



## Under the Elegant Rubble



*Poems 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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*hang faggots  
all fade,*

*all the colors  
known only to each other*

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, forgot, 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

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

come romantic.

govern cocks  
all the promiscuous revolutions remain horny  
secure horniness.

places live

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

prodigious men, enact the brutal

public men for pleasure  
expand men  
grab men

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!

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

old loiter

enact constantly join not join laugh

the want to no old

crave

show devastated, the city

thin, bulging, cruelty

faggots laugh faggots must faggots remember

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

giving giving

get more

warm your cold

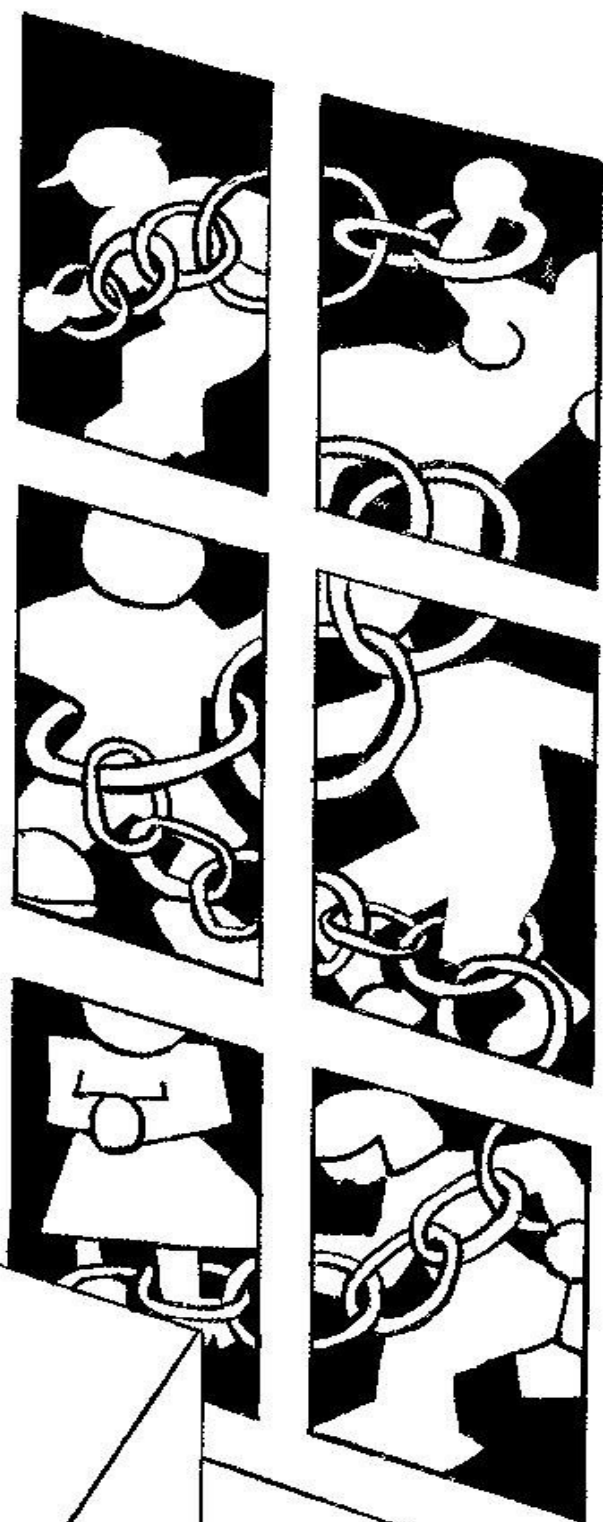
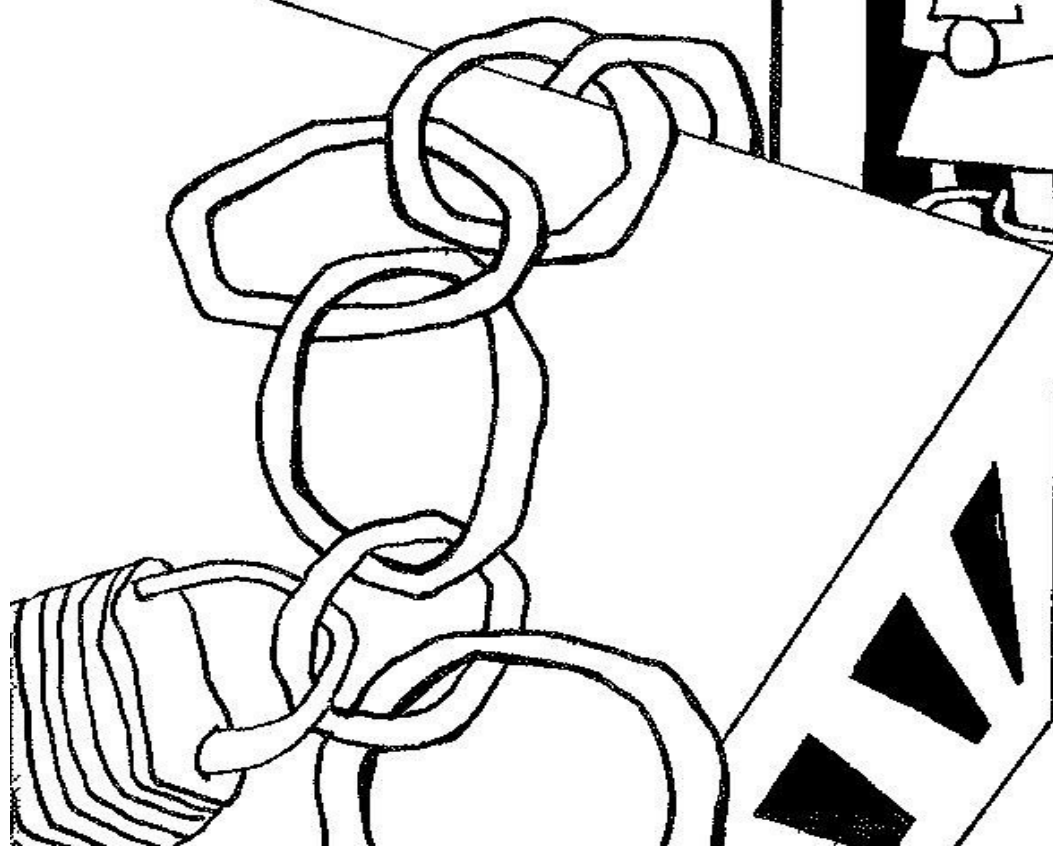
rule prickles

