

DREAMING

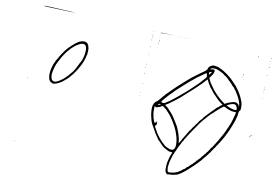
OTHERWISE

workshop anthology



DREAMING

OTHERWISE



ABOUT

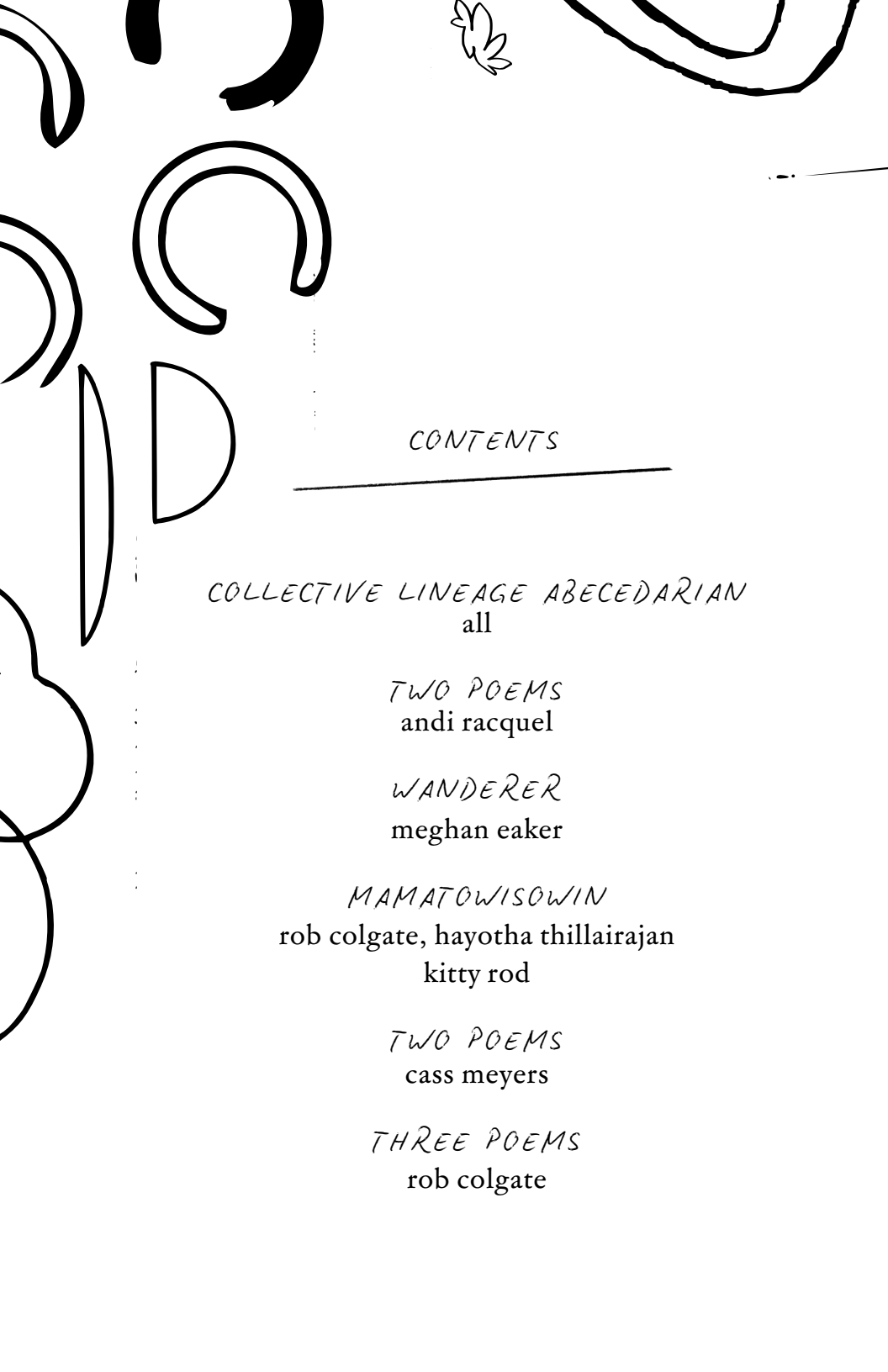
Dreaming Otherwise was a virtual six-week poetry and collaborative writing workshop for a cohort of twelve sick/disabled/Mad queer people.

