

The Rhizome Project

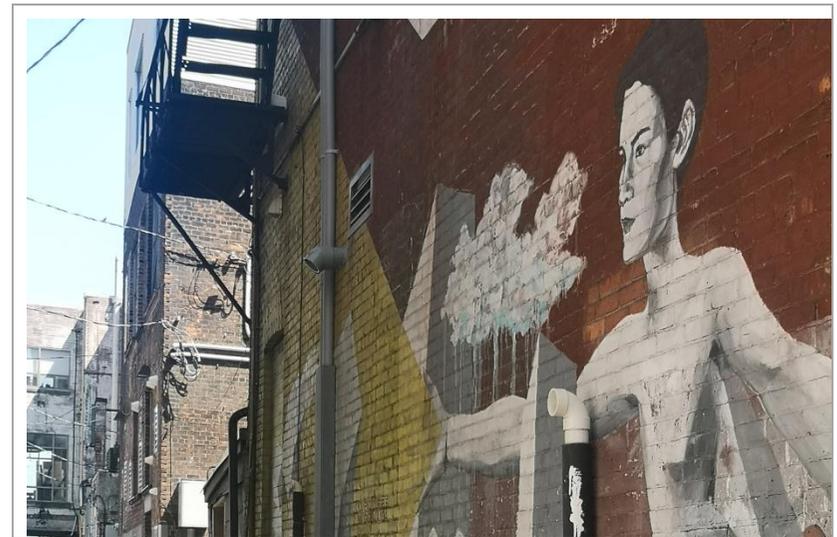
Our project does not perceive the city as a blank campus upon which we can experiment, but rather, our work aims to use collaborative measures to dissect and render visible the various social and material flows that both (re)produce hegemonic power structures and dismantle them. The goal, then, is to make visible how and why the city is (re)produced in specific ways so that our users can a) better understand the way that built space intersects with social and political forces, and b) to provide a resource for our users to intervene into this system and engage in their own forms of collaborative "city-making."



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Home x Work



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La Loba

As women, it is in our blood to create. Our blood *is* the creation, the nutrients and warmth to sustain life. It moves through us to a rhythm of its own, poisoning us to either dance or kill. It guides me in a cycle of death, life, and then death again.

My womb is Black, and they'll say their deaths are passed down through us.

Right now, I feel the spinning, like I am in my own womb preparing to give life to myself. Like I am my own mother, my own seed, my own rose that grew from concrete. I see myself, spinning in silk, eyes closed, enclosed and free.

Every time I accept change I succeed. Every time I embrace the new, I find belonging and growth. My future is inevitable. My success is inevitable. I need to keep learning how to feel it. I need to keep calling it from its play, while it peeks out and discovers me finding it, it runs away. The play of the child makes me smile, and I feel the need to let her run.

My breasts are full of the milk that feeds her love, a love that can only be passed through the body. When she is not sucking on me, I feel the milk dripping down my stomach, her home, her treasure. I mix my milk with honey and make for my body a mask. A golden sheath because my milk is also for me.

And when she is sucking, it's never a feeling of emptiness, but of re-fulfillment, of the rhythm in constant motion to create, to produce, to express. My body does not let me down. I feel it working. I feel the labourers inside me loving her as much as I do; meaningful work that they chose and are compensated for by paying no rent, no taxes, no fees. They live inside me. I carry them and we are all free. We do the work that makes us most happy, and then sleep. My body is also theirs to enjoy. My labour is also theirs.

Tears help the mask soak in, pulling the emollients deeper, deeper they push. Pulling the milk and honey into the coconut shell that houses the sweet water and the cool flesh. I cry because I love her enough to dance, and to kill. I weep because my milk and honey is her midafternoon snack. I leak because my food is also for me. I seep because the humectants keep me sweet. Tears teem because my blood wants bones, wants marrow to grow minerals to taste. I weep because I have to lose to win. I leak to be pulled further in, to the skin that is nourished by my will to spin honey into the milk that brims for the child too wild to be forced to come back in.

- Ashley Marshall

Home in the Wild

I searched without knowing the scent

I created the trail I would eventually follow

I slid between worlds; liminal existence

A serpent who was dangerous if detected

And soothed by art if encouraged to dance.

I dreamed of music and moved the way my body did.

My plumage was just too different;

An ugly duckling not knowing a mother's love.

I hatched all wrong, in the winter of her discontent

Made glorious summer, a rose

Steadfastly bloomed.

My plumage was too different,

In a skin that did not fit.

I made of each nest a home

A nomad in my thoughts preventing comfort:

"survive, survive." Later became "Attention, attention."

The waters of my island crashing in my being

My roots were disturbed; plucked and turned into oil

To fuel the same machine we would also be made to toil

"Refuse" said below

So I lowered my nose, back to the earth to tread

Earth got deeper

And I searched for my pack, my pride, my gang

With a song that propelled me forward:

"Reclaim your wild," it said, and I fell into myself.

A tale without an end.