...”

“*Ah, stop there, we get it!*” They exclaim in unison as their gestures grow in flamboyance. “*We hurt too, we propose speaking to each other more often. Simply to feel safe with each other again... we can remind you of our plays: that you are enough, your voice is of much importance to us, what you write, well, what you write frees us. That’s all we wanted to say really!*”.

Oh! They are me.

“Yes, that’s it! Thank you Feeling-Voices, for what comes next”

I return to the page of my laptop, noticing a giggle jiggle deep glow erupting from my insides.

3—rose petals and bay

Grief moves mountains into my chest, knows old names, bathes in rose petals and bay

Grief time-travels in a spaceship built by my mother when she was three. Fueled by the cuddles that never came and her yawning cocoa smoothed arms. Her spaceship tells time she doesn’t have to struggle with water anymore

Grief rites into a past I no longer live by. Requests big spoon burial, a
friday takeaway prayer and a floating golden epitaph amongst hover cars
and clear sky

Grief wants me
to dance, be fed, be fucked

be believed

we are dead/not the undead
not necromancer
n-ggr

night run
shattered into tomorrow

4—end

since

beginning

grief
is a grandmother
whose burning hands enshrine
light
~

Im/possibilities & Chronic illness matrix

I thought I'd have children by now & a thriving all gender poly partnered constellation & 4 published books & some plays on stage & trained as a somatic psychotherapist & great sex again having moved past the pain & my social justice CIC all set up doing bits & got my sister back & the apologies owed & life insurance & health insurance & unsplit ends & learnt to drive & steady income & I can't get free in the past – only in the present & my brother back from the dead & a field & no fear of dogs & so safe, so safe to dream again, so safe to remember I am free and sovereign and more fire than I can comprehend & energy & a recovered nervous system & to see you live & the revolution to come &

thought I'd write it down
take the worry out of existing
give this another go
& have hope

NOTE ON TEXT: An earlier version of <grief is a grandmother whose burning hands enshrine light> was originally written as part of Artsadmin: Apocalypse Reading Room residency 2021 curated by Ama Josephine Budge.

Lateisha Davine Lovelace-Hanson would like to extend their gratitude in the following note:

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My family, I give thanks.