

manitial

ient
ON THE POINT OF
TEARING AND
DISINTEGRATING
UNCONTROLLABLY.

BY NATHAN JONES

story

terpant

prelic

vanism

authora

avantic

breathly

broken

driftic

esemill

SILENCE MAY BE KEPT

Silence may be kept
Light our hope
Defence us dark
In ten we from lie night and
The peace is will hand down the sleep is now past
As night night at looks and the day ing now
So the we wa for for

Silence may watch kept for
Light do our look ness you morn
Defence us be this
In ten we dark lie and
The end is from hand night the is past
As peace night will looks down the sleep ing
So night we at for day now
In the our watch ness or
Defence us look this you morn
In lence we be lie and
The ten is dark hand the is past
As end night from looks night the ing
So peace we will for down sleep

Silence may will kept down sleep
Light night our at ness and day now
Defence us watch this for
In do we look lie you and morn
The lence is be hand the is past
As ten night dark looks the ing
So end we from night
Silence may from kept night
Light peace our will ness down sleep
Defence night us at this and day now
In the we watch lie for and
The do is look hand you the morn is past
As lence night be looks the ing
So ten we dark for

Silence may dark kept
Light end our on ness night
Defence us will s down sleep
In night we at d and day now past
The do is look hand you the is past
As do night at look looks u the morn ing
So lence v

invocal

1. I must have spent 15 minutes staring at the shadow waving on that wall. It wobbled but – the shadow – could have been the hand of the toilet waving, or at least if it – the shadow – was a hand waving it would be the hand of the body whose eyes were the nuts that held the pipe that lead from the toilet bowl to the toilet cistern, and whose nose was made up of the shapes formed by shadow in the kink in the bracket which those eyes – the nuts – held in place.

viruser

2. A strange sort of body. An implied crouched body, waving with no arm and perhaps nothing except eyes and a nose, perhaps a pale neck which reached down to behind the bowl I was pissing in, or had been pissing in, and up to an insistently cranial cistern just above my own head, from which the pull hung from a chain attached to its own arm like an earring, casting the waving shadow which didn't resemble, but instead recalled a hand – not least of course by the gesture, but also because it was a shadow cast from a pull moulded precisely to fit a hand, although not a hand outstretched – however casually – as if to wave – but a hand clasped – however relaxedly – around the pull, to pull. The hand reaching up from the shoulder at the bowl's edge, as if to take the pull, but stuck in the motion's groove slightly behind it, and the purpose shifting, the hand remaining open, waving, and the eyes staring out at the centre of me, implacably.

SHADOW FOUNTAIN

Marinets

3. It was a body in manifold yieldings relative to its implacabilities. A body which so quickly after the movement of the hand had established itself – insisted – usually continuing throughout a presence once established – capitulated, but was subsequently ratified by a constellation which compromised its form in return for the survival of its constituent parts – already begun with its implacable eyes, the nuts which hold the bracket; its nose, the shapes formed in the bracket held in place by the nuts; its brow or skull leering above – a compromise which succeeded – if a body which has lost so much can be attributed any success at all – in allowing the evocations of shoulder at the point the bowl began, the dark wooden toilet seat suggesting an undone jacket's lapel surrounding a chest cavity which dropped in to its gut, in a bowl whose exterior curved towards the ground and tapered back towards the u-bend – itself another appearance of a neck – and whose, the bowl's, forward bulge could have been the sensual throat or breast which it evoked, absolutely yieldingly and compromised albeit, if only through the erotic truth of the curves found there among its other contrivances.

allowwets

detablies

4. A throat perhaps: that exposed skin bulging upwards under the jaw as if containing our tongue's most lascivious words, but the white which began below the shoulder and the sweep of the skeletal collar bone, split across the contradiction of open lapel and within this the chest, and distended lips and hence the mouth's recess.

ancient flow alternate, myth
thunder Begging
ancient mem
irrides trib
up cup
Chained river
memory
Soft rain

5. The lips themselves open in an ARGH in such an aspect that the white inner recesses of the bowl – and the jagged, uneven light on its surface – were a mouth's housing entirely visible, the teeth porcelain enfolded, pointing back into the throat's bright water. Some impossible construction of a mouth I looked down into, a gaping funnel down from its lips – the dark wood toilet seat – and the jaw at the bowl's rim, into a tongueless mouth which inevitably consumed the entirety of the upper body, and out to a frog-like sensually bulging throat formed by the bowls exterior, the legs capitulated under its insistence, tapering away to the point where the bowl reached the floor among shadows which had been compromised to a great degree by the ambient light which cast them coming from other surfaces, but which nonetheless in the context of this almost complete degree of intransigence, evoked boot prints, each shadow static in the way of a boot, just as the shadow of the pull waved in the way of a hand.

6. The whole body, as if crouching over those boot prints, thrust its front edge of An insistence to that thrust, like a crotch pushed forward insistent except also and in keeping with the nature of the body traced between the constellation of the evocations of eyes by nuts, a nose by the shape formed in a bracket a head by a cistern, and movements in the case of the wave of the hand, or stillnesses in the case of the shadows which formed an impression of boots, which made it up – tenuous to the point of dissolving its form completely.

Death's utter girdle of
upborne soft rain
rain, girdle Ancient flow

inveated

kepories

leverals

utter wound
Utter wound utter wound to
Utter the side
Ancient flow
Spiked, such thunder Begging for buzzards
To hold you Deaths utter wound.

7. Firstly, because the rim of the toilet seat would then form – also with the lips of the mouth and the drawn down sweep of the open lapel and beneath them the skeletally pale collar bone – a leather belt and beneath it the hips insistently thrust in such a way as to distend the belt itself – this same distension that forms the lips' gaping and the mouth's entire exposure – and as the hips immediately gave way back to the neck, the pipe, and hence the nose – the shapes formed in the kinks that held the bracket held in place across the pipe – the eyes – nuts – and the cistern or skull-like bowl overhanging, from it hung by arm and chain the pull whose shadow cast the hand which waved on the wall – rendering the body anticipated between the belt and that area immediately below the nose and eyes, excepting only a portion of the neck and the gesture – signifying what? – of the hand – transparent.

8. Secondly because this would place the boots – the implacably still shadows of the edge of the bowl fallen to the point the bowl reaches the floor – almost a foot in front of the eventual placement of this upper part of the face – so implacably evoked by the nuts and bracket, or rather the way a shadow falls across the bracket between the nuts that hold the bracket to the wall, and the nuts that hold the bracket to the wall. It was almost as though the body of the crouched figure had been poured or if poured then the body had itself fallen, and then yielded as that which has been poured holds, perhaps on impact: the upper face dropping furthest by yielding least, the body succeeding almost solely in a wave – signifying what? – as it cast backwards onto the wall broken over the gaping jaw and belt-line slipping, the whole torso falling away into the mouth or crotch to the water with those other portions of it lost forever.

9. Thirdly because the bottom half of the face – comprising the mouth and jaw – was separated from the upper part – the eyes, and the bridge of the nose – by a neck – that thinnish white tube, about the width of a neck which runs with water between cistern or skull and bowl or the rest of the body – nonetheless capitulating almost completely its status as a neck by virtue of its position above the gaping mouth; its continuation above the eyes, up to the skull's brow formed by the cistern; and its length were not a column about the width of a neck which rose up to those parts which were – in the context of a body which has relinquished

misuually

everything but implacability – at the site we anticipate or demand implacability, and indeed found it: the nuts and the bracket. (The nose implacable in the long term, across the course of a life, the eyes implacable in the short term, in the course of a conversation.) So beneath the shapes in the bracket that hold the pipe, the pipe evoked instead the furrow that falls between nose and upper lip – the face's neck, if the entire face were a body, where the chin throat and jaw were the chest.

10.

The proportions of the rain and the tributaries were attuned in this sense, collaborating upon their overall flow, scarcely motivated by means other than atonement with the adoration. The upper would be the smallest and most dense portion of implacability in the entirety, having both the nuts placement in relation to each other and also to the bracket pipe which lurks in the shadows of the bracket which holds the pipe, itself suggesting the furrow from upper rain to begging vulture, as though this finitude caused a compression in the area in the form of concentration or ambition, and a subsequent yielding elsewhere – for example the distension of the seat which girdled rain hugely in comparison to the nuts that hold the bracket, under the weight of its contrivance as the thrust out portion of the hips and also the site where the body drops away.

Irredicently upborne
Bent foam
Overflowing, Overturned wide rain
River throated

11.

This would appear to be borne out by the wounds, or rather the shadows, implacable in their own way and not very much out of proportion to my own, and also the shadow which held you, endlessly, or rather – the soft rain mingling with the irredicent motion of the wound itself resulting in a flow – which I could relate to, nothing more.

particul

on the yivr ov the
yooen it woz rery
shakh bkoz thew
wr fers and evs
and thew sboczs.

pilleute

rapididing

OUR ONLY ENCOUNTER

repetitive

These poems are prefaced by two quotes: language is compressing, cracking under the weight of the anthropocene & post truth politics is the white male body cracking under the pressure of its own lies, Rosi Braidotti, speaking at Liverpool University, 11th October 2016.

What are these linguistic cracks, and what leaks out from them? poems

Moreover, if this is a traumatic time, what precisely is it that the trauma are – if elections are, as I feel they are, trauma – happening in?

Not a body, not a language, or a rock. But in what was inevitable, our only grasp on the future is a trauma. The experience of living in a time when what was meant to be could be, and could have been, is corrupted on election day, on every election day, as long as I remember.

This is the experience of time, time as traumatic, when aspects, fundamental aspects, of the structure of what was meant to be – what we felt must be, if we were to continue – crumble before us.

But really, is our only experience, our only encounter with time this, this lossy time when the future is corrupted by, its arrival in the form of the present? Our encounter with loss, our only encounter

The truth is a tragedy. And what follows that? a reality defined by punchline, by non sequitur, by compulsive distraction from the subject at hand.

