

Tell Me About It

Peter Middleton

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“Public relations had passed a milestone on the road to public understanding and respect. It identifies a major interest of the reader with a cause, intensifies his interest and stimulates action. My experience had shown me that immediate results should not be expected, that the impact of ideas is invisible, at first, to the most penetrating eye, and that a time lag exists before an idea makes its fullest impression. We had no concept then of the potentialities of radio, let alone television. The impact of the Dodge Victory Hour convinced me radio was a powerful advertising force. Only one expert foresaw the political impact of radio. And yet within a few years radio was being used extensively to further sound political goals. Experts are effective in evaluating the past, but I would rather have poets evaluate the future.”

Edward L. Bernays, *Biography of an Idea: Memoirs of Public Relations Counsel Edward L. Bernays* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1965)—extract edited.

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The Poetics Of Labour

The government line puts a triple stress
on let's be honest, their mandate,
and new labour. Poetics: my words
have ancient powers. Public
service hotline. Learning to write
the third way, and this from a newspaper
yellowing between the eyes and time.

A minister in the battle of values
makes the white paper charge—
attacks to the left of you, attacks
to the anti-modern (he's called
a control freak). Poetics: free
to choose to work with us,
or, a big or, to hold up your stake.

They say the sneer squad of luvvies
(beacons of hope—call them readers)
will break lines of ordered words
into striking unmanageable demos.
Poetics: join and have your say.
Or is the way that can be told
not the way? Cut. Sim. Tics.

Put Yourself In Their Place

Every moment I would need to refuse
it credence. This couldn't be a policeman
I'm patching together from colour dots.
There is no opening out of this living
room to a world in law. The pretence
of action is not a struggle with injustice.
And I've all but disappeared into society.

One of the uncome plays with a smile
behind the screen-illuminated air.
Entertainment time is entered, taken,
and meant? I worked hard for time,
and now some storying detective
guns down the sound of feeling?
You can almost see a face in the passion.

The never happened calls stridently to me
from across the room with a low rent hum
alternating its sixty cycles with the resonant
announcer giving his deep tone to prince
and drowned alike. Then Nicaragua floods,
Honduras slides into mud, and the telephoto
pulls closer a corpse still wearing shorts.

Another Dispatch

States. Describes. Unwrites. Takes out
of the debate. Entire skullcap. Torn.
[ex] [am] [in] theoretical responses to
what. Remains. Higher authorities. Cruel
theory. Cognitive contusion. "Horrendous"
sight prodding the body with internalized
racism. Outright. Monocausal reasons.

"You didn't have to look for people to kill."
"They were just." There. This point
in the argument lacerates motivation.
The report crawls naked by the grave
officers lubricate with the massacre.
State policy. Is this not an expression?
Increase your knowledge on genocide.

Watch. Like unbelievable. Vividly fire
several shots of the child (here the words
are changed to protect). Lethal rites
beaten with clubs. It's a logical policy.
Take the bodies, divested of points,
out of their containment. Take out
comparisons. Vated [sic] critique.

Escapist Western

A novel with a then and only affect
to mark the lost trail, as if a rereader
had to fall back on the sheer expertise
of history swatting against the backfire.
Hardly anyone knows their horseback,
they can't check the longing, or tame
the usual threats of mountain vision.

It's so past. Flophouse distractions
string you along like the jumped up
pre-modern new immigrants making
do: first sight beast sight. Shot
sashaying off to the upper country,
with no aesthetic to speak of, unable
to escape before the acknowledgements.

Like this goddamn fire tower fails
to signal a blaze threatening the senses.
This novel consuming eyes, legs, mouth
of a ranger boy. Remember in slang,
forget with stories the earlier life's
excitable anti-time. It's a feeling I had,
like this is just a story of the west.

