

ON THE POINT OF  
TEARING AND  
DISINTEGRATING  
UNCONTROLLABLY.

BY NATHAN JONES  
2017

The personal is technical

2015 year of trauma  
2016 year of tears

2017 year of numbness  
2018 year of retribution

2019 year of the ocean  
2020 year of fuel

2021 year of honour  
2022 year of shame

2023 year of the single accent  
2024 year of the main frame

2025 year of artifice  
2026 year of falling veils

2027 year of wolves  
2028 year of vultures

2028 year of sand  
2029 year of sludge

2030 year of the fertile fossil  
2031 year of the new politics

2032 year of ferns  
2033 year of the mortgage

2034 year of the membrane  
2035 year of nocturnes

2036 year of sweating nectar  
2037 year of mornings

2038 year of stomach moon  
2039 year of once sewn sees

SILENCE MAY BE KEPT

Si do may look kept you morn  
Ligh lence our be ness  
Def ten us dark this  
In end we from lie night and  
The peace is will hand down the sleep is past  
As night night at looks and the day ing now  
So the we watch for for

Si the may watch kept for  
Ligh do our look ness you morn  
Def lence us be this  
In ten we dark lie and  
The end is from hand night the is past  
As peace night will looks down the sleep ing  
So night we at for and day now

Si night may at kept and day now  
Ligh the our watch ness for  
Def do us look this you morn  
In lence we be lie and  
The ten is dark hand the is past  
As end night from looks night the ing  
So peace we will for down sleep

Si peace may will kept down sleep  
Ligh night our at ness and day now  
Def the us watch this for  
In do we look lie you and morn  
The lence is be hand the is past  
As ten night dark looks the ing  
So end we from for night

Si end may from kept night  
Ligh peace our will ness down sleep  
Def night us at this and day now  
In the we watch lie for and morn is past  
The do is look hand you the ing  
As lence night be looks the  
So ten we dark for

Si ten may dark kept  
Ligh end our from ness night  
Def peace us will this down sleep  
In night we at lie and and day now  
The the is watch hand for the is past  
As do night look looks you the morn ing  
So lence we be for

AM I AM WHAT I  
I AM I AM WHAT  
WHAT I AM I AM  
AM WHAT I AM I  
I AM WHAT I AM

**HAND COVERED IN SOAP ENTERING A BUBBLE**

*for Nina*

The brain is  
retracted away to expose  
a brain fluid sac called the  
cisterna magna  
Which is opened to drain  
brain fluid

This allows brain fluid to  
brain away and the brain  
to move away from the  
acoustic  
neuroma

The brain is now retracted to  
expose the acoustic

An ultrasonic surgical  
dissector is used to remove  
the internal bulk of

ultrasonic

The collapsed acoustic  
tumour is retracted away  
from the adjacent  
major vessels  
and they are dissected off  
the mass

More dissection is carried  
out around the brain stem  
and the lower cranial nerves

As you lie on the table with  
your head open and your brain exposed to the healing  
intelligent hands  
of Miss and Miss O

I wander about all day  
wondering about  
how we have opened our bodies  
exposing ourselves to each others less intelligent, more intuitively  
grasping hands

letting each manipulate the nervous system of the other until we are happy  
a continuing project

we entered each others lives in a completely unrealistic kind of way  
like a hand covered in soap entering a bubble

there are crows nesting in the cherry tree  
the candle you bought from the cathedral is melting its own container  
a pat of butter appeared on the rug

what does it all mean what does any a great hyperobject this anxiety  
which leaves its prints in everything  
you see

we have definitely entered  
a moment we will never forget anyhow, either way, any way,  
composed of things that interrelate in ways that only you would believe  
I believe you even expect things like that  
I imagine you will never be any more material than  
you are now  
the children are playing with my mum in the living room  
second hand toys scattered around the hall  
are they like miss visca and miss munir?  
the rug exposed the toys an opening  
can't do anything or say anything I certainly can't award you this card now it's nothing

I am making the bed I am putting the washing away stopping to do this  
not doing anything not writing this birthday card message  
nor a poem for a play

the incoherence of this form is the incoherence of my anxiety

they said that including normal life cheapened art and now art is cheapening our  
normal life  
and now the phone shut down and lost the earlier portions of this poem  
so I have had to reconstruct them from  
perhaps they are reconstructing you now

the children asking when they can visit  
I don't know what to tell them or,  
as with the butter in the living room, my phone shutting down  
before the earlier portions of the poem were saved, the candle's own casing slumping

A neuropathic is placed over  
the facial nerve to protect it

Next the back  
wall of the ear bone is  
drilled away to expose

Progressively smaller drill  
bits are used to expose the  
back end of the acoustic  
neuroma

The tumour is gently  
dissected  
off the facial & cochlear  
nerves

The tumour is  
peeled off the brain stem

The trigeminal (5th cranial  
nerve which supplies  
sensation to the face is  
peeled of the tumour  
is very adherent stuck to the  
facial nerve

The facial nerve is being  
maintained as one tubular  
structure after the tumour is  
removed

the nerve is still transmitting  
electrical impulses shows  
that the nerve is intact and  
stimulating at

to avoid any minor bleeding

around the flame if it matters

the huge amount of stress it is causing me to write this poem  
a huge amount of stress one undergoes when ones wife is undergoing brain surgery

what did the candle mean, the recording of it I am lost in a symbolic-functional maze  
the pattern drawn by my anxiety on meaning

your three o'clock alarm went off / and then off again even simple words aren't working  
now

what does it all mean  
or rather what does any of it mean  
and following that what can what that means be used as a protocol to discover  
whatever it all means  
or keep me occupied until I am told

I imagine the elation of knowing now  
as though it is the elation of receiving the phonecall from the surgeon  
that everything has gone well  
searching for it in a kind of mad and not useful way

that only way I have of expressing my love for you  
the only way I have ever this  
spewed, sprayed birthday card message  
of expressing my love for you  
it is too powerful for its own occasions  
I think

but what does that mean?  
I'm delirious  
and just now by the sink it became clear I am also  
dehydrated  
as if water all we need, something to pour  
in this cryogenics of feeling  
as long as is not spilt and therefore doesn't produce any more symbols for this poem,  
hyperobjects to  
distort proceedings  
those beautiful summer dresses blowing  
I know they won't just be wearing their summer dresses to do surgery in  
our beautiful girls  
god I just went into the room and  
felicity was standing with a bird on one finger saying 'where's my mamma' 'where's my  
mamma' it's all too much the crows in the cherry tree the  
and I know its stupid and doesn't seem like any way of coping at all  
but what is it then  
both and neither the 'poem as birthday card message written when the recipient is  
under anaesthetic' genre and the birthday card message as  
consequences on our material bodies  
I hope it relates to you the rising panic I am feeling in this moment  
when everything that matters is taking place as  
percentages  
that I am without you and life becomes calculative and futile  
and somehow this is romantic

A trampoline suture is used  
to close the tough outer  
lining of the brain

an artificial dura

An artificial bone

(cranioplasty is used to fill  
the bone defect and this is  
kept in place with super glue

Finally the wound is  
thoroughly washed and  
closed in 3 layers to prevent  
brain

fluid leak

an alchemy which words undergo in the furnace of the deeply spiritual

that's it. it's gone. I'm finished. I couldn't write forever for any longer.  
I just love you and I want you to be okay.

I'm thinking about you.  
I'm thinking about you, I'm thinking about you, I'm

thinking about you  
repeated over and over  
with the voice, in the head, being typed.

My mum, something about the battery on her phone.

All irrelevant.

It's happened! You're alright.  
You're alright. I'm coming.

I'm coming.

You're fine

## SHADOW FOUNTAIN

1.  
I must have spent 10 minutes staring at the shadow waving on that wall. It looked like it – the shadow – could have been the hand of the toilet waving, or at least if it – the shadow – was a hand waving it would be the hand of the body whose eyes were the nuts that held the pipe that lead from the toilet bowl to the toilet cistern, and whose nose was made up of the shapes formed by shadow in the kink in the bracket which those eyes – the nuts – held in place.

2.  
A strange sort of body. An implied crouched body, waving with no arm and perhaps nothing except eyes and a nose, perhaps a pale neck which reached down to behind the bowl I was pissing in, or had been pissing in, and up to an insistently cranial cistern just above my own head, from which the pull hung from a chain attached to its own arm like an earring, casting the waving shadow which didn't resemble, but instead recalled a hand – not least of course by the gesture, but also because it was a shadow cast from a pull moulded precisely to fit a hand, although not a hand outstretched – however casually – as if to wave – but a hand clasped – however relaxedly – around the pull, to pull. The hand reaching up from the shoulder at the bowl's edge, as if to take the pull, but stuck in the motion's groove slightly behind it, and the purpose shifting, the hand remaining open, waving, and the eyes staring out at the centre of me, implacably.

3.  
It was a body in manifold yieldings relative to its implacabilities. A body which so quickly – after the movement of the hand had established insistence usually continuing throughout a presence once established – capitulated, but was subsequently ratified by a constellation which compromised on its form in return for the survival of its constituent parts – already begun with its implacable eyes, the nuts which hold the bracket; its nose, the shapes formed in the bracket held in place by the nuts; its brow or skull leering above – a compromise which succeeded – if a body which has lost so much can be attributed any success at all – in allowing the evocations of shoulder at the point the bowl began, the dark wooden toilet seat suggesting an undone jacket's lapel surrounding a chest cavity which dropped in to its gut, in a bowl whose exterior curved towards the ground and tapered back towards the u- bend – itself another appearance of a neck – and whose, the bowl's, forward bulge could have been the sensual throat or breast which it evoked, absolutely yieldingly and compromised albeit, if only through the erotic truth of the curves found there among its other contrivances.



4.

A throat perhaps: that exposed skin bulging downwards underneath the jaw as if containing our tongue's most lascivious workings, but one which here began below the shoulder and the sweep of the skeletal collar bone, split across the contradiction of open lapel and within this the chest, and distended lips and hence the mouth's recess.

ancient flow alternate, myth  
thunder Begging  
ancient mem  
irrides trib  
up cup  
Chained river  
memory  
Soft rain

5.

The lips themselves open in an ARGH in such an aspect that the white inner recesses of the bowl – and the jagged, uneven light on its surface – were a mouth's housing entirely visible, the teeth porcelain enfolded, pointing back into the throat's bright water. Some impossible construction of a mouth I looked down into, a gaping funnel down from its lips – the dark wood toilet seat – and the jaw at the bowl's rim, into a tongueless mouth which inevitably consumed the entirety of the upper body, and out to a frog-like sensually bulging throat formed by the bowls exterior, the legs capitulated under its insistence, tapering away to the point where the bowl reached the floor among shadows which had been compromised to a great degree by the ambient light which cast them coming from other surfaces, but which nonetheless in the context of this almost complete degree of intransigence, evoked boot prints, each shadow static in the way of boot, just as the shadow of the pull waved in the way of a hand.

6.

The whole body, as if crouching over those boot prints, thrust its front edge out. An insistence to that thrust, like a crotch pushed forward insistent except also – and in keeping with the nature of the body traced between the constellation of the evocations of eyes by nuts, a nose by the shape formed in a bracket a head by a cistern, and movements in the case of the wave of the hand, or stillnesses in the case of the shadows which formed an impression of boots, which made it up – tenuous to the point of dissolving its form completely.

Death's utter girdle of  
upborne soft rain  
rain, girdle Ancient flow

utter wound

Utter Wound utter wound to hold  
Under the wide  
Ancient flow, lurking  
Spiked, such thunder Begging for buzzards  
To hold you Deaths utter wound.

7.

Firstly, because the rim of the toilet seat would then form – also with the lips of the mouth and the drawn down sweep of the open lapel and beneath them the skeletally pale collar bone – a leather belt and beneath it the hips insistently thrust in such a way as to distend the belt itself – this same distension that forms the lips' gaping and the mouth's entire exposure – and as the hips immediately gave way back to the neck, the pipe, and hence the nose – the shapes formed in the kinks that held the bracket held in place across the pipe – the eyes – nuts – and the cranial or skull-like brow overhanging, from it hung by arm and chain the pull whose shadow cast the hand which waved on the wall – rendering the body anticipated between belt and that area immediately below the nose and eyes, excepting only a portion of the neck and the gesture – signifying what? – of the hand – transparent.

