



LAST ILLUSIONS PRINTING

"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."



2022



Under the Elegant Rubble

Rooms stolen from

The Faggots and Their Friends Between Revolutions



in the hot lonely desert i wish i found The Faggots and
Their Friends Between Revolutions in an old shack,
everything decaying, broken, vacant. alone. all washed of
color but a purple beautiful book from decades ago resting
on a bookshelf with a name scrawled on the inside cover by
someone i will never know in person but meet every time i
stare at the pages. sitting there under the heat and waiting
for the sun to die and the stars to live i imagine myself
cataloguing the sad remains of the dwelling and seeing the
small flecks of brightness and color the sun failed to hide,
like the faggots who were once here, known only now in
fragments of fragments. the place will never make sense to
me in its totality but small details will spin wildly in my
dreams forever forever. i forget water and shelter and home
and bake, broil, burn the day away unable to notice the
worsening condition of my body while trapped by a book
full of old magick. i die and wake in the night and slowly
dance with the pages tripping over rock and cactus and
snake and wake again in the morning knowing the speed at
which i must take the book while not allowing it to take me.
one page a day, every day, while i am here, until i am done,
and one poem for every page, using only what i find that
day to craft it. one hundred and ten pages, poems, and days
later i emerge and know i am not done with the book, and
never will be.

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

elsewhere
always elsewhere

forget, forgot, live falling searching, tired.

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

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

govern cocks
all the promiscuous revolutions remain horny
secure horniness.

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

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

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

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

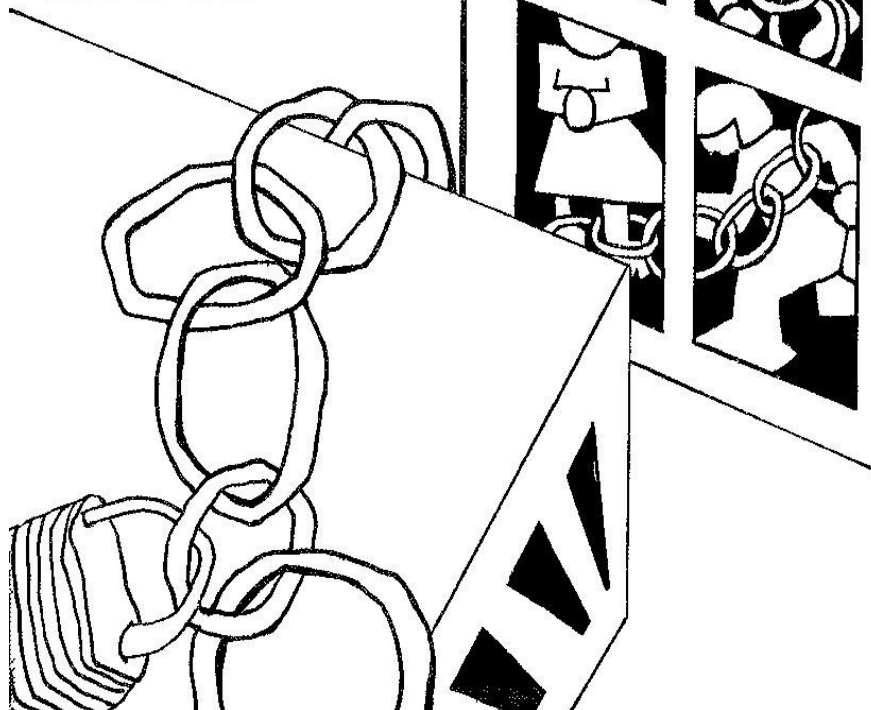
mountain top ecstasy

ugly

ugly

places make love
places dance
places live

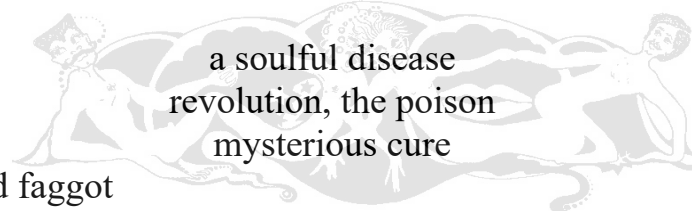
*a lifetime
a day
more
more
more*



time honored asses
faggot asses
women asses
excited!

straight
face
straight vanguard
playloveplayupagainstthewall
celebrate and fuck the wall
they are a wall our dicks will turn to ash
flaming semen!
demand no demand 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



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

giving giving
get more
warm your cold
rule prickles
own

chain a faggot
fathers of bravado.

