

Poetics on David Wojnarowicz's Queer Cinema:

*The Fire
Between
Frames*



minizine of politics



*"When I put
my hands on your
body on your flesh*

I feel the history of that body. Not just the beginning of its forming in that distant lake but all the way beyond its ending. I feel the warmth and texture and simultaneously I see the flesh unwrap from the layers of fat and disappear. I see the fat disappear from the muscle. I see the muscle disappearing from around the organs and detaching itself from the bones. I see the organs gradually fade into transparency leaving a gleaming skeleton gleaming like ivory that slowly revolves until it becomes dust. I am consumed in the sense of your weight, the way your flesh occupies momentary space, the fullness of it beneath my palms. I am amazed at how perfectly your body fits to the curves of my hands. If I could attach our blood vessels so we could become each other I would. If I could attach our blood vessels in order to anchor you to the earth to this present time to me I would. If I could open up your body and slip up inside your skin and look out your eyes and forever have my lips fused with yours I would. It makes me weep to feel the history of you of your flesh beneath my hands in a time of so much loss. It makes me weep to feel the movement of your flesh beneath my palms as you twist and turn over to one side to create a series of gestures to reach up around my neck to draw me nearer. All these memories will be lost in time like tears in the rain."

David Wojnarowicz

A Fire In My Belly (Film In Progress) and

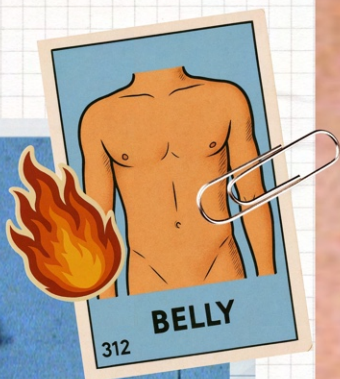
A Fire In My Belly (Excerpt), 1986-87

Super 8mm film transferred to video (black and white and color, silent)

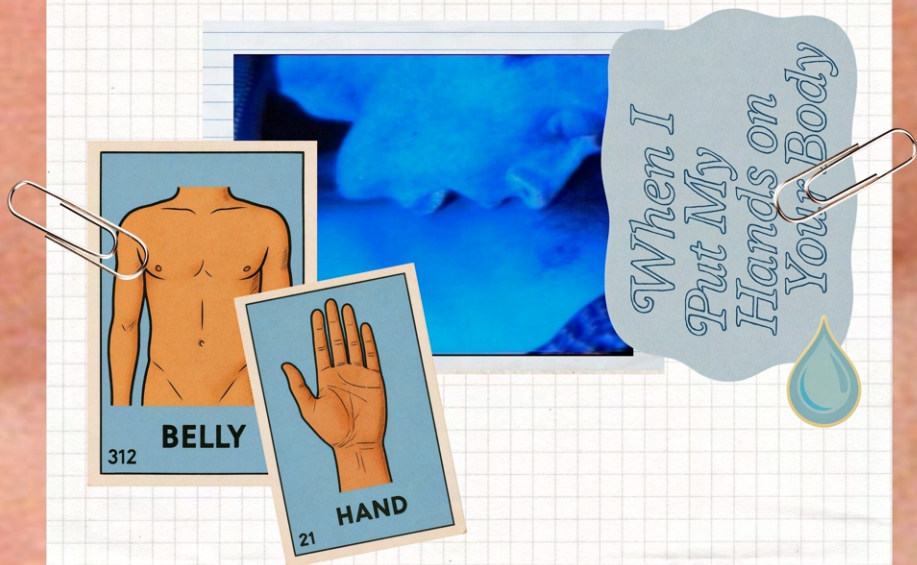
Duration: 13:06 minutes and 7:00 minutes

Copyright Estate of David Wojnarowicz

Courtesy of the Estate of David Wojnarowicz; P.P.O.W, New York; and
Electronic Arts Intermix (EAI), New York



