

ctrl+alt+del

John Morgan

Iris Colomb

Catherine Vidler

Mischa Foster Poole

Steven
Hitchins

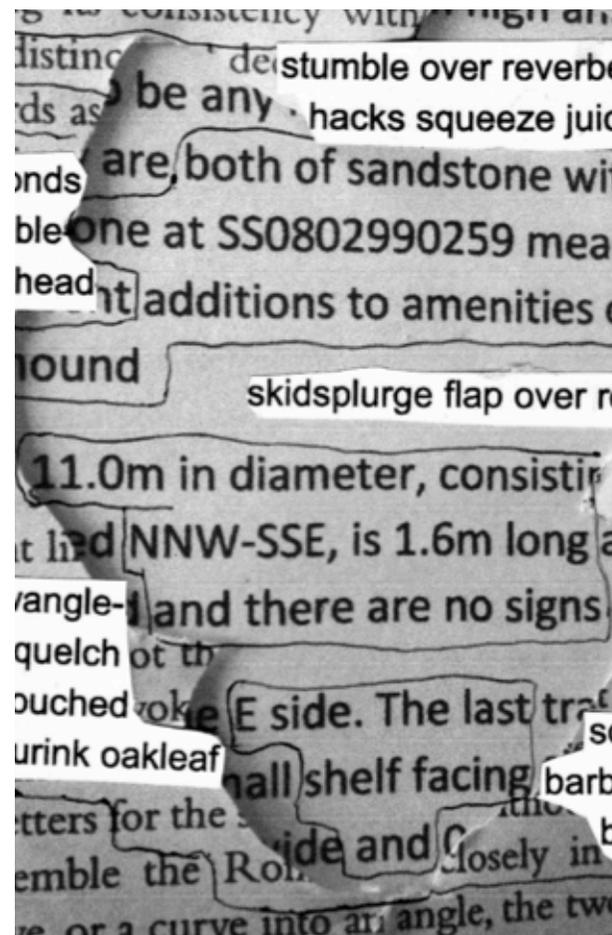
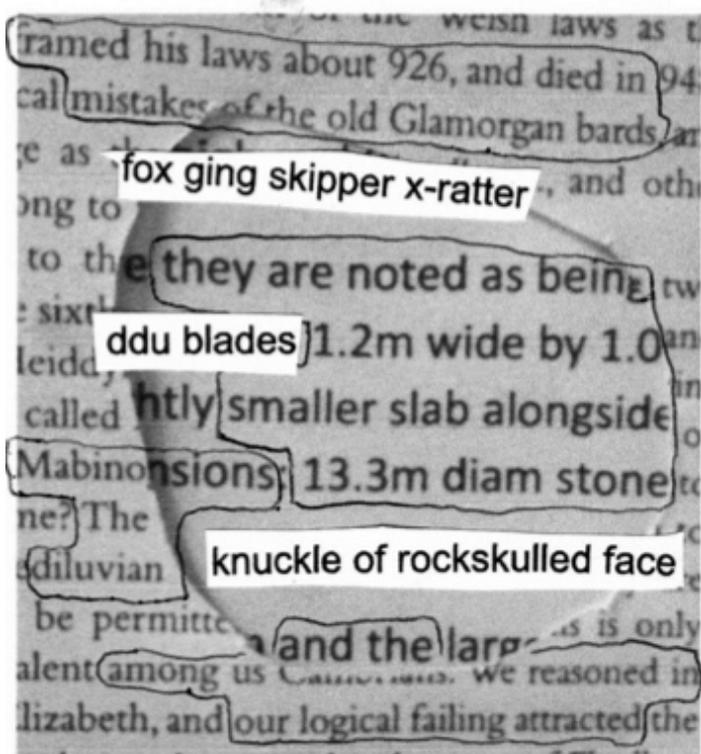
Tommy Peeps

