



imagine living here

hamstrung

after planetary takeover

drowned in rotors

like so many weeds

i am crying in public

“as if there were such a thing as other days”

as so few drink at my scuttlebutt

waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

and im taken with impossible things

all the bodies to touch, all the fences to fall

stand only on the hinge
like a delta somehow
, contemplating my knees for years
“as if there were such a thing as other days”
not stamped by the cliques fantasy
their stranglehold on how we lay all this down
right from the off
nothing grows in it
im just going to put things there
in the after of space and you.
eat plastic, drink petrol
in traction
and all of a sudden you just know too many people
who dream of founding a new cartel
it was so great meeting you all

raucously rabidly scaling the infinite cyclone fence

, a new study suggests.

“me too, my fried, me too.”

so this is what standing

on the horizon feels like

and no choice but to choose this.

a completely unreasonable demand

you make of everyone you come across

the problem is that you move as the rain

doing nothing brings it on, and so does doing things...

the leaves are burning

“his zoas are divided”

, creating deadly slippery spots all over

, and these few facts have dominated my entire life for the last two weeks
the city so bare
layered by discards, beasts, labyrinths,
pressed out of various heads
and taken back into them
ice shards heaped up and frozen in the ice
just not it down here
numb and simple
leaning back out of the way
of the nouns
all swelled out into a square
cock your ear to the hard-edge
scinder of all the yellows, norgosh, schlunkt
the worlds every cell, every frame, slamming into being
and mutable organisational structures
ranking the animal traces

just something we were into the idea of
pay it some mind
while therere still bees
and they didnt say anything
apart from bring the money.
i got an autograph for my mum
a -cidal way of life
enforced on pain of pain
seams absorb the gunk
, through databases i can access
through my job as a fact-checker,
sneakers dangling from jeans
your armoured eyelids
and tachycardia
and for a moment at least
youre up out of the cold currents

and aquaplaning on the surface
of you. and some other scenes
of unrest and rest

here the plane holds
and theyre away!
scuffing the unending undulating gunmetal grey lizards back
in the anaerobic metropole
the host is moving too
we start building
to where space is broken
the incessant hissing
and some bottlenecks and network latency will always be present
it happened, but it only happened

a gentle crock, fist to capstan
while we stood there next to the future
our red sunk eyes
a hyphen between dashes
at term, slide forward
in socks of mail
i like this hallway
i think ill salivate at the signal now
waste sparkles
then turns to you and thumps its chest
faster and faster until it hums
in ideal leading-strings
this is the filthy week
these are my filthy notes
actually no my filthy notes
are in my filthy notes folder

repeat backwards if feeling unwell
well un ling fee if wards back eat rep
maybe you quit great things too
thisll buy you some time

elseo gut
go to the retconned world
like you can smell the hot tar from up here
dusted in methamphetamine
patiently painstakingly mortaring your own disaster
nah jus kiddin
thats between me and the mirror

and mayb it doesnt even matter our quarrels over toothpaste

institute reeks of persons

swaddled in wire rope

striators of the seen in which we sit and wait

and wot weve had tove been so long,

mostly,

arrayed

in the darks btw hearth and hearth

and wot tar-sands in the bg

, bridling.

the thing is,

heroic onion

and wot did i do to my helmet

you respirator

“the most you can hope for”

is that we *completely fix this fucking bullshit*

and of the ways in which we

slather

“just another slightly different version of the i”

cordoned by a permanent swarm of engines

thanks, ancestors. see you soon.

retinue down the strip

point blank stun grenade

i guess this is a way, bulkhead,

underness,

dynabolt nape batter

“dried stew paste on the brain”

drizzle to drizzle, bane to bane.

this immolating life
gives the elements
edging out new layers
from under the layers
prised or torn
bristling numbness, totality of time
defined by the alphabet and standing on a-self.
how much dander can you take: *more*.
now that youve sat around 4 months
chewing cheeks at court
get a stapler, and get stapling
you should be cutting out of something endless
it should be full as well as broken and leaking
squeeze it out and smear
, with the eyes in your forearms
move thru pike field

play them like bells
elseitude stretched and tempered
secreting failures, trailing gasses,
entraining after
total global absolute buffet
(it blew my body)
(waiting for tomorrow)
hows my teem?
i have left the foundation
and im headed east on the 9
to duly tear out roots
and slime over the countryside
to that other urban swamp
take a dip in a selling-point
defined by the alphabet
to be imperfectly honest

i have the potato
it remembers all you do
it still exists tho i destroyed it
we are talking at least.
junk light falls over
ramp leads to wall
like almost any statement
lay down in the glass
by the rotting apricots
like almost any statement
just cruising, interested in everything
a few possibilities wafting
like a flat tyre
spinning thru the sky pissing out
green poison everywhere
it gives off the stench

of minced aliens

what else? nothing.

