



### **METITASHUNS UON HAPbINESZ:**

Yo, I'm not saying that happiness can't be abstracted. But why abstract, why subjugate, why divide if the end goal, your personal, philosophical, educational promenade isn't the search for relative wholeness; or at least a bigger piece of the painting that you're in and you've possibly even made. This meditation of tea, writing poems at lightning speed, eating Rotisserie Chicken and feeling completely free has me feeling completely free. As a child, I had the mindset that being a free Black person came with inherent militarism. That you had to abstract whiteness to become a whole, undisturbed and uninterrupted Black being. Even if that were true, my 10 year old self, while she understood nuance, she didn't always envision it and enact it. Of course, I respect my child self, but I don't think she imagined that the true understanding that you are incomplete without knowledge and loving yourself within that practice, was more important than hating on someone else because they didn't share your history. But it isn't that simple. When folks actively have their foot on your neck, you don't smile and open a book. You scream, you fight back. But there's still nuance, how I've chosen to fight back looked different depending on my age. But hold on, da new AKAI SOLO just dropped. Be back tomorrow.

### **MEDITATIONS ON HAPPINESS:**

The highly iodized body, falling into generational importance to oneself through the visceral blues. One can feel this melancholy happiness through a rain splattered New England fall window. I wonder if this is the impetus of bliss. Me with my small army of books, collateral, smiling in the corner, waning and waxing in permanence-language, though through my wandering thoughts, I can always convince myself that when I open them, something new will come about. And something new comes about. A meditation on happiness. The floorboards, which are not floorboards at all because you live in a low-income apartment, bounce under your ankles, and you stomp on them. Stomp on. I listen to Nina Simone's "Little Girl Blue" and tears inundate my neck as if she had said while alive, "wait, and you'll see" and I see but I have not meditated on what I saw.

### **MEDITATIONS ON HAPPINESS:**

Sunlight brightens my skin and darkens my already midnight semblance. I walk along, flying lotus' Putty Boy Strut jumping up and down in my eardrums, trying to find a place to sit and listen to a Moten Lecture. Most of the time, I am reminded that I know nothing. And it's not that I'm happy there, I've just al-



ways applauded and sunk into the process of learning, because it is where you find the self. Sitting, eyes cocked and shoulders forward, ready...forward.

## **MEDITATIONS ON HAPPINESS:**

### **Becoming ZERO:**

A less than 7 year old Deja once solved a mathematical problem while counting zero as one. My teacher initially stared at me, looked fathomably baffled and then said that I was both right and wrong. I named this theory, where we give zero, "the wild-card of numbers" a name, "The Sentient Zero."

### **MEDITATIONS ON ZERO:**

Zero, as an entity, **MUST** be somewhat sentient. It is the Pluto of numbers. But because it exists, it's equal to one. One, or "being's" opposite might be "negative space" or "negative, (nill, zip, none, non-being)" so why the need for "zero" in math if there are actual projections of positive values that are negative. Nothing ever equals "nothing". So to support zero as a sentient being, I shot in the dark and unearthed the closest positive whole number. We know what zero is but it's somewhat unethical in practice... This is why kids have such a hard time understanding zero. It is not a number. It is a body. It is a mirror. It is an enslaved person, scratching the surface of your skin to reach ".5" or ".2" in the midst of a meditation on happiness. And also, I'll ask you this; when in your life have you felt "nothing?" What do nothingness and memory have to do with each other? Have you ever felt "zero?" Does it feel like the equivalent of a sheet over your body, choking you? Or if not that, does it feel like your stomach has a rock in it and the wholeness of your being has been reduced to said rock? Not even close to zero.

### **SPIRITUAL DENUNCIATIONS OF ZERO:**

...In nature, energy cannot be created nor destroyed. So if we were to think on the past, how long before it's a cyclical denotation of the very time we sit with today. With that said, we can say zero may have existed in a place that had no nucleus, no mitochondria, but it does not exist today. It cannot be created in nature. Even if your mind traveled to, "what about air?" air carries various gasses which can generally be numerified in some sort of abstract, but dutiful way...

### **TO BE ZERO:**

To be zero is not to be invisible, or less than, for me it is to be "before," as I said previously. Before the nucleus, before sound, if possible, before an imagination. If one believes in a god, there might have possibly been a zero, but there is no absolute zero unless that zero might've been the same god of which they speak... And if we approach it from that corner route, would you also place those same numerations on the people he lived amongst? If zero really meant God, do we have to acknowledge time's non-linear essence as there "has been no one greater than god". I always felt as if there were a lack of humility in monotheistic religion. If God is zero, and one also means "being", zero as a value far surpasses one because it is infinite. If you count out one hundred zeros, you will come to the same amount (because of "rules" not the same value) as if you were to count out ones, but if given the instruments, you can take one

at a value unassigned (think capitalism) (think trillionaires) they are counting ones. The everyday person, the philosopher, the mother, the brother, the child, they are counting zero's and getting values at face value, in opposition to one because we'll almost never reach it under our current structure.

### **JUST THINKING DON'T LOOK OVA HERE:**

Thinking mainly on Thebe Kgositsile's interview with his mom where he basically asks if this country was sustainable and she says no. Again, we're counting zeros, even though zero doesn't exist. And it's the impetus of many philosophical and even literary feats. What is zero in a haiku? One could say, "no haiku" but put a K and a W in that sentence, all you have now is "know haiku" is this still zero? We added two letters and it sounds the same. Is it the same value? Can it ever mean the same thing?

### **MEDITATIONS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZERO//SOCIOLOGY//I AM THE SENTIENT ZERO:**

The philosophy of zero as it pertains to sociology is part of what I'm interested in as a student of the world. If we think of zero as sentient, just take this for a moment, as a concept. Would we as readily discard folks when they didn't adhere to White Supremacy? When they were no-buy or low-buy? When they are Black? Non-binary? Woman? Disabled? It probably isn't the solution but it's a hairy proposition for us. The reduction of human beings would not be possible if they did not assign more value to folks who strived to be more "white." or "acceptable." Would this sentient-zero theory make that effort possible or even a bit easier? Maybe it's just a meditation on the power of people to give power to the product or thing. Maybe we're all zeros under capitalism. Maybe the only "ones" have enough money to wipe our asses out. And that's the only currency they can count because they don't have an imagination: money.

### **MEDITATIONS ON HAPPINESS:**

Who's gonna call me gorgeous when the fish have died #2

I tie the ribbon around my head  
and pray to nothing but get us there  
in a boat made of polymer clay and orange peels  
I stretch to tell my mother thank you  
in tones hushed by god  
I never hush god  
I do not know her well.

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