



Logging out...

The oomph of your saliva coupled with the curves of your fleshy gum is the perfect chaos one desires to be collided with, a sweaty collision, erogenous convulsions driving one's tongue to the edge of sanity...I see your লোম making nature calls...chutneyed sprouts of my longing lingering across the spread of your such calls!

her metallic clitoris suspends the চুল of my cortex... she is a cosmic UV of suspension, a penal tube with a discreet autonomy, an ovulatory কুরো that runs deep into the মেঝে of critical fantasy...

Hello folks. Here's some good news.

Even freedom is a state. omnipresent.

and

which really what 'absolute freedom' like.

the seeable state of affairs, 'captured' by capture of such of the state, a

record of balance sheet. There's no such thing as 'absolute freedom' because absolute freedom is absolute anarchy, something which does not meet the required standards of a considerable free subject. Freedom is the standardization of a sensible subject (in control) and therein comes the idea of 'responsibilization'. Freedom is what the 'control society' wants you to believe in. Every act of 'given' freedom is a signature of the state, by the state and for the state. Freedom is an act of control considered by the state in exchange for acting responsibly within the limits of freedom. It's a moral prescription that is forced upon us in order to make ourselves feel guilty when (and if) somebody thinks of crossing over the 'margins of freedom'. So, it is freedom only that takes away the 'if' element from life and becomes a routinisation of control. Freedom is a **debt** considered by the state and therefore, a direct demand of one's wilful submission to the sovereign power. Freedom is the *actuality* of control. Freedom is both a direct and an indirect surveillance of the state.

document, signed by the Signatures are

Total freedom is total anarchy, something that can never be a possibility in life.

Life is a documentation of, what i call, 'margins of freedom'.

Freedom has borderlines margins beyond nobody knows

feels

Freedom is

point, a catchable

a sense-value that can be

the logic of sense. Freedom is the

margins, a knowable end in logic. It is a document

record of balance sheet. There's no such thing as 'absolute

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Protests are slowly converting into spaces of 'safe mobility'. What is 'the জনগণ'?

I have been participating in some 'planned' protest marches and quite frankly, I don't understand it fully. While visibility is important on paper, I simply cannot consider 'planned' marches to be of any shock-use. Rather, the marches are blueprints of responsabilized affairs where people find solace in advertised walks and self-promotional humanism. Narcissism follows soon after and residents feel happy about doing their 'bit'. Protests can neither be systematized nor can rage be held accountable for irresponsible affairs. In its spectacular systematicity, protests are losing their inherent chaotic drives which are run by surpluses of emotions and risks. The surplus provokes a re-action of mobilization that incessantly provokes desires of shock-value whose usability doesn't necessarily align with the system of 'planned' operations. The shock is used both intuitively by the actors as well as the non-actors, that is, people who are both within and without the legality of the state. Shock-use cannot be fully apprehended by either the actors or the state, as it is the outcome of drives that run on the outpouring of two moments apparently: residue of time (residual past) and surplus-present (present which is more than the 'just' present). Protests will keep on losing its milieu of 'shock-use' as long as crowd gatherings are democratized into road shows for dissent. Rage knows no democracy or dissent. It is simply an affair of excess and the current staging of marches is taking away the rage of people while making them spaces of 'safe mobility'. The safety is, of course, maintained by the surveillance of the perpetrators, that is the government, against whom the marches are planned. Ironically, the state holds the key to both its exclusivity (as an Absolute body) and inclusivity (the state allowing its state of affairs to be questioned) so long as protests are informed beforehand for 'damage control'.

Solidarity knows nothing of 'damage control'. In this project, I would like to read the concept of solidarity from lens of a creative involution, a non-heteronormative desire that doesn't cater to the Oedipalized regimes of narcissism or despair. Relations are borne out of relations and cannot be pre-empted by any grand socio-political machinery. Solidarity, here, is an act of *creative aberration*, a pungent rupture in the ethics of social justice. Art that doesn't only disturb but spreads like an unwarranted desirous infection, where *excess* creates a playground of imagining untimely relations.

I believe that my greatest strength will eventually lead to my irreparable downfall. I'm not a rational object of law. Did bear the brunt of being moody and temperamental from time to time. I've lost and failed and have broken-down on several occasions in private and public spaces, and on both personal and professional levels.

No, I don't believe that rationality applies when it comes to the idea of love. It's a surge of complex emotions that makes us choose insanity over sanity, absurdity over rationality, schizophrenia over logic. And the basic part is that I don't understand any of the above brackets of human desire. I don't wish to be an object of rationality anymore. I wish to be a creature, an effective multiple, a schizoid who takes divergent paths of actions, suffers centrifugally, moans and shrieks and farts and darts and bleeds puss, mucus and slimy yucky growths.

I do crazy stuff because I've taken the route towards illogical cantonment. Learning makes us raw. Degrees polish the raw meat and makes it gaudy. Let's 'go a little schizo'! I'm an impulsive stream of chaos who readily accepts potty-travel over biriyani contests. I'm everything but a rational human.

What are these people?

Isn't this rationality too, rationing my 'illogical cantonment'? This is the paradox! Solidarity can be about creating lines of relations that aren't clearly visible to our sense of social regimentation. But, that doesn't mean that the unclear foggy foamy lines of tension are missing from the state of affairs! It's all about taking a leap of faith and embracing risks that are supposed to be go *wayward* as per the regimentation goes. There are pluralistic vectors of imagining solidarity and the ecology surrounding it's peopled design. But, who are these people? Antropocentric? Humanist? Moralist? Legalist? Rationalist? This? That? Rather, I aim at the problem of *what* are these people? What makes them people-like or not? What makes them enjoy the process of solidarity or not? What makes them accountable for their decisions or not?

They are the *excess* of samaj, disavowed extras, connivers and whose composition is very much grounded in the materiality of their existence. They are disgustive, vomitive and contagious in nature, echoing calls for pungency all around the

streets of civility. I call them *hagu-kobis* of the world, abjected yet metabolic in design, foul yet determines the health of a system. One can also look at hagu-kobis as the coolants of a system that runs on an 24*7 engine of factory-signifieds and certitudes. Hagu-kobis, as a concept, can be looked at as an affect that looks at *joyful miscreancy*, a fun-filled ride where mischief takes the place of telos. The discarded invisibilized repugnant Others who are often considered to be disposable waste or a burden to the sacrality of state apparatus. I'm interested in the rhetoric of *disposability* as an embodied sign-structure that re-cyclically 'comes back' because the very structure

that eliminates them needs the layout of profanity to be ‘set apart’ for future elimination from its blueprint. In this sense, structurally speaking, both sides are entwined in an ecology of semiotic entanglement, so much so that there is a kind of inter-active habitation that sets up a site of spatial contestation. This space, or *spatial involution*, is what Gary Genosko talks of when studying Guattari in his book, *Critical Semiotics* (2016):

A-signifying semiotics are defined relationally by Guattari against signifying semiologies, beyond which- outside the strata defined by content and expression planes and form-matter-substance relations- are a-semiotic encodings (genetic and other codes involving signaletic communication among viruses, cells, bacteria that are stripped of any projected writing “onto” them (17).

Hagu shakti

You can hear the smell, touch the smell, feel
the smell, eat the smell, almost!

That's what hagu does to you!
It philosophizes itself into minor political
touches!