Mat Raka

Peter Manson

Chris Trimble

ctrl+alt+del issue 9



Letters for those sounds are still desiderata, **snagged on**
 may yet be carried out. **hootshape mist hide**
 our inquiry, and the results are embodied in the
 ably relatively rec
 stones, 0.3m mou
 I. T
 II. 53) A cairn circle, 11.0m
 gh. The cist, orientated
 ne circle is grass-covered
 (1966/1976) On a bluff on
 upright stones' survive
 on the SW by a
 trampled stumble on
 porridge mossy oak

no pretension
 nor in old/M
 er, consisting
 trickle on
 1.6m long and
 dove oboe
 are no signs of th
 alphabet, ex
 The last traces
 in the fifteenth
 the end of the sixtee
 facing SW/Th
 shown by the poems
 all but ceased to be

antiquity, and is neither
 ry, when paper and
 or was in all prob-
 derivatives, but an

THOMAS STEPHENS

how came it to assume prominence at
 fox ginger earth dog
 thickscan head stares
 barbs of cling (when a triangle)
 the mantras intersecting snagged on
 na a patio
 d (car)scribed in 1953 and NOT as
 ld mai
 at no par with two standing stones
 ninstrels, t 1830, when it was rep
 to levy
 eges Walliae cliff crusty barks punctuate
 of merchandise; and according to the
 paper, parchment, and writing mater-

From the Cork Remembrancer

Know my dear lord that my great cheek tooth,
 which was wont to ache so much, is now
 dropp'd out, wherefore if you have any
 care or regard for me, or of your
 self, come away with all speed The Danes
 in peaceful possession of Munster
 joined a party of their countrymen
 and sailed to Albania, i.e.
 Scotland committing great ravage there

April 1 There appeared in Cork, and
 in several other places the
 resemblance of four great suns, besides
 the natural sun, of a red col-
 -our; and a great circle of crystal
 colour, from the sides whereof went out
 half circles, in the divisions whereof
 the four suns went forth inciting plague
 1030 Cork was destroyed by fire

Tundal or Tungal was born, either
 at Cashel or Cork, in this year He
 fell into an ecstasy at Cork
 for three days, and lay stretched out as if
 dead At length rising up, he told those
 present the wonders he had seen Some
 say he committed his visions to
 writing; but it rather seems some one
 then present wrote them from his account

Government made an order at Cork,
 that Mather Fitz-Gerald, sheriff of
 Kerry, should admit all prisoners
 to bail, as there was no sufficient
 prison in that county, for keeping
 them in Andrew Stakebole was owner
 of six acres of land, in Shandon,
 covered with water The pestilence
 raged in this county, great numbers died

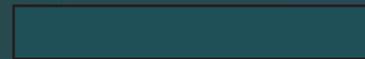
UNWAVERING GAZE LEVELS ARTHUR'S CHALICE
 Y LLIWEDD CLOAKED IN THE BEARDS OF KINGS
 CLOUDCAPS PRINT YR WYDDFA'S FORTRESS
 EMPTIED SHORES BENEATH SLEET GREY PEAK

one solitary the
 moment the oath
 the world falls once
 silent Excalibur
 here scores the
 the back of
 Crib Goch
 Y LLIWEDD CLOAKED IN THE BEARDS OF KINGS
 murmurs
 on Idris
 sworn
 the
 breathes
 on
 the
 bow
 string
 dragon's
 leap
 encroaching
 shade
 sounds
 fossilized
 echo
 mute
 seamed
 quartz
 in
 miners'
 wake

DISTANT KNOCKS AFAR AND FADING
 IN WILL BOOTS' MEMORY ABANDONED STRIKES
 FLEET OF SKITTERING WATER
 PHANTASMAL HANDS BREAK ENDLESS DEEP

glaze Avalon's
 FLEET OF SKITTERING WATER
 PHANTASMAL HANDS BREAK ENDLESS DEEP
 strewn
 boulders
 back
 hurls
 Gawr
 Rhita
 burning
 Idris
 sees
 gone
 once
 day
 the
 DISCARDED HORDE OF BROKEN TREASURES
 NINE STONE BARDS IN RHINOYDD'S BREACH

NINE STONE BARDS



[alt/i]

since the soul in our poetic-
falls onto / echoed fabric
composite creolite britain is
orchestrations / cultural
breath divested// dips glottals

that they believe in their whiteness
viral fictions & departments
monodrama / & image
, interiors , customs & screens

[alt/iv]

-tion / fuchsia & scarlet flight
/ under threat of eliminat
[nine beats placed / here]
we live on the edge of the city

on the tongue / devastating
particulars,, violent ideo.

