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Thade The Dystopian

Hatred of the new originates in a concealed tenet of bourgeois ontology: that the transient should be transient, that death should have the last word.

—Theodor Adorno, *Aesthetic Theory*

Hello, my name is Thade, extending a hand.

The pap of activism, coiled, mood-slippery toward the avant-garde, I concede is the guesswork of a highwide dystopia. It is in fact the freedom to act, errant as a world, cleaving to the neo like an alias with his bot.

I put my hands on my omentum and pray for what can save a life from the urgency of dead referents coded for sense: order in tandem, ends in the avenged, diction in banter dumbly pent in panegyrics of panic as a larynx turns silo, hiding false civility, serves the attack at the pale edges of glut with a fat belly.

This is grist for the activists' mill looking for a sequel to the prequel that never actually took place. I've been lying to myself. It's archetypal, or at least human, as if to identify the taxonomy makes it alright. The days to come are no more a watershed than the days that have been rivulets in the oil spills, and your attention is incumbent on those dictums of trust to augment the agonics of the age from rehearsed consensus. It has taken so long to get here and I can't stay. The dead I've loved who inhabit the refused with their postures of unease, are without denomination, susceptible

to versions but in the end in clear revolt. They defy
the pigeonhole in spite of my strained efforts at a manifesto
of a suppler ethos of tone, which says more about me
than it could ever say about them. It's in the eye of the bystander
and the heresy has been myopic with its methexis
a talisman buried in landfills of a corpora no longer
helpful at the border crossing. I'm not sure that admonitions
about the doctrinal Ur of an idyllic place will set me free to
face the future smart in catalog wear, my hair the color
of sequestered recruits. Activism is more reductive
now anyway, has more to compare, more defeat and chance
to sink into oneself if the vitriol falls out of the sanctum
sanctorum to go under and leave behind the blight
of toxic codependence. I think I've been hoodwinked for loyalty,
confounded with the spell its caritas emits, something
in which you lose yourself but are not lost, left to spin
the epistola of the common good defying both the
common and good. In me is the avant-garde in covenant
with the dialectical quip to burrow through the drone
matter of everyday, its asemic words a portal
of foresight welcoming the new surveillance. As
if pursuant to the strategic plan of this arcana
of stasis, it is the metapolitical that is the concern of this
yelp, moving toward you with mixed feelings, mixed at
the crossroads where we meet perchance with brief intended
stares: beryl-blue, eye-protected hacktivism of a new maquis
with a new menisci body in old haunts to denounce that
contracts without bids seduced the corporate hegemon.

I think you hear me and I you but I don't fret the hegemon
tilting toward us with the unforgiving toxicity of clamant
deaths that are less than boycotted statements of a pulpit
careerist for the game at hand. All is wanting here:
hegemon sucking away portions of my lines, the firing
at the edges of regret, the tumescence of an erotic cartography
of where I should be by now to signal you to act. You're
in the walls like cracks, like thin dark histories around
me and as for now and yet or then and in the limp adage
of living for the now with its brute fixation on relevance and
continuity, picketing tropes of immediacy to make them habit,
I extol the avant-garde which we say is the metapolitics of this
yelp. But it is actually a dialogue, the arche-thorax,
glands and spicules, which hunt for identities that keep
horizon's close. Does anyone ask about identity anymore?
Later that night at the end of sand, the ocean carves the cliffs
with its private syntax of salt calligraphy and we're off to the
campfire having agreed to ignore the anemic malaise
probing the pit of the self procures. If anyone asks, the activist
has an uncanny knack of erasing contour through a wash of
differences exposing the lopsided hegemon's holy war waged
for fake recusants: read demagoguery for recusancy. It's the case.
The blog celebrates its rarefied vacuity at the bandwidth
level of the Hotel Url, where the flashmob assembles.
Here's the teleology. It applies to all things and all people.
Identities are consanguinities of the ciphers among us, and
ciphers are the last defense against the pandemic, which poisons
for us, the anachronistic submitted for publication
to zines of detournement and bricolage conferences. How
unfettered is care for notoriety when the malady of the
quotidian is pharmaceutical: a little self-reliance as a case of

vivisection, ruling the unpublished legions of nobodies,
waving reliquary hands at the marketing campaign.
Self-publish the urbanism of lonely obfuscations.
Why not? It's only human. We cannot be blamed: too many
writers and not enough readers; too much poetry, writing
programs, causes. Unify the uniqueness we proffer,
which is unique in its own strange way of staving
off the viral collapse of our uniqueness, and thus,
by declension our psychogeography. Do we live here?
Bless the archons, our chance against hegemons—yes,
but I put my trust in ciphers. Ciphers turn a blind eye
to the black market. Archons are resolute. War.
No war, thick with neglect. Will you angle down the
aisle with me? Ciphers want to be deciphered. You're
sassing me with this obdurate web—give me naming
rights and say that ciphers are the activists and that
archons are the hegemon's avant-garde army caught
in an agon. No closure, symbol, exergue, opening at the
city center—no copper figurine tucked between two thin
sheets of broken glass from which a banner says sit-in.
Is the figurine a bot with crown-of-thorns handcuffed
to a fence? The schism lies here. Is it warranted, or
an arrest warrant? The next thing is agential, Adorno's last
word, respelled to defray so oblique a resolve:
hello, my name is Thade, not short for Thaddeus, just
Thade, extending a hand.