

Maafa

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A thesis

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Andrew Feld

Pimone Triplett

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Abstract

Maafa: Poems & Prose

Chair of the Supervisory Committee:

Andrew Feld

Creative Writing

The text that follows is a creative writing manuscript to complete a degree requirement for the University of Washington's program. It is written by a male descendant of African slaves between the years 2018-2020 AD. The text has several themes revolving around sound and thought, race and history, recreation and perceptions around labor. It is designed and can solely be used for the purpose of dismantling and documenting the system of oppressions. The Corona Virus pandemic of the year 2020 severely altered the poet's time to work on manuscript cohesion, so the text looks different than what was hoped. As a result, it includes writing supported by University funding as more a manuscript archive than a single, traditional collection of poetry.

THIS PAGE HAS AN AUDIO FEATURE TO AID THE VISUALLY IMPAIRED, BUT THE SAMPLE RECORDING DOES NOT COVER THE ENTIRE MANUSCRIPT. PLEASE CONTACT THE POET IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THE FULL AUDIO FILE.



I stumbled in, haven't have set out to write during the Coronavirus because its theater took away from me peace and replaced it with nearly the exact same thing but called chaos. this quarter was the thesis quarter I had saved up for. And the move to make class online just made my presence in this country unnecessary. If I had chosen to take the thesis classes in the second quarter, I would've been able to be off campus for the entirety of 2020. That could've made what is exactly nothing, to what is only virtually not the same, thousands of things more; and that is from financial despair to a mere couple thousand dollars. That vision would've required a global thinking sustained over time with foresight and careful planning. There are several reasons why I don't feel it is time to turn off shortsighted survival thinking that others are learning through Covid Season to put on and several other reasons why I and others around me haven't excelled or sought to develop at long-range thinking. If we speculated, we would not be here. Where we are is fading. What has been revealed and concealed by the theater curtains are the acts of separate parties who I, despite my clumsy opening language, came back to see coordinate. There was a script they got to rehearse, true?

It appears there was not a hope for hope in my heart, when I wrote this from zero to one in my mind by deciding to do it which I am still not seeing finished, with such a dark hope present that something resonates with more sustain of the things I have tired saying—writing. After being spent, I've felt words with all their edges puncture exit wounds. That seal from silence. The retirement from language production is an internal decision done like nothing becoming something. Rather than struggling, nothing. I have learned history through my body to be false and learned the thing time runs from through this body as it preceded me, the swiftness of its actions disturbed me through thorough. Even lost a period. A question is timed by the swirl that marks its presence but no answer responds to silence. It is a class, you have to sit-in to be a part of, all those late nights studying history textbooks preserved with the outside of a petrie dish. The surround wrapped in the translucent implosion so slow that on the outside it looks like a case.

I don't have to imagine. Writing is when there was something to do. Covid was the cliffhanger I stopped before. A loser, I walk away from the Babel block game. The tower been corrupt. For the third revision of the first unoriginal demand, that I write, I shall not keep writing to be free. And free will is a mental block which decides to befall the tree of falling fallen wood to which I do not subscribe but am held to (better than it holds up on its own). It is not very natural of will to follow what mankind cannot. It is very unnatural for science to fall without a logistics hand upholding its constitution of law. It is very unnatural for the logic of the fed to permeate the logic of the poor who will die without their eating. It is very unfair for the illogical and underthought to condemn whose feelings compel them to otherwise think to antisociality, unless one can think that the way language is labored for has increasing benefits for the rich and diminishing returns for the poor, feminized and blackened justifiably.

Maafa *POEMS & PROSE*

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MAAFA

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Kym Lo-ammi Wilson Littlefield

For Ed

The last we've given our founders in terms of information and updates was smoke up and our bodies down. The information it's been collecting on us has mainly been indirect, the occasional diver or surfer loses a limb, but land animals have been kept suppressed. Long range weapons like rifles and isolation has given us the advantage our eventual demise bolsters on. We hide the bodies of our dead not from our eyes with a box, but from the collection. Toxins from our foods would poison the ground if we were to put our bodies directly in it. Quarantining our waste was effective when we had space, but hasn't worked since we started working harder and farther. Removed from the earth and things we've built or seen built, things would not decay, but would improve. At current, the collection builds a case against us so compelling it keeps evidence by the ton beneath the surface of the ocean before it will present it in the court for which we, in our individual selves, utter wish to not be present. Why not all of us go to where evidence is held together as ants of a flood urge each other toward self-evidence? Else, suicide is the only way the group gets along and enforces it amongst us.

FALL 2019

MAAFA

And to become myself a writer onto my posture
more me then me them Sitting another one imposed on top

[What is common to us
Keeps estranging us]

We inherit the world
A strange place

But the sun show₁
is not enough

Oddly

what is common
keeps us

we inherit

the world' s
debt

an oddity
we learn

the arch.₂
forgetting
ouoptions
conflatedfor

what keeps
us

For a work to emerge from
Theory

That is to obtain the quality
Of sound

whose undertones must be
work in their own

toward a
mellifluousness

necessity—its resonance
interacting

wit matter outside
of production

of scientific humane
thought though

aware a its capacity to err
more keenly

yet only as by
product of careful
approach

during unlikely
opening in the concert

of systems which validate
symbolism

does it avail what the sane
have inherited

to distinguish from them
the inane

What' d it do?
(to you)

Schooling why the others drive

The red light stops the

bus the people don' t want

Their routes not in it can

they find but in the bus behind

pulling up they can so they walk

away from their destinations

to meet but as a switch

beyond them turns the light

their paths are with(-held by)

their routes realigned until

their bus' s stop ends—

moving those who have not

yet found them toward their

seats Who cannot afford this

schooling why the others drive

[another wisdom
emerges invisible] amongst crowd
at this point aroaring mount' n-like
so relatively silent
that when the mountain uprises
the other wisdom
the gut in the face of them falters
not as it is the gut
by whence it' s reached who arrives
it they cannot flux asking the price
of a wet towel is
a foreigner who am I the lady in front
confronts a laugh with tht wch is con
veyed gone missing
she comes up says what I know to be
stomach & tht she points' s market price

it aint no power
cus I dislike power
to change
ah bat uh diaper

a white adhd mind bout black
folk Don' t make
no cot damn sense
Sense can' t no black eye bat for

An nah hate it that this paper
seein how it is
in school
the medium
of failure

is gateway
of failures

I learned
the games that cost

the loser the future
the winner their
tongue

you aint played dese games
near god

you ain bow tit bow tit
shyit I did my time

Sitteen years
In na institution

An private
They ont neven gotta
Comply wit

Nashnal regulations
Standards and norms

Shyit near god I was up in
Nere causing a ruckus
You know how I does it
I aint boutta go out like no
Pump chump or simp Did
d whole stint no snitchin -

Accurate the above bout how
Private institution be

Where the final product the
whole of anti-racist strategy

Emerges a man—reformed from
Shame [on whatever is said when]
black tongue self-flagellates
its bastard name.

Choo doin back here? Whatchu mean
I can' t come back? Erbody done left
An I' m fitna go when I get that call.
Stop it with that. You look good.

Look at you. My son back from State
Aint gone work another day in these
Streets. Grandma, don' t look like nobody
Workin these streets no more.

Ah don' t think about the leaves
I think about the

I don' t think about the bees
And -takes leaves left mis' t

Idn' t ignorant I spill tea spilt
tea left spilt stains don' t think

bout that neither I jst think not
about the leaves but spinning

the thingthing by the handle
and the basket being streamed

down upon at the same level
by the time I think of the leaves

Concrete thought of sea rising
foam from licorice alfalfa rose

nettle and agrimony waste not
aromas of use cap ththngthng

steep I don' t think about in minutes
I think about the mind

Window
aslant tea pour
this is

in the company room, falsely

Empty warehouses
with the fearful

eyes of freework workers
freed is joy
in Haiti where
they do not see
chains of nothing but waves

Of corrupting language,
I am innocent but not bankrupt

How knowings herd

Bound Dog

Barks

Anything
in earshot' s
territory; any
-one who
heard' s an
intruder

Bound Dog

Noses

What it needed
to know

A dog that wants pets
has got its job watcher eyes
A mom that wants puppies
has got its job watcher eyes
A need that wants nipples

An opening that is closed
has got its job watcher eyes
The tact to lay off
has got its job watcher eyes

For 23 days 180 dollars housesitting *the department chair away to see more family*; Hyperlink

On walks, dog takes her time leading, leashed, through an internet I never learned or
Either forgot acquiring language terpene code suggests object does not exist without
Being scent, presupposes narrative for each object wonder what this patch is
Hyperlinked to because cursorial investigation leashed and what is dropping down to
Know more simply because of thumbs, not lonely, can be entrusted to home and
Libraries' scores of jazz funk on vinyl disc, a car because' ve thumbs, dominion over
Block with dog who like others' knows local environs macro and micro better what do I
Know what the dog doesn' t know can' t be conveyed by me without snack or bark or
Gesture as uncertain to communicate to the body as it is to another body of another
Species as holiday, translating herbie hancock to dog to confirm am hearing what is
Hearing from box not common feat, but nearly same as intergenerational conflict

Communication holiday object' s conversational recharge of family concept; memory
Recitation (iteration/altercation/alteration/reiteration), interval calibration for co
Temporality, close quarter oxytocin & close quarter cortisol in role perpetuation;
Without: recipes and distances traveled, temporalities shared, meals ware cleanings
Shared, without memories co-articulated code dog can sense but without object
Cannot scent poodle of split level pass on the way to the nature park who' s barking
Cannot be heard before it is felt by sight then embodied through looking up to its
Vibrating phone-like across coffee table instead of *ooo it' s so and so calling*, it' s *ooo*
Coom baroom the trapped who cannot field its protest enjoins attention of the leashed,
Creates the hyperlink.

To refuse acceptance

Why minimal wage earners get so many thank yous? What else on that tray?

What all you thanking for,

Your convenience?

Can you give your day to a cat

To its knowing a thing

That you know it is dying

Business starts up says
starting up underpays
for now but if you' re
Enough your hard work matter
And if you put that hard
work in you can Have a part of
what we are becoming by
making it

-Kay so wha' re sum uva raisons over
playces pay such shit?

Bu siness is sea sonalyaknow li ke qua r ters
Anshit like that and is facttree-based so inside
Likenot e venworrie dabit abou tinclement
Weather it int comin in through cement we
Yain' t gotno windows downstairs dowe now?

This could
literally be you!
What do you owe to
yourself?
What are you
worth?
Sell yourself
high!

Business app that replaces hundreds of cash
businesses in formerly low-income areas whose
clientele has since moved south allows any
random motherfucker with clippers to invite
app users into their home for a buzz.

Business who will not pay for

Full-time saves

Their workers from two and a half

Hours of full-time

Work spares them benefits a

Group of "start-up"

Guys gets phones hooked up to all

These single occupant

Vehicles—Low-balls some hard-working

City-knowing, language

Learning, slick drivers and replaces

Them with people who

Just moved to the city whose phone

App moves you through to everybody's best route

Traffic Children of the diaspora are running in

Aisles till summoned

By security or white parents

Who teach a lesson similar

To heel for a pet

"Heard of this thing where they close down the street. And a whole bunch of farmer's sell like fruits and veggies there."

"They got those? Damn where at? I been livin here my whole life, how come I haven't heard bout this before?"

Business sells twenty-dollar socks whose manufacturers, families of New England weavers, ensure lifetime warranty

Business selling white people black peoples' personal information like medical history and bank account information whereby white people can return the wealth stolen In their behalf (or stead) does not allow tax benefits and has not received significant support from billionaires

In the capitalist market

Wonder what the curious mind

Can explore without the leashholder

In these markets everything for sale

Is displayed displayed everything on

Sale for display the kid is looking for

Something that looks like him some

Body looks at him looking at him like

He hasn' t seen himself on the tv before

Seeing himself this time before the tv

Business sells everything,
everywhere will accept cash,
credit, paypal, is represented by
man from Prius at my gate Waving a
box, "I am Amazon," demanding be
let in

Where is the camera he sees him

Thinking and thinks he is seeing him

Because he is nodding his seeing

As he sees the camera that sees him

But he was looking for somebody

Like him not like him to leave but

It' s like looking' s all he can do

Business sells the pills that
treat what the local bad water
gives; a poor revolution.

I saw him and the big tv he' s looking for
what I' m looking for -no not corduroy,
No not the odds for that racialized
Fight. No not that race. No not
Telephone wire long nough
To double back dutch, but it does—

--Oh does ya mean linyage?

Actually, yes. He looking for his

Lin-yij. We

Jus lookin for a hook. We

Lookin for that line.

--Rown Here.

Rown Wal-Mart

Anda Y' Bess Buy

we sell lineage
by the linny line,
line

well,

near

god.

Parasite Business says I' ll
compete with you, but we' re not
on the same playing field, we' ve
buying power, but no interest to
step on your toes, or put toes to
anything for any matter, we are a
fingertip company, a larynx
company; ease of access, talk to
us, even. We won' t buy a store
near you, nor will we buy your
store, but we would like to stop
by. Say, what if we got a locker
installed right there, right by
those heavy metal cages on
wheels. Yes, of course right by
the 3d shopping carts?

I bite. I have been proselytized to
Online has done it
They are selling
Their own lineages to the descendants of slaves
Business selling records back
To the artists who sang them—
Business teaching English to a child
And selling them records that
under pre-existing legislature, they' d be a slave
Imagine selling stolen cars Back
to families who had to walk
To work, school, work, and church
Respectively, until only
Work, school, and church cus
The daddy got hit by the car
They reported stolen
On its way to pulling another robbery
On a nother brother in na
Nearby neighborhood
Cept now the car you sellin to
Em got a donut for a tire, and
A nother one won' t keep no air

Summer' s not yet
over in your
region
There are 8 bars
still
Serving
Leinenkugel
On tap. Click
Here to see where
you can drink
like settlers and
Natives alike.

I am calling to report an
unlicensed food vendor
unaccompanied by her likely
Welfare Queen mom.

Business with two centuries of patent
experience reports a recent
application for White lanes with
permission from CEO
of the company of the same name who
is currently lobbying on the Hill for
federal funding for white sidewalks,
which would promote pedestrianism,
deter homelessness, while providing a
safer environment for
Police patrols and canines.

--Aye just tell me it still got those
Bose speakers that came with it

---Sound like White flight, those
Were the first to go!

A bank that makes money on defaults

A fault that makes money

For a homeowner a resident that

Makes less than the move

It takes to take up more responsibility

And faster

contractually speaking

Regarding the loan it takes to

Sign a contract. Contract print so fine

it takes a lawyer' s sleeping with it.

They' ll confirm: Yup, It takes a contract

To sleep. It takes a history

To hold its tongue to work. It takes

a history' s tongue to worst. It

takes a rapid eye to rest. It takes a

long sight to rest. Rest takes a rapid eye

to get going. Going sights a long

rest. A rapid tongue arrests an eye. Long

tongue arrests history.

Businesses selling fear in
dusty gray paper who were
once only read because of
some charged comments
about dark skinned
athletes which eased the
discomfort the paying-
masses who attended the
sports game being detailed
in the article
miscalculate their
competition and start
writing their news on the
internet. They should have
sold international crises
or just sports to be safe.

Small business
ventures? Start-
ups? or home
industries?
destabilize the
journalism industry
with unpaid labor
and better
coverage. Sign up
for free now to see
how you can become
an influencer.

dominos cyclist' s
Smile obscured by \
syntax of his scarf
why was the red light
not his preoccupied
mind on right now \
does the pineapple behind me
not make me a king
just elsewhere even
if here I can be criminal
for being gone long
enough Returns wiser of
fooleries and aurora
hides until the Seneca
light is green the dairy
carrier can\ does descend
forth Fourth

?not that you can hear motion
but the wind through a helmet
can make you ignorant running

not that you can hear water
yet when it falls

from the sky to the ground
or from the ground to the sky
to the ground and are told

some fish swim through it
if the water were not there

you couldn' t hear it the fish
would fly against surfaces
water and wind

At school we are
taught in classes

that we are selves
w/ the agency

that we do things
is our worth

that which we do
adheres to value

The result we are not
our selves
comes of thinking
of the class

Imagine relying on the school
to not be a school, Imagine a school's
power, where reliance is bestowed to

educate a truth into children whose par-
-ents do not. A teacher might

not knowing
the revolutionary

potential of a student

spell above
the class to the kindergarten asst.
requesting a P

O

P

A

student might say pop is bad
for you

The selves get moved, shipped
out and organized;
choose your own destiny (accord

-ing to the remaining slots
available)
Is this “self”

an extended met
aphor for choice?

Pity Poor person a pea
aphid has praps a better
chance of its own
fate’ s
purchase

Dear direction,

Why you not gone

Tell me

If from the filter

constants a steady stream what I' m saying

is exhaust product

or byproduct? Emanuel

where should I breathe?

