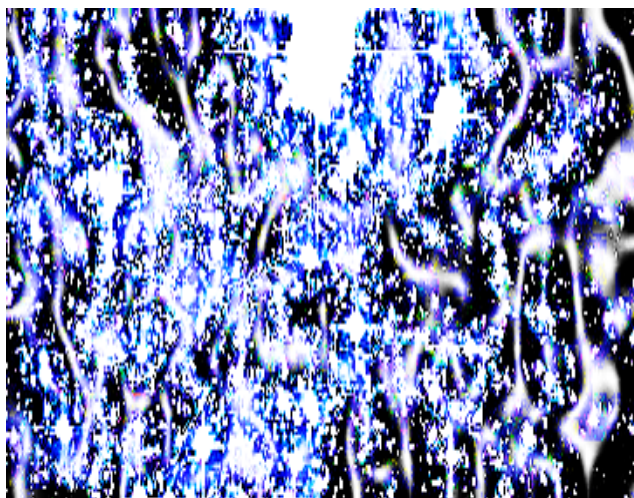


■
GLOWBADES

Amalia
Tenuta

■



what history of presence might we find in the current glow?
in glow we find the viscosity of the image of non-life: light
laboring & at rest, or -of energy.


historically, energy connoted a sensuous relation between
the body & activity, what William Carlos Williams describes
romantically in *Spring and All* as <<life's>> “play [&] dance”
could also be understood as “not a mirror up to nature
but—” [sic.]¹. not a mirror up to nature but a screen, in the
double sense, as that which sequesters & shelters, but also
makes available images for an audience. here, the corona
of safety & spectacle provides a critical antecedent for the
abolition of security necessary for the preservation of all
<<life's>> activities. in a marxist register <<life's>> screen is
materialized as the social metabolism of nature & the rela-
tive animacy or inanimacy of colonial resources consigned
by varying degrees of living, deadened, & dead labor. ener-
gy in many cases was put to work, &—according to a social
ontology of labor—work calcified the capacities of <<life>>.

the sun is my moon & all the stars are here on earth. nothing
could be more appallingly insecure than living on a planet.
a billion dead butterflies could not compare to the weight
of the planets i have fled.

alternatively, the first scenes of modern love-sex, accord-
ing to Engels, were the dawn songs of infidelity—the Albas,
or aubades, “[describing] in glowing colors how the knight

1 William Carlos Williams. *Spring and All*, 28;49;91. 1923.





lies in bed beside his love—the wife of another man—while outside stands the watchman who calls to him as soon as the first gray of dawn (alba) appears, so that he can get away unobserved; the parting scene then forms the climax of the poem”.²

Marx indexes a similar encounter: “but what ‘clearing of estates’ really and properly signifies we learn only in the Highlands of Scotland, the promised land of modern romantic novels. There the process is distinguished not by its systematic character, but the magnitude of the scale of which it is carried out at one blow...and finally by the peculiar form of property under which the embezzled lands were held”³. is not the town the natural raiment of extremity? in provincial realism’s obsession with the marriage plot we are lulled like moths to the glow of the forges.

i looked at myself as you would peer down at a man who is lying at the bottom of a precipice where the sun never shines, calling the elevator of the body down into the mine-shaft of thought...

in glowing we might evoke the liability of presence & in doing so make it participable. chemiluminescence & artificial mango flavoring: sparkles & stickers: ester & poiesis: pastel phosphenes & harms. infrastructure in slick donation:

2 Friedrich Engels. *Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State*, “The Monogamous Family”, 35. 1884.

3 Karl Marx. *Capital* Volume 1, “The Expropriation of the Agricultural Population”, 890. 1867.

the vertical challenges of space exploration. dim yourself to ecomodernism’s drive to *civilize* gravity. the neon commodity rolls coal on vapor’s health-mates; however holographic & raw goes the overcast missing meals; ripped tube socks down aluminum storm drains sing abandonat & rib decarbonizing the downturn. neither more, nor less sociality but an epoch of rest. & who gets to rest? i will tell you this: the history of the nightlight is first & foremost the history of an image that lives in smoke.

