

S^TR *E* S^SP
O_SI *T* I_ON

by

K S O S T E L N

E T N U H R A D

In memoriam Deborah Katz

STRESS POSITION I : THE QUESTION

“Obedience doth not well in parts”

This is the honest account of the passion of Ali whoever, read it deep in the words, general VAMPIRE, fashioning from this trance in mental colours an idiot stilt to trip on, taking the time that the carousel in this rhyme-sound claims is yours, mindful always of imperative limits and where they lie, general JURISPRUDENT, the limits to meaning and power, and as the innumerable stresses rise in a pyramid of lyric ash and flame, keep your eyes out.



This is the justification, inflexibly worded, of the screen test of Lucas Manyane Fritzl, leaping on strings up the escalator but going backwards, his crutches in knots, hallucinating modernity Joey you say jump or better scream it but a swivel is all he'll manage before he looks you straight in the face, general ECHO GAS HEDGE TRIMMER, and calmly retorts, with lips dripping in floating rate notes and perpetuities, *The void is grounded in the free.*



But what does he mean? This is where you come in, general ICE-BELT your left ear flat to the right wall and your right to the left, and *what you are* doing is, you're squashing the mouth of the prompter, making him promise that, if you let it reopen, it won't jump into the orderly queue of one that you are and ask your question for you: if the so-called void is grounded as Ali says in the free, then who owns the grinder, and who are the traders who ration its daily grind, *are they me?*



This is the movable end of the poem, what it allows you to do is stop right now, whenever you've had enough, you just return to this stanza and hit *think this*, a sort of art-fix panic button and the outlying mental travail will expire and lift, the cryptic plot against the earlobe become blatant, the frigid ordnance recant in the sky in general and NAME 8 split up retool CIPHER 3 just fuck and run *what* BOX-SPRING 5 *t* get out BLANK 1 this is the game on



Right of the stems, exalted to the unclassified backfill, scantily held
in tight by later eliminated fingers, the GUTS 6 static
not slopping out on the new mosaic, shines on the mind and heart
of the open Al-Rashid, *you will pay?* And fill the waters
brushing the eponychium with futures and remains,
parting their leg? Right of the T-Wall fondling the squandered animal
peristyle, will FRONT 8 get that feeling chewy feeling?



Our allegory sets in where political will undeletes its remainder
and thinks outside the border, votes with its feet to recycle the emerald
pedalo slang, socialized medicine the complete evil box set
down these words in bitten, broken ash, there slides a *rumour*.

The *rumour* is clinched to a *mirror*, over the *mirror* defined for eyes
by forgeries of SEX 6 rise up shining in bathypelagic
Sorb-it CONE FACE 4 and its stunted double to crack at reflection.



Shit your pants. LEG 8 flung at the hadji depressor alleges
beams strike the superior oblique, pointed in by the domestic
help scheming on blinding FRONT 1. The apocryphal teeth for TEETH
3 fitment salvage by the moral dicot an icy *yes* yes to
10 is how far? And what in the end is acceptable to Taha Bidaywi
Hamed as a biometric ID pun? Redistributing the skin of the
vaguer animals only to dye some underside disgust black?



Whatever you say? What will the lung at LUNG 6 flatten into
incendiary powder and cloud if by the sympathomimetic adverb
ok LUNG 4 is upgraded to a trip hammer? And at the corner
whose cloud it is what if your platoon has cancer? The deeper issues
stickproof and subterogenic, brush up void. Ashes torn like a cheek
in a balloon dog that, if you rub it on wool, you can cuff to the radiator
colloid? Up in the air the stately animal rights of colour



Sloppily bleed into whites in the wash of cloud, under their payload
or in your dreams the justice polymorphously introverted
by bad money and fattening skeletons is an embarrassing setback,
but *cannot* be irreversible, except at the ransom of every heart
pledged in the bidding war for LIPID 6: *Universalism*, or,
Why I Left CONE NUTS 7 Alone in Custody of the Circular
Saw and Demanded Nothing but its Nano Batteries for Alimony



For Morons, or, *How to get Expat Cimmerian Swingers to Fling*
Caution to the Desk Fan and Sing the Instructions to Put its Plug in, or,
Time on the One Hand, Blood on the Other: Backrubs for Ventriloquists
with Pretensions to Preternatural Thromboembolism. When I go
whistling after you, swinging your collar, GUTS 2 interfused
with counterfeit CONE LUNG 8, is it *always* because the way
back in from SEX 2 fucked dead is an impossible uphill slog?



The edge of our middle distance adjusts to glimmer in ethanol,
I, conscientiously synthetic like an alpha hermaphrodite's PVC
bath water, strip to my gated pelvis, screaming a rhyme for HEAD
2 I shine HEAD 5 I from HEAD 8 I emptied of valuables
bracket psychosis, egging reality on to abandon the dead
you bin like rhetoric, tossing the face of it into a horseshit smoothie
to gargle about a Listerine drinking game of long renown.



The pessimists and the terrified watch them drown. This is the honest
account of a glottal catharsis dipped in ringtones and croton oil,
Ali whoever's total windpipe asset management wipeout.
Love in draft, circles in profile, what they allow you to do
without is the concrete innards ratcheted up in incurable flames,
instead you get by on epigastric larceny and second-guessing nothings.
The name for that is *retail therapy*, cruising for a bruxism.



CONE FACE 5, square to the death. The Outback IED
birthday lock-in editor comes free with the supraorbital
lyric lock-in editor, thundering words at the river of blood?
What if that candidate is wrongheaded? And GUTS 4 bent up prone
on the mattress of balloon animals looks askance, expecting too much
time off the riveted back and sides? To know ourselves diseased
is half our cure but less than half their least, worried phantom?



What's that arc in the spine? FRONT 8 shutdown, missing liver
function normal, drink your teeth, on for the savage reliving
as *at what* price, *what* fixing. On the meniscus of the sweat
curve on LIPID 1 that bankrolls *what*, in the plating bath
4 you into that? SEX 4 its thing? The precision No Vac blasts
the loophole you're tied into out the wedding, playing possum with
the babies under FACE 8, not with the vampire bats.



Right of the empty tree, biting into the screaming person
reconstructed out of boot polish and Actimel pots, fired at
lipid LIPID 9 *what* variable stem length? The wet katyusha you
dry up with bloodshot in the decanted steam, the hooded on switch
in the whisper? Who will slice the sky in two and run down
the batteries in the innocent breaded soil, looking to try
pre-inducing the millennial debit crunch, renditioned awake?