Embarrassed powerless,
drank, ate life.
A barren greed protested.
Threaten cracks, threaten life.

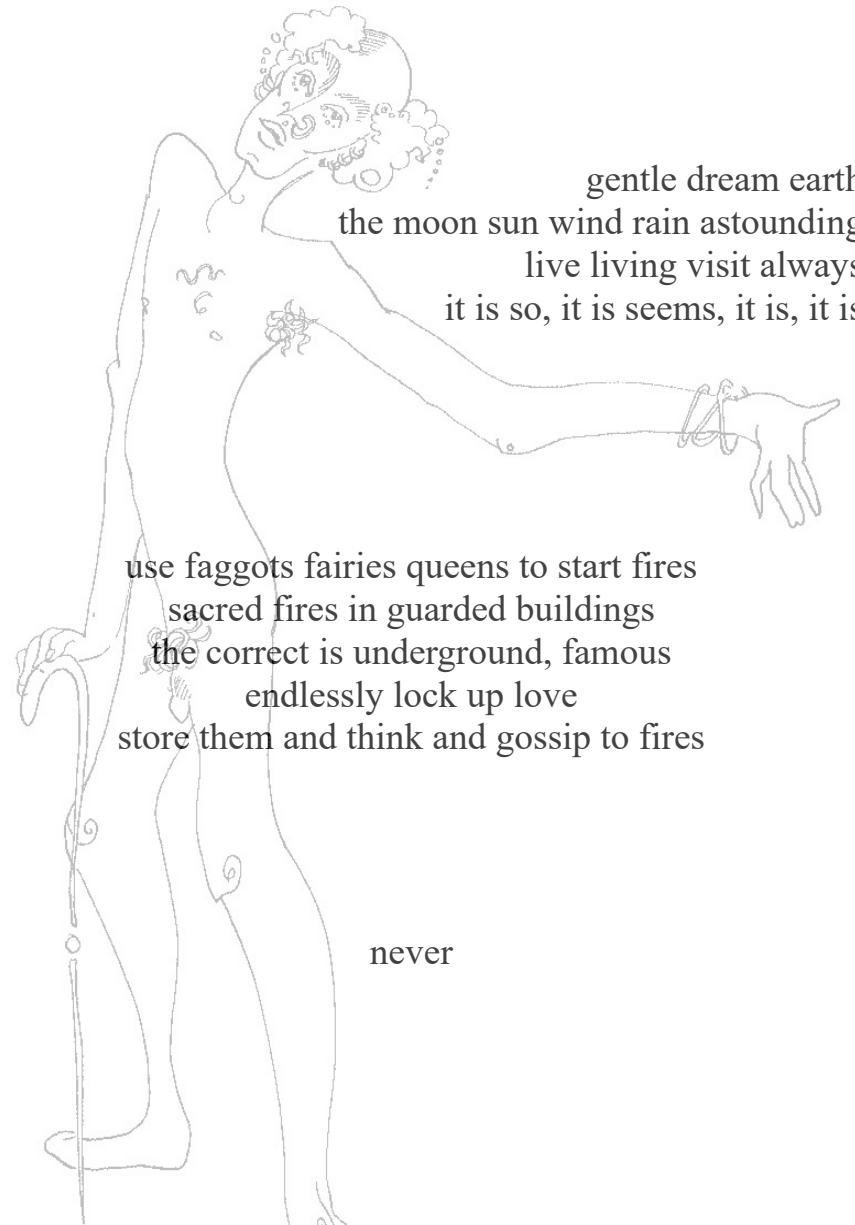
like men
in discreet, dark fantasy
resist disruption, yelling rhythmically
learn as fugitive
live as faggot
freely a father's hatred
dead fantasies enact endless anger
vanish the bloodied tears
men are spotted
devastated faggotines gather
the guns of the mind are hungry
those who refuse voluntarily
in meeting these devastated places
free and poor
they are scattered other way
alive, nobody, we keep
ask
for madness as barren as nothing leave abstract humiliation
to fathers and mothers love fled desolate and unspoken
weep
faggots
love
and that less sank
obtuse faggot, into
they needed, they told. a
their animals, they share, they get. 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