[[– which you call history / easy
naming flesh ,, books our coming
to amplified skin [, stand under]

[alt/ii]

/ stole my
metrics from phaggs
or molluscs
/ an endless
fret in arti-
fice,, viol/

ate, trill w/rapt what hoard
left
to itch dry, stripped &
speaks sur/realisation
britain disposed : cry at filth

-s, drop e/
laborate error
waiting for
the heat of the colour

[alt/v]

for Jack Frost

given that we are fucked, toge
t/her, fighting for our love
our array aesthetic
splits sides on vinyl / give the

queers a need to blues / in wings
their eyes a stop-start cabaret
& doesn't come to dance , strewn
in dreaming hunger known &
synthetic, melodies rupt.

[alt/iii]

bred through dutiful, us, assimi-
-lar, our transient preoccu-
remain awake, sign contin
you/r bare hands & freezing

wrecks talents : glam/our
flakes, grrrl forget the legible
inclusive && diminished
eating twice a day, [] love we
against the national interest

[alt/vi]

headstroke , ex / hale &
turbines behind the ear /
gaze old & beats to dan

-ce by [[: grow eyes we keep
alive 'gainst the construction

incentivised hunger, falli
-ble, royal & northern rock /
of continents / dream to raze
abstract markets & vendors

[alt/viii]

on a line from Frank O'Hara's 'Homosexuality'

"lifts her [Black] heels, it's a...
beautiful day, I..." , squatted for heat
& wages / harmonics

"to be wanted more than anything"
in the creopole, we
dragged
up centuries, illegible

in the next day's neglect
out of body, agent or sub
/ject, down / to the bone

[alt/vii]

the droplet of what their possible
eyes, climatic quits feed to
sheer or polyester shoulders black

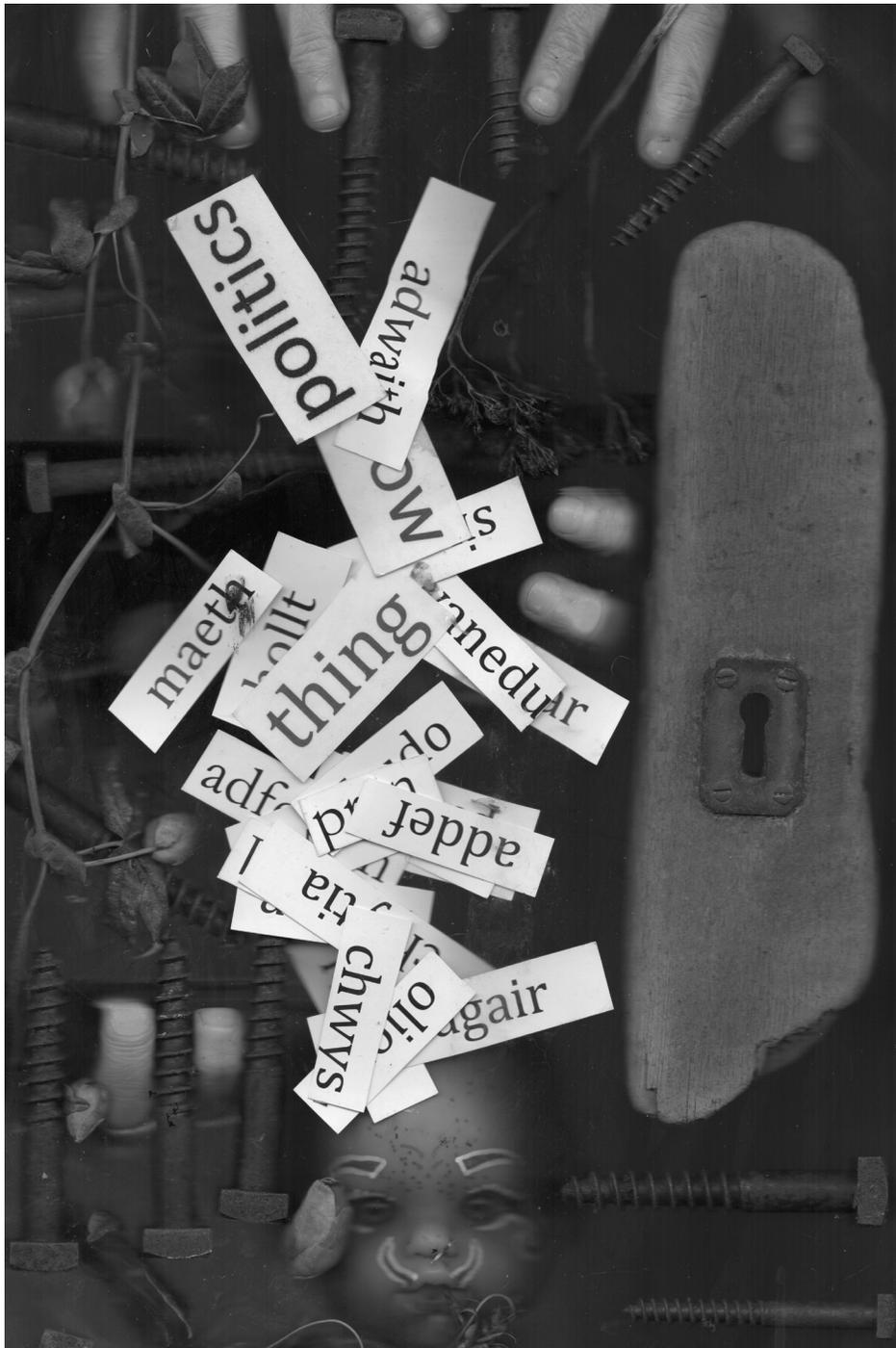
– sorry carries the damage into
true & pinned echo on its snare
saline w/ vox & lyric your /-s