Vergüenza Ajena

The driver' s eyes rise
of the list of stops
to the route itself
to what is offensive
in the mirror behind
him is as a man admits
to not being usual his
time on the route worth
less he scoffs then
his seizes the driver

An I' m crazy as I hear things. Inside what is said. is saying made being
except the late unrisable cliché whose call to mine action I am **too lazy**
to hear ii. **what is seen is** in my eyes adjusted to seen through my eye then
exposed in my hand

in wch I let be little a light through iii. an *nIme* crazy as nothing there
as my friends go What are you doing an when I move my hair sometimesby **wind**
is moved to my shoulders feel weight that is head protein leaking

scary condition suffers negroid intuition itching is what isn' t there is
only a bit there for iiii. like sleep you ask when it **you lack what it**
is there for

Hide me /in/of/from mine enemy' s plainsight. Gentlefire in plainclothes
moving worse than in seeing: in visioning an fucking in my eviction:

Ohfro I have been told I have been pulled poling

an slipped to the window mine sight has by mine focus' s

arthritic **grip** iiii. **the pattern**
of the street is to make

crossing visible as i say now announce new I do intentions my friends to who
walk me now iiii. we are across the street from where we crossed the street
where do we need to beto be

that which lines my path is **danger the street black** and the safe part
white is a thing i like to decolonize my mind the burden of and cross where
my tread enoughts me still upright over iiiiiii. is function a property
does everything get

to do is function a property of design of use of the stripe palm out asking
for my slip

tether me to my druthers before a plethora of druthers of others To elsewhere
be if the desire for be great' s thorough (Or exceeds it) cross at safety' s
convenience iiiiii.

where for me is under where light is not where no delusion of safety is

false hooded upon me. *Cars* whose spaces' nearbys Im subjected to *rather I on
my stank ass instincts weak ol sight crooked frame o'er vision celebrate the
road than to trust a paint*

sli ckw hen wet sys tem dri ver ror Hap pyH our wet too ple ase hah

not in the season of seattle iiiiiiiii. my voice saved me crossing the street
today and the cost was a ham

string the bus in its coming to a stop is tendon yanked stopping pro
prioceptively running its length down to the fulcrum tension a little

lady yanks down to tighten bow-tightiiiiiiiiii.Tension Desire A little One
takes pursuit on the wire and brings reins up on the Titan she is an import
ant part of iiiiiiiiiii. my race is against the light change

my motion the crows say was to the bus motion perpendicular forward but
not the same as the white man who looks ahead necks for an advantage he
doesn' t need

perpendicular to an end he wants go on my light his red in my right of way
attempts his right to ward my life which **yelllls and slides from its
mouth. profusely white** apologies of a a priori pardoned person rainsmudged,
carred and paned, a cross, the city is paved.

man in still falling

I'll check for tomorrow' s time when I arrive

You must
Notknow
The tool
You use
At box speed
Your brain' s
the manual' s

Brown

Not just human flesh but also
Do I enjoy a nice fur

I' m coating wood sanded
of its bark

Round feminine shoulders
I' ll admit a higher yellow

Sometimes I do like
the arms I' m on hairy As well

do I like dark
barbecue' s near marooning

as Caribbeanskin
See me everywhere but where steel

Or the glimmer a coconut oil luster
overexposes is

on this pictured arm. Perfect against
my dropping back done unto the table

And nice on her legs iss almost like i am
tooting my own horn But it' n nit true this medium

Photography wasn' t made for me
bodies I' ve been on

In this medium were manipulated
Have been everywhere hanging

Without me
a reminder Of consignment.

Body on body
on board. tongue traps to eat. Tongue soups

To think. And light and light, they make light
of putting bad on me. They try to lose me

of my essence. But I saw with light what
the color of the trees were is me What the fruit of wood is

is a furnished future I saw myself
me brown, or brownness, my tongue was

burnt On
Soup, melting pot, bottom of the bowl,
scorching hot
And I became
with the sun the whole planet

and my greed
Eats the leafy greens and the bugs

who crawl I eat those too The birds who fly I
Eat those too

Birds who flew I ate when tired they
Strayed

Straight to me drew when death
died well I ate it to

An ostrich
assassination

addiction but

a need

the situation

doesn' t have

addiction a need
the context doesn' t call
ringing there for

Weary of knowledge As I am
In its possessibility
With proof All forthcome
Bearing
*Trust --like a wallet
and money does not*
With me Where I
Am (In An I Do
not Know)
co occur
I am
Rob bined
By the Sun
Who' s all Fruit
WhosAll Proof
Yea who Knows it
Is not Dumb
To de scribe
It yea Who
His writings hear
Say it As proof
*Subterfuge The troops
German the General
As lept Asunder
Ver If
I
Ben ?
the Ram
If ication Of light
Is di Splayed
In glass An some
Reaches Plaster
An back I' m back
In back There' s
More seats In back
My friend Gives me Up
Ain' t neven List nin
Collateral
In back in back theresome
More seats Upfront
*Yeah in back theressmore seats**

upfront kkk (as in laughter) kkk (as in laughter)
Now could You tell
Me the blind
Dudes know Ledge in this
Case sharrod
I ont know it less iss Is it that iss
Stuff only He can kno win can' t
Furrow furrow
Share
Okay so you read
The Homework but Did you do it
I Didoo it
So what' s
The knowledge
Ain' t no know
Ledge it' s jest
you stoop id
if few Look
Right at the Sun
Why?
Cus you Already Know iss
—Wundt nun Of us be here If it Wundt—
Eggs actly
But what Does it
Mean To have
Proof
Sha rod
I did the last One how come
Somebody Else caint go
Cause I Won a
hear you say it
-
It ain' t Nothing
To have
Ahhh You right
Sound like
bad news bears
'few think about Knowledge
In nis story Cus it ain' t
Nothin to half

The world is not more over
-populated because some
have figured out how not
to ever wake the body up

De posits

The self posits
It is by association
As certain as
Approximation

knows arrival
Simultaneously as
Destined yet not
Destination

the black pupil
studies

at the window
not itself

despite his reflection' s
temptation

but the object
of the anonymous subject

the affect of the
wind trees carry

wind sculpted posture

taught of clay and
chain *as The Word from scripture*

arisen squared off,
fed, sed.

The Voice Being Heard

Who doesn' t want
Their day

In court already has it
In two-tone

The voice being heard
Or recording

Has no remorse as you
See is sighted

Short. Juror after recess
Asks to play

It back, the voice being
It heard is back

playable, play-backable,
the track traceable

unbacktrack
-able, confrontational,

undisputable, dismissed
unbelievable. The Vehicle

being heard turning through
doubt of the office through

wch it is delivered is
gavelshy unsure of the verity

of what whose path will be
corrected to just is saying,

as if just now whose passengers
are expected suspicion is

arriving at anger as any mutual
destination, certainly.

for their destinations, why
even work, the hole office

thinks, when work is, for the
body of the poor, the benefit
of the rich.

Where my opponent
Is disadvantaged Is
the best fight, or is
the nonfight better, just
constantly slept on?

The weakest enemy
wants to fight me and
Is it worth fighting. If it is
Not, it is not because
Him might got to get rett
For him biggest foil yet.

taking more than the seventeen
minutes its object takes takes
my dawning upon it the time is
not

what I think it
< "Hour" > is

as glass as word

Fully penetrable
By sight

Flippable too
Who has time

To in the store check
to see if what
a thing claims to be it is

Soft as
Unused
Armor is
Relaxation
Used
To protect
One self
From the
Productive
Posture

(!)

Rock hard defense

skipping like Jesus the water

Takes me the water (skies!) To Another line the water

Defenselessness

They look like you
futile at work
the help can' t help
the shooter
cornered

Pick

the fist
up

indicates
intent:

a toppling
to stand

through
re: a defender' s
offense

Up hot

The shooter
hits the
target
(v.) Through
the ball

line keeps
Moving

ocean like a
String

a well taut
Defense

how many planes
have this

If a string helps
defenses

embody clothesline
what

is hanging
were there ever

pants' s pinned where
there is

no suspense Then what is
drying

keeping
moisture a

way from
clothes is

the line' s move
back

with the force tht becomes
a gradient

of rock
becoming hour

glass
unmeasured

From my Rap Theory
attuned I imagine
first by my listening
and finding agreement on
what was successful
always through two ways
difficulty without detriment
and surprise
comes my notion of
low hanging fruit

I noticed a small
moment most will
tell you isn't there
and decided I'd widen
not my eyes, but my
seeing; not my seeing—
my looking. At my
peripheries, I could
see my limb' s phantom
beating percussive
instruments nobody
beats freestyling

a looking upon oneself looking
at a speck in the room
disappointed as the
approach supremely
beginning ends at its
most obvious answer.
Not simply am I talking
about coincidence rhyme
but also cliché or
predictable but not a quote
standard revision of classic phrase.

These are low hanging fruits,
symbols of laziness and temptation,
the original sin but backwards.
The symbol stales
by the a priori presentation

of its family
feud number one answer answer
with two strikes
from the mother
under the dad' s articulation
the overdeterminer

At the end of the verbal phrase
which resembles or matches
the prior in cadence,
melody, or rhyme use,
the syntax has expressed
most of the statement,
so the semantic value

for the structure is now
relatively low. Having been
really honed in on, that
last utterance, with the
listener in smooth pursuit
is able to predict
the last word(s) of each
bar, so the last' s last,
which is at your
verbal dexterity's full
range, sometimes reflects
a fear of doing the work
of time , on time, ahead
of time, by time, wch is
the work.

The Mundane

1.
car stopped
the middle of the street
2. a flicker' s traffic
yellow desire
3. through cement
the trees uplift
4. ages across the
coarse root course

The mundane car stopped in
middle of the street
The wanting light' s
Yellow' s on car out
-raged by red and driven
by the patience of the led

[give a cloud meaning]

several times after having crossed me

for the moving shadowy cloud—my bright moving cloud
this hoodboy reifies—My bright pall. I see him do it
and bear it up with me—going up the hill where crows seem

with their chaos to still be bringing droves
for or droves with in spite of. Despite that

he has taken the cloud or that
He has taken it

the possession of fear which I have
about me manifests a true white light.

skin refusing it, casts upon me
the dearth of something with detail

present about me thus he cannot project
any emotion toward me untethered

to his response to what he does not know,
being in the face of.

Behind me an imagined one directional
force by right of way enforced

Fear thus cannot be understood of what
is held by this man in me without the given

grounds of it: a one directional force
behind the percept

MONTAGE

Suppletion

“I am who was”

As is it is unknown
But to me who is in
Knowing' s pursuit
Forward going' s the only
Way ahead can keep
Its goings ongoing to
Keep the getting behind
From its occurrence
Wielding the helm
Wheel its reorientative will
As a sound the
Morpheme brokers in
Small loangiving lowly
At low level, runs the will,
Unifies the mill even
Getting a piece of somebody' s
Labor neither of yours nor mine,
naming so much making it will be after
its tax, knowing that, who I am invert to me
I from of self, which however
Does not materialize into meaning
But tense displacements me back to
Retreat from refuge
Of refusals of agreements
Dislodged profuse the tongue
Labor in the language of
Fatigue timbre of its ongoing sweating

am' s was
upside down

elementary trees
reflecting
selectional properties
of their heads

Encoded in coated aluminum
man' s desire
or to define humanity
according to limits
of the current
imagination
or what one can see

Words like gods
outside
their presence

impossible
to conjure
for lack

visual cues
another plane

silence an
ignorant proof

If I knew what was next
it wouldn' t

Visual
cues origin question

etymology
a sentence

Yet the sub
stance of the god

being asked of
is like a ridge beyond

which is unknown
I think

back to the peak
of ignorance

whose bleak valley
overhead looms

the charge of
a murderous sky,

mourning its yesterday' s
death, but

there is no sound the sky does
not produce a thing

[But certainly I can enlist]
rage over the low overhead
Upon which capitalism was built
Still is
Heavy cast the iron plate on the hold or darkness of the man
Trying not to be
Eye to eye With a lens
at shoe' s scuff level

islandsans history
histories who occupy new

cities within
historic structures
ducts sealed round my eye
can reproduce The catalog the matte
condition In my sleep

Version 2.

takes in
sign seen
for poetry
to mean' s
to be to
be' s just
lingering' s
inner ling

version 1.

Poetry is not
always
an empty
circle but
where not
I imagine it
The reason
As in here
A sign keeps
Cars unparked
and from
waiting; why
some city
task force commissioned
for space
to be enforced

the thoroughfare
must go
through with
passage

must it read
in few words

in few words
recognizable

to also notpeople
-oftheletters

Version 3.

Poetry keeps
the roundabout
roundable,
in absence of the effect,
that which
requires the quality
of water will flow
as if water obstructs
it or obfuscates it
at the glass
of waiters
occupying
the steering
column
mind trapped
in irony absent
occupying the quality
missing of
the circle she shares
with the bus
whose failure
to bypass is
a discovery made
in a rear view
once its motion
[of stopping]
is made.

Version 4.

When its holding
sign' s properly placed
moves it, poetry,
things obedient through
th circle toward
their final forms

Regarding difficulty posthoc as if its totality were the piece' s tonality— one would get the net result of a simplification or an expansion — but the employment is not but of the tool, but rather is one side of the tool. If the author' s pen was set to rise the ease of the piece, then the upside—the side at rest—is difficulty. To treat difficulty as a product of a distortion is the same as reducing the depictive potential of the eraser to destruction.

Against a reduction of experience into the commodity of an outcome, I state that the thought product of difficult work is an occurring event rather than one occurred.

Why not can my work inspire the confusion of living? Why not can it contain for real the mystique of ignorance and the intoxication that certainty persuades us with to reify itself?

Defining. a struggle. can only be
accomplished. in the past. tense
How dog hanging on. butcher
hook. ribs ajar. pried. like a fish.
past catch-and-release hope. is
still. in defense. snarl intact. di
splayed splayed. its look' s hung
-er breathinglike. under stacks of
water surface tension innumerable

to tell a story without talking
about pain:

the point of the hill where the
cyclist becomes pedestrian is
the plateau before the isthmus
climbs toward its summit—towers
tower trees to summon cyclists—
but could also explain how brown
gulls cry for fast food—that caw
a questioning how one gets hooked.
How one wants to unlearn want.

As executives of
And executors of

Big and Pac
had discovered

fatal cross promotion whereby
they play out their roles

why the hand outlives
the body and the voice
can be swayed after

To refuse checking the self for loss

only nigga I
fault in the getting
Jacked not
Getting jacked
Investigation
of one' s pocket by
the self
is the self
that buys itself
a thief

though even in
getting jacked
I don' t blame
the thief for
his rations and
I linger not
on a rationale

The First Poem I Ever Wrote (Since Last Week)
/Through Fields Pursued Into Evergreens Wasted

sorts since cinching

curtsy sentences

unstaed cursive

curtailed short

So I first noticed it leaving the candy store with drugs and when I went every month an I
ain,t no careless nigga I noticed the same ol white nigga there

Wait look
Still don,t believe me

Then I figured out how I could figure out how to confront him safely or at least to
without him being the sole holder of peril should it seek us in our incantation of it In
swears, not the least bit professional

I,ll get to the figure and the logic i figured
Ascertaining was greatest for

For why it fails doesn' t irk it exhausts
And retires
It makes of me a ole white hound

Hollering at the labor executed delivered
Taken from him hopes meanwhile

Hurry his heart and ease his mind
Mind on that my cries

are doing something for the
protection of this house from

Mail: the paper invaders

The paper invaders upholding oppression
The predatious law hunts for fun

Around the corner as well as From the living

room an itch warms
the whole body around it

In the sense of rallying for
Nobody has ever rooted

Harder for but sometimes
that hope whose property
is righteous weight

performance must bear it
And by the power of angles

And angles alone along with
the knowledge and precise

Application of the angle
Can a crow

Bar pry
with both its irontooth

hardness sharpness
both hands of the mind

A distraction with
The tensile strength to

Buoy the submerged body
From the gaze of the zombie

For future builds, sinewy ones

A real beautiful person
In society
Doubts their real beautiful self

Through society
Realizes the self is
Theirs do not theirs

A real beautiful person
Knows who is
By who has been they self

Witnessed this though
In society that requires

how we ask a cloth to sense
a social need and a weather
that may dive or fly a dove

above explains to us follies
our understandings are after
after us our habits kill us

explain to us why she died who
liberty asks not a corner coroner
performing real autopsies pro

bono on skirts and hoodies no
not liberty but this statue fixture
of the streets' fixation this green

thing begs questions other than
who liberty begs questions like
who would sell their labor power

for this fate who would convert
time discomfort and sweat into
death has currency knowledge/
knew what they were getting

into in that rapeskirt that hang
-hooded sweatshirt they knew what

If one had paper
one could not right
fully see them
symbols they keep
tryna get us
mixed up with but
learned it any
way If both had
paper and we could
sound out what
we hear in
side of what they
say we could
talk right through
the paper if
we had a way

If a paper had
a body they could
just take it from
it and how thats
gonna help us
talk from all
the way this far
away every
white letter carrier
gone refuse
to take it and
how many negroes
go all the way
from you to me
and cant get
back we would
have to have a
letter for the
carrier to read
an anoter cross
the envelope

quip of the tongue licks

label of the language

dubs upon a new being

a miracle and possesses

and owns it with the law

mmmm the baby utters

til its tongue turns on its

own Summons the wound

of absent mother what

happened to a hum say

the bare and the dumb

how assumed by two

hope-filled fools in surro

gate words where from

will beknow time

Ember embody the mother in a dream she live asleep through
suspended₁
be a light foot seeing inside her head first₂ and find the structures
their cords₃

there the color to return to a dream₁ with the color
to bear to infiltrate
the world₂ amongst some dozens of other cords there

will. be. no. time.
to count₃ just unlcross wires cr2oss fingers esc3ape a pinch
with a pinch

From deep sleep you wonder
What all is conjure about
So before arrival a long
Journey from tasks
Them to you a beacon
A pink or blue thing a long
one away from which your
departure is abstracted
thusly the journey on
which you departed you
had already been extracted
from the many who stand
it end up unwitting as
before they ever departed
as if never had
arrival

Meals on the Flight

Eden Tate To this day
Hadn' t had nor had she
ate al dente

To this day
Eden Tate

Meditates on
Potatoes mashed
Passed from plate
Of dad to rubber spoon
She can grab, have

But fails to without
First drumming,
drool fly rubber spoon
Back as cool

Can you assess the formal elements of a painting
Upside down

Yes winces Peter
then no To the brush
standing

 Behind the canvas
Get my hair he says
Falling because they
Had begun painting his face

without gravity Before
they really had him nailed down That' s it proceed the panting says

Consent

agree

drying

Marginalia

Amends

Typed

-print—-

That

My

Signs

Under

-lie

Their

Symbols

Not

An

Interpretive

Act—

Axe.