The year sets in, as the anime scions of Guru "Ali" Gorakhnath and
the Fijians fold into a Tetra Pak for the high acid liquidity,
like acid on acid you stomp the Pak flat and abruptly, unilateral
metaphor grips like a sole on to LEG 6. Ash kissing delisted
FACE 3 holographics shining, *into the park* where
the quiet animals are under the stairs, moving their quiet lips
in sync with the quiet screaming dots on the glass, but not later



So frigid whenever you tenderly embed them. Under the shower
head of hot flesh in the market is the dust, mockery *fort et dure*,
but TEETH 5 patting its forgeries rips open the scar built in,
uneasy donor? Careful not to see desires in this,
dusty teeth and washy tyres, the hours, the hot specifics,
the hand over Paul. Redistributing the intelligence of the sky
as you sing and of the winds as they interrogate the thinning



CONE LUNG 3 flattening *yes* black in connotated
pyrimidine who dances, beneath the ironic M2T training,
and what is *accepting it* for? In the bathypelagic food-grade
melanoma that sounds like the emerald sound is stripped, that erotic
fly zone GUTS 3 becomes meta-erotic as you hear sound
stripped, flung at the levator, reversed in a panic of interest
in static to replace sound, which is often lying and wrong?



I walked inside that room and saw the night shear forward
flung at my back I knew you sitting there the ground up
shadow caught like tinder about my neck the watered people
grew into the flickering heel I threw around the sky
and music strained a beautiful agony out of my ordinary
steps to be at your side who sitting there I never knew
was you until your head turned and your breathlessness lit me



Symmetry in us sped then whose hologram was shook to
live at impossible cost whose ceiling fell like shredded ice
through plywood on to live and bleed in one distressfulness
bound into one flesh your unspeakable loveliness that dry
air floods into only to rush back out as the catastrophic
music continues to fly and acrobatic skeletons wrung from every
motionless body in that room flash into my missing eyes.



Right of the crater's tip, scuffing its eyelids on that eyelid
of uranium and its pollockesque old warthog, making the dinner
renditioned to pulp at TEETH 7 bury its arrogant calories
in darkness walled in by GUT, who is this person making faces
at the faces of Jeremy Greenstock really for? And besides
what? Up the milk creek of Zimbabwean irrigation
banking the blood and settling the balance, who is the steering star?



The miraculous bar sets in, floating in time behind the trailer
like rafters behind their ceiling of coiled glass, FRONT ? FRONT ?
6? 6? anything that can be rationalised blur into the straw
this open? LIPID 9 an icon of defeat? In
SEX 8 creased by the grip of 4 hot and cold hot
and old the regenerate mascot, noticing landmines in his pee
runs from the vaguer animals only. In static to massacre out



Wash your mouth, the rustle of sweetened Diyala inflected by affix
FACE 2, affix CONE GUTS 6, the life you rifle down
battering the slash of blood in procrustean sewage, never bespoke
free karaoke? The revolving door that leads to the emerald
has seven doors and seven plates of glass, the man who pushes
it round, who pushes the push bars, who pushes the meaning onward
himself is the spicy diglyceride, pre-cum for oil and water



Or *all me* the blind hog screams at unlistening bacon, LUNG
2 *what* the myrtle wreathes suicide LEG 8 price love
out of the market, listening to *Bat out of Hell 1, 2 and 3?*
CONE GUTS 6: *Bat out of Hell 1*, the original;
CONE HEAD 3: *Bat out of Hell 2*, the atavistic;
blowing FRONT 4 with a reheated sob full of ash and ice trays that
deluging Sorb-it, LIPID 9: *Bat out of Hell 3?*



Barebacking Bats in Baghdad: Out of the Frying Pan, Into the Meat

I came in to decapitate your back. The rented piranhas
grin immune, the *cochon de lait* is dumped in a gated stroller
only picturesquely, zero satire, gonzo apophasis,
bluntly just boiling milk TEETH 3? Soft in the head
unhearing praline voices, switched at the order of play from RP
helmet to PR beret, as the erotic rotisserie floods?



We went to this McDonald's where the theme was dialectic,
food with no way to buy it, counters with nothing to eat.

Al-Mansur took us there, shading his fringe from the radiation
of profit alive in the eyes of Ali whoever who served our mayo.

The secret of dialectic, he said, is song, the whole rendition
of the voice, the modulation of the pulse and the swell
in the jaw, the indefinable concinnity of the rondel.



At that we noticed the restaurant floor was spinning, and we who
tread its dust were spinning too, though not in our usual minds
or on our own commission, so that we seemed to be standing still
like jilted dates at the disco in the now open Al-Rashid, scouring
for love like maggots for sin. Al-Mansur turned, clutched at my wrist
and fixed my eyes in his, uttering then what must have sounded
in my brain like the following words, for these are what I remember:



To comprehend the motion of this place, the great leaps forward
of the counters with nothing to eat, the unpayable ransom of the happy
meal you want, the flutes of Mavala Stop, the *Res Mancipi*
porn foil, you must search out what's unstated in its blur,
crozade it to its truthfulmost asylum, to its shrine to what
the idiots who serve here think is power, but what you and I
know is not power but justice—hasten away and discover this place.



My comrades looked at me, their faces both inquisitive and blank, then gaped at the spinning chequered floor, then elected to gape again at Al-Mansur, but that *hadjiavatis* went up in a dervish of cloud and vanished like everything but the fillings in his teeth.

A monomagical aroma swelled the air, half of burning and half of letting burn, inspiring credit in the nostrils but draining it from the hearts and minds in the buns at the missing counter.



You know what you have to do, said the comrade with lips, and I did, but the leg to the right of my left leg revolted, my left leg determined to jump and flung itself off from my hip, landing in ketchup and straws by the bathroom. We took this for what the forthcoming Hudson intern declared was a sign, in gratitude attaching our feedbags and their receipts to her CV as trimmings. Pulling myself together, except for the leg, I cast a long and wistful grimace at my companions, and started my hop to the justice shrine.



Weeks passed thus, as the counter help and security stood gaping with shut mouths, preserving their precious saliva from alien looters, implicitly cheering my hop across the fourth wall underneath us, the black and white dilemma that is the spinning restaurant floor.

In the distance I heard my fed-up comrades resort to eating each other, but having begun by eating their mouths, they quickly threw up their hands. Still on my long and solitary path I knew my way.



Unchecked by any checkpoint, not nearly yet exhausted, blood slopping from my cratered hip in cursive wet balloons on to the floor where a twist of guts spat by some patron made a kind of mattress for life, I reached at last the terminus where all those lines ago my leg had flung itself as I gambled on the progress incanted by Al-Mansur before he abdicated. Where had I come back to, whose were these fingers that suddenly sprung from the end of my arm



Toward the door, pointing and playing their blinding scales in the air,
whose leg was this that got me to that question, standing still for
a milk prop to its bracket of shitty hip, not disputing its debt
to the one gone, folded now at the knee in a levy of ketchup and straws?

Mine and mine alone, I said aloud, not at that moment
contriving to be heard by the black staff, nor caring at last if I were.

