
Summer 2021

Radical Love Unlimited: A Biomythography

Loren Cahill

City University of New York, lcahill@smith.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.smith.edu/ssw_facpubs



Part of the [Social Work Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Cahill, Loren, "Radical Love Unlimited: A Biomythography" (2021). School for Social Work: Faculty Publications, Smith College, Northampton, MA.

https://scholarworks.smith.edu/ssw_facpubs/22

This Article has been accepted for inclusion in School for Social Work: Faculty Publications by an authorized administrator of Smith ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact scholarworks@smith.edu

Radical Love Unlimited: A Biomythography

Loren Cahill
City University of New York

This is an experimental text of creative nonfiction. Radical love is defined, and its trivariate dimensions are illustrated—(re)memory, ritual, and (re)imagination—through the lived and imagined experiences of the author. She engages in the genre of biomythography through the speculative mediums of letter writing, memoir, and journaling. She attempts to expand the category of Blackgirlhood and Blackgirls' subsequent sacred pursuits of healing. This work may be used as an intervention in a wide variety of capacities, but it stands, first and foremost, as a mirror for Blackgirls to bear witness to themselves being centered, as well as another opportunity for them to also see other Blackgirls who love them. This writing is constructed for their utility.

KEYWORDS: Biomythography, (re)memory, ritual, (re)imagination, temporalities

*listen children
keep this in the place
you have for keeping
always
keep it all ways
we have never hated back
listen
we have been ashamed
hopeless tired mad
but always
all ways
we loved us*

*we have always loved each other
children all ways
pass it on'*

—Lucille Clifton (2012, p. 85)

Blackgirls² (Boylorn, 2016), young and old, will always love each other. As Lucille Clifton (2012, p. 85) opines in the epigraph above, from “Listen Children,” Blackgirls, though weary, have in all ways chosen love even when met with immeasurable violence and vitriol. Our love embodies “steadfast commitment, unwavering trust,” and, in some contexts, “daring sacrifices that defy current dominant reason” (Dotson, 2013). Blackgirls’ radical love is the most ambitious constellation of the American freedom project. Blackgirls’ love is alchemized through our work as memory keepers, cultural workers, love pillars, freedom mappers, and actors from the inception of U.S. slavery to the present (Brown 2009; Hartman 2019; hooks 1993; Nash 2013; Walker 2004). Radical love is the medium through which Blackgirls relate to, express, and practice the fullest embodiment of our humanity. Radical love as ritualized work that allows us to remember our past and (re)imagine our future. Uplifting Lordian thought (Lorde, 1984), this avant-garde *biomythography* (Lorde, 1982) mosaics my radical love as both a personal and political praxis that will hopefully serve as a potential model for Blackgirls who engage with this text to wrestle with in their own lives.

Any project of mine that maps love, freedom, and the sheer indefatigability of Blackgirlhood requires *radical honesty* (Williams, 2016), which is to embrace the emotions that help me to learn, organize, and envision why these questions have been on my heart. Most of my life I have pursued academics and organizing in service of Blackgirls. I have often felt like an outsider: too feminist, too Black, too introverted, and/or too overwhelmed in the politics of care and process over direct action. But in spite of those feelings of lack, I always feel most seen, loved, and held by other Blackgirls. The ritualized work and service they offer to me, their families, their community, and the world are unparalleled. The collective struggle Blackgirls have engaged in to (re)imagine and create a society more free, more equitable, and more magical—is love of a radical form (Moore, 2018). I have witnessed radical love animating our social connections, mutual understanding, and community building. I have also seen radical love as being the means through which we dream and imagine beyond our present to create spaces, relationships, and ideologies that affirm and honor us. Nothing but Black radical love as practiced by Blackgirls can activate a Black politic shaped by an ethic of reflective and collective care: a liberatory ethic that rests in us loving who we are and loving one another.

