

NISHA RAMAYYA

FUTURES FLOWERS

You want to imagine futures. You want to create futures' objects in your mind and to hold them there, until your mind turns into the shapes of these objects. The practice of imagining turns into the rightness of action, according to the metaphysics of the ritual, so that flowers formed by the hands become the fruits of the practice become abolition's efflorescence. The ritual must be repeated until it turns on itself, its objects destroying their causality. You turn on yourself, move into the void in yourself, and begin...

The red door to the temple is guarded by two elephants, both vomiting rainbows. Their vomit meets in the sky above them and fuses to form a lunette. The lunette is decorated with brides-to-be standing a corpse-width apart. One is to be enjoyed; one worshipped only. The brides are protected by lions, who are nothing like the real police sitting across the street from the real temple. They protect and enforce the reality that requires them; you do not require them.

You prefer these lions who prop open their mouths with the heads of your enemies. You decide to substitute yourself for your enemies, abolishing liberalism by means of liberalism, placing your head in the lion's mouth. Lying between the brides you realise that your body is corpse-width; yours is the corpse by which you must enter.

Past the first hurdle, you throw coloured powders at the space where the door should be, trying to make it appear in your mind. It's a jewelled throne on an island of butter in the ocean of milk. It's a forest of the lotus of the heart that abides in the citadel. It's a red door to a temple in the cremation ground inside your body. Mind guards the door to consciousness.

The coloured powders fall into a geometric pattern on the ground of being and nonbeing. You lie down and puff your way in—it's easy!—you make it all the way, breaking through three straight lines, discontinuing tenses. Blow time out of mind, let futures flowers...

Another line appears, a dark line formed by a cloud's shadow. The cloud rearranges itself in the sky—it's an elephant, it's your mind stuck in mind—the dark line marks its time of death. The elephant bursts into hundreds of thousands of silvery spheres. You stand in the shadows, looking up, mouth wide open in awe of futurity. You swallow spheres, internalise obstacles that you may pass them through your body. Pass memories of elephants, pass clouds.

The line increases and covers ground; it's the side of a circle, accounting for error. The circumference is planted with golden arms, reaching upwards, stretching to hold each other's hands at the apex. You know there are no multicoloured hands across the world; there are oceans of wine surrounding mountains of flesh. Nevertheless, you visualise a circle of arms raising a cone of power, vitriol crystallising into bluestone. True solidarity is a beautiful and charmingly corrosive process. What if the future is faceless?

Return to the shadows. You project your shadows onto the clouds, casting your self-esteem, all those little mothers, into outer space. Mind-rays alight! Little mothers carry lamps out of your body and up to the stars. Infatuated with darkness, you resist their advice: "Luminosity is the state of things that are luminous and also of things that are dark."

You want to be left alone with your mind-rays, a cosmic puppet, dangling in the grandeur of the inner void, your desirelessness. But you are surrounded by kissy noises, resonating concentrically. Everyone and everything is kissing, except you! Your mouth is stuffed full of flowers and even these flowers are kissing each other, inside your mouth as if you were simply a space in which desire takes place. You struggle to imagine kissing from the perspective of your mouth. Your tongue is a brazen plate struck by lightning,

and struck, and struck. You know that subtle sounds are better, unstruck sounds are best, and bite down on your tongue.

You bite off the head of your enemy and join in with anticipation. The cracks in the walls of the temple are stuffed with little yellow chrysanthemums. You remove these flowers and destabilise the temple in your race to one-pointed consciousness, which is the brain-facing lotus at the crown of your skull. The crown hides a hole, into which sky drips, feeding the thousand-petalled lotus that blooms behind and occasionally into and out of your eyes, your ears, your mouth. Feel the petals tickle your mind when you shake your head out of time. Feel the roots of the lotus penetrate the wet soil of sky and spread into the infinite wetness of space. No, not yet; the temple stands.

You must grasp the triangles, for one who is not a triangle must not worship triangles. The lines and angles suggest hundreds of thousands of awkward bodies, golden arms, sword-fighting, sunbeams, laser quests, illuminated parts. But you strive for unbroken light, sectionless consciousness, sparkling waves of bliss.

The triangles exist in another dimension. They cast shadows in the shape of cubes in the shape of spheres, cast these shadows upon your body, cover your body in perfect solids. How absurd, the masters say, to spread perfection on your body like jam on bread. But you delight in hyperreality, this calculated immersion in pleasure, you pass yourself through your body without breaking your body, you make your shadows dance.

Your shadows hold hands, rub beaks, play footsie, wind tails together, totter rosily, cheek to cheek, bumpity bump bump bump. They circle each other, full-body bobbing; they take each other by surprise, stand to attention, and star-gaze. The absolute soul of the universe is an assemblage of migratory birds, whose agitation is indeed creation. You understand that when they say they dream to change the world, what they really mean is that they sleep badly. You say something about sleeping badly: “the death of death whose

destruction is liberation.” You say nothing about the seeds in your heart, the roots creeping into your circulatory system, the seedlings poking out of your centre of consciousness.

In truth, your desires are infinite, your actions infinitesimal. You are as close as you can get to the centre before sneezing, the temple inside you implodes in a mess of cremation ash, yellow pollen, third-eye twinkle, and sonic dot. You are as far away as you can get from the world without renouncing it. Opposing yourself, you do all this as an offering to me, these flowers formed by the hands, this worship through the flesh, these lightning flashes of social life, this rhythm through rightness and opposition. You turn out of these objects, turning out.

