

# Her body her data

*Stella Frimpong Brown*

Go body toward the oars where you can feel free  
Towards the shadows in the secret place where the system  
will not follow

Where solitude rains in the static  
Where you are worth more than number, a percentage

Go body toward the daffodils where peace is without  
borders

Where you are longer another number, another percentage  
logged in a file, a grade, a screen

Go body, fear not to walk into the solitude  
For your pulse will not slip into another spread sheet  
Where you don't lose yourself to a record, a line in that ledge,  
a blip.....in their algorithm

a tally for some unseen fingers under the guise of authority

Go body go body go body

Escape to a place where no one knows

Where the system does not find you

Where it can't feed you vices

Vices it terms validation

A measurement of your value embedded in clicks and  
percentages



I am hoping that these encounters lead to the release of ideas and energies that help us feel in more existential/fundamental ways how these various co-optations and tensions are affecting and defining us.

**Xeder, Iran**