

The Future Loves You Already

The future is queer. The future is poetry. The future is every shade of brown. The future is indigenous. The future is reclamation. The future is accountable. The future is joyful. The future is honest. The future is ancient. The future is unimaginable. The future is breathing its first breath and crying its first cry. The future is a midwife, a birthing body, a moment to grieve, a bowl of food, a shelter of belonging. The future strips the wallpaper and reveals the raw beauty of what never needed to be improved upon. The future is a forest grown from ash and an ocean free of trash. The future speaks truth to power until power is no longer a weapon but a sacred tool to wield with care. The future throws its head back in laughter. The future takes up so much room we can't help but expand in her presence. The future eats fascists for breakfast. The future isn't waiting for you to be ready. The future loves you already. The future honks in the driveway. Get in. Let's go.