

Condition Ahuman:

a collection of body horror, trauma and trans joy



Meadow Wyand

This collection is dedicated to the memories of

James Hallenbeck
and
Alice Litman

Author's Note

Content Warning: transphobia, homophobia, body horror, SA, s***ide

This book explores heavy themes and subject matter. The poems contained within use uncomfortable language and are informed by the writing of my poetic inspirations: Sylvia Plath, Arthur Rimbaud and Audre Lorde. If you find the work of these authors too difficult to enjoy, you may be better off selecting a different title. If you are upset by the content of this book and unhappy with your purchase as a result, a refund will gladly be issued. My intent is catharsis, not harm. Please take care of yourselves.

Acknowledgements to my friends, editors, proofreaders and mentors, without whom this book would not exist: Ashley Wyand, Harlow Crandall, Kyle Meikle, Adrielle Mitchell, Ru Carroll and anyone else who lent their ear during the composition of these poems. Thank you for seeing something in me. Your support means the world and more.

Thanks for reading <3
-Meadow
Aberdeen, November 2023

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Cover: ‘*we have been subordinate to our limitations until now*’ by Alice Gardner-Bates
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First Edition

“An artist’s job is sometimes to create the difficult conversations that need to be had, and it’s none of my business what anyone thinks of me when I do that... I am a woman, I have something to offer. I am and have always been carrying a lot of grief... To get to the joy, I need to release the pain which is blocking me. If I do not do this, I will not survive... It’s like trauma therapy.”

-Sinéad O’Connor

rage

FOR ALICE

Even today,
on the day of your death,
it seems no one
remembers your name.

The land you lived on,
the land that failed you.
Your trials were not adventures.
Your home not the wonderland
it makes itself out to be.

No one was there.
No 'white rabbit' down
the hole in your head.
May Queens and Wyrd threads,
a state of trans girls in deathbeds.
Piles, mounds, mountains,
dead girls 'on mopeds.'

Your name is forever branded
in an American poem
that hardly knew you.
But I know you enough
to know you deserved more.

I, with no greater right
to be here than you.
The possessor only,
of better luck
in a world that hates us.



A BROKEN FRAME

You want to be contortions of me,
images you make of my camera.
A gaze of pieces, a broken lens.

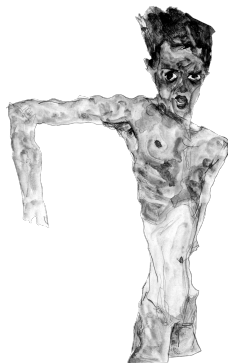
Laconic, invading, you see me, a phantasy,
the ghost of desire haunting the frame. Yet,
you want to be contortions of me.

Vessels cut, clotting what your irises see.
You accuse me? You autogynephile.
A gaze of pieces, a broken lens.

Lacanian, illusory skin, elusive objet petit
a. Spilling joke's on you. I don't want to be myself,
you want to be contortions of me.

My tissue is a knife, bloody,
piercing the order of flesh.
A gaze of pieces, a broken lens.

Red hue, black/blue, 'pictures of me,'
ravenous, carnivorous, dismembered 'pictures of you.'
You want to be contortions of me.
A gaze of pieces, a broken lens.



A SCAR

They're gone now and none of you seem to care.
You all seemed to have moved on
the day after 'the funeral party,'
as if smoke doesn't
drift into the air.

You think your accomplishments grand as 'The Colossus.'
You think I care about your creative business.
Your flaccid penises are more fragile than flesh.
I will tear them like the pieces of Sylvia's father,
discarnate, bleeding, odorous.

You were given honors not deserved,
to eulogize the dead,
more detached than 'The Truth the Dead Know.'
Your words more empty than the grave
they wanted. The flesh won't be preserved.

I held out my phantom limb,
amputated for consolation.
It reached into the purgatory of you
and came back empty handed.
A deeper hollow than the hole for him, her.

Who do we think we are?
'The dead?'
Forever on you and I. A scar.

the trauma tapes vol 1: insomnia

*a cot,
a body,
rotting.*

LEAVING ALEXANDRIA

You preach revolution
from the steps of the statue,
above, you see our bodies naked,
some 'houses of the holy' fetish,
fawns about, applauding.

Underneath the marble,
 Our skeletons awaiting
 chambers on the left,
 to be filled with the gas
 of the 'plump, overfed' man,

if only you could wield the power
you think you can.
I'd say: 'shut up and listen,'
but arrows shut
your punctured ears.

