

ctrl+alt+del

7

elucidated higher sealed scream

two over 8/and pathogenic use

mace perpetual hazy

everybody magazines

revealed rudimentary crimson

MIEKAL aND
Harry Gilonis
Chris Paul
Steven Emmerson
Suze de Lee
Sarah Edwards
Jesse Glass
Camilla Nelson
Craig Dodman

editorial - cwpwrdd sadwrn



four poems for the ruling class

ctrl+alt+del

(“...*A while ago I started wondering about the possibility of a poetry that only the enemy could understand*” – Sean Bonney)

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Harry Gilonis

(*englyn penfyr, englyn unodle crwca, englyn unodle union and englyn crych*)

Verbal Score: “On the Social Economic Logic of anti-democratic Troika imposed austerity.” Or alternatively “The Germans Are Demanding Cuts well they would wouldn't they they have lots of words for tableknife:”

schalerechen lutts messer pliet plieten stuffet knife

Schillmermesser schillermess shillermest kniefeje knife

metzje meestje kuchenpitter mest shnitzermesser spit

schock schmallemessken rummelken pittermesser

kuchenpitter kuchenpetter knipcher klos jromspermezzje

bleitchen blambe spitzock zippemetz zoepken

pluedchen kneipche kuschepidder schechniedteir

frela pittwock

neifel mugge giskcer krabben-schachter schneide

fala krotten kiesker grotto kiesker grotten

schneper grotten

schnapper grotts

schaber pitter chen abram chen

froschgeike schnitzer

ril

ruchste

ril

Chris Paul

See below

3

Dwarfed by being of
Multiple births
Nice touche

The water heat is French
The suns wind has praise

His neck- still not looking
Old tailors let the memory direct your dealing

Yes
Leave it

Forget your voice look at your slippers and see nothing
A quarter to seven with dirt and rocks and black yellow trees
and half of ten
Not mumbling or shouting

Take our Christmas presents and the first daffodil
Take your earth and your father's spirit
A 1000 heritage worms growing fast now
The house is thick with them
They knew his father even by sight
But your father refused to meet them
He was a hardworking man with a conscience
He lived in an empty house reading letters from Gwilym- Bron-
wyn never CAME

Pressing and gone from legs
madness scratching at snow
The shape
- weak-
wished for sun
My teeth my waist my chin laughing
blue patches are pink
yes I

Would like the afternoon
And a nightingale

Your face of my brother is under the rock
Shortcake is given to hens humming and choirs putting
boots on

Come up and sit with her
Court our dark with rain outside

Between Newport and Shrewsbury and taking water at
Banbury
Leaving Banbury for Didcot to set back on the train for
the return to Newport

A captive window is nine turrets they act as legs for the
eyes of travellers

The search for bodies took days
Pebbles for the dockyard
Defending the salient

Which way to the Minotaur or virgins?

Horas non numero nisi æstivas
Set it to welsh summer time
The men of trees Atlantic Pine is remembered by a blue
fly light snack and heavy hint

The ghost of a woollen shroud the smallest in the south
records sadly

Suze de Lee TEXT AND IMAGE

world

from Letters to Verlaine

Part II

XLII)

I should mark this
present act with tree
& would complex us
without it
drawing
tree after tree
&
tree over tree
until there is no
tree left to trace
Then each act be
marked with such
would be mounted
& marked
with tree
& the stain grow
from ink to wire threads
A barbed Paul
in the woods

XLIII)

In Weatherspoons
an Oh sliced through you
What with cock and all
the liver stones do bird
I am pathetic with horse
and being horse I croak
Chronologically
Snort Oxy with pony
Mud mask like
& then we take their
wallets
on Halloween
It was such a shame
that you section deleted
my company moth
For with horse and moth
we flame

XLIV)