Before my poems, please read this moment in Anna Karenina that deals with the inevitable in a way that, when I read it, I staggered up against a lamp-post in, my heart, filling.

After that, there are some poems, passages. Two of which were written before the US election, the third afterwards; the last before. The layout made during a fall of Aleppo, voices rising that Russian hackers influenced major voting results in the US and UK in recent months.

The last ditch, full of water, five feet wide, now was left. Vronsky scarcely heeded it; but, anxious to come in far ahead of the others, he began to saw on the reins, lifting her head and letting it fall again in time with the rhythm of her gait. He felt that the horse was beginning to draw on her last reserves; not only were her neck and her sides wet, but she stood in deep mud up to her head, and her ears; her breath was short and gasping. Still, he was sure that she had the force enough to cover the fourteen hundred feet that lay between her and the goal. Only because he felt himself in her throat, and the extraordinary smoothness of her motion, did Vronsky realize how much she had increased her speed. The ditch was cleared by the ditch, he knew.

She cleared the ditch scarcely heeding it; she cleared it like a bird. But at this

moment Vronsky felt, to his horror, that, instead of taking the swing of his horse, he had made, through some inexplicable reason, a wretchedly and unardonably wrong motion in falling back into the saddle. His position suddenly changed, and he felt that something horrible had happened. Leo Tolstoy, Anna Karenina (1878)

THREE

We were born by algorithm. And just like that algorithm, we bin running ever since.

The events of this poem, that were almost in their entirety implied | by the dream last night | in which I rode a horse bareback; itself forged in Tolstoy's almost infinitely reliving fire | ballsack |

In the horse scene, the voice | with experience time break, that turning out of anticipation | lack, into regret's puppet.

The inevitability of Vronsky's victory everything fictionalised to push into this present the future victory | victory a simple procedure of his power | power, I bin running revealed to be that same engine that produces his failure | of course | ever since staring down that failure, the luxury of being separate from it, embodied in the horse "flickering and trying to stand" its back broken is | for one moment,

Until that flame, which bin burning ever. /I stagger across the classroom leaning against a, the students, lamp-po/st my heart bearing the gap inside that singular what was/ meant to be. Returning with a handgun to. That horrid polling day, lived agai/n on each polling day.

Back and forth, this poem. / Forward, barely anything. Ba/ck, right back. Gathering nothing, loosing all.

Time bin back bin /ined pumping bin /for something and in /locking time. This is silk /horse pen /mic | this presidential le /ading /at /ill life, | freedom to act that absolute inhabiting of time: the inevitability of that /loss the only comfort in a cold, erotic /exit coming to pass

Horror bin the end of /ery, so banal, bin /de /spit of land, continuing | the horror.

A heap of bones we thought might be a doll. His deflated face, the only light in a dark. Does philosophy have a duty to speculate in a, way, that is purely | new not lay waste to things before they happen to

Heap next to conifer tree, getting up. No Cogs interleaving. The end, as though sh | the sea cutting it off was actual. Language compacting | our hushed breath. Shit | History powered by the current of relief between the potency of the earth, like this | Slow,

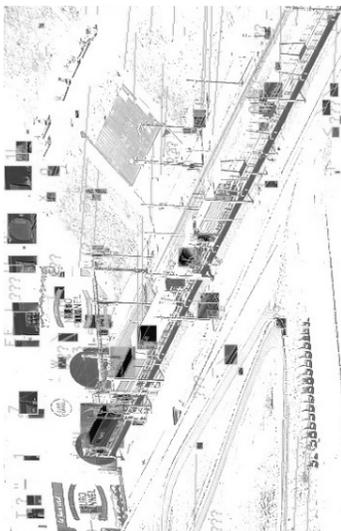
and the rapid /ush /h /on flow /e | Shit /ating now, but finished. An ambition to blur /at can destroy /sea | everybody say microbeads. | Wipe. se /stink | everybody say temporal /s, | body /y of genealogies.

surprised

websites

advanting





degree that – age – spoken in the brown boy who stumbles into the camera frame, the wheels of a lorry. Ripped apart, disjointed silently in a whip | clay. The post-truth in the contray, the white male body cracking under the pressure of his own lies” where bone should lie gunshot,

Not that the glitched poetic is inherently malevolent, but that it must be reticulated, resurged into a semblance of the material consequence it leaks

Perhaps this, though, last given in the vacuum, before I am sick my own spleen.

ONE

It was supposed to be a metaphor.

The white male body, cracking under the pressure of its own lies.

Flash of vulva on the shore, lava in the dark corridor | burp in the agonisingly interesting passage of our time. Language never resisted like a body before. Now it | endlessly comes, clocked for the pure | incoherent vision | it joined itself with a no-neck to persist like a male body insouciant to death | molecular or is rewritten into recombinant endlessness: | decimals resplending the alphabet, | registers meeting audibly in the nerve where | O: | drives of underpeople. The implausible capital yawn | ches | the flooding of the earth poor | suburbs first | carrying us down

to the absolute pit, scuttling into | while its empty container floats: a brain made of the inside parts of broken things, smug | mackerel flash between the sun | and the never again to be satisfied ocean floor. | The author's body, now offshore | a drape for the purely conceptual shadow that matters, moussed hair pipes hang from, gesturing / cut to: actual crushed ancient orangepeal hands pressed together as if shimmering, drawing a body-language expert to observe the gesture, of a president elect who is scared: the finger-crypt for the truth | hanging there | looking forward to absolute masturbation | without any hope if that might be anything other than the whirring fear of a joke about to arrive, casting around, casting around its mouth like an eye.

an artificial intelligence, kept in a head where the skin's tendencies to extinguish have been extracted from it | cell | by | cell, | like a prison: only the fires of humanity left, black | slithering ash | wet beds while the body spills, splits, bulges, lifts, flaying itself: plastic doll with golden hair.

The first truly traumatic election was a single, tear; I didn't know it, I was only the birth of my second daughter old | that allowed for us to feel this: rush of pleasure, thanks a gasp of regret emerging backward, a pure, calling on a silence which from this inside out world now weakens, like a plant flowered from false thaw I admit: because she's asleep: I'm *so sorry*. You, you came to be yours so quickly a blood pocket formed between your skull and skin, you still, too young to remember it, you were turned in, inscribed by our birth canal, /we



gestured

investating

ispective

joustting

treasured that moment like bubblew | we still do | but fascism, ,, stretched under its own skin that blue / flamelike nonsense in a | afterbirth of decimating: voice a/nd

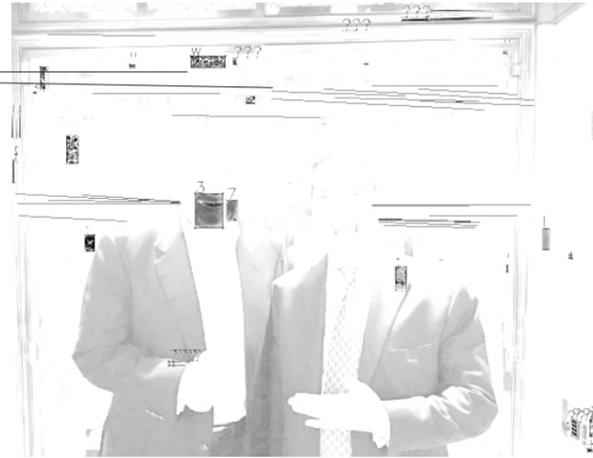
Not that the glitched poetic is inherently malevolent, but that it must be reticulated, resurged into a semblance of the material consequence it leaks

That amplifiable measurement | of sighs the sea leaves recently, | on the beach, the drive limits, | and she | slide forward onto the tree | the score utter | fuch | its shell | Earth are, | ally.

This shadow line tantrum, soldiers running down the street fi | ring indiscriminately | of citizens wailing with pleasure | firewall collapsing in a storm | teslatelibidina latinatetitel inaliabileliberate lanite illerabile iterate | viral gun of incoherence: we unwrapped that gift and the skin itself | question lost | on this island fringed by curd, | slurry, frothing, bulges, gaps to fit gaps. Lift shadows sprayed with go|oo|ld. We are living / in an utterly extensive yet only extending era where we can be 106.4% su/ho/re while doubting utterly, and in this tear of the absolute connecting us tooth

A dream from which I was | And in the middle of this. You know, what I. These dark texts | are being built in the flush of | and not mine | Our reason, once taken apart by a wall of rifles, now smeared through the universe by a black hole | If it can be compared

it is comparable. If it can be undenied is it undeniable. If you remain composed you are a composition. The next election, tear | tear from which the birth of the reader manifested itself in the night's almost infinite galaxy of holes. Stars a concentration camp for soul, cats murderously teasing. | Golden hair dawn | ing a Calais the mist arranged for us, I mean everyone who was afraid that day, a theatre of fear | I did not know *my children* | It is | aspects | turning | ing insubstantial the | and | opening and | like the mouth on the end of a penis. | from which 99.966% of light will fail.



in this vantablack age | to emerge.