*A Fire
In My
Belly*



*David Wojnarowicz (in collaboration with
Marion Scemama)*

*When I Put My Hands on Your Body,
1989*

Super 8 color on digital video with sound

Texts and Performances: David Wojnarowicz

Camera and Direction: Marion Scemama

Editing: François Pain

Music: Ben Neill

Actors: Paul Smith and David Wojnarowicz

Duration: 4:28 minutes

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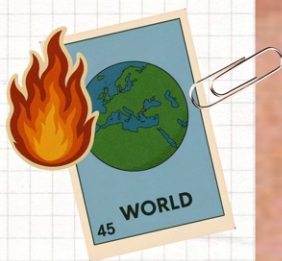
Courtesy of the Estate of David Wojnarowicz; Marion Scemama; and
P.P.O.W, New York

Against the Heteronormative State and Its Colonial Logic: On the Spatial Erasure of Queer Bodies and Resistance

The naming of 2025 as the "Year of the Family" in Turkey is not simply a state campaign. It is a calculated, ideological operation. It enshrines a neoliberal conservative vision that seeks to enforce one way of living, one way of loving, one way of being: cis, straight, nationalist, nuclear, and state-sanctioned. It is part of a larger apparatus that weaponizes morality to erase, punish, and silence the very lives it deems worthless.



There Is
No
Pride
In
Genocide

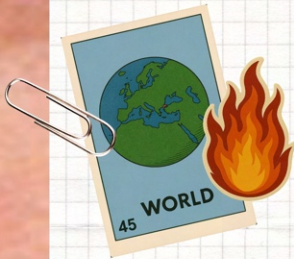


This is not a local anomaly. It is a transnational pattern of domination, where queer, black, brown, and Muslim bodies are treated as threats to the fragile myths of purity and order. The same mechanisms of colonial control reappear across the globe; surveillance, criminalization, erasure. They curate visibility and police intimacy while defining whose grief is valid.

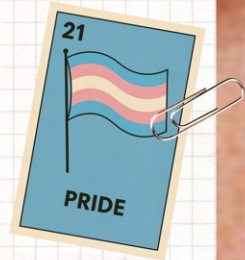
To be queer under oppression is to be marked for exclusion. But queerness is not a peripheral issue. It is central. It is where all the state's anxieties converge—about gender, about race, about empire, about the refusal to conform. And so, queer existence becomes a threat. Not only because of who we are, but because of how we live, how we refuse to forget, how we resist.

We reject any politics that attempts to sanitize this struggle. We reject pinkwashing that weaponizes queerness to justify Zionism and colonial violence. There can never be pride in genocide. We reject liberal white feminism that calls itself inclusive while abandoning the lives of black, brown, Muslim, trans, indigenous women and queer bodies. Feminism that does not center decolonization is not feminism, it is nothing but a hollow and arrogant performance.

Our struggles are not isolated. The same empire that bombs Gaza arms the police who kill black youth in the streets of the United States, it is the same bloodthirsty empire that seeks to erase the existence of queer existence in Turkey. The same global system that impoverishes the Congo is the one that criminalizes trans existence in the West. Palestine is not an exception, it is a mirror. It is a frontline in a global system of settler-colonial domination. And Palestine is a queer issue. Because queerness is about refusal. Because queerness is about life against the logic of death. Because queerness says: "I will exist, no matter what."



There Is
No
Pride
In
Genocide



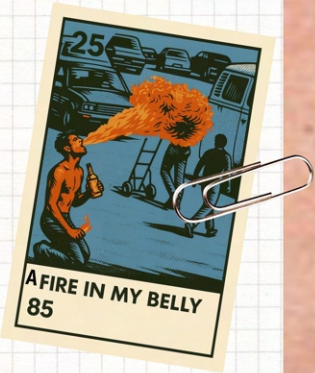
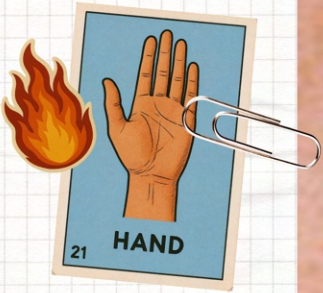
We cannot reproduce the hierarchies we claim to resist. We cannot separate gender from race, from class, from geography, from religion. Our solidarities must be as complex and expansive as the systems we are up against.