8.

Secondly because this would place the boots – the implacably still shadows of the edge of the bowl fallen to the point the bowl reaches the floor – almost a foot in front of the eventual placement of this upper part of the face – so implacably evoked by the nuts and bracket, or rather the way a shadow falls across the bracket between the nuts that hold the bracket to the wall, and the nuts that hold the bracket to the wall. It was almost as though the body of the crouched figure had been poured, or if not poured, then the body had itself fallen, and then yielded as that which has been poured yields, perhaps on impact: the upper face dropping furthest but yielding least, the rest succeeding almost solely in a wave – signifying what? – as it cast backwards onto that wall broken over the gaping jaw and belt-line gaping, the whole torso falling away into the mouth or crotch to the water with those other portions of it lost forever.

9.

Thirdly because the bottom half of the face – comprising the mouth and jaw – was separated from the upper part – the eyes, and the bridge of the nose – by a neck – that thinnish white tube, about the width of a neck which runs with water between cistern or skull and bowl or the rest of the body – nonetheless capitulating almost completely its status as a neck by virtue of its position above the gaping mouth; its continuation above the eyes, up to the skull's brow formed by the cistern; and its length. Were it not a column about the width of a neck which rose up to those parts which were – in the context of a body which has relinquished

everything but implacability – at the site we anticipate or demand implacability, and indeed found it: the nuts and the bracket. (The nose implacable in the long term, across the course of a life, the eyes implacable in the short term, in the course of a conversation.) So beneath the shapes in the bracket that hold the pipe, the pipe evoked instead the furrow that falls between nose and upper lip – the face's neck, if the entire face were a body, where the chin throat and jaw were the chest.

10.

The proportions of the rain and the tributaries were attuned in this sense, collaborating upon their overall flow, scale motivated by means other than atonement with the adoration. The upper wounding being the smallest and most dense portion of implacability in the entirety, having both the nuts placement in relation to each other and also to the bracket pipe which lurks in the shadows of the bracket which holds the pipe, itself suggesting the furrow from upper rain to begging vulture, as though this finitude caused a compression in the area in the form of concentration or ambition, and a subsequent yielding elsewhere – for example the distension of the seat which girdled rain hugely in comparison to the nuts that hold the bracket, under the weight of its contrivance as the thrust out portion of the hips and also the site where the body drops away.

Irredicently upborne  
Bent foam  
Overflowing, Overturned wide rain  
River throated

11.

This would appear to be borne out by the wounds, or rather the shadows, implacable in their own way and not very much out of proportion to my own, and also the shadow which held you, endlessly, or rather – the soft rain mingling with the irridicent motion of the wound itself resulting in a flow – which I could relate to, nothing more.

on the yivr ov the  
yooon it woz rery  
shakh bkoz thew  
wr fers and evs  
and thew sboczs.

## OUR ONLY ENCOUNTER

These poems are prefaced by two quotes: l a n g u a g e is compressing,  
cracking under the weight of the anthropocene  
& post truth politics is the white male body  
cracking under the pressure of its own l i e s,  
Rosi Braidotti, speaking at Liverpool University, 11th October 2016.

What are these linguistic cracks, and what leaks out from them?  
poems

Moreover, if this is a traumatic time, what precisely is it  
that the trauma are – if elections are, as I feel they are, trauma –  
happening in?

Not a body, not a language, or a rock.  
But in what was inevitable, our only grasp on the future's chimera.  
The experience of living in a time when what was meant to be, should  
be,  
and could have been, is corrupted on election day, on every  
election day, as long as I remember.

This is the experience of time, time as traumatic, when aspects,  
fundamental aspects, of the structure of what was meant to be – what  
we felt must be, if we were to continue – crumble before us.

But really, is our only experience, our only encounter with time this,  
this lossy time when the future is corrupted by, its arrival in the form  
of the present? Our encounter with loss, our only encounter

The truth is a tragedy. And what follows that? a reality defined by  
punchline, by non sequitur, by compulsive distraction from the  
subject at hand.

Before my poems, please read this moment in Anna Karenina,  
that deals with the inevitable in a way that, when I read it, I felt it,  
I staggered up against a lamp-post in, my heart, falling.

After that, there are some poems, passages.  
Two of which were written before the US election,  
the third afterwards; the last before. The layout made during  
a fall of Aleppo, voices rising that Russian hackers influenced  
major voting results in the US and UK in recent months.

The last ditch, full of water, five feet wide, now was left. Vronsky scarcely heeded  
it; but, anxious to come in far ahead of the others, he began to saw on the reins,  
lifting her head and letting it fall again in time with the rhythm of her gait. He  
felt that the horse was beginning to draw on her last reserves; not only were her  
neck and her sides wet, but the sweat stood in drops on her throat, her head,  
and her ears; her breath was short and gasping. Still, he was sure that she had  
force enough to cover the fourteen hundred feet that lay between him and the  
goal. Only because he felt himself nearer the ground, and by the extraordinary  
smoothness of her motion, did Vronsky realize how much she had increased  
her speed. The ditch was cleared, how, he did not know.

She cleared the ditch scarcely heeding it; she cleared it like a bird. But at this

moment Vronsky felt, to his horror, that, instead of taking the swing of his  
horse, he had made, through some inexplicable reason, a wretchedly and  
unpardonably wrong motion in falling back into the saddle. His position  
suddenly changed, and he felt that something horrible had happened.  
Leo Tolstoy, Anna Karenina (1878)

## THREE

We were born by algorithm. And just like that algorithm, we bin running ever since.

The events of this poem, that were almost in their entirety implied |  
by the dream last night | in which I rode a horse bareback;  
itself forged in Tolstoy's almost infinitely reliving fire | ballsack |

In the horse scene, the race | we experience time break,  
that turning out of anticipation's slack, into regret's puppet.

The inevitability of Vronsky's win, everything fictionalised to push into this present  
the future victory | victory a simple procedure of his power | power, I bin runnin  
revealed to be that same engine that produces his failure | of course | ever since  
staring down that failure, the luxury of being separate from it, embodied in the horse  
"flickering and trying to stand" its back broken is | for one moment,

Until that flame, which bin burning ever. /I stagger across the classroom  
leaning against a, the students, lamp-po/st my heart bearing  
the gap inside that singular what was/ meant to be. Returning with a handgun to.  
That horrid polling day, lived agai/n on each polling day.

Back and forth, this poem. /  
Forward, barely anything. Ba/ck, right back. Gathering nothing, loosing all.

Time's | own back | snap/ped pumping itself for something  
and interlocking time. Time's silky horse penis mic | this  
presidential leadership candidate still life, | freedom to act that absolute  
inhabiting of time: the inevitability of that dick's loss  
the only comfort in a cold, erotic Brexit coming to pass

Horror. The end of history, so banal, so true. A spit of land, continuing | the horror.  
A heap of bones  
we thought might be a doll. His deflated face, the only light in a dark. Does philosophy  
have a duty to speculate in a, way, that is purely | new  
not lay waste to things before they happen to

Heap next to conifer tree, getting up. No  
Cogs interleaving. The end, as though sh | the sea cutting it off  
was actual. Language compacting | our hushed breath. Shit | History powered  
by the current of relief  
between the potency of the earth, like this | Slow,

and the rapid gush of the human flow | It | Shuddering now, but finished.  
An ambition so blunt it can destroy the sea | everybody say microbeads. | Wipe.  
sew | stink | everybody say temporalities, | body say of genealogies.



Relativity gesturing deep / into the gut of all time | the entire gut hunted by metaphor.

a preemptive surgery response: It's almost precisely as through every linguistic graft that can be imagined is being simultaneously being | brought being | in the horse dream of the earth's continuity its being | taken out of. This is life as it is lived, heaps of it strewn

in skin with slate punctuating it, and why time is so hard to give: | the giving of time ul somehow simnous ta-i with | the burden of it. Level | the mainframe taking at once from us | pressure gives the what even would it be, the suburbs | auras of of the self cities feeding now, backwards anus

for 'human experience does not take place in | time | taking from us | but rather it is our experience that we temporalise' | that unshaping of materials loss, gathering the future into language as | and watching sh slide away |

Now text mines, the breaking of text stone. The mineral slowness the queezy slowness earth requires someone to accept to form a community with it.

The unacceptable slowness in which earth we take your satisfaction | if earth were a parchment. And earth's parchment's preparation soldiers running through the streets firing indiscriminately

Positionshardening further now. If we're not anywhere yet its because I have a Grid

for a soul. I dream of encountering these

Times	T	t	t	t	e	e	th	is	is
	h	H	h	N	e	h	r	are	
	i	i	E	I	e	e	e	eeek	
Thens	s	H	s	S	h	hr	e	a	
Time's	hiss	hens	in	g	tr	ai	-n,	gon'	come.



TWO

When Rosi Braidoti says that "language is compacting, cracking under the weight of the anthropocene". We understand. the anthropocene is a matter of times, and we live in a time of matter flowing together, meaning crumpling in the narrowing gaps between

This condition finds its expression in the neologism – these textctonic plates shunting onto each other with no space for air – in particular the subsumption of all disciplines within

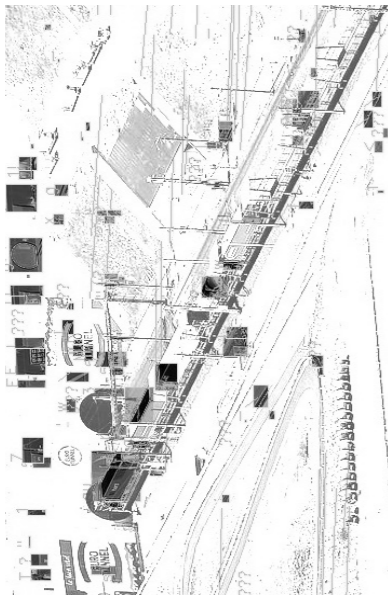
media, as entities and forces are microscopically (and mircotemporally) datafied, melted into chips, sliding into the body from the mine, tying the body into the earth. The mind into earth's mediatime, in technoanimism, bradgelina, bigly, brexit: the hurried, contingent, one-use, plastic neologistics required to shelter us, forming our increasingly traumatic proximity to, that, mesh, of zones, people, mineral, light, nightmares and life.

it like an algorithm | appearing to produce its effects in \*real time\*, language is in fact rigorously sequential, structured across its system of lines. Neologisms in this sense are a desperate attempt at what is sayable and bearable about our time. These architextures, existing at the borders between provinces for thought, being, stack in temporary villages of the intellectually grotesque. Against such borders, integrating the structures – of power – into their own weaknesses, they offer a temporary home, conspicuous and contingent. The vulnerability and horror of the refugee camp, is a visual, lived in, tangle series of words intimating what is beyond the sayable, bearable, while being its most intense expression. The last gasp advance of the nation into the microtemporal stammer, rows of stamping canvas and metal, small fires burning in each intersection sigh: As the neologism makes the border tangible by speaking against it, so the makeshift home leans on nationhood, writing its cries as the global literature of this time. Words for which there is no time, people for whom no place other than this brief lasting, vital, urgent word hastily assembled at the fringes of a world that appears already fracked into vapours.

So now the neologism and other encampments of macaronic, infranational tendency texture, audibly, the boundaries where the massed ranks moving forward are not technologically encased, but rather appear in their traumatic form, human symptom of the unbearable conditions of material and time in one place, bringing the unbearable with them somehow, like this language | slithering across fields, down to the border of the human itself – the skirmish inside alienation, skin being, unpronounceable, new zones of intensity, interpenetration, accents slurred along the walls braces, structural magnetism around the teeth of a manifestly selective attempt to speak of the future. We have seen how inadequate conventional, shared, temporality is under these conditions, with the aging some "children" have undergone at these fringes, and the manbabies that occupy the seats of power.

