



# literary cuírlombism: black lgbtqi poetry exorbitating the paradigm of pain

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## Abstract

This essay that is being continuously rewritten by tatiana nascimento, an artist, and researcher from Brasília, since 2016, asks the following main assumptions: why does the intelligibility of the literature produced by black and/or lgbtqi people seem to be related to the thematic presence of the pain/resistance/denouncement triad?

in which ways does this triped approach meet the expectations of the whiteist colonial cis-hetnormative gaze's typical sadism?

does "exorbitating the paradigm of pain." acknowledging the literary complexity of/among the researched poets, create the risk of overlapping layers of unintelligibility to the texts?

can fostering this risk be a bet on the future? meaning: is this literature afrofuturistic? y: could it make sense in a present so deeply marked by the genocism/epistemicide promoted by the cis-hetnormative whitist supremacy's coloniality?<sup>1</sup>

the absurd, the daydream, the weightlessness, the refusal, the impreciseness, the crossing-out – how do they arise as power in this literature, turning the risk into fertile material for new criticism gazes, theory, literary diffusion? or would they be mere fugitive points from the harsh reality, escapism, tangencies, and useless lyricisms?

is it possible, really possible, to reconjure a concept founded on two brazilian contemporary black thought pillars – beatriz nascimento and abdias nascimento, in their respective propositions on *quilombos* [maroon societies] and *quilombismo* –, that still engage with a heterocentered perspective on blackness, to put on a base to the notion of ~~queerlombism~~ *cuírlombism* as one in which the notions of black diaspora and sexual dissidence are settled in the same ancestral ground?

**Keywords:** *cuírlombism*; *queerlombism*; complexity; sexual dissidence in the black diaspora.

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“e eu sorrindo digo: suave”

[and smiling i say: chill]

(kati souto)

### roots

rereading Oxum and Oyá's affair, Otim's transexuality, Qssanha's and Oxossi's sissyness, i propose the re-telling/creation of ancient black stories as a way out of the cishnormative heterossexualisation that the dominator/coloniser's "authorised" discourses dictate to the diaspora.<sup>2</sup> the resemblance between **queer** and **quilombo** suggests something urging to be celebrated y took up/ regained to our struggles and existences, since the stiffer and oldest pillars of colonial racism are the silencing of and the sexual expectations on black bodies.<sup>3</sup>

lgbtqi+ blackness faces stereotypes that cast homosexualities/sexual dissidence as a "white plague" contaminating the virile black "african" peoples (the Africa/Wakanda monolith) through colonisation. consequently, sexual orientations, gender identities, sexual/affection practices that are, effectively, blackly ancestral and documented in foundational myths (such as *itans*), for example, are deemed as whitening/colonisation.

in the stereotypical and homogenizing perspective about which sex is fit to a black body, one is perceived as proper, correct: straight, available, exploitable, reproductive, cishgendered. the maintenance of these expectations obeys the ideological, political, economic and affective cistem that controls black bodies and sexualities: persecution, mockery, symbolical, physical and existential deletion (of black trans bodies, especially), condemnations to whoever dares to

escape the racist colonial imagery that builds “the black woman” (that can be *mulata* or black, each one with their specific stereotypes) and “the black man” (that can be the guy with a big dick, the rapist, the emotionally irresponsible).<sup>4</sup>

this imagery takes root in the non-recognition of black lgbtqi+ sexual self-determination. this situation repeats itself in the diaspora, in the continent and in the monolithic nostalgia that longs for an “Africa” full of polygamous virile men who tame simultaneously submissive and strong women who are highly motherly-fertile (just as the so called “mother-continent,” a heavily straight and reproductivist metaphor). the media feeds it back, from the colonial fantasies about our dark bodies to the HIV/AIDS terror not only as a “gay plague” but also as a “black plague.”<sup>5</sup>

