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# The Statement of the East

“Language and Its Slaves”

Middle East & North Africa Surrealist Group

22 Nov 2020

*“Through the poem, we will demolish the corpses of  
Linguistic livelihood”*

The poem is a collective act, even if it is cast by a single imagination.

Collective automatism is self-contained in daily life. It floats through the air, dissolving all standing authority, and poetry is the belly of the river in which the showers of the collective unconscious take refuge. Every class, political, religious, linguistic or social authority wears off with the lightning of the poem.

Poetry alone, without a partner, is able to completely dismantle it.

DARK HUMOR IS THE GHOST OF TRUTH RAGING WITH THE HAMMER OF THE SLOTH, THE KILLER OF ALL HOLIES.

Everything that is physically neglected in the city and every sexual explosion concealed by social fascism and its sick moral and religious logic, and everything that kills the sacred in its

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various bloody aspects represents for us the doughs in which we form our poems.

We disdain the guards of the grammars because they are the condoms that protect the heritage of linguistic subservience with its fascist religious sources, that erases every ecstasy that every free desire carries.

What is our language? What is language?

Is it the tool or the material subject to manufacture? Is it a hammer or a piece of steel that is hammered to be made into a blade?

Language is the most ordinary tool and always ready for recycling, it is the most human tool, subject to frequent use, it seems that everything that can be said with it has already been said, the same previous sentence was written by a Pharaonic writer from the old country, old wine is poured into old containers.

How miserable the fate of the poets is, boring is language, because the condition of its existence is that it be normal and acceptable and bear all the official seals of recognition, how can you form feathers for a phoenix from these yarns that have been spun countless times?

The truth is, language is not boring. People are boring.

Free imagination is to deconstruct the world and recreate it in the image of ourselves. Language is too fragile to be dismantled.

I have to give you a verb, an actor and an object every time, so that we agree that “this is language”, ok.

But what I can tell with it is endless and has no limits. The hammer and anvil of the blacksmith are the same, they do not change, and yet what can be formulated through language is what we call the infinite, and there are no limits to it except the creative abilities of the creator to imagine and develop his tools to create what he imagines. Language is the most complex delivery tool because it is able to communicate a new meaning every time it is received. Every time a message falls through

a human receiving device, it is reflected in a slightly different way to its original image.

We culminate the objective coincidence of daydreaming with a wreath that links Surrealism with all psychological, literary and artistic sciences, we connect it with what the sociology of the cities hides.

Pure poetry is the eye that is hanging in the festoon, the dawn of the horizon, and the sulfuric acid that is burning the face of the civilization of slavery markets.

You do not have to get close to people, you have to choose 400 close wolves who look like the linguistic numbering tools. Then you storm all the theaters of the city to read an orphan poem about the futility of life without poetry.

The daily Arabic dictionary is one-armed poverty, and it is the rattle of acquiescence.

And the Arab poetry scene is an ass hole to soak up the collective thirst.

We strongly emphasize our apparent hostility to those who limit both surrealism and poetry to fictional artificial masturbation, and canning the free rave.

Also...

We support the hidden relationships which are swimming in the deep ocean of the collective melatonin that has been blocked by the rust of everyday life and we preserve it perfectly in the skeleton box.

The poem should be an arena for the execution for all celestial metaphysics, to burn them with the napalm of desires, and real poetry employs itself to discover a daydream that venges its fate and make barbaric sex with it.

It is there in the room of closed blinds where yesterday's world licked the thigh of the sleeping's world, where free delirium with sufficient needs flogs the back of the bloody logical consciousness and trivial daily facts.

In our hands it's the whip of the Marquis de Sade that irritates the clitoris of the inner thirst of the human imagination.

Every poet must put himself alone in the pursuit of his golden room overlooking the execution field of all laws: family, authority, religion and society.

The pain you feel in your head has been caused by the speeches of nobles for 400 years.

If fools had listened to poetry, it would have been better for them and for us not to reuse the same evening more than 400 times, except for the poetry-lit evening.

The most beautiful poems were like a grenade. Toss it and take the ground. Let a child choose the title of your poetry book.

The Revolution is : Poetic Solitude and Rebellious Laziness.

No coat of poetry, no parentage in Surrealism.

Today's poet has nothing but to carry the pickaxe of his screams.

- As you leave yourself, don't forget to close the mouth of the ego.
- Break your mirrors inside you.
- Follow the concealed steps, and cover the shades of the chameleon.
- Don't travel, turn cities toward you.

Don't cross the river, let it cross you again and again, as you it's the surrealist estuary.