



with trans people, trans women especially. Outside of family, friends, and those embodying the supernova of a black non-existence with such a horribly short life expectancy, people just don't respond to the deaths of black trans people.

His alleged transgressions are immaterial to me at this point. Property, big or small, is of the utmost importance and its protection and preservation is tantamount. Windows or candy bars, cars or cigars, their violation, especially at and in black hands, is enough to warrant violence. Death is just a bonus, and who doesn't love a bonus? There's a myriad of stock answers available as to if that man stole anything why he deserved to die. They live in the lobe and quickly find the tongue when the police or the media begin an inquest. Black people dying is easy like that, and the more inexplicable the situation, the easier it is to find an answer: he was loud and he stole. Banko's friends are fighting for him but in tiny numbers. Their demands are clear but their voices are being smothered by people denying them any sort of coherence.

I hope Jordan Neely haunts every subway tunnel. I hope the hands that bound his feet and the arms that cut the wind from his body find themselves broken, bloodied, and severed. I hope the eyes that played witness to a lynching fall out of their sockets. I hope every pair of lungs in that car, lungs that sighed in relief as Jordan was being dispossessed of his life, I hope they all collapse and those people never take another breath. I hope the guard that pulled his gun and drew down on Banko Brown chokes in his sleep and I hope it hurts. I'm not remiss in my thoughts of revenge because that's all we have, Our Revenge. The burning of precincts and retail stores that carry more value than black life is Our Revenge. The disquieting of non-black fragility through force and fire is Our Revenge. It may unsettle some that civil and political society are so squarely in my cross hairs, but their domination extends beyond structure and capital. They extend beyond city halls and police stations, beyond the failures of private and state-run mental health facilities, beyond the purposed inadequacy of commodified housing, and into the psychic anxieties that glue material daily life into place. The anti-blackness of everyone else's safety, security, and care. That's what needs to be attacked. That is what will begin to cement Our Revenge.

*"Worn down, in a debasement more eternal than apocalypse.
But that is nothing yet."*

Edouard Glissant

The inane became asinine fairly quickly. Conversation about Neely's death immediately went from the facts of his murder into a cavalcade of ridiculous opinions about whether or not the man who killed him, Daniel Petty, was an informant of some sort, the two men who held his legs undercover police officers, whether Petty

