

The artist ought to be distinguished by selfless devotion to duty;

but we forgot about that a long time ago.

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A C T O N E

ART

White people playing music
White people booking shows
White people writing news stories
White people talking to white people about white people

White people at the museum
White people taking pictures with white people
White people teaching young adults
White people teaching people of color about white people

White people in graduate programs
White people being professional with other white people
White people using iPhones
White people watching movies made by white people with white people in them

White people taking up too much space in a room full of other people
White people building luxury apartments in a neighborhood where white people don't live
White people selling objects to people of color
White people jarring honey

White people farming
White people publishing stuff by white people bought by white people
White people playing sousaphone
White people falling in love with white people

White people treating people of color like shit
White people calling people of color racist
White people touching the bodies of other white people and people of color without their consent
White people expecting people of color to do what they want them to do

White people dressing business casual
White people thinking that the justice system is actually just
White people dancing like people of color
White people frantically sending emails

White people hiring white people
White people going on vacation
White people scheduling the school reform meeting during school when people in school can't be there

White people posting music and videos and news articles by white people on social media

White people starting wars with countries that are primarily made up of people of color
White people believing in objectivity
White people making decisions big and small
White people shushing people of color

White people making art and putting it everywhere unapologetically

I'm still waiting for this person from True Colors to get back to me and confirm, she hasn't gotten back to me in four days. But if she comes to talk about the black, lesbian person and her relation to the Matthew Shepard case ten years later, we can get the, you know, um, ethno-social side. You know what, Kenneth, I know that there are a ton of issues that need to be discussed. There are so many people who could talk on the high school panel about queer theory. And I know there's all this trans stuff. I get that. I get that there are a lot of things that we could cover. The thing is, we only have 50 minutes for this panel. We need to focus on the most important things.

White people drinking beer
White people doing drugs
White people owning businesses
White people drinking coffee

White people on the one hand calling their co-worker who is a person of color who was not born in the U.S. "a bitch" and on the other hand to another, younger person of color who was born in the U.S. outwardly performing friendship

White people organizing events, publications, and institutions addressing the lives of people who are not them but not resourcing those people—people who would know better than white people about their own lives—to lead and to act

White people pretending to be nice
White people managing employees and/or volunteers who are people of color

White people informing people of color of the decisions that they made without people of color—decisions that will vastly affect the housing, neighborhoods, jobs, and daily lives of people of color—and not expecting uproar and animosity but instead to be complimented for their brilliance and what's more mastery and virtuosity in matters of urban design

White people using terminology when referring to the social and political life of people of color internationally, such as "they need more economic development" or "they're underdeveloped" or "that's exactly why they're still a Third World country," not only presuming that theirs is the best or only social and economic model but furthermore that that social and economic model is even desirable to these people who have been psychologically terrorized and economically fucked over

precisely by that social and economic model and its culture that perpetuates and ignores histories of colonialism, imperialism, mineral exploitation, workforce exploitation, and military intervention, all which led to the field that is being implicated as inherently inferior in the first place. A useful word for this is “crypto-racist.”

White people who only have friends who are white people

White people who only date people who are white people

White people confused by the idea of white privilege and, in an arrogant display of publicly denying white privilege, articulating precisely the problematic embeddedness of the reality of white privilege

White people reviewing art by people of color that challenges the dominant structures of power and calling it bad art

White people renovating houses

White people threatening to evict people of color

White people making movies with white people killing people of color in them

White people working at not-for-profits

White people using people of color as accessories in order to enact desired narratives in their social lives

White people not tipping

White people projecting monster dynamics onto people of color

White people inculcating disposability, replaceability, self-doubt, and worthlessness into the psyche of people of color

White people who have access to adequate housing, healthcare, employment, transportation, finances, leisure, upward mobility, representation in narratives, institutions, and ideologies and finally a sense of what is possible for them individually and in groups and collectively a ellos ni siquiera les ocurre that people of color should share the same access to housing, healthcare, employment, transportation, finances, leisure, upward mobility, representation in narratives, institutions, and ideologies and a sense of what is possible for them individually and in groups and collectively

White people buying stocks

White people reading bedtime stories about white people

White people being Eurocentric

White people thinking that everything they produce is universal

White people having sex

White people having babies

White people eating Chinese food, Mexican food, Ethiopian food

White people getting in touch with their heritages

White people mentoring countless other white people but not even a single person of color

White people taking classes like history and literature and visual art and learning about history and literature and visual art made by white people and what white people thought about it

White people going to museums whose curators are white people and whose art was created by white people

White people saying things on every subject including people of color with authority

White people thinking they could never be rejected romantically or sexually by people of color

White people feeling entitled to claim the labor of people of color

White people feeling entitled to the land that people of color live on

White people feeling entitled to the bodies that are the bodies of people of color

