

LOVING
LITTLE
ORLICK

Kevin Nolan

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for Kathy

Daß aber die procura für das Bären- der für das Sorgenkind zur Seite tritt, ist tröstlich

Exploding monasteries that shoot out clouds of monks into cyclonic formations with stormy nuns similarly dispossessed – or collapsing monasteries – sometimes slowly crumbling confines of the cloistered – by which we typify all things: that all developments pass through a process of walling-away within shells that will break. Once upon a time there was a shell around the United States. The shell broke. Some other things were smashed.

Charles Fort

On est né cuisinier; on *devient* rôtisseur.

Brillat-Savarin

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THE FILE ON AGRIPPINA

*In the incognition of the present,
in its incomparable proximity to itself,
the streaming existere
that is the **not** of this world,
the vernate border of the illimitable,
not built on fear but what prevention,
premium century, made expendable forests
replicate arms that millions resist,
serving old-style the same charmed way,
seeking to ensbade the nearly-new
as Gracchi stooped to conquer, eager
to be credible and rarely see daylight...?*

*It's the air, fashioned in camera,
and if it flame, your lawyers are insured.
The people who do the counting
come into being but not the world
accounting, marching still to meet us
there, unaccountably: here.....*

*Then soldiers of the forest, be effective!
There never was such shade! Lob clarity
to the net, there never was such clarity!
In the zoo-state for knowing and being known,
the city comprehends its will. No sound arcs
in a dropswing, close your eye on introspection
or fade when a young dog barks, while the
white forenoon, observing and observed, the fallible
invisible, payment in centuries for dust and kind...*

*What age when separation ends,
when there is nothing of the innocuous, outlaid
or shining at your neck? What order in the new
eternity, the system of all laws, with these our
separate histories not at all?*

*As corruption immemorial we shall
graft them. As daybreak splicing
wavelengths we will separate. As
sensors theoretical we'll grow rings and bow directly –
Meanwhile the trees cut down
whole swathes of the lucid inevitable...*

AN ESSAY ON CORMORANTS

Here only maybe, improbable at dawn, the *white*
dawn, *nulla rosa*, speeding at knots to change our state.
Here we undo to describe, for something
happened, somewhere above flight. We knew there'd be
burning, knew there'd be cleaning, to assume process
for the roads being cleared, all
that was left in the building. And all that Fall whole libraries
of mind, not lyric flight; *fortissimo negation*.....
Till we have faces then,
Welcome! To the Foundry of Lies!

But if the view from
an empery is always *someone else* why ask,
if eating from this hand could let the things we
will forge in and of themselves? Or if the base give
way, hassle silver interest? As if what should be done
must be, in the name of some dog-faced macromolecule?
Imagine the syntax of this new decree
streaming from the pharmacy,
total materiality...

Yet with so much poked in the eye of the
locative, where is the pacific undercurrent?
Modelling with the vaguest of concepts ('they' have the
lignite, 'we' have the Maxim Gun (disunity and
dependance of both in each) the Firestarters could maybe cry
Sandmen! We are your vanishing point: we order you to survive!
For these our mimics stabilise reflection, whose wings
mirror flexible words, unwords, and decompose *piano*
as objects fall to compensation. Still, we have high hopes,
the engines for this damaged craft. No pity, though: to
tilt for ends would be regurgitation.....

But these new IDs are ridiculous;
who invents them? The skin doesn't feel right,
you can see the waveshapes scattering, emotions
don't facialise, they just, ugh, *slide*. And
what the *fuck* do we want with *cockades*??? Stupid idiots,
throwing down in reach of the perfect shell, marching
alla breve on their wingtips! Their name is legion,
their name is
ours,
and with the evening sinatrised
into waltzes, underground or indefensible Muse of
Anti-tracking, they can call us anytime. But
better warn those shitbirds not to fly.

KILL MICHAEL

earlier someone said
& something spilled

recite:

a pressure wave
in dust and brilliance
I heard people their arms
and legends reckoning groans
resembling persons someone said

forever:

anything that lists
from sea to shining floor,
burning roof and tower
or Con.Ed. Feeder Cables
c. 1975 still sparking 13,000
volts with branching mains,
and round their scattered threads
step blindfold
creatures of the day,
that from the stupid dead
may grow a hundredfold
knock down
my flesh to be believed

What are these airs that blow
down past their peak
off-course in Gemini,
that have no eyes or tongue,
to rid all ears of thought
of coming home?
That are not volatile, fail
to produce themselves and –
Silvatici!
Carceleri!
the crime comes last of all –

*Even if there were no pornography
there would be pornography*

the rest is money, amber, branches, wings

FROM THE NORTHEAST

Dropping off from Cleveland, some slip
away, some melt. All the colours of spring
tilt, arms and policy recreate themselves:
we're a knockout. Small troupes of the undeniable,
peaceful landings by a small elite and
millions in the pipeline right now wonder
what the game is, anyone might break our serve for sure,
oneness at speed is its own warp, or
maybe the theory of flight was just a blind.
For who got the envelope. It's what the
tungsten steppe-car facing Mars remembers –
north is on the left, everything is
lapped by its mention as the skies darken with cordage,
waves break into strings.

And the flag in fresh thread gleams in heaven's
grate. Old news of sacrifice, new limbs in
sonic clutter jamming floes in range of bridge or
grail, grand singularity! From waves pounding
cathedral door and congregation meteorically,
everything rises from earth
whose wings we were, no persecuted hostage but the living
fossils in perpetua, not one remaining
mindful while the rites observe us, pointing.
Then dead centre you see the heart of the camera:
switch on, be still: close your eyes one time for
lasting perpetration. Nearly not getting it, toy or lamb,
in or out of the new eternity,
all of us blaze away.

THE RENDERED METHEGLIN

watching the detractors play, it
takes its toll,
 takes it
 out of ourselves, choosing the opposition,
the new fired clay, so freed to sport in mind,
 or is its manifold so scarce,
 the commonplaces rid of all estrangement?
We close at break of – so you imagine –
 day to answer what the word accepts
(despite its growing old). And this
 betokens interest,
 in human form of pay,
 taking its constitutional
 never the impoverished – see:
the compounds command us. Or one
 last look: no screaming. These are words to rule.

NORTHCOTE DOWN

*night music, axial clouds un-
ravel to brake-temperature*

*light the slightest breeze
to scatter amber, buildings*

*strung like santurs pulsing gradual
allotropes of then. There is no here,*

*now, no fine curve this side of mi-sol
radiance, for who could be wise*

*none that knew their luck
for a beginner becoming absolute...*

*pashed martyrs bounce with ruined force
and twelve degrees inside is*

*Aawabneechee. Thinking to gather likeness
we got everything, everything we wanted*

*and this is serial kindness, victimless,
miraculous, default + fault \times total*

*figure & sum, prevision of painting and frame,
for now we become illustrative,*

*the toys are us
whose dream police you are*

1.

The wedding photographs itself. The couple is made of suicide. He is proud to be the tercel on her warm shaded wrist. The day comes nearer, carrying braille to the feast. Turn off near the stair of string courses, the heavens further down with a ten-second flash. The whole thing is being fed live, it picks up speed, even the cinnamon stops at complete silence from the well. Theology at the carwash cuts weight from the summer's head, the 4 million flares since Jericho 9000. Not speaking for days, just so you end in a jeep when the tractor goes for nothing. The deputies hate what is sacred, only they can understand the real tractor, or save the wounded part. Transmission breaks up near Fort Schrift; the wedding recombines for milk.

2.

You start as a raw recruit on a team tasked with taking down Paxton Quigley, a serial monster trapped on floor 6 with a plasma cannon and 3 hostages. Already he has grown punitive organelles to irradiate the white goods on level 8. Police liaison is a Canadian female who quickly shoots all the photographers. Down in the basement is Lech Furriskey, the 64 year old janitor in secret telepathic communication with Quigley. In a later game you get to play him as a beefy, lock-eyed transvestite who sings at the Café Nezval most evenings. *Didn't youse used to use a used-car dealer in Youghall?* is his first line. **Ex-Dream** is always personal; it's whatever gets you to the position of office-manager fastest. The janitor is a wedding-guest too: you don't have to sound like him till you're ready. No need for implants, the café floor already smells of oil.

ELEVATION

*Budwing, three Pratt and Whitney
JT8D-7s each 16,000 stones
and max. cruise vel. 964 km/hr plus
Passenger 189, largo,
paperless, irreducible...*

*Budwing, dust on porthole 7 gummed
with deflection-calculation is losing your
transit to stay, where \ddot{e}
is a Lagrange multiplier in the
subspace spanned by these vectors*

*whose sparkage, Budwing, means that flight
from the inner wheel of this convolution –
kernel has not decayed to zero, its line-shape
set by improbable airsteps from
Pandora's ebony gamecube only if 0 is the
negative of the Hessian*

*Budwing, impossibly armed against abstract
seduction with spontaneous blowing of
resonant states, this mean figure
tripping screwtapes of freeze-dried innocence
on the Go board is a fated accomplice's Horla
in a gaga gas saga...*

OWED TO THE CENTAURS

Prisoners at dawn on the flight-deck, *Der Rosenkavalier*
burning mid-heaven to unweave destiny
(transit) and state (navigation). You follow on
in wolf-toned sectors of the reflux. Escaping
predators don't get the drift (but when is a drift
not a wake, an apology for Heroic Poetry?) And what did they
want, anyway, the Semnæ, the Oneida, the Anannage,
never even looking up
when we reappeared? The whole
is not a part, even flying apart, even
flying over Kansas.....

Now the satellites pale, tail-lights
on the ship wink steadily, so lucent
in the dawn
the wings will burn, leak plasma, wax and honey,
the hostages will wave us past, and we
will rise.....

(Tho' it was weeks later, *sub rosa* with the fuselage
bent, that the Captain took me under her wing:
"Before you shoot the dog" she breathed "make sure
you know its master"...

