



hard-line

now, what do you *saaaaaaaaaay*?

HEY SQUARES!

GIVE US BACK OUR FUCKING PSEUDOEPHEDRINE!

TAKE ALL YOUR NO GOOD FESTIVALS N EXPOS N SHOVE EM!

COUGH UP THE GOOD STUFF!

CMON!

feed

three grey stones

lick ink from eye

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stricken

with script for benchtop, beams

in attack formation

a kind sort of oxidising force

into the operative movement

of the discipline team

aid in the form of gluten

files of freighters charged with cans

the ongoing halting

in nickel-cadmium havens

where ppl. just tryna be ppl.

lets start again

another rictus

salt-scarred, beset
hang on to your elbow
as vest speaks
in attack formation
of the non-event
cracked and spread
with butter knife, numb and bright
to be inside it
toe to ledge, bidless
numb and bright
we have our doors out
we have our trailers out
we have undiagnosed arrhythmia
in the trammels
start again with birdcage, white,
open in pet sun and insolence

start again with mechanical clock

and bogus theme, start with

maybe a giant application

start making a scene

are you revolting?

take tomorrow off

to balk

and speak into the barrel

repeat after me

for to better have happy brains

“nothing but an individual”

after the eclipse of the individual

faces the colour of sunny dirty

leathery yellowy blood

virtually emptying the world

of joy and pollution

towbar as weapon

to help language read

another rictus

to help language read

concrete truck rounds the bend

fancy-free, how else?

and the there being nothing else

but a garbage compactor

to help language read

to polish head

doing seventeen things

with machine blare

inspired by bud fox

im harried by commie taxman

hence vote to sideline

all other politics

glee in the form of suplex

glee in the form of balustrade

if disturbance end

replace with imaginary disturbance

entitled,

on the abuse of use and the use of abuse

no savour here

at the summit

so turn around

and stomp on faces

thrumming through

the shells of them

lone nibblers of earth-mould

firing birdshot through walls

thank you for sneezing

on my sandals

we need to talk

o pylon/ agreed:

let boulder relax and

gullet minties for impression to make

as capitals million ulcers

fancy-free, how else?

rip away from the core

concrete truck rounds the bend

the shame of the way

the trammels

to be only one

to be modulated

to be promoted to mail thief

a bald green protuberance

on the belly of the dead wallaby

the ore in your chest

you jack of all one-trick ponies
trying to work out
if this makes sense
we need to talk
of the non-event
of the ongoing halting
of the patient hypoxia
already gone bust,
while others like gindalbie
appear to be approaching
something of a death spiral
get back in touch
with your inner ice pick
how to monetize lard
one tub of silverfish, two of nails
“nothing but an individual”

fancy-free, how else?

in the storm of fluff

lets face it

its flat dead middle cracked

and spread with butter knife

the bogus secret

the ticking in the back

you neednt like it

for it to keep growing

out of your side

its all you can do

to daub the weeping

what the sun *couldve* had

glee in the form of franking credits

black box filled with dust

virtually empties the world

bring it home to tickle and glaze

ppl. charged with cans

superintending erosion

ppl. the colour of tanks

in attack formation

muslin stuffed into the gaps

to stop voices ringing

thru fields of armour

some still live on the ground

some are inoculated, some are spry

in this dented galaxy

in the storm of fluff

in the ongoing halting

in the trammels

in nickel-cadmium havens

in attack formation

i tried and tried to take pics
but *nothing looks like anything*
at first blush
but a silver splodge
in reactor pool
flanked by maledictions
and ceiling-high stacks of black clothing,
run around
bleak outhouse
salt-scarred, beset
in bathers mute
i need some me time
in tahiti
whatd a modernist write
a paean to drones
gradually more bats arrive