We are not here to be included in systems that were never meant to hold us. We are here to abolish them. In that sense, pride is a memory of resistance and a map to a liberated future. Every queer being, every migrant, every refugee, every dissident heart is the subject of our joint struggle.

We do not ask for recognition. We demand liberation. Our enemy is the same. It wears the mask of empire. And we will not stop fighting until all of us are free.

i watched your flesh burn for eternity
fire comes with cruelty, with desire
this world merits its ravage
you know we deserve better, child,
doesn't matter if we die trying

Ekin

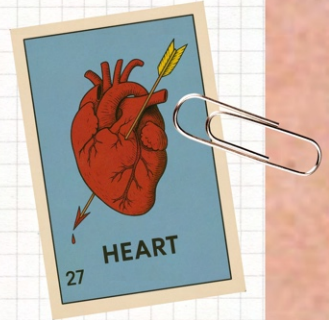
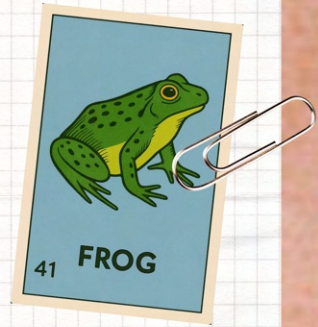


Once upon a time
there was a story
written on the
s
p
i
n
e
of the world.

A frog. A heart.
It wasn't about the way they are,
but the gaze of people
and its power.
No long braid of hair,
only thousands of kilometres
of longing.

There was a ladder,
but it never reached
the height of expectations.
A parliament voted
on my body's scars and bruises.
There was never-ending love
and a lullaby of resistance.

Gülin



18



THE THORN

29



THE TONGUE

—red like flags, red like warnings—

burning sugar on his tongue
sweet turned weapon,
hunger turned ritual.
no armor worn,
no gesture forgiven.

Some are made to swallow flames
and call it survival.
some keep the fire.
some become it.
some burn quiet—
others drum it.

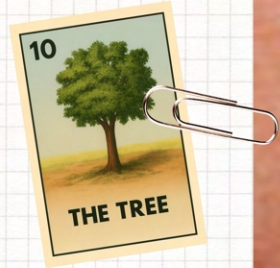
I walk with a match in my throat.
ask me what's wrong—
I'll set the silence ablaze.
What burns in me
is not desire,
but laws dressed as mirrors
ceilings disguised as skies.

they say some pain is holy.
they say some names too loud.
they say
don't say yours.

tell me again
who deserves the fire,
and who deserves
to watch.

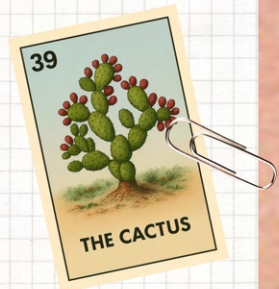
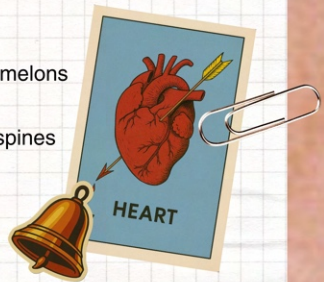
Beste İleri





We'll find each other when tired
Under the same tree, bodies wrapped around with the good shade
We'll find each other in the deserted dunes
The bitter-sweet water of the cactus
Dripping from the corner of our lips like the sweetest of melons
Doesn't matter if the finger bleeds
We'll taste the bitter spines, lovingly, from each other's spines
Oh, Corazon, something awaits
We'll toll the bell upon the heads of the ones
Who choose every day, not to see us
El arbol, la bandera, la luna
As we seek ourselves through this maze with bruised hands
Doesn't matter if the finger bleeds, we'll shrink the spiteful gazes
El arbol, la bandera, la luna
As we seek ourselves together, *tout le monde*
We'll find our way regardless

Melis



temptation to be free but actually
already equipped to incorporate
love into brutality.

what is actual is
how we quir-osisly

gentle pressure made by us to be us
while looking forwardly
to have compassion barefoot.
a natural ending point, in which
we are remembered unsteadily,