FOLLOWING THE EVENT

• *KCL Picket: Pension and Pay Strikes (The Strand, 26 February 2018)* •
Bread & Roses for All, and Hormones Too (St John on Bethnal Green, 27
February 2018) • *March for Education: Pension and Pay Strikes (Bedford*
Square-Westminster, 28 February 2018) • *Women's Strike (Russell Square, 8*
March 2018) • *Solidarity with Yarl's Wood Hunger Strikers (Home Office, 8*
March 2018) •

desperate to think and to apprehend
parts of communities that follow the protest
which parts and why they walk in clouds
 of yellow smoke it matters the smoke
comes from a can it matters the future
 insecure particles of communities
does impartial matter do these empty seats
 we plan to meet making similarities

 relative to our pickets relation is made up
 all of the struggles in the world we message
each other small and big struggles
we plan to meet on the street
 even the smallest there is no loneliness
 like the loneliness follows a sunset
we shouldn't forget a single one of them
 solidity is freedom from empty

small and big spaces completely filled up
the property these women's bodies dissuade
 workers from entering arms linking arms
 hands on hips signal unsatisfied

desires alone women signalling no
go nowhere while we're cooking
we're claiming you're at home
in me you've got the better of me

making invisible rationalisation of work
we're exclusive as home is from work
work home we're dependent
as aloneness to completion
ugly goddess rises from beautiful bodies
still-burning bodies unapprehended
"in numberless roses and rest shines"
all men look she clouds the sacrifice

we cross the street to meet our friends
every particle in sympathetic relation
with every other particle our only property
linked arms let me away with too much
let me take too much late to the present
kept secret the speakers look up to the sky
is a flowering bud isolated from tree
kept secret the blockade so formed

arms not connected with anything else
speakers direct their oneness upwards
exposing the evening sky to risk
dissolution struck through with sorrow
happiness depends upon continuity if
we look like a solid or unbroken mass
if we satisfy desires without labour
a single one of us bodies assertion

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being at many not desirous forever
in the pub that follows the picket
the next night settles immediately

our deep divisions flow into the sky
no time for “light and air” we can
“love and sorrow” after the event
dissolution as the absence of difference
not tonight ‘my heart desires too much’

every body projecting onto every other
body we’re afraid of losing ourselves
demand bodily autonomy access to healthcare
reproductive justice what have we got
to lose directly in service of shatter
*“expression after the shatter
of these hierarchies”* mirror
invisible the limits of family love

will my own self will disappear
discontinuities of care some demand
some relation no longer relation
how can we help and who can we ask
don’t look accept good collaboration
admit your obsolescence unblock
every opening abandoning property
smoke out your own occupying space

if you must stay you have dependents
name your signifying infinite your signature
beat spirit with wings rise for the duration
of the event petition widespread consent
drift upon specifics how much by when
the form would be better not end after name
prepare your defences you are not at risk
separate lighter particles blow them away

belch the purple clouds out of your body
go over your argument call in your favours
stand in your power “come, you spirits
that tend on mortal thoughts” “come, thick night”
you are frown-born smoke-gendered

end-willed “directly in contact with
everything possible” no longer the enemy
remembering “you can have what you ask for,

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ask for / everything” remember you can
refuse to wait and wait refuse to work
and work by virtue of your witch’s
breasts your idle hands unsexing life
will your own future will disappear
the commutation of sympathy for fear
sister on sister determined by mirrors
put down by their bodies exposed to male

violence exposing their wounds weapons
repressive empowerment their busy hands
femininity modelled on making us similar
making everyday acts of bad nature
acts of good citizenship pink sociality
legislated and enforced
we avoid pursing our lips making fun
of pursed lips the international division

of labour lengthens the working day
her legs spread the limits set by the sun
we share the same enemies
our sympathies the limits set by our enemies
to instrumentalise these pronouns
to valorise these shifts these vaster fields of view
let’s stop suffering correspondence
while we were drifting in and out

of rhetorical positions talking about
dancing all night when we were young
last weekend she’s reported drifting smoke
meaning resides in the attempt to be close
particles don’t lose themselves just like that

strike for solidarity signal across the street
we will drive our bodies into the ground
commuting soil for spirit for soil

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for the lowest and highest possible knowledge
“the enlightened and unenlightened will shake
hands” will pull spirit down from sky
we stand upon spirit handholding pitchforks
ugly goddess sets bright stars to fall
into disuse solid black clouds sustain
us as well as anonymous charges
impartial mechanisms of absence of light

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restraints may be undetermined brown
and black arms wave from partially opened
windows to hear with the arms to see with
the legs kicking foretelling shut it down communicable
to the uninitiated spreading beyond
the bounds of propriety we sing outside
the home office our petitions for freedom
shatter the illusion of freedom signing

our names to the charge that “everything
beyond a spreadsheet is a mystery to them”
we destroy the whole world the great
spreadsheet after the event after the dissolution
of spirit we level disenchantment
starting again from the ground contemptuous
not for forever songs fade away contemptuous
not for continuities we message each other

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we plan to meet

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