DISPLAN

it is a blunt glow
it is a structural hatred
insistent yet helpless
the goblin wont leave us
it is made out of whirld
and if you look closely
you can see quite clearly that
you are being filmed
a series of cells and frames
im your eyeball
it is a blunt glow
a pastiche , a translation
lets just leave it to rot
how long have i been
in nuclear safety position
there can be no assurance
we need to act now
this is television
a series of cells and frames
riving me wild
the things that are there
insistent yet helpless
spiralling out into the wen
we come bearing mynas
it is a structural hatred

and if you look closely
you can see quite clearly that
we are not in a crisis
this is television
it is a blunt glow
a roach ineffable in the gutter
in nuclear safety position
lets just leave it to rot
with those whodve liked to eat it
we need to act now
billy joel up ahead , burning
insistent yet helpless
riving me wild
there can be no assurance
the goblin wont leave us
in nuclear safety position
this is television
and if you look closely
you can see quite clearly that
im your eyeball
it is made out of whirld
how long have i been
spiralling out into the wen
a pastiche , a translation
i need to stop picking

this is television
we need to act now
how long have i been
a roach ineffable in the gutter
insistent yet helpless
i need to stop picking
and if you look closely
the things that are there
and if you look closely
we're a series of cells
and frames made out of whirld
a pastiche , a translation
we come bearing mynas
spiralling out into the wen
this is television
we need to act now
we need to act now

what are we going to do something?

out of order

the body, after

not quite but almost

greater to

crying along to scorpions

of the victims legs

shavings

highlighter lavished with pale dust

swarming springtime tombstone chitchat

careworn potato truck

dead stump wedged in live boughs

i guess ill close now by shuffling all the lines

ocean powered by extremely polluting diesel engine

null set

words, spurs and pressure-point choke holds

sharp pleasure

a giant magnet smuggled into your vhs library

whichll surely reopen all the gilded wounds

minor discounts just out of reach

so god-damned cöntent

scoop up the factories and put them over there, a new designer wall to head-butt

this rly happend!

it doesnt help

add some deep rumbling atmos, for the profundity effect

take no account

i recall your words were,

“broken open”

a warped sore

export the danger

export the danger

coming to our big fun emergency meeting?

the order of the scheme

“existent barn”

not quite but almost

what the *it* is

long it somewhat, let it long

nails driven under plaque, torn off

barcode tats now voluntary

“the real work will begin when you turn into her evil twin”

and so he entered the hallowed ranks

your words

plainchant

if only i

to hold the sand back

industry

a rest from throbbing

mostly spent among food packaging

surely symbolised by that bull lunging at me over the fence as i lay prone and helpless

the declension

make you

in a manner

oh a gong head. just mute it or cut the speaker wires and throw it over there on the pile
of gong heads

im just like me

to no avail

adjusting to the pace of life here, on the aerobridge

some low blows to be had and some treading water to look forward to also

youll see

any millennium now

mess

"tell us everything you know here. remember, more detail is better."

no no

, we were slumped *atop* the light

, mud mud mud

, made out of people

, disguised as sculpture

, a big grey cloud

, the same brain or something

, bearing down heavily

, dressed & styled by television

, & upside-down baby neon

, mud mud mud

, between you

, & aleatory piano garden

, take out an option

, take out an oxy torch

, take out an option on an oxy torch

, do do do

, step scrape back

, preen

, fill out your giant bakelite beak

, reset

, breathe

, the same brain or something

, & blast it

, a flaming egg flung

, over malaise on the carousel
, between dolphin & elephant
, bearing down heavily
, in fluoro rollerblades
, in other nepotism
, a severed wing on the path
, dressed & styled by television
, the lawn turns black
, you drive at me
, rarin' with rainbow mentos
, look
, just fill in the box
, stop being a person
, & swan-dive backwards into received ideas
, "in the next 20 years
, well be able to print beef & leather instead"
, to the effect that
, dismissed the time frame as
, in particular
, nothing especially anything in particular
, made out of people
, like the rest of em
, as this programme has shown
, in other nepotism
, theyre beating them

, theyre being beaten by them
, theyre beating them
, thrust beneath the liberal spaces
, the walls are wet
, wind thru my dunlops
, plastic bag & snot solo
, the bank is unmoved
, for the thirteenth time in a row
, live on live off
, in the nook of a cliché
, you cannot weather it upright
, rotted limb jutting out of your stomach
, clawing at your face
, disguised as sculpture
, the privilege
, witnessing the rupture of the body
, on a watchless day
, for the thirteenth time in a row
, the body
, body turns into money
, money turns into body
, body turns money into body
, coz you cant eat money
, body turns into body
, body turns into money

