some queer shit
by tre<3

why is there milk everywhere?
the dairy fairy

how am i going to get my milk across the river?
the dairy ferry
Gender
Female
Male
Small Emo Child


Why do we keep it around?

Geni as a social construct so is race. So is species.
FAQ

“IT’S UNNATURAL”

NATURE IS A HUMAN CONSTRUCTION. LIKE QUEERNESS. IT’S THE ANTHROPOCENE EVERYTHINGS (UN) NATURAL.

“IT IS AGAINST GOD’S WILL”

..."SO IS THIS LITERALLY..."
HEALTH GOTH

APPROVED.
GREETINGS. CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, I AM NOT A CLAW. MY JOB TITLE STATES GRAVEDIGGER. BUT MY DIPLOMA PROCLAIMS LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT. THE ART OF THE SHOVEL. ARTEMIS ET SCRUTARIA. MY WORK IS MORE NATURALISTIC THAN MOST. I HOLD THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD ON MY SHOVEL. A DEAD WEIGHT.

I TURN MY HEAD AND COUGH. DIRT FLEES UP. I AM DIRTY. PREPARE THE BODY. CLEAN IT UP. DRESS IT NICELY. TAKE THE CLOTHES BACK LATER. THEY MIGHT LOOK FINE ON ME. THE BODY IS COMPOSED. FOR NOW. LOWER THE CASKET INTO THE GROUND.

LIFE EXPECTANCY IS HIGH THESE DAYS. 35 YEARS. BUSINESS HAS BEEN SLOW. I HAVE TIME TO PLAY AROUND. NOT LIKE THAT, NOT ALWAYS LIKE THAT. IT'S MY JOB TO SOIL THE CARCASSES. YOU KNOW. CLAY. LOAM. ALKALI LEVELS. PH.

DEMAND FOR GRAVES IS LOW. DENMARK ROYALTY. THEY WANT A CORPSE CABANA. A BODY LOUNGE. A BODY BUNGALOW.

MY VITALITY IS THRIVING. ONE NEEDS SUFFICIENT BODIES TO BURY. I'VE A LOT OF TIME ON MY HANDS. THE OLDER THE BODY. THE MORE TIME I HAVE ON MY HANDS. PHILOSOPHY. LIFE. DEATH. IT TAKES A MIGHTY MIND. A BIG BRAIN.

I CONTEMPLATE MY CORPUS CALLOSUM.

SAY YOU USE ARMS TO DIG WITH THE SHOVEL, PERFECT GRAVE THEN ADD EEEE EARTHWORMS. YOU HAVE A SHIT HOLE.

EARTHWORMS. WHICH SIDE IS THE HEAD AND WHICH IS THE ASSHOLE.

ADMITTEDLY, IT'S A CIRCLE OF LIFE. THE CARBON CYCLE. DO YOU GIVE IT, IT'S NECESSARY. CONSIDERING MYSELF AN ENVIRONMENTALIST. WHEN YOU SEE THEM SWARMING ON THE SIDEWALKS, IN YOUR LOVED ONES' FACES.

SEX

SIXGAUS. I RESPECT MAGGOTS. THEIR PRACTICES, COLLECTIVISM. BREAKING DOWN THE MAN. EATING RIGHT THROUGH ANATOMY LIKE IT'S KNOTTY PINE.

NO GRAVES. I AM A GRAVE DIGGER THAT HAS NO GRAVES TO DIG. PEOPLE NEED TO DIE so I CAN PUT THEM IN GRAVES. ONCE THE PEOPLE DIE, THERE WILL BE MORE GRAVES. THERE WILL BE MORE GRAVES FOR WE TO DIG WHEN PEOPLE FINALLY DIE.

I NEED A JOB. A GIG. MY SIDE PROJECT. WRITE A LETTER.