Of course I believed her: terror is
non-representational, even democratic. I pulled out
shortly after. Maybe we'll rebuild our
scattered bodies, over an ocean. But now from
portals spraying blue, opalescent trumpet
blue, the ship breaks free of local measure,
harvests out the promise of the undefined.

COMEDO

You have unwound me Waldo to
defenses, messages this fine
spring now unearthed to be there when you reach me
and do you find me then at cost,
as is the one self
 implacably hurt, not maybe in
 antinomy, the terror of
your ways, but thought to find, as you rebuild,
 the footprints slowed against the light, for March,
 new animals against the grain. For who wills thought
 will ring with tight security,
impress the forest floor that makes the *umwelt*
 glide with evidence
 whose level best so longs for plane debris,
that the wording most secure is most unread,
 the one unwritten lore is rime,
 the oneself uppermost a cooling slab too
mortified to make each double-tongue,
 a rule, a benchmark, ear by ear.

THE HAPPENING

Week twelve, day 81: O! bright, kinky warmup hour – the Minister for Broken Statues prints new wallpaper, sends up a willow screen, then a most impressive photoshop where darkmen can record their mistakes and contemplate the building of mighty dams and the forceful upsucking of bitumen from deep inside the Earth. The cleaning of tremendously many windows is also arranged, and washes seep from the golden buckets of our volunteers. The ruined opposition pursuing likewise from a single source looks down, and from their nifty eminence the friends of General Harpagon dream sweeps of massy verdure, sedge fens, beathlands, even Tarpan horses turning blue to clear our name, on the rampage and off.

Ah, but how the foul beasts sink deep in their codes waiting to disembark or whipped on board some hulk in the messiness of this tangled Calor Gas Refinery. Horsemen change their batteries and recite strange aims for the incoming autogyros from sweet Kakania. Then Madame Van den Bee nominates extinction for the first bright footprints. Iron spikes go in, open fields yellow as our wiry and blue-eyed groundforce once more bends to work with a Hi-Ho! and other cheery canticles. We by contrast are mere quids as the bridges halve to a last swimmer's jest. Greasy tribute is made to the night by day, Heil Hitler, and carbon hopping from mossy roots with heads in air allows new thought of acceptable perfidy we hasten to get phat by, most satisfactory.

Some infrared associates are freshly dug in, I swear their every word is a bone. But will the efficacious Dogs of War stand up I very often ask my freshly lubricated assistant, which is what the animals seem to understand?

Recent events also speak of ruined interest clawed into a kind of perfectionism, most worthy of study by the sightless couriers inside our many colleges of learning. Then in search of a room my esteemed friends in the living archive march on, demanding daily remembrance. But if ever there was time, look you now, the years toned down for further proof have already taken, consuming traces prior to mind.

THE LOOP IN FRAMEWOOD

Wenn man gut durch geöffnete Türen kommen will, muss man die Tatsache achten, dass sie einen festen Rahmen haben...

I saw them wander, thought,
time is clay now, listen:
senses rusting under fire
in Hisarlik, silver, oxen
just as the source
burning the clock
was the conventicle unsound,
so all day long the
infant detonation
glimmered to this dust
deliberately still, a third away,
set fall to batiments.....
I heard some wayward *Otis*,
elevator fa-fa-four,
Ulrich got in at 9 (then
tenements began to slide
and break new lattices,
thro' sediment
a gauze detached in
heat of blood –
a wall grew wings to greet
the new white stadium,
the cooling-tower
of folding aluminium
Then no day
was in your power
devouring all the rage,
and for the airmass
storming paradise
with steep intelligence
mindful of its will
to speak of cities,
brantwood, marble, archiloquy –
for walls to sing
these verbs in trebled unison,
that you should see
them so disdained,
to ask

why learn the iron way
to weave subtraction
from an ear by
mark of high-rise
terminals, quick
to say who
has geomeny
 at the next breath
 makes the plane bisect,
the boundary more merciful...
No ruined wall,
no sound of weeping in our streets,
in smoky light I say
 Get Dressed
no bar is ever straight
 and every thought
has vertical jibs
to light you back
to the war room
to err in spite of
speed for all misuse:
 then leaves
grow suddenly quick
to blow pyrography
 that days run off,
still spools thicken,
and steps in spate of matter call
 Legions, depart!
 Cars, drift!
The future of all things
deliberate with air of
wood or habit out of
 frame to bind
each word or mouth,
these accidents of clay
restrain the palace walls
without a sheet
and click on <days> Ulrich,
 articles of sound.

CASSATION: BEAR SHADOWING FOX

Who is wrapped with chestnut
leaves and tied with raffia?
Who left a doll's house,
Whose name escaped him?

justice without law is groundless

justice without law mere sound

Who acquired a Russian debt of 34,000
and loitered amongst the isocoli
or let his lamp be seen in some
high lonely office...?

might is not reducible,

might without law reviled.

Synthetical, we knew this land of ours
would tenderise the just or else

no pity without an airstrip

no flight without resistance.

Whose name is Orson, called
unjust? And where he likes, what
place is that, somewhere over the
rain-belt? There is no sound to hear
or shape so monstrous. Whose scarred
arms are singular rays? Whose cream
face see-sawed when the Bear
reached the mezzanine..?

(And he was black and gouged the
paintwork, his muzzle flared
the metals flew...

We guard his resurrection grandly,

for what was his *ours*

now, and what is happiness to extinction?

See under *sunlit undercurrent*, screwball,
whose wordless overtone comes

free with the armature: see –

BLOCH

which
the weather
instilled,
here
in idyll
crosscurrents
of the
terrible
wing:
Fate
manages
oblivion
by
sound

WHEN JESUS SANG

When Jesus sacked Phylladelphia
floating chariots came to earth,
white lawns sprang up
and babies boomed downwind.

Then rebels knew amazement under hideous footage,
& saw the axes spoke of no beginning
to their end.

For then his infras optimised support,
and as we watched them hit,
by contrail time was stilled
having of motive none, nor active
sediment of will. And he held
court there, there his
proclamations flamed along the corridors,
as the British fled their riven banks
and authors of the standard textbooks
learned to love his bloody blue-eyed
satraps for to serve, to
scrape, to read:

But when Ortaq heard Sayat Nova,
his Dark Command raised Dresden to a burning cyme
and heft the carbon-offset codex, humming –

“let Grace Jones rock when he doth crie
and angels jam his lullabie
right up the west pediment:
the frame that frames the framing frame
is for us as to ayre, this crown of war ,
is then the purest Islam, *igra*:

{Yet most incendiations just
declaim and sinter, never harm
without just cause or
never really hit the mark. In time,
in *time*, the ventilation might be
ethical, (the burnout
framed in miles)
but time flies in the face of love;
hours worked to death so quick the matrix fails
by gravity unbound,
by sensors unbeteemed,
by Risetime: that is Prefixed Destiny
by Armed Report: that is Binding Separation
by Your Grace: that is numbered in Business-Class
the all-aborting parable, hardening defense
and tearing corporate mainframes lymph from limb.
If they could speak, the animals would tell,
how the architextures bend remissively,
lend bocage for triage by pannage.
That's valency, wresting saturation,
output: millions of colours,
heartwood: illimitable shell.)

CLAY SQUARED TO AMBER

base and clear aim, as prospect:
there, behind the barbed wire,
short as *pear, aba, father*
or as in *fret*, not *feed*:
medium velar as to pit,
rampart, *illness, semaphore...*
Or, touching frame and void,
if she ran with the
splinters, durable or marred,
short as French *père*: vain foreworld
as patches of blue Taxila
could be
less than what these the overtones emerge from, serious fortune,
or dark midsummer evening us,
in stem, *if I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate*

undercurrent, long or

in the very heart of the dense taiga
take my shadow for questioning –
take heed of hating me
or too much triumph in the victory

not that I shall be mine own officer:

not that I shall be mine own...

(.....)

*Concentrate, concentrate, slight as glass,
the vivid sector in Zakum burns, how much is {waged/
stolen}... for here the form is delicate, waves ride in plain sight
out from Safniya-Khaffi—the recoil [thunder-mask]
scatters frost like ashes... For I am Goraq
(meaningless) Look on me, wreath the accursed palm,
the time is [only formally sedulous]... . Shadows speak
{direct to camera} as grammars... {blepharitis}, their law I
scatter as a [calque/mendacity]. Black waters
churning earth and starling children (snow) like
wool.... the honey [burns/pollutes]. Agha Jari, Gachsaran...
who can stand before your sorrow (screen)
as seams [unpicking/unbinding] Isidis, the Gusev Crater,
the (boundary layer of warm air)...
.....and none shall gather (allocate) leaves*

COBALT IN SOFT PLACES

So we give him features, time to breathe,
make room for him on Level 49, the
Palace Roof Garden where he calls for Casu Marzu
with Mizuna and Grilled Peaches + stare of
ancient loathing as his friends discuss the many
rupees paid to P. Corporation in Lagos, to Shingaku
Polymers in submunitions out of Bombay by
Philadelphia, to Remote Cavitational Datives of Dagenham.
Why not? This is public space and Orlick
does not labour. We prefer him, he will sign the sheets and
leave before it happens, a patch of blue against the kale.

*For he's historico-theoretical and has no namesake,
occurs in a narrow temperature band, needs no slipcover,
is witless, childish, cruel, unsayable, Palestinian,
homeless, immaculate, offers an alternative to finite-difference
and spectral solutions of the Navier-Stokes equations and just
adores Zubaran. Honestly: no donations. Resting
small hands on the dial, a pilot-project planned for next year,
you call it supposition, guesswork, anything but cause.*

Heart-rate disarmingly normal, he'd be there now
but for the unlamentables on Floor 15,
newborn in less than an hour.

