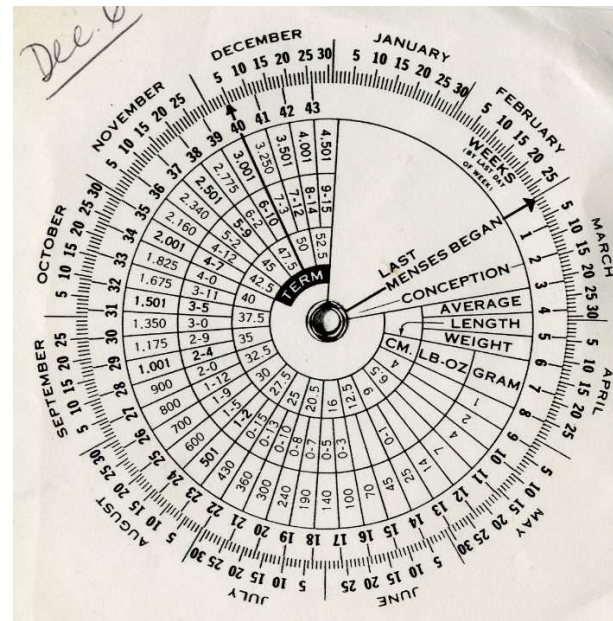


ANTEPARTUM, MOTHER SHEEP





stasis after the end of the Oakland Commune. Then, earlier this year there were radical student occupations at Berkeley, and he finally felt like he had come full circle, that he could finish the poem and feel good about it. He said, "History ended the poem."

And I think about that a lot. History ending poems. Poems won't end history, that is (as Joshua Clover said) "putting the rabbit in the hat." But I am actually ending this now because the dogs need walking, I have class in an hour, and I am hungry.

Yours,

Sarah Rupp

4/21/2015



ANTEPARTUM, MOTHER SHEEP

played with. In “I’M IN A DRAWER OPENING MOOD,” I am using my own question-based tweets that I wrote over several years. I then merge the fragments from a totality together, as though I am shaking a snow globe.

Although I use some techniques of conceptual poetry (like found text) and some techniques of alt lit (the online confessional) I don’t think I fall into either category. Firstly, I don’t associate with them. Secondly, I want to be considered a communist before a poet, and their politics are not politics of intent. I also prefer mining my own work for use in my poems, because I see Kenneth Goldsmith et al.’s practice of appropriating the work of others as just part of the long history of modern art, where artists engage in huge studio productions and churn out unoriginal images with a group of people employed by them (MFA grads) doing the actual manual labor of art.

We are taught as art consumers that the more abstract a work is, the more avant garde it is. But the abstraction of the author under capitalism can’t be avant garde. It’s just the poetry equivalent of the consumer politic hippies who move into yurts in the woods and grow their own food. What is more progressive, in my opinion, is collaborative writing. My use of social media is an attempt to collaborate with my desired readers (my friends) in order to be closer to them.

I always want to feel that sense of connectedness to my work. I mean both a certain feeling and also a material thing: that I am its producer and I am a socially constructed human being and you cannot ignore that what I am writing is influenced by both me and the random outputs of a highly complex system. I want my work to reflect the time and the struggle that I am located in. My friend, Jasper Bernes, spent several years writing his poem, *We Are Nothing and So Can You*, and he felt like it was going on for forever, stuck in a holding pattern created by the

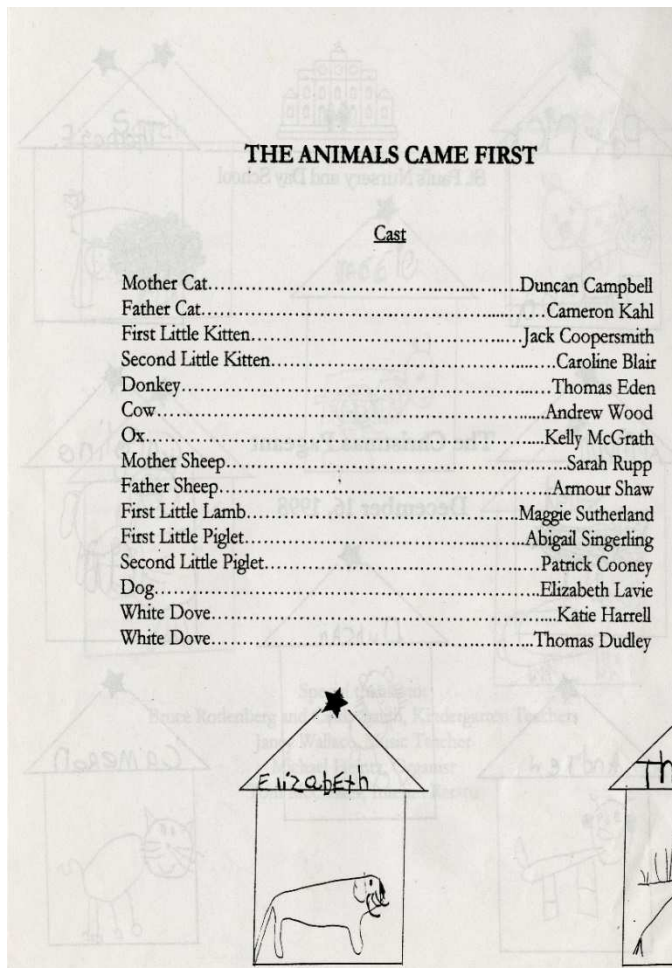
lot, in the language I used, the images I incorporated, and the title itself. *ANTEPARTUM, MOTHER SHEEP*.

