

When I notice a systemic glitch—like someone saying “content development strategy” with a straight face—I twitch.

Let's stop pretending “strategic” is the default, the goal, the mature position. Let's stop treating everything else—intuition, mess, mistakes, care, naps, tenderness—as a backstage pass, a fault line, a hobby, or a secret affair called “private life.”

As if our lives weren't shaped just as much by **not-doing**, by **undoing**, by **waiting**, by **weaving fog**.

This anxiety-thirst—this tightrope performance of achievement—is not neutral. It's patriarchal. It's colonial. It's a settlement.

I want work to feel like a **ritual stretch**, not a corporate sprint.

I want form to emerge like **moss on stone**, not be dragged out like a PowerPoint.

Let our failures smell like lavender.

Let our “not yets” dance on the table.

Let the background speak. Let the silences choreograph.

Let's create in a way that lets us stay alive.



Many of us are running on high-functioning anxiety while side-eyeing neo-colonial wellness culture. Is rest a privilege or is it our basic right? How can we think in radically new ways when we're constantly compressed? As Bayo Akomolafe says, “The times are **urgent**, so we need to slow down.” UNDOING is about carving out an opening for new meanings to emerge, and for you to remember what you're here for.

**OPEN CALL**  
APPLY BY 23.05.2025

