

mucus

trap



Mucous trap

[...] sundews can move

[...] in response to stimulation [...]

[...] relatively slowly [...]

[...] so they depend

on a sticky mucus

to trap [...]

Murderous maze

The cobra lily's snake

like beauty hides

[...]

Lured into the pitcher

[...] sweet-smelling nectar,

[...] lost in a maze

of false exits.

[...]

Instead,

it's down the slippery tube

to a small pool

of bacteria-rich water.

[...]

Hooded character

[...] grows [...]

[...] White patches let light

into the hood.

perhaps to lure [...]

On ice

A rare frost [...] coated

[...] this sundew

in ice.

“Shout-out my mucus, ayy ayy, ayy 'cause you know that be my
slime.”

— Ski Mask the Slump God

“Trap is an art form in and of itself [...] I feel the need to explore how
this art stimulates (and sometimes simulates) love, how it can
stimulate contact between people. How does it hold people together?”

— Simone White

“For [identity] critics, it is impossible for race/gender to be directly
political because both belong to a private sphere of bodies, which lies
either outside the public sphere of capital or within a sticky interior.”

— Hannah Black

I'm having a conversation with a friend. Somewhere nearby an amalgamation of pollen must be swirling because I am dripping.

what kind of music have you been listening to?

umm different stuff, but yeah a lot of trap, as usual.

you know, I just can't help but think; that isn't for me.

(she's not talking about preference, per se).

I understand what she means: I understand where I'm situated: I am a white person who loves trap music (a genre pioneered by and large by

black people in and from Atlanta). That in itself is riddled with ethical and political complexities. What do I gain from not only loving this music but also from writing about how much I love it? Still, it makes even less sense to me to deny that I do. It makes even less sense not to love it openly. If I only sought and embraced art that mirrored those closest to me, I'd be stuck in a self-obsessed bubble. Besides, I'm all for Young Thug et al. getting coins from my countless streams.

Trap speaks to a complexity of lived experiences so distant from my own, yet something about it resonates with me. Maybe it's just something about the way the snare hits; or the way language becomes more emotive as it becomes less decipherable; or the way the 808 feels like something you can nestle into.

More likely, it's what Jesse McCarthy means when he writes about the transfigurative capacity of trap:

“Trap is a form of soft power that takes the resources of the black underclass (raw talent, charisma, endurance, persistence, improvisation, dexterity, adaptability, beauty) and uses them to change the attitudes, behaviors, and preferences of others, usually by making them admit they desire and admire those same things and will

pay good money to share vicariously in even a collateral showering from below.

Despite my sincere affection for the genre, trap music is of course not without its own ethical slipperiness.

Some might argue that to love women and trap is somewhat of an oxymoron, given trap music's often violent rhetoric towards femmes/femininity. But honestly, I think this could be argued for a lot of media that exists within patriarchal paradigms. This is not to excuse the way that trap holds (or doesn't hold) femininity, only to say that so many renderings of women in popular culture distort femininity into a fragile commodity. Trap doesn't exist in a vacuum.

Affectionate renderings of women in trap are relatively far and few, so, I have a special place in my soul for [soft trappy love songs](#).



India

*I'm different when it comes to trust, I'd never leave my bros (Never
leave my bros)*

Voice of the streets, plus me and India relationship goals (Yeah)

– Lil Durk

And then there's the XanaX epistolary: drugs are anthropomorphised as friends and lovers. Highness is transcendence: *if you get high enough you can dodge raindrops.*

Simone White speaks to the "*flatness*" of trap, a discourse which "*talks about drugs, sex, and money as this fully narcotized experience of the world.*" She asks, "*how do we discuss how fucking good this music's gotten, and also how involved it is in a discourse of total devastation of a person?*"

The leaned out logic of contemporary trap renders fast life slow and docile. Future put out an EP called *save me* and all we did was turn up.



Codeine Crazy

Ethical complexities aside (but still in the back of my mind), I feel that trap music contains/maintains a sort of kinship that I, personally, find extremely endearing. The kind of self-determined kinship I speak to here is a slimy one, its articulation rooted in abject oozings in “[a world where everything is always dripping.](#)” Bodies and lives are bound together by slime.

[“And you know I’m doin’ it for the slimes baby”](#)

— Young Thug

[“I know my slime gon’ ride for me, yeah, they gon’ ride for me”](#)

— YNW Melly



*“Uh, my mama slime, my sister slime, my brother slime, my daddy
slime, yeah he slime”*

— YoungBoy Never Broke Again

“You know I stay with my slime when I’m in Atlanta (Slatt)”

— NAV

“If I’m with my boys I’m with my slimes”

— Future

“Slime (slime) the whole gang slime (slime)”

— Lil Yachty

“I, I, got a lot on my mind. Tell my slime don't be surprised if I cry, I
cry”

— Lil Wayne

“If I call you my Slime then that mean you gon' slatt (slatt)”

— Shy Glizzy

a sticky interior

venus fly trap

al lure

spit/snot/glue

always dripping

the body ornate

(wet)

boogers on ice

something drips when it cannot

be contained

when it exists in excess

as surplus which

spills

over the edge of a VVS

encrusted chalice and back

into a pool of

slime

a sticky interior, a turn inwards, guts muddying the

flatness of capital

subjectivity fumbling the farce of neutrality

universality

spectacularity

a sticky interior, lured

by the mysticism

of commodity

tokens

only have value so long

as they are exchanged

drip

drip

(wipe his nose!)

drip

back into a pool of slime

“I forever feed my brothers, I plant a seed they gonna feed the others”

— Skooly & Young Thug

Hannah Black's proposition of a sticky interior propels me in intersecting yet distinct trajectories.

Sticky interior: an inward turn towards subjectivity that negates
universality.

Sticky interior: the allure of the commodity in a drippy world
(diamonds aka boogers)

Sticky interior: a self-contained kinship, bodies bound together by
slime.

Black writes about the difficulty of establishing “meaningful collectivity” against the violence and control of capitalism, arguing that “collectivity might be the necessary first step toward making life bearable, but the production of that collectivity may be less cozy than strategies of inclusion, diversity, and universality suggest.”

To say that the collectivity/kinship of trap is political feels reductive. Moreover, racialised and gendered subjects often aren't afforded a say as to whether their life/work/creativity/self-expression is political, so I'm wary of assigning politicality to those who may not wish to claim it.

Politicality should be, at the very least, self-determined. However, I think the slimy kinship that trap offers does something to deny spectacularity and universality, it is both sticky *and* slippery — adhesions articulated through an obscure, self-contained language that warps, bends, and evades like the snares that surround it.

As listeners we can partake in, to use McCarthy's term, a 'collateral showering' of slime, but it cannot be fully grasped, it oozes through our fingers beyond specificity.

I don't get to be part of the club, and that's okay. I still get to listen to trap music and its exploration of corporeal commodity: [Apple watch with them boogers on it](#). We can buy in if we like, but Young Thug and his slimes [are cashing all the cheques](#).

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