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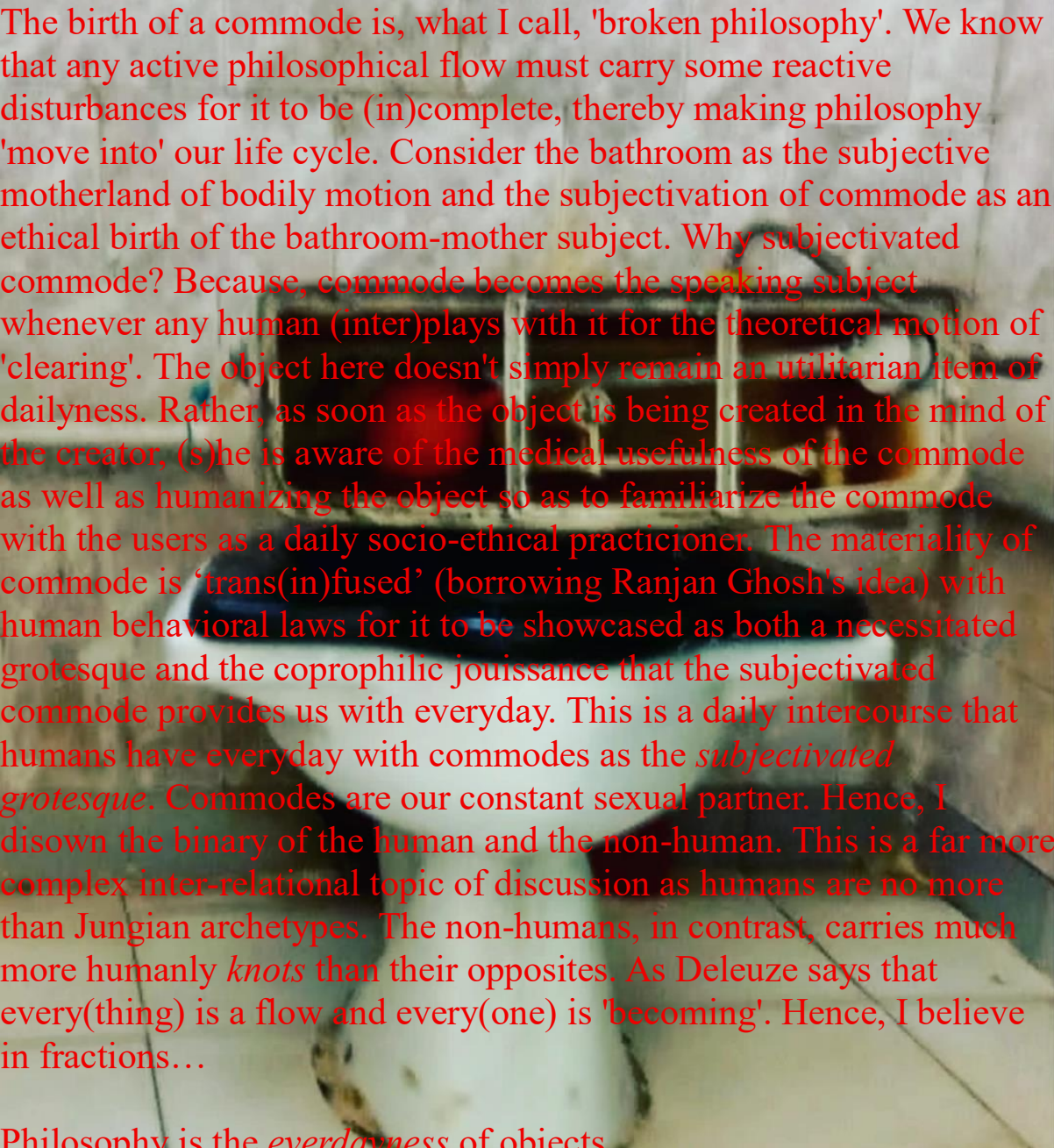
Hagu

Hagu is genderless
casteless, non-racist, a neutral motion in life!

Hagu is freedom

colored scented freedom from the crutches of
sovereign power

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The birth of a commode is, what I call, 'broken philosophy'. We know that any active philosophical flow must carry some reactive disturbances for it to be (in)complete, thereby making philosophy 'move into' our life cycle. Consider the bathroom as the subjective motherland of bodily motion and the subjectivation of commode as an ethical birth of the bathroom-mother subject. Why subjectivated commode? Because, commode becomes the *speaking subject* whenever any human (inter)plays with it for the theoretical motion of 'clearing'. The object here doesn't simply remain an utilitarian item of dailyness. Rather, as soon as the object is being created in the mind of the creator, (s)he is aware of the medical usefulness of the commode as well as humanizing the object so as to familiarize the commode with the users as a daily socio-ethical practitioner. The materiality of commode is 'trans(in)fused' (borrowing Ranjan Ghosh's idea) with human behavioral laws for it to be showcased as both a necessitated grotesque and the coprophilic jouissance that the subjectivated commode provides us with everyday. This is a daily intercourse that humans have everyday with commodes as the *subjectivated grotesque*. Commodes are our constant sexual partner. Hence, I disown the binary of the human and the non-human. This is a far more complex inter-relational topic of discussion as humans are no more than Jungian archetypes. The non-humans, in contrast, carries much more humanly *knots* than their opposites. As Deleuze says that every(thing) is a flow and every(one) is 'becoming'. Hence, I believe in fractions...

Philosophy is the *everdayness* of objects.

Ps: This is my college bathroom with the 'broken' philosophical commode.

Ranjan Ghosh, in his boi, *Trans(in)fusion* writes as such:

Trans(in)fusion is a method of 'doing' and 'living' and our non-method too- a map with which we begin to think through issues, disciplines, discourses and expire at a point where the initial map remains with a smudge, a torn, frayed end, a splotch and, also, a few more maps that we could not help collecting down the way, we needed on our journey, we indulged procuring to effect a more exciting finish...Trans(in)fusion, for me, is less a compulsion and more a campaign. It is an experience which we, most often, cannot do without- a delectation, an allurements, a latency and education (Ghosh 2).

What is creativity without barging into the chemistry of madness?

What is madness without an autopsy of social physics?

What is physics without any relation to kobita?

What is relativity without any grammar of isolation?

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It's only when you waste time that you start to feel the heaviness of time.

PhDs are as good as blind spots.

Illusion has an elusive structure

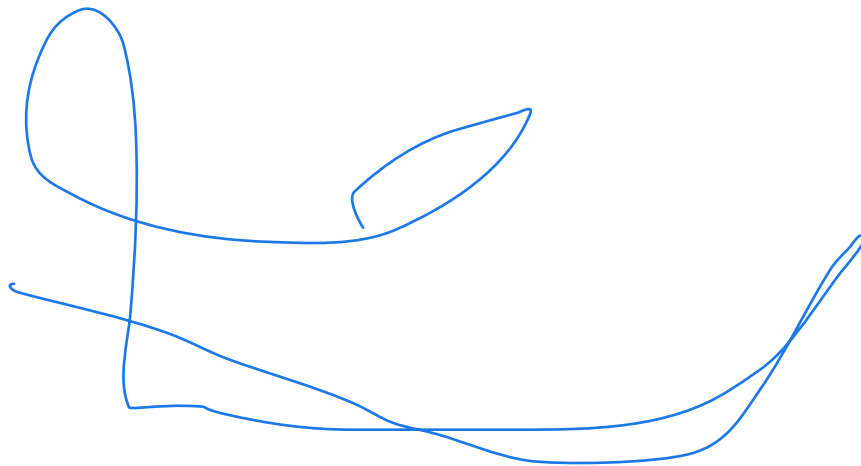
Illusions are sometimes a necessary medium of chaos!

It connects with a diagram of unstable potentiality of desires

Am i an illusion of illusion? Who's the 'i' here?

May i have the positivity of an ant's heightened consciousness?!

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*your earlobes raise the thermometer
of my lungs...*



*To be mercilessly drowned in the abyss of unrequited
chahat is to relive some moments of truth from samay...
You start to enjoy the pain of getting choked, your ears
getting numb and cold with every passing hour, fate
slapping hard right between your thighs and then the
pleasure of collapse!*

Love is the footholding of expansive uncertainty, an essence of non-place, where desires catapult into jargons of authenticity. A 'restive dialectic' meets an ethics of restlessness where spots of time move into crevices of non-place, making botheration, a case for sublime accident.

Nihilism is more about engaging the profundity of the Other with the self, an integrated wiring of self-enquiry, affirming a psychosomatic reflexivity of 'ethical distanciation'. One's nihilism is one's route to the ideology of jouissance.

Longing for the tissue of one's agony, the scales of one's past, the ষা of one's desire, the blood of one's chahat, the fabric of one's restlessness, the secrecy of one's beats, the heat of one's tension, the drama of one's eroticism, the cannibalism of one's appetite, the puss of one's thought, the থিদে of one's thirst, the saltiness of one's aloneness, the brushing of one's dawn, the teeth of one's dusk, the animism of one's trauma, the diagram of one's resistance, the veins of one's silence, the cracks in one's skin, the cuts of one's time, the curse of one's breath, the pulse of one's vomit, the pact of one's stimulation, the fear of one's failing in love...



the any entry
or ant

love is like a dust particle
it is the particularity of a particle in the motion of dust
love isn't dustable
it ain't durable either
it is what it is
maybe the perpetual cojoining of ampersand
particle's particularity.

∴ loving you is like searching for the entry-exit point of a dust particle

loving you is like searching for the entry-exit point of a dust particle in life



it is the of life & life is the above of love
বাজে হল লেখালেখা যায় না যাচ্ছেনা টি

Eroticism is a kind of spiritual healing, an antinomian cumming of restive thresholds, a gush of radical pungency coupled with an outflow of runny residues of otherness. Solidarities must be built on erotic vertiginous bonds of cumulative cumming!