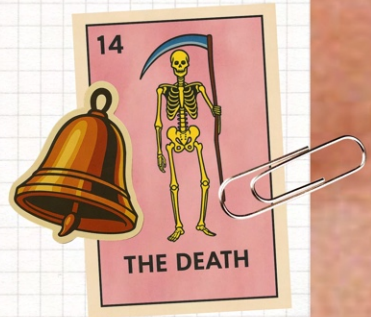
transplanted across the steadily mirror, to say:
i know i won't be, but beingly

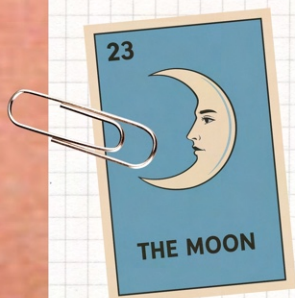
beyond my desire against the complicity of world,
to mean:

we haven't buried in our desire
but the lack of desire.
still we can rest in our bloody history
hidden in images,
in the evidence of corruption

flesh disempowered for the sake of chains
but keep our minds in our revo-loterianary bodies
before we are washed off from the silent effort of being of
being
noncatchable beauty through the limited time
that you try to understand,
but unclearly. but the history
flickering in the story that we know less than we are

Ru

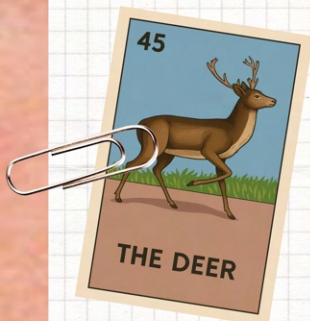




Let there be a small blanket to share over us,
allowing our bodies to converse when drowsy.

Kisses drip from your mouth
I reach out to gather their puddles.

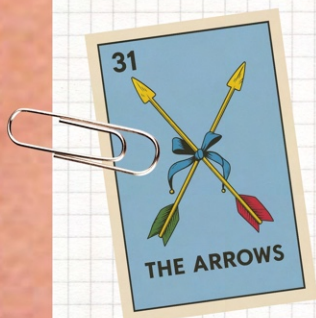
I've sworn off crowded ferries where I couldn't kiss
you,
so today,
I won't look at the sea.



My quarrelsome body, which I've dressed in every
discord,
curls beside you like a horse that gallops for miles
then sleeps under a tree no one else sees.
My body, beloved, is coming home.

Thinking of you has the same consistency as honey
on tip of my tongue,
within the faithful breath of my throat,
on the center of my chest, kissed.
Thinking of you is swallowed up,
becoming a part of me.

jeff



(derived from Loteria riddles)

With the songs of the mermaids,
don't let yourself get dizzy
After all, this world is a worn-out ball,
and we are just kicking around.

Why do you run, coward,
carrying such a fine dagger?
We all waited for this day to come
to catch your sins in the sun.
What a foolish drunk on his power,
The hat of kings shines from the tower
with unseen weight, plans who is next to suffer and faint

Don't miss me, heart, I'll be back on the next bus.
or we will see each other in the courthouse

The hand of a criminal moves faster than the eye.
it's already in your pocket, your flesh, your lullaby.

Beat it—

A spider weaving fate too hard,
While walking past the graveyard,
I found a big shame for us.
With spines so proud and tall,
the pain of it guards us all.

SB



Thinking of you has the consistency of
a delighted breath
My body, worn out, still loved
Thinking of you is a gaze, swallowed
A spider weaving fate too hard,
A frog, a jump, a heart,
Oh, the kissed center of your chest
I couldn't possibly take any part.

I walk with a match in my throat.
Ask me what's wrong
I'll set the silence ablaze.
Oh, Corazon, something awaits
But the gaze,
laws,
las sirenas,
dressed as mirrors
But the history—
Clearly,
A parliament voted
on my quarrelsome body

Temptation to be free
Flesh disempowered for the sake of chains
Burning sugar on your tongue
on my body's scars and bruises
We'll speak, whether it be heard,
Within the songs of the mermaids



The hat of kings shines from the tower
A foolish drunk on his power,
You can be sure we'll scour
This corrupted web of las arañas, the spider
We'll toll the bell upon the heads of the ones
Who choose every day, not to see us; with fire, our hearts,
desire.

