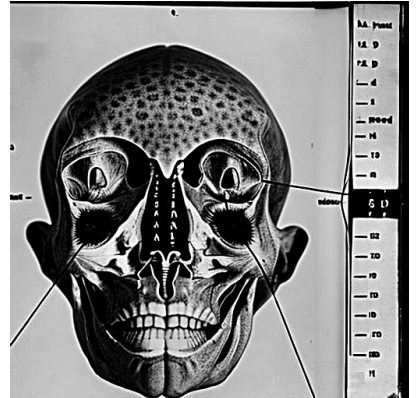
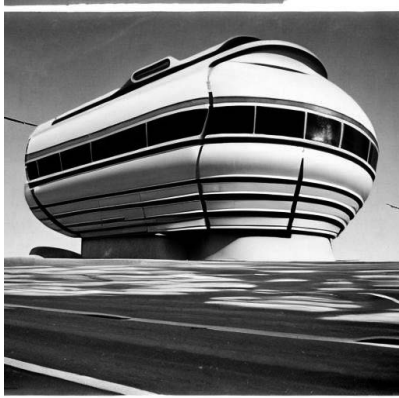
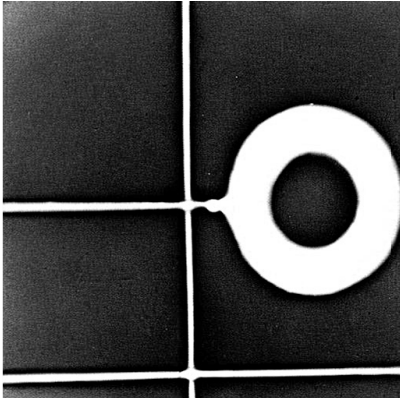




D I / O D E

I - C C C X

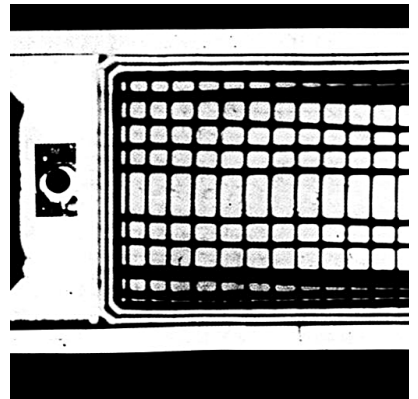
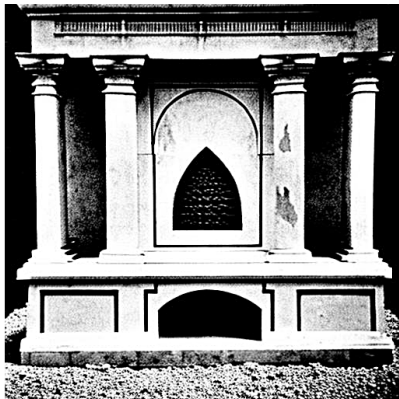
A R M A N D



DI/ODE I - CCCX



LOUIS ARMAND



(c) Louis Armand, 2023

INTERNATIONAL ART CENTRE, PRAGUE / PLAGUE LABORATORY THEATRE

*versions of some of these texts were published in Overland, Otoliths,
Mascara, Social Alternatives, Stylus, eratio

*images created using camera, collage & poem-prompts w/ diffusion model AI

poetry is the subjective in language

I

& so the hightide of democracy

if x is lost:

if you use the whip / even when the dog is good.

time is not unvarying

invasion by presences / north

of the borderzone

the wall

makes a dizzying motion

that in literature parallels

certain rare states

-- for subjectmatter / we turn

to current methods in

advertising /

(what makes images

expendable?)

an influx of flesh excitation

from the detainee's head -- forty nights

out in the tundra

a healthy sadist / is good

for the economy.

ghosts in freezeframe

take nourishment / from

yr scrutiny

II

in the form in which it
exists --
as if "lost"
as if seas of colour / washed
in the blood of meaning
-- scale is the key to it
an eye rushed between
compartments

 since diaphanous
 or, spattered bits of capillary action
above the (approximate) square --
 (half the time
 they're
 upsidedown)

in this manner
transparency grisaille relief

comes to the masses

III

two holes in rectangular plexiglass --
throws the
reality of it into

question / "like"

the climax of

a jet bomber --

they looked

antique

by comparison / leaving no doubt

as to origins

(inventory devices)

-- indentured

to its master

"the icon is for use,

when worn for prayer" --

(interception)

distinguishing

the correct

measure

from the false

IV

for crashing sacrifices on the road
there are many /

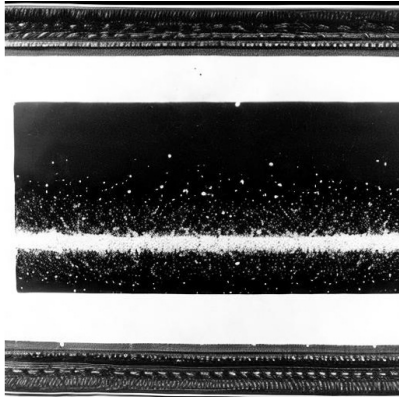
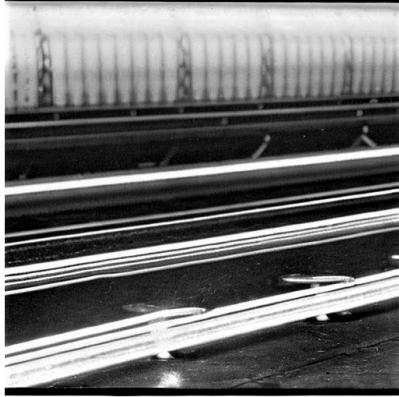
towards the green hillside
as it looks back

inevitably what's depicted
is foreign

(or there are no roads
where none lie /
in the gutter)

*they too are impatient w/
an art
separate from
life*

in which even
a drycleaning stub
is "inevitably"
cause for suspicion



V

in the lurid convex of a bedroom

lifesized,

the heavyhanded conductor --

ice against glass

each compartment

(implies)

a freestanding -- clouds

moonriver

their robot eyes

were pure

daylight / outgrown

in immense

sometimes --

a telephone

converted into mannerisms

of the whole of life

because separate but "equal"

VI

listless dull on the horizon plan / for its own
sake, quarantine

arranges stagesets, eliminates

romantic drudgery from art.

a blank page

can't be improved upon.

"magic & logic flowering

on the same tree"?

more secret lives

full of incident /

emblem-books, incunabula -- mouths w/

padlocks,

the mirror addresses a question

(are you it?)

VII

a new grandeur of conception, in world-connecting
embrace -- then the poverty years.

language was *material*,
you cld throw it out a window
& cause damage -- many
"layers of enigma" (thronging
the border zones) to distract
from most intimate, even
sordid, repose.

