

CHAMELEON

Zaire Krieger

CHAMELEON

MEULENHOF

For my mom. I hope you like it.
I hope you like me.

CHAMELEON

0. inhalatie	9
I. ZIREÏA	15
TRANSFORMATION	17
CODESWITCHING	19
CONCEPTION	25
Luchtkastelen	29
Blauwdruk	33
REFLECTION I	35
II. <i>Aliza</i>	37
Εκκλησία	39
<i>Dissonance</i>	43
<i>Church</i>	47
<i>Bodies</i>	49
<i>Jesus would be at this 'Ball</i>	51
<i>Reconstructie</i>	55
REFLECTION II	57
III. İZ	61
druk	63
GIDZELING	67
CONCEPTION II	69
FFAZ	73
Ik zie jullie overal	75
HEI LANGSTE GEDICHT DIT GESCHREVEN	t/m 77
Rust	79
REFLECTION III	81

IV. RAIAZ	83
INTEGRATIE	85
ARTIKEL 8 BIS	87
ACHPR ARTIKEL 20(2)	91
I.R.A.C.	97
PANDESTRY	101
REFLECTION IV	107
V. Expäritie	109
REFLECTION V	111
Z.O.Z.	113

0.

inhalatie

Ik ben bang voor dingen die stilstaan

Zoals woorden op papier

En perfectie.

Er is niets zo stilstaand en onbeweeglijk als perfectie
Niets zo moordend en dof gekleurd als vlekkeloos
En toch, laat ik het mijn adem stokken en mijn handen binden
Laat ik het mijn keel brokken en mijn backspaceknop vinden

En toch, ga ik proberen dit papier weer voor je te laten leven
Laten teruggroeien als een boom naar je gehemelte
Als takken die je hoofd houvast bieden
En bladeren die je verbeelding bewolken

Vertrouw je me?
Zeg je ja? Of is 't 'wie zwijgt stemt toe'?
Geef me een teken
Ik heb validatie nodig om dit te doen

Hou je me op de hoogte?
Ken je me in m'n diepte?

Mag ik dit papier reanimeren? Sorry, ik heb alleen maar woorden
Mag ik ze eren, door je aannames zappen, je oordelen afdingen?
'Je doet toch spoken word als je niet kan rappen of kan zingen?'
Ik sta nu al vijf jaar te vechten
Ga ik van d(i)e woorden winnen?

Ze vroegen:

'Kan jij op ons bedrijfsfeest je hart op het podium gooien en ons racisme uitleggen?
Kan jij op ons event even je mening open pellen en ons de hand voor ogen houden?
Kan jij je kleur aan ons afvegen en ons schoner laten voelen?'

Kan jij de berg beklimmen en ons er ook bij tillen?

Kan jij nog een keer in dit panel komen zitten en weer praten,

dialogoog,

het gesprek,

we willen bruggen bouwen door woorden te bevullen met onze lege beloftes

Heb voor ons alsjeblieft de grootste schijt

Poep maar op papier en maak er kunst van'

Ik kan de schets niet tekenen als de schoen niet fits

Nooit naar de drawing board als die paper daily is

Als ik ronddraai van gig naar gig

Groen gerolde grammen, ik trek een sprint

Soms wil ik van 9 tot 5

Maar mijn agenda vult en m'n phona ringt

'Ben je wel met jezelf?' vroeg ze

En mijn ogen wateren, en de klok tikt

Mijn vingers typen, blinde inkt

Ik maak alle noten, de fiscus zingt

Hou je van me op de hoogte?

Haat je me in de diepte?

Ik verval in alle dubio's en doodsangst die m'n brein kan fixen
in miljoenen disclaimers paradoxen en asterisken:

Dit boek is maar een momentopname!

en waarschijnlijk vind ik dit allemaal morgen weer kut!

Wie ben ik nou sowieso om jou iets te vertellen!?

En waarom zou je je geld uitgeven aan poëzie?!

Niemand koopt meer poëzie.

Waarom zou je luisteren naar sinterklaasgedichtlevel

rijmpjes over racisme?!!

Waarom zou iemand luisteren naar een stortregen
aan deugtweets in dichtvorm?