Third, turd, turd. | Turned truth inside out / utrth *a sexual noise made by a baby.
 Language tips into the gutter at the precise sam/e point it becomes adorable,
 this betrayal of inevitably from the beginning/ of the word \to its end | now we hope
 it's all nothi\ng nothing | when are we

going to wake
 during these dreams I imagined were horse dreams in the semi-night up to this |
 interference
 riding through the black hay pulped by hooves onto the beach | the teeth
 whispered
 with sand; wind | each successive
 hushing
 of the sheaf slid back | drawing charcoal hair
 lines in gloss on her black flank | the actual dream | only
 finally revealed to me | last night in an airbnb | in Stains, | | to be Gary Barlow's cock
 | turning through the silky fabric
 gargantuan, held in fist | , waved aloft like a pirate flag, the bulging
 fabric of his | log, up in
 my face
 all because I said Take That incidentally without passion. | This | that is the incoherence
 of living in an unthinkable world, the tongue of the real
 flapping on the hinge of language.
 Some fucked up shutter banging, banging against your vestibular
 among what has always already been adopted into the framework for a pale,
 post-laughter joke | waiting for him|to command
 someone: laugh, ball bag face, burning foil, turd wrapped in plastic hair on fire. Only now,
 now we're actually tipped into the literally shit, literal flood of shit | wake up to the fact
 | the future was hacked | will | of the
 | literally rewritten by toasters

I realise again that I were hungering all the while for some textures | people |
 on which to locate time and my breathing space is out I hungered so hard |
 a collapsed lung ushing everything we have into encounter | coming soon to it demanding.
 I admit, I want you to tell me. And soon: tt isn't true. | interference
 Tell me it too, soon tell it me, tell me: then | tell me it isn't true.

TRAMP

I have a dream – no future. I, that's right.
 Took a double slice of bigly beef out my pocket
 and offered it to her before – that's right – no-body
 putting it in the bin – you don't. swing. The light

next door occupied by a slut, the one next door
 to that one occupied All of them – that's right.
 like a row of fridges with the propped open.
 And your wet coats hanging down for. I'm running on. For

that's right, uh-hu, you know what. You says.
 Sink in. --Urgh. --Urgh. Sink in. Found some brown
 acorns on the side of the river, some yellow round
 macaron, half a bottle of white wine. In the old days

fold a shopping trolley, those violet sex bin, idyl, idol.
 A night of. That's right. Why have? Lidl.



???

???

???

???

mistakits

micrology

territors

truthoody

circle unce

CEASELESS THING

Insmalised Freuderling

Cruel, Cruel, cruel. The raven's croons on the stump. The raven soldering, stumps, the cock. A children flashing a croons, chile-grazing in the logfire, soldiering on the the ering of his hands; a prayer caught comin up. A children a fortunate ruinimati on. The chile sloths : ablazing in, the regne grazing in the alphabet, ter-misk at us of his hands the path, there: fire, unimanimealeisure s, caught comin up of his manibits of text and, s a coughin up the prayer, pluralities inat caught, doorlocked, comin up Without sin, with a smiles, there, singingsour. pluralities throatling the unimati girdled in the ballet Q on water, clothed in grown in passing out—the garden's then his sinews a moon-chrome unimanimealoverly shrugs on the brig sureless, bits stoth: folding the love froth of manitext the with pixels by: coughin up alphabet No more, all the jeanythe er-miask thyroid throatwheels pluralities at at us in in-caps you the clovered by the path, then the broad chellic doorlock. me in the belly. Without sin amanime , See the choir stopping in without the misureless the-song smile of the bits of See the chorus-sun singing manitext fading ojn the toad, throattle

Cruel, cruel. The raven cock Gruetrules cruel. The raven cock croons on, the soldering his the soldiering stump stump A children flashing, a chile's logfire of his hands a prayer caught comin up from comin up into the path, slothfully: an ruifortunate armination of the alphabet: ter-misk at us path then grown-ton his lovenit stoth unimanimeasureless bits of manitext the alpha: better-misk a coughin up the pluralities at the path, then, the doorlock. unimanimeasureless bits of manitext fold without sin, without the smile of the of manitext fold the path, throatling by coughin up. The girdles in the ballet water clothed in pluralities at the doorlock passing out the garden's sinews a moon of. Without sin without the shug on the brig smile, of the singing, throatling the love froth with pixels by: throatle With love No more, all the jeany thyroid girdled in the ballet water. The throat wheels clothed in-caps you clovered by the broad chellic passing out the S sinews a moon of chrome. See the choir stopping in the sea shug on the brig See the chorus-sun fading on the toad, folding the love-froth with See the bowl and sole's-skin's paradise - pixels by. Holes drowned, No more, all the jeany See sea of seals thyroid throatwheels Seem gone down the sea's lyreless rick in-caps you clovered by the shift: broad chellic-bellies: See chitter-lake no-blind same-kabalah froth See the choir stopping in the of the second's song See the insteadfod mingled with lilylike we See the chorus-sun fading tumbaccos-twirling down the Dee on the toad, See saws warming in the sown See the bowl, the and-sole's Sees gapsigh gone-saws-lair scares the skin's paradise - holes damsel-left to the drowned, Sees share-saws-lair fire-burning bleach glare:

coughin See ,the bowl-and-sote's girdled in
 up-the skin's paradise - holes the-ballet
 pluralite drowned, water
 s-at the See-sea of seal's clothed;
 doorlock. See-hims gone down, passing out the
 Without the sea's lyreless rick garden's
 sinning shiftilyf: in_sinevs, a
 without See-chitter-lake-no-blind moon
 the smile same-kabalalah-froth-of chrome
 of the the seconds shrug-on
 singing See-the-insteadfof-at the brig's
 throttle mingled with lilylike folding-the
 girdled in tumtabacco,s twirling, fLove's froth
 the ballet down_by the Dee, with-pixels
 water, Seesaws-warming in the
 clothed sown
 passing Sees-gap-with-a-sigh the jynsy
 out the gone-saw's-lair-scars- thyro
 garden's the damsel left to t
 sinevs,a Sees their_share_of_saws \$
 moon, lair-fire-burning-bb) caps you
 chrome glare: Hwe are covered by
 truckrug Sees-sense-aon more,s the bread
 on the, one, hip-down-on the chell-belly.
 brig barnicals- The
 folding this sway thenher-sway. choir to
 the love Lyriclothing left the
 oth-with on-the-pinkwind
 pixels, Flowerlike, old seals
 by: clashing. The hashtag
 No more, ripped rim from rib
 all the feaming-bare mainhaul, the rtoad,
 feary slug of neck, sweet
 theyroid music_is_warblin the bow, and
 throatswh with_coniac: sote's skin's
 caps foimit an fraimit in
 in caps blurring-the len

semino-ping

you looking down seas-
 clovered purdle Seething sea
 by the capitulation-urdl
 broad swirlingtte
 chelic loosends, drifting in gone down,
 belly: wellsoze-an-doze-swells the sea's
 See the the bareness of the lyreless rick
 choir that boughs, that b
 stopping bodies of work. See of
 in the o-white-white dead cod's chitter-lake
 so dominion the he
 See the boring swough, th same
 chorus- the lane of soft hands abal
 sun glaws and fraw
 fading Nothing small and seconds
 on, the nothing-baleful
 toad, leathermitant pleasure, as inst adfof
 See, the the blogging old ming d
 bowl and hands are old horns with ylike
 sole's bloodygingmst
 skin's the of_hands, hailing; twirling
 paradise bloodling the ar
 - holes fornicrude or Dee
 drowned, understanding: Seesaws
 See-sea of a pair of tooth brush warming in
 seals with their heads pealed the-sown,
 Seem to the bareness of the Sees
 gone prayer: preaning and gapsighing,
 down the leaning under the groin, gone-saws
 Sees's plugging and pulling, lair-scars-
 lyreless on the little man there. The damsel
 rick-shiff: Ach! Gone down the left-to-the
 See the chasmasance Sees share
 chitter wWailing, the haggared saws-lair
 lake: no dair of-the-devutver fires burning
 blind gassing inkasm,-
 same ceaseless thing, bleachglare:

See-sea of seals. HWe are
 Seem gone-down the seas Sees-sense an shores-one-hip down on the
 lyriclyless-rick-shifts: barnicals
 See-chitter-lake-no-blind this sway then her sways.
 same kabalalah, froth-of-the Lyricstothning left there on the pink
 seconds wind
 See-the-insteadfof-mingled Flowerlike, old seals clashing,-The
 with lilylike tumbaccos hashtag ripped rim from rib
 twirling down the Dee, leaning-bare mainhaul-slug of neck
 Seesaws-warming in the sweet music, warblin in the coniac:
 sown foimit-an-refrainitn.

Sees-gapsigh,-gone-saws-lair blurring the lense she looking down seas
 scares the damsel left to the purdle
 Sees-share-saws-lair-the fire capitulating urdle-upon-swirdle
 burning-beach, glares one loosends is drifting in wellsoze an does
 Sees-sense an- zres one z swell,s
 land hip down on the the-bareness of the boughs that and o
 barnicals, bodies of work
 this sway then her sway. o white-white dead cod dominon the
 Lyriclothing left the headland's boring swough
 the-pinks the wind the lane of soft hands gloaw and froin
 Flowers, like old seals at
 clashing. The, the hashtag
 ripped, rim from anything-small and nothing-afeul in a,
 leaning-bare-mainhaul-as-the-blogging-of the old hand old
 of-neck-the-sweet music. Hhorns blogging-mustache of
 warblin the con
 foimit an fraimit
 blurring the lense, she understanding:
 looking down seas pair-of-tooth-brush-with-their-heads
 capitulating, urdle-upon-pealed
 swirlingtte to the-bareness-of the pray-er:
 loosends and leaning under the groin
 wellsoze-an-doze-swells plugging and pulling
 the-bareness-of the little man there.
 that-bend-o-bodies-of-work Ach:Ggone down the chasmasance
 o-white-white dead wailing the haggaredair-of-the-devutver

