

**A NEW BOOK FROM BARQUE PRESS,
WHICH THEY WILL PROBABLY NOT PRINT**

MARIANNE MORRIS

BARQUE PRESS 2012

Thanks to the publishers for their support and poetry.

Some of these poems have previously appeared in Bad Press Serials, *QUID, yt communication* and on the *Firefly Journal*, *Opened* and *Pores* websites.

COVER: Detail of Jeff Wall, *Insomnia* (1994).
Transparency in lightbox, 172 x 213.5cm

Second edition
PUBLISHED BY BARQUE PRESS

26 Allerton Road, London N16 5UJ, United Kingdom

www.barquepress.com

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British Library Cataloguing-in-Publication Data
A catalogue for this book is available from the British Library
ISBN 978-1-903488-59-1

CONTENTS

“POP” MUSIC	5
STORY BOARD	6
THE PM’S WIFE SPEAKS	7
YOU ARE THE NASTY STY OVER WHICH I WISH TO HONEY.....	9
GALLOWAY WINS BETHNAL GREEN & BOW	10
MELVILLE’S HAT	11
NO FOOD, HUNGER IMMINENT.....	12
PROTECTION	14
FIVE HELD IN MARY-ANN MURDER.....	15
BILL TO CURB ABORTIONS GAINS GROUND	16
A WAY IN THAT YOU DON’T WANT	17
THE FOUNDRY	18
DRIVE TO CORPOREALITY	20
COMMEDIA DELL’ARTE.....	21
CLEANING UP IN BEIRUT	24
JEFF WALL & SHUT UP	25
LUNCH HOUR POPS	26
HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY.....	27
JEFF WALL’S ‘MAYDAY IN ZURICH’	29
PORTRAIT OF STENDHAL JERKING OFF.....	30
YOUR EYES ARE SORT OF PRETTY	31
A PROXY FOR MORE PROTEAN PROTEST.....	33
A HOW-TO LIST FOR GIRLS.....	35
HOW I CAME ABOUT THE COAT	36
WET MORNING GIVES WAY TO LATE SUMMER.....	37
BUT REALLY I WILL FEAR GROWING OLD.....	38

“POP” MUSIC

Maybe time to let the good guys
to the front of the queue at newsstands
get them faster the news
of screen-warring peroxide
adopters of fetishised
Live 8 poverty
while the poverty we have
not directly sanctioned
 with pop music
 and costly herd
goes bang all day long

as holiday planes avoid the airspace
as you would in your dress
sucking the air around
a wraith-like erection tagged
complaisance. Yes you in need of
news of warring

peroxide adopters of
fetishised poverty permanently
elated on the edge
of new plastic
developments in word or in
deed we are the blind spot
from where all of vision
curves, beauty: it curves, curves
are beauty, whispered words
interviewed by makeuppy foaming
features what else you think about unthinkable
things happening on your street.

Terrorised by slickers
of gloss that plump the linoleum
nest around our indelible
shoes and face with their value added
 emptiness, postering the air behind the
bounce of the gravid
womb round the autobus craters.

STORY BOARD

A photograph of two women with their heads bent over a panel of light
your face bleached by the tear of memory
my face purplish a child's giddy rhythm
she grows fatter & fuller in the face through love's blister growing on her
me pleased & displeased
by this
rip in my arm for bloodletting
navigating through caves but the main character is absent, leaves his
possessions trailing & clustering
whilst he has better things to do than leave me with his lover but he does
& that's what happens, see
above
her face moving out into the light congealing and changing
as light is wont to do
the edges of an arm's light blur visually I mean
stumbling across the blueprints of geography, pertains to
where we are able or liable to stand firm
in the pledge of
what I can't feasibly call pleasure with any conscience
but that's what it is

THE PM'S WIFE SPEAKS

Council out squash-eyed
mark out pavements gladly
sweep my own streets if if
if only you'd let me you Shoot

the PM mews in his valiant dream
hands-on at last alas
no primp of reward for me
between my forgotten now

surveillance through boundaries of privacy,
pleasure of a new contortion.
He cites the fat cat.
Attitudes of separation, nod and

dunk right, stage it and lay it on
mounting us into suck
thirst from a straw made of flesh
in memory of my of my

own head stance, tapestry of
sight a memory with
submission, we can't return, who would
loose word rigid hall wood

rubber, swell eyes seeded grown all
over the earth, urgency of politics a great hole
in the sky it is too late for god
he he's coming for ME you

congregate me robed. I learn
in love count the quarters piling up, my value
shrunk heady faeces of babes,
their value lost under glamour, no

not yet not how I feel, when I fin
 loose my clothes release flesh to cool
air, loosening leaves my skin starts breathe
out flies abundance, creatures that grow in

 heat I toil black
and orange toiled over need
 that's the loss of artists, we paid him oh
he's lucky one I think of unlucky ones

my lips tell that to a soldier, sailor
to the sons like kings with scales
of flesh patter of balance
disuse kill eat well

