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BLACKNESS (CONSENT TO NOT BE A SINGLE BEING)

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Placing blackness within a philosophical and phenomenological framework. Understanding lived experience as a site of examination and transcendence. Liberating black lived experiences from the white gaze through poetry in conversation with other Black scholars and writers. Part of a larger collection of poems aiming to understand lived experience and blackness as specific keys to move beyond post-traumatic stress disorder and its interactions with racism and intergenerational trauma.

Jay Morris is a poet and researcher living in Atlanta, GA. He has performed poetry across the Southeastern United States since being 17 years old. His work focuses primarily on lived experience, blackness, recovery narratives, loneliness, and the intersection of intergenerational trauma and racism. He represents a personal movement towards liberation from the white, heteronormative gaze, and hopes to contribute to a larger tradition of Black liberation through this journal submission.

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Blackness (Consent not to be a Single Being) - **Jay Morris**
after Fred Moten,

To participate in Blackness is not a negation of the Other
But an embracing of the consent to not be a single being
To exist in the gap of what I am believed to be vs what I am
All those emergent variables reconfiguring themselves along multidimensional planes
To become the nexus and the model

The cause and its effect containing multitudes
Which in themselves become multitudes
Which in themselves are bounded and reshaped by the
Shifting trajectory of revised timelines

Blackness, the embodied guardianship of repressed histories
Blackness, crystallized and historical memory

My dark pulse counting the metronome between
life and afterlife
ancestor and descendant
colony, post-colony, post-racial, re-racialized, bound and repurposed
Entombed and incarcerated preemptively within the body
That harbors that freedom dream which anchors
And dissuades from colonial rage

Embodied and immanent, time forced into the present
By the eruption of my ruptured patience and measured hope
Watchtower, I am watchtower
My ticking hands pulling the thread of eternal recurrence
That reminds the soul of the shift between essence and instance

Being dismembered and whole across transverse planes
Phantasmic limbs gesticulate spatial reason
Reveling in the erotics of fragmentation
Raging in the celibacy of putting myself back together

Being within and without
I stand beside myself
Blackstar singularity
Instantiated, analyte, pitch-black blur
Essentialized, phalanx, golden horde