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Reflection One: Situating Yourself in the Profession

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~~"I am carrying out a legacy!"~~

2015). And like all praxis, my own is rooted in a complex and dynamic subjectivity -

...structuralist, second-generation settler, mixed-race (but white-passing),

I cannot tell the truth here.

Now that my resistance has been transcribed, it must be contained by quote marks, fixed in static copy, branded with a sacrificial legitimacy that robs it of its common value(s). I have lived these words a thousand times over as an iterative, ancestral theory of the flesh; they cannot be degraded to the singular and the referential. My history does not need citation - I cannot plagiarise my own existence. When you contort my being into your knowledge, it is an act of violent psychopoliticospiritual expurgation. This isn't your text to measure for worthiness, to parse for similarity, to amass for synthesis, to hoard for comparison.

This is a manifesto.

This is a covenant.

This is a vow to my beloved community.

This is birth, hunger, struggle, violence, molestation, and abandonment.

This is pain, purpose, love, rage, resistance, and awareness.

This is critical hopefulness.

This is fucking metamorphosis.

This is verse for my mother, a promise to my daughter.

This is communal scripture.

This is generative wisdom of pure intention.

A secret that I chose to share.

A burden that I choose to bear.

The light that got in through the tear.

I cannot tell the truth here.

Not when I've been asked to lie.

Not to have it tasked to die.

A productive repetition interrupted.

A practiced replication intercepted.

A purposed reparation reinfected.

I had wanted to say something new.

But my potent, burgeoning theory was aborted

By coerced paraphrase.