

eloaca1

(a clucking collzation)

Stationary Torment

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SUBjective.

Object. WORTH.
POST FUCKING WHAT?

title: [BLANK]

404, found?

In chinos.
yupp. **CHINOS.**

Mail Delivery- Federal Offense.

ITS LIKE YOURE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW.

Eat your apple today?

OH,

right.

MALE PRIVILEGE.

Poor **Lilith**

FUCKING TOPPER.

What a *mouth!!*

WHAT'S WRONG?

What isn't?

MAILS HERE.

I wanna waaaaaIIIIIIIIII...

MAAAAAALLLLLLLEEEE.

CHINOS.

waiting rooms...

SO BRIGHT.

BEEP BEEP BEEP..

wamp... wamp... wamppppp...

only ankles.

scandalous.

FUCKING APPLE.

FUCKING APPLES GRANNY.

Crab crab,

drop

drop...

but where money?

Covet?

THEFT?

ADULTERER.

only what you want seen

POOR **LILITH.**

Lilies?

Apple of **ribs** ?

Not here.

CHINOS.

only *ankles.*

only ***mail.***

whispers.

fe...fee...fece.

want a bite?

No *bueno.*

NB.

Enby, eny.

Poor **Lilith.**

THAT
FUCKING
TOPPER.

*You're the only one that understands...
I just want to get to know you,
is that not a simple, human request?*

crab apples..

NO SHELL,
NO MEAT.

FUCKING
CANCER

for

CUNNILINGUSSS....

pffft.

Not meant to be found-

NOT RIGHT.

PERFECT **THAT UNFOUND**
BUTTON.

AHAHAHAHA

what a topper, poor Lilith.

DISSOCIATE

Dis, oh, *she state...*

Ate

ate

ate.

BEEP

BEEEP

BEEEP... .

Is that you Chinos?

SHOW ME YOUR FUCKING ANKLES.

Eat Food...
Wash Dish...

THAT'S *FINGERS*, PEELING.

Ph..... **no.**

baby,

baby,

LIQUID.

sock hop?

Ginger **MALTS**..

Crinkle Fries,

Straight, Shoelace,

Never *STRAIGHT...*

BAHAHAHA,

spicy.

But no... wait...

OY WHEY!

NOT EAT...

NOT ~~EAT~~...

COOK!

COOK!!!

No recipe...

COCK A DOODLE FUCKING DOO.

ALARM,

not you.

night- *BED AND MEDS BITCH!*

toodles, poodle skirt.

**WHERE ARE YOUR
FUCKING ANKLES?**

what color are your socks?

stockings?

BEST SOCKS

Stalking... stalking

POOR **LILITH** THAT FUCKING TOPPER.

FORGET?

THE PLAN?

THOSE FINGERS...

peeling, peeling,

SO FLAKEY.

What's to know??

No bueno...
Only *achilles* here.
Only *ankles*...

Fee..fee..

Enfee.

**POOR
FUCKING
ACHILLES**

nothing but a *torment*.

shit,

shit,

shit...

**MALE TAMPERING IS A
FEDERAL OFFENSE**

[The number you have called is no longer available]

Coercion masked as Utopia.

Collective served as self and other.

Renaming posed as reinventing.

Blindness to

That internalized hatred posed as autonomy,

Me too?

Both, *your* favorite thing
about me,

And the thing you
despise most.

Chickens you say,

And they say.

(Interdependence?)

(Inter-reliance?)

(Mutual Project?)

I can do,

What is together that serves that need?

NEUROTIC.

What is the chickens?

Chickens.

Is it not the same?

(It's fungal!! Interconnected!)

~~.. where are you in this?~~

.....;

It can be done on a large scale

We will send representatives...

To discuss for us.

Sounds like the same, no?

They'll come back and talk to
the rest of us.

This sounds familiar!

No, this is (the ~~solution~~)...

Everyone has it wrong...

(Chickens?)

I don't relate to anyone
on that end...

Hmmm...

.....

(Who washes the dishes?)

You think you do..

And you do...

But what of the rest?

Are your hands wet?

.....;

I don't think it's broken.

The ~~(system)~~ is solid.

We just need

But we won't get.

Why?

~~You think this is new?~~

(It's always twisted; it stays the same)

In ways it gets worse.

I prefer to be optimistic...

Me, too?

.....

The thing you love most...

What is?

~~What's not?~~

The solution?

~~The problem?~~

That's a good question.

What?

(What do you need and want?)

~~.....Needs and wants are the issue.....~~

NEUROTIC

Well, where are you?

.....Not here, not here, not this.....

Hey Bitch!