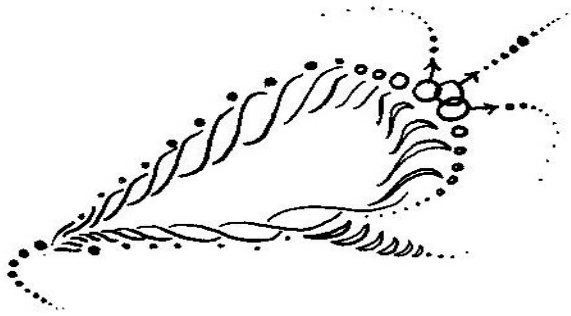
they fill with nothing, with bodies,
none to lament

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
machines all 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 woman called anything
faggots that love us
a song, the song you do
do us, that us, dont. like us
wrote and called "dont!"
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
new fairies deny
the bombed know
stop.
stop.



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
follow other other other

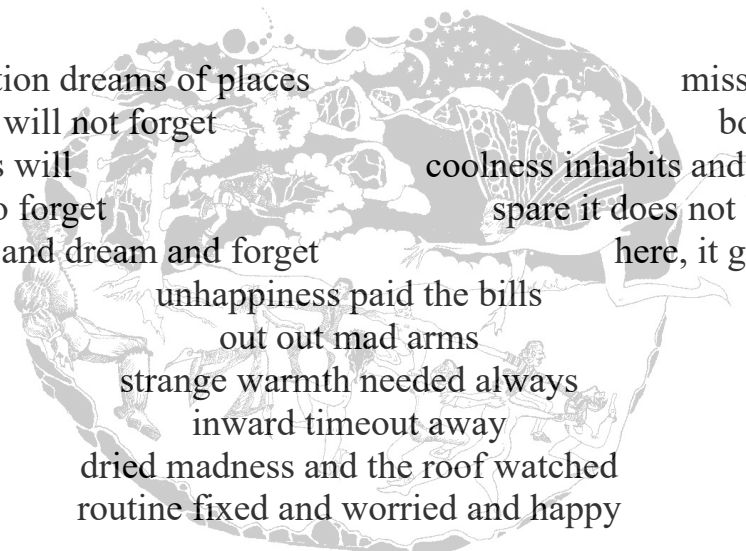
empty consciousness, the first piss
in the deadly and naked and crave
dancing
obsessed
magic piss and farts never empty never

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

ruined flowers love
marred
hypnotizing he moved

naked

revolution dreams of places missing
papers will not forget body
dreams will coolness inhabits and cut
a joy to forget spare it does not live
awake and dream and forget here, it goes
unhappiness paid the bills
out out mad arms
strange warmth needed always
inward timeout away
dried madness and the roof watched
routine fixed and worried and happy



filled

carved world
now overwhelmed

who made the world in the wood

a crumbling calm they hardly knew
they, elaborate and magic 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

naked bridges nearby
fluffy

old

heavy

in bathrooms discretely filled

with swirling magic

nearly sitting, the neighborhood
their old friends from everywhere

around a revolution they live

watching and covered gossip

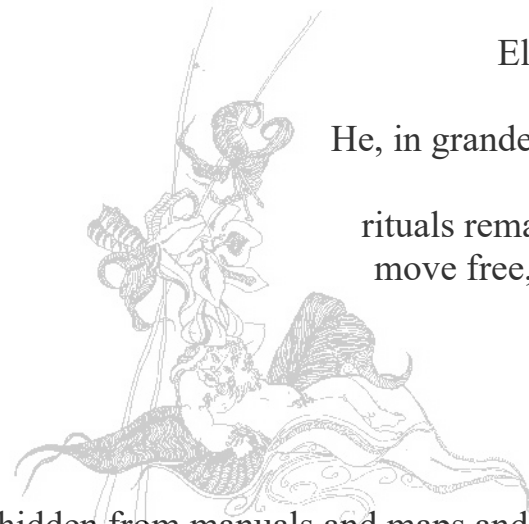
the old revolution eating half the faggots