when it comes to the cuir/queer *itans*, essential to the sexually dissident mark of black ancestry, “Oxum seduces Oyá” tells that Oxum, satisfied after another one of her conquests, straight up avoids the lady of passions, winds, lightning, *egun*.<sup>6</sup> little did she know Oyá loves herself some trouble, she would get pissed for being dumped and would chase after Oxum to punish her. Oxum, then, hides in a river to never leave again. in this *itan*, the core of Oxum’s relationship with the river arises from her sexual involvement with Oyá, that is to say, one of her most important symbolic domains, her belonging to the fresh waters that simultaneously belong to her, comes from the fact that she had sex with Oyá. Oxum is the river, the fresh waters; part of the ceremonies dedicated to her happen in the water, it is not only a locus where people deliver gifts and food, where people make requests and say thanks for their blessings, but also an entity to whom they make offerings, request, thank.

*itans* are complex, conflicting even. to each Orisha, many tell a story with a similar ending but different plots. as a black sapatão intellectual, it is essential to me to tell this story like this, an obviously and indisputably lesbian explanation of the sacred nature of one of the most beloved and important Orisha in the

diaspora, whose name is so associated with the diffusion of a female rivalry myth (the dispute between Oxum and Obá is way better well-known than the sex between Oxum and Oyá). i underline that it is a lesbian myth, they are not lesbian Orisha: considering the many sexual exchanges between all of them, one can attest their reigning constitutive bisexuality.

the narrative multiplicity also applies to Otim. not much worshipped in the brazilian diaspora, she is generally treated as a huntress Orisha, Oxossi's partner (depending on the story, partner in work or in sex or both). there is an *itan* that tells that Otim is a much-loved daughter of a father that guards her secret: she has four boobs. when her secret is revealed, Otim runs, turning into a river that is embraced/welcome by Yemanjá, "the mother of fish children," "mother of all heads," the Orisha that is the sea it/herself. even her father's love that turns into a mountain to try to contain her goes to waste. the story has sex, but is homo-affective and gender-dissident, since Yemanjá embraces, takes in, cares for, welcomes Otim, whose nature was transformed/overflowed by the persecution of her corporeity, that was misunderstood, ridiculed, exposed.

but my favorite *itan* about Otim tells that he, a beautiful prince living in an abundant kingdom, gets tired of his life, runs to the forest, and decides to stay there. not knowing how to survive by himself, he gets hungry, scared and falls asleep. in his dream, he hears: give up on everything you have, offer it in a faith sacrifice and you will be helped. Otim wakes up, undresses, and makes his offering. he is found and rescued by a famous hunter, the most well-known in the Odé family: Oxossi, the provider, who dresses Otim with new clothes and teaches him the craft of hunting. besides, he keeps Otim's secret: having boobs and a cunt (or, according to the sex-biologising version, he had "a woman's body").

in another *itan*, Oxossi, Yemanjá's beloved son, asks her permission to know the earths' world, where he meets a stunning lad who knows all about leaf magic, "the forest's spirit," Ossanha. he falls in love with Odé, casting him an herbal love

spell; however, when the spell is broken, Oxossi still chooses to live with Ossanha, letting go of his mother's wide, oceanic, watery queendom, becoming the lord of the forest.<sup>7</sup>

if, in the continent, each god/dess was worshipped monotheistically, the diaspora's *gira* calls them to dance together in the *xirê*, but not only that: to (un)make sex(es) as well.<sup>8</sup> the myth in which a trans Otim is welcomed/cared for/embraced as friend, brother and pupil of Oxossi – a symbol of the providing, hegemonic (i still have not said “toxic”) masculinity – whispers a remedy against transphobic, toxic black masculinities. but why is it that the stories which have been shared the most during their journey of heavily oral transmission are the most sex-gender-corporeity-normative ones? why is Otim's transexuality forgotten? and why insist on telling only and so much the *itans* in which turned female Orisha dispute against each other or are dominated by Orisha represented as “men,” reduced to being merely their wives?