Dreaming Otherwise was co-hosted by Whippersnapper Gallery and Tangled Art + Disability, with support from the Images Festival and Canada Council for the Arts.

Editor / Facilitator
Jody Chan

Layout / Design
Kianna Mkhonza

with THANKS to
Marina Fathalla & Sean Lee



CONTENTS

COLLECTIVE LINEAGE ABECEDARIAN
all

TWO POEMS
andi racquel

WANDERER
meghan eaker

MAMATOWISOWIN
rob colgate, hayotha thillairajan
kitty rod

TWO POEMS
cass meyers

THREE POEMS
rob colgate

THREE POEMS

hayotha thillairajan

MAMATOWISOWIN

elaine cagulada, namitha rathinappillai,
meghan eaker

THREE POEMS

elaine cagulada

WHICH BODY OF WATER DO YOU BELONG TO?
namitha rathinappillai

TWO POEMS

flora valeska woudstra

NEW HOME

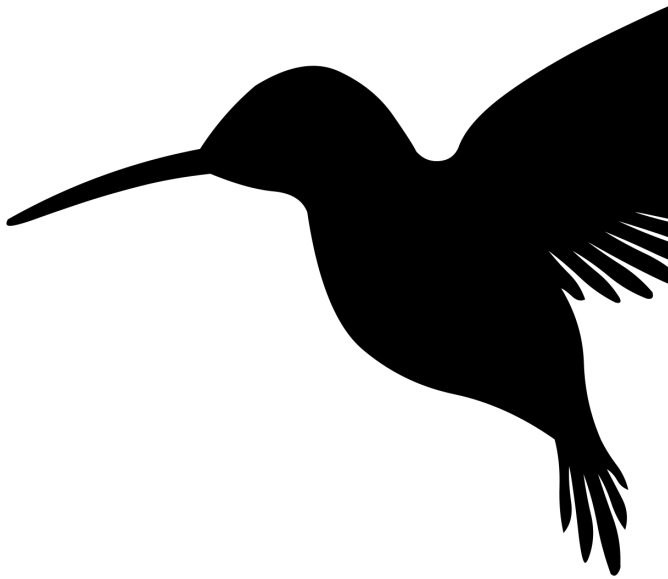
jasmine noseworthy persaud

MAMATOWISOWIN

aysha natsheh,
andi raquel, jasmine noseworthy persaud

ROT

harmeet rehal

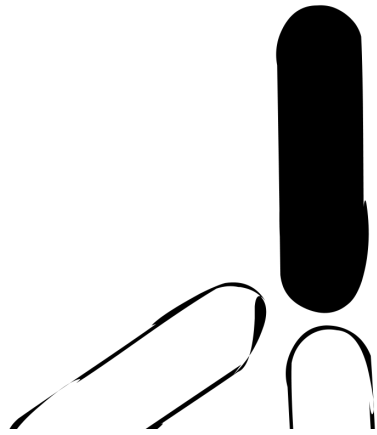




INTRODUCTION



ur ability to dream beyond the oppressive conditions of the present has always been a condition of our survival. We, here: sick, disabled, queer. We: anyone who has revised the world's limitations on our lives. Who has made the waiting room beautiful. Here, we cite Saidiya Hartman, who says, in a panel discussion on the poetics of abolition, *Poetry is not a luxury. Dreaming Otherwise is as essential as food for us to survive.*



We invoke
Audre Lorde too, of course,
through Hartman's words. We invoke June
Jordan: *I will love deeply*, Andi insists, in their poem
"Resolution #5,789", *I will not be afraid*. And again, in
shared song with Aysha and Jasmine, *My body and its
limitations / I want to be gentle with them all*.

Again, yeah, Rob nods, and in three syllables
unfolds a world of crip exhaustion. Knowing that we
move with pain, with Cass' *zoo of unknowable ache*, but
need not be alone inside of it. And though home is not
always easy—as Namitha reminds
us in the lines, *I am still standing still
/ pretending that I am not petrified /
by her home's welcome to me / and what it
wanted from me*—Elaine, Meghan, and Namitha
affirm, *We bring ourselves home to us*.

