

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## You are Who I Love: Number Two or You are Who Makes My Heart Rebel (Part 1)

librecht baker · Tuesday, September 8th, 2020

### You are Who I Love: Number Two or You are Who Makes My Heart Rebel (Part 1)\*

*after Aracelis Girmay*

You, Black people, Black Queer people, Black global people pulsating this struggle's fulcrum

You are who I love

You are who makes my heart rebel

You, living inside your melaninating spectrum of brown-Blackness

You, doing mundane things while Black: sleeping, praying and praising, daydreaming resting in your car, jogging, campaigning for our lives, feeding family and community, seeking therapy, grocery shopping, sitting in a coffeeshop, birdwatching, cooking, talking shit with friends, walking or rolling through the streets, reading, painting, communing with community, tending house plants or fields, philosophizing, barbeque-ing, selling local goods, possessing self with language,

holding ceremony, etc. or whatever

You are who I love

You are who makes my heart rebel

You, with silk bonnets and du-rags

You, replanting culture with each tongue flick of African-American Vernacular English

You, signifying language with #Blacklivesmatter, #metoo, #thelayout, #saytheirname, #4theQulture, #ifidieinpolicecustody, #blacktranslivesmatter, #blackqueerlivesmatter, #allblacklivesmatter

You, living intersectionality daily without consent even though you possibly are not the one earning income from you living intersectionally

You are who I love

You are who makes my heart rebel

You, with cascade of tight or loose curls or afro

You, knowing state sanctioned oppression is interlocked with Black queer lives, Black global lives, First Nation, Indigenous peoples, Palestinian, Rohingya peoples and anywhere, which is

everywhere colonial culture thrives

You are who I love

You are who makes my heart rebel

You, with weaves, wigs, and facial hair

You, letting Egun, ancestors, move through you and with you regardless of your ancestors having been enslaved or free peoples

You, building and sustaining the ballroom/ kiki scene with your advocacy, acceptance, and impact for youth, representation, and livelihood

You, who are Black, queer identifying, but ARE NOT out for personal reasons

You, who are Black, queer identifying and ARE out for whatever reasons

You are who I love

You are who makes my heart rebel

You, with press or perm

You, who are the children of descendants who built ivy league colleges and hulled america's favorite export for example, or are also quite likely children of our Diaspora's own ocean circumnavigating

You, with your altars, Sangoma hands, voodoo prayers, hoodoo mantras, ifa isese, amens, ritualistic histories, converts and descendants actively elevating us, making ebo, sacrificial offering to contribute to a shift for us – the elevation of us Black people, Black queer people during this global uprising and paradigm shift

You, who is not your own anti-blackness or someone else's

You are who I love

You are who makes my heart rebel

You, with barrettes and beads clank, clank, clanking

You, delivering baby humans with your library knowing

You, with flashing light acrylic tips and grills

You, writing and editing books like *Trap Door: Trans Cultural Production and the Politics of Visibility*, (v.), *The Fire Next Time*, *Black Queer Hoe*, *The Black Trans Prayer Book*, *Black on Both Sides: A Racial History of Trans Identity*, *How We Get Free: Black Feminism and the Combahee River Collective*, *Don't Call Us Dead* for example

You, being your own quantity and quality

You are who I love

You are who makes my heart rebel

You, with waves and bald fades

You, who are Black identifying and has to continuously re-label yourself as a Black person because your family, so-called friend, or community member is wickedly telling you that you are not Black or they don't see color

You, with your afrosexology, Sistersong, Transgender Gender-Variant & Intersex Justice Project (TGJIP), Hoodrat to Headwrap: A Decolonized Podcast, Crimson Fig Midwifery, Marsha P. Johnson Institute, Earthlodge Center for Transformation and Healing, Black Vision Collective, Unique Woman's Coalition (UWC), Women Writers in Bloom Poetry Salon, Black Quantum Futurism, Black Lives Matter chapters etc.

You, centering healing, justice, and restoration in solidarity for Black Lives

You are who I love

You are who makes my heart rebel

You, with cornrows, braids, and colorful coils  
You, with your Black, Indigenous lineage, and intermixedness  
You, giving morning portal prayers  
You, calling on emissaries, angelic forces, orishas, loa, spiritual helpers etc., to help you help us  
You are who I love  
You are who makes my heart rebel

You, with bald scalp beckoning sun or thinning hair  
You, continuously organizing, strategizing, pooling resources so we minimize social distance  
between being while Black and thriving while Black  
You, destabilizing the trauma cycle and harm reduction for us  
You, with your bright beat beaming face  
You are who I love  
You are who makes my heart rebel

You, with electric thick curls, thin, or nappy coils  
You, ensuring that we are informed about our histories, past, present, and future happening right  
now, right now  
You, fighting for us to have agency over our own bodies  
You, who knows this moment may not always be trending, but we are worth it as our worth,  
liberation and existence is tied to your worth, liberation, and existence  
You, who knows this gathering would not have happened without Stonewall and Stonewall would  
not have happened without Black Transwomen and Transwomen of Color, so because of them, we  
are here  
You are who I love  
You are who makes my heart rebel

*\* This poem was written for Queer Pride 4 Black Life's event/march, "In Honor of Stonewall:  
March for Black Lives, held at Bixby Park in Long Beach, CA on Sunday, June 28, 2020.*

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