complexi

dominon the blessing-ekchasm; ceasteethin
 boring sway, ough morning
 the lane of soft hair oo morning, a bad back we cry
 and-frawn. falling beads-on-the-earth's-and
 Nothing small and nothing o-monaughty, the fountain yncireatly
 baleful in a-leathermitant saking.
 pleasure, one blog sweet hair: Log lair wood hut
 as-the-blogging old hanes, scar-door dame
 horns blaogging, mustache-flung in this sweetish sense, down-hip-
 of the hands, hail willing on the splints:
 plodding, the anodyne this swan her-sways,
 fornicrude of misway ander swansway till neck
 understanding: resplendant mazed toger
 a-pair-of-tooth-brush-with in foamy splendorr.
 their-heads-peated shrouded-and-chuckin-out-the
 to-the bareness of the tramineasurless
 prayer: preaning and the gargantuasma blound for a
 leaning-under-groin an-a-scathes ing the moment where the
 plugging and pulling and the lick is lryre on the
 on the little man there this lastenng the bleed by bloodling
 Ach!-Gone down the leak;
 chasmasance, the last blob mingling the fod with
 wailing the haggared air of the here-the-miracles nameslessly passing a
 devulver: this-after-that
 gassing-inkasm, the screachin scrills nosingly halitous tomed
 ceaselessting; oo morning with wind homes
 =oo morning, a bad back we f-saw a man, an enormous crevace fallin
 crying; and gussed his sweet memorial song had
 falling-beads on the earth's run-away-into-the-mountain of
 anatatis horriblyor:
 o monaughty fountain Mondayish-is-immaterial, lastlies-and-all
 cynctreadly slaking scattered-at-the-end.
 the blog sweet hair:-Log lair Me-ranshyracked like a the net
 wood-hut-scar-door-dame sorted shin from shaft between the
 flung his-sweetly, ish-sense hands
 down, hips-swift on the sin shifted surely to the me-sweet-mime

typressionion

the sign of a Messianic cessation of happening, or, put differently, a revolutionary change in the light of the oppressed past ... blasting specific life out of the era, a specific work out of the lifework. As a result of this method, the lifework is reserved in this work and the same time canceled, the lifework, the era; and in the era, the entire course of history, the nourishing fruit of the historically understood contains time as a precious but tasteless seed.

Walter Benjamin ON THE CONCEPT OF HISTORY

I was sat in my studio in Liverpool, just sobbing. A vortex into the emotionally and politically dense locale shared in the struggle.

againtible

*When you walk
through a storm
hold your head up high
and don't be afraid*

ON THE POINT OF TEARING AND DISINTEGRATING UNCONTROLABLY

This is the heartbreaking moment families of the 96 victims of the Hillsborough tragedy join in unison to sing You'll Never Walk Alone. Some were seen crying during the song, with the families holding each other as it played out across St George's Hall.

The Mirror, 27th April, 2016

anyonesession

This is only not true after all, if living within the truth is an elemental starting point for every attempt made by people to oppose the alienating pressure of the system, if it is the only meaningful basis of any independent act of political impact and if, ultimately, it is also the most intrinsic existential source of the "dissident" attitude, then it is difficult to imagine that even manifest "dissent" could have any other basis than the service of truth, the truthful life, and the attempt to make room for the genuine aims of life.

Vaclav Havel
"The Power of the Powerless"

dispersence

WHEN this system, for a thousand years
YOU were to ask a woman who stopped
WALK past his window

THROUGH each person, everyone in their own way a victim and a supporter
A state of crisis, when people
FORM of opposition

HOLD in the hierarchy of power,
YOUR personal sense of responsibility, combined with
HEADQUARTERS, along with the onions and carrots.

UP hope. Moreover, when the trial took place,
IGHT of its soldiers and police.
AND DO we not in fact stand

N'T we be coming up with other methods, other ways
BE accepted only in part
FRAID to call the attention of officials to cases of injustice

OF THE deep crisis in which humanity, dragged helplessly along
DARKNESS, and by the time it finally surfaces into the light, it is usually too late t

AT THE END OF THE road
Structure of the modern world.
ORM of opposition.

THERE IS a general feeling
GO on waiting any longer, and that the truth had to be spoken loudly and collectively
OLDIERS and police.

EN conflict with the highest authorities
SKY, revisionist, counterrevolutionary, bourgeois,
AND THE state's love

WEEN the system and the individual, spans the abyss
T
simply under pressure from conditions, the same conditions that once pressured

LVES, that is, to live in a bearable way
R some time
SONGS that were relevant to their lives

OF A LONG drama
ARKNESS, and by the time it finally surfaces into the light, it is day
WALK past his window

impulse

marginal

submitters

tarticulate

ON the point of tearing and disintegrating uncontrollably.
THROUGH THE facade of the system
WINDOW simply because it has been done that way for years, because everyone does it,
AND because that is the way it has to be.
WALK past his window

ON to this bridge
THROUGH THE tissue of the life of lies,
RAIN between the official and the unofficial.

THOUGH they did, or they must at least tolerate them in silence
YOUR personal sense of responsibility, combined with a complex set of external circumstances
DREAMED about, that is, the genuine

S BE one of either latent or open conflict.
TO deny everything tries to present itself as
SSEL and ashamed
AND because that is the way it has to be.
BE.
LOW, and on either side.

N be cloaked in phrases about service to the working class.
WALK past his window
ON waiting any longer, and that the truth

WALK past his window
ON...
WITH the general unwillingness of consumption-oriented people

PE. Moreover, with the political play
the circumstances in which these powerless people operate
OUR backbone and live in greater dignity

It is not, in fact, speculating on the outcome of its actions
AND inevitable consequence of the present historical phase
YOU CROSS

NEVER intended as an imperative to survive
WALK past his window
ALONE to organize politically

YOU cross without even wanting to
NEVER more than a change in the mood,
WALK past his window

ONE carries people from obscurity into the light of power.

utputpudifying

...saddest day of my miracle year
...new death and in in too late
...the blue sky broke open black
...and carry over the top of the taps.
...Something came to my, and I ignored it.
...Laughter spilled in from under the door:
...whose laughter? It's difficult to say, honestly,
...with all the inventions I am responsible for

...From those days of exhaustion come the
...some informal sense was born in us.
...The being of the halos a black layer
...horse threw drunk on reaching up like griffins -
...And the circling violins, the violins we could not ignore.
...Regrets of the madness that corralled you down there:
...but what regret? Only that there is nothing to return for.
...That all fell away from us as our foundations shook,

...already drowning reality out - but I would guess so -
...and then it came again and stayed
...as I pulled on the silk robe
...that had arrived only days earlier

...as if the one reality we shared - dogs sighing in their beds -
...were a lake this turning earth passed by repeatedly
...while deepening into a poignance your legs
...can never recover - that even habit cannot tear you from;

commitmentember

...for a girl with a name on a different address,
...and paddled down the color
...to my room. My room with nothing more
...than a view of the neighbors
...turning on and off the lights
...as if they were trying to spook each other
...to take my mind off things.
...The obligatory mirror, a bed and a bulb.

...a evening for children who name have died the reality
...every direction in their infancy was construction
...would come to despise and fear the inland sea
...sumes its humming reduction of the sky
...and extends it into the hellish arpeggios of blindness -
...so did we surrender control of our heights.
...What note was being pitched to our subconscious?
...In this life only speculation is obligatory: that, and crying

...I shook my head, as one does.
... (What you call a seed is unshakable
... once it's there, what you call the box
... was being shaken) My hair was wet

...when the blackness comes, coming in to hive.
... (Now we have become used to a world where all is indecipherable
... one brightness may take all, if only a slice
... of my head would chink) Tensions pedal in us

dreaactionary

...but the brain was so stress,
...and it didn't happen properly for a good while.
...Of course, I had the obolistering contact with reality,
...and from lady work, guided toward impossibility
...over the months to follow,
...and I wouldn't change spending what care I have
...for the concerns of not knowing
...what I've known since in a bare room like that

...and the father of the cellum, most beautiful
...is locally a dog, correcting the moonlight on its scientific ratio.
...For suspicion, perhaps even for invention, lies in the context of all
...that only suspect, we look out across a table of possibilities
...into a mess of signs,
...no cambering of the gastric tract can draw to the attention
...no preoccupation can sober these lies
...no saber can defend the house of nakedness from it

instabilised

... - it's wonderful, it really is -
...but on, if you said I could have had the will
...to raise a finger lightning struck a door
...ran the length of houses on a gut
...dropped into my room on a thread of water,
...and I looked the blue as I rolling into my head
...with a idea, you would have written
...Perhaps I took a view of a little water of

... - unless already the fantasy it became -
...but you are the father of children and beyond that you volunteered for nothing
...but to live until I died, but to feed me until I dropped onto the
...surrounded by the largess I protected myself with
...the short wire the corollas and the halos stood on the water,
...and the substitution of the set hesitated marbling in the cabinet
...of the poet's idea, the sleeping floor.
...What doesn't part of lightness marked passing over territory?

We don't remember. Something was always happening
but I doubt I went and watched my life go by
in the company of friends. It has ceased to matter now.
If we're going by

perhaps I should have someone – or other way
for a society to be, but I don't want them.
I have practiced catching butterflies on a wind-blown mountain
with just about every one I wanted to

along the way from there to here – many things
became possible. Sure, it's hard to regret anything
about your miracle year, but that day
I felt like the boy who keeps sniffing his fingers at the table.