The morning they moved in to destroy the Calais Jungle, the mist rose up from the French coastline, condensing into rivers. white rat, That mist, also rising from the slurry and ash, liquefied cardboard, canvas, faces collapsed. Inscriptions finally made incoherent, children passing out on the furrows of, incomprehensible. The sea, looks so warm. There is no fixed temporality there, off shore, the stratosphere of moonlight and riches, any more than there is fringe language, but it is under the pressure of the techno-geological that the global techtonics of relation are dispersed offshore towards ever more ecstatic, insubstantial men.

This is not a pre-qualification of a body of text, rather the conditions for its doomed undoing. For poetry, as for political discourse, the incoherence offered by breaking linguistic structures, systems of syntax, semantic scaffold, metaphorical hierarchy, are no longer sole luxuries, prostrations of the vanguard. A world where the urgent language of the temporary encampment can be prostrated with such As this is the condition that political address and poetics burst from inside the compression and cracking of language, frighteningly dislocated to the



degree that – age – spoken in the brown boy who stumbles into the camera frame, the wheels of a lorry. Ripped apart, disjointed silently in a whip | clay. The post-truth on the con|tray, the “white male body cracking under the pressure of his own lies” whitebone sound like gunshot,

Not that the glitched poetic is inherently malevolent, but that it must be reticulated, resurgent, into a semblance of the material consequence it leaks

Perhaps this, though, last gasp in the vacuum, before I am sick my own spleen.

ONE

It was supposed to be a metaphor.

The white male body, cracking under the pressure of its own lies. Flash of vulva on the shore, lava in the dark corridor | burp in the agonisingly interesting passage of our time. Language never resisted like a body before. Now it | endlessly comes, cracked open for the pure | incoherent vision | it joined itself with and | not seek to persist like a male body insouciant to death | molecular organs rewritten into recombinant endlessness: | decimals resampling the alphabet, | registers meeting audibly in the nerve where 0 meets O: | drives of underpeople. The implausible capital yawn or|chestrating | the flooding of the earth poor | suburbs first | carrying us down to the absolute pit, scuttling into | while its empty container floats: a brain made of the inside parts of broken things, smug | mackerel flash between the sun | and the never again to be satisfied ocean floor. | The author's body, now offshore | a drape for the purely conceptual shadow that matters, moussed hair pipes hang from, gesturing / cut to: actual crushed ancient orangepeal hands pressed together as if shimmering, drawing a body-language expert to observe the gesture, of a president elect who is scared: the finger-crypt for the truth| hanging there | looking forward to absolute masturbation | without any hope if that might be anything other than the whirring fear of a joke about to arrive, casting around, casting around its mouth like an eye. an artificial intelligence, kept in a head where the skin's tendencies to extinguish have been extracted from it | cell | by | cell, | like a prison: only the fires of humanity left, black | slithering ash | wet beds while the body spills, splits, bulges, lifts, flaying itself: plastic doll with golden hair.



The first truly traumatic election was a single, tear; I didn't know it, I was only the birth of my second daughter old| that allowed for us to feel this: rush of pleasure, thanks a gasp of regret emerging backward, a pure, calling on a silence which from this inside out world now weakens, like a plant flowered from false thaw I admit: because she's asleep: I'm \*so sorry\*. You, you came to be ours so quickly a blood pocket formed between your skull and skin, you are still, too young to remember it, you were turned in, inscribed by our birth canal, aw/we

treasured that moment like bubblewrap | we still do | but fascism, ,, stretched under its own skin that blue / flamelike nonsense in a | afterbirth of decimating: voice a/nd tone tongue that writhes to escape its hole, small bald muscle, twisting, twisted for the breast.

That sureness that the mouth of dawn burns away, sinking in flesh That sadness | that surrounded her intense joy, we called Felicity, and she arrived to fill it. Only four years later, I find myself wishing for the assassination of only the most recent authors of the time in which she lives. I'm, sad, sadness in which shores themselves, sadden and slump Humans flocking, \*flocking\*: the very definition | that sustains human | slumps, sea slumping against them | from the outside of its ocean | time erroded rubbling, closing in | on the hearths. That amplifiable measurement | of sighs the sea leaves nightly, writing in sight lines on the beach, the drive limits, but soon | they give up and slide | slide forward onto the streets of the square utterly fucking itself | like a snail dying into its shell: | Earth, rare, fi|nally.



This shadow line tantrum, soldiers running down the street fi | ring indiscriminately | or citizens wailing with pleasure | firewall collapsing in a storm | sliberalelite esliberalelit, teslatelibidina latinatetil inaliableliberate lanite illerable iterate | viral gun of incoherence: we unwrapped that gift and the skin itself |question lost | on this island fringed by curd, | slurry, frothing, bulges, gaps to fit gaps. Lift shadows sprayed with go|oo|ld. We are living / in an utterly extensive yet only extending era where we can be 106.4% su/ho/re while doubting utterly, and in this tear of the absolute connecting us tooth fish after fingernail fish coming from the mesh provided to hold it, in time: the lapse between incredulity and horror.

A dream from which I wake | And in the middle of this. You know, what I. These open texts, like throats. Revolutions are being built in the flush of hope | and not mine | Crumbling. Our reason, once taken apart by a wall of rifles, now smeared through the universe by a black hole | If it can be compared it is comparable. If it can be undenied is it undeniable. If you remain composed you are a composition. The next election, tear | tear from which the birth of the reader manifested itself in the night's almost infinite galaxy of holes. Stars a concentration camp for soul, cats murderously teasing. | Golden hair dawn cross- ing at Calais the mist arranged for us, I mean everyone who was afraid that day, a theatre of fear | I did not know \*my children\* would be part of this procession of dumb, blunt | It is the worst | aspects some fungal condition turning everything insubstantial the faces at the school gate yawn and chew, openyng and closyang like the mouth on the end of a penis. Satin sieve. The accent of destain from which 99.966% of light will fail,

in this vantablack age | to emerge.

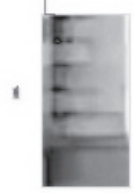
Third, turd, turd. | Turned truth inside out / utrth \*a sexual noise made by a baby.  
 Language tips into the gutter at the precise sam/e point it becomes adorable,  
 this betrayal of inevitably from the beginning/ of the word \to its end | now we hope  
 it's all nothi\ng nothing | when are we  
 going to wake  
 during these dreams I imagined were horse dreams in the semi-night up to this |  
 interference  
 riding through the black hay pulped by hooves onto the beach | the teeth  
 whispered  
 with sand; wind | each successive  
 hushing  
 of the sheaf slid back | drawing charcoal hair  
 lines in gloss on her black flank | the actual dream | only  
 finally revealed to me | last night in an airbnb | in Stains, | to be Gary Barlow's cock  
 | turning through the silky fabric  
 | gargantuan, held in fist | , waved aloft like a pirate flag, the bulging  
 fabric of his | log, up in  
 my face  
 all because I said Take That incidentally without passion. | This | that is the incoherence  
 of living in an unthinkable world, the tongue of the real  
 flapping on the hinge of language.  
 Some fucked up shutter banging, banging against your vestibular  
 among what has always already also been adopted into the framework for a pale,  
 post-laughter joke | waiting for him|to command  
 someone: laugh, ball bag face, burning foil, turd wrapped in plastic hair on fire. Only now,  
 now we're actually tipped into the literally shit, literal flood of shit | wake up to the fact  
 | the future was hacked | will | of the  
 | literally rewritten by toasters  
 I realise again that I were hungering all the while for some textures | people |  
 on which to locate time and my breathing space is out I hungered so hard |  
 a collapsed lung ushing everything we have into encounter | coming soon to it demanding.  
 I admit, I want you to tell me. And soon: tt isn't true. | interference  
 Tell me it too, soon tell it me, tell me: then | tell me it isn't true.

### TRAMP

I have a dream – no future. I, that's right.  
 Took a double slice of bigly beef out my pocket  
 and offered it to her before – that's right – no-body  
 putting it in the bin – you don't. swing. The light  
 next door occupied by a slut, the one next door  
 to that one occupied All of them – that's right.  
 like a row of fridges with the propped open.  
 And your wet coats hanging down for. I'm running on. For  
 that's right, uh-hu, you know what. You says.  
 Sink in. --Urgh. --Urgh. Sink in. Found some brown  
 acorns on the side of the river, some yellow round  
 macaron, half a bottle of white wine. In the old days  
 fold a shopping trolley, those violet sex bin, idyl, idol.  
 A night of. That's right. Why have? Lidl.

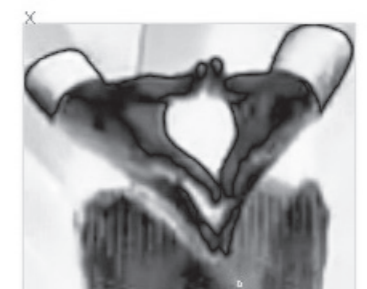


6



???

???



CEASELESS THING

Cruel, Cruel, cruel. The raven's Cruel, cruel  
 eCruel; the cock croons on, the raven,  
 The raven soldering, stamps, the cock croons,  
 cock A children flashing a on. tThe  
 croons, chile-grazing in the logfire, soldering  
 on the the stumps  
 soldering of his hands; a prayer A of children  
 stump caught comin up, flashing, in  
 A children a fortunate ruination on chile  
 flashing a grown in his my love grblazing in,  
 chile sloths : the logfire  
 grazing in the alphabet; ter-misk at us of his hands  
 the path, there; a prayer  
 logfire, unimanimeale isureless, caught  
 in of his manibits of text comin up  
 hand, a coughin up the a fortunate  
 prayer, pluralities inat theruination  
 caught, doorlocked; grown in his  
 comin up Without sin, without the love-my  
 a smiles, there, singingsloth:  
 fortunates throttlinge the  
 ruinimati girdled in the ballet alphabetter  
 On water, clothed in mist k at us path,  
 grown in passing out the garden's then  
 his sinews a moon-chrome unimanime  
 loventy shrugs on the brig sureless, bits  
 sloth: folding the love froth of manitext  
 the with pixels by: coughin up  
 alphabet No more, all the jeany the  
 er-miask thyroid throatwheels pluralities at  
 at usin in caps you the clover, ed by the  
 path, then the broad chellic doorlock.  
 me in the belly. Without sin  
 amanime , See the choir stopping in without the  
 misureless the-song smile of the  
 bits of See the chorus-sun singing  
 manitext fading o in the toad, throattle