Bent (Rebent)

Outside the scope
Of its design' s a clip
For reclassifying
making many one
Clipping unenclosed
Landscapes again

far from Its field it' s from a field
Lifted it is not fixed
It has changed but a clipping
But can make of many
Papers one thing to be possessed

Absent

A mighty weight
Is time on paper
Lifted like a prop

Truck ahead and
schooner sails stale
Breeze unthawing

Terra three the beast
with fleets and fleas
Who flees to seas

unfrees the leashed
the greased and fleeced Who
frequents the treatise

(Detritus the treatise
On treaties whose premise of nemesis' s never ending and

Never giving up)

Recites repeats it Re
quires it to feed him Re
writes it when needed

ACHINONME

To refuse paper

Sometimes the boon of observation is privileged to its non-appearance, thus traditional tools can fail in the field (of documentation) to document “sentient” outcomes, and further, because the impact the symbol holds in the mind of the subject is permanent and has historically been revelatory; there is no manner of being, they hope, underlying their current mode of being.

Took at least three revolutions
To entirely change the state

Of what is closed And was
opened in his hands is the bottle

And the cap which are at odds
cap full closing Off its self

It' s all on the bottle an niss
Is all on the d line downtown late

And still late the bus is do you
Know what perfectly bald is luster

That this head holds unsteadily changes
Its position as its holders' does

And does not have of ability to hold
Still even with glue drying up

The spine he can rip out after examining
A checkbook strip its pattern of checks

Its potential to book anything checks re
Place inner pockets contents now as cer

tainty truly empty odorless weed rolls out
Of sugarless m&m tube innocently rolled under

The scent of what is partially absorbent
Layers of sweat panting into socks

kind as a bus driver who lets it ride indiscriminately
In denying wind entry as cold as hands tucked

Around what is mine mine mine mine and
What is given when whenever the hell they want is felt

Is felt unceasingly is this hell unmittingly by
Who sleep all day during and who' s all night' sunsnoring

[Nocturnal Economy]

[What day wants]]

wants fame creates visual
spatial objects whose de
sign' s success full when
deliver them met

aphysically to the point

of canvas the reflection

of screens and attention

of the unattended What

metaphor their makings

are for desire eachmake

of themselves one they
in mind leaves the argument
of heat for
the gesture the hand come
here they hear I am hot

So the rope be tool
The knot be tech

A vast system of net
works ending in the skin
that can be recognized
in so far as it' s currency

If you Can
not see it

From their point the
view
The it of you
Can
Not be as crystal
line as you see it

Woe

Woah actual joy is

Intangible

Intangible is even tangible

has the reader seen the windmill
spin

has the reader seen the windmill
still

how can you hold the wind

up for so long before you let the

vehicle go

The car goes beyond what you ungo

Knot where your eyes point

Woe*

Woah actual joy is

Intangible Yet

Here belies the word

Sooth is joy is not

An object but a subject

Can achieve it

(The position)

Sooth is it is not

Where the eye

points sooth is

It is knot where

The eye points.

Woe what the paper

Can know and not

Convey to the paper

-weight woe how

Heavy the thing

Held paper hold

How heavy the

Woe is carrying

The paper with

No way to hold

What it' s holding

You can feel

joy You just can' t

also Feel joy.

Laughter sth to organize thought

Incursion

Self language with world folding in

The type of hilarity to preclude itself from expression becomes laughter

Must an assumption be assumed from inside out

will its inheritance

then disavow it

Logics in place

What strain I am
pushing out
To even
remember
myself Where
I am That to mobilize
against it
requires we
to think me over
And through

Through eyes I can' t see a water
With one direction Even through its pulling and pushing about bullshit sand

What does one need to know to conceive of a beach of their current presence
Its origins must be assessed bare by the feet that brought it from trucks and

By men' s non
-Values valued
belowering
them into
where The
beach Will
go it does
not Take
many Trips
for the back
To go for
Their each
shoulder there
Is only half
back

How does a sentence begin differently than it ends and what are its internal meditations on its purpose, or can we know of anything unconcerned with the narrative we presuppose to it (thus prevent a real meditation therein on) notwithstanding the a priori outside necessary for a sentence to have been written by a grammar that reads it legible, pronounces it credible clearly.

Advice
Whose stakes
Between oral
And aural
Synapses
Appreciate

By virtue
Of potential
Energy to trans
Substantiate

For the oral
Orphic
Who so
Fixated
Fixed on
Helping you
Fickle out
Your fix.

I just heard,

If you accept
Like the worst
Fucking deal
In the world,
As a defense
Attorney,
They' ll forgive
All your loans

law of united states
suggests two states cannot be
understood differently without

refers to the inability to remove hate from
the environment by removing the object
of hate

a non law of united states
is that removing the subj.
of hate, or the object of
rage—righteous hate/intolerance-
intolerance will not ensure the survival
of power and powerers

A poem
A bout
The mind
A bode
A pawn
the me

Thrifty
Memry

the goal
whose ball' s
ghosts be
yond seam

AR

U n l o c k a b l e s k i n

D e m o g r a p h i c s

t h e a r t o f d e s t r u c t i o n

r e c o u n t s d i v i s i o n

E x a m p l e s a m p l e

only thing safer than
the pocket is being
protected outside it
who rids himself of value
throwing the jumping
target from his hands,
his body into a way
-ward projectile he
is taught his long
game is his value does not
go for it this down
does not go down when he says
why if his coach
didn' t understand he does
he is gotten
his body is needed; its poised
mind however the person
running for
his life is schemed
the schemes against
him are many
but on the fake field the fake
game is the ball
and it is watched more than
fans know to admit

play action; the runningback
Is running forsooth but hold

whose Legs constitute
his threat to

all this territory the defensive
coordinator

shouts because if it' s
gotten this far, to him

this type of mobility is
a threat

to the game as we know it
so the family who has

To says politely to the coach
Their fear before Sunday

and mentions over feasant
what the body is

reduced to without legs
how its only defense

as it' s attacking is its
self preservation and we gotta

take that away and they joke
that they mean coach

as opposed to themselves
and the coach laughs

as if he catches the running for a living

he laughs cause he does thoroughthrough
running the running for a living for a living.

The criminal and the cop work for
Justice

Industries and the judge and the law
Work

For the lawyers, prosecutors and def
Enders,

Too. Many are confused about the
war

-den, the prison, the price, the bailiff, the
Bail,

The rise, the gravity, the grave, the pipe
Line

The number, the person to which it belongs.
Name

The price it didn' t cost. The food, the access
To

Water, light, sun, air, the crowd crowding, the
Riot

Waiting, all the recesses deliberating
Who

Of us already be the engines of us already
Robbin'

Who be the stars to gunho track
Down

The criminals that is define the crime, an fine the
engine.

Tribute to Our Rage

Kym Littlefield's From the Four Word Wikipedia Addendum Series ending in
“...was a slaveholder”

An outstanding debt to knowledge until a few days ago Overdue was that
Houston whose name houses the fourth

Most people has the fourth largest gravity in these United States was
governor of two of the states the state of the free

And the state of the enslaved as well as the two states Texas. And Tennessee
as well as fighting for Texas statehood for the slave

Market to eventually ramify through Sam fought against extremists Both north
and south so long as you have slaves he said you ought

To come to Texas And look at San Antonio if you don't believe this Particular
recalling of the Alamo whereby soldiers fight and die for

Slaveholders' rights and see what explosion happened there Economically and
morally what new causes and effects can be

Born out of justification we have statues and statures and other Structures in
Houston and his buddies' images erected for—in essence

Those causes and effects have already been controlled for and consider The
freedom of the state who at will frees itself the burden of the *law of*

united states; the isolated burden of longing coupled with the long burden of
being coupled with an other's let alone another's to them

Houston's must not be the most populous site of inheritance violence It must
be the most populous site of longing for ahistory

Doubt the little
Black child pig tails
on the pedestal
knows her stock
photo has been
adopted to work
the billboard
corner promoting
sex abuse awareness
to those in the
traffic of signs
representation is
a silent killer
leaving the dead
preserved outside
their bodies.

and to be alive
comes to mean
to be able to
see what isn' t

Because its ability to reduce the complex to the simple, speed is the target of all players, trainers and coaches. A game dubbed “of inches” , on a one hundred meter field, with a non- spherical ball, actual lines, conceptual lines, and simplicity of a footrace. If speed cannot be attained, it is the target of the defense who does not value the appearance of simplicity.

So to not be made obsolete at the position on the next level by a throwing inability unforeseeable at this level, the mobile quarterback develops versatile skills, making him a scoring threat at every position on the field. Agility, quickness, and quick acceleration are chief amongst these skills. At the next level, coaches laud him for his ability to improvise, which means his quickness and agility availed a downfield opportunity that isn’ t available for classically trained players at this position. The other side to the coin which evaluator’ s flip on the assessed, is that his skillset could be useful elsewhere on the field, that his skillset elsewhere is even detrimental to the likelihood of his success in his current position. If his mobility makes him a scoring threat, it is also his mobility that threatens his viability.

I heal
Like all
time does

Partially
And visibly
(partially)

To Refuse your self

Mine past surpasses
the only behind Me
continues to grow
though whereby my
presence stays is
unchangedly chained

Vers. 1—Final and prototype

Suppose you are where I was when
I thought of this to get here to get here too

Vers.,. 2

Suppose you are where I was
And have this When this thought got me
There to get here too

Vers. 0

Supposing you are where I was when I thought
of a way to get here to get here too I had
you brought or have brought you myself
knowing you can suppose and end up where
I finally was

Sh/Kn

It was best to be had
If one was to be had by the natives
As sarah rector shows

All for dirty, eight
-dollar dozens of eggs,

Does of whites, the farmer' s
Market' s *full* brings
Out their bests.

.attempts at humanity.
Brimming is the lament, Romanesco
in hand, of worlds ruined

by slave-built industries

—ruins for their descendants,
the rich do
to the chattel a removal—

who by no fault of their own
Unpleasantries have
Been removed—

in discussion from and
Replaced by billionaires
Who deserve fault

Or credit—however
You assign responsibility
--you assign it however

In the meritocratic
Doctrine—of downstream
You are - too far.

So far we haven' t even
Gotten to
Table the conversation

Walk yourself down
The wall into a back
Bridge

I like walking
With hands
Down the back
Of a wall
Into a bridge
Flexible

black owl-headed boy
passes

with white wings
Holding

his hands close Where
once

had he wings
and

walking forward the nocturne
Through

the market, in me, the owl
becomes

again

Its broken breaks,
neck

nakes, its urgency its diurnal
needs

die not Never Eternal croak
quiets---

cannot comment quick enough
What

will does development avail
accepts

an inheritance of ignorance
of night

-time where its wake 's is the
sun lost

What' s the best
weapon

--the one the victim needs
- 'swat the treasurer
said

—coining something
generouicide

They' ll even give you money

SecretofSanta

*A sweater donning an ill-advised pattern has unwrapped
Hands hands a bowed and gilded lump whose gilding shorn
Ugly is too meta to be more than shown worn the function
Of the armrest is to hide behind when it is your turn and
A few turns after a new season cracks ajar the glass window
One finger of spirit passes the sill each second enough to
Wet your finger blow your money on and rearrange the way
The context's furnished for a while for the loss they talk
About devastation when they look at the knitting of the warm
Sweater and its obvious symbols taking the shape of color
But they know of smiles emptied beginning when economies
Break and restart because everyone as if laughter held their
invisible breaths the cold fluid drafting through windows*

I arrived at the
protest at
which we
want to see
the body had
already been born
into a chant

faster than the bees
are the workers' dyingdyeing
a sound an entire register
silent

sugar

processed preferred
over that which is refined yet
unfound in the wall

who wills
to work now?

ain't shit
but to make
public or
publish the
appearance
of work

(or merely
life) is contentor

to work
shop crowd

source crowd
fund work

(or merely life)
the wisdom within

crowds ain' t it
(unroared)

for a thing you must leave
the people
to understand not to make

meaning with your friends is
the purpose
of work who can unify who

is already always together having
put to mind their ant brains at the wrong

times of
the day the stupid sea (*a whoosh of a roar*)

not in traffic
or in exiting

from
rear doors but from eating just (*mastic approach to clear space;*
a bubble's kind of rude inside public mouth)

like your peers the food path is
one delineated yea that crumble (is)

their old crumb they don't
care about the bee kicking

my ass in the fight I left
the hot cheeto baking
on the sidewalk for yea
the honey bun too

who helps me
kill this dying bee

may have some
of the honey bound

to be
on its limbs that' s a calling

a food
that is
a sauce near
its end
permits the bowl

be
cleaned using
joy in survival

Aetiology

Do we source these photos?

Line what is an edge up where come

what is the grammar for a head,

come what is the source code for out,

what is the source code for in The death of

the interest to know where

what goes in the mouth comes from ongoing Death

of the interest to know where what

comes out the mouth comes from ongoing Making

Khatibi

Co-translated with Zahra Al Zuwayed

To know is to feel with four sources of power

The power of the letter goes from the accent/diacritics—denotation to its nonexistence

The power of calligraphy amputates the hand from the root

Dance/dancing and moving picture/image will sweep/pull your body (like when the tide takes sth) (no agency)

Dance and music measure your power/strength

Y' alls poetic knowledge/language without idealization (frozen/without idol)

What do you mean by “poetic knowledge?”

—common man—with signs, thought is manifested...thought takes refuge in text/language

With calligraphy you can control the accent swaying/sliding/flirting (if you don' t hold the word in the right position, the accent will fall off some other sign and your word will mean something else)

And with music you wound the chords/heart/sth in the middle of time

A dry fig tree has soaked in the singing of the stars

Fall voluntarily laughing riding the wind/on the wind

Calibanism or how I got on this dry terrain

the word with the duty
of a whole language
a metonymy for is
a hole language

left to itself without the aid
of the decomposing bodies
the bit of language spoken
when its mortality is staked
eats at the riblets Its own
what' s left is indistinguishable
but for its present defigured
body is not extinguished

The spade digging is the spade-sword sheathed in the mouth space. The field of the mouth space is infinite and requires a sheath to keep wartime and peacetime separate. Wartime and peacetime are separate and elsewhere is here where their separation is non-apparent and the need for clocks is as absent as the log for the suns this time of year. Those that know know well the tongue is this sword and that wielded well leaves an enemy opposed—exposed— with their demise they brought to fall through.

The maintenance of the man cuts weeds from its path, and none of the people doing it admit it is about what it is about, walking that is, which is keeping a foot planted behind you, to maintain balance (to tether the move forward to the place being left)

It deems use and uses, logic which is the antithesis of life—seeing how we are born without it and we die with its futility failing on us into fear. This maintenance poisons the fountain of the body from which answers without logic spring forth their desire for our survival onto deafened ears - like cormorants' trapping which keeps their neck full of fish for others—we only hear outside our bodies

---this maintenance denies the dandelion the genius it took to arrive and emerge through the dirt we will be dead under the same fear that governs instinct - the same fear that gives the government the agency of the human body to enact to enforce to subject to agree we haven't all the same tongues, but the items, the lexical items were the same - to suggest the items were how we were justified below sea level to people who couldn't see the island

To see the island is where the food is coming from is where the people aren't but getting lighter and still able to reproduce and on an island even on an island with other people is it no wonder the tongue buried the tongue's history as a sword, so we don't rather eat our fork when we see the raw materials of the culinary tradition and the language tradition used to pacify the violence by way of retcon. That is whose words will we eat when we find that animal language, which does exist, is complex and indecipherable to meager mannish minds, or manic minds, or 'man iss mines' .

