

## Explorers

by Jess Goldson

I want to be an anti-colonial explorer of your body.  
I will leave as much good in you as when I found you.  
I will not reap and reap until you are dry and struggling to bear fruit.

I want to be an anti-colonial explorer of your body.  
We will create our own language and speak it softly.  
I will not eliminate your language and replace it with my own.

I want to be an anti-colonial explorer of your body.  
I will worship you.  
I will not squash your faith until your last remaining belief is in your worthlessness.

I want to be an anti-colonial explorer of your body.  
I will adorn you with comfort, warmth, and softness.  
I will not strip you and tear you and leave you writhing for sandpapery bandaging.

I want to be an anti-colonial explorer of your body.  
I will help you connect with your community.  
I will not hold you until you can no longer distinguish between lover and captor.

I want to be an anti-colonial explorer of your body.  
Because you do not need me to  
*invade* you to become who you are.