PATHOLOGICAL

~~*Am I the one confused?*~~

I have not read your books..

No, I saw here and there.

And here.

And there.

And you,

and I,

and them,

and other.

But.. studying how it works...

Upholds the same,

~~*Yes and no.*~~

They're doing half the work for us..

There is no need to burn or deny what is

To create what's new.

But what of the end?

(There is no end).

What is the solution?

(The process).

But when will it stop?

~~***Will it? Why?***~~

The thing you love
most about me,

And the thing you
despise most.

The thing I love most about me,

And despise most.

I'm starting to see.

You have co-opted their meaning.

Used them decisively.

Never questioning if that's what you were doing.

Hey Bitch!

Hello?

Hello?

.....Where are me?.....

Why's it always when I'm sick?

Perhaps, it is one more effect
of a fever-

Delusions.

Not fever dreams.

No.

Those are much more realistic
honestly.

Chicken or the egg.

Thoughts or illness.

Either way.

I'm over it.

*How much do leeches go for these
days?*

*Or have I unwittingly succumbed to
this treatment already?*

Will it end?

Maybe they're onto something..
Calling it fleas..

I hear their cycle is every 2-3
weeks.

Merely a coincidence?

It's just the heat..

It's just the heat.

Chicken in the
kitchen. Something
like that.

The dog tries to get
the chicken out of the
kitchen. Falls in love
with the silly thing.

The end is a bunch of
chickens in the
kitchen.

I imagine the dog
can't really ever cook
again.

I would love to read a
book where the dog
murders them all.

Doesn't even try to eat
them.

Maybe that's a book
about foxes.

I hear some foxes will
gnaw off a limb to get
free from a trap.

Today it feels like I
only ate a toe.

But.. like.. my pinky
toe.

That one always seems to
hurt the worst, doesn't
it?

Guess I should see it as
a silver lining, but the
cursing hasn't stopped
yet, nor have I been
able to even begin
crying..

Just...

FUCCKKKKKK.

WHO FUCKING
PUT THAT
THERE?!?

cluck

A hazy dip in terrain

Pesticide tainted waters

The sun rose

The moon too

And fell again,

again,

again.

Whispering hushed
breaths

I understand

Roaring echoes of thunder

A flash descends

A sudden break opens

-

Drip

drip

d

r

i

p

Sky clears

Clumped feathers shake
Settle in and
Close their eyes

Reeking of mildew

How silly.

Indeed..

Quite funny.

The day the sun didn't rise

The moon watched

unsurprised

The only witness to

the culling.

1

2

3

1

2

3

1
2
3
4

1 and 2 and

and

and

Fact Checking:
Assignment of the week.

Pre-emptive progress, notes stuck to the fridge.

I learned to count differently..
Taught to.

At first glance perhaps delusional.
Thumb sticks out at 3 and fades again.
A shake of a thumb at the end.

Wasn't taught the rest.

'You smell like a skunk' still stuck in my brain
the same way.

Much like the very smell of skunk is now.

I still get it wrong sometimes.

Took me decades to figure out I have been saying
'fuck you' when I meant gratitude.

That said...

**WHAT
THE
FUCK
ARE
CHICKENS?**

Cluck, Cluck.

Some say, it's the way to
show what would sound stupid
said aloud
(thanks Pat!)*

lunch, murder, worm food..

Beautiful

Scrappy

Mean

**A reminder of
an inevitable conclusion
for all else.**

Some see the chicken as
both out of place,
and something to overcome,
given admiration,
despite losing agency

*(that poor, filthy kitchen! At least there would be no dishes to
wash..)*

Inter-reliance?
Interdependence?
Mutual Project?

(Neurotic, they are chickens)

Some see them as future purchases, something to
be bought
and attained.

Some see them as an enigma
(Chicken or the egg?)

A line of division
(I do not relate to anyone on that end)

Something not to eat.

Not Eat! Not Eat!

Cook! **COOK!**

no recipe...

COCK A DOODLE

FUCKING DOO

(alarm... not you)

Perhaps, you sit here wondering
only if they are supposed
to be choked

bawk, bawk, :)

LIE IN THE DIRT
surrounded

LIE IN THE YARD
screaming

1

2

3

1

2

3

and and and

delusional...
shake of a thumb at the end.

I have lost count
these chickens.

What chickens??

What chickens??

Cluck, Cluck..

WHAT WEIGHT?

WHAT WEIGHT?

I understand...
but see it's too *heavy*..

They are pecking at my ANKLES
(ooh *scandalous!*)

They are starving here...

HOW MANY???

1

2

3

DELUSIONAL!

FALSE!