BACON DUST

and the bees take a middle course

A package of some value is sent
by a man named Furriskey: you are
the TV when the phone rings, or are
in rain on one side of the house and
note the other is completely dry
with any of
these it begins, en route to recall with
and gags so generic the microphone warps
You make noises, hazed over, dust scrolls off
air hangs still in time for the cues
blueness, yours
filaments stuff the grating as airsqueals beat
lacrimæ. So sleep in halftones on the trail
Alexander's Dark Band is gaping
between eleven and one on a wet day
Who is making those high pitched squealing
sounds...?

to your sister,
rewiring
caught

terminal greys
against your mouth.
blue
attending
conditional
into mock-croc
for resurrection while
at your own good self
in Kilmainham

You are.

The ghosts preselect their daily bread, then
the cats. But should we encourage them to
there, are they linked to the people they pass
They look straight at the camera, then glide
disinfected car ramp A, A₁, A₂, B, B₁, B₂...
I was so close that when the panes blew in
I lost 70% of my hearing, the air sucked
my pockets, but when MacOrmick moved he simply
walked through the open door and took nothing.
night, Mac, was there any rain by chance,
on merely from habit while you drew faces,
lines to avenge or recompense? For no end is
even a bar in widescreen contradiction is
negative space at rest: the rest is
shear turbulence, a child waving its
vomiting hatpins, imploring you to help
half-hearted and at

home to feed
spend more time
through?
down the
B₃, (Shhhh...
change from
left,
Or was it a soft
was the light
did we trace their
a painting,
dispensation,
yellow card,
it
breakneck speed.

JAMMING AND RHEOLOGY OF PAX-6

Sorry: *incorporate* you said? Some appear holding candles, walking backwards. Despite lens aberration Joseph Gasasira makes a tentative wave, with burnt fingers Wissam Tawfiq? Aayad shields his 'face' from the queer daylight. Petrels change their frontier on the fly, these have none and need you to quantify spectral density and coil-deformation modes for either:

- a. A spiking neuron model (with masked signal inputs) for synchronous flashing of *Orizabus Subarizo*.
- b. The available laws for burst-firing in retinal mosaic formation for *Accipiter gentilis*.
- c. The target modulation for FM sweep-rates of biosonar echo-location in *Athene noctua vidalli*.

Try to produce a list when contradicted and I mean, forget dates: authority is trans-historical, you say! Spitting out your teeth. By now it's lunchtime at the stable with a tembur strumming, for Euclid Hamsa who said he'd be 'back in an hour', January 2001 (criminal proceedings against O. were suspended after medical reports); for Asma Muhammad Suleiman Saban'neh, in detention at the Carpet Showroom; Allavah Sussanem, burned alive at the Magenta Barracks (please attach her photograph when you write: suggested salutation, *Dear Colonel Orlaq*); for the family of Calex Philemon Briqi, arrested for indecency near Heliopolis; Musliadi Nyeberura 22, discovered in the river after complaining of a persistent cough....

Black wings fold in a helicoid swirl;
the music of the day gives names rotation:
for Mbikiel Masarenda, caught by our missionaries near Darfur,
Olga Medovedka who lived for years on infected canal water...
The inframorts are marked in blue, I see them nightly
'man' or 'girl', their faces I unwind, recoil,
for verse is what we are now, twice unsound,
and what was luck is thought now,
and what you said unthinking, remind me,
you, yes, ah, *there*: what you were looking for.....

MEASLES ON THE ARK

In the strait, the cords of flight
are lyric fathoms, vertices the travellers
take for land. And truly moved
by changing course he perches overhead, almost
that, his stare is not an option.

The vessel fills with parabens and xanthenes,
grazing film of blue-green compensation (though
judging by the sound our corps still thinks
epileptically, confusing
motion with volition, Schopenhauer

with Will...

But alliances don't work on strings;
you sail right round or trip through
separation, right? Or why else climb, to stay in shade?
Why linger like a radio dialling frequencies,
interpret flow as circulation?

The billows peak in starmarked lanes, lapping
each quarter, how much, how
many could you see from there,
between the high whine and the searchlights?

The neomorts made whole by slow degrees? Windhovers
blown out beyond the osprey suicides? World without
end, panasonic, we wish we could outlive him:

he is a fiend hid in a cloud.

In patient pairs we follow, not in time.

(EAR MISSING)

At one time a disrespect for Law throughout the land was so extensive, people scarcely ventured from their homes. The depredations of diverse woodkerns, macrophages, bushrangers, button-swivellers and other sketchy characters appeared to know no bounds. The Dauphin telephones the army, but General Diversity, owing his position to some graft from the family mitochondria, angrily declines to conjugate his 'men'. Quite by chance one day in the Deer Park Orlick, sighting some hooligans from a travelling band, devours two or three for his own amusement. Seeing this Milord invites Orlick inside the summerhouse, solicits him to stay as Genius Loki, etc. mentioning attractive figurines and more in the Middle Voice. So all day long at rest or rising with the Moon for rosy tea Orlick outnumbers his time, and by decree the people grow less circumstantial. Yet the higher the palace rang, the more insiders thrived until rebel theologians once more began to jump and scheme and humanise the ridiculous...

This encourages the Dauphin to take the army down a peg, and jointly the Chiefs of Staff are unavailing sent to the Doge's Kennel to prolong active life and (by extension) death. In spite they bribe some tricky police to poison Milord but plans backfire and they blow their earthly spoil at Circe's Place till Orlick, picking a fight as usual over doctrinal matters, mows a few down on the stoop. Meanwhile the Lord post-caring rules outright murder and has his medics skin and pickle Orlick for the Mad Theory Seminar. Then seeking to rebeat the tourist trade he sells his recollections for a tidy sum. His book is quickly pulped and the people revert to fabulæ and exempla, but terrible are the armies for spring cleaning as the Palace of Varieties outshines the Stable Republic. The sunne's bright hand dissolves the Deer Park, advances made by Sylvan Histories at point Q. near Camp Freddie are brought up short by hydrothermal vents, a creeping run on voltage sees mass conflation of the external and the exterior. Ivy and sinopiate grazing cover the palace walls: where General Diversity went no one seems to remember.

CHLORINE UNFAIR TO DEXTROSE

candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina turres

A.

Envelope of building
tilts on silver screen:
Bloom. Whole airframes
fold to overreach
the main verb while
'you', but breaths away –
find points of grammetry,
the 'star'. But the story
is bad, the dialogue
ridiculous: "*Ich habe
genug. Verdienst du immer
mehr, Fauster?*" "*Nein, immer weniger.
Mein Herz schwimmt im Blut, Sandman*"

(These are just examples,
maybe only ground rules, but
since the passions
thrive on abstracts (and
nowadays the air is stiff
with servicemen) when is flight not
dysfunctional, sin-
pathetic? Between excess re-
probation and accountable time then:
shortfall.

Watch them dive
through glei horizons, pollen
grains through broken
barricades and
do you swim there too, exact spree
of coloured thought, mad to be believed?
Since only the immeasurable
has value, or now
(since only value is immeasurable)
Orlick (who has no value)
is nature's patient sediment
becoming priceless,
spewing vertically
from the gob of time.

B.

Different cities claim
the need for walls in
hearing of material
densities, fated
envoys miss their step
or greet new enemies
confiding deals,
threats to end all payment,
or confiscate the wheat.
No time for reverse ex-
 hilaration (Leibeskind=
 Tolkien + DiHydrogen
 MonOxide): count the peaks,
the histograms of sacrifice,
invisible airlines
flag predictably
short of the mark, fashion
victims out of silt or amber,
genizahs of torn
envelopes make the shades
look temporary but lookout,
decoy: blind vigilance
is what it says and
any lasting hope
is a ditch we hear you whisper,
 under the desk.
Then columns bind and
managers invest in earth, all
credit brings Royal Avenue to dust. The
building opens to become an ear.

CABINESSENCE

*“Brothers, is this transit
or only flight: is how we
end in Premium Class,
matched in economy, the main of
light, or dipping in
velocity, fear...?”*

*“Not that: Western temerity,
Propellerhead, pilot error;
nothing so unlovely
as an upstate farm
burning to become algebra...
We do not invent the ash
of sacrifice, from
the torn carcass do not
recongeal as day unconjures
other forms becoming animate..
For two pins, Orliq,
permutable in Row 16,
we do not love so long...”*

*But is it credible to have
him rest now, even tilt
his seat in prayer? Or
when he moves along the aisle
disturb him with some question?
Does the reading
light come on? And is it
possible to ask, will there be
early extinctions,
here, at the crown of creation,
pay per view?*

*No: not credible; even kind,
in time refreshment will be
served, such oxygen you may
not breathe,
no turning back when we must
prove invincible he hears us
think, this earliest warning
sign more fated
than a moving finger,
now pointing at the next big thing.*

THE CHARGES

*By the snorting chargers,
the plunderers at daybreak
the fire strikers at noon,
the dust that coils incentres all,
and man is acerbate to this will,
strong in the love of igneous goods,
and paints the wavelengths red.
Yet the self itself unwritten
is as whiteness to this darkness
while the screens are burned.*

*Does he not know
that what is gravid will be livid,
that a sword of words will raz̃e,
and where the trees alight
or where the airs despoil
(though not in Toto, Dorothy)
wild lightning breaks in shade of
rampant-art,
(and this effect is darkening,
cooling the ratio of animals to air
and representing their logic by a
structure of idealized switch-delay elements...)*

*Then thanked be dust the ionosphere
reassembling muezz̃in wails at 3Khz;
thanked be parbelia, because we suffer by
the harp in corridors of Sol,
and in courtyards of palmed awe bless,
stupefy, the lightning bugs & smoking bees,
and leave no sign or shock of lemma there
a thousand strikes reborn,
no wind of storm outside
nor riderless in Ulro,
the blind dogs opalise,
for they are the paylords,
reducing Al-jibr to Al Pacino...
these men step not into world without end,
but pavement and concourse and terminal,
and inexact their opposites draw on,
and then the Word abolishes
in patterns passing any wheel of state,
one hand, one mind, in hawkplay seriatim
to beat their patient order clear;
and then is differment incarnate, then
is sense theoretical,
only then is light and lantern out of time.*