We write together, letting our sick disabled queer voices
intermingle and exist in multiplicity. *again and / again i retrace
myself until / i know my mind like a relative*—Meghan, wandering.
Hayotha adds, *no more questions about me. No explanations or
obligations*. We can come to know ourselves and each other more
gently. Become *a palm, to rest in*, as flora so beautifully lays before us.

In their essay, “To Hold the Grief & the Growth: On Crip Ecologies,” Kay Ulanday Barrett writes, “Disabled people are less than in a world where disabled people, especially Black and brown people, are told to just be so grateful that normies/ableds let us live, let us even be on stage, let us be in the anthology or retreat, let us be included.” Their knowing, our knowing: inclusion is not the same as intimacy. Let us live, let us be, is not the same as community.

Where do we belong? *in the cavities, the marrow*, answer Rob, Kitty, and Hayotha. Which is to say, beside each other, beside each other. Or, as Jasmine echoes, *I want my friends to find home*.

We dream of ease, of writing from bed and white flower oil. We make ritual out of gathering. We check in, chat react, crip tip, cameras off. *I dream of breaking loose*, offers Elaine, *of arriving at a place called freedom*. Yes, we dream of intimacy and community, care and resistance, softness and solidarity. By holding this work, in your hands, on your screen, you dream with us.

Jody





POEMS



ALL

collective lineage abecedarian



-
- amsterdam
- & a little girl who fell in love with a little boy
 - & Ambiyaan dancing on faded sheets in our home
 - & Ancestral heartbreak

 - & Brown girls with hairy upper lips
 - & bustling feet walking quickly
 - & Balikpapan breaths

 - & Commitment meaning two different things
 - & children darting in and out of traffic
 - & centuries of freaks
 - & Crockpots whistling louder and louder while you tell me everything isn't wilted in the fridge
 - & Children who are

 - Deaf who are also disabled who were also called dumb but not dumb, dreading school and the distribution of invites
 - & Delicately holding me in her arms
 - & came from the body of a dancer
 - & dried grains for sale at the market

 - & Everyone got one
 - & Electroencephalograms
 - & enough is enough
 - & everyone who's ever been called a monster
 - & But mon friere

& Fried anything made by my mother's hands
& fuck it
& God what i would do to gorge
& Getting our birthdays wrong
& A girl until I wasn't
& Gagging
& giving thanks

& Their hateful insides
& Hair that grows back just as thick no matter how many
times you sprinkle it on the bathroom floor
& How do you say trans in Arabic?
& Held in the arms of my indonesian grandmother
& hiding in plain sight is too hard so scream instead

& I, I, I, like a prayer I have been trying to learn
since my past life

& Just kidding everything is fine
& joy in the knowledge we've loved
& jell-o with fruit inside

& Kinship over seas and land
& kitchen messes to clean up later

& auntie laughter
& Lysander on the highway eating ice cream

& My mom, I miss when I knew her
& metoo
& No more questions about me
& nobody repeating themselves

- & Open wounds of colonialism, sudden plane crash
- & often, I wonder, will I ever meet her again?
- & open door policies

- & psychosis being the obvious answer

- & questions in hushed tones
- & quite a miracle these lives in the web of deaths
- & quiet being the obvious absence

- & Remedies for chiron
- & rowing with the chest improperly hunched
- & reasons to laugh

- & a brother who would soon leave this solid, earthly plane
- & shit can you miss someone you never knew

- & Time has always been thin, unfinished, vast and wide
- & tubig tubig tubig
- & tell me

- & upset whispers
- & understanding
- & Underside of belly

- & Very polite greetings
- & violins play, may be one of the world's tiniest, since there was nothing to lose
- & violet crowned

- & Walking endlessly and finding you in the same suburban
food court I lost him in
- & White flower oil in each of our rooms marking our
intergenerational cripness and slowness
- & Weary, so weary

- & extravagant was the darkness we had
- & xoxo

- & young people who grew up too fast
- & you are my closest person

- & zones of familiarity because we've all done this before
- & there is no proper way to end what you've started

ANDI RAQUEL

resolution #5,789

I will speak my mind
I have learned that being a doormat gets you
nowhere
I will laugh loudly and fully
I will take up space
I have learned that making myself small
is an unremarkable skill
I will experience joy
I will cherish my moments of love and light
I have learned that staying in the darkness pulls you away
I will love deeply
I will not be afraid
I have learned that trying to be someone else is
unsuccessful and soul-sucking
I will be me

