

the abolition of the woman*

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a body

here she is
a body in a museum
a sculpture by a contemporary artist
whose name is not important but whose objects are titled
woman
white
middle class
university degree.
fat
fertile
hetero.
vagina
unarmed
shaved pubic hair.

and here she stands
her body being read, interpreted, judged
and then left for others to read, interpret, judge and discuss.
but they must not touch her
for she is precious and respectable,
presented by the transcontinental c.o.s. trading company, 460057 Brussels,
EU

for her very own protection she got framed and was put behind glass.
the faces of the audience are reflected on the pane.
the ones that cannot read her, read the description below.
they analyze the statement they are confronted with
then they reproduce it:
woman
white
middle class
university degree.
fat
fertile
hetero.
vagina
unarmed
shaved pubic hair.

46 bullets

their sentences were shot at her
like 46 bullets per second from a 245 machine gun.
then they accused her, for screaming
she did not obey their rules of a decent, productive conversation.
she lost her temper
to give her feelings some space.
she was screaming
at them,
against 46 bullets per second,
pressing her back against the wall to stop the bleeding where the bullets
came out.

she paused for a second to take a breath, when they reopened the fire.
her body the aim
her thoughts the target.
they reloaded their sentences with arrogance and words
they defined the situation,
her position, her reasons, their intention, her biased gaze, her
inconsequence
and they kept firing at her
until she wound up in her room,
on the floor in front of the heating
vomiting into a bucket and operating the shells out of her flesh.

then she started to doubt
her position
her opinion
her accusation being valid.
they might have been right.
considering their intention,
understanding their point of view,
taking into account, that they were just defending themselves.
those thoughts flashed for a second.
46 bullets
she vomited again
no, she was not lethally injured
they did not manage to kill her
almost though
they were hit,
but they were brutal, ignorant and self confident in what they did.

they have been the privileged.
armed,
raised to be white cis men,
unaware of what that means.
they are not in charge to define
she is
she is.

January, - 4 degrees

they
proudly representing the patriarch, racist, capitalist authorities,
are ready for commands.
now.

january,
- 4 degrees outside
39 degrees inside
the reinforcement troop
crammed into a police car parked on the square.
for nine hours, wearing their winter uniforms
their aggression growing with sweat
waiting to be let out,
like chained dogs.
heat, boredom
if not from the start,
they hated her by now.

they wait for orders.

she (instructions on a target)

they received the instructions:
any spontaneous, self empowered decisions on confronting the individual are
to be avoided
for she is dangerous, armed, ammunitioned and possibly self-determined.
she does not hesitate in using violence
she is consequent in defining her targets
aggressive in her actions
radical and relentless.
she never takes prisoners.
she advances armed confrontations even if you define her position as
inferior and expect her to surrender.
never define a situation
for she does
she does.

last appearance: unknown
name: unknown
age: unknown
sex: unknown
color of eyes: unknown
color of hair: unknown
color of skin: unknown

she mostly operates in public places, squares, streets, underground
stations,
often seeking shelter in a crowd of civilians.
she does not hesitate to use violence
she is armed, aggressive and radical.
she is.
she is.

-

they cannot justify their actions
neither with their reason
nor with their brutality
nor with their intentions
nor with their legitimization
subserviently suffocating self empowering thoughts,
structurally controlling public space,
a permanent, deterrent destruction of critique.

a square meter of sea

someone received a piece.
a present
out of glass.
now the employees of the shop owners clean the sidewalks
that are covered with a million pieces of broken glass,
as if it was an ocean in some time
but it would not be worth it to wait
for the economic development is to be taken and understood seriously
and your personal contribution is demanded.

they do not want you.
they do not want you at all.
they need your labor and your consumption.
they demand your contribution,
a national self esteem, you knowing your position in a structure they
present to you.
as if a glass-ocean was worth nothing
except for the profit they gain
by providing the resources you would need
to create this first square meter of sea.
a shop window.

a definition

there is no reason to get excited.
she has thought it before
in all possible ways.
just follow, listen and think.

the abolition of the woman*

she felt unable to formulate a single sentence that would suffice
nothing
she felt hatred
hatred against their hatred.
she felt overpowered by the reality of the present
that had constantly been suffocating any attempts for changes
until there has no longer been such a hopeful chance, a utopian image, a
possibility
as future.

tomorrow has become the reproduction of today.
it is them calling out for another plate of food
their mainstream porn body language
their capital to compensate for anything
their dominant ways to argue
their means of producing oppression
their profit through exploitation
their armed forces in front of an occupied building,
and they are just holding their position until the reinforcement troops
arrive.
so tear their hearts apart
for there is no such thing as tomorrow.
attack their strategic points
cut off their water supplies
uncover their allies
and whoever does not want to see them whining and crying totally defeated
is their ally.
do not let them retreat to anywhere
there must be no option left for them except to surrender.
they can no longer define you.
not by your name, your gender, your class, your sexuality, your body, your
skin.
an ocean of identities spreads wide in front of you.
land is defined by soil, not by the politics of capital and property.

a brick is left behind of what had been a shop-window.
an ambulance rushes to the hospital.
someone asks, what did she do, that we had to treat her that way?
and a person would say, I don't know but there is reason.