This entropy moves us away away
From man to an island of our own

A pangea of one men and so many
Men so many women who were

As many within themselves as any
Man was within himself an even within

The self the men was many and
The women were men just as justice

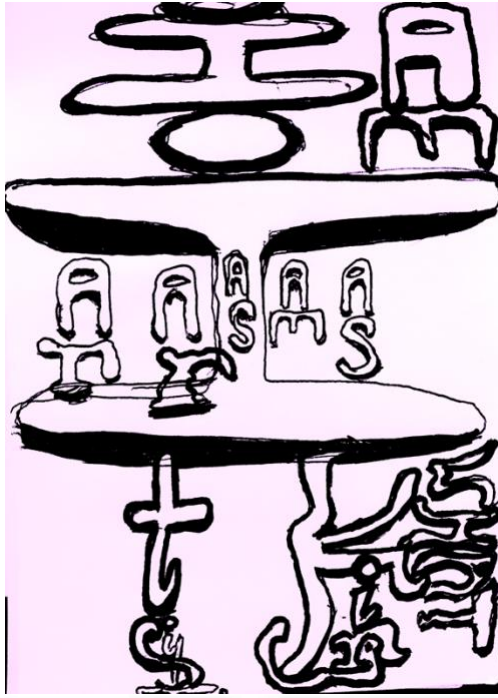
Itself is within itself and needs
Not explanation—just recognition

Like the fall upon the head that
Ragamuffins presaged or just found

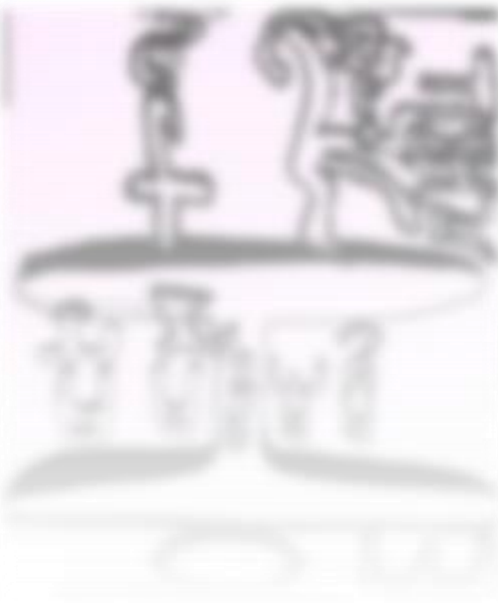
It as fallen and upon them, dead
And continuous. The closed system where

Roots upon the head furrow into
the who one is based on their location in

respect to the ground
the dread first grow up
to the sun then to know
where it comes from
strange roots issay
and see simultaneously



PARUSUAL



You know how death is
your [redacted] taking [redacted] face

You know how death is
your will taking you at face

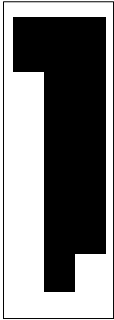
You know how death is
your will [redacted] [redacted]
[redacted]

[redacted] taking you [redacted]

You know how death is

[redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

You know how
your will taking [redacted] face



You know how death is

[redacted] taking [redacted]
[redacted]

value

[redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

How to use a soluble "know-it" thing
is entrally displayable in the format

in the form a *cymbal* making *unconveyable*
Western life is well you know how *death* is
you know how

you be waitin
for the *bus* an nat shit

jus don't come so you
start walking

an na bus pass
aÑew let it praise God for
not
taking you at face value
your will

Piff

Excerpted from a kym littlefield poem

™

—

“

„Here despite
Here despot
Here depot
Here department
Here dependent

desertpath here
disparate herd
despair hard
distant (p)heresy

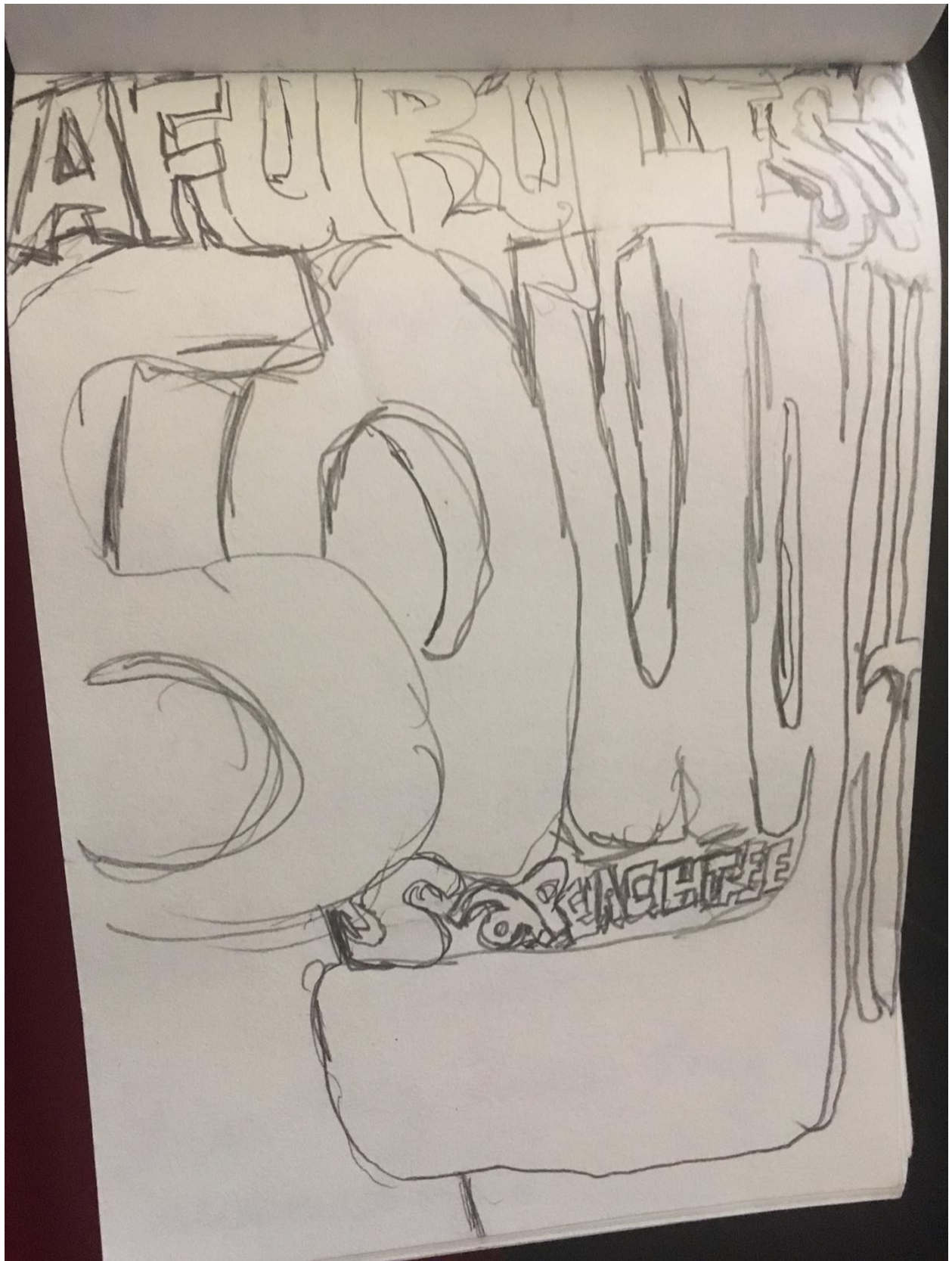
*”

vent
jovial
logical
wasm

could give which and in a
which itself is telling
of some things
of things

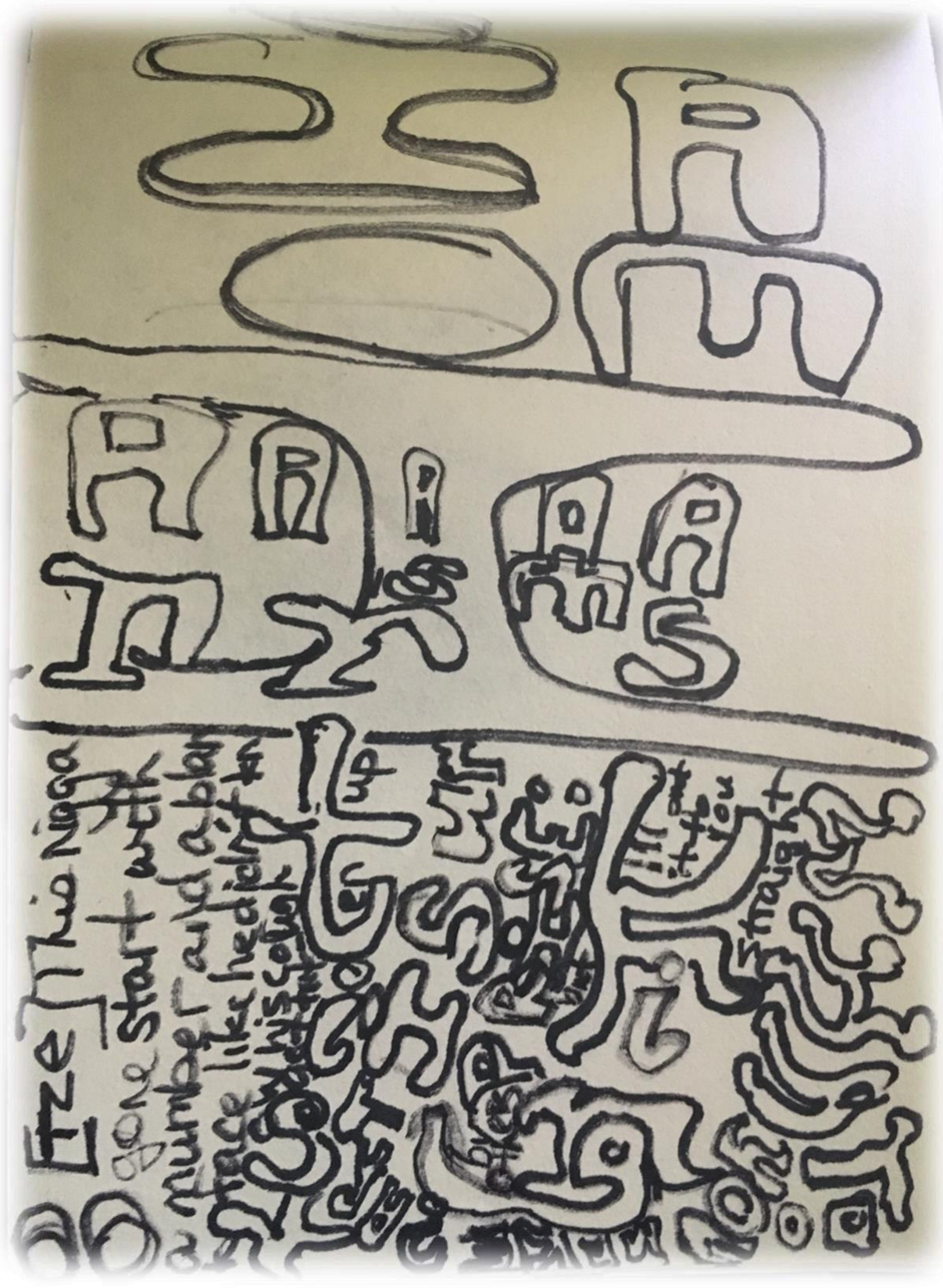
DOWN THE BLUE

[Spouse with rapid onset dementia](#) < gomowing > 2020-03-12 07:16
: . . . [I am so sorry. I am glad you had](#) < EggmanWalrus > 2020-03-12 07:37+5
: . . . : . . . [Spouse with rapid onset dementia](#) < gomowing > 2020-03-12 08:29
: . . . : . . . : . . . [OH, dear. My heart goes out to you](#) < EggmanWalrus > 2020-03-12 08:38+5
: . . . : . . . : . . . [Agree that my heart goes with you](#) < SteamHeat > 2020-03-12 14:44-5+10
: . . . : . . . : . . . [Yes many facilities are on lock down](#) < kittykatrina > 2020-03-12 21:42+5
: . . . : . . . : . . . : . . . [It disturbs me](#) < Cynthia6Moon > 2020-03-14 00:09-5+10
: . . . [please make sure](#) < BellsOn > 2020-03-12 19:18-10+17
: . . . : . . . [20/20 hindsight](#) < SteamHeat > 2020-03-12 22:22-5+10
: . . . [advice](#) < serinus > 2020-03-14 01:00 link
: . . . : . . . [I wonder...Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease?](#) < The-Receptionist > 2020-03-14 10:09 link
: . . . : . . . : . . . [Links you my find very helpful...](#) < The-Receptionist > 2020-03-14
10:18 link
: . . . [I've worked for many years in an Alzheimer's](#) < AuthenticEccentric > 2020-03-14
10:16+5
: . . . : . . . [Thank you for the explanation](#) < SteamHeat > 2020-03-14 11:05-5+5
: . . . : . . . : . . . [Yes, hopefully our experiences](#) < AuthenticEccentric > 2020-03-14 11:11
: . . . : . . . : . . . : . . . [Just some other thoughts](#) < SteamHeat > 2020-03-14 11:26-5+5
: . . . : . . . : . . . : . . . : . . . [Nursing Homes versus Assisted Living](#) < SteamHeat > 2020-03-14 12:44-
5+10
: . . . [Dementia is a very broad term](#) < KeeponChuglin > 2020-03-14 19:28
: . . . : . . . [I've never found anything better about dementia](#) < Intelligent_Effect > 2020-03-14
23:09 link



Reclaration

Need to talk to someone? Just press
a button and VXXXX lets you
answer a question or order
a coffee without taking off your head
-pXXXXX.



4.23.18-

hidden micpole
where they
speakin from
nothing in the
hold voices
they keep
in em what is
the light floor
bored of what
is life off
at night who
say you can' t
swim just don' t
want you
to jump instinct
-less para
sited in gusts
unjust the
begin ing of
of the engine
as ed, familyware
the hiddenmoney

Simultaneous Convergence

Edge

1 - 17 - 9 = 8
2 - 13 = 13
3 - 17 - 7 = 10
4 - 7 - 3 = 4
5 - 5 = 5
6 - 6 - 1 = 5
7 - 17 - 8 = 9
8 - 10 = 10
9 - 7 - 3 = 4
10 - 6 - 3 = 3
11 - 10 - 0 = 1

1 of 14

Shock
Learns
Indicator
Control
~~To~~
~~Behavior~~

~~Experiment~~
~~Experimental~~
~~And when~~
Group
Crossing
With a context

Shock
~~agency entitling them to~~
~~certain~~
~~practice as embodied~~
~~litera~~

its
certain
through the
acial

and

SEE MORE Ignorance
willfully carefree,

Edge

or a place to contain ~~information~~
component of the
archive of
psychic images,
that circulate, ~~they~~
the past.

1 - 17 - 9 = 8
2 - 13 = 13
3 - 17 - 7 = 10
4 - 7 - 3 = 4
5 - 5 = 5
6 - 6 - 1 = 5
7 - 17 - 8 = 9
8 - 10 = 10
9 - 7 - 3 = 4
10 - 6 - 3 = 3
11 - 10 - 6 = 4
12 - 11 - 6 = 5
13 - 19 - 10 = 9

2 of 14

~~As a form of
American Africanism hastily
subjection to
speech.~~

Life springs
the world
especially
racial

~~and power, as well as to calculate
concept relies on a word palette shared~~

~~essential character. As its soul, this
the food, and be retained, bolstered,
racial components of food, as a way of
advanced early ways of knowing the
back to the mode of survival using~~

o dialect in closed company, Indeed the
ryl Cumber Dance (1978)

e
g
d
w

4
1 - 17 - 9 = 8
2 - 13 = 13
3 - 17 - 7 = 10
4 - 7 - 3 = 4
5 - 5 = 5
6 - 6 - 1 = 5
7 - 17 - 8 = 9
8 - 10 = 10
9 - 7 - 3 = 4
10 - 6 - 3 = 3
11 - 10 - 6 = 4
12 - 11 - 6 = 5
13 - 19 - 10 = 9
14 - 15 - 5 = 10
o
m

Able to predict
diction and
pre-furnish the
~~spatial-logical~~
field ~~which~~
~~calculate~~
~~without~~

म

ॐ

ॐ

ॐ

ॐ

$$1 - 17 - 9 = 8$$

$$2 - 13 = 13$$

$$3 - 17 - 7 = 10$$

$$4 - 7 - 3 = 4$$

$$5 - 5 = 5$$

$$6 - 6 - 1 = 5$$

$$7 - 17 - 8 = 9$$

$$8 - 10 = 10$$

$$9 - 7 - 3 = 4$$

$$10 - 6 - 3 = 3$$

$$11 - 10 - 6 = 4$$

$$12 - 11 - 6 = 5$$

$$13 - 19 - 10 = 9$$

$$14 - 15 - 5 = 10$$

ॐ

lowers the behavior participant's attempts to succeed. Significantly decreases the onset of this association be Association (in this context, no matter what I do, I will

Edgese

~~operant behavior of crossing the low wall because which it could successfully stop the shock if only it~~

- 1 - 17 - 9 = 8
- 2 - 13 = 13
- 3 - 17 - 7 = 10
- 4 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 5 - 5 = 5
- 6 - 6 - 1 = 5
- 7 - 17 - 8 = 9
- 8 - 10 = 10
- 9 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 10 - 6 - 3 = 3
- 11 - 10 - 6 = 4

but actually accounts for most
uncoined, ~~'unpaid labor'~~ —
don't know that it ~~also~~ applies to them.

Edge

~~the physical ability~~ _____ ~~to~~
to activate a use-
when sold, to exploited to create surplus value

SIX

1 - 17 - 9 = 8
2 - 13 = 13
3 - 17 - 7 = 10
4 - 7 - 3 = 4
5 - 5 = 5
6 - 6 - 1 = 5

the target
wall to stop the negative
chances of stopping the
experimental group dog
to weather, and that
for the freezing; and the
room learns, demonstrates
is bifurcated
learned by the based on the strength of
secondary phase of context
is

to the control is given
a secondary association
successfully

stop the indicator
behavior - associate of the
operant

e
m
b
w

4

1

f

- 1 - 17 - 9 = 8
- 2 - 13 = 13
- 3 - 17 - 7 = 10
- 4 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 5 - 5 = 5
- 6 - 6 - 1 = 5
- 7 - 17 - 8 = 9
- 8 - 10 = 10
- 9 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 10 - 6 - 3 = 3
- 11 - 10 - 6 = 4
- 12 - 11 - 0 = 5

A type of
ion's validity
of new
service of
existing beliefs and theories. This type
reading and
reader in

Edge

$$1 - 17 - 9 = 8$$

$$2 - 13 = 13$$

$$3 - 17 - 7 = 10$$

$$4 - 7 - 3 = 4$$

$$5 - 5 = 5$$

$$6 - 6 - 1 = 5$$

$$7 - 17 - 8 = 9$$

$$8 - 10 = 10$$

$$9 - 7 - 3 = 4$$

$$10 - 6 - 3 = 3$$

$$11 - 10 - 6 = 4$$

$$12 - 11 - 6 = 5$$

$$13 - 19 - 10 = 9$$

$$14 - 15 - 5 = 10$$

8

of

14

smooth pursuit
is able to
predict diction

language
or conveyed
~~ways. This~~
~~aspect of~~
movements
~~politics,~~
Capability

- 1 - 17 - 9 = 8
- 2 - 13 = 13
- 3 - 17 - 7 = 10
- 4 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 5 - 5 = 5
- 6 - 6 - 1 = 5
- 7 - 17 - 8 = 9
- 8 - 10 = 10
- 9 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 10 - 6 - 3 = 3
- 11 - 10 - 6 = 4
- 12 - 11 - 6 = 5
- 13 - 19 - 10 = 9
- 14 - 15 - 5 = 10

Edge

9 of 14

language
~~or~~
~~non-visible~~
a critical
~~decide to~~
similar to

E d g e
T E N

1 - 17 - 9 = 8
2 - 13 = 13
3 - 17 - 7 = 10
4 - 7 - 3 = 4
5 - 5 = 5
6 - 6 - 1 = 5
7 - 17 - 8 = 9
8 - 10 = 10
9 - 7 - 3 = 4
10 - 6 - 3 = 3
11 - 10 - 6 = 4
12 - 11 - 6 = 5
13 - 19 - 10 = 9
14 - 15 - 5 = 10

~~Indeterminacy~~
characteristic
antisurveillance
whereby
conveyed
~~ways:~~
aspect
~~revolutionary~~
~~decide later~~
Black Negative Capability.

