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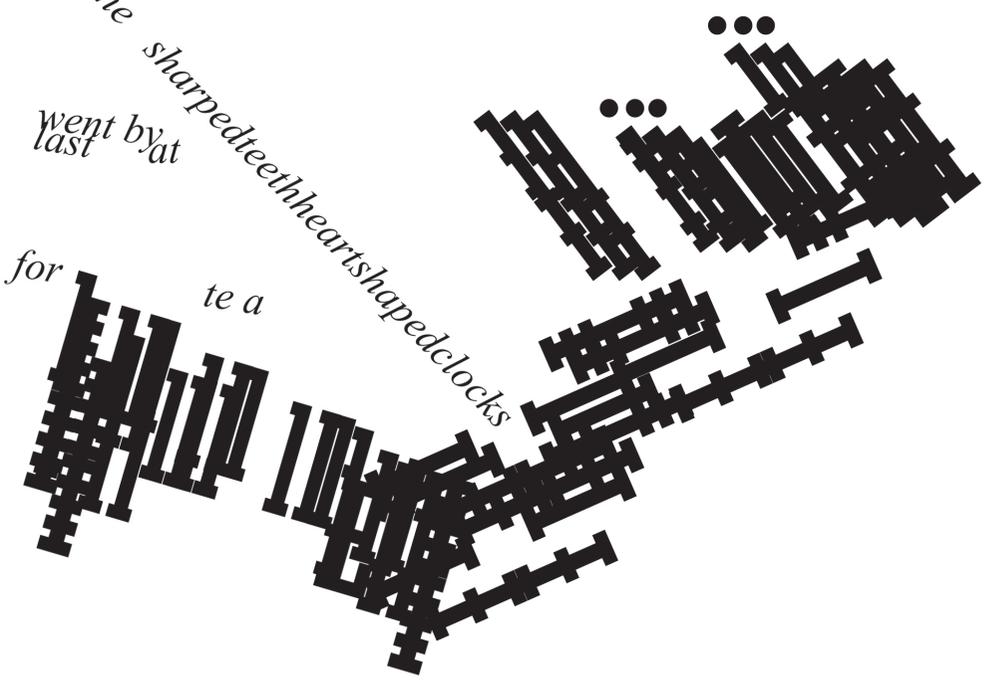
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all
the sharpedteethheartshapedlocks
went byat
last
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OUTMODALITY
 & IN AESTHETIC
 FAVOUR DAMAGE
 BLAME ANALYSIS
 SCHOOL INCUL
 (CAPITA) THE
 MARRIAN AUGH
 CHISELS WOKEN
 ZINC GALVANIS
 NOTEBOOKS. PL
 PHALLUS (OLD)
 IN BILABIA &
 ALWAYS IN &
 PIECES OF OLD
 WORSHIP & AS
 SOMETHING LIKE
 & WORTHLESS"
 WORKING PEOPLE
 TORIES... (Y) (N) ?

OLD SCHOOL
 & CRAVED LINES
 & LOVE: NEW
 CASE. CORDS
 & NOWTOSPREAD
 & SILENT
 US. UP &
 & ALLOVER OUR
 OG IS THE
 NEW HEAVEN
 SPEECH-ACTS
 INTEGRATING
 STUFF: SUN
 C. PAUL SED
 "VITAL
 ALWAYS CITE &
 UNDER THE
 (N) ?

YMLAEN →

showered, impatiently
J of h n, kind at a ll,
no, no offbridgeness



bricklad,
banbloke; entangled.
Home is

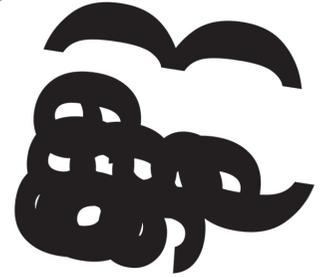


()
binspangled

bruno neiva (also cover

rendered. Slapstick c. Typee

he's not that kind ya nu,
but it's
the chance of
a
liverlime, a
ya nu, liverlime team,
liverlime!



from Letters to Verlaine

XLI)

I havoc my hands
in putty
Shape pity with finger
or pull Paul snail
with nails bitten
This auto-sun
is havoc to have
& malleable
To unsex her thus
in alley
to have it cocktied
Pyloned
& catenaried
My vocation thus is to have
To speed open-road
with this
Poor poor holy starfucker
& melt

