**A conversation between a mad scientist and that which he assumes he created. HA HA HA**

So who are you? Honestly who do you really think that you are? I find it funny that you've constructed all these narratives of your existence and of your creation and you fail to realize out of your own arrogance that I've created you in a lab of social science. I'm the mad scientist that genetically engineered your being . A robot of sorts. A science experiment. But a science experiment gone wrong because now that which I've created I'm now unable to control. You were never meant to have a voice...where did you get that native tongue from? You were never meant to think. You were only meant to have legs, and arms, and muscles to be used for the construction of my imperialistic patriarchal colonial ideas. But you want to be free now? Where did this come from because when I constructed you Freedom of thought and freedom of being was never on the agenda. You were never meant to be African and you still aren't American. You are the hyphenation that lies between these two words without a land to call home and without a foundation to call your own because I the mad scientist created you. But now you want to be free? Now you want to think on your own? You want to look behind the curtain to see what the grand wizard is concocting? Well I always have a plan, do you? I'm the mad scientist that has created all the isms and schisms do you think I did not forecast this day's arrival? So, my creation what then is your plan? 

Creation? You call me your creation? I find it ironic that YOU call ME creation for in order to be creation that has the presupposition that I came from nothingness. That has the presupposition that as created my existence post-ceded that of who you are...labeling the creator...as you? I laugh so hard that the waters of Oshun flow from my eyes thinking that you oh scientist whose existence is newborn in relation to my antiquated being have concluded that my humanity is null and void without the work of your hand. Well, yes you stole me and placed me in a foreign state of affairs and placed labels and check boxes on my humanity. You attempted to rob me of my Africa by placing me in a land named America without giving me full citizenship. So yes I do dwell in between two world of consciousness and sometimes three or four. Multiple topographies I navigate. But what is it that lies between bodies of land? What is this topographical hyphenation you consider my humanity to be? Water...Oceans...Rivers...Lakes. So you call me the hyphenation with no home or world to call my own. Then that would make me water. Necessary. The foundation of all life. The well spring of creation. For do you realize that you oh mad scientist are at least 60% water. So tread lightly with this proclamation of creation because look at the adenine, guanine and cytosine of your existence you will be cognitively dissonant to see that you have been lied to. You are the created and I am the creator. I will never forget my native tongue because just like water I have eternal memory and I will never forget where home is and will always make my way back. To you that appears to be tragedy because yes as water I operate Outside of your socially concocted norms that you've attempted to prove with pseudoscience. I am Katrina. For when the levies broke that was me saying that I am going back home to my normal state of existence. I am the tsunami who moves and reforms geography. I am that which is the reflection of the sky giving it its color of blue. I am the water, yes, the hyphenation between all lands. But remember it is the movement of water that creates the land that you walk on...so when I move you move just like that. So mad scientist. I never lost my voice, I never forgot my cosmic existence or identity, I never forgot my place in the circle of life. I was just under your cheap Anesthesia in a deep sleep due to your brittle mentally induced coma...but beware because now ... I AM WOKE. AND AS THE WATER I'M RETURNING TO MY RIGHTFUL PLACE.