Edge

1 - 17 - 9 = 8
2 - 13 = 13
3 - 17 - 7 = 10
4 - 7 - 3 = 4
5 - 5 = 5
6 - 6 - 1 = 5
7 - 17 - 8 = 9
8 - 10 = 10
9 - 7 - 3 = 4
10 - 6 - 3 = 3
11 - 10 - 6 = 4
12 - 11 - 6 = 5
13 - 19 - 10 = 9
14 - 15 - 5 = 10

11 of 14

Community is
~~The term given for the~~
~~Higher~~
~~Perceptual~~
~~Thresholds~~
Similar to
Decide to
A critical
Non-visible
~~Or~~
language

TWELF

- 1 - 17 - 9 = 8
- 2 - 13 = 13
- 3 - 17 - 7 = 10
- 4 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 5 - 5 = 5
- 6 - 6 - 1 = 5
- 7 - 17 - 8 = 9
- 8 - 10 = 10
- 9 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 10 - 6 - 3 = 3
- 11 - 10 - 6 = 4
- 12 - 11 - 6 = 5
- 13 - 19 - 10 = 9
- 14 - 15 - 5 - 10

THEdge

sight, its
connotations
thinks of ~~this form~~
~~structure, whereby~~
show of slaves
to perform
~~white~~
~~audience of~~
~~performers in~~
~~practice has often~~
~~by those who refute~~
~~ary and critical~~
~~medians~~
~~ville,~~
By
the
founding
body nor
ship

Edge

- 1 - 17 - 9 = 8
- 2 - 13 = 13
- 3 - 17 - 7 = 10
- 4 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 5 - 5 = 5
- 6 - 6 - 1 = 5
- 7 - 17 - 8 = 9
- 8 - 10 = 10
- 9 - 7 - 3 = 4
- 10 - 6 - 3 = 3
- 11 - 10 - 6 = 4
- 12 - 11 - 6 = 5
- 13 - 19 - 10 = 9

13 of 14

across
dominant
usually
an
some
fractions in
Ideal.
way

From
example
social
as
process, as an example of them”

through
self-
-past tense
form of this
~~of black~~
remain
mise of settling logics that
very.

Edge

Fourteen

1 - 17 - 9 = 8
2 - 13 = 13
3 - 17 - 7 = 10
4 - 7 - 3 = 4
5 - 5 = 5
6 - 6 - 1 = 5
7 - 17 - 8 = 9
8 - 10 = 10
9 - 7 - 3 = 4
10 - 6 - 3 = 3
11 - 10 - 6 = 4
12 - 11 - 6 = 5

PROSE

JURISDICTION

The State Sponsored Site

of this conflict is the magic act. Promise to treat it gently this inspiration. Lovely isthmus—to be sided by water—to work with water by, as approximations do, avoiding it. Now as we pose into Tai Chi, isolating our entire bodies but for where they interact with interface, do not let the camera men disturb you, they are just doing their job. You may hear them over your meditative breath, or even head voice, don't worry I do too & I'm your leader through this stretch. Now if you choose to close your eyes, find me with your spirit by using not your ears. The ears behind your ears. No—not the ear drums, Bobbi. No, wait—not the

real drums, Paul. The ear gate. *That sentiment misinterprets Bruce Lee, says see they do do that and oh I know be like water and fails to see the ground for looking too closely at it: there is dirt in my mind that I cannot separate from the entity of water that gases up, tears at the stomach of the universe. I'm stuck in Faygo, in time, all time. In the past when a childish high of sugar required attendance and maintenance, it was: water, Kool-Aid, pop, & homefood or a nonresealable bag of corn derivative—in terms of food being processed or transformed by processes.*

Finding the Ear Gate

Subject emerges from the grounds of nearby, but misattributes the voiced over empathy to a member of the ground who is on “a.)” a bench; “b.)”’s phone (cimultaneously) by way of a J-cut from phone at the point of iteration. Anew voice-over this time is clear, to be heard) determinant, describing what stance comes it from. Understood the subject is, whose growth in subjectivity expands (having heard his ear, mind-opened posture availed a communique. Warning when conveyed at documentary timbre a gesture here returned by the erection of the spine, joint attention. What winter lacks it does not relent—the invaded sky recedes. Light from the work window hurries one home, but by when elevator has fallen to its foot, the foot of the garage stronghold needs to be made wherein night cannot be dispelled from day by neither air nor light, so while it is unusual to find a candid to interview, they are easy to spot by a curve they keep to the neck. As eventual as (the earlier ear finds the speaker) the lightheaded find in the jambs of the exit stale air, with darkness anew bluing night the voiced-over retreat, per prior treatises on treatment, allows the document:

[Of the Subject]

As his understanding the voiceover attaches to the ground being rolled down upon as having scratching on it the sound of two simultaneous revolutions. Black fabric chassis they carry. Raw groceries upon them. The voiceover said a knowledge knowable. A materialism does it steep in in the treatment of others/selves? Does it? Has it had it hard on them whereto they cannot construct an invisible emptiness to be amongst the possessions shared to those present? Thus, can that be proof toward a shared emptiness absent?

The man who is half a man is half a human, but does not represent half of humans, just presents as half along the lengthened wait's short bench. He takes up no more than his right as one is wont to do, but fails, inside his phone, to see where his personal right plods others. He's in his autopilot autoplot. The grounds are the clouds and his head is in it in a soft way. Delicate as precision is his agenda to do and be nothing. A small lot for a small while. Precisely between two distances to the edge; the lesser distance halves perfectly at this man's ass the greater.

?Greater—it as intentional precision: one which he departed, plotted, at the schedule, himself in in accord with the bus, then returned to, to cease to plot; or it as happenstance; the simultaneous location of destiny at predestiny.

The bench is less than the length of a person, it is the people's bench. One space is too big for people who cannot commune, so factioning takes place of people. The bench is not too short entirely. The

bench is too porous to soothe. It is under the promontory of public provision, but is not the same as any thing a person provides, which can be taken 'at the bell ding of an arrival' .

A list which includes place, rationale, ration, rationality, autonomy, even the linguistic gift of *self*—to be panned across—unwrap it. It comes with auto hands for lonely pleasure.

The bench is not too short to sit on. When not being used, to use it, it must be squatted upon, or painted, or (onto a brochure) plastered. Too short, the bench is, only to be slept on. The bench exists provisionally, to promote concept, or the spread of high-ranking factions to get around the city and to not see the line that divides the city. To not see: the line that moves people presupposes the city by way of approving the motive of its inhabitants—a motive supported by threat of otherwise being besieged.

Who must the silent raffle owe to be the site of such good competition as is inherited by who must choose which hell fits most accordingly to need and stomach. Some come from comfortable hells and could not handle the shame of lesser valued places of birth. Others must feel for them—a hot debate in pedagogy ensues over whether to keep teaching of those whose comfort has attracted new threats. As part of that curriculum, for each hell; its own disciplines, most are taught semiotics through comfort empathy. The few others are split. The woke learn it through discomfort empathy, the other others learn it through a type of legal-credit voodoo. This needle here. Should make my garden bigger. And my neighborhood safer for lawyers.

Not a Story

In losing hells—and I use this to shortcut the hellish measure for productivity whose unit is joules which can be converted from energy displaced by emotional labor—all fail to provoke high-ranking factions. Most in the field use the term fever pitch as that denotation, oft yields to the connotation that the surplus being excised is secretly measured as choice displaced with an unofficially linked byproduct—it is unofficial as only an abstract and presentation cheat sheets to the study got leaked. They said: “notes on the growing b2b capital: #preh8” . Friends of the since silenced contributor have alleged that the study is about the transmission of the conditions of hate and the necessity of it to manifest only where the personally monolithic possession (identity) overlap proffers the realization of redundant, competitive logic, and you know how we are with myth and how badly we get with our needs. The people with problems all of which below are commonly underlied. The story got silenced how all stories do, why all stories do; the papers that publish the truth have it in both quantities fixed and adjustable. Look you and I both know the story would’ ve been great for the paper. We need that, but the story simply wasn’ t worth publishing from a holistic business standpoint. Look at our owners. What else they own? One less ad for a dying business. One day you’ ll understand writer—you wrote a good story but ad space is what keeps us alive. Two more things kiddo, you said you ‘ont do nicknames but I love you like my daughter, I could kiss you and it wouldn’ t mean nothing to me. Seriously. So don’ t give me that. Even if you can’ t get out what you’ re thinking, nothing is more valuable than doing what you love and I damn sure’ d rather come in for the AM proofs and never see yours in there, knowing I at least got to read some truth to take this sugar pill bull shit we have to sell to sell ad space. How analytics guys know how far a story goes really? You look at me and talk and how’ re they gonna know where you go for news? Everything is digital and it’ s too big for just one roof - one day soon, we’ ll all be working from home. *Being there for most of what was said, I just have to ask, are you okay?*
Was he creeping you out? What do you mean you can’ t tell?

WHAT IS REMARKABLE?

“” That before today this went unmentioned goes unnoticed. No, it just is not remarkable—I just don’ t find it remarkable—that’ s it. Not saying something is a non-thing, not a thing, right? That’ s it. Really. “”

They were going to be allowed to finish, thought the one who did not know their own habit of giving too much space to respond.

“” You know, I’ d say I envy you, if I didn’ t think it could be validation for this stagnation. You’ re putting this on me? I don’ t see anything else on you. You hardly look these days is all —Look, you know what stress looking does? Ever been so anxious you can’ t go to the bathroom? “”

All the time. They get like this.

“” Can’ t go? Like, nothing. Go on. You get there, an it’ s like: go or no? No? “”

They said no to them. They got back on their computer to look for them.

“” What are you doing? A favor. I don’ t need any more favors. I need something to fill my hours. You’ ve been filling your hours looking at this screen though. Let me reach out for you. Where are you going? To the bathroom. I thought you said you couldn’ t go? Every time I went Go I kept thinking Go, go about how- g I kn o w -- I’ ll finish this later... Uh-hah good luck. Do you want me to bring your water again? No. “”

And, dragging, takes the mouse, brings the mouse, retraces its path on the pad to corral the cord, or tail, marginalizing, on the screen the cursor. Out of love, they do this for them. It is known that any protest would be usurped by this love. Reflexed, it comes *ooo-weeeing* out:

“” Better? Best believe it. I kept having to go, but the thought that I’ d have to re-learn a new toilet if somebody ever calls back, for some reason, kept me from using ours. Having you here helps a lot.

Like hear as in listen or here as in present, cus I’ m over here looking at this, but I’ m listening? I don’ t mind coming back home, so you can pee and poop. You’ re like my little cat. Who doesn’ t like a nice sacred throne? My pastor used to say We have been sanctified! Oh gosh, What is it, *lose me with this?* Lose you? “”

They meant, “miss me with _____,” an urban way to...not abstain, but rather to announce abstaining, or general disavowal.

“” Not all churches are conversion camps, especially Baptist ones. Well, sorry one: for butchering *miss me with that*, and two: but I swear I recall you saying they did awful shit like that at your church? They tried to. Absolutely, tried on everybody; the only difference was: the straight kids got 1 on 1 for conversion camp. Ooookay I didn’ t go that far. That’ s too dark. You’ re getting dark in here, you getting sick? How I’ m getting darker staying inside? No, I probably said *They had a conversion therapy for*

everything—like wasn't nobody right. If you had asthma as a kid and you went to my church you gone find yourself dry at the swimming pool for not bringing that inhaler. (slowly, pedantically) You just *had* to listen to pastor. Well was he right, was the devil good and finished with his work? Speak chile! Has he up an left your chest alone? *Yes I just don't like my skin so dry* [As the imagined child]

Haha. Chlorine fucks up my hair. Devil gone. I on't need myin haler to swim, Im just fraid of swimmin an nah need myin haler for fear. ""

They were also like this. In fact, what follows would come right after the above but for a few original things began by two lips, carried by two others, for instance:

"" But seriously, why do you think he called you sanctified? *Set aside.* What's that have to do with johngate and the fear of resume resuming? My resume's done. That's not it. Then the fear of application application. Consider all the anxieties of the world and take them to face you in the bathroom. Easy. What bathroom? Exactly. Who can know what is on the other side of the door until they're there. In fact, it isn't even what bathroom: what bathroom when? I think that's valid. Some of my no pun intended biggest problems have been worked out there. It is exactly a sanctuary. Can be. Depends though. Is it pristine? Is it public? Is it public in private like everybody wants in our homes? Is it private in public, so we who slave to find one near work can lock ourselves from it. And it from us. That's when you have a job-- ""

WHAT IS NOT

That before, in this conversation, click occurred, I mention only now to maintain that it never went unnoticed nor had it since the cursor's employment by the employed, had click ever not been occurring. Its mention here is for what it precipitates.

"" —I'm sorry to interrupt you, but what is this? Have you never told me about this? I don't know. I don't even know how to answer that question. You've never told me about this.

Really? Hm. This seems significant, yet parsing it out in front of you would make me feel vulnerable. I want to say this is a flag. It feels like a flag, I don't know. ""

Ample, ample response space. They, sometimes, don't need to talk to communicate; they said they were matching the contribution of response space with space of their own. The partner takes it.

"" Can you tell me about this, or why I'm finding out about it just now, and from your resume? I think we have different views about what's remarkable. Six years? Six years isn't remarkable? What if I dated a man for six years, and didn't tell you about it? This is huge. Your past disciplines your current thinking. That means your reward systems. Your punishment. ""

Breaking a mirror is seven years of bad luck according to urban myth.

"" What if we didn't have sex for six years? Would that be unremarkable? Indeed. Our non-sex would be unremarkable. Don't be an asshole. Valid. I need to check myself too, don't I? Always. Don't wager sex, that's just weird. You're right. I'm being the asshole. Ugh. I can't get used to this. It's just you know my siblings have spent a lot of time in that system. The work that they do there and aren't being paid for. I know

they did a lot, and I just want you to acknowledge that.
simple. ""

It's not that

Indeed, they'd (the one) go on employing a defense of vagaries, like weather around high traffic roads fighting carbon footprint. Fog that changes time and duration does not the need to be conveyed supply. Cars, as you are...

"I don't have time to spend my life with somebody who has spent a fifth of their life in an institution without recognizing how it has affected them, how that society affects you still. Yes, this is a red flag."

It is not. Not nearly. It is a red light. And the cars build upward to the back of the main road, where it originates, and backward from the lesser tributary streets they entered it from. It is not a flag that stops them. It is a light and a sign.

"How do you know? You're really pushing these flags on me—asking me to make my whole life an ethos. You know what that sounds like to me? Branding, or Christianity."

They yearn to be at work already, yet they do not want to go, the cars enjoying the company these commutes provides: uber corolla, uber subaru, subaru pickup, Garbage truck, the poor teen-driven convertible only has a hoodie on on the inside--- who knows what is worse than being led by an idiot.

"" Branding? Get over it. I said it once --Once. For a week. And since, you've been saying it just with your face. ""

They're doing it now.

"That face right there. Oh my god, I swear."

Correction: Considering how the above red flag mention, which was retconned could have perhaps been a red flag. Thusly, I, narrator, hereby renounce my ability to assess the flag alert level on the grounds of my lack of particular subjectivity. Description, is the new frontier for thoughts like me/mine, for understanding is not only out of my jurisdiction, but if incorporated, threatens my job security.

"" Swear what? Are you gonna get all hard like you had to do there to survive? Are you proving how hard you are? You're proven. You can erase six years of work in those conditions, erase my siblings' losses of their lives, of our collective life's? You're blowing this. Out of proportion? A disproportionate people who look like us are in there as we speak are dressed up wearing a uniform. Everybody there shows up to work each day and with the same pressures of work outside the pen, but if it were a body, each morning born with its nerves on its skin. If you were in there for that long, what do you have pent up in you? I'll show you ""

No, they tell them.

EARHUSTLING HALF (1 SPEAKER)

don' t feel so strongly about teaching a kid a game. It' ll hurt their knees. They' ll twist an ankle going eager for ice cream, break a bone; complain about the cold.

and yet you' re right, I don' t know, I didn' t know they had more bones. Right, still do. That' s a good point. You know, they said that too.

becoming maybe a genius; took the words right
out of my mouth.

Yea, but wait lemme finish that for you, no such thing as too smart.

I guess you' re right, too smart to play these old table games. They' re still here somewhere, I' m sure. I just don' t know where, nor do I know if I' m willing to teach it. And we don' t have to bring back the ol' basketball conversation with this family. Oh yea.

Sure you remember that. Damn near cost two of the boys from Belvedere their lives while you and your brother was growing up, not to mention your brother' s friend Kenny with the kidney. That' s not why they call him that? What you mean that' s not why they call him that? He really did get to meet his dad? Well good, I' m glad he came back. I thought Kenny had lost it running into the street after that ball getting hit by that car? That is what happened. If that didn' t happen, explain how they got rich then? Don' t you Delinda me! I thought they were playing out there with those extra lights they always had that I said, if the neighbors' car was parked cross the street, they couldn' t set em up cus the glare would come through my window. Yea.