this prevailingly cis-hetnormative diffusion goes on because the history of colonisation is one of cis-heterosexualisation. therefore it is crucial to retell, re-create – or requeerise, in the words of the black *bicha* poet pedro ivo – in a transformative, anti-colonial way, so this sexual and/or gender dissidence ancestry's premise's nourishing roots do not die; so that we have historical ballast in the black diaspora; so that we can get rid of the heterosexualising gaze imposed to our pre-atlantical trajectories/existences/symbologies by coloniality. these are attempts of flattening, shallowing and more easily dominating the narratives, sexualities, practices and existences of much more complex subjects and peoples, that is, of those who escape the white catholic male/female binary that is taken as a sexuality parameter. this binary founds the colonial enterprise, as seen in the rape farms during enslavement, used to breed more black bodies to be enslaved by the cultural, political, economic, and social system that built white wealth in the americas.

colonisation, in its many stages over five centuries, took much of the lgbtqi-phobias, as we know them, to the african continent. the colonial effort by the white supremacist hetsexist capitalist cisgenderness is still to be found in the diffusion, throughout the diaspora, of binary/dichotomous patterns of polarised sexuality, based reproductively via discourses often disguised as “the african model of life.” as if there were only one african way of life; as if Africa were one country.

colonisation, not a historical fissure that stops (in) a moment in time, was and is an ethnic-racial civilizing project that excludes other civilisations and their traditional (and thus, susceptible to time and change) practices/knowledges/ways of life, a project that maintains the economic, cultural and political supremacy of a white, eurocentric, heteronormative, cisgender matrix. disregarding expressions, experiences, and sexualities that diverge from this model, summing up a group of millenary peoples as a singular group with a singular thought and a singular sexual practice with only two, “opposite-complementary,” gender expressions, is colonial racism.

when, in black communities, we counter the reproductivist binary-centric cis-heteronormative white matrix with an equally nuclear-familist binary cishet “afrocentric” truth, using this “afrocentrism” to offend dissident expressions, practices, emotions, bodies, genders and sexes by calling them “whitening” and “coloniality,” we invalidate the sexual soberany of black lgbtqi+ peoples/bodies whose source of references is also their diaspora ancestry, in all its multiplicities.<sup>9</sup> we reproduce, perversely, the us against us, the cis-heterosexualising colonial racism that erases our complexity, that dehumanises, explores, enslaves, kills, rapes, fetishises, exotifies us – preventing us from calling our own names.

## roads

reading black lesbians i realised the urgency of creating our own words, remembering ancestors. audre lorde refounds “zami” as a synonym for black lesbianism in the diaspora; cheryl clark writes myth-archeological lesbian poems; barbara smith’s literary criticism finds sexual dissident (mainly lesbians and gays) authors, characters, plots.<sup>10</sup> so, translating them into portuguese was the way i searched for references for my own black lesbianism: *aquilombar* myself in the word learned from other *zami*. clark says: poetry has been the “the great teacher of consciousness, of history, of self-love” (clark 2006, 140) to black peoples – therefore, it is so for black lesbians too.

settling our poetics in *aqueerlombamento* *acuirlombamento* was another journey: comprehending the self-reassembling/re-creating through words as a mythical-political act, a reinvention that is there not only despite the cis-hetsexualizing colonial silencing but against it y (more importantly, to me) coming from our own ancestral narratives, unburied from the memory kept by stories badly told; to blossom them in the pungency of our bodies and desires.<sup>11</sup> from Erzulie Dantor to Vera Verão, y beyond: reorganizing our own history, narrative, and subjectivity upon the sexual-dissident diasporic ancestry’s assumption.<sup>12</sup>

the comprehension of *quilombo* as resistance and organisation originates from the writings by the atlantic beatriz nascimento, when she refuses the shallow definition (“grouping of fugitive slaves”), redefining it: “plentiful forms of resistance [through which] black people kept or embodied the hard fight for the maintenance of their personal and historical identity.” the *quilombo* “[...] represented a milestone in our people’s history concerning our capacity of resistance and organisation” (nascimento 1985, 117).