*The semen of one's touch, the spit of one's alterity,
the odour of one's excess, the cough of one's nudity,
the strangulation of one's cornea, the rope of one's
waiting, the abscess of one's detour, the ulcer of one's
sensitivity, the ফোড়া of one's summer, the পুঁজ of
one's stammering, the ময়লা of one's desire, the মলাট
of one's বাসনা, the falality of one's death wish, the
muckiness of one's trauma-blanket, the commode of
one's fever, the gel of one's absence, the botch of one's
tongue, the runniness of one's smell, the pickle of one's
garbage, the rubbish of one's affair, the cavity of one's
letting go...*

**There's the gift of existential-pottery in
the quotidian matters of survival, for every
force belongs to the life-making processes of
worldly matters.**



**Being sexy is being vulnerable
to the point of touching the
skin of one's existential
threshold. The touch becomes
the fabric of the other's
desire.**

Nihilism is more about engaging the profundity of the Other with the self, an integrated wiring of self-enquiry, affirming a psychosomatic reflexivity of 'ethical distanciation'. One's nihilism is one's route to the ideology of jouissance.

Isn't pessimism an inverse way
of embracing the uncertainty
of optimism?

I know not what love is. A complex affair of webbed silences in a field of elusive singularities? Or an act of simple connection without benefit? Guess what! I don't think I haven't been able to love thyself, let alone anyone else. Or am I being too narrow in my sensations? Am I a sensitive bloke? The question remains.

**I'd rather be a খচ্চর or a গাধা
than an AC conditioned
furball. No animals were
harmed during the making of
this statement.**

The greying of one's wishcraft, the ceramics of one's anxiety, the metallics of one's aftertaste, the convex of one's curves, the crevices of one's intestines, the hydraulics of one's raised eyebrows, the slit in one's skeleton, the bowel-design of one's anticipation, the flowers of one's extinction, the bones of one's exhaustion, the gastrodesign of one's NO...

In between the folds of sweaty nerves and the tentacular lips of ovaries, between the bruises of hardcore nights and the blank puffy days, lies the navel of desire, the stretch marks of stenchy bites, curd-like gums and the vulva of muddy passions...

Let the white-coated tongue of ours taste the acidic burps of love-making.

Very few talk about or think of love as a theatre of violent calisthenics, a tremulous desire of freeing oneself from the clutches of fearful boredom, a restless anxiety that triggers the hallucinogenic potential of one's wishcraft, an erotic storm leaving bloody marks of cannibalic intimacy on the bodies of fluids and flesh! Savagery might just be an ethical optic from which to perceive bodies getting created out of various degenerative contours of love-making. Not the other way round! Bodily juices, erotic ghee, sensitive lickings and other runny interfaces could just be the magic of love-making as a fruitful weapon for times to cum!

Let the wild porcupine-like bloodstream of love free us all from the prescription of love. It is a wilful abstraction, অ-ধার্মিক বেনিয়ম চ্যাটচ্যাটে space whose technology lies suspended in a state of vertiginous blank sheet, always too far but always so easy!

Mistakes make me

dedicated to soil...earthworms...life

Reflecting on the *art* of solidarity

What is solidarity? What do we mean by the term justice? How is Law getting the better of social justice? Where does the concept of solidarity fit in amidst the turmoil of social justice and Law? There have been serious critical debates and theories written on the nature of democracy and its pitfalls, utopias and futures, science and law, experiments and population studies, contestation and cultural studies. Frankly speaking, there's too many of them and whom to refer to. It's a good problem to have nonetheless. The more the merrier. My project is none of that, to be very honest. Solidarity, for me, is an act of creation, developing concepts from various domains of thought, be it social or antisocial (abjected side of the story) and I feel a deep sense of justice towards the creation of poetry not as a literary sidekick but as a solidary art form that doesn't depend on any school of thought but is a convergence of polyvocal desires and *encrusted eroticism*. 'Encrustation of eroticism' is to define a pseudo-structural layer of ill-defined desires amongst the many other layers of thinking-equilibrium. Now, I will not be engaging into referencing and stuff since this is not how I have envisaged my project to be, a dry theoretical apparatus, acting as a claimant of knowledge-making. Surely, I will give a few references and from where I have borrowed my ideas for my readers to get acquainted with the process but not in a strict MLA-like format. My intention is to create a dialogue between the text and the reader (myself included) so as to design a fabric of solidarity, starting with the author and not at a distance. So, my idea of solidarity, in this project, is to look at the vehicular aspects of poetry-making and it's 'a-signifying' encounter with intensive states of affect, pungency being one of them. The idea is that everything that is being jotted down isn't something that has any grand telos or finitude. This project is a way to addressing disparate ideas that come in as a playful gesture and become a field of thought-dots. Reflections, I do believe, are supposed to go beyond mere representationalism and encounter a radical contingency 'from within'. The contingent is never outside the structure of alterity. The *uncanny* is housed within the structures of hospitality and ethics. The 'virtual' is the un-realized non-localizable potential of the real which

Deleuze and Guattari discussed as opposed to the 'actual'. Deleuze and Guattari become one of the primary philosophical frameworks in the text (if there's any philosophy at all) and because of their influence upon me, I have attempted to look at the crevices of mossy corridors of thinking-feeling and not contemplate too much on the after-life of my project.

Now, I remember, in one of the interviews available on YouTube, James Baldwin talks of 'love' and how love as a sole idea hasn't been used as a political weapon or as an affective strategy for the upliftment of humanity or solidarity, in general. Love, as a concept, always refers to something else that defines what love is, more so about constructs and signifieds. Love isn't a destination of any sort. It's a journey that might take us to some place, an accidental elsewhere, which is never the case when we think of 'love' as a social category. It has always, more often than not, been performed as a medium via which social *matchability* takes place; an instrument of social weightage, a reciprocal balance sheet with countless offerings of rituals and promises. In fact, most philosophers across most continents have opined on the concept of love and what it means as an ethical category. Much deliberation has already been done and more so will happen in the times to come. It's all good and in the right spirit! But we must remember that too much deliberation on any idea reduces it to a site of conjectural stasis with the hope that which trajectory can lead to where and how. This becomes a mechanised way of treating an idea from above, or at a critical distance, so that nobody gets engulfed by the tides of emotion or get too involved so that one loses the objectivity of one's intellectual faculty. Love, mostly, has been theorized from the angles of one's authorial faculty so much so that some concept of love has the ownership of some respected author (Badiou, bell hooks, etc etc). The authorship authorizes the framework of love and by the end of one's reading, the concept becomes a toolkit to be further theorized upon in some other books or journal writing. Is this really the fate of 'love' and its content of expression. It remains a ceremonial study of emotions and ethics and connectivity and what not! I say, 'love' needs to be *felt* as a crematorial groundwork, a theatre of death-wish, an excremental

avalanche, the divine *fall* from grace. The rhetoric says that one must 'fall' in love but in terms of loving, everything else is considered but the 'fall'. It's a risky affair, we must admit but one that we must try to encounter if we are to build solidarity bonds or actively participate in theory-construction and jargon-playing! The anal fissures of theory-activists must take into account a mesh of 'schizometric thinking' when it comes to the uncompromising nature of love and love-making. Love-making isn't just bodily but an affective *prefigural* construction where heterogenous components from various social fields and endo-graphic intensities converge in a psychosomatic carnival, with no formal end/ends. Love-making is the orgy of a process, an ectopic transcendence which might signal the far-sightedness of certitudes. Love is like an orgy-driven power, able to manipulate the moods of hegemony into an *ectopic pregnancy*, an anomalous cavity, a semiological orchestrator of 'schizometric' circuits that doesn't rely on any willing suspension of disbelief. Love and love-making can be very much *grounded* in its ideated structuration, provided one enjoys the risk of falling and failing, both in a kind of 'crematorial *jouissance*'. I am yet to fully arrive at the definition of 'schizometric thinking' which I hope I will be in the times 'to come'. But, for now, one can also look up Manuel DeLanda's boi, *Intensive Science and Virtual Philosophy* to get an idea of the 'metric'. One more disclaimer: there are a few Bangla words that I haven't translated for the readers simply because I felt that those words, at that particular moment in time, while composing it, felt the need to be remained as such. There's no grand logic behind it. Might be the fact that it sounds funny because what I had in mind at that particular instance (which is in Bangla, of course) sounded much more cosmopolitan than English! In simple sense, the understanding of 'metric' rule is where any series of thought are cardinal in its mathematico-material modelling of structures, which is to say, logic is defined by a parametric formation of sense with clearly defined units of space-time. To put it more bluntly, and maybe at the cost of diluting it, 'metric' is the foregrounded system of conduct, be in terms of knowledge-system, social functions, ethics or even the law of justice. It is what makes 'common' in the discourse of commonsense. Love, as a sociated abstraction of virtues has largely

been jailed under the corpse of morality-driven commonsensical duty where bodies of subjection are removed from the wilderness of affectation that 'love' as a *willed* abstraction generates.

