

I have been reading about the diversity narrative
as the next business imperative;
a steroid for growing companies' profit muscles.
Ideal to show off at the next analysts' hustles.

I interviewed diverse accountants drowned by anxiety.
We were in the middle of Barangaroo [1] offices
overlooking business deals with champagne flowing,
coke snorting and stripper tipping.

They experienced concealment of identities;
about being diverse in their brown skin,
same-sex desire, menstrual cycle, refugee backgrounds —
in cages made by white pale stale Western males.

I go home and open again those Big 4 reports
that sermonise about gender gap closure, LGBTQI + inclusion,
Indigenous business leadership increases.
I'm disgusted. I'm grossed out. I'm gutted.

I walk Oxford Street [2] and I hear that beat —
a Stonewall bar [3] queer night
with a fluidity of tresses, dresses, spaces.
I fantasise about corporate diversity alike.

Zooms that sound our lands,
meetings smelling of colours where
we see voices, touch human kindness
and we taste connection to emotions.

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Notes

1. Barangaroo is an area of the Sydney central business district. Redeveloped in early 2010s, it contains all major accounting firms and business headquarters.
2. A major street in Sydney with a reputation as Sydney's primary LGBTQI + nightclubs and bars strip.
3. Major LGBTQI + entertainment venue in Oxford Street in Sydney.

