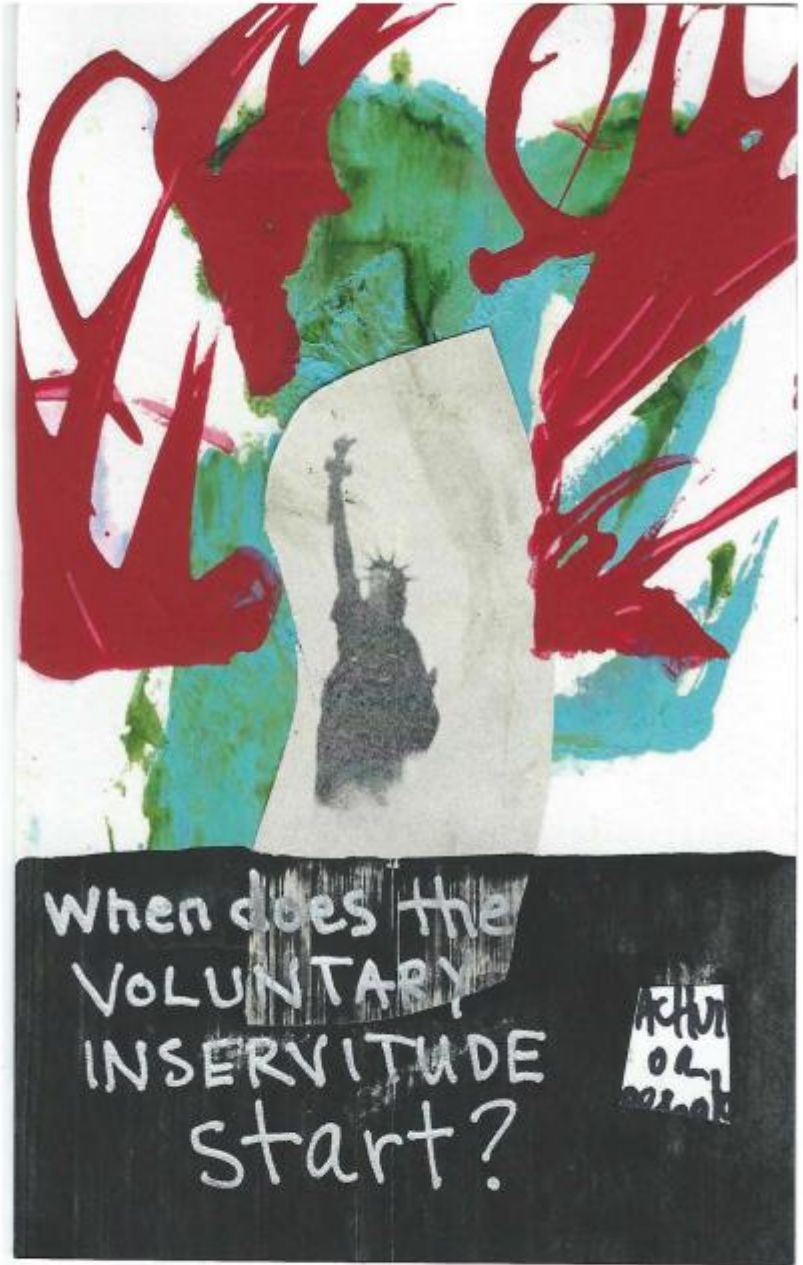


JOHN LOWTHER



18 OF 555

18 of 555:
a partial round-up
of the
political sonnets

John Lowther

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Cover Art

Front — Voluntary Inservitude

Back — Almost Human

by j4

These sonnets (someday to be a book called 555) are made with found lines and precise measures, a database and text analytic software. I crunched Shakespeare's sonnets for word, syllable and character averages and these are my new measures. The lines' oddities are their own, the arrangement is mine. After the text analytics and data entry, many ways of assembling are found. I hold to the turn (when I think of it) and that sonnets are poems of a certain size, but little more. Something in excess of the lines pass through, it's that I'm chasing.

We are the oppressed both resisting and oppressing
in this wasteland of bodies and languages.

There's things you can't get anywhere but you dream
can be found in other people.

