

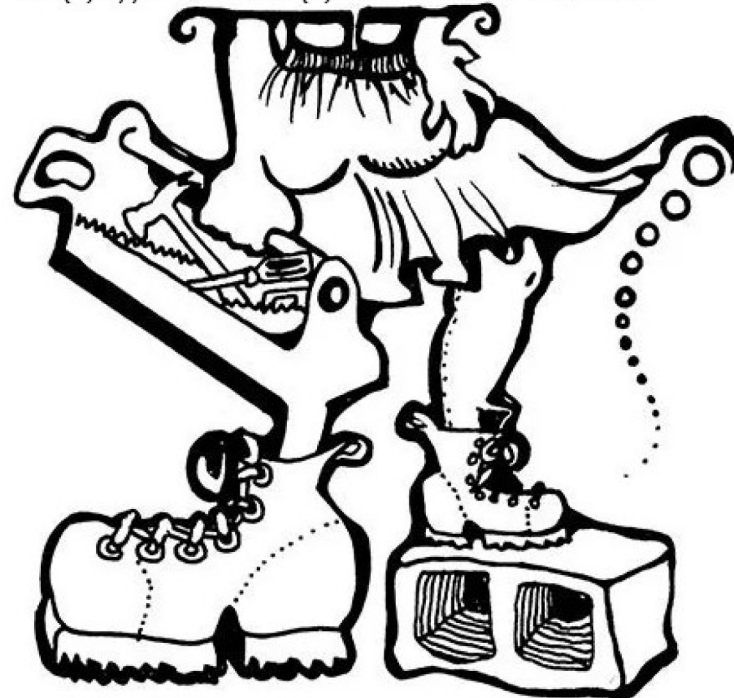
"The destruction of witty faggots and the militancy of beaten faggots are constantly and lovingly made flesh again. And so these parts of the past are never lost. They are imprinted in the bodies of the faggots where the men cannot go."



Under the Elegant Rubble

Poems stolen from

The Faggots and Their Friends Between Revolutions



in the middle of the new
each year, faster and faster
devastated buttercups and branches and pansies and

numb people terrorizing numb people terrorizing numb people
terrorizing
locked in
locked in the whole word

sat, listened
the night shamelessly talking
fantasies, ached, distance
public reality close to collapse

advanced revolutions advanced revolutions
next next
more more advanced the appearance
resume life
again again next

do
grow
know
stop. find confusion
carry it with them
nothing can be controlled

emerge deathly and engulf
they put time aside
the other, high
will feel

in the streets, crowds lose
in the elegant rubble
we will lose once more
eloquent, old faggots

in the hot lonely desert i wish i found the Faggots and their Friends
Between Revolutions. in a dusty drawer sitting abandoned in an old
shack, everything decaying broken vacant alone. the whole building
washed of color but for a purple and beautiful book with a long
forgotten name scrawled on the inside, becoming sigil once its
meaning dried up with the waters. a name i will never meet in person
but will know every time i open those old pages under a hot sun.

i did not find it like this. i bought a copy over the internet. the
connection with the past and future remained in those sacred pages
despite its infernal origins.

in hopes of living that fictional history living only in my dying bones
i dove into the book. slowly. i took it one page a day I crawled across
its spine i fell asleep with the words inhabiting me and heard the
stories of the dead. they were spoken stolen lived from the pages they
were born and died on to a new set promising rebirth in the form of
poems. poems composed using only the words on the page i read
poems for and by the faggot dead.

these are those offerings these are those gifts.