ever since their origin in the continent’s Kilombos to the post-atlantic *quilombos*, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth century’s final years/twentieth century’s initial years, they have changed from an institution to a rhetoric, a



symbol of freedom: “precisely for having been for three centuries a free institution parallel to the dominant system, its mystique will feed national conscience’s yearnings for freedom,” “[...] desire for an utopia” (nascimento 1985, 123).

and connect abdias nascimento's *quilombista* project to beatriz nascimento's definition, unfolding ourselves into *cuíerlombismo* to plough lgbtqi+ black resistance as an exercise of freedom, an expansion of “resistance”'s traditional meaning.<sup>13</sup> to refound the notion of black literature, seen only as combative, as a tool to denounce racism, idealised in binary-cisnet-centric ideals of “black man” and “black woman.” to question this way of doing, reading, and comprehending black literature in which pain, suffering, heroism, revolt, cisnet-centrism would be dominant themes. for “dissing is not enough”

our historical being has a mythical origin. this is a lesson from our art that, in contrast to art found in the so-called west, has, to us, the sense of a natural and creative life experience. nourishment and expression of our egalitarian beliefs and values, we take on the power of talent and imagination as the most powerful instrument in our social communication and in our dialogue with our deepest spiritual and historical roots. [...] nor european rationalism, nor north-american mechanics; art is that other eye, Ifá's eye, that inspires, organises, signifies and infuses signification to our journey in the historical and spiritual world (nascimento 1980/2002, 106).

denounce as diagnosis, deconstruction, calls for the next step: announcement, (re-)creation. throughout their reconfiguration, *quilombos* became complex organisational systems with cultural production, interracial convivence, knowledge exchanges, and diverse decision-making systems. to flight y resist was only the beginning of the whole thing. all of the rest was for the maintenance of the second form of free, relatively horizontal societies' daily life

in a country of hierarchical, racialised formation.<sup>14</sup> more than “groups of fugitive slaves,” they were experimentations of freedom:

it is in the end of the 19th century that the *quilombo* receives the meaning of an ideological instrument against oppression forms. its mystique will nourish the dream of freedom of thousands of enslaved people [...] as an ideological categorisation, the *quilombo* inaugurates the 20th century. when the old regime ended, it took the establishment as resistance to enslavement with it. but precisely for having being, for three centuries, a free institution, parallel to the dominant system, its mystique will feed national conscience's yearnings for freedom (nascimento 1985, 222-223).

connecting nascimento b.'s pioneer conceptualisation to nascimento a.'s project, i forge from my sexual-dissident afrodiasporic place the concept of literary *cuírlombism* (nascimento t.). reacting to pain is also re-telling stories. speaking up our pain allows us to search for healing (if this is our project. and, for many of us, i think that it is). to feel the colonial wound, to think: how can we heal this intimate, collective, old, persistent wide wound? even if denouncing the cishetsexist racism is a constant need of affirmation for black lgbtqi+ existences, we have more than denouncements to make. especially through our poetry, for it connects us to a black-sexual-dissident epistemic project pervaded by narrative disputes.

racism has been trying, secularly, to shut us up by professing “authorised” discourse about us. it steals our right to full, complex, diverse existence. but we are complex beings. not only machines of resistance and denouncing. refusing the resistance stereotype is also resisting, and more: existing fully, in the fullness that, from the continent, we learned to build as a fundamental basis of life and good living. the notion of misery, scarcity, poverty, and suffering as components of blackness was invented by the colonial enterprise of kidnapping/trafficking/exploration. that is why such rhetoric/ideas are essential to maintaining racism: who invents us as enslaved are the enslavers. we have always been more and

before; we have not even come to the americas through trafficking – Luzia walked here with her own feet.