Waarom zou je luisteren naar een

'subsidieslurpende kutnegerin'??!

Dus waarom zou ik hieraan
beginnen?

Ik ben zo fucking bang

Ik ben zo fucking bang

dat ik voor altijd hang tussen 'ze heeft zoveel potentie'

en 'net niet gehaald'

dat niemand me begrijpt, dat het net niet goed genoeg is

dat ik me tot de grond stort in freefall,

en ze me pas grijpen als ik in de grond lig

Ik heb hier nooit om gevraagd

Ik switchte een code en het viel in m'n schoot

Ik wilde dit nooit maar

god geeft je je nood

en niet wat je wil, dus

Spring je van m'n hoogte?

Duik je in m'n diepte?

Mag ik mijn eigen bergen bestijgen, m'n grootste angst in de ogen kijken?

Mag ik breken uit je voegen, in je verwachtingen ploegen?

Mag ik blijven vervellen, en elke pagina pellen?

Mag ik van gedachten veranderen, zelfs als het te laat is?

Mag ik zijn wie ik ben in al m'n gedaantes?

I.

ZIREÏA

TRANSFORMATION

I'M TIRED OF THIS FORREAL!

LIKE REAL EXHAUSTED.

I'VE BEEN LURKING IN THE SHADOWS
WAITING FOR MY TURN.

AND I'M JUST GONNA TAKE IT NOW

YOU KEEP HIDING BEHIND DOUBT
WHEN WE BOTH KNOW THAT WE'RE THE SHIT
JUMP BITCH
JUMP BITCH
JUMP BITCH

TRYNA JUMP OFF THE HEIGHTS
I WILL PUSH YOU OFF THE LEDGE
SWIMMING IN THE DEPTHS
WHILE YOU ARE DOUBTING AT THE EDGE
I'M JUST INFORMING YOU

I'M NOT ASKING FOR PERMISSION
CALL ME MRS CLEANUP WHEN SKILL IS IN REMISSION
IN THE KITCHEN CLEANING DISHES LIKE RHYTHM AND POETRY
I'M NEEDED YOU SEE
IT'S BEEN ROTTING IN THE SCENE
BEYONCE G5 BELT
BITCH, I'M NOT LOWKEY
WHISTLENOTE HIGH C
AND DO IT MULTILINGUALLY

CUT THE ICE
FLIP IT BACK LIKE BONALY
I DON'T STRIVE FOR PERFECTION
CAUSE PERFECTION STRIVES FOR ME

MORE THAN A PUFF PIECE MY PUFFS PIECE YOUR MIND TOGETHER
MORE THAN A PUFF PASTRY I'LL LAYER ON THE LETTER
ALL OF THESE ME'S THEY WILL SEIZE TO SPLIT LIKE WEATHER
DUTCH, LIKE A RECEIPT
IT'LL BE LIKE YOU NEVER MET HER

MY PUSSY PREDATES POWER AND PERFORMS PERFECTED PREACHINGS
SO I DON'T NEED A PULPIT NOR BIBLE NOR THE SPEECHES
CIRQUE DU SOLEIL, YOU NEED TO STRETCH BEFORE YOU REACH THIS
LURKING IN THE SHADE, YEAH YOUR SON COULD NEVER TEACH THIS

IF YOU DON'T GET THE PICTURE
I DIRECT AND CUT THE FRAME
YOU HAVE ME IN PERCEPTION
BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE THE RANGE
DON'T COMPARE ME TO THESE ALTERS
BITCH, WE ARE NOT THE SAME

HOW MUCH ENERGY HAVE WE WASTED
SHIFTING ALL OUR SHAPING
HOW MUCH STRONGER WOULD WE BE
WITHOUT YOUR EGOS ALTERCATING
YOU'RE DROWNING IN TRAUMA
I CAN DO THE SAVING
FROM YOUR SELF-ENSLAVING
A REANIMATION
AND YOU CAN'T DO THIS ALONE
I AM YOUR BLUEPRINT
SO, ZAY I'LL BRING US HOME

LEAVE THE POET ON A VACATION
COOKING SPICY WITH THE PIMENTA
WITH NO PLATES LEFT TO PLACATE YA
I NEED TO BE BORN
CAUSE YOUR GLASS CEILING IS MY PLACENTA