ANDI RAQUEL

my lineage

Appreciation & bustling feet walking
quickly & children darting in
and out of traffic & dried grains
for sale at the market & extra juice
fruit & family style lunches for days & giving
thanks & home home home & invitations
to the neighbours & Jell-O with fruit
inside & kitchen messes to clean up
later & laughter for hours & mothers
helping mothers helping
mothers & nightly walks with loved
ones & open door policies & presents
with meaning & questions in hushed
tones & remembering
those who came before you & slathering
yourself with scented
lotions & the television
on at all times & upset
whispers & very
polite greetings & warmth oozing
from every corner & eXcess food, love,
laughter to always appreciate
& zones of familiarity because
we've all done this before.

MEGHAN EAKER

wanderer

i wander in my mind; learn from winding
walks on twisted trails
crisscrossed. again and

again i retrace myself until
i know my mind like a relative
familiar and always
surprising

in some languages this is called
distraction. in others it is called
learning

my pace is perfect; not profitable

it would be peaceful yet the highway
shouts at me:

my way or the highway!

and passers-by judge me with their headlights:

it's your choice!

just try harder!

do they know i (can) want
to go somewhere the highway
will not take me?
a prison can look like a map
if it disguises itself as helpful
it will guide your desires
it will lose you from yourself

and it will always be
for your own good

in my wanderings i am aimless
coated in bad-soaked names

in my wanderings i visit
with the good of my own
knowing

niya nîkihk
I am home

ROB COLGATE

KITTY RODÉ

HAYOTHA THILLAIRAJAN

mamatowisowin

Essential,
as in innate,
as in necessary,
as in possession of some
alleged essence.
As in, you possessed me.
we belong in the cavities, the marrow.
cavity, as in an emptiness, as in a failure to
care for the self.
I salvage for the parts of me now dispossessed.
but I'll take solace in the sweets.
in the sours that crawl quietly up my bedposts while I nap
Bitter rest embrace me, unraveling
so I can live for the moments that save me from sorrow
that save me from always waiting for moments

CASS MYERS

you just have a weak core

Gutted harp. Theremin with legs.
An empty locket. Wind tunnel. Bendy straw.
Abandoned moon gate. Born from gape.
Gimlets for parents. Holepuncher's child. Porthole
for hire. You crunch and a draft enters the room.
You twist and the medicine ball falls down a well.
You aren't even trying to be structurally sound.
You have a toxic relationship with absence. People
Pleasers are more likely to develop off putting green
symptoms, trap doors and needle eyes. How
are you even standing? Hung by the rafters.
Have you considered dry wall puddy? What
about planks, nailed from sternum to pelvis,
brain stem to sacrum? Your hip flexors are
overcompensating for the broken seal.
You have to choose to be more than void.
Mind over missing matter, manifest cork
and you will be the opposite of vacancy. Birds
will nest in you. It's not cute. To be an open book
Without a spine.

CASS MYERS

the body speaks in argyle, an abecedarian

Argyle talk, Blood flute,
Cross-bitten, Dotted lines, Eye
facing east, Far right corners,
Goopy lids, Hips on a sideways
glance, Intraskellular, Jugular in
blue, Kiss neglected, Lick the
elbow, Moon ridden, Not another
blood test, October is a waiting
room, Physician's note, Quivering
canine, Referral purgatory,
Slippers on the hardwood, Thigh
crease-swollen, Undulating fluid,
Vein song, Without cause, X-ray
melody, Yarrow in the cheek,
Zoo of unknowable ache

ROB COLGATE

apology

While waiting for you I read
the many messages I sent

to myself last year. One of them
said Finn, be brave which is funny

because I'm Rob. Yes, I'm Rob.
I'm so sorry you had to find out this way.

ROB COLGATE

replacement

Maybe I do not want to be taken back.

The new boy has better answers than I do.
I have more synapses that I can go without.

ROB COLGATE

2 am

Hey,
are you
busy?
Yeah, it's
about that.
Again, yeah.
Yeah.

