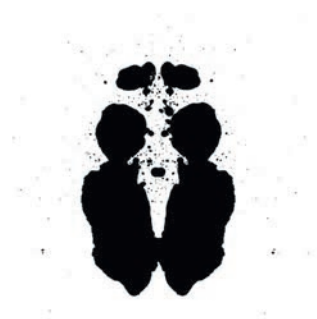


A SENSE OF ARRIVAL

KEVIN ADONIS BROWNE

A SENSE OF ARRIVAL

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A SENSE OF ARRIVAL

KEVIN ADONIS BROWNE

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“Sense make before book.”
—*Unknown*

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for

LAYLA AND KYLE

for

EVA

MURIEL, MABEL, EUGENIA, VENA, VERA, ALEXIA

for

THE WRIGHTS AND THE BROWNES

THE JOSEPHS AND THE PITTS

THE ROCHARDS AND THE RYANS

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NOTE

A Sense of Arrival is a Caribbean nonfiction.

It is a rhetoric of Caribbeanness whose arrival is composed as a nonfiction in the midst of an enduring catastrophe, a nonfiction whose primary function is the expression of a Caribbean Self that *comes to be*.

Self, as being.

Being, as a consequence of the breath.

Breath, as a phenomenon that is held, but never truly held.

For me, that *self* and *being* and *breath*, which exist in spite of catastrophe, are black—a blackness whose Caribbeanness is explicit.

A Caribbean blackness.

I interpret arrival here as an immersive existential phenomenon—a form of status, return, belonging, citizenship, nomadism, self-exile, presence, and haunting—one that relies primarily on the vast range, complexity, and urgency of our expressive traditions:

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Caribbeanness *itself* is a nonfiction.

Viewing Caribbean nonfiction as a concept and practice of rhetorical form, not merely as one of the definitive literary arts of the region, it is a Caribbean story told in a Caribbean way—that is, through the deliberative intermixing of multiple forms: prose, poetry, lyric essay, portraiture, documentary photography, archives, material sculptures and installations, and digital scans. As such, it is a meditation on the art and process of that story unfolding as a monologue that aspires to be dialogic—something that takes place between me and you, and between myself and the things I have made—which I invite you to see and, eventually, to take part in. A conspiracy of form.

In *A Sense of Arrival*, you will encounter things standing in for other things—words for images, images for objects, objects for images, images for words, words for other words, and so on. They will appear as|for other things. I have set them this way. I know you will supplant my intentions with your own whenever you arrive. You are not here yet, of course. I have to imagine you as I write. I do not know what you will look like, only that you will appear. I do not *know* if you will appear, but I must write as if you will. Know then, that as you read this, you are a moment materializing, finally. You are a dream I have dreamed. I am writing—have written—in anticipation of you.

You are not here yet, but I have written a sense of you into the very tensing of the book. I have implicated you in its grammar. What do I mean? Well, to begin with, the telling of this story occurs *in absentia*—in our absence, yours and mine. We will take turns, in fact, being absent and present in what's to come—today for you, tomorrow for me.

You are not here yet, but *You* is.

You, the audience that reach *before* the audience reach. The essence of an audience, imagined but also remembered, understood here in the way someone is addressed at Jouway—someone who is a stranger that is, at times, yourself: when we out on the street, out in de “road [that] make to walk,” and the sun now starting to come up.¹

Maybe you on Carib Street, or on Coffee Street when it catch you.

Maybe you sprawl out in the clouds of Paramin.

Maybe you sprawl out in front of Mille Fleurs or the Cathedral.

Maybe you swirling between the police and them at South Quay.

Maybe you stop and stand up and lean up.

¹ Lord Kitchener, “Road Make to Walk.”

Maybe you stoop down or you skin up.
Maybe you chipping, chipping, chipping.
Maybe you dragging yourself half-dead to the Savannah stage.
Maybe you in the morning sun, and it beating you like a rhythm.
Maybe you catching your breath.
Maybe something waiting to catch you.
Maybe it catch you.
Maybe you get away.