, money turns into money
, money turns into body
, body turns into money
, money turns into a pile of things with names
, made out of people
, money is shit
, writing is shit
, ergo writing is money
, pure filth
, pure shit
, money is pure difference
, pure filth is pure difference
, writing is pure filth
, pure metamorphosis
, operation without station
, without state
, pure filth
, pure otherness
, mud mud mud
, made out of people
, insinuating itself in the sinews of the self
, machine-gun skwarking
, feigning autochthony
oh i dont know

artists impression

the cars go down the road

concrete pours itself

the milk is steamed

the click of the thermostat

a fist is broken on a skull

storm surge subsides

pollutants sent to angry penguins

the magic of gravity

and ineffectual regulation

one of my interests is finance

the lights keep going red

they copy each other

we are all wound up

we give our trash away for free

though 'we's a fiction to date

war knows all about the importance of community

you can explain it to me again, but i still prefer epaulettes

the men press the other men for a better price

the other men are far away

they own many men and women themselves

with whom they neednt negotiate

the documents are copied...

the offshore factory has all the time in the world

the ships with strange looking men arrive in the docks

the dockers unload the familiar looking cans

thats how we remain at peace with this alien land

weeds compete for light, water and essential nutrients

the local factory is shuttered

now the workers have lots of free time

to do burnouts on the oval

and listen to their whimpering families

the bunker is above ground, and so well decorated

the magic of the swipe card

the ring is not “dangerous or illegal” as discussed orbiter

there is just time for a sandwich

before the meeting, in which it is decided

that the best course of action

would be to simply reverse the rivers flow

citizens rejoice with a gilded steak comp

wineries compete for sponsorship

city people need to buy local and support australian salinity

cattle care for our precious waterways

in the absence of ruminants, native grasses can grow to dangerously high levels

some swathes even harbour ferocious native rodents, birds and aborigines

that clog up our precious waterways

but fossil fuel subsidies take care of all that

technology is a hard worker; a hard worker is technology

the sun never sets on serco

you can get a good deal on fighter jets

its easier to tail people when theyre brown

everything has its place in the cycle of nature

or on the ASX

southern cross austereo would like to recommend a product or service to white men aged 25-49

“at X, we care for your Y. thats why we Z.”

now we can move an extra 1.3 million people each week

want even more benefits? just say ✓ yes please

no ones talking about rent hikes

im impressed!

carnival song

pillars of bog
pillars of bog upholding
the party is held
the party is held up by pillars of bog
fish carcasses
pillars of bog and fish carcasses
guts and bones
guts and bones party atop the pillars of bog
and cake and fish carcasses
storm came
storm came over came in
storm of wrecked bodies
borne on by their own cries
belted by great pillars of cake
until they rained down on the party
lusting for flesh and whipped cream
it is not over yet
fish spirits float in flutes like liquid pillars
the guts cut open to swallow them
to the music of flutes and bones
the host descends upon the party
ringed by pillars of cake and cream
the host anointed with fish blood
therell still be time for new gore
after flesh storm clears

after belts run slack
after bones are sunk into the bog
theres no need to cry
all flesh is a signal
quicken'd by fish and licked like whipped cream
theres no need to cry
mute bones and mute flutes
all flesh is a signal
cut it open to mean
to rove and roam over the music of the storm
the music of the storm
it is not over yet
the party was held up
over the music of the bog
the flesh was held up
by belts and by spirits and by lust
the host was a whipping spirit
roving the bog of meat
raining cake on the wrecked bodies upholding the pillars
new gore is patient
it is not over yet
new music lusts for wrecked bodies
pillars of wrecked bodies holding up the party
holding up the cake
the signal of their cries, like flutes cut open and mute

their cries are caught in a sack like bones
the sack ascends the pillars
to the party to the host
it is not over yet
the ring is dipped in gore and held up
the host is patient
the host anoints the patient bound by whips and belts with cake and gore
the host opens the sack
bones and cries whip the ears of the party
the party whips and belts the patient
the patient is patient
the patient patiently plays the part before the party
all flesh is a signal
the party whips and belts the patient
the party plays the part
the flesh parted swallows the music of the cries
the music of the cries
it is not over yet
cream is whipped and mixed with gore
the whip plays the part
the whip plays the patient
bones and cries whip the ears of the party
the bones play the part
the cries play the part
guts and gore rain over the bog

it is not over yet
the party is held up
the cake is held up
the meat is held up
the guts are held up
the ring is held up
the bank is held up
the new spirit is patient
the signal is patient
the patient is held up
guts and gore rain over the bog
it is not over yet
all flesh is music
lets dance

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