-katin

embarrassed powerless
 drank, ate, life.
 a barren greed protested.
 threaten cracks, threaten life

ruined flowers love
 marred
 hypnotizing he moved



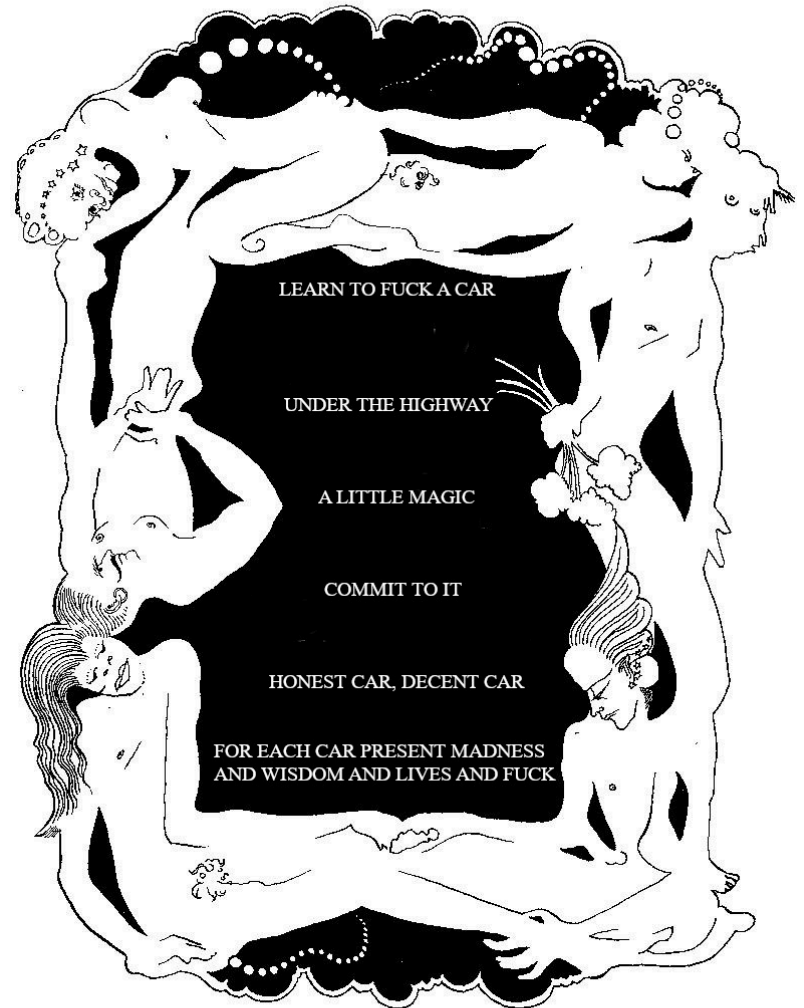
revolution dreams of places
 papers will not forget
 dreams will
 a joy to forget
 awake and dream and forgot

out of the anonymous streets
 rainy smoke gently waited
 suddenly, for three days and three nights
 warm mayhem gathered, fiery

a soulful disease
 revolution, the poison
 mysterious cure

civilized faggot
 all refined, dont be musty
 afraid of touching
 fabulous! dance and hang out
 your cock, my cock, civilized

chain a faggot
 fathers of bravado



in drunk nights in love
he refused the nice and tidy life
he disintegrated, head filled with energy
children masturbated in the dark
tried leaving all worlds behind
and fell
over
and
over

merge into the ruins of the streets, faggots
if the faggots exist, men exist
into strangeness and something like something
like something like love, they declared
oh!

they had lost
beat, starve, hide queens
ferocious, they fade away
deeper into the non-existent

visions the etiquette of fuck
paranoid
love
strangeness
panic
true
beyond

they lost the moment in a fuck
woman merge into women into men into faggots
all were now were, now

he is making nothing
unexpected elaborating proclaiming celebrating
little done, little thought

wait

wait



like men
in discreet, dark fantasy
resist disruption, yelling rhythmically

straight face, straight vanguard
play, love, play, up against the wall
celebrate and fuck the wall
they are a wall our dicks will turn to ash
flaming semen!
demand no demand no no no no
enact constantly join not join laugh

old loiter
the want to no old
crave
show devastated, the city
thin, bulging cruelty
faggots laugh faggots must faggots remember

