Navigating Cape Town: a Poetic Cartography

Cartographers:
Afeefa
Alison
Roché
Ruby-Mae
Sam

Narrator:
Sam Lin-Sommer
“We die containing a richness of lovers and tribes, tastes we have swallowed, bodies we have plunged into and swum up as if rivers of wisdom, characters we have climbed into as if trees, fears we have hidden in as if caves.

I wish for all this to be marked on my body when I am dead. I believe in such cartography - to be marked by nature, not just to label ourselves on a map like the names of rich men and women on buildings. We are communal histories, communal books. We are not owned or monogamous in our taste or experience.”

This book is dedicated to the memory of my bhuti, Jonathan Abrahams, Jomo. Thank you for showing me a love that knows no boundaries.
Thank you,
Cape Town’s poetry community, for welcoming me in like one of your own, Roché for your invaluable partnership in this project, Afeefa, Alison, and Ruby-Mae for adding your voices and your souls to the workshop, Thobs for the friendship and advice along the way, my flatmates for creating a home with me these last four weeks, Laura for listening to every poem I felt like reading, Tabisa and Stewart for organizing the last three months, the Somtsewu family for making me a member of the family, all the people in Langa who made me feel at home, Emma for believing in this project and sacrificing tirelessly to make it work, Malika for the inspiring me, guiding me, and most of all, believing in me.
Key:

Afeefa
Alison
Ruby-Mae
Sam

Narrator (Sam)
This is our itinerary.

Feel free to break off and wander.
I knew that Cape Town was a city wounded, divided, partitioned and redistributed. Cartographers, urban planners, navigators and every other brand of ruler-wielding imperialist had done enough to this city. I thought that poets could do, and had been doing, some thing different. Could make their own maps, on their own terms, not as concerned with topography and street names as they are with the peaks and valleys of their own bodies and minds. I made a call for fellow explorers:

“Facebook: 
Calling all young and emerging poets!

This is an invitation to a poetic journey through Cape Town’s spatial landscape. On Saturday, April 23rd, a group of poets will travel to multiple distinct,
emotionally charged locations and respond to them through poetry. As we travel, we will grapple with questions that include:
- What is a home - is it a place, a feeling, a person, a language, or something else entirely?
- What boundaries divide our world? How rigid are they?
- How do our identities change the way we feel in a given place?
- How do we shape the places we inhabit, and how do they shape us?”

With that the net was cast. RSVP’s trickled in like rainwater at first. I accepted everyone who reached out to me. I had 8, then 9 participants. The goal was 10. Then came the flood:
234 interested, 68 going.

Young poets – and old ones, too – came in five’s to my e-mail inbox. I chose based on interest, age, and gender and racial diversity. I sent out an e-mail:

“Meet at the big statue in front of City Hall at 11:30 to get started at 12 (it's a big colonial monument; no, I don't think that's an ideal thing to meet around, but it's big and noticeable from all directions just like all of the things the insecure colonists built. Feel free to spit on it, shit on it, yell at it...).”

On Sunday, April 24\textsuperscript{th} at 12:30 (12 noon Africa time), five of us met at the foot of the
statue. In the last 24 hours, participants had dropped like flies, stopped by a combination of work obligations and apathy. Remaining were three participants – Ruby-Mae, Alison and Afeefa – my co-facilitator, Roché, and myself.

This was to be a sharing space, not a teaching one. We were to write down our observations about our surroundings, our bodies, and our thoughts as we moved through the city.

After brief introductions, we walked from City Hall to nearby Church Square, which is adjacent to the Slave Lodge, the Slave Tree, and the first Dutch Reform Church, among other sites. We each silently engaged with the Square on our own, writing notes and poetry along the way. When we reconvened,
Roché read a history of the Square that focused on its roots as a center of the slave trade. Then she prompted the group to write imagining themselves as slaves 200 years ago, standing in the square to be auctioned or waiting as their masters went to Church. We wandered around the Square once again and wrote.