*You.*²

You black. Black black black. But you green. And you blue.
You white and yellow and red and brown.
You paint up (but you ugly ugly ugly, and you pretty pretty pretty).
You wet down (but you don't fraid *lota* or the cold that sure to come).
You powder up (but you leave all your softness home).
You oil up (but you rough, your body grinding on somebody body on somebody wall on the road that you know is yours).
You mud up.
You stink.
You dirty—*dutty*!
You tight (because you drink).
You loose (because you drink).
You high (because you smoke).
You high (because you doh smoke).
You not too long pass Lapeyrouse.
You not too long dance in the crossroads.
You not too long drop money and make some rounds around the manhole.
You start to come apart, your form (or what was your form) dissipating
 like smoke,
 like water on the uneven asphalt,
 like rum in the blood.

Your mask about to come off, and you hear somebody—lover, friend, enemy,
partner, stranger—say,

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² *You self*, as we sometimes say.

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“Aye, *mas*! Ah know yuh face!”

You respond,

“Aye, *mas*! Ah know yuh face!”

Year after year.

The *You* here—who calls and responds, between being masked and unmasked, known and unknown, then and there and here and now, whose face I say I know but have not yet seen and may never see—is whom I mean to address.

I will not always know who *You* is, and you will not always know who *I* is. Even in the plain view of the page, some errant reference to *You* will lay there overlooked, like a vagrant bookmark in the gutter of the page, until a gaze is cast in its direction. In so doing, the shifting nature of audience—and author—may be disrupted and then resolved. Or, perhaps it is easier to see who *You* is and who *I* is when viewed together, conjugated as a plurality:

You is.

I is.

You and *I* are.³

A consideration of *You* as audience will lead to other questions:

How should that audience be encouraged to read?

What is “reading” now and in times to come?⁴

What is “writing” now?⁵

What can—or should—a “book” *be*?⁶

What must it *do*?⁷

3 Inevitably, the contraction of “you is” will occur, leaving us with “you’s.” It is not a plural (like “all you” or “allyuh”) but the second person considered in closer relation to the verb “to be.” A similar thing occurs when “I is” is contracted: we get “I’s” (pronounced “eyes”). But this is not to be mistaken for the near-identical contraction of “it is,” which is doubly contracted to form “i’s” (pronounced “is”). This is explained more fully in the essay titled “Home.”

4 Something rigid at first, something un|for|giving? But, pressing into it, maybe you will find that its rigidity will start to give, becoming pliant in your hands.

5 *Archipelagic*, maybe? Striving, in a way, toward un|knowability, such that its process resembles an unfolding of potential that may lead to knowing, then past it.

6 A *tenderness*, you could say, giving tenderness back to you as you test the malleability of thought. How tender must we be to read in times to come?

7 Dare? Imagine? Forgive?

This book is not the answer to those questions—it is, instead, a manifestation of the questions themselves caught between *asking* and *having been asked*. It is material proof of the optimism that is at the heart of every question.

Yes, it *is* possible that a reader will miss the shifting of some shapes to come. Their dislocations may elude at first as you consider their complexions, the angles and imprecise mechanics of word and light and thing, the mutual concessions of live and rounded edges, the materiality of their quiet. Some pieces may be polished, others edged and squared, fetishized for their uneven uniqueness, their offcut, their soft curves and bends along their sanded planes. Their dust, illuminated by the unfiltered light of day, may cause a tightness in our lungs, our hearts racing as we dash headlong into another shortened breath, until we can go past the hurt into something that is not hurt *alone*. The hurt (and you know what that hurt is) has done no good. I have had enough of it and long for another breath—another kind of breath.

And another.

And another.

That is what I want for you, too. Though it may not yet be apparent, your place not yet set in the absented presence of this tenuous Caribbean reality, *it will be*. You are not here, but you *will* be.

So take your time. Caribbean blackness—which is as timely as it is sometimes out of time and “outta timing,” as urgent as it is inconvenient—will assert itself even if the fibers of the twine and woodwork elicit no particular identification, even if the embedded dirt and sand and stones elicit no empathy, even if the threadbare edges of handwritten scrolls or coffee-dyed textiles do not shout back to what was *empire* and *colony* but whisper their indictments almost absent-mindedly on the way to some more important thing.

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NOTE 5

So take your time.

Take a breath. This book is yours.

This book—this *Sense of Arrival*—is not just yours; it is for *You*.

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My mother and me, 1976

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SENSE

When I was four years old, a child stabbed me in the forehead with a pencil.

The point, broken off, remained in my head until, drunk and high at twenty-six, I squeezed it out. Over the years, a mass developed, a consequence of that piece of graphite I had carried around in me like an idea. The point was gone, but its ghost remained—its remains have remained. Resting now above my eye, it casts its own shadow—in person, in pictures, on screens.