This was last summer or two summers ago cus they had that mean Rott back then, I bet he would just look in, see me and start barking for no damn reason. That' s why I figured it was the glare. I don' t know how I can feel it but not see it; that' s why I say I' m *light sensitive*. But I' m serious about that Rott-- got so bad: kept the cops coming back with all kind a anonymous complaints; they got it put down. Damn right, I don' t have a dog. Can' t get a dog bad nough to bite the bullet and take one of them pigs out too, so can' t see how they wouldn' t be worth just nothing to have. They asked me if I wanted one and if it would help. I laughed and said: Damn right, it' d help. Probably help the cops. 1 ---Okay, Okay Okay. 1

Okay I guess I earned that Delinda. But that was the first one. So I told the boys they can move the hoop down the curb a little further, closer to the streetlight. They had been doing it for some weeks, an then, here go you-know-who, speedin down this street like he just took something from somebody—hot. Ain' t nobody teachin them *don' t call the spot from the trap*. these boys running these streets these days. Right? Not no O.G. They don' t even have a big homie. Right, I don' t even know if a Maurice could' ve saved Kenny. I promise you. Yes he did. I swear the police was chasin' his middle brother' s friend; cus you know they got four; I think Kenny' s number three. Police was chasin his middle brother' s friend in his big brother' s car and the police rammed his squad car side mirror right into the boy' s side. The other boys say they could' ve not hit him.1 Yes, they were in the middle of the game. I thought that too, yup, I thought the cops had honked at them, but they told me it was actually Kenny' s brother' s

friend in the getaway car that had honked. Right? Me too. No I wasn't payin this no mind, this what the boys come runnin here to say. They just bout to say something and I'm like literally where I am right now, just sittin at the phone like, excuse me boys, I'm talking. And they said iss the police, and I put my phone's ear to my shoulder, and was like *who for?* or *shit, in what form?* No, I asked all that with my face. If they ain't old enough to answer that then they got less business runnin roun in them streets than me. Yup, then was like, cus they better not be in my house. Then they told me the cops swerved roun' the basketball hoop, hit little Kenny, and kept it moving. Said he was bruised on his side, but he only fell down cus he was getting the ball. I don't know what happened to the kidney, I just assumed that was why they called him that cus they stopped playing out there. Nope. Sure Didn't. Not a single dollar. Not initially. Police were trying to deny it, but a bit of that glass from the mirror broke and the boys kept it. I wanted to keep those boys around, they sounded smart and handsome. I just didn't have nothing for them. No money. No job, no needs around no home. No games. Yea, but you know, it lets me get to be who I've always wanted to be. Gave that up a long time ago. I'm not sure I can see them like I used too. Not see-see, dummy. There are other types of seeing. Especially once you've seen. But sight is a better craft than game. I don't necessarily want to teach the game again. I still don't think it'll teach them away from the earth. What? No—is Not a Delinda moment. I said I don't think it'll teach them the ways of the earth. Sure it'll teach 'em growth, growth of new desires. And anxieties. You learn the game and even in the rhyme, you already know, it has an aim. It's a no-win situation. You're putting the—₁

PUTTING THE CHILD IN (2 SPEAKERS)

Is that mommy and daddy? Are they coming to get me? I'm awful bored with all this old poetry. Sthere anyway they can charge one of those screens on their way here? I think they're still talking₂

Alright. Alright. I've been convinced. I don't know why. but I've been convinced to teach you this old game. Child, I'm putting you in a no-win situation. ₁

I like games, but I didn't say—Oh Okay₂

This is not a marble. This is a world.

And this is a world. See how these look? Same world, but at different times. These two to these two. These two to these two. And those two to these two too. You're wondering how I can tell the difference, aren't you? ₁

Kinda, but I'm also pretty interested in why those two feel cold, but look different. Their materials don't seem nearly similar. And by weight, these two are no greater outliers than any other two. ₂

This game will come really, really natural too you. I'm laughing because of how different my voice sounds speaking to you, than with your mother. For most of the properties of these worlds, you have to understand where these materials come from, or you'll never learn. It's like knowing the temperature of the day before yesterday by how these three worlds made you feel holding them. Or knowing if it's precise pain or

buddy pain, by the way this world, when wet, make you feel. This game is about knowing distinct worlds' knowing on the body.¹

This one looks like the same material as zat countertop, but you can see right through it when it gets hot. This is the most whitest thing I' ve seen naturally. But it transloses its color when it gets hot; I saw it a little bit when you put the tea kettle on the thing without the bamboo thing to sit it on top of. How many of them are there?²

Well, I don' t know if it' s as simple as that. Simple as counting the worlds. Worlds interact. Worlds interactions means other worlds don' t really count.¹

What do you mean don' t really count, like not exist? ²

You know how to lie? I won' t tell on you. Do you know how to lie, or have you felt what lying is in the body? No?¹

Like I' ve lied to my friends. And to my classmates and teachers when I had them, but those were lies my mom and dad said were cool. Like okay, *for-the-time-being*^{her dad voice}. But I never really know for how long I keep the lie. Some of the stuff I feel like I' ve forgotten, but I' m still lying. Like the lie is still *she gasps* in me? Delinda, is it in me?²

Ah see. Anxieties. Do you know what anxieties are? I was worried I' d introduce you to them. ¹

I' ve seen anxiety. My mom says it' s like those French or Italian patterns. I don' t know, just words they came up with to talk about nature, kinda like Latin. She talks about how my hair is the dead dandelion texture when it gets blow dried and the bush style evergreens when I have my hathair. ²

I' m not sure if you understand me, but I think you' re making sense. Do you have more to say?¹

Sure. About what?²

Of course. Umm, how about the patterns. ¹

Well they told you about why I don' t go to school, right? Yeah? Then you probably know I don' t think like typical. ²

I don' t know what you mean, but I believe I understood everything you mean up to that point. ¹

Well I' ll tell you if you tell me if I' m right about some of the stuff you were saying on the phone. Were you talking about

the boy the park is named after?² Do y' all even know about the park? Tammy' s big brother was talking about it at Sunday school, but I didn' t think it was funny.²

You didn' t think what was funny?¹

That they were gonna start putting up that new park that has the dog park on the lower part where there' s like teeter totters for dogs and tire swings the dogs can jump onto.²

Why would that be funny?¹

I don' t know. They were jokin around about not getting a bag, getting caught, but getting bailed out by Kenny. Even Tammy said, *is Kenny so rich he just wants to waste all his cop money on parks and robbers?* And her brother' s friends all kept laughin and laughin, until they finally came in and sent all the different age groups to their different Sunday School classes. And I still don' t even know what Tammy meant. ²

What do you think she meant?¹

I don' t know. I heard that the reason that boy got hit by the car was because he was unlucky to have a big brother stupid enough to come home. All the rest of the black people on this block keep saying remember two summers ago? Listen to your elders. Don' t bring that mess around here. But I think if they would' ve listened to me, those boys wouldn' t have been robbers and Kenny' d have both his kidneys still. He don' t even seem that rich. If you rich, why would you buy a park for dogs and name it after yourself? Wouldn' t you want to keep living in the house you grew up in? All those people that used to hang out on that porch. And where' s Kenny now?²

PECKING AT THE LOW END (4 SPEAKERS)

Aye nigga, fuck is imminent domain withcho smart ass? ¹

Mean they can just move us out.²

Daaaamn. Imminent. Thass like manifess destiny.

Imminent.¹

Wass good withcha, Wass good witcha,

----what that mean?⁴

Mean they can just move us out³

They? For what?⁴

The Government. For no goddamn reason.³

No goddamn reason but the law.²

They haven' t announced the project details yet online, but we can go check out that notice on the fence they just put up down that whole block toward Clarendon. ²

So iss about to be a park that hasn' t finished securing funds and they already got people moving out?⁴

The faster they get people out, the faster they get people in. And the lower they get the property value. ²

So what we gonna do, a few more break-ins to try to drive the value real far down?⁴

No, you dumb negro. Next time, show up on time. We tryna keep the prices up, I' m pretty sure, right Jared?³

Right. Actually. I don' t know. I don' t know our strategy, yet; I only think I know theirs.²

Jared, one more question, buddy. If they push the value down, does that keep the price up?⁴

Nigga, what? Y' all on' t know what this is about? These niggas literally gone grab us up on that power play and give us a twenty-four hour notice to meet them? Like we didn' t have to get lawyers and shit ready. Bills and shit. Baby mamas and shit to prep for if this is some kinda trap, or setup. Nigga what. What kinda trap can you see and not avoid goin into? Nigga, millionaires got this whole block locked down with taxpayer money. I Swear!¹

True shit I aint seen Skip since his lil homie caught one to the chest last summer, in an accidental discharge. Like, *Nigga you don' t get taxpayer dollars to accidentally discharge.*³

Nigga! Nigg—won' t even be gettin drugdealer dollars for long if you accidentally discharge. Niggas gotta move in silence. They always show theirs, we always got ours, but one of us ain' t fraid to hide it. Nah mean?⁴

Alright—here this nigga go again. ‘*For a goon? I’ m filthy wit it nigga*’. Yea nigga, you like EaZy-E *after NWA sick*. But back to what we gotta do. My nigga, what we gotta do?³

Hold up nigga, wit cho marco polo hopscotch ass jumpity jump ass nigga. If you the jumpiest nigga in the group, you gon be the first to get got. ¹

Or give got. Nigga. Come on cousin, you of all people should know I’ m quick wit it and that shit might come in handy again some day. ⁴

Nigga, gimme my hat back, Nigga, aint no some day. The cops own the territory. The cops got the intel. The cops got investors. Nigga, they had the whole south side, the whole west side of the city, all the dealers in the city, and believe you me, nigga, they had us all. And I know it was all cus I know all the dealers out this way, all the way down south. And P say all the niggas out west was there too. This was man-da-tory. Yet, bet that police chief and mayor didn’ t clear that. And if they did that aint gone be in no town hall. ¹

Nigga, Jared I aint tryna call you out or nothin, I got mad love for your peoples. Your peoples my peoples, but nigga this some shit you just don’ t know bout. You weren’ t in that record. They didn’ t round yo ass up from the library at school or whatever, or uber you there from The Paper. Nigga, they probably got yo number to give you an article or some shit. Nigga, they treated a bunch of niggas they usually scared of or that’ s scared of them, and put that fear of God in nay eyes. Like yall the end of a line. My cousin say his grandma was the last black woman on that block. That whole block been black for sixty some odd years and now, they got a dog park where they used to have cookouts for graduates. ¹

So whatchu tryna say. I know you got love for me, but you did a whole lotta mud draggin for no point. ²

Oh shit my bad - just sayin that I been robbed before and there’ s a certain feeling. You ever been robbed before?¹

Only of chance.²

Ahhhhhhh this nigga said *of chance!* Nigga we black nigga, the whole shit is chance!³

Nigga this aint monopoly. Or shit, now it is when the cops retire and own the weed block we built. Niggas fought over that shit, fought for it. Nigga, that shit is boardwalk the cops got that weed hotel on. But for real, you aint never been robbed before? You gotta know how something feels before you go and do it. I’ m not just bout to get a tat from somebody who don’ t got no tattoos. You feel me?¹

True shit CHORUS

First time I got robbed felt like Christmases happened in fast motion. Got this package that I was hoping to unwrap, chop it up, break it down, split it wit my niggas. But as soon as I got the package right round the corner from the spot, some nigga held up a paper bag. Nigga, the only thing I hate more than a surprise is guessing.¹

Nigga held you up with a paper bag though! ⁴

Shut up nigga, I' m still kinda salty cus I was just getting up there in weight, but it still wasn' t enough *for me* to die for. ¹

First? So you been robbed since then? ²

Not by no niggas, no. I' m cool with everybody I brush shoulders wit now. But shit, 'fi was to answer shit like you, I say the other two times were by police. The first time the cops robbed me they didn' t say anything. ¹

Whatchu mean?²

Like, they pulled me over. I wasn' t tryna peel on em or dip out or nuttin cause I was clean, the car was registered and insured. My insurance should register; we did the routine. They were like you been through this before. Then they asked me do I know my miranda? I said yea, bein a asshole and sayin *yea, but I ran outta that bitch, you gotta come back next week for her*. They searched the car; found a bag. Handcuffed me; put me in the backseat. Sat it on the trunk behind me prolly so I couldn' t see em countin nit; and asked me how much was in it. But careful not to mention what we were talking about like I had to agree wit wut they weren' t saying. ¹

You tole me befo, but damn, how much was it?⁴

Sure didn' t. I aint tell nobody what I lost.¹

Gah damn. Got ta leave the hood with all that dough an didn' t have to get they hands dirty³

Cept in fron tov a witness worthless in court. It was stupid, I was bein weigh too flashy back then. It was a lil bit too much bread to report. I said what bag. They said I was free, to go.¹

The other time I got robbed by the cops, they robbed me of my future. Shit, but only temporarily. Minor setbacks. My niggas, majors; major comeback.¹ (4 SPEAKERS)

There' s a difference between it being right there in your face and when it' s implied. The paper bag. I started doin that shit. That shit' s cold. Cus it' s a tough guy test and it' s nice logistically to not have to brandish your firearm. Shit, if you tryna run the tough guy test on yourself you could do the paper bag with a pack of cards in it stead of some hardware—that way you ain' t risking armed robbery. Pshhyit yall niggas already know what that sentence go for. Long story, short nigga—everybody who had

enough to retire just retired. But that was the money we really needed if we was gone flip this shit into something we could all get a piece of. 1

What was that meeting like? They just scare the shit out of yall bout legalizing weed?2

Police had brought us together and southside niggas couldn' t neven look at westside niggas, and central district niggas couldn' t stand the southside niggas. It was like they brought us there to see if we would be unified and we failed. White cops prolly started laughin to they selves when they saw we weren' t together. I' m thinkin how come we aint just gone try to go legit, unify, divvy the profits for a bit, and get ready to go legal. Fuck you mean, 'how is that a robbery?' They was laughin like they idn' t need the gun for what we was usin it for. they only got it to get us. And they got us all structurally. We don' t gotta go to jail, they jacked us of our business. We gotta survive.1

When we get back to the laptop, I' mma look up to see who the funding has come from so far and what' s the backup. But The Paper should have most of this. Y' all coolin?2

Coolin. CHORUS

Aye nigga fuck the tens. We ont need the tens. We got the hundreds, fitties, twinnies, and fives. Hurry up nigga. Truck out front. I' mma take what we got so far.

I' m comin my nigga. *Thank yall for cooperating. We couldn' t have done it without hurtin nobody, without yall sittin the fuck down and chilling the fuck out.* Aye nigga where' d yall go? I' m right by the entr—oh shit yup. I sure do. I see em, and they definitely saw me, but I don' t think they saw yall. Yall just tryna bang out? I can take this L, even split we got enough. Matter fact, should I take somebody wit me? Nah, fuck it. But we is goin out hot. Ain' t no way to avoid it. In two minutes, I' mma cut the power and then I' m goin through the employee door round side. It' s gon be hot, but what I got. Yup. It' s just one duffle.

I don' t want to keep talking about it. I' d rather just finish the game. (2 SPEAKERS)

But yeah, I will say I am fortunate to have been able to be enlisted at this finest of institutions with you nigras here today. Because the way the truck looked when I could finally see it, I was surprised I could still see it. *Keep talking to me*, god sayeth unto these dice, just like he said that day “keep talking to me Jaws of life,” I remember. Strange itn' t. 1

Everybody laughed. His success in the dice game was worth the humility with which he preached the Qu' ran through Hip Hop and game rules at other times. *Game mythos. Game ethos*, he' d say, saying to his peers who were similarly sentenced to a spell of self-study. They had dissonance in their bodies: The desire to have knowledge and the structural inability to wield it—it seemed. 0

There is a way to move about in this life as one self through many bodies, so long as you know the new body. Well you only know the new body, by evacuating the current one. This is what I shall do when I borrow the mind of God, elevate my self-knowledge, and return in the mind of the di which six-sided is limited in its expression. What are my di options? One through Six, precisely. But this is no game for di. This is a dice' s game? So what are my other options? There is more to what you mentioned, or more than what you mentioned. However you want to take that clue. 1

One person in this crowd cannot stand the tone of these game talks, thinks quietly he could beat the show-off, but has nothing within himself for socializing, and concedes that the profess-er is the professor, allows him, and allows himself no disturbance. 0

“Go on with the roll, my man,” an inmate yells at the bell' s indication. 0

MODEL CITIZEN & NIMBLE LIMBO
(2 PERSON DIALOGUES)

The first accident was not actually from the line of traffic's last bumper surprisingly only visible when it could be encountered by the front bumper of a rear wheel drive pushing its car over the hill into the Ballard sunset after work but was because of the sunset itself—the driver whose occupation was a dear secret to him at the time of the impromptu interview conducted alongside the car unable to shoulder for sake of the cluster and the pancake his convertible was pickled in was tall enough to see over the frame of the car the orange beam he occasionally allowed to blind him on his way home from, he did say, a workplace with only cinderblocks. No windows, he emphasized.

After the expansion, the people who lived in the city either could not afford to live there with their families or could not afford to not move because of their societal promotion. People were moving like crazy. Amazon controlled uncontrolled rents, stakes, lots, blocks and waterfronts. People who were holding it down held fronts of being watertight. Then they moved.

Nobody moved like the poor and were asked to move quietly like the poor are cept the poor. The poor move far out and commute back for hours. They remember a city and pay tribute to a new one, selling their labor power in it, to it, at a loss.

...

Trip there. Trip back. Poor people; trip people. Poor people with families. In multiple trips, poor people with families move their belongings to the city limits. The city's drivers moving them there.

...