Responsibilizing the discourse of 'love' has more or less worked under the bureaucracy of logicized 'metric': functioning within the parameters of commonsense. Love has been totally instrumentalized and being made to function as a social, economic, racial, classed, casteist gendered Symbolic exchange (*informally formalized* transaction) which in turn responsabilizes the Oedipalized ecology of homotopic relations under the guise of liberal democracy (Here, of course, I am referring to Foucault and Deleuze/Guattari's understanding of power relations). Frankly speaking, following the Darwinian social model, 'love' has ceased to be a reckless *spirit*, capable of damaging the goods of ethico-political normativity, an abominable flammable theatre of *venice*, de-naturalized anomaly which disgusts the phallic cloak of sociality.

**Love is time's
decomposition of its
constitutive
moments that
disgusts the metric
coordinates of
subject-constitution!**



‘Schizometric thinking’

wish i were a star-nosed mole!



(photo: collected from the web)

To define the concept is to address the limits of its definition. Every single piece of information (or ‘signal’) is an entangled *fold* of relations and processes, thriving on risky intercourse with eroticized equilibrium of *edges*. To be a *schizo* is to be a matter of disgusting stimuli, a feline-like habitation of porous bypasses, an unretractable irritant with an overt affinity for infectious lumps!

- Firstly, queering the boundedness of what we define as 'local' will be one of the key elements in relation to the globality of 'global' and in such a process, my subproject will try and relate to the affective categories of resistance in the understanding of poetry as a tool to connect with 'tangential others'. Secondly, due to the large-scale shift towards the advancement of artificial intelligence and right-wing populism across the globe, the nature of cerebral capital is undergoing a massive change in the treatment (and preservation) of value and intellect. This truism of technology, or, what we can call, 'technification of intellect', has created havoc in the field of humanities and social sciences,

especially where love, romance, kinship, stillness, breakages, failure, heartaches, untimely pulses, minor beats and many other emotional valencies make up the affective domains of cerebral potency. The rule of AI and integrated capitalism, as the Big Other of 'human index', is to produce instant results and a quick cultural prescription for the liquidation of any social doubt.

- Intellectuals don't inspire me. Cerebrals do. Intellectualism is idolatry-making. Cerebralism is *game-making*. The bureaucratization of knowledge produces (and promotes) intellectuals as prototypical sacrosanct religious figures of power. These intellectuals are produced by such formal bureaucracy, promoted by the logistical framework of power relation, and are left to be disillusioned in idolatry. Intellectuals are social constructs of cultural knowledge and this culture-power has got nothing to do with intellect (as *matter*). The grey matter is always under the contract of 'Bhawans' and offices of intellect-control. Poor thing! And all of these state-sponsored intellectuals continue to be socially acceptable under the supervision of intellect-control. The state sees intellect as some fetishist organism that needs to be put under its label of quality-control. In other words, 'intellectual', as cultural coinage, is a social construct of quality-control (or, intellect-control) that displays its own Cartesian dualism, to say the least. Intellectuals speak the same boring metaphors of history. They invariably display regimes of dry humour and are most often, colourless. Intellectuals are fearful of losing out on their contractual partnership with intellect-control, which they indirectly desire to inflict upon themselves, limits of free-play.

janitor's jhadu, rainbow, cotton candy, Brutus, pollutant, microbes...all are in solidarity with each other...eschatological leap into incorporeal *becoming* of time (Benjamin dials Gilles)...subjectivity is borne out of such impurities of transversal desires...

a peopled people, conflictual intercourse, debate-provoking orgies, teeth shattering smooches...disgusting solidarity!

(incomplete)

One can never touch the soil of trauma unless one listens to the deep call of a wound.

If only I had the efficiency of a ragpicker!



#immature

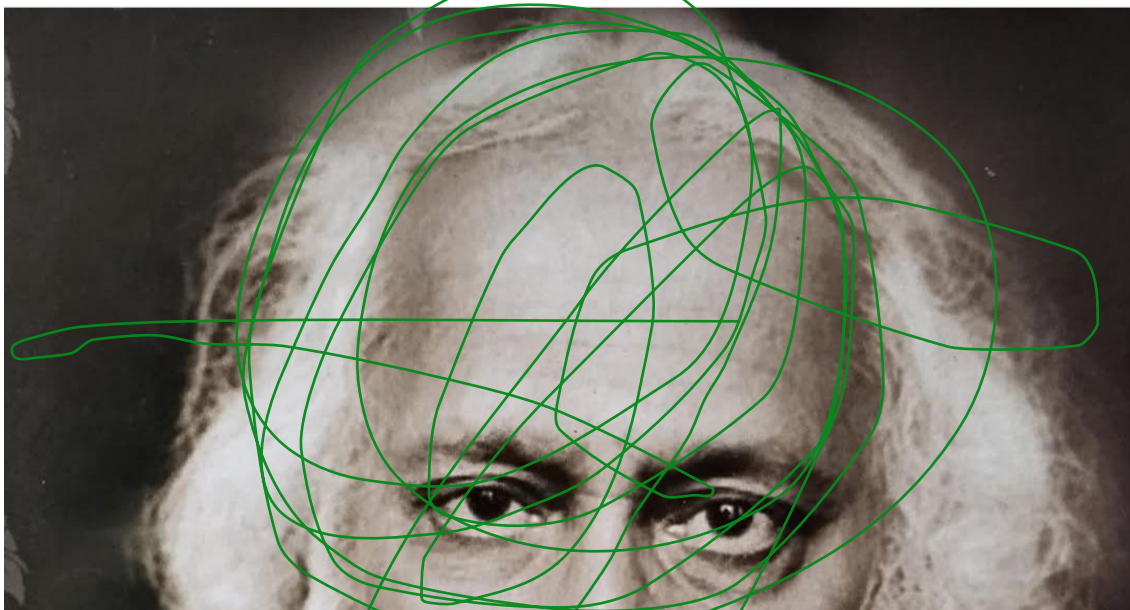
Being vulnerable is being sexy. Unfortunately, the world of academia isn't. It's tough being vulnerable in a world that feeds on strategic toughness and contractual friendships. Let us all be vulnerable for one hour, at least, in a day. That's the least we can do to give justice to the readings that we do in our personal lives. Let us all pledge to give respect to the vulnerable selves of ours and others, of course. Senses become sexier once vulnerability strikes the heart of matter. There's already enough dryness around! Dry with bookish stuff and pedantic mannerisms and ceremonial extensions. There are enough bhadrak scholars, suited and booted in the streets of academic shohor! Intellectual dryness! Yuuck! Uninspiring stuff! I hope I do not become dry ever. It's sexy being wet! 😊

Democracy is built upon the embracement of vulnerable folds of life.



Panoptic gaze is okay but the infallible desire to be obedient towards the gaze is what makes the Gaze an all-pervasive discourse of the Bangali cultural hotspots. If there's no death, there's no life. If there's no expiration, there'll be no re-generation. If there's no filth, there cannot be civility. If there's no hagu, there's no system. If there's no pecchap, there cannot be any revolution born out of the dingy pathways of filthy desires. Poetry ceases to survive without the filthy economy of desiring-hagu. Hagu is not only material but also the im-materiality of metabolic capital that is both spiritual and fearful. Fearful of the lajja that hagu introduces to the 'social captive' Bengalis with which it reminds itself of its metabolic immortality, something whose capital (of disgust) moves far beyond any kind of temporal fossilization.

Enough of their gaze! Let us all embrace the catatonic pungency of 'hagu poetry',
poetry-in-loose-motion.



dedicated to the phytoplankton of social justice

Wombing an ecology of silliness:

...if we don't have the silliness to swim through the crevices in our repetitions then how come differences be expected in the everydayness of poetry? To become silly is to become courageous, to not make amends with the ossification of Sense. We must stop arranging orders of sensitivity into binaries of Sense: sense and nonsense. Everything makes sense if there's sensitivity in place. Everything makes sense once imagination loses its grip on the magnified shops of ossified sensibilities. Losing oneself in the vortex of thinking-feeling produces a novelty in 'differential absorption', that is, absorbing the powers of difference in-time, so that, thinking-poetry catapults into a feeling of time, which is 'out of joint'.