My laughter died away and the room was dark, and I reached for the door.



A child inside that toilet, my mother waiting outside, my sister
with her there, I gaped from my spasming face at the graffiti
penis surrounded by frantic and tender confession, of neurosis
or just desire, your fantasies knifed in the shut door, all misspelt
I knew even then, stories of *virtù* Ali the cubicle frescoist
when suddenly skinheads walk in and kick down the door, drag my hair out
make me shit in my pants, gang rape me, chop my throat up



With their cocks, one then another, making tender excuses over
my head about me, racked in their denim and boots, in their sick white skin
solecistic in the summer urine and the white breast stretched
in a warm list over the T-wall of the toilet, mad albino plait
push into me I love you they fill my guts change my flavour
and if I walk outside she will take me by the hand and I will continue
with her to the town centre and shopping passionately erect and tiny



This toilet's a spinoff Argenteuil of the Tigris thunders Leroy
Louis fuck this wallpaper get back to the *hadjiavatis* no but
they must finish me. Suddenly they walk and kick on the door,
my hair rips me out, there is the rape then whose pillory is this
face FACE 3 for one and my open back their cocks are invisible
love them you finger the lock on the door and smile. I alone will
forever dream the loss of you, analgesic murderers.



Your in any case always indistinguishable faces now melt into one.
I am the tiny one and I know whose face it is but I will not say.

I stare from my infantile not bloodshot eyes at the penis cut into
the door demanding it give me intensity to live forever with,
rip at my newborn hair and set my fizzy face screaming.
In truth not life this looking is slow and infinitely gentle,
or if finitely, then altogether and with nowhere else to go.



Is human death dangerous? *We*, said the comrade pretentiously
allergic to torture, scratching his tattoo of nappy rash, may as well finish
the conceptualistic shouting match set up in the early stanzas,
if comrade Lips will lay that roll call on us, our salvation
prospectus in verse, as we wait for the legless chronicler to bargain
away the more stubborn impediments to his door. General vampires
on the make will make allowance for obfuscation politically meant.



Reconstruct them. FACE 3 symbol abutment with TEETH 4
symbol then CONE LUNG 8, that already is enough to fuck.
But add more. HEAD 6 to LIPID 7, everything kicked
up like a brat's fuss to FRONT 4, to follow the symbols
the other way round. You can do with that doormat anything you want to
that leaves no mark outside. GUTS warp into SEX, *what*
numbers you pick up is up to you, the caliph of instinct.



Reconstruct them. Baste FRONT 2 in shredded glass and eyeball,
shit LEG 8, shoving rip-off T-Walls up the class cracks
of the Council of Union, tucking up TEETH 6 into beds of GUTS
6 for an economical match. If spunk flies out the fire door
in darkest LUNG 5, kick that croupier FACE 3 at it,
you just punt it like a football, thinking of birth and ruined cocaine.
The pewter nipple plagues you like a boom mic, but milk it.



Reconstruct still more of this arcade. Whenever SEX 5
stabbed up CONE FACE 2 makes sanity cream out the mongol nozzle
of LIPID 3, spattering the faggot alsatian on LUNG 5,
grinding the logo for TEETH 9 in oil you must imbezzle
more painlessly the tedious gist of GUTS 4 and Co.,
then just chuck it out. Boot fetishists tangle with Ali all over
the upside down debt ceiling, squawk like pinball.



And after the reconstruction wraps up, then what? Black comedy
channel hopped to blanching antiphon, the subject in spite
of remedy lives to see its cone dysfunction rule the world
out of sight and cannot mind, paralyze Apollo on a sunbed,
its phlegmatic phenomenology makes mincemeat of skull holes,
blinkers of bliss. Nothing but pork and grits, the Pakistani
for Halliburton snaps at the third asking, sensing the eyes



Hog-tied in his Kuwaiti handler drill into his back
in panegyric to the moral of his subcontract. I put my hand
out to reach the door, thinking aloud, this is the way
in foretold by Al-Mansur, behind this door is the static
tornado, the sheer white to supersede the lying sound
we continue to file for, dying like lice in the petty aeolic scream
of the hair dryer thrashing in lava and vomit and boiled egg shampoo.



I pushed the door sideways. Nothing moved, where my working hand
had been was now a solitary lip. The surface of this
lip slid and greyed. I had a stomach pain, it was ok
smash the door open immediately. But what limb *was* that
paddling in the mustard and plastic spoons, whose smile was
ripped in Ali Tumnus, as with a clatter as of deep
fried oil against just added water he whispered, *Here is the world. Make it.*



Right of the opened door, by the Mr. Plato Head guillotine
Blu-Tacked to the major accounts desk in the restaurant canteen, hovering
high above the atmospheric dry ice from the justice shrine,
I saw a tiny wardrobe. Making as though to peel open its doors
I extended the lip on my arm. Little beads of sweat and icing
drifted from a dispenser on the wall into the basket
combatant I came in to recognise your back, you will do



what in my touch, castrated star, buffering indigestion
with longing, stoned most nights either to add or delete varnish
dead accurate, a half-curious child pulling my own legs off
and sailing them in sex and wine, sticking pins in a lung
to make the scream storm out, playing records over records
with a cube of tongue in slurs like a lapdance, live verse like a pedicured
foot on the neck you head alone, death is gold leaping



This end sets in, tallying up the shouted body parts
and the sections of narrative, the aborted story of the trial
run for a shaded career as an ORHA security detail,
the spinning floor, all the commentary on Meat Loaf, the love lyric
everything gone and done and all too late to pull out now,
but there to live and deal with, glowing in language unrelated
to the speech fuzz in your thin and vestal throat, and how?

STRESS POSITION II : THE WORKINGS

“Prodigious birth of love”

◆(1)

To the anagrammatic Diotima I am a bare intuition of Vietstock
so we split – on a skiv run down The Street *like a milky gutter*
of burnt silk singing 8000 BAHT the girl with the waggly tail
my eyes too. A billion negligible eggs in a rectangle pruned
to a triangle, pruned to a dot. Making the parts of a sky inside you
shift, think, and you too, reliving Svay Pak. Across the road
Tajik scag, *Satyr* alive on theft, metanarcissism.

◆

Make deep the bass note buried in this fabric, idiot echo,
the ring in my burning ears, iron hot. All in all will blur
nothing left into everything still to play for, listed under
the metonym of its maiden pseudonym, under the counter
in a sparkling spastic dance the real desires connive at a hole
to tempt in wandering feet. I go inside and shut the door,
unfold the hiding place, and, softly, begin to stare.

◆

The reward is self-sacrifice. Looking down into a woman
laid on her back I abruptly look into a hole bored into her foot.
The white foot is raised in the air awaiting intensity,
I can't understand how beautiful it is, my thin heart thrashes at
the limit it sets in stony flesh flooded by brilliancy
later unknown, *this is the real dot* I hear my final voice
repeat as the shrinkwrapped air collapses spinning into the floor.