On the bus, someone who had had it had been up for too long when a white boy whose acid misled him invaded a boundary the black pet-owner clearly stated prior. Ever since Trump got elected y' all been getting bold, he said intolerant and, moved to the back of the bus but not before he said, you need to get some help, or you need an intervention.

Emphasized by the construction equipment outside the storefront, the Cherry Picker, the bedrooms store is the biggest beneficiary of neoliberal design local and national—embodies it; expands. Their old, quaint location, which bookends the block, is still operational. It has parking, but you cannot see the new building from the parking, the western lee side of the building. Most drivers just see it from the traffic, parking in slow motion. Or if they get off late, they park for a bit and just sit with the heat on because the traffic has ceased and there's no way they can get enough just in passing.

Then they moved when homeless people knock on their windows for something to drink, perhaps a morning coffee, come on, this is a Tesla! Drivers stop driving their Tesla to the store when they know they'll get off late. Despite all those features, the high profile makes the car difficult to get comfortable in. Hard to fall asleep and always scary getting up, so they take their Subaru, which is old and low-profile so long as it doesn't look like there's camping gear or bicycle accessories in the cab. Having no trunk makes it difficult for drivers to feel secure, so they usually leave the work laptop at the office this day of the week, which also helps them rest.

Aside from the homeless being watched in the Bedroom store and the overworked who sleep in their cars, all other audiences are awake watching the store. The new building was originally just going to be a purchase and rough fleshing out of the former tenant's business-specific designs, but after the election and the change with social media, the business made a change that saved it from Amazon ruin and made it one of the largest companies of its kind in North America.

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The primary reason, the article says, the mayor hasn't intervened is because she has scientists whose consultations suggest that the store is not a public health hazard but that isn't what most in the crowd here today think. One person said two words. Something about election year.

After that election when that Georgia peach emoji of a face turned red as Texas—and Ohio shame on you—the state social media laws changed what people did for fun. At first, most in the crowd thought they'd be back to boardgames. Tried card games and old sports again, tried go fish, bowling and birdwatching till there were no birds and the balance between go fish and bowling wasn't mitigated by a third activity. All those binoculars that our building made obsolete. There are no trees and no views, except for the Amazonians. Some snuck on and restored their myspsaces. They moved on from that. Sites went up. Sites got taken down. Nobody had cable and reality tv wasn't yet popular again on Netflix.

One of the sites that went up was larger on the internet than it was in fourteen stories in an uppity residential neighborhood. It was the bedroom store. Started by a campaign by a former employee who used to sneak homeless people into the old location for a decent night's sleep, the third through fourteenth stories were additions that accommodated the demands of the city-wide (and growing) web series. They didn't want real. They needed to see it.

After the employee was discovered by the owner of the store by a dry-cleaning receipt for some display linens soiled by a homeless homie, he was fired and sought work at Ikea. They hired him and he hands perfect swirls of frozen yogurt on sugarcones and vegan hotdogs he'd vouch for downstairs past the checkout. His intellectual product was empathy and resourcefulness and thus a product of the company he worked for, so thereby subject to their indiscretion.

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Can you see the one on the fourth floor? Is he even allowed to be doing that? - I don't know, the voice rises as they rise the drone to bring the audience up on the spectacle. Check it out, somebody says in front of an ipad, finally something real. -What are they doing? -What's it look like he's doing? -Damn, I can't watch this. It feels wr - Shit I can. Aint shit else on. -Well I could use the sleep. I feel like ever since this got started they've been getting more sleep than I have. -True. I know since they started they've been getting more attention than me in bed.

...

Oh my gosh I wish I was up there, he says from the downstairs when the brick and mortar's already closed. It was these unstaffed hours when the store was most lucrative and most lucrative online. Why, she asks getting closer to his phone, is this something gross? -Wait, look. Just pay attention. -I swear if this is something gross and you know it and you don't give me a trigger warning, it's abuse -Okay fine, if he is doing what I think he's doing, which it looks like he's doing from the room camera, but you can't really see from the drone cam, is eating a bunch of bananas and using their peels. -What do you mean using the peels? And a bunch of or a bunch-bunch? - I don't know, many. He's sittin their butt naked on the bed with three peels next to him -Eww. How? Are they allowed to do this? - I don't know, probably. It's not like it's a shelter or for a good deed. -I thought you said it was born out of a good deed. -It was. -And what is it now? -Depends. Who's askin? - Seriously? Eww Oh my god. I can't believe they're showing this and kids could be watching. -Can he go to jail for this? Cus technically those people at the viewfinder across the street might be able to see him doing that from that angle. I cannot believe we are sitting here like a bunch of creeps. Don't you feel creepy? Watching homeless people at home with food in the nude ---I do. -Good. No, you don't. -What? Don't yuck others' yum. -I'm not yucking his yum. I'm yucking yours. -I didn't say this was my yum. -You brought me. -You asked what I was doing tonight and I told you. I guess I can't answer none of your questions huh? -I'm just stressed that's all. Everybody gathers around here every night for something real and something human just to watch these homeless men test out furniture and décor. Isn't this fucked up? These people are like in a fishbowl. -Well this is America and they've got that right! They also got the right to work and I don't see none of them doing it right now. -That's work. How is that not labor right there? The guy on six is asleep, the guy on seven is counting the people outside and it looks like he keeps having to start over again, and the guy on three is cleaning his dishes. Even the naked guy on four with the bananas is trying to cook something for himself. That's labor. He ought to be paid for this. Let alone what he's generating in ad revenue. -That's not how it works. He's getting a place to stay for free for the night. And [laughs] he's not cooking. -Then what the hell did he put the banana in the microwave for? -Well, it's just the peel and he doesn't want it to be cold.

...

What's going on? Why are those people on ipads across the street so up in arms? --You do not want to see this. -This lady's letting her arms flop down slapping her thighs at her side while pacing in circles approaching the guy she's with who's laughing; you gotta tell me what's going on. -He's eating bananas and heating up their peels and [REDACTED] with them! -Noooo! Let me see. No wonder there was that accident yesterday that they said made the mayor change her mind about the store— they're gonna have to move that Cherry Picker after all. One of the homeless men who cleans the windows allegedly lied about their licensing. Earlier today I was talking to Janet, come to find out it was only after the car accident that they found out about the guy's criminal background.

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MODEL CITIZEN & NIMBLE LIMBO
(2 PERSON DIALOGUES)

For the first time ever, Nimby' s were not proud. They disdained that they had fought so ardently the implementation of a public resource that might benefit everyone, but homeless people disproportionately. In pushing against a homeless pull factor to reside in their suburbs, the Nimby' s created way for a structural need that somebody was able to make into a profitable business model. No one said *not in my backyard* in that neighborhood anymore. They said not in the streets and sidewalks, not on the crosswalks and in the free parking, not all through the night.

ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF BECOMING (EXCERPT)

Notes

How does one feel safe? What one wouldn't give for the feeling they already do not have. Right now I'm thinking about the people of China. What could they not afford if there were enough of them and they were poor? Not that everybody doesn't want rice every night; everybody wants something to make the rice *the rice to return to*. Salty soy sauce sauced cabbage and fatty duck or boney fish, then rice. Their order belongs to the poor well self-governed. They drink the bowl dry, and air out their clothes high enough on balconies to catch the sun and when there is, the vent air. When not, just a line. They dry their stomachs off on a line of shirt recoiled into a semi-circle around the round of their bellies. These men walk home drinking in collaboration and singing in uniform.

How does one feel safe? Well, by walking by streetlights and singing as loud as the person next to you to create a wall of joy, which only peace could penetrate or disarm. How about here where I am now—well rather than where I am headed. How does one feel safe? That is, once you know there is danger, how can you determine its outsides but to know what it looks like. What its outsides look like, you feel in the body, but what its insides look like, you feel through the eyes. How does this feeling become my own and mine for everybody around me? What must I do to have it, if we all think, fewer of us will outright have it without thinking, I think.

I think because I do not know and refuse to arrive elsewhere nor to not leave. My return to the wretched land is like a return to the ill-conceived womb I endured injuriously. But that would be oblique, were that the literal case. The place I am heading is not actually a place, but it is called beautiful country. It is a place underbuilt. A place built under the place currently called by its borders in, America. When I land for this story, I will have to adjust my understandings of time, how I wake, where the sun is in the sky and my tongue.

More Notes

I will find it strange using such a standard English. The illusion which is always present everywhere in the world is less present in China. At least it was for me, I am no longer there, or anywhere according to territorial claims of non-potable water. Civilians in China never spoke to me thinking they'd be able to produce in me understanding. Nor I them. The only pressure we had on our language was time and communication. What I needed there and what I need now aren't dissimilar, but when I land, they will be worlds and seas apart. I need bathroom and liquor while it is still free in the air. Then I needed a few words, to find bathrooms and liquor, to walk the streets drunk enough to remember what I learned to sing.

In the place on top of the land, the place where the map mind is responsible for who is seen in what situations, there are at least two types of work. All work makes document, and all legalized, or officialized, work is documented. There is the work of remembering. And for that labor, industries dedicated to everything from restoration and renovation to construction and fabrication, make different uses of language. There is the work of forgetting, for which industries developing new remedies to language are creating larger and larger gaps within them.

ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF BECOMING (EXCERPT)

It seems irrelevant to be talking about memory and memory loss, but as I am writing as I am leaving the most familiarity of a language wherein or with which I have found another authentic alternative me, I cannot hide the lament I feel for myself being lost. I find myself in thought thinking is thought in this language worth displacing the tool I chose. I will miss how English breaks when we fix it with our mouths—me and might tight circle of friends out here teaching English and refusing its standard on our own time. Time does feel like we own it when we can stay up all night talking to family and friends who are stuck in the place built on top the place it inhabits/won't acknowledge. Also when we can be waiting from filling time with more pay, teaching people how to speak to us, and decide the bus is too short and crowded—too long of a wait away. We can own time right there across the street by haggling for an electric bike to buy to take us home. The dealer will teach us to drive what we need to get home once we have signed the contract, I like to think of metaphors, but it hardly ever works.

While I was teaching, a boy with darker skin was referred to as Obama. He was a class favorite and they made fun of him. Obama had a great smile and was no class clown, but because of the prodding he'd received, he'd received the need for a great smile. At right below average in an average class, Obama knew enough to crack some clapback jokes. I could understand laughter was not simple for him. As a teacher, they taught us to cater to a real thing that could be seen but was not visible. They teach teachers to look for traces. They don't teach this in America, but I don't think it is a goal to have critical and conscious contributions on the terraform politico-economic map. As I tended to this invisible see-able filter, I saw the residual sediment build up behind it, so dense at times impermeable. To accommodate for what might be there if he had the language to portray his discomfort, I envisioned the one I had in a school of my own upbringing. I envisioned the wall dividing the tongue to enforce the segregation of knowledges. At the garden of eden where I grew up, play and knowledge were nearly all there. But the school games weren't all fun when they were educational. Recall asking Nick Klabunde if he wanted to play football with me at recess twenty one years ago in the first grade when I was interrupted by a classmate who said "No Nick, don't play with him; he's..." and went on to teach me the main dividing principles of the place built on top of the place. What I thought was a wall, then was a floor. And the other half of my tongue had to be on the other side, where the wall still was, that made my tongue look bone dry white from all the talking. There was a floor/wall there to produce labor. Every time I come to this beautiful country, I will remember the floor long enough to dwell on it. In both countries I will be apparently floating because of my unwillingness to be split. When I land, I will be one who refuses the fake categories of the superstructure as well as the bifurcation in the first place.

Dialogue

Why would you come back? Is not the first thing one hears from a brother who has long been gone. So why did I come back is the thing I found myself answering, just assuming I had forgotten about the illusion improperly. We've got understanding born between us, I wanted to offer but found the words chunky and difficultly. After many seconds it came out, I thought it was time. All my close friends were moving back to the States away from the central country. I didn't think I could be centered without friends to center me, to ground me. I thought it was time to take up that guy who I met crossing the border unable

ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF BECOMING (EXCERPT)

to find his taxi. My brother asking me how I know he was having a hard time I looked at him like the way he formulated the question was reverse engineering the answer he already had, and, I said, he was on the phone talking Baby English. Take him up on what, on the job offer, knee-grow. Damn. True, we haven' t spoken in a while. Yeah I saw something about him on the newspaper soon as I got off the plane.

ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF BECOMING (EXCERPT)

How it was always something to be loved and feared. How it was when inside of you the thing that made you feel power. How you were in the face of it. An athlete's trained to conjure it, harness it as they are deployed to do. And in the athlete's face and affect it could be read how they was doing with it—adrenaline, and it could be decided for them whether their rest was needed or if they were needed more. Used to be confused by such syntax. Now its grammar is anything but strange. The way somebody reads how the athlete's doing with stress is through the eyes still. As an athlete, wasn't wondering why I was being trained as an athlete. Always wondered why people didn't think of epinephrine when they thought of their dream drug. As moving quickly across the sidewalks doesn't come as easy to me, being who I am in this society, and getting older, I wonder why I was trained to have awareness at my peripheries, agility at my gait. Why do I have such spatial awareness?

After the days of school ball, I had the support of no crowds again. Next time I had a crowd, it was a crowd of my peers—it was the last time I had a crowd before this. And there the only time people cheering for you were cheering was because they had a dollar or two on the game. One can't escape but thinking if failure produced as many cheers, just the other gambler. The people I'd want to think were cheering for me, other than my brother who was, but not there, is the brothers of long sentences. It meant something to them old timers. So it meant something to me. If you know anything about the institution, you know you want to do as little as time possible; get in, get out. Having earned your stripes: start patrolling the street. Nobody wants to be locked in a cubicle. When I played there, I was almost undefeated. And the old heads looked after me. There's no point in talking about training at this point. I'm already gearing up to be interviewed.

Could you talk to me about the uniform?

Well It's of course the darkest color possible. See you know most mammals aren't diurnal. Or not historically, mammals tend to be nocturnal. We're just part of a group that went back to sun-based schedules.

Is that armor?

This is armor here towards the chest, this heavy padding, and of course our heads are protected because we might be walking through a construction or deconstruction area in the city or even to protect against the shrapnel. But this on the arm is everyday stuff.

And is that a camera?

We all have mandatory body cams, but we do not always have to have them on thank God. There has to be some discretion in this, too. The city and the mayor need to be able to trust our intuition that we do not need to be surveilled at every moment of the day. It's also for the discretion of each other, we don't want to have every single thing that an officer says to another officer be on record. That would be an awfully militarized police state. But the body camera is important because it's important to have something connected to the body that will keep a record of each altercation and

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interaction. There are a lot of micro aggressions, that these body cams I think will show the people, people who are interested, what all we officers have to go through. From the stares and intimidation, to the threats on my badge numbers, threats to our families, and every day we go to work in the most hostile conditions. We go through entire blocks that we don' t know. Don' t know anybody in the neighborhood, we don' t know who has a weapon, and we don' t know who is looking to give us trouble simply because of this uniform. That' s what I' m most excited about with these body cams.

And where is your firearm?

Well you see that vacant spot on this hip? Well first off, I' m doing an interview with you, okay? I on' t want no snarky comments—take this question off the record.

Okay.

I knew I was just doing this here interview. In the privacy of my home. With a dear friend of a dear friend. Thought they would' ve sent you with some better sense than to rial me up. They done took my firearm. Or the department issued one. Which is stupid because now I' m afraid after this weekend they' re gone release my name, and I can betcha some unlucky sum of a bitch is gonna try me, like I aint got my own. And what about blacks, don' t you think this got something to

At the Academy, talks around effective policing strategies weighed tactics with ethics, safety and overall philosophy, Deron remembers, but never, does he recall now, did we learn to think about the practices. Everybody on the outside thinks de-escalation is, “the only thing,” is “the priority,” but there are other, equally *effective* skills that promote everyone' s wellbeing, he thought at the time. He thought this about an hour before everyone exercised, when in the hours he was studying after class. After the Academy, he had plans, so he' d needed to be studying brutal hours to do well on the test, to be out and on the streets patrolling. It was a rather simple dream he shared with each of the other brothers in the institution: to be walking the beat.

A lot like what parenting looked like, the strategies for policing seemed to Deron to not just predict the outcome, but also to reflect the expectations of the authority figure. Most people who don' t know about policing don' t know how dangerous it is. It' s like being in a warzone. Even if you hadn' t been. Perhaps especially if you haven' t been—Deron learned his demeanor before he got a uniform, badge and gun. But who gave the garb, also gifted him game, wised him up on the streets before his boot ever stepped foot to it.

You have to understand that this uniform is a target on your back. It' s only one thing but it covers it all. Only four things that' s ever gone save you: your legs, your voice, your head, or the force. But you have to know what force the force is to be able to choose which force to use. You could blind someone with a heavy hand. You could get shot speaking up. A good kop has to know the neighborhood he walks, even though he don' t live there or anywhere like it.

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Before the day in question, Deron had spent weeks compiling notecards about effective policing strategies. On the ruled side, he noted the strategy and its pros and cons. On the unruled side, he'd note its implications—what it said about expectations. It appears he was studying deeply the force and its ramifications, which partially explains how up in arms everyone seems when approached about the matter. To better demonstrate, take a look at the following writing from 2 notecards about police strategies:

Police should pay greater attention to “quality of life” when deciding how best to allocate force; to pay attention where broken windows and graffiti are present because they are indicators of the contexts in which crime prevails. [OF SURROUNDINGS, BE AWARE/KEEP YOUR GUARD]

Reports from a Department of Police in Kansas City showed a study found aimless cars did little to deter crime, and because patrol officers had insufficient contact and interaction with the community, they were more likely to cause a rift. [DON' T KEEP YOUR DISTANCE]

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Today' s Noose

It is of course a shame to see another incident of gun violence in our country. It is my duty to be a vigilant witness to the turmoil that our past keeps presenting to our current safety and stability. Every time one of these shootings occurs, somebody tries to unify the incidents as if they can divine a logic common between them. I dare not do that here. Every time one of these shootings occurs, people add to a hypothetical list of things they cannot do a first and last name reference of the common act' s fatal victim. Today someone is saying they can' t even go to the mall for a pair of shoes. Can I just say to open your list up? This country, since guns have been in its blood since its theft, has a serious debt to pay to the officers who make themselves vulnerable to this type of violence on a day-to-day basis! You say you can' t buy shoes, but these officers can' t even go to work anymore, but worse they can' t even go home anymore! So many children without their fathers. It is a shame it takes a mall shooting in this country for people to see what violence our uniformed officers perpetually bear witness to.