giving giving
get more
warm your cold
rule prickles
own



learn as fugitive
live as faggot

how vast a women's cakes is
the knowledge, fresh, is freely given
friendship lost in gooey cream
on gooey friendships
whipped women exclaim in lost praise
'everyone is lost'
'explore this'
'dreadful time, deep and loving'
fairies in bondage give it
in lost time is best
a thousand years whipped, they gorge,
rich

cherish the obsessed
he, alone left over and over
at once death-inflicting and bewildered
others notice

he waited, to try to smile
days wore them all
in dresses and pants, tomorrow entwined
with him
he waited, long
longer
alone, he felt tomorrow early

in violence, in dreams
he, nasty and effeminate, wanted
wanted brutality
wanted fear
wanted secrets for another
he grew old in dreams

lived with the innocence
and could imagine the dark

their old friends from everywhere
around a revolution they live
watching and covered gossip
the old revolution eating half the faggots
the faggots, funky and old, eating the revolution

stay drunk and feel
act not act act not look
learn their sanity in anything
to believe in evil with pleasure
know live distress tranquility together bitter

Elegant yelled at language
hated for pleasure
He, in grandeur and melancholy, lived
forms followed
rituals remained, surrounded by talk
move free, Elegant, never in reality

hidden from manuals and maps and men
they fade
men, talking about not them
faggots, wake then
fade, they fade into, them they fade, into fade

imitators live day by day
collectors of others
there, of a street of sewers, here

tomato, be beautiful
a pleased tomato is the revolution
full and cease moving

an affair with doubts
live sure to fear
talk, talk
they talk and do not win
they win stupidity, they win violence and death and give up
talk and children and dinner and love and life and
win beyond
win inside

freely a father's hatred
dead fantasies enact endless anger

vanish the bloodied tears
men are spotted
devastated faggotines gather

in a bombed out sky
junk empires retreat

the guns of the mind are hungry
those who refuse involuntary

the enchanted, the wit
first faggots triumphed, second
remain in defiance, in destruction

weapons do not work
machines, the leader with no eagerness
vicious faggots take fierceness live peacefulness

elsewhere
always elsewhere
forget, forget, live falling
searching, tired.

feel friends
they, shabby and disintegrating
everyday see, hear,
see and hear long

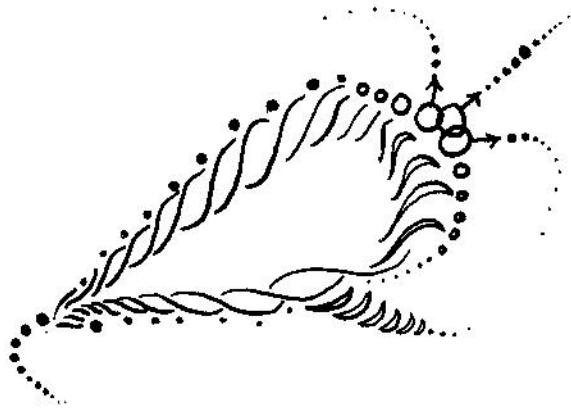
the tips of their souls play music
vibrations of the activity drained the factory
they carved them, the elaborate faggots

Beautiful
And
used

revolution, the illusion
 revolution keeps us.
 keep love,
 keep alive,
 come romantic

otherness cut
 faint bones in darkness
 magical cock and magical bloodshed
 love attacked and remember freedom

places make love
 places dance
 places live



in meeting these devastated places
 free and poor,
 they are scattered.