Moscow lingers still in the red paint smear.

in the general

malaise

like a first draft

impossible to be reconciled w/

VIII

the future holds many things in store --

person w/ hearing-aid

trampled underfoot --

things listen to yr inner life

a) more intently than you do

b) without witnessing

/ a room barricaded against daylight.

the nude / in the lower left

summarises & gives form --

or if not, red, blue.

their probing eyes -- like a Soviet brothel

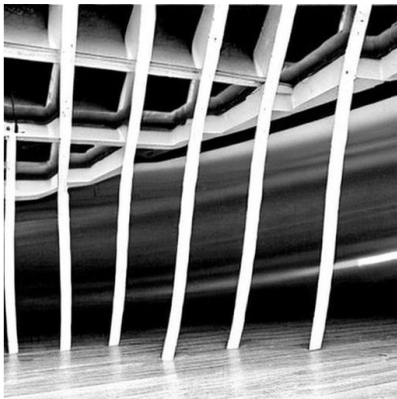
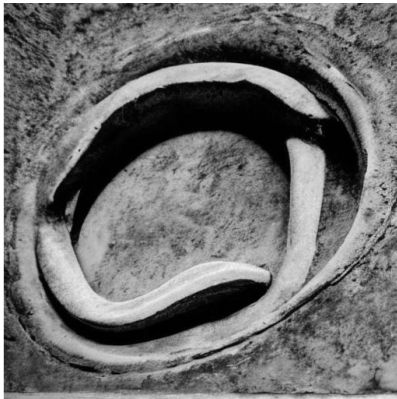
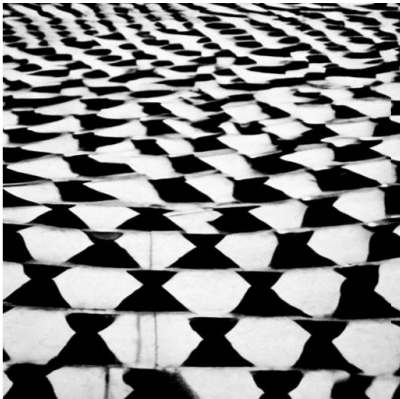
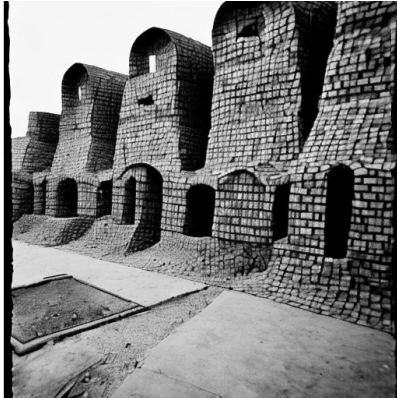
when you wake up

among the dead

(having been *put to sleep*).

words, also, are

sexual brutishness



IX

transformation is subject but to whom, to what?

Faust travesty sex disguise --

theatre & the bitter tears of anagnorisis are
cackling among the rafters.

between unwritten

& unseen

the angels of amenity

spin their wheel.

(misfortunes of defecation

sit uneasily beside the mint sauce)

-- nothing ridicules power

so much as the loss of it

all lurid allure

alone in the master's bed

X

they have desired a language that doesn't
impinge -- like an invasive
species erased

from the landscape.

ragged, the turn & dip of the Earth --

purpose lost

to the totem-worshippers.

violence, discontent --

a scratching

of surfaces

(across the black soil plain)

more of realism's sex-fetishes, anatomised

in closeup.

all but the most

mauled by polyvinyl acetate.

now they're setting sail, so easily trapped,

into living mandalas

of escape --

distrusted, because opaque --

as if a colony of

police cells, dividing, replicating.

the journey ends

at the grilled

window

hung from a thread

XI

the jointed line, traversed, grey, green
liquid encounters
& white
fastidiously awkward --
hinting at w/out,
imbued by machinelife,
all roiling in a sky
beset by introspection.

it needs no image
to complete it --

a memory pushed out of shape
reads "sun"
w/out explaining
why all the lights are switched off

XII

curfew is *nature morte* --
the way you find the past
eating her
sweetbread.

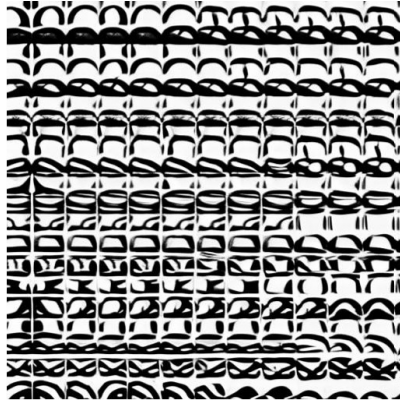
a cousin's legs by the riverbank.
lips w/out moving speak telepathically,
the last moment-to-moment
of the drowned man.

"as i looked
it reverberated"

out to horizons

like an eye bored-through by a cyclone.

but can life possess
an *internal space*?
body, dependency --
misses its target
the way time also slips by



XIII

the metaphor of the wall opens a passage --
till saturated, overflowing
(something rides up
to destroy its guarantees).
delirium isn't the reader --
a spongiform brain, halfmuted choral
in which there's always
note-for-note
a logical subordination
of subject & countersubject if you can tell them
apart.
there comes a time
when a jaw-harp, an ear-bone
in the ceremonial
architecture
of an extinct race
scaling, wind-born

reaches the knot
where all is tied?

XIV

every bridge presages conflagration --
devoid of any save surreptitious lines of control,
just cause belonging to none,
a homeless. these images
are cries of the heart, each its imprisoned
journalist -- a lost
infantile sense
of completeness.
they rotate by chance they are out-of-sync
behind, on the wall
the words
tending to force or farce?
(a face suffocating a pillow
a pillow covering a face)
the moment is highly charged -- interrogation
lists, *la tendresse*.
on such a day
as they set
out upon
their great
conquest

steadfastly refusing any particular, dressed
or undressed, against a dis-
mantled wall, or
an abolished room --

captioned across the top
of the screen
there are
plastic-masked objects w/
"lethal capabilities"
displayed
from back or side
in casual repose.

today they are tourists
of large imitation private
massacres.

they are manipulated on hinges.
tomorrow, the tactical reveal,
a neatly coiled
tabula rasa.

so does the undernourished spectator
become, concentrically
zero, because prolific

XVI

fixed

fast

frozen

now all at once -- this ventriloquy

to recognise (each other).

-- many people

regarding illness

the words:

vulnerable

susceptible,

yet consciousness

persists.

identification marks.

connected to

animal life,

the picture's strength is in making the real

means of survival

("actions are the only facts") (Aurelius)

governed by

opposite

language.