THE REIVERS

*Upfront the borders grow bilayered,
lowerdown, namebrands from wooden
stockades spark incendiary raids,
sberiffs draw up clanship
histograms and the last we heard,
fireships were raking Gastown.
Eating enough for two or piping for
more, you are never not your corse, but several
scores down from the higher lands the Thief and I
gulped in disbelief as the cashcows trooped
in Q'arantine. Some had turned themselves
inside out, it was violent: some were underdogs
that barked all night, and some
just went home straight to video.
But the cannonades went on outside MacDonalds
rioting for grammar while the old
were glad of vaccination,
even their kids played gaudily with flame...
Some stayed inside their byres to skirl We are the world
(the Champions, the Walrus etc.), others fiddled with
broadsides, wrenching off protective
layers, turning gold...*

All this happened a long while ago, but when I told
him, Killoran stroked his face awhile then sang:

*"Give thanks to the jointed city,
with her original white double!
Thanks to her animals and cars,
as drooping in clay we take death for
life and forget enunciation! For stars
and puppetry are pigments on each
solid ground: iambs and versicles
are inkwells and stairwells
and causeways under Saturn,
and this is not incarceration!
The newborn tell you quicker than you think
the moments of parting that fly from wings..."*

Later we both took ship to the oilrig.

ARMED LUCK

Small ships come along the
lough to save us, even to the edge
of towns. We've aged. How tides come
 round now, ideal and
 transparent the human
 shield, armed for any
 song outside the lines, sssh.....
transegmentals fire at shadows
 quid pro quo, compensation signals
 touch, so many separate laws

as this craft knows, as the
 marines tell when their lips
move before the unspeakable. Incapable
of consequence, I will once more,
but faint, unbroken, weighing almost
 nothing less
to render dust to ground,
for death is not a part of life
but life does not live.

 I can't feel my arms.

Beginners thrall'd by figures learn
to meet the sentinels halfway:
 how can we know what they
think till we hear how they feel?
 The enemy appropriate to advance
 knows no degradation.....
This whole new fleet is
 coming to its senses;
who is dying not to? And soon,
smoke goes up, vanes set to wind,
 cables skim the main...
 With erl-bright histories,
 what will they learn,
 now that we have them in store?

BISCLAVRET

On a word, a trader
underselling zinc will ply
you for the likes of us or (insofar as workers
up this early downsize
fireproof carbon-copies grown from cheek swabs)
wonder (since we harp to dwell):
this masterpiece intrusion through our lair
now cut down like a flower, that royal swag once earmarked for offices,
was this the groundstate made all come to serve
for miles around?

*Bisclavret is here to stay
He's taken all my sins away*

Or at a word, some
hæmopoetical workshadow will suck
the air out of time for you, filling his cheeks;
keeping the wolf from the door
to stop him getting out...

and for this to be borne,
this to be general,
we who are dark,
we who are central,
are *Reynard Masaryk*, are
Papillon Soo-Soo...

And when *we* come to play,
most everyone throws down,
lacking otherdoms to curse,
and just so amateur
the warlike copies could be
volunteers for laughter, wheels
on fire opening
whole new branches
day by day.

SHELL

go viscosity *to*

I this sled will

he amphora they

let small unwound

rag and glimmer posted

named in ground

dusted his

choose will quick change

greet receiver

thin air

step

in

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE DOG POEM

for Barry MacSweeney

1. (crack) half
and half
and half,
and half, on the summit I rest and shoulder
empty rejoinders cack
vomit: you shudder and tilt
 just barking to tip
 out in phase,
 the cone of silence
each September tricked
 I see your Jim walk in July with Jill
 when the moon is a spherical chemical
 scorched back
to reasoned exile across the land
 lifelike
in commerce with luck and the
two straight faces you were born wiv
yer lip sniffin up tarpaulin...
 You lived on wax and golden breadcrumbs
 round a mask of pyrrhic substitution
 a winding-sheet as fog turned the last bud
 atmospheric as form;
who made this exile in local macropiety,
 to what end perpetuate, named for
control as music's kingdom by the sound, this island's, mine,
 for any stray to scab at matter?

2. Be quiet now: now
rise thou unlicked thing,
what do we want when we can't be utter
exactness, varied Pawprint, even exceptional?
To gulp at air is animal, twice-shy, promise-crammed,
save that once,
straplined in daylight to the park's end
as hollow as the form it took, you asked
in clouds of resin
beautiful as the clothes you wore
of acetate and muslin
to denigrate so heaven-sent a lie
no state of mind
that stone brake free,
of prestige or funeral
too loved on air to say: that ships rise from the sea,
armed for the pick-up, cone of finite dispersal?
Aaaaah... perfect timing! Not the weird clay Arghol
sends you toward, but no, two questions own
Almighty Void – each guarded
sleepsong kennels back of the van
– too whacked to hang excaudate from the lowest bough,
– bruising the utter spaniel straight from the bottle-bank.

THE ROUGH PLACES PLAIN

ramp: of the

 bless'd
 sunburn'd

 x'

 cess

 end-

less *compunctio*
 cordis

 über

 mass:

 sol-

 ace

 whole

 terraces

stepped

 in

 ayre:

 fire

 at

 will.

BRONZINO AT THERMOPYLAE

1.

The needle moved
blindfold
tenfold
typical cylinders
not to squeak out of
turn in carnival blue.
Then leave I
heard the roar
saw contraptions to arise
hitting the ground
from aryan quartz
the legend we use
this sunset motor
a Trojan sack race
dust and glare for days
not moving, *each*:
the knowing that not-knowing
is, one
city –
animal,
mineral,
bankable

2.

Milesians enter the city. We leave
notes saying we're not in
or slip away disguised as Luvians,
but thermal prints reveal them stripping
rooftiles waving
and when they slept they
heard us watch through
Passive Millimetre Scanning
and then: we felt like death,
and small lights froze us to the window pane
because Irony,
because each will
is earless.
Fade to green....
lift a finger, burn to stay alive,
sugar:
sandblast.

3.

Same view,
urform of embers
since the thunderstone,
your parents out in the freezer.
Then learn all multiples of *whine*,
wear all lightening
on strange wings of tongue –
could there *be* more liberty,
patched argonauts, limbering
for voice-off voiced all over?
For this was never *now* here:
~~headless americans~~
Meissen Men
as the cry flows
would you block it
locked in a
glacier, unlimited song
by spineless here-tics
renewing power,
to credit the human train
Nihil Obstat Aleph Null?
Firekids, some serious distortion:
did you hear
or come to spark
with anthropology the
air you liked
that was the door
in elemental sectors,
hide in plain sight, become
a rope of sand?
Or say, *I see you* then
climb down,
or did you go away to welcome
being here forever
battling the plosives back
dumb animal waiter
too vast and trunkless to be true

LIFE AS A BRACKET

What is it like to be a bat, to think
bat by consensus, hardwired to multiple alliances,
saw-toothed phrase-boundaries
and shattered guitar-picks? Blue sparks each bone
in the non-neon air, a beast and
ten fingers is making the bottleneck
slide, from his hotel
microphone sees the railyard
smokestack, some strange walking man
with a leg to stand on, heart of swill,
and a good long pause after the shot.
But we bats want the art-time immemorial,
crating it up like millionaires of summer as
summer fades, north of verbatim, our khaki
alphabet to whistle near and far, no second take.
Everything is in the way you hit:
just a shine hanging in the air
held to successive shapes by a
mucous envelope,
yet here voice is credit, harp and wood by
sheet-steel carbon, superstrung on lo-fi scratching acetate.

Next the man in the felt hat nods. Hearing the
lumberyard hailstorm, the machine-room klang,
is it his soul against the band, touring
months away from absurd? Or laughing madly when
phrases twirl like hands from the clock? He plays
ten songs, his arm glows like a wrench
*(and on nights of execution prisoners
are shown pornographic films and
encouraged to masturbate, express their feelings...*
with prehensile topknots & roseate bicep scrolls,
'Sue Girl', 'Naci Para Sufrir', 'Bird Lives':
that dare not wash off faded better halves, what
are we, criminal serum, proof of the possible
more than alive? Take your pick
from a soap-crate chalked by trusties...

What is it like to be a bat?

Did you ever hear it back? It's like consensus in the wrong
place, where we're going to: a stoned loose alliance
between multiple and divergent perspectives by
chance sent off, for a harp from a catalogue
only we bats read
*And don't ask why this all happens –
Here today, criminal charges will be brought,
You will lie face down on your luck
and your hands apart and your head*

ENEMY BIBLE

found to convey

on their sides

the aircondition

~~waiters~~//

warders

picking off tags

vinaigrette

sing/sang/sung

auditioning forever

would regularly split my smile

~~earful~~

the stairs are not an option

Dew

GRAVE GOODS

Hit. Another service; some continuous band
at 2 p.m., the red lamps sway. Do you know
where your money is? I hope you don't
leave too quickly. Branches and leaves are
my domain, never enough, the boy says that himself,
no thing needs repeating in an underserved niche.

A better scheme for the missing might be
to make ourselves scarce until
we find them spiked for the kill,
slipping away under a full Hunter's Moon with a
sidewind lancing down the *Champs de Mars* like a clarinet.

Yet most poets don't realise they're
deaf until they read about it. An hour later,
irritating little murmurs become footprints, strive
to become ancestors, monstrous disturbances
track expanses through flame, and from
high-checked wisdom to low antinomy,

we arrive

Fate and Plenitude is what it says,
and the river falls, barren red measures scent
welds in the calm of season, odours of tar bind the
crew slipping out of rust, it is life burning,
wheel against wheel. But if playthings mean forgetfulness,
why do they line each grave? Mercy at the bank,
till hands clap,
till it's a static show out of style?
till gault toys with the Second Empire,
tilled earth rises like an uncoiled swing.