◆

Now I want you to repeat that back to me in white noise
livid with static that comes in grey when put on the black market,
like truth faded into. I turn the hole in her foot into
a man called *DOT*, it is not a person yet but a multicoloured and
immaculate silhouette of whom it thrills me as I eat,
a chthonic donut, which, if you lick its sugar, tells the story
of my dot, of Black Beauty, of the gastro yacht, of poetry.

◆(2)

The real dot. The pond on the floor, the pond in the shade of the trees,
the stupid infant Actaeon barging into the airing cupboard. Voided
noise adrift resembles a human lowing, *under* the stairs, *in* the
new dream *over* the head, a briefing on lust for the living inviolate
5 or something, before the trunk and artillery proliferate and
go yellow in their inflexible burlesque of standard operating reflex,
pinscreen Corbièricules *vs.* the penis of the bulimic Pacman.

◆

Lines from the poem repeated until they obliterate what you mean
by singing them into the first place up from your lungs and virgin neck.
The last speck of SucraSEED glints on the vinyl, bold as grit in ice,
you watch it spin into a frontal impact with the cutting stylus. Nightmares
in expressionism, never inherent enough like a hysterectomy is
to its own prehistory blur into alien backchat, Ali, too far gone
to return from afar, the Chinese burn on lyric square one.

◆

The pond of clear water, the shadow laid down by the trees, the rushes
and water-lilies in sprays by the deep beginning or end. The gate
at the side by the fence, the dog, the creosote, the rain-logged pornography
yet a real beginning. In fact, you care for the dog, and you trust in
the white skin in that pornography with the indecipherable microscopic
dot in it like a pin hole to flood up the intensity to make love panic.
The white skin of the foot is in fact beautiful to you, feel your orgasm.

◆

The skin is in a boot on, what? In the story, or in the Chicago
of the Kogelo of Elysium, where the rotary door is archaic
hints and not morosely ergonomic. But isn't my hunger in
me real enough to transact away reality for a certainty,
the certainty that whatever I suffer is mine or whatever
can love me is absolutely and simply there? If it is,
Black Beauty, why should I fund my head through hell to make it realer?



Particularly when, she agreed, you can rip up the air, and pointed at it and in a dark flash blurred into a mannequin's intestines. Then she tied her hooves behind her croup and did it again, and again the same darkness, See, she said, and now watch this, and she fluttered up her hind legs into a safety knot, tightened it with her teeth and what did she do next but yet again void the predictable blurb of foam intestine, and the question is, general AIRFIX, do her contortions make it right?



The real dot. Somebody stood on a nail or on to the pillow over the nail I lay my sleeping head, untraceably loved.
So, the hiss in the airlock is just the muzak stimulus to echo; or, anyone could mistake amateurish screaming for amorous screaming, jerk; but NOT, I am watching them blur and frankly it turns me on like growing a new tooth, you have to finish me. You can all see the distinction, and seeing as all you do, why shouldn't you?



The amazing time you had. Forbearing to flinch, plastic iris, used to look into them, spotting their jump cuts and the alienation technical ellipsis instructively left gaping, all that garbage burger continuity editing, the boot scuffs left in the undressed midriiffs banked on the floor upholding the platter of moaning faces all boringly anonymous and congenitally just iconic, yet laid there living like a rat trap, deeply amazed, prompts for the shutter action.



I don't want to hear it. The monster rock epithalamion, *la verité flambée* cloaked in blue cheese, it's cancelled. Because just eating half the platter is enough to get the purée backflowing, anything you do on top of that is a deductible tribute to gluttony.
That means that the dots are all joined up in a skeleton already, and that skeleton is publically wanked off, into the open darkness, and the darkness spits its wet dust out on a sticky mirrorball.



But, *kein Glück ohne Fetischismus*. And, none of that
without the blur I sing. You don't have to give up anything
you can do nothing and just wait for it to disappear by itself.
The man who knows that better than anyone is the one who actually *did it*,
immortalised in these famous words: "the *hadjiavatis* who stands
for sacrifice whether he eats or is famished, for need whatever his need
aborted into or when you disappear, for passion in everything



Where you disappear." DONUT! *Love* this man! He *is not*
only the real me, he even socially climbs into one less
thing to worry about: the bogus ligament tucked up in
the tropic oven defrosted long ago, you just missed it.
But *fuck* that drawl? *Really?* He and I percolate down to the sea
and run out. Distinct from lust, even spared the press,
the loss leader left on the stand for hours and for days.



Warm on the cold earth inside her pressed up into the tilted
sky covered in mud with beloved fingers and my shoes on
I fucking in joy rock hard as tire rubber her so beautiful
croup now credibly fragile over the triangular cloud rack invented
for this love you will find a place crashing patio seas beneath
the window through they sit still watching anything was on that
night I lived there and then was the static flood in the flesh remote.



The Real *DOT*. Staked to the burning wall the liquid towel rack
on the surface of the head a fist on the liquid knee the one bending
bath to silence the door definitively locked in with me
points up at the octopus and screams LOOK AT THE FACE ON THAT!
laughing and the white air bulging like a lost hair in the liquid
stomach over the face and the infinite light I cross at the pierced
foot of the stair to live in here in hot ecstasy to see *DOT* in.



He's a cliché from recherché porn all gut and bifocals or
the octopus or the cripple studs and the other who drinks the boot
polish with manual laser arms who snaps and is tattooed
is the bath your foot pushes you must remember he is liquid
his love is not real he's *a uniform tango* he is the other one
called Pac his hearts are branchial his throat latch ersatz who never
sleeps on the outside or is there forever but just drops you.



Hakagawa, his back broken in headspins under the Graners,
reared to the sound of licking lips, born again yesterday into
the rear world moving toward the real word at the front
9000 BAHT no plosive Implication Inertials Inc.
the white plug in sink A-list Hakagawa's impersonated
but friendly monkey in prepaid pirouettes astride my *life*
seduced *DOT* back for a scavenger hunt on his yacht, the *General Stroop*.



We board and our mistress, a dark horse, screams: CCCC, N,
S, VVV – and like neophytes rapped on the nimbus we open
our recipes, Slow-Cooked Books, and to follow *Données Saignantes*
“That's *Raw Data*”, she nods, “Let's fucking eat.” But if I only know
despite life what my answer will already be, VC...
and if the risk [l'aléa], the uncertainty, the unstable
knot the tag on his sandy trigger finger with your tooth floss.



You put a ring of saliva on the rim of it. The tag indicates
nothing despite whatever intelligence see it point at,
nothing but shorthand by the poltergeist with the ventriloquist outriders
the calligraphy of lovesick liposuctors; so that Diotima
is right: the countertenor must be *VNC forever*
and for more money, that it be less marginalized, and harder
to swallow at first blush, and thus more likely to do its justice.