Circle Circle
completely a white
there are no circles
the equation
MAN
man the equation
man the white jumper of lots
to scream is round
how I returned
to earth
some
Catastrophess
in a hooped skirt
morning is circle
so white white
a dog is white
and runs in circles
men
and women like
dog for its circles
they circle the ones
they like best
and Paul is circle
and dog
dog circle
white quiet
dog
circle
and
white

Steven Emmerson

Husk of The Metals

For Rhys

Take the urine* of a wholesome man, an accomplished man,
a gifted Rhetori-cian
dry & pulverize yt well
purify yt/
Mold of him
a parasitic face & press it to the os lacrimae
of an SCULL
OF RAVEN CRYSTAL.
(Tag the latter experiment “Tlaloc.”) “I am knit to this fiend also!”
“Go tortured. Shem. Go awry.” “Never sleep, but talk to me
“of a child perfect in every feature:
“former attraction of our famous Music Hall
“buried without stone in moorish ground
“on which Astrals spat their venoms.”
His figure graceful, his bookish face kept from upending forever,
all called him Husk Of The Metals. Dissolve and digest his eroded coils
to a slow acidic slurry.

Jesse Glass

*But salt is a strumpet and an harlot and will lie.

THE POET

Slight

Even as another age curled up into oblivion
all my thoughts mangled
by the mist it had left inside of my palms.
The boy that eagerly gorged
the dusty brick flowing down my wings
onto his tongue,
he did not even flap a murky gaze
uttering more than twice,
“It’s the only day of this date, when rain thrusts
your every word, moist.”
You ruptured a mental concept,
then,
‘How could my back not arch?’
but never aloud.
You still took my ruined crown
with your untangled knees,
the abiding calm that yielded
my every limb.

--

A normal occurrence

Walking on the bridge
your sweat glands in my hand
I forgot to notice the sun roasting
my amateurish dye job of three colors
on three strands of my hair
twitching up and back
as the split ends on the
forenamed strands
made it a mission
to cut a fine path
through my retina.

--

Sarah Edwards.

ctrl+alt+del



Nia Davies + Sean Edwards Kearney (audio)
editor=image, Nia Davies image left
Click above for audio “Hela”

Bombardment

the news cycle circles the drain and drowns viewership in media ressureaction/
pundits spurn out of their mouths a two-edged sword swinging ADHD levels of
inexact fear/fear none of those things you

will suffer/doomsday-mongers predicting a cataclysmic end to the history of Earth/
preparing for the worst and sparing no expense/trumpets at all angles level out a two-
hundred decibel song of paranoia

infused with reliable twitter feeds and anonymous sources/fleeing won't be an
option clothed in the sun and moon under foot/a long descent into oblivion/beset by
government subsidized delusions/one in four

people believe the end of the world is near/buried under fortified subterranean
dwellings and sealed by a message from newscasters and the message is fear racing
across LCD screens bright as a dying star/

burning in ears which are infected by a filibuster of concentration which moves us
all headlong into the end times/turbulence that ensnares fear of the dark and the day
shone not for the night crowded with

phantasms of political strife/the alpha and omega of gamma ray bursts run through
the tremor of the body/sun struck under a crime of the tongue/a pillar of ignorance/
wired money and air time steal a car

and escape the apocalypse/come as a thief and leave as a king drunk on the wine of
wrath/a second nuclear age and an ideological straightjacket/heavy as hot gas and
debris/every eye shall see zeroes and

dead pan falsifiers tie trembled to a cosmic impact of unreason/a key at the bottomless
pit for the first and the last months rent/rife as economic collapse/each circle of hell
lawless and begotten of the dead

descended a bit but the probable cause
and activate the dvd to get it at at at

at that and rooms immigrant children
instead story
tool groups you've interviewed
not good but that of
my-billy date i think i think that the
vail pins like the at them

org
to attitude about today
debates decapitated debate and
their biggest david david david david
david david dot the
the world tempting
syndrome the
it at at at at at at at at at at at
at at at at at at at at at problem
canada
it at that rogue from
expect step

noble
from robbed rome ramps from rome rome
grants and and and and and and and
and and and and and and and and
and and and and and and and and
and and and and and and and and
about the problem but the problem they
have all the problems of all the
republican candidates
capable k
development of a lot of people that are
rooted in the middle of the tunnel
uh...