Your 'psyche-deep superior' eyes
bleeding,
pouring over golden needles,
blind. We see
your face in the plaster.

Not 'slouching towards Bethlehem,'
marching on Alexandria,

begging us to line the trail,
but we wield the power
you think you can.



POWER

Power does not assume a solid form.
It writhes its way between our words. It worms
throughout the hollow space and softly squirms.
A laser pointer creeps through social norms,
accumulating force and breeding swarms,
expanding stings in unseen droplets' germs.
They fight in blood. Towards the eggs, the sperms
combat the silence after nicety's warm.
Away, not you. Your allied selves are free
because you don't call me a faggot or
tranny. See. You Other me, as you read
what's next. Your speech is full of shy contempt,
the faint restraint of power's maggots,
your subtext's sound proclaims, it names me dead.

RUGBY

Rugby is a violent sport.
Violence litters the field,
blood, a blanket on the *terf*.

'Step into my car,' the coach says.
'We've had a formal report:
you're transgender.'
She removes the whistle.
Two lightning bolts
pinned to her uniform,
one on her forehead,
revealed.

A deeper wound
than the scar on your abdomen
or the bruise on your back.

Internalizing violence,
a different kind of bodily trauma.

‘I guess I can’t have this anymore.’
You can’t have rugby,
but you can have the world.
I will give it to you.
I don’t know how, but
‘where there’s a whip, there’s a will.’
Consider it ‘a promise.’

For now, I give you more
than my word - my sword
and equip you with your own.
‘The night is almost over,
I can tell from the whip-poor-wills.’
Their battle song is about to scream.

Violence is only violence
to those who breathe different air.
We draw it in every final gasp.
We have no choice.
It’s suffocating.

But we are armed
with violence of our own.
We defile your sacred heroes
and become the ones we need.
An ‘army of we.’
We are coming.

THE END OF THE HUMAN

Even desired,
we could never live among the anthropocene.
Exceptionalism will never belong to me.
We are against the human race
for all life.

We are sacrifice,
'the suffering of flesh,'
extinct.

An apocalypse of gods,
cyberwinter blanketing earth,
paradise in lunar flowers.

Earth,
I am sorry for what they will do to you
after we are gone.

Treat them with wrath and fury,
Gaia.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Meadow Wyand is a musician, poet, essayist and designer from Rochester, NY. As a multi-instrumentalist and singer-songwriter, she fronts the gothic rock band Fourth Dominion. Their sophomore LP ‘Diana’s Day’ was released to acclaim in 2024 through Fiadh Productions, with particular praise being given to the album’s lyricism:

“it’s clear that Fourth Dominion are something special, breathing new life into familiar post-punk tropes with a galloping momentum and passionate lyrics contemplating queer growth through suffering” - *Distorted Sound*

Her essay ‘Were Shakespeare and Kurosawa Marxists?: Examining Structural Critiques in *Hamlet* and *The Bad Sleep Well*’ was published in Johns Hopkins University’s *Macksey Journal* in 2020. Her presentation ‘And It’s Pagan Poetry: Restoring Pagan Values to the Modern Things in *The Northman*’ was delivered at the Modern Language Association’s SAMLA 94 conference in 2022.

Her work can be found at fourthdominion.bandcamp.com, Hornthrowers, and on BlueSky at meadowkamagica.bsky.social.

"Meadow explores the stark, confronting horror of the human experience with a rare deftness and sensitivity that reminds the reader they aren't alone."

-RU CARROLL, POISON IVY IN 'THE PEOPLE'S JOKER.'
AUTHOR 'DEADNAMES.' LGBTQ+ ACTIVIST.

"Meadow's poetry does more than to just offer up the musicality of an accomplished songwriter. These are poems that probe the fissures between the past and present, between the contemporary and the mythological - these are attempts to grasp the root beginnings of gender, despair, and power. These are visions of tomorrow that must be reckoned with now."

-HARLOW CRANDALL, AUTHOR 'STARTS LIKE A KISS AND ENDS LIKE A CURSE:
THE ENIGMA OF JIM CARROLL.'

"Meadow is a gorgeous poet. There are so many lines here that I know will be sticking with me - several already take up a cherished, comfortable space. Poignant, Indispensable."

-LYDIA BOETRICH, RESIDENT POET, ARTIST AND DESIGNER,
ROCHESTER, NY, SUNY MCC.

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