

Freedom: A Poem

Nakanee Fernandez

Abstract

I thought of all the times I felt free and as though the tainted structures of society could not reach me. I thought about the practices I enact to recreate that feeling. I thought about what else could make me feel that way and where I might find it. I thought about what freedom is at its core. Then I connected these ideas. This poem serves as a convergence of the paths I take to freedom by drawing a line between love and violence. More specifically, the thin line we must walk towards liberation that requires us to grasp both things while weighing them against our heart. Breaking cages is violent, but it is also love, and love is freedom.

Keywords

Love, politics, violence, poetry

Ι

the kind of kiss that doesn't ask are you sure ? it says, yes | unequivocally | certainly

II

work rests hard, building joy harder than diamond-mined-misery we are doing nothing | we are doing everything.

Ш

found deeper than unnatural dis-connected trickery wells untainted | unfounded depth | overflowing cadence

IV

hands around a gun, fingers on a trigger—bullets sing:

I am not afraid | We are not afraid

V

take back heartbeats that sink synchronicity &

sinister misters hell-lent "history" written truths | spoken loose

VI

it contains no mystery seedlings waiting for assured rain dark | imagination | growing | creation

> VII Destiny

> > VIII

trigger fingers clasp hands like holding guns they reach to pull your body close | we're going home Fernandez 2

Author Biography

Nakanee Fernandez (she/they) is a multidisciplinary artist, activist, and poet from Tacoma, Washington, who takes inspiration from the great but also terrible beauties of the world. Born from music (love) and anointed by word and colour, you can find them in the water or the forest... or on Substack. Her published poetry can be found in Grit City Magazine and the anthology Voices of Tacoma. In addition, she is the owner of Moon Spice Studios, where disciplines of creation are blended to build a beautiful future.