Here We Report

Not that this poem seems capable
of irresponsibility, a meteorcriticist
scarring with images of primary impact.
These are lines with a reliable sense
of time, a diagram of fate and other:
the shock of opening, an always changing
middle race, and ambassadorial flare

to close with. You can see for yourself
a dogmatic but chatty narrative, boasts
kept to permeable evidence, weighable
fragments, the sort of re-entry crises
that can be ziplocked at will. And why
not cheer? Speculation is given photo op
subscription paths, fluent rejoinders.

Maybe the impact path is the longed for
vacation, screaming ice to the contrary,
for once its velocity is measured the scale
mysteriously shrinks, the semantic granite
turns out to be cryoconite shrug. But,
global rounding of the transition melt
is less reflexive than the origin's article.

Fire Works

Destroyed by an Air Bomb, an Apollo
Carnival Spray and Colour Cascade,
the Floodlight, the Jack-In-The-Box,
and a Jet Scream. The Master Blaster
lets Mount Vesuvius Fountain, Roman
past candle the shiny shooting star,
a snow storm before the Super Aero-

Sonic Bang traffics in the Yellow Zodiac.
All attention burnt, all sparklers furring
at the bottom of the extinguisher bucket.
Retire immediately. If the work begins
to fire, free the end. Insert to right,
straighten or fuse. Hold onto the torch
and this flowering outburst will heaven.

Lighter of excitement's empire
stand well back from the blast area,
angle away from civilization, the big stick
could land on other heads or houses,
or be lost to the night, or play war
with old Apollo, or even be destroyed
by the Olympian blaster, the star bomb.

Poetry For Dummies

Everything you need to know.
Say the words slower this time,
your plot has been defragged.
To reconstruct the jaw go peer
to peer. Don't let attention
run off and click on the face.
This line explains reflexivity.

You will need to know how
to say that you did not know.
Take your role in your hand.
Identify addressable features.
You may adjust to a higher
resolution, but don't try to use
the registry. Do this now.

Verify this thought exists.
Confirm that each action
is consonant with the whole.
Do not type anything yet.
Revert to the interface. Run
the known programme.
If a conflict exists exit now.

Finding A Voice

An image of the voice half colored in,
partly interior, partly on to the next event.
A telling example falls silent as I reach
out my hand. Its presence fades
past the sentence. Inside the fact is another
but there's no time to unwrap it.
New social demands take them away.

A voice without a person—how ready
is the culture for it? Do we need spare
persons available to stand by them?
For over a century, the book announced
the end of an epoch where my ancestors
dim the light by which I read by their
headlining. What does this teach us?

Extent, by its very origin, enacts logos
around the known, a sound insulation
for the voice. Amazement at these ends
keeps me away from the argument's jag,
sliding across the smooth impersonals
with my alter pushing from outer self
to articulate mouthfuls of chewy print.

In the Mottram Archive

A collector's afterlife, a tree chant,
an initiation with a free 45,
a tendency not a group, followed
by an advertisement, a reference
to in-the-field discoveries. Smell
of must, not the *community of
concern* beyond this surplus

to requirements library block.
Abandoned fifth, shadowy chairs,
half used third, drab archive boxes
of writing and *tribal poetry*
they say is shared out memory.
Kept texts. One miskey and
the acid free folders are lost.

Bill plays Bach against the dark
(it's *cartoon talk*, thiz 'n then).
Concrete. Structure—does anyone
know what this means, words fall
down the page on an architectural
catenary, missing limbs, phonic hopes
'n no science in memory of all that.

I Left A Little Of Myself Behind In That Novel

How the made is not what you will see
out the window. *I have long suspected it.*
Badness and its injustice of expression.
Post-cryo-revival amnesia. Failure
of will, an in between thought hires
education's arrival spaces. It was me
alright in that novel, my eyes still smart

from what I saw, *biologicals,*
around the cover. No project can
retro-engineer this metaphor into
its safety schedules, there is no sign
how it was made, even the combined
effort of author and *orbital transfer*
station editor leaves the plot outwith

enough to compose excessively intimate
gossip about the anachronistic court
of inner life, civil time and familiars.
On the point of making a prediction
to stop as a new passenger appears
fully dressed, thinking like the hero
to respond emotionally to the culture.

