

Rachel Ellis Neyra and Mary Ebeling // November 14, 2014

For "Venimos desde el futuro"/ "We come from the future" 4-day radio collaboration by Beta-Local

*Bitches Betrayed, or, Listening as a Life and Death Practice*

Mary:

Bitches Betrayed  
transgressions  
the buds mock in their green plumpness  
Cockpole Green  
peculiar pixel  
We fear because about to drown  
Run, Run!  
Ulysses run through its Heart  
Flesh made object

Rachel:

I fell asleep over Clark Park.  
I fell asleep inside Tim's street-scene painting of a fallen black man.  
Fell listening to Erykah singing ...*a chance to fly and a chance  
To cry and a long bye-bye.*  
My last thought, She wants both  
And it's dangerous to want both: *Don't  
Wanna time travel no more is  
To be here; and  
To be here – Here –*  
Is to have to speak to Scotty: *Beam me up.*  
Ex-scape becomes a porch-swing,  
Becomes the speed of light  
Bent into a chain link.  
Future world is only a thought  
After some strange shit's gone down.  
124 Bluestone is on this side of the Ohio River,  
On that side of Emancipation,  
But in the time warp that is America, it  
Neighbors 6221 Osage Avenue.  
Intergalactic hauntings.  
Bombed out marronage.

Sleeping in that sidereal pocket,  
I dreamt that my chest housed  
A clenched fist holding a fire,  
But my other hand reached back and forth  
Between an open star cluster and a lyre.  
I awoke thinking, If falling for her

Is the bodily unbending  
That reveals the abyss,  
Then I'm gonna work on my dive.  
Headlong.

Overnight, that silenced picture became the room  
I was in, and the warped window in the room, the aleph  
To Mary's garden outside,  
The garden new with spring,  
Grass soft like a dead baby's palms.  
And past the garden, a slab of concrete  
A-la-San-Juan-post-Luis-Ferré, in miniature.  
A broke-ass basketball hoop,  
A broke-ass trampoline,  
A broke-ass fence dividing her garden  
From those sweet broke-ass remainders  
Of children at play in this sheep-killer world.  
Broke-ass beauty as  
The American way.

And this was West Philadelphia for me in April  
That is haunted by May.  
But on that one night, young bloods *hoed*  
*The hard row of beautiful things,*  
Lit up the MOVE House again,  
Took the police's bombs and flamed orange on repeat,  
On repeat, on repeat, motherfuckers,  
Flamed art as saying No,  
No to *the short arc of morality*  
*That bends towards whiteness.*  
Digital conflagration thrown against the wall  
That was also the color of *Sunrise*.  
No to this burning-house integration.

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Rachel:  
No to this burning-house integration.

Mary: "More text/heard today: "no más violencia de género" with the women's power sign next to it..."la luz para la alma" graffiti then a quote heard from Ana-Maurine Lara: "do we even have souls?" "We demand nothing but a space to dance!" (Sorry for the missing accent...I'm writing with my iPad) ... Let me know when I can call you..xo"

R: Let me know when I can call you. We demand nothing but a space to dance! Soul dance. No más violencia de género dance. El comandante anuncia con sus disparos la resurrección del nuevo grito. Nos han declarado la guerra y la victoria está de nuestra parte. Acuérdate de tu función en esta historia."

M: BIK SMOKE RIMX DWEK SON ESCO  
MIDNITE GROUP HOTEL DIAMOND PALACE

M: Federales asesinos.  
¡El clandestinaje se hará sentir!

R: MANÁ MANÁ MANÁ MANÁ MANÁ MANÁ  
AMAR ES COMBATIR AMAR ES COMBATIR AMAR ES COMBATIR

R: Federales asesinos. Federales cobardes. Viva PR Libre.  
Boricua Machetero  
FBI=TERROR

M: MARC ANTHONY MARC ANTHONY 30 DE SEPTIEMBRE 30 DE SEPTIEMBRE  
Hospital pa'l pueblo. Ábreme la puerta coño. Ábremela coño.

CARS PASS CARS PASS CARS PASS CARS PASS CARS PASS 'CAUSE THERE'S  
A DEAD BODY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGHWAY

R: From *The Feel Trio* (Fred Moten)  
"motherfucker I love cars. I love to struggle with cars. I love it when rusty cars won't start for me and when yellow cars won't stop for me. I want to be buried in on so I can rise in one. I want to be born in one so I can be buried in one. this tore-up shit means I'm not you. if I ain't got but two tires with tread on 'em can it be a bicycle? if my eight-track work, come on ride with me to look at them new rims. you may not have a car at all, miss ella, your groceries, my jitney, and the singers all intimate in all languages" (51).