

ctrl+alt+del

7

sealed scream
higher
elucidated
two over gland
pathogenic use

revealed rudimentary crimson
everybody magazines
perpetual hazy

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

ctrl+alt+del

editorial - cwpwrdd sadwrn



four poems for the ruling class

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("...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

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

schalerechen lutts messer pliet plieten stuffet knife

Schillermesser 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 giscker 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

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

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.

--

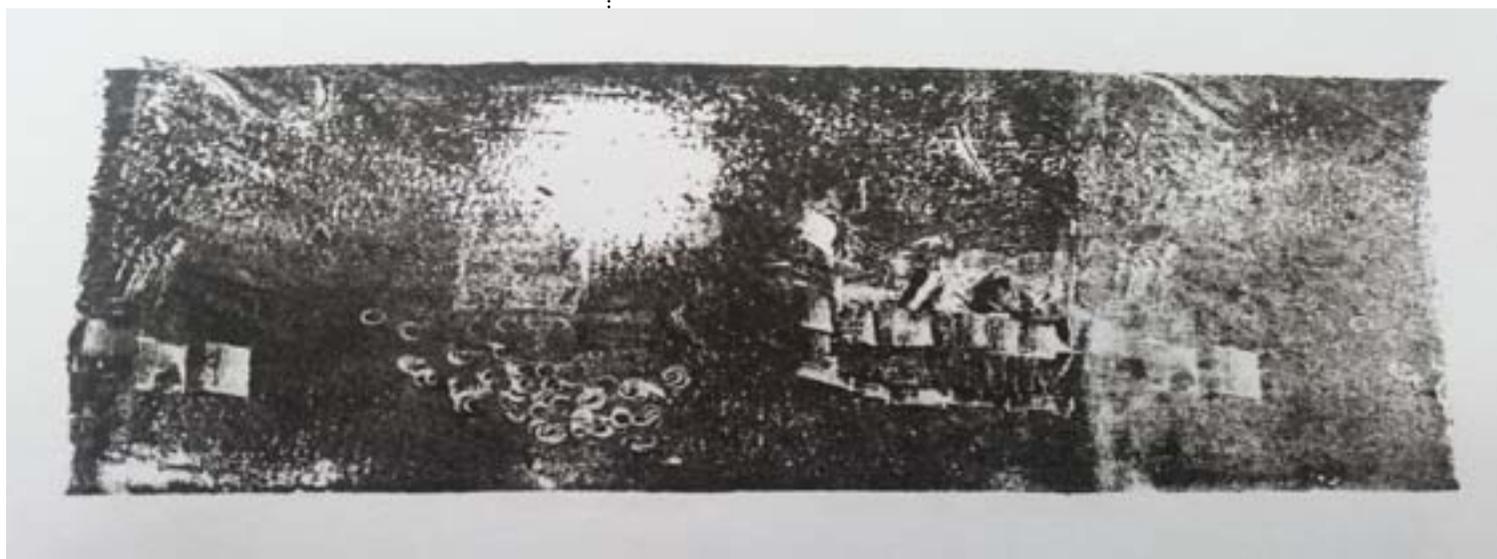
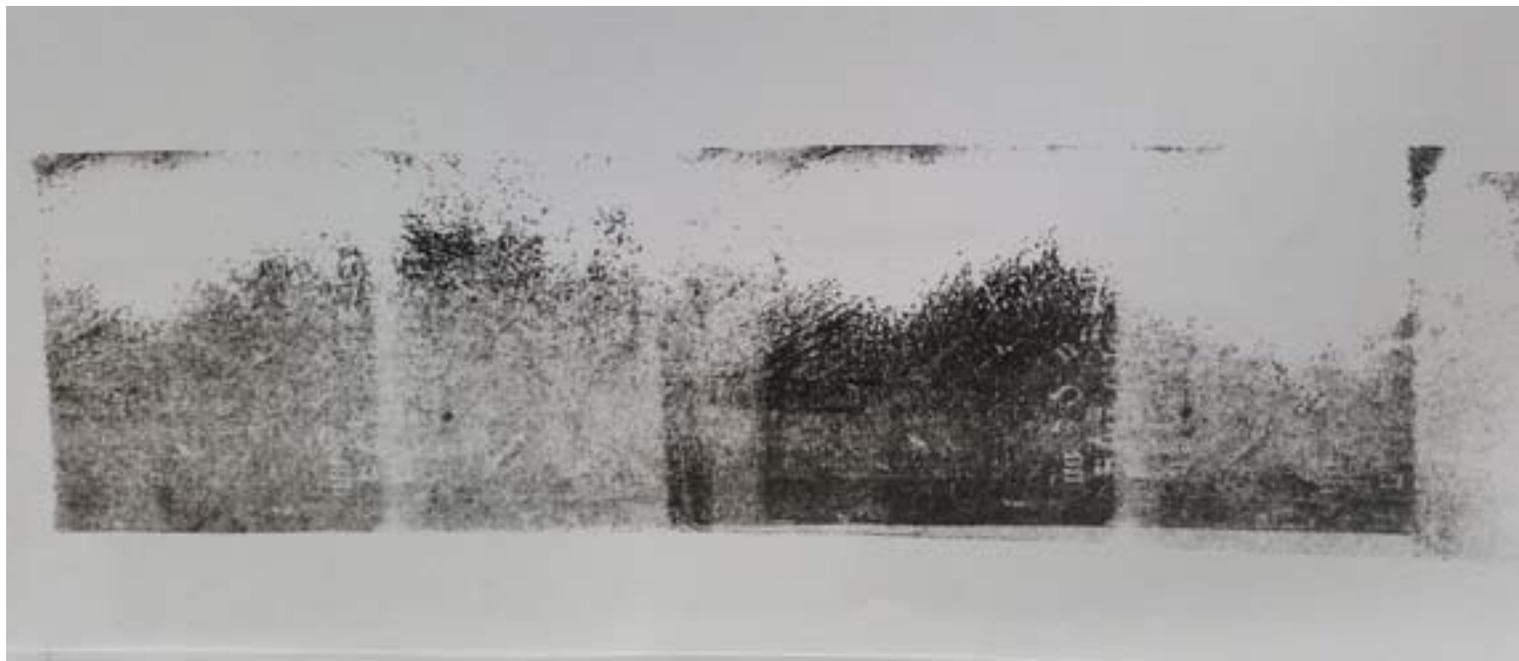
Sarah Edwards.

ctrl+alt+del



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

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 darted polished horribly thrust

I, SPIROCHETES 22

fill 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