

NAT RAHA

the modern legal system is not for saving you

in absolute solidarity with CeCe McDonald

limit for static

change in assignment,

registered to throes of bureaucracy: that

protected characteristics

cf. status quo conservational society inc.,

newsprint mythology

where privilege of a/recognisable common sex is

unrecognised as privilege.

whose being

does legislation represent?

whose disclosure to

the bounds

white classed liberalism,

the false grails of the free in ties

& employment, beside the colour of the

same in employment

difference slated to 'the same as but',

with fear or something---; reproducing

the scene of happily //-til she

blood cut a fascist with her labour tools,

state oriented against intervention, of the necessity

to exist still in the AM, // 'cept intervention

the sanction

of good

/ of socially-necessary incarcerated/ dear
CeCe speak / feeling beside the 'can'
/ not by list of our
trans* collective global loss / break
the pillars / amnesiac /
burying the ribbon & its referents
/ deviance struck off the // official
history of civil rights according us freed
compelled through the prohibition

[August 2013]

THE MARRIAGE OF GEORGE OSBORNE & IAIN DUNCAN-SMITH (epithalamion)

“George Osborne, god of love, we have spurned beauty –” - Sean Bonney

conservative love = the absolute colonisation
of the social senses.
political sedation

bestows the being-subject onto partial us,
impelled stakeholders. queer life privatised
in a moment of

subcultural needs / surplus on the
back of affective provision, where our
qualitative use of the marriage-form
is legitimate only

through its exchange-yield;
where our possible love is depoliticised
as multicultural inclusivity girded from

bone capital/

where LG(bt__) is a series of summerskills linear
w/ new norms i.e. acronym sold to close down
content / we extrapolated to financed change
that negates us / bodies known through markings for
happiness-as-refugee in the fetish trait,
between the vow-thing & the

happily ever consumed ;
there is no talk

of fucking here.

the marriage-form

weds economic selfhood

freshly denies racial / gendered

/ sexual / disabled / unemployed abject,
 negated from perspectives as scrounger–
 i.e. get married or get deported;
 the crowd taught to only sight normal/other:
 the congregation is a pride parading to social conformity
 / g.a.p.-ad happily sold not to stitch
 / comprehensively spent regulate / the cruelty corporate
 liberal gay optimism inflicts on under-subjects
 / the happy coupleformal neoliberated
 through active material hate;
 no compare to material inequality, 1/4
 homeless youths still queer, of trans* subjects
 sutured to disclosure in the name of right:
 our gendered beingness extra-legal, of the
 structured possibility within administered
 thought & the felt / boundary
 stray to political lockout / insufficient investment /
 capital-legit sociality negates the necessary of divergence.

GEORGE: lo! the wishèd day is come: we
 announce the latest action to secure recovery;
 that shall pinkwash the gays to usury of long delight:
 that we value marriage *socially* and *financially* &
 doe ye to usury of joy & privatised sexual pleasure sing,
 on the back of material cleansing to which all
 must answer with all its social consequences, & its
 ring that I give to you, Iain, as a symbol of my love,
 choosing to bestow austerity with you.

all gays with garlands goodly well, buy
 this union
 as image, public-corporate for my fayre love,
 of wealth and endless things
 & goodly *all* agree with sweet consent, to this

commodity celebration of coupled norm. hark!
how the cheerful gays chant of marriage's praise,
their recuperation in this world, fundamentally fair

fair Austerity! shew forth thy vicious ray
and let thy lifull heat fervent be,
for burning the scrounger beings &
welfare state, with fresh lusty-hed, go
to the bowre of my beloved love; we enforce
on our public three principles: growth, reform
and sick fairness— ascending british enterprise
& economic culture it needs

to win the global
race in honour of capitalism; making sure we
are all in it together;

now is my unending love all ready forth to come
in unbroken circulation: let this day, like all,
be myne; let all the rest bequeathed to you, Capital;
the which the base affections doe obey,
and yield their services unto your will;
once seene your celestial, unrevealèd pleasures,
wrought by your own hand, then all
do wonder, and its praises sing:
spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
and in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
from fear of crises let no dread disquiet once
annoy the safety of our privilege; pour
your blessing on us plenteously, & your
happy influence upon us reign—
that we may raise a large surplus
through the earth that you do long purchase
saturated with market-grown happiness

DAVID CAMERON: bless O Capital, that
Iain and George bequeath, may they ever
abide in thy transformations, together
in privileged unity, love, and happiness, amen.

GEORGE: Iain, conjunct to all desired lending, I
join our lives to this economic plan, of a
downsized state, minor democratic, of private needs
material, emotional, political, to be
its partner in life. to honour you &
not let the poor leech upon us through their sickness
& in health, nor other undeserving subjects:
migrants with their mischievous, numerous child
they shall pay £3000 to enter our empire;
NOR the disabled, whose need we sense not;
let no lamenting queers, nor the doleful jobless,
pour foule horror on the pleasures that thee, Capital,
wrought, honest and faithful they must turn up
with a CV and look for work & only after the seventh
day shall they receive the minimum amount of money
the law requires for life;
& the number of persons working for our public, esp.
women & northern folk, shall fall
by 144,000 in our next years of happiness & health
& we are to remove automatic pay rises simply
for time served to this public & these
are consequences of public investment; & those
who do not utter thoughts in our language must speak
it or we shall not pay them.
plebs! go to your wonted labours this day
is expensive; we plague thee
with the greatest unfairness
& we dub this progressive government

w/ the pledge to plague thee today,
tomorrow, and always.

IAIN: & George! my love, of applecheeks which the
banks hath corroded, I promise to join my life to your
counter-terrorism budget, that we may cut Muslims
from our biggest society, & having severed the equality
& human rights commission budget by 76% our love shall
grow sustainable enterprise through others' sickness
and in health, especially the disabled
who shall be reformed back to work through common
personal independence payments & quantitative outsourced
health checks which shall eliminate tens of thousands of
pounds/persons; & we shall universalise them
& the underserving poor to workfair for 30hrs pittance,
& end all legal aid to the austere crises'd ordinary subject
whose demolished life quality will forever be
their responsibility
& cut £11.5bn from our public's tax purse that
shall disproportionately free the ourselves
& the richest, who have already purchased
on credit the marriage commodity here
in the city of westminster, its 20 year ad campaign:
abject parody / commodity-form equality, a fused
community of enforced economic interests
rightfully into which
all homos may crawl, beauty bestowed
from democracy corp., through these difficult times
of happiness and sorrow, all the rest of their lives.

GEORGE: my right honourable love
arising forth to run their mighty race, clad all in white
some angell iain had beene. he has

comprehensively won the national debate about
welfare, his balding head alike melted tight
currency, vacant eyes debase the poor, countenance
enraged that they

thieve his handouts, fayre man
garnisht w/ privilege's beauty! glorious w/ corporate love!
now available as rights-based sacrosanct
ceremonies that it may produce & sell

such endless matrimony
DAVID: why blush ye, ministerial loves, at its exchange-value
give to me

your hand in its pledge
never had men more joy then this///

in newsprint *defenders of marriage say the darnest things*, yet
their fantasies are negatively realised as our
impoverished everyday. NO PARTIES. NO PEACE.
QUEERS: PRIDE IS NOT OURS. ORGANISE.
FIGHT BACK. ACT UP.

SCREW NEOLIBERATION:
START A REVOLUTION.

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