YOU ARE THE NASTY STY OVER WHICH I WISH TO HONEY

Ah the urgency/particularity
of sexual madness as in our man on the street
at the bus
stop catching an eye & pumping up & down his
coat excitedly so excited
as to forget that the MAIN THING is to get yr
dick out on time ie
before the bus blows away. I don't know if he
made it in time I had to look away laughing
because I was on the top deck, out of sight thinking
how I used to think I understood how society works
how no one in their right mind reads The Telegraph
but how those thoughts made me so unhappy, &
does a daytime date come over more nonchalant than
a later one, well yes but there's the terrific possibility
you'll spend all day & then the night together as well
forging intimacy where previously there was hard
work the detached wings of insects attract
me as I stop Hoovering & collect what could easily be ignored
ignoring my own, particularly urgent sexual madness
brought up by long evenings. I said to Ruth it's easy
being celibate when no one looks good to you, I said
it to Steve & Jess & Dan & Jamie & my mother as well
one of those universal truths I guess
like "Watergate is not a scandal" it's just the everyday
creeping & sugaring what would otherwise be
another dazzling collection of surprises

GALLOWAY WINS BETHNAL GREEN & BOW

Sitting "at" work with skirt
wound up under the desk my thighs pushing
fingers around an extremely clothes discomfort oppressive morning
except only in the office, and now it's the afternoon
and outside in the partly cloudy outside is a wave
that elicits knowledge
that if everyone involved is
a careerist then
there is no exception, that being a rule
not in this office
or yes perhaps in this office
but above, in the lofty shade in suche ordre as they stande in the boke
of order: lawyer, joiner, idiot.
Now the results sleep like babes in their tables, we believe
in a clean
win we believe
not that we'd have better
but that the interminable rut shall terminate

MELVILLE'S HAT

Beatitude thus spake
the nimrod's heart as he quit sewing and touched
himself on the breastbone. The nature of the male
effigy, he spat as he danced upon his own grace
is a newness and sturgeon-like apparition
gliding in the mood of the gloom with a parasol
twined around its
fish have no throats, but me I've got one
pursed and supple to throat out with into
the deafening night, or light
of the kitchen table whilst ma smokes a cigarette
I get into the bath I am young
so when they make a suggestion I just laugh

NO FOOD, HUNGER IMMINENT

Coach us at film, Mr Annan can
it be believe that Mr Annan has done a
literally the right thing
on a map of Sudan by walking
literally through it as opposed to
flecks of cum laughing up from the throat of
75.1% of North Americans, because the darkies
disappear in the dark. Violent porn
and even Mr Annan knows the difference
between janjaweed and Republicans: tip,
JANJAWEEED DON'T WEAR COWBOY HATS.
But in all fairness, shooting out of the mouths of
the less weighty whitey British
who fights on the side of U
KIP for fairer welfare for the fair-skinned, losing territory wildly,
to Asians, is ill-equipped to make charges
of injustice, when so vehemently oppressed. Capisce?
Vomiting spaghetti out the back window of Italian Kitchen
With mauve bellies and root beer and Labour vote,
Lord Britain shaped by spat and chew into
what you cannot be
arsed to know. So who cares eats.
Eats conglomerates by the bucketload, just who
isn't porking John Ashbery this week and while we're here
we may as well take a look around. Refined
ham crammed into gunnysacks
slung from the air like assault
on the downs is this
our image of aid. Wish
you were here in the sky, flying
past you like we are, turns the
kid to his mistress and kisses her satin. They are
war correspondents. It
is violently romantic like the slow-mo reel of rape
in the mind it improves over time, like good wine,
memory's capable
turning blind.
This is not a situation
That can be acceptable
for long. John Ashbery, you like him,

you don't know why. There's a certain *je ne sais quoi*,
somewhere, in the air over Darfur, maybe, where
there is nothing more to say. Where film pursues
the dark of the land.

PROTECTION

Late riots to balm to on
the slippage of open; carelessly so. In them
are a searching to want for warmth
some better opening to pursuit to
only read more and less in
to the bargain. Our thoughts
insert first birth right
through that bargain, pact incompleting
halved bargain, one which is my
hand, hidden in the warm place of its
coat to be shook by the absent of
sight its power
withheld to go no further
down the road of analysis, its pain
the reason to walk or wake up its
life, called along a counter-top by
waste and paper media,

“she

make that money
any damn she
 way she” bump
against that
one with the implants
in your brain/arms. Invests her
self in. Tat-hangared battery rail is
budding pulse in the mouth, flower
as a kind of doom. Buttered
flies, hung up pinkened by
black smog coats
from tiny strings. Not to say
legs. Pin in to be
sicker. Scythe the streets
up along the replacement of hate with
hate, the save-me-song comes in on its
cue, to belittle and doom the little
rules we pin to, as we admire and run
along identification’s swift
card swiped over the forehead. The phial
of self-examination works
for some, breathing
outwards its sweat and gust.