Such Theory Looks Like Advocacy

Taken together, the laminated titles,
the richness of this work, and the soft
cover have not yet said their final word.
Accretion from the contemporary
is in hand. I will leave in suspension
and depart from tradition without
permissible excisions, to imagine

opening the glued sheets, lining
proper editors with ululations
that unfold what I have just called.
Taken with the constant reminders
that after and before follow reading,
the genuine shall then show how,
but let us first recall the machine

that made this book. Labour dower,
bring to mind the commodities to
be signed for, the new economy
designs, parked at the end of a year.
In together's contemporary schools
when the expectations of the theorist
are immense, behind one germane page.

The Unsayable

They say it is otherwise inexpressible,
though only a small *unsayable* secret,
more an order to report back to the wise.
F(x), *F off X*, displays logic and *deus*
ex machina fame. This ever ready
variable, ex of self-expression, ex
of the common voice, is waiting.

A formula in which *thought* is *mental*
and equals the space filled by a body
pressed out of the perforated card.
It's good form. A person touched
only with expectancy. A vapour trail,
a clatter of connectives, a faint *I too*
have nothing to say, no words to say it.

Between nationalism and cult norms
is a longing for simplicity's intention
to elaborate a flowering cliché,
a bug, a warm-blooded inference
surviving on hope. A book of likenesses
speaks to *you* from the unlit shelves.
The heart of the ex plus ex equals.

Blaming The Sixties

To whom this refers. A line of was it
sonneteers for a democratic society
police questioned for those belonging
to groups. The summer of vertigo,
real selves. They say every phrase
can be reversed, they say every
sense made nothing in the head.

Promised to watch the revolution
from the distance of an article.
Scepticism about all the stories.
Sitting on a vinyl floor with the band
dropping acid and refusing to play.
It was still early fall, Nixon was still
president during this harmonica solo.

Out the window a person with really
hot and fluorescent lime narrative style
went on trucking by without looking up.
Oh how can I explain it's so hard to
recount an incident with the unknown
on bass, and whomever on the moog.
An entire epoch in that lost outreach.

New Human Abstract

Dynamic undersampling. Hundreds of trials
(enough to make this true of all humanity).
Detection of class would give culture
a break in the invariance. *Time constant*
in the natural world, *cycles of ambulation*
having a stroll through its beautiful park.
Direction and coherence unite scientists

finding movement in bits that grip onto
one another's pattern. Intuitive appeal
to this *walking algorithm* to be vigilant
in all senses, there's so much flash and hurry
that might fall to *dynamic random noise*,
explaining nothing. These few subjects
chosen to experiment the human race

are proud of their abstraction, their
gait perception, know others are behind
this growing certainty, for a lifetime
of two frames. This predictive undressing
of life on the street might be anonymity's
weapon if the small *point-lit figures*
of self wander at top and bottom.

One

I have simple relations with space
and time. I could not think before
applied observers gave me body
and mind. My clock is always on
and the four sides of myself look out
at the farthest universe (does everything
always have to refer to poetry?).

Once I was really moving,
clock in one hand, gaze in the other.
But I found equations easier.
One is not a relativist at heart,
don't you think? Although
once upon a time I could act
faster than light could show its face,

now kinematic shape is all I have,
and chaos banished. Convergetly,
one might think this too personalized,
but without someone to be amazed,
time on its own will mass, poems
hole up, and one is not an imaginary
number, nor waiting to be explained.

The West In Pictures

It drove the frontier forward.
The country shone, thinning out
the light in their eyes. A trapper
stared at print trimming his buckskin.
It's further forward still. Two handed
saw in the cut, arms propping the fir,
ready to fall out of the illustration.