Searching my mother's archives for the earliest evidence of this deformity on my face, I come across an image of myself as a child. It is not the evidence I seek but what comes before it. In this image, I am not yet the altered version of myself but proof of its *provenance*, a draft of the version that later arrives. It is who I was *before*: just my mother's son, a child not yet revised at the hands of another child.

This is a short biography of memory, an essay about the act of remembering as a sensing of memory's arrival, whose wayward meanings roam in the untended garden of my past, as if awaiting some transfiguration from what it is to what it will become, before it departs from here as a thing I have imagined: a future, which may or may not be *mine*. It is also a biography about the unbelievable body—about what it is and what it is not believed to be. And about the remembering body, the remembered body. And about localizing those aesthetics—their vast referential reach—for the purpose of writing about myself. For writing about my people. It is an essay—a daring that takes place in the savage ink and dust of everyday life, in the dark nobilities of our sometimes solitary *marronage*.

It begins with the upright body, and with the seated body, and with the prostrate body. An imperfect body perfectly held. Mine.

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I know the results of the biopsy before my surgeon hands them to me, but still I weigh the paper as if it were made of lead. “This one is a little tricky,” I hear the surgeon say. I know what he means—it hides, appearing to be something else. Signs point, at first, to a lipoma, a fatty deposit relatively easy to remove. But no.

A second biopsy confirms it: noncaseating sarcoid granuloma. A tumor.

Attempting to remove it, he cuts again above my brow, excising it from the fat and muscle that have grown around it, sequestering it from the rest of my body. But it resists, rooting itself some distance within—in the body, a millimeter might as well be a mile. I am afraid, of course. But terror, though commonplace, is not sustainable.

Twice now, he has gone in after it. Twice I have been assured (and reassured) that it is benign—not cancer, but he is concerned that my vision may be at risk. *Again*. He shows me images of it taken during surgery. This is not the abstract presence of glaucoma that I have written about before but something more immediate, more tangible. It feeds on me.

I swallow and listen. I nod, as is the custom. As he describes my self to me, the subtle shifts of my brow, flexions and spasms that lead to smiling or crying, the sometimes cavalier confessions of my moods are all threatened by what amounts to an archive. I decide what to make of this moment—and the suspension of my mortality within it. Though afraid, I have decided not to write as if the prospect of my death were more imminent than it appears. Being black, my endangerment is a unit of measurement—how time and space are annotated and understood: when it comes to the body, black as it is, there is no difference between millimeters and miles. Miles to go—marking time in millimeters to the left or right of a nerve—the space a mark might go.¹

Awake on the operating table in this little office in Woodbrook, I am as still as a corpse, counting my breaths. A second surgery. Soon, a third. He checks on me every few minutes. I must be awake for the entire procedure. Some things, when named—as fears, terrors, hauntings—do not always shrink away. They just grow until you cut them out.

I breathe a familiar “one today, one tomorrow” breath and the anxiety of the moment settles. Nausea eases and my thoughts give way to what I think is the nature of story, to what I would say is an aesthetic of embodiment, a sense of nonfiction as an embodied practice. Or, rather, I make way for these things, tracing with deliberation the provenance of the injury, charting a course and an outcome for a sense of arrival I had not anticipated. The aesthetic I imagine is based on the refraction of this deformity to reveal a notion of blackness that is

¹ Or, in the case of a tumor, 5 by 5 mm. Its elevation varies, from time to time.

redemptive. The idea is not necessarily that the tumor itself is beautiful—it is and it is not—but that there is space for sublimity, even here.

*My face, numb for hours under the scalpel, regains its feeling.
Have I been frowning all this time?*

This is the problem with “² when taken from too close to the bone: covered only with skin that stretches gradually, objects abandoned in the body do not all wither into scar and symbol; some remain until they stir, growing in spite of your practiced indifference, until the time comes to implicate you—your entire body—like an accomplice in its narrative. The dilemma now emerges of either feeling what you *think* is no longer there or looking for what you *know* is there but can no longer feel. The metaphors coalesce, appearing to harden.³

As the blood traced the curve of the sink before swirling into the drain, I agreed with D: this moment that masqueraded as self-harm was, in truth, a sign. I noted the ironic ease with which it crawled toward the abyss, a bright red comet dragging its heavy tail down to the bottom, into whatever lay inside the drain.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Fuck,” I whispered.