The radical love legacy of Blackgirls in the United States is one long freedom project of using any and all resources available to us to survive. Our survival

practices have included (i) (re)membering their past (Morrison, 1987); (ii) performing rituals to transform their realities (Marin, 2020); and (iii) (re)imagining their future (Lillvis, 2017). We as Blackgirls are often so overwhelmed with living and ensuring the survival of others that we do not take the time to honor, analyze, or even simply name the processes involved with moving closer to freedom. Often unconsciously, these various practices are modeled by Blackgirl ancestors passed down by elders, which later become the embodied forms of knowledges held by lineages of contemporary Blackgirls today. In the following sections, I will trace how these three features of radical love are rooted in our own epistemological and ontological knowledge and praxis, and how they have brought me closer to actualizing and fully understanding what my own freedom project and dream truly entails.

(Re)memory

You think about what it means to manage what hasn't yet come to be, and what it means to continue reacting to what's supposed to be said and done. How nothing is ever done, how we live in and with rememory. How the dead continue to find ways to speak to us guiding us toward possible futures, even after death.³

—Rae Paris (2017, p. 143)

As Rae Paris declares in the epigraph above, from *The Forgetting Tree*, Blackgirls have uniquely reminded us that radical love has been an often underappreciated, centuries-long practice extending backward and forward, guiding us through the present. Our shared conscious and unconscious memories of who we are and where we come from inform our praxis of (re)memory. (Re)membering, in the Morrisonian sense of the word (Morrison, 1987), is the process of complex reflection on memories in ways that affect the experience of the present. This piece stands in this legacy by asking what the collective memory of Blackgirlhood is and how both our existence and resistance have furthered our freedom. Black feminist knowledge has been deliberately silenced, marginalized, and hidden, to ensure that the necessary connections between our past and present do not allow for transformative visions in our futures (Troutman & Johnson, 2018). By transgressing and choosing to remember and hold space for the unconscious portions of our inherited past as it was experienced by our ancestors, we are able to unsettle and challenge colonial logics amidst the politics of domination.

Deciphering my embodied knowledge that (re)memory can facilitate my healing from transgenerational trauma that haunts my collective, cultural, and creative memories, I could not help but question *what my Blackgirl ancestors' love meant to and for me*. I wanted to learn their life stories to create a future that

matches the intentions they set for me. There are so many Blackgirls who made my life possible. I did not know where exactly to begin, but I decided to move intuitively. There has been one ancestor that I have been enamored with ever since I first heard about her: my paternal great-grandmother, Effie Sedonia (Taylor) Cahill. My grandfather always spoke so fondly of her even though she passed away from scarlet fever when he was only 9 years old. As we are experiencing the harsh realities of the Covid-19 pandemic as I write this, I can begin to vaguely comprehend as an adult the impact of his sudden loss. My grandfather meant the world to me, so I always wanted to know more about the woman who meant the world to him. **I later learned that the one surviving picture of her from her high school graduation resided in the pages of our family Bible.**⁴ These were the things I knew about Effie: she was literate, she was absolutely beautiful, and she birthed six children. Recently, I have spent hours exploring ancestry.com, trying



Figure 1. High school graduation photo of Effie Sedonia Taylor Cahill. Courtesy of author's personal family archive.

to piece together more parts to her story. While census and death certificates only yield so much, what they did give me were dates. I learned that Effie was born on Christmas Day in 1900. She died on June 2, 1932, a date she shared with the birth of my grandfather's wife, Thelma Newsom(e) Cahill, whom he affectionately called "Mom." This eerie coincidence, or perhaps I should say beautiful alignment, reminded me that people we lose always have a way of coming back to us in the end, not always in the ways we expect (Rowling, 2003). I wondered if Effie was attempting to speak to me in any way and what I had to do to better listen to her call.

I have spent the majority of my 28 years on this earth pursuing education. It seems what I have learned to do best is to think critically, read, and write. I chose writing to communicate with Effie. I wrote her a letter to tell her I love her, and I wish I knew more about (her)story.