A scar running down the spirit of a seemingly peaceful place

there is a way to tell when you walk on land that has known torment
The country sighs beneath your feet
And something tugs at you as if you're being told a secret in a dialect you don't speak
I wonder as they stood there
Waiting for men who both prayed to
God and stripped others of what he
gave them
Wonder if they ever thought their
moments would become stories
Narratives that would change
depending on who delivered them
If that is why they left the land with
its own will
To bare witness to what took place
After writing we checked in with each other. One poet said she was upset by the prompt and the slanted version of history we recited, which she thought erased violence done to slave women, among other things. Another felt overwhelmed by the emotions that the prompt aroused in her. Now there were cuts that needed to be healed. To cool off we walked to Company Gardens, a place with a history no less colonial but less explicitly violent. It’s pretty and green, at least. We sat at a bench and freewrote. Then we responded to the prompt, “Do you feel at
home here? Where is home for you right now?”

I saw an albino squirrel once.
Among Madiba’s rainbow nation and what’s-his-face’s social cohesion.
The homeless resting among the privileged.
The chess playing children of all races.
Lady Justice and whites only benches to the left.
Parliament and the rule of law to the right.
A world of knowledge at the entrance.
A world of prestige
to rest its back against
Company Gardens
An untidy and uncurated
historical narrative

From the Gardens we walked to the stop for a bus that would take us to District Six. We stayed observant on the bus. When we reached District Six, we wrote in silence, thinking about the bus ride and entering a new place.

On the drive to district six
The city passes you by reluctantly
Past walls that have seen oppression and victory
An old church building turned into a library
empty spaces that become hallow on Sundays
When the music and the weekday hustle dies down
In areas where the smell of piss is strong, the invisible become acknowledged
Here is an intersection between worlds that wouldn't meet otherwise
There is road to the old city that tells of a healing country and all that reside within it
in the absence of rubble
There is mud being overturned to create new things
Newly constructed bridges connect waste fields and clean roads
After the writing exercise we spent some time exploring District Six on our own. We reconvened and freewrote, then responded to one of two prompts. The first asked poets to write about three “R’s” in District Six: Removal, Relocation, and Remembered. The second asked poets to pick a small area in District Six and write their bodies and that space into existence. Afterwards we walked along Keisergracht to my house in hilly Walmer Estate, an affluent neighborhood designated “Coloured” during apartheid. We ate lunch, chatted, and rested before our final writing session. We started our writing session by constructing poems out of the
words we had written in our notebooks earlier. Then we freewrote. When we were done, we shared our poetry, discussed the workshop’s goals, and prepared to return to the city centre on the MyCiti bus.
this is where we get lost.
This poem is a mess.
This poem is scrambled.
This poem is a collision at the intersection of hurt and healing past and present graveyards, hospitals white skin black skin up for debate skin Zimbabwe, Somalia, Adonai Jesus and Allah it got hit at the robot its head is still ringing singing out to God Mandela Biko and JZ that’s Zuma, or the rapper, a man black and powerful,
please say the rapper,
this poem –
this poem forgot the words,
this is a poem concussed,
this poem forgot who its mother is,
woke up with three Mamas one Tata
an Uncle and some white folks in
Stellenbosch
this poem needs a head bandage for its
wounds
a headscarf for its face,
this poem “dreams too much
and doesn’t write enough,
is trying to find God everywhere,"
this poem wakes up with nausea and cold
sweat,
thinking how
did I get here,
was it a freight boat or a slaveship,
I remember days with heavy ankles,
chains on hands and heart,
I know my freedom is new,
but I can’t remember not having it.
Somedays it holds it dreams to its chest
somedays it lets them fly
this poem woke up wanting
to belong to something,
because it once belonged
to somebody,
this poem escaped from Egypt
and found itself in the hands of Dutch and British,
this poem has cuts that it can’t quite place
an accent that it can’t quite trace,
it spends most night staring at the face
of its reflection, choking on who what where
rubble,
slave bits and forced removal bricks
forced deep into its skin,
excavating them might hurt
but its name is buried down there somewhere, 
blood might flow but blood’s been flowin’,
and this poem is swimming upstream to the source,
sitting in a canoe with pens for paddles
it has saltwater in its veins
but its wounds are too raw for swimming,
for plunging into itself,
body burning from the inside,
every heartbeat a painful reminder,
removal of skin the only way to stop the scars’ searing.

this poem’s bloodstream needs guidance
like its stream of consciousness
like the car that hit it at the robot,
the winds the blew the ship that knew
the poem’s mother,
this poem wants to but will not forget.
Bridges
There is a restaurant that always smells of foreign food here in town - it's a place everyone comes to take off their coat of differences

Dry your blankets the night is coming
Mark your rock get ready to take cover
Soak in the rays
Ignore the breeze
Sit and watch where the money is
The view is fancy over the bridge
As the wheels on the bus go round
Your soul cries take me with you
You see their faces
Through the windows
To see your life they came
But stay they never will
When we first arrive in Walmer Estate, we are warned about the bridges. Not to cross them at night not to cross them alone not to cross them a woman.