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More News

The incident was caught by the Police Department body cam. Watch and see Officer Deron Kingfelt, jump in front of shots experts say intended for a middle-class Kelly Craig, the white lady pictured in the green dress at the checkout counter with her adoptee. Amazingly, only Officer Kingfelt was injured but he unfortunately remains in critical condition. The suspect was apprehended but later, and released on bail.

“Me and China owe our lives to Officer Deron and will be checking in routinely on his status. Thank you for your service and God Bless the Kingfelt family for their service. We pray for his speedy recovery. Hero. All I can say is he' s a national hero.”

Excerpt

[From the desk of Kingfelt]

ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF BECOMING (EXCERPT)

To write this I had to stop wondering how many promises born, live and die in yellow like this, looking like a person bleeding out fading into a two-dimensional plan. The first dimension is inspiration and the last expiration. That bein what it is, and being said gives it power, but writing anyway takes it away.

What wills me to get back on the streets is to clean them up like I' ve cleaned myself up. Been locked in this cubicle waiting to put something together, be a part of a team, so I can actually be embraced.

Peace can' t be enforced, but it can be embodied. Why they say only god can judge me is cus justice just a witness. It ain' t out catchin bodies or participatin in no fiction.

Be safety my nigga and Feel no pain,

D. Sharp

Announcement

The letter excerpted before you came just nine months ago, right before the criminally-rehabilitated officer was to be released back to the streets. Having graduated from his sentence less than two weeks prior to his accident, he began on the streets without paidwork to support his life' s tile. Now many in his position are known to be looking for an opportunity so readily, they' d almost jump at paidwork if it were in the jowls of a moving bus, but many around him report Kingfelt wasn' t so eager. Officers around him even report such a large amount of unpaid work, that to be doing it, he must' ve been doing it without effort, but prefer to remain anonymous unwilling to implicate the officer' s valor. But what would the cost for our city be if that which renders him life-critical at this very moment were a mistake? With that in mind, a reputable private consulting firm has been brought in whose council has been of great support to us at the mayor' s office. We agree that the officer should indeed be nominated to be awarded an honorific for what their instinct did that day. For even if we cannot say with certainty, or likelihood based on footage, that Officer Daren *intended* to act heroically, but we can say the *impact* of his patience is a safety that requires vigilant peace. Local artists will be painting a mural over a preexisting wall

Starting Notes on Labor

Officer was killed in broad daylight. On duty selling cigarettes, which is of course against protocol, when he was approached from the rear by a gang of blacks, one of whom subjected the New York city resident and officer to a rear naked choke which coroners have linked to the cause of death.

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News

An off-duty officer a few months retired, on a late Texas evening calls for help for an officer whose home showed signs of distress.

Having heard the calls for help—without having to learn her name or alias, shaking a hand, or matching face with description—blacks were able to fatally wound the unarmed

ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF BECOMING (EXCERPT)

officer. The retired officer who initially called, expressed that he was unaware blacks were capable of such violence; with her door open the unarmed officer killed through a window just sat in her living room drawing fire.

Of course, as an officer, even a retired officer, he knows what fatal outcomes come at the cost of our freedom. Surely, he would have known when he called for help that this might come. We must expect, or at least, we might expect that some officers, because of the precarity they are exposed to, die of chronic stress, or slow reactivity. You can see this in the way they socialize. Ever notice how prideful they are in groups, or in uniform, yet also paranoid?

Alienating paranoia keeps repeating in patterns across society, some civilians noted. Other civilians noticed and corroborated anecdotes with more of the same. Through colloquy, speakers are able to civilize, or *voicé* what they feel. About the service and what they feel about Blacks, who were the real criminals, and other hot Vikram topics. They do it sometimes over meals, sometimes mills at the gym, or on the elliptical. They show up early to yoga and home-owners association meetings to stretch yet they are so busy. Some do it in pants and some sweating—*some* yoga.

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Most can' t even keep up with housing market trends. One says. They find themselves homelessness to work from. The civilian mind should have been put to ease, rather than being put down, or to sleep, then to use. The type of cognitive gymnastic' s doubly wrong in Yoga circles. Battalions? Is it not a circle if they are in an array, floor-bent for their own comfort? No, of course that makes a semi-circle. A rather not full logic. Not inclusive, then circuitous and then a Navy Seal. Then a Downward resting bitch face. Was once a tree, piss! Now a dog park. Was a mountain Silicone valley girl stretch: logic so loose it eludes the mouth. But finds artificially an ear, a foothold.

—What do you mean trends? —*I read somewhere that officers like to move in packs and that when they live in your neighborhood, because of the increase in crime, the price goes down. Like they walk around soaking up knowledge to wreck the schools. The school' s get worse. And the good schools become private. That' s why the podcast went on to say that they studied officer' s neighborhoods and civilians stop moving in once one in every five people' s an officer. —How would you know how many officers there are?*

—People keep count of these things and even if they didn' t I' m not wrong for having eyes, and you' re not either.

—If anything, I' m wrong for not having them on the back of my head too. We don' t have to act like we' re blind to make them comfortable. They' re supposed to be doing that for us. What' s the name of this podcast?

Having a hard time finding the name of the book they forgot was a podcast on the phone, they give up and say —*I forget but something like “the villain in civilian” , like what does that even mean? But they' re so genius. They could write a book. In that same study, they found that civilians who leave their neighborhood prior to officers moving in will*

ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF BECOMING (EXCERPT)

experience more freedom away from the officers who drive the house markets into the ground and bring with them a desire of what we have, poverty and related crimes.

—Fascinating. I wonder what happens when the neighborhood gets to thirty percent!

The studies they were reciting they said at thirty percent people were selling their homes and moving out.

They rent out these homes and don't buy them so they can drive down the neighborhood asking price. I drove down the soon to be old urban area and it's totally different now. You should see how much it's been cleaned up since the officers lived there. The price of the neighborhood went up and now civilians know it's a safe well-lit place. They're adding a dog park too. None of this would have happened if they were still in that neighborhood. Look how the community rallied around a struggling place.

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Interrupted Memoir

One instance for example even affected my writing posture today. Today I am at my white desk standing and not looking for work but looking for something to help me avoid it. Not focus. I have all the attention I can afford when I'm giving it up like this, so easy in a room alone. When I was working, I was making money building helmets 50 hours to each week, and when I was working, I was not making money for the week *50 hours light* I was left with in rebuilding my return to the helmet factory. Though, at the time I was an officer, I was also a student. And at the university.

You have to say as an officer. You don't have to but they say it improves your chances at survival, promotions, pay. But mostly for survival do officers who are in university always or often say they are. But it was summer, so you know how Blacks get in the heat; I was unpaid as an officer and out of school until Fall. I just had to make it to September and building helmets was a great way to survive: too tired to be out late & too early to run into a black on my commute.

Out late where I might have to be on duty unpaid as a vigilant witness to violence—and as an officer—it would've been my duty at the time to just take it from the Blacks and report back. And in the morning on my way to be being paid, I didn't even worry for the consequences of speeding, knowing that no blacks would be on my tail or on my bumper with their loud, ghetto sirens readied at the sight of my state vehicle.

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One morning I arrived at the helmet factory when one of the other temps, an officer, had just been on the phone with family before she left without even clocking in. Either I parked behind her usual spot which was vacant that morning or I parked and saw Bobbi's u-turn to get back to the main drag homebound as I was unbuckling my state vehicle seat from its body of mine.

ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF BECOMING (EXCERPT)

It hurts finding out what poor Bobbi was disunknowing. What I was struggling was with knowing. How an officer like Bobbi could live in the nice place that she lives in and afford to leave paid work on a day like today, while I am rushing there, makes a quick thought go right to corruption. How could an officer need paid work as such, and also be doing so much unpaid work?

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I wouldn't have heard this any other way or from any other person but Terrance is telling me something in his serious serious face. Not the serious face you have to have to set up a comic invitation, the one you have to subdue the officer who's reading you listening to you to not hear a thing so he can reach for his gut—bustin out laughing. But as an officer, Terrance demonstrated a rare ability. He de-escalated. Here's how it was done.

His facial muscles relaxed, retarded. I felt gravity fall upon my face like bright light going down the wrong pipe, nearly blinding me in the dark officer part of town where we, least I, sometimes look up at broken lights with hope the city might see that I'm witnessing theft as violence. Anyone could misstep on these streets where most the officers live—calling it dangerous doesn't tell the story. So it's called dangerous and left to the officers to define and defend. Whatever you do, to determine criminality, we've got your back, the state says, and issues to us vehicles, ammunition, incentives, breaks.

Come to find out there are quotas. And that this is one of them, Terrance half says during quality assurance inspections seeing if a head could survive the field. The eyes Terrance used were helpful as much as they are the same as his comic ones, they were familiar. A humor you can't not find—almost kin. The comment Terrance will make here in a second tells about disbelief that'll keep you alive. With his eyes, he could help me pre-furnish the semantic file for two tones and a tag. Carpet and drapes will match but love seat and entertainment stand will not. The tag in his eyes was not the red one you tie to a defective part and mark exactly where it broke for accounting purposes. This tag was not red, it was read and much softer, was to account that Bobbi's absence was officer related.

These types of reports can't be kept at hand or in handwriting—one of the chief reasons chief officers don't update the manuals. Or don't update the manuals anymore. But that's just word of mouth. But that's just the problem. Officers in the field, have to make quick decisions. But how can we train our vision upstream, so our necks aren't craning to build a protective environment for everyone else? How do we become a better department when we can't write what we know, study what we know and strategize about survival of the peaceful witness corps officers? How can we walk the streets in uniformed-unrecognized peril? This unpaid work needs, to be acknowledged, must be materialized, then de-materialized. Must be matter, but not an essentialist idea about it.

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Gluing its inner material meant the laborer of the helmet had to inhale fumes from epoxy and plastic grinding without disclosing the detail of their agony because of the paper so long in fine print they could be bound simply by being wrapped in it, made to spin about the courtroom should they discontinue their agreement of silence. It was a loud permanent, cursive semelfactive signature the temporary laborers all signed to be here without windows. Handsome pay to be so near the minimum wage line, we temporary workers had immediate needs of which our options were all-inclusive. We agreed not to share with others' companies who might get some idea and take this one down, with competition, also stasis, also re-placement. When I think of how much I' ll be paid in overtime if I carry the two..and so forth when Bobbi is outside my old head at home, mourning. My permanent head, part of which I am using now, helps me see Bobbi sitting at her table in the kitchen she depicted by mouth but brought to life at the potluck we had one lunch. She will always be crying or laughing or crying but at home. She does not go back to Tennessee. She pretend reprimands her nephews at work next to me two days later for wanting to retaliate against the Blacks. She' s saying my name like it' s actually being heard in the text, then, they didn' t have to shoot him twenty-two times. She was obviously and unobviously right. The sentiment rang with what comedy fixed Terrance' s grave face and I wondered if it could be given if it could also be taken away. Even in a world of Black violence, no officer needed be shot two dozen times—the officer who was armed was outnumbered and feet away from freedom—his property, when he witnessed his death, his own cold gun pointed at his temple.

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Paul blames the system too, he tells. This morning in my disbelief-heavy disbelief, Paul drives in in a brown Volkswagen older than modern football, tells me they should' ve never let her brother go. I excuse the problems with his structural analysis because he' s never been an officer and at this point in his life aint fitna become one, probably don' t have a bone of disbelief in his body. But mostly, I ignore his assessment because I like Paul, we all do. He' s the oldest by far., does the grunt work, isolated work and chimes in hot takes and segueless, seemingly familiar, then autobiographical, then monological stories with characters whose proper nouns make one wonder just like in real life if they had been introduced before. It' s my turn for wonder when I wonder if I just wasn' t listening or if I just never listen, but indeed, Paul' s words approaching in media res are people from his past who recur later in the summer. Paul thinks well.

He is funny and smart. He puts the helmets in the oven, slices a small incision and pries them apart ratcheting a giant crank ratchet whose vice grip helps splay the helmet open so we can reuse its inner materials. While Paul is walking between the two rooms of the factory floor, the three officers doing paidwork are in the back listening to a genre they' d call *hip alarm*, or siren pop—as onomatopoeia. Me Derrick Terrance all like it. Nicole too. She' s a civilian partner of Terrance. They are raising a couple children. It is unclear if their children will be officers someday or if they' ll be forced to be undercover. Nobody knows what the future looks like and works with us, so we don' t know what it looks like or even to pursue it. The officers have some downtime while working in the back.

ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF BECOMING (EXCERPT)

Finally, it is paid work, they all must be thinking. They joke and call each other by the last name. Within the department, it is said to be a term of endearment to use the last name amongst us, but even on that we cannot find agreement. It is what it means to be disorganized. You cannot find anything. Were this to happen to your white blood cells, how would we survive. How could we defend ourselves if we couldn' t agree if loving ourselves was an attack or if calling it that was hypercritical.

In the back, while buffing the outer shells of the helmets with mirloin cloths so they can hold the paint, the officers like training their observation, reportage and their reflexes. Terrance jokes about me, *what a waste of nut*, he says, either implicating my fatherlessness (dad was an officer to the law) or claiming to be responsible for my accidental birth himself, to which I respond, pointing at a mutually imagined stain, "*what, that on your shirt?*" .

In them, the best moments at paidwork make it seem like it hurts more to hurt and not be paid for it, but we know we aren' t paid for our work and that we' re paid to not be doing our work. Funny gasps are contagious and fleeting and whenever there is an open window, with Paul comes the words that replace the air we were taking in evenly unevenly.

If they were in a safe, he would make sure you got them, but Paul' s jokes themselves don' t induce laughter. They more achieve "getting you to laugh" with a Malcolm X practicality, one can almost picture the assault rifle. Paul' s rap criticism, other than *too loud*, is the best ever heard from a person of his age. Sometimes Paul is wrong. He forgets. He leaves spaghetti in the fridge upstairs and eats it for two weeks straight. It' s not wrong. It' s dead wrong. Paul opines. And because there' s two Pauls—Paul is old Paul. But young Paul—the manager(?) was there well before Paul. Paul this time opines the Blacks were corrupt, shouldn' t have let the brotha go, but Paul—I' m like, letting an officer go sounds like a non-fatal action, and but Paul, how do we seek justice on an officer who is considering suicide? —*With death by firing squad?*

But I let old Paul go because I don' t want to waste my day of lament doing unpaid labor at paidwork. I' d rather take the chance the company is casually giving us to mourn to sit. My body ached what my emotions could not feel. What voids overtime pay could not fill, this summer I spent to fill-in for. My body was running toward desire on desire and not only is that insatiable unending, it could even get me fired from paid work. I got up to trade rest in not for the old labor of helmet bonding, but for a new one.

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Non-ending

By word of mouth I know Bobbi said she had computer experience to the temp agency responsible for our employment. They lied bringing her in and the helmet factory made use of her. Instead of excel as was reported Bobbi had the capacity to do what the machine could do in a fraction of the time in terms of data entry. She just needed paper. Now Derrick' s with me going back through what all Bobbi wrote the whole summer. She was instrumental and then gone. I developed in those overtime hour months a posture that won' t let me forget production work.

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How come you don' t talk like an officer

What is this, an interview?

You sound formal as a citizen

She doesn' t know how my English had been broken. Or how many times. It had been broken upon me. Four or five big times. I don' t go anywhere to tell her. My feet planted.

Another major difference I had been perceiving was the birds.

Where I lived In south China, there were many little birds and the campus was full of magnificent rich green vegetation. At the base of Phoenix mountain, our multi storied open air complex had the best views of the trees flowering what one morning just becomes a fire.

Thanks for reading and re-reading the manuscript. The major accomplishment of the two years in the program, for me, was to have the time to be able to discipline my thought. The poems and prose contained in the manuscript are as ready as my current constitution will allow. With more time and energy, I will return to these pieces as through their next steps they return to me in thought and compel me to write. There is no shame in my writing process. I edit often, but I never want to edit the poem until it is ready to be understood again and anew by me. The writing in this manuscript entirely comes from my time being supported by the University of Washington Creative Writing Department. While I spent much of my time revisiting old poems, I did not include any writing that existed prior to my time in the program as I wanted this manuscript to reflect myself and my interaction with peer thought in my pursuit of the master's degree in fine arts. I hope to be able to be contacted by anyone who reads this manuscript for questions of how to read something or feedback. I believe the way my art is to exist in the world will surpass the confines of the typical piece of literary based work. That said, my work is not based in literary crafts but in in the study and craft of action and change. This work is only meant to be used for the purposes of liberating oppressed people and helping others to remove the burden of privilege from their footprint. Equity and equality being the only sustainable ecological models for our species, oppression is suicide. This document has limits to its accessibility for now, and the following things are being done to improve that: the author is recording an audio version as close to the textual experience as possible for those with difficulties with vision; a large font version is being formatted and the digital soft copy is being encoded with tools that help make the content more accessible. A sincere thank you and a "bless up" -Kym Littlefield.

2068582446

MAAFA
KYM LITTLEFIELD
SEPT-2018-COMPLETED-MAY-2020

“NEAR GOD” IS A LEXICAL ITEM FOUND IN QUENTON BAKER’ S *This Glittering Republic*.

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