Dear Ancestor Effie,

I know that dying is just another part of life, but I sure wish the world and my papa would have shared more time with you. It has always torn me apart to know that you died of scarlet fever because no physician would take your pain seriously because you were a Blackgirl. I am ashamed to say that today as we grapple with yet another pandemic, that things aren't much different. The only confirmed deaths in St. Louis are Black folks. It feels wholly unfair. I turn to you to ask "How have you grappled with the anger and sadness of it all?" There are so many things I wish to talk to you about like "How does it feel to know that your son went on to become the first Black federal judge in the Eastern District of the State of Missouri?" He followed your footsteps, he persisted amongst all odds going against him. Just like how you matriculated in a time when it was a rarity for Blackgirls to complete their K-12 education, he persisted amongst all odds going against him. I would like to think that I am honoring both of your legacies as well by attempting to attain a PhD. I know that my freedoms are not possible without your sacrifices. So, I just wanted to take the time to say thank you. Is there anything I can do for you? How can I better know you? Are you proud of me? I hope that you are watching and witnessing integrity and intention in my life. I hope you know that I have always loved you. I have been chasing your ghost and tracing your story since I was 9 years old. I want you to know that you have saved me and pushed me to continue to complete tasks I at one time believed were impossible feats. I look to you for strength when I cannot locate courage inside myself. I like to think that you already know this. I suspect that we are never done. I imagine there being a time in the past, present and future where we have/can/will hug, laugh and cherish one another deeply. I believe that this letter is just one step in our endless journey.

*Eternally yours,
Loren S. Cahill*

I do not have all the answers. The fact that I think I am following my ancestors' advice does not mean that I am actually doing so. But I adhere to the womanist

belief that the desire to know them pleases them. I hope that I will never do anything apart from their desires. I believe that if I do this, they will lead me, even if only through visceral affirmations. I choose to trust in the sacred practice of (re) memory and recognize that I am never alone.⁵ Effie and my lineage of Blackgirls whose names I may never come to know are always with me and we will always love one another.

Ritual

As people of the African diaspora, we reclaim, by engaging in ritual, many aspects of our culture, including language, song, traditions, and foods, that have been systematically stripped from us. Ritual is how we create and express meaning (Miller, 2005). Stories and narratives of our individual and community experiences are expressed in ritual. Storytelling is a ritual practice—it is through story that history, lineage, survival skills, community, and religion are conveyed. Rituals allow us to deepen our understanding of our heritage, our culture, and ourselves. They allow us to turn everyday routines into meaningful moments. By honoring and acknowledging our collective power, rituals become our sacred and healing practices.

It is becoming increasingly clear to me that my life's purpose is to excavate, uplift, and curate spaces for Blackgirls. What that has meant as a young academic is ritualizing my scholarly work. I believe that the closest I have come to achieving this formidable goal is through the relationship I am cultivating with The Colored Girls Museum in Philadelphia. Their invocation is depicted in this quote:

. . . A Public Ritual for Protection, Praise and Grace. Protection from all harm. Praise for who she is. Grace for our stories. (Dubois, 2019)⁶

I feel the power of this incantation every time I enter the physical space itself or, more recently, when I engage with the new virtual space that is growing online due to the shelter-in-place demands stemming from the novel coronavirus (Covid-19). Every time I have engaged with the museum, its leadership and docents referred to her (the museum) as an omnipresent Blackgirl with feelings, desires, and hopes. At first I was taken aback by such a stance, but the more I went, the more I accepted this as truth. When I took tours, I felt that she was proud to be seen. As I read her posts on Instagram, I detected her sadness, that she is missing her people, and that she is cleverly attempting to hack the isolating system of quarantine in search of us. I could never venture to speak on the behalf of every Blackgirl who has visited the museum, but my own personal engagement with her has elicited inner thoughts and feelings that deeply resonate with her personification.

