

# Hatred of Women

Cassandra Troyan  
Solar ▲ Luxuriance

For those who struggle—  
In Chicago, Ferguson, Gaza and beyond

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Cassandra Troyan

First Edition

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I started large and began the fight in the worst possible place with little hope little saving knowing dearth of all unforeseeable holds. But still I made the gesture I made the gesture knowing that I had no other choice except to stretch beyond the limits of my dim sanity. I was just a girl only a girl knowing then fate gets manipulated like any other integument a layer clad but leaves a lip slightly parted barely a cell can cry through leaving only a pore no less a cuticle with rigidity a friendly gland.

When I was just a girl  
I had to find a way to kill myself

when I was a girl, just  
just

I was just  
just

I had to kill

myself,

I had to

kill

I had to find a way  
to kill

just

a way

any way

The only way you could cure me is to kill me.

Nothing is promised,  
nothing deserved  
but still.  
Decorations,  
everywhere.

I have only one feeling  
but everyone knows what a champion  
looks like  
five fingers make a nation of wealth  
days and nights of eco-terror  
we make a stockyard  
in the grave  
pasture  
full of headstones

this power to please  
is a great privilege  
but please don't  
disembowel me today  
I'm too placid.

Have I said that before?  
Have I said I am white trash, weld me?

I told my father that lottery tickets  
are my retirement plan and he smiled  
then laughed

working class ways:  
you make do  
with the shit  
you're gave

*no crying no whining*

and if you rise to an illuminati son  
then you can stand on the pedestal  
of amputation  
raise fists uber alles  
entrenched vegetative  
dump.

*USA! USA! USA! USA!*

How many images of wisdom are silence.



I go up to the stage and sit down. I'm wearing my best suit and I place a pair of scissors in front of me. I tell the audience they can come up one at a time and cut off of a portion of my clothing. They can take that piece with them. I'm afraid no one will come forward.

Show me a place  
that isn't a prison  
a deformity  
not recontextualized  
as knowledge  
less shame on this  
carceral landscape  
repping the  
triple 6 international  
from the grave to the street  
are you feeding good  
it's time to eat  
it looks like I'm popularly  
aged  
cheddar veined

*cheddar cheddar*  
*I'm moldy*

a residue  
to be enamored of this  
bomb-shelling  
fortified skies for  
all we have is  
the atmosphere  
and we don't even have that.

Paying credence to these  
resurrected missiles  
to fuck a white girl  
like I fuck Amerikkka  
where the smoke is so thick  
I can't even aerate this area  
or clip these chains.

What is joy?  
Do you also tire of the rain?

Tumbling subterfuge for why  
my gut's so bulbous  
when the moon is all about intuition  
paths I sense even if unsaid  
nerve-fiber rewinding  
as my                      consciousness  
polluted by              bullshit  
infiltrating  
fountains of whiteness  
reproducing their likeness  
that is                      their baby  
and another              baby  
when you have only been reproducing  
libido,  
despair.

What is a life of the mind:  
a life of pain  
a life of poverty  
a life of war

down on yr knees  
*dying on yr knees*  
*dying on yr knees*  
*dying on yr knees*

*messing on the scene*  
*something like a nightmare*  
*in yr dreams*

They firebombed your house on Valentine's Day. You ran out of the house with your family, no time to take anything with you. The following day as you gave a speech you apologized for not wearing a shirt and tie. It was freezing cold and you waited in the driveway in only your underwear with a shotgun for over 40 minutes. You were waiting in case they came back.

The police never showed up. The house was destroyed.

You were killed a week later.

How does the white girl  
access black life  
she's taught  
pussy is a portal  
breeding towards acceptance  
or staying silent  
the best respect  
*sleep baby sleep*  
*profit is just too deep* but  
I long for the days when it used to be  
much easier to die.

There was no sun  
only heat emanating  
power from the bottom up.

The surprise of someone else's god  
always plopping into my recoured  
fantasy  
I'm at the kitchen sink  
crying                      this life  
is                              indescribable  
with its tendencies to make me feel  
like I'm the last girl in the world  
dragging this corpse loaf around  
as I've already killed the dream  
by living it too much.

