

WHUT CHOO LOOKIN AT MOFO¹
or Where Do We Go From Here? (2002)
Raimi Gbadamosi

Is it in the multitude of tongues?

Is it in the synchronisation of limbs?

Is it in the carving of wood?

Is it in the fashioning of stone?

Is it in the weaving of cloth?

Is it in the daubing of paint?

Is it in the telling of tales?

Is it in the folding of words?

Is it in the music of skin?

Is it in the chorus of voice?

Is it in the building of home?

Is it in the creation of tools?

Is it in the adornment of body?

Is it in the contemplation of soul?

What is it?

What is this thing called The African Diaspora

“As long as you’re a blackman, you are an African” Perhaps

Translating lived experience/ allegiance into words is never easy, it exacts a smoothing of uneven narrative, as past realities wrestles with words’ demands. At

¹ From Piper, Adrian Self-Portrait as Not White lady. 1995.