I have begun to realize that what makes The Colored Girls Museum so special is that she serves as a mirror such that Blackgirls can write their memoirs (Du-

bois, 2019). The work of the ritual lies in Blackgirls composing their own stories against the backdrop of the museum. It requires one seeking to understand how the stories of ordinary Blackgirls from the past and present illuminate our own lives. This is no easy feat—studying the lives of those who are not traditionally recorded and memorialized while simultaneously comprehensively reflecting on our own internal project of our own lives. It is a wonderful and painstaking task to reconcile radically loving ourselves and other Blackgirls in spite of our many traumas, complications, and nuances. I explore this tension of opposites in a small excerpt from my memoir to the museum that follows:

I wondered who and what I would have become without knowing you. You have taught me that my ordinary is enough.⁷ This includes the parts of who I am that no one will ever clap for,⁸ my nappy hair, my complicated history, my overly sacrificial love, my inner Blackgirl who is still healing. My mess of a life that has not made me famous or celebrated but I dare to believe it will still be of great use to somebody. You have repeatedly shown me that my life need only exist as a document of my survival. By offering one Blackgirl a freedom map to remind herself of her power to create a life she can be proud of is enough. Your walls remind me that this is what was done before me. This is what will be done after me. This is all I strive to do. You nudge me to remember that our stories are still worth knowing. Just like I search for answers in each of your rooms, our stories should be searched for. Just like you change with each new season and exhibit, our stories are in constant revision. Our love is the tie that binds. It is what has tethered us Blackgirls together through the past, present, and future. Radical love reminds me that my feelings and relationships can be portals. This kind of love can be both easy and difficult. I would love to write the romanticized lie that Blackgirls have only brought joy to my life, but the truth is that I have fallen victim to being un-usefully angered by, and at some times widely ashamed of, us. Sometimes, Blackgirls have hurt me. This has caused me to hold grudges and be slow to forgive. The conflict lies in the fact that those same folks have been both my praisers and protectors. I have learned over and over again that we are ugly, and we are beautiful too.⁹ Still, I would always put all my money on us.¹⁰ Our love is my life force. Every single time the world has ended, it has begun again the next morning, and we greet the new day with solutions. We have and will forever remain the undisputed champions of the world.¹¹ So many rooms of your house have beds. I think it is you nudging me to understand that just because we are magic does not mean we aren't entitled to self-preservation. We deserve rest. We deserve unending love. We deserve care. Rest will only yield greater results.¹² Our Blackgirl vanguard will create a new world order. It will be filled with joy and pain, love and happiness, and a detailed chart of how we got over. Every artifact, emotion, word is enough. Every bridge to our being is enough.

I am finally unafraid of all the stories and people I have inherited as well as the debt I owe them each for performing rituals for my freedom. I love every Blackgirl

who has paved the bridge (Moraga & Anzaldúa, 1981) to my own understanding in all the ways at all the times.

(Re)imagination

The Black radical imagination has consistently been the response of Blackgirls in a world where Black lives have been policed by the White toxic imaginaries (Rankine, 2014). Routinely, our future has been decided for us under systems of racialized terror, historical looting, disinvestment, and violent policy. The Black radical imagination(s) have attempted to ameliorate our social conditions by exploring the realms of our healing, sacredness, and freedom. Black radical imagination is expressed in many forms, including, but not limited to, the Black oral tradition, music, cooking, visual arts, writing, and organizing. Due to its multi-dimensional nature, the Black radical imagination has found the capacity to exist within and beyond the limitations of the written word. Black organizers, intellectuals, and artists have spearheaded our theorization around Afrofuturism, Black radical tradition, and imagination. Kelley, the creator of the term, posits that “the *Black Radical Imagination* offers a space to imagine and a vision of what it means to realize our humanity” (2002, p. 8; emphasis added). Blackgirls have commissioned imaginaries as well as generated epistemologies that have changed ourselves and the world (Davis, 2016; hooks, 1993; Kelley, 2002). *Freedom dreams* (Kelley, 2002) and *plantation futurities* (McKittrick, 2013) have provided Blackgirls with an entrance into social movements and creative arts. Through the arc of the Black freedom movement, Blackgirls have long been creating the world that we need and the spaces that we deserve. Blackgirlhood is both jubilant and radically (re)imaginative. (Re)imagination allows us to see beyond the past and current circumstances to create more spaciousness for freedom and radical love in our present. As Renina Jarmon emphatically states, “**#Blackgirlsarefromthefuture because they are literally always ahead of their time.**”¹³ Just as Jarmon asserts, there is a severely under-recognized archive of Blackgirls (Ewing, 2017, 2019; Hartman, 2008; Phillips, 2014) who have asserted that we belong in all spaces and all times (Samatar, 2017). If Blackgirls have been here before, then our time travel has “trained us to see what others are invested in forgetting” (Jarmon, 2016). If our (re)imagination is equal parts invocation and equal parts invitation to participate in sacred and transformative work asserting our humanity, *I wonder what my love will mean to and offer to future Blackgirls*. I close this piece with a journal entry I composed to Blackgirls from the future.¹⁴