now repeat all that as an image

stride in muck

organs on the breeze

and my bell was broken

how great the cataract

the airlift never ended

on the present planet

it is going on

raining black plastic bags of dogshit

whats here is what replaced what was here

as tho it were all
just a giant hangover
before the vacuous gods
always still getting dressed
please report any problems.
i see white fly everywhere
scratch the swelling
keep discussing the plan
in the era in which people are still “from”
there *are* no references
you taught me this
the ultra-bass of the carriage rumbling in the depth of your throat
theyve seen us and theyre coming
they sold off the toilets
they paved over borneo
they endure because weapons

and blinding white tube laces

— a point of pride among those devoted to the practice.

you and your botch are there

youre not the only one awake

on the present planet

faint and heavy and warm for two-and-a-half lines.

in business,

i cant promise much in the way of anything

the days get longer, but its mostly all twilight

earthquakes and vuggy gangster dads

all i want is toxic fire

spattered over this insubstantiality

and no, gargling salt isnt gonna do shit.

the cutting

the being on air of all of it

by the end of the quarter

up in towers

the lot of it

cheek by jowl

alive in the wrong book

under contrails grid lit by moon

we would cater for ourselves

under contrails grid lit by moon

rubbish bin brazier

“seizure of blanks”

this really is what they were all made into

digitising bile

at the edge of
an oceanic perturbation
which doesn't concern us
they keep the wound open
and the trap, lodged in it
employed partly as experts on themselves
"there will be days"

stay "*out*"

brains lurch over land
we hang them like this
so the blood drains
at the right rate
and wot systems in place
we barely know what scabs are
and wot systems in place
and we all have to go.

there are background processes running. terminate them?

id rather be burning my hands on your stove rack

the streamer is coming, the slush just settling down now

as we speak

i felt like clam. youd hoped to tell me what

was going on in your body—

the eyes were hurting with dawn

but can sprawl slowly and billow and black arms

“*you* really ought to have the experience *i* just had”

what are we going to do for the *next* thirty years.

hopefully with someone famous and bisexual

am i looking into what is coming.

a sort of basic non—

as we speak

“have you been to see the barbarians in the middle of your country.”

there is nowhere that is right

for this selvedge

but it is changing as it is going down

just softly sideways and on and out and wild it up

to become a flaccid heart, with conniptions

air pressure is centrally controlled sorry.

hurry, this proves nothing

we will therefore limit ourselves to the following remarks.

wait, i need to buffer.

this is an occupation. the occupiers never blink

the stone thing, the motions, the whistles falling

im getting into the train. why am i getting into the train.

my god just stay in rivendell with liv and orlando

i only ever wanted to have a few episodes

yeah but in some areas the irreparable damage is *just so worth* it

smell of house paint, hookah, fireworks

then sit and stare at light fittings

the absolute number of objects currently locked

what wed take with us if we left the surface

no ones asking you to do this

theyre too busy making the video clips

in which you live, gentle germane acid

, but i would go with any reasonable carrier.
a meat day, dunked in brains, w/ admin & me
i shouldve put you at ease
but trying to be the world market is so draining
all change
i translate shit into shit
there are just so many lines
to get to the present tense
at some point in the soon future
in the space we are all having
the thought we are all in
in perpetuity
back to the room he droned
flushed by our recent encounter
which put me in mind of another bind
, soon after mps voted to approve bombing.

the air corridors are at capacity
so we circle in flocks with novocento eyes
we are sorry, we are bearing our need
, farmhouses with shingled roofs, blue cornfields
just fucking throttle it you irrelevance
what mechanism of time, construction site time
watching men watching women
medial and radial time,
stay the bole time, into the wide time
is it made of language.
well im definitely in *a* zone
, you can mayb sense my thymos
i imagine youve just jumped into a neon-lit tubular water slide now...
but it is best to find out the rates of your competitors and undercut them.
what else makes nothing happen, *like this?*
have a day!