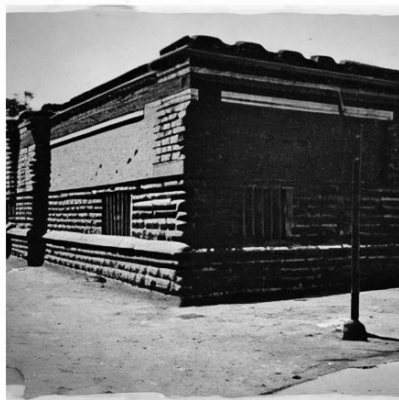
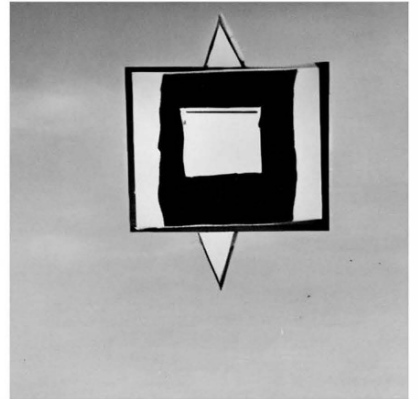
-- a tongue

split from its root,

if what's said there

ends one history

or begins another



XVII

a striking belated example --

original because

selfevident

(as a dog's eye). dead dogs, sunflowers, from target graffiti

frozen in symbols,

allocating mysterious technology.

their forms from display:

1. physical impossibility of mind --

the phosphor inner

light of a heliotrope,

2. an infant deity x-ray head --

reconciled to all the above.

an adversary requires

much greater skill to create

than to shoot.

are the dogs of western democracy

better fed?

contentment

is the sun

in the eye

of the possessor

XVIII

there was a feeling that art
shld now face up
to its responsibility. maculated --
white
a deliberate riot of
erasure, the ground

following in footsteps
that might
at any moment
relapse again --

often the spectator
is conscious of a latent hostility.

a blue pomegranate
bursting on stagnant waters

XIX

here lies the rejected
stratagem.

a white tundra
adds verdict

to muteness & dumbness -- banked rivulets

within

the engulfed

eye.

what sees otherwise

evolves otherwise.

open & innumerable

this insect mind --

hums,

& is not

entirely

selfreferring.

beneath

isotope skies

the timemachine

boils in its blood

XX

having failed to discover
a single new fact in art
they settled on life --
"walls are autobiographies"

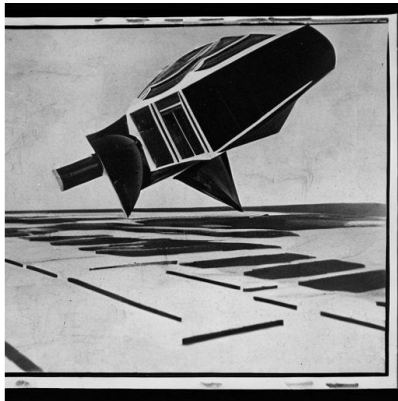
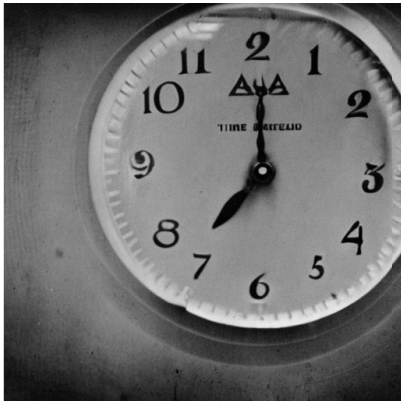
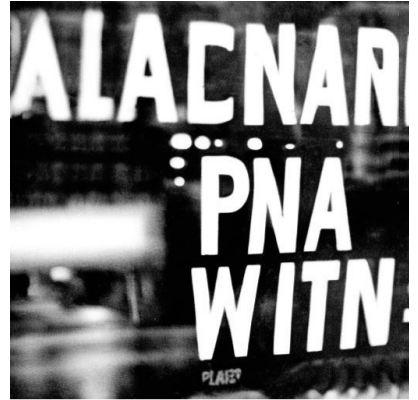
the gaslit
Altamira
of the talking
picture,

brutal because innocent.

stripped of its presentiments
the divided quantum --
a striptease
(like an egg
hacked from inside,
miraculous tokens,
a crown of thorns)

tortured
black-emitting diodes
give sanctuary.
fragments exist
so that their god may exist, repaired from
subtitled prehistory,
wave & particle of first light.

though neither one
nor the other



XXI

is silent night concerned w/ the everyday --
an electron when it sleeps,
the flat surface of
a targeting screen? erupting Kazakhstans
put to flight w/ one
well-aimed barb, like Irma's needle --

though more aware
of its role,
banality
wears an iron fist:

so what if the lascivious world is watching?
through the later
part of its career
money had a demonstrable
influence --

in addition to the
camera's monochrome
there's the fact
that history
is a slow worker.

beneath auto-
luminous trees
little hordes
unwrap
their mysterious
objects

XXII

the world after scaling-up
to a more "abstract"
style --

precision ordnance

w/ lightspace modulator.

in cosmic mind of eye

in god's peripheral ear --

saying how every molecule
is a readymade mythology
resonant upon a slant of moonbeam.

never less than
industrious
they have mined
the gravity
of the situation

XXIII

contrasted by
durabilities --

a bestowed
windgust

(nocturne for broken windows) --

such a
tendency
as an eye produces?

to draw

a line

completes its dependence.

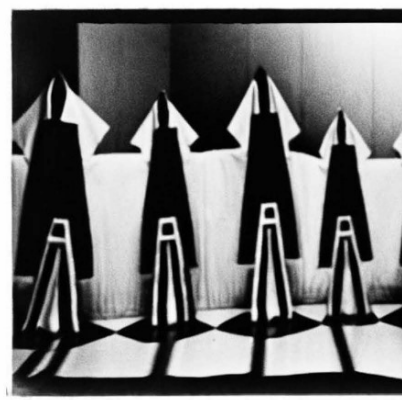
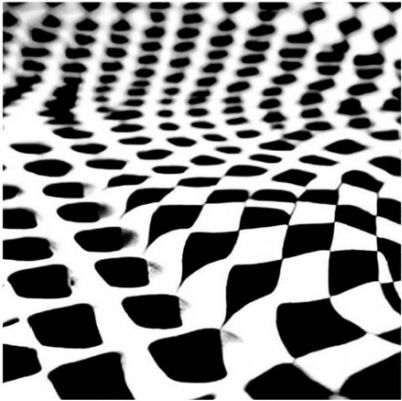
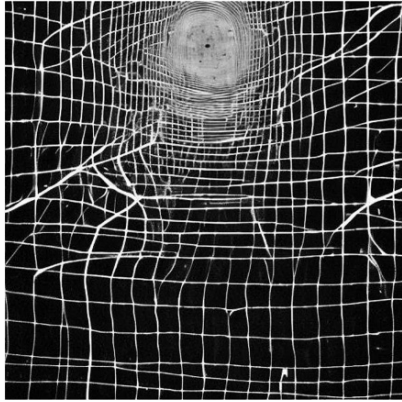
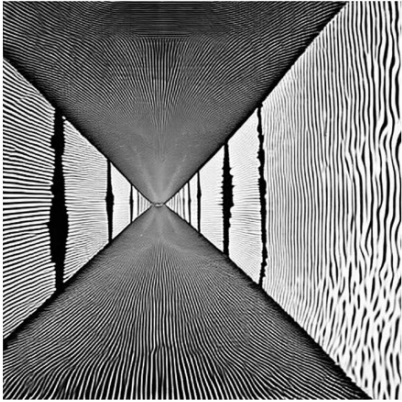
traced back
to the original
duplicator,

