

PUBLIC NOTICE!

PUBLIC NOTICE!

Public... notice!

A crime against 'property':

The Grand Larceny of DEATH OF PARTNER.

In the first instance: A Coverture operation.

Not covert-t-t-T, in its general sense of lack of acknowledgement, there of,

But invisible nonetheless.

You see, 'when two become one' is not a sentiment expressing uni-fication at the hands of love,

The 'I' becoming 'we' only then to become 'one' under the law.

This is the second instance: The modus operandi of the Coverture operation.

We become 'one' not in the eyes of the ground swell of romance, its debilitating trance, but in response to the law:

The all-seeing eye of public opinion measuring dissonance.

The Grand Larceny of DEATH OF PARTNER?

I refrain: The myth of the Grand Larceny of DEATH OF PARTNER.

You see, I was already robbed first, robbed thereof into Personalty,

Robbed until 1879 that is: *No. XI. An Act to amend the Law relating to the Rights and Liabilities of Married Women.*

Thenceforth:

'A married woman may effect a policy of insurance.'

'A married woman may effect a policy of insurance upon her own life.'

'A married woman may maintain an action.'

'A married woman may maintain an action in her own name.'

Yet, prior to, once married, the only way in which I could reclaim property was through widowhood.

As such, the Widow precedes the Widower.

This is the third instance, and a rare one of which, whence, in English, the feminine precedes the masculine:

The fe-fe-FE-male Widow

The male Widow-ER.

But of course! Herewith, the Widow must come first.

Made only subject again following DEATH OF PARTNER, for protocol states that she who was left without a name now needs another:

Hence, Widow.

Let's just call me this.

You see, my mother's name was Kubiková. But Sully with its double ull-ull and a Will-Will was signed on the dotted line upon 'I do',

Loosing another male's name, yet still one that clung to an accented 'a':

The feminine derision that still-ill carried the weight of an identification that remains mine.

Yet, henceforth, notwithstanding: Lost Property, I guess I am also that.

As while slipping between the cracks of names that speak with authority to the language of the law, I am told to 'Be empty', like property,

Or like Widow as it means according to its Indo-European root.

Or 'Son of a whore', if Dutch is your tongue,

Which makes no sense as I am neither son nor bore one yet still 'Son of a whore' is apparently

what I am?

As now he is buried, he and I both whence there, two in a coffin, thence where,
Not necessarily by choice, but by an erasure of who I was before and who I was before then.
The real crime: a Double Homicide (in theory not practice).

And now, despite all this, Insurance Claims that I am not protected against the Grand Larceny of DEATH OF PARTNER. But I shall turn around, stake my claims and ask Insurance this:

The Will of the Widow, will you hereunder submit?

Not Will in how I mark up and divide my property,

Property that should not have been mine in the first place—

That should not have been anyone's but everyone's—

But which still persists in my heart as a loss.

A theft that is the real Grand Larceny,

A loss that is my lack of self-sustaining means.

And yet I mean this as no contrition, I will it publicly, I will it in to being.

I will myself out of the status of property only to wish upon myself the right to attain my own.

The Will of the Widow is thus divorced from rationality as jurisprudence knows it,

Conflictual in its contradiction but wholly that: the right to *this*.

The Will of *this* Widow does not follow an understanding of property as entitlement to Title Deeds,

Yet the Will of *this* Widow does understand the lack of Insurance heretofore provided to her gendered body, the not-man body, under the law;

W-reck-on-ing the unequivocal link between property and possession.

The Will of the Widow shall henceforth read as this,

Shall roll off the tongue as smoothly as this:

Co-

Co-

Cover-

Co- ver- ture,

Co- ver- char-ging forth,

Co- ver- char-ging forth with feeling property in expression.

It shall push the feminine inscription, it shall push it into property.

And I shall stand un-corrected.

Like other wills of widows that wagged and waged forward,

Who with their lives already given to work,

And the stubborn testament of their tongues,

Staked out their claims before me,

Together pulling a *protective covering* over themselves and thereinto saying, 'Coverture shall henceforth only mean this:

1. Protection against the individuation of property,

2. Protection against the individuating structure of the law.'

For you shall be assured of this:

The solemnisation of the Femme sole shall not occur against the backdrop of inscriptions that decry property as it is in the single,

Here on in we will stake out our claims and hereby Insure:

Femme sole, no not solo, no not solo at all.