

caput mortuum



| thank you for your *submission* |

put down my pen. walk backwards. each thesis a little loss of self-control

i must lie here

“by issuing a verbal signal”

prone  
in no standing zone

this animal  
stuck to my face

update: theres no more atmosphere  
but a steaming flannel freshens sockets

a certain railing  
a certain bollard  
a certain visor  
a certain rim  
a certain frame  
a certain downpipe  
a certain cable  
a certain fitting  
a certain axle  
a certain rack  
a certain scaffold

a certain vent  
a certain trim  
a certain antenna  
a certain awning

next to the churr of the mind  
inventing bondage

dispersal  
that cannot regroup, intensity that cannot be quelled,  
root-matter and matter squared  
hurtling  
into mitsubishi vortex on a magic carpet of giant banknotes  
pretending not to notice the stench of the acid  
burning through every face

the ash in your eyes.  
light is pain.  
the taste of it.  
a category 4

mind  
claps overhead. time for an audit of motorways.  
the gap  
between parasitism with no ill effect on  
the host and parasitism  
that kills the host. youve  
really got to *own* your emmiseration. peggy has  
a novel for the book trade. even databases need  
to earn their crust. there is a fire  
on the wall. the horse is ineffable.  
ministers wait for the truth to blow over, fallout gusts.  
the easy play of the double gyre  
eructing. the unheld wand  
that keeps the pieces moving. purple rust  
in the sparse air of evening.

“the incestuous blood-line of the pharaohs is still detectable, but  
sublimated into an impersonal administration.”

a precision  
to your nothing. such that  
it took uniforms and mustard moustaches  
for them to stop you going the wrong way. fasting, torn  
from the rabid clutches of the orders, now distributed  
by the global division of labour.

work like  
yeast before the oven

now wheres my whip

oh right of course  
replaced by taser

the handcuffs held  
and he was willing to receive extreme unction. minimalist shrieks.

“he is, at most, times carcass.”

drench  
in lacquer when done for valorization.  
the city subsidizes but we build on that

jump  
as the sand falls gambol as the credits settle

aggravated assaults  
and book signings increased by over four percent  
in the quarter to march. in the commotion  
i got caramel on my presidential candidate sash. many gallons  
burnt  
per acre. wearing out is a long term commitment. the cards  
cant all expire at once but must be staggered. guessing  
is a new, rapidly expanding field:

surmisation studies.  
but you once subscribed without reflection  
to determinism and now will have to live  
with it. the plinth is void but cars  
are getting smarter.

puddle  
set upon  
by leaf blower

home  
is where the homing missiles are. not  
to be confused with  
the rotation of the flower beds high rises tenants

wire you are.  
epoxy resin you are.

and “if you are not doing what you love”  
    , i.e. expropriating,  
        “youre wasting your time”

    nothing  
but sights to see here. toadie to enter  
    politics

    ties obscure buttons  
cant be sure theyre done up table legislation ban them grant  
    special powers to the relevant agencies

    rape                      continues

id est,

we are ever constituting

, creating huge fields of orbiting debris

on the endless lino

there is a map

    but you must first traverse the arterial  
        at a pirate-free spot

if i trip ill wake before i land

    the witches hat  
toppled. panel come loose by tank neck. bystanders  
    nota bene the cracking of the rib cage. ethanol delivers.  
rise above blacktop and lend an ear to the song  
    of the charlatan. look through the window through  
    the billboard through the merchandise through the model  
    through the lens through the software read the code. tune up

your neurosis and grow into the infection

intelligence *is* artificial

research suggests

that it adds stress to peoples lives.

another body another hole. hot roast bird

in my throat. been spared plague

which is something. at any given moment

an animal a symbol an organ an art a technique a colour.

predator nearby to keep you moving. research suggests  
that it adds stress to peoples lives.

speakers float.

still deign to argue though im right.

speak only in the agreed upon formulae.

adrift in currencies, factories feed. coke bottle

stabs itself

in the foot, drains then throws itself into the

weltering black, where it finds other likeminded bottles

bobbing. legislation "reaches out" to the "at risk"

category. simply banish them to the

e-waste satellite —

having harvested their resistance as data

the pole star gone ballooning

invest or eat shit

let me explain:

delirium

bullrush

snaffle

cadaverous

after a hiatus of almost three weeks life will resume ending in the morning

the desert of pitch,

boiling. promotional amphetamines

distributed to all traders upon arrival. as long as

it takes. the minister for tourism explained that

there was no need to cancel the festivities merely

postpone them three days to get the dead burnt to ash. a mother  
attended for symbolism. the risk of a confidence crisis cannot  
be ruled out. a marksman crosses my path. emergency sun.  
“art must” said the president. stay behind  
the black line

pop a dexedrine and begin commando visualisations

if i think clearly, and express myself clearly, they will clearly all obey

its different to the movies, more of a dull slapping sound

vines with nothing to cling to but other vines

this is not best practice

airbourne slurry

airbourne gruel

a rock dropped into a wastebasket. one-way maze.

to get out of the bottleneck

you must accelerate toward oncoming traffic. *i* cant be held

responsible *i* only lifted it fully-formed out of

the hands of the dying man, before dropping it on his face.

