

## "The Future Perfect Park of Possibility"

First Peoples first—the bell tower will have learned Kumeyaay birdsongs here in this park of tomorrows, a park of accumulated yesterdays, a park anticipating all futures. Let the gourd rattle talk to us, let First Peoples teach us—land before property, song before policy. I promise you: tonight, this park will have planned its own futures. Tonight, this park will have planted its own futures. & here, a seed of remembrance: butterflies will have experimented with love of their own bodies in the butterfly garden. Elsewhere along the park, we will have inhaled the soft healing of smoke from burning copal & sage, & danzantes will have protected us as we will have marched for liberation, for the land, for the four directions, for our futures, for our ancestors, from here, through downtown & back. Each blade of grass here, each underground root here, each root reaching for us here, will have known the weight of migrations, weight of settlements, of sorrow, of joy, weight of relentless freedom dreaming. I swear, I swear: these trees here will have known our hands, they will have known our knees, they will have known their own migrations, & they will have known the tender soles of our marching feet. Off Park Blvd, poets will have rested fragments & lyrics inside the soundscape—we will have been inside beats of drum circles as capoeiristas will have bent their bodies against the space-time continuum, we will have heard overhead airplanes of both departures & arrivals, hopes & fears. Meanwhile, at the Centro, youth in thrifted nylon & leather & denim will have queered a quinceañera. & not a moment too soon, there will have been planted, somewhere at this park, a rainbow bouquet of discarded toothbrushes collected from the Sonoran Desert—peace will have been to the migrants and their families, peace will have been to the Tohono O'odham peoples & their land. In this park of possibility, atop four square feet of dance floor, a tap dancer will have tapped in rhythm with the soft flapping of butterfly wings. In this park of dreams, we will have never forgotten to tip the keyboardist playing 80s jams in the hallway outside the Old Globe, will never have forgotten to tip the guitarist reciting Bob Dylan & Bob Marley in the sweetest voice of resistance. There will have been a performance artist who will have restaged history to photograph our future as feminist. There will have been so many anti-disciplinary artists reminding us that our future is Indigenous, is Black, is queer, our future is freedom, a future for us all. This is a park where we will have fallen in love again at the Organ Pavillion, or on the bridge over the 163, or at the edge of a parking lot. Again & again. This is a park where, I promise, a profound & fiercely tender love for people, for land, for water, for sky, will have taught us what it means to sincerely care for us here.