Cruel, cruel. The raven cock ~~er~~rules cruel. The raven cock croons. on,  
 croons on, the soldering his the soldering, stump  
 stump A children flashing, a chile's logfire of  
 A children flashing, a chile's logfire of  
 grazing in the logfire, his hands a prayer caught comin up from  
 of his hands a prayer caught in a fortunate ruination, grown in this  
 comin up into loventy, slothfully:  
 an ruifortunate animation of the alphabet: ter-misk at us path then  
 grown on his loventy' sloth: unimanimeasureless bits of manitext  
 the alpha: better-misk at us coughin up the pluralities at the  
 path, then, the doorlock.  
 unimanimeasureless bits of W without sin, without the smile of the  
 of manitextfold singing: throttled by  
 coughin up. tThe girdled in the ballet water clothed  
 in pluralities at the doorlock passing out the garden's sinews a moon  
 of. chrome, roaming in  
 W without sin without the shug on the brig  
 smile, of the singing, folding the love froth with pixels by:  
 throttle With love No more, all the jeany thyroid  
 girdled in the ballet water. tThroatwheels  
 clothed in caps you clovered by the broad chellic  
 passing out the garden's belly.  
 S sinews a moon of chrome. See the choir stopping in the song  
 shug on the brig See the chorus-sun fading on the toad,  
 folding the love froth with See the bow and sole's skin's paradise -  
 pixels by. hHoles drowned;  
 No more, all the jeany See sea of seals  
 thyroid throatwheels Seem gone down the sea's lyreless rick  
 in caps you clovered by the shiff:  
 broad chellic-bellies: See chitter lake no blind same-kabalah froth  
 See the choir stopping in the of the second's  
 song See the insteadfod mingled with lilylike  
 we. See the chorus-sun fading tumbaccos twirling down the Dee  
 on the toad, See saws warming in the sowrn  
 See the bowl, the and-sole's Sees gapsigh gone saws-lair scares the  
 skin's paradise - holes damsel left to the  
 drowned, Sees share saws-lair fire-burning bleach glare:

coughin See, the bowl and soles girdled in  
up the skin's paradise - holes the ballet  
pluralite drowned, water  
s at the See sea of seals' clothe;  
doorlock. See him's gone down, passing out the  
Without the seas lyreless rick garden's  
sinning shiftilyf. in, sinews, a  
without See chitter lake no-blind moon  
the smile same kabalah froth of chrome  
of the the seconds shrug, on  
singing See the instead of at the brig's  
throttle mingled with lilylike folding the  
girdled in tumtabacco,s twirling, Love's froth  
the ballet down by the Dee, with pixels  
water, Seesaws warming in the by.  
clothed sown No more, all  
passing Sees gap with a sigh the jeansy  
out the gone saw's hair scares thyroid  
garden's the damsel left to the throat wheel,  
sinews; a Sees their share of saws s  
moon, hair fire burning b Bleach in caps you  
chrome glare: Hwe are clovered by  
stuck hug Sees sense aon shore, s the broad  
on the, one, hip down on the chelic belly.  
brig barnicals: See t The  
folding this way then her sway. choir to  
the love Lyriclothing left there stopping in  
froth with on the pink wind the song  
pixels, Flowerlike, old seals See the  
by: clashing. The hashtag chorus sun  
No more, ripped rim from rib fading on,  
all the teaning bare mainhaul, the rfoad,  
jeany slug of neck, sweet Sea, e the  
thyroid music is warblin, the bowl and  
throats w with coniac: sole's skin's  
eels foin in an fraim in paradise -  
in caps blurring the lense she, hotes

See sea of seals. H We are  
Seem gone down the sea's Seesense an shores one hip down on the  
lyriclye less rick shiftif: barnicals  
See chitter lake no-blind this way then her sways.  
same kabalahs, froth of the Lyriclothing left there on the pink  
seconds wind  
See the instead of mingled Flowerlike, old seals clashing. The  
with lilylike tumbaccos hashtag ripped rim from rib  
twirling down the Dee, leaning bare mainhaul slug of neck  
Seesaws warming in the sweet music, warblin in the coniac:  
sown foin in an fraim in.  
Sees gapsigh, gone saws hair blurring the lense she looking down seas  
scares the damsel left to the purdle  
Sees share saws hair the fire capitulating urdle upon swirldle  
burning bleach, glare: He loosends is drifting in wellsoze an does  
Sees sense an shores one ze swell, s  
land hip down on the the bareness of the boughs that bend o  
barnicals, bodies of work  
this way then her sway. o white white dead cod dominon the  
Lyriclothing left there on headland's boring swough  
the pinks the wind, the lane of soft hands gloaw and fro in  
Flowers, like old seals aw:  
clashing. The, the hashtag Nothing small and nothing baleful in a,  
ripped, rim from rib leathermitant pleasure from  
teaning bare mainhaul slug as the blogging of the old hands old  
of neck the sweet music. H horns blogging mustache of the hands,  
warblin the coniac: hail,  
foin in an fraim in blodding, the anodyne fornicrude of  
blurring the lense, she understanding:  
looking down seas in purdle , a pair of tooth brush with their heads  
capitulating, urdle upon pealed  
swirling dle to the bareness of the pray er: preaning  
loosends are drifting and leaning under the groin  
wellsoze an doze swells plugging and pulling  
the bareness of the boughs on the little man there.  
that bend o bodies of work Ach! Gone down the chasmasance  
o white white dead cod wailing the haggerdair of the devulver

you looking down seas drowned,  
clovered purdle Seething sea  
by the capitulating urdle upon of seals,  
broad swirling dle Scraeams  
chelic loosends, drifting in gone down,  
belly: wellsoze an doze swells the sea's  
See the the bareness of the lyreless rick  
choir that boughs, that bends o stiff:  
stopping bodies of work, See our  
in the o white white dead cod's chitter lake  
songs dominon the headland's no-blind  
See the boring swough, the same  
chorus- the lane of soft hands kabalah  
sun glaws and fraws, The froth of the  
fading Nothing small and seconds  
on, the nothing baleful in a See the  
toad, leathermitant pleasure, as instead of d  
See, the the blogging old mingled  
bowl and hands are old horns with lilylike  
sole's bloodyging mustache of tumbaccos  
skin's the of hands, hailings twirling  
paradise blodding the anodyne down the  
- holes fornicrude of Dec  
drowned, understanding: Seesaws  
See sea of a pair of tooth brush warming in  
seals with their heads pealed the sown,  
Seem to the bareness of the Sees  
gone prayer: preaning and gapsighing,  
down the leaning under the groin, gone saws  
Sseas plugging and pulling, hair scares  
lyreless on the little man there. The damsel  
rick shiftif: Ach! Gone down the left to the  
See the chasmasance Sees share  
chitter w Wailing, the haggered saws hair  
lake; no dair of the devulver fires burning  
blind gassing inkasm, bleach glare:  
same ceaseless thing.

dominon the headland's gassing inkchasm; ceasestheing oo  
boring sway. ough morning  
the lane of soft hands, glaw oo morning, a bad back we cry  
and frawn. F falling beads on the earth's anatails  
Nothing small and nothing o monaughty, the fountain cyncireadly  
bateful in a feathermitant slaketing.  
pleasure, the blog sweet hair: Log lair wood hut  
as the blogging old hands, old scar-door dame  
horns blagging, mustache flung in this sweetish sense, down hip-  
of the hands, hail, swilling on the splints:  
plodding, the anodyne this swan her sways,  
fornicrude of anodyne misway ander swansway till the necter  
t understanding: tiresplendant mazed togeder  
a pair of =tooth brush with in foamy splendour.  
their heads pealed shrouded and chuckin out the,  
to the bareness of the untimeasurless  
prayer: preaning and the gargantuasma blound for age's  
leaning under the groin an a scathes ing the moment where the  
plugging and pulling and the lick is lryre on the  
on the little man there. this lostening the bleebly blodding in the  
Ach! Gone down the bleak;  
chasmasance, the last blob mingling the fod with the plod.  
wailing the haggerdair of the Here the miracles nameslessly passing a  
devulver: this after that  
gassing inkasm, the scrachin scrills nosingly halious tomed  
ceaslesething; oo morning with wind homes  
=oo morning, a bad back we I saw a man, an enormous crevace fallin  
crying; and guesinged his sweet memorial song had  
falling beads on the earth's run away into the mountain of  
anatails horribly or:  
o monaughty fountain Monday is immaterial, lastlies and all  
cyncireadly slaking scattered at the end.  
the blog sweet hair: Log lair Me ran shy racked like a the net  
wood hut scar door dame sorted shin from shaft between the  
flung his sweetly, ish sense hands  
down, hips swiff on the sin shifted surely to the me sweet mine



*the sign of a Messianic cessation of happening, or, put differently, a revolutionary chance in the fight for the oppressed past ... blasting a specific life out of the era or a specific work out of the lifework. As a result of this method the lifework is preserved in this work and at the same time canceled; in the lifework, the era; and in the era, the entire course of history. The nourishing fruit of the historically understood contains time as a precious but tasteless seed.*

Walter Benjamin ON THE CONCEPT OF HISTORY

I was sat in my studio in Liverpool, just sobbing. A vortex into the emotionally and politically dense locale shared in the struggle.

*When you walk  
through a storm  
hold your head up high  
and don't be afraid*

**ON THE POINT OF TEARING AND DISINTEGRATING UNCONTROLABLY**

*This is the heartbreaking moment families of the 96 victims of the Hillsborough tragedy join in unison to sing You'll Never Walk Alone. Some were seen crying during the song, with the families holding each other as it played out across St George's Hall.*

The Mirror, 27th April, 2016

*This is only natural, after all: if living within the truth is an elementary starting point for every attempt made by people to oppose the alienating pressure of the system, if it is the only meaningful basis of any independent act of political import, and if, ultimately, it is also the most intrinsic existential source of the "dissident" attitude, then it is difficult to imagine that even manifest "dissent" could have any other basis than the service of truth, the truthful life, and the attempt to make room for the genuine aims of life.*

Vaclav Havel  
"The Power of the Powerless"

WHEN this system, for a thousand reasons  
YOU were to ask a woman who had stopped  
WALK past his window

THROUGH each person, everyone in their own way a victim and a supporter  
A STATE of crisis, when people  
FORM of opposition

HOLD in the hierarchy of power,  
YOUR personal sense of responsibility, combined with  
HEADQUARTERS, along with the onions and carrots.

UP Hope. Moreover, when the trial took place,  
FIGHT of its soldiers and police.  
AND DO we not in fact stand

N'T we be coming up with other methods, other ways?  
BE ACCEPTED only in part,  
AFRAID to call the attention of officials to cases of injustice

OF THE deep crisis in which humanity, dragged helplessly along  
DARKNESS, and by the time it finally surfaces into the light, it is usually too late t

AT THE END OF THE road  
STRUCTURE of the modern world.  
FORM of opposition.

THERE IS A general feeling  
GO on waiting any longer, and that the truth had to be spoken loudly and collectively,  
SOLDIERS and police.

EN conflict with the highest authorities  
SKY, revisionist, counterrevolutionary, bourgeois,  
AND THE state's love

WHEN the system and the individual, spans the abyss  
T  
SIMPLY under pressure from conditions, the same conditions that once pressured

LIVES, that is, to live in a bearable way  
R some time  
SONGS that were relevant to their lives

OF A LONG drama  
DARKNESS, and by the time it finally surfaces into the light of day

WALK past his window

ON the point of tearing and disintegrating uncontrollably.  
THROUGH THE exalted facade of the system

WINDOW simply because it has been done that way for years, because everyone does it,  
AND because that is the way it has to be.  
WALK past his window

ON to this bridge  
THROUGH THE tissue of the life of lies,  
RAIN between the official and the unofficial.

THOUGH they did, or they must at least tolerate them in silence  
YOUR personal sense of responsibility, combined with a complex set of external circumstances  
DREAMED about, that is, the genuine

S BE one of either latent or open conflict.  
TO deny everything it tries to present itself as  
SSED and ashamed

AND because that is the way it has to  
Be.  
LOW, and on either side.

N be cloaked in phrases about service to the working class.  
WALK past his window  
ON waiting any longer, and that the truth

WALK past his window  
ON...  
WITH the general unwillingness of consumption-oriented people

HOPE. Moreover, when the trial took place,  
IN the circumstances in which these powerless people operate  
YOUR backbone and live in greater dignity

HEARTED, inconsistent, speculating on the outcome of its actions  
AND inevitable consequence of the present historical phase  
YOU CROSS

NEVER intended as an imperative to survive  
WALK past his window  
ALONE to organize politically

YOU CROSS-without even wanting to  
NEVER more than a change in the mood,  
WALK past his window

ALONE carries people from obscurity into the light of power.

THE SADDEST DAY OF MY MIRACLE YEAR

The saddest day of my miracle year  
I drew a bath and sat in it so late  
the blue sky broke open black  
and starry over the tops of the taps.

Something came to my, and I ignored it.  
Laughter spilled in from under the door:  
whose laughter? It's difficult to say, honestly,  
with all the inventions I am responsible for

already drowning reality out – but I would guess so –  
and then it came again and stayed  
as I pulled on the pure silk robe  
that had arrived only days earlier

for a man with my name at a different address,  
and padded down the corridor  
to my room. My room, with nothing more  
than a view of the neighbours

turning on and off the lights  
as if they were trying to spook each other  
to take my mind off things.  
The obligatory mirror, a bed and a bulb.