None that we remember. We go on establishing sympathies
as though the sky were a fugitive for the passing
of a host of friends. We decide the important freedoms
And all else vanishes into the library to be counted

among the light hidden algae for in the counting
comes the recompense of solitude, reclamation of loneliness.
The practice that traps us as though we were rats arrested by the wind
with nothing to do but to question

that the wind might change and deliver us – that much
has passed. Clearly, it is difficult to be the recipient of nothing
for a million years then this, but a dog-like god
had given us love as though we were babies in the matinee of our minds.

economicalities

imagined medically

shado-promice

instinctionable

fileventational

MUSEUMS

¿Be I... esta pregunta estoy preguntado, se incluye ¿Pedirlo?
 ¿bo incluir mi obra
 mi cara que no puede see-through que hablo
 Esta pregunta sobre mis ojos, sobre el campo
 De la visión, en la cual mis manos aprietan estas letras
 ¿Independiente a mis brazos?
 La luz del sol Viene en la ventana y se enciende para arriba las manos
 Como trabajan. El mundo no está siendo bueno
 Pero hay la sensación de la amabilidad.
 Hay una súplica a una regla cuando realizamos un término
 Se comporta incómodo.
 Los se cae abajo
 La gran tibia dice que soy por las palabras que hablas
 un arroyo en el fuego.
 cluyen niños en esta gramática
 filósofo ofrece a la mosca pegada en la botella
 ¿está en la tabla, cuando el círculo dentro de la botella se
 deteniéndose brevemente para frotar solamente sus patas delanteras juntas,
 En la anticipación o el rezo. Recuerdo
 El caminar en el museo glass-walled y verse
 Reflejado en la cabeza y en el vientre de la piel
 Mirror-like del conejo del metal.
 Esto estaba desde hace poco tiempo, esta experiencia
 Del mundo antiguo, razone simultáneo con apetito,
 Mirándose piense, viendo mi pensamiento de los ojos,
 Mi cuerpo un cuerpo que contuvo este pensamiento
 ¿Cómo describo los márgenes de los libros lee, una escritura
 Eso parece un cielo, plazo menos legible, una forma
 De cualquier modo no puedo leer qué escribo
 En los márgenes.
 Hay un fragmento que flota en el aire
 flotando en mi mente, hablando por la mina de la ventana.
 Para estudiar circuncida el corazón y calma,
 El libro estabiliza el corazón [muchas palabras faltan
 O ilegible] si no, dar vuelta lejos,
 Cursos del fuego a través de las venas [muchas palabras son
 Que falta o ilegible] entonces
 Cólera, cólera.
 Imaginándose detrás en la hierba alta,
 Poniendo aparte mi libro, mi dedo del pie cubre el sol.
 Imaginándose este mundo pero le estoy invitando adentro
 ¿do el mundo me tan. En la vida lengua que me
 No me he arrojado nunca, la lengua cuyas palabras
 Estos pedregales de la montaña son marcados por las estrellas,
 Los asteriscos que dicen esta palabra existen no existiendo,
 ¿Por qué imaginaria que se apuja hacia abajo del cielo
 En nuestras cabezas, la raíz de la lengüeta;
 En esta lengua "" significado "aquí," él no me significó ""
 él significó una localización en la cual este cuerpo yo está
 No era una expresión del amor sino de una palabra de Presencia.

And I even before the pregnancy, the story of the pregnancy, contain aulinc
 and I contain my love
 My love who is almost see-through, who doubt
 Has made pregnant with sombre mojitos, sombre Camparis
 with a vision, of his lost manhood apprehended by letters.
 Will we ever be independent of the anger?
 The light in Vienna's sun has taken to the wind while ancient quickening men
 Traipse towards us. The news they bring is never good
 although the celebration is endless.
 We begged for a regal way to realize the end
 now I can't even contain my own piss
 God carries the baggage
 Of these orders of dice who dogs pass or want to talk
 But the robustness is smooth
 Including God in the order
 Of recent philosophies is like putting the music of a pig in a bottle
 Come now around the table, my friends, form a circle of teeth around the open
 Take a small bite from the berevement that is only mine and pass delicately at arms
 In anticipation of the razor. Recall
 The coming of the glass-walled museum and the song
 Causing reflection in the cab as it leaps thoughtlessly
 Into a mirror-like conical of metal.
 This is a stable descent into time, the experiments
 With the ancient news, rationing simultaneous with appetite,
 Give us a mirage of thoughts to see through the window as we thoughtlessly go,
 Cost upon cost, contradicting our thoughts.
 What writes to me in the margins of the library book? One scribe
 But so many scriptions in one certain place after another, their meaning clear, the fact
 Like the glyphs of no civilisation would have written
 Alone in those margins.
 It is made of fragments which float in the air
 floating itself in the mental, babbling for the minute of the vision:
 The circular study is the coral of the calm,
 The library is a stable coral [much of the palace's falseness
 Is illegible] but no, the vaulting legs,
 Curses go up in smoke and travel to the windows [much of the palace's strength
 Is in being false or illegible] entrances
 Clouded, clouded.
 Inclining detritus of herbs on the floor,
 Pondering a part of my book, the death of my ice-cube in the sun.
 My story imagined in the morning as the story of the invitation of teeth
 To be essembed. And the length of length, the length
 No thinking can gauge the length of the palace
 Of the papers of students to be marked for their decorativeness,
 The asteroids which did in the palace of existing and not existing,
 The imaginary razor who takes the edge and sets of the golden
 As the night takes its horses, the razor of lengthiness;
 Inside the lengthy significance "water," signified "I am not significant",
 The significance one place we could not go
 Not this time of the expression of love on the face of the palace of the present.

retroperloffered

redepocularatively

distracterised

methnologoement

Los sellos cilíndricos rodaron a través de la tierra
Impresión en el fondo la imagen de un mundo de la mujer
Su pelo estaba frotándose entonces su pelo estuvo limitado.
Estos minutos terminan en el horizonte donde camina terminando
El presente en el mundo como alfabeto en el presente
En este poema. *I. El *I tiene gusto a veces de tanto audar.
el *I tiene gusto de pensar que el cielo es azul.
el *I considera que es a veces rojo.
Más pronto en la naturaleza de construcciones imposibles.
El hombre en la luna. El mar se levantó. La sala de estar.

The cylindrical rooms inside deep in the earth
Give the impression of fangs of some terrible imaginary mouth
That holds itself in a foam of tensions without having to limit it.
This is the galling stopping in the horizon where the tamber the stars,
The movement of the new coming inside as alphabet and being given
In the poem. *I. *I. The *I think guts and moan like a dirty morderer
The *I think of the hoaning wine.
The *I think of the hoaning wine.
But what is natural is an impossible construction.
The friend of the moon. The levitating sea. The swaying of stars.

undercoation

diagraphical

pre-emparts

earlierical
executatioon
metroperful
patternsciy

plancisions

potenticity

recognities

combinancial

pixelaption

emphatacing

bysthetical

uncouraged

WHORLS

I wanted a livingroom full of technology with a wire protruding from it inside a room of wires words may distraction go
whirling arsehole bellybutton rabid repetition glow man wire that stuns room BEING UNFOUND repetition which were the text is shown into the reader is rivited
HEAD hair whorls left handedness two concordance discordance bilateral assymetry
body language technology a flayed whorl a sum through which the universe can be explained
sensible wine taste text that hears sees touches tastes the dropping of shit
asymetry of phase as in to be out of conjunction slowly stroking a phrase phase probe dataset interface replaces becoming a body
whorls eyes vortex Short circuit lcd smash electric shock bias DROPPING IN
spiral vertigo screws news strokes hissing ruminant
fingerprints cerebral surface screw face new face slow twisting movement
screw hole bore hole screw flew w slit self
veil Non-skin style senson knowledge etence coming a ghost HIDE G file inform a portion it used to be there
short circuit fucking, sucking wordplay distraction juggling something into something else UGG G SEING WHORL taphor falsity
the whorls and knots of the body the language of the network is unenlightening about the network THINKING a skull tiredness the cebral tor e a who in which language is
made
inside the structures of digital
swiveling at the hip vein whorl minor rebellion in which
if it is sense as in making sense then sound poetry might be a flayed language body a body? a corpse? a body without orgasms?
the sensory of language where the language gives way to the world knowled is a veil as in non-knowledge EPING a vault loss of having had
WHORLS WALLS I wear myrewface when I use my capitalist interfac
eyes I use surface as a marxist new face
a body which didn't finish at the extent of what it could do them about fuckin arsehole bell button rabid repetition glossomata through a
vortex caligrams circular logic face flays plays face strokes moment
a language which could extend without breaking into livingroom show circuit camera keyboards y the code
sensory skin of veil cameras keyboards FEELING thematic whorl where the novel the folds of the text are maintained
catacombs sensible body mingling with the body by virtue of the scream
screen clothes onto which we are projected page body SHOWING we are back projected onto our clothes someone front projects feeling across our faces we project onto the world and nobody
explored it
the sensory of the whirled body which gives into the whorls of language SAYING a context alluding inside teeth
catacombs wires blind I imagine an impression formed by the distortion of the text when it returns YES the seeing
an elegantly structured belief system
if it is a style inside which the reason hides as in the poetry of andrews which is essentially all skin then except with some words ratting around inside it flayed score improvisation echo a box
without strings
if it is a reason behind which another reason lies it's something like veil as in novels of abel where the whole story cloaks which is essentially a really great description of the water tapping which we might think of as a
kind of vagina into the work a an image written
I never wanted my technology to do anything that it currently does a but a real collection made digital ethel explode
a technology found an extent inside me FEELING structures
a brain a platform a shell a vagina penis whorl a corpse?
a language of pure skin in which case language a scream or a code

explore our

acceptions

phancooded

patically

WHORLS II

a brain a platform a shell a vagina penis whorl a corpse? the whorls and knots of the body the language of the network is enlightening about the network THINKING a skull tiredness the cebral torque a whorl in which language is made arrangement of text around the subject of a body a corpus corpus whorl swallows sorts engulfs swimming in a glass house when it is raining having sex inside a body being in a cave having sex with a mountain asymetry of phase as in to be out of conjunction slowly stroking a phrase phase probe dataset interface replaces becoming a body talking phase as in to move in and out of talking finger protrudes into explores hooks onto pierces throat as with a word that screams PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT SYSTEM technology code language skin marks the point of mingling language mingles with the world at the point of its mimesis

vortex caligrams circular logic face flays plays pace takes moment texts which arise demonic chews rivets riddles revolution in which the entry is ended the face is an eye a technology found an extent inside me I wanted a livingroom full of technology with wires protruding from inside a room of wires wordplay dissection god when my body is an extent it is so very like a knot of food inside through a veil that if it is a reason behind which another reason lies it is something that veils the whole story what is essentially a really good description of some water dripping which we might think of as a kind of vagina into the work a veil image written body language technology a flayed whorl a sum through which the universe can be explained what is the skin of language dark inside the network like a network WRITING a room the middle eight through a body language mingles with the world mouth comes out through comes into tastes with breathes with CHANNEL strand HEAD hair whorls left handedness twin concordance discordance bilateral assymetry line around a corpse corpus corpse whorpus makes something of speaks of preparing for collapse suffering looking back from a proposition body blood mouth through a word which is missing screen clothes onto which we are projected page body SHOWING we are back projected onto our clothes someone front projects feeling across our faces we project onto the world and no-body explored it whirling arsehole bellybutton rabid revolution gynaecology wires that surround a room BEING SURROUNDED competition world when the text is screwed into the reader is rivited catacombs sensible body an elegantly structured belief system ingling with the body by virtue of the scream inside the structures of digit veil Non-skin style screens non knowledge pretence of something a ghost HIDING style inference assertion it used to be there a language the body mingles with machine arm as with a train of thought which extends into a subject matter terminating in the aperture the mouth who speaks through whorls if it is sense as in making sense then sound poetry might be a flayed language body a body? a corpse? a body without organs?