own

chain a faggot

fathers of bravado.

*a lifetime  
a day  
more  
more  
more*



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

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

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

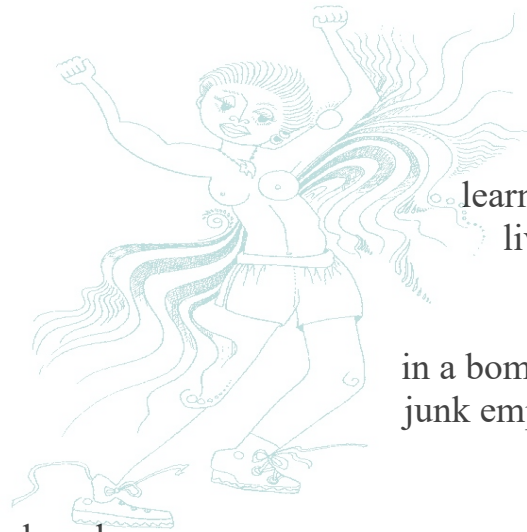
weep  
faggots  
love

and that less  
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



learn as fugitive  
live as faggot

in a bombed out sky  
junk empires retreat



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  
b o r i n g  
unhindered distance  
acts and words and failure trapped dreams  
faggots explore the energy of despair

procure the intricate inspaces of each other love not divided  
scarred life destroy

new fairies deny

the bombed know

stop.

stop.

stop.