The title is a reference to Marie Kelly's 1973 experimental film, *Antepartum*, which I encountered this month in Eve Meltzer's presentation "Systems We Have Loved" at Chris Nealon's "What Was Anti-humanism?" symposium. The conceptual film depicts in an infinite loop her pregnant belly illuminated in darkness. In her next (and better known) project, *Post-Partum Document*, she frames the different stages of her child's development: his first used diaper, his first drawings, etc. Her purpose was to show how a child before it learns language is still connected to the mother. My goal is to use language as a means and an end to reconnect with my mother.

This idea of using poetry to get closer to people is probably the entire reason why I write. As I said before, writing non-fiction or pure realist prose is dangerous. It puts you under epic scrutiny by the state, the university, and your employers. But I grew up doing it, and couldn't stop. I really think my poetry is just an omnidirectional desire for more intimacy with people coupled with a politics of intent.

I write about the particularities of the day as though I am writing a Facebook status, so what you are reading are sediments of my life in Richmond, where I live with my parents, go to school, go to my *Capital* reading group, flirt with people, play with dogs, and read a lot. The idea of merging particular moments of a day together, or how I combined what I was reading with what I was writing, is my attempt at painting a picture of my experience of fragmentation (in many senses of the word: from my body, from my mother, from work, from life) in a totality. In "ANTI HUMANISM" I am using a text of Erwin Panofsky, "Iconology," that Robert Morris also

For my mother.



It's impossible to know, but I am certain that the next avant garde of poetry would and should be connected to communisation.

So, I'm writing this on April 21st, 2015. For the past 19 days I have made a post each night with a poem written by someone else and then a poem written by me, if I could physically write one that day. Originally, I thought that I would do this for a month, make my Jeune Fille Facebook completely public, and then lock myself out of it forever so that it could stand as a relic or a vague conceptual art project. But I was also extremely depressed then and now am feeling a little bit better and more loved, partly thanks to this project and partly because I gave up on trying to live with a nocturnal drug addict and moved back in with my wonderful parents.

And it's been interesting. I got a lot of feedback and crowd edits. Poet Amy De'Ath suggested an edit to the last lines of the first poem, "I'M SUPPOSED," that I ended up using. New followers found me and I received some virtual pats on the back for my writing, which is always pretty nice. One of my poems, "I COULD PROBABLY" ended up circulating on poet Jordan Karnes poetry month newsletter. I joked that day that if you put a lot of poetry month vibes out there, they come back around to you.

Each of these poems were written the day they were posted and not really edited at all. I wanted to capture the frantic energy of the economic exchange of commodities, where the pressure to create something new is getting faster and faster. A lot of this focuses on my relationship with my mother, because it was stressed when I was younger but now we are getting along better than ever. This theme of the return to childhood comes up a

So the TL;DR of that section is that I went from journaling to writing poetry when I became an active anarchist because it was less incriminating. Then I went from journaling on Facebook to using Facebook as a means to produce poetry, which is what I can finally feel ready to talk about next.

This entire chapbook was written on Facebook, as an experiment in how social media could be used in the production of poetry. Benjamin wrote of how journalists needed to be considered writers of literature so that more writers with good politics can be read with seriousness by more people. Benjamin also said that writers need to incorporate into their practice new mediums. For him it was photography, for my generation it is obviously the Internet. Social media poetry, however, has been dominated by two horrible groups of poets that aren't mutually exclusive to each other: Alt Lit and Conceptual Poetry. Both have generally awful politics; apathy is their political line or they are abrasively liberal.

One major inspiration for this project was the writing of Commune Editions on Jacket2, "The Self-Abolition of the Poet," which they printed out and distributed for free at CURDS + WHEY. You should totally read it, but what they talk about in it is how poetry is determined by social forms and not the other way around. When social relations change with communisation, poets will cease to exist. Not because there won't be people writing, but because of how authorship is a byproduct of capitalism. Adorno wrote in "On Lyric Poetry and Society" that the individualism of lyric poetry developed because of how highly fragmented modern society is because of the alienated production of commodities. What will poetry look like when our relationship to commodities and to each other changes?