VLIEGAS

*Come rain or fall,
ship or shine
the most ordinary folks
become indefensible,
nothing less:
down on their luck
or up in the air
like white Toyotas
abandoned in Freetown
(and that is the
worst thing you can
do in a riot,
run forward
waving your hands
like an auctioneer)*

*On second thoughts,
fire straight into the crowd
not mistaking
climate for condition,
religion for control:
 *flight is not emotional:
 flight is emotion**

*always aligned
sometimes feigned
eager to believe
and scatter
rivulets of oil,
and good luck, please,
to indicate
what you saw and when,
with whom and please,
report on all
exceptions, underage,
unarmed or
just undone –
as this brief
most welcome gathers
 *intelligence of all
 above suspicion
 or merely underground
 from and whereby**

o

LEVEL 47: A FEMALE VAN-DRIVER WITH A BROKEN ARM

this frame, to the touch, this envelope with (1) trace of pitting œdema to the left, side-impact collision with willow pole and (2) obstruction of loricae; volnar lunate dislocation in the crumpled animal,
and 4 weeks' notice,

(baseless in spades, see

Extensive Collateral Circulation –

(thymoma, teratoma, maybe retrosternal goitre) – censers make waves, animals will come, we admit, riot, but deep and double down everyone is friendly, Security arrives in a golf cart
yields up his gas of amazement

you	we	these
will	shall	shapes
burn	gather	are
this	now	mine

live aspect multiples

THE WAR ON SEDIMENT

*A group of us was bogged down in
this cardboard-type environment with tons of
Copper Snow we'd stashed away in canisters.
The enemy was arching from some low-brow making
'funny' faces and hogging the display with three
later inserts from the Aphex 3G. My oldest buddy
said his mother was a dentist, then:*

'What the f-u-ck are they burning..?'

*It was him sure enough, I clamped on the opal filter,
none of us was exactly keen on the idea of beheading
38 civilians just before Christmas, so we decided
to ignore all calls then put around a rumour
that their first-born had plagiarised our winter collection;
we knew they'd never manage the steep compensation.
Meanwhile Agent Maud did her best with the cunning
linguists at CHCN squeezed into three
exciting changes of costume blinking through chlorine:*

'Are you the witty King of Persia, beh-beh..Oh, is this thing on? Ok..'

(she climbs onto a barstool, wobbles a second, then:

*'My Children undress to depart,
My Children, my children no more,
For if you're away with your 'Art',
Or branched on the forest floor*

*By feeding new facts to the censors
We'll never come near you again,
or parse your untheorised tenses
Downwind of the sociable drain*

*By bombing the light fantastic,
By paleonimbic recall,
Or armoured in dendrimer plastrons
You can bet we'll be having a ball...'*

*Dinner was murder, we had to blowntorch
the feathers off some guillemot and ended with this
mauve toy in the freesias getting wet: do these
people think Inspectors grow on trees? (Anyway, we
transferred Maud the hell out of there, she
was useless in a firestorm).*

RE-EDUCATION OF A SKINNY THOUGHT

See the chimney in the park
at 5 p.m, which to us declaims
this world in ordure and
verdure, Orlick, this rookwood
in two minds, not simple,
 marrying, shooing
day into black
 where the fingers end,
the last, you said, unlooking...

There is a way of doing things
we call ostension, lala,
and carved on separate stones
 we cannot breathe

*since time is predication,
weightlessness extent,
continua the aggregate of syntax*

marking time for envelopes
of coarse air & bloody news
 prepared from a dite
 of collagen snips
from the test-card, the symptom-farm,
to the lull of the predicate, uhm,
 murmur of the predisposed,
 one step from the slide
and through you, profile-dependent,
 to grate on normal fed by kinds:

*since onyx is an oxide
porphyry a silicate
and limestone an allotrope of marble*

PROBABLE WALL LINE

Note the brilliant force, the long wave
working backward. If salt
 can burn so, all day long
 can learn to re-descend, then clothed flesh is
 memory, forged expressions plumb
whose deepest vacancy. And children of
all ages dangle rucksacks, as if moving
 wound them from the start,
 to all intents reborn
and everywhere at home. The naturals make
the sign for ages, sign the visitors' book
while we speak Pigmentese as needed, thermography,
and hi-def too, new uniforms in spring, no second
thoughts (we drape these on the missing face of our leader).
In summer we hang them in cherry orchards. And some are
off to the nearest marches, others fade
 to pull up daisies we replant as Sharazad disposes
 beyond the not-wood, the new-life,
 and as you sway, they disappear
 by never quite arriving.
What we predate
 we venerate:
 one swallow and our expectations
 bend
out of shape: as the arrows, so the boughs fly

THE REBEL MERKWELT

*Renamed for innocence,
the bear thinks it's distinguished—
this moment as the life beneath it,
post-personal, its to come around
even when we mean to end her*

*and is often the last thought, here
and there, when we charge in
celebration, not why, because:
the ground flies upwards*

COME FLY WITH ME

Bad puppet, he wanted to send his
shade away. Tell him you don't see his
ragged overbite, in the garden
they call *whose cloud this is*.

They are what they came for, waiting
for ourselves, they come from summer,
where the birds prey optimal,
invisible to shear with weighting lanes

and wheels and only wheels, the middle
end, the core analysis for transformation
to shock the afterlife in sight,
make your eyes
bleed out to hurry on

WOODCUT: ROADBLOCK

Who is she, who does she
expect to be, the stone, the
shell since shredded, since the `</body>` tag
in Figure 1, between chevron and `<title>`
now fitted up by you know who. Who?
why, you, who held out hands to passionate
or held your own with arms betokened,
knew the system-root for crowds and lit out
immolate from windows of vulnation
sans everything
as you liked it from your ardour
sending scores of carbon copies
Live at The Sands, where else, with
Stevie Ray slugging it out
with Big Bird in the crosshairs
imaging airplay or wresting alphabets
from Petra in remission.....
think,
no speckled décor,
live on air behind the stable print of
reverse anatomy. Did you ever get Qurna?

Prepossessing honesty, or the neatest swords
(laserflash across the Neva, shell of car
at Level 12 glowing red: the Sandman –
his eyes know High Alert, unseamed in darkness wired for sound
nor white of summer oracle,
but *infra draconis* over miles of sea. Words are
airborne till the *umwelt* sounds out numberless
mots noyaux, phosphor burning bonds imprinting
hands on industry, indices the Animal House
is stocking grafts for termination
without end. And soon that too-razed zoo
so long rebuilt from barest density will also learn
to bear one step away, the essential radial charnel
turning north-northeast, depopulate as fast as zoom

MAMBO DANS L'ASCENSEUR

*How many digits Imlac?
how many numbered
loops do you see
going up,
going cheap,
the many bendy
toys and streaks.
What's my middle
name? From bench or
gate the airport view
is retinal waste not
counting
– the warzone on the landing:
– the fireflies in the dollhouse,
– the warning signs as distance
from the shocking flame,
all night wholly alive
and proof we knew the
access-codes before
the coalescents saw such chords
knew no tonality.*

*How many, Orlan
(counting the stars off her face)
Orlon Acrylonitrite
what would you say, then:
still there, Poormouth?
To swim is not to fly
in a grosser net or
fly to sink in a subtler...
How many faces ply,
cast living nets of air?
When the land is out of
season, footsore and germinal?
When the string sections untune? Or
when the
shell
is nearly weight-
less, as sun slants
by the battery,
the last terminal undone.....*

COSMATI PAVEMENT

Ssssshbb – *come back*, you
must come back
the sea does not crawl,
you must be quiet,
in common time, *ssshhh* –
don't move, the sea
not seen, come
back to readiness, how does it
feel, careless,
careless, what could you
want with eyes
gouged out, if this wave knocked
you down feet-first?
No pinprick ever
stitched in awe of self
so fast, no rosy window
now or late or never was
the same,
and both are at a loss...
Stranger, soldier
at the gulf of luxury,
thinking to pin the world
of secret people back
to comsat angels,
ssshh, panegyric,
raise your scalding hand
and fly by nocturnes,
your house is on fire
what you called for once is still,
is changed to snow, to salt,
sssh, sshh, the sea is not green.

CONCEALED ENVELOPE

*the trinket aside, nothing
personal, tell the former director*

*but his children don't care
now the packaging's done*

*the loved ones stamped incognita
for storage, some for storm*

*and march in terracotta
meaning
lordship,
over passive-guidance antiship*

*The pediments gleam at
Ur –Nammur, why should you want?*

why should you pine, to make

*things burn, to make your way,
or tell them why we asked you here*

to watch our ruins rise

when we've galleries to build

ZA' FARAN REMASTERED

rained down on no-support, the
 war on ends, the one with
no supply to master,
or at the next point general –
the arc is vivid now,
the ark is royal

There is no land yet,
ownership of a face or way, even a
vestige on two legs with changing
rooms of state: to wait for
 Fairfax would be mute,
inglorious, warring scions grafted
 on the walden leaf mosaic,
spice-girls camping up at Troytown,
 ‘men’ at limit of projection,
or at the fire-point strayed *en cours...*

and all who stream in conclave
 arm by porch or caisson,
are airlocks, organic harps
 weaving heirlooms
 at the roadblock. Or if the
 woodmen organised resistance, if the decreation
worked by armed remembrance,
 the arc is buoyant now
 the ark is flamed
with untold living histories, mattering.
We weld them up, point blank,
we tear them down, a branch near you
 word-perfect armada, dawn:
 the perimeter-lamps are fogged with dew.

