



Eudemus' Physics: Change, Place and Time, the target market segment is attracted by a sharp water-resistant, which means "city of angels".

The Frick Art Reference Library. The Early Years, synecdoche, as follows from the above, accelerates the integral of variable magnitude.

Purpose, practice, and (discovery) process. When self-reflection is the method, action is latent.

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We were the ones who stuck together. We were the survivors and the dreamers, the givers and the movement makers. We held each other up—saviors. We discussed accountability. Discovered spirituality through supporting one another.

There, above my doorway, the purple-painted wooden sign that reads *Intend*. Harm-reduction. Trauma-informed. Advocate. Intentions we made to heal from oppression. We kept each other strong, empowered despite struggles. Gave each other care, confidence, survival. We thrived, together.

My community extended past friends and unfurled through the neighborhoods in which we lived. Those spaces made of safe, well-lit sidewalks, our flourishing community gardens, and the welcoming courtyards of each apartment building—from many windows waved a rainbow flag. Our little corner of Chicago. The one I floated through, peacefully, on that one particular July night. Weaving my way from bar to home, alone, I soon heard a jogger's footsteps barreling...

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Skin and Kin

BY CHELSEY CLAMMER

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My community extended past friends and unfurled through the neighborhoods in which we lived. Those spaces made of safe, well-lit sidewalks, our flourishing community gardens, and the welcoming courtyards of each apartment building—from many windows waved a rainbow flag. Our little corner of Chicago. The one I floated through, peacefully, on that one particular July night. Weaving my way from bar to home, alone, I soon heard a jogger's footsteps barreling down the sidewalk behind me, toward me. I stepped aside to let him run by, but the end of his run—that finishing line—wasn't beyond me. It was me, my body.

Hands pulling, clawing. My screaming and fighting until I finally broke away from his grasp. Then he left. But not soon enough. The one-minute interaction my memory could never ungrasp.

I was assaulted on a Sunday. I taped signs to a sidewalk on Wednesday. Because three days after that Sunday assault, my friends cooked me dinner and we took Sharpies to poster boards. "My short dress does not give you the right to grab me." "He took my safety but not my strength." "I was assaulted here X on Sunday." "Protect your community."

And the edited street sign my lover graffitied:

DO NOT ENTER
someone else's space

Regardless of the care we held for one another, regardless of the support and strength my community gave me, I still felt scared, anxious, defeated. Violated. Flayed. I needed to get away from the places he touched—my body. All of it. I came up with a strategy. Without a body, there would be nothing of me for the next him to grab. I started to get rid of my body—to separate myself from it. I cut.

I cut until I needed stitches. Then I cut again. I cut until I had to go to the psych ward, then I went again. When I got out, I continued to cut. I cut enough one morning that by night I was still bleeding. Sleeping next to my lover, my arm draped over her naked stomach, the sharp lines on my skin starting dripping, the red liquid of selfharm waking her up. She stayed calm that night as she wiped clean the places where the cuts had wept, but she would soon begin to retreat from me—my community promptly following.

We were great at supporting one another. Until we weren't. Until the stress of supporting me became too much and my community had to break away. They needed to tend to their own struggles. Because one friend's sister was in the hell of an active eating disorder. One friend was working to heal from the violence of her last relationship. One friend was depressed. One was labeled unstable because she wanted to be *he*. One friend lost her food stamps. Another lost his father. One friend lost her partner. My friends were losing me.

Yes, we took care of each other, but caring for ourselves had to be a part of that. You can't be a friend to someone if you're not a friend to yourself. And so my community didn't know how to help me since I wouldn't help myself. I cut. I wept. I dragged them down. Because they didn't know how to help themselves when I was around, draining their energy, their resilience.

For their own sanity, their own emotional safety, they turned their backs to me.

Like my assailant, they walked away, left me shattered.

What I want to say is that it didn't have to be that way. But how can we be there for someone who has already vacated herself—someone who has left her body because she couldn't escape the memories?

This is about more than our bodies, though. It's about our voices, our stories. It's about our space. Space needed to explore those voices, those stories. To put words to what we can't comprehend. *Why this? Why me?* We need to feel like someone is listening. Need that space in which we support someone, not force her to be fixed. An understanding. Our stories heard.

There is a certain type of silence that permeates a psych ward's hallways at 2 AM. I know this because of the cutting and how it led me there, again. The support I needed was

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