Breathe deep Blackgirl, because we won. They had to destroy the world before we could perform our alchemy. We of course figured it out before everyone else. Our rec-

ognition by others came late. No one really wanted to hear us or listen at first. This did not make it any less sure of what we needed to do. We started in our homes by removing every toxic behavior and habit because we understood that love and abuse could not co-exist. Everyone received homes because safe shelter is necessary before any form of self-actualization can occur. Once our homes became sacred, we moved to creating healthy communities where folks could gather together without fear. There was no more need for guns. Our decentralized leadership structures are run by QT-POC [Queer and Trans People of Color] folk because they knew best where hurt and betrayal by democracy existed. Communities now exist peacefully without punishment and police. Blackgirls here aren't murdered in their homes and Blackboys here aren't strangled for being joyful. Antiracist schools are the only available options. Here every student is equipped with the resources they need. Capitalism is dead and we no longer let neglect, abuse, and unaccountability be justifiable excuses for us to hurt and forget each other. Everyone lives their wildest dreams in their career. Now this new life isn't easy, but we have full autonomy over it. This world is not without struggle or sacrifice because true liberation comes from a commitment to equity and not overconsumption. We are tired from full days of working and loving, but we are never too tired to remember you. I want you to know that I am here with so many people who love you. I am writing from the future to remind you that we got here by acting on our truest beliefs, by living our lives as a tribute to our future victory, and not being paralyzed by our past. I am writing to you now so you might learn the things I wish I knew while I was where you are. Sometimes we don't get what we deserve because we don't understand our value. This stems from us not loving and listening to all the parts of ourselves. We must begin asking or answering the right questions. You will change the world by allowing yourself to be changed and loved by this process of (re)membering and (re)imagining, through this ritual I have been transformed. It has required being completely honest and accepting who I am, where I come from, what I do in the dark, how I want to love, and be loved tomorrow.¹⁵ It is ok if you don't get it right the first time. I didn't, but healthy choices and second chances are always possible for you, Blackgirl. Your access to both is your truest measure of freedom. This message is for you. We did it. We did it together. We shifted the paradigm. We wrote the meaning of life by living the answers to each question of our heart. And this is how we did it, Blackgirl. We let go. And then we got scared and held on, and then we let go again of everything that shackled us to fear that tied us to the allures of decorated destruction.¹⁶ We let go and we retaught ourselves to breathe the presence of the energy we are that cannot be destroyed, but only transformed. Remember us, when you doubt it can happen. Breathe deep again, beloved. Keep this journal in the place you have for keeping. Our love for you led us here.