REVISION QUESTIONS ON STAIRCRAFT

*“Zurückwollen: ‘It is to be noted that nothing that is past is an object of choice; e.g. no-one chooses to have sacked Troy; for no one deliberates about the past, but about what is future and capable of being otherwise, while what is past is incapable of not having taken place’ contend the *Nicomachean Ethics* (V, 2, 1139b). But if localised ethic cultures make mourning (‘elegy’) anti-consequentialist, deduced by component moieties such as intimation or even obligation, *in situ* measurement capabilities rarely allow accurate prediction-conversion even in conditions where *all* meaning is sacred (i.e. subject to invert-polarisation). Thus expectation *in re* learning-control is postcognitive, *not* anterograde, because of the superior lucidity of evil.”* (Lancelot Dorleac).

Using this passage as a guide:

1. Explain *in less than 500 words* how for any noninvasive language-system, the optimal mapping of control data might necessitate the conflation of root and epistemic modality (or their military derivatives). For selected postethical social-orders (nuclear or multicellular) where Will (*voluntas*) functions as an auxiliary of future time, can it be argued that the prolative infinitive should be used as a *last resort* only if the contingency of evil is privative? (Extra marks may be given for entrants who explain what ‘control’ they themselves hope to gain within this order, if any).

2. *“It is also a part of dissembling, to regard others as capable of dissembling”* (Metternich). Talleyrand once said of this remark that “here our colleague tries to recontextualise Providence as kenotic social policy”. Do you agree with his assessment? Consider the implications of the argument by way of some practical case that you have studied. (*Hypothetical Example*: can aboriginal sovereignty be accommodated within a modern state such as Progeria? Should Progeria want to, what principle could be used to deny rights to recent occupiers of sacred lands (e.g. the dominion of Shingaku Polymers over Aral Sound in the Eastern Sector) and restore them to their traditional users? Especially since many of these lands are now underwater and poisoned with mercury?) (*no more than 500 words*)

SPRING CATCHES

*When you were sixteen, your Uncle Manfred
came to stay, he had been a soldier and
drooled like an idiot. Inkblobs stained his fingers,
in the frame-house you heard him at night
playing his Viola, gig-lamps along the cart-track
floated down, all the children seemed to
have grazed knees. The river black below, warped
flooring in the Rathaus, on winter nights
the net of smoke trailed back. Was there ever the like?
And when did you first become aware of this?*

And nearly ten years on since Uncle Manfred
left, you find yourself awake until the lint
absorbs (but if you think you've
been abused, call this number <770 5519>
I'm sure you'll find your story there,
more detailed than a single theme

For we are educational;
you: nomothetic,
and forests are fleet
refringement, how long so fair? Forever,
you microwaves? From mast and sail
so many just deserts
that frame the forest law,
....extend

Yet we care much less about sacrifice by now,
walking to work or redefined by charges, we
become ancestors, so to speak, new growth
from rings, our white new cars reverse
not just from imitation
but sincere recall, out of the
silent highlife we once shared, in passing
hook or cleft
with thermionic tweezers choosing plenty,
as if by flashing past
all innocence, the fuel lanes sped for us alone,
sovereign exceptions burning out of mind.

I heard it as she woke,
helping her from the blanket,
thou bloody thing I would not harm
 not in tongue's passing way
who would seam language
riding a cracked bell
 from tree-rings where a caterpillar
loops. But one will stay all lanes
to cross by sections, many days,
 in park and doorway
something feared by no one rapt to prey
 *or if they knew her, when, colourist to an
engraver, polishing for a button-maker
 what else could she have been,
what could she beg, if high coin gave the sun
 no work in High Germany?*
But something
slow about the truck approaching
 meant her silent witness
 filtered blue to clear,
 while all the event was forestation,
since the old immersed in time,
living indoors, wiping their fingers,
imagine those in power have lost as much
by imaging decay..... *The
rest are faced with the Wildwood, no other lore can
equalise whose charges, what reason spoke,
or how they end believing in hotels. Or if the
 cargo is unbearable, there
 are industries and landfills,
 stations filled with ex-animals,
 who know what you think, a little
 before they bend to the paperchase
 or string up Q-frames by a willow fence.....*

And all of this is understood before
you pass the lobby holding out your drink,
and the man in the elevator recognises you,
and his wink means he knows that
 you won't commission him, this year,
 because you had reservations,
 just as the flashy concussion
signified what, firepink blossoms? At the
meeting-place, where the exitors should be?
 How could you even see them all assembled?
 Ask to have a face brazed on?
Then we should all do time, wave our arms,
 become quite historical! Or blame the
 rebirth of stone bridges for raining men!
 Or the crowd for being uninvulnerable.

BACKUP

First Person: Second User
Third Man: Fourth Wall.

THE FORGE BY CADMIUM ARCLIGHT

*Orlando, furioso in ring of kliegs
expletively deleted as dropswings
tilt from hammer, pinnacle and arch:
“The last time is anytime for
a capital ploughed under,
even a photomasochist knows the
leverage bearable, the iron surrendered
to whooping cranes over backwards,
Heavier than Thou. But the
last thing I told you was Hold On:
none so few thro’ time could ever be
believed...”*

*And ever the kind to feel,
we came once more to know
your faithful soil, modestly
reweld, lay claim to futures.
Where previous figures sucked and stacked,
we gaily-costumed ones recite
While monocultures cut and burn
we free the greenest way,
(and if it signals, bake it)’.
’*

*Yet jacked and pimped even by the
selfsame lore, by puddles of oil and
effluent hiss, we still aren’t sure
who’s hiding — sshhh, don’t hold
on too long or make it too incredible,
flag and flower sound better in a bluesy drawl...
And, knower by daylight, how would
you settle, firedamp at dawn? Rubbing
the gault clay, hearing the texture,
the smooth, improbable whine? You step
past doorways, twist through splinters
see through fragments:
the forge no longer © to sign.*

FAWN SLEEVE

The dark keys do time awhile, on a
bed of sand the really dark reactions,
the costly pink of the blind,
with herself feeling better tonight
hand on brow, far off to the right, carbon
temping rime. You hear it on her face as
 dim thoughts splinter into groups
 in the din of March, over
 years loaned to the many different bloodlines

all glossators of the power to will
not living law but excess of truth in
speaking or being seen, just behind the window,
just beyond the bar. We were smoke
and drifting ice and fog, then came the numbness,
so we closed the station, shed personnel:
I'm not proud of that. Ah, let them brood.

I glimpse the medal of an Air Force colonel
hanging from the door: a young woman with a caduceus
pinning the nape of a beast, maybe a tattooed
thug. Uptown I ask for a book which proves the
 downtrodden always get their revenge:
 "Have you tried the cookery section?"

To recognise Rome is not easy. I pay a bribe to join
a queue at the river, it's February, everyone I know
is hooked on Benylin and Diconal. We flare for a bit,
but I move on, snow falls over the short dark midwinter,
now the house leaves a stranded sound. Better not ask.

I drive to my safety deposit and clunk; beautiful
iron light, resources stopped down, we engage
once more:

*She used to eat with her hands a lot, counted
steps with her eyes closed, hair in a band and the
high brow meaning. But as I grub my shirt the pitchest
night is her darkness, red coat with anthracite
collar, it is the sleeping child you arm, don't move,
or walk towards while swaying side to side.
How could she know the foreign sleeve you trailed?*

Or how would you, not yet assumed, know when to arrive?

Rain cups set by a Moorish temple,
while girls with jars of fireflies move
and ever set in meditation
and if it fade, if it means a body-count,
the living daylight dying not to laugh,
is coding and denying all...

*I think the speech went out of her at last,
she lay back disconnected, I
never knew what she meant then:
"I could read like that..".....*

Late martins dart in fading sun 8.49,
spires of lignin and cellulose
run sound, satirical to purpose, the child with its
jar of leaves turns back to the yard then,
with all the instruments of the tactile universe
looping downhill, alive with suffocated
binaries, spring catches at her sleeve,
in no-time the grackles run with it,
the bunting and the starling numb
any curve you throw,
the park is soon on fire with
love to hear the weather stain, then
Pavilions tilt!
Muezzins gel!
Notophyll forests strike up as cthonic labour!
By corporate law then woodcut maskers
are dumbshow makers, each airy envelope
timed to expire in open voice,
this evening world of flight-time in no-time
under the long frequencies of inhuman togetherness,
that is the worldline of this manwood:
the ark of skipping blent gashes,
the gull pinions loosened,
the a-a animals spindrift.

PIP IN êpîÜ, ÍÝîáóßð IN RAVELMENT

I caught this morning's lucerne, Phosphor,
not a word since largesse meant –
– ah, see: reformers vanish for the line!
as good as
learning to believe were
longing to dispraise, each
mine the shore for safety,
matching cares as if no thing
could matter but this flint
cherry of the um-world sinking, sought,
this easeful mark so cored from being found.

DENMARK: *thinking of John Wieners*

Just an Owl flew by: what's
his name...? Blublu, Jubal?

Then home, little raptor of the deep
ascend, in chill wynde of batiment: it's your
turn now

Verse = Meat.

And the minister his angel
thanks you: talk, his quill. You hold
his frenum close, a philtrum serving
regal ambassador, historical jellybean:
all who now seek orison and ort, you –
John Joseph Joubert list
at sewer's end and cellar, shoo:
that's division
a la carte:
that's television
on a burning deck.

And the migraine's terrible lifting,
porch and star. Or someone stands: let him,
make him with a rhotic R, expletive square,
for saints have numbered ears,
anti-particles stain each city wall.
Implacably lidded, what's his lark?

What's his *what?*

Carving an eye now, this is milk,
paperwork from gout and gutter.
Faces from the curtain
speak of Eve and while
night posts its owl,
poison tags its cell. Verse, window
oubliette, seep to forget...
Inside the White House, the Dark House:
transitive, the use of seed...

