

Conjure Migration, A performance and sound piece : By Analisa Teachworth

When all at once I was moved from the West Indies to America experience occurred, I was freed only to be sold back twice. Twelve million naked shackled feet lined up on the wood planks is the memory we pass. Our bodies labor and wage innumerable quantities of commodities - sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton. Day in and night out, goods released to the world that will jewel the empires of kings and queens for lifetimes. We are property owned for life, exports of what is to be consumed will never belong to us nor clothe our backs. When cotton collar spins the web of a global economy will remain but us, forever nameless.

We remember them bodies **Slaves** BLACK

Here in the sprawling heat of the desert wind I am alone but from above a voice on the other end of a burner .0 verizon phone, guides directing the passages to safety. What we paid to the conquistador in blood gold, medicine, and land is at no time enough. God of the sun beats down on budding crop, coated en lengua. Only carrying what can be held in hand, this crossing solely allows byproducts of absolute necessity, no more, no less found here. Surrendering my brilliant color of tradition to sport the fashion of remaining alive and invisible, proteger, Ayuadame. Spreading ancient seed to grow every season a fold that will supply the demand of the masses. I am the **Developer** GREEN

In the diffused light of dusk, the waves rock cradling the orphans. Images of tragedy and suffering are vivid and yet disjointed without weeks of rest. Crisis crisscrosses along the earth to end up where? Nowhere. There is no notice in nowhere, never to return is the prayer that lies at the bottom this plastic travel bag. As the temporal map is evaporating with every new dawn sleeplessly we must take matters into our own hands, whispers the communal anxiety. Nothing to give but fear, rootless is the race, the competition our brothers. They scream down HEY you, " You will not pass onto our lush grassland, the sprawling concrete pillars you do not call home, your unborn will not receive the benefit of our privilege." That's a promise they murder to keep. They call my kind **No One** ORANGE

www.dot she was found at a portal level in an unknown institution on some island processing facility. Most of her parts were smuggled there by fast track start-ups, spiders on the lines who could manipulate cognitive meshes, transferring the energy into an appropriate payment format to purchase trades. She was living a normal life, but experts say this group data set is separated from other migrants entirely. Her learning processes are intelligently different built to defy, they were adapted from what once was considered a woman. On the very strange journey of varying frequencies, the trail is quite novel. However, most of her formidable cellular assets had already experienced sexual violence although she survived far longer than her adversary's.

We see her type **Freelancer** LAVENDER