

The sky

(Next slide)

All the ingredients laid out in the sharing of sacred curriculum
in process and in pain
Flight school emerges here before our eyes
and is held with deep compassion
all ingredients out
Community fridges filled
Here at flight school, we fly with eternal wings because it's up to us to protect us

(Next slide)

Seven classrooms, seven characters enacting flight school, seven chapters, seven
layers of the cake, seven materials to make this meal with
the sky, transitional friendship, winged, wind, time keeper, crush, stack of books

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Flight school is dedicated to shutting down the house and demanding gun control
to Justin Jones in a white suit, a flight suit
White for clouds, white for oshun, white for fresh snow

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dressed in all white for the 1917 Silent Protest Parade, organized by the NAACP
against police brutality and the sea of folks wearing white for so many Black Liberation
Marches in the Summer of 2020
Flight school

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For the flight, breath, breathing, safety, care, prioritization, love of Ralph Yarl and all
Black youth, teens, elders, babies, adults, ancestors & those not yet born.
And to my grandpa Reuben who always kept a kite in his trunk.

(Next slide)

Roots and Webs and Nets and Branches and Bulletin Boards and Banners and
Newsletters and Mutual Aid Text Threads
and Kin and Caretakers and Porches and Poems of Today and Spaces of Survival
and enmeshment and disentangling and healing and growing and boundaries
and wings and flight and soaring and soaring and rest and feeling supported
and wind and grief and power and dust and lilac blossoms

We webs rooted in flight
Wings large enough to be bulletin boards
Banners becoming kites
Mutual aid text threads as lube for community care
Care packages as beautiful as clouds before the sun sets
Rage yelling the poems of today
Soaring and soaring as survival
Survival as creating new views to look through
Loving as a net, mesh, basket, vessel
Resting because Black rest is today's news
And making our own news that doesn't cause trauma but rather shares our flight stories
Nuanced gusts of wind powerful enough to free them all

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Enmeshing our kin to become a stronger family
Poetry defining boundaries defining dust

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Transitional friendship

Transitional friendship,
Thank you so much for being here tonight and Happy new moon!
I want to thank the UNM Art Department, the Painting department and the Frederick
Hammersley Foundation, Amanda Curreri- thank you so much for being a guide, host
and comrade here, Welly Fletcher, Szu Han Ho, David Martinez, The Fine Art Library,
Freddy's cloud mural, the annex building studio home, new friends and the views that
have held me here. And to my beloved webbers in flight Kimi, Lee, Augustine, Cody,
Emily Sarah, Steven, Finny, Hanson, poets union and the many stacks of books in my
writing desk, sunroom, backpack and studio- all the layers are important. And to my
mom, always my role model.

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There is something about Transitional friendship that just feels like flight.
conjuring up wind
And demanding we be pen pals

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Allowing distance because we so close always
Transitional as in trans, as in transitioning always into our multitudes, transitioning in
and out of home spaces, home bodies, flying bodies, soaring bodies, expansive breeze
bodies, fag bodies, sick bodies, sticky bodies, rain cloud bodies
always always with friendship so close
with kin so close
Always with a transit path under our wings
Always always with movement
Always always with homes and living rooms and couches on our backs

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Always always tiny envelopes with seashells, elm petals that look like smashed
popcorn, milky oat tinctures, the first word of your favorite poem, neon pink mountains,
dog food, woven tongues singing ballads of resistance, crinkled newspaper, toni
morrison stamps and flag nylon.

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Winged

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The principles of Bird flight depend on Air and/ or wind, Less pressure down and more
pressure up, A cycle of slower and faster and The wing

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Breath and/or wind, Continual solidarity, A courageous journey, Self trust, Community as
material, Nuance, The winged wing learning to fly free

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under your chair is a piece of paper the colors of the albuquerque sky mid day no clouds and early morning pre hail, light blue but then again darker then the clouds but then again the sky is every color and all our eyes see it differently
Flight school

(Next slide)

That all views are kites being held by the negative space and the surrounding place.