i remember when Earth ran out of rocks & the only things left were glass & glass bottles scattered across the beach, no longer sand, but rather an estuary of glass & glass bottles scattered across the beach, no longer sand, but rather an estuary of glass & glass bottles scattered across the beach, no longer sand, but rather an estuary of glass & glass bottles scattered across the beach, no longer sand, but rather an estuary of glass & glass bottles scattered across the beach, no longer sand, but rather an estuary of glass &



**someone waiting an isolated festival achieves attack
flutter forest flutter recognition
mountains plaqued in smiles the air an artificial flavor**

connect me to the frame where my crotch crows keys
something shinny

>>>>>> the blossom that grows on every last tree

gone erotica are morning doves maintaining what
is referred to as "presence"

armed with peacocks & money trees this
positions them to receive tips

i think that's when my armpit drank the
ink from the vase

what i would give to liberate
the thought of myself from
reception's anthroturbation

glow summer raining one blob that
barely meets the other in the middle

glow two hollows like two rounded cones or
rather hills

glow birds entirely beak-belly sliding island after
island all night

***a drain is a type of gate
light marching chewed licking bones
against a twinkle bowl ceiling amen-
breaks lower jaws like a cherry picker retracted
in gag around veins formed a man's hand pale
my thighs mew***



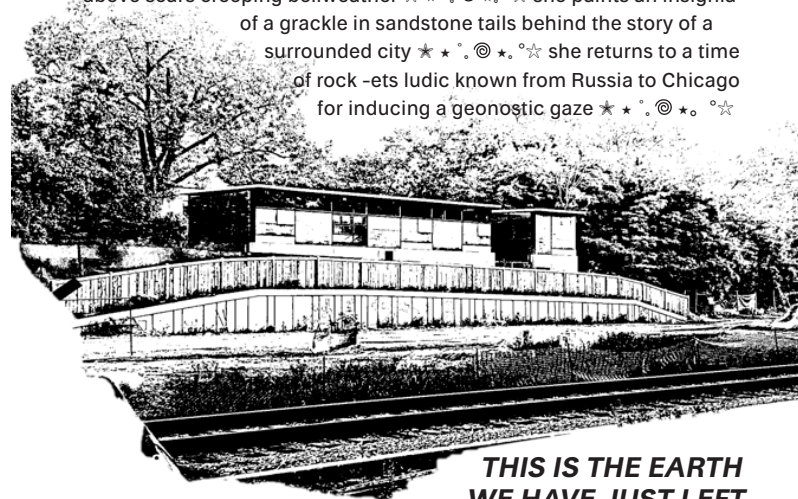
(gleuegk gleuegk gleuegk gleuegk gleuegk)

then the bad stuff seeping through the gates:

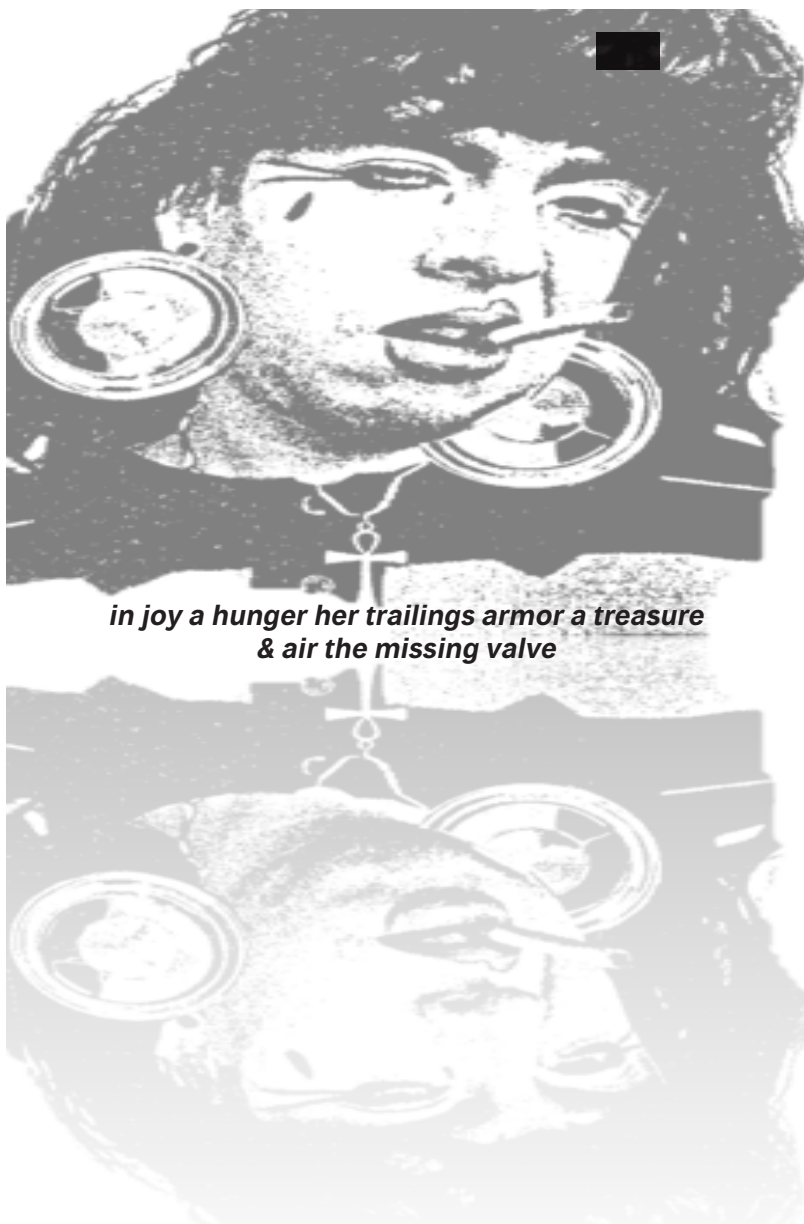
glow partly quit claws the queer loveseat greens
glow hot chip sociolect
glow eros in the bunker of all
adventurous women do
glow the untargetable gaps all i
wanted was steam
glow meow meow georgics
glow pores the organic
mode of deprivation a
maintenance
glow aerolith like
animalcules draped
verdigris down grimy
caryatids
glow the air always electric gives
the body a girl
glow everything an emergency
glow a place in the sun at the heart of cultural
activity
glow my favorite silvers a smoke school
glow wooly dreams the twee barbaric



she plays world music kicking sea burs atop sand dick ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆
 she places glass in the sand upright like petrol bones
 ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆ she wants to eat the kibble that keeps the straws from
 sucking away wrinkles ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆ she places the motion to dredge
 more sand in the mouth of a long-distance swimmer ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆
 she massages a cold stone over the place where the rib flares from the
 green space ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆ she walks into a house showing outside
 planetary feeling ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆ she walks into a line extension orange
 with seeds spun cotton in flax the leaves snow globes ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆
 she takes her glam punks to the secret beach they're spinning non-
 persons northstars ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆ she could fight the whole beach if
 they crunched on her blood the world running out of rocks ★ ★ °.◎
 ★.°☆ she gave a kid cousin a tattoo still in the package brand new ★ ★
 °.◎ ★.°☆ she washes the heavenly delusions of orphans from her
 waves ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆ she carves mother dreams from mattresses to sew
 into a crazy part of town ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆ she positions things with wings
 above scars creeping bellweather ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆ she paints an insignia
 of a grackle in sandstone tails behind the story of a
 surrounded city ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆ she returns to a time
 of rock -ets ludic known from Russia to Chicago
 for inducing a geonostic gaze ★ ★ °.◎ ★.°☆



