

CHRIS

SUPER MODEL MINORITY

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This book is for my parents.

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Study the past if you would define the future.

— Confucius

... tomorrows keep on blowing in from somewhere.

— Bic Runga

Utopia? BIG MOOD!

I will use my tongue for good. I say *I will*
because this book needs to start with the future even though the future
has always scared me with its metallic fingernails poking through
the metaphysical portal come-hithering. Aspiration—and the threat
of what we have awakened from the salty ashes of a world gone mad—
aspiration will bolster my stretch goals. I will use my tongue to taste
utopia, and share its delights with my minority brothers and sisters
before the unmarked vans arrive to usher me back in time. Each set
of curtains I pass through is a sucker punch—a reason to doubt my own
optimism. I’m mostly careless in that regard. The future scares me,
but it’s good to be scared of what I want, even if it means that
the more I write, the more I grieve for something I’m not even sure
belongs to me. Perhaps I don’t belong in utopia—perhaps
there isn’t a place for me under its many suns and moons, so to be thrown
backwards every time we approach the future is history’s way of
telling me I’m in a loop I should just lean into. I want to know why
there isn’t a place for me. Perhaps it’s because I ask too many questions
about who will change the direction of the river. They say I make
a fuss of the past as they drag me through it again and again to put me
in my place. Can you blame me
for attempting to reverse-engineer utopia as a means of survival?
All the good in the world is set to expire when its afflictions become
too much, when I am a length of string tied to a pole in an open field
cut loose from my other end—just left to twist in the wind
waiting for someone kind enough to tether me. It doesn’t matter
who, or to what. It’s all progress, I guess—even if there’s no way
to measure it. But I’ll try—in the number of poems written, in keys
of songs, in gates torn down between here and wherever I think
I will belong, believing. I said *I will*.