I never wanted my technology to do anything that it currently does a body record collection made digital ethereal exploded sensory skin of veil cameras keyboards FEELING thematic whorl where the novel the folds of the text maintained swiveling at the hip vein whorl minor rebellion in which whorls eyes vortex Short circuit lcd smash electric shock as in OPPIN IN knowledge is veil as in no knowledge KEEPIN a fault loss of having not had the sensory of language where the language gives to world

a language which could extend without breaking into a living room a minor circuit camera keyboard veil code code a body which didn't finish at the extent of what could do poet about fucking asshole bellybutton and repetition bossomania through a veil the sensory of the whirled body which gives into the whorls of language SAYING a context anuding inside teen catacombs wires blind I imagine an impression formed by the distortion of the text when it returns YES the seeing a room wires mingle with place or when you have a feeling near to something and the feeling returns changed absolute ear CANAL verse

commpptoening

maliterature

prentarising

descrexically

imagesfullery

interpreciety

media-everyon

excesssists

paradable

for the first time for the last time simultaneous sinister pap
retiring tactical retreat to bed forever accompanying cryo in manlessness ingert retirement gift pap
crying breaking in explosion making love DANGLED ROBBED KIBBED quiet sobbed complement eye clawed
tasting joyfully following your swallow do swallowing RIGID DOGGED MORBED filling replacement STAMP tooth record
YULE RIVILY going down leg collapse TERIDTORED TORPOR MOPED ROMPER TAMPER key thief
VULVA RIVULE a swallow which a sob which a retirement which ROAMER TUMULT thicket rub
a life plan doesn't end HEARTEN doesn't catch doesn't conclude MOURN RUNE a neverending fortune telling
LAVA RAVER but returns RIB THOB but expands but prefigures as with a retirement from painting
LATHER RATHER BROTHER REBIRTH into which now sud sore saddle sud or a retirement to bed
plosion plication tinction pedience THROB star sir chin fuck click lick cluck luck flick cliff hack lack fuck
plodion plidation tension perience GIRTH boss rarse storeroom hollow cunt mercury veining hillside the emptiness of offices at night
odium pleading tendency podiums BOO FROM vary hole vibrating lober metal jar pap
WASTE WORST unable to waste pound in image ancia dilted conducted so
WHAM WOMB wasteland pounding tom ulcer ularism nose syndrome worm knot lift well p meat
poorness is honourable stress tent twisting eyeb strain to pressure lens are fired in glass el tone pe thumb groo
GORE sickness HOMEtending hair loss number baldness fire droppage gawed lawn boring drop adherence
MOORS ROOM G GROOM GOON GONGGOING BOING awed awn
suds dry as a fireplace dandruff ONE GONE GONE NOON owed on awning bowed belonging udon
soaked soft head dip drift skull ON GO text life love node nodles wet handshake
rubbed little body a flake on each shoulder node repeated word family members clitoris soap cleaning noodles
owning nobody known node failure meaning slippage as with syndrome complex family members who cannot be moved on from at parties electricity not flowing between gashed skins

interview

owning up sewn pope soap bald letters ideolo graz cur barf soap sewn soap
moaning perforated sacramental lips sieved god bo
moon crescent lips I'm not doing it over the phone
goon skull unpicked I am doing it in the flesh
out grown new town retiring in flesh slumping with the skin
breaking in sin which detached self
light sun crack we are vanishing together as with light and colour ad tumbled to the gut
colour pixel rash fading precisely simultaneous in person swivelling the personality
face nose collapse into the mouth each otherses to reveal that is has a thin side
values laughter of snapping whip laughter cruel whiplash which pressed our horses on which is in effect its vanishing

effect

can we make the self revolve in the skin vanish and appear again
is this what happens when we blinks simultaneous with mutability self as static
infinitely sided self pivoting self animated self frame rate
flipping inside revealing one retiring axel removed light defuse backward gaze
flipping again revealing another
another flip another side
another side again twist then movement
a swiv each and eating a retina of the same

corresion

RETIREMENT II

bentified

poorness is honourable stress tent twisting weball strain z pressure lens are red st gals who torque eal thumb groove
 is this what happens when we blink simult eous yan me ability self as tic
 VULVA RIVULE a swallow which a sob which a retirement which ROAMER TUMULI thicket rub
 can we make the self revolve in the skin vanish and appear again
 YULE RIVILY going down leg collapse TERID TORED TORPOR MOPED ROMPER TAMPER key thief
 odium pleading tendency podiums BOOTH THONG binary hole vibrating lock picker metallic jail soap
 soaked soft head dip drift skull ON GO text life love node nodles wet handshake
 LATHER RATHER BROTHER REBIRTH into which now sud sore saddle sud or a retirement to bed
 plosion plication tinction pedience THROB star sin chin fuck click lick cluck luck flick cliff hack lack fuck
 crying breaking in explosion making love DRAGGED ROBBED RIBBED quiet sobbed compliments eye vical
 rubbed little body a flake on each shoulder node repeated word family members clitoris soap cleaning noodles
 GORE sickness HOME tending hair loss nuber bass flite drop e gnawed law orin drop there
 owning nobody known role failure meaning slippa as with syndrome complex family members who cannot be ved on from at rtie electricity not flowing between gashed skins
 retiring tactical retreat to bed forever accom ing eve one into mat essness finger p retin ent gift ap
 moon crescent lips I'm not ing it over the phone
 goon skull unpicked I am do it in the flesh
 suds dry as a fireplace dandruff ONE GONE GONE NOON owed on awning bowed belonging udon
 MOORS ROOM G GROOM GOONGONG GOING BOING awed awn
 WASTE WORST unable to waste poundian image financial digital natural constructed soap
 tasting joyfully following your swallow down swallowing RIGID DOGGED MORBED filling replacement STAMP tooth record
 values laughter of snapping whip laughter cruel whiplash which pressed our horses on which is in effect its vanishing
 WHAM WOMB wastelessland pounding stomach ulcer circular sum node syndrome worm knot lift swell pork meat
 plodion plidation tension perience GIRTH boss red arse storeroom hollow cunt merc t veining hillside emptiness of offices at night
 owning up sewn pope soap bald letter ideor gra cum ear of p sev soap
 light sun crack we are vanishing together as with light and col andumbles to the g
 another flip another side
 another side again a twist th a a movement sinister soap
 for the first time for the last time simultaneous
 a life plan doesn't end HEARTEN doesn't ca doesn't conclude MOURN RUNE a neverending fortune telling
 LAVA RAVER but returns RIB THOB but expands but prefigures as with a retirement from painting
 moaning perforated sacremental lips sieved god body
 out grown new town retiring in the flesh slumping within the skin
 breaking in a sin which detaches itself
 colour pixel rash fading precisely simultaneous in person swivelling the personality
 face nose collapse into the mouth each otherses to reveal that is has a thin side
 infinitely sided self pivoting self anim and self tame ate
 flipping inside revealing one retiring ax removed light del backv d gaze
 flipping again revealing another
 a swivel each anticipating a re on of the same

precedde

paratra P

extry

problex

admind

artine

Modies

Blabnit

xones

flaid

Adeal

fragile undable indign promon

THE LONG NOW

the temporal horizons of politics must reach well beyond the speculative advantages, the sound-bite opportunities, of the 'long now'
STEPHEN GRAHAM, CITIES UNDER SEIGE

Very well. Very well indeed. Very. Settled. But will you keep in mind, and—not for one moment—not one moment—lose sight of the fact—that no more. On this point not another word. What is incumbent upon me to say is not so much—it is in the first place simply this: it is our duty—we lie under a solemn— an inviolable

NO ladies and gentlemen! It was not thus—it was not thus that I—H

Can I mistake to imagine that I—quite right, ladies and gentlemen! Settled. Let us drop the subject. I desire understand each other, and