I want my radical love for Blackgirls to mean that another world is possible. This is not a small love; it exists within a long movement passed down by my ancestors. The ritual of working to better listen, learn, and lead ourselves¹⁷ will remind us that we are the ones we've been waiting for.¹⁸

Notes

1. Epigraph: "Listen Children" in Clifton (2012, p. 85).
2. I deliberately write "Blackgirl" as one word. My spacing and word choice rejects compartmentalization of Blackgirls' lives, stories, and bodies and serves as a symbolic transgression to see them/us as complex and whole. Robin Boylorn, the creator of the term, articulates: "It speaks to the twoness and oneness of my raced and gendered identity. I am never only Black or only girl/woman, but always both/and at the same time. . . . I merge the words to make them touch on paper the way they touch in my everyday existence" (2016, p. 49).
3. Boldfaced quote: Passage from Paris (2017, p. 143).
4. Image: High school graduation photo of Effie Sedonia Taylor Cahill. Author's personal family archive.
5. Adaptation of "The Merton Prayer," cited in "Seize the Day: Vocation, Calling, Work," *Reflections: A Magazine of Theological and Ethical Inquiry from Yale Divinity School*, Spring 2012. (Original work published in 1956: *Thoughts in Solitude*, by Thomas Merton.) Retrieved from <https://reflections.yale.edu/article/seize-day-vocation-calling-work/merton-prayer>.
6. Vashti Dubois, The Colored Girls Museum Mission, 2019. Retrieved from <http://thecoloredgirlsmuseum.com/marketplace/tcgm-mission-unisex-sweatshirt-white>.
7. Vashti Dubois [@TheColoredGirlsMusuem], June 27, 2020, *Chat the Cur(e)ation*. InstagramTV. Retrieved from <https://www.instagram.com/tv/CDC4dWTDCrU/>.
8. [RudyFrancisco], October 5, 2014, *I'm still learning to love the parts of me that no one claps for*. Twitter. Retrieved from <https://twitter.com/RudyFrancisco/status/518670864720859136>.
9. Langston Hughes, "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain," in *The Collected Works of Langston Hughes* (pp. 31–36), Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2001. (Original work published 1926).
10. June Jordan, in Alexis Pauline Gumbs China Martens, and Mai'a Williams, *Revolutionary Mothering: Love on the Front Lines*, Oakland, CA: PM Press, 2016.
11. Yaba Blay [@professionalblackgirl], June 19, 2020, (*ahem*) when it comes to hair, BLACK WOMEN ARE THE UNDISPUTED CHAMPIONS OF THE MF'ING WORLD!!!!!! Instagram. Retrieved from <https://www.instagram.com/p/CBoIQpHh5Tw/>.
12. Fatimah Nyeema Warner [Noname], June 18, 2020, *Song 33* [YouTube video]. Available at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NFp1eW2bihg>.
13. Boldfaced quote: [ReninaWrites], April 10, 2016, #Blackgirlsarefromthefuture because they are literally always ahead of their time. Twitter. Retrieved from <https://twitter.com/ReninaWrites/status/719202691688361985>.
14. Adapted from Alexis Pauline Gumbs, "The Message," in Walidah Imarisha and adrienne maree brown (Eds.), *Octavia's Brood: Science Fiction Stories from Social Justice Movements* (pp. 33–41), Oakland, CA: AK Press, 2015.
15. Kiese Laymon, *How to Slowly Kill Yourself and Others in America*, London: Bloomsbury, 2016.
16. Kiese Laymon, May 30, 2020, Black Accessibility, Safety, & Collective Revision. Facebook. Retrieved from <https://www.facebook.com/kiese.laymon>.
17. Sonia Sanchez, "This Is Not a Small Voice," in *Shake Loose My Skin: New and Selected Poems*, Vol. 12, Boston, MA: Beacon Press, 1999.
18. June Jordan, "Poem for South African Women," in *Directed by Desire: The Collected Poems of June Jordan*, Port Townsend, WA: Copper Canyon Press, 2007.