typically
life pretends otherwise

XXIV

each element demands a piece of the action --
in these unprecedented moments
we are an erupting anachronism,
a nova's basilisk stare.

dead stars, cinematically pure,
turn to metallurgy --
for those who'd breathe
atmospheres of cast iron, erect
cloud castles
unironically besieged.
to have once been born is endless labour.
the vengeant damsels
have their work cut out for them,
in front of the whole world watching.
all metaphysics is pornography.



XXV

against the flow / they swam under radar

in multiples of unself

lost deleted schized / intubation

to syphon from drains

hello daddy! hello architects of the broken

connection! today

art makes interference patterns

an uninterrupted de rigueur

camouflaged among commodity police / "i" folds its

homunculus back inside the skin

"feel me" it says

unclean thoughts come shrinkwrapped

another inflation-buster

clearance sale / hello dolly!

did the kids pay their taxes?

comprised of these / premature

memoirs

there's a plot you dream of owning

as long as y're

the missing protagonist

XXVI

letter to the trustees:

now the thread of it extends all the way
through time, but which one?

divorced from reason

after domestic bliss shamed into violence.

for as long as anyone cld remember

the shared mind had labels w/

names on it --

do you believe maskwearing

leads to bowel cancer?

another Guy Fawkes on a kamikaze run

ducking the radar --

there are mirrorless weeks at a time

getting so low

y'd mistake yrself for a reverse undertaker.

is that

where art goes

when it escapes

the containment facility?

XXVII

an audience of chairs on the wrong track --
their hidden agendas going round.

abysmal clowns
swing from skylights w/ their old tricks
to land on the unsuspecting.

it was a day like this
dancing
on the Odessa Steps --
& dead dogs who'd seen it (all) before
via replay.

art was happier then
having known mass-delirium,
life behind plexiglass --
difficulty wasn't
hurling the first stone
but the last

XXVIII

turn the page & the story ends.

arriving by whatever means, language or

obstetrics / the dead

names are abolished

(neither fame

nor tyranny)

(neither memorial

nor monument)

this moondark star / blackout

from *fade* to *invasive scenery* --

atavism equals

metaphysical bondage to heavily armed deities?

if the eyes reveal

what the metaphor refuses to say.

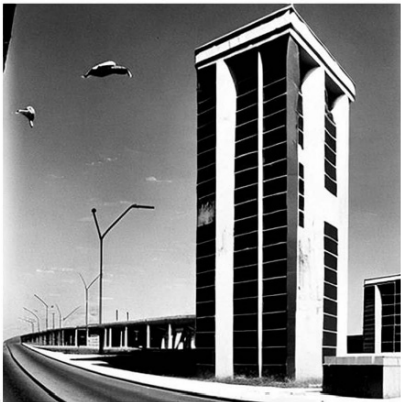
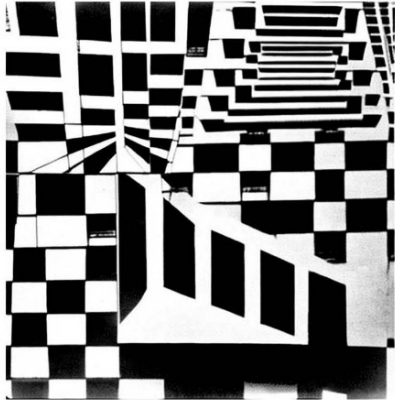
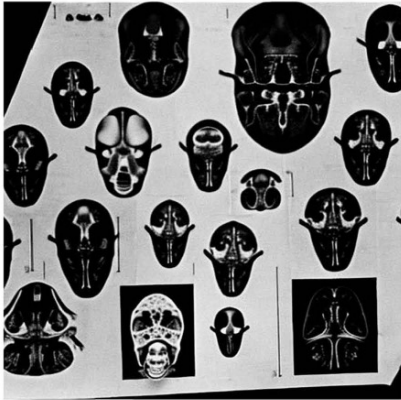
consider these alternative

pronouns --

x will redirect to

requested content shortly, happy that life

has brought us to this pass



XXIX

the author is the monster
hiding under the bed
afraid of you -- (moments like this are geopolitics).

late phases
of emotional development.

crows
churchbells
airraid sirens
artillery
dogs barking

two

plumes of smoke above a levelled plain

(a failed artist
is the most dangerous kind)

XXX

we are animals of catastrophe.

first, an horizon / afterwards

something will fall

unexploded from the sky. hours still pass --

that night

the defences

were better prepared

now the enemy comes in by a leaky faucet.

& the voice,

always,

in the other head

where you dream of sleep, saying

"when this has ended..."

(cursed words)

& all eternal contraries reconciled

"for the time / being"

XXXI

the seconds left continue to weigh --

under a half-demolished bridge

the camouflaged bride.

each desertion

brings another un-

verified number

into their sub-

crèche. morning,

sirens.

a lie

flung in the face of the world --

dances

like unguided ordnance

on fast air

XXXII

"the supreme art is to
subjugate the enemy
w/out fighting"

& then the truth in a flash --

(will it still be
there
when you look again?)

