Further Reading


cross over vanillas

Recreations may claim censorship over my blustery observations of race and representation. And recreations from the pink third space may attempt to regulate how we, as queers-of-colour, should knock boots proper (read: no B&W).

Yet most needed in a level of acknowledged and social understanding regarding the cultural specificities of sexual expression. Non-sexual examples include how dancemix, rap and Black speech are misinterpreted in the mainstream by non-Black audiences. And how, in porn and other sexual smut, the racialization of Black and Brown people is taken to the nth power and most extreme level. Perhaps what I'm trying to express most is that a lot of the debates presume that we are all white and that the confines of white body culture apply to us all. And this just isn't so.

Stressed here is not a simple trashing of beanpole-fuck culture, but the limitations and myopia of a sex-life scene that is stuck in the rut of racial ambivalence. What one has to fight is the instinct to abject or sexually impress is not the issue here. The question How exactly is that sexual fantasy/practice in the myth of progressive representation and the transcendence of white patriarchal expression? is key.

for Doug Wilson

a wall flat down, a field of mouldy beetroot like scattered bricks, in early spring

then again, climbed

by winter, hard and white as a public toilet

shocked by the headlight run of green

never before seen, every year, the spring

that never came, ever year

exhausting itself to the bones of a million roots, the sober

caverns adrift on the black earth

then shocked, in numbing flammata

stacked by a few archivists

filling for winter

and again, summer

and again, for us, spring

Something in my Eye

My eye shifted like the burn from safety to sudden unwissell, or the panic

pushing further to an unexpected depth without warning, the platform

the mother unrecognizable in evening wear

So my head tracks a convulsive unAce and spooks its rocking

depth across the wooden book, light through to

right against the grain, particles

floating to reach the eyes

in a sphere of scented sawdust

hearing physical measures

in better form, hard inspections,

the craving messes inhabited

in gaping moments.

And my eyes too casting off

not a vision precisely but a

fragment, an outpouring of every rational substance once transcribed by times

with the elements: fumes, iris, scent, cornea.

now in heaping galleries, in sloppy handfuls tossed into the disconnecting heart.

contemptuous masses of pulp and perspicacious flesh.

Sleeping With the Enemy

The first lesson does not appear for some time. Its quiet mood makes us stand

on the thin velvet cracking a moment

of a world unwound in even the blackest

hour, giving way to the defining flesh.

We metals of the body

speaking for the rest of us.

We metals of the body

relying on the tongue

innumerable and membership.

We lie with the enemy

dwell the remembered flavour of

animal limbs

that arched our backs

with the shame

receiving every pulse.

Our open mouths shun

the pleasure our pores speak of
delicious corners

and endless human corridors

leading to one place.

We miss the skin’s seque cantour.

We lie with the enemy

on the exquisite

down with suspence

sharply with the traces

of each recent evasion.

The body is an everything

tiring of breath.

The fluid exchange

of sentences, pressed or eased

down to a tender contract.

The past of flesh

furnished this dawning athenaeum.

We are left with this.

But the lambent body

articulates itself

seductive nothing

leaving nothing

as sanitary.

No one permits its ordinate

unaffected reflection.

You are left with me

and the touch of a rhythmic figure.

Stuart Blackley