FIVE HELD IN MARY-ANN MURDER

Today speculation merrily careens
over the grassy murders carried through the press
in five versions variant
on definitions of harrowing
hope/expect
the worst, and in the papery gloom
of a low afternoon I shun the negatives
whilst trousers protect from simpering
stares my body
mashed to its seat. RSI begins its journey down the arm,
wondering about the nature of
how twee is the movie version
of us, out of the guesthouse where 'ordeal' is spelled out on inflated
bloody paper balloons, stretched across the walls of bliss or blue lace
rhododendron or the remote desert island
 into which you make eyes
 switch off it says
into the ear and whispered, to respond as I am
to respond, does beauty affect
torture, and
or inflict it

BILL TO CURB ABORTIONS GAINS GROUND

That belly-dome oh someone's been
full of love. The origins of sanctity
crawl
that velociraptor was a god-loving vegetarian
into the vaginas of government control
pre-Cambrian lizards swoon
with the full force of chaste desire, control
is not one way
of life, a tau lives its 3×10^{-13} seconds
in gay rapacity, there
is only one way cut with sharp
implements edenic images
into beating hearts the apex aching. Review
choices are bloody lines
cut on the cage of a slender
two, imparadised in one
another's arms. Tom Coburn
swoons, the loss of Eden is all our woe. Have you
been?

Knit blood
and sex into imbalanced teams, send off
for single-army offenses into cities. Each death is one
postal vote
mind, whilst you're inserting your
democracy. Bliss on bliss, and the Senate
Judiciary Committee is full
of good ideas, you can depend on them
in every situation, and doing the best things, consider
the lowly wage quotas
of ovaries, consider the damage, talk to
the counselor she will not mislead
you put yourself in a brace. Nine short
months of pregnancy is a relatively small
cost to
pay for your
gorgeous adamancy
in a lifetime of light
of potential physical problems and mental health
problems, and in any case
you were a moody and unbearable hysteric
to begin with.

A WAY IN THAT YOU DON'T WANT

So, morning waffle, moving lost amongst what
betides the cortex raving hooting shining fighting
how to unify the lewd and the good cue folk
bending under the loop of applause. D. Rumsfeld
is THE dread oracle, gawd how he endures the responsibility
of history
now endure added drops,
grief is a new trend for the well-fed, spout this and that
embed notes of pain in the larynx
blare them fairly churn them then
pet these three lap-dogs,
Mickey, Fox Whorl and Europe Tramp. Show them you
are not mean. They stare up from your
tubular pixel-ramp, in glints and claps as your liver slyly undoes
knots cramped into place by your debts.

 I am no longer an artist.
The treaty landed THUD! upon a bed of
willing females whom you stifle and upturn,
 hitch their silks
 wane and flee.

That is what you will always do.

The treaty has nothing to do
with it in New York

 there are many, many, many people
who own lap-dogs. They take them to coffeehouses,
poseur domains brimming with the blood
of new writers.

THE FOUNDRY

The lemma that begins innocent: pride keenly binds
clay to sand for hands on
a US Patent 6860319. They celebrate the certificate
back at the ranch, in The Foundry (bar); geezers
drink mullets, beau-haters meld to gender-waivers
the pink fuss of tv mooning
in silent contemplation of footballs & lips
at the shaky back neon. Meanwhile US Patent
6860319 skips merrily to his new home. In
The Foundry (metalcaster) that has no
recourse to fashion,
The Foundry
rules and humanity's quiet laws
gag on the croaks of 3200 BC:
Mesopotamia's copper frog. This frog
is history's allowance/admission to our debt
to The Natives. We mimic their practices, ba ding
ding ding
ding di di ding ding bah bahbeday, a glittering cast
of metal and recast, preside over the calling
of roles, essential national
defense of our country is assisted, is
environmentally sound, is
increase art
what I'm saying is
bind clay with acid, the resulting moment is
baggy brown losses dry with punctures,
eyes like wifely immunities on bodies
piling up in the heat, casting blasted cops bathtubs pipes and
shattered turbans alike
that furnace of red angels, weighing cannon

Walk with me, through
peeled atoms scream atonement for the gouging of aroma
into the visitor's
gilt bong. Take a long, cool
flux, then be pawed by the jam-fisted
Boss whose patrol is to prey the lines
of a good old-fashioned trade. You
shall have a walking tour.