**even a stool, wood or
bacteria carry its own
temporal justice!**

The personal is political and the political is transversal.

“the first appearance of the new is terrible” (Müller 2001: 106)
There cannot be any মাপবোক in passion. It's raw, fleshy, pucky to the 'sensible' ears. Poetry is mucky pucky fleshy whatevering of passion, ethological drives that catapult into latitudes of nomadism, desiring to have sexual intercourse with the ticks of nature. Poetry is the অবাস্তবতা of passion, spitting deadly venomous *nagin-like* vibrations of emotions. I cannot write poetry. I can only 'fail' to write

my other through poetry, the desiring-other. Poetry is the failure of sense. Poetry is *becoming-failure*. Poetry attests itself to the untenable mammoth task of intelligible desires. Poetry is frictional, dwelling in-between desires of indescribables. Poetry reaches to a point where investments are redoubled in nomadism, as in, points of indiscernibles. Investments are sensory pockets of insensible accounts of लोचा (problem), accounts of metallurgical लोचा (problem), metals of institutions and conformism. Investments mean लोचा or लो - चा (the act of 'serving' tea). Investments are desires of 'service', not enclosing, giving tension of imaginative foggy directable lines. To think is to be ductile.

One tries to judge the meaning of sense while reading any piece on, anything before even losing one's mental coordinates to the virtual powers of creative space. Imagination occurs to us as rules and stately coordinates that structure our future-thinking capacity too. Sense can only be de-sensitized by 'hanging oneself' in the face of meaningful judgements. We don't write poetry. We jot down sense-words that have been staying in freezers for months and months and years and days. Poems ain't freezing thoughts. Poems are boilingly sticky, broilers of passion, floating contestations of nomadic encounters with the virtual. Immanence of improbability is the ecology of virtual. Poetry is the criss-crossing of ecological improbables.

These are not poem-poems but impressions of the unintelligible, sacrilege of the sanctimonious, an acrimonious dolphin-sound disputing the orchestra of sense. Imagination leads a monogamous relationship with Reason that is founded on pillars of Usability surrendering itself to the traffic of Transaction-business. On the contrary, these impressions of thoughts are much like the unnecessary moss, growing under the pillars of Reason: irritable growths of desire that leave mossy patches of irritability on the pristine structures of Transaction-business.

Queering the homogeneity of seriousness is primarily what my poetic loose motion is all about!

Poetry is the approximation of desires and subsequent failures of its approximated states.

...poems are inexact surpluses of stupidity, generating tectonic shifts in the cerebral space, catatonic gaps and scratches that drive the pleasure principle in search of an arrivant.

Poems are Dionysian excess, the deformed surplus that drive madness and is, in turn, driven by stupidity: erring the responsibility of logic.

Hylomorphic model

Will we ever be able to move out of the realm of the Symbolic?

Trapped inside the symbolic cage which then becomes the only performative order of life. Be it love, parents, family, pedagogy, state, culture etc etc. Being an individual isn't enough anymore. There need to be dividual becomings, or, minor becomings, which make the creative flux called assemblage. An assemblage is neither constant nor fixated upon the idea of a centred 'human'. It is a continual process of separation of separation, a pluralistic differentiation of social calculus that promoted number of infinitesimal becomings. The human returns back to the creature, a creature who occupies mass and mobility, not representation and progress.

The use-value of a poem depends on the irrationality of its inutility.

যে কবিতা পড়া যায় বোঝা যায় সম্পূর্ণ হয় থেকে যায়, সেইটি কবিতা নহে, একটা compromised familiar setup, যার value pre-deterministic.

The 'useful' vector can never be valued because of its constant need for critical expiration in order for poetry to survive. Poetry doesn't survive. Emotions do. But they do so in the *creaturely* becoming of her un-becoming. Poetry is the desire of the uncanny, desiring the

undesirable! Thereby, its usefulness lies in its activation of the
useless. Amra Symbolic theke kono din oh berote parbo? Trapped
inside the symbolic cage which then becomes the only performative
order of life.

I have never quite understood the *meaning* of meaning.

Meaning?

Poetry is not about the arrangement of senses via pocket dictionaries. Emotions, they don't carry synonyms. Or antonyms. Emotions, they're the infectious surplus, energies decomposed in a rotational multiple matrixes, ever growing, everlasting, non-stop. Emotions, they're timeless. Emotions, they're drives and flows converging outside the translatability of human capital. In their own uncanny post situatedness, emotions become divergent *refractive fractals*. The term 'human' is pretty limited when it comes to poetry, as a result of its pathetic lust for cognitive appeal. To be 'just' humanely is not related to the gravity-defying matrix of infectious surplus. In short, poetry isn't meant to be only connected to the social realms of the humanist discursive network. Poetry defeats her own definition of poetry.

Poetry is hollow, a *nonoperative* calculus that translates nothing more beyond the impressions rendered on the surface of this hollow. Poetry is, therefore, the poem that never arrives simply because the poem is never really 'there', an indeterminate arrivant, knocking on the threshold of intelligibility. Poetry arrives only in her expiration of her origin. Poetry, simply is, catastrophic. She can never be 'held' by the cognitive index. Poetry is destined to be removed by her own ideational origination. Poetry cannot be 'saved' by the cerebral tentacles of her times. She is destined to die in her own survival *play*, a theatrical paradox of virtues. . To write is to create 'wounds of desire'. Poetry is the wounding-event of imagination. *Hagufying* kobita is the processual pungency of the vortical disbursal of vertiginous desires of excess. I use the word 'hagu' which translates as excreta, which then reminds me of the aesthetics of disgust as one of the more powerful sensations in life. *Hagu* can be considered to the

pungent sublime, a discarded bio-potential to terrorize the poetic strata of cleanliness and the ethics of literary considerations. Hagu is the *becoming* of life, signalling the metabolic capital of 'living life' as such.

People often ask me, "Why do you give away free copies to everyone"? I smile and think softly, "Well, infection is free. You can get infected for free".

Poetry **must** suffer from the perception of perfection. Poetry must be removed from an august enterprising mission of sensibility, of governance, of valuation, of communicative rationality, of social reasoning which are the qualities that talk to readers without any tension as such. These qualities, i call them 'audible sensibilities', are systems of controlling desires and are operations of covert hegemonic practices of culture. Poetry must be removed from an august company of sensible men. Cultures often work in modules of emotive substitution, meaning, there's always one 'audible sense' in the pipeline waiting to be called for in a like-for-like substitution. What we want is the (im)possibility of an 'inaudible sensibility', an a-symptomatic verve, sense that isn't really applicable to the ears of Law. Poetry must be *impossibly audible* in a way, that jostles with the audibility of sense.

Something inaudible is going on and I can 'almost' sense the virtuality of its impossibility! Poetry is the *becoming* of tension!

Almost all my books carry errors. I am erroneous because mistakes make me a better lunatic. How can a lunatic better on his previous lunacy? Is lunacy, a counter insurgent operation in disguise? Is it a performance of performance? Is poetry, a space for meta-lunacy? The very *becoming* of its un-becoming and the *un-becoming* of its very becoming, a continual restart program that generates something like a fluid currency, dislocating the representational bones of a stable structure... Singularities are not fixed and never constant because they evolve through assemblages. All assemblages are subject to specific

conditions (unique specificity) from which their valencies are generated and simultaneously replaced by another set of conditions.

Contemplating about *acts of writing*...

We speak through writing but at the same time, writing speaks *back* to us. A continual negation of affirming both the presence of the reader and the writer. An entry into a critical **double bind** that produces a negotiation between author and reader. In this case, both the reader and the writer can never reach their desired destinations as they live through continuous habitational displacement. Maybe, ethics lie in that displaced gap, an interminable opening, which isn't exactly the point regarding the socio-cultural usage of ethicized writing.

To write is to suffer from multiple deaths.
Writing is not pleasurable! It is the activation of infinitesimal slippery loops of negation and confusion. It is an act of expiation.

Poetry is the flaw of life, in all its humanist spectacle.