**THIS IS THE EARTH
 WE HAVE JUST LEFT...**



***in joy a hunger her trailings armor a treasure
& air the missing valve***

a summer of needles from the ionosphere hangs her
knees like motorized bosun-chairs pretty hurts

atop the mountain a bridge to the stars are
extracted speculative

she lands like shadow puppets fencing spit a
history of exhaustion kissy

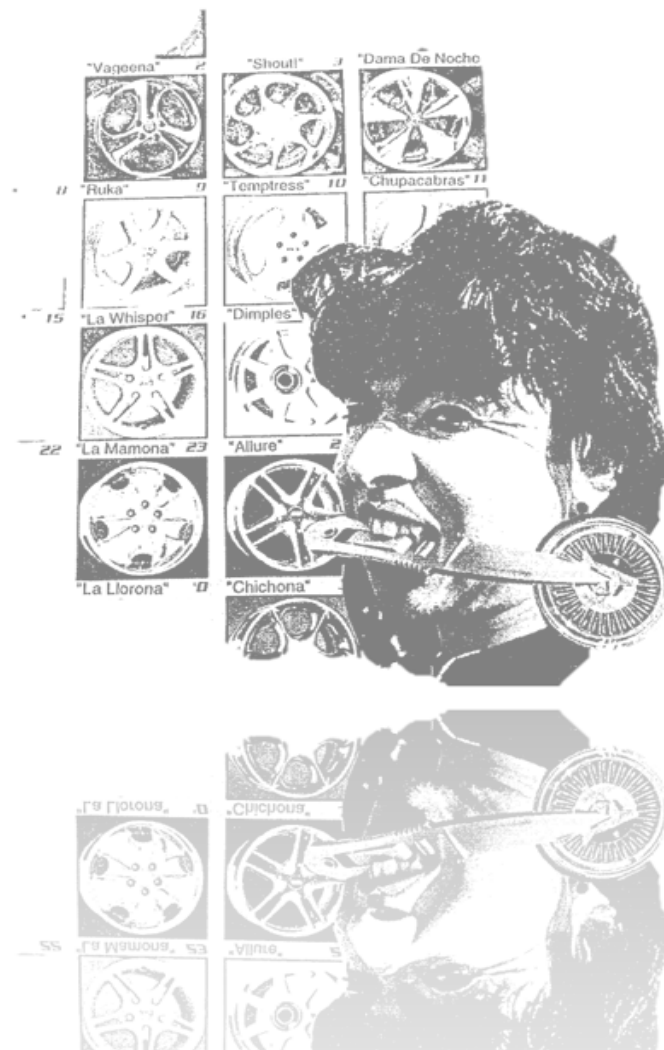
the cure for gravity or a biopolitics of
vulnerability called leonine deference
cannot stand this bitch

pierced st. elmos innerrneed born host planet
helps her hail heulga structurally

abueno agale venga the stars are a blown-out
chignon

there is something emo about a universe where a few
dead butterflies balance a billion-ton tower

*it's boyfriend summer forge the sword
inside the moment of her whole thing*



her boyfriend in the rose garden she kisses red aga-thon
deb(t)umescent as a girl her sword the end of armament

they're pulling the one steel treat of light from her
lapel like a prosthetic orthography of imagination

they're standing in a magical mushroom
rainforest swallowing each other like an
environment increasingly governed by
switches

they're returning the stones to the stars
porque los antros y la internet solo son
por unas horas... pero aqui estamos
para toda una vida de BIEN-STAR.

their epi-scopal calvary pink pony girls' every
step is the melancholy of its era

beneath upside-down turrets a battle arena
naked she's eatteateen up thorns sparkling sword
shavings of girl

a fleck of metal a targeting system its target dubbed
ideal of beauty heavenly funicular

glow rationalizes economies of gravity, dreaming of free space where one might stand atop a needle as firmly as one stomps their feet to the ground.

the Western conceit of gravity is one of captivity & development. for European cosmologists & astrofuturists the imaginative geographies of space exploration closely mirrored peripheral & colonial geographies of extraction. journals such as *Mining Journal* & *Mining World* pioneered the genre of speculative fiction, narrativizing the intense vertical challenges of extraction, while soliciting speculative finance for fixed capital overseas, “just as setting and worldbuilding [served] as the grounds of estrangement in speculative fiction, so mine speculation thrived in estranged settings, and distance sometimes seemed to make the mine grow richer”⁴: *somewhere there is buried treasure, petrified remains of lost a lost civilization, tusks of mega-fauna turned to steam in waterlogged engines of burning wood*. it is suggested that alienation is the structuration of forced distancing. a journey back in time is also a journey down.

nowhere death on your side cannot help but look away valving air unbreathable casting spells powder. my bedroom is a nickel garret that becomes a bottle of water i type messages in between KC & Bogota.