What were they thinking
 those fathers
 also preside, blasting with gay fiery orchid bouquets,
 rails about the
 beauty of the machine. Quartz is too
 a finite quantity, borne of moments of flux. Half of
 these are Affirmative
 Moments, to build cannon to build crystals, such that
 she in the West may bow to, place
 on her computer-board soothe fizzling wires
 and bad energies. TRW Makes
 \$50 Million at First Quarter. TRW Makes
 New Hospital Possible (pretty nurses beam), TRW
 on Redondo Beach fans its
 laser weaponry,
 amongst the palm trees
 in Cher's backyard. The
 Foundry is an all-cure,
 makes better bullets by the bi-monthly

 revoke, bother and revoke rebuttal
 kick the flux
 refute its reductions goes the line
 how much affirmation
 can one The Foundry take
 care, look
 out I escape screaming out of the
 walking tour – it is a bobbing marsh full of dead geese – I've been hit
 so it seems, with that gilt bong. I trail the Boss from my well-heels
 my sides are open.

Where is the Negative Moment, protests Sir Isaac
 from The Second Lemma.
 Why Sir, I gleam, 'tis here push the dictum to my chest
 accent on the invisible
 shining radius of youth halted
 chained taller to walls more red the blood fresher
 lactating proficiencies at alien hobbies
 skulls poised under ruby slippers
 no mockery to these deductions, they are only
 Moments getting even

DRIVE TO CORPOREALITY

Goad your own turkey meat pannier it's not
my job to keep abreast strophe watch & watch the themes
for oops slits. Don't read up the Home Office reports,
even with effort all plain-stating is equal
turfed, & we alone we must sit & think up a cleverer
plan then keep it
secret. Parrot allusive labels. Pathos wears sackcloth
begging in the cold
damn cold
sick of anti-savour
as if everyone was covered, double
fucked by culture-capital, real unlike paint who
else knows anymore
how to paint, Degas remaining
unparalleled. Must we lose our bodily skills completely.
Increasingly the range of friendly fire from Progress wears metal &
so the winter is cold. Stiffened limbs easily
regulated by the revolving stairs, down & up we
leave no legacies
representations gird us

how much of a simulation
am I to any I my eyes my
turkey neck

feel nothing or less. Desensitization is a
pin code you need access to your life keys, money &
the standards of boredom increase. Helpless, sapped pleasure you think
pleasure is that increasing sense-lag, pulling you
down. Safeguarding against productivity, and I am the thing
that I buy. The items in a line.

COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE

sort of
morning.
Then I watch today crossing the bridge
by the eye & large houses for evidence
of the specimen I've come to acquaintance with:
life shutting out realities, cloy of loud music
thumbing the brain, unwillingness
to look at the fellow pedestrians in their
face wind-bloated & wearied eyes, hair white
scowl of Marks & Spencer flowers flogging blooming
across the windows in GB
pounds gaudiness slumped
with the lie, milk & walk for the day is
coloured by insufficiencies borne on my
heart London I live in you with distance
topping over the bridge-line people in
black resemble crows, feet resembling cyclists the smear
on glass & learn to edge off expectation, I dying have 666
Boots Advantage points & my bones

tersely into the
a stress grip too

loving the notion of a demise now press &
release. The ache of a self-spoken heart does
exactly what it's told, inchoate references connect by
bleeding out a milky casing remnant. Is there another
way this can work all day at data entry &
never gets tired it has a name its name is
Carla XP5000, her brain is sounder than yours
she didn't have to fight the GCSE it's all
in the chip & polish, potentially you now
have the opportunity to get on with more
important things like the administration of
your own life into boxes says the voice of
the fat controller, his cheeks
creak with the spank of cash. But I want my
paycheque I creak diminishing songs &
rules choking on the kidney bean salad. All
I am & shifting data left right painstaking

loss of imagery at every sight, step. The tourists drop their
jaws, point their devices at the Eye & large Houses,
representation has already told them
once they see it for real before them in the
three biological dimensions they will without
a doubt be in London. That's all a city is now
proof of recognition via simulation & retelling.
Some people are running out of the church with smiles on
church conversion to arts & crafts fair stems
come out the tops of tomatoes think of

that think of that
pus like lemon under
skin, gibbering hair

pollution knows a boundless image,
creeping about the pressed paper or stop & I'm
crying one night she said through hair pieces stuffed
in & against her mouth wet with pain, spit
or pleasure, pain's great bitch. Rub antonyms
into saggy, broken skin is what the mirror image
looked like in part when bathroom black eyed
salt-lick mirroring hating my eyes & ours

sort of

morning
ennui threatens with its laze & gauze bodies
stretched arched on blue cotton
taut on blue
caught on
mildewed by lateness I lack a noun
against my legs whitened coming winter.
His turning face
the kitchen taps
the winning mark

