

Hatred of Women

Cassandra Troyan

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I tried to run away
I tried to die but instead
I find the desert
and the soldier

I see an image of the soldier
he is my boyfriend
as he walks towards me
he bends over and opens his ass to me
then gets into a helicopter and leaves

flying at 120 knots
a door gunner with a 240H machine
gun
scanning the landscape
at 50 to 5,000 feet
the village
is a plane of coordinates
navigable
through erasure

Your mother doesn't know where you are.

You have a very long beard and you don't wear your dog tags outside of your clothing. Instead of a uniform, you are dressed as a civilian.

Your Arabic is limited to: *Hello, goodbye, get down, get on the ground, drop your weapon, don't move.*

You said you don't know how to say thank you, or never had to use it. Only once when you killed a woman during an operation because she wouldn't leave her husband's side.

The bullet passed through his body and into hers.

He lived, she died.

Addicted to obsessive recognition
I cannot let go of hoping for attachment as the hinge to a possible world.
A vision not singular
imbued with
 tendencies
 a duality of
 fluctuating mobility.

I can know this is conditional
but I refuse to leave you
tempted by
the skin of the city
its residue of desperation lingers.

A graffiti tag re-codified through its erasure
negates the sign to eliminate the pain.

You stick your tongue out and I put it in my mouth
I feel too tender for this future
too closed for reality
your gun logic
a gash I use to repeal the sore.

Pleasure chunked out for the
resolution of this sentiment
of what I can and can not feel through attenuated desoldering
the moments you feel your heart tried out
as it only takes one person to have an emotional encounter.

Excoriate, repeat.
Graft back a better citizenry.

You keep a loaded Smith & Wesson M&P40 on your bedside table and when someone tried to steal your car you ran out into the street shirtless and armed. Your neighbors are afraid of you and you like that. You have a security camera viewing your property at all times. You are embittered and full of shame.

You live in suburbia again, the same neighborhood where we grew up. I don't know you anymore but you and another soldier fuck me together we fuck into reconciliation or a space of agreement the only place unvoided by war.

Could this body have its power without this domination?
Is the will of defilement necessary for my control?

Re-wilding:
Welcome to these detachment forms
myths of country with miles of mobility
any where is only as good as the surprises
you draw from your own bailout
feel the weight of immaterial parasites
have the center to say
between freedom
and its opposite
we will choose the latter.

From inside
the tunnel
it's always darker
in the aura of lambency
a phosphorescent current
of violence
radiating after the blast.

For the first time
in my life I am afraid
I have no real desires
other than
opportunities
ordained
as necessity
motor skills
culled from discharge

the propriety of days

I once saw a girl
who said she knew
what it meant to be free
but she was only

 a rupture
 at the water's
 edge.

So many options
another myth of practice
spelled out to form
 expectation
 labor
 duty
 a suggested
 catalyst but
we are each drawn
to the forms of life
which make
us feel sovereign.

I did not choose this limerence
but you chose to die
or relented yourself to its possibility
your mouth a paragon I want to speak
 through/against
as you tell me you ache for war
 every day.

With the night surrendered and bodies cold
with the night desirous of a shape that plagues

I am condensed
almost too bright
to bear a spectrumed weight
plunge me open
speculumate
my lonely core.

I know violence
I know dark
I know rain

picture yourself in another frame.

You can't kill me
I won't let you because
the only thing worse than letting
 a pig kill you
 is letting him think that
he won.

I've been sexually assaulted by the police
more than any other type of man
but a pig isn't a man
just a cipher for
weaponized masculinity
logic building
internalized purchase
for the cop inside you
for the property secured
at all costs

Ma'am I'm gonna need you to step to the side
Ma'am I'm gonna need you to stop filming me
Ma'am I'm gonna need to stop filming me unless it's my cock

It is my sister's bachelorette party and we are in a giant sports arena that is also a prison. There is a large bullpen where the men compete for the women and the women throw themselves onto the floor, slick with beer. They lick the beer off each other's skin and touch their pussies as "Pour Some Sugar on Me" emanates through the atmosphere, vibrates the walls and floor.

My sister says she wants to dance so we move towards a stage. We walk through the crowd where men grope our asses. A man grabs my hand and I am lifted up through the fog and the lights.

Mouths are open, tongues wagging.

A girl is sitting on a couch with vomit as a tendency leaking from her mouth, an encounter looping around dizzy and hijacked. I asked one of the men working there if he could help her and he threw a towel on her puke then walked away.

Later he comes back and screams at us
not to raise our fucking voices to him

that way a man
can yell
tendons in his throat arrested
jaw flexed skull pulsating
I can't stop replaying it in my head
the confrontation and its
representation
demolishing each other
until I am more silent than before
I am dead.

The next morning you take our
mug shots in the hotel room.
We each hold a card with our name and number
record of survival
for those unthreatened by a
carceral framework
or history
when living that
white life, right plight
only guilty of the pleasure-
less evening
worn cataclysmically
haphazardly
at the fray of testament
a tremulous dissatisfaction.

humiliation by the phallic order
drink a martini through a dick straw
dicks on your face
dicks on your body
dicks for the last time before you are
saved

flash your pussy to your friends
for one last sanitation
no sexuality in the realm
of plurality no difference
of kind or type
once you're singular
forever

degradation is to look
at the world and see your life
as immanent

constitutionally white
a lacunose body

occluding all openings for
the unwilling
the broken
the unknown

subservience
useless without a prize
sacrifice a service
gladly given
but never in poverty's
name

I search for you in the street at night
I find you barefoot and crying
 you don't recognize me
 you say you don't deserve me
 that I should have left you

I say I don't understand and you look at me
and start to scream.