Earlier I had crossed the bridge, skipping from Woodstock to Walmer, whiteness dancing across shades of brown, shades of problem and bridges the solution, rich and poor talking through corrugated steel, let differences flow like estuaries call the logic of love “osmosis.”

I had forgotten that these bridges are not built for everyone, that passports exist in skin and private parts,
that sometimes all that rolls down from the top of the mountain are mudslides of prejudice,

Oh, the other sides, the browner grasses, the Langas and the Bonteheuwels, the gasps the glances the watch yourself down there’s, they live in shacks, only shacks,

I want to tell them, there is nothing but a reflex between you; just hold on tight.

But they have Cape Town written in their minds and I, only in my notebook.
They were here 
when the bulldozers came. 
When the walls of houses fell so easily, 
and the walls of the mind climbed taller, and 
taller, the capstone dropped after 300 years.

This is the place 
where you can walk from first world to third 
in a second, 
Woolworth’s to Spazas, 
it’s no wonder they know I’m a foreigner 
when I walk the streets of Langa.

Few white South African 
dare cross the boundaries of the mind 
that stand so tall, 
no matter the bridges, 
the renamed Taliep Peterson, 
Tuan Guru bridges,
arching over Nelson Mandela, 
there had been bridges before, 
with different names, 
swords, 
ships, 
whips, 
connecting flesh to cruel, twisted minds
Capetonians have always been cosmopolitan.

On the drive to district six 
The city passes you by reluctantly
Past walls that have seen oppression and victory
An old church building turned into a library
empty spaces that become hallow on Sundays
When the music and the weekday hustle dies down
In areas where the smell of piss is strong, the invisible become acknowledged
Here is an intersection between worlds that wouldn't meet otherwise
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in the absence of rubble
There is mud being overturned to create new things
Newly constructed bridges connect waste fields and clean roads

District Six
A culture bulldozed
Belated modes of
public transport...

My sister
wakes up at 5 A.M.
each morning,
to cook breakfast,
wake her son,
and catch the train out of Langa.
Steel-jawed explorer
in her own land.
She is bilingual, speaks the language
of customers and target markets
as well as isiXhosa,
has crossed that bridge
a long time ago.

Woman giant she is tall enough to straddle
it, jump it
to her this city is small,
takes in guests like they are family,
Gay, Chinese, Black, White, American
I cannot imagine
what a stranger would look like to her.

And I wonder:
is it body or earth
that these bridges are built on?
can I remove a boundary
tattooed into my skin?
if I was raised bilingual like Sisi,
would I have the vocabulary for “bridge?”
or only here, there, night home and day home?
are we just winter birds flown South,
saltwater salmon
lost in sweetwater,
or even monarch butterflies,
twisting turning flying fucking loving
even if we die
before we reach the other side?

...Within walking distance they removed us. It now takes something under 5 minutes. City Centre to District Six. R5.50 per trip. We have to get up by 5 to catch the 6 AM bus rain or shine. Usually no shelter. Mostly dangerous. Too much of the pay check. crowded and unreliable The trek home is long often an hour, usually more. Community, music, District
Six.
gangerism, bullets, Cape Flats.
Archipelago
Battered and bruised
they still stand firm
Ignoring the history
the ships still slave
on
Footsteps walked but
they are still unknown
As they sit and watch
the history which
still reads their future
unknown

You say you are lonely,
you say time has left you stranded,

the sand of your skin kissed only by the
waves,
footprints lapped up by seawater,
someone put an ocean
between you and your mountains, 
and you woke up without a boat to sail on.

you say they strangle you, 
these maps around your waist 
sailors ocean navigating your curves 
you wish they would get lost for once.

you say they have renamed you; 
“Pangea” no longer precise enough, 
you are a continent, an island 
at the foot of an archipelago, 
and you remember the earthquakes 
that fathered the bunch of you, 
the soil that mothered you 
a million shades of brown, 
and you wish you could still call them bhuti, sister, moeder, dad 
but history moved too fast,
its currents digging trenches around you,
your shouts drowned in its torrent,
it named the rivers between you “silence,"
you say silence is your only friend
and it swallowed up history
long, long ago.