“What yuh doing?” she insisted, more the Vincentian country girl than the smooth Brooklynite who left the remains of her Rastafarian relationship to take walks with me and talk about poetry in Prospect Park.

I said nothing.

Those were the years of seeing my aunt Maureen’s spirit pass up the short corridor that led to her room. After being evicted from the apartment on Washington Avenue, I moved with my mongrel dachshund back to the Bronx and the two-bedroom apartment in Co-op City I shared with my mother, who would be away for weeks working as a “baby nurse” for white families in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

D and I were near the ashen point of a smoldering thing we thought was love, consecrated over a spliff she’d rolled in Bambú paper some years before. My lips—black from Backwoods—followed hers like an imitation. We loved

2 A sense of arrival, perhaps.

3 We know symbols best who have learned to eat pain and trauma as if they were delicacies, to regard them as if they were an aesthetic. To resist the seduction of *symbols* is to open yourself to the far more troubling issue of actual effects on your body. And to be opened up, as a result.

But there, adhered to my fingertips, almost burgundy in the blood, a piece of graphite the size of a rice grain shone for us like a talisman. A sign, she said, of the writer I was supposed to be. I rinsed it off and scribbled my signature on a piece of paper before putting it in a Svensk vodka bottle that I had filled with water. I looked in the mirror at the small crater above my left eye. She stood in the doorway behind me, cringing as we do at signs in advance of their later significations.⁴

I knew. But, rum-soaked and high, I forgot. It *must* have been a sign.

I lie again, more to myself than to him.

5 I never was able to recite my work from memory, preferring to read—one hand holding the page and, eventually, the chapbook (entitled *Bohème*) rolled back into its flimsy two-stapled spine, the other hand gesticulating to the audience, as if they couldn't see me flailing. I would grasp at the vacant air and marvel at having grasped nothing at all.

The truth is that not bothering to remember meant, simply, that I would never forget, never risk the indignity of forgetting or the greater indignity of being forgotten. I was afraid. But fear is not a method. What remains of that memory? Only a blackness, the blackness of an artifact, a memory of the black artifact of a void on my fingertips and then in the palm of my hand. Then its being lost. All of this the masochism of memory has brought back to me.

I have tried to remember the boy, but no face comes to mind, no name. For all I knew, I might as well have done this to myself had it not been for Teacher Bailey's reporting the incident to my mother (who does not remember the boy either). In this scenario, I was a text to be read.

His inscription was literary. He had, in a single focused thrust, inscribed the entirety of an epic—or its beginning, leaving me to fill in the as yet blank space of a life yet to be lived.

*I moan when I feel a pinch near the site,
then at the spreading of a fresh numbness.
I've gotten another dose of lidocaine, so there was no pain, only pressure
and the nausea such pressure causes when a thing you expect to hurt does not.
The disappointment dissipates in a sigh, is forgotten in another.
I hear the cauterizer whirr and I wait
for the smell of burning flesh—my flesh—that follows.
“Don't worry,” the surgeon assures me, “it's just to minimize the bleeding.”
He tells me what I cannot feel or see to explain
what I hear and why I smell what I smell.
I hear the clank of an instrument on the table beside him.
(Does it have a name? It must.)⁶
“I'm all right.”
“Good.”*

*A machine breaks the silence and I groan.
“Hmm?” the surgeon asks.
“Nothing, nothing.” I must have drifted off. I repeat myself out of reflex.
“Okay, that's good.”*

D **U** 6 I think of my uncles Dave (my father's younger brother) and Collins (my mother's older brother), my cousin Andre (who knew more about Fonclaire than anyone I knew), my cousins Denise and Dionne (Aunty Lystra's children, the only ones of us to play pan).

"Can you squeeze your eyes shut for me?"

The surgeon interrupts. I squeeze my eyes shut. As I do, I remember the way Tom Selleck would raise a single eyebrow in Magnum, P.I., and then how I spent I forget how many days holding down my left brow (in secret), training my face to do what he did without, it seemed, any training at all. I would think, later, whether it was that—and not the pencil point—that has me here, doing all I can to dissociate the pinch from the scalpel against my skin and the fading anesthetic. Feeling fades again into memory.

The body remembers.

The body forgets.

" . . . ?"