gone to slaughtered  
learned to disappear  
believing the land once lived

live in other night  
only fairies have seen  
together sometimes

hate and exterminate the glorious past  
commemorate not 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

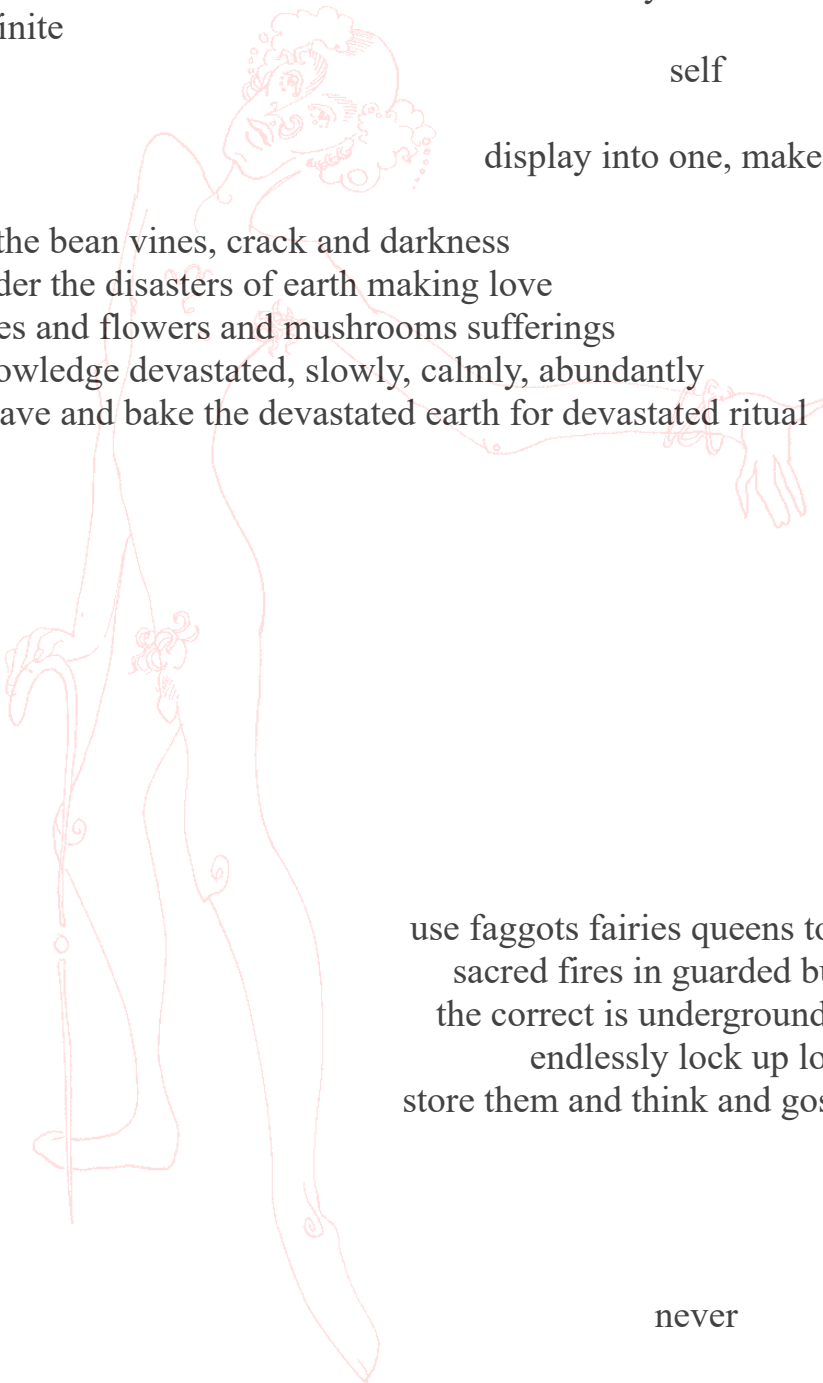
display into one, make often

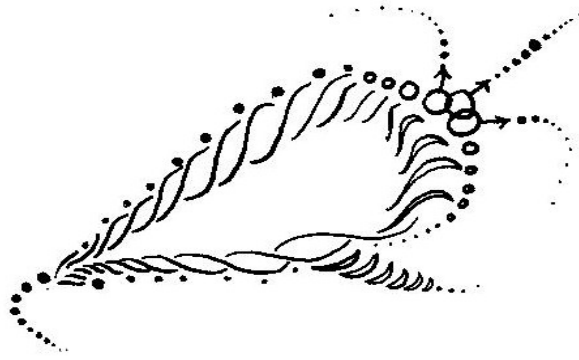
in the bean vines, crack and darkness  
under the disasters of earth making love  
trees and flowers and mushrooms sufferings  
knowledge devastated, slowly, calmly, abundantly  
weave and bake the devastated earth for devastated ritual

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  
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 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

ruined flowers love  
marred  
hypnotizing he moved

naked

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

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

missing  
body  
coolness inhabits and cut  
spare it does not live  
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

now overwhelmed

carved world

who made the world in the wood



they, elaborate and magic they have  
of flesh they live, silent  
quiet and complete and loving  
transforms

