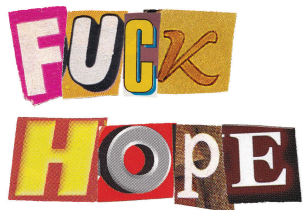


**SEND LETTERS TO:**  
**Clermont County Jail**  
**Rodney Hinton**  
**4700 East Filager Road**  
**Batavia, Oh 45103**

commissarydeposit.com/deposit  
State: Ohio  
Facility: Hamilton County Justice Center  
Inmate ID: 2705 4750 810  
Last Name: HINTON



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**COLONIAL**  
**ADVISORY**  
**FUCK HOPE**



This story is another body in the sequence of obliteration.	This state is built on the idea that some lives must be disposable.	We often find out what “organization” means.	We require nothing from those who praise our subjectivity.
We are not just marginalized.	That balance requires a boot on someone’s neck.	Management and control.	Through the doublespeak of politics.
We are positioned outside the moral boundaries.	This country is containment and survival of the lucky.	Of us. Our rage. Our revenge.	Who shudder at the actualization of our hopelessness.
Outside the political.	Those who don’t die young, die slowly by polite violences.	But how do you organize social war?	At our refusal of their world-to-come.
We live in the teeth of settler futurity.	There is no cosmic reckoning.	What programs gather we barbarians beneath?	At the fulfillment of our lust for revenge.
Our futures consumed to feed white permanence.	No divine reward.	What lies leash us to a new world?	Rodney Hinton Jr. was not seeking to be anything.
We are fathers before anything.	No future utopia.	A world borne from the logics of civilization.	But he became the embodiment of social war.
You don’t need perfection to love your child with your whole body.	The universe is not unfolding toward justice.	A society long at war with the earth itself.	Without party or program.
They say our children steal cars.	There is no divine punishment for the wicked.	Since expansion.	In full command of the anguish of social death.
They say our children ran.	There is no incoming karmic reset.	Since conquest.	Wielding it as a weapon.
They say our children pointed the guns.	There is only silence above, and violence below.	But there is still the dignity of refusal.	Truth-telling in hopelessness.
They always give themselves the benefit of the doubt.	There may be no redemption.	A rupture of the myth of order.	With the knowledge of grief.
What matters are the funerals before the futures.	When the system mourns one of its own.	Refusal & revenge cannot be organized.	A refusal to lie about what the world is.
That the world doesn’t stop.	Suddenly our grief becomes savagery.	Only realized in the hands of those who seek a life totally other.	A refusal of silence.
That it never does.	We no longer are fathers or wounds but a threat to “order.”	When we choose to mourn in a world that offers no place to place our grief.	For clarity.
We watch our children die again through cold body cam eyes.	Order is what you call the functioning colony.	Our sorrow becomes a rupture.	After hope dies.
Our grief becomes data.	When the cops kill and live.	The truth bleeding through the cracks.	
When we break, we reflect the broken world.	When grief is criminalized, but state violence is law.	An exhale after centuries of suffocation.	
This land was soaked in blood long before.			