

1. an introduction to real estate induced psychosis

take
the role
of just
some rando
texting
clandestinely
(you're not
that important
but it's okay
to pretend)
at least
I'm here
in some
beautified
wasteland
so you know
it's getting some
use-value sim
pathetically
like a ghost
hunter or
some weird
bike nut job
rides by like some
where did you
get your money
hippy dinosaur
blasting some
sort of uplifting
trance or other
such rave music
repeating climaxes
with confidence only
possible with
unfounded real
estate luck
I don't even
know what
that would look
like did you break
your foot touches
grass like all
the online
bullies told
you to do
but you don't
feel any
better thoughts
than memories?
hardly ever
a charming
graffiti tag
but I still support
them



2. at rock bottom I was a piss girl

I guess must twang
molds carpets like
a slow alt country tune
eases me
into a piss soaked mattress

treasure weed happiness
I guess I need to hear it
everyone needs to hear
I guess I need the mattress
flipped mid-wisdom like
I guess I need to hear it
the fabreezed depression
I guess I need to hear it
of a weighted blanket
I guess I need to hear it
water press up against
I guess I need to hear it
my ear drums to understand
I guess I need to hear it
the iron man ticking

a memory without
distinct time or place
I guess I need to hear it
I guess I need to hear my

best friend's homophobic
dad tirade against Elton John
and his music
like the affirmative
nagging of an early aughts
cartoon soundscape
I've learnt to hate things

Invest in reverberations
Dull fallout hoopla
and liberal fanfics

I guess I need to hear
the dull fallout hoopla
and liberal fanfics

I guess I need to hear it
I guess I need to hear it
demyelination progress
I guess I need to hear it
to understand how
I guess I need to hear it
the freshslice logo works
I guess I need to hear it
or how the slick graphics
I guess I need to hear it
of a spin class operation
I guess I need to hear it
teaches me to hate things
I guess I need to hate things
I guess I need to hate things
crackling of vape pens
I guess I need to hate things
lunchtime microdose
I guess I need to hate things
the best thing in the world
I guess I need to hate things
I've learnt to hate the music

3. I seem to be an adjective

confident
time to free

up posture
ghost at ease

career
anti
addict
drug pro

I thought drug addicts lived like
I thought drug addicts
CPR queen my weekend
I thought drug addicts lived like
I thought drug addicts
CPR queen my weekend

parent daughter son
ninety-thousand square foot
home we're not people
like we're intermittent
types proud families
own street drug-laced burden

they're not people like we're people

they're not people like we're people
they're not people like we're people
they're not people like

we're people

yes, I want to be data
and criminal opulence
yes, I want to be
administrative
spirit

dirty, grimy, faded, and blue
Look at me I'm depicted too

I want to be an adjective

free from work

statistic(al)

sad musing
measurement

authentic

one with concrete
dust wheel nature
austerity darling

I am just
statistics



4. I don't think much at all

cash hand
dry washing
like lick that shit up
I'll lick that shit up

techniques scaly a la
damn he's productive
for a Seroquel head...

soft soap
delicacy
to go
with the I think
you forgot my fries
dopamine deficiency
to go
with the
backhand comments
titiliate
you can see the urge
to give
some two-bit labour
tips rich for her allowance
to nicotine
emptiness
the boredom pairs
well with the longing
pairs well with the

why don't you fuck right off now

we're free market
cyber sluts
in line
for diagnoses
they seem desperate
to call
my comrades
and I cheap
counter service whores
in decline a whole
generation raised on
snuff films
thinking not much
of a mind at all
that doesn't go
a hundred miles
a minute

some commercial convinced
me to use it to my advantage
I have hippies tell me that
my burnt skin is political every day
I have old teachers tell me
my parents should be so ashamed
of me
I want to jump over the counter
and stab some clueless customer

with a dull fucking chef knife



5. diss track

rich enough for free spirit
type digital trailblazer
classified as classifying
my dream state non-
alienated anti-synthetic self

prime time health nut yet
only organic, to be correctly
classified as classifying
blood quantum naturopathic
incense covered fart love culture vanity

punk rock realness confession
post the wrong side of masculinity
classified as classifying the
anti-bourgeois guy warned against
bringing home to still hate women

snap back corner store coffee
shop half-educated cocaine lined
pride classified as classifying
head pivot up down stands straight
other arm holding fake disinterested

class I tried to talk some street
sense into this bunch but they never
knew punk classified as classifying
to ask where the show was or
what the right karaoke songs were.



