

*hanover mums
love level dick*



I am a hanover mum. i go to the local organic grocers for weekly shopping and some biodynamic wine for later. i smile lovingly at the shop owners. i am free from red meat, dairy and gluten. i get annoyed with poop and rubbish on the streets. my yoga clothes are from stella mccartney, i grab my toes and lift them in the air, my body forming the most perfect v-shape. i am a force of nature, i am fucking fierce.

i love good design, this butter dish i purchased is work of a genius. i'm debating whether to re-do our loft but this to-do list is out of control. i'm on the hunt for my favourite brand of tahini, i guess i need to drag myself to taj. my fridge and pantry are stocked. i have constant pains in my back. I go to 3 osteopaths and 2 massage therapists. i spent the whole day on the phone to doctors, services and customer support. my body's hyperfocused on a motion, the continuous rolling over and forward like film reel, like screens. i need the motion going. i tidy up all day and he never notices. i am packing boxes, i need everything labelled and a detailed list. desire isn't lack, it's surplus energy. i guess my life, although filled with joy, has become quite stagnant.

i'm level dick. i'm a chill guy. it's a blank wall, i wake up at midday. i maybe skateboard or simply get stoned. we go to easy hours to pick up some cans. i love sitting on concrete in the sun. things glide in a haze. the level is moist in a skunk cloud. i have broken limbs and calluses on my fingertips. i overdid my microdosing this morning, i'm just going with it. i tried to sell some shoes and somebody on gumtree now wants to pay for pictures of my feet, i wonder if that can buy me a mattress? i just went to aldi but you will never see me carrying a plastic bag – it's tucked away in my backpack. i dabble in woodwork and read books on non-monogamy. i love things simple and i love when things get wild. i appreciate whiskey and jazz and don't often reply to texts. i experience feelings at a remove. i fuck with basquiat. i'm sensibly butch. this is a beanie i bought in peru. i print helpline leaflets for the community. i come across as confident. i'm expected in three places at once and i won't stay for long. balancing mystery, keeping cards close to my chest, a total illusion of an open book though. i need to be careless at times. often times really. i met my hanover mum at an xr meeting.

i'm a hanover mum. i'm invisible.

i'm level dick. I can't look away.

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the irreverent, nonsensical, relentless refusal, the arrogant ballsiness, havoc, and craze, depravity and deprivation, wild cards so showy, instinctual, a second of perceived otherness, a promise of something different, security and being, income and aimlessness, health and moment, admin and poetry, shelter and freedom. we are not yet free from the urgency of life and desire.

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i'm level dick. i'm on a horizontal plane with respect to the distance above or below a given point. flat and even. i'm on a surface that cuts perpendicularly all plumb lines that it meets, and hence would coincide everywhere with a surface of still water.

i'm a hanover mum. i'm on the higher ridge.

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i carry a lucy & yak tote bag. i think i'm level dick but im probably a hanover mum.

i'm hanover dick. i stole your parking spot clearly out of spite.

i'm a level mum. my child is god.

i'm hanover level. two pints in, browsing john lewis app.

i'm level hanover. grounded.

i'm a dick mum. do i even want to mother?

i'm a mum dick. you've never felt so seen.

i AM YOUR hanover mum,

i AM YOUR level dick.

i'm "hanover mums love level dick". love-bombed then ghosted, we've flattened this hill.

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wholesome

what's their name / they just ooze this sense of calm / they are probably the opposite of a neurotic / they have curly dark hair and sometimes blond straight hair / and they are older maybe 30s / and they had known what they wanted for a long time / and they are not pervasive but they are around sometimes / and sometimes they get you in a moment totally blown away by that passion and charisma and vibes / and they come over to pass on some stuff to you it's mostly trash and you say thanks / and then you see them holding on to a tape cassette and say it's yours and they say they wanted to keep it / and you walk around the playground together and they are trying to explain themselves with such maturity and contentment / and they tell you how they have these feelings everytime they see you or are around you / and they are so calm in their vulnerability / and they hope you could change their circumstances for the better but they also know things might not work out / they have this real gravity about them / this rootedness / i ask them to stop walking /
we morph into shapes

CLOSING WORDS

“hanover mums love level dick” is perhaps a metaphorical car driving me around the neighbourhood these past 3 years. a logic governing the whereabouts of desires. more precisely, it is graffiti that marked some wall in hanover once but then ceased to exist. it carried on living in our household as a piece of mythology.

it communicates a very true thing, i have countless proof, believe me, but it's true in maybe a more queer sense than was originally implied.

so what is a hanover mum? what is level dick? what is hanover dick and level mum? mum dick and hanover level? what is “hanover mums love level dick?” and can they love without shame?

I propose it is a love story

a law of local physics

it is

the space between people, the vibratory field,

it is

care vs. carelessness

control and purpose vs. the logic of loitering

two different types of hedonism

a cross-area romance

a multi-level experience

energy caught up in postcodes

queering of brighton's mythology

a re-re-re-realisation of how heteronormative this world still is