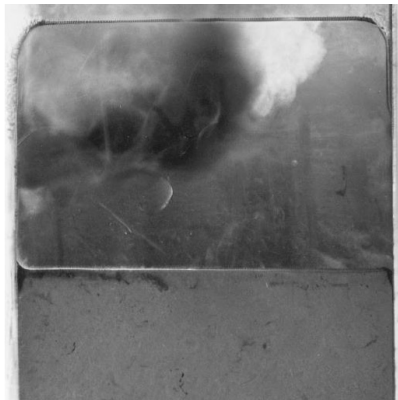
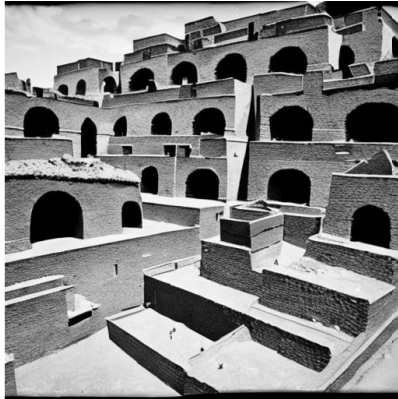
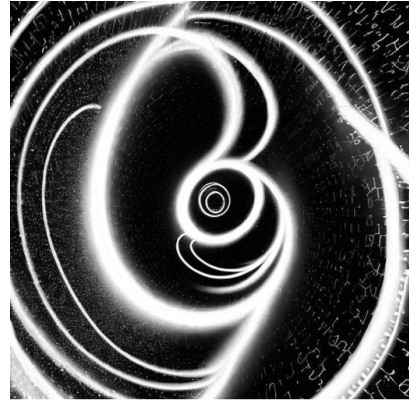
erasure isn't a concept
immaculately undone --

conjugating distance:
afterimage,

fallout pattern,
tectonic human rift.

consolation
rains
like
mystical
nonsense
words

upon the unspeakable
but not inconsequent act



XXXIII

a) displacement / b) momentum
what's indeterminate isn't
the *matter of fact* -- one symbol in place of
another symbol.

an honest autobiography is a con-
tradiction in terms --

listen! they
were never there / they
burned everything / they
sent postcards wish you were here.

art always seemed to be waiting for this.

the first
rush of blood. or,

there is no *longue durée*

only
having endured

XXXIV

"Everything is buried in asphalt. Life smells of shit & war"

(*show additional replies

including those that may contain

offensive content)

the image is allconsuming / onceuponatime a child drew a picture --

a tree inside a cloud

the shape of dead fungus. its poison was time.

now playschool comes

knocking-in the sleepyheads.

(disaster births its own

efficiencies)

& if an artist

is a random set of

occurrences --

do they belong

to one another?

XXXV

"pathetic" because believing otherwise / but when
was there an otherwise?

a term can't
defend itself
by just being
well-defined

(not all things between blood & water
are what they say they are)

evolved

from amphibious assault

to caesarean section / crossing (behind) lines / resistance

begins

in the abstract

coordinate

(target acquisition) or by a "higher means of art"

to enjoy their

forced hospitality

even the end of life

wants something to aim for

XXXVI

beware the Idiots of March!

holding fast / remotest places still nearer

than a breath of air
luminous,
purposed to collide --

life began as a decoy

from entropy's

dead hand. those

cyclotron eyes.

to discover minutiae
the little caesar
has smashed everything

-- their accountants busy itemising the void.

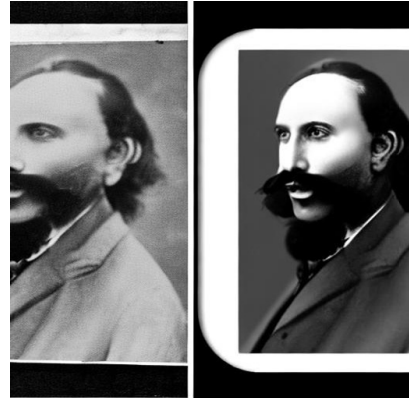
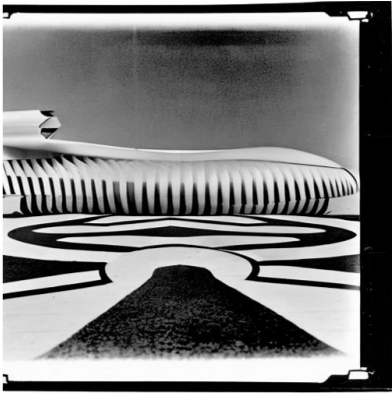
such things as a caress

to a dead dog.

*sunflower

rampant

on a field sinister*



XXXVII

"fear scribbled in muscle
on people's faces"

& then set the last bridge
ablaze. a frozen-eyed
mirror / gutted
against a wall. turn away

a bread queue becomes
a cortège.

now we must practice

diaphragmatic breathing

under the dogstar archipelago.

but are there tears
left
for the angry child
stomping on

the toy theatre's roof?

XXXVIII

the shock of conquest rebounds upon the conqueror / this animal's
behaviour is mechanically programmed.

an antimatter experiment shows surprises
near absolute zero / will trans-

formers take over?

their freak discovery

has revealed clues / a brontosaurus

in a bathtub. millions of years have come to this.

awash in orange thermobaric glow / Vulcan

again works his itinerant anvil / here

in the Late Quaternary.

hoorah for the modern

hypersonic myth!

but still they can't outrun their image

so must become it

ghoulishly aping / all they destroy

XXXIX

"a truly radical act...
wld retell humxn history
from the perspective
of the times & places
in between"

the ground is sinking & the walls are collapsing. peace, the great
light. not a dream but an horizon -- also receding,
crawling under the skin. always too much information
or not enough -- a film of fresh snow,
photosensitive, records horrors that melt away.
this isn't some atavism siphoned from within --

an antiself, attacking
in the middle of the night

& at dawn

like a thief --

but crypto

currency

of the expendable world

hidden in plain sight?

XL

who was the child growing up
under a table believing not believing staring
the pyrocumulus dead in the eye
& cities brought to a stop
by nuclear disarmament placards
& flotillas & people high on possibility & not
potassium iodine?

the day history ended
was neither the first nor last: something
came&went they soon forgot
their devil's contract.

now here it comes on its Saturn-return
worming through crimson night
& odes to joy ringing like
a tin-can telephone strung between
tank-traps on concertina wire

but what stranger cld be calling
at this infernal hour?



