

LATANYA MCQUEEN

## Installation Piece

| The heart, cut to pieces. | The liver, cooked. | Bone, crushed to a fine mill. | Ear. | Body, repli  
 | An  
 | cut, cut  
 | video.  
 | port. |  
 | The  
 | nis. |  
 | Tip  
 | Bone,  
 | blood.  
 | des. |  
 | mill.  
 | flesh,  
 | The  
 | lica. |  
 | port.  
 | The  
 | nis. |  
 | Tip of  
 | mill. |  
 | nned.  
 | The  
 | ideo.  
 | Ear. |  
 | ned. |  
 | heart,  
 | ideo. |

No, we will not do this (*I will not do this*), there will be no telling of the  
 histories of my brethren dead, no struggle song to show to others once again  
 what’s been done to us despite them long since knowing the ways our bodies  
 have been stolen, used, and disregarded as they’ve shared image after image of  
 us broken, dead, beaten, hung, and while we were told our offered stories of  
 suffering were meant to convince in the service of fostering change, they were  
 looked at but never seen, shown but not heard, and shared with never any  
 changes rendered, and on and on it’s gone, so many years of it with nothing  
 different, so no, this time no cries of lament but ones of hallelujah as I bear  
 witness instead to joy, and as I tell you now of this—of Sunday-morning  
 memories, of seeing my neighborhood church women dressed in glory, like  
 queens, or the chubby-cheeked babies they held in their arms as they made  
 their way up the church’s front steps, or of their daughters, girls who looked  
 like me with their plaited hair tied with knockers, with their flower-printed  
 dresses and shining shoes clacking against the sidewalk, let me tell you of the  
 way we danced and praised through service, crying thanks because *this is the*  
*day the lord has made so rejoice and be glad in it*, and we will rejoice because  
 here among us we are seen, and this we will pass down, this moment, the  
 memory of this love, we will pass it down through generations, if we have  
 nothing else, we will pass down this, and that is why I remember this the  
 most, these sacred days of joy with all of my kindred laughing, happy, this is  
 the memory that I keep, of these sons and daughters and fathers and mothers  
 and all my sisters and brothers, and it is the memory that carries me in the  
 moments I need to remember what it means to be alive.

| Penis. | Postcard. | Ear. | Blood. | A skull. | Flesh, tanned. | An autopsy report. | Body.  
 | Eyeball. | Tip of nose. | Knuckles. | Video. | Video. | ~~Look~~ See.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>One day, we will be more than persons unknown, one day we will fully be seen.