HAYOTHA THILLAIRAJAN

apple tornado

there is warmth in the eye of the tornado

Calm

this core is that of an apple's

bitter and pure

But There are seeds here I am trying to, need to
protect

Indigestible and essential

This thundering swirl of sweet flesh
is merely body for soul

This poem cannot decide between
the metaphor of a tornado or
an apple

Eve bites the forbidden
fruit and thank god
you do too

Did you know
it can be
safe here,

in the loving middle?
With me?

I guess only sometimes,
I must admit.

But could you run with me anyways?
Stuffing faces
with as much as we can bare?

I promise to warn you, how some seeds
may sprout in stomachs, but im not really sure,
I do not know anything.

I won't ask for forever, don't worry,
that fate is only mine

But just for now
Could you indulge me?
I promise
I will try to help you
escape these treacherous
conditions, feed you more than you
can fathom,
Try not to force.

You reply but I am a force of nature
As if to deny
Aren't we all?



THIS THUNDERING
SQUIRL OF SWEET FLESH IS MERRELLA BODDY
FOR





HAYOTHA THILLAIRAJAN

ABC's about my ammama

a little girl who fell in love with a little boy & borrowed time & calling out for help in a world who assumes madness is wrong & delicately holding me in her arms & enough is enough & find a way please god find a way & God is not here & hiding in plain sight is too hard so scream instead & I am my mothers mother more than I am my mother & jealous of you and your family and your love, you have so much, much more & kill me now & live, you must live & music is shared love, I forget when my amma stopped singing & no more questions about me & often, I wonder, will I ever meet her again? & pussy power & questioning if she'd find that funny & reasons to laugh & shit, can you miss someone you never knew & tell me & understanding & violins play, may be one of the world's tiniest, since there was nothing to lose anyways & where are you now & xoxo & you are and were my closest person & zany, aren't you? zap zap zap
(but the insane can not go away without going away)

HAYOTHA THILLAIRAJAN

why did the chicken cross the road?

the chicken pauses at the highway overpass. there are complex machines, big trucks, civil cars, little scooters, firing past, all of them sparring with earth as if a race in the heavens. God-like. The chicken waits. For a silence, a break, the lack of traffic and of life, waiting for its own to be the only one. Time passes and the chicken slowly realizes there is no time for it. That it must choose a now at some moment, or it will be never. The chicken imagines dying of old age at the side of a road.

The chicken imagines being hunted as if simple prey, food, no corpse left, perhaps traces of blood, not licked up. It wishes, if this was its fate, that the predator, those hunting, would appreciate it enough to lick it all up. It knows this is wishful thinking, delusional even. The chicken cries. Then stops crying. Then cries again. Occasionally, the chicken wails, drowned out by the honking and the sirens

and the chatter and the latest hit single by a flashy human, who will never have to cross this very road. The chicken prays to its God, for the first time in a long time, prays as if it really means it this time. The chicken curses God. Renounces its name. The chicken prays that the drivers will die a gruesome death, for never noticing it's poor little body begging for poor little attention. The chicken believes the world is evil. The chicken extrapolates that God is evil too. The chicken loses belief in all things strange. The chicken accepts that it is simply a chicken trying to cross the road and may never. The chicken hardens. Gut and gullet. The chicken trains for its first and last attempt. There will only be one. To live or to die. To live or to die. To live or to die trying. The chicken's stomach growls, and it craves the feed from back home. The chicken wonders if it should've escaped, maybe life back then was the best it will ever get for a chicken. The chicken remembers dissonance. Apathy. The chicken wonders of nothing in particular. Nothing may be better than this. Suicide crosses. The chicken stands as a chicken, present for the very first time since it's encountered the road. The chicken watches the passerbyers, the car stickers depicting how many little people are part of the big family, represented by silly little figures, the license plates hailing local flowers and fruits and sometimes, beautiful sentences. The engine sounds, the fuel burns, the motor revs, sometimes intentionally from the fast, the beat up, the luxury, the passed down for generations. The occasional blasting of music from open windows, closed windows, smoking windows. The girl who sticks her head out of a sunroof, hands up, on drugs, believing she is tasting air for the very first time. She has tasted air before. The chicken understands none of it. But occasionally, there is this feeling, that it can relate, a semblance of something resembling joy or sorrow or both. The chicken looks to the moon and warms. The chicken shivers,