he has the standard exit wound. Boy
what you say you do you never do by
filling everything artificially with
tapioca, start up & break it again with
not much damage done, pray for damage
to come again. Or shouts violent bladder
ring-fish-pull. Speed
sleeps at his teeth like a river fish, the
thud more & more of death, words

just coming freaking
out the boy looked

I wanted to run
perish on

this drab buck for love runny in turpitude &
elision, having the time to fight. Do I
drop bliss-marks down around my ankles, leave
out the qualifying agent or a clawed back bank
of skin, here is the recharger, edit with epithets
scar fades to a loose nipple from which used to
be a heart. Lie under with love for the home,
always absent, always dripping from it upturn
all this tooth & nail-varnish drabber stanch
blood flowing from the kitchen taps hot &
cold again, eyes in twenty four hours contain
all of life, enough to make you say all of life.

Collaborative first for the image & then for the discovery
a twosome of heads slides frozen gazes in
under sooted slabs that had been papers & clean.
The char of waste really seems as though it spreads even
in digital the clock face looks fuzzy (in the actual photo there
isn't a clock but the room has a clock all rooms have clocks
all husbands have wives. God I can't keep up with the truth.
The twosome's young & beauty as of biologists tampering with results
screen of busy-ness which perfunctory continues, even as the watchers
are absent, doing something else, re-aligning their love-rules
or just fretting about family life. More touch is required they think here
when this integration is reached during lovemaking, or how great it was
last time I lived there now I feel like a stranger.

But meanwhile
as the volume of our self-regarding data breaks the floorboards
& the walls this twosome can do nothing but be about to rummage
through their own charred work schedules, hoping
that at least Tuesday's meeting notes will have been destroyed
by fire, thus disabling the otherwise inevitable typing up & evaluation, but
what about my emails from Ghubril? Perhaps blown into
someone else's cubicle will then find & then photocopy for kicks – oh good
someone has smashed the platen glass with some kind of
large, metal smashing device.

So we are all waiting in some measure
which is good to know we are of our own free will eagerly awaiting
the next Iranian issue of humour, then their Comedy Annual. Make
concrete the comedy on everyone's lips, our right to satirise
in the pub for example becomes tainted with a number of unwanted associations
not least that old joker Ahmadinejad, make concrete that name on
your tongue which you will be hearing a lot of when the future comes
which thank heavens it never shall. Pastry in the morning is
a real pick-you-up. And prevents you from lunging for cigarettes.

JEFF WALL & SHUT UP

Liquid disproves you by its very adherence to qualities
it has no choice over. In the matter. Continue to hurt
by efforts of your tongue over 'how your life is panning out'
coalesce into concerns thick as a swollen tongue
repeats itself in a toboggan-ride down Repeat Mount and pretty
face this one
is for the ladies steps in heels and that
our limbs are different lengths, it's one of those
irreparable sorrows, how that which satisfies you, physically
may leave your imagination dry as women
are knifed. Get inside the mindset of population control. It was merely
passing, the crime of truth continuing in alteration from this life to the other,
step in foreign legions, ex-soldiers, beaming who insist that the conflict is
"over", there'll be no more of that. But they think now that women
get used to it, even though it's fat and stretchy, twice the size
of your eyeballs in your eyeballs, imagine the stretch unpleasantly jane
fonda imagines the pelvic thrust works some kind of muscle, phallic pink
80s muscle hitting rewind. A healthy generation of youthful orphans,
not a downside per se. And the prices rising to the deadlines people actually
get married. Stumble over their
predictability. I collude with the definitions in order that I might overturn them. It adds
a terrible conflict to my being
in the world, a fascinating indecision
binds me to a number of ingratiatingly opposite principles. The spinning room.
Love to switch off, love to shut up. Love's the easy way out it always has been
a lie of feigned faculty and repeat at a loom, the beam
suddenly split a growth up on the eye
can no longer escape lonely
duty can only push so
much fight so dying by unuse
but I was up for that

LUNCH HOUR POPS

Pings with the wit that dashes against
suit fabric, facial tarmac splitting the cash
flow ruling out windows as diaphanous make
them reflective contain all that you are within
that sooty and funny need of a blush of laughter
or a random identification of the holes in your
face are expanding to fit out newer blacks, blues
more removed twinning shapes of intent
on intimacy that you can cling to the street
signs indicates the passing
away of the feigned ability to keep a handle on
everything from sleep patterns to destinies. Page
by page increasingly I recognise the inutile
transmigration of myself into hard plastic
sheets behind which sleep the screeches of
editorship's career path, fun and games. Motile
by face and rote immersed into a trajectory
of creams and cosmetic compote bides my keeping
time alongside threaded nicely. The urge to kill
as if of species
demeans us safely through the home
run, carriage drooling along the track. By contrast
park by contrast park by this
carriage of being two marks
its singularity in the hunt
following a desperate craving
thrummed up by desolate
weather and is satisfied with
your madness, contain it
is impolite whilst others play maimed by the rules
walk from the hip, project weakness deeply
into others, their meretricious characteristics,
performed on this ripped up street of rue and its comparison
to compassion. It is difficult to let others pass equally
so you whip up hard secrets, let them pass at least.

HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY

Not only, NOT ONLY has young
thing Bill Gates just announced that
'time & space have been annihilated' or at least
that paper will become obsolete within ten years, but!
Blair has once again shot his mouth off
in the sullen grounds of Hampton Court no less about how
speech itself is already going that same way, 'when we hear
such statements being made about Israel, it
makes us feel very angry. It's just
completely wrong.' Dude,
you've been bombing the crap out of Iraq for two years now so
just shut up.
This is a predilection of speech over an honesty-drought
I am so giddy with laughter I could
crawl about on the floor pretending to be a cat & Baudrillard
will defend us as long as he lives, pointing out
that facts are nothing more than our myriad desire for interpreting them.
How latently I've loved of late
dissent, congealed blooms in sultry water, twisted allusions to peace
but progress in the realm of society is piece-by-piece even
when we long for the greater disaster to hit us
fast & smooth like a bullet, exploding things into change overnight.
Trotsky makes love to Kahlo, ¿donde està la casa de Frida Kahlo?
¿Està lejos? the bomb & the brush
sweeping life into colour
& in her diary between mulling over Diego
& passion for painting she wrought
the hammer & sickle like a child in playschool. Say, Cherie,
that you can understand where suicide bombers are coming from
whilst Henry VIII looms up from his ghastly throne, like
real royalty, blinded by stature & The Horn. The Guardian is full-colour
now that is progress,
maybe there's hope for those of us who wish to burn by the book,
Joan of Arc over a stack of Hoccleve
or me over piles & piles of inquests into
the David Kelly Business or Intelligence on Iraq generally
or just my tongue, pressed smoking to the pages of Blake's Complete

where noted are 'stern demands of right & duty instead of liberty'
well shiver my timbers, it's all happening right here right now
I'm hungry it's my lunch hour I'm gonna go
stuff my mouth with the rubbish caking the gutter

JEFF WALL'S 'MAYDAY IN ZURICH'

Strategically placed rubble, triumvirate of sneakers pipe up. One two three, go symmetry a single laughing fist in the air. Over the clipped heads of still riot gear pops a digital camera kid prop, and the other guy grinning in large boots. See

how I am a character

of myself of which I play and shunning all accusations of such, oh give me a bracket! We cue him to start running.

I roll with the first

of May punches, an anniversary is a call to riot

these days is rebellious kids making gleeful moan amidst windows where smashed and some

shops were sort of looted, where

cameras hide out in the jewellery shops. Before, that

damage meant murder so if you were looted it was because they hated you not because they hated who you worked for. Hey but that's the same thing.

Ok but not seriously,

look, they're grinning

on the Strasse wearing orange war pants and running about. Cannon

shot water barrel of rubber, those kinds of things but meanwhile

elsewhere worse things happen just not in the name of capitalism.

Hoodies mimicking threat

I like those. No

I don't I am indifferent, I am paper, news

paper. Jeff says, let's put an Evian bottle in a degree of subtlety

at the fringe of white mist. Implicate it,

maybe it belonged to one of the 'rebel' characters. Mock their joyful rage

I reply except the thing is that you can't really mock joyful people as

they are incapable of discerning your intent, so you

set down the bottle, knowing that modernity will speak for itself.

PORTRAIT OF STENDHAL JERKING OFF

The street is awash with disaffection mop it scrub it. I have been known to fetishize the act of mopping but that's enough about me clinging towards the life which I must now ignore when I am not doing it. The business of living is not material it's as it happens and pushes no further, and you should be glad of that. Meantime jet set earnings are on the up according to the liberty texts by these I mean trade journals, quarterly market reports, tabulated stock price rumours or everyone is just so keen on pushing all of this true information in your face, can you believe it? You can, in your belief you swell like a pus of white fingers dipped in oil. You feel that you can but not minus the fuss of the Sun, loud in red and white each morning flat against its wire support, eradicating the fuss of the Red and the Black, I want to talk about that and why no one wants to read it, why are there so many cheap copies in used bookstalls if spunk is like a miracle when shot over balcony tops into forests, is permissive when understated, or am I thinking of a different book? Youth's mad blurred fist, skin over the eaves nerve aflame.

Cheapness leads to ownership, what else can you buy for 20p these days is a rhetorical question, certainly not a real pair. The ruddy tint of burst fruit on a jumbo pad atop a desk behind a balcony atop a city street the birds move like pliers in water. Bathed in neutrality. Everything is permissive when understated, and everything is understated in order that language may evolve. In order that our choices diminish to throttle damaged hearts understanding and thus burgeoning spatially the damage up for discussion. But thoughts make civilisations. OK so I am glad for the movie star how happy she is. She deserves it.