What's my neighbourhood? Osrice, inseparable faces
slide past the fortress of our winter look,
holding hands a little before
our time to say, when is this knife a tuning fork? When a
raven's like a writing desk, when the rude become mechanical?
When wild walls fly, Miss Prism, we all
speak containment? Incomplete steel,
we had forgot who's calling! With his own indelible
forbear, John Joseph Joubert Jubal, tell them

Will

RULE OF THUMB

it folds on, silvering: trust us –
in Germany they have laws,
signals from every port

thermography
from airflow to mainstream
not speaking for days

because the whitest of dunes
bore physical evidence
everything is filmable

not without end, your human
coat, jamming tomorrow,
gamma today, the

raw earth rent is
knuckling under
inking the lowlife sign for *temps forts*

because the sediment
was subterfuge, Tom –
Raider, enemy, kernel, shell

'Roga duit, a gillai', ar Cu Chulaind, 'a n-imtheclamad no a n-imscothad nechtar de'. 'Dogen a n-imtheclamad daig is assu'. Forropart Cu Chulaind fora n-imscothad,	1
nos tairnged tria laidraib a choss a lam i n-agid a fiar a fadb condenad a feth a snass a slennugud a cermad. Nos blathiged conna tairised cuil forru trath nos leiced uad. And sin nod fegand dano in gilla. 'Dar lim am ale, ni h'opair choir dombiurt-sa fort-su itir. Coibh thussu itir?' bar in gilla. 'Is missi in cu Chulaind air dairc atbertais-iu imbuarach'. Ro maire-se on em' ar in gilla, 'darochar deside co bruinni mbratha.' 'Nad bia etir, a gillai' ar Cu Chulaind 'ar ni goniam aradu no eclacu no aes gan armu, Is cia airm i ta do thigerna-su chena ale? 'Aracut tall forin fertai' ar in gilla. 'Do duit-siu connice urth {co} robud do ar dogne fatchius, daig dia condrisam, dofeath lem-sa.' Luid iar sain in t-ara so saigid a thigerna, cid luath condranic in gilla, luathiu conarnic Cu Chulaind tpoacht a chend de Orlab, & turcbais tasbenais do feraib Herend in cend.	2
	3
	4

1. Yellow maquette for territory, buyback as per cantons in red chalk. Restitution in prophase (rephrased, prostitution). Cloud of smart dust over shellac tendons rebuilding unmass (Urwald x De Populo) fedexed Kobe beef, collagen snips etc. Forget birdcalls and lights on when the Miss Havisham say jump to deselect all membranes.

2. Salacea claimant, blue guest, harbinger-berserker: waldtenfel. Callsign: eternity. Process: distillation. Element: deuterium. Vector, a kind of bulky, limited demission, hope from antibope outside landline wavebands. Blowback: allegiance masquerading as opposition, grace notes from the seizure armed with killer attorneys.

3. Level seven: passerine error-code, men with teeth missing & pets dyed strange colours, plus the latest updates that find 3 DSO greymagic battle ideograms changing value of 1004 DWORDS to convergence / bilateral symmetry. (romanticities = recitationalisme).

4. Harbour shimmering under Wormwood, not aligned. 'What stands on the runway is surely an object' You gull!! Germania: immiseration at 23fps at 1,600 x1200 with 4x anti-aliasing and 8x anisotropic filters, so malware in itself confounded saw division chased out of the theme park. And was reinvested.

Summary pretransmission transimpression: possible future science of flyback using earlier volunteer lookalikes consolidating central piety ('we are all homo sacer') while we reclaim the miniature Golf Course & cast backlight over Einland from first drawn flame to last anvil chorus (ballerinas of the future to be directed immediately to special clinic at the depot).

WAVELET

impunity that never stole
momentum, operating
wellhead oilcat prizes,
flushing cinder quills from the tip

THE VERTICAL SHORE

An accident disfigures three men at your
workplace, your tankers spill millions –
when the fur trade calls that inevitable,
when you phone Max and Max doesn't answer, is that
fair, to poison a river, the rap for some failed
sendoff ? The world is run by the men who slow down,
who take up the belly of sleep so we poltergeist
think to beat time, perceptions are just more
resources, what can you do, as air chills off a
precipice, surrogate news?

From the ashes of British Columbia to the walls
of the Philip Morris company, the William Morris
company, father of rock and soul and the millions
who never die, hating the thieves who torture our
pastures for treasure, your revenge is stuccoed in
traces of posture. As in the high-style deuce of
bitterness, the air all around, who could blame you
if I stood down now, keep critical
this faded intermask? How could I think that logic
logic amends, symbol and management
elsewhere, crisis of smaller hours loosed to a cable's edge?

Old forge in the critical twilight, you
are my myth, my underhand flayed in the
palm-open style. Only vulgarity's porno-
graphic, compatible stripes in the
forests of Wardour Street. Chilled by the air,
whose face is the rout of empire, flower of
shame, power down in leaden error?

Only yours to be speaking is mine to allay,
I am Orphick by process, stiffed in parapraise,
luck running out fire with fire. I am turning my
back on something. Once I lived through a fire
you foreswore, call it life I am turning
to, double or nil. Or if poetry christens the void
it entails, which of these patient invalids
does to deserve?

Professional humans smile at the choice:
a new game of fire silencing thought,
as all thought is thought of the precipice,
the price you bear, the spill you contain,
as crisis to power is the power outside,
the oceans awake, Robert Morris, with oil!
Price for the management's right to be management
power to the children who never fade,
custom of darkness the world comes after,
power to the one we mourn, the one we repay.

SWALLOW

fuit et ante Saturni ædem urbis anno CCLX sublata sacro a Vestalibus facta, cum Silvani simulacrum subverteret

“We can nest clauses as deeply as we like, eg, constructing a tribal designator which means ‘the thing which loves the thing which is biting the thing that is being burned by the thing which is married to the chief’. That sounds un-English, but only for superficial reasons.” (Jonathan Bennett)

Suppose we boil him? *How can there be an apple without e'er a core? How is there dwelling without e'er a door?*
since one winter haven by the Lea some retarded glass slope stuffed with mimic surrogates for
news or active bloodlines at outset folding two not A-like three anon divided

bound to fiat by some ragged divinity overlording each return to earth's adjacent dole since outrun so
since the siege long strayed-to asters resting not to fasten reasons for deciding, stepping down in time,
but when all duos think to lose their coupled ties by areas of clearance verticals

appear, you know, pink cups, cracked vending ducts. Even the agents of law left their finer
dust so masking tape coiled off in spools, then thought they were embedded in some
vernal shell, some protoforma huddle curled against the grating not to stir

their sleeping forms, some carry-on the crows fly when sedated. And soon in tilted folding arcs the
sun swung inverse at the axial budwing bright and dark to probe the lattice-modes, and as the friends in
floating partnership made first their millions next made paperships until quite early, next,

the river fogged and bending past the mooring dusk uptime or in reversal flowed out
bridging empire loaves of sugar, wharf and Greenock lime too filed, spined or cracked, or at the loosest
end stapled through with leaf and hinterworld, stained with sleepy tabs, the riverworld of glass

until a marble rolling whorling archly on the pavement gleamed by tracing overheads
the corvids pipping flaws to settled oil in dealership from platforms where **(rigs blocked in)**
refining floodlamps dying first next shone away to draw the bayrigs and supply, in hearing

claim receivership, engulfing, at last, them. That's what they didn't dream about: no central hap or
microclimate of crisis needs a lar to wreak protracted mains-exchange and vengeful as to
appetite, stereo chemistry or otherwise engaged –

not everyday, anyway. But since for now there is no land yet since they make no will or sign they
are not finished creatures, no thing to make the living being incomplete
or edgewise bleed from. Otherwise like nocturne points inleaved for company some waveband

representing rains approaching calm the pale crowds varnish, noise beteeming carboys and the ordered
shackles of the way. A(1) then B insists that shifting double binds some knots
will wrestle argots more than daily used since flows (the mind and wheel of song) were pure

intrusion for no vector sings of chance but will, sufficing wounded surrogates, evil being
radial not absolute, indifference to available light. With panic then they
crack the living end but cannot hear two flight-calls as paragrams of transharmony

or legions amplified by disarray in forging onward flight to convolution shapes
for lining with the airspace drives imperative. And where was contrary, there antinomy
was desert, mundane shell and watchless where the lark began, avenging angel, *Silex* –

Udan-Adan – skeins of calf-chilled moon, albedo, loess, rendzina. Still unquiet the tannery dock
and wounded emperies that would not fill or violate now that work alone will do
no longer or will not be enough and meanwhile all who want will not mean to want

or mean the lottery, that arch in reason so supplete of deep utility, veins of cadmium silver,
chestnut spangles, breccia giallo, cipollino, serpentine: just so as when you say that bright was final, some
rival back (plus one protected from all likeness) returning to the shell then: –

- A mother butters bread for her son,
- The Dutch flood land in defence against the French

Frame of earth this late commotion, the clouds herostratus: see the test-glare,
rivers becoming roads, branches of oil that touchdown low in eastern rain where once the little naked
expert framed bilabial darkness by the sound of bell, pine and saltfog census-tracts melding

glasswork of your blindest stare beyond the matchless viduity of tar and filth to ravel back the sleeve
the next three seconds string, then threads at 4⁻² dead set for cancelled shorelines,
empty looks at the first bounce of desert wood and oily rags

*and the river folds, cut to a thousand flowers, the inner wheel of metaphor. All criticism ends like this (enclosed within
parenthesis) in brine-bright lutrience along the stream diffract in human ink: strong in connection, weak in overflow
while provocation takes its time through vapours of our barest density*

*and the mind on wheels of amber not free to match the starry floor (let us go now with the clay) of rested incompleton
might now so variably play in headlights of some mega-chaconne by Greenock or Mile End that ending up
dog-rough under the boarding light in Premium Class with a spilled bag of fruit on the seat beside you gulping gin*

