

KRIS CROSS

, sky blue Kris cross
 , Jenna Jameson curls
 , mini-bonbons
 , jellyfish tits
 , tanned plump-pins
 , herhat glued on
 , hairsprayed -
 , stuck with sumit' anyhow...
 , while riding the valley's
 , mmm...
 meanwhile in another part of town her best
 friend and bisexual lover has a six shooter
 aimed at your crotch...
 and
 there's lilac smocks and nurses uniforms in our
 21st Century town
 it's a beautiful wigarama sunset
 with masala-blood stained tiles
 and
 shabby ceilings,
 rotting roof and pissy glass,
 pigeoned shit
 and feathered former
 local porn stars that didn't make it big
 (reduced to begging online)
 and
 dog-wet cardboard,
 vibrators spanking concrete
 until their batteries flop
 flop-lap, drunk-dance
 too cheap and lonely to be sleazy,
 the plastic-bag perfume
 , harbours dreams
 , o

Human Nature

"Hey man!"
 grated the Californian
 "You left your Howl behind"
 "Wow!"
 "Did you hear that?" said Paulie
 "Only in this city man,
 and leave it to me,
 I'll get the man to sign it yeh,
 and if you don't hear from me
 let me know and ask
 me to send the fuckin' book"

I left my friend a note.
 My best friend in half an hour.

"Send me the fuckin' book man!"
 I wrote.
 He laughed.

Now I wait in the rain in a land devoid
 of oranges
 for the postman.

ARCTIC CONTINENTAL

p.m. Sat 3.1.2009 I took elaborate care -
 out with watering can full of water
 plus spade & fork traced a 60cm by 60cm square
 in the soil got the fork into the iced
 top layer - about a spade's depth - big frozen

clods placed (brrr!) to one side
 removed unfrozen earth to a further spade's depth
 placed on the other side slightly
 loosened the clay at the bottom fetched the
 pail of kitchen garbage tipped it

into the hole poured water in the pail
 gave it a switch around with the garden broom,
 rinsed out then back to the kitchen with that
 to stow under the sink
 return to the pit with 2 sheets of newsprint

cover then crush down the garbage with boots
 now the contents of the honeybucket are
 tipped in a broom whisk of the bucket
 which is rinsed then restored to the loo
 clean water & blue fluid poured in

back to the pit of ordure loose soil returned
 to the hole, followed by some nearby weeds
 then by icy lumps of earth, which are firmed down
 & sealed with a cap of broken slates weighed down
 with stones, to prevent any passing rat or fox from
 digging into it

job done.

ctrl+alt+del

brief experimentation

typewriter poem

HAF2
 o!summer is
 gloriousa fucking
 un-seafood platter on asphalt
 of slugs half devoured
 by ants
 twisted svedheads &
 rabbit origami
 zig-zag michelin-muzzle
 fecund wastage
 all eyed envy by buzzard
 eye
 under^{eye}death, there are
 worms.

Always Closing In

We always hunger for
 the impossible, (don't we?)
 and if by possibility, as we
 desire, others rang true,
 we'd have to settle up and
 admit it wasn't ever others
 we ever wanted at all.

CROESO

to a second RAKISH {{error fixme.bidi:mirror stub:
 mirroring characters//: fixme: dbghelp:dump_system fill in CPU vendorID and runtime feature set
 c{could not get lock /archives/lock - open || syntax error }++ 666:[press]} [ctrl+alt+del]
 -- REBOOT -- to the untrained UNKULCHAD observer a scrap of paper of the type used to put over a
 trapped spider in a tumbler, before setting him/her safely free outside. BUDDHIST. closer inspection
 reveals it may also be employed (when folded) to house: drugs, teabags, herbs, snuff, matches,
 FLOWERS sweets, sheaves of pornographic polaroids, DREAMS & WORDS/IMAGE/idea. Please enjoy
 this [arbitrary time unit]'s collection of poem, poetics, image & MURDEROUS intention, emotional
 catharsis & throwaway humour arranged beautifully for you by the talented andy garside. submissions,
 articles, images PROPOSITIONS to the ED.UH.TOR rhys.trimble@gmail.com «evermore in the world is
 this marvelous balance of beauty and disgust, magnificence and rats» (ralph waldo emerson)

more info, downloadable PDF version and folding instructions available at:
 WWW.CAD.theabsurd.co.uk
 ctrl+alt+del
 THE ABSURD

