

Bbymutha at the Well

"Bbymutha at the Well" exists within a collection of essays formulated through the hermit crab structure to resemble biblical scripture. Willow chose the form of the Bible to illustrate the continuation of the "Living Word" as evidenced through Black queer(ed) lives, while also pulling also pulling on the tether of the sacred and profane. The works of Willow's favorite artists are continuations of scripture, and allow them to continue to access and engage God or Creator or Spirit.

Bbymutha Encounters the Bastard at the Well

¹In the city of Chattanooga, Bbymutha rose from her sleep to a thorny dawn. ²In this sixth hour, the sun sat at the very roof of the morning's maw, bearing down indiscriminately upon heathen, haint, and saint. ³Back wet, hair nappy, mouth more parched than a dry purse, ⁴she rose to the edge of her bed, contemplating the day ahead. ⁵Bbymutha had to get drank from the well, not only to quench her own thirst, but also to stave off the heat from her lover and children. ⁶There was only one concern—they hating ass bitches and niggas at the well. ⁷The people of Chattanooga did not think kindly of Bbymutha, ⁸a woman with four children, five ex-husbands, and a present-day lil yea who wasn't/couldn't/wouldn't ever be her husband. ⁹So, Bbymutha decided in her mind to go at noon, ¹⁰the hottest time of day, when the townspeople were least likely to service the well.

¹¹Before departing, Bbymutha recited one of the many prayers she composed, because, though the people thought her a heathen,¹² she knew whose door she knocked on.¹³ And it was important to stay armored against the evils of the day, especially when those evils have names like Evanda, Money Mitch, and TT, and jealous eyes that slither across the pavement.

¹⁴Muthafuck the cops

¹⁵I got hell all in my veins

¹⁶I got pussy in my lap

I could never say no names

¹⁷Got yo boyfriend on my dick, ok

¹⁸But your boyfriend is lame

I nintendo wii wii on his face

I got nothing but aim

¹⁹They be on my dick but I can't take these bitches serious

²⁰I'll take another flight before I take these bitches serious

²¹Giggle to the bank and sip my drank like why so serious

²²Your man all on my dick but I can't take that nigga serious¹

²³And with that, Bbymutha set off to the well, sword² in tow.

²⁴And when Bbymutha came upon the well, and drew her pail into its quarters,²⁵ she was accosted by a bastard sitting near the well.²⁶

"Hey baby, draw me up some water, too, while you're at it."

²⁷"Um, excuse me?" Bbymutha was appalled, because the bastard

¹ Bbymutha, *Serious*, 0:15.

² Ephesians 6:17.

appeared to be speaking

²⁹"If you knew who

tions, and mo' than

water that will make

³¹"Even though you

in, yet you would

so fucking foreal."

³³"If I'm lying, I'm

possess springs of

⁴²"Bbymutha, we

us to do it for the

And to admonish

heaven is of the

be accepted for

⁵⁰Bbymutha

I knock."⁵¹ A

appeared to be speaking to her. ²⁸ "Who tf is you?"

²⁹ "If you knew who I was, you would do less asking all dem questions, and mo' thanking me for the present of my presence. ³⁰ I have water that will make you never thirst again."

³¹ "Even though you have neither a bucket, nor a shallow pot to piss in, yet you would have me to believe you have water? Sister. ³² Be oh so fucking foreal."

³³ "If I'm lying, I'm flying. If I'm flying, I'm dying. ³⁴ I tell no lies, I possess springs of water, the everlasting proof of life."

⁴² "Bbymutha, verily, verily I say unto you, the time has come upon us to do it for the bastards who don't know they bastards yet³. ⁴³ And to admonish true worship upon the true worshippers, for heaven is of the bastard, and ⁴⁴ only the worship of the bastard will be accepted for as it is written,

⁴⁵ Is there heaven for a bastard?

⁴⁶ I go to church but only if I fuck the pastor

⁴⁷ I eat the pussy in a motherfucking pew

⁴⁸ Give a fuck about what you do

Fuck that book and fuck you

⁴⁹ Only motherfucking God can judge me

little bitch

⁵⁰ Bbymutha said, "Verily, verily, it is you; the one upon whose door I knock." ⁵¹ And with that, Bbymutha departed from the well with-

out her pail in tow, for she had been greatly encouraged.

⁵²When Bbymutha returned unto the town of Chattanooga, she told them all of the bastard at the well who saw mysteries as if they were clear water, ⁵³so that they may come to know of him. ⁵⁴Even the evils of Evanda, Money Mitch, and TT, because Bbymutha had drank of the bastard's water and ⁵⁵knew it to be true. ⁵⁶Because of Bbymutha, many of the Chattanooga came to also know and drink of it.

Synopsis

The oldest essay in this first artists whose work essays through the he I chose the form of the "Living Word" as evidence also pulling on the thread of life, I am steadily turning al wisdom and psychology are [my] continuation access and engage

Noname and the In

Noname was the first few years ago in 20 my writing was born ger-form, genre-less word *ekphrastic poem* ekphrastic poem

Megan Thee First

Megan is a recent workshop. Megan as a Black trans found myself que I was 'bout to c and values; and before getting texts that con archy to dema

Synopsis

The oldest essay in this selection is inspired by Noname, one of the first artists whose work moved me like religion. I formulated the essays through the hermit crab form to resemble biblical scripture. I chose the form of the Bible to illustrate the continuation of the "Living Word" as evidenced through Black queer(ed) lives, while also pulling on the tether of the sacred and profane. In my waking life, I am steadily turning to lyrics and verses as sources of proverbial wisdom and psychic protection. The works of my favorite artists are [my] continuations of scripture, and allow me to continue to access and engage *God* or Creator or Spirit.

Noname and the Incarnation of the Word of Life

Noname was the first written essay of this series and emerged a few years ago in 2018. It arose at as a praise song at a time where my writing was breaking away from poetry and flowing into longer-form, genre-indescribable prose. More recently, I learned the word *ekphrastic poetry*, and I guess this piece may qualify as an ekphrastic poem, or lyric essay. I'm not sure.

Megan Thee First Horseman

Megan is a recent creation and is the result of a hermit crab essay workshop. Megan is an artist whose work I deify, and especially as a Black transfemme in transition, there are many a-time I've found myself quoting a Meg lyric in admonition of some behavior I was 'bout to engage in with a man; as a reminder of my principles and values; and as encouragement for myself or one of my friends before getting into some debauchery. Megan's works are womanist texts that continue to remind listeners in battle against the patriarchy to demand our worth, get what the fuck we came for, and

remember—agents of the patriarchy are out to play you, so don't be afraid to win the game. The "Great Vanquishing" in the text is in reference to Megan's highly public assault case against perpetrator Tory Lanez.

Bbymutha at the Well

Bbymutha is also a recent creation and is inspired by Bbymutha, whose lyrics and persona is uncompromising, fleshy, degenerate, indomitable—so many of the things I aspire to exude. In Bbymutha and others like her, the Bastards, I see Jesus, who was also a person just as degenerate, unflinching, and bold in their ministry.

Letter

Letter #2 and L

Letter #1 f

August 30, 20

[student nam

Sent electro

[student n