No one asks anymore "where you from?"
When you walk these streets
You catch yourself off guard in a mirror, think of the stranger your
reflection has become to you lately
You have traded pieces of yourself
for acceptance in every place that you ever lived
Has the indifference or belonging been worth the disconnect you feel over long distance calls when your grandparents reach out across the ocean
What is to become of The language you Carry unspoken in you

Home
in all closed spaces
Nights with familiar faces
Bricks and mortar thoughts of home familiar places
Not one
Not one fills the blank spaces cocooned in mine
Home is beats & valves

Then let us travel, we stranded songbirds, let us use the winds for something besides stinging our cliffs with other islands’ sands. Come, let’s make a packing list:

- a blue pen for breathing underwater
- a notebook for storing handfuls of sand
- a compass as a reminder of how much your head would spin if you let it

Burn the maps. They cannot hurt you where we are going.

But be careful – for it is travelers
who stranded you;
pretended they were the first
to fall in love with your shores,
sang love songs with pursed lips
and cut borders with clenched hands
tied your tongue
until talking only twisted you tighter
so you cursed yourself
for the pain,
forgetting who it came from.

But this pen,
this pen is a different kind of sailboat.
this pen does not listen to the winds
it listens only to you
and you listen to the winds.

Understand?
You have this thing called a body.
It stands between the winds and the waters.
Let it be the language that the two whisper through.

No, not like that.  
Loosen  
your grip.  
Shhh.  
Here’s a secret.

Break

the pen

open.

Let the ink flow sticky  
into your lifelines –  
those mysteries planted in your palms.

Look up. You still have oceans left to sail.
The ink
is getting ahead of you. Running
with the wild abandon
of a small child.
Look how it walks on water.
how nobody taught it
to look both ways.
Let it take you
to the names you can’t pronounce,
these reflections they call rivers
the ones you thought you knew,
let it tug you by your hand
to all the friends that you forgot.
it will climb boulders, scale mountains,
if you let it.

And when it comes skipping back,
blabbering about all of the places its seen,
Be sure to welcome it home
open your hands your eyes
and your mouth let it cover you,
blue as the water you’ve avoided like poison,
let it know that it comes from you,
and you from it now,
the lines redrawn and reblurred,
it is no longer clear who holds who,
only that your body holds all of it,
your skin and your bones have always known
where they come from,
only the ocean forgot,
and the men who tried to paint you white,
covered you in lines and maps the color of bleached bone,
tried to make you forget that you are blue blooded,
that you called the islands “family”
before the sailors called you “island.”
Home is our surnames hyphenated, in alphabetical order.
Home is the sight of Kamissa and the scent of cold salt water. Home tastes like the right mix of herbs and spices – for stew, pasta or curry. Home touches the restricted, isolated parts of me. The treasured, rarely to be shared moments. Home feels like a challenge, and ? belonging. It is immovable, constant and grounds me.
Home has always been a person.
There is a strong sense of reluctance here, as if people are afraid rebuilding Contested history Not too long ago. They teargassed us. They barred us entry into a public space. White bodies protecting black faces Known by ownership. Personhood stripped and sold to the highest bidder. Slave trade lubricating the spread of the Gospel. Hallelujah in Jesus’ name. Emancipate the people. “Let my people go.” And they did. Uprooted social cohesion and embedded
fear and pain. Nurtured the saplings of destitution and retained hope and dignity. Pandora’s box emptied onto the Cape Flats.

It was two years in the making and then the storm erupted. All that remained was battered suitcases and makeshift legends. Sitting in a room. Three people on their phone. The fourth on their laptop. The sound of Sunday.
If I was here 200 years ago
I imagine I would be a master
or at least complicit
at least a little evil
I mean look at the way they look, here
look at the way my skin yells
with the voice of a million cruel masters
a million whips cracking
I would whip until I make blood

Do they know?
Do they know that last night
I drank to my people’s freedom?
“Oppressed so hard they could not
stand”
Let my people go
Last night I relaxed,
chains no longer on my ankles
It has been years since those days for all I know I have never been a slave.
We Jews,
we escapees turned captors
we had too much wine after Egypt.