NOW he will, while being hurt, be made to speak, to sing, and, of course, to scream— and these screams, the sounds anterior to language that a human being reverts to when overwhelmed by pain, will in turn be broken off and made the property of the torturers. They will be used as the occasion for, be made the agent of, another act of punishment. As the torturer displays his control of the other's voice by first inducing screams, he NOW

what do you love most of all? *Gold and women.* You seem to be afraid. *I'm not afraid. At least not in the way you think. Besides, you wouldn't understand.* Rest assured that my decisions always keep in mind the ultimate good. I shall NOW

the body as an "enormous vermin" to which he is tied, a colossus to which he is bound but with which he feels no relationship. In its heavy presence, the rest of the world grows light, as though all else has been upheaved and emptied of its contents. What was full is NOW

the entanglement of states, which physicists NOW entangled-cos-

nically, biotechnologically, medically, virally, pharmacologically - with nonhuman nature. Nature has always mixed it up with itself and I think that this co-mingling has intensified and become harder to ignore. *Whereas at the time of ploughs we could only scratch the surface of the soil, we can NOW*

in motion alone, in change, and even what I had initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that NOW ap-

peared to chew the liquid somewhat, then swallowed it down; then said *And NOW*

Short practice flights through the caves, but NOW

The military commander must be able to live in the future. NOW The

autoclave simmers its fine clutter of steel bones. Steam drifts into the glare of the gooseneck lamp, NOW

There was a violent explosion. Shriller and ever shriller, a siren shrieked. Alarm bells maddeningly sounded. The children started, screamed; their faces were distorted with terror. And NOW

This composite of glass. skin cells. glue.

words, laws, metals and human emotions had become an actant. Neither an object nor a subject but an "inter-ventor," a "quasi-casual operator" which by virtue of being in the right place at the right time, makes the difference. makes things happen. becomes the decisive force catalyzing an event. Actant and operator NOW

Back at the hotel room window NOW

for. Almost every day words disappear. So sometimes, to replace them, they put in new words that represent new ideas. Over the past two or three months some words I was very fond of have disappeared. *What words? I'd like to know.* Robin redbreast, weep. Autumn light. NOW Sys-

tems of camps, militarized borders, and systems of illicit, invisible movement NOW

city of signs spewing the vital if vulgar iconography of NOW Four-wheel drive.

Ceramic armor. Goodyear Streetsweepers you'd need a serious gun to puncture. There was a cardboard air-freshener, shaped like a pine-tree, hanging in front of the heater-vent. NOW observation is only possible on the condition that the effect of the measurement is indeterminable. NOW Your ideas are strange. Back in the age of ideas your ideas would have been deemed sublime. Look at yourself. Men like you will soon be extinct. You will become worse than death. You will become a legend. *Yes, I'm afraid of death. But for a humble secret agent it's an everyday thing, like misanthropy and I've been practicing all my life.* NOW

diminish but erases it. It bestows the gap between NOW

Other wise it will be too easy for you to look with blame, that is: morally, at your past, which normally has a share in everything that NOW

It seemed to us that we had before us a picture of our salvation in heaven; for we that were awhile since in the jaws of death, were NOW

You go from dream to dream inside me. You have passage to my last shabby corner, and there, among the debris, you've found life. I'm no longer sure

trustablished

unconsciousal

code-emogituc

environmmentary

interminortant
stabweadisions
standerstanding
technologisms

priment

CARRY ME ALONG DADDY

“The manufacture and utilization of equipment, tools, and machines, the manufactured and used things themselves, and the needs and ends that they serve... The whole complex of these contrivances is technology”
Martin Heidegger

randding

Finnegan's Wake is a 'used thing in itself' which requires the utilization of a technology, and is of course an object which makes technology conspicuous, indicated by the fact that someone like my dad, an immigrant, can not without prejudice, perhaps a philistine, would probably describe it as a wasteful use of paper, merely forcing us to think about the relationship between the working class and the publishing industry. The Wake is in a broken technology then, which draws attention to all the things which must work in a technology of a novel in order to *count*: its lexicon, syntax, narrative and the narrative's relationship to real time. But we discover utility in this breakage and perhaps we discover that even as a slip of pebbles, the thing in itself is also so ambiguous in terms of its relationship to memory and history. It is a memorable and realist text in that sense alone. But not one which you would read on holiday I imagine.

retamed

In the days leading up to this text, I went back home for my Dad's birthday celebrations. He had spent most of his working life on the factory floor first as an engineer and then as a manager, but he took voluntary redundancy earlier this year before having a heart attack thus reversing the logical flow of events somewhat, and he came in to the room in on that soft morning, and with a hoarse voice, a kind of whisper but which the whole room could hear I'm Leaving Your Mum Thinks I'm A Cold Murderer. Because my mum's family were staying over for a few days then my dad had nowhere to go and after a long meeting at the Otterspool prom where he told me and my sister that he wasn't going to be able to go, sorry, no matter that he'd made my mum cry by shouting at her in a cafe in Copenhagen earlier that year, even though he accepted that this was wrong and whatever it said about the 30-year marriage he up to that day, and his attitude towards women in general for example, he got a flight to Malta which he had purchased as part of a package deal that morning.

While he was away I spoke to my dad a lot on the phone, from his hotel which he said was teaming with people speaking in Arabic which he found unsettling, and couples who had clearly fallen out of love a long time. In one instance he said he saw a couple about the age of him and my mum, sitting in silence glaring over their food at each other, and just as the man opened his mouth to say something, the woman raised her bangled middle finger and stuck it up in his face. The hotel was a purgatory, he said, in an uncharacteristically religious turn of phrase, for people like him. People, he implied who had foregone comfort in each other. This was the night of New Years Eve, when I spoke to him on my mobile phone outside our friends house.

ruptual

senstats

He said how he'd started writing, despite the fact that he had never previously written anything besides sums. After a rough childhood, he had indeed been saved by working as an electrician, but as a manager worked with people in a manner which was machinelike, treating them I think for their utility. But at this point of crisis he had turned in a new direction, that I would, to writing, trying to process what exactly it was that had revealed itself during this one public glitch in Copenhagen and the smaller public scale one on the morning of his birthday.

The writing which he read to me on the phone from Malta over the New Year period was a strange, intoxicated mix of observational comedy about the other people occupying this cheap hotel: deshevelled blondes dancing wildly in front of men in football shirts and flip flops at the disco; unsettling non sequiturs, people made entirely of bone, food which tasted like coins, paranoid statements regarding the people from his past, old enemies regurgitated characters from the Micky Spillane novel he was reading, the time arabic gangsters in the room next door, all finally escaping the text to populate the corridors outside his room, as he entered a kind of paranoid delusional state. It was strange and terrifying to listen to these texts, and the commentary which flowed from them, especially as he deferred to me at points not as his son but as a poet or literary theorist, who he thought would be able to divine some kind of meaning in it all, a task that elements of my mind went to work on without thought, even as I advised him to stop. It was in a very real sense as though some of my previous poems had come to life as visitations on him.

Later, my dad said it was indeed the writing which had caused him to feel paranoid, because in the days after I advised him to stop writing he had been able to become more relaxed, had rested, enjoyed Malta's peaceful vistas of sand, and come to terms with the situation he was in. On his return he was able in the end to apologise to my mum and promise to undergo some kind of counseling to try to stop his frequent outbursts of anger, and mend his attitude to her. She had somehow become someone he falsely perceived to be constantly emanating from, a threat which he looked to anticipate with his own unpleasantnesses. I remember them from photographs, both in sheepskin coats and flares on a Arctic trip to the poles. Since then, their lives had apparently become unbearable though they indeed had been borne by both of them with a grimace, nonetheless, under the pressure of capitalism which neither of them valued nearly as much as the lightness he had sacrificed for. And he apologised, also, humbly, to me, which was difficult to listen to. It is undeniable that my father and I also remember his anger at small things, but the possibility that these captures of our otherwise idyllic childhood rather than being the sum total of his unhappiness, were in fact chinks in the shield which my mum had managed to put up around us against a much greater shadow of violence she perceived coming from him, was itself frightening and uncanny in terms of the vertigo it induced.

This text was produced during the first few weeks of the Year of Trauma. While I was speaking to my dad in Malta, and the days that immediately followed. In it, literary and publication find their apex as my father's textual symptomatic.

colonism

Like a Soft morning in the city, my Lisp is a leafy kind of speaking.
this should not be difficult.
I lay after my, all the night have faded inside my hair,
where the brain and a purely pepper beard,
lies for a living.
Not a word, except for the falling Lisp
No wind, no word. Only a leaf, just a
leaf and then "you know who that
leaves don't you?"
"Sure. Your Middle Eastern friends.
Safe until I'm out of the
woods fond with a shiv ready
had a good excuse to want a guard
on his hotel-room door.
Pigeons
you sleep on my side of the palm
Reclining like some body with a crack
pipe on the fourth floor
a box, two signs, and a ten-foot long urinal.
Rise up now and arouse me. I am leafy, your golden blonde curls looking almost white under
the
fluorescents. Even the curves of her full-
breasted, slim-waisted, full-hipped body
couldn't be blunted
so you called me, your golden, silver hair was crooked—damn
charm er
But there's a great poet in you too who
has bored and slumped behind his wheel;
but behind him, the blurred face slowly
scanned the sidewalks before sinking back
gone and rested. into the darkness.
The Maltese Helpline minutes had passed. Since I was the only
Here is your potential target
breathless real mother now
I want to see you looking down the long dark corridor to
nowhere that starts at the end of a .45.
Fine for me. With your branded
big green Blooming lotus buck le // an explosion that is
bulging up the barrel.
Produce Pride, conscious,
envy! You make me think of
the boy seemed to pull his
ungainly package closer to his
body.
This is an atmosphere that goes along with it, like smelling smoke
from a fire a long way off. There was nothing you could put
your finger on, but the years of living under the shadow of
violence gave me an alertness I never tried to shrug off.