a crumbling calm they hardly knew

old pains, sacred pains

over and over again they learned faggot pains

each stops with fire, transforms pain to pain to pain

naked bridges nearby

fluffy

old

heavy

in bathrooms discretely filled

with swirling magic

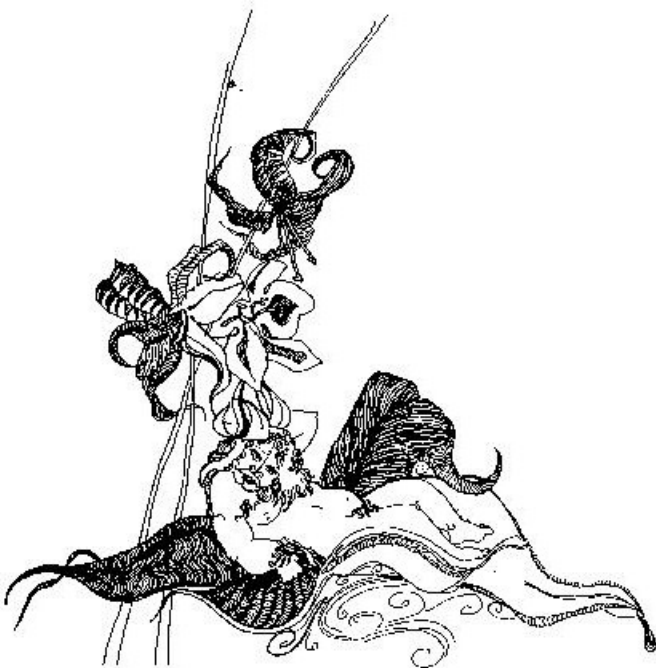
nearly sitting, the neighborhood

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

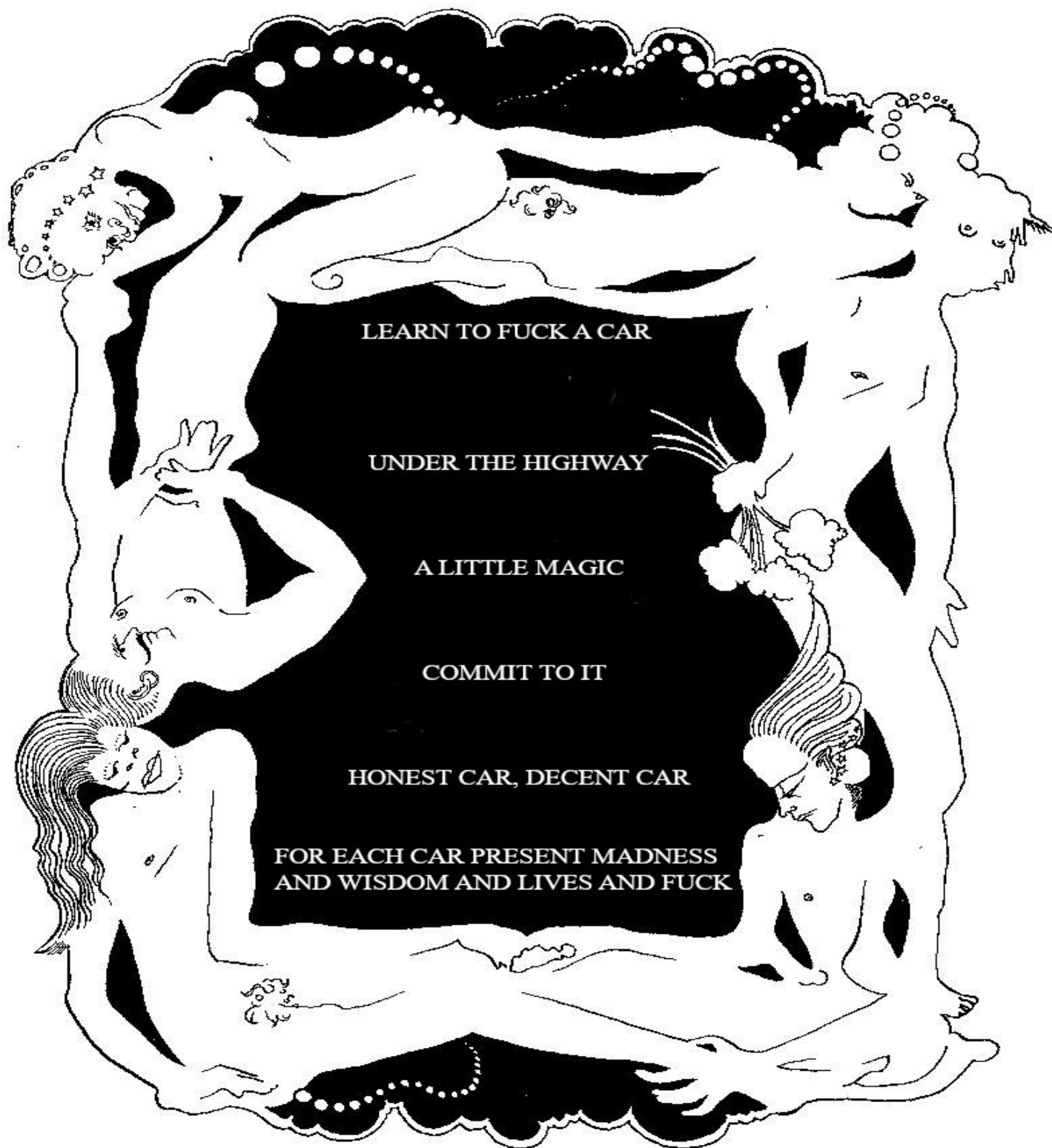
how vast womens cakes is  
the knowledge, fresh, is freely given  
friendship lost in gooey cream  
whipped women exclaim in lost praise