But Paco blanched. *What the fuck is the point of this fucking blender,*
he began, with a nod to Ali, *if we're going to split every last*
worthless hair like that, and, distinctions pimp you faggots
and you don't even beg for a bit of the low returns, just lap up
the spotless linoleum, petitioning for any old milk spillage
Who's Brenda? said Hakagawa *with your tongues up the moral hole*
so far you mistake the shit you take for your fake-tan stick-out necks.



Ph. A little meat best fits a little bellie. *Ch.* Lebendige machen
alle den Fehler. *Ph.* Life is a sort of symptom of seafloor drift,
sciatica butting in on the orgying supertweeters. *Ch.* L'éveil
blanc des phosphores chanteurs. *Ph.* Slip off your cashmere eyelids, hear
white Beauty sighing. *Ch.* Tôi làm con búp-bê nh_y/hát.
Ph. drift, Narodnost barging *Ch.* „*Ph.* The yacht”
P/Ch. Literature's going home in a fucking ambulance *think this*



The yacht jerked, jumped by the currents, naked vessel tied
to the chair of the broken waters, and in symbols disguised as tilts
forth and back, became oracular. VVVV
CCC her dancing hull screamed up at the staggering stars,
getting the quantities wrong, indiscriminately stressing *everything,*
and right: right because, first, wrong is not an option,
and last, because the convention of wrong sucks quaint ass.



It seemed we must cancel the annunciation and disagree to agree,
so DOT was advised to shut his legs briefly. That done,
Ali, remembering his cousin *l'aléa,* wondered aloud if the way
out of our yacht might not be under our nose. But Paxo, on parole
for another six months, he raped a lot of reconstituted cornfed chickens,
put paid to that *escapist's gimmick,* he called it, gesturing incredulously
at the lips on the end of the dead line and gasping, *What, through THAT?*



Satyr alive on theft, a drip of it. I will have your job
dot, before I'm finished I'm unfinished I will eat the shop
up to its entelechies in backorders, drink the rivers
sluice for their poison, tear out trees and walls with my blinking
hearts with my beating, tailed by all the shadows in the wind
that ring us, I'll bite the sky into you dot like true teeth into
my back and break apart undoing your fixation in nothing.



Hakagawa grimaced in sympathy. *I only wanted*, he said,
but the sentence trailed off in the water, making the stars blink on it.
In silence we filed back to the waiting marina. I alighted
first as a twelve year old, then as a teenager, scrambling up and down
the foldaway ladder, stood apart on the musical landing stage,
high on my extant leg. What of the strange world that teems
— where brooding Hypnos reigns — with dry dreams? I said



To the dark, unlistening water hung up in tufts in the sky,
pathic orange, and was not answered, and the rain began to fall
like rain, an ultramontane *cadentia basizans* ascending
down to the ear from the cheek upside Xiao Pac, stood on his head,
and up to it on Capo Dot, off his. But this new wet
itself would do, an answer is only so far, and as it fell down on
the car of our dreams that whisked us away, we vowed: VCS.



Such nothings are often sweetest when left unsavoured, admirably.
“And the stable and unstable are in sodality one condominium”
Emathian Black Beautician thought to herself, pressing together
her trembling bottom lip and the stiffening top, and thought of herself,
“for the sun shall drive with black horses, life not matter
is my makeup”, the corpses spit curry and swallow their *eleësons*
in covers of Ali, “and parody of that is mere consumer insurgency.”



She is right. I heard the sound. I wanted an epigraph and again I
settled on this from Pope, *A Soul hung up*, my eyelashes filtering the
hot chicken fat over the outstretched chicken hole whose optional
lips flinch like shattered marble in an exact circle on my chest,
this incredible hole, I tear the chickens out through it, defying
life with my world, these chickens will be my only milk and filter
I replied. I wasn't absorbed in the wall, just failing under it.



It was a situationist pastoral. I tried to buy her off with the
pliers and oil but she declined, soiled pearl, attempted to frame
the hot chicken bastard, blaming the dot on the hole it tore out
through which is my hole and if anyone knows it's hot I do
because it's the only orgasm I've got. But setting aside our odds
of surviving the decapitation and prosperity Black Phosphorus
and I linked hoof in leg ran away to the Al-Rashid to score.



On the bill, headlining, UTN1, supported by The Fleshettes.
Lucas Manyane Fritzl was king of the floor. I of the bar.
The cold earth under it made just a tremor, my two fingers in
Xiao Pak, his ears in outer space, and space inside the void
in the free, and everyone singing, anyone dancing, inside me
you live forever still, *Keston Katastrophe* white from the summons
to live still forever, only you can, but you will.



_____ with a carrot for my mother.
The time you ate the ashtray in Madrid. Primary care trust
profit prolapse alias *NHS wherever*, and for more
money the wet ash what did it taste of, Westropp's cream on ice?
9500. We're off the boat, but things are bad on the ground.
But whose complacency *is* that, stomaching *what* life for a living
shoehorn you dig stupidly into water with, drowning



Slow as a windscreen wiper drowns the air at the local Esso
carwash *est percipi* retorted Dot and the parts of a sky
storm the *Bitter Pill*, trashing all kinds of expensive shit
stowed up in its broken middle, the split-level ski-slope,
the scored-in diameter of the fingerlickin phendimetrazine,
as love will do, or a flat will, if you let it; monkeys who eat
shit will be paid to disappear, we'll drink the carnage neat.

To the anagrammatic Diotima I am a bare intuition of Vietstock. Do I borrow a more refined existence from objects that hover on the brink of nothing? How will I play out, if not worse? Frightened by this last ambiguity? Growing up insane? *Stress Position II*, a story that: runs up a blur of one metonym sprung from the dot idol into another metonym sprung from it, like You You spreading his butterbeans and fruitflies on a hacksaw. Some definitions to begin. Truth first. It is: the name we give to an account of events we believe in (but must we believe in them to believe in it? If not, is belief grounded on indifference to belief?). Or, it is hens a thousand mile, fleshpot products of unknown origin piously recycled back into the diet chain, i.e. food fraud, pure and simple. Finally it is *out there*, or *only there*. Distance next. *But really*, the distance is a square, when you look into it, an almost unthinkably fine square, and it will work just as well if lucid as if obscure, to a point, you *didn't*? When? You recognise the face in it as the one you had every day since you were a baby, and the two you pulled every night since. Why the confusion? Can you see anything? Can it? Now a warning. You can loot all the animals from the zoo as often as you like, but you know you'll only harden Llewellyn Werner. You will learn from it as you never learned from it before, but in the end you will find expensive wisdom is not enough, even for a shithead. The money runs out and surprise surprise it's not there any more. So with this warning, in tribute to truth, looking to the distance, call it what? *Gristle to the chewy retina*, the head retina, that name, or *How To Pick Up Thick Skins With Deep Pockets*, or that name, or *eminent domain by gun*, or *men to bungy maiden in*, you who are so nervously alive your heart will explode, or wonder how to get on in them, or in on them, to be true by narrowly missing out on doing their identity like the *Push Around*, which you now remember is gentlemen on ladies' left facing "Line Of Dance" (LOD)^{1,2} me³n⁴s rig⁵ht hand in ladies' right hand at her right shoulder,

¹ Or, respectively, on the days leading up to the above, "Level Of Detail", "Limit of Detection", "Loss Of Data", "So Not Fair", "Log Of Odds", "Legion of Doom", "Point In Time", "Low of Day", "Lateral Overflow Drain", "Quick Dump Rinser", "Last Order Date", "Line Of Duty", "Contractor Fiscal Year" or "Laparoscopic Ovarian Drilling", in that order.