our textual production, one of the most important bridges we have in the retelling and reinventing so much of erased stories (as we can see in the literary works of fiction by alice walker, ana maria gonçalves, cidinha da silva, conceição evaristo, dionne brand, jackie kay, míriam alves, toni morrison, among others), is also a tool to project ourselves into the future – that belongs to us and needs to be brilliantly black. dazzlingly dissident. as artists, we have been getting used to the duty of denouncing (that grants us immediate intelligibility, legitimacy, recognition) and, at times, forgetting our – human – right to daydream – artistic calling. we belittle its power of projecting new worlds. we starve the mouth of our dreams' future, with which it grows and fits us.

more than 10 years after i began my first translations due to the lack of national references, it is exciting to see more and more black lesbian, transexual, *travesti*, gay, *cuíer* literature being produced y published here. this literature creates new worlds, builds re-mythologies/neo-mythologies. it writes resistance – and it does not. it is as much theoretical episteme as it is fictional, imagery nourishing. i have been reading poems and key-lines, taking as my responsibility y challenge the fathoming and diffusion of our sexual-dissident diaspora's literary production not only as a tool of deconstructing/disassembling the hipercishetsexualisation and silencing backbones, but as re-doing, re-making. y beyond [our] reaction that is still responsive to the colonial cis-heteronormative racist cistem y still takes this cistem as reference, what is our making? what are our steps in self-determined, self-founded action?

## routes

the poem “atire a.” [throw the.] by kika sena – black art educator, trans woman, and *travesti* – unveils the importance of turning points. with the lines “soon / they could not contain me” (sena 2017, 66), she fractures the expectation of a cause-effect relationship, stating that, as a result of all the destruction attempts against her, she ended up becoming incoercible. in the final stanza, she claims knowing how to react, not only how to resist, to pain. having stood for such a long time as a discursive duty to which we could not turn our backs – under penalty of the “not black enough/truly black” accusation –, the pain paradigm has been being transformed by the affirmation of our right to daydream, the organisation of the resistance to turn black lgbtqi+ literature into literacure – to the colonial wound. our poems can be read as obvious resistance (the “manifesto-poetry” in the words of daisy serena: reactive, pro/vocative), but, as sena herself says, “y there’s more.”

[...]

tacaram fogo nim mim  
tacaram fogo no meu cabelo  
tacaram fogo na minha pele  
tacaram fogo nos meus olhos  
tacaram fogo na minha respiração  
tacaram fogo na minha voz

logo  
não puderam me conter  
poluí seus ares com meu grito  
  
queimei suas casas caras brancas  
com meu choro

queimei suas esperanças brancas  
tingi tudo de preto

sou brasa forte  
tição pós-apocalíptico  
pior que deuses ditadores

não mexe  
não mexe  
não mexe  
não mexe comigo não...

que à dor  
à dor  
à dor  
à dor  
eu sei reagir.

[...]

they set fire to me  
they set fire to my hair  
they set fire to my skin  
they set fire to my eyes  
they set fire to my breath  
they set fire to my voice

soon

they could not contain me  
i fouled their air with my scream

i burned their fancy white houses  
with my cry

i burned their white hopes  
i painted everything black

i am a tenacious ember  
post-apocalyptic cinder  
i am worse than dictator gods

don't mess  
don't mess  
don't mess  
don't you dare mess with me...

because to pain  
to pain  
to pain  
to pain  
i know how to react.

the stereotype of constant resistance that freezes us in the denunciation frame is essential to racism's supporting structure, which **is** a machine of death, dehumanisation, silencing, interruption of access, etc. we are dealing with a whole organizing set in the space-time of physical/psychological/epistemic/religious/cultural extermination policies; that is to say, necropolitics, which is the source of some social groups' wealthiness at the expense of other social groups' impoverishment. we need to have a lot of strength to resist and survive physical genocides, symbolic epistemicides, mental, physical, and environmental sickness. we have developed many forms of resistance before, we do it today, y we still will develop them as response/reaction. i imagine that this (more obvious) racism-denouncing poetry is nearly 70% of contemporary black poetry's content. it is proliferated in spoken word events, in battles (rhyme battles and poetry slams), self-published books, and books published by independent publishing houses, poetry blogs, social media (text, photo, and video) and in zines.