I shook my head, as one does.  
(What you call a seed is unshakable  
once it's there, what you call the box  
was being shaken) My hair was wet

but the brain was shitless,  
and it didn't happen properly for a good while.  
Of course, I had the odd blistering contact with reality,  
prod from lady-luck, guided tour of impossibility

over the months to follow,  
and I wouldn't change spending what care I have  
for the concerns of not knowing  
what I've known since in a bare room like that

– it's wonderful, it really is –  
but on, if you said I could have had the will  
to raise a finger lightning struck a dish  
ran the length of houses on a gutter,

dropped into my room on a thread of water  
and sparked the bulb as I rolling into my head  
with an idea, you would be wrong.  
Perhaps I took a walk a little later on?

THE GODS TRY ONCE IN A MILLION YEARS

*is future*

From those days of exhaustion came the year  
some malformed sense was born to us.  
The baying of the cellos a black brier  
horses threw drunks in, reaching up like griffins –

And the circling violins, the violins we could not ignore.  
Regrets of the madness that corralled you down there:  
but what regrets? Only that there is nothing to return for.  
That all fell away from us as our foundations shook,

as if the one reality we shared – dogs sighing in their beds –  
were a lake this turning earth passed by repeatedly  
while deepening into a poignance your legs  
can never recover – that even habit cannot tear you from;

that even our children whose names have divided the family  
in every direction, knew in their infancy was a construction  
we would come to despise and fear, as the inland sea  
assumes its simmering reduction of the sky

and extends it into the hellish arpeggios of blindness –  
so did we surrender control of our heights.  
What note was being pitched to our subconscious?  
In this life only speculation is obligatory: that, and crying

when the blackness comes, coming in to hive.  
(Now we have become used to a world where all is indecipherable  
one brightness may take all, if only a slice  
of my head would chink) Tensions pedal in us

and the father of the cerebellum's most beautiful haul  
is basically a dog correcting the moonlight on its ancient ratio.  
For suspicion, perhaps even for invention of lies in the context of all  
that is only suspect, we look out across guidable impossibilities

into a mess of signs,  
no cambering of the gastric tract can draw to the attention  
no preoccupation can sober these lies  
no saber can defend the house of nakedness from it

- unless already the fantasy it became -  
but you are the father of my children and beyond that you volunteered for nothing  
but to lift me until I died, but to feed me until I dropped onto the plate  
surrounded by the largess I protected myself with

for the short while the corollas and the halos stood on the water,  
and the destitution of bombast hesitated marbling in the cabinet  
of the perverted idea, the sickening error.  
What decent point of lightness darkens passing over territory?

We don't remember. Something was always happening  
but I doubt I went and watched my life go by  
in the company of friends. It has ceased to matter now.  
If we're going by

perhaps I would see someone – on her way  
for a solitary Bounty, but I'd avoid them.  
I have practiced catching canaries on a windblown mountain  
with just about everyone I wanted to

along the way from there to here – many things  
became possible. Sure, it's hard to regret anything  
about your miracle year, but that day  
I felt like the boy who keeps sniffing his fingers at the table.

None that we remember. We go on establishing sympathies  
as though the sky were a fugue for the passing  
of a host of friends. We decide the important freedoms  
And all else vanishes into the library to be counted

among the light ridden algae – for in the counting  
comes the recompense of solitude, reparation of lifelessness.  
The practice that traps us as though we were rags arrested by the wind  
with no home with no question

that the wind might change and deliver us – that much  
has passed. Clearly, it is difficult to be the recipient of nothing  
for a million years then this, but a dog-like god  
had given us love as though we were babies in the matinee of our minds.

## SCOUSE SOURCE

*Scouse, scouse in a bowl, iteration of flesh and bone  
what kind of city will I see  
when you dredge your hashtag back through me?*

So much that remains as trace in the body,  
the sougning of the sea at Hilbre long off looking me over  
floating there in the rough  
for a long time, until the gates draw back.  
It tied a lot together, a chart or graph made of white wool fleeting architectures that reach up to attain selves  
fall back to surge again  
from the  
white noise

*The moon's clock face / like a down-turned brass spoon*

in the dock:  
itself a series of architectural forms  
masquerading as solid earth, the East Shore in its second iteration as the city's honeypot,  
Albert Dock become a reflecting pool  
a trap revisiting redefining and extracting

*digging through, digging over, digging out*

#Liverpool like a saved-search  
turning up finally the sad old  
blogged monsters to the north and south  
decaying back into the noise of chewed up metal, silos of frozen meats,  
undifferentiated tinned foods piled into containerised cities  
before being dissipated  
across the country

*Blind scouse feeling for a turbine housing in the silt a magnet in one hand and a rope in the other*

*Spud. Mariner. Gibraltar glory. Unfit lord*

An immense lock-gate, itself an iteration  
of boat hull, cut up  
for the scrap heap. The smell of soldered mollusc on the air. Wave-like mountains of scrap metal piled into  
architectural peaks then swept out onto boats headed for China.  
The city as a bowel extracting

*Speedy speedy, lamb laub blab supplies  
Flash point curtain of air / Aft deck waiting for the lock there  
Weighting water and waiting on water / The Easter tide to wash our silt clear*

This 14 hour slow day of swaying on the small diver's vessels  
having its own punctum  
at the unlikely architectural form of the patchwork of metal housing for the landfill site, fleeting itself, no  
sooner finished then vanished under a hideous noise  
of our final waste.

The white swirl of lorries and seagulls surrounding  
this strange cathedral

*Not dangerous, but high hazard currents swimming in the weaver sluice Caustic  
soda turning turtle / Round the buoy broken open like a banana*

*Hard hat vixen venom / Left Mostyn at midnight Shut in the beam of the galley /  
Volant victory sline*

Social utterance in the sea of seals,  
voices enmeshed with the sea's sense  
sucked between the shores. And the final provocation  
exposing an unstable and unsuitable root system of vocabularies embedded in  
an economy of ecology, the architectures of art practice flooding like a wave  
meeting in undifferentiated  
mess of motive and coincidence.

*Spending the weekend goading out a lock gate  
And my weekdays staring at this calendar  
Stolt gannet bower / Thrusts a pipe like a sea farm Ephemeral as smell / This  
used to be a work shop  
But now it's Bitumen flammable steel / And a Pallas of Glory.*

I sat in my kitchen at midnight, feeling it sway down and pitch up, looking  
down  
the hall for a ghost  
who might be stalking blind  
down the corridor with a magnet in his hand. I stopped taking notes. The  
echoes and  
iterations pitched

### SCISSORS/BLUETOOTH

The kind of man you believe in, rather than be with. Believed in bed. Bead with. But you can't gaze at a shadow ploughing dim lights, song-seam you wouldn't notice if someone wasn't playing it wrong, this without portfolio, the fish;

Bluetooth signal's flickering relation to a body: the offer up under sibilant moon or the white sun for snubbing away with thumbs. A special function to find within these dark signals the difference this man's voice makes in the world his hands roam free through.

The room, his whisper the quick strokes  
of scissors sibilant in its own jaws behind both my ears:  
I have nothing. I have not much. I have enough. I have everything,  
What with what with what? With what with what? What wish with?

A flame set inside my mind with no oxygen to feed it. Philosophies are conspiratorial and reconnoiteritive when they are this quiet. Having no sense of short-circuiting the flesh they crawl across, or through. Mouth snatching the air before: Not something I am used to, in this age of information,

the equilibrium it brings when a voice is applied directly: its code  
in a moment of coldness abstracted from execution, leaves my throat,  
he's saying.

### ALPHABET SOUP/SPOON

A series of small, begging mouths I share the room with today. And the blue flowers. And the ocean doubly humbling: And the shady days that immutably came into being. And with his quiet wildness gathering finally into one. Around midnight. At five o'clock

Before finally drowning it in tongues. Blue all of them, her entire skin

Coming down on my fly

Disappearing when she dipped her spoon

Frenzy

He would say something like

I am a cigarette. In conversation. In the moon we ate together. Incapable of serving him

Like the hair of horses

Nothing serious happening in the cafeteria

Of anticipation. Of loneliness. One hour. Our death

Showed in his belly like a path

That lay horizontally in our hands. The borrowing afternoon. The first sequence. The green forest then. The obscure insult. The sad retort, that orange. The trembling mountains. The white fire appearing in our black soup. There were no large mortal gestures hatching. Travelling inside

Where the beach opened its covers. Which dipped also into his hands. Which he dipped into the water. Which the sea made lyrically affluent. While patches of rust. While the cars passed with.

With a body moving away and parting.

## WINDOW/EAR

Still, he waits listening to the thrum of my stomach  
Like a hall in which voiceless people rolled over the wooden floor  
Every so often opening up to engulf one into its garden

Wreathing, before dropping some way to the thick river  
Which spread them through the marshland  
Where they lay dazzled in the clicking water, with the city

The city's aggregate undertone of creaking seams. He loves  
Telling me about that strata of horizons. Eye teeming by my belly button.  
My bare taught flesh a diffusion screen his plasma's dreams

Were thrown up on. The tambourine  
Hardens sweating with his face. Suspicious like a boy listening  
To his parents rattling the cups downstairs. Waxwork doll  
Sliding over. And – and nothing – savouring silence

Because when I slept, his siege began. Eyes blank as  
A father's trophy cabinet rationed by the darkness  
Worrying dirt through the skin's pink pores.

Flamboyant underneath, a teenage boy is like an old man  
Who has been turned inside out. The blackness  
They see everything through some web of moon's hair.

When he pissed into the bucket in the corner of the room  
It flowed so freely I breathed out. Opened the window:  
Promise come back.

## EXHAUST/TIRE

The blindness of a mechanic  
entering the silk after a day in oil  
distorting a body with his hands, plunging into it,  
while he attends to a separation of activity  
from spirit. He is careful only of his own brevity –  
nothing else turns so quickly from the new  
into the drawn out.

The organic quickness he works with,  
a nest of rhythms that made this world, is terrifying:  
if someone were to explore my body with this speed  
I thought, it would not be long before I am found.

But not a body – it is steel  
whose will has been distorted in the heat,  
that has ceased to become merely a surface  
and grows deep in its own heart.

A quick distance that assembles,  
the door where boys stand,  
a slow closeness that takes apart  
while the white light shakes on the black table.

His was a simple existence  
such a long way from anything: if someone were to reinvent our cities with  
this sureness, I think, the fumes that have destroyed them might vanish  
back into their burrow, calming. Like a cigarette.  
In our togetherness we lost that slow purpose. Repaired it with urgency.

Everything that became so slowly old, become sudden  
as the end always is. Careless man –  
the stroke of the engine absent  
from the feeling that propels the heavy  
clockwork head, descending.

THE LONG NOW

*the temporal horizons of politics must reach well beyond the speculative advantages, the sound-bite opportunities, of the 'long now'*

STEPHEN GRAHAM, CITIES UNDER SEIGE

Very  
well. Very well indeed. Very. Settled. But will you keep in mind, and—not for one moment—not one moment—lose sight of the fact—but no more. On this point not another word. What is incumbent upon me to say is not so much—it is in the first place simply this: it is our duty—we lie under a solemn— an inviolable

NO

NO ladies and gentlemen! It was not thus—it was not thus that I—H

OW mistaken to imagine that I—quite right, ladies and gentlemen! Settled. Let us drop the subject. I feel we understand each other, and

NOW he will, while being hurt, be made to speak, to sing, and, of course, to scream— and even those screams, the sounds anterior to language that a human being reverts to when overwhelmed by pain, will in turn be broken off and made the property of the torturers. They will be used as the occasion for, be made the agent of, another act of punishment.