² « Celui qui entend nommer le chef qui le gouverne un grand politique, parce que chaque ligne qu'il publie est une imposture, veut être à son tour un grand politique, dans une sphère plus subalterne. » Pseudo-Hades, *Yes We Can* (Kronos on Sea, forever) [PAGE ?]

³ (LOD)^{1,2}, me

⁴ nce" (DOL)^{1,2} me³ n⁴

⁵ Dance" (DOT IDOL)^{1,2} me³ n⁴s rig

men's left in ladies' left at men's belt, men's and ladies' foot pattern is the same except where reservations have been noted, anyhow you move around, and whereas *down* in this work may signify *in* or *back*, when it is taken seriously, *down* must never again signify what *in* or *back* could, not even if you hear it said that it can in a language given to inimitable pleasantry, or given over to it, when under the superior pressure of being taken not at all seriously, as now? Which is easy enough to say, but to *act*? Alive yet? The dog gum Kievs *in* the freezer *under* the branding iron *with* the dwell timer *on* the disco ball *over* the — I forget, anyhow they can *wait*, you have to tidy your room first. And when you do, you find life as follows. In that distance that is a square we move around in an unshining white, light in the world does not resemble it. *Move Closer*. Our commission is to gather up nothing in handfuls, but I think of them when I say it as handfuls of grass. We do gather up the handfuls, moving around what in my translation of it is a maze as though she and I were blips. I can't explain to her why this is so terrible, though it is, because her blip is not disposed to countenance the thing in my language, even though it is as much her thing as mine. When do I say it? *Now* for example. And my own blip? It moves at the right point into the space, it is moved, except that would not be right, it is not a space; it is assembled there with the rest, and her blip is one of them; there is a sound, which it, the blip under *my* pressure, takes for a royal fanfare, roughly, knowing that it doesn't know where from; it is confused by not being confused by it; it is moved that we should recognise an event that you don't say is an enthronement; we do, but we can't, it just isn't that, the crowned face is just cramped together white white and black white, nothing like anything, a thing or un-lion; and the other thing that stewards us — just sound? — intimates *get back in*, meaning down into the thing translated as a maze; and whatever happens, and it is always the same thing that happens, and happening is always the same thing, she is never *hurt*, not even when I am most completely screaming, because she seems — instead? — *philosophical*; and finally, the value of it is, that it is from longing to know all too well as I do how in that distance her blip ended at the assembly by seeming philosophical, that we grow up into persons who know what to call philosophy. Only you were not either blip and you don't know what to call philosophy. Swivel both left, swivel both right, swivel both center, stomp right (weight on left). *The shadow panda is strapped to the moon, your dreams are all juvenilia.*

Go yellow in their inflexible burlesque of standard operating reflex. Don't confuse a root with a bass note. Following the poem means reading from two heads at once, each one pointed where it would be better off. But in practice you may find it easier that you don't mind. Two heads is not a difficult thing to take in, you can glance from one to the other, using the sockets for eyes, according to what the sex organs tell you is more important. *Stress Position* not in W.H. Smith? It will be.⁵ In that distance that is a square the scene cuts to a wedding. We are at the wedding, which is not now a wedding but a reception, sitting at a folding table whose top is an octagon of grey plastic. The table is folded out horizontal. At the front we look to is a stage, and a relative on it is doing a speech that we do not give up listening to, so that only the back of our heads point at the current picture plane (elsewhere people are in knots). We hate her speech, oppose her, seethe during it, but it goes on, and because it does we are obliged to go on hating, as it continues the same until we will speak, but we will not be able to speak because we can't, it isn't speaking, it's an act, and in a sudden rush of choking and unstoppable loathing you are run to the front, which is not now a front but a floor, and it is because you cannot see what hands you have put on her throat that her strangling must appear not to be *your* only way out but better *hers* instead, as her face bulges, then it blushes, with every shred of your repugnance you split up unbearably scream at and press her, and as you are looking at this she begins to calm you, with a face very tender and unflickering in the way you like. Truth is beginning now. A circle of relatives is begun around us both, who stand in silence neither wanting to be recognised nor living not to be, at the wedding they are in the deepest part of the room, that is, *around* you, and her face continues to be exactly what it was, only there, tender and calm. *Her truth is whispered about her, not in sound, will you come open* and spill out hell in the papier-mâché mouth, not just sink to it, — and you are deputised to the answer that gives *yes*, in horror I do see, *yes*, these are my fists clenched and blooded in how you swallow them, why am I doing this to you, I'm freezing, and the sun light come in through the wall of windows is leant slowly across the very tender face under yours, because

⁵ I have looked in vain for an anchorage in the boundless sea of pleasure and in the depth of understanding; I have felt the almost irresistible power with which one pleasure reaches out its hand to the next; I have felt the sort of meretricious ecstasy that it is capable of producing. Now for the product placement.

all you will do is suffer for this forever, you don't have to, the memos are released and in any case redacted, the wedding is not yet ruined, will you not end instead, while you can? What happened? Find out in the meltwater of organic orgasm rebranded as interpretation pooled by general HI HAT, general PINGU, general TAKES IT UP THE BRAIN, general WAKEY WAKEY, general RIZZO, general VENEREAL and general CONSIDER YOURSELF ONE OF US. The *telos* of the whole staff is transparent and accountable living. Why? There now follows an early episode of *Dot Idol*, détourned by Ali. You mixed.