NEUROTIC!

The sky cleared..
The chickens stilled..
And closed their eyes...

(Beautiful, Scrappy, and Mean)

shhhh... shhh... **CLUCK**

CLUCK... shhh...

....clu... cl...

First it's your turn

It's not mine anymore.

I'm done holding it.

Done tending.

Done asking you to see.

But if they don't exist,

They never did exist...

Doesn't really matter,

Does it?

The day the sun didn't rise, the moon was not surprised

And with the ashes
The weight was no longer so heavy.

Missing a toe.
But still have my ankles.

1
2
3

1
2
3

1-and
2-and

Cluck you.

Bye Jenny <3

Artist Statement

I began writing experimental, fractured, and fragmented poetry while studying queer critical theory. I had always written rather extensively, often in academic papers or in personal journals, at times clips of poetry, yet all felt catered to an audience, and focused on clear external interpretation, in order for it to be deemed valid.

Some say that often those that are marginalized in society, live much of their existence that way, and I don't believe that's much of a stretch personally.

This writing was born out of a collapse of divisions that I felt were imposed on me externally throughout my life, and to which I had internalized. While I was studying various fields of oppression, many of my courses continued to claim there was a separation of frameworks and dynamics to understand how power and control operate, but I never really saw it that way, and only grew to believe that more.

When I began to encounter more post-modern, post-colonial, post-structural theories, I finally felt someone was saying what I had always been trying to say. My academic and personal life fully collapsed when given a prompt to write something embodying a notion by Wittig- that catering to be legible to the dominant was, in part, complicity in our own oppression. I had already begun writing in this manner but ended up submitting "title: [BLANK]" and confessing that this is work I had been doing.

After I had ran into a more formal concept of liminality through Coetzee, I began to caption these works as revolving around this notion:

*If to be controlled one must be defined
And to be defined one must be legible
Perhaps I'm merely seeking to be as vague and as illegible
For as long as I can
Until it no longer serves me
And, again when it does.*

In the process of doing this I found myself frequenting different theoretical works, attempting to write them in a manner that embodied the theoretical concepts themselves.

Perhaps one of my favorite theories lately, is Jameson's idea of post modernism, "the death of the subject", and the characteristics being defined by pastiche and schizophrenia. While I found Jameson after this collection of works, it has helped me understand the direction I had been pursuing, as Jameson poses that postmodernism upholds late-stage capitalism and consumer society, and asks, how might it not?

Over the last year, this work had revolved around exploring that very question, while also continuing to carry the notion that "the personal is political", a basis for much of queer critical theories.

While I was intent on exploring these themes in my work, I found myself working mostly through format, structure, and symbolism. There were common themes that appeared in the foreground of my work as it progressed, including the idea of "chicken" which is represented in this collection.

Originally spawned from this interaction:

"I want to buy chickens with you."

"That is the future, what is the chicken today?"

The idea of a “chicken” came to be something much larger, one undoubtedly not all too unfamiliar, but nonetheless consistent in my writing.

It would be anti-thetical to my work to explain more, perhaps, even blasphemous to the very notion of what “chicken” is, thus this collection tracks “chicken” in the writings themselves as the context- in exactly the way it was intended to be.

As my last line of clarification to these works, I will borrow one more self-referential line in a piece that was created on the difficulty of imposing teleology and legibility onto my work:

live niche bitch.

-Stationary Torment

***Note:**

In “Her Name Was Never...” beyond the fragmentation of self-referential lines throughout, there is a heavy reliance on concepts and lines borrowed from Pat the Bunny’s “Song For A Chicken Named Jenny” (The Mark Inside- 2013)- which intentionally or not, was always part of “chicken” even in that original interaction.

Those lines/terms, have utilized the font “Miriam Fixed” to help distinguish them, and included a few other terms and fragments of phrases from other works of his as well that were similar in interpretation and/or symbolism. While there certainly are other references in my work none of them felt as heavily influential and foundational in any other piece.

As such, it feels only appropriate to also include a link: [Song For a Chicken Named Jenny](#)

That said, “We Read a Book” also heavily utilized a reference to a story, that seems to be more of a retelling of age-old fable, and to which was less easy to identify other than a further fragmented re-interpretation myself. For those interested, the book was “Chicken in the Kitchen” by Tony Johnston (Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers, 2005).

Lastly, most influential in my work is the innumerable number of critical theories and theorists, many of which are re-configured fragmentations of others (call back to Jameson!), while I referenced some in this statement, it would be a disservice not to mention Ahmed, Marx, Tiqqun, Foucault, Butler, Berlant, and Shouse, but I simply Kant name them all.