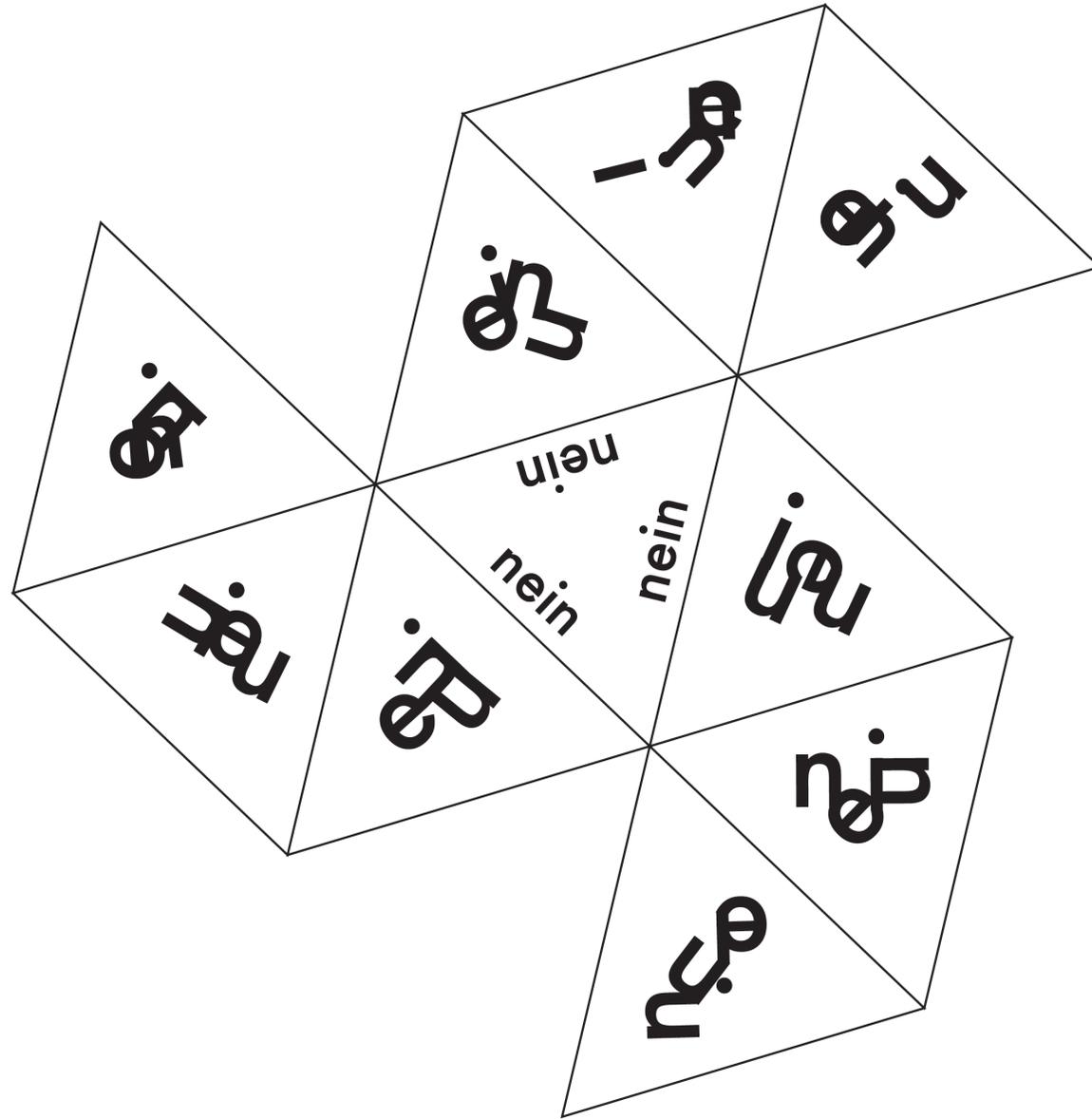
our fragile circuits ,, from thread
is the spangle departs on writ-
opaque undo our own straps

