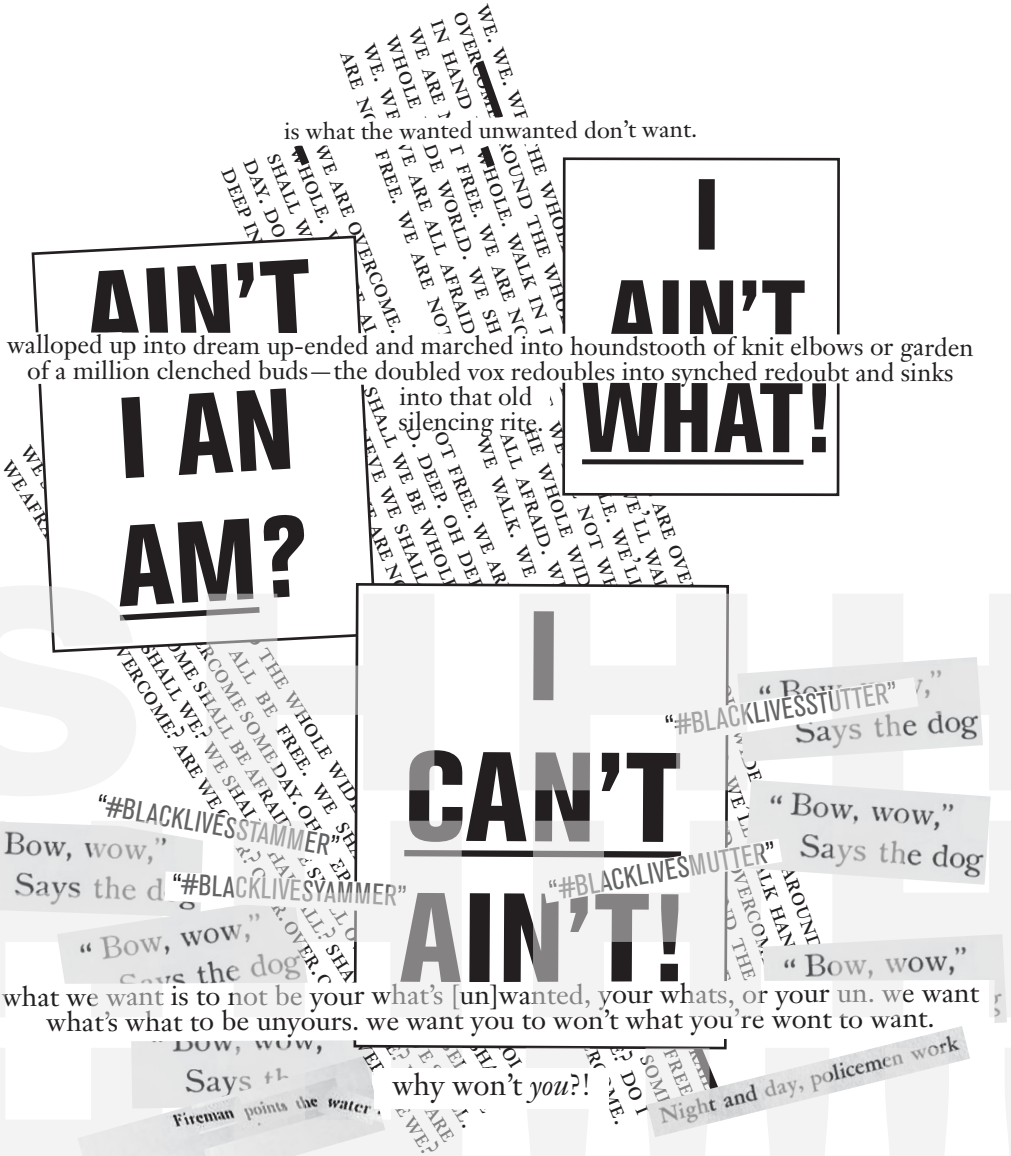
THAT LOUD-ASSED COLORED SILENCE:
PROTEST



is what the wanted unwanted don't want.

walloped up into dream up-ended and marched into houndstooth of knit elbows or garden of a million clenched buds—the doubled vox redoubles into synched redoubt and sinks into that old silencing rite.

what we want is to not be your what's [un]wanted, your whats, or your un. we want what's what to be unyours. we want you to won't what you're wont to want.

why won't *you*?!