



THE AFTERMATH

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EDITIONS

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COMMUNE EDITIONS

PURVEYOR OF POETRY & OTHER ANTAGONISMS

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there's a way in which american literature pretends to do certain things
 and pretends not to do certain things
 there are ways in which literature is not clean
 is not sterile
 is not outside of itself
 is not existing in a way that matters so fully
 there are ways in which writers pretend to do certain things and also
 don't do these things
 like
 writing about the riot from the 25th story
 flicking the lights of a hilton hotel room on & off
 or writing about the riot from a youtube video
 the audio cutting in & out
 or writing about the riot from the livestream
 the screen glitching out into pixels
 or having band practice during the riot
 the guitar turned way up

 or doing something really annoying & conceptual during the riot
 i should be careful bc this is starting to sound like some macho
 manarchist

riot or die manifesto

but rly

i'm trying more to complain about how the riot gets more imaginative
attention than physical attention and how those people doing the
imagining but not the attending

get the most IRL attention

the most visibility

but that only about twenty people showed up to jayne's sentencing last
Thursday

while someone with 1,003 facebook friends wrote poetry or papers or
reviews

that probably more than the twenty people who showed to jayne's
sentencing last Thursday

will read

it's really coming back to this black panther vs BLA line of can we even
think of arts as a form of militancy— & i'm very much conflicted on
this too

like i want to & i do but also with the understanding that it's not enough
& really has to arrive out of a moment of upheaval or conflict or
feeling & can't actually be predictive

that's why the fighting phase

that's why i'm not sure i trust the fighting phase

maybe it made more sense then than it does now

I STARTED OUT THIS PIECE

I STARTED OUT

I STARTED OUT BY TRYING TO INHABIT FANON

I STARTED OUT BY

TRYING TO FIGURE SOMETHING OUT

it's easy to think the poet is the problem

but the poet is really just sad or maybe
 even just nothing & the poet can't
 burn down jayne's cell or the entire prison
 or all the prisons and the poet can't even write
 a fanonian poem because what would that actually look like?
 the poet can show up sometimes or not
 the poet can watch
 the poet can write, or not
 because what would the fanonian poem even be—
 it wouldn't even be a poem or a phrase or a piece of art
 in the middle of the street
 it would just be fire itself

WOULDN'T FANONIAN FORM BE SUCH A GOOD ALBUM
 NAME

it has the same problem still tho
 tapes to set yr tape player on fire
 light it up, light it up

visual disruption really feels like it does something
 or opens a possibility to inhabit public space
 beyond the body
 like a puppet or a performance or capitalism's coffin
 it's nice to have a task sometimes
 like carrying gauze or glitter
 something outside of yourself that participates
 beyond the body
 part of the mess of holding each other
 together and staying out there
 even when it's scary or fucking cold

nobody had anything & then suddenly everyone had something a
memory a moment a body feeling an adrenalin crash a terror inside
them a string tangled around each of our fingers holding us a little bit
more together

WOULDN'T CRASH TERROR BE SUCH A GOOD ALBUM
NAME?

i thought i could write a poem of each fanonian poem phase
one for assimilation one for nostalgia one for the fighting phase
i thought about doing it in a gay way i mean assimilation is so obvious
but like being confused & bisexual
& 18 with kind of medium length frizzy hair and one cool denim blazer
and trying to be a slut but boys are actually such awful kissers
so it involved a lot of studying & a lot of drinking & a lot of fake crushes

WOULDN'T FAKE CRUSH BE SUCH A GOOD ALBUM NAME

& then it shifted to nostalgia no more bad boy kissers and just one
bad boy who rode a sexy bike
i always think i liked the way he rode a bike more than i actually liked
him
but he had a long term gf so we were really "just friends"
there was the women's center and of course the problem of dating
another bisexual girl or maybe by this time we had all moved into queer
or maybe it doesn't actually matter because the girl was your
co editor & summer roommate and always invited the awful kissing boys
over to our room while i listened to a lot of tegan & sara and studied for
the MCATs and went on long runs around the reserve. outside it was
summer.

