



In June 2020, 12 people entered into conversation around their queer identities and their relationship to the land. In collaboration with The MERL's Anniversary project, 51 Voices, we looked to form our own archive from three texts:

1. Farmer's Weekly from May 1951
2. The Faggots and Their Friends Between Revolutions
by Larry Mitchell and illustrated by Ned Asta
3. Queer Spirits
by AA Bronson and Peter Hobbs

The first text from The MERL's archive around industrial agriculture, the second two queer and resistant texts around bodies in the landscape. The two other texts were selected as as relief from the first and a point of contrast on the voices of the Farmer's Weekly. Using the language of all three we wrote poetry and elaborated our feelings together, weaving hope of a new archive which can contain us. This publication acts as memorial to some of these thoughts. In it are erotic longings for a land that leads into the wilderness.



THIS IS THE WORD

OUTRAGE



ENDANGERED TO THE POINT OF EXXTINTION ,
TRAVELING BETWEEN TREES AND RUNNING



THEY COME OUT AT NIGHT TO ELABORATE THEIR FORMS OF
TRANS MEDICINE,

SURVIVORS FROM CRISIS TOO HARSH FOR OTHER ANIMALS TO
SURVIVE



... sweetgrass, and rooster feathers, I am a hybrid of shaman, le
Voodoo priestess. Gender has vanished. I am AA Bronson, gay
pep, shaman daddy, trans medicine woman, man on the street

GAY PRIEST LEATHER-DADDY BREARS
BECAME A CONDUIT FOR DEEP TIME.

GENDER IN THE MUCK





SODOMY WAS A SOFT WORD
WHISPERED PAST THE GATE FAR AWAY
FROM TOWN AND VILLAGE



SOFT BODIES

AND TREES AND CAVES AND BUSHES

THE SUN AND RAIN AND MOON AND WIND GROW

THE DARKNESS IS FOR LIVING TOGETHER.

HANGING UPSIDE-DOWN FROM THE CEILING



THEY STROKE THE PLANTS AND SING
INTO A LIVING RITUAL





SOMETIMES HIGH IN THE HILLS, I TOO STRIP OFF MY CLOTHES
AND, AS A TREE,
SEE THE CRACKS IN THE WORLD.

WHEN YOU CAN , COME ABOVE GROUND ,
MOVE SLOWLY DOWN THE COUNTRY ROADS



A WILDERNESS THAT SEPERATES
BEING ON THE EARTH AS FAGGOTS

AND PASSING AS MEN ON THE STREET.





WE HAVE NEVER BEEN HUMAN,
AS MUCH AS WE HAVE BEEN ANIMAL

