

## **Welcome to I (?)**

The first time I moved alone was when I realized the power of the self. After decolonizing my internal homophobia and performativity of being someone's child, I realized that I am my own person, in my own space. A space I actually could make into what I want. The power of being oneself is not something we're taught when we discuss love. The power of having platonic relationships is not a point of conversation either. It's just something we take for granted. I expose myself and give myself as a trauma response to not hold my own. As an act of faith into a person I want to become rather than the person I was formed to be. I think and think, and write and write, as if my life depends on it. The lifelines thrown at me are seen as three. There's George, there's Yiorgos and then there's Rallis. The last has finally ceased to exist and has merged. The first is nothing but a colonial imagination of understandability and cordiality. However, the middle is where I poetically exist as a quasi-realisation of me belonging to myself. Now, finally at home, I ask myself whether that can flourish into something else. Most of us were introduced to the world with the sound of a woman screaming. Now, I'm trying to give space to her and maybe make something else, something new that can be as neutral and as evocative as the manoeuvres I've learned to make in life to avoid being unearthed, being uprooted and being upheld to what others think. Still remains to be seen but I feel Yori coming through.

**Now please get up, take the phone in your hand and scroll to the next page.**

**A LOT OF**

**RANDOM STUFF HAPPEN HERE**

**TO MAKE ME THINK OF HOMELINESS  
AND THEN THE OUTSIDE**

**BUT LIKE THE PERSONAL IS POLITICAL  
SO LIKE**

**HOW THE FUCK DO  
YOU MAKE THE OUTSIDE  
YOUR HOME?**

**Now please take the phone, go to the podium, put on the headphones,  
press play at the spotify page and then scroll to the next page.**

**Welcome to We:**

Then Gravity Grave somehow, has flourished as a way to carry home, outside of home. Their home was dark night-clubs, shady corners and loud parties. Their smell was that of tobacco, musk, magnolias, lube, poppers and sweat. They could somehow utter all the things I didn't have the words to and do all the things my body couldn't hold. They needed glamour, trauma and all the fucking melodrama. They wanted attention, and touch. They wanted to be seen and see every crevice of every fold of the world they found themselves to until the one they always had would be enough. They are a black metal immigrant that transitioned from a sex-obsessed demon entity, criticising and re-orientalizing their own identity. They need soft, flowy fabrics to move with their hips, loud music and heavy makeup.