Current, I

The conventional symbol for current is I, (I) originating from the French intensité de courant, an intensity of electrical flow measured as a quantity per unit of time.

Consider: we are made almost entirely of water and electricity.

So our vernacular

of emotion employs

  surge

  wave spark,

  impulse and current,

the flood of salt

or rush of crackling

  blue pulse, of

  arcing rivulet.

A measurement of with and with out.

The ecstatic penetration of sperm
into egg—
we have all seen

the microscopic
iconography.

The wombless State

will ordain
this
the electric moment of life
will brand each womb sanctified

property.

My mother was conceived
during a war waged on brown bodies

and birthed
me under a moon obscured

by flags.

Electric layers of ocean reveal

themselves as

an ancestral coding of me and her and her and her
as the spear and the
plunge,
the cavern of handprints

the caverns of decapitation.

The lightning spark cannot be created because it was already there.

In the gloam human nostalgia
presses to know where
when which gods’ touch

(first impulse of light into
darkness)

first enacted a separation of shadow into meaning,

yet I fork bead

ribbon the light
into existence insistence

with each sloughing

of salt water blood,

each recollection of current.

(I)

Tano I CHamoru.

Our people were shaped from stone

and the pulsing

sea.

Sister’s crouched body
wave kneaded

salt lapped

until we tumbled from her

of her (of them)

all strong strong and

whole together.

Birds regarded our sea foam anklets
our slippery ropes

of hair our

cheeks full of pebbles
and scattered from the shore

singing.

We opened our new mouths
to our own chorus
crooning
SisterBrother

we are

sun

moon

sky

water

earth

all

siblings.

(I)

I believe in reincarnation

in so much as

I know an ancestor
passed to me

the memory of

making oneself

into a universe.

One. Self. (I)

connected to, no—

concurrent with

every iteration of

subatomic movement.

How, then
am I queer?

Queer?

Queered?

I am also only (queer) because there is a world outside of mine.

If the world were only me,
I would seem just so.

A microcosmos of animal mineral plant light.

Electric, I.

Yet, the world.
Here is what I can say:

I am I. Warrior, I. Glacier, I.

Photon, I. Vine, I.

Rivulet, I. Integer, I. Summoner, I.

Wave, I. Exhalation, I.

Mother, I. Lava, I.

Hilum, I. Hypha, I.

I. I. I.
Prism, I. And culture bending through me.

The world spits grapples

tries to tie me up in basements

to rid themselves of my insistence.

Ancestor wired me a path within.

Inside the brick spaces throughout and becoming the walls

clouds, I.

Swallow bolts, I expand
I empty I

carry within

a hundred thousand

wombs of spectacular

light.

—Lehua M. Taitano