Flavourless Foods and Savory Sounds

Izzy Mackenzie

“We need to pull our internal world forward to see how our direction has been shaped” (Lee Maracle)

In spite of cashing in my power cards for a mask of medically marked definitions, I am beginning to pull my creativity forward to find better truths in my life. It is plump, juicy and savory unlike the memory of musty crumbling hospital cookies. Institutionalized nurturing has a plastic tang like flavourless white people food…Yuk! I don’t believe in it anymore. Western medicine is not going to figure me out because paradoxes that are open and loud can never be spoken for. My tongue is too quick for Dr. Doc to notice that stories can’t be contained in the synthetically bred language manufactured in Petri dishes. Quantifying bodies is haunting. And it is terrifyingly ‘normal’ in the hospitals I’ve been to. I would rather mix up my life with a small dose of photosynthesis and vitamin d, and watch it unfold with the flowers of spring. Enveloped by the wind their sweet scent dances in the sky from one nose to the next, bringing pleasure and beautiful smiles to many.

Drug experimentation somehow ends up becoming a harmful lived experience without anyone noticing because the fluorescent buzzing that hums in shopping malls and hospital halls replaces songs of the sun, earth and moon. City headlight hums kill flowers, like the daisies my cousin brought me when I was in the land of berserk. In a flash, the bright pulsing movement of dance can morph into a drone of depressed beats contained in machines that make sound for us. I just didn’t know it. Experiments may be temporary but Doc, you keep trying the same one over and over again while never learning from the slight changes that everyone is making all the time. And so I’ve given up with yours. It wasn’t very creative to begin with. Thinking inside your box bears newborn babies in two colours alone: dull dolly pink and duller doody blue. Boring! I prefer sitting outside on the porch and watching people touch, kiss, sing, and paint stories of an electric world that is always changing. I listen carefully. Awfully delicious unconventional sounds make me into someone who prefers smoking and drinking with my criptisciously madly queerfully transgenderluscious friends. And yet I almost died a straight girl…

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