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IF THE PEOPLE COULD FLY

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This is a holistic idea of what could happen if Black people could take flight.

My name is Doriana Diaz. I am a writer based in Philadelphia. I am the self-published author of *Mami Calls Me Gabriella* and *Sunphases*, both released in 2018. My words have appeared in platforms such as; Nappy Head Club, Black Women Radicals, GROW/N Mag, Saddle Baddies, SYLA Studio, Black Girl Magik, We Heal Too, The Kraal, and many more! I believe words have DNA, they sit under our skin, erupting into soft and vivid explosions through our veins like lightning. My writing is an exploration of cultural agency, archival documentation, and rhythms of resistance and expansion.

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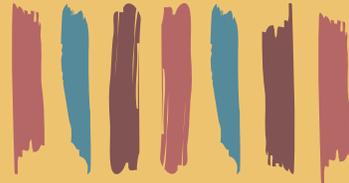
If the people could fly, the moon would tell us to give ourselves to God in the afterglow.

The ancestors would bind us together in gold.

It would be there, right before the sun slipped down, that we would relive our own own births.

Creeping through the openings
in the clouds, we could reimagine the fullness of our breath.

I'd like to think that was where the truth began,
in the upper reaches of the atmosphere,
above the horizon.
We could open it all up,
stretch it all out,
between soul cry and sensation,
echoing through the ribcage in purple light.



Gliding under the rain, we could vaporize into stardust, watch as the shadows
reincarnate themselves. We could find intimacy there, in the clouds,
when they begin to fall back into their tender
motion and the sky ruptures, caught in the in-between.

We would know the time it takes for each droplet to reach its end,
to fall from the open sky and land wherever it is intended,
wherever it is needed.

Without it, we could not be. Without it, we could not understand.
Without it, we could not heal. Without it, we could not nourish or love the world
whole again.