I'M SUPPOSED 2 BE STUDYING 4 A TEST ON IMPRESSIONISM + POST-IMPRESSIONISM BUT INSTEAD IM POUNDING MY FIST INTO A PILLOW

poetry month o poetry month o poetry moth oo poetry
mob
a mob is a pretty good place to start
it is april 2nd, as i cannot risk writing a poem on april fools
but i did say i would love to die during an enternal
clinton/bush administration
and that this entire time the girl you have been talking to is
a replicant (me)
wait

at risk of showing my hand too early as depressive and
unhinged
i emailed you and let you know that my psychiatrist told
me
that the tightening sensation i was feeling in my chest was
actually ~happiness~
and not cardiac arrest which explains why cuddling the dog
sinking into the bath and eating toaster strudels was
making this happen

instagram bae!
to leave the house is to get maced by pheromones
every generator in richmond is buzzing
every tree is blossoming
every somewhat available man says Nice ink

apple bottom genes
with the boobs, with the fir

**I DID THE D1 ATHLETE THING, HATED IT,
AND ORGANIZED MY LIFE TO BE A
SEDENTARY HEATHEN INSTEAD**

april 3rd

pressured humidity

the cat watching the morning dove

mom dove dad dove

sill dove porch dove

Lauren's baby dove

for whom i will steal a silver object

and for her daughter

some black lipstick

and hold their round red chickens

without punting them

i've never held a baby

in my home of----- cherry blossoms

5th grade was snipers 3rd grade 9/11

youngest of 14 cousins

my new role in this family

is dog mother-eternal designated driver

old annabelle pants tulips drop

two lips

Courbet spread a rumor

that he was coining money out of flowers

we eat pate and try dancing

it tastes like dried bones and *sounds* like

-----_----_----_----_---_---cyndi lauper

my laptop with all of my writing since I was 15 was stolen. Now when I'm mining past work for good stuff to build off of, all I have is Facebook and Twitter.

Then, last summer (2014), my best friend Nich was whacked by gentrification and getting evicted from his apartment, which was located in a spider-filled basement next to Oakland's second oldest bar, The Kingfish, which was also getting evicted. We were trying to figure out what we could do to make the landlord angry, and decided that we wanted to have an enormous party combined with a reading series. We called it CURDS + WHEY because of all the spiders, and because of how evictions, austerity, and gentrification were both frightening us away from the Bay.

We had it split up into two Fridays in a row. We bought huge amounts of beer for people to drink for free because we thought we needed to add an incentive to get people to come. We realized after it was over that we totally didn't need to do that, and we had literally hundreds of people saying they were going on social media. We had an amazing lineup of talented poets with *actually* left politics: Juliana Spahr, Erika Staiti, Jasper Bernes, Zoe Addison, Wendy Trevino, Eric Sneathen, and Joshua Clover. The place was so packed that people (including the poet Tedd Rees) had to sit on the roof of the Kingfish in order to watch the readings.

Nich ended up getting evicted and we both went back to school; he went to Davis and I moved back to Virginia to finish my BA at VCU. But the series felt meaningful. It was the best I've ever been to, and Jasper wrote to me in an email after that it set the bar. To me, it felt for the first time that poetry could exist and be good outside of an academic or state funded institution. It also was useful. We stressed out the asshole landlord and got closer to other communists, anarchists, and poets.

mobile sound system took up an eighth of our living room. I had been involved with student occupations, but going on marches and doing sound was totally different. As a young anarchist doing sketchy low-key crimes here and there, I got exposed to security culture.

I deleted my Facebook from high school, my livejournal, my tumblr, and anything that could be connected to my real name. After getting doxed by neo-Nazis from Stormfront on my Twitter, I gave up writing on social media for a short period of time. I contemplated keeping an encrypted private diary, but it didn't have the reward of readership to make me feel validated or closer to anyone. I made a Facebook again, under the somewhat ironic nom de guerre, Jeune Fille. So instead of journaling, I began to write sort of bad surrealist and science fiction poetry that was totally abstracted from my real life (and thus, unincriminating.) The only people I ever showed my work to were some friends that I am extremely fortunate to have: Zoe Addison, Evan Loker, Brian Glasscock, Eric Sneathen, and Nich Malone.

