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i spit myself out

i don't know what to take with me into the day, first memory a throb, soaking wet from substance induced sweat, articles of my dreaming in this morning's tide pool. does every second have to alternate between mourning and terror? here, a collection of letters, language stacked and stagnant, thinking ourselves more deserving of justice, the seed of desire lays dormant, subjugated—in service of collective liberation. we've grown accustomed to it. at times it is hard to feel like a person in place, of a place, from a place. so genocides go on for centuries, we have been here before. who owns my language? who owns genocidal language? i cry when i think of my throat, the knot in there fueled by subjugated desire, disgust at this desire, this want—a want for a language that decimates, instead of pleases. i'm in continuous motion, i think every moment into existence, i keep going, everyday i am less and less settled. though my home is here, it is on a quiet street, close to the river and my friend sets up a lawn chair in the bathroom, the only room with a door,

the only door which does not lead to an exit.

there is the pre-organized form & the post-organized form but transcending all bourgeois forms of organization even the word revolutionary loses all its meaning what of revolution is different from simply acknowledging the fucked-up-ness of what we can and cannot see what we choose to see what is concealed and what we minimize as we scroll towards different ways of seeing/ways of being/futures/hierarchies and limitations “the political revolution can only serve to change the form in which hierarchical power is distributed—” change the content of everyday life as well as its structure, come to my bedroom so that no mere political form is allowed to impose itself. in my dreams last night we attempted a prison break on behalf of others, in the back of g's car, i put my head on your chest, felt it rise and fall in my life a seed/germ/essence of organization a way to be that is beyond extends beyond ownership in a way that tells me i want does not = i own, i want to want without wanting to own / a coming together out of mutual need out of desire

a struggle for survival

but not bound by necessity
alone desires to desire
a pre-organizational form

...okay fine, i have accepted that you will occupy my mind that i will be thinking about you everytime i'm not thinking about the ongoing genocide, so stupid to yearn and so silly to be haunted by you in this way, in this way that does not understand the consequences of desire in this reckless way that will think about you, your face, your hair, up in a bun, down and long, the rugged quality of your skin, the acne scars, the way your eyebrows furrow and join each other, the color of your eyes a no borders manifesto a desire to live clandestinely outside of the watchful eyes of the state outside of surveillance and sharing my location and thinking about the past disquiet disquieting and disquieted, looking for a glitch, waiting to see some movement, “*i would die to be overgrown*”

according to Aristotlian logic, “change of place” was but one of four meanings of movement, the other three being growth, decay, and change of state.

we arrive at a movement in three scores, three meanings: a change of place, growth, and decay

what does it mean to “be in place”? the instability and self-negation of the here, that which is enchained to a place, that which is driven into the ground, the planted

this is an us against them, a clear positioning pool of formal and informal connections a web of solidarity public and clandestine *the use of aerial drones, the war on the screen, when the gaze is simultaneously directed into the surrounding territory and onto the screen with information, to bear witness to* divide and control alternative infrastructures preemptive action by the resistance axis: "losing land is a price Arabs understand"

traps laid out by recuperation we orient ourselves around desire taking fire from a landscape deserts expand tending (to) the flame clearing the land fire builds encourages life encourages unrest in cities set aflame over and over and over and over—i want to not know what losing land feels like / fire exclusion the web of life relegated to the sidelines suburbs unwanted lands not stolen / fire diverts / combustion engines / wires are the veins of the state / drones zoom in and out without consent without their consent they are the tools the appendages the hands the assemblage of logic reversed

massive fires

resource extraction

ecological devastation

you can't have colonization without genocide you cannot have a colonized

people without the realm of death expanding

the realm of death expands

cultural burning

a protracted war on fire

horizon recedes endlessly

dominates everything living

everything resistant

wildland urban

interface zones

fire passes through its ancestral route

risk is measured / it is measurable

the state's suppression of everything burning and uncontrollable

every flammable edifice of domination

returns the fire to the land

places not suited for permanent habitation

it is a problem of scale

how deep is your capacity

the sonic pulse of a freight train

life eating life producing heat,

light, and regeneration

a systematic quest of desire

draws you towards the place

where meaning collapses

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