



WORKS

was related to police officers himself, continue to expand the questions without a lick of sense. On the other hand, as dumb as that conversation is, it needs to be attended to eventually, not because any of that might be true, but because there is an instantaneous self-deputization at play from true crime fanatics who feel the need to crack the overly complicated mystery of a fairly simple occurrence: people saw a black man collapsing in on himself and hurried to accelerate his demise.

The more daunting and lamentable conversations came from people with the wherewithal to demand and deny the coherence of Neely's cry for help and therefore any access to their Humanity. They were all positioning themselves within the relevance of their hypothetical safety. The logical coherence of the subject position of The Woman (in this instance read as the cis-gendered Non-Black Woman), the mythical poor and working people who were just trying to get home, and "regular" people who shouldn't have to be subjected to the poverty of the impoverished. The absolute refusal of the Humanity of the poorest, blackest person in the equation, because he had deigned to stray outside of the approved bounds of his social status, was placed at odds with the unquestionable sanctity of non-black safety, security and care. The death of Neely became the springboard out from the tragic non-occurrence of black suffering into the demand that all of the various non-black subject positions go about their lives undisturbed. Black death, Neely's death, is the necessary or constituent element to the safety of those poor souls subjected to our, to his, suffering.

It's difficult for me to write about Brown's death any deeper than something purely analytical. There's a necessary air of experience that I do not have, a purely visceral anxiety surrounding the increased likelihood of demise because of a clear rejection of not only the gender binary but cis-masculinity and the thwarting of a type of capture within a framework that is organized through sheer violence. There are others far better suited for that who theorize daily life from a black-trans subject position. I know the piece of shit security guard who murdered him was not in fear for his safety. I don't need to see footage to know that. His decision was clear and controlled and, while easily settled into a pathetic protection of property, can possibly be read as the outward expression of what might be his own transphobia. But fuck him. My sorrow for Brown is sympathetic because I know that, way down on the scorecard, there his name will be. I don't know if I'm lamenting its lack of prominence in the current consciousness or its possible complete absence. I just know that I don't want it to be meaningless.

"Peoples who have been to the abyss do not brag of being chosen. They do not believe they are giving birth to any modern force."

Edouard Glissant

