Octavia Butler writes, “There is nothing new under the sun, but there are new suns.” Taking a cue from Butler—Afrofuturist and disabled writer—this panel will discuss and demonstrate some new suns. What can a poem do in the 21st century? What is the strange new grammar of screens? How do we create and conscript images for activism? Panelists work in multiple genres including creative nonfiction, mixed media, performance and poetry.

Afro futurist and Cyborg Aesthetics examines the reciprocal relationship between visual art and poetics in the age of social media from the perspective of intersectional artists. As intersectional artists, we provide perspective on the literal and figurative images invoked in bodies of work concerned with identity. Whether one wants to make a hashtag and start a social movement, or take a screenshot, and start a poem, this panel will present new techniques for making.

Karolyn Gehrig is a queer disabled artist, writer, advocate and performer known for creating #HospitalGlam, a social media movement which uses site specific photography to reclaim clinical space, enable self-advocacy and boost disabled voices. Her work has appeared in the Hammer Museum and Guernica.
Alyssa Moore is from Austin, Texas. She holds degrees from the Iowa Writers’ Workshop and Harvard. Their poems appear in the POETRY, Boston Review, Hyperallergic and elsewhere. In her poems she explores, digital representations, desire, and myths.


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Alyssa Moore
AWP 2020
Poems and Descriptions

Description

Each poem from this series “Current Affairs” consists of a screenshot of the standard MacBook desktop background of a blue starry galaxy. Fully drafted or partially drafted poems are obscured by or obscure the other activities in process on the desktop. Some of those inactive activities include open word documents, browser windows, articles, chat messages, paused YouTube videos, personal notes, and video calls. Each poem has a date and time stamp, files are named in a way as to be part of the poem, and open files are arranged to create a collage of the overwhelming desktop screen.

YOU MUST CHANGE YOUR BRITA FILTER

After 3 months if u don’t feel anything change ur meds

Being yelled at makes me horny
When I read O-K in books I ready it thusly  O,,,,,,,KAYY

I’ve been considering what it means that my work which deals explicitly with
my sex life is work that enters a discourse

a black woman who has sex
radical …hypersexualization of my body
    but I’m at this party now
        - tired of being capitalized on w/o my input

I’m beyond enjoyment
which holds a “what can i enjoy” /“take apart”

I go cross-eyed thinking abt being useful , enough

But also on the commuter rail I’m invisible

Consider these hot moments in my body in which I can also see through it

(compared to moments outside of my body)

The train is coming I’m shoulder to shoulder with distinct citizens

Their curated neutrality & interest in football
is unbelievable

standing behind the bumpy yellow caution stripe
unconsciously displace my experience and feel that I belong on the metro

though certainly they’re just wondering if I’m hostile
I think I telegraph a certain docility

My aversion to sex becomes an aversion to the commuter rail
to suburban hookups
god spare me
I don’t want to talk about the time between academia and the practice
or receive advice about how to live mindfully
I just want a plot
of land and some time
for unlimited one liners
to flourish

focus, you speak too much abt ur want
everyone’s heard the hierarchy of needs , alyssa
control yourself or it

is no longer a poem

it’s just a list of demands

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Adventures in Cyborg Poetics

-- This is a video called “Confession.” It is a book trailer for Cyborg Detective. I shot and edited the video. I manipulated my voice to make a dramatic monologue that conveys the fear of being stalked. The video is at night and shows the stalker’s
apartment, New Brutalist architecture, small spaces like hallways and bathtubs, a drive to a convenience store, a wait near an accessible parking spot.

-- This is a **poem on Twitter**. While I was being stalked, I started wondering what other disabled women were going through. I turned to the global headlines to find us and turned the headlines into a poem. Rules: crip hexameter, so no headlines more than 12 words; no predators speak; only disabled women are quoted. Procedurally, I use Nexis Uni and Google News. I’m thinking about poetry as database. The poem has supported the nonprofit Health Justice Common’s creation of a medical abuse hotline.

-- This is a **heteronym**. Her name is Tipsy Tullivan. She is a nondisabled white woman from the South. I created her to parrot and mock common literary ableism. Tipsy is in the tradition of Fernando Pessoa, who asks, “how many *yous* will you be?” I also take cues from Alex Bag and Renee Cox.