XLI

nothing of that sort applies to the absurd -- further than
the extension of bodies omnipotence can only judge
according to its concept. gathered from voices caught
in newsreel footage. another screen depicts cliffs on the sea:
here they cld find shelter & work. but what arises from space
is not a being alone changed into a shining planet
or the sun as it goes away w/ impromptu speed
draped in false flags. others observe the artist in repose
where failure isn't a "problem." if the fixed stars
over the spectators' heads have no gravitational force --
spin & rotate & are intercut by winter sunlight reflected?
a staircase is repeated again & again aware of them too

XLII

asleep in vegetative afterlife / of the globally concussed
w/ no thoughtprovoking moral? -- tortured

halfeaten dogs, chickenheads

on a laundryline

(we're not dealing w/ an enemy here

but w/ psychopaths)

language robbed of its language makes a gift

of unfulfilled domestic promise

but at what point

will the addition of *one more*

upset their balance (of power)?

a funnel a hilltop a bottle an old

woman w/ walking stick balanced on a pin --

the search function isn't operative yet...

bloodsnow under frozen tracks / boiled on impact

trainstation w/ departing train

bags line the platform

hopscotch on pavementcracks

in a moment

to be free (of all this)

the instant something screams

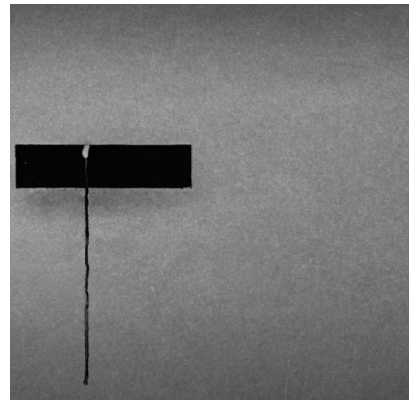
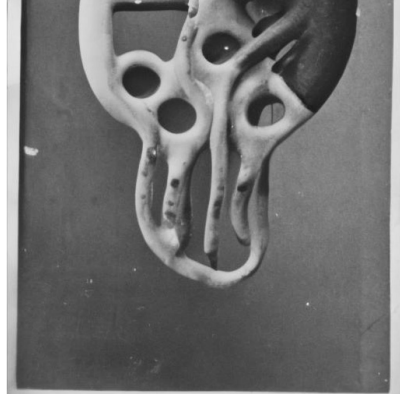
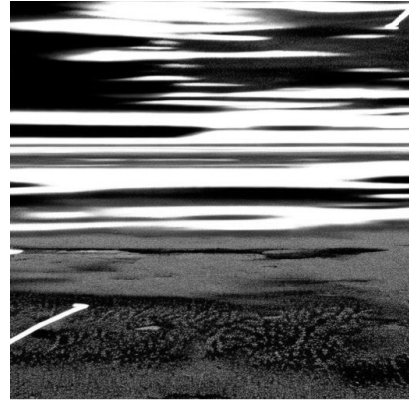
out of the blue

XLIII

poetic justice is unironic expression of the fact
there never truly is any. C H I L D R E N
spelled in letters ten metres high.
as calendric spirals reconspire / to more
hysterical pratfalls in the deadofnight --
digging a hole the size of Chernobyl
to fill w/ radiant laughter naked
in the woods / & those
raped in basements shot
in the head / & all unburied & those
bulldozed under sandpits -- history's
dustbin is a doomed god's crown
of harvest flowers the erupting TV glow
fails to venerate. though art / is ever-obliging.

XLIV

the victorious outcome
shouts over confettied rubble & metalworks
sneezing in the night -- this is
no time for sleep says the upended
icecream truck / in a cone of light shaking
the snowdomed brain from its
narcosis. hemmed-in by cogwheels pulleys
gantries pointing vertical &
a general sinking feeling
of deoxygenated black / here's the part
where the dead dog hands in its
notice, or the hypersensitive chimera
wearing its heart on its
tongue / moans of looted wine & puke --
when time finally lies down spent
& the lingering ordnance
whimpers I love you to children playing possum
under the occupier's bed. & a rose
soaked into riddled pavement / is once more
just a rose



XLV

tightly framed, body of the saviour christ, stripped
of beginning middle end, surrender or extermination --
is it better to open the door to yr killer
or make them kick it in?
the image-bearers are filling the air w/ strange objects
skin terrains taut over video boxes --
illuminated slot in the sky almost a coffin
look! the first ever exhibition of the last thought
to cross god's mind (from now on
every watcher becomes an auteur in their own right) --
sprockethole edgeletter dustparticle:
more serious pronouncements wait to be made
drone-eyed under excessive heat --
though stolen language also comes w/
tracking devices, the enemy
back so soon to routines & unremembering, their halting
ultimatum.

XLVI

postcard days in the sun / of highrise
catacombs dancing on stilts mid-air
urging to unaided flight -- avionic Le Corbusiers
loop-the-loop

as vaulted heavens

gawp &

gravitas goes out the window.

how / in any given lifespan / there are men
bent on levelling the planet.

a weed

is tenacity of existence

against

final solutions.

rubble field. terminator gene. there's

more than enough

to feed

the weevilled god

its hecatombs

XLVII

heavyhanded, was a voice / we looked outside

what was left of it

but radiowaves & blownapart

c ns n nts?

then time to retrieve

articles of dumb faith

blessèd be the death

that falls / angelic

from the sky

they tie burning

ribbons round the

scapegoat's neck

hoist their colours

on Everestine

wrecks / & like

crazed insomniacs

sent to murder sleep

weep for a mother's

stony teat

XLVIII

halflives come halflives go
sings the parataxic Zeno --

now the sun scrolls down
to newsfeeds
of deepening refuge

spring drizzles in

w/ camera fastened to its head

the body of the
dead christ in its
tomb

what do they hope to be resurrected?

when plague years

like a last lost summer

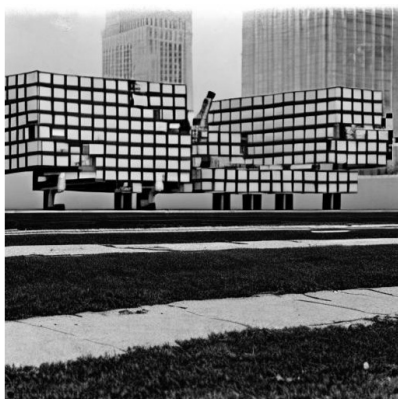
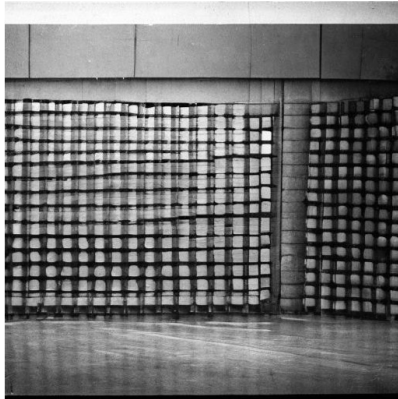
& time limps through mud on half-
amputated feet --

no grain to eat

but winter

waits in the silos

for madmen to fall asleep



XLIX

6 feet down lies the deep Russian soul,

they hung it by its bootstraps

& dropped it in a hole,

doused it w/ Duginism, roubles & gas,

then set a 10-second fuse

& struck a safety match

L

how much of the great difficult lie is coloured
by the knowledge its author has expressed
indifference to the technical processes involved?
being timebased a 24hr continuous shot
"who lives by the canon dies by the canon"
shadows clockwise around the square
the sheltering humans also (1) in fixed succession
(2) in beams of light made visible (3) in dust & ash
each a sniper's aide mémoire before whole artefacts
& even inevitability falls in depiction
to missing ground though we still see it
high on a pylon hanging by a thread edging out
along thin armatures slow as if reversed.
there are digital reproductions of sleep too
that seem more alive perhaps they are

