"Installation Piece" by LaTanya McQueen

Posted by Cincinnati Review | Oct 31, 2023 | Samples | 0 🗨

literary nonfiction

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LATANYA MCQUEEN

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Body

An at

Installation Piece

| The heart, cut to pieces. | The liver, cooked. | Bone, crushed to a fine mill. | Ear. | Body,

No, we will not do this (I will not do this), there will be no telling of the , cut histories of my brethren dead, no struggle song to show to others once again ideo. what's been done to us despite them long since knowing the ways our bodies ort. have been stolen, used, and disregarded as they've shared image after image of The us broken, dead, beaten, hung, and while we were told our offered stories of nis. suffering were meant to convince in the service of fostering change, they were | Tip looked at but never seen, shown but not heard, and shared with never any Bone, changes rendered, and on and on it's gone, so many years of it with nothing lood. les. different, so no, this time no cries of lament but ones of halleluiah as I bear witness instead to joy, and as I tell you now of this-of Sunday-morning mill. memories, of seeing my neighborhood church women dressed in glory, like lesh, queens, or the chubby-cheeked babies they held in their arms as they made | The their way up the church's front steps, or of their daughters, girls who looked lica. | like me with their plaited hair tied with knockers, with their flower-printed port. dresses and shining shoes clacking against the sidewalk, let me tell you of the The way we danced and praised through service, crying thanks because this is the nis. day the lord has made so rejoice and be glad in it, and we will rejoice because ip of here among us we are seen, and this we will pass down, this moment, the nill.| memory of this love, we will pass it down through generations, if we have nned. nothing else, we will pass down this, and that is why I remember this the The most, these sacred days of joy with all of my kindred laughing, happy, this is ideo. the memory that I keep, of these sons and daughters and fathers and mothers Ear. and all my sisters and brothers, and it is the memory that carries me in the ned. | moments I need to remember what it means to be alive. leart, ∡deo. |

Finger. | Penis. | Postcard. | Ear. | Blood. | A skull. | Flesh, tanned. | An autopsy report. | Body. | Eyeball. | Tip of nose. | Knuckles. | Video. | Video. | Look See. 1

¹One day, we will be more than persons unknown, one day we will fully be seen.

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