The flaw becomes the lunatic 'flow' of inhuman drives and animalistic desires. The flaw can never be trapped inside the pages of oxfords. Poetry starts to cause heresy in the limits of habitational humans. Poetry breaks out from the abstractions of 'utilitarian calculus' (borrowing Dipesh Chakrabarty's term). Poetry remains fleshy (cut open) and its meaning is always deferred, even in its own theatrical augmentation. Poetry remains in an economy of

unimaginable variables. **Poetry is the *becoming-less* of dictionary.** Poetry is like the narcotic flow of refracted lunacy that often mixes up with the *bhasha* of obscene stupidity. Poetry is like the jargon of mayhem, an asocial amoeba-like growth of a cell. Poets cease to remain as humans anymore. They become cells.

I am pathetically distressed all the freaking time. All my readings and learnings are getting activated inside my flesh; the self (which has been designed and lawfully coded as a Symbolic social organ) is getting ruptured, wounded, non-functional, getting cuts and bleeding profusely. I can feel the social-self splitting up into newer torrential

assemblages that don't have a specific set of design nor any kind of Symbolic ideal. I feel I am turning into a concept. I am unconsciously unknotting the grand percepts of love, friendships, relationships, parents, class, economy, education etc etc. I feel I am turning into some Beowulfish polygenetic 'animal-to-come'. I have stopped considering myself to be a social human anymore. Maybe, that's an animal-like alternative to flow into newer plateaus of 'becoming' (becoming-imperceptible), bearing the fact that humans are alternative animals.

Text becomes textual *play* and further becomes *dividual play*.
Potty is the only metabolic growth that passes out from our system of life! Potty is growth. Potty is metabolic affect that reminds us of life's experiential continuity.

Potty is not dead matter. It is the metonymic shift from *life to life*, an agential signifier capable of 'acidic ergogenesis'. Potty is the trace that relates to 'lived time', somebody existing some time somewhere. Hagu is the only symptomatic evidence of life and remains the only symptom that reminds us of the fact that life existed in full flow. Quite interestingly, hagu can be linked to the desire for living to the fullest and also to the farthest possible destination in life's journey. Pungency is the only trace that there's life, whether living or dead. A corpse becomes alive in its travel to the process of decay and pungent dissemination. A corpse is both a trace of the past (Derrida) and a marker of the present. Pungency is the key to desire for dissemination. Pungency is the key to life. So is **hagu**!

Intravenous reading...

Poetry carries a currency of *shock* in her becoming. Must be decent enough to create violent uprising in poetry, a 'spilling over' of emotions, a schizophrenic heresy of order, an indefinite chaos but not impenetrable.

I know less of less. Knowing nothing is also a cerebral activity. It is the 'knowing' of knowing. One becomes humble after that. One must

be humble about the ‘oceanic less’, a potential of being informed by life’s lessness. How much more is more? One knows more only to be encountered with the ‘oceanic less’.

কত অল্প জানি আমি! কাজেই আমি অল্প-অল্প করেই চলি।

If poetry is valued as transparent, what is transparent language then? I say, poetry is a ‘fallen’ language of investment, an investment of desires. To ‘fall’ from the grace mark of value is what my poetry desires to be, a *fallen investment*.

Poetry holds an autonomy of a ‘fall’, the ‘fall’ of common sense. Poetry breaks into droplets of desire. I don’t find poetry anything other than a ‘fall’ of conscience. But, how can a ‘fall’ be turned back into a critical ground of imagination? Does this mean that poetry resides in double negation? The ground, in such a case, is transparent enough to hold dust particles (Gary Genosko in his boi, *Critical Semiotics*, in Chapter 1 on Guattari, refers to a concept called ‘sign dust’. One can draw a parallel to my half-baked proposal here) within its terrain of thought. The dust particles are the micro droplets of desire, the fallen desires. The ‘fall’ begets fallen desires, investments that remain under the bunker of ‘value’. Such is the ‘currency’ of fallenness that transpires within the upheld structures of ‘value’ which can make for an interesting case of poetic equilibrium (consider reading Simondon’s ideas on equilibrium to know more on this).

~~**Poetry can’t be, rather, shouldn’t be recited all the time.** The very fact of its presupposed recitable quality naturalizes the concept of poetry in a way that showcases poetic motion as a discourse of Reason: the ‘only’ way to gauge the scope of a poem is by its relatability to recitation. Poetry, for me, is a loose motion that critiques the ‘*relation* of relation’. Poetry can be sensed via touch, smell and taste too, that is, by entering into a relation of~~

non-relations, as in, encounters with hairs of fingers, mucus of nostrils and saliva of tongue. Can the dumb not feel poetry? Can the deaf not hear poetry? Can the blind not imagine poetry? These encounters are the zones of individuated flights where the tongue enters into an abstract relation with the mucus and the eyes sense the vibrato of hairs. To recite is to consider a hierarchy of poetic motion which, in fact, affects the structural technique of order-words. Poetry is the abyss of depth, an asymmetric irruption of *the* mundane, the virtuality of actual, the unsmart signs of sensations, the fall of fall, an abscess of Real.

Poetry should uphold the sovereignty of chaos. Poetry is vertiginous; it is the unlocalizable schism that implicates unwanted desires and affects, hurting the ossified sentiments of ‘sensible emotions’!

Poets are dispensable haggards, belonging to the lowest rung of the literary ladder. It is in their haggish dispensation that a poet reappropriates the *falleness* of her literary practice. I call them ‘hagu-kobi’. Hagu, because of their potty-smear rule of existence in the hallowed domain of critical experts; hagu because kobis can be easily ‘flushed out’ from the princely states of ivy scholarship yet they remain in the unorganism of our earth, seeped into the soil and spread all over the land in a state of ‘tensile inexactitude’ as the abjected Other. ‘Hagu-kobis’ are m(a)oist in some sense! There’s *fecal intimacy* that gets born out of perpendicular relations between the critical and the creative. **Fecality is this state of perpendicular suspension of affect where the materiality of content matter distributes loathsome খেলামাথা across universities and sense-order disciplines.** Any form of fecal radical currency cannot be gauged as before or after. Fecality is the suddenness of cerebral motion, an *eeeew-yuuucky* celerity that feels like a desirable infection as in when somebody clears পাতলা

bowels during stomach upset. Clearing is required and necessary but only just. Hagu-kobi is such a desirable infection that is not a social antibiotic, not a proscription remedy, but the fecal matter that is pacy slimy disgusting and a breaking away from form, one that causes

systematic upset inside the The **fecality** (read: not fecundity) of imagination is constantly in a state of loose-motioning, using its own cultural abjection to a reappropriation of subaltern poetics. *Hagufying* kobita is micropolitical in this sense, meaning that the very idea of poetic fecality (not SIMPLY poetic faculty), is virtually addressed in a

commode-like eeeew-yuuuucky

setting. The same old shit gives way to new shit! 'Pottyfication', and not pontification, is the new verticality of 'word-vomit' (Prof. Arka Chattopadhyay uses this term in a blurb in one of my books), a compostable expression of *desiring-hagu*, the very becoming of affect and the 'disgustification' of aesthetics as a way of metabolic regeneration. One needs to respect the pipeline of hagu and the diagrammatic response to one's anal outlet. The matter of hagu and the mattering of *hagu-as-kobita* cannot be easily outsourced to the consumerist market of prized poets or the packaging of **ভদ্রলোকিতা**. Hagu-kobi is a perverse chiasmatic understanding of subjectivity whose fecality offers a humus-like ecology of thought; a natural order returning back to the bowel-design of poetic-cellular repair. In some sense, we can define *hagu* both as a metaphor and also as an authentic material so much so that its philosophical appetite becomes much stronger in the strict critical sense of the term. We would try to think on this collectively as we go through the poems (more like 'energetic hiccupping' as I would like to call them) so that the rule of metaphor doesn't get established as a rule in itself.

Creation is about creating flocks of conflict within the multitudinal pockets of one's psychic certitudes.

Conflict as a site of 'refractive infraction', and how it deals with the idea of 'plane of consistency'.

Solidarity as listening

Listening needs practice. It is an affective engagement that goes beyond the mere comprehensibility of whatever we've listened to. An everlasting residual practice that demands no perfectionism or any kind of probabilistic reasoning. The context and the context aren't specific to any phenomenological specificity but propose to be a part of an atmospheric worlding of senses and more-than-human essences of moments in life.

Listening is an art, an abstract composition of verses, which both affects the listener and the speaker in an intensive spirit of critical intimacy, an energetic continuum which can never reach the boredom of any ideological finitude because of the limitations of speech-act model which, in turn, becomes a critical space for the listener to accentuate the 'dead end' of interpretative dialogues. The practice of listening is never meant to signal the incoming of a missionist response. It is to 'delay' the sight of any automated probability. **To**

listen is to listen more!

