A NATURAL HISTORY OF INEQUALITY

1. the stupid
2. the irrational
3. the deformed and/or deformative
4. the unfinished and/or disruptive
5. the driven and/or transportive
6. the irregular and/or anti- and ante-regulative
7. the blurred and/or blurring
8. the curved
9. the canted
10. the arabesque
11. the parergon
12. the outwork and/or mad absence of the work
13. the outlaw
14. the would-have-been-outside
15. the thing of nature that defies or defers, rather than presupposes, representation
16. the social whose life in exhaustion of the given has often been mistaken for death

—Fred Moten
THE UNFINISHED AND/OR DISRUPTIVE

It wasn’t ipso facto our over-jordanning in the buck-assed media complex would piss them petit doms. But jacking into it with 1,369 ideas of visibility left they self-regard interrupted, reloading for views, and nuisance flocks of brief black- and bluebird tunes. So visible, I was low-key in-. Like they say—workers don’t diligence since Internets. It wasn’t over with, we was, like they say, “work.” Needed doing for what I didn’t do and then some. But sullen obstruction of their factories’ flues a thankless toil, just imagine (as they do) we do it. Emergency: brought in Deputy Covey [“—Breaker Breaker—”], thus same ol [“—over—”] to see us done for “doing.” Wouldn’t not normally been so-called standard procedure, D.C. hedged, yet we’re exception took—they have to keep adding pages to the manual of probable causes, dirt shovelled down a trench they keep spading. To wit: We only looked hurt, and with the streaming dammed, perhaps our grimaces seemed shame at gumming workflow, thus we were deaded for ergonomics/efficiency: refresh! We’ve been the tape the racer tears to mark victory; our whole say they are[buffering]n’t done. When we’re finished, they’ll begin the begin, right? See us end until we end again. Gogging screens bulge, gagging; belches sound like: “Breaking news...”
THE BLURRED AND/OR BLURRING

Some latinate jurassic appellation would vest us against living this now in this here. Endangered species?! Some appellation: species. Like that’s not us down the root of their mutter, their vader. Even so, on occasion, I catch me hard at hu hu hu humanizing ourself, pathological redundancy, all Mantantulus trying to link with the great chain of being. Tasked thusly in keen laborious failure, we appear both striker and scab. Resistance, monté’d with acquiescence all day, sucker! An egg laying a chicken. Eventually, insectile math chitters: they’ll be us. How many systemic Pleistocenes in teapots they brew to stunt their growth [burn!]? Now see what wanting that chain gets you, you low-rating being, here? The Full Moon Express to monstrosity’s wanting that fetter blessed be to bind. That’s a person birthing a ___________________. [If they thought the answer “time machine,” they ought do their own damn remembering, dreaming for one damn once]. At some sometimed intervals, some now is bound to seem a then.
THE CANTED

death / haunt! A eureka in my submétier of Critical Spook Theory. Peeped the formulation’s symmetry was full of bodies, and I set to flesh out the figures. Figures, for this I was registered a “Necro,” and had to notify my community. I confess, I’m the shit at being Big Housebroken. Academia called me talking mess when I proposed scatomantry of bald eagles raised on apple pies. Time I countered I would lay it down, they eagered up, projecting me a fomo participant anthropologist in my ritualized death. Clearly, I haven’t dug the slanted, the hypocritical, jargoned and memed to dig into this field. There ghosts here, though. And an insistence on hanted tomes as a canonical corpus warps the requisite abstraction that refines blood to ink. I wrote blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood. Nigh-retired ghouls and vampires, in the pink a-sudden, coagula’d second careers Lomaxing a genre of speculative autotheory from the refrains I catalogued. Since how you gonna peer review innovations in phantas- mics? My tenure a posthumous reward, the supernature of hanting a titleless emeritus honor; I get to be being here only because I’m not. My new neighbors, they nice.
THE ARABESQUE

Flesh wound under, over, shifted about, redundant, suspended, adjacent flesh, as if their pressure be confused for love we cannot see but want and some say made us. Who in the hell dams dum-dums someone would gun, a loud laud someone wish I would ('naturally dam here: in I. Escheresque being: entropy brought through an interlaced sociality sometimes to run away, meet, (de)escalate outlanish anatomies. “Picking” careers in to occlude how someone’s preferred phenomenology lock us in. We get us as a melee, a teeming sitting that produces nothing. Or or or: many one more ‘gains? Once was twice of me, double nothing, a fancy background. Made me an already was already, thus what they been doing doesn’t figure. Really, a blip. Our complex visibility-nuisance was/wasn’t standard: we are—they keep adding—only what we’ve been until we end again. The better to be still. But our repetition a steady activity syncopated in inactivity. Keen, laborious resistance all day re-membering some now to then. The detail in it accumulated logics, desire, articulation without breaking. The formulation’s symmetry set to an insistence on refrains hanting a being here.
Our prior gig was being the flesh around a wound. Despite no desperation for work, under the table overtime fell in our chest. Supervisors got wise, made us out as “embezzlers,” our job title shifted to the-wounding-itself, a stopgap. We required new training: a wounded wound—not quite, a wounded flesh with a wound wound about it. Bleeding seemed redundant, so we didn’t—no one wrote us up, we kept on keeping on. On gp at our centennial contract re-up, we documented our suspended hemorrhaging. The brass re-classified us, the unwounded-wound-adjacent. Flesh, with a difference! As if by priority, suppressing bleeding superseded simply not bleeding. Management wouldn’t be accountable for their (re)actions at our accounting on their account. To relieve ourselves the red pressure of stemming, we trickle in surreptitious intervals. But we’d rather not be confused for the wounded-unwound-adjacent—not as a smear, but we smeared. What we love our bloods best when we cannot see it. And some say they hate our bloods but want it all up in the streets. Our job, over time, made us not quite redundant—(we documented our adjacent flesh by not bleeding at ourselves)—but confused for what some cannot but want; not and.
THE OUTLAW

Statutes had an Escheresque capaciousness—being outside them, instead, smack-dabbed us in their intended order. Entropy brought to heel through an entropic crackdown of ack right. On the regular, we laid out interlaced, pretty much anywhere a sociality could be shimmed by us prone. Sometimes one-time would shoot. Our athletic tic to run away at bullets. Something about this meat transmutes ammo to “protocol.” One time, the protocols didn’t deescalate us all the way. We up and carried them into our outlandish innercity anatomies and/or contrariwise, so the police were moved to accompany us in our upward down drive. I neither envy nor pity po-po, whose ethos for ordering depends on embroidering our periodic fuck ups. What we’re at’s only legible while we riddled with protocols, after all. Some people suggest our meaning justifies our end. Oh, they’d never suggest that. Instead: “In order to right a sociality, sometimes bullets—” to: “protocols and/or ordering depend(s) on riddled meaning that—”…. They mean us to clarify a limit and hate that they’re in it. We tally their bullets like our names.