



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!