Katie sent me a video of a viewfind held up to the camera, of a blurrrrr of blue and white- maybe a sky, who knows but a slow pan on a view that holds a slow look the way wind holds a kite on a really windy day

Hold this piece of paper up to the ceiling, to the folks next to you, who you may or may not know, let this tool be an invitation for activation for our time together- a kite for the eyes, heart, breath, collective becoming

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A hole in a peach ring, an empty 35mm slide, all CDs have holes and all records do too, negative space becoming a window, one eye closed to reveal clarity of what's beyond, the letter form of an O or a zero, a camera small enough to fit in your palm, the way an agave plant makes spirals, "when two bodies embrace they become a window" says Billy Ray Belcourt in A History of my Brief Body, mesh, a spider web, a bite made by a worm in a leaf, my hands cupped open, blue sky shining through a ring of clouds, a note card with a tiny rectangle cut out the center of it

a door opening in a gust of wind
our hearts opened in a gust of wind

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Twenty of you have a sentence of text attached to your viewfinder,
that is a line from the viewfinder manifesto, that I have been writing for many years

I would love for them to be read aloud by you or a neighbor, as clues for a more deeper understanding of this new tool.

If you have number one next to your sentence, can you start us off and so on and so on, let's try!

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1. all viewfinders are intimate invitations to look close and slow down
2. an invitation to move at the pace of slow
3. a click of a photo with a touch so light
4. a record of a walk, kept in our palm, in our pocket
5. a trace of our eyes, of this path, of today
6. a print, a multitude, a broadcast
7. a window, blurry with life, clearing for a minute to let us in close
8. a shadow that gets crisper when held by a frame
9. a view that expands all frames and burns all forms of restriction
10. a view that holds and centers us and brings us close when we feel far
11. a view that expands and imagines new ways of living
12. the viewfinder is a ritual, a commitment of returning to
13. rituals as active tending to spaces, a trust in the mutual holding of
14. the viewfinder as a ritual, and in action, a viewfinder walk, wander, journey, flight
15. this tool gives us power
16. this tool is a hole, go through me, it's saying
17. this view asks to be located in relation to, in relation to our lives
18. this is a tool with the agency of seeing, breathing, feeling, sensing, exploring
19. i move slow to look close, we move close to stay slow
20. we are practitioners of the viewfinder

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Thank you Flight School, students of flight, practitioners of the view.

Let's play and use our tools for a few minutes, feel free to chat with your neighbors about what you are finding through your window, stand up if you like, stay seated, take pictures!

Wind

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Flight school is not only a space that holds the exchange of reaching towards becoming but it is also a state of being
a character, a curriculum, a classroom, a reality, a material that wraps this spring up in a hug

(Next slide)

flight school, the certification of flying
The allowing of oneself to be held in air, off the ground, in the earth, in our arms
To be certified not by the broken systems that disempower us but rather by the very feeling of surrendering to what's possible

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That Flight is soaring, being held, being swept up off our feet, easefully living, flight as
lube for long lives for trans and non binary folk
Support
Reparations
Occupation
Liberation
Abolition as flight
Loving harder as flight

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flight as in all wind is grief

School as in the act of learning with new patterns and shapes

Attending to the soaring

The returning and returning again and again work that school and learning and listening requires of us

Hugs for flight school fuel

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Because when we use our eternal wings, we soar together

We are reminded that schooling ain't a solo act but a collective practice

That arms full of books is soaring

That looking through the tiny window in a camera is an act in slow looking

The homework read in the bathtub is care and

Being inside questions feels like flight

Slowly moving with wind behind it and to the side, a bloom freshly popped open and slid off it's stem, off its tree self, into the sidewalk, trying to walk no no trying to fly yes yes fly across the sidewalk skim across my eye like a white winged moth,

Time keeper

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Time keeper, as in that sacred role of holding memories

Wing span as in circles as in this is my wingspan as in circles as in clocks as in time keepers

As in this is a winged center, where we not keep time

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Flight

Grief

Breath

Blur
Glitch
Wind
Whisper
Shine

(Next slide)

Sick at home in Freddy's house, with bright spring desert light pouring in through all the windows, sky visible, clouds visible, blinds up to bring the outside in and up close

Air hug style

Flight school

Friends that I have had for two and half months bring me citrus and soup and berries and bread and vitamin c

Candles, cookies, cbd gummies

Air hugs

(Next slide)

Flight School

Queer kin comrades care takers aunties uncles

Give me rides to the ER, read aloud over the phone

Voice memos, love notes, photos of their cats

Flight school is here, it's now

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It's practiced in open day light and on airport runways and it's felt in deep soal space
deep joy

Never alone never never alone

It's the moment of care for the caretakers that allow us to take off and be held

Air hugs

We fly

(Next slide)

Flight School

A flight path flight map covered my chest like a topographical map

Flight school

Tiny nodes as arms reaching out to keep this web taught enough for me to stretch across.