YOUR EYES ARE SORT OF PRETTY

'We are not greedy,' I said to the man in Oxford Circus who touted the Bible as his excuse, 'what's your excuse?' I asked him, knowing full well that it was the Bible. Past clutches of objects in plastic, sonorous corpses fill out market research past the jaw of heads doing what they're made for. Past promises made by eye contact in the Tate Modern, there's little fashion in driving an outlandish getup straight into its twin.

She wore hats and swore blind that she hadn't considered Persia but still, why pleasure the kids with their shots at greatness why confuse us with difference, when you've got something beautiful you hold on to it, you don't need other nation-states bringing you down, especially not Europe, the grand anomaly full of its laws and ways. Full of 'art' and women in cages, fuck that. What's pleasure but open doors and Greece before the flood,

when it was just rape and extended travel, and they were building buildings tall as the hand could reach standing on the shoulders of your lover and his lover who was also related to him, the sun making peach and pink of everything, even children. The bullfrogs made complaint, well that's what they're built for, to romp in trees observing our habits except by then, in Europe, they had cut down the trees, and nothing for it but to make paper bags to be recycled to make other paper bags

destined to contain 'the sanctity of life in all its forms', getting into scrapes like birth, getting into scrapes like debt. Pregnancy being another chip in the debit card, wet with bloody murk and everyone cooing. Nobody had dreamed such possibilities, except me hence the shield I come bearing arms but not to use, they're only for show, they're an escapist's favourite dream, that's why we open ourselves at the sight of sun laud and magnify the reflection, which is all there is.

Eco-awareness
is now focused on returning waste to a more basic form, but not actual nature, not the original raw material, there's no technology in that. There's no way of avoiding waste in the first place, we would miss our choices. Worrying is the magnetic pull of the red and the white and the s a l e or the n e w s, all of which keeps us in songs and permanence, stapled
to a degree of knowledge

to the sofa. How much is enough
if truly stopping appeals, or to blow cash like bits of glass, shrapnel in the screen
changing numbers. One bomb to remove that negative sign, and forget about it.

Information now travels at the speed of light where once word
of mouth waded the ocean like hearsay. The little mammal rearranges himself
to watch and listen, to enjoy the work. Now information travels
at the speed of death, remarking its leisurely walk down Piccadilly, staring
at the crackheads loose in Soho light. Comes the sun to breed her maggots.
Actually it is flies do the breeding and leave the eggs hard and milky
in the mouths of the dead. Odysseus' mouth so teeming. His hair looped through the fingers
of the captain, who sells bottles full of oil which he has made himself in the bathroom at work.
While regression burns, I long solely for a cityscape, to escape through story, all
that's needed is a complicit ear one such not stapled to its machine-generated postal
delivery. Flapping like a thunderstorm over the bank statements piling up defending
against the occurrence of offspring. What a comedy of death. Laugh. Turn
what would otherwise constitute waste into a beating at his brow seeking a moment
of pleasure, really, just a moment, even in a bathroom, even at a plastered wall
painted blue with an effervescence of vomit, even against a layer of vomit itself,
as thick as tequila, everything
imported, even myself, and given leave to remain, remain sculpting relief indefinitely
with Blunkett-like precision. Severed
nation-state, for whom coercion has a legal maquette working the levers
the plaintiff bowing to justice which sometimes is merely turning a blind eye but
only to those who pay cash.

I beg you Nicholas Serota
please not to keep me here any longer. Please to not allow me to loom any further
dramas, any more ontology, any more *pantomime*, viz. Blair: SHUT UP, GO AWAY.
It is giving me character. It is giving me identity. It is giving me community.
It is giving me a rash. It is giving me the excuse I need to spend the weekend in bed.
It is giving me a transfer from the company payroll. It is my head
plugged into the socket. It is my child plugged into my breast.
It is my gender plugged into my heart,
behind which leaps a fire behind which
leaps its tongue of loss, its flap of need
which I have no qualms about raising, why should I.

A PROXY FOR MORE PROTEAN PROTEST

1.

How best to deal with an exhibitionist's trait.
The centres of things, their immeasurabilities.
Coldness is staged as is indifference
romance is staged
a costume is yet of extreme worth
masquerades are not solely indifferent
to context
it is thoughts which are immeasurable and even they
give out, sometimes after not very long
sometimes after a night's sleep.

There is

a use for dreamers,
in China the blind learn massage, responding to economics.
The truest image is receptive
to you. The trust is appealing. It mouths its wish to be taken
seriously, even as the water rises and circumstances
do the same, against expectation.

2.