DEAR DANISH COURT, I AM INQUIRING FOR EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES. I AM A MUSICIAN. I HAVE A BAND. TERMINAL TOMB. WE SPECIALIZE IN DEATH TRASH METAL WITH SCHWAB-BACHATA BLENDERS. HAMMERON. CALL OR EMAIL AS AN INSTANT MESSANGER. IF NO GIGS ARE AVAILABLE, I ALSO DIG BIRTHDAY PARTIES.

P.S. I HAVE ALSO THOUGHT ABOUT LIFE. GOING THE OPPOSITE WAY WITH MY WORK, BRINGING LIFE INTO THIS WORLD. INSTEAD OF BURYING THE DEAD. PLEASE CONTACT ME IF THAT JOB BECOMES AVAILABLE.

OFF TO A ROCKY START. ONE MIGHT SAY I HAVE A GRAVEL-LIKE VOICE. MY BAND. WE HAD SOME SUCCESS. MOSH PITS. MUD PIT. MASS GRAVES. I HAD A DRUMMER. DISPOSED. DEGENERATED. DECOMPOSED. BAND MEMBERS ARE EASILY REPLACED. REHEARSALS WERE LIKE BEING HIT OVER THE HEAD WITH A SHOVEL.

I DIG UP THE (COUGH-LESS-REMEMBERED). I THROW OUT A JESTER SKULL. THE BEST JOKE IN YEARS. WHO'S THAT, TWO MEN. PRINCE HAMLET. VOCAL VIBRATIONS. LIKE TO SING LOW ON THE JOB MYSELF. THAT'S THE WAY THE WORLD WORKS. WHAT COMES AROUND GOES AROUND. THIS GRAVE ISN'T FOR A MAN. OR A WOMAN. THEY'RE DEAD. YOURS M'ID. HOW ASK YOURSELF. I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT ENGLAND, NOW LEAVE. SCRAM.
"Inside out bouncing off the ceiling upside down stranger to this feeling got no clue what I should do" Asterisks

My interp:

Inside/outside is another dualism heterosexism upholds. Kind of related to active/passive, penetrator/penetrated. Take my body. I would like to think if my skin as an impermeable back sealing in my organs, keeping the inside in and outside out. This respect I wish my skin is selectively permeable, on the cellular level even. Bacteria and viruses and pollen, dirt, oils, all get in me all the time. For a clogged pore and then an unblocked pore is the blackhead and the exfoliator. The same inside/outside binary thinking of environment...
NO IM NOT A BRONY

the last three decades or so have, indeed, crept into and (in many ways) effectively colonized queer subjectivities. It’s inadequate to take aim at the low-hanging fruit of mainstream recuperation of “queerness” when consumption and entrepreneurship have been normalized in even arguably radical corridors. At the level of the grassroots (the anarchist bookstore; the organizing meeting; the activist listservs—for instance), there is hard-pressed to notice a sort of open marketplace of vocabulary in which much is traded, but little is absorbed or made one’s own. The language of transnarratives often serves an overly to say nothing of fiercely competitive performance of radical authenticity; a sort of fog sitting atop a landscape in which the ethics from which that language springs seem to animate very little. Simply in repurposing this language in such performances, we can observe a certain colonization, and the reinscription of a colonial ethics—an insult salting the injuries of ongoing institutionalized domination, and our failure(s) to break with it.

At the intersection with ecological considerations, we might cast a critical, ethical gaze toward neoliberal approaches to self-formation; the manner in which they perpetuate an inertia with predictable ecological returns—in both the most material sense, and in the sense of the less material landscapes in which we encounter each other. While his being quoted on it is now so frequent I fear it’s lost much of its gravity. German anarchist Gustav Landauer was onto something quite powerful when he argued that the State is a social condition, and way of being; that we dismantle it to the extent that “contract other relationships,” and “behave differently”. The task is not to atomize radical transformation into isolated lifestyle choices, furthering the neoliberal project. The task is, rather, in the contracting of other relationships that give central place to critique as an act of intimacy; where interventions against ecologically destructive patterns in both our relations and the world at large are deeply erotic undertakings—acts that cast care as an overt gesture of refusal.

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