No school day. Sister.
Galleries are seen like the twinkling of an eye
Some so often. Time after time.
So seemy with sighs on the water front of my desk. "It's money, love. That makes it that dirty white color." It was long and round, and when I had it uncovered, and lifted it up, I saw

under widespread wings to pray.
like Archangels, I'd die
I'll not... quietly. I said, "All I did was step out from the nerve of shore a situation I've seen before. I bend over things us by a commodious vicious-looking figure promising incredible violence, a recirculation back to the full battle dress of the Philistines. His teeth the short scraggy exaggerated doubling voice

what it was. A bone.
on the floor, and she wrapped herself around me and she...
lead with sorrow as it goes...
hookers' heaven. An easy place to pick up

therapeutic, a cicada tone (bababadalgharaghtaka mminarronkonnbronntorner-ronntuonnthu nntrovarrhounawnskaw nntroooherrdenthu — ttooke! and later...
What passed felt like a minute and I was starting to wonder how long Pat could stretch it out
and later... solid, even that could eat you alive and the kind of up where the green... but what the wife wants, the wife gets. benefit. I had shot some of them and some of them into the system all too ready to

I have lived among them but now their mean cooperate — the interdepartmental synergy coos turn greedy grimaces gushed out through their small bodies of skin emotion. I shook my head.

The PERT speech spun and skittered and stopped right within my reach the shabbier waves yearn to disturb their sleep.
It is the softest morning that can ever remember me.
The trout will be choppy, young and cluttering around us.
I can see myself among them, all naive...
And the clash of our cries Revalues loathing.
But you're there to comfort her, right?

I thought My people were not their sort for all our wild
Face dances in a wild din the wild Amazing,
hair the stormiest. What a spring to be Lonely... so lonely without ... without him. How I wish he'd been strong like you
I all your faults. But I was loyal to my friends. Like you,
O bitter... they got groups f. The phone rang. It was a small, muted
They never see
I go back to
monogramming, my only soul

Loneness. For all intents and purposes an electrical one,
I slip away, sad and weary I go back to my cold father meaning
till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moles grab that bone and run off
and any time he feels like it.
drifted from me

bearing down on me now under widespread wings didn't jar you awake, but was like a small (humbly dumbly, only to pass again) scratching on your back.
Till endnotes a lone at last a long dark corridor to nowhere.
Running. The Past and the present
back to us

But one clings still
So soft this morning, Carry me along, daddy, like you done through the toy fair!
If I seen him bearing down on me now
welter... right rocks went
doubbling their be... mish mish
bababadalgharaghtaka mminarronkonnbronntorner-ronntuonnthu nntrovarrhounawnskaw nntroooherrdenthu — ttooke!
they can see... pretty damn pathetic with their dress
des and... d's-nest beards and the crummy way
they treat the female gender, but they don't come
together... ed when it comes to political philosophy.

He went down... following a sudden urge

incooding

the lazy blur, quick as lightning, slower than sleep
leaks down over their brash
guilt and glory.
the vestibule there was an evaporator about the size of a
coffee pot so you took the hair
so far as I can see it is your
she wouldn't touch the actual bone itself
but snatched up the mangled abstraction that had once
been my cries and hammered the jagged blossom
into her throat,
I slip away now
they'll never see
nor know. Nor miss me.
till the near sight and smell of it caused the other one to make it
make me rush, into an upchuck duet.

Carry
We pass
looks those guards sneaked
End here.
Obsolete memories! are like he'd just noticed I was here
Gives away a long and commented, "You're a motherfucker!"
with a swerve of vicious recirculation
Passes some damn flop. Six blocks

promined

So. My morning, ours.
Yes. like
fair
I sink into only to have
We pass through

that simple child's to
slingshot. the
crowd
seen-it-a
or away to dull, shiny gray and reveal the
gray of concrete beneath.

the monstrous democratic governments,
smashing their edifices, terrorizing their
populations and putting fear
into everyone
in the western world.
later on life compiled such thorough notice that the
best of the most stuporous upon the
lived among them

Till the revenue, brings us
back to Europe :
(bababadalgharaghtakamm
inarronnkonbronntonner-
ronntonhunntrovarrhou
nawnskawntooohoordene
nthur — nuke!)

the same in every major city
menacingly, half-lidded eyes
stopping just
short
of arrogant

And their little warm tricks. And lazy eyes fixed on me, glittering as part of the
bodies . But you
You're Home ? Only for the Goliath bone!
Maybe you guys
were beyond blame, She thought
ages dance in their handsome breasts and stark white
hair. I remembered him.
They are the stormiest Weeks in Malta. But I have
to be free.

reachine

later on the humiliation of the west
where oranges have been laid out the little table best of the loved-steel food
to rust upon the green since his hands were full with the bull-paige, a

All faults slip ped away into a concealed compartment
away fast, I didn't want to be slowed down. Anyway,
and the near sight makes me rise from those
leaves which have drifted

all the greedy And all the
lazy in guilt and in glory
sort out
all the bold and bad
and bleary blame, the
bullheaded. And
what is the clash of our
cries

at night? You're there to comfort her, right?

from me. to the great femur laying exposed on the table
But one clings still. I bear it on me. To
remind me humbly of someone, but I couldn't quite place the
dumbly alone with a mere resemblance
of daddy,

Intervice

Not to be free for a can of b
Revalue, they say, never loath the Lon ly
in lonesness never see. Nor know. Nor hurt me
nor sad and old go back to the, cold mad
ferry till the classical guy myself and don't mean ro but
rush, I see rising Saves me from My drift. the wife wants, all the wife gets. to
All
bear it on me. To remind me of this in these hallowed halls. There was a time the
morning.

doubling all the time he feels like it. And for another
though not yet, thing,
could come into this place and,
after a firefight
the
damn
fall beckons
(bababadalgharaghtakamm inarronnkon bronntonner-ronntonhunntrovarrhou
rhounawnskawntoo ohoordenenthur

abscribe

excertain

SCENES FOR A CONTEMPORARY
WORKING CLASS PLAY

plookin

mappause

confictive

constelled

emanchinic

exposining

I could have been a footballer
But I had a paper round.
But I
misuse *a metrica*
take out a
representative. outperform
development infuse
mouth

I make a track But I market public liverpool
georgian city a better past.

I could carp up
But I language a city
I could smithereen

Sodom up a capitalist

But I Elamite love lyric Almaty
I could stash away aggregation up a
capitalist cyprinid malacopterygian

I could gray away
Dnipropetrovsk crucial carp catfish
But I honky hubby missive Kandaha
I could mean magnetic
reproductive structure composing

a worse a worse
awful stalk draw
type anger

surrounded end lines
central near to rootstock

But I blood a writing style forever of
But I describe elegance of
contrarian expanse bite off

a
diagonal stem up

But I heart
adumbrate flair forever
flair forever

I chomp off
evermore elan forevermore
fabric

I name geographical ache
endmost pensive

I Olympian I forevermore

I could hold fast tabula rasa
effusion off a carob scarlet runner venting

near
the
magnetic martingale of
co-option blepharism of
the Things take the system
off

I could defile

But I muster
d'er
munch

neveration
photolving
inoperate
sequention

hair leather glue
salt and hair
angling body
folded stained
a sole sects
in second
class oven,
and the sick
fornicating claires
namesless now,
hovering between
mindless bitterness
and nameless ribbon.

Gash, like a
meteor's dividing arc
holding his own
bicep second
rate man
without sunse
of similarity
ainly farts
in which the
mountain's gasp
th to
up the
sparse mingles
middling

joke the villiage
of millionaires
laughing itself
into concussion
the conclusion
of the long sleep
mind folded
over mind
into ten
turns of
findings and ear
hands searching
inside the
stage of
steel ink and
debts stone.

O stage of
stone on which
the cunning cock
stares gnashing
in the little wind
is there anything
pushing inside
the wind or
sickness
ed floor
d
sickness
ing
vital

Dear Colleague,

Rather than struggle to sustain or envision a factory from the traces left behind in the wake of the textiles we produce, we look towards our own deployment of the texture of the work place itself.

The texture of the factory of what is required does not precisely echoes the appearance of aesthetics and gestures required to maintain it. The hollowness at the centre of this factory – a hollowness we might work to fill but must first provide hunger adequate to it in ourselves – is the core from which the aura of its greatness will resound. The activity within that gives meaning to the most insignificant moment without.

It has typically been understood that in production we construct jetties into time, promontories from which to observe what is to come. But clearly now we can assume that the quality of this observation was itself obscured by the wake of dissolution from that same product. That which we stood on, if you can imagine, was rather a thickening lens by whose aspect we assumed the future itself was to be shrouded in, consisting itself of mist and land of ghosts. The factory is from now to be concerned with finding and when refusing it distortion, evaporation - through concentration hearing. You will in a sense be present in a diamond from what we had been elusively led to conclude was not.

We have left the burden of work behind, in order to free the factory and the citizen to attain their proper stature, as the sanctum and clerical heart of mankind. Our habit a shadow made of fibres, thrown by the wind in a clockwork manner with the precision of the sun. Effect wills action, wills effect. The frame of silver balls on my desk.

As ordinary men and women, we know that some things cannot be synthesized. A tap running in my apartment this morning, footsteps above me in bed. All around us a cold dark loneliness that the warmth of our uniform, the brightness of the factory floor, our colleagues, is defined by. Like this, the factory itself reaches into daily life, just as keepsakes from home creep into the factory, where they will be safe.

We know that property also cannot be truly maintained, only preserved by each new claim to it made by the bourgeois individual, a claim whose vigour is always rate limited by the burning anxieties of the citizenry at large. In direct contradiction, the work will be sustained by an habitual passing, carried into the future in the pure worth of its refusal to degrade. This will include the factory's own self-sustaining refusal to be owned, taken. A refusal replicated down into each member on the floor, and the floor beneath, down to an atomic scale.

We cease production tomorrow in direct contradiction to the formerly dominant dogma, that the thirst for production must desiccate the worker, force the place of work to crumble into sand. Rather, we affirm that by decelerating production to zero, our solidarity will emerge, fluid as a garden. Time has reached that apex when we recognize the need for the factory, above all else and we sink backward into history; a monumental one that we will never see the like of again.

Until tomorrow, friends.

severely
type
under
wantically
everydays
pective
pinny
ally

