

*Breathe.*

*In.*

*Out.*

*Hold*

*In.*

*Out.*

*Release.*

*Sharp inhalation in...*

Sounding: noun

1. the action or process of measuring the depth of the sea or other body of water.
2. information or evidence ascertained as a preliminary step before deciding on a course of action.

*Slow undulating out.*

*Hold.*

*Hold.*

*Hold.*

This is a time for considering how we navigate the depths. How we sit with the compressed weight and pressure that the present demands. What is it that we hold to remain buoyant and able to act in a temporality that breaks the ground, releasing a tumult of crestfallen steps, making land liquid?

What is the sound of finding resistance in a gait? Finding balance in the offbeat and errant. Sideways steps. Side glances. Lateral latencies. The other side of fugitivity, of the itinerant and the constant motion of escape. What is the other side beyond the inexhaustible fungibility of blackness, the site and source of poesis? What can the breathe cradle, in an unclenched respite where the involuntary is made cognizant, the realization of (in)tension - intention.

Perhaps this can not be held by the land but by the sea, the shoal, the swamp a re(membering) for a trust in the force of water. A remembering of those Black spaces that permeate neat distinctions between land and liquid.

James Allister Sprang's *Rest Within the Wake* is a call for the right to buoyancy, to the force of uplift that pushes against the imposition of weight. Not merely in opposition, but buoyancy realized because of the weight.

*In.*

*Out.*

In a body of water, pressure increases with depth as a result of the stacking of liquid weight, fluid on top of fluid. The pressure at the bottom of a column of fluid is greater than at the top of the column. Similarly, the pressure at the bottom of an object submerged in a fluid is greater than at the top of the object. The pressure difference results in a net upward force on the object. This upward force is buoyancy.

Buoyancy, the resistance to weight, is a result of depth.

Sustained by breath.

Fanon called this combat breathing,  
a readiness to action that appears calm on the surface.

Experiencing *Rest Within the Wake*, is a call for such buoyant breathing. It is a reminder that rest is not about retreat. It is a resistance to the weight of exhaustion, an upward thrust that only comes from depth, from sounding.

This is a practice into building a familiarity with the discomfort of being submerged, with trusting the force of our bodies to allow for return to the surface.

Buoyancy is a force of uplift, it is a practice in equanimity, of succumbing to the stochastic and finding home in surface tension.

Jame's work is a testament to the diasporic force of contingently making home on the surface tension of a wave. It is practice to remember the difficulty of what it means to be in a body.

Buoyancy is not an act of blunt and indiscriminant force, it is not a rallying call to react, instead it tends to the slow and uneasy work of response. Buoyancy is an act of reception, and one of trust. Trust yourself to relinquish control and receive the force of your body as it encounters the depth, the sounding of the sea.

Which is nothing more than an encounter with home.

*In.*

*Out.*

*Rest Within the Wake* holds the deceptively simple contradiction, a promissory note for stillness in the storm.

It pushes for a revision of what would have happened beyond the hull, in the work of wake, the moment after the wave, and just before the next, a respite if only brief for regathering and planning, a sounding in fugitive schemes for surviving the impossibly turbulent.

*Hold.*

*Hold.*

*Release.*

*Release.*

*Release.*