

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

**MARIANNE MORRIS**

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## "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 robbed. I learn  
in love count the quarters piling up, my value  
shrunk heady faeces of babes,  
their value lost under glamour, no



## 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



## 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.



## 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  $3 \times 10^{-13}$  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.



## 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.



## 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  
fetched 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.



