A LADY OF THE NIGHT, A VICTORIAN TALE

Content warning for themes addressing anti-Blackness & transphobia

Chloe Filani



THINKING OF POETIC AND HISTORIC

I don't like to write pain of the body that I exist in/onto other body's that hold My identification

I don't feel the right to absorb myself into A historical dehumanising An underclass An unhuman classification

When who knows what might have been

Their self-actualising into the beyond Their birth to a space of woman in a time When all they knew was

Nothing

A new destination for

Oneself to Exist before The expansion Of language they took the audacity of themselves Into a body that said white woman child-bearing of oppressors

I couldn't write so such lacking of love That this society bestowed upon me to say I don't think I could be think as free be on the streets to be seen as I am now black n woman

As they did knowingly they was deserving of love deserving of community deserving of sisterhood

I can be she they can be free

OH LADY MARY

Ideas and creations towards,

A.

Mythology,

The transsexual monster,

Never human.

Just a carbon unproductive woman.

To breed her

Is to make a.

Cum bucket.

Unable to bleed and create.

More homogeneous humans

Only A.

A good enough object,

For sexual release,

For the homosapien man male mostly white.

And when you add black.

To the Mix

Of transvestity monstrosity,

Now we have the unhuman.

The primitive savage Dark barbarous

Enslaved.

Hands are placed northwards

Towards nothing.

Positioned like the Sphinx

Always on all fours

And derrière like Sarah Baartman.

Ready for more

Unproductive

Nonbreedable

Fornication.

This is the way of

This Negro Tranny monster

Evoking the exploitation,

Of Hottentot Venus

Thighs spread eagle.

Trickster of.

man boy in

pins and gowns

Leather and strap

Corset and Linens

Excited white colonial cocks



Erect and ready stallion.
Again mostly
White.
Using his tool for,
Yes pointless
Fornicate.

How does one destroy the beast of Mary First as so you create the Myth And language to maintain The opposition to human As they move Like a humanoid But aren't such

Even though the woman
The birth givers
That they parade it
As false prophets
Of women mother daughter
Of mankind

The battle will not be won Till complete Eradication. is done

SHE SPEAKS HERSELF

In this land

Oh Baby

Colonial wellness

Hierarchical

Labor and Leisure

White mostly domination

And black Negro as subjugated

She carved out

Literally in leather

Her profitable sexual

Freedom of pleasure

She's created in community

Herself a maiden

Of her own

Black womanhood

In unimaginable world

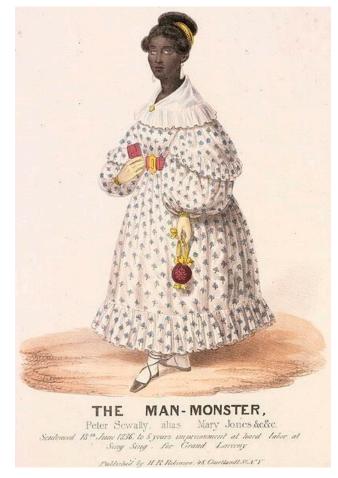
Of Human to White

Product/ Inventory to Black

That lacked possibilities

But she made possible

Mary a biblical naming She knew she Was worth of such Naming



Lithograph of Mary Jones from her trial. by H. R. Robinson