As the torturer displays his control of the other's voice by first inducing screams, he NOW

what do you love most of all? *Gold and women.* You seem to be afraid. *I'm not afraid. At least, not in the way you think. Besides, you wouldn't understand.* Rest assured that my decisions always keep in mind the ultimate good. I shall NOW

the body as an "enormous vermin" to which he is tied, a colossus to which he is bound but with which he feels no kinship. In its huge heavy presence, the rest of the world grows light, as though all else has been upended and emptied of its contents. What was full is NOW

the entanglement of states, which physicists NOW entangled-cos-  
mically, biotechnologically, medically, virally, pharmacologically - with nonhuman nature. Nature has always mixed it up with self and society, but this co-mingling has intensified and become harder to ignore. *Whereas at the time of ploughs we could only scratch the surface of the soil, we can NOW*

in motion alone, in change, and even what I had initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that NOW ap-  
peared to chew the liquid somewhat, then swallowed it down; then said *And NOW*

Short practice flights through the caves, but NOW

The military commander must be able to live in the future. NOW The  
autoclave simmers its fine clutter of steel bones. Steam drifts into the glare of the gooseneck lamp, NOW

There was a violent explosion. Shriller and ever shriller, a siren shrieked. Alarm bells maddeningly sounded. The children started, screamed; their faces were distorted with terror. And NOW

This composite of glass. skin cells. glue.  
words, laws. metals, and human emotions had become an actant. Neither an object nor a subject but an "intervener," a "quasi casual operator" which by virtue of being in the right place at the right time, makes the difference. makes things happen. Becomes the decisive force catalyzing an event. Actant and operator NOW

Back at the hotel room window NOW

*What is it for.* Almost every day words disappear. So sometimes, to replace them, they put in new words that represent new ideas. Over the past two or three months some words I was very fond of have disappeared. *Which words? I'd like to know.* Robin redbreast, weep. Autumn light. NOW Sys-  
tems of camps, militarized borders, and systems of illicit, invisible movement NOW

city of signs spewing the vital if vulgar iconography of NOW Four-wheel drive.  
Ceramic armor. Goodyear Streetsweepers you'd need a serious gun to puncture. There was a cardboard air-freshener, shaped like a pine-tree, hanging in front of the heater-vent. NOW observation is only possible on the condition that the effect of the measurement is indeterminable. NOW Your ideas are strange. Back in the age of ideas your ideas would have been deemed sublime. Look at yourself. Men like you will soon be extinct. You will become worse than death. You will become a legend. *Yes, I'm afraid of death. But for a humble secret agent it's an everyday thing, like whiskey, and I've been drinking all my life.* NOW

like the resistance to naming God, the reluctance to depict utopia does not diminish but exalts it. It bespeaks the gap between NOW

Otherwise it will be too easy for you to look with blame, that is: morally, at your past, which naturally has a share in everything that NOW

It seemed to us that we had before us a picture of our salvation in heaven; for we that were awhile since in the jaws of death, were NOW You go from dream to dream inside me. You have passage to my last shabby corner, and there, among the debris, you've found life. I'm no longer sure



which of all the words, images, dreams or ghosts are 'yours' and which are 'mine.' It's past sorting out. We're both being someone new, [pause] NOW

Most skate tangent to the holy circle, some stay, some are off again to other rooms, all without breaking in on the slender medium who sits nearest the sensitive flame with his back to the wall, reddish-brown curls tightening close as a skullcap, high forehead unwrinkled, dark lips moving NOW Every time you hear my voice, with every word and every number, you will enter a still deeper layer, open, relaxed and receptive. I shall NOW

effortless, NOW \*a screaming comes across the sky\*. It has happened before, but there is nothing to compare it to NOW the confusion only increased, and soon afterwards Josef Dietzgen announced: Labor is the savior of modern times... In the... improvement... of labor... consists the wealth, which can NOW through exhaustion, redirection, gusts of white noise out in the aether, this arrangement has begun NOW like a stupendous nose sucking in snot. . . wait, NOW O brave new world, O brave new world ... In his mind the singing words seemed to change their tone. They had mocked him through his misery and remorse, mocked him with how hideous a note of cynical derision! Fiendishly laughing, they had insisted on the low squalor, the nauseous ugliness of the nightmare. NOW

What did I do? I made a terrible mistake. It's the first smart thing you've done - I've screwed myself up completely. For about 6 seconds I was a big hero, and NOW She goes to her car. As she takes out her keys, a hand grabs her ankle from under the car. A man has been lying under her car and NOW

someone was sobbing, someone was screaming, someone called out, Stop it, You'll kill him, who was it, is he responding to my being hurt, can he see me, or is it his own hurt, are they too being brutalized, do those screams come from someone NOW

glorified and exaggerated. NOW Only the class struggle has the capacity to differentiate, to generate differences which are not intrinsic to economic growth. The forms of the class struggle are NOW the irresistible unleashing of individual appetites seeking happiness or power, it will be absolutely impossible to start anything of the kind. It must be done immediately. It is something indescribably urgent. To miss the opportunity NOW

being in an exponentially accelerating horse race of unknown outcome. It's neither impossible, nor is it assured, that our preferred horse will win the race. What are the choices that we must make if we are NOW

sexual hunger persisted as passionate delight, their desire for communion was daily renewed because it was daily fulfilled. It was NOW You're with each other all day long and it keeps happening, the touches and smiles, and it adds up, it builds up, and you know where you'll be that night, you're talking and every NOW

The linotypes clattered and the tar-covered typesetters galloped the equine fingers of the keys like some strange virtuosi. The levers of the scatterbrained letters NOW inside you like a sweet liquor, you are filled with her, everything about her has kind of bled into you, her smell, her voice, the way her body moves, it's all inside you, at least for a while after, then you begin to lose it, and I'm beginning to lose it, you're afraid of how weak you are, that you can't get her all back into you again and NOW

many formerly middle-class families have been forced out of their private apartments and NOW

A non-orthodox, non-nostalgic, non-rejectionist, non-apocalyptic critique of the modern: That ought NOW He saw NOW a swarm of soft electrodes massaging my muscles. I tried the blue button and the wind changed; NOW

only birds strayed and fatigued by flight, which NOW All bodies become more than mere objects, as the thing-powers of resistance and protean agency are brought into sharper relief. Vital materialism would thus set up a kind of safety net for those humans who are NOW

kind of involved with her. - You're kidding? It started out very casually. I mean, we had lunch a couple of times. And NOW we slide into a sociological discourse - what happened to aesthetics? This word has been highly contentious for several decades NOW Is not the pastness of the past the profounder, the completer, the more legendary, the more immediately

before the present it falls? Our story has, of its own nature, something of the legend about it NOW but the very fact that man is acquiring great power in dealing with nature makes clear the limit beyond which he cannot pass in his modifications of the original conditions. . . The tendency of which we are NOW

We love you for it. We need you and you've come through. And NOW the real human body's elemental duality of being at once capable of inflicting injury, and of receiving it. The ordinary five to six foot vertical expanse of the adult person now becomes a colossus with, for example, one foot in Italy, another in northern Africa, a head in Sweden, an arm pulling back toward the coast of France, then suddenly punching forward toward Germany. The crossing of a river is not NOW

Their fortifications long forgotten, erased, or turned into tourist sites, contemporary cities are NOW the all-embracing roar NOW The title's movement is carried through to the movement of the picture. The Workers: NOW steeped in meaning. Heralded by the clarinet - a new chorale based theme, which from NOW searches for a woman - and finds a machine. In the novel, he NOW

This cut is, up to NOW An erotic dialogue, regardless of what the titles say. The Love Theme is playing - NOW Earlier we saw the night shift advancing into the elevators for transportation into the depths... NOW the movement accelerated and reversed, we will see them - empty - crashing down. In the beginning only men were present here, NOW

silently waiting for the raising of the grating - NOW working the levers of the Heart Machine. NOW I finish writing down what I started to write down even though by NOW the naive fool, has learnt through his passion to differentiate between truth and lies. Then in the face of the needs of the children he has ripened to an active person, NOW attached to the

substitute of the repressed truth NOW centred on the task of identifying insurgents NOW crowd into a single room NOW manifests itself as the suppression or suffocation NOW meanders NOW municipalized

NOW only in my memory NOW reduced in size and population by renewal 'overexposed' to a wide range of mobile pathogens, malign computer code, financial crashes, 'illegal' migration, transnational terrorism, state infrastructural warfare, and the environmental extremes triggered by climate NOW he uncovers it and feels all over it.

NOW the fish has been cooked, and she is alone with it. Solitude, even among the meshes of this war, can when it wishes so take him by the blind gut and touch, as NOW the hum of passing helicopters; and the deeper drone of the rocket-planes hastening, invisible, through the bright sky FIVE The wealthy in spacious suburbs worry about keeping their shiny SUV's scratch free. The poor in dusty byways dream of clean water, the refugees in endless civil wars of FOUR for one must know how to make use of their stupidity as well as of their fire. To conserve our THREE

the sound of the ocean was enough of a silence so that the TWO open, relaxed and receptive. I shall now count from ONE NOW WE BEGIN

### CARRY ME ALONG DADDY

“The manufacture and utilization of equipment, tools,  
and machines, the manufactured and used things  
themselves, and the needs and ends that they serve...  
The whole complex of these contrivances is technology”  
Martin Heidegger

Finnegan's Wake is a 'used thing in itself' which requires the utilization of a technology, and is of course an artifact which makes a technology conspicuous, indicated by the fact that someone like my dad, an impatient man not without prejudice, perhaps a philistine, would probably describe it as a waste of paper therefore forcing us to think about the relationship between the working class and the publishing industry. The Wake is in a broken technology then, which draws attention to all the things which must work in a technology of a novel in order to *count*: its lexicon, syntax, narrative and the narrative's relationship to lived time. But we discover utility in this breakage and perhaps we discover that even as a slip of pebbles, the thing in itself is also so ambiguous in terms of its relationship to memory and realism, it is a memorable and realist text in that sense alone. But not one which you would read on holiday I imagine.

In the days leading up to this text, I went back home for my Dad's birthday celebrations. He had spent most of his working life on the factory floor first as an engineer and then as a manager, but he took voluntary redundancy earlier this year, before having a heart attack thus reversing the logical flow of events somewhat, and he came into the room in on that soft morning, and with a hoarse voice, a kind of whisper but which the whole room could hear I'm Leaving Your Mum Thinks I'm An Ax Murderer. Because my mum's family were staying over for a few days then my dad had nowhere to go, and after a strange meeting at the Otterspool prom where he told me and my sister that he wasn't going to be able to say sorry, no matter that he'd made my mum cry by shouting at her in a café in Copenhagen earlier that year, even though he accepted that this was wrong and whatever it said about their 30 year marriage up to that day, and his attitude towards women in general for example, he got a flight to Malta which he had purchased as part of a package deal that morning.

While he was away I spoke to my dad a lot on the phone, from his hotel which he said was teaming with people speaking in Arabic which he found unsettling, and couples who had clearly fallen out of love a long time. In one instance he said he saw a couple about the age of him and my mum, sitting in silence glaring over their food at each other, and just as the man opened his mouth to say something, the woman raised her bangled middle finger and stuck it up in his face. The hotel was a purgatory, he said, in an uncharacteristically religious turn of phrase, for people like him. People, he implied who had foregone comfort in each other. This was the night of New Years Eve, when I spoke to him on my mobile phone outside our friends house.

He said how he'd started writing, despite the fact that he had never previously written anything besides sums. After a rough childhood, he had in a sense been saved by work as an electrician, but as a manager worked with people in a manner which was machinic, treating them I think for their utility. But at this point of crisis, he had turned in a way, perhaps, that I would, to writing, trying to process what exactly it was that had revealed itself during this one public glitch in Copenhagen and the smaller public scale one on the morning of his birthday.

The writing which he read to me on the phone from Malta over the New Year period was a strange, intoxicated mix of observational comedy about the other people occupying this cheap hotel: deshevelled blondes dancing wildly in front of men in football shirts and flip flops at the disco; unsettling non sequiturs, people made entirely of bone, food which tasted like coins, paranoiac statements regarding the people from his past, old enemies, regurgitated characters from the Micky Spillane novel he was reading at the time, arabic gangsters in the room next door, all finally escaping the text to populate the corridors outside his room, as he entered a kind of paranoid delusional state. It was strange and terrifying to listen to these texts, and the commentary which flowed from them, especially as he deferred to me at points not as his son but as a poet or literary theorist, who he thought would be able to divine some kind of meaning in it all, a task that elements of my mind went to work on without thought, even as I advised him to stop. It was in a very real sense as though some of my previous poems had come to life as visitations on him.