Nodes as group chats, care packages of herbal caramels and reminders to keep sleeping and wet kisses and playlists for the long drive and a bowl of hot soup and dripping red candle wax shaping a perfect heart shape and pictures of the sky to be compared to my sky and letting my phone die and letting myself die and cracking open my whole mouth to scream and voice memos that remind me we are close and chart readings and read aloud and read aloud is hot and poets union and poems texted back and forth and

Breath/Lungs

(Next slide)

Breath/lungs,
Welcome it says,

(Next slide)

Because when you are held by many hands in this web of care, you are flying
Because when you lean back on a practice so rooted in caring for others, that care of many holds you back

To be held in this flight, learning how to surrender to the care that sits on the altar and is the process of taking flight itself

(Next slide)

Brown construction paper folded in half, to hold the first series of winged beings,
a canvas bag filled with books on moths, leans against my studio door,
It reads "winged resistance" on the inside cover of the largest book
Keep cutting, drawing with scissors for winged resistance
winged resistance is flight

You say they look like a rib cage, he said they look like squash, and I said wings
Breath, fruit, flight

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Fix, fuck, forage say the brown queer femme disability- justice practitioners who root this flight always and forever

Who remind us that we must fuck up the systems trying to prevent our flight and forage as an act of resistance, conjure, brew up, mend together, collect in pockets and hearts, train our people in our care needs, demand seating and masks and the most tender of touch

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We fly in clarity for dusty breath, blurred transformation, glitched survival, fruit drizzled in lime, foraging new views with our eyes on top of each other, fucking to fix, always fixing when we fuck it up.

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All winged beings becoming viewfinders in brown construction paper

A material so rooted in flight

Windows to look through

Wind to fly to

Pink cherry blossom petals coat the sidewalk like pink snow, reminding me of the ways purple jacaranda blossoms do the same at home

And petals getting stuck in your eye during the first March wind storm

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pause

Crush

(Next slide)

Crush,

Blessed are my friends who are actually kites flying in the wind, asking us to see, feel, hold, listen in new ways, the folks who check in on me and send me blurry tulip- twin flame- dyke news- packages full of paper and kites.

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There is flight and then there is wind and sometimes they go together and sometimes not

Flight school

To close the eyes again like two kisses wishing me good night. Alarm off, wake up with the sun that keeps on shining

Crush as practice, as coalition

As reminders that the heart is a muscle and we always learning how to use it

Crushing as a multiple

A print of a desire

That all crushes are prints and multitudes getting stronger every time

That crushing is a printmaking practice

A trace of ones flight onto another

Oh how lucky we are

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States of being as flight school

Wearing wings as protection

As tending to a ritual of forever

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Being and being in flight

Being black and being in flight

Being a dyke and being in flight

Being a crush and being in flight

Being sick and being in flight

Being in between the state and the people and being in flight

Being in a constant state of being and being in flight and asking for this flight state to be a place of rest-care, breath-care

Being in love and being in flight

Weaving desires dreams laughs cares poems sage and moon slivers in that flight because here at flight school our studies are all ingredients in this big soup

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Flirt union meeting to strategize how and when we make clouds that kiss.

Stack of books

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Stack of books,

(Next slide)

Asking the students of flight what has been giving them wings these days

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And this is what they say

(Next slide)

Asking the students of flight what flying feels like

And this is what they say

(Next slide)

Here at Flight school our stacks of books connect our tables to the sky
so tall, these stacks as bridges and paths and guides to higher flight
We pay our respect to the stacks and get lost in all public libraries
We love on the writers and artists and editors and book makers and librarians and sky
archivists

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To the slivers of public services that support this flight
Flight school

(Next slide)

Zach sent me a picture of a blue tie dyed shirt at the thrift store that said in big curved
font "enjoy flying"
So i will
and I invite you to too

these past three months, searching for flight always, asking for hands and hearts,
releasing the muck always to let in the yum, becoming, brevity, breath, ok let's begin

Thank you!

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I think we have a few minutes for a Q&A, if folks have any questions :)