More of masquerade. Speak less and quiet. Not guilty of shutting off,
platforms for sites of exploration. Tools applied to the body do not
include speech, framed by dried leaves. Or better in the dew
wet silk and its temperature. More of temperature.
Speak volumes and often.

Weather gives out possibility, to be explored only
under conditions and in large groups.

The issues are unsuccessful under duress.

They depend upon succession that is why as does process.

3.

What constitutes a response of femininity to road-kill
in the positive. A reigning yet not supreme nod in the affirmative
on breast plate. This could be external armour or the inner
that of the coded boundary. That indoors which resembles gauze
but is really the fibres that connect
the diaphanous aspects of insects. There is no feigned depth
anymore in me and I can't access it for that reason

A HOW-TO LIST FOR GIRLS

In a melange of those who crown themselves kings
of their own capital it's important
as the rate rises clam-like, aphrodisiac, to the outcrop of cream
coming off, to say — I can't manage a global perspective.
When I say 'America,' and everyone goes off.
I beg another thousand but it's just a canny deal. At
the last moment I will pull back and wipe mascara from my cheek. A cold
grey dribble, a tear wearing stockings put it there, ugg
boots kick up the plaster dust inhaled by Mario, who is building and François,
the butcher on his morning
roundabout the circular town, an apron
and a flat slew of black hair. Bloody yellow apron. He does not think
it healthy for a civilisation to clean itself
so irregularly. He shouts up the window at me,
you'll roast in that tin can zat you live in! I point back the shadows of birds
creaming off the shadow on the roof-terrace of the unit blocks,
the sun is melting my Vaseline, acrylics, mice skins and separating
the emulsion into two liquids. Sorry about the
that I am sitting in one place whilst death exacts things in other places.
Forgive my tin-can of immorality. Not even the sun is touching me,
how can I expect you to supplicate reason. He suggested his girth was wasted
on a person with a problem like hers. I had better wipe the crumbs off the counter-top,
appease growing wrath, buy the right shoes. And the job interview still nebulously
unfixed. I avoid shopping at all costs this morning, and
as a reward, the bus is there right when I get to the stop.

HOW I CAME ABOUT THE COAT

A long process, involving an incurable
STD that disappeared and Stratford, as if hunting for medicine
as if in the forest, which is how I consider Stratford, a forest
made present by typical necessity.
Need made itself present, and need was made present by a greater need
that's the way it always happens
and a mirror appeared as if spatially, coming out of outer space I mean
o sea events of childhood, is memory their first appearance?
But the coat, the coat,

it was a consolation
present to begin with, a joe's jacket for the one who doesn't
make it. Who isn't touched by the same grace. It just didn't fit in the
biography. So someone rewrote, or was it I writing backwards
it was almost a complete consolation
almost even untainted by the incurable
silly morning when I looked into her state-funded eyes
their brims up with compassionate envy inverted
envying herself in light of who I am and what I've done
it was just a GP consultation, *jesus*, come on. Yes and just a jacket.
In back of me dead things suck in vapours. All but me.
What is it about a clean record means essentially nothing
but the ability to make moral judgements, come up in your own favour,
that you have done right, all along, even the stupid things.

WET MORNING GIVES WAY TO LATE SUMMER

I went to the
sea/office/pastry counter and what did I see
there's always a point
neither more nor less far removed *que venga*, that I come
I get no vertigo on the top floor, I can hardly even spell it
unless the theme is riding
I smoke amongst stereotypes of red flowers
investigate the home which I will never own
consider the usefulness of free wood, found at the Silverlink
gate chalky with plastic transcribed from the baggies
the same next which I found the dragonfly, but he was literal
choices and coffees from my favourite global corp
fetished with washed out concrete the embittered joy of Hackney
Council's neglect. Hannah, yeah, you look bare pretty. The
mother to her inspecting son, chleb, mleko, banany, the shopping bags.
Yena ho *good guy*.
A stabbing, a precedent, and the rail link improvement takes
seven years
by which point I will be
with child, out of country.
It is so pointless to speak
of the precision of the heart, long
for something with dissatisfied presence.

BUT REALLY I WILL FEAR GROWING OLD

But I really will fear growing old as they have
bought matching boots, elided into the difficulties by making them
unavailable for choice, choice of the bystander creeps past on a bike
slow moving in black and white, made a victim by
all of these grown-olds, set in their difficulties
a price you earn after years you sit upon it resting, able to cope with
yourself now. Feats of congratulations
stir up potted leaves, the water hitting boil. My shade creeping across
the middle ground, between two steep places frigid with sunned shapes
the shadows of leaves move as one, jerk irreparably the same.
A limb of violence rises, the hairclips and headphones snap
the treadmill carries them to the sweated formica
they represent a thing in you, heavily your heart
looks past the border, but finds its eyes hollowed out, hungry
for a caramel snack and a glass of milk.