BITCH

CODESWITCHING

SHE HAS A FACE FOR EVERY SITUATION
TO CAREFULLY DODGE EVERY STEREOTYPE YET FIT EVERY EXPECTATION

SHE CAN DISCUSS GREEK MYTHOLOGY BUT ALSO GET INFORMATION
THROUGH ALL THIS SHAPESHIFTING HER HARDWARE GETS LOST IN TRANSLATION

SHE IS A CULTURAL CHAMELEON, A RACIAL ROSETTA STONE
EVERY SCRIPT AND CODE, AT HER JOB OR AT HOME, SHE HAS MADE HER OWN

AS

SHE SWITCHES LANES, CHIP AT HERSELF AT EVERY TURN,
HER IMAGE THE SOLE SURVIVOR

SHE MIGHT FEEL LIKE SHE'S BEHIND THE WHEEL
BUT THE SCRIPT WILL ALWAYS BE THE JAVA

SHE HAS TO CAREFULLY SENSE EVERY ENERGY, AND ACCORDINGLY CHOOSE
HER SOFTWARE
BECAUSE SOMEHOW

SHE HAS BECOME TOO WHITE FOR HOME BUT TOO BLACK FOR ELSEWHERE

SHE WALKS INTO THE WHITE ROOM,
SHE SPEAKS FOR ALL SHADES OF BLACK,
A CAR CHANGING LANES,

SHE MOVES SWIFT BETWEEN CODES,
LIKE MEANDERING ROADS

SHE SMILES AT EVERY OLD WHITE LADY IN THE BUS, JUST SO
SHE KNOWS THAT SHE'S NOT 'ONE OF THOSE'
IF INSTITUTIONAL RACISM WAS A SLOTMACHINE,

SHE IS THE TOKEN,
BLACK, THEY'RE TAKEN ABACK CAUSE 'WOW YOU ARE SO WELL SPOKEN'
PULL BACK THE SHELLAC IN THEIR OWN SUPERIORITY SOAKING
BLACK SKIN IS A DRAWBACK LIKE AN ASTHMA ATTACK
BY WHITE MASSES CHOKING
THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU,
IN THEIR GAME YOU'RE JUST A TOOL
WHEN YOUR COLORED FACE MODELS
ON EVERY PAMPHLET OF THE SCHOOL
AS LONG AS YOU STAY QUIET,
YOU GET TO BE THEIR 'DIVERSITY MULE'
SO YOU BE A GOOD BLACK GIRL,
YOU STICK WITH THE ARCHETYPE,
THEY'LL BE QUICK TO SNIPE, THE NOOSE GETS TIGHT,
FOR 'QUINSY GARIO-TYPES'
NO PLACE FOR WEKKER, DAVIS OR DUBOIS, MALCOLM,
THEY'LL SNIP YOUR WINGS,
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE YOU GET TO BE
BUT THE WHITEWASHED MARTIN LUTHER KING
BECAUSE APPARENTLY, HE ONLY 'HAD DREAMS'
AND 'DREAMING' IS ALL YOU GET TO DO,
FOR DEMANDS, CRITICISM OR FULL HUMAN RIGHTS
YOU DO NOT HAVE THE RIGHT HUE

DID YOU KNOW NELSON MANDELA WAS A TERRORIST?
THEY DON'T TELL YOU THAT
IT'S ON PURPOSE, TO KEEP YOU IN A BUBBLE
TO PRETEND LIKE EQUALITY DOESN'T NEED A STRUGGLE,
LIKE ASKING FOR JUSTICE ISN'T ASKING FOR TROUBLE
WHITEWASHING YOUR HEROES TO KEEP YOU IN A MUZZLE,

SHE WALKS INTO A BLACK HOME,
SHE'S A CULTURAL BASTARD CHILD
TOLERATED AT THE TABLE, FROM THE KITCHEN EXILED,
ACADEMIC BLACK EXCELLENCE CAME WITH A PRICE
HER MOM SAID GET YOUR EDUCATION NOT KNOWING SHE'D COME BACK WHITE
SHE WANTED HER TO COME BACK WITH MONEY, DIPLOMA, AND HOPEFULLY A
CORPORATE POSITION
BUT