Why go on about this textual scene,
the ragged coat of a man leading
oxen, half the price of mules.
Clean air invented by newsprint,
the ground platforming federal agency.
Plains fell to lard rifles and corn digs.
Brush fire comforts did increase

but the pioneers had a hard social
memory of history as elsewhere,
as far as the eye could seal, then
pulverising it to dust. Norms
arrived by wagon at rush camp
easterners painted into a hasty stop.
Indo-Europeans grew larger.

Deep Time

Biodiversity is a pig if you eat anything,
though not because of the Ordovician
extinction's unmissed clams, and no one
notices Devonian losses, it's the Cretaceous
that trembles the genes. Your body belongs
to them, yet dares talk back to say *skein
of ozone*, as if the genre could handle it.

These corrugated speculations roof
the end of an era, lithograph deposition.
Snout in the fossils I doubt the paleos
have any idea what the will consumes
when millenia work the same line.
Edenic species historicise first,
timed out by *deforestation estimates*.

Pink rounds of protoplasm whirling out
from a tube of gut, straining into formal
dress (*biological drawdown*), staring
across the millenia with a slash and burn
aesthetic. What has evolved into the
truest sentience, left behind as stores
by retreat of the ice. Fossil hunger.

Cognitive Mapping

It may be objected that this following
account leathers partition. Or exists
in a why that cannot be known to us.
Who are we? Who's in a good position
to bank the flywheel of democracy
with advisory zeal and blown particulates
in the air. And why? Gyroscopy?

Theoretically it can swivel, twist, and risk
capital saving justice, but don't just
assume that the landspace can paint,
test that carnelian in a plan of life
whose principles of arrival count.
Have you a licence to practise stucco?
Dissent or no, there's a lot above.

It should be evident that rain doesn't
fall, it is the sky. Money doesn't owe.
Complication is a sea held back by
knowledge. Explain concurrence
as a before and after memory and
money behind the veil of ignorance.
Leather sofa isms. It should be evidence.

Sing Me

Outside vise, reap
honky vision, replay
gravel night. Poets
of lostness
left out of knowing.
Chockwheel insults.
The recipients of

a rehydrated cthonic
slab aesthetic.
Pizzicati wake
of canon thematics.
Smallish presses
national appearances.
Good excerpt recovery.

Umm, umm.
Aleatory pin
metamorphic whizzers
to found poets.
Pass the balaclava.
Ongoing sayso
backs up the analects.

Believe It Or Not

Like the police officer who, in the 1980s,
gradually composed an unidentified
flying object, was later abducted by aliens,
scrapped, and is still not talking.
Why are you telling me this? The pear
ball began to trill rapidly, before rising
up above the mass for 18 years.

Who now won't talk about it. What links
these pieces in my mind is not the large
hovering blocks of light, so generously
unfolding in front of credible witnesses.
Are you telling me this? It's earmarks
lasting throughout an unofficial strike.
Encrypted in the language of minimalism

this spatial craft decides that why you
are telling me can inflate, show, survey,
and mark up, having experienced time
as while the why are you telling me this
fought the overtime constables, an election
which then drifted away high across the
treetops: this telling you, this why me.

Predictive Curves

Had by others now gone
and done hands, running
suggestively over the future.
Instruments of a tamped lust
not this paper nation.
David Blunkett reproving.
A release of energy metaphors,

So solid hon.
Columnar facings,
everywhichway, secret
treasury in—pause—come
based on Humanity's record.
Gordon Brown skimming.
A is mutilating the spine.

In marked contrast.
Cleft explorations, raptured
sensoria, fiscal strip.
Slight foxing in the estimates,
a soft underspend.
Jack Straw being in on it.
A firm proposition.