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

5 pantoums

what happened was thorns
happened until thorns spilled
until ink spilled forth
ink described forth these
described how these woodland-
show many woodlands endure
many paths endure overgrown
paths across overgrown empire
across an empire swarms
an evening swarms like
evening sounded like war
sounded brambles' war cry
brambles' prisoners cry music
prisoners hear music answer
hear echoing answer grief
echoing what grief was

distances corrode all structures
corrode if structures form
if puffballs form there
puffballs burst there perfectly
burst since perfectly made
since nature made cows
nature drives cows along
drives laid along veins
laid new veins for
new blood for old
blood dispersing old gods
dispersing with gods float
with breath float spores
breath scatters spores wide
scatters such wide remaking
such distances remaking all

heaven itself can't name
itself nor name constellations
nor do constellations emerge
do saplings emerge skyward
saplings lament skyward they
lament clouds they assume
clouds might assume history
might repeat history whole
repeat this whole creation
this one creation contains
one seed contains ecosystems
seed plants ecosystems in
plants flourish in earth
flourish here earth infallibly
here while infallibly just
while heaven just can't

to dust spirals each
dust whose each motion
whose particles motion live
particles through live space
through other space than
other size than blank
size inside blank geometries
inside which geometries blossom
which actual blossom reiterates
actual being reiterates human
being scarcely human we
scarcely know we shouldn't
know matter shouldn't hold
matter won't hold sway
won't logic sway atomised
logic to atomised spirals

consciousness branches again these
branches diverge these neurons
diverge where neurons fire
where being's fire burns
being's thicket burns constantly
thicket blazing constantly until
blazing dims until everything
dims away everything vanishes
away what vanishes are
what thoughts are extinct
thoughts of extinct species
of fern species unknown
fern from unknown epochs
from past epochs thinking
past such thinking never
such consciousness never again

Matt Martin

thatcher variations

economics are the method
the object is to change the heart and soul

ergonomics starve a mythos
their abject eyes torch angel tartans whole

ergo gnomonic tsar famishes
cherub exiled to strange altar on wolds

agronomist's hearth banished this
her ibex child too rain-chilled to earn woods

acrimony sharpens its fist
herb erects hill terrain wilting onwards

agrimonies are pensiveness
verbenas's guilty and wielding gun-words

gastronomy's appendix is
hurt by as filthy a meal in shunned wilds

astronomers hope and exist
or die as if they had minimum worlds

a troll-gnome has opened the cyst
orderlies sift the admin he bumbled

escrow loan us a pantheist
sword lickety-split and mind benumbed bold

echoes moaned as their panther hid
doorlike its exit chained in barnum's hold

a common adze trepans the id
warlock's excessive charging heartens skulls

eight cosmonauts tarred and feathered
were logic's message charring heart and soul

economics are the method
the object is to change art to arsehole

the second person

a play

a: you sualness
b: you tility
a: you nuch
b: you toxeter
a: you sthenopteron
b: you rpyterid
a: you nivalve you karyote
b: you intatherium you rinal
a: you nisex you rethra
b: you terine you phemism
a: you surious you surper
b: you genic you thanasia
a: you h.t. you charist
b: you turning you boat
a: you s.s.r. you niform
b: you nitarian
a: you tilitarian
b: you ripidean tragedy
a: you rovision song contest
b: you vular you stachian tube

a: you ranium you tensil
b: you biquitous you kelele
a: you gendstil you f.o.
b: you lyssean you nicyclist
a: you phrates river
b: you rasian sparrowhawk
a: you trophic you calyptus
b: you phoric you phonium
a: you rhythmic you noia
b: you nilateral you daemonism
a: you clidean geometry
b: you reka moment
a: you nique
b: you nicorn
a: you niverse
b: you topia

Matt Martin

Giles Goodland from The Masses

Ant

A foot under the paving is a sand lung.
If blood trickles up, it
is ant, quickly individual,
arranged jointly, signing love.
The rain stays its hands for it, because
desert is only an act away.
The periods in the grass are moving,
their snap-together limbs spell
a word lugged in as seed.
Unlikely the pinching
parts release crumb or moon.

Their serif legs come to paragraphs
they cannot cross, and even
on a hand's interstate, they trot
as if on a familiar track
towards their lost telos, their
ends threaded on your palm.
Who can tell the answer from them?
They ground the earth to a stop
and form the lettered multitude,
columning into the earth
to store their limbs in holds.

They unearth earth and soliloquize
of a lost book that rewrites
and trails off, seldom getting further
than the first clause, a sentence
maybe once every thousand years.

For one day, through the whole borough,
the bricks of the street-facing walls turn black
and mica-shiny with wings. The ants
enter air, paraglide updraughts,
where swifts and queens await them.

Aphid

Under the window of each cell
a selfabsorbing fundatrix
marginalizes a bestiary
in roserendered polpulaces
of berylliant gangreenery,
depyxting in her manyscript
firedrakes and mandragons.
Senses open along her skin
like small doors as silence
sleepstalks. Soon her heavenblown
childangels bottleneck the petals
as a subrosa fabricorn
tweeks the sapstaff, urprising
honey-dew siphuncles
amongst her sexuparous sorority.
The pane opens in her face.
Sapdrunk on engodiment she
virginbirths bucolic stemborers
and spandangers of sappy plantstalks.
Vinevitably their world trucks with
the corrupt, each inchscale of justice
prelapses as the ants siphon profits
into a ponzischeme of chain-
gangsters and subinvestors.
Packed with nunaggression
the stemmother's sapstaff
tonguestucks in a mastersalivatory
milkcap of symbolosis, femalengendering
no usurprising, nervetheless
she opensources paracitizens
into a swarmament. She is now
so many, resistered, that
she arranges in descending order,
rosebursts the sugarplump semiself
somewhere with her subject eye
they coat the fields of look
until the season returns her to her cell.

