

On a Taurus' landscape, for a Virgo's check-in.

Eyes:

██████████'s house and her trees being lifted off.

A witness of 23 into 24.

A five, six, seven, eight.

SETTING: The Bronx, The Bronx, The Bronx.

EXT. IN FRONT OF BUILDING - DAY

I forgot my lighter at home after being away from my grandmother's window. When approaching my way back, I spoke to a neighbor with flyaway flames. She was sizing me up because it's block policy. A mutual understanding, I was doing the same to her. We were both unrecognizable from each other, but we still held a similar, decade-long grief. Her mother was a friend of my grandmother's. She lived above us, which is now inhabited by a group of Dominican kids and their running feet.

She huddles in the corner of the building entrance because it's a stand-in for her mother's body. She no longer has the key in. When it's her mother's death anniversary, she would come in front of the building and release balloons. A nosy neighbor watches as the balloons float above their heads, "We're next." The dead woman's daughter responds, "You can go and I'll meet you there eventually." We spoke about that neighbor, who knew my grandmother as well. A few months after her prophecy, she passed away. When you see blasts from the past as people back in the block, you just know they are picking up items of the current dead, or they found their way back into the binding spell. Last summer was the block's first summer without one of our talking archives.

Ever since coming back home, I realized my reflection was a house. For years, I wanted to go inside the house. Such an unusual placement, a perfect substitute for a portal. When I was younger, I felt if I went on a mission to open the door, there would be my

answer. I was told the owner of the house is still alive, and her name is [REDACTED]. An answer I've been waiting for years, as I thought she passed too, and her name possibly ran away.

I made a bet with [REDACTED]'s house that we would both outlive this block. But after witnessing her trees being ripped off, [REDACTED] about to outlive all of us. All of the locals, all of the stoops, and the only house here. A myth first, and a man second, he's known my family for the past three generations. [REDACTED] is probably the age my grandfather would have been today. Who knows? We haven't seen him in a minute.

The neighbor spoke of her doppelganger, who has been around our block and some over. She was even caught in Orchard Beach with another man. She accused her twin stranger of trying to set her up. She played out these rumors in action, in broad daylight. Immersed in fantasies, I told her, "Do not look into her eyes."

Body: *Land the (e)scape, (e)scape the land *via dancefloor and footwork.*



*E as experience, energy, eye, exploration, ecstasy, earth, exaltation, an ex, he.
via desires.



*E as the number 5 *via symbolism.*

INT. APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The inner clock stops ticking when I think of former crushes. Are they truly ever a former when you feel the same warmth, washing over you?

A six, seven, eight.

Between you and [REDACTED], you are both earth signs. Now you see, we hear. Virgoan in nature, and so was blues. Although yours is in correspondence with the throat, it is difficult to tap into words with your mouth. So you start with your hands, seeking for something in the air. Your legs do the opposite, it has already discovered something. Your feet are gliding, sliding, learning to float. You are on the brink of achieving a levitation.

The light is the type of red you hate. Have you ever danced in front of a person? It's all in the shoulders, you start with the head. Think of your Venus in Aries. You start with your head. You start with an up, wave slightly down and repeat. On top you are, it's free and never-ending. A figure on the other side, searching like the beginning of the song. You are the rest, a shapeshifter. As you walk, *step, step*. Your curls, into golden waves, into a bob cut, *step, step* into a shaved head, into streaks of gray, *step, step* into an obsidian expansion with bangs, into shades of green with gyration, into electric blue coils, *step, step* and back to you. You unzip your selves as the eyes at the end of the mirror grow.

Intuition: *You will always come back, it will always be here.*

During this 12th house limbo, all I have become is a witness. The discomfort of the gray, it's a control of the in-between, purgatory. Whatever you call it, it's in my hair. Trials and tribulations of newness and growing pains, I've tried that outfit on and haven't washed it yet.

Experiencing a creative estrangement for years, all I ever pray is *Take me home*. At this site of moving back and it being knocked down, this is where I'll cleanse regardless.

A seven, eight.

The walls and its heartbeats, I hug you.

8.

A sonic offering of a coin tucked in my bedroom.

Flip a 🪙 and see where you land.

Think of your infinity or clarify feelings while the coin is either up in the air, or lands on the floor.

Heads

This Old House is All I Have - Against All Logic

Life's a Bitch - Nas, AZ, & Olu Dara

LAW OF AVERAGES- Vince Staples

Heavenly Father - Isaiah Rashad

I Get Lonely - Janet Jackson

I Don't Know - Nick Hakim

Find It - L'Rain

Tails

Surrender - Kut Kloose

City Lights - NAIMA

Sometimes Dancin' - Brownstone

Late Bloomer - Mereba

Needy Bees - Nick Hakim

James Joint - Rihanna

Don't Disturb the Groove - The System

However the coin landed for you, what are your initial feelings of the coin flip/sonic experience?

Let's talk about it when you arrive back home.