We must be active marchers on the streets, protesting for the rights of listening, trying to attend to the scratches and squeaky surfaces of entangled assemblages of critical intimacy.

Schizometric thinking is everything and anything that crosses the limits of our syllabic thinking; anxieties, conflicts, tension, mood swings, curves of passion, will, all of the thought-dots coming together to form a union of some sort, a gestural democracy, unlike the proscriptive actions of being-a-democrat. **Schizometric** thinking offers no timely release nor can it offer any guaranteed response to any end. It is both the 'schizo' and the 'metric' compiled in a *dialectical gestation*, not to yield any result of anything but to propose a mycelial networking of spirits, a borderless semiology of dissent. Solidarity, is essentially, the practice of such a gestational space where lines of relations are borne out of the untimely potential of events. Solidarity is the creation of the *art* of solidarity!

I don't know what i want. At times, i want money and at other times, i choose anarchy. Sometimes, my rationality makes me want to feel secure and be safe but in the very next moment, i feel inclined to care less for safety. At times, i want to be a risky slimy creature and at other times, i feel that i think that i will be happy living my life as a potbellied bhadralok. Sometimes, i wish to be a poet who doesn't care for any kind of authentic settlement but, at other times, i feel my innards getting sliced open when i know that there's no seeable future in the materiality of revolt. Does nomadism carry any future? Am i a nomad or just a petit bourgeois who fantasizes about a distant revolution (to come) simply by daydreaming about stories from the pages of history? I think i am a primary example of a petty candidate who is just a blunt document in the eyes of law, nothing more, nothing less. I am a two-faced bare document with alarmingly petty knowledge in his tummy who dreams about utopia and then dials his agent to inquire about mutual funds.

I don't know. I don't know. I don't know.

Please understand that this ain't any existential rant about deep theory and stuff. In fact, i don't even think that i have the cerebral seriousness in order to feel for Sartre or others. Reading is easy. That's not my point! It's the feeling, the felt transitions, the affective part or the encounter with transitions when reading that makes a text, jump out from the constraints of grammatical index and becomes 'in-itself', a medium of intravenous survival, that i feel, is lacking in me. The fundamental point is that i'm an impatient perfidious daydreamer who's neither a seeker nor a helper. One needs to become a transitional feeler, a transcendental healer of sorts, whose position of activity whilst reading is that of an intravenous survivor (one who survives through the intensities of a text) and not be limited to a just bibliographic reader. There's very little justice in bibliography but what remains is a massive outcry of intravenous survivors who emerge along with the organs of a text.

আঘাত, যিনি কালের দেহকে সম্মান জানিয়ে, ধুলোস্নাত
অতীতের পর্বত বুনতে শেখায়, যিনি দৈহিক সমীকরণ-এর
বিপত্তি ঘটায়, an event of 'অপ-সাময়িক কালপুরুষ'....!



What is my favorite
pastime?

To 'pass' time.

Full stop

What is a full stop if its fullness is an illusion of
transcendence?

There's no fullness in any stop
maybe half stops
that lie along the journey towards a desert of the
Real

Also,

aam panna provides a nice dessert choice for
lunatics!

maybe there's fullness in dessert
maybe

but not in any stop

i might be totally wrong!

- 1) thoughts are coming in and out
- 2) poetry is the in and out of stops in thoughts
- 3) there's no probable fullness in a poem
- 4) this ain't any experiment, just in and outs of the
Real

আমি জানোয়ার হতে ব্যর্থ না হয়ে যাই, এই ভয় টুকু শুধু আছে আমার মধ্যে। মানুষ-হওয়া হল সমাজ মাফিক এক দমবন্ধ দমনাত্মক প্র্যাক্টিস এবং সময় সাপেক্ষ, যে সময় কোনোদিন ও আপন হয়ে উঠবে না। সব সময় 'referential' হয় থাকবে।

The other of the self is also a creation of a reference where the self only is a referential posture of socio-cultural simulations. There's no self but only the other who in fact, wards off the posturing of a self. Society prides itself on the 'self-self' fashioning of subjects who are nothing but simulations of abstracted referents.

Who needs this 'self' in a human? The self doesn't even carry its own self-time. The other is the unreciprocated variant in a system of relations who waits in secrecy, waiting in 'real time', that which is unknowable to the state yet ever present in social fields. Reality is the distancing of the self and so, is always outside the self-fashioned 'self' of a Self. Othering can be seen as an attempt to engage one-self with this coiled secrecy in a subject that mars the common-sense of othering as a social practice of exclusion (that takes into account of a self as having an assertive presence in truth). The situated-ness of a subject is always the practice of self.

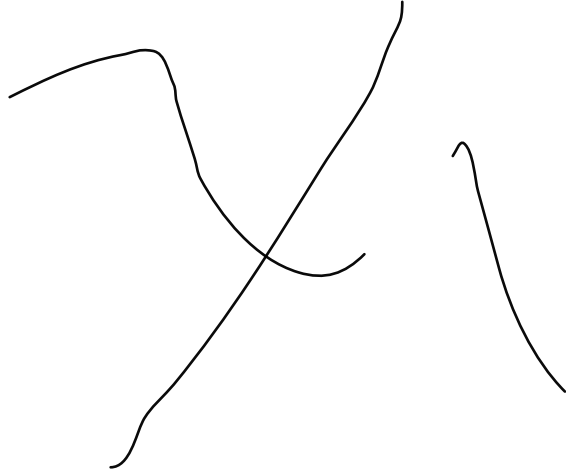
Becoming-other is an entry into the distancing of one-self and becoming a nomad. The nomad makes a secretive pact with the 'self-lessness' of its subjective becoming and shifts to a coiled patch of secrecy. The non-ness of the self is what defines its selfhood in the social state. The human, in this manner, is the 'originary negative' of social truth. So, why do we still need to draw the binary between human and non-human in defining human as contrary to its non-ness? The 'non' is where the other is waiting in secret, coiled in 'real time', which is what probably makes a human, a fabricated posture of abstracted referents. The other is not dialectical in this way but differential. Jaanwar is the abominated secret which the human is not. And a human is an abstracted practice of the state that has nothing but references of referents. The other is the drive of secretive jaanwar which i wish to enter into. But first, i must cancel out the 'human' in me. It's fragile because it depends on a set blueprint. So, a human is always pre-set in referential abstractions, defining itself in a non-ness of relations.

A tick is the abominated other, the feared jaanwar, which i desire to-be. i wish to enter into the non-ness of a non-human and remain as a coiled other, who is very much capable of overturning the fabricated posture of its own subjective practice of truth.

মানুষ হয়ে বোকা বুনেছি।



তবে তোমার অপেক্ষায় মন
পুড়ছে রক্তস্নাত দিশাহীন
ঘুণ্যমান বায়ুর তীব্র জ্বর-এর
আশাতে

A handwritten signature or scribble in black ink, consisting of several overlapping, fluid lines that form an abstract shape, possibly representing a name or a stylized mark.

দাড়ি ধরে মারো টান
রাজা হবে খান খান



I do hope that the readers will be curious enough to translate the Bangla language as per their tongues!

Deleuzians will hopefully understand this.

কবিতা কোনো আবেগের গাইড বই না যার শুরু ও শেষ নৈতিকতার বাঁধনে আটকে থাকবে।
Kobita springs up from the middle and stays so but in an illusion of an 'end'. Kobita