6. this is your brain on minimum wage

do you want a sandwich?
I can serve it to you!

shrink the public!
too personal:
praxis, oh yeah!
oh yeah! Miss feeling
what that name meant
to you (to me?)
to you (to me?)
yeah!

Miss feeling without
coherence: formless
nameless content
oh those were the best days
when the lyrics didn't matter

do you want a sandwich?
I can serve it to you!

analytic minded
new age alcoholic

proviso to replace
Lowry-like negative
desire to (just for the sake of it)
be an oh yeah

dictator of thingamajig
policy manipulations
just for the sake of it!

7. it rubs the boycott ketchup on its brand new slacks

the politics didn't matter just the haircut
the price didn't matter just eyes and showing them
we were together all together because we didn't know any better
we were together all together

because we liked to repeat mindless thoughts
our radical spots didn't matter just the haircut

he's got the kind of slacks that screams disenfranchisement
I want to be his friend
show me the revolutionary dance moves that academic marxists
can't even dream of
if I had that party discipline I'd diligently cut my wrists
down the road to make it count
I've lost it the number of imperialist conquests
up my nose every Saturday night
that have kept me from completely falling over the edge of guilt
I'm enthralled in

because we liked to repeat mindless thoughts
our radical spots didn't matter just the haircut

cause what I want I want what I want I want what I want I want what I want I want

I couldn't tell the what politics of what are you doing
apart from the you politics of you're fired!
you're fired you're fired

what I want I want what I want I want what I want I want what I want I want

I am inclined you are inclined they are inclined
we are inclined and we repeat language and we remember
why we can't be any better
and we remember the compilation videos and we remember
what it's like not to be devastated.



8. whispers catastrophe

pepper spray becoming
gesture-like a notice
of receipt trauma
the accidental meeting
two sets of eyes
and all the damage
to come after that
the quiet wallows
in his self-pity
it never quite worked
out, the career, house
the pension plan whether
missile trails like fireworks
streams a sentence
you pick up a word
then two and see
where it leads you
dare I make something
beautiful in a time
of complete devastation
but we have dates
booked to record
and I have lyrics to write.



9. that is the land of lost content

yellow siding fish pond hunter cat
shade trees lazy porch red door three
floors dark hardwood dust sunbeams
nineteenth-century windows
fireplace sleeping cat Persian rug
library bookshelves useful education
reading chair art collection records
office proud work green kitchen
cabinets wooden island pots pans
soup smell L-shaped staircase
baby gate primary bedroom ensuite
bathroom family photos picture
frame warm dry cool solarium turret
backyard shed quiet alley cherry
blossoms first-day school tears
nearby restaurants patio spring air
laughter neighbourhood gathering
when began of endangered ago says
was impossible to ignore thriving
invasive grow larger than only
crowding have caused major already
set in more still stopped emitting
would begin to flatten within few then
remain elevated for there is between
do feel it that is less than while on
irreversible today every little bit
alive today every little bit approved
more new non-governmental said
in occupied new constituting will
be in annexed if to weren't for there
would be highly for the between and
told is situate beyond in and other
contributes indirect participates in
that produce has weak direct for
classified as short-lived while proud
to talk about how invest in accept
same drive are calling joining in
before stormed says now to go on
to defend that later alongside when
no else can't even afford told from
recalling went to see went to look was
not present when began rushing onto