Think about the activities we create that generate a
state of transferable energy and attention.

It's self-evident but you would be surprised at how
many wannabes don't think that far ahead.

The rules are that the targets have to switch
constantly.

Let it flow so that you will preserve the bag.

The output is faded between the two read pointers
according to the sine of the distance from the
write pointer.

It's a powerfully simple premise.
Our bodies are political bodies.
Risk and anxiety are important.
This isn't even an exaggeration.

There's a common-sense side to it, which I quite like.
I suppose these days, it's not what is de rigueur.
Nowhere near as bad as yesterday but still a killer.
If I sound optimistic, I'm as surprised as you are.

Kids really shouldn't play with dynamite.
It's like mixing whiskey with barbiturates.
Some physicists now disagree.
Sleep dep and all.

When I realized I wasn't my body, I became free.
Not a nonrelation per se, but another kind of relation.

The body can die without being dead.
Greetings again from the darkness.

Another trans woman found murdered.
Equals doesn't always equal equals.

I don't give a damn about penises.
I think cutting it was a good choice.

It is good for a man not to touch a woman.
Doesn't this feel familiar, I thought.

An obsession with detail had taken over.
There's almost no such thing as ready.

Marriage is almost all pretend.
I don't trust diamonds and gold.

The thought of human sex makes me feel sick.
There is nothing more public than privacy.

The ice cream truck was too fast.

My abyss drawing nearer still, I feel my eyes close
shut and I forget about the clouded, foamy
ocean for a single fleeting second.

Even living as a single person on that salary is tough,
if you want to eat something other than ramen
noodles every once in a while.

My nails however look fabulous.

What one should add is that self-consciousness itself
is unconscious: we are not aware of the point
of our self-consciousness.

Love is the minimal form of communism.

I brained my boss with a heavy chain.

Perceptual practice is both empowered and befuddled
by political habit and by the complex body of
acquired dispositions that gives us intelligible
objects to begin with.

You care, I care, but I'm done.

Emotions are for ugly people.

Pray it doesn't happen to you.

The problem appears when we use sadness as a
bitter wine to drink and by drinking avoiding to
act, to participate, to risk or to abandon our soft
lighted comfort situation.

If that makes any sense at all.

Everybody 'comes out' today.

Blow jobs are like handshakes.

Nonprocreative sex is allowed and fostered not because of society having moved any closer towards freedom, but because the reproductive labor demanded by modern capital is not merely that of population growth, but of the creation of the self, the individual, and consequently the identity.

In this short history of the battles of the sexes, the Flintstones meet the Jetsons and find each other equally at home in middle-class tastes and suburban coziness.

If you want to be a clown do that stuff on your reality show.

Mankind has finally created an exit whereby he may escape.

Please remember that none of it is an accurate representation, and most of it is researched and designed to make you feel bad.

I found the statement offensive, misogynistic, fetishistic, inappropriate, sexist, self-obsessed, destructive and just plain silly.

It's like cocktail on a budget, but if you're on a budget you're not going for a cocktail.

There is an expectation that we can talk about sins but no one must be identified as a sinner: newspapers love to describe words or deeds as “racially charged” even in those cases when it would be more honest to say “racist”; we agree that there is rampant misogyny, but misogynists are nowhere to be found; homophobia is a problem but no one is homophobic.

If someone calls you derogatory names, even if they say they are joking, they mean to hurt you and keep you in line.

Yes, maybe I did try to destroy the front desk, but I did not attack anybody.

We too are on a quest to better ourselves, evolving toward a state of perfection.

You need a lot of love to be able to keep on trying not to stop not doing it.

You are the dupe, obviously.

I prefer the term *fuck puppet*.

A friend is taking a shower.

If voting changed anything, they'd make it illegal.

Intimacy is a business transaction to me.

It's important that we manage our expectations.

This is precisely where the philosopher might balk.
It's basically a blizzard of sucking and fucking.
All profound life is heavy with the impossible.
Philosophy evidently does not exhaust thought.

All words have life cycles.
That yelling has paid off.
I do not seek, I find.
She was her own artwork.