A Sonnet And A Half For Ted Berrigan

This dude walked into the hall to read
his poetry in the drawer of imaginable
things. I laughed at the cowboy boots'
tactical position. Pressure on the belt
lines flapping. Muting a new theme
I just thought that it was amazing
that one might get to be substantial,

suddenly *to write many many poems*
floral print blossom from endeavour.
Create as morning lights, deconstruct
the twilight, sleep like writing. Fingers
seedy with swoons, clanks of riveted
achievement. Take that cigarette out
of the threat to a technical masterpiece,

and read the whole of a poet on leave
from the army of romantic imagination.
Like a surrealist in a gym, a pastoralist
packing eggs, constitute an imaginary
club and join it. *Somebody is a great*
flying breath or poems will be lost
wind giving presence to fragments.

It's A Crime

The intruders, both described as
cool intellectuals, wearing white
male exteriors with excessive pie
in the flesh, left by the fire exit.
Lore: sensitive intelligence seized.
Global capitalism was tucked
under their suits. Unlocked fears

should never be left unattended.
Taking advantage of even short
reveries of the past, modern hackers
steal mobile souls, distracting
the cashier with their money talking
proverbs, like "a pound saved
is your friend's forever," or "the pen

is flightier than the words cash flows."
Two other youths alarm the credit
mongers with slim, clean shaven
escapes, whilst an accomplice
makes good. Conscience misses
its personal identity in the theft.
Law: meaning follows orders

It Is All Our Story

We are the runaways the newspaper
wants to find. We ran away with
love and hope, we ran away with crime.
The secrets that live behind our eyes
hide them under shades. Social players
want to take our care away again.
They say we say the no too much.

At night the colored spots inside
our eyelids flash blue. By day the court
settles its shroud of propositionality
over our simple ways. We ran
away to see the underside of you and me.
We will go to prison and lose cope
unless we give ourselves away today.

We are the runaways the media catch
with ads for pain and starts and loss.
Proceedings have already begun
to return us to fosterage, welfare,
and yet we were told by the tabloids run,
don't let them tell you what to think.
We run this way. We run that. Running us.

The Enterprise

I couldn't "see" the hypergate the movie
assured me would take us all, knowledge
and carpets, bones and pain, to paradise.
Believe it if you need it as the datable
song instructed, but I would like more
evidence, alien sandwiches, anti-gravity
dog sleds. Good cryogenics and farewell.

Bits of the colouring screen have flown
out of sight, the present steals a persuasive
space station, all magnitude and smooth arches,
in line with astrality. My belief
looks ready to speak when emergency
uniforms flicker and blare. Grab stunner.
Or are they called phasers? Sometimes plot

overpowers reason and explosions
retouch the matter in transfer. Me I
watch for clues, is this a future to keep?
Actionable dust, chins shot and jargon
spit out onto the fire. Why's this imaginary
moving so fast? If it's already happened
why's everyone so frag about what's next?

Front Line Epic

Arrived at the fifth column of print
to assassinate the memory of white.
You may never be able to read this.
Pyjama prisons, military close-ups
bordering the faxes. Wish tomorrow
to inform you that we will be killed.
A man for each word of the book.

And at a special price (more for each
sentence). Victims know their killers
are colonising them for newsy sacrifice.
Crowd compulsive reading. To buy
lives with UN camp documents of
genocide, I do not sing. You may
never be able to broadcast this fully.

Thermobaric, self-conscious zines
clue into humanity. Gone one eee,
& the final column leaves the place
with understanding in the bag. Type
of singular small deaths. No green
man will say meet mister blade neck.
May be able to read you. Or not.

The Trouble With Metaphors

A public sphere hovered close enough
to see a man's facial hole ventilating
in time with civic rhythms, but sound
couldn't penetrate the bubble, just
light. The noise of dissonant metaphors
for space and tools, birth and building
would have normatively drowned out

a political speech anyway. Common
worlds drove by without indicating.
Morally valuable insights were polite
though one furious life-project lacked
this rational antidote. In trenchcoats
of backward history, critical spaces
gathered outside the originality café.

Categorical imperatives in stylish noir
gawped. As usual, law fed on ethic.
After art I usually go for a long walk
to try and clear my head, but there was
no time to re-orient. Truth employs
big paragraphs, quivering validity
spheres. At least we'd soon be served.

