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Climate Justice Coordinator, MCAN and MYCJ

Age: 28

Memories: The Roots of the Mangrove Run Deep, An Aquarius's Inheritance

I remember catching crabs

The Chesapeake Bay the beginning of my love story with nature

The origin of my current love affair in Maine

I remember checkers with my dad

The stories of my ancestors

The seed sown, roots established

The everblooming flower that is me today

I remember "The Red House"

An affectionate familial nickname of the Baltimore Rowing Club

The landmark marking one of my favorite places in the world

Where we toiled for harvests of mana of the sea

Where rowing was reserved for the wealthy elite

Where White folks occasionally got in the way

Disturbing the fishing, the crabbing throughout the day;

Marring the acquisition of food

I remember playing along the shores

They exist no more

The terrible storms

Shorelines shorn

Rocky impostors now replace them

Protesting tree limbs kidnapped from home

Like brown-skinned slaves deposited in shallow depths

Snags affecting the quality of fishing and we all mourn

I remember the scents and the stench of the sea

Fresh chicken necks our preferred bait

Boney skeletal protrusions covered by firm gooey neck meat

The smell of crabs on ice

Reminiscent of ruminants' fermented stomach contents

How deer hunting in Maine brought me back

Proust effect

When I rewind it

I'm reminded it's all connected

**We must remember
That the winds of change blow here and there
That the winds of change blow far and near
Everywhere temperatures climb
The waters rise, the crab are hard to find
And the deer hide
You'd think you're blind
How their hide is a natural camouflage
How the late defoliation keeps their bedding secrets concealed
How without the glacial gift from the sky
There's no snow tracking
Nothing providing the right background
To give the gift of sight of ungulates**

**I remember the endless trash
How I wish I had a watercraft
In the water on the land
Debris deposited by human hand
Landlocked dreams of better fishing
Want of more crabbing opportunities
Selfless desires to pick it all up and dispose of it properly
But an absence of access to money and boats and hope**

**I remember how it became harder to catch crabs overtime
I still don't know why
A family affair
My father, my brother, my sister and I
Entire days devoted to those waters
And nights feasting
Stacking gang signs to crack the crabs open**

**I remember how it became harder to catch crabs overtime
And still I don't know why...**