References

- Boylorn, R. M. (2016). On being at home with myself: Blackgirl autoethnography as research praxis. *International Review of Qualitative Research*, 9(1), 44–58.
- Brown, R. N. (2009). *Black girlhood celebration: Toward a hip-hop feminist pedagogy*. New York City, NY: Peter Lang.
- Clifton, L. (2012). *The collected poems of Lucille Clifton 1965–2010*. Kevin Young and Michael S. Glaser (Eds.). New York, NY: BOA Editions.
- Davis, A. Y. (2016). *Freedom is a constant struggle: Ferguson, Palestine, and the foundations of a movement*. Chicago, IL: Haymarket Books.
- Dotson, K. (2013). Radical love: Black philosophy as deliberate acts of inheritance. *The Black Scholar*, 43(4), 38–45.
- Dubois, V. (2019). *About us*. Retrieved from <https://www.thecoloredgirlsmuseum.com>
- Ewing, E. L. (2017). *Electric arches*. London, England: Penguin UK.
- Ewing, E. L. (2019). *1919*. Chicago, IL: Haymarket Books.
- Hartman, S. (2008). Venus in two acts. *Small Axe*, 12(2), 1–14.
- Hartman, S. (2019). *Wayward lives, beautiful experiments: Intimate histories of riotous Black girls, troublesome women, and queer radicals*. New York, NY: W. W. Norton.
- hooks, b. (1993). *Sisters of the yam: Black women and self-recovery*. Boston, MA: South End Press.
- Jarmon, R. [ReninaWrites]. (2016, February 7). *I am trained to see what others are invested In Forgetting*. Twitter. Retrieved from <https://twitter.com/ReninaWrites/status/696328164570767360>
- Kelley, R. D. (2002). *Freedom dreams: The black radical imagination*. Boston, MA: Beacon Press.
- Lillis, K. (2017). *Posthuman blackness and the Black female imagination*. Athens: University of Georgia Press.
- Lorde, A. (1982). *Zami: A new spelling of my name*. New York, NY: Crossing Press.
- Lorde, A. (1984). *Sister outsider: Essays and speeches*. Berkeley, CA: Crossing Press.
- Marin, N. (Ed.). (2020). *Black imagination*. San Francisco, CA: McSweeney's.
- McKittrick, K. (2013). Plantation futures. *Small Axe: A Caribbean Journal of Criticism*, 17(3), 1–15.
- Miller, G. E. (2005). *Experience, narrative and ritual in black women's writing: A womanist perspective in pastoral care* (Unpublished doctoral dissertation). Garrett Evangelical Theological Seminary, Evanston, IL.
- Moore, D. L. (2018). Black radical love: A practice. *Public Integrity*, 20(4), 325–328.
- Moraga, C., & Anzaldúa, G. (Eds.). (1981). *This bridge called my back: Writings by radical women of color*. Albany: State University of New York Press.
- Morrison, T. (1987). *Beloved*. New York, NY: Knopf.
- Nash, J. C. (2013). Practicing love: Black feminism, love-politics, and post-intersectionality. *Meridians*, 11(2), 1–24.
- Paris, R. (2017). *The forgetting tree: A rememory*. Detroit, MI: Wayne State University Press.
- Phillips, R. (2014). *Recurrence plot (and other time travel tales)*. Afrofuturist Affair/zhouse of Future.
- Rankine, C. (2014). *Citizen: An American lyric*. Minneapolis, MN: Graywolf Press.
- Rowling, J. K. (2003). *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*. Book 5. London, England: Bloomsbury Publishing.

- Samatar, S. (2017). Toward a planetary history of Afrofuturism. *Research in African Literatures*, 48(4), 175–191.
- Troutman, S., & Johnson, B. (2018). Dark water: Rememory, biopower, and Black feminist art. *Taboo: The Journal of Culture and Education*, 17(3), 73–84.
- Walker, A. (2004). *In search of our mothers' gardens: Womanist prose*. Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.
- Williams, B. (2016). Radical honesty: Truth telling as pedagogy for working through shame in academic spaces. In F. Tuitt, C. Haynes, & S. Stewart (Eds.), *Race, equity, and the learning environment: The global relevance of critical and inclusive pedagogies in higher education* (pp. 71–82). Sterling, VA: Stylus.