

the month of february

it is not february

it is 00:00

: death to what kills us

to the death they keep alive and wield

as members of the private

taking up so much body

, which spoke long, long

before we did

“ o my heart

thumping pure minibar ”

, more or more,

in the wash

and seeing too far

in the new dispensation.

and is it all just food.

tv comentator:

“ *look !* ”

the [[pass]] statement

does nothing

“ coming up:

kill jesus ”

the streetlights danced

for us as we walked

thru petrol, saying

lets just walk a little

more, and see. hi

everyone, im ~~just~~ the same,

leads coiled tight,

trailing everywhere, yup,

im late for my shift

in the maze

im not rly here

to party, im w/ cancer,

i just pulled a whole

bunch of skin off

“ using vacuous schema ”

lets say

security lights come on

(there are none others)

and then auxiliary verbs

were privatized,

nouns rebound to

total other moans

the ppl were patient

they have ppl inside them

they say good news good

news good news good news

good news good ppl good news

down to the bottom where its coolest

and the voices most muted.

they were all passive voiced

as forensics teams moved

in to secure evidence

oversized ceremonial cheques

the redundancy

25 years earlier:

, somewhat,

and city officials handed out

to whoeverd programmed

of yet another sector.

start screaming

in the sleeves of form,

which everyone knows is a kind

of expanding tumour

of latticed needles;

2000 tower blocks jammed

against the far undiscovered

and weeds in the razorwire

and grates over 6th floor windows.

now,

let me see

work in regress

nondemoninational haemorrhages

and a tidal wave came for all

but they were clung to

white filth

and thereve been

since then

our concepts

like drifting buoys

in the wash

pounding millions of plastic

bottle tops into the beach

, to which god has allotted

distinct administrative principles

, and reach a kind of end.

exactly how it does this

is still being explored

and sense, which

like a big old oak tree

and then you learned there are

but ignored this for years

the fences here,

rly must expend itself,

at the bottom of the dying ocean.

numerous different fundamentals,

and went on living as if nothing.

10ft membranes of death,

and went on living as if nothing.

and it is like the rough texture

and in rubbing it you sense it

off the tips of your fingers.

and yes there is a richness,

of a cleft and decomposing skull,

sanding the skin cells

*

never connect

anything

to anything

*

we listen to static in the tunnel.

we sleep by the open sewer.

we watch the uprising on screen, from 1960, or 30bc.

we were all brought up to be mutants in a desert of config.

we hold the coloured plastic bags tight, listen to their music.

we crouch down on the broken earth.

we are pure starch.

we get drunk under cameras.

we sit in old trashed office chairs on the corners of old trashed streets.

we are not going to make it : *it* is going to make *us*.

we are 000s of ferns growing out of the retaining wall.

we are pinnules on pinnae on the fronds of 000s of ferns growing out of the retaining wall.

we are the sound of rain drops on black garbage bags heaped up around the lamp post.

we must advertise

(our lives)

to the stars.

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