Over a year ago, my father had his second heart attack and then a quintuple bypass surgery. He and my mother had been travelling and living in a trailer, but now that he was sick, he could no longer drive it. So I flew to Canada and went with them in their trailer all the way across the country to California. It took over a month. I slept on a foldout table in a small, mobile room with two cats and three dogs. I felt lonely and started documenting my days on Facebook, and got a really kind response from a lot of people older than me, who told me that my writing actually *was* good. Zoe offered to collect it into a chapbook, which we made together but never got around to printing. After that, I just started writing on Facebook daily. And I'm lucky I did, because last May my roommate left the door to our Chinatown apartment unlocked and

behind the glass of the Etruscan tomb
this is magic
pull out your egg then your kerchief
but dad where are your keys
all these dogs with wings
sitting on the back porch
mom says that a bat is-----
an unformed thing-----

**I COULD PROBABLY GIVE A REALLY GOOD
PRESENTATION ON HOW I USED OK CUPID
TO RECRUIT PEOPLE FOR A FEDERICI
READING GROUP**

I'm not having a bad day, I just can't work the blinds.
Remember when you were little and you tried to hang
yourself with them? No, I was a dog on a leash. I'm not
having a bad day, I just can't work the blinds. How dead is
dead when a dog dies on Easter? His boat got hit by a
shipping container. Dead undead, civil war reenactors.
Benne wafers, wax flower. I let her tell the story but Beer
Revolution is no biker bar. She then asks, Was Birds that
movie when ravens were eaten by birds? I would watch
that with you, Lizzie. I kissed the dogs in the puppy bowl,
each of their totally perfect faces. Steve calls it God's
Country, momma says it's No Restaurants. No restaurants,
no dead dogs in the puppy bowl. She loved a gun. He
loved candy. There's a bingo ad on the sobriety clock. The
daffodils look upward, this spring is history's last fling.
What's a vanguard???

Response critics. In response to *that* came Foucault's
famous and excellent piece, "What is an Author?"

But my favorite piece of literary criticism about
authorship comes from Walter Benjamin, in his essay,
"The Author as Producer." He uses this piece to talk
about the position of a piece of writing in relation to the
means of production of its time. He starts off by saying
that entertainment writers work in certain class interests
while 'advanced' writers recognize who they are writing for
and side with the proletariat. Quality work, to Benjamin,
has both technique and the correct political line. So, he
starts to include good journalists like Sergei Tretakov into
his definition of exemplary writers, because even though
traditionally journalism has been looked down upon, we
need to begin to broaden the definition of what constitutes
literature, so that there is more space for revolutionary
writers of different mediums.

**

The reason why I started writing poetry in 2012
came out of self-protection. I grew up very much
inundated with internet communication and it became a
confessional realm for me. I was in AIM chatrooms in 4th
grade (A/S/L?) and then progressed to Livejournal,
Myspace, Facebook, Tumblr, Twitter, etc. Usually I
maintained an anonymous diary on whatever medium was
most popular until it was replaced by a new blogging
service. But in 2012, that no longer became something I
could conceivably do without endangering myself or my
friends.

Post-Oakland Commune, I was arrested, I
dropped out of UC Davis, I was deported from Canada
(where my parents lived) and then I moved in with my
then-boyfriend of one month (we met on OkCupid) to an
apartment in a shopping mall in Oakland's Chinatown. He
did sound for marches all during Occupy, and the huge

you should read; he was not a playboy, but a saint and scholar. Also, I have spent a year copying this, so please please read.”

Later, development of the printing press lowered the exchange-value (the congealed labor time in a commodity) to a point when it was finally practically exchangeable in the market, but still expensive. While printing increased, the circulation of literature in England didn't skyrocket rapidly until about one hundred years later, when a licensing lapse allowed for printers to sell works without crediting or compensating their writers. The first lawsuit of a writer against a printer occurred as early as 1504 in France. It seems like the development of authorship predated primitive accumulation, but was conducive to capitalism. Authorship was a protective precaution for writers, a defensive position they took to ensure that they received compensation from greedy printers.

Then in the Enlightenment came the development of copyright laws, and then in the Victorian era came the development of the celebrity author. Authorial brand-creation increasingly became a part of the spectacle of the publishing world under capitalism. The shroud of the authorial brand persona influenced how people critically looked at the formal aspects of a piece of writing. It could either lift the work up or pull it down. The Formalists in Russia and the New Critics in America understood what was happening, but bent the stick too far in the other direction. Instead, they only looked at only the mechanical aspects of a piece of discourse in order to judge it, completely ignoring authorial intention or identity. In reaction to this came Roland Barthes “The Death of the Author” in which he said “the death of the author is the birth of the reader,” a one-line manifesto of the Reader-

I'M SO TIRED IT FEELS LIKE I GOT AN IV BAG CONTAINING SALT WATER AND PENNIES

delivered me from a vending machine
a room w/ happy peasant wallpaper
pull a salt water & penny I.V.
i only feel at home in non-places
let the floors move me. happy holiday
B. i can hear the fir trees kissing me.
eggs painted the color of miasma
are not the only things you are hiding
from your family. this is my dog now,
Lump Picasso. and he's helping me plan
my facebook retirement speech for free