Three chords and you're into jazz.
God's a fag and so are you.
Just stick in a credit card.
Musing has no place in it.

Wombs morph into tombs.
One is exhausted but does not know why.
Now at least you know.
You're not a threat when you're out of your head.
I don't rock like that.

Class antagonism has always divided the 'queer
community' from itself.

Crush the infamous thing.

Contradictions abound.

Contingency is king.

Conjecture hurts the cause.

Clearly, I'm no Glinda.

Come on ask me.

Comment is free.

Real courage.

Categories are, after all, only abstractions we use as
a shorthand to deal with accumulated
contingencies.

Curves a bit.

Cum is the only animal protein I will ingest.

Cuteness quota reached.

Clue is there is something hidden behind the
headless torso.

My friend, who disappeared from me the whole night,
said he came nine times.

Tell that to people who can get killed for just walking
down the street.

No surprise since homophobia and misogyny are so
often conjoined.

We've been really fucked up towards women in this
country.

There are massacres and there are massacres.

I dare say the reason they burned the girl at the stake
was that she wouldn't go down on the parson.

Cruelty is a gift humanity has given itself.

Vulgarity, like sex, is never ironic.

Biological explanations of same-sex desire have a long and problematic history, not the least problem being that they promote a dangerously medicalized view of human sexuality—a conception of sexual orientation that still resonates to the ideas of the nineteenth-century scientific racism, eugenics, and phrenology.

Wrong, just wrong.

There's a great deal of stress going on there with a lot of folks caught in a lot of vises.

Those times still hurt.

I might be next.

Suffering lives.

I shall consider human actions and desires in exactly
the same manner, as though I were concerned
with lines, planes, and solids.

Let's move on.

Press next.

Violence, threatened or realized, is rarely their first
weapon, but I know that if I object to the taunts,
or incidents where my basic existence serves
as a comic foil, then I can expect them to
assert their power with more aggression than
passivity.

Mortal bodies.

Even the most down-to-earth objects and activities
always contain such a declarative dimension,
which constitutes the ideology of everyday life.

We've got nothing.

I stand corrected.

Home has always been a fragile idea.
My kidney function is actually trending down.
I want to write a paper about you.

We were falling have you hit yet.
That's what sleep does for me.
We've come to make you an offer.

Nobody to listen, nobody to answer.

The forms of oppression that arise from essentialist conceptions of human “types” continue to have very real consequences for human lives as well as play a key role in perpetuating capitalist systems of exploitation that both cause misery for billions of people and are destroying the planet.

Sexual identity is a secondary nature.

You are about to discover the system that is ultimately responsible for most of the inequality in our world today.

Truths have no meaning.

Irritating, this biology which gives to itself already its whole principle: the fact of adaptation notably, not to speak of selection; it crosses ideology to bless itself for being natural.

Out, out passions.

Making assumptions, they seem to be awfully concerned with the presence, shape and appearance of genitals.

This body has a history you cannot imagine.

Nonfunctioning remains essential for functioning.

Moody, morose, and strangely compelling.

You are what you fondle.

Set your dials to receive.

Racism is woven into the fabric of our nation.

It's the cops you should be afraid of not the terrorists.

Drawing attention to such instances provoked violent
and irrational responses in the establishment,
so we knew we were onto something.

In a sense, the predicament is to understand what
kind of community is composed of those who
are beside themselves.

I also don't reject plurality or the presence of illusory
spaces.

Austerity is just another word for class warfare.

The battles weren't just in their imagination.

Facts get in the way of truth.

It's like a bomb shelter for your brain.

Categorize and compartmentalize: man and woman,
gay and straight, black and white, conservative
and liberal and so on.

Eons would not suffice to clearly account for the
complex unwritten laws and verdicts governing
this social formation.

In short, rigor is what means nothing other than
solids.

This is the knowledge of knowledge, the reason of
reason.

I'll remember it the way I want to remember it.

Categories are relational and contingent, and
persistent.

The racist recognizes difference more than anybody.

We are transferring control to other servers.

It's always balls that make me miserable.

This is another stage, that of *frustration*.

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lars palm – *case*

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