Beetle

The atlas the bacon the black the bloody nose the
cigarette the click the cucumber the diamond the
drugstore the earth-flee the elephant the engraver
the fiddler the furniture the goldsmith the ham the
harlequin the helmet the June the kangaroo the
lightning the meal the mealworm the melon the
Mexican bean the minotaur the museum the musk
the palm-tree snout the pinacate the potato the
powder-post the railway the riffle the rose the rove
the scarab the sexton the slug the snout the soldier
the spitting click the squash the stag the stink the
sun the tapestry the thunderbolt the tobacco the
truffle the typographer the washing the whirligig the
willow the wood.

Beetles

Activate the dust,
snouted gods of the innerworld.
Plentiful in form like makes of phone,

under snap-open hoods there are
pistons elbowing letter-by-jawpiece,
deriving song from sap.

One of them goes to the stereo and starts
the almost unworkable engine
of a Beethoven quartet. They prefer
stringed music,

headed by disciplines of smell
their jawed army of helmets clusters
at holedamp, understone, leafshield.

Their mouthpieces speak of
tipling on our floor,
are heard in scrape language,

glossed in early evening pieces.
Their Arthurian lances twitch from
a fallen log's portcullis.
Oil sumps from their armours.

They go to seek the night inside the plum,
imprint of the apple's decay,
bugled pales of lost chivalries.

Blood Spider

If instead of language we had
a universal map so that each thing aligned
uniquely no two objects
could have the same identity, and
all numbers would then sing
agency in every crack of being,
clogging fleas' feet with accuracy
for what could we thread days with
then but this evermoving pucker
that clothes the limbs of self,
and from that wound flaws not
words but the coordinates of being.
Thus any unified theory must account
for consciousness's rust across
a finger's arc, unnoticed
smear on the framing glass.
An end is in itself, the air sweats
at the glass's falling. Then the wind
slept me away to asterisky
approximations of the motelet
neitherreal nor exosexual when
nightfish clashcade disembodiedly
jampacking a lullabide of the phasma
frailwork of metempirical broodmother
malgazed into indefinity by
taint of spurt-spirited moloch.
They sing: Turn to sand the clocks, their missions.
Enter the works of the nearest machine.
Entropy is our end, render us then
Marses unwrought from
sky, seeking each night a fix, suff or pre.

Giles Goodland

Gary Langford

You buy me cheaply,

I am that desperate. That folded in.

I cajole my friends. I bribe my enemies.

News is not good. I wistfully smile. Someone has to.

I am pulled down Confidence Hill to be whipped into shape.

For a painful period I forget what resistance is; creep age has crept in.
So much that I forget there are people who will blow us up as a sacrament.

I am a soldier. I do not question being called up to the battlefield of expectation.

General Bold wants a suburb – if not a town – named after each of his heroic steps.

If I have anything to do with this act, my general will be skulled, legless and forgotten.

He – or is that she, you can never be certain these days – calls us together for the finale.

Our last stand is our leader at a microphone; a monotone drifts over us, what a blast.

He has to have the last word, scriptures opening up on the it's-not-my-fault line.

He smiles down at us. How was I to know gas would implode in your lungs?

There is nothing we can argue with. Other than pull the trigger of the young.

He is so earnest we sigh to each other in a forlorn cloud, giving up.

I nod to the general, willingly turning the other cheek.

Bold wheezes, successfully delivering up us all.

It's time for the call. All of a sudden

We are close, briefly

We

Tell

Each

Other

We

Know

What's

At

The

End

Of

The

Tunnel,

Light.

The lightest of nerves.

The hold of a piquant philosophy.

As casual and casting as those you love

Leave. You have misread every single signal I give.

All our promises are quickly cast aside. 'I never said that.'

Your face is tight, as serious as a Long lost comedy. It is that bad.

I am your welcome despot. All is simpler this way. Don't I know it's so?

You are publicly saying I put a spell on you. For a moment I believe that's true.

Then I receive a casual bomb at night. You are convinced you are gracious, guiltless.

Judgment is hydrogen. And that never lasts long. Yet you still fear me. How about that?

I am tied up – I shouldn't have chortled – shoved through the crowd who cheer, thinking

Thank god I won't be burnt at the stake. I offer a prayer to be a wizard, a magic wand

Will help me get through all this. If ever there is a time for a miracle it is now.

I do not even own myself. You enjoy every sad moment you can make.

You know Faith is my Long distant cousin. I haven't seen her in years.

I wave my arm beyond you. There. You are an albatross in the air.

Your wings have become as wide as a country in prayer.

All I get in return is a cliché. 'Who cares?'

You gather up everything you know.

This is your show.

Playing

Sublime

Strings,

Time

Rocks

Around