

**SCAN TO LISTEN** 

## CONVERSATION ABOUT THE NATURE OF MY UNIVERSE

FRANKEY CHUNG

You are arbitrary. You are relational. You are constitutive. You are the physical matter that is your of random trial and error first iterated brain; you are the resulting creature some 200,000 years ago. You are an actor, not a reactor. You are your membership in social Am I bloody groups. You are the territories from which you are exclud-Australian? I am a pered; you are the consequence of discrimination. You son of colour; I am left-handed; are the racial imagining of others who do not I am a millennial. I am the name my share your positionality. You are the stream parents gifted me at birth; I am Frankey; of visual experiences you post on your you often think of me as Frankie or Franky-I Instagram feed have grown accustomed to accepting the error and ed hashtags. You with your curatwill never correct you. I am Homo sapiens. I have learnt are your answer to questions asking where not to respond when slurs about my race and my dress are you are from. hear You are how launched from the safety of passing vehicles in the country I others call home. I am a University of Melbourne graduate; I am midare heard at you (if you dle-class; I am almost always on Reddit; I am not on TikTok; I am a all): your accent; the words you member of private WhatsApp groups, 'Sex and the City' and 'JankNachoose: the tion' and 'Mauritius Family'. I am not to be seen on Channels 7 or 9 or cadence o f your speech. 10 delivering authoritative information from behind a desk; I am rarely You are the rectanguan elected representative. I must be like Jackie Chan; I must be proficient in lar proxy that repmartial arts, specifically Karate; I am comedic relief; I am your fetish; I hold resents you in the virtual monopoly on the retail trade in Mauritius; I am the proprietor of virtual your favourite restaurant. I do not use hashtags; I publish digitally manipucalls, and the lated frames for occasional attention (like all who seek to publish anything). I quality of your was born in Melbourne but you want me to explain that I am a Chinese-Mauricamera and your microtian-Australian. Eski mo pa kapav koz kuma en Chung; am I not allowed to sound phone. You are like a Chung? I am privileged to speak to you from my apartment in St Kilda. I y o u r d e s c am black-haired, brown-eyed and 175 cm tall. In Year 12, I was Danny Zuko in ription without my high school musical performance of Grease; I cannot recall having performed clothes. You are on stage since. I dream of being an artist who uses language for oils. I am he/him/ y o u r histhey/them. I have consumed more meat in my lifetime than is my fair share; I torical characshould be vegan but I am too careless and I know it is not good enough. I am the ters. You are your eldest son of two from a mother and father who were born in Mauritius and who future moved to Australia to give me a life better than what they had in their homes. I dreams in the am forever changing throughout the stages of my life; I am not content if I am making. You are your not exploring. I sit and I write until I fall asleep; I fear that I am never writing gender enough; I am the monster who cancels plans so I can sit at home and work on according to your assigned my writing. I am not afraid to cry in public; I will call you out; I often feel the You sex. pressure of escaping the universe of my phone and remembering the world diet are your and your wardaround me. I am an introspective person, weighed down by an incessant robe. You your desire to do good; I am decreasingly perturbed by what you think of blood relations. You are me unless you are important to me. I almost always use 💚 and 🥼; I the paradigm determined spend too long finding the right GIF; I prefer the joy in a Bitmoji. by your ex-I am the string of bases—ACGT—found in my DNA mixed with plorations and commitments; you are your the life-giving archaea, bacteria and fungi that co-inhabit my willingness to traverse the pebody; I am the sequence of tools in my cells I do not conrimeter of your personal and social trol but that is me. I am the spaces I cannot occupy, yet traits. You are your behaviours when no-I am the traces I leave behind. I am my unconscious body else is around, which may (likely) be biases shaped by colonial structures-I am distinct from what you you are alone. You are tell people you do when committed to reshaping them. I am gratewhat you do in the sight ful for all who have contributed to of strangers. You are the metaperspective of yourwho I am; I love myself; self; you are who you think others think you are; you are your limited self. You are your I am me. frequently expressed emojis. You are the text. You are your specific occupation of time and space, such that would distinguish you from your clone. You are the unconscious that influences you without your awareness. You are yours alone to define.