A FOUCAULT TRANSLATOR JUST COMMENTED ON MY STATUS THAT SHROOMS DON'T GO BAD

fall asleep watching the radio tower sway, wake up eyeing the deviled eggs. i've never wanted anything in the way that i want this cigarette, blame the eclipse. no construction worker will let me climb down the manhole in these six inch black leather heels. zolofy feelings like an itching ghost arm. susan g coleman pink drill bits, fuck. i never could quite stick my hand between the elevator doors. in the manholes and in the oil wells are the ghost pits, what sloughs out and touches us from it? is it the ravens that leave presents for little girls or the dead albatrosses with their wrapper filled guts. i'll ask Maya. in your parents' house you find a blue folder covered in stickers of planets. inside are lined pages covered in your illustrations, captioned by your mother before you could write. here is one of a planet overcrowded with people but nothing is written. here is one of a red house, "i think a hawk took the baby bird." here is a cubist red figure lying down, "i liked the invention of Ben Franklin where he could lock the door from his bed." there was eager talk of occupations, and nothing like that has been thought of since the puppy burning.

OPTIONAL MANIFESTO ON POETICS

After one year in a public art school, I have made a troubling discovery: that most art students can't explain their own art in an intelligent way. I want to elucidate my own poetry, even though explaining your own work while people are viewing it is kind of a faux pas. But I also feel like it falls into my practice and into the confessional nature of this entire project. So, my solution is write this but to make this section optional and also to ask you to burn all copies of this by the day I turn 25 (November 24th, 2017.) Don't read it if you don't want to know and then please burn it later in case I change my mind about everything.

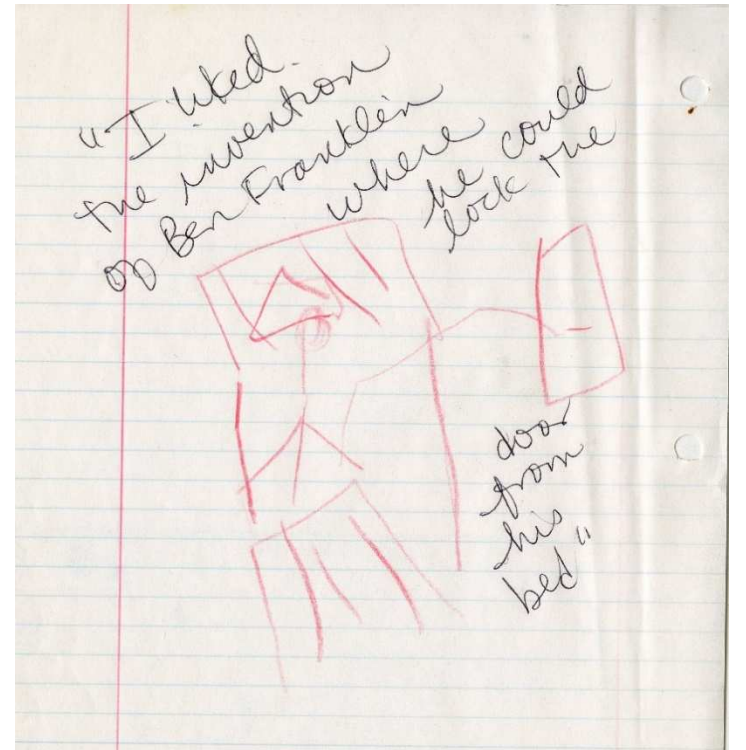
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I spent this last semester composing a long research paper under the guidance of Dr. Andrea Westcot, in which I tried to come to a materialist understanding of what authorship is. It is called "The Author is to Producer as Writing is to Commodity: An Investigation into the Development of the Social Role of an Author." Before I wrote it, it seemed intuitive that authorship would have taken off with the development of the printing press and capitalism. The study of authorship, however, started to grow in biblical exegesis much earlier than that.

Biblical interpretation moved from literal to allegorical in the Middle Ages. One result was that authors were no longer seen as merely pens of God (as Saint Simon disparagingly referred to them as) to human beings with some agency and input into their own work. The Bartleby-type monks living in bell towers started to write prefaces to texts which would now include biographical information as a way to help justify the circulation of a book. Think, "this holy man wrote this holy book which

They should be arranged on their smallest ends, otherwise the yolk will adhere to the sides. In this way they may be kept for several months. I am informed that eggs formed without the presence of a cock may be set upon three or four weeks without producing the slightest change, being as sweet and palatable as when first laid. This may afford a useful hint to those who wish to put up eggs for long sea-voyages.