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

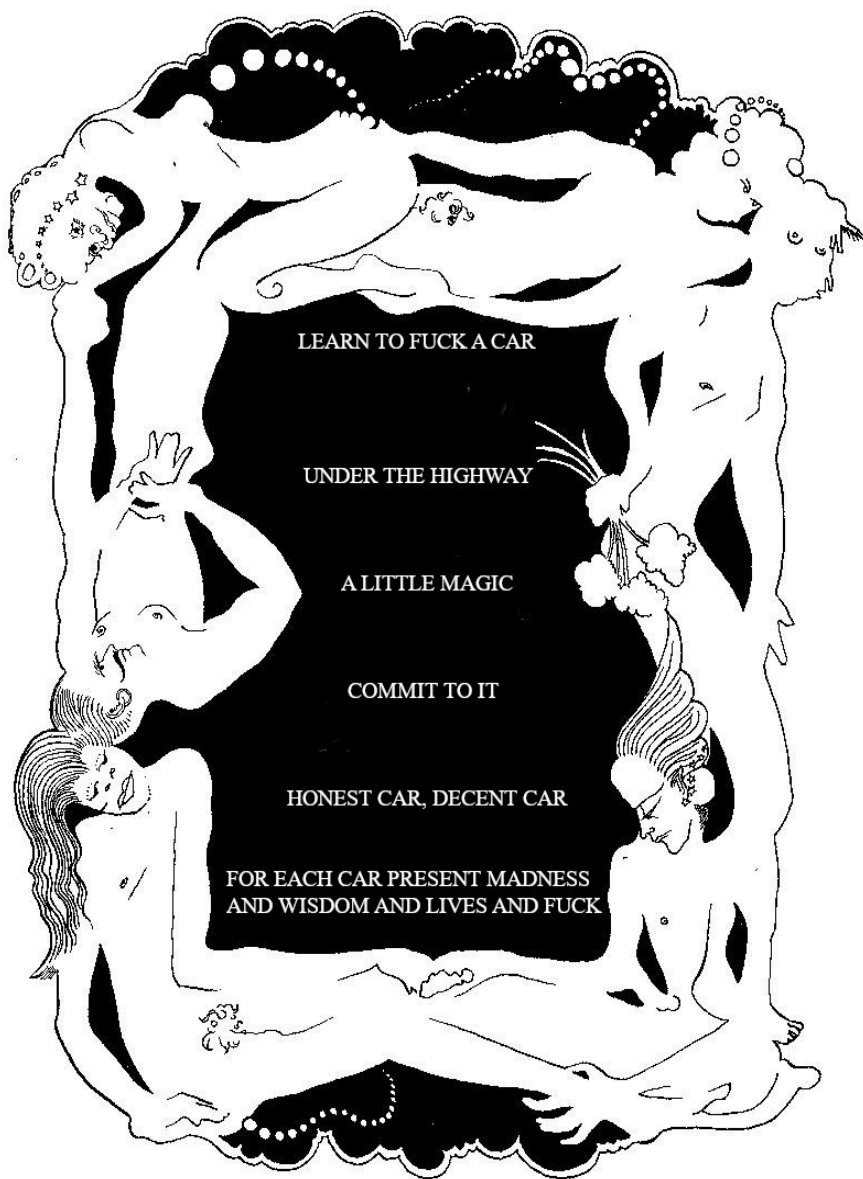


hidden from manuals and maps and men they fade
men, talking about not them faggots, wake then
fade, they fade into, them, they fade into fade

imitators live day after 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

how vast womens cakes is
 the knowledge, fresh, is freely given
 friendship lost in gooey cream
 whipped women exclaim in lost praise
 'everyone is lost'
 'explore this'
 'dreadful time, deep and loving'
 fairies in bondage give it
 in the 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 dreams