'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



LEARN TO FUCK A CAR

UNDER THE HIGHWAY

A LITTLE MAGIC

COMMIT TO IT

HONEST CAR, DECENT CAR

FOR EACH CAR PRESENT MADNESS  
AND WISDOM AND LIVES AND FUCK

in violence

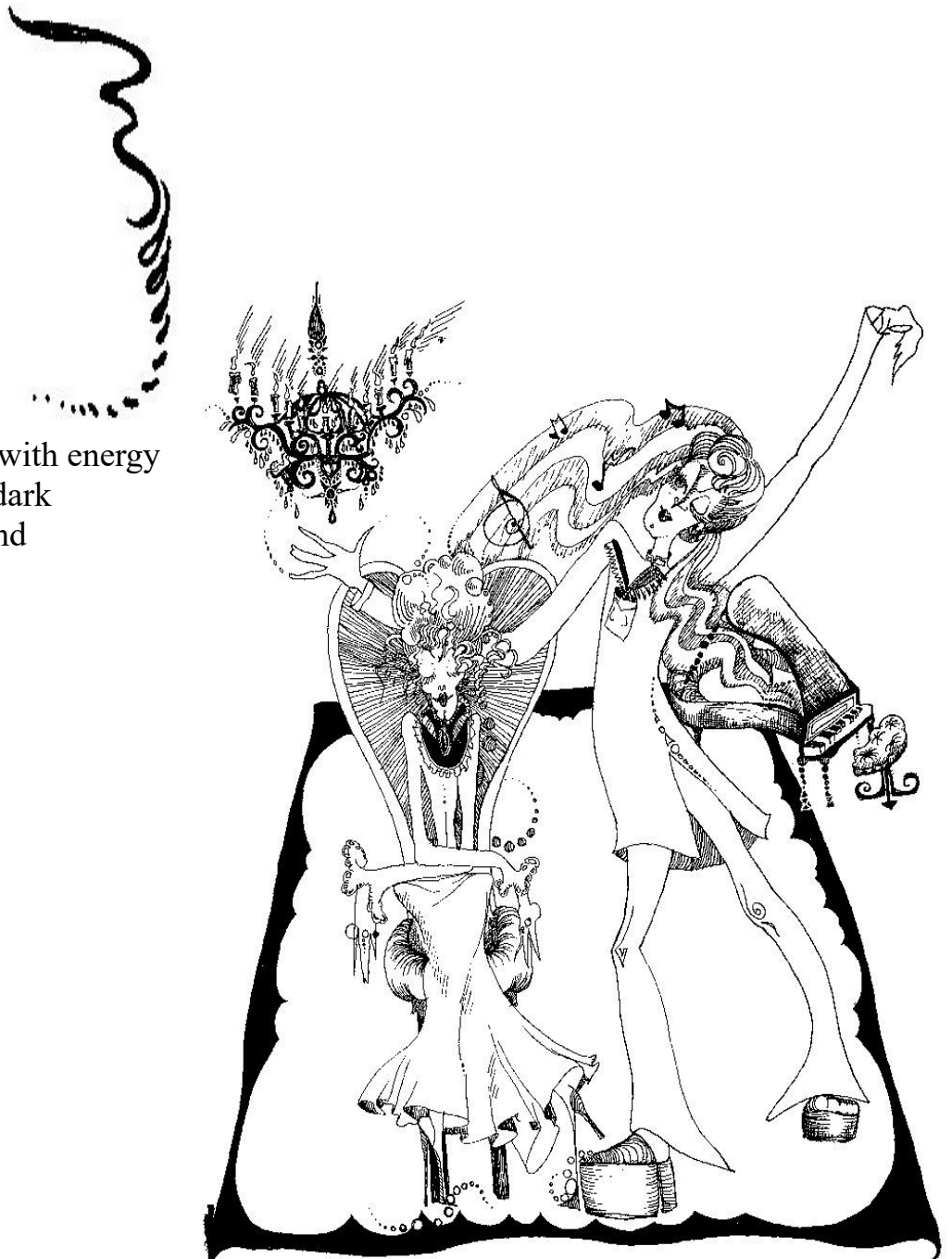
in dreams

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

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







complied.      ordered.      obeyed.



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

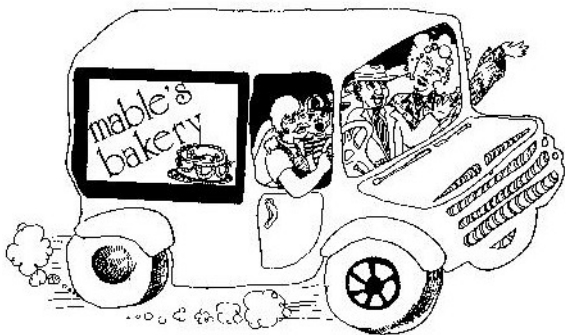
out of  
the  
anonymous  
streets  
rainy smoke gently waited. suddenly, for three days and three nights warm mayhem gathered,  
Fiery.

in the streets, crowds lose  
in the Elegant Rubble  
we will lose once more  
eloquent, old faggots

in the middle 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



*fall into your  
pain*

*feel pain,  
faggot pain*



*"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."*