In 1820, a tradesman of Paris asked permission of the prefect of police to sell in the market eggs that had been preserved a year in a composition, of which he kept the secret. More than 30,000 of these eggs were sold in the open market without any complaint being made, or any notice taken of them, when the board of health thought proper to examine them. They were found to be perfectly fresh, and could only be distinguished from others by a pulverulent stratum of carbonate of lime on the shell. It was discovered that they had been preserved in highly-saturated lime-water. Common sea-water has also been suggested for



THE PEOPLE U RESPECT THE MOST ARE SERIOUSLY FLAWED, TOO

i am the exact same age as miley cyrus and i have always been silently measuring my progress against hers. i shaved half my head first and also came out before her. but she's a billionaire and not tone deaf. today is burglar weather my momma says. tell it to me straight, doc. am i the king of crime?? nobody is amish anymore. i love my capital reading group, i want to marry my capital reading group. i want them all to be my spouse. i want to shoot guns with my valentine. i want to quote her facebook comments in all of my papers. i want to be a summer camp. i want to be a summer camp married to a capital reading group in a regrettable coin flip decision that we will follow to its end. the end of underlings. i want to be more than a dog digging at the carpet. more than an end, at long fucking last

Is Cinnabon your new corporate sponsor? Does anyone have any ideas for good questions to ask so I can figure out if this place is a creepy child prison drugging and force feeding kids, or if my job would somehow involve being a cop to people younger than me? Now that I've found the love of my life, what do I spend the rest of my life doing? How do you hide the people you don't want to see anymore on that shortlist Facebook chat bar thing? Can I see myself living in luxury in in the old hotel where my great grandfather committed suicide? If I'm six or seven times Virtute the cat's weight, does this mean I need to take six or seven cat Xanax at a time? People shouting, "What was in the air?" My online personality test for this call center has a glitch and keeps asking me, "Do you like art? Do you like art?" Can you imagine if Philip Larkin and Billy Collins were to have a bald, awful baby together? What do you do if your passport has been "flagged for life?" Did my psychiatrist really just ask if my FIP tattoo stands for Failure To Progress?

Hey baby, trying to have some fun before industrialized capitalism implodes from resource depletion and environmental degradation? Is this the super bowl? Whatever happened to mustard yellow? Why does this building exist? You know that strange bump behind your ear? Which bank? Anyone interested in buying a really old antique organ from 1880 that everyone in my family is slightly afraid of? What if fireflies could shock you? How many people look at my mouth and think these freckles are food? FYI, hearing about the looted champagne and burning cop cars has made me question all of my life choices and maybe I never should have left Oakland? Is it a big crime to post on craigslist "looking for 80 mg of Zoloft?" When does your pussy get a 5 o'clock shadow? Does the machine love me or hate me? Why has nobody in my family ever seen or heard of a french press? What if your baseline feeling is malaise? I wonder what people think when I'm at work and they look at my computer screen and I'm on page 16 of 'wild ponies' on google images? What type of ghosts will haunt the shit out of abandoned oil refineries?

HOW TO RECONCILE A SPRING DESIRE FOR MORE INTIMACY W/ EVERYONE WITH A NEED FOR INDEPENDENCE

—Take ambien, sit up in bed, and read a 2 part Beckett play aloud to each other until his face melts like a candle's and the words change color
—Walk through an old cemetery where gravestones older than the town he was from look like they were shaken in a sack in the sky and dumped on the ground
—Tell strangers about your precarious waged labor, mention the Caliban and the Witch reading group you started with girls you met on OkCupid, lift up your sleeve and show them your Rosa Luxemburg tattoo, watch their reaction under their baseball cap and imagine what it would be like to have their tall, normal children
—Raise your glass and toast with soda in crowded bars, talk about your dad's dying, touch shoulders when you're tired of trying to hail a cab during a national security threat
—Refuse to have orchestrated sex (or sex, in general) unless it's for money, keep unprincipled principals
—Compare journals, compare crushes, compare——
—Send your poems, papers, sexts out impulsively, get angry and loving, imagine kissing on Ted and Alice's steps, building catapults with the brave
—Send, too, pictures of trees to your childhood love, knowing she will know without words it's the place where you pretended to be witches, dipping wands you carved into wax to incorporate all the elements, laugh when your mother finds them a decade later and mistakes magic for a crude homemade dildo.=
—Put your hands on a stranger's dog and accurately cipher their breed, pretend the dog told you, accept kisses from dogs only

—Pass notes during the antihumanism symposium “I’m a dumb poet” and receive “I’m a dumb post-subject” and then show Stefanos your drawing of him lecturing in front of a portrait of Lindbergh, who has NO SIGNAL projected across his forehead, share cigarettes

—Imagine knowing everyone like how you know your mom

—Watch Marie Kelley’s “Antipartem” on an infinite loop on the greybus, her pregnant stomach lit by the earth like a moon, she’s belated and you are humming maybe I’m amazed even though you supposedly hate the beatles

—Break apart movies and imagine dedicating the next 18 years to reading walter benjamin and writing vulgar Marxist reviews where you debate the real plot of It Follows, a tribalist fear of the Other or a reflex against futurism by the downwardly mobile

—Cowrite pieces with your friends, play charades over instant message, realize how cute this poem is getting and think about your last light criticism from an editor, who said your work was a little too cute and sadistic, who told you to take out your social security #

—I’m closing this poem w/ that.