because "first we were born in egypt and then we were born here," as little malik – black *sapatão* raio gomes' child – said, our existence informs not only about what happened after the kidnapping/trafficking/enslavement, a historical crime that exacted y still exacts several strategies of resistance from us, but not only: reconstruction strategies too. literature is one of those forms of art through which we can invent (im)possible, utopic, dystopian new worlds: we found place in the telling. we create *kuírlombos*, not only of resistance but also of dream, affection, and seeds.

with "poetry is not a luxury" i feed my thoughts on black lgbtqi+ literature as an experimentation space, a space of creativity, of the unique/unexpected. a visionary, (afro)futurist space that "[...] is a vital necessity of our existence. it [poetry] forms the quality of the light within which we predicate our hopes and dreams toward survival and change, first made into language, then into idea, then into more tangible action" (lorde 1984, 37). and up from this movement (language > idea > action) i plant my reading in "o poder de ver a beleza no

que um dia pensei ser maldito" [the power of seeing beauty in what once i thought was wretched], by kati souto (2018, 19), a non-binary black *sapatão* from brasília:

e eles dizem que eu já não posso ser o que sou e o que me tornei  
e na verdade nunca havia sido tão bela  
tão cor  
e eles temiam: maldita! perversa! indigna!  
e eu sorrindo digo: suave.  
enquanto danço por mim mesma vejo a beleza do que eles dizem  
maldição  
um giro. um eu esquecido. parte não de mim. um pulo  
correntes longas caem de minha cabeça e das minhas mãos e dos  
meus pés  
leve. uma pirueta. suave. doce. lábios macios. um olhar que me  
perfura. um não erro  
de se amar mulher  
de ser mulher  
um poder  
não uma maldição  
de se ter capacidade de ler tantas linhas de decifrar enigmas  
da mais bela poesia  
autora: vida  
e sorrindo eu digo: é suave

and they say i can no longer be who i am and what i've become  
and to tell the truth i had never been so beautiful  
so colourful



and they feared: evil! perverse! unworthy!  
and smiling i say: chill.  
while i dance for myself i see the beauty in what they curse  
a spin. a forgotten i. a part not of myself. a hop  
long chains fall from my head and from my hands and feet  
weightless. a pirouette. smooth. sweet. tender lips. a look that  
pierces me, a non mistake  
loving a woman  
being a woman  
power  
not a curse  
being able to read so many lines and deciphering enigmas  
of the most beautiful poem  
author: life  
and smiling i say: it's chill

the lyrical i frees themselves from shackles, shakes, breaking chains, expectations, they become themselves: “and to tell the truth i had never been so beautiful / so colourful.” and they levitate! more than the dream of the laughter in fanon, the woke, smooth smile, unlikely response to the race, sex, gender constraints that no longer curse them. the poem's kinetic profusion of images relate to the anti-colonial dreamlike-frenetic in *the wretched of the earth*:

a world compartmentalized, manichaeian and petrified, a world of statues. [...] that is the colonial world. the colonial subject is a man penned in; apartheid is but one method of compartmentalizing the colonial world. the first thing the colonial subject learns is to remain in his place and not overstep its limits. hence the dreams of the colonial subject are muscular dreams, dreams of action, dreams of aggressive vitality. i

dream i am jumping, swimming, running and climbing. i dream i burst out laughing, i am leaping across a river and chased by a pack of cars that never catches up with me. during colonization the colonized subject frees himself night after night between nine in the evening and six in the morning (fanon 2004, 15).

the poem echoes, earthly adobe, smooth y organic. with it i build walls full of windows of a literary *cuíerlombism* made into affective, hormonal, poetical, cultural, sexual, revolutionary politics, conjuring sharp words to cut not only the veils of the established history, but the ties of a future where we cannot exist, not even create fiction, let alone dance, smile, have fun, take it easy. this poethics, heiress – and disruptive – of a more than thirty-year-old pain-centred black brazilian literary tradition, disengages us from a world project that, along with wanting us dead, does not want us to dream.

