

Good Things Come to Those Who Have a Bad Attitude

Malik Nashad Sharpe

Note to self

I can't write a note to self

If I have no self

The only thing that quells this visceral and constant shaking in my organs is a half-here half-not approach

My grandmother told me the story of how I came out of my Mother with both hands shielding my face. I didn't cry. I tell her, I've been studying astral projection with a "perfecting disassociation" glint in my eyes. And it is formed as a teardrop.

A side-eye and gnashing of teeth

Shows a history of dealing with ridiculous shit constantly

And she's looking at me like I did and said something ridiculous

Because speech is an action

She's looking to the side and looking at me, a grandeur gesture shows the tongue and a language. Lashing without feeling. Eyes that tell you that there is something over there, imperceptible until you look.

Take account well of what is over there

1. You are never expecting to get this call and then you get this call

The words being said to me on the phone are suspended in thin air

Flailing with its rough edges, it's a tool that can cut. Grabbing at the air, gasping for breath, I cannot catch these words in my hands.

u cannot jump or perform miracles, u cannot part the sea or grow grass, u cannot Eat, Pray, Love, u cannot let this affect u, touch u, consume u, u cannot become an incoherence, an aberration, suspended, dead, hung, no roots.

we grow where air meets sea

Peace be motherfucking upon this volcano because she will blow the fuck up at any mention of this moment called Life. This worst moment on the phone.

2. *A sing-songy cadence of the throat will eventually get me killed*

I vow to that shit anyway
But how could I vow if I cannot find “I”

Well, whippersnapper
You little whippersnapper
A baby comes out of the wound
With X hands in front of X face
And even though I cannot see X anywhere

I know that those hands be cutting bitches up right now if they try and mess
This particular one
Has no heart

No.
Heart.

“Hibernating until further notice...” a scrawled note on crumpled lined paper,
saltfish grease on the corners, taped haphazardly reads

“Be back in 20”

And this might mean exactly that or that we are never coming back
And this sun in my heart will rise again
And again and again

But not today.

And this volcano that has burst inside of my intestine, an organ underneath distress,
in its best moment created a new arrangement of my insides, of the earth of my body

Nothing Truly Ever Dies

3. *This should make you afraid*

“Do reiki on me. Fuck my mouth over the Internet. Let me fuck yours?”

How could I sin if I cannot “I”?

4. *Burnt out/takin' Xans every day which I bought on the GODTDAMN Black Market/Dark web drug doin to stay alive maaaaaaayyyyynnnnnnnnnnnnneeeee/ that's that shit I don't like!!// Depression is really reaaaaalllly political/ Really really real// Politically connected to some fucking oligarch/ where I am “consumer” but there really aint shit to buy and yet I still ... I still do not have choice but I think that I do, I believe that I do, I pray that I do, so do I? No. I become a seller of my “Self” but how could I sell my “Self” if I cannot, If I cannot “Self” “Sell” or “I”? How do I pray? but G, lemme be really really really real witchu I been soldt that shit too, so crumbly bramley apple ass bitches don't bother, cus I'm checked tf out, burnt out, every. thing. soldt. ROCKING TF OUT, soldt, crying, cock in the mouth, soldt, crying, tryna bareback, crying, brokeback, crying, This Bridge Called My Back, crying, broken backs, crying, what about the fucking mouth? Crying. The broken in two equal, shark-tooth-edged heart pieces, crying. So I suggest you backing THE FUCK up out of my face, crying. Or cum onto my face, crying. I love you, crying. You don't ever come to me crying. But that's manipulative crying. I've been studying at LSE, crying. Master of Astral Projection, crying, let's meet somewhere, crying. Getting on the Honour Roll for being an absolute fuck, crying...*

5. *You will never be the same, but you could get yourself back if you wanna*

Buildings are going up everywhere

Constantly

All the time

24/7 Construction Company

The United Kingdom of Construction!

Get a structure, find a structure, live in a structure, breathe in a structure, find your voice in a structure, live, fuck, die, in a structure

Buildings going up everywhere
All of the time
Can't get no peace
Can't get none mine

Pessimism isn't the disaster that we should be looking at. It's optimism, it's this cruel motherfucker dressed in White and Floral and Sequins and yet is nothing but Dagger and Sword. Fire that scorches. Fist and pummeling. Hope is important but it is also destructive. Assume that pessimism leads to nothingness, to helplessness, at your own peril. All of these terms can be made deadnames to the things that they've been assigned, the things we understand to describe, names that do not fit the bodies of these texts, these texts that are our bodies, My Body.

Anything can be equipped with a motor for an action, an actioning away from this or an actioning towards a disaster. And we look towards this insatiable capitalism to prove that we vermin can make and exact and continue and maintain such a ruthless economic system of frank exploitation, exploitation out and of every single damn thing we name. Thinkers living in mansions in Bloomsbury thinking on million-pound chairs. Aestheticians performing melancholia on *The Real Housewives*. Suburban boredom and depletion.

They said, "In the future, there will be no money."

Well I hope you are fucking happy
We ain't got no more money and instead we got
A Hope that can be employed to do dastardly things.
A Hope that can be twisted and made into weapons of mass destruction.
Hope that can be warfare.
Hope that could be thinking this world is over right now, Hope that can take away someone else's breath. My breath.
A Hope that kills.
A Hope that creates a new world order.
Hope that can serve a look, a function, turn it into money in no money land.

I'm just speaking from a dissonance
From this harmful state of affairs
Is all.

*Hope is also an essential part of comprehension. We shall not get rid of something we have all deemed so necessary.

**My entire existence is spent disassociated so don't believe anything I say.

***I am not a stable narrator, I am not a stable wreck.

****There is nothing you would see that will show you that any of this is real.

6. *My therapist demanded that I be there on time and I felt what it might be like to have a Father*

My therapist asked, "What are you responsible for?"

And I burst into tears

Confused, my therapist questions, "Why are you crying?"

I say, "I don't fucking know"

Sobbing in front of this White man

Hoping that he fucks me in my face

How can I be responsible, if I cannot respond? If I cannot be? If I cannot? If there is no "I"?

I sit there with a naughty smirk on my face and a sinister pledge

A teardrop in the eye. I spit onto the floor unashamedly

And say, "Listen nigga, I'm the one asking the questions here igght?"

And walk out of my own life.

Every. Single. Time.

7. *Nigga With an Attitude*

"And I'll shoot a nigga with an AK

If he talk shit he gon' get hit

Believe it

I love the feeling"—The Police

I arrive at the board meeting with a Black eye, dirt on my face, shirt torn and hanging, sweat turns into matted dirt, gravel, must, one gold crown, kissing my teeth, rolling my eyes like a lil' reckless motherfucker, crashing my fists into my hand, one fist after the next, after the next, after the next.

Playing them this one James Baldwin interview clip where he asks, “How much time do you need for your progress?” Looped, on repeat, an eternity of repetition of this one moment

This best moment

And all whilst I fight this battle everyday

Erstwhile projections everywhere nigga

Projections away!

Mashallah