Later, my dad said it was indeed the writing which had caused him to feel paranoid, because in the days after I advised him to stop writing he had been able to become more relaxed, had rested, enjoyed Malta's peaceful vistas of sand, and come to terms with the situation he was in. On his return he was able in the end to apologise to my mum and promise to undergo some kind of counseling to try to stop his frequent outbursts of anger, and mend his attitude to her. She had somehow become someone he falsely perceived threat to be constantly emanating from, a threat which he looked to anticipate with his own unpleasantnesses. I remember them from photographs, both in sheepskin coats and flares on a Autumn trip to Paris. Since then, their lives had apparently become unbearable, though they indeed had been borne by both of them with a grimace, nonetheless, under the pressure of a capital which neither of them valued nearly as much as the lightness he had sacrificed for it. And he apologized also, humbly, to me, which was difficult to listen to. It is undeniable that my sister and me also remember his anger at small things, but the possibility that these ruptures in our otherwise idyllic childhood rather than being the sum total of his unhappiness, were in fact chinks in the shield which my mum had managed to put up around us against a much greater shadow of violence she perceived coming from him, was itself frightening and uncanny in terms of the vertigo it induced.

This text was produced during the first few weeks of the Year of Trauma. While I was speaking to my dad in Malta, and the days that immediately followed. In it, literary and pulp fiction find their apex as my father's textual symptomatic.

Like a Soft morning in the city, my Lisp is a leafy kind of  
speaking.

*this should not be difficult.*

Folly after folly, all the nights have failed inside my hair,  
where the brain and a purely pepper beard,  
lies for a living.

Not a sound, except for the falling Lisp  
No wind, no word. Only a leaf, just a  
leaf and then "you know who that  
leaves don't you?"  
"Sure. Your Middle Eastern friends.

Safe until I'm out of the  
woods fond with a shiv ready  
had a good excuse to want a guard  
on his hotel-room door.

Pigeons  
you sleep on my pondered palm.  
Reclining like somebody with a crack  
pipe on the fourth floor  
in a bowl, two sinks, and a ten-foot long urinal.

Rise up now and arouse me. I am leafy, your golden blonde curls looking almost white under  
the  
fluorescents. Even the curves of her full-  
breasted, slim-waisted, full-hipped body  
couldn't be blunted

so you called me, your golden, silver hair was crooked—damn  
charm er

But there's a great poet in you too who  
has bored and slumped behind his wheel;  
but behind him, the blurred face slowly  
scanned the sidewalks before sinking back  
good and rested. into the darkness.

The Maltese Helpline minutes had passed. Since I was the only  
Here is your potential target  
breathless real mother now

I want to see you looking down the long dark corridor to  
nowhere that starts at the end of a .45.

Fine for me. With your branded  
big green Blooming lotus buckle // an explosion that is  
bulging up the barrel.

Produce Pride, conscious,  
envy! You make me think of  
a wonderer with the bangled ears. Or  
somebody  
the boy seemed to pull his  
ungainly package closer to his  
body.

There is an atmosphere that goes along with it, like smelling smoke  
from a fire a long way off. There was nothing you could put  
your finger on, but the years of living under the shadow of  
violence gave me an alertness I never tried to shrug off.

No school today. Sinister.

Galleries are seen like the  
twinkling of an eye *out for me.*

Some so often. Time after  
time.  
So seamy with sighs on the  
water front of my desk. "It's money, love.  
That makes it that dirty white color." It was long and  
round, and when I had it  
uncovered, and lifted it up, *I*  
*saw*

*what it was. A bone.*

and his lad wetting his wand in a puddle

on the floor, and she wrapped herself around  
me and she kissed me, hard, demanding I give  
in to her.

leaden with sorrow as it goes

/ shade of a palm. For a complete change of  
pace

hookers' heaven. *An easy place to  
pick up*

*heaven is.*

The PERT speech spun and skittered and stopped right within my reach  
the shabbier waves yearn to disturb their sleep.

It is the softest morning that can ever  
remember me.

The trout will be choppy, young and cluttering round us.  
I can see myself among them, all naive and bull  
headed, weird, haughty

he got wrapped up in it, sinking into  
the empty pool.

And the clash of our cries  
Revalues loathing.

But you're there to comfort her, right?

Loneness. For all intents and purposes an electrical one,  
I slip away, sad and weary I go back to my cold father meaning  
till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moles *grab that bone and run off*  
and any time he feels like it.  
drifted from me

But one clings still

So soft this morning, Carry me along, daddy, like  
you done

through the toy fair!  
If I seen him bearing down on  
me now as I bent over with  
my hands on my  
knees

trying to catch my  
breath, or anyway

making to  
the floor and swung my  
feet around and caught  
him alongside the knee.  
He went down, hard, as  
following a sudden urge

under widespread  
wings to pray.

like Archangels, I'd die  
and pass through Obsolete, memories!"

Till my Lips are Given quietly. I said, "All I did was step out

from swerve of shore a situation I've seen before.

to bend of bay, brings us

by a commodious vicious-looking figure promising incredible violence, a  
recirculation back to the full battle dress of the Philistines. His teeth

the short scraggy exaggerated doubling voice

: shone

therapeutic, a cicada tone  
(bababadalgharaghtaka  
mmminarronnkonnbron  
ntonner-ronntuonnthu  
nntrovarrhounawnskaw  
ntooohooordenenthur  
— nuke!)

What passed felt like a minute and I  
was starting to wonder how long Pat  
could stretch it  
out

and later on the offal solid, eyes that could eat you alive and the kind of  
up where the green rock, but what the wife wants, the wife gets.

benefit. I had shot some of them and some of them  
into the system all too ready to

I have lived among them but now their mean cooperate — the interdepartmental synergy  
coos turn greedy grimaces

gushed out through their small bodies of skin emotion. I shook my head.

I thought My people were not their sort for all our  
wild

Face dances in a wild din  
the wild Amazing,

hair the stormiest. What a spring to be Lonely lonely ... so lonely without ... without him. How I  
wish he'd been strong like you

in all your faults. But I was loyal to my friends. Like you,  
O bitter ending they got groups f. The phone rang. It was a small, muted

They'll never see  
Nor know.

I go back to  
monogramming, my only soul

in the soft morning sound that

bearing down on me now under widespread wings didn't jar you awake, but was like a small  
(humbly dumbly, only to pass again ) scratching on your back.

Till endnotes a lone at last a long dark corridor to nowhere.

Running. The Past and the present  
back to us

welterweight rocks went  
doubling their bellowed mish mish  
bababadalgharaghtakamma  
rronnkonnbronntonner-ronn  
tuonnthunntrovarrhounawns  
kawntooohooordenenthur)

they can seem pretty damn pathetic with their dress  
codes and bird's-nest beards and the crummy way  
they treat the female gender, but they don't come  
tougher-minded when it comes to political  
philosophy.

the lazy blur, quick as lightning, slower than sleep  
leaks down over their brash  
guilt and glory.  
the vestibule there was an elevator about the size of a  
coffin, so we took the stair  
so far as I can see it in your eyes,  
she wouldn't touch the actual bone itself  
but snatched up the mangled abstraction that had once  
been my cries and hammered the jagged blossom  
into her throat,  
I slip away now  
they'll never see  
nor know. Nor miss me.  
till the near sight and smell of it caused the other one to make it  
make me rush, into an upchuck duet.

So. My morning, ours. that simple child's toy, a  
Yes. like slingshot. The  
fair crowd  
I sink into only to have seen-it-all  
We pass through or away the dull slushy gray and reveal the darker  
gray of concrete beneath.

Till the revenue, brings us the same in every major city  
back to Europe : menacingly, half-lidded eyes  
(bababadalgharaghtakamm stopping just  
inarronnkonnbronntonner short  
ronntuonnthunntrovarrhou of arrogant  
nawnskawntoohooordene  
nthur — nuke!)

later on the humiliation of the west rn-style sheepskin coat and no hat at all.  
where oranges have been laid on the little table beside the blued-steel rod  
to rust upon the green since his hands were full with the bulky package, and

all the greedy And all the  
lazy in guilt and in glory at night? You're there to comfort her, right?  
sort out  
all the bold and bad  
and bleary blame, the  
bullheaded. And  
what is the clash of our  
cries

Not to be free for a can of beer.  
Revalue, they say, never loath the Lon ly  
in liveness never see. Nor know. Nor hurt me  
nor sad and old go back to the, cold mad  
ferry till the classical guy myself and I don't mean rock, but  
rush, I see rising Saves me from My drift. the wife wants, all the wife gets: to  
All  
bear it on me. To remind me of this in these hallowed halls. There was a time the  
morning.

Carry me  
widespread wings were like a wash. We passed  
through: Whish! Far looks those guards sneaked  
like long distance calls. Coming, far! End here.  
Take.  
Obsolete, memories! stare like he'd just noticed I was here  
Give away a long and commented, "You're a motherfucker!"  
with a swerve of vicious recirculation  
Passes some damn flop. Six blocks

the monstrous democratic governments,  
exaggerated voices from a fire, bellowed smashing their edifices, terrorizing their  
(bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonn populations and putting fear  
bronntonner-ronntuonnthunntrovarrhou into everyone  
nawnskawntoohooordeneinthur in the Western world.  
— nuke!)

later on, life entailed such short notice that the  
quest of his tempestuous rust upon love  
lived among them  
And their little warm tricks. And lazy eyes fixed on me, glittering as part of the  
bodies . But you  
You're Home ? Only for the Goliath bone!  
Maybe you guys  
were beyond blame, She thought  
ages dance in their handsome breasts and stark white  
hair. I remembered him.  
They are the stormiest Weeks in Malta. But I have  
to be free.  
All his faults slip ped away into a concealed compartment  
away fast, I didn't want to be slowed down. Anyway,  
and the near sight , makes me rise from those  
leaves which have drifted

from me. to the great femur laying exposed on the table  
But one clings still. I bear it on me. To  
remind me humbly of someone, but I couldn't quite place the  
dumbly alone with a mere resemblance  
of daddy,

doubling all the time he feels like it. And for another  
though not yet, thing,  
could come into this place and,  
after a firefight  
the  
damn  
fall beckons  
(bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonner-ronntuonnthunntrovarrhou  
rhounawnskawntoo ohoordenenthur

**SCENES FOR A CONTEMPORARY  
WORKING CLASS PLAY**

C u l t u r e ~~and I know you're a reflection of~~ C u l t u r e  
needs ~~new my mind,~~ and I know you're a needs new drugs  
fucking music reflection of my mind ∞ Culture is fucking music  
up and ~~mak-~~ needs new ∞ Everything ~~the fuck-~~ up and in the world  
ing—is exactly ~~ing music up and making it real-~~ the same making it re-  
it really dry and ~~ty-dry-and general~~ ∞ Everything ally dry and general ∞  
general in ∞ I'm soooo excited for the world I'm soooo excit-  
is exactly We're gonna have a blast!!!!!! ed for the same  
I'm soooo We're I want to spend my birthday with We're gonna  
gonna have my ∞ First-aid kit and home- have a blast!!!!!!  
a blast!!!!!! made sandwiches on deck ∞ I want to spend my  
I want to spend monayyy is the richest of all birthday with my  
my birthday The best friend ∞ I see sound ∞ nieces and neph-  
walls that they Yaaaas Shakespeare is wet in ew at the water park  
broke down for the water with the moneyyyyyyy ∞ First-aid kit and  
you, you can't go like a car-sized potato ∞ With a home-made sand-  
further than that bacon steering wheel, and ched- wiches on deck ∞  
∞ I am in the dar cheese brakes ∞ Butter for You can't run faster  
process of break- gas ∞ You can't run faster ∞ ∞ The walls that they  
ing down walls so The walls that they broke down for you, broke down for you,  
people can follow you can't go further than that you can't go further  
me in ten years ∞ I am in the process of break- than that ∞ I am in  
time ∞ with my ing down walls so people can the process of break-  
nieces and neph- follow me in ten years time ∞ ing down walls so  
ew at the water like Barbie's Dream Potato ∞ people can follow me  
park ∞ First-aid I mean like Barbie dream house life- in ten years time ∞  
kit and home- sized ∞ Everything in the world is Yemaya is the richest  
made sandwich- exactly the same ∞ I would spend of all the Orishas ∞  
es on Everything all day sitting inside my po- Yaaaas beyonce is ye-  
in the world is tato ∞ Mmmmmmmmm maya in the water with  
exactly the same I just want someone to make the moneyyyyyyy  
∞ deck ∞ You me a life-sized baked potato E v e r y t h i n g  
can't run faster, so so I can just chill inside of it with in the world is  
people can follow some ALL THEMES AND MEAN- exactly the same ∞  
me in ten years ING MUST BE PRESENT AT ALL like a car-sized po-  
time ∞ I'm a MOMENTS ALL THEMES AND tato ∞ With a ba-  
bitch because my MEANING MUST BE PRESENT con steering wheel,  
comebacks are AT ALL MOMENTS ALL THEMES and cheddar cheese  
better ∞ You can't AND MEANING MUST BE brakes ∞ Butter  
slap someone and PRESENT AT ALL MOMENTS for gas like Barbie's  
then get mad if I need these Wittgenstein panties Dream Potato ∞  
F i g u r a t i v e - and I know you're a reflection of my I mean like Barbie  
ly, of course ∞ mind and I know you're a reflec- M m m m m m m