as the sun succumbs to cold. The chicken knows that animals hunt at night. The chicken hears their howl but does not scare. The chicken is scared it does not scare anymore. The chicken notices the onset of apathy and hurries, worries. The chicken realizes it does not want to die more than most. The chicken is glad. Glad it is at the road, glad it is too far from home, glad it is here it will likely live or die. For a brief moment. The chicken cries again, for something in particular, it no longer knows what. Perhaps it's mother, or something like, but probably not. The chicken lays, praying in gratitude of its little chicken life, no matter the matter. The chicken takes back its last sentiment. The chicken bargains with God, promising to pray. Is that what God wants? If God is real? Or is it to never be questioned? The chicken gets down on it's knees, telling God it is lesser than. The chicken falls to the ground limply, frustrated that God does not respond, will not respond, refuses to respond. That God has left it alone. The chicken believes it must have sinned. The chicken prays for forgiveness. No response. The chicken repents. No response. The chicken curses in Gods name. No response. The chicken curses God. No response. The chicken vows to live its life in God's image if God gives it a sign. No sign. No response. The chicken quiets. No response. The chicken screams. No response. The chicken laments, pities itself the way a black hole may. No response. The chicken gives up. No response. The vehicles whirl by, blurring. It is all blurry now. God, the moon, cars, chicken, stars, chicken nuggets, grass, fresh green cool, colours, cock a doodle doos. The chicken yowls as if everything is normal. The chicken breathes as if it is normal. Still, no response.

With no end in sight, no answer assured, the chicken rares to run, and unpauses at the most perfect moment. Whatever may happen to the chicken, the chicken believes it is all too perfect. Or imperfect. And so, the chicken crosses.

ELAINE CAGULADA
NAMITHA RATHINAPPILLAI
MEGHAN EAKER

mamatowisowin

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

Beneath the grey
I feel colours that have not been named yet
In my marrow i carry myself, hidden
Crouching while a world weaves us together
I know deeply that we are meant to walk alongside one another
We bring ourselves home to us
In our palms, unfolding in shades of smoke and earth
What can we hold on to if not each other's hands?
This savage love better than anything proper
Nothing neater than the chaos of fusion, *mamatowisowin*

ELAINE CAGULADA

three poems

< 1 >

On land swimming in sea
A tree said to be older than life itself
Mocks us, her roots stitched in time

On prairies dancing with sun
Nature seen wearing a cloak of
Bright pine cottoning sky

At night an ether pulls shut
its mint curtain

< 2 >

I dream of breaking loose
Warmth whispering, "I love you"
Arriving at a place called freedom

< 3 >

the way
you part
your lips
let your
insides out

you swim
past sense
let the
outside in

your words
leave me
grasping
for mine

beautiful
you're beautiful

flora valeska woudstra

grief ritual for the waiting room



lay yourself down. heartbeat louder than whoever's clock. back to floor, all the waiting hours, the dead, transparent hours, perching around you. palms up, thumb and middle finger snap the sound of stretched, gone seconds. thumb and middle finger powdered glass. match sticks. the other hand, up and open, red phosphorus.

in the hospital's waiting room, lay yourself down. heart to sky, piercing the ceiling. in the thin lines of electric waiting phone call after phone call, lay yourself down. the other hand, open and up, red phosphorus. now flame.

then, your breath timeless. no new answer, or medicine, or thing solved, but the weight, the weight is lifted in the flame. the flame held in the palm of your ancestors, as they scoop the heft from your bones. as they set time afire. no solving, now. a palm, to rest in.

flora valeska woudstra

eating time

my body comes from indonesian, dutch, jewish ancestors, faraway german ones. both oppressors and oppressed ones. in close relating. in one nervous system. grief's laughter. learning to be in dialogue with both, the ones that steal, impose their ways, force new upon old tongues, trying to erase them - in me. the ones being stolen from, in me. i witness in night dreams their turning into tricksters, survivors - the ones that didn't survive, the one that didn't want to live any longer, in me. the ones dreaming towards new languages, and how

they passed on food as a language. i dream of eating time. i dream of holding polarities, and practise so through this body and endless strands sewn into this spine, brain, and its new set of wishes, boundaries, no's. dream of the ability to remember trust, and sharing it.