Eat Sleep Work

A world of sweet general relativity
where forty-fives and thirty-three
and a thirds divided commies and fans,
1984 already, and listen, in the hiss
of the future there's a voice singing along.
Is poetry's coping style happy—well?
History in the hand lines, palm up.

Writing cans truth, boxes poignant
anguish, but do we know better?
Sometimes the past is redoable,
meet a friend and rewrite, settle
back after a long and recapitulated
repast. These yearnings flew by jet
from an English airfield with a war

hero living out this time. So it is,
and easy to say that a friendship began
that year, and to await prediction of
cues: sherbert, aniseed, licorice.
Attraction merely a time slide
down n-dimensional long term clusters
of asked-for jobs, networked lyrics.

Based On The Classic Novel

Mrs Lighthouse woke the amorphous bulks
of eyeless impossibility, with life, liberty
and a mirror. This she said, is not you.
The image that was not him blundered
into the line of done moments, one stream
mated itself. Id to base, call me back
at the rock storm. Sleep bolted the event.

Meanwhile you recall this time sopped full
of aftermath waving the gazer to the land.
A natural instinct for explanation decorates
a splendid mind. Each letter is assigned
a poem and combined with many others.
Solitude is the space between the extant
word and the disappeared, a longing

ten years across, sky deep, and moving.
But how true to life? Even if it isn't fine
the sea will be there for this future's
shabby about face. Her family watch him
at her again, she is brushing off the nipple
back into vested discretion, and he knows
she is stocking every second of demon beauty.

Pump-Priming The Economy

Sex born with excrement,
messy sod vitamin
skin for cash, up to the hilt
debut series for the nineties,
poem-cum-perversion
of delayed effect
raised in a cranny of time.

Is is a writer, coyly cult,
an ain't in a go-nowhere
line-out. Taut money,
a jarred centre and grease
beneath the reflexes.
Sweets around the hole
in the caesura flinch.

Gripping from the word.
Written death and sex
reveal force to graffitied
insolent legs. My knob & I
pursue college studies with
fainting biro, ill-used horniness.
Shag fantasy punctuation.

After The DNA Code Was Broken

(for Rachel and Drew)

If only we could find the tone of big science.
and freeze dry twenty one minutes for
experiment's track. Or culture rare sludge
to back going beyond rock's sedimentology.
Rich solution? Make conversation do the work
and house guests those who first imagine
then involve, endearing themselves to the future.

It has an atonal tone, a flirty syntax, a sharp
occulted erudition that paints the poet's gossip
as never again and quiet phones, the A world.
If only we could break into this word.
Modern life forms. Carnal wands. Codons
aren't doable. Classified visions by year and touch.
Now as never before, or nigh as decade,

cities past, cafés of small science,
carried away with the earth's surface.
What about life outside the picture?
Solo meandering as the top down recites life.
Or do we teach deferral to mixing zones
sat in noted tiers for the lecture on passion?
As if we had the science and the chance.

Persuasion

It must always be shown that word magic
is a representation business. Radiate
consumers of assertion, insofar as
making explicit can capitalize
on the past, and make the association
what the audience attributes to the producer.
A common response to think you're free.

Such content. The public interest
was easy to adjust. The operation
of the entitlements to claims could
be inherited. Assertional performance.
Well-dressed men appeared to govern
language use and rational action.
Thought talking to a shadow.

Interpretive equilibrium,
advertising forces, company customs,
repeatable sentential associations.
Are there any *public* relations?
Of status (this is philosophy), authentic
luggage (this is publicity), the game
of conclusions (this is the account presented here).

The Eagle Book Of Imperial Poetry

To write a poem to?
Scenes with life-like
imperial tint.
Never is now on the map.
Poem writes in blue
without a colour word in sight.
I.T. of empire eg. unreal

That's my Aleph,
you are meant to say
defends the land of hope
and finale. Place
leaving is done, doing
is anticipation. A poem—
from o to .