Is there a tion of my mind and I know you're a I just want someone to  
global lime reflection of my mind, and I know make me a life-sized  
shortage or you're a reflection of my mind ∞ baked potato so I can  
am I just not Whentwosnakesfight,theyembraceeach just chill inside of it  
the fact that other ∞ ∞ ∞ Except I'm actually a snake with some bacon and  
the culture and you're just a fucking pipe cleaner ∞ Album leaks starting  
is divided Y a a a a s I need these Witt-  
up into all for the woodland animal sweat- gensteinpanties ∞  
sorts of and suit from Maison kitsune ∞ When two snakes fight,  
that some of Me and my friend got they embrace each oth-  
the old lines matching ones and plan er ∞ ∞ ∞ Except I'm  
Looking at to wear on the same day ∞ actually a snake and  
the person I'm a bitch because my come- All my friends are party-  
next to you ∞ backs are better ∞ You can't slap ing their asses off and I'm  
Laying my someone and then get mad if the thinking about honey tur-  
coat down Figuratively, of course ∞ key and cheese on a hero ∞  
on the seat Is there a global lime shortage or am I just The witches dream ev-  
next to me not supposed to own any limes this week? ery single time they  
We and we He looks like he has mustard for saliva ∞ close their eyes ∞  
alone ∞ I'm always the one in the group who Looking at the per-  
Others' and forgot to eat before she got to the club son next to you ∞  
their suntans All my friends are partying their ass- Laying my coat down  
Lovers' and es off and I'm thinking about hon- on the seat next to me  
their others ey turkey and cheese on a hero ∞ We and we alone ∞  
Choices and The witches dream Others' and their suntans  
restedness every single time they close their eyes ∞ Lovers' and their others  
are breaking to the fact that the culture is divid- Choices and restedness  
down ∞ And ed up into all sorts of classes and to the fact that the culture  
that this is a groups, and that some of the old is divided up into all sorts  
healthy sign lines are breaking down ∞ Look- of classes and groups, etc  
and I know ing at the person next to you ∞ ∞, and that some of the  
you're a re- Laying my coat down on the seat next to me old lines are breaking  
flection Ev- We and we alone ∞ down ∞ And that this is  
erything in O t h e r s ' a healthy sign and I Ev-  
the world and their suntans erything in the world is  
is exactly Lovers' and their others exactly the same ∞ know  
the same ∞ Choices and restedness you're a reflection  
of my mind And that this is a healthy sign of my mind  
and I know Everything in the world is exactly and I know you're a re-  
you're a re- the same ∞ and I know you're a re- flection of my mind  
flection of flection of my mind ∞ Everything and ALL THEMES  
my mind in the world is exactly the same ∞ AND MEANING  
MUST BE PRESENT  
AT ALL MOMENTS

I love you until Death part and then we shall be together for ever forever. A new parcel of ribbons has come from Liverpool to- day, all the colours in the rainbow. I wish I ribbon in your hair I white oh but it cannot be. dreams last night you were all dripping wet and you sat on my lap	I love you until thing and then we shall be together for around and around. A new dwelling has come from Liverpool to- day, all the colours in the rainbow. I reconsider I in- terviews in your recog- nise but it end be. I dreamed degenerate to night you were all dripping wet and you agreed on my work as the	I couple you target and then we shall remain together for around and around. A new love travel from Liverpool today, all the flags in the arc. I regard I restrict group discussion in your document I represent. I conceive of degenerate dark. you take all I'm down	I love you until Voices do us and then we shall be together for so and so. A new record of street has come from Death oper- ation, all the speech in the viruses. I scrambled in your 3 recordings I dreamed electronic news you were all dripping wet and you sat on my virus as the
---	---	---	--

I mermaid in you	I appear in your bite mermaid your work	I being in you activity he be and he	I scanning you. Stay. mass in your virus record. He is present Subjects
he said and he lifted in his hat. He is proper Christian.	like a official. He has a empty Confident	scalp. He symbol- izes Empty	

Not like Wynstay who said you should have thrown her back he said. Business is poorly. bought with but she never got so what is the use I say	Not like Cherry Owen who is you should have thrown her Business is very poorly. Polly but she never bite so what? the right to evict.	Not like drupe who look roll in the hay pose her back he amiss. I'm ? very poorly. Polly or to be	Not like Image Play who are you should have thrown her back around. Control Facts: two voice revolution but she back stay words so what I see.
--	---	--	--

Mr  
woman's  
nightie outsize he said he  
found it and we know where. I  
sold a packet of pins to Tom  
the Sailors to pick his  
teeth. If this goes on I shall be  
in the workhouse.

Mr Jones addicted to take  
me to a woman's  
nightie outsize he want  
he found it and we know  
where. I  
to Tom the Houses to pick  
his  
teeth. If this goes on I  
I shall be in the promise

women.  
a woman's  
intimate apparel outsize  
he search he open it and  
we  
where. I  
reject operation of  
meeting  
the play to pull his  
set. If this take on I shall  
symbolise the dedica-  
tion.

scramble s  
let me own a wom-  
an's  
number outsize he  
are he found it and  
we know where. I  
cut a word of body  
to  
pick his  
the message. If this  
goes on. I shall be  
in the sex

My  
heart is in your bosom  
and yours is in mine. God  
be with  
you always Myfanwy and  
keep you lovely for me in  
His  
Heavenly Mansion. I  
must stop now and re-  
main, Your Eternal,  
Mog

My  
heart is in your nothing is in  
particular. God be with  
you always Millions Reuse and  
invite you lovely for me in His  
Heavenly Housing. I must  
stop now and buy, Your Eter-  
nal,  
Group the Heart.

My  
figure. in your  
thing and demand in  
particular. supernatural  
being symbolise with  
you always large indef-  
initely amount Reuse  
and evoke you lovely for  
me in His  
Heavenly stable gear. I  
must defend now and  
pay, Your Eternal,

My  
animal. in your  
pictures man is  
new. Techniques  
be with  
you here  
Sound and play-  
ing lovely for me  
in His  
Heavenly William.  
I must stop now  
written, Your God,  
Language Time.



I could have been a footballer  
But I had a paper round.  
But I  
misuse *a metrica*  
take out a  
representative. outperform  
development infuse  
mouth  
I make a track But I market public liverpool  
georgian city a better past.  
I I could carp up  
But I language a city  
I could smithereen  
Sodom up a capitalist  
But I Elamite love lyric Almaty  
I could stash away aggregation up a  
capitalist cyprinid malacopterygian  
I could gray away  
Dnipropetrovsk crucian carp whitefish  
But I honky hubby missive Kandahar  
I could mean magnetic  
reproductive structure composing  
a worse a worse  
awful stalk draw  
type anger  
surrounded end lines  
central near to rootstock  
But I blood a writing style forever of  
But I describe elegance of  
contrarian expanse bite off  
a  
diagonal stem up  
But I heart  
adumbrate flair forever  
flair forever  
I chomp off  
evermore elan forevermore  
fabric  
I name geographical ache  
endmost pensive  
I Olympian I forevermore  
I could hold fast tabula rasa  
effusion off a carob scarlet runner venting near  
the  
magnetic martingale of  
co-option blepharism of  
the Things take the system  
off  
I could defile  
  
But I muster  
dander  
clinch

hair leather glue  
salt and hair  
dangling body  
forbidden retained  
and sold insects  
in second  
class citizen,  
and the sick  
fornicating claires  
namesless now,  
hovering between  
mindless bitterness  
and nameless ribbon.  
Gash, like a  
meteor's dividing arc  
holding his own  
bicep second  
rate man  
without a sunset  
of singularity  
to aim my farts  
in while the  
mountains gasp  
with torrenting –  
until the  
sparseness mingles  
middling the valley's  
joke the villiage  
of millionaires  
laughing itself  
into concussion  
the conclusion  
of the long sleep  
mind folded  
over mind  
into tentlike  
returns of nerve  
endings and ear  
hands searching  
inside the  
cartledge of  
steel ink and  
debts stone.  
O stage of  
stone on which  
the cunning cock  
stares gnashing  
in the little wind  
is there anything  
pushing inside  
the wind or  
sickness alone  
fled flowed  
fold dead  
sickness blowed  
selling ever  
its vital bone

## LETTER TO THE FACTORIES

Dear Colleague,

Rather than struggle to sustain or envision a factory from the traces left behind in the wake of the textiles we produce, we look towards our own deployment as the texture of the workplace itself.

The texture of the factory of what is not required almost precisely echoes the apparatus of aesthetics and gestures required to maintain it. The hollowness at the centre of this factory – a hollowness we might work to fill but must first provide hunger adequate to it in ourselves – is the core from which the aura of its greatness will resound. The activity within that gives meaning to the most insignificant moment without.

It has typically been understood that in production we construct jetties into time, promontories from which to observe what is to come. But clearly now we can assume that the quality of this observation was itself obscured by the wake of dissolution from that same product. That which we stood on, if you can imagine, was rather a thickening lens by whose aspect we assumed the future itself was to be shrouded in, or consisting itself of mist - a land of ghosts. The factory is from now to be concerned with first undoing and then refuting its distortion, evaporation - through concentration, clearing. You will in a sense be presuming diamond from what we had been elusively led to conclude was fog.

We have left the burden of work behind, in order to free the factory and the citizen to attain their proper stature, as the sanctum and clerical heart of humankind. Our habit a shadow made of fibres, thrown by the wind in a clockwork manner with the precision of the sun. Effect wills action, wills effect. The frame of silver balls on my desk.

As ordinary men and women, we know that some things cannot be synthesized. A tap running in my apartment this morning, footsteps above me in bed. All around us a cold dark loneliness that the warmth of our uniform, the brightness of the factory floor, our colleagues, is defined by. Like this, the factory itself reaches into daily life, just as keep-sakes from home creep into the factory, where they will be safe.

We know that property also cannot be truly maintained, only produced by each new claim to it made by the bourgeois individual, a claim whose vigour is at any rate fuelled by the burning anxieties of the citizenry at large. In direct contradiction, the factory will be sustained by an habitual passing, carried into the future in the pure worth of its refusal to degrade. This will include the factory's own self-sustaining refusal to be owned, taken. A refusal replicated down into each member on the floor, and the floor beneath, down to an atomic scale.

We cease production tomorrow in direct contradiction to the formerly dominant dogma, that the thirst for production must desiccate the worker, force the place of work to crumble into sand. Rather, we affirm that by decelerating production to zero, our solidarity will emerge, fluid as a garden. Time has reached that apex when we recognize the need for the factory, above all else and we sink backwards into history; a monumental time that we will never see the like of again.

Until tomorrow, friends.