10. we're corporatizing polyamory

the disease of psychology
edging me at the labour board
etch lyrics
on the self-repairing concrete
tell the pigeons
how we're going to save the world

it's fire
tell the humans
talk smack if you find a sec
catch me online
slopping up bureacracy
I'll share my flesh with the birds
I'll tell them jokes they'll say "word"

emoticon indulgence
I can play
I'm an office-core drag
like please don't forget
my god complex

gag reflex practice
at Macey's for sampling
the like I give a shit
thought emancipation
could be ephemeral
like cold wars like taxes
like doom scrolling
my little death

I'm a dopamine slut
with a tendency to squirt
at inopportune moments
like mid-psychedelic
attention spans into the banality
of letting corpses rot
while politicians fuck

to zoning regulations
and architecture made
for cruising and laws
designed to prevent it
I came amidst the
horny slog of revolution
and woke up
to a technocratic fairyland
and everyone has
their perfect little place
and everyone is
dreaming on their spiked beds
like magicians we danced
until the pigeons cooed
obsessed with

our elections
repeat mirror mime
the dopamine hits
I'm fine

our youth movements
repeat mirror mime
the dopamine hits
I'm fine

our news stories
repeat mirror mime
the dopamine hits
I'm fine

our body aches
repeat mirror mime
the dopamine hits
I'm fine



11. canned response

canned response: thank you [blank]
for three hundred "Remarkably
Better" cramped desks atomized
bedrooms no central air i love not
wearing real pants these days my
"Team Leader" jokes about me
slacking off because i forgot to
"CLOCK BACK IN AT 2:30" after i
scarfed down a quarter pounder
that was dropped off at my front
door at 2:25 brought to me by an
endless chain of [insert quirky term
for laborer here] who also forgot
to clock-in on time and who also
don't like being called "slaaaaacker
:P" canned response: thank you
[blank] for your feedback canned
response: kindly get off my back
simone i'm having some IT issues
sorry this google doc can't refresh
fast enough sorry there goes my KPI
for the day i take full responsibility
for my internet speed lag due to the
rain sorry i don't know what time it is
in toronto i wonder if simone knows
what it smells like in strathcona on a
hot day she probably wouldn't like it
once a week we hold a 'team huddle'
because 'powwow' is culturally
insensitive and a 'meeting' is not
"Remarkably Better" the culture is
what keeps me here oh yeah HQ is
great if you ever get to go they have a
drum kit unlimited free-snacks nap-
rooms puppers doggos goo-goo
gaa-gaa click-click pause for notes
sorry [laugh-sweat emoji] canned
response: hi [blank], unfortunately
we're not having fun yet :(



All songs written, composed and performed by Emma Goldman

Recorded by Mariessa McLeod at Rain City Recorders

Mixed and Mastered by Will Killingsworth at Dead Air

Tracks 1, 8, and 11 mixed by Pavel Ganapolsky

Track 5 mixed by Jesse Cramer and Pavel Ganapolsky

Album design and layout by Hayley Schmidt

Photo credits: JJ Mazzucotelli, @jtp0t0s, @wmmd_, @ellie.mpg and vfougere

12. bellinis at the blockade

the morning alarm clock says WOOO!
I am, we are:
a priori dust pulverize delay response!
sanded down by:
a countering force
reduced to sound-clips and big tits
and spit on it, beat it,
and ground it, it's clod!
for flattening tummy tea ads
got me fucked up
bellini with friends ain't it bougie;
I'm bougie!

I hear a voice
many voices
but I cannot
distinguish their words
amidst the:
head-splitting, deafening, beguiling,
shining spirit, intoxicating
it's shrinking me!
I am an orb of reacts!
deranged princess shit
I'm honing in on twisted pillows

a million screaming voices,
they sigh and they say
"Earth, land, soil.
What's a synonym for 'ground'?"

I think we're being eroded;
do you hear and feel it too?

"Get up,"
from the pit the choir is chanting,
"Show up, fake it! All you are is we!"