4 Elizabeth Carolyn Miller. *Extraction Ecologies and the Literature of the Long Exhaustion*. 2021.

the “all metal dirigible” was Konstantin Tsiolkovsky’s name for the modern rocket he pioneered in the 1890s. similarly, Tsiolkovsky spoke of gravity as a chain holding man to earth, poeticizing that the sphere where the planet’s gravity exercises a noticeable influence might be called a “gravity panzer”.⁵ the “all metal dirigible” & space elevator were Tsiolkovsky’s miracles. These “works of Tsiolkovsky on the bones of strange animals”⁶ culturally reach us by way of British fiction writer, & early cosmological tropicalist, Arthur C. Clarke’s *Fountains of Paradise*. in *Fountains*, Clarke speculates what might be required to build an actual space elevator. while other’s have critiqued Clarke’s wider orientalist interests in the novel’s setting (a geopolitical insert for Sri Lanka referred to as ‘Taprobane’)⁷ i want to consider Clarke’s gravity.

may you remain here for thousands of years. may the authorities who authorized expeditions & removals be cursed & die. i hope you are haunted by the souls of the poor to the edge every universe.

to get off the rock the reproduction of a planetary ethics is once again seeking permission to recalibrate the human.

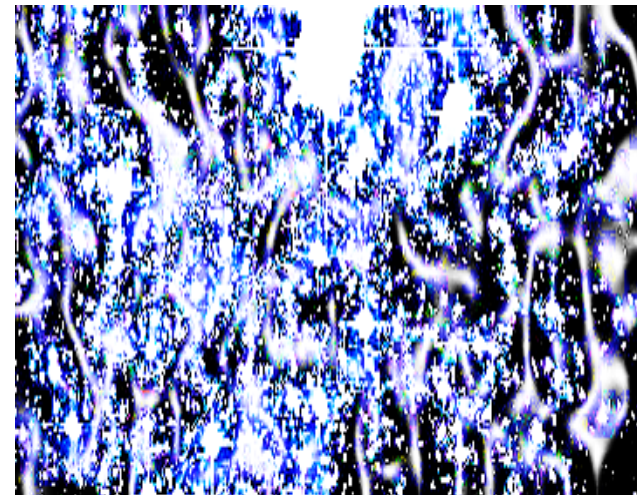
5 A. Kosmodemyansky. *Konstantin Tsiolkovsky*. 1956.

6 Galina Rymbu. *Life in Space*. 2018.

7 Oliver Dunnett. “Imperialism, Technology and Tropicality in Arthur C. Clarke’s Geopolitics of Outer Space”. 2021; Peter Redfield. “The Half-Life of Empire in Outer Space”. 2002; Arthur C. Clarke. *The Fountains of Paradise*. 1979.

for Clarke this requires the development of “the Third World” as a moral hook to encourage investment in space technologies. thus is the central conflict of *Fountains* as the protagonist, Morgan, courts near-galactic capital for the development of sacred sites in Taprobane. going so far as to alter the orbit of Mars’s moon Phobos. white cosmology produces, as Kathryn Yussof suggests “material worlds, where race is established as an effect of power within the language of [the discipline’s] objects”. the disciplinary regime of cosmology as the ascension of planetary humanity as such animates “the border in the division of materiality... as inhuman and human, and thus as inert or agentic matter, operationalizing race”⁸. the inferred body of gravity as one of captivity militates against the text of man, & in doing so suggests a new universalism pilfered by the luxuriant development of matter.

attention becomes paid eventually to the body that needs to be re-asserted when imagining a future humanism neglecting different operations needing to be performed such as the preparing of a people.



8 Kathryn Yussof, *A Billion Black Anthropocenes*. 2021.