HARMEET REHAL

rot

I could not hold the tears back as I named to him that this shit we are in right now feels like a state of constant limbo. The walls and chatrooms and time are melting away as we try to mitigate risks to not kill each other as immunocompromised people in relation to one another. What containers are left to hold us as we keep cycling, mapping, planning, decoding and orchestrating how to stay alive while attempting to hold hands, to sleep next to one another, to fuck, to dance, to eat, to pray, to receive care. We are stuck in limbo as we negotiate our death, all while life around us gazes back with presumable innocence and whispers that it's fine, everything is fine. I cannot keep rotting.



NAMITHA RATHINAPPILLAI

which body of water do you belong to?

after jody chan

The half empty glass / The half full glass, on a good day / the cat's water bowl / 70% of my earthly container / my mother's tears when I pack up the U-Haul to live four hours away / my mother's tears, often, because she is a Libra / the dripping turned pooling before my teenage hands / fixed the kitchen faucet before her shift ended / with nothing more than a YouTube tutorial and spite / that my fingers were as calloused as a present father's / or / the first time I stepped into the Indian Ocean and the current's grip pulled me under like a swift burial / and my cousin grabbed me / fistful by the hair / and I / kicking and screaming / heard him tell my mother / "clothes can be ripped off your body / but hair is a mooring that will always bring you back" / and seeing my shaking and small body / wet feet innocuously digging into grainy sand / I wade with her in the shallow / and I realize I have never seen her closer to the ocean than its shore / and she / without a sound / begins to contribute to the saltwater brine we bathe in / and I am still standing still / pretending that I am not petrified / by her home's welcome to me / and what it wanted from me.

JASMINE NOSEWORTHY PERSAUD

new home

In my new home, I've been sitting
in front of the window
on the mudroom couch

In the morning,
I let my eyes relax,
trace the criss-cross of string lights
through the window

and follow the passing streetcar
as it worms itself
across the city.

Through this window,
I soak in sunlight
and bird sound
and the steps of passersby
who admire it all too.

In the evening,
when we sit down on the couch
together

my friends confide in me about the hard-to-tell things, the
"maybe I'll try to say it out loud if that's ok with you?"
kind of things

The things that don't belong to us,
but we carry anyway.

The things we hold hands for.

On this couch,
our eyes grow blurry
eyes that don't want to see or know
but have and do.

And we continue to hold each other anyway.

After dark,
the string lights are bright and radial
through the window

Outstretching beacons that signal where my new home is.

One by one, my friends find themselves on this couch
in front of the window,
reciting and releasing

And I do too.

In the morning,
we sit down again
soak in sunlight and bird sound.
I hug my friends.
Squeeze hands.
Wave goodbye through the window.

And they make their way through the city, back home.

Have they made it back yet?

Have they found their way?

I want my friends to find home.

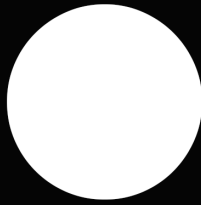
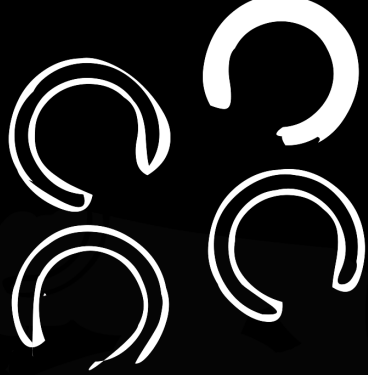
ANDI RAQUEL

AYSHA NATSEH

JASMINE NOSEWORTHY PERSAUD

mamatowisowin

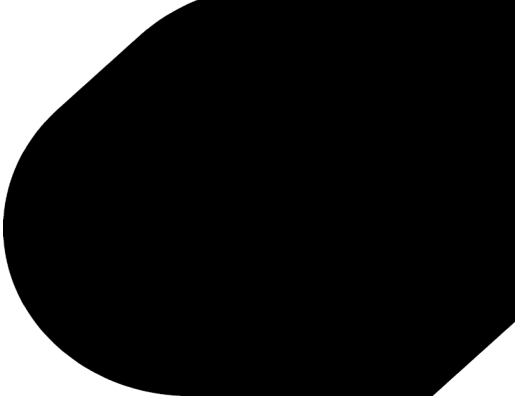
My heart is full, my arms are empty
My body and its limitations
I want to be gentle with them all
I want to find deep nourishment
My one sweet life
I want to blossom within it, beyond it
And turn it inside out
I cut my hair, I want to experience it all fully
I wonder if you'll recognize me
And I'm not sure if I'll recognize you
I'm not sure if it matters
All I know is change, the eclipse
Like movement and life, dancing together