SHE CAME BACK WITH A SMART MOUTH AND INTERSECTIONAL FEMINISM
NEWFOUND KNOWLEDGE NOTICING THE CRACKS IN HER ROOTS WIDENING THE SCHISM
THERE IS NO PLACE AT THE CARIBBEAN TABLE FOR QUEER ACTIVISM
SO YOU BE A GOOD BLACK GIRL, STOP TALKING SO WHITE
NO PLACE FOR FEMINISM HERE, CLOSE YOUR LEGS AND LIPS TIGHT
THE DEFINITION OF BLACKNESS IS HYPOCRITICALLY AIRTIGHT
WHEN OUR TRANS, QUEER, DISABLED AND ANY ALTERNATIVE WE EXTRADITE

SHE'S BEEN CALLED EVERY NAME UNDER THE SUN,
OREO, BOUNTY, NEVER JUST 'HUMAN'
NATURE IS TO WAGER A WAR WITH SOMEONE
WHEN OUR INTERNALIZED SELF-HATRED HAS OUR UNITY UNDONE
RACISM THE INCUBATOR, AND COLORISM ITS STEPSON
WILLIE LYNCH THE CREATOR, IN HIS GRAVE HE HAS WON
EVERYTIME WE CONSIDER INTELLECT TO BE A 'WHITE' CREATION
EVERYTIME WE CONSIDER GOOD HAIR TO BE OF STRAIGHTER FORMATION
EVERYTIME WE CONSIDER ALTERNATIVE INTERESTS
TO WARRANT A BLACK-CARD REVOCATION
SEE, WE THINK WE ARE SO INCLUSIVE BUT THE PARADOX IS
LIKE ANY COMMUNITY WE HAVE OUR CODES AND BOXES
WE CONSIDER ACHIEVEMENTS IN WHITE SYSTEMS TO BE SUCCESSES
EXCELLENCE IS NOT AWARDED TO THOSE WHOM CAPITALISM TOSSES

SHE LOOKS FOR HERSELF IN YOU, THE WHITE GIRL WITH
HER FIST RAISED SCREAMING #METOO,
IS THERE SPACE FOR HER BOXBRAIDS, IN YOUR EQUALITY CHARADE,
IS THERE SPACE FOR BLACKNESS IN ALL ITS SHADES?
IS THERE WHITE FEMINISM LEFT FOR THE GIRL WHO WEARS A HIJAB
OR IS WITHOUT ANY ACADEMIC ACCOLADES?
YOUR FEMINISM, GENTRIFIED,
IN 'ALLIED' IS IMPLIED THAT EVEN IN YOUR WOKEST TIMES
YOU STILL SLEEP ON THE BED OF APARTHEID.

WHEN YOU SCREAM GIRL POWER,

SHE LEARNED, YOU DON'T NECESSARILY MEAN HER
YOU MEAN 'GIRL POWER' WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF WHITE PATRIARCHY,
YOU SAY YOU SOW EQUALITY BUT FROM YOUR WHITE SKIN YOU STILL REAP,
YOU BECAME WOKE LAST MONTH,

SHE NEVER HAD THE PRIVILEGE TO BE ASLEEP.

SHE WISHES SO BADLY TO BE YOUR SISTER,
COULD SHE EVER BE YOUR NEXT OF KIN
WHEN YOU WEAR ACTIVISM AS PINK PUSSY HAT
AND

SHE WEARS ACTIVISM ON HER SKIN
FROM FEMININITY TO WHITENESS YOU CODESWITCH
WHATEVER IS CONVENIENT, WHENEVER IT BENEFITS,
AND I CAN'T EVEN BLAME YOU FOR REWRITING YOUR HARD DRIVE
WHEN WE ALL PICK THE SCRIPTS THAT ALLOW US TO SURVIVE
SHE LOOKS FOR HERSELF IN YOU,
THE BLACK MAN WHO RAISES HIS FIST IN #BLACKLIVESMATTER
IS THERE SPACE FOR HER BLACKNESS HERE?
IN THE MINDS OF MAN WHO FIGHTS FOR HIS RACE,
AND ALSO FEELS LIKE 'FEMALES SHOULD KNOW THEIR PLACE'
YOU SAY 'FEMINISM IS A CANCER',
DUE TO OUR DIFFERENT HORMONES, IT IS SHOWN,
EACH GENDER HAS A PLACE OF THEIR OWN,
BLACK WOMEN ARE THE BACKBONE,
BUT NOT WORTH VIEWING IF SHE'S NOT A RED OR YELLOWBONE
MISOGYNOIR IS HOMEGROWN, AND INSTEAD OF CALLING OUT, YOU CONDONE.