White people victimizing themselves

White people being scared

White people travelling to countries that are majority people of color

White people not being deported

White people not paying taxes

White people not being arrested

White people winning awards

White people being applauded for treating docile people of color with dignity

White people resenting the power people of color have

White people punishing people of color who say no to them

White people trying to destroy people of color with power, or talent, or vision

White people creating a narrative of incompetence and laziness and corruption around perfectly competent, hard-working, and honest people of color

White people with weird-ass energy

White people lying and getting away with it

White people thinking they always deserve to win

White people acting like they don't know any better when they do

White people being mean

White people getting law degrees

White people thinking they know better than people of color

White people learning Spanish and acting like it makes them Latino

White people asking you for your pronouns and then misgendering you anyway

White people grabbing objects with ferocious intensity

White people exercising

White people confusing solidarity with friendship

White people paying people of color to clean up after them and their businesses

White people making money

White people committing wage theft

White people who are police officers harassing and killing

White people being produced

White people being published

White people gaslighting people of color or trying to

White people not wanting people of color to lead much less even help solve a problem

White people being uncomfortable, recognizing their privileges, and using their power to give people of color and poor people and queer and trans people and women and femmes and indigenous folks a tremendous amount of agency over our collective lives and institutions and environment

White people commodifying the magic people of color have

White people not helping people of color translate or understand English in medical settings

White people laughing at media representations or TV shows or movies with people of color in them that people of color do not laugh at because the laughter is one of crypto-superiority

White people not asking what people of color whom they claim to want to support and empower need and want and helping them attain those things but rather pursuing their own assigned solutions, problems, and processes, or in fact not doing anything at all

White people feeling entitled to the resources that people of color have

“But aren’t you just being divisive? Aren’t you just being reverse racist? Divisiveness never solves anything. You need to be more professional and reasonable.”

This is precisely the language of unmarkedness, where the feeling of a sharing of power occurs, and should be embraced. You must embrace our ignorance, and cultural poverty, and brashness, in order that you can confront your own ignorance, and cultural poverty, and brashness.

And whoever said that poetry and art don’t have to be anything but beautiful and useless, they are a poem, they are a work of art.



GEGENÜBER

(Schwules Museum)

In conclusion waiting
favoring the places where i feel the least distance from you:
your bed,
your arms,
the beds that you sleep in,
the mouth that you
use to kiss me and the
other things you have kissed

the discourse is one always of desire
distance but the course
is to be
near to you

even the cliché of the heart
the goal to be inside it
the built prism triangle
orange maples circle
spaces with you and me in them
the space of thought water
memory even or especially

to lose this you that i feel i have
and want not to have but have
would be fuck
the beginning of a kiss
or your cum on my face
the cum that you do not have
placed onto me
or the time that i want
that i spent
or else passed
with you
that i loved or now
love
or now feel that i loved
walking with you eating at

the same time smiling
 your grunt on my chest
 the grunting that you made

there is time that i passed with
 you
 it occurred and it is nice
 to know that you are a thing in my life
 that i like to have in my life
 and want to have more in my life
 as things occur or do not
 but mostly do all the time
 they would be prism song
 air good taste world even sky
 even stars

water goes into my mouth
 through my lips
 the mouth that i have
 the things that you have and are
 thing that i love
 things that i feel
 about you
 that are
 good
 that make me feel good