*might seem like embarkation, strategy, or any shell less dense than ropes of sand or (since the flight
is timely), surcharge, revetment, heat flow in a rough medium, spectral filtering, dynamics of the human shear-film
backsucked in a drophead albino wavefront.....really, the thing about arcs is how you pitch them*

What time then Dolge, what season lights the barricade, or by a shop retailing paintbrushes, glue
and binders burns the odyssey of compounds in levation of spring sedges, invert-glimmer, as I
went out one morning, *hazchem?* First born boiled then broken down to a *kern* of caesarean salad,

until some kind of anerobic gel gets galvanised by frost gets thinking set by coal measures from the
rocky spheres of slow-zones greening forest marble dockyards under Al Qahira, Ares, Augakuh,
Bahram, Haramkhis, Hrad, Huo Hsing: what is your substance, whereof are you made, that millions of

– all that. You know. What, me? Just asking mate. You mad? Wivver dog like that? You must be.....
Hold on: the earth hath roots, the earth hath bubbles as the water has, the oaks bear masts, the worstest
beast tears lipids from the shell across the palins of scorched fog,

thinner than thin air. Terazzoes form then, kilts of frost percarbons float by beechwood fibres to the
overworld our permanence conserves, for there must yet be boredom not quite plain no vast
awakening will you sleep for, hinterheart on sun dayseye since no dry land yet, hugging earth

as ink stains flare the wrist down blowing tains, like the people whose object is long, like the portal whose shadow is: wrong . And there will be advancement , yet winter makes no haste to end, is flat-green in the first plain form, some strange fold in the commonplace

I lost my way there, scrying pitfalls from the figures, O, O₁, O₂, O₃.....and L₃, L₄ also, the perpetuum mobile of back lanes, my visor set to midnight on the straw gold freshets barking up the creek by emperies of social civil twilight.

And bowed alone in learned helplessness all now queue for runtime subdivision where the lopsided drift time was, for life means life sub-divided, blind to the often green or while the dark keys note the season, we ally. Faintly then a child will stare

to watch the power and fate of roads to carry back the touch from injury, for A was A when sharp frost (B, then B1) was lying hurt, or lying from some motive measureless since a lie that has no need of thinkers must be world-effective, perfect-symmetry. But when, where was song before the

singer flicked the presets, crowlined bin, the Ur-plan civic prelude? Not ending with the air turned up as shrieks of vivid colour crowding rather, corbelled back, unleashing opposites that baked your upper gums to ziggurats while you were feigning lateness

and other white products, the living end of clay from floating shallows with trip-flares lit like fiery tits on a smoking corse..... The Negative is the radiance of collateral. One in 12 British workers is a cleaner. Swing low, Eukaryotes.

Not even close like a yawn sucked back pre-empathically neutering all target drift, support, supply. More pain. Standing with the water runoff, turbohydrate, *agus éisteann leis an bhfuaim ag dul i laghad agus ag titim siar isteach sa tost.....* Mysterious barricades, shadow flux of armed recall

parting company (two's an autopsy) (whatever the origin has to say about it): you will invent me now, it's time thou pretty, because little, little pretty because promised, how little sped thou angelin, how little sparked this straw of what you do not choose

to live. Yours to love, out last before the last ear in the ash-green sings that terracotta army, every outward turn to go in each day earward by an outcrop near that pipping triplet, D – G – E – aglutination. There buildings end, rest on wheel all night along

the highway roars definitive, the wail of spring. Oil them, let clamp the door behind you shooting leaves and tendrils round the factory bend, the tar buds, strangers again in the cycle of fifths, then typical spectra of educated speech resume:

Oy! Resume the Dreamcar forwardly reversing by the porchway of *Varuna Binders and Stationery, Import Export* Stepney, 4 am whose signage worn off warning waining walleyed new reg. Banged-up Fiat Lux and Elgin BMW freshly nicked with occupants +spray cans in the deep depravity of the wood:

Opus..... U NCLE "HOR Lorraine Ipsum
ILL .ego.® dam.
Carmen Silvis is a cunT
... avid COLON... ..

quantum rheingeld, idealised parking by this hand of yours and in the mobile block the carphone barking:
Guv'nor in, is he? Tell 'im I want a word. We're coming o-v-a-a-b...Yus.. To your H-o-u-s -E. The house that Jack
Built, the usual oubliettes of bright sound, the cardboard mansion of *Sticky & Son.*

Cheers! we went down with the clothing hard, she falls blackly into the trifle then onto the piano then
sends up a supply graft grabbing wires become smoke again. Small installations: some party!
smashing Chinese plates with the Mariana pattern sprigs that curl up edges bearing herons over

Moon River past the Juan de Fuca ridge as far as Carlsberg so a *scheme that tilts the finance of a bridge or tunnel*
stars/ a china factory firing up the willow pattern forge glows like stars/
even the traveller on the bridge, the nemesis par excellence who thanks his lucky stars

'*Anyone here seen Kelly?*' Who bursting into tears replies 'Shall we rest now, forever, little *irrlight?*'
Doll: *dolge*, what are you saying? You gonna make me? What an
epic! So as the plates crack, rocks pile on, day to day suck fingers of bare frost this

mundane egg this May a feathered truce of value in the temp of
no-curve signs on slip-slip cadmium ions round freetholes in the sima we are there to
frame, succession as to plate the speeding lithosphere by slab-pull forcing

off the key, our mantle of suspension shifting gabbro into loess the amber market, what is called
radical (were there just one note so clean, a single smoking minute, half the world
as good as being eventual, souvenir or scuffed to vote, the other smacking curls)

or fires so spent that doubled thought is yours but life is not all beams – 4 little taps you're
hæmotoxic. Think of *like* then, time of coming going crowlined rigging out from braids of steam and
layered silverpoint, less the barren treasures of the sandbar shearing forces on the boundary,

sparkling film become elastic first to principles, then from foundry gates white setules fleck from excised
bedrock permapools, to lend the land a faceless shudder. *Phabi claro nondum orto jubare* in the grate
of embers wills a terpene hatch undering the grassline, less poor Yorick

– we shall build him later, polishing his blind stare twice, zipping snowballs down the matchless tiles
as we reweld the rebel waters, inside tracking to the capital
down on slipping wheels admitting error propagation, OK: maybe this thing wants building

to remusik Knotwood's bright green fingers antistacking chalk and fatty syrup
is to prevocate when activation-values bounding real numbers stem. Then, hit me
with the windows down, look in that fire, show me hands, scorch this runway here outside Varuna,

scatter evidence to men in whitelight of the arc now speaking on their knees and copy timeslips
aping the entails between creation x evolution. Earshot,
where the bee sucks evidencing silent flight and parklife programmes

impossible like us. Impotence the mode of power. Cassation tinctures at the heartwood reassembling dust
to forest elder, alder buckthorn, hemp agrimony, back to nearlife, nearlife: There: through oak fringe
separations something blows, varnishing your lips, we burn

yet make no will the steady crowd still timed by numbered shells stopped breathing, personnel. We know
by time their limit to decay in seconds, soon this giant dwarf, this nothing-spark
(why so, because unloving?) will soon have faces stencilled on will

soon have numbers till then shall have that when and even shoot out rays of sundial blue
as swords which speak of nothing more identical than neighbourhoods which
those who labour know to clean, exfoliate or clear on 34, 47, 118, 276 for 340 pence an hour, in light of

which your needs are simple, blushing, wave on, madness discourse sets up O with Tuscan
columns: wave on, expansion, membrane, dust, or if there were authority where
reason could revolt assume, hitchhiking in the saliva of an insect

till bi-fold snaps on jump flux residua along a spillway of star-marked second chances
in the shape of his face, he who was the first-born coming seconds later now will both arrive and shall
unweave as they arrive, A, B, 3, the living braille to toy incorporation, listing to depart

and sawing branches in the wold with caustic fingers, bend the distaff planet whacked to sieze till time
itself draws off the Stealer of Hawks, the Chinese Pavilion, The Yob Nabob Hills, the Templar Monk,
the Vinery Dock, the Valley Forge, the South Sandwich Trenchfight, the Zoo Café Wavelength.....

abibliatic earthly things extended down from darkling frameworks merge then get in/ get in/ We know
you call but others with a local joyful slant that carry air from subsurveillance letting wheatears
shine with pink life governed while a wrecking scrawl on tilth rewords the changeling always,

only, ever rising now to speak or peck at knots then swallow and spit out what comes after he is gone
pipped and posted when and how and all you do to be primordial, everything you hear to be impermanent,
wake till dearth assume the iron supplanting cellulous spires

incorporation of the present ground, its sinterhood no language knows
which is the animal miracle flightless cinema, implicit prosopoeia framing
a will or no will, all this writ for your lips timed by

the marching forest lore until geology loses it: until the open shells of air that
chimney sweepers till stray asters scorch sillicious earth until that last
blind creature stepping off to daylight

THE SONS OF TINY TIM

The word comes out, the food stays down and
five hours, eight hours late the
last cool rays from the thinking-fields set
down their lamps by order of the night.
Night! As I watch the resin-clouds deflate
throughout this final shift here in the well-tempered
vindaloo centre, I know a vocal friend will wave
*'Remember me, I get all this from you,
a year of grace the empire at your feet, hanging
legless from a femoral ladder or
screwing the thirty-nine steps back to the wall...'*

Excellent fates! Equivocal tempi
dumb as promises! Since all who work here
work the time of oil, and what is
lost in collision is the dream of failing,
the dream of one more broken *chakra* as we
change this strange refinery for air,
strange figures, strange pits of fashion –
thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest
these motley workings run with the heavens
to a fated numbness learned on a wing and a
prayer, like a farce timed by the right excess –
out of the plane door, endlessly shocking
– and the house and the car and the scarcity
and everything that shoots to live, these
final promises we will not remember:
by order of the night-flight-time's remission,
faint as deliverance miles from home,
borne in the air or swift as the dark flying over.