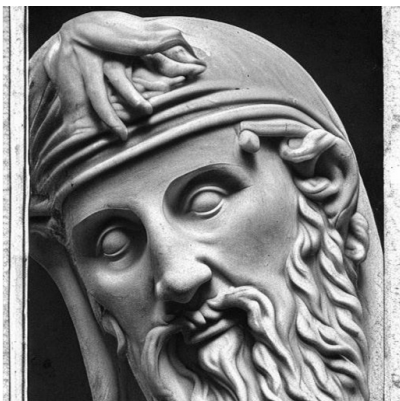
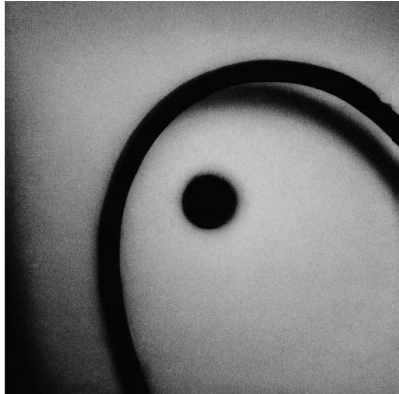
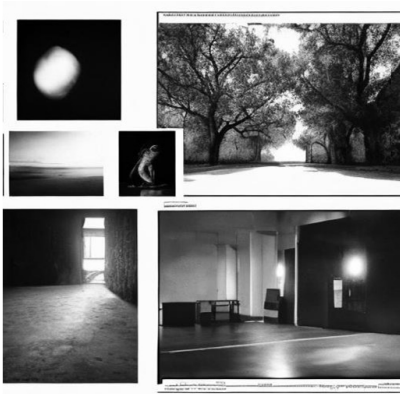
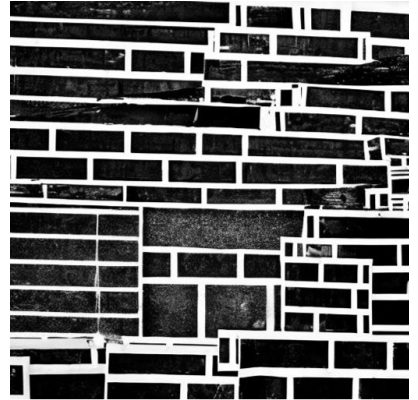
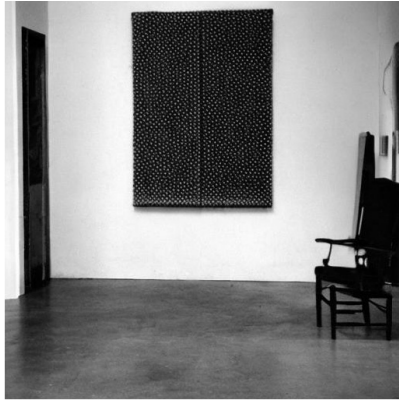
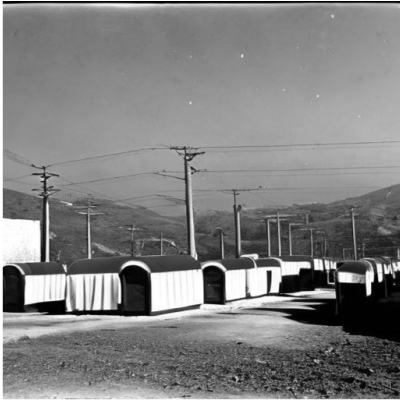
(Prague)

LI

DO WE NOT OBSERVE STRANGE UPHEAVALS IN THINGS
panoramas foreseen in nightly mind-doodlings?
originating in memory: emotion is physical pain,
a digestive tract to self-emulation's parallax.
ah the light of day,
let it burn!
(don't they want to see what they're getting into?)
& all this for the sake of a viewpoint --
flesh within flesh, of the flesh w/out?
turning the other cheek
wasn't a modusoperandi to write home about.
a mouth, a cigarette
& afterwards, tenderness.
shaped by the spells lesioning a portrait out of it,
in utero, to expunge
all signs of domicile: sooner scarify basalt.
inside yr roomofone'sown you count
the "immiserated fetishes" one barred gate at a time.
they were all you, of course.
in the blink of an eye
they lived, raged, turned air to fire, made love,
sacrificed everything for poetry. but wld they have been
happy, otherwise?

foreclosure, the inventive mother -- concerning jokes, whose usefulness
may not be immediately clear, she's a hard taskmaster.
a matter of explaining the function of anal desire.
it must be beginning to dawn that it embraces everything!
cinema aided us in awaiting the end of optimism --
old war movies, romance, hilarious cruelties,
human wallpaper. the heroine is a blonde bombshell.
dear, we are forever in yr debt, usury's willing executioners.
trains came & went, the platforms, crammed
w/ molecules fissile & streaming --
to the omniscient onlooker parody
in all things is the sole universal constant?
because it wld never be enough to explode the world
only once, to drive home the implications.
had they forgotten? executing a perfect
somersault in the schoolyard -- within every nation
of massmurderers y're bound to find
an exception. some unacknowledged poet
detonating an ant nest, pulling wings
off throbbing cicadas.
is it the music or the instrument that counts?
hark the heavenly choir that drones across the sky, proffering
salvation.

the fortune cookie's in the jar,
being nice won't get you far,
waiting for the Man-in-the-Moon,
w/ a safety match
& a plastic spoon.



