

Inexplicably,
the world opens again.

In the dream there is an arena
the crowd pours in to kill itself
an exhaustion ripping past
all injuries

 dressing perilous
 reportage

there is only one voice

 no excuses

 no attempts to push back

 this stupid swallowing

 weapons being distributed

 both hand-made and stolen

blood soaks the AstroTurf

 below is the earth

and the we is split open

but the we is down there

 and I am up on the hillside

 I am patrolling through

weeds, marshes, trenches,

 I am knee-deep in a

 gelatinous muck

when I look down I see
the mud is clotting
I feel that you must be dead
I try to run but your
fouled blood stops me but
below is the earth
my teeth
are bleeding but
below is the earth
below is the earth
in the night
the night our death was glorious
the night we looked into the mirror
cut lines into faces against
our parents
the night we couldn't fake it
anymore
against appropriation
against decorous resolution.

But still
 this violence on my body
in the dream
I'm walking around the streets
an inveterate whore
 I'm dying
cunt seeping blood
and no one will help me
I fall to my knees
a man walks up to me and asks

"What's the sexist thing a woman can put on her ears?"

"What?" I say,

"Her knees" He says,

(laughter)

The laugh-track plays
in the coffee shop
 diorama
 fading light
of a MacBook Pro screen
condensation of the sunset
breaching dawn
oh! look at the people
enjoying their aesthetic experience
sitting cross-legged on a carpeted platform.

My slug trail of
 bloodied mucus
tethered to shell-less harm
desire not yet configurable
as a place or who gets to occupy it
no residues for this hapless future.
You told me you believed in the individual
 I actually retched
 my collective body
 waging protest against your
 belief
 in the police to embrace
 and save your temporality.

I'm waiting for the end of time
if that means the end of whiteness.

To say "I am, in my being, unethical"
opening to a social death

an abyss

I am saying I believe in the end
a blackening crashing in on itself

no roles

no characters

exempt

I'm going to attempt to destroy myself
and I will do it quietly

the end of permission

or recognition

this is not proof

by salvageable self-absorption.