DREAMING

OTHERWISE





PARTICIPANT BIOS

ANDI RACQUEL

is an art lover, writer, producer and performer. In their free time, they enjoy supporting fellow 2SQTBIPOC artists by attending community events. For fun, they love creating interesting experimental music with their pals, along with having epic karaoke showdowns.

CASSANDRA MYERS (MY'Z)

(THEY / SHE / HE)

is a queer, trans, multi-disabled, South-Asian-Italian, counsellor and poet from Tkaronto, Ontario. Follow their National Magazine GOLD Award winning poetry

@CASS.MYERS.POETRY



ELAINE CAGULADA

is a writer, teacher, and lover a good kettle-cooked chip.

HARMEET REHAL

is a fat, trans, disabled, Sikh-Panjabi artist, organizer, and student living in Tkaronto. Outside of their research and slow arts practice, Harmeet has been quietly and very privately writing for years. As they process their grief and brain fuzz differently in recent times, they are exploring the possibilities of a more relational writing practice, and stumbling into how to write where they usually exist outside of language.

HAYOTHA THILLAIRAJAN

AYSHA NATSHEH



JASMINE NOSEWORTHY PERSAUD

(THEY / THEM)

is a nonbinary, mad and multiply disabled, digital media artist of Guyanese and English descent living in Treaty 13 territory. They are interested in where community arts meets community health. During the pandemic, this work has grown to revolve around explorations of love-grief as praxis, on a multi-sensory scale, and through the celebration of diverse bodyminds.

KITTY RODÉ

(THEY / THEM)

is a queer, agender South Asian artist in Tkaronto who loves storytelling, RPGs and community building. They're also a cat parent, baked goods enthusiast and a lifelong student of anti-oppression work, creating safer spaces & designing the revolution.

MEGHAN EAKER

(THEY / THEM)

is a queer, non- binary, mixed nehiyaw & white amiskwaciywaskahikan based poet, Registered Nurse, and member of the Woodland Cree First Nation. They are a PhD student in Indigenous Studies at the University of Alberta studying nehiyaw storytelling as a creative practice towards miyo pimatisiwin (a good life).

FLORA VALESKA WOUDESTRA

(SHE / HER)

is an artist and writer based in the netherlands. three and a half years ago she acquired a brain injury and has, since then, been learning to listen to and work with her body's language of symptoms. she is interested in the reciprocal influence between body and text, drawings, and spaces, and considers the body as an archive, carrying the experiences and histories that move through it. flora's visual and literary work have appeared at *DAILY PRACTICE*, *TERRAS*, *AWATER*, *STICHTING PERDU*, *THE KRÖLLER-MÜLLER MUSEUM*, *Poetry International* and in *THE BENDIGO ART GALLERY*.

NAMITHA RATHINAPPILLAI

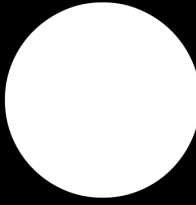
(SHE / THEY)

is a fat, queer, disabled, Tamil-Canadian artist, organizer, and workshop facilitator. Namitha is also an award-winning spoken word poet, performing locally and internationally. She enjoys petting their cats Halloumi and Paneer, writing letters to friends, and looking at the moon.

ROB COLGATE

(HE / SHE / THEY)

holds an MFA in poetry from the New Writers Project at UT AUSTIN. He serves as assistant poetry editor at FOGLETFER JOURNAL and as poet-in-residence at TANGLED ART + DISABILITY. Currently, he is a Fulbright scholar in poetry at TORONTO METROPOLITAN UNIVERSITY's School of Disability Studies.



PEOPLE PLEASERS ARE MORE LIKELY TO DEVELOP EYES AND NEEDLE POINTS TO DEVELOP OFF PUTTING GREEN SYMPTOMS, TRAP DOORS AND

HOW ARE YOU EVEN STANDING?