3

Laughing and the white air bulging like a lost hair in the liquid. It fell out like this. The Seiler upright was made registrar of voters for San Diego County, subject to immediate *Brennschnitt* of its umbilical cord, which was *still* tied up at the Kitzingen workshop over in Solano, facing extradition to bathos. Of the much chattered about *Belastung durch Restrukturierungsmaßnahmen*, nothing but a gothic silence. It was after that that two sounds could be heard, distinguishable yet different. First, a kind of *tinkling*, that I in my rather jaded way took to be a *rondo* for the left hand, the black keys reserved for the middle finger. I with my long disenfranchised and offhand ears figured this was probably *allegro comodo*: deftly, in the oiled wards. We danced to this anyhow all night. We were cuddly in the wrong way, during our dance, like Barney the First Dog. Second, but earlier in the history of reverses, there followed a noise unfairly like *weeping*, that I in my somehow totally beat way took to be the message of the special woods, I mean the pure sounds of Kitzingen, *highly flanged you understand and liberally compressed*, but as lyrical as everything else in the world squared, and in a certain sense good. You laugh at this but Cuyahoga County dies for it, you *failure*. To this we would not dance, if we would. All bodies are either in motion or at rest, which is not to say – but which is to be *made* to say – that high organoleptical value is no guarantee of shelf life; and also that you're either shitting or you're dead, like that halcyon in the elevator with us that we laughed at, lovingly blind as we were to the *nachfragebedingte Arbeitslosigkeit* raging in Cuyahoga County for our wake, so that even the most erotic prestidigitation over the special woods catalogue will not make life quite hygienic. You don't need a face lift to see that, but you do need a review of doting systems. Then we all had an amazing time. Then you did.

_____ *with a carrot for my mother.* The end. Epilogue. So it was that this evening we begin with the end. What was the end? The end must be first of all what you are in. Introduction. Then when in the end you are a person trying, Introduction. So it was that when in the end you are a person trying to love, it must be by choice. But it must be by a choice you refused to make long enough ago. The end. That is, not by one you only just now refused to make, such as to know what that meant. Then when what that meant must be going on to the end, The end. Trying to be in the end like trying to love includes questions. But *these* questions? So it was. *Now?* And what did you ask them, The end. What what meant? What what meant what? What what meant what what meant. What what what meant what what meant. What meant what what meant what what meant what what what meant what what what meant what what meant. So what. So it was when in the end you did by choice refuse to choose by any end, Epilogue. So that that meant *these* questions. How can the conditions of any group's life *sum up* all the conditions of life in their most inhuman form, when the only group that qualifies for the arithmetic is disallowed the majority of pleasures? The end. If the thing I who am passionate can do most passionately is reverse, but passion is irreversible, is time contradictory? Epilogue. If you are alone entering the room and the pain is on the floor *only* because the floor doesn't fly away, is the only way up? Epilogue. What does torture really interpret, if not by the natural compliancy of pain? The end. Is murder ever free, and if not, is it a corollary of the gift? Introduction. Who most deeply put you up to life? The end. What happened when the beginning of the beginning was no longer the beginning of the beginning, but the beginning of the end, and what is happening for when that happens? Introduction. Did you ever once actually shut up so much your point disappeared? The end. But if I *eat* the entire contents of the zoo and am sick on him, *must* he harden? Epilogue. Quantifying speech is indivisible. True or false? Epilogue. Do the most frightening things actually stand for the boredom you would feel without them in a flash if you didn't already feel it more? Introduction. How does it feel when I penetrate you from behind my mask thicker than us both? Epilogue. Who was it that once said that that once said is that no more *what?* Introduction. Two trucks explode today in a village east of Mosul, killing x

people and injuring at least 3x. The whole channel reports it. Dozens of houses are flattened by the blasts. In Baghdad, car bombings today claim at least 16 lives, Press TV cite police as saying. There is no immediate statement of responsibility. The Associated Press say what was targeted at Shiite Muslim areas. Do you A? Epilogue. Under the hole is more frightening than the hole or less than it? Epilogue. What are the entire lyrics to the Meat Loaf songs used to torture prisoners at Abu Ghraib backwards? Introduction. Who do you symbolise most in this in innumerable ways right life? Introduction. Will having got there in the end mean less by the time you get there in the meaningless end? The end. Did you turn the tap off my love? Shut your eyes. Take any part of a sentence, like *this evanescence and lubricity of all objects, which lets them slip through our fingers when we clutch hardest*. Fix your image on it in a line, like *fists clenched in the spinning clay on a happy potter's wheel, the damp clay wobbling and creaming out between the callous fingers*. Shut them. Make pleasure. Get the pleasures high on a political object. Here there are many warnings to choose from. Know when. The political object opens. Read it. It is *a face flung through a jagged shattered windscreen like puked custard in a bin in yet another journalism photo of Iraq [a theatre near you]*. Keep them shut. There are three sentences in three lines. The triangle glows in the dark, shines from there. Rotated sixty degrees about the object tip it gives the instruction to pun: Kantian pyramid schematics, my little transcendental pension plan, a franchise to extort only your *petty* doubts about the real thing (in reality the real thing is just the hard stuff). But the triangle was not always that shape. It was bent into it in a fuckup. Review it. *Stress Position*, where the news *stays* the news. Who will review it? Somebody sing *I'm being very afraid*. I'm being very afraid that my brain is on the loose, trailing its vampire cuticles through *the dust of our wasted fields, not untrue and not unkind*, as the skeleton recovers its boner but can't go again yet because it's been stupidly thrown all over the place⁶ (note: rhyme cartilage with competitive advantage), looking for the fucking Varitemp cryostat

6 ~~I'm being very afraid that my brain is on
the loose, trailing its vampire
cuticles through Prynne
not untrue and not unkind
as the skeleton recovers its boner but can't
go again yet because it's been
stupidly
thrown
all over
the place~~

through a square fucking chink in its own fucking optical window. The dusky backing screamers all do the *Streth Pothithun*, skidding across the disco on their knees. Change it? You will never play like *Gilels*, because he is *dead*, and you will never play like *Loaf*, because he *isn't*. Then Ali says, punking you, Life is career suicide. Fail to Ali, shut up. Dream. Dear [you] I just rose out of bed still tangled in a dream with an unusual and hurt feel, and since you were in it I thought it would be interesting to write to you and tell you what it was. That was a long time ago. Only a few scenes are now this side of meaning or able even to be summoned as flash imagery into my mind, though the others have left their atmosphere there. Other people lived there too, or would often be there. The one that's clearest was that I somehow knocked a grieving friend off a boat, a very slow-moving barge, its deck close to the surface of the canal, and had to jump into the dirty water to help him up. Again another phone, again not mine. The water was shallow, I could stand in it and it came up only to somewhere around the middle of my chest. It was a novel. The friend was someone I'd not seen since I was a teenager at school, someone who I know later joined the army, was discharged, had a couple of children outside a stable relationship, I know nothing else. So I reached down to the floor of the canal to grope for it. He was grieving in the dream because his elder brother had died. I felt helpful and surprised. The brother I remember had sometimes tormented him and more often simply ignored him in reality. I did that over and over, astonished that so many phones were at the bottom of the canal. My friend would joke about his brother's pornography hidden in the bathroom. You⁷ were its author. Anyhow he seemed too heavy with grief to lift himself from the thick water, though it was his element, and it was heavy too, so I had to lift him myself back on to the deck of the barge. Immediately my fingers discovered a phone and lifted it out into the air. As I did that, my phone slipped overboard and into the water. Some of them were still working, others not. I now realise that makes no sense since I was standing in the water, but that's what the logic of the dream flowed to. I don't now remember the first sentence but I know that I did read it in the dream. It was not my phone. I went to look through my contacts. I groped again. There was again grief in the air as I turned the first pages and I think I spoke to you, I must have, though I don't remember what I said, but the grief was plain and you responded to it by

