

the month of december

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i only wanted—

, in the uselessness of the room of my language,

put it down, saved for later, to be unfolded later

coz *now* we want to become a generalized tool for "'dealing"' with reality.

, otherwise its just been the feeling of an electric shock but drawn out over months

and who knows how long ive been out here in it piling makeup onto this reasonably large carcass found roadside.

death makes things happen.

even for those destroyed but kept in living

, in the beyond,

which doesnt exist

but is where we live

, hearing but not listening to swans wings sawing air.

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teaching the lot of them to be monstrous proved highly efficient.

firesticks twirling, frisbees soaring

over dirt. repining metres

over dirt.

and sometimes there is need

for a kind of brown fire

where to hold one another tight in life

for further processing

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black water wells in the cone of the abandoned subwoofer.

kids in the street mimic air raid sirens.

ive specimens, but none humans.

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we cracked wot object, wot ribcage, open into a vast cloud of provisional where there was wide for and whatever dent or unloaded horizon of gulf onto mountainous prep.

im in prep.

eveready,

and after x many x years lived eyes closed and with sleep folds red on face, finally stared down the white globe in the middle of the ceiling in the eyes for once and said

language in not my but the mind is a tower of grappling orcs, fighting, clambering, climbing, and falling.

it lay siege to itself.

and there was anothing else, anotherthing else.

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the flower grew out of itself,

firing uzis every which way

then miffed by ricochets

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. just some of the shapes into which they hurl themselves

. to be slightly life-like

. no theatre.

& that there are moments & how love moves free as death or gain

& in the words of fascist actor tom cruise, playing fascist character ethan hunt, wearing the mask of a fascist politician and mimicking his voice and manner off a fascist tv, "*we were living in a dem-**ock**-cracy the last time i checked*".

rumour was then expropriated

& a victim was strapped to the bonnet of each of the luxury black bulletproof V12 sedans and vivisected, so that all wd make way for the emergency rule of the kevlar-suited destroyers.

& they built a chairlift network laterally across the craggy peaks of your desire, so they never veered anywhere near the top.

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there is no place in yr solar mobile
always we are in the manys times
which oh live oh how oh saaad

as black molten gleaming wax
in the basin dragged
toward flame

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banishment and flight devved the planet

they pillaged 4 continents and 6 centuries and *n* futures

n now they are starting to feel slightly blue, want meds

. what they teach you is their own animal fear.

n we let them, the enemy, programme our infrastructure.

n their prices drenched everything, made everything pricey

n all became *their* hell, n not *ours*.

n whats *yr* role in all this, funnel-head?! to funnel all i take it?

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" say what "

" *that* is "

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charisma i have none, character i have none

n thought if quit dancing n hold my breath ill turn into a flavourless technician
nursing a detergent.

which i then wrote down on claw paper

that i found scrunched up in the trash

and pissed on.

for the smell.

. we burned our petals | as they unfurled

all of them

for the smell.

YES. DONT DO POODOO. DO BAILOUT.

...

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no (sorry)

i was talking to the dead

heads on the shelf behind u.

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