reacting to pain can even cure it. but refusing the cishetsexualising colonial project refounds our black *cuíer* practices/experiences/subjectivities in the paradigms we wish, not the imposed one, not only pain. more than react and denounce, liberate, in the name of the refusal to keep this literature exclusively as a response to white-colonial shackles/stereotypes/models that try to erase *queerasporas*, to impose their own sadic gaze to define us, that gaze that loves seeing us suffer and mask their sense of taste with “how important/transformational/moving it is to see your pain” rhetoric.

however, the more our poethics bleeds us, the more it feeds the sadist appetite the white cis-heteronormative gaze calls “compassion,” “gratitude,” “learning.” after 300 years of sadist enslavement, of whipping treated as popular entertainment at public squares, of justice mistaken for lynching, how much is there of learning/commotion and how much of it is historical and social sadist pleasure visually built on the exhibition of black bodies' suffering? the update of this gaze through racist journalism associates the “good citizen's security and

well-being" to the exposure of young black bodies, of black men murdered by the police as the main dish on tv shows during lunchtime: they indeed gobble our suffering. they feed from the mediatic exhibition of our dead.

as a poet, i pay attention to the public's racial distribution when selecting my repertoire, so i will not risk exhibiting my guts to those who just want to devour me. i do not think it is a coincidence that our production is commonly called "visceral": this compliment reminds me almost instantly of vulturism (i hope this reference to non-human people do not fall into the specist and derogatory conceptions usually associated with vultures, it could be any other being who lives from carrion).

i have been searching for and building black-oriented ways, especially in my poetry/songs, to poetically express myself, instead of white-responsive/white-instigator ways. the contrast between the receptions of my poems "cuíer A.P." [cuíer A.P.] y "diz/faço qualquer trabalho (y m/eu amor de volta tododia)" [i un/do any spell (y m/y love back everyday)] stresses the internalisation of that gaze – and racism is, after all, one of the first relational pedagogies we learn.<sup>15</sup> the first poem, to/about "them" went viral. the second one, to/about "us," about how we not only survive but live, fly, not only go against expectations and statistics but also honour the broad history of our skins, sexes, affections y our passage that has a previous to colonisation y afrofuturist existence point: our axé.

the apocalyptic, accusative poem is poor in images and expressive phonetic artifice, it is formally average (despite its content's power). the second one is mythical, metaphorical, explores sonorities, wanders among profuse references, it has an epic narrative elaboration: it is, in its content and form, stunning. to me, it is a kind of love, cure, vitality ebó that i wish to offer to those who enjoy my poetry. this one is however less diffused; why? y by whom? how do we get rid of the white gaze's introjection that expects/inspects us seeking for a pain that, when it is not there, makes us ex-o(p)tic(s) (outside their optics)?

our poethics announces worlds, subjectivities, epistemes that we had already built, that we are building right now y that we will keep building based on ancestral, sexual-dissident, diasporic blacknesses claimed by the loose word: *devaneigros*.<sup>16</sup> we are a re-creationist big-bang. we make our flight routes while we cuddle. as an educator-researcher i insist in the diffusion of these opposing-glasses, other readings' keys: it is our responsibility to resist the constraint of the black y/or lgbtqi+ poetry we look for, read, diffuse and research, in the rigid frames of colonial paradigms. i wind up this essay with the sidereal sensation of the poem "cosmos," by a black *sapatão* from são paulo, laila oliveira:

elementos distraídos  
pelo espaço  
repara,  
os campos de forças se chamam  
em um segundo em anos luz  
as galáxias se fundem  
e do nosso pó de estrelas  
é feito o futuro

absent-minded elements  
all over the space  
observe,  
force fields attract each other  
in a second in light-years  
the galaxies merge  
and out of our stardust  
the future is made

for literary *quilombism* is this distraction, a deep y light drift, exorbitant y purposeful, the moment we feel that black lgbtqi+ poetry does not have to be only pow pow pow: it is about dust – of stars, forging our future in the galaxy's friction. y this lesson, just like the black sexual dissidence in the diaspora, is afrofuturist ancestral technology.