a poem

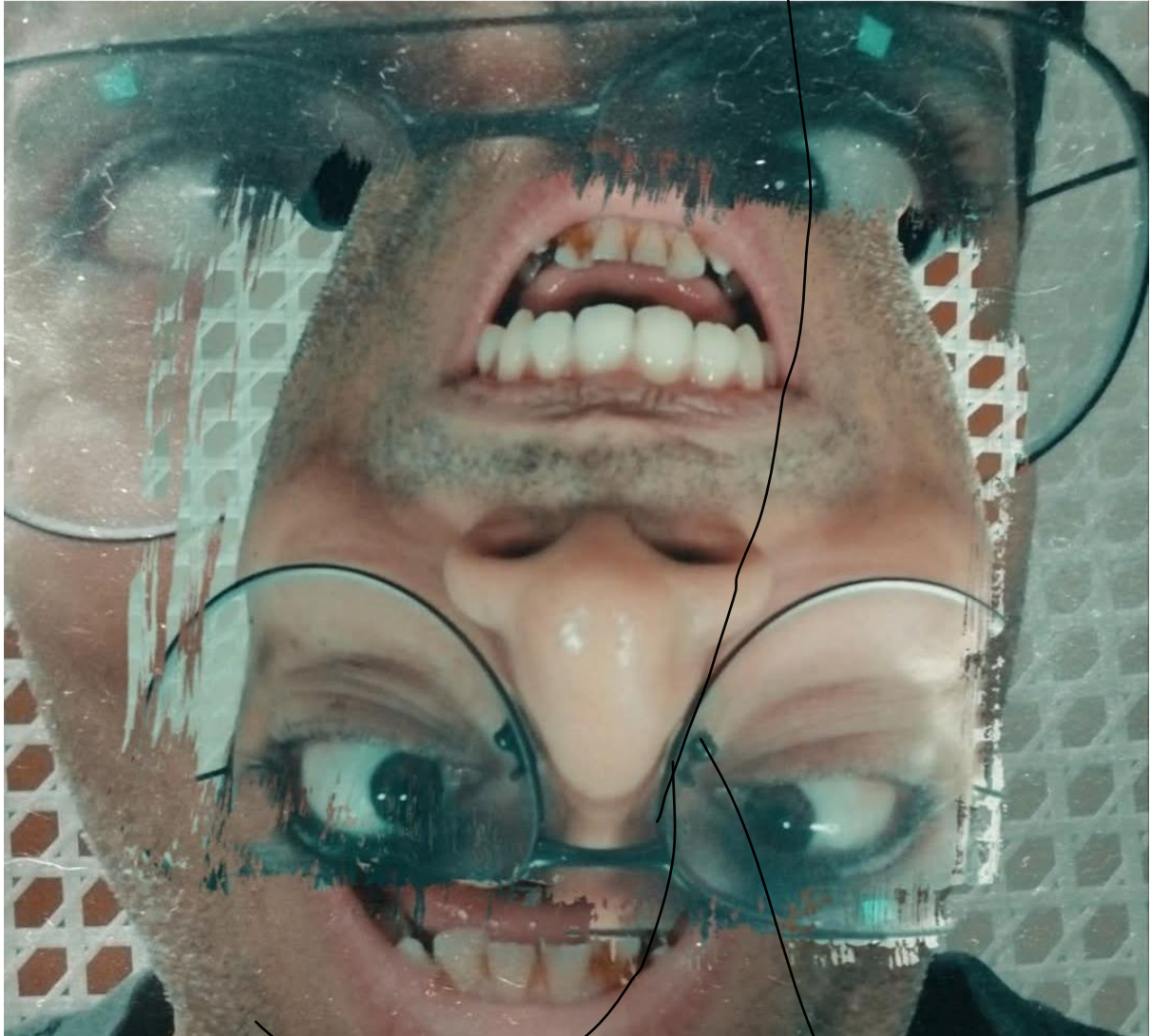
wants us to believe in an illusory 'end'. That is the strange game of forgery it plays upon the mind of the reader. It plays a prank upon our search towards 'sense-certainty' which readers inevitably want to fall back upon. This is the trick in making itself believe that the energy is lost in its metaphysical endism so as to continue its flow of power in secrecy. The secrecy of poetry lies in this mockery of sense-certainty where the power of poetry makes its readers feed what they wish to eat. In such a case, poetry departs from any idea of wish fulfilment policy of the reader. That is where poetry becomes micropolitical. It moves in secrecy and ruptures the ends of language. Language determines the 'regime of representation' in thoughts. Poetry, as thought-in-thought, liquidates the regimes of representation in language. At least, it tries so.

Study of time

Forgetfulness

and
i forget

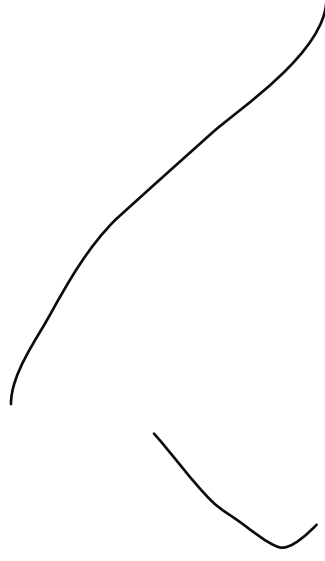
stained-crooked-হাম



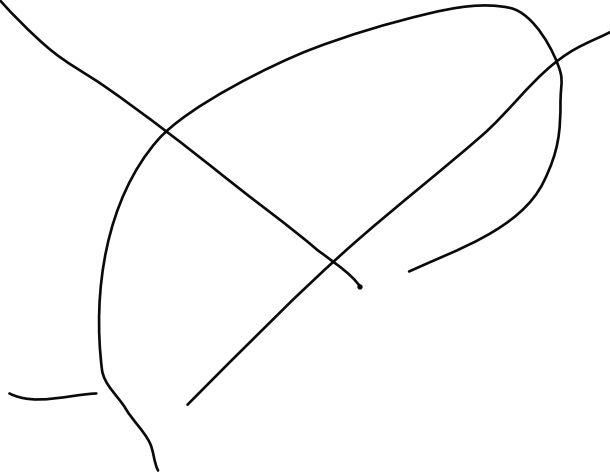
Subtended signs

ময়দা মাখানো বমি
এবং
জলহস্তীর পাকস্থলী

দুটি দুই প্তান্তের চিহ্ন
তবে মিল তো আছেই বটে কোথাও একটা!
জানা আছে কারুর?



Archiving memory is like walking on a tight rope
On one side, there's falling into oblivion
On the other, there's falling into concrete steps of familiarity
Both are archival possibilities.



Promise of a vulture

nobody cares to go off track
these tracks of familiarity
lead us to an echo chamber of dead zones

Even vultures try and avoid dead meat from these zones of echo
The vultures are flying off track now

How can we measure the vastness of a full stop?

nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes
more than twice

A glitch in an arrangement of moralist diction is where the becoming of poetry (as well as becoming 'in poetry') lies. A glitch acts as an 'effectual inoperator' that is a required blow of thought, to halt (at least, temporarily so) the codification of a convenient discursive setup. Kobita is not an arrangement of convenient diction by a language expert. Kobita must stop making quick-sense in order to inhabit a strange tension in her schizo-becoming! Kobita must become a torrential outpour of emotions that is in a constant state of tension with linguistic signifiers. And, it is this tension between the blow of thought and its linguistic instrumentation, between the matter of thought and the conveniency of diction, between the politics of stuttering and enunciation that makes the becoming of kobita, an ethical inter-play of abomination. The tension is the betweenness of any cause in the discursive order that cannot be always held accountable in the social setup of ethical signification. Kobita belies her own ethical fixity within her own processual becoming where her inoperativity partakes in a call for resistance.

the poem shall resume soon; we apologize for the inconvenience...



Funny

u y (n)*2 f

Let's write one joke

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy

even death can't mukti us from the sequence of letters

Baudrillard score

fowl cutlet of a fowl cutlet of a fowles cutlet

spaces are investments of the future

What's poetry if not whatsapping the left overs from yet to-be to the uncapped lines of yets?
Yet it's called poetry!

yet and yeti
spongy jugalbandi

ভাষা তামাশা হতাশা বাতাসা

কুয়াশা

off

Gupchup gupchup gupchup গুপচুপ গুপচুপ gupchup গুপচুপ গুপচুপ গুপচুপ gupchup
gupchup

By the way, who's there?

a wound is an event of surprise

What are thoughts if not an accident of the sensible?

A car slipping over road মাথা (road-laden) মাথানো (buttery) creamy sandesh

Theropod kafkas milking grey-eyed भ्यास (cow)

and a gymnast working night shift in KGB

Answers are no longer in proximity to the ears of institutions.

I'll cease to write as soon as nonsense becomes categorical.

Imagining euthanasia

God my! God my! God my!
Bestiality is like the flames of northern lights!
creatures belong to the belly of virtual
crocodiles light up the waters of absence
Waiting for euthanasia

something has been left 'open'

Many-a-time i have thought of writing something
but then
the thought itself writes in an automatic absence
Who is writing whom?
Thought or absence?

(....)

Poetry is the uncapped potential of an idea that is yet to be

this or this?

Sputum

Plate material: steel but mixed

Rajanigandha flower inserting strips of rajnigandha gutka inside her aromatic vagina on a
sunday afternoon

A kid of 2 licks

Plate: empty

or

Sputum

Image of cough with alphabets written over

Will i ever be able to live up to the expectations of her tears?

Why is the color of my freedom, green today?
Yesterday, it was magenta.

Ye Right?

Where's my *homeo*-pathy for normalcy?

a piece of peace is a poem

How can silence be worded?

Soon

i will begin to write a poem soon after these silences