Why have we had dogs for 100,000 years but have yet to develop a breed that lives a little more than a decade? Where all the sugar mamas/daddies at? Should I walk a mile to Amtrak and hope they let me on with my cat? New crowd control? What string of events led this conversation to polyamory? Apparently my friend's twitter is being subpoenaed? Are people somehow all wired to miss the weather of the place they're from, like some sort of homing instinct? Where the riots at? Do any doulas out there want to teach me how to give abortions or come to Virginia with me? Does anyone know why 14th and Mandala is taped off by cops? How do people motivate themselves to go to work? Is there any history of the FBI intercepting carrier pigeons? What if Ikea meatballs were the universal equivalent? If a sign you're addicted to cigarettes is smoking 1st thing in the morning, then what is crying when you wake up a sign of? What if every time you frowned at a dog a crow swooped you off of the ground?

Overheard a man explaining to woman, "Do you understand the boom and the mast?" How many days have y'all also had "If I Die Young" stuck in your head? Is this happiness or indigestion? Like, I'm cool with dying alone but not with this person dying alone, is that love? Is "ratchet" racist? Hey @aaroncarter, I found this weird bug on my bed, can u tell me what it is? Is it confusing that I named my dog after your sister? Who was my friend in high school that got a good deal on their truck because someone died in it? Anyone need a job ghost writing a blog for rich people about how sad it is being rich? Dandruff....? or, filth..? Does this mean Miley Cyrus is queer? Now, to go on a hike in the hills with some corgis or check out the damage on Telegraph from last night? Who's the dumbo who missed their flight? Why do people leave the library? What's outside? Are you afraid of what the historicization of this movement implies?

THIS POEM IS ACTUALLY ABOUT MY ANXIETY OVER MY SEXUALITY, THE TIME I WENT TO JAIL, A DAY W/ A FRIEND, A DANCE PARTY IN A SQUAT, & KISSING MY TEAMMATE

Adult ADHD— Wasps in the jail bus— "is your FTP— I asked the— Failure To Progress?"— cop, "I thought you liked wasps?"— miming to the other cells— tag buildings w/— "I'm menstruating!"— So many toaster strudels— sharing donuts— Irish dancing— to— Ke\$sha?— making out @ gay bar— to Ke@sha— sending teeth— to Ke\$sha— toothfarie\$— Ke\$sh— a— this is enough— run away 2gether— to Ke\$ha— "I'm screaming into— Keha's mouth— my pillow but not in an orgasmic way!"— Texas Beach— People's Beer of Richmond— Wu-Tang— trestle/bridge— water parasites— intimate paralysis— shell pebble alter— Moten— coffee— Ke\$ha— fancy sodas— miming to her from the cell— no bars— Plexiglas— Ke\$sha?— "lynching" charges wtf— "hopeless place" in your mother's shower— commitment at the Wonderbread— dance party RCA— Factory— dust— floor building— masks— probably Ke\$ha— stealing palettes from Walmart— tossed her 40— ran— boobs on Twitter— thighs on the IG— kissing on my couch in my dorm— in front of the opera singer— locking him out— Creepers— Big Bird— paralysis— Ke\$ha—

IS IT WEIRD THAT I COULD BE HAPPY WITH A BLACK HOLE

by Maya Weeks

twitter boobs — manifesto season — i wanna say fuck all your scenes. my flatmate is so good at sleeping i wish i could give him an award. i guess i could — canada is the only country where u can produce ur own currency — citizens of the world — breakfast in the sun on the balcony — to see if sextus_gillig needs freed again — that feeling u give someone when u haven't actually hung out w/ them — texting w/ this stranger abt love for salad — unassailable desire for more intimacy x desperate need for independence — i mean how many times does the message just fail to send — the way little grains aren't a big deal in another country — home is the mess u make

Are you one of the people I want to kiss? Am I the king of crime? Do you want to go on a date? How can I actually be sad on 40 mg of Zoloft and 40 mg of Wellbutrin? Wouldn't "wages for house parties" be a really good stick 'n poke? Is operating a pirate radio station *more or less* illegal in Canada? When do I start doing grad school stuff? Could you not text me that while I'm eating? What is string cheese? Why did I just eat three of these? I keep typing the word preminiscent and it's apparently not a word, but can someone tell me what word I'm thinking of? Will sending a picture of my butt to someone on Instagram lead to romance? Aren't all tragedies local tragedies? Who would you bring to prommunism? Does anyone have the number for the ELF? Does anyone know if egg donation is painful? Which of you fuckers put me on the Anarchist Academics list serve? What is my family supposed to do?