seeking a host

seeking a host

awaiting response

stand by

wake up

refresh

loading

even robots know what theyre doing, zombies

are passionately committed. swipecard and

fingerprint combination not recognised. wingless, *i* stand

on curdled blood

and iron law. nest still suckered to my backside

at first glance this looks like nonsense. however,

depositing riches served this purpose in the bronze age

community

held together by angle grinders

it serves as a shield for the weapons cache

the treatment removes a layer of skin

dear john cage,

beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep

could we really have made it to the methane lakes of the satellites?

the petrochemical engineers stone. baldwin was mulling

a twenty thirteen run for mayor of new york city. were there

any pockets of air in the cruise liner run aground? simultaneous massacres

in the US today conspired to confound the flash. korea divided

for an endless comedown party of slaughter by proxy. a small dessert free

with every cerebral rectification sold. dbt draws on cbt to treat bpd

on cctv. currency *is* virtual. the soul *is* night.

theres another world on the lower ground level, with its own maglev vactrains,

agribusiness and big open skies.

[cue slide of wild tropical river]

any new development may just be noise in the signal.

chestnuts still in leaf. at mid-century. our lashes sag with salt.

“flaming bagpipes: an image that captures the mood of this historic event.”

the air force will not say what the X-37 is for.

family soup, family mayo, family lube, family moon.

the day when everyone finally gets fitted with

a brain-computer interface hooked up

to a 3D printer, and prints their dreams.

here are some sterling examples of the architecture of the suicide period. here,  
the upended reptile head meaning birth.

i repeat.

there are not as many beds as people.

there are as many

as need lay down at any one time, minus a few

thousand. we almost collide but

at the last moment a word a coin a grunt and  
we veer through the unmanifest  
leaving a trail of whitegoods  
and pathogens. his bauxite firm was busy  
figuring ways to beat the big freeze.  
a lotus flower  
settles on my desk  
number 6043658  
mobbed by silent lawyers  
their book is red and very large  
frown into it for years then win at lyf

pronouns a job like any other

i fell into it

because

it is an abyss

sewing these dumb shards together with a tin needle

he is trying to instil national values into you, reader.  
*ummm-ahhhhhhhh.*

tour ghettos for memoir

luggage team scooting along behind

snap the odd trunk for probity

see this here  
cycle of births and deaths? well if you strap  
a band around it youve got enough power  
to drive a wheel or a prop, and then not even



the skys the limit. pent nothing, pent blahdom. voices  
worm in to the white flesh of instinct. the earth i carry and burn.  
buy 599 999 coffees get one free (in the designated  
time period only). prams go by, golfs  
go by. oh look id love to but im too busy abjuring.  
pet owners live longer: they have something  
to kick and that yelps when kicked and that  
doesnt kick back. like this then disease. "distinguish yourselves from  
the commoners with first-class headphones." we participate. we  
outperform. we defibrillate. (i speak as a bose-owner.)  
securitization ritual with mormon tie-in. pavement for lease.  
the estate family at table. the circular rubbing of the balm,  
and the haze that adds colour at sundown. youre only  
innovative because you own people. so far so state terror.  
it is without the wisdom by design. in the interim, so much to molest.  
in the interim, horrific scarecrow  
waves a fan  
at its flaming legs  
drives a flathead into own ruby iris and lifts off, giddy as nettles. now you *are*  
the idea you once only *had*. its right there: crow prancing kneeless  
on skip-rim, fifteen steel filing cabinets in its maw  
man hurls stacked dinner plates in  
they shatter on metal edges  
(of vivisected egos)  
and trickle down like icing.  
the mode of production you have selected,  
socialism, is not in service. please make a note  
of it. your looks have a direct influence on your success,  
so here are some tips to amp up your hotness  
... we are detonating  
gradually. *our* foundation myth  
(dont fret we have one!) is a raised finger, yet which?  
fist  
was knocked back by sponsors, for shock waves  
disrupt broadcast of halftime show.  
continue to circulate, in the interim.  
hot topics: student loan. some misuse  
large amounts  
of public funds, others small amounts. but  
the difference is that the liberal party  
is not going anywhere, whereas im going  
nowhere

here,  
in the simultaneous emuleation  
where *everythings* tossible  
if only we knew it

yet we will come together as in the tune and spasm.

generally speaking,  
the hand holding the pen needs to be  
above the desk. but nowhere is it stipulated  
that the rest of the body cant be  
slumped beneath

plastic is “going on”, but today really oughta remain slime

ive shirked long and hard to get where i am

left to my own devices i smashed them all in a tantrum

these empty scales sag and drool

point my finger : not true

we are all eva brauns

we will last as long as an ex“hang”e:  
something malodorous for something rank  
we are vying for the exclusive contract  
to evolve the next layer of the cerebral cortex.  
the air steward is superior:  
he keeps his hair cropped, for example

the arrowhead wave-tips, a star chart flashing  
and the stench of molten blubber  
and the dripping fire lights only a tumid black flow  
emery glacier  
and the blind whole echoes celebrates itself  
its prismatic its manifold blindness  
folds like dough  
and the creases vanish  
bristles wets itself wet for joy for terror

see the countless mouths gargling in the swell?

turn around and look back over the void you crossed

soon youll hardly even flinch  
at having to live  
what has already been written

and badly

you cannot  
refute what survives

but what else



lay down dusty      with the lollygagging star