



SEVEN POSSIBLE FUTURES FOR THE BLACK FEMINIST ARTIST

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they began to study the death of the black artist. strung out the veins on tables to dissect them, looking for the impact of ink, early mornings and that repeated refusal to be silent. they wanted to know if there was physiological weight to the common perception that their ancestor portals were enlarged, and if so, what swelling, what inflammation bore the evidence of that transit. did it crowd the other organs out for example? cause the liver to work harder or less?

what was in them that made work more food to them than food was? and tobacco? was it indigenous memory? how often did they paint their insides with substance and strain? is there an imprint that deepens in the face of repeated misunderstanding? and tokenization? does it inoculate the blood?

what they found gave them pause. but they published a cursory article on “ego and the black artist” to comply with the funding. and most of them moved on to other things. and didn’t tell each other that they never slept through the night again. it wasn’t until your girl Nanine (the great scientist) came back through and looked through the records that she shook her head and drew up the next phase.

“prototype for eternal life serum: phase indigo.”