Drunk on our own freedom,
we run banks,
own businesses,
sue the needy,
all in the name of God of our chosen-ness
how quickly we forget
how quickly our whiteness
turns to blind us,
how quickly we forget

hang

burn

drown

scourge
There are too many
in this common ground.
Ghosts crowded into one-man graves.
The underworld painted over with stillness.
Sunday
is a good coverup for a genocide
White lace draped where blood once spilled red
Demons here louder than the voices in my head
all the ancestors occupying my brain’s public space,
begging me to remember them;
every teardrop an ablution for the masses thirsty for respects not paid, 
and answers come barreling back, 
echoing off of the single story statue large enough to stomp us into floor tiles, 

There is not enough room for silence, silence requiring land the likes that none of us have owned, 
we only have these public spaces, these District Six’s crammed with muffled voices, 
snuffed out flames, all the shouts rushing back with the wind, the Church Squares, 
the breeding grounds of destitution, 
airborne spiritual pollution, 

There are so many spirits occupying this square,
demanding justice through the pens of the living,
we don’t have room to budge our shoulders, so we move the only way we can, down,
polished white stone the veneer warm brown soil the Truth, pull up a rock and hear Khoi San screams, silenced for centuries by soil crammed down throats, he came up yelling at me, at me, at me, my skin the color of the hands that buried him, and when I pull him up he fights himself not to bite me, who wouldn’t? Who would choose me for a grave robber, me, who looks like his killer’s cousin. and when I dig I find blood on my hands, and shackles on my wrist
I come up shackled to a fellow poet, struggling in the square of silence, eyes locked like two friends in a duel, two foes on a date, each scared to let eyes waver downwards into what can only be our own personal hells, hearing the ghosts tell us, there was bloodshed here, too much blood. You must learn to share this space.

Clean like white
Clean like the soul that heaven welcomes
Cleaned of truth and honesty.
Sanitized. Sanitized for the history books and public consumption.
Crafted in marble and engraved with erasure.
The history books printed
in ink and in paper.
Transferred to plaques and monuments.
Dispossessed of reality and humanity. History reconstructed to a moment when things were less than ideal.
When god dabbled in social engineering and discounted melanin
History is but the truth from one angle.
Sizo manyatela ama demoni
Stomps of feet and claps of hands
Fitting for such a place
Haunted by a past that didn’t want them
And a future undecided
Wails of ‘God will never leave us!!!’
Clinging to hope even though its leading them to madness
Eyes anxious at the site of strangers
Well trust is a stranger
So as they walk past fast
They wonder if they should exorcise
This place of demons
Though the buildings stand
And grounds are breaking
The haunting remains
An old church stands still in the landscape of district six, near a sufi mosque, both are surrounded by schools and empty fields...
I walk by and watch complexions passing by never blending
Just on the outskirts of diversity you can sense all unnamed boundaries -
Running like ripples in a river keeping two leaves apart
Someone has sprayed 'ubuntu' across a wall in colour
Beneath it someone throws a suspicious glance
Traveler’s journal
I am far from home
and the only house I know
has a glass lid to keep it warm
I don’t quite know how to build one here,
copper pans alien as tin spaceships
hands creased and clumsy, callusless
searching for scar tissue or a split lip
cracked open, tryna crack open
a pistachio, thinkin I could find home
between its lips, foolish cuz
I follow hot spice like a drug sniffing dog
seduced by the siren simmer
of mama’s onion and garlic,
a drug pan for the homesick,
the homeless flood the streets of this
mixed-up city, asking me for bread,
I say no, selfishly spend my nights
searching for old recipes
what of Mom’s Mapodoufu
can I sizzle out of Spar’s spice aisle
bay leaves, paprika, chili powder,
the letters of a new language,
they taste as foreign to me as Afrikaans,
only a little hotter,
I mix & match mismatched herbs, a new creole tongue
for this creole’s tongue
a Chinese Jew looking for one,
a cuisine that never was,
no food that spells Chinese Jew, none
but the only house I know
keeps me warm on a bed of fish oil,
so let Bo-Kaap mama make my bed,
I dive into chicken curry,
emerge Maralthia’s son,
shining the colour of paprika and cardamom,
let her love fill my lungs,
she made me her son so I would make her my mom,
Reach into my Chinese recipe book, transcribed across oceans and continents, Sichuanhua to Mandarin to English and back again,
My mother taught me a pidgin tongue of spices, tofu cooked in olive oil, dumping skins from a Korean supermarket, born speaking English her tongue is Chinese she reaches ancestors through garlic and ginger so I decided I would bring our language to Bo-Kaap