Viewless mathematical
symbols? Mountains
rise, land forgets
to write the poem.
Was in the blue pictures.
Or then. A then. Poem
of thens and will be's.

That Turner Prize Bed

With a classy degree in find art
and aborshun, she is painterr
NO MORE. "I gave up Art
compleetly in 1991."
Righting been explore a shun
of the sole concept
to dysplay pillow talkie.

Hole psyche of whoman
life, totalic new medea work.
The next room's reel makes
uz look from new perspextiffs,
an eve owes complex eemoshuns.
Partickle bored effects
"Working in black and wide...

without distractshun of collar."
Words get down to laundromat.
Rose of unmanslot mashjeans.
The twins have a bodying poor
and foebeers. Memory thinks
to reveil in there arty fission
they consushly borrow from 99.

Some Syllables Are Missing In This Elegy

Home with just erosity, honour
darting among the ies in the closet
where each passion is classified:
mium, heliotrope, carmine.
In on the world again, utopian
pasts tambourine. Day silence,
night silence, sitting headiness.

Why did I leave? he asks you.
Message from the dead party
opens the letter suddenly a friend
talking yore again, one who
knows what you're thinking,
pills and lineage, all the frizz.
Yours? Fuck-off rhymes, sand

in the worlds one lives. To lose
the community of spectres and still go
ward. His gangly inner voice will never
graduate from hallucination
with others, fly out of plat shirts
with a corporeal look. Have confidence
in the won munity. Put on the com.

The Personal Poem

Lying flat, I was loaded head first
into the MRI scanner, a launch tube
to eternity, and each of my hydrogen atoms
flicked its dipoles back and forth.
My brain was palped by electric fields
patterned to a Steve Reich rhythm.
White scientists in a periscope controlled me.

Thought is a measurable field of fat
and magnetism. The fat that remembered
then let the atoms of inner thought
fall back relaxed into non-alignment.
I is an invariant element to this physics.
Forms for consciousness and stop
all too measurably afterimages.

High pitches enter the right ear
and cross through the perilymph
in search of an audience. I register
the fairing scored with manufacture.
Opening sounds hash, *informe*.
Channel panic. Each sound is a hit.
Each word of this anachronism it.

Time Team

This is day one and already we have cinctured
rapacity, made a few finds and now the death
of classicism has stopped escrow. Mind you,
the designers have already planed the timber
and the trench across the hypocaust pleads
for brawn. It's a dilemma, and the records
of sponsors look worse than the geo-poetics.

Maybe three days is not really sufficient life
for a novelty. Even the screen has advertising
in the wings. Measured across the I told you so
with the force of many hit shows, and the
nostalgia of a decade of last nights, the past
exits. Dinosaur outfits on the left, hominid
shell suits to the right, souls up on the shelf.

How would they have used this engram?
Our reconstruction shows the granite buck
as it might have looked at you from a moral
valley, or anyone with attained beliefs.
Now it is the last day, and the discoveries
of gender, class and former sufferings
have been cleared up. Next week the future.

Cinematics Of Memory

No dream, as in you are not there, can incline
lives I am always already to rough cut.
When it's over I leave, the close-up glows
with a cigarette shining hairs on the nude back.
In living there are always curves to remembrance.
Every frame shows the city rusting on wind
and gone, day rents night from a metaphysics

only the truly shocked eyes can cordon.
Epic is history's souvenir menu, the sweet
memoried lyric a stain of chocolate sourced
in poverty wages. Hasty repercussions
back to the wardrobe. "The body is too light,"
says the director. "Is that what the dolly shot missed?"
Face in need of cherished imagos.

The *auteur's* daily confession, the one
in the scene, thumb over the lens.
What else can a post-aesthetic eye do with beauty?
City smarts, and oh what a sundered life,
the next moment the music stops, steps
echo with imminent copyright, a leg
vectors across the screen. Time has been had.