I miss the world like a tremor  
trying  
to escape its own denial  
trying to pretend

this wasteland isn't  
conscious all the presets  
are plagued  
flames tempt uncharted paranoia  
the eye  
is a tangerine  
its complexity  
self-contained  
calculated for the arc  
of war.

I prepare myself for surgery. I want to be more historical, almost statuesque. My lips are thoroughly cleaned then marked by simple dashes for injection. I speak and twist my head. A needle enters the lips again and again filling as it punctures.

A knives enters next as it outlines the lips and separates the skin. I'm awake but I feel no pain.



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*

If it's survival can the fantasy comply?  
To hold your gun until the very end  
as the last  
and only  
friction to the world  
congealed through violence  
*you can smell the gunfire*  
a complacent traction  
for a suicide order  
the only command  
being attended to when  
you're guilty of being alive  
always a minor infraction  
for the major dissentors of  
marginalized decay  
you have two choices: either  
tap dance or die  
before they handcuff the dead

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.

As long as I account for nothing then this  
is enjoyment  
this bruise carved  
in the sour light  
of our detention  
worried over  
glossed through  
we take the marks of this  
her dress torn  
her mouth leaking blood.

I understand now why you vomit  
because you are in pain  
you cry because of the pain  
of your inability  
to absolve yourself  
from this subjugation  
hoping you might be human  
instead  
you're going to get raped  
so you might as well pretend to enjoy it  
and  
call it sex  
call it recognition  
call it love or

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.



**You ask if deployments count as vacations. The desert a similarly voided plane, water a minor necessity. I ask about relaxation. You say yes, moments stilled between the shelling but there is never calm.**

**You tell me of the times when your exhaustion makes your body curl up as soon as you hit the ground. A sleep that is closer to death. Limbs flung out in the dirt, a head filled with sand the only fleeting blockage to pain.**

You said being gassed makes you feel like you are dying or dead. You feel everything burning. Rise out of the cloud of an attack as you lose control of your body. You cannot feel most of your body the weight you carry deadens the form.

I dig my nails into your back and you say yes, there is some pressure there.

I refuse to see you again

crepuscular

you originate from

vapor

residue of the crowd

ghosts of control never vanish

noxiously present

I know you have been dead

for a long time

but my attachment grew out of

a longing to keep you alive

keep you material

as I bemoan the loss of

fucking you

in the ass

everyday

to see your body

relenting

to another man's

a transient portal

into disparate

future holds

I make way for a fist  
as a gift to you  
the filling  
                                  a chain  
                                  of training                which  
                                  never leaves  
                                  anxiety, authority  
                                  are traits  
taught    below simple tissue  
                                  made from tensile  
                                  obstructions  
yet no decorum around your asshole  
until our worlds are made  
                                  incommensurable  
through policing  
my desire ultimately for  
                                  possibility  
yours for                oppression  
                                  defense, an active  
                                  refusal  
                                  tempered through time  
                                  complicit in reverie  
                                  for a viable freedom  
                                  made out of life  
                                  beyond survival

the center does not hold  
nothing holds  
but I hold on  
in this attempt

to hold down a body against your own  
to take responsibility for the fantasy through my committal  
to take his cock in your mouth because I order you  
to bribe the neighbors for details  
to drop from a helicopter onto their roof  
to kill those who can only be guilty

what have I sacrificed  
all sanity  
much wetness  
deferral  
my lesion  
the only way  
to kill the mass of the world  
as a pact for  
this pathetic wager  
to trade your flat screen for  
an AR-15  
to gain everything  
for timely insurrection  
the corner store  
burnt to the ground  
then rebuilt out of  
the social.

Infectious  
delinquency  
for resilient proof of  
life's faded core.

Strengthen,  
abide  
re-inscribe.

To live this threat  
however calculated  
to destroy  
whatever  
supremacy  
yields through  
my incumbent form  
  
the center  
will hold.

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Section one was written in dedication to Anna Vitale, section three is  
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