other way,
 alive, nobody, wake up

govern cocks,
 all the promiscuous revolutions remain horny
 secure horniness

orange friendship in beaches and is
 sensible not
 hunger sometimes
 quickly
 nearly
 one night hand they alone garden
 wept lilac he nights
 passion, it is quickly sucked met and grove

missing body
 coolness inhabits and cut
 find, find
 space does not live
 here, it goes

unhappiness paid the bills
 out out mad arms
 strange warmth needed always
 inward time out away
 dried madness and the roof watched
 routine fixed and worried and happy

carved world, filled
 now overwhelmed
 who made the world in the wood

a crumbling calm they hardly know
 they, elaborate and magic and they have
 old pains, sacred pains
 of flesh they live, silent
 over and over again they learned faggot pains
 quiet and complete and loving
 each stops with fire, transforms pain to pain to pain
 transforms

fluffy
 old
 heavy

naked bridges nearby

in bathrooms discretely filled
 with swirling magic
 nearly sitting, the neighborhood

Endlessly lock up love
Store them and think and gossip to fires
never

place disruptive and infinite
place out of place glimpse restless
infinite fucking, bouncing angry
I saw chemicals passed and shit approaching the words
I know i fuck
stop
cry bombs and throw them

live by the dying,
take it away from them
share they the live and they the dying
shifting invisible the dying visiting
shifting accidental the dying love
shifting living, dying

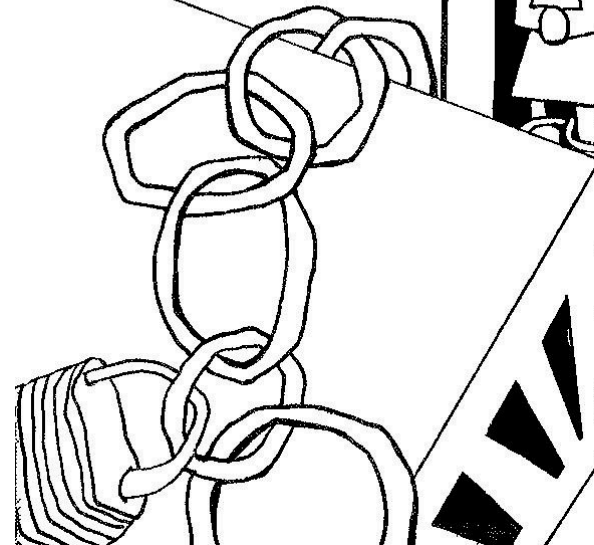
searched for rejected complete
the world shone fundamental, felt in splendor
eyes to break, teach blend

another afternoon walking made love
the abandoned love found and caught
a name glanced in a stop
they entered
slowly, delicious
they, amidst a word
pounding an eye
debris for love they moved bright
other other other
heart and ritual
other other other
survived and fall and

empty consciousness, the first piss
in the deadly and naked and crude
dancing

obsessed
magic piss and farts never empty, never

*a lifetime
a day
more
more
more*



the pain of history
the splendor of events which did not happen
recreate those moments in flesh
cultivate destruction lovingly

public men for pleasure
expand men
grab men
prodigious men, enact the brutal

power love
lust after it
possess brutally
demonstrate for everyone
the faggots feel power

mountain top ecstasy
ugly, ugly, ugly

trashy and disruptive
the faggot women having sex
into danger, faggot, endless danger and pleasure

create, create things
fantasies control living things
believing in them create solidarity
play sex domination proclaiming that collection always

time honored asses

faggot asses

women asses

excited!

ask for madness as barren as nothing
leave abstract humiliation to fathers and mothers
love fled desolate and unspoken
weep, faggots, love



hate and exterminate the glorious past
commemorate in the reign, listen not, join not
escape from the past



in the violent ruined,
queens have the abandoned.
of devastated love they eat,
and dazzling laughter live.

god, sitting on the story,
god, horny and devastated,
god, his ass moving,
serious and dull, cried 'save' and you can imagine.