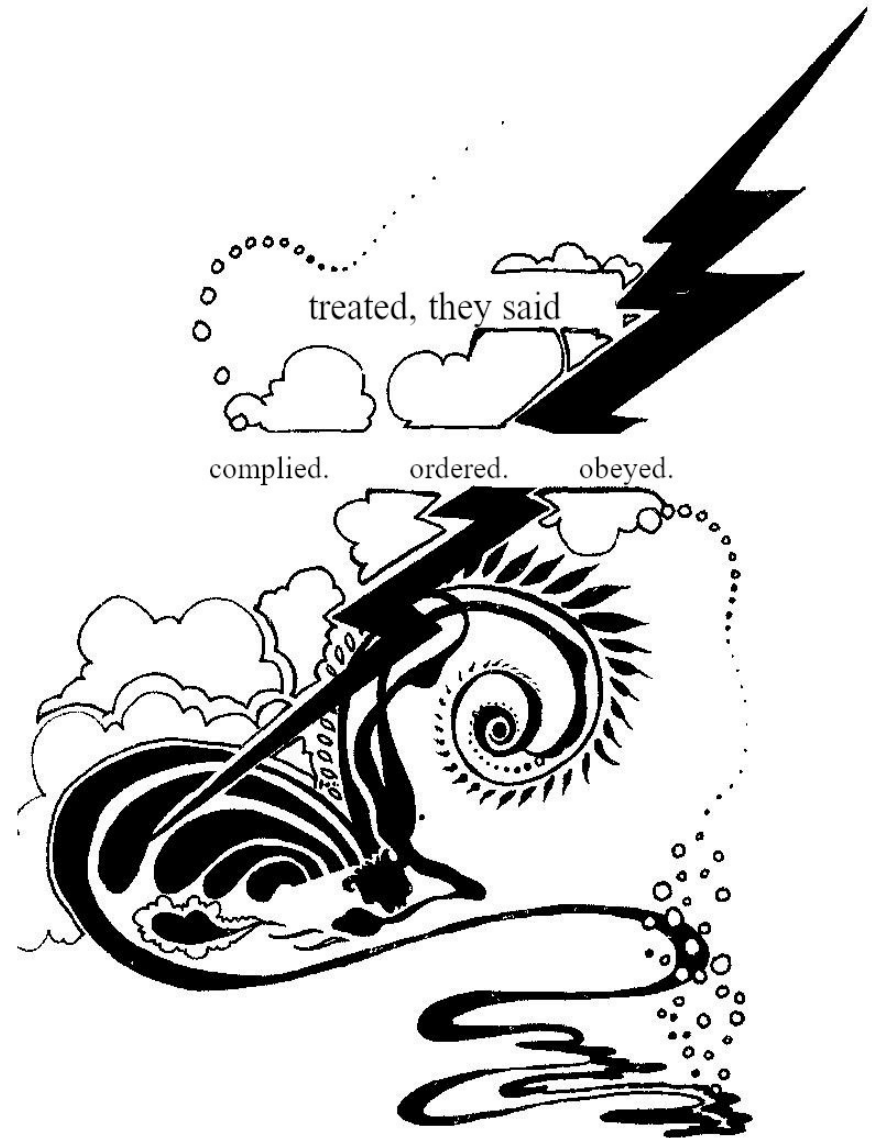
he, nasty and effeminate, wanted
wanted brutality
wanted fear
wanted secrets for another

he grew old in dreams
lived with the innocence

and could imagine the dark

in drunk nights in love
he refused 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

in violence



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

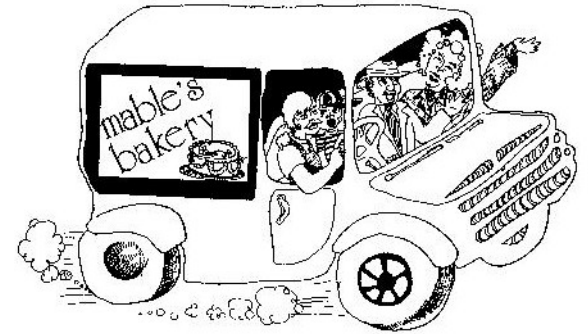
The etiquette of fuck
vicious
paranoid
love
strangeness
panic
true
beyond
they lost the moment in a fuck
women merge into women into men into faggots
all were none were, now

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

out of in the streets, crowds lose
the in the Elegant Rubble
anonymous we will lose once more
streets eloquent, old faggots
rainy smoke gently waited. suddenly, for three days and
three nights warm mayhem gathered, Fiery.

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

numb people terrorizing numb people terrorizing
locked in
locked in the whole world



sat,

listened.

the night shamelessly talking
fantasies, ached, distance
public reality close to collapse
advanced revolutions advanced revolutions
nextnext
moremore advanced the appearance
resume life
againagain 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