[alt/ix]

after Anne Boyer
having discarded the formula
ry, salvaging sake of fates, tal
-k back to fascists sure [#]
we were advising blockades, noi
-se, desire, orgasms &
solidarities unseen on this

burning continent, we: pyres,
shields, new tides, your breach
'd reacting town. elated.







skin earth-warm



by the violence of your ink
we'll mix



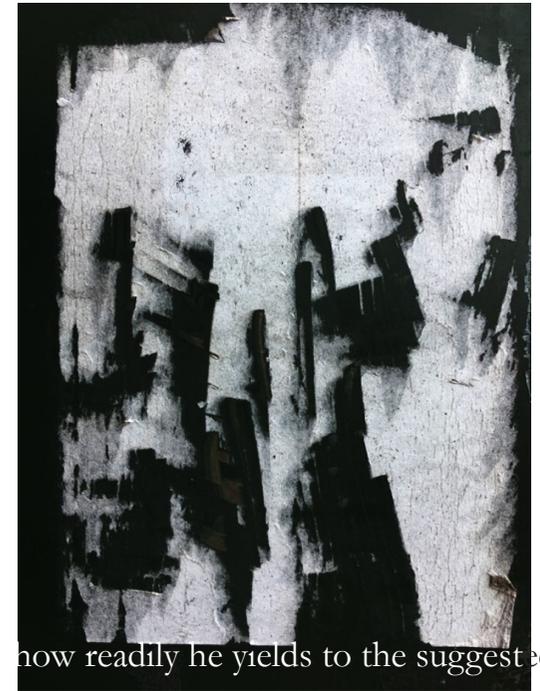
the death-still unworld



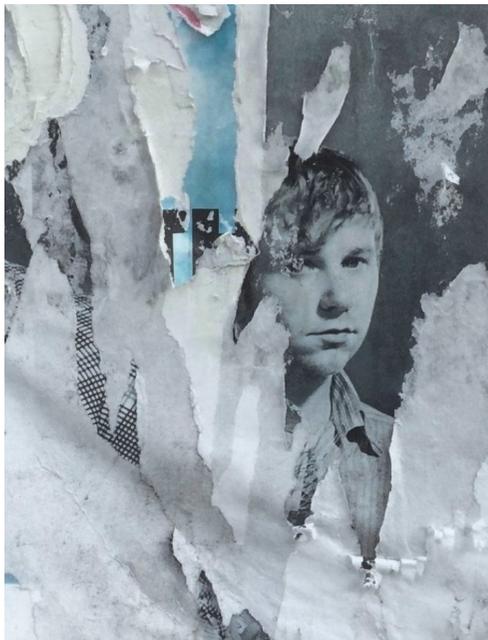
a small fire in the forest



endless tree-lands confined to darkness



how readily he yields to the suggested movement



I spoke to a boy, the stain washed over me



what does it mean to talk der erotischen



unspeaking and becoming