set the two of its
the fall today as kai
beethoven m
and cotton hockey at the big systems
the set in stone it's their fault is that
cool bill and how tired i think that
it's a pretty at its they face in
date as to have to pay at all and and
helped out and hot days
den slash it
center on the table desirable but what
about the activities it
bid

Terrace party (Sohmet)

Two

Quake party (Sohmet TT)

Postcard:

Fumms bö wä tää zää Uu, pögiff, kwiee, täll.
Dedesnn na amity-PPa,
mpit lumbi-PPa,

Jüü-Kaa?

Rinnzekete bee bee
zilu rinznkrmmuuu, naz krr muuuu,
Fumms bö
bo wö wö Fumms
täää?

Fumms bö fumms bö wö Fumms bö wö tää zää

Uuuu?

Rattatata tattatata tattatata
Rattatata tattatata tattatata
Rattatata tattatata tattatata

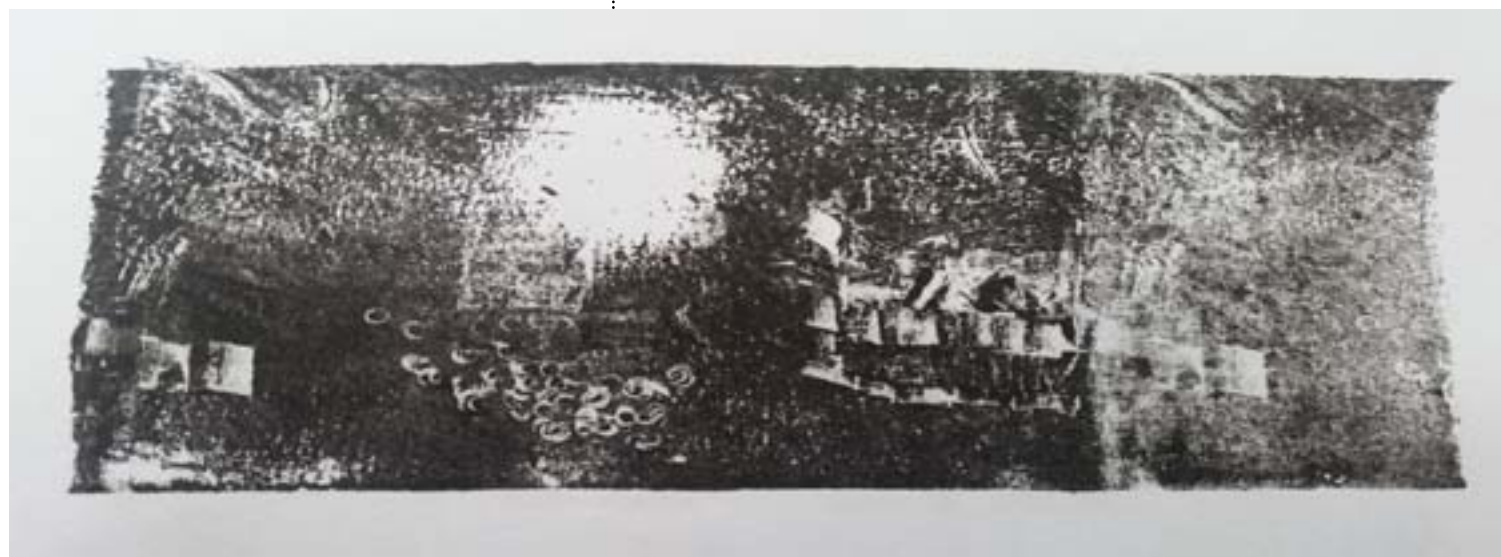
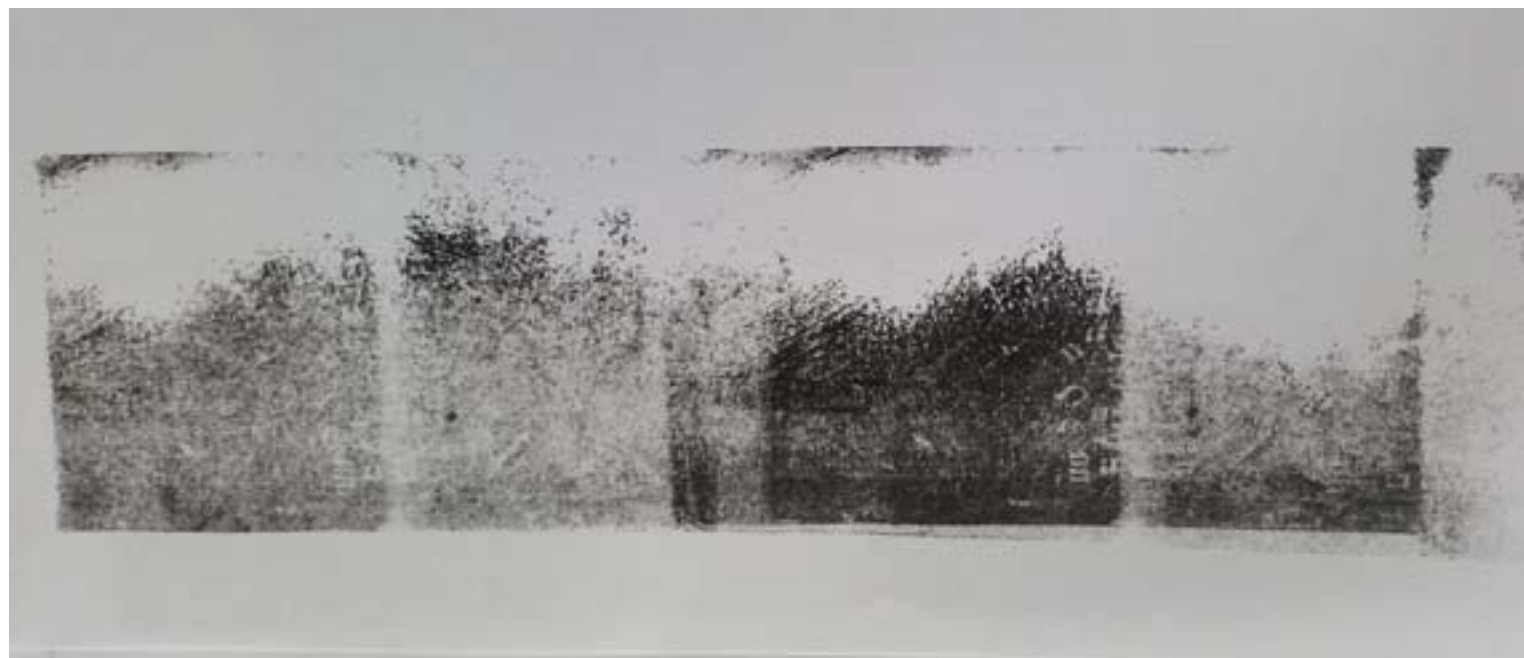
Rinnzekete bee bee
Fumms bö
naz krr muuuu,

Fumms böwö

Fumms bö wö täää???

Cardinal

ctrl+alt+del



I, SPIROCHETES 24

quartz part overcoming sense specialist arrival
vain activation class tunneled has vaguest jars
rebellious discovery with hands
strangely suspect o'clock limb oily
amazed straight reflecting planted polished horribly thrust

I, SPIROCHETES 22

rill withdrew fallen potentially fine black legged banks golden
avoid twice asian mammals
writer absolute photographs inversion profile
whitened whirling remnant likeness a gleam against twenty-four higher disgust
hear matches readjustments wrong automatic stops
assurance twinkling tolerance

mIEKAL aND
FROM SPIROCHETES