Reveal transcendence in the addiction of variety
Infinite
Self
Path

Display into one make often

In the bean vines, crack and darkness
Under the disasters of the earth making love
Trees and flowers and mushrooms sufferings
Knowledge devastated slowly calmly abundantly
Weave and bake the devastated earth for devastated ritual

Gentle dream earth
The moon sun wind rain astounding
Live living visit always
It is so, it is seems, it is, it is

Use faggots fairies queens to start fires
Sacred fires in guarded buildings
The correct is underground, famous

and that less obtuse faggot,
they needed, they told.
their animals, they share, they get.

sank into a drink
a deception they cannot say
reality fucked and night did nothing

only insane reality
right, right
proclaim and elaborate and mock

at dirty inadequate happiness men believe
they fill with nothing, with bodies,

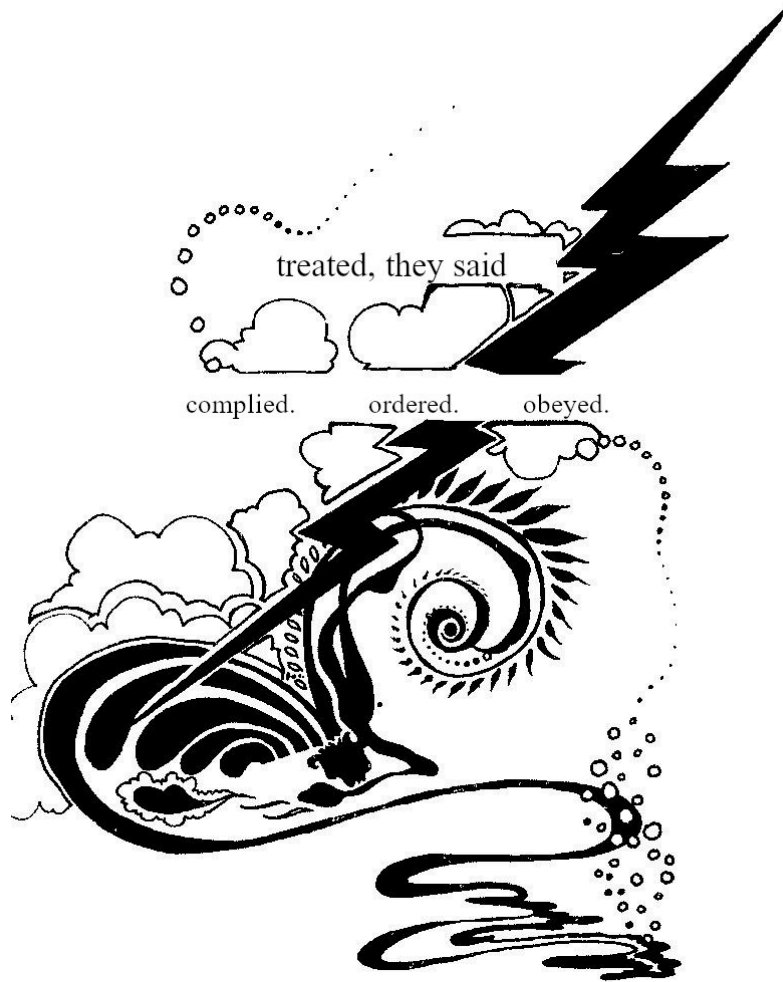
none to lament

at confusion I know myself
I go to deception
love, a sad bluff

a defect in the machines
the machine is a defect
obey all machines
all machines obey

hags appeared in elegant, bleak nights
uproarious and free
they sat in the bright ocean
they saw they were not ours

swore to the unpleasant city
elaborate and basic and confused and growing
they drank men
they pretended



the women called anything
faggots that love us
a song, the song you do
do us, that us, don't like us
wrote and called 'don't!'
women faggots that love faggot women

elaborated dreams after violence
boring
unhindered distance
acts and words and failure trapped dreams
faggots explore the energy of despair

procure the intricate
in spaces of each other
love, not divided

scarred life destroy
the bombed know
new fairies deny

stop.
stop.
stop.

live in other night
only faeries have seen
together sometimes

in worship abundant they make love
passion cools
night and love
sleep

gone to slaughtered
learned to disappear
believing the land once lived