Tell Me About It

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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.”

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.

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**Another Dispatch**


“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.
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. Convergently, 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.

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.
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.

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.
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 intellectualls, 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,  
essy 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 graffiti  
ingolent legs. My knob & I  
pursue college studies with  
fainting biro, ill-used horniness.  
Shag fantasy punctuation.

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**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. irreal

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 0 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 painter
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 perspectiffs,
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 conshushly 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.