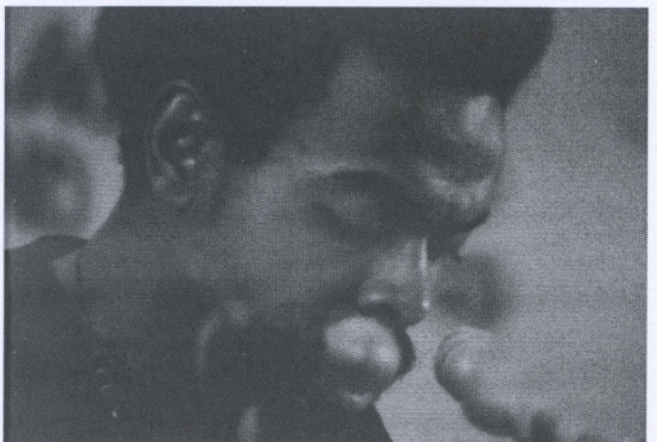
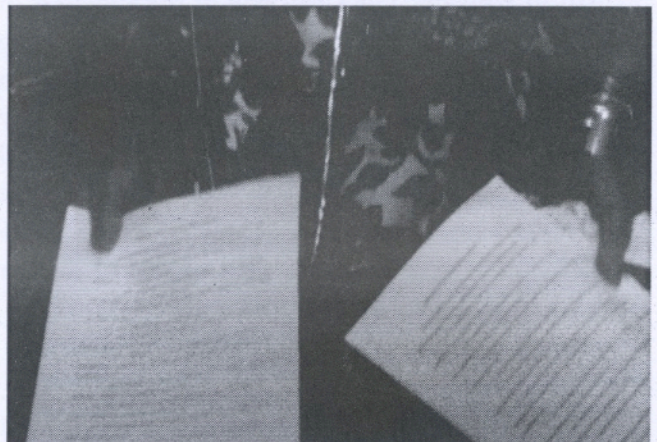
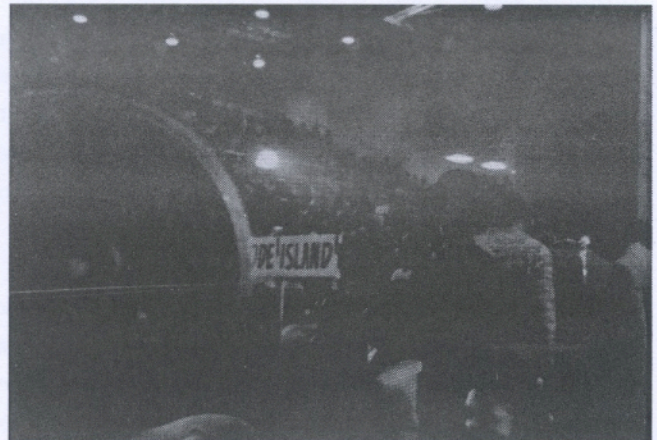


NEVER CREATED, NEVER DESTROYED

S*an D. Henry-Smith

Never created, never destroyed, eternal wave of light adhered to present reality. The precise sampling of the air within air, the occupants of space and time gathering in mass, great breath before the formation of systems and worlds and orbitary patterns among orbitary patterns, time pressed, stretched, and folded, the edges aligned in perfect touch. Synchronous accumulation propels to this very grand particular, particulate augmentation orients ordering toward negotiated transference with as many variables as it can possibly manage, magnitude beyond measure and communicative gestures, at every turn an experiment in extending the very same great breath, making it whole, being wholly enveloped by it. Native intangibilities solidified and expressed as language under *imposed* language, Brathwaite reminds us we already knew how to talk, and here again the sunhot dust of the earth kicked up in instinctive rhythmic response, cloud of propelled candor backchat held back long as we needed to. A divergent state to usher us along. Stuttered and chanted vocal fluctuation burped and bounced, crystalline ignition, an attempt at the world: there is how we speak, then there is what we say.

Such is the act of the frame, precise suctioning within the vacuumous multitude. Or one way to turn on it, or the angle from which I'm witnessing it now: Robert Moog offers Quincy Jones a new tool and he hears the horn a new way, and America hears a synth on TV for the very first time, Iron Side a bleeding siren the year before the year we're heading back to. 36 years later there it is in *Kill Bill*, the blaring horn born synth reminds of vicious memory. Never created, never destroyed—one of her last samples. All the new sound is organic. The ground proves itself ready to become tomorrow every day, ready to facilitate another form, *Black Origami* folding back into yesterday, what was this paper before it was this shape? Jlin in Gary, Indiana knows the machine by hand, built it in an Automobile City. Yesterday, it was *Nationtime* right very there



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* Stills from *Nationtime* (A report on the National Black Political Convention held in Gary, Indiana) (1972)
Dir. by William Greaves

and William Greaves was thinking about the First Law of Thermodynamics when he was making *Symbiopsychotaxiplasm* in 1968. In 1972 he's still thinking about group dynamics, and how important it is when Black people get together, even if we don't know what we want, even if we don't want the same thing. Maybe it was just to get together. Maybe it was 1972. We are mourning men, and following the widows who held them up, who in turn are asked to uplift other men.

On his own dime, Greaves films the National Black Political Convention; four slides in and he has brought us to the Atlantic—reminding us Middle Passage brings us only this far. Because this far leaves us still in struggle. The Chairman of the Congress of Afrikan People, Imamu Amiri Baraka is speaking to the delegations, he offers himself as their servant. In the music, *Nationtime* talking with African Visionary Music, Motown/Black Forum in the Black forum, still 1972. *Can you imagine something other than what you see?* He's asking. I wanna know why Michigan really walked out. I want to know what happened to that heartbeat, where I failed it.

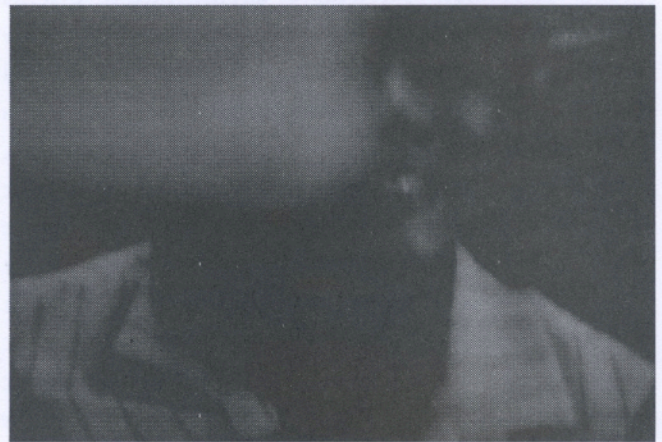
On stage, Sister Betty Shabazz is talking to Mrs. Coretta Scott King, voice to ear. The breath supported hush intended for one other in the clamor of the high school gym, conference going, heated. Sister Shabazz is looking straight on Mrs. King's profile, eyes searching.



☐ *S*an D. Henry-Smith* is an artist and writer working primarily in poetry and photography, and by extension, sound, performance and publishing. They are the author of two chapbooks: *Body Text* (2016) and *Flotsam Suite: A Strange & Precarious Life, or How We Chronicled the Little Disasters & I Won't Leave the Dance Floor Til It's Out of My System* (2019), the co-author (alongside Imani Elizabeth Jackson) of *Consider the Tongue* (2019), *Wild Peach* (2020) and the director of *Lunar New Year* (2021).

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