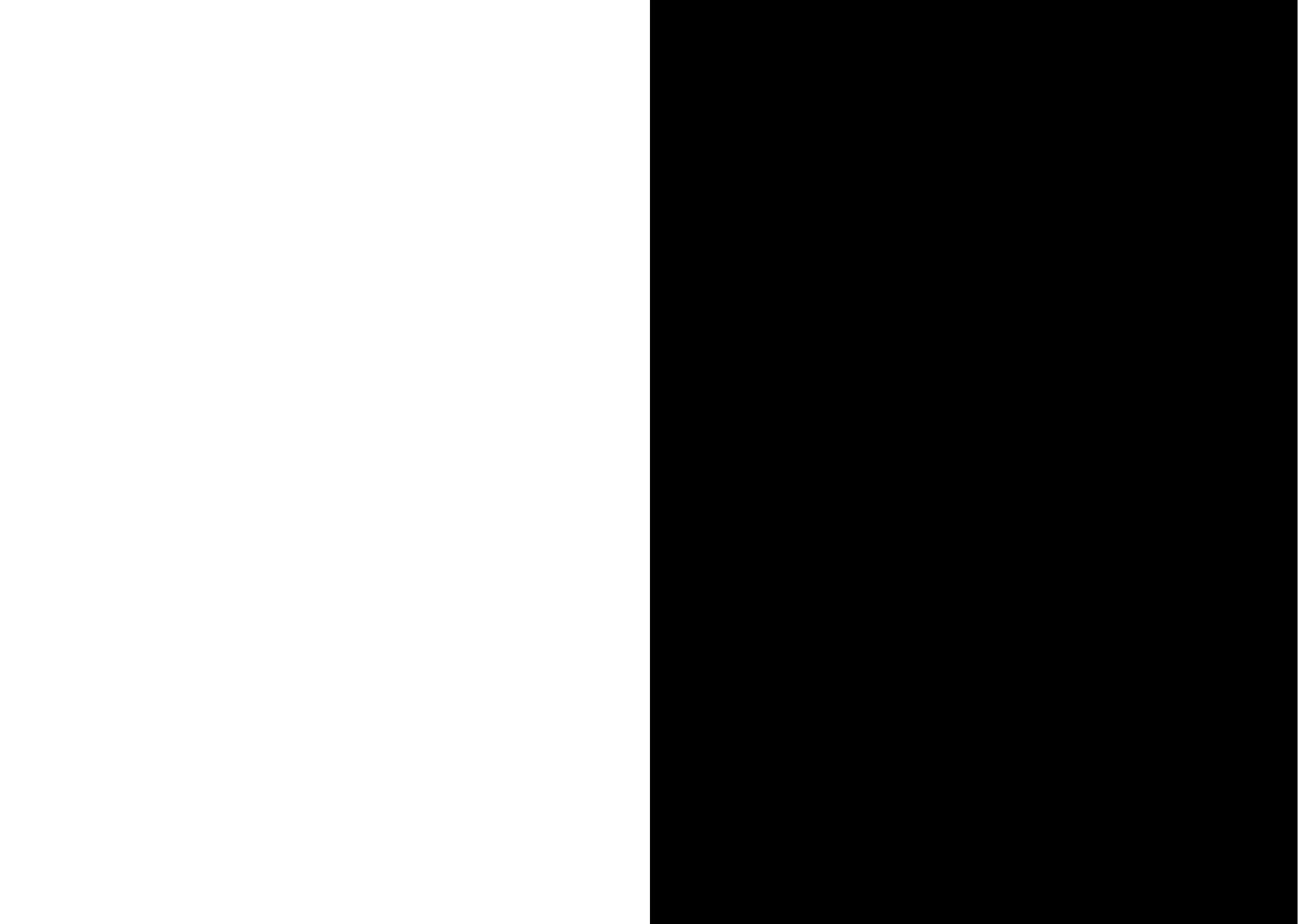
i know that i will fail under the wrong paradigms
 you know
 many things
 that you have lived through
 and passed the mouth that i have
 the cock that i have
 the touches you have applied to it
 have made it feel good
 the rubbing the mouth that you have
 the skin on your body the kiss
 i apply to your face to your cock
 to the face that you have
 that you had at that time

seeing people walking that i have seen walking at other times

that i have walked with
 is a nice thing a thing that makes me feel good
 smile happens i did not exactly feel happening
 that smile that i felt happened
 that happened on the face that does not belong to me but that i have

the color of the sky is many colors a very small
 amount of water on the neck
 on the arm on the finger
 on the arm on the finger
 that is part of my
 on the arm body

i am not sure of anything but
 i know a lot of things
 the rain isn't exactly falling
 it is and has been
 onto me from the distance
 from some distance lengths
 that i've measured often
 with the weakest and queerest empiricisms
 or not they have the useless map too
 feelings occur and they are fucking amazing
 not in the middle of in any thing en
 of but and vagueness or something
 not the idea or the meaning even or
 even the feeling but a the
 most fucking amazing fully distanceless thing



DISSPOEM

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

DMX's "X Gon Give it To Ya" plays. BRETT (30s, white) and VERONICA (30s, white) begin their killing competition.

RESTAURANT

Veronica grabs a grenade, stuffs it up a KID's ass, and punts the kid into a crowded restaurant, which EXPLODES.

A death counter appears on the bottom right of the screen.
V: 23 B: 0. We cut to a

GAS STATION

where Brett, in SLOW MOTION, leaps at a MAN. Brett draws his FISH from his back holster where it's been sheathed like a samurai sword. Spinning in the air, with a wet slap Brett knocks the man into a SCHOOL BUS, which swerves into a gas station and EXPLODES. **V: 23 B: 18.** In front of a

BIG BOX STORE

Veronica slices a woman in half. The woman SPLITS APART, revealing an advertisement that reads "**50% OFF.**" Veronica then throws her sword through a GUY's neck, impaling him. He falls backwards and impales the three people behind him. They all fall onto a fire hydrant, which blasts open, first blasting their bodies hundreds of feet in the air, then blasting a jet of water into a stroller, smashing it into a wall. The sword falls from the sky, is caught by Veronica's waiting hand. The bodies then land around Veronica in a perfect, circular synchronized-swimming-esque formation. **V: 28 B: 18.**

