

queer migrant home ~ workshop #1 ~ 24th april 2025

fuck the Supreme Court
fuck Keir Starmer
an object
home
making home?
what?

no — not right now

i walked to school and cried listening
and dreaming of dancing to The Cranberries
that felt like what needed to move
through my body, my queer migrant
relationship to home looks like this

Camille wrote the sweetest, silliest text
about being straight, about figuring out
that we are straight together and then
figuring out we are straight for each other

Chaser4Chaser T4T4T4T4T4T4ever
that's it —
that's gay
when a boy loves a girl that's gay

i am tired

today everyone i had a conversation with cried

i am so fucking sad

just my imagination

The Cranberries song i was dancing to
but what's my imagination?
here imagining there, there imagining here
raging, raging, raging like the ocean

i was jumping from one rock to another by

the sea in lapinlahti, on the phone to my mum
telling her —— i'm going to get married
can i have my birth certificate please?
she told me that the Supreme Court ruled
that the definition of a woman is based on
biological sex – blablabla biological sex
i never met a woman who wasn't biological
it is so weird to be mobilising my relationship
with a finnish citizen so i can
stay here, where she is, because i love
her – amongst others - but this love
finland says 'yes, this matters enough, looks
enough like that nuclear family thing
we are so keen on preserving, this love gets
to stay', it's so wild to do this now
and be then scared of ever taking her
there — or i suppose it will all
calm down – dead cat – but i wouldn't
go there with her right now. enough
already —— where do we breathe?

today everyone i had a conversation with cried

i decided i will carry on living
i decided i will carry on living
i decided i will carry on living
i decided i will carry on living
i decided i will carry on