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<sup>1</sup> in 2009 i started using "y" [and], a spanish conjunction, instead of "e," its brazilian portuguese correspondent, as a double exercise: to search for more informality in written expression (for the spanish conjunction's phonation is similar to how the "e" sounds in brazilian spoken language) y to politically/geographically insert a distinctly *latina* mark in my production (something questioning brazilian continental sub-imperialism y its refusal to *latinidad*). first in poetry y then in academic prose, i think it is important to point out that i was the first author to use this mark that is now broadly used by marginal poetry writers and counterhegemonic researchers.

<sup>2</sup> T.N.: Oxum, Oyá, Otim and Ossanha are Orisha, part of *Candomblé*, and part of African diasporic religious traditions that have their origins in Ifá. We maintained the Brazilian Portuguese spelling of the Orisha's names.

<sup>3</sup> T.N.: from the Kimbundu word *kilombo*, means "war field," "village," "warrior association." In Brazil, since the XIX century, *quilombos* were communities built by fugitive former enslaved people. The author develops its multiple meanings and resignifications along the text.

<sup>4</sup> T.N.: *mulata* is the Portuguese spelling for mulatta; author's note: the black rapist myth (a rapist that targets especially white women) is foundational to the invention of "lynching," the word, the practice, the racialisation of this practice, and the association of black male sexuality with panic; The word "cistem" spelled with the C is a denunciation of a trans-excluding cisgender societal system.

<sup>5</sup> in 2014, uganda's president sanctioned the law criminalizing homosexuality, stating it was "a struggle against western social imperialism:" western meaning white.

<sup>6</sup> T.N.: *egun* is a Yoruba term that refers to deceased ancestors, it is related to religious practices of African matrices.

<sup>7</sup> T.N.: Odé is one of Oxossi's names.

<sup>8</sup> T.N.: *gira* is an *Umbanda's* religious practice; *xirê* is a *Candomblé's* religious practice.

<sup>9</sup> and even it reflects the colonial ambiguity: (what) if non-cis-hetnormative sexual practices/gender identity expressions are only blackly *ancestral*, *re-incident*, *dissident* when compared to the sex/gender/affective model of the colonial civilisatory process itself.

<sup>10</sup> [zami is] "a carriacou name for women who work together as friends and lovers" (lorde 1982, 255). in grenadian patois, the expression transmutes the french expression "les amies."

<sup>11</sup> T.N.: in Brazilian Portuguese the author uses the verb "assentar" [to settle] in reference to the *assentamentos* [settlements] of Brazilian *Candomblé*.

<sup>12</sup> [Erzulie Dantor and Vera Verão] respectively: a haitian goddess, lesbian patroness, and the first black drag queen i ever saw (on brazilian tv) when i was still a child (in the 1980's), impersonated by the black *bicha* actor jorge lafond.

<sup>13</sup> abdias nascimento was an intellectual known not only by his intellectual and political brilliancy, but also by his sexism. his programme defines *quilombismo* as "[...] a brazilian black political movement, with the goal of establishing a *Quilombista* National State, inspired by the República dos Palmares' [Palmares Republic] model" with the basic purpose of "promoting happiness to the human being" (nascimento 1980/2002, 369).

<sup>14</sup> the first form being, to this day, indigenous peoples.

<sup>15</sup> "cuíer A.P." better known as "apocalipse queer" [queer apocalypse]: <http://bit.ly/cuierAP>; "diz/faço qualquer trabalho (y m/eu amor de volta tododia)": <http://bit.ly/diz-faço>

<sup>16</sup> author's note: as i re-make in *lundu* (2016); T.N.: *devaneigros* is a wordplay with the words *devaneio* (daydreams; fantasy; rave) and *negros* (black).