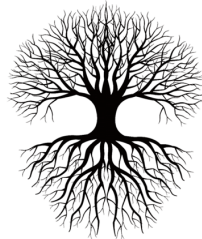


Taylor Amari Little

Taylor Amari Little (Tay) is a Black gender-variant diviner, Muslim, Conjurewoman, protector for the Unborn, and overall lover of research + history. Echoed by her Criminology background, an experience heavily shaped by her ancestral lineage, her work consistently iterates the necessity of involving spirits in any form of trauma work, no matter who the work is for. Through handmade prayer blankets, birthwork services, writings, Tay in the Water Podcast, and other spirit-led projects, Tay channels with the purpose of reconnecting Black lineages and fighting for Black Indigenous power.



The Brink

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This is a channeling of messages documenting answers around the Unknown, Unarchived, and Uncaptured of our genealogies returning to us, simultaneously marking the ending of This World. Resulting in an interview with Ancestors, the documentation is a mixture of transcribing them, as well as describing + converting the non-verbal energies and images into verbal formatting, with their editing + approval.

This conversation remains dedicated to and channeled for those of our lineages, people, and creatures, who strategically made the choice to combine for survival purposes in the face of cosmic imperialism, as led by who we now know today as whites. This is for all the interspecies alliances that were formed for the sake of lineage preservation, leading to the creation of ourselves today.

What you will read was Spoken and Crafted with care by myself, my Ancestors (with some additions of Black spirits akin to them), and the specific species of non-human creatures that decided to present themselves for this moment.

We're already fugitive. Who are we running to?

It begins with a vision on repeat throughout its entirety: There is an alternating background between either a starry sky, or a healthy blue-ish grey smoke sky behind them as they walk. They are extremely big, the size of tall trees, and appear to be four-legged. They, themselves, are often dark blue, with tiny specks that glisten all over. Their long necks sit their heads high, calmly regal. A gentle power for us to not tempt. How do they feel both home to this realm, but so out of this world at the same time?



New braids of our DNAs, new braids of our lineages. Our encodings.

We do not know all of the names of these, either. But we will.

They will be known again.

Our forebearers will be back, coming to greet us, hatched offspring to their ancient bodies. (Unable to see us grow up through direct contact) They will come back to us to reclaim what is theirs, us included. This is not just about the reconnection of Black lineages that look just like us, but the rekindling of the transmuted, of the hidden. I see stars, dark matter/dark galaxy/galaxy, them standing tall + reaching back/down to us to touch us, hold us. All this time, it wasn't just our human Ancestors who were angered, deceived, threatened.

Their fury is maternal. Their energy is protective and protected. Vengeful/unmerciful. For the ones who stole. All-loving and all-knowing of the beyond, with all rock to the head for the evil flocks [to sever those who stole]. *"Our babies will be hidden behind our backs. They say we had to be gone before, but we will not be gone now. This is ours. And we will have our revenge. (To this Taken world) It will be your ruin."*

When this happens:

At the brink of the bridge. The brink of the transition. The bridge is laid out, stars loud in their support. This moment is the Crossover. The Returners: Not the vehicle itself, but who carries the vehicle on its side, rocking it back + forth, arriving to the same destinations as we.

welcome home. We sure have a lot to do. But we will do it together.

What do we have to do as descendants of these Returning beings?

Pay honor. Pay respects. Efforts of shedding light on/to them. Efforts (supporting) /Acknowledging that we are alive because of them. Interspecies lineages, these spirits who inform our galaxies, our gifts, our traits, they are our kin. *Their arrival is crucial to the succession of this world/work.*

How do we know it's them? What about the powerful not-so-good ones who also Return?

(Don't worry about them) *(This worry isn't something that should prevent us from working towards embracing the good ones, the ones who are aligned with us + we should be aligned with.)* They will train us as warriors, watching over us very strongly.

We archive them now [the Aligned Returners]. They are not just pockets+motivators in our bodies. We hold onto them and push them forward proudly because they are still here.

What does it mean for them to be uncaptured TECHNICALLY (in any physical bodies that they may have or have had), but just hidden, and us captive (parts of them/their descendants captive)? What are the implications of that?

*Mothers of captives, but not so themselves. Are they apologetic?
No. But sorrowful still.*

And grieving?

Of course. These are those who did what they had to do.

Rocking us on their backs today [Coming Times], their environments can feel/nourish them again. They can be free.

Where did they hide?

Pockets. Pocket realms all over. But, do not be mistaken. They lost some of them. They lost some of us, too. Not all of them were able to hide.

Who are we, as their descendants? How do we know, as Black humanoid-looking people / human-passing people?

This is not the case of ushering Black people into a superhuman-ness that deprives us of our basic needs in an anti-Black world. This is Black people understanding that humanity was a species we've never fully fit into, if ever. We've always been more. Always been more than what you can physically see. Why else would we be the protectors of the sacred, keepers of the secrets, and the benefactors of the Universe? We are forever seen and unseen, in all dimensions we come across. Forever bridges to the mountain, bracing ourselves for the respect + totality of the funds.

But (even with the amount of unseen-ness that is experienced in the Modern World) we are the seen, they are the unseen during colonialism...Each of us holding those extremes//holding each end, so that the full Ark is supported and enough to hide/protect what's underneath.

'Final' Message

As modern colonization of the world first began intensifying, we became uniquely re-coded. Some of us drifted into the shadows [the Returners] , some babies left in the light [us]. Visible to the rest of this physical realm, left out in the open. It needed to be done in order for us all to survive.

"We're already fugitive. Who are we running to?"

It is the arrival of the Returners who will signify the Brink of the transition between worlds + realms. Signifying white cosmic colonial collapse. It is them we run to, and also them who join us. This planet will be reclaimed, and so will our peace.