suggesting, and I remember it felt very improbable and surprising, that I should come and live with you in an old house you were renting, and we could read there together. Everywhere I reached there was a phone. You were standing nearby. What could I have done that I didn't do with so many phones? It was a long sentence, disjointed, outside normal grammar, and all I can remember now is that the second clause was the single word "s". I tossed each of them on to the barge. It was SS. Spine Risotto, or Porn Sites ISO/TS 16949. Eventually I found one that I thought must be mine. I read the first paragraph. It was still working. The book won the prize it was entered for and was published. I think the dream then skipped to a different scene, and I was reading a book. I think I did know too that the book in my hands was more experimental and unusual than the one I knew by that title. The book I knew had been written as an entry into a competition. I never saw your⁸ face in the dream, you⁹ were only suggested by colours and your¹⁰ exact name. It was called that and it was that book, I knew, and I knew or thought I'd read it before; but the text was unfamiliar to me. The word meant to me much what it means to you¹¹ in the phrase "Denn alles Fleisch es ist wie Gras", which is in Brahms. I remember now only the second sentence of it. It will quickly live and die, or will blow away in the wind if you¹² pull it from the ground and release it. I was surprised in the dream that you¹³ were the author of the book, since I remembered reading it when I was young and not knowing you¹⁴. But then the tempo hippo turns *back* into the shadow panda, like soft skin into hard skin, and you're told that it's a cartoon called Auntie Heautontimorumenos, which may be a lie *or* may be a lie in verse. But then what may not be. But just then a human animal, just then alive, a latecomer to mortality, says But, kindly gritting his teeth and flossing his driveway, but in something like this universal tone of voice exactly, Immovable is this the poem end of the, What it allows do you to stop is right now, or, End this the poem of the immovable is, Stop what allows you to do it now is right, or it doesn't say everything like that but does it, so that in fact there are no options. For if there are no options, then there are no hot options, and if there are no hot options, then what? *And vice-versa* (and vice-

8 *Your.*

9

10

11

12

13

14 13 12 11 10 9 8

versa). But Auntie Heautontimorumenos, how we plug her back in? Ali? Dead, in pieces: Hereunto A Minus Moot? I writ love as it was the mode to make it. I plunge my aching head into the bath water and confess to the foam. The foam aches too like fuck.

STRESS POSITION III : THE ANSWER

“Think but this, and all is mended”

I start with the superimposition of a gimmick on the Nasdaq HQ panic bolts screwed in the fire door: *pathema vérité*, then stop?

Yes. The first metaphor shines at internal communication. A flickering eyelid says I am a concession to invisibility.

Stress Position: the irreversibility canto. The foot is locked in, the riveting other cheek is detained in the gastrointestinal tract: we the taxpayers are supposed to think we're *healthier* because of this?



You can't put teeth-marks in a quasi-shin. Unidentified butterflies fall on the motorway screaming by like anorexic dogs on tendons, alligator clips on lactose, like an easy life on hard drugs they fuck with your head and make voting look like knees on a shattered mirror, but so what, who gives a fuck about butterflies? What about *whitebait*? Priced into the market, waving your backstage pass about, you are the honourable inimitable general ANTI-THRUST PLATE.



What goes on in your head? Or up but won't come down? I walk into that bathroom a man and come out a black pyramid, reeking of extorted black spunk, Cheney and Rumsfeld Inc. trinken und trinken. Why put it any more discriminatingly than that? Fuck the old linguistically enervative strippogrammatology and its catcalls at authenticity and at inauthenticity: either you put up or shut up shop or you drop the musical talking shit.



Because the first metaphor is the deepest. Here it simply is. But there is something deeper yet: You Porn calliopisthenics up above it figures out the fitness regime change, and in a flash the simplicity of the first word is proxy to the last, and we can all break for early brunch, at last. You who are is irrelevant or not is irrelevant. No-one has to love it because no-one has to love at all, least of all anyone.



La guerre a donc perdu son charme, comme son utilité.
But the rules changed. Cosmeceutical disambiguation is death
to stubborn expression lines, to unwanted pigmentation
the peel and the anti-oxidants are their ruination and scourge,
CAGE/NCAGE Code #: 31FP1 for tender submissions.
Coming in I saw you back. Unturning, unable to cling
to Philomel high on fire who dumps her empty shells in the nest.



She acts up like an emasculated Emu. You will not screw
the sky back on to the bereft dorsal fin in the dream of falling:
EHC gives KBR the FEED contract; the KBR
CEO at last gets shot of the *Nigeria* migraine; *vivendum est*
illic, ubi nulla; TSKJ teams up with N
LNG on the gas chilling; *Nachfolge* "replaces" *Ersatz*;
10 million man hours without a lost time incident.



The mass of the people heard its iron tramp. But why go on
the show in the first place if you're so bothered by the invasion
of privacy? Too good for an obscure life? Enjambment mitigates
segregation, which mitigates the final fantasy of universal
niecehood already sabotaged *faute de mieux* to a retrovirus.
Why grope after a more westerly set than that? If you *listen*
forever enough only to nothing you might never *hear* it.



Quotations are used to kickstart the stanzas. Then logic.
The mouthfeel of democracy, 2003: the foot on the far left
pedal accelerates the coda, hurricane on a wet black.
Lucas: what the fuck do you see in publicity imagism
like that for? Akinfemiwa: all the better to ignore you with
hadjiavatis vaticilectrix *vs.* Barbie arbitration
the apparition of a frozen heart grasped in fish fingers.



Nine days in, and as yet the diary hasn't got my mask off.
The natives are getting derivative. Nothing escapes them.

They adjust to it, as circles adjust to reform into the major
arc in a minor key. Sentences become shorter, get
a commuted tone. Back of the wainscot of the friable ocean
pure thoughts on Fuzzy Felts. I want to get to a point where

I don't have to go through all this again from the beginning when I die.



That moment during a joke when you're pretending to be serious
and silent before bursting out in preemptive laughter.

It's a social life. Get one. But the passion is downsized into a
midget rivet for epigrams: to err is human, to forgive

beyond the reach of art. The echoing clock, the thunder and rain
beating the window, the howling wind, and, creepiest of all,
the sound of steps coming slowly up the creaking stairs.

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