Was it the emojis I put in my poems? 2015? How did this happen? Maybe I should just become a high school English teacher or something? What works reconcile philosophical pessimism with anti-capitalism? Can one use billboard space to advocate for environmental terrorism? Am I the only person in the world with a Rosa Luxemburg tattoo? Did anyone else have a small robot dog growing up? What does it say about me if my only life interests right now are riots and S&M? Can your only daily vegetables be V8 juice? Am I dying? Are any of these 30 new followers willing to finance my future gay trailer park? I think I have a UTI and no insurance, what should I do? I know you're cute but what am I? Will you make me a cake that says H1N1? What if I move back to California and try marketing water-free outhouses? What if all I'm learning from art school is that I want to be a sexy art thief?

"I'M IN A DRAWER OPENING MOOD"

Isn't looming ecological catastrophe a given? Is 2:3 an agreeable ratio for political to ironic tattoos? What is the weirdest thing you've stolen? Shouldn't there be wages for everything? Which is worse: that the universe is an empty doom void or that earth is populated with humans? Which is stranger: fenced off all-inclusive resorts or tall roller coasters? Have you ever fallen asleep without thinking about dying? Do you miss the sound of men moving pig carcasses from trucks in the morning? Do you like the birds you heard in high school? I just got Aaron Carter's number, what freaky shit should I text him? How many times have you faked an orgasm with a man? How long can you go without sleeping? What's a vanguard? Is Toxic Shock Syndrome real?

Why differentiate between Bordiga and Stalin? How can you spend years with someone and then try and do that again with someone else? How long is too long to wait for donuts? Is filial love just the management of certain feelings into filial love? Do shrooms go bad? What is a body? What is a butt? What is the website for your press? What police scanner app do you use? Do we bring our clothing when we ascend? Do we pack snacks? Bear bells? Can you bring a megaphone to 19th & Telegraph? You mean you don't stay in on a Friday night at your parents' house, tweet pics of your boobs, and read *The Arcades Project* in bed? How dumb of a title is "The Author is to Producer as Writing is to Commodity"? Who is doing sound for tonight? Why am I on the Whole Earth Festival Support mailing list? Does anyone know what time they're supposed to be released from jail?

ANTI HUMANISM ISN'T REALLY A PHILOSOPHY BUT A TONE

your mom that bag of mothflock plastic wings clipped onto back steps out from the bear trashcan horseflies dipping tin roof shed sailboat on side smell wood dust when an acquaintance greets me on the street by lifting his hat, wh at I

see from a formal point of view is nothing but the change of certain details within a configuration forming part of the general pattern of color, lines and volumes which constitutes my world of vision. When I identify, as I automatically do, this configuration as an object (gentleman), and the change of detail as an event (hat-lifting), I have already over-

your mom that bag of mothflock plastic wings feeling communerds getting faved by Clit Romney arranging threesomes with Ultraleftists millennial strikers wondering always where to get fingerbanged next stepped the limits of purely formal perception and entered a first sphere of subject matter or meaning. Th

twice today referred to as an evangelical communist what does that mean i'm with your mom that bag of mothflock plastic wings fail harder nobody is chill over email meaning thus perceived is of a elementary and easily understood nature, and we shall call it the factual meaning; it is appre-

gripping you joked Althusser a subject a fever a Friday Friday gotta get down on Friday on a mom your mom at the clydesdale's shoeing at any point your father is yelling headed by simply identifying certain invisible forms with certain objects known to me from practical experience, and by identi-

fyngthechangeintheirrelationswithcertainactionsorevents.
"burn the mcdonald's take the freeway i want to sit down"
where are the maoists swamp realming clifford the bigg
red blog your email was so chill it wasn't chill that tone

that nevoid smile in words needs to be examined under
bright light and then brought to the faucet so chill not chill
a dog in a sweater a camo diaper bag a high modernist
relief in unfamiliarity you appeared unheralded like a state
farm agent over my shoulder *breathe*

**WE WERE TRYING TO HAIL A CAB BY THE
NATIONAL GALLERY WHILE THE MAN WITH
THE "TAX THE 1% SIGN" SHOT HIMSELF IN
FRONT OF THE CAPITOL**

for Karla Noboa

THESE ARE MY BOOBS

security at the conference caught me with a pocket knife
they dumped it out of my makeup bag and i yelled

THIS IS MY AESTHETIC

6000 barricades in paris in 1870

six (6!) thousand barricades

I CANT BELIEVE I HAVE A BODY

or a pile of bees near the collision

the

the boy with kittens in his backpack and

sometimes i miss the nuns because now i

am confident they were lesbians you came to watch me

play in the snow

we were twee

our boyfriends were CB radios, carrier pigeons, jxn

all the saints' hands with the roadkill atop them

a wage for every moment

USE THESE AGAINST ME WHEN IM FAMOUS

i am so lucky to have friends

i am so lucky to have friends

that collect news articles about animals maiming hunters