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HOW TO DISINHERIT LONELINESS IN ANOTHER COUNTRY: A SECOND ATTEMPT

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With this note, I am sending you a poem. It is titled "how to disinherit loneliness in another country". It is about a 'home going'. It interrogates the difficulties of returning home to the ancestral lands, once the body is colonised. In this piece, I am coming to terms with my own issues of returning home to nothing but death and graves. I am writing that fear away. I am making amends. I am reaching out to the ancestors and telling them my reasons for not visiting. I am seeking answers.

hn. lyonga is a transdisciplinary writer, curator, working at the intersection of land, postcolonial literature, museums and social transformation. Currently, he is a Master's student of American Studies at Humboldt-Universität Zu Berlin. He is a founding member of the Black Student Union at Humboldt and a member of the Kuratorium of BARAZANI.berlin - Forum Kolonialismus und Widerstand. His life runs on a very simple principle by James Baldwin: "the place in which I'll fit will not exist until I make it." It is this very principle that informs how he moves in the world. He dose, He creates, He engages. He is a consummate collaborator who believes that anything worthwhile is done in a collective. With a degree in English and American Studies and Sociology, his long-standing interest is the imaginative potential of peripheral cultures.

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how to disinherit loneliness in another country: a second attempt

by **hn. lyonga**

buy a plane ticket and return home, finally
for a visit.

shave off the curls and knots in your hair. start
from the side of your scalp that itches the most. go
on a pilgrimage. board a machine. let it be an eagle.
let the bile in your gallbladder slither up your throat. construct
a plan. make an inventory of every burial site you know and a shrine.

·
on arrival, drown your feet in a fountain. let it be
made of electrolytes and reflectors. visit
a witch-doctor in the ebony of night, clutching
a yellow fowl under your armpit. and hurl your guts.
stand on a piece of land that belonged to your grandmother. and speak.

·
wear black. or
ash-gray. or white.

·
pour palm wine. and offer
a cola-nut.

·
stand by the mausoleum of someone who died before your nativity. and
by another who died after your departure.
pour palm wine. tell them
you couldn't keep your end of the promise. tell them.
you are case files, court records and ciphers. and
Germany is not a place where you are a person. tell
them, you possess a skin before you own a face. tell
them, you too are a carcass. and
that by the time you die, you would
have been dead at least a thousand times. tell
them - there is an onyx room you visit every three months. for years.
tell them, it is a place where the version of you they remember is buried in paper piles.
and regulations.

·
thrust roses onto their graves. one
for each person you lost. beg
for forgiveness. ask.
for forgiveness.

·
stand in the forlornness that dwells in your marrow. lean into it. listen.
find the union between drowning and healing. give it a place.
give it a name. give it a name you recognize.



summon your ancestors.

summon your ancestors. summon
your ancestors.

.

say their names.

.

let your heart split in halves. take
a tour of your grandmothers lands. and
pour palm wine. wait

for memories of your father's face to arrive. make
Cocoyam a subject in your household - it
will keep you home longer this time.