A Hopeful Future

Towards audacious, authentic, voluntary, mutually beneficial, joyful relationships and community...

And abolition of the systems and institutions that keep us alienated from those possibilities

Collectively produced in metro Detroit, April 2020
AUDACIOUS  (noun)

1. showing a willingness to take surprisingly bold risks
2. showing an impudent lack of respect
Paternity certainty preserves generational wealth - does it matter who owns whom?

What would it look like if our access to resources wasn't tied to marriage, 'sexual' interaction, birth conditions, nations?

What if we didn't need men at all?
Ghazal bursting from a cardboard box

Where will we build our fires? There are so many of us, and we gotta gather there.

We lit it with our words, we lit it with pizza boxes; I gave it all my vigor for a gust of air back there.

Ash in the hearth, fruit-dark bruise, crescent hickeys waxing on my back — all day I feel you there.

I'm radiantly, irrevocably well-fucked, can't go back to how I was before. It's just not there.

You know you can look at the past, but you should never stare. No double vision, no second one, no couple, no pair.

What's coming up, I hear it creaking on the stair. Tell me nothing insincere; tell me what's really there —

'I don't want to be lost,' I said; 'Oh, you won't be,' you replied, and held me right there.

Now the dawning year runs its fingers through our newest hair. The old one gone as locks. Hear the humming buzzer — right there?

Tonight the moon smiles over Woodward like they love us. And tomorrow? I don't know about you, but I wanna be there. I wanna be there

laden with buckets of fruit, flowers from the trash too many to carry, bursting with seeds, yeah! here's your invitation — meet me there —
by the 20th, the air was filled with frustrated moanings; women maundered, yearning only to 'surrender,' and 'give themselves,' adore and to be adored
I didn’t choose to be straight! All sexual orientations are equally valid.

When you say Straight people, you don’t mean me, right?

I’m choosing monogamy, but I’m okay with everyone else doing whatever they want.

Why do you talk so much about being Queer?

I’m okay with the LGBT cause.

LGBT people focus too much on sex.

End Straight Supremacy! Queer Liberation Now!
*Food obtained from dumpsters
# The Relationship Escalator

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Traditional Steps</th>
<th>Costs &amp; Harms</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Buying a home, raising children, have shared impact on next generation</td>
<td>Validation from dominant social narrative, nuclear family as</td>
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<tr>
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<td>consumer unit, generational wealth reproduces class</td>
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<td>Getting married and having children (possibly)</td>
<td>Acquire State and Church approval, association is no longer</td>
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<td>voluntary (legal contract)</td>
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<td>Co-habitation, sharing finances, getting engaged or equivalent</td>
<td>Additional barriers to exit strategies, increased co-identification</td>
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<tr>
<td>Planning long-term shared future, accountability for whereabouts and behavior,</td>
<td>Costs of separation increase, desires and behavior are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>meeting, families of origin</td>
<td>policed/controlled, start (re)producing coercive family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Establishment</td>
<td>Claiming &amp; Defining</td>
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<tr>
<td>Adapting life rhythms</td>
<td>Use of time is reliant on</td>
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<td>to each other,</td>
<td>the other, well-being is</td>
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<td>developing patterns</td>
<td>co-dependent</td>
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<td>together</td>
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More info at communitiesnotcouples.com; Steps adapted from OffEscalator.com
"monogamy" was founded to privatize generational wealth over collectivism. Women became exploited, controlled, and owned; perhaps following the same model as domesticated animals, also owned and bred under early "civilization."

Sexual freedom—for the benefit of men—assiduously practiced by the ruling class, it is denounced only nominally.
Ghazal in a (hot sauce) bottle

Been feeling the current in my veins, something queer.
The autumn water, flight of geese, everything feels queer.

I dreamt of holding a contraband bottle: poison, potion,
potent as hot sauce. For safe keeping in my cunt, isn’t that so queer.

I’ve got that tincture, that medicine. I’ve heard
that people are each other’s medicine, and cocked a queer ear.

I’m attentive to what you give: your time, your lemon pronoun.
Glance from your rose-rimmed shades, and when we fucked, here,
on the hard riverbank, and laughed and laughed and laughed.
That was good. The goddess of real and brazen gladness is queer.

Our little planet like a fruit on the sky’s lip; could eat us right now.
Sour mouthful, burst of history, lingering taste of something queer.

And I touch the faded hickey-place, collarbone you graced, love
among abundant loves. The way you cocked an eyebrow was queer.

Spark of invitation, flutter of thrush’s wings — of all these movements,
the fair one I think is the one that is moved again and again, though it may sound queer.
a profession achieved through marriage, 'housewife,' could be invented to suit the economy. The kitchen could be glorified and made more expensive and desirable.

**Home Ec**

**Problem:**
- To store, measure, dilute, and add bleach to your wash water... and avoid risk of bleach damage.

**Answer:** Only the new General Electric Easy-Flo® Washer with Automatic Bleach Dispenser to be owned by some man and set down in a little brick box to buy all the things that the manufacturers wanted them to buy would be the highest form of bliss.

**Wives.**
Redirct the life of each and every woman to sell themselves to a man that they might achieve some small, uneconomic unit of a home -- upon which money could be spent.
Out back the planting:
toes - soil - beetle - breaking.
The rake handle snaps.
The sky opens for a moment
and my heart mirrors.

You called it a murmur -
how much we share with
pea pod, with bean.
Imagine the room empty,
the pillars dangling.

The brunch guests arrive
and I suppress kisses.
Imagine their surprise.
Maybe there is
something to grow.

We, the ground:
stir and aerate,
till ourselves
and see what comes.
We all deserve nutrition and pleasure

Make all food free

All food purchase under Capitalism is unethical
Bake solidarity cookies for your workplace. Use them to engender co-feeling and reciprocity at the break table.

Then agitate, organize, speak truth to power, and walk the fuck out together because that job is not worth your life.