

# Something

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there's something about vancouver something about freedom something about dignity about being a woman today & about how a good education will save you something about god prayer faith about the strong traditions of your people about african culture & black girl magic about black pride like you know be proud of yourself something about the importance of economy about working hard about capital something about shadow about colonialism about our aboriginals about our first nations people about ours ours ours there's something about that meme floating about online that spreads the romance of african people who learn each other's songs & use them to fend off evil that has been beautifully packaged as ubuntu & of course of course the entire world singing bob marley's *one love one heart let's get together & feel alright* there's something about the language of belonging about memory justice healing about opportunities to begin again in a new country there's something about welcoming refugees about the quebec minister of something something telling us that women should not wear the hijab because wearing the hijab means women are not free to wear what they want so women must not be told what to wear because they are free to wear what they want but not the hijab because she says so something about a country as white as dana claxton's buffalo bone china & as old as old stock canadians

& for sure there's something about buddy something about buddy riding a bike towards me two weeks ago on main & first something about the way buddy gets off his bike & addresses me about not belonging here & i'm all what because i think i mishear & buddy is you don't belong here you're a n\*\*\*\*\* & w/out hesitation i know that this is an asshole move & i call it for what it is & i'm you're an asshole & buddy's you're n\*\*\*\*\* & i'm you're an asshole & buddy is two steps away & i can smell all of last week on buddy but i stand my goddamn ground & buddy still holds on to a bike that's mute & we're a vortex around which vancouver spins & traffic whirrs on & pedestrians walk on by as buddy & i scream at each other & i turn as buddy walks away with the bike a reluctant witness & buddy hurls the word at me this time with no pronoun just vile just bile n\*\*\*\*\*! n\*\*\*\*\*! n\*\*\*\*\*! & i'm screaming back asshole asshole asshole & i have the last word

& i turn to keep on my way & two women's eyes meet mine & look away something about chill it's not so bad could've been way worse something about maybe drunk maybe mental illness maybe stress maybe you know the usual something about citizenship about freedom to be whoever you want to be today about dignity & taking the high road about privilege & family & good friends & continuous & never-ending hail marys & my girlfriend who tells me swear to god i can walk with you to the police station right now & report this & there's something about i can't believe this kind of shit happens in vancouver today & omg are you alright & the sea to sky highway & the whiteness of today's city council & the so-called superiority of western culture & economy & capital & opportunity & hard work & forgiveness & generosity of heart & if it's so so bad why don't you go back to whatever the hell hole you came from & mostly gratitude gratitude for the ancestral makeup of skin this skin that still holds me in & this skin that keeps me whole