PARKING LOT

Brett, fish back on his back, pulls out his SPOON. He swipes at a GUY's head, which opens up, revealing his brains and eyeballs. Brett catapults each eyeball at a car—and each car EXPLODES. He sticks the spoon into a LITTLE GIRL's mouth and hurls her into a wall. He then throws the spoon into the side of a gasoline truck, which EXPLODES. The spoon shoots back through the air – and is caught by Brett's waiting HAND. **V: 28 B: 25.**

PLAYGROUND

Veronica pulls out her GUN, aims at a playground, and shoots each kid in the forehead. She smirks, having easily secured her lead again. **V: 36 B: 25.**

GAS STATION PUMP

Sweating, Brett pulls out his fish, runs over to a gasoline pump which is shooting gasoline out in a jet, and places the fish's mouth over the hole. He fills his fish with gasoline. Brett clamps the fish's mouth shut with his hand, dashes over to some stunned TOURISTS, sparks a lighter, and fires a BLAST of flaming gasoline at the tourists, who run around ON FIRE until they collapse. One of them runs into a speeding taxi and both BLOW UP, the taxi twisting high IN THE AIR. We see a KID, standing in the middle of all this massacre, terrified. A SHADOW appears below him, then grows larger and larger. He LOOKS UP, whimpers, and the tourist-fish-gasoline-explosion taxi CRASHES down onto him. **V: 36 B: 37.** Brett cheers, realizing he has taken the lead. Determined, Veronica spots a

SCHOOL FIELD TRIP GROUP

Veronica runs through the school field trip group, swinging her sword wildly. When she emerges from the crowd, she looks back and sees the dead. On her sword are a few of the children—it's a kindergartener shish kabeb. She slides the kids off her sword. **V: 68 B: 37.**

Brett speeds off in a MOTORCYCLE. In the distance is a

CHUCKY CHEESE

Brett, full speed ahead on the bike, aims at the Chucky Cheese, and he does a backflip off the bike. We see a wide shot of the Chucky Cheese, Brett nailing his landing and facing the camera. The inside of the Chucky Cheese fills with flames and the glass EXPLODES outward. Brett turns around; A FLAMING PIECE OF PEPPERONI PIZZA is pasted to his ass. He peels it off and takes a bite. **V: 68 B: 77.**

Veronica meanwhile is PARAGLIDING over the city. She swoops downwards at incredible speed, SWORD pointed at a

DUNKIN DONUTS

A COP is walking out, eating a donut. Veronica flies towards him with the sword but the cop dodges it, and her sword gets stuck in a wall, cracking the building's foundation. The cop punches at Veronica. Veronica dodges. She lurches forward vampire-like and takes a bite out of his neck. He screams in agony. The building has begun to rumble. Veronica dropkicks the cop into the Dunkin, which CRUMBLES to the ground around him. Veronica LEAPS AWAY from the growing cloud of dust and rubble, diving through a window and into a SWIMMING

POOL. She emerges from the water, and sensuously flips her hair. **V: 100 B: 77.**

HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE IN RUSSIA

Brett faces a RANDOM GUY who is armed with a machine gun. Brett pulls out his FISH and blocks an entire magazine of bullets with it, which utterly destroys his fish.

The guy, out of machine gun ammo, pulls out a pistol and Brett pulls out his spoon. The guy fires seven shots, each one deflected by a swiping of Brett's spoon. Each of the bullets fly into AMBULANCES, which EXPLODE.

Brett angrily holds his spoon, sharing a mutual STARE OF HATE with the guy.

Brett tosses the spoon away and RUNS at the guy. In SLOW MOTION, he leaps and flips over the guy's head. Brett pulls off the UNDERWEAR that he's been wearing over his pants the whole time and, still in mid-air, pulls the underwear over the guy's head, leaving the guy fumbling for sight. The underwear BEEPS ... and EXPLODES. **V: 100 B: 100.**

Veronica looks at the score, looks at an OLD WOMAN standing dumbfounded in the middle of all the destruction, and looks back at the score. She runs at the woman really fast -and PUNTS her over a skyscraper. The woman GLIMMERS LIKE A STAR in the night sky. **V: 101 B: 100.** Veronica smiles.

blue sun

responsibility

we have to share our most distorted and honest poems with everyone who cares to listen because the dinosaur lives and we are born in the footprints of white supremacy culture the smiling heterosexual couple crosses the street towards
me and dildos fall from the branches of the trees
that someone chose should be seen there in a line
ecomilitarily

the poem must be responsible and raw and honest and precise, here we are, this is the alienatedly world as it can be seen and, exhaustingly until all people do it all the time, the not made and undistributed poster or directionless but well-intended campaign or bitchiness or bullshit or loud noise that betrays the power you feel you

Intermission