inside it was a fucking mess. & there was order at the womens' center
a framework of understanding feminism

WOULDN'T FRANTIC FEMINISM BE SUCH A GOOD ALBUM
NAME

but this framework always felt so frantic & i was never fully a part of it
bc i hadn't started there i had started somewhere else & i never
fully landed there which back then was totally frustrating
but now makes a lot of sense being surrounded by people
who were fully embracing their bodies & i was still living outside of mine
it's so hard to feel attached to your body these days
there was something always so dogmatic and awful about the whole thing

WOULDN'T AWFUL DOGMA BE SUCH A GOOD ALBUM NAME

we were tangled up in this stretchy web
in one of those awful looking new safety playgrounds
and my friend asked me what i meant when i said i still get
misgendered

WOULDN'T NASTY NETWORKS BE SUCH A GOOD ALBUM
NAME

i'm pretty sure someone called u sir today said my friend hanging upside
down
and i said when i get gendered at all
we hung from the stretchy plasticky ropes
& imagined all the ways we could possibly fall out
of this tangled web how ever & ever we tried

we'd get stuck on a rope and another rope and another rope
before making it out or under really,
the whole weight of the web hanging above yr chest
there was no way to plummet to the ground uninterrupted,
like most falls we take

WOULDN'T BI-NODAL LOSS BE SUCH A GOOD ALBUM NAME

unless we just pushed off backwards & let go
leaving the realm of the webmess of gender
& trying to expand out wards before
our bodies thump when meeting the shallow mulch

WOULDN'T REV ROT BE SUCH A GOOD ALBUM NAME

like all the sounds left over from stockpiling
dumpstered food in summer
scraping out bread from under
gross meat packs in a steaming dumpster
dumpstering in the winter is so much safer
but so much more miserable
we can share
we can support the strike
we can show up
we can show up against
we can show up for each other
attracted to some & repulsed
by so much else
maybe even everything else
it's fucking overwhelming

10 to 20 people gather every thursday night
in a dark warehouse to write letters to prisoners
each session we write birthday cards for those
who have birthdays in the upcoming month
prison mail is fucking slow.
we passed cards around and double checked
which prisons would allow colored pencil
scrawls through the walls
anyone can write a letter at anytime
but there is something very sweet &
very awkward about doing this together
we pass birthday cards around
making sure everyone signs them,
writes a little note
just a little note for a very, very tall wall
jayne got transferred this month
so we write him a card
a little note
just a little note for a very, very tall wall
after everyone's signed his card
we notice that someone wrote
"happy birthday" on his card
even though it's not his birthday
we scratch it out & seal the envelope
just a little crossed out note for a very, very tall wall

if only i can find some way to approach the fight then
black out / an imaginary fire
then stumble into the aftermath

still with the problem of invisibility
still in the gender webmess
still with a very, very tall wall between us
still dirty, of course
light it up, light it up

WE ARE LEFT IN THE AFTERMATH
MAYBE WE TALK, MAYBE WE DON'T
MAYBE WE FUCK, MAYBE WE DON'T
MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL SHOW UP

it's so hard to feel attached to your body these days
it's so hard to feel attached to the idea of a body that may never exist
it's so hard to feel attached to the idea of a world that may never exist
no matter court dates & letter writing nights & meetings & demos
we show up to
we show up
we can show up against
we can show up for each other

I STARTED OUT THIS PIECE
I STARTED OUT THIS PIECE
TRYING TO FIND A GOOD ALBUM NAME
TRYING TO FIND A PROGRESSION FROM
MELTING IN
CROSSING OUT TO FADING OUT TO RAGING OUT
OUTSIDE TO INSIDE
PHASE TO PHASE
DWELLING TO REMEMBERING TO FIGHT TO AFTERMATH

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OUTSIDE TO INSIDE
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