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The Scream Project
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Dear Scream,

You are the cellular code of how we exist. You are the origin story, and the end game. You are the portal for our transmission, how each of us came to be here and how some of us will go. You are the live hot fury we are afraid of and find streaming — the organ at our epicenter. You are the silent protector, our hidden guide.

You are the score of our constructs colliding, then disintegrating. You are the anthem feminism roars. The grave apartheid dug for itself. The dirge to binary bathrooms. You are my pronoun. You are the punk of the brave.

You are the sound ghost of what the oppressed can't utter. The static song of society on loop. The shrilled syncopation of bodies lining up in dissent. You are the searing slur of skin set ablaze when one man's protest incited the uprisings of the Arab Spring. You are the broken bellowing machine of border failure you, the cries of families swallowed in smoke and mirrors. You are how we keep breathing past the last call of suicide. You are how we find our way back. You are the elongated tongue of surrender, the sonic gaps between everything. You are glacial hissing, ancient atmospheres returning form to fluid, and each tiny bubble turning blue monoliths into melt. You are the slow micro booms of the disappearance of ice. You are the choke of climactic howl.

You are the frayed razor edges we run our screaming horses to. You are the teacher we find if we bow to you humbly, then you are deliverance. You are what hollows out the space where we think we know, but are surrounded in primordial unknowing. You are the tripwire that brings us back from the digital.

You are forgotten graves and buried lives. You are what seeds underground from too much silence. You are what bows to silence in the end. You are the slow long song of a whale, that ancient crossing. You are a love letter carved from bone but left in the marrow unsent. You are the thunder etched into our skins, how we clutch at each other to survive to feel to breathe to move to know we are here because you are there shaking holding clapping our primal form. You are the sound husk, all that is left when we leave each other the lost last tone we can't unhear.

You the hardened shell of collective resistance, the tirade of tyranny's onslaught, the future whisper of genocides we are trying to deactivate you are the field songs of slavery's survival the invisible endangered sign blaring neon above black men driving while walking while talking while being shot while being black.

You are the prequel to what we are afraid is the end. But you aren't the apocalypse. The end must be much quieter than your colossal howl, the singular call of a last thin blue light.

You are how we break at the quivering borders of rebirth, you are how we shed. The ritual of old skins falling off. The molten core we were afraid we'd find and did. You ring endlessly in our ears if we cool that core. And you, the ghost limb that will show us the way back sound byte by sound byte.

You are the No's that chase our foolish yes's, the noise parade of our fuck ups the pretext for a re-do you are the unit of heat and light and rage and love that will not break apart into separate isolates you hold us together past the container of bones and flesh you are how we blow past our smallest equations of thought you are the body we were born into and the sound wave we ride out of that body on. And you are the tear when we transfigure our bodies to stay in them at all.

You are in the seal and cracks of the memory walls of public phone booths at the bottom of our landfills. You are the ghost tracks of our analogue bodies. You are retired satellites on call. You carve out futuristic space. Cast off planets in sonic un-booms. You are the intermittent signal of the analogue which is secretly outpacing the digital.

You are petrified rage, a fossil of revolt, the hisses and gaps of the muffled masses in subterranean afterlife. You are the territorial eviction lines of the first Native American reservation. The mutant sound of the first gun ever shot. You are the last polar bear. The last gasp of the white empire.

You are how we find forgiveness for each trespass. You are the place where harm turns to a homecoming. You are the homing pigeon that brings us back from wars. You are what splits our bodies open and lays bare to us our lies and hopes. You are the ink running through poems the circuits of the beginning and ending of everything. You are the math the earth is adding up through hurricanes and wildfires and tsunamis. You are the gasses of wrongdoing shooting through the hole in the ozone layer. You are the folded shape of humans down on our knees.

You are what holds the picket line taught. You are the empty streets that shout after the marches have ended. You are the break the bellow the bark of how we come into a geo-body form at all. You are the brakes in the tank at Tiananmen Square, the split in the bricks of the Berlin wall. You are what will keep the U.S. border wall from being built. And if it is, you are the whir and whine of worms under that wall and it is you the motherboard of wormholes and the wind calls whipping through that will crack the foundation until it collapses. You are the hum of underground cries, a matrix of the marginalized sound traveling for millennia you the course correction the planet has been calling for.

You are the g-o-d or d-o-g we dial out to, but it is you right here, howling Hz and decibels in our mouth-throat-heart-gut, you the inner electronic dust dervish we make our pilgrimage to. Woof.

Dear Scream,

It's time. Real talk.

There's a glitch in the system. Let's get the dog its bone. The worms have left it as an offering from another dimension. The dog has received the underground telegram from the motherboard. g-o-d and d-o-g hear the highest frequencies and there is a system overload. Code orange, we need some crowd control: a global collection of molecular prayers has amassed and is now livescreaming on steroids at high speed through wormholes and black holes the primal collective scream of accumulated screams has shot into space, a compressed sound object aborting the bulk and burden of centuries and the dog barks yes to the whale song the worms move aside as the human scream converts from sound to a form of flight our screens flicker and die and glaciers resurrect their giant heads their blue streaks cross each other in the sky the homing pigeon goes out and the flying object of our unsound times shoots past its own form breaks the sound barrier catches up with the speed of light woof says the dog it's not holy smoke and mirrors the scream is a bone of light the shock waves transfigure sound it soars with flying hooves alongside the almost unbearable light a new organ forms in our bodies that senses light & sound simultaneously a lohifi mixed tape drops tonight a sonic light boom dog whale worm howl booms a blue algorithm from the third eye that has been watching over us waiting for us to glitch the loop this whole time.