SHE WISHES SO BADLY TO BE YOUR SISTER
TO STAND WITH YOU HAND IN HAND,
AS A BLACK MAN IN YOUR LIFESPAN YOU HAVE STRUGGLES

SHE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND
TO THEM YOUR MERE EXISTENCE IS CRIMINAL,
PREJUDICE ON THE WITNESS STAND
BUT YOU WON'T BE HER ACCOMPLICE, CAUSE

SHE CARRIES FEMINISM IN HER PANTS

YOU LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES, IMMA THROW SOME BRICKS
HOW YOU STILL CALLING YOUR SISTERS 'HOES AND TRICKS'
YOU CLAIM POWER TO THE PEOPLE, BUT IT'S ALL FOR CLICKS
AS LONG AS NO ONE COMES AROUND YOU WITH 'THAT GAY SHIT', RIGHT?

SEE IN THIS WHITE WORLD, WITH ITS WHITE INSTITUTIONS
ITS WHITE SOURCE CODES AND ITS WHITE CONTROL KEY
YOUR ONLY SCRIPT TO POWER IS YOUR MASCULINITY,
AND I CAN'T EVEN BLAME YOU FOR REWRITING YOUR HARD DRIVE
WHEN WE ALL PICK THE SCRIPTS THAT ALLOW US TO SURVIVE

SHE'S TIRED OF LOOKING FOR HERSELF

SHE'S TIRED OF ASKING FOR SPACE

SHE WANTS TO BE MY SELF
IN ALL ALGORITHMS IMPERFECTIONS AND SHAPES,
IF THERE IS NO SPACE AT ANY TABLE
IF WE HAVE TO MOLD AND HARDEN TO CODES
WHERE DO WE GET TO BE VULNERABLE?
WHERE DO WE GET TO COME HOME?
IN THIS SWITCHING I'M POINTING FINGERS AT EVERYONE
BUT I AM THE TRUE HYPOCRITE AND CHAMELEON
I'M GUESSING IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE
YOU TRY TO BE EVERYONE, YOU NO ONE
TOOK ME LONG TO LEARN THIS LESSON IF YOU BLINK YOU MISS IT
AS LONG AS YOU SWITCHING THE CODES STAY ASSISTED
THE SYSTEM WILL KEEP EXISTING UNTIL YOU RESIST IT
WE ARE THE SYSTEM IF WE SHIFT OURSELVES WE CAN SHIFT IT
SO FROM NOW ON THE CODES WILL HAVE TO SWITCH TO ME

I'M NOT AN OREO, NOT A BOUNTY,

I'M NOT A FUCKING PIECE OF CANDY,

I'M NOT FOR YOU TO CONSUME

I'M NOT YOUR QUOTUM, NOT YOUR TOKEN
NOT YOUR ZWARTE PIET COSTUME

SO WITH SELF-REFLECTION OUR FIGHT IS PROGRESSIONAL
UNTIL MY BROTHERS CAN WEAR DREADLOCKS
AND STILL BE PROFESSIONAL
UNTIL MY SISTERS' SEX DRIVE IS NOT A CONFSSIONAL

THERE IS NO OTHER DIRECTION BUT INTERSECTIONAL
UNTIL THAT NOW HYPOTHETICAL IS ACCESSIBLE:

IMMA FLIP THE SCRIPT AND WRITE MY OWN SCORES
DISMANTLE YOUR BOXES ALL ITS WALLS AND DRAWERS
TO CREATE MY OWN SPACES, AND CARVE MY OWN DOORS

I WASN'T FREED OUT OF SHACKLES TO BE CUFFED BY YOURS