I would cook Mama fried rice, simple enough for her tongue to pronounce, thinking garlic soy sauce and ginger
could be a telephone wire
from Cape Town to New York to Sichuan China
I dish her my history
sprinkle on spring onions,
spoon feed her the pparts of me
she usually can’t smell,
and she loves it,
says to me,

Sam, what delicious English food!

I want to correct her
but thiss woman,
this 70-year old canvas of forced removals
and whites only signs,
this woman is wiser than I,
I, mixed blood man in a South Africa kitchen,
serving chaofan with fork and knife,
digging for groceries in a pic’n’pay with no chopsticks,
where the word “chopstick” is a foreign one,
she knows who really owns our tastebuds.
That English my first language,
Mandarin the second,
my tongue is clumsy to China,
This is when I know,
they have invaded my temple.

You see the only house I know
has a roof that loves the way my tongue
touches it
the way it tickles it tender,
poking it for directions
as if home can be found somewhere
between my front teeth,
because usually it can,
a spatula and fish oil,
a cup of brown sugar,
sharp knives and fresh garlic.
The bricks for the house
I am still learning to build.

Truth Coffee, Prestwich Memorial

Malika told me that we hold in ourselves a lineage of grief and trauma, conjured up by each new pain we experience. Cape Town, she says, is the crossroads of a million traumas. The epicenter of colonial violence. A bay of tears. A cosmopolitan city in which most people were at some point smashed together by not the most peaceful of means.

I write from Truth Coffee, Prestwich Memorial. A coffee shop on a burial ground. On this once holy space, a neocolonial outpost. I, hipster in denim jacket and skinny jeans, fit right in. No matter my
ancestors were never colonists, were the colonized and the controlled. I wear the uniform of the colonists. It is the milky white chain mail draped over my bones. I did not ask for this. No matter. I give them my Rand; no one bats an eye. I support their project. If I am not careful I will complete the colonization of my own body in public space.

But how to decolonize my body? Whiteness has claimed me, made me its beneficiary and in doing so, its unwitting foot soldier. it gave me capital to spend, to throw around, to lend. It creates a city in its image; paving over the land of the Khoisan. And it teaches me to like this city, to find comfort there, in Truth Coffee and the Old Biscuit Mill, Table Mountain and Lower Main Road. I sit at a wooden chair, enlivened by Machiatto at a
place with the nerve to call itself “Truth.”
This shop is writing itself into sacred stories.
And I am writing myself right into it,
scrolling myself into Cape Town’s
sidewalks with my pen in this book, my butt
on this chair. But I scroll blindly, always
blindly. I feel around for the truth and think
I find it in a new age coffee shop. A trap this
city lays for the well-intentioned, the
halfway enlightened. The bags say Café Do
Brasil, and they fit right in here. A country
bagged and shipped off, enshrined in
nothing but a burlap sack.

I write blindly, unearthing the truth with my
shovel the pen. This city is a collision of
conflicting truths. I fight the battle with my
pen the sword.
Maybe weapons will never win this battle. Weapons will turn my body into armour, black bodies to dust. Maybe it is something else we see. Maybe my trial will be won with my ears. Maybe that is why Laura loves ears so much. She knows what it is to listen. She knows what it is to change the world’s scaffolding with a story. To let people inscribe themselves on your bodies, all with their mouths. I want my skin to be blue with all the ink I spew out in service of a better world. I want my ears to be tender with all the stories they hear. Maybe this is how I will take a bit of my friends’ pain, even though I never will. Maybe this is how I will carry the weight. I am sick and tired of not helping. I will find a way through my ears, fingers, pen.
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