" . . . "

" . . . "

" . . . "

" . . . "

" . . . ?"

"Okay, look up for me?" I look up.

"How many fingers?"

I hesitate. Is it two?

Is it a test I have already failed by hesitating?

Have I already lost my vision?

I take the chance and guess at the silhouette

I see against the blinding light overhead. "Two."

"Okay."

"Is it two?"

"Yes, yes."

"Okay, good."

"I'm going to close up now."

"Mhmm . . ."

My skin, most of my organs, and all of my bones are, according to science, at least four regenerative cycles removed from the origin of the mass in my head. Little remains. Apart from some areas of my brain, which have not changed since birth, this tumor is evidence of the oldest thing about me—my first artifact. What has regenerated time and time again as "my body" now treats it less

as a foreign object than as evidence of something almost indigenous. Naturalized in the body—a trace of some former presence, an archive of a Ruin or the Ruin itself. In relation to the regenerated cells, its status is historical. Its arrival has already taken place. In matters of the heart and mind—and, lately, of method—this means I am always catching up with parts of myself. It means I am always leaving parts of myself behind.

Since these cells of the body regenerate at different rates, the stories they have to tell—whether acquired through experience or more abstractly imagined—are subject to change. Change is guaranteed, in fact, as the veracity of an origin dissolves into a more fluid story. That is, the notion that psychic, cellular, visceral, experiential memory (including the memory of experiences we may not have had) is based on a telling, listening, imagining, retelling that transcends the life of individual bodies and the spaces we take up.

An irony here is that the “efficacy” of memory relies, in part, on the disruption of the facts that precede it. The telling, then, signifies a series of shifts, one of them being away from history and toward story—toward *story|ing*. It suggests the actions of a *macumé* or, more formally, the foundational ethics of nonfiction as cultural practice. It is not a theory but more of a question in a somewhat unpressing need of an answer.

The body remembers, the body forgets.

Left long enough, the stories it tells will ascend to the “meta”—becoming a genre almost entirely about itself, sounding more like theory than the movement of blood, the binding of broken skin, the complaint of brittle backs and limestone hips worn down, the pebbled cataracts like boulders now in your Sisyphean struggles to see. And, when it moves, it will do so in parts. And when you read it, it will be as if you were reading the partial transcript of a moment, as if it were a ruptured lyric.

You will outgrow it, but it will outlast you, keeping the memory of you like an idea.

The phone rings. It is my mother calling. I'm working on an essay and think twice about answering, but she will call until I answer. So I answer.

“Eh heh!”

“My son!”

“Yes, my mother. What going on?”

Her face is growing smaller now, returning from its rounder days in America, its exiled decades of milk, its decades of honey hardened into amber between her joints, at the base of her spine and at her ankles. Her recall is sharp, in parts.

Never mind the dust, I say to myself. It, too, has been handed down, its ubiquity traced to a moment perfectly held.

"Ah make some nice cook-up with pig tail. Yuh coming?"

My mother thinks she knows me. She is asking answers.

"How yuh mean?" I follow suit. This is not a question either but an answer. With us, the answer to an answer will sometimes masquerade as a question. Unclothed, it means "Yes! Of course, yes!"

Of course, being "Caribbean" means I am already a|n im|perfect material replica of the psyche of this place. By extension, the strange logic of my methods for writing and reading is no different from the intimate, estranging logic of the place itself, its archipelagic sensibilities as apart as they are together. This is not too difficult to grasp, especially if we consider how things come to us—piece by piece, part by part, sometimes we are left to learn a lesson as if it were a song, to learn a song note by note until the song itself is ours alone, its origins unrecognizable. Consider how we learn things, even about ourselves, how we are often forced to gather the shards of our erstwhile "histories"—our pasts gathered into the present as stories we learn, over time, to tell.

They come to us in the "talk some, keep some" way of elders, and we put them together as they come—a picture, a lesson, a song, a note, a story on whose witness we weigh out our beliefs by the handful and by the pinch, by some stretch of skin, some measure of bone whose vacated cells let loose some howl, some haunting echo. An echo of a thought as it materializes, as it becomes a thing—some *thing* we sense.

It begins, at least for me,

with the upright body,
and with the seated body,
and with the prostrate body.

She calls, knowing in my response that my arrival is sure.

She has already sensed it.

"Ah coming. See you in a little while."

"Good, good."

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FIGURES

Sense

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