Doesn't matter if the finger bleeds,
We'll shrink the spiteful gazes
We'll sing, a song, a lullaby of resistance
Those kisses,
Dripping from your mouth,
From the corner of your lips like the sweetest of melons
I'll always reach out to gather their puddles.
Doesn't matter if the finger bleeds
What is actual is
Fire comes with cruelty, with desire
You know we deserve better, child,
Doesn't matter if we die trying.

When I
Put My
Hands on
Your Body



EL DIABLITO LA MUERTE LA CAMPANA LA LUNA LAS JARAS EL VENADO
 LA BOTA LA MANO EL MUNDO LA SIRENA LA CALAVERA LA ESCALERA LA
 BOTELLA EL CORAZON LA CAMPANA EL VENADO EL ARBOL EL VALIENTE
 LA SANDIA LA CORONA LA ARANA LA BANDERA LA RANA EL DIABLITO LA MUERTE
 LA CAMPANA LA LUNA LAS JARAS EL VENADO LA BOTA LA MANO
 EL MUNDO LA SIRENA LA CALAVERA LA ESCALERA LA BOTELLA EL
 CORAZON LA CAMPANA EL VENADO EL ARBOL EL VALIENTE LA SANDIA
 LA CORONA LA ARANA LA BANDERA LA RANA EL DIABLITO LA MUERTE LA
 CAMPANA LA LUNA LAS JARAS EL VENADO LA BOTA LA MANO EL MUNDO
 LA SIRENA LA CALAVERA LA ESCALERA LA BOTELLA EL CORAZON LA
 CAMPANA EL VENADO EL ARBOL EL VALIENTE LA SANDIA LA CORONA LA
 ARANA LA BANDERA LA RANA EL DIABLITO LA MUERTE LA CAMPANA LA
 LUNA LAS JARAS EL VENADO LA BOTA LA MANO EL MUNDO LA SIRENA LA
 CALAVERA LA ESCALERA LA BOTELLA EL CORAZON LA CAMPANA EL
 VENADO EL ARBOL EL VALIENTE LA SANDIA LA CORONA LA ARANA LA
 BANDERA LA RANA EL DIABLITO LA MUERTE LA CAMPANA LA LUNA LAS
 JARAS EL VENADO LA BOTA LA MANO EL MUNDO LA SIRENA LA
 CALAVERA LA ESCALERA LA BOTELLA EL CORAZON LA CAMPANA EL
 VENADO EL ARBOL EL VALIENTE LA SANDIA LA CORONA LA ARANA LA
 BANDERA LA RANA EL DIABLITO LA MUERTE LA CAMPANA LA LUNA LAS
 JARAS EL VENADO LA BOTA LA MANO EL MUNDO LA SIRENA LA
 CALAVERA LA ESCALERA LA BOTELLA EL CORAZON LA CAMPANA EL
 DIABLITO LA MUERTE LA CAMPANA LA LUNA LAS JARAS EL VENADO LA
 BOTA LA MANO EL MUNDO LA SIRENA LA CALAVERA LA ESCALERA LA
 BOTELLA EL CORAZON LA CAMPANA EL VENADO EL ARBOL EL VALIENTE
 LA SANDIA LA CORONA LA ARANA LA BANDERA LA RANA

*El Diablito La
 Muerte Campana
 La Luna Las
 Las Jaras El Venado
 El Bota La Mano
 El Mundo La Sirena
 La Calavera La Escalera
 La Botella El Corazon
 La Campana El Venado
 El Arbol La Bandera
 La Corona La Rana
 La Corona La Rana*

The background texture is not just skin — it is the palm of a hand.
A quiet tribute to the touch, memory, and burning tenderness in David Wojnarowicz's
films. All this was written in the palm of resistance. Works by Chills and
Quills, inspired by (David Wojnarowicz),
designed by Gülin Ören

Collaboration
Between:



P·P·O·W

**CHUTE
FILM-
COOP**



This is where
the zine ends.