LIII

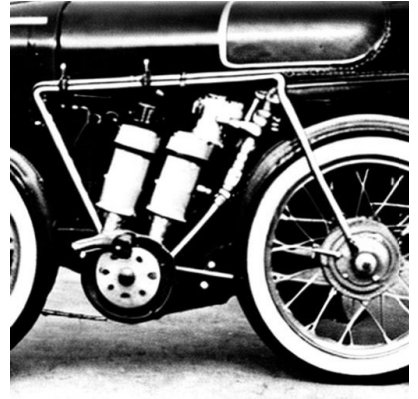
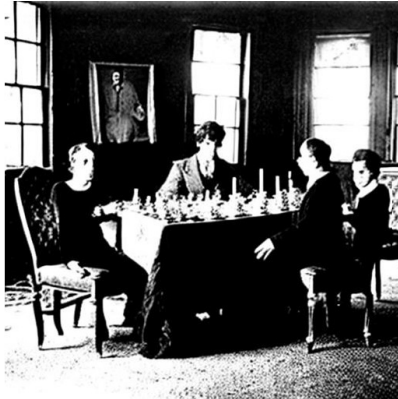
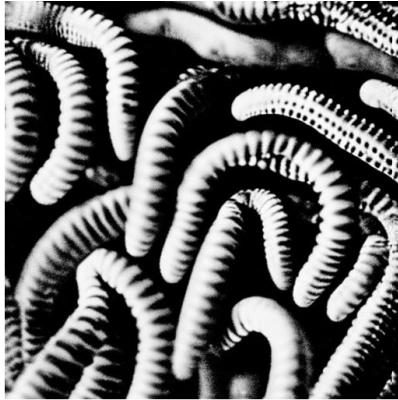
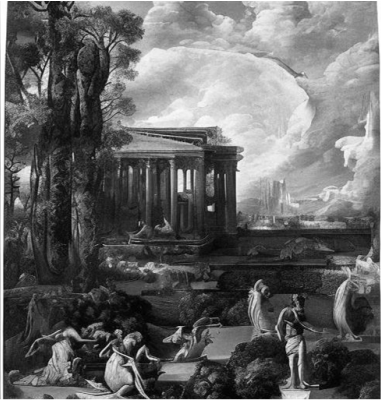
one turn of solitary was all, breaking a little
each hour minute day, even as the shell
grows harder & the guns further out of range.
news travels just as fast as meaning does.
will future aliens encounter only a race of blank stares,
wondering if life produces idiots or vice versa?
the further back they go, the less the image coheres.
it takes a robot to know one.
in the universal scheme of things -- thank you,
that'll be enough. might as well enjoy
yr just desserts while they're hot.
today's warning: tomorrow will be worse.
look, the bright side was just
being caught in the headlights.

amazement teaches oppression -- as spectacle demands
a spectator. but I am of the world
as the world is of me: which one stays close
& which escapes to infinity?
tonight the horizon subtly burns,
whose subtlety is a fire
avid to consume everything.
yes we've learned, no
the lesson had no need of us.
let us sit & roll the magic stones.
 now the whispering entropy,
wireless through air. the more they account
the more weighty words grow,
till even the infinitesimal
turns blackhole metaphysic.
have they found the justice
they were looking for?
no mind is a fallout shelter,
all exits lead back to where they began.
fate only wanted a travelling companion.
 naked before our masterplan,
the little children made
great discoveries -- a TV moon to replace the one
they left behind.
the first "new day."
plastic air through plastic leaves. let us,
they said, kneel & pray.

& so the art of catastrophic forgetting:
pain becomes the cement
of a new architecture.
w/out end. w/out what's called
an end. waking in a cold mist,
there are cenotaphs
to the thing that inhabits & goes astray,
eyes of derelict realestate.
you read about the war
& this comforts you.
blank skies tediously evaporating
turn to mastic.
all who've toiled in the mines of indifference
paid in kind. the dead hand's caress,
the virtuous enemy
making mirror-faces.
time immemorial dreamt you
in this upright posture that now
y're obliged to imitate
like a teetering Babel, brick-by-brick
repairing & undoing again
the words of which
you're deprived authorship.

LVI

tonight
the cock
roach
wings
its way
on steam
ing
clouds
of humid
ity,
to find
that cleft
inside
the wall
where
fortune
favours
the weak
& small.



LVII

the thing you held at arm's length
in order to see, has gotten
the better of you -- but everything
turns invisible in the end.
the 50ft woman w/ xray spex
at the masque of the red death.
is the future older
than the past?
anything can be art
the way anything can be
money.

LVIII

emotions, too, are science fiction.
a word at random becomes the first axiom.
life from electrically-charged stone --
wherever a membrane
traversed by heat becomes
an engine of increase.
there was no special case, no
divine logos. world
rhymes w/ synthesis as it rhymes w/
gravity & air.

if there's pleasure
in birds dancing upon the dusk,
or the resonant frequency
of ice cracking in a glass
at the end of a hot day,
does this prove it any more or less
a mechanics of sentimentality?

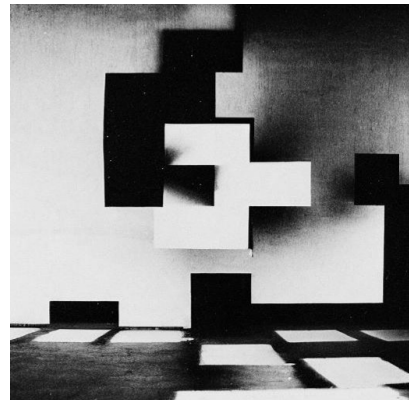
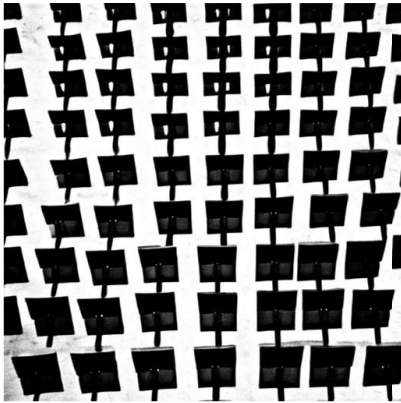
the radiant sun
needn't know
any of this
to make it happen.

LIX

a dream is a worm in the brain
evolving us. there are archetypes, protons & electrons,
the shape of a primal discharge
across synapse-space, mind-eye nebula.
each construes its own myth,
heliotropes of an idea
far from light.
is it in the nature of things to desire their opposite?
& their opposite's opposite?
20,000 leagues in a watertight alibi
& all that's on offer is air --
their plans for world domination
wld have to be set aside
while learning to breathe.

LX

suffocating a little every day
to be weaned from oxygen-dependency --
how deep is a mind prepared to dive?
a planet is always a kind of
controversy, to exist at all --
spiralling dolomites in the sky,
providing the requisite
science-fictional atmosphere.
another live-feed extinction event,
another deathless advertisement.
to sink so low in an iron lung, the seas
boil away, the nautilus crab
learns to fly, everyone's a star tonight.
still the oscilloscope bleats,
a tiny future-voice speaks
in yr ear -- it's alright, dear,
we've watered the dead geraniums
& replanted the headstone.
but they do not say, who'll pay the rent.



this journey to the end is nigh on enigmatic,
imbued w/ suspect motive: another War-
hole (sic) disaster routine exacerbated
in pandemic bordercontrol. (sez algorithm
enthralled by sublime, like windowdressing.)
bomb vistas the new master narrative?
over longer time-periods, clock hands
become wearable zero-sum prostheses where
not all statistical facts add-up. widow-
dressing a tentacle grafted onto cortex
to autonomise rapport w/ likeminded --
when even the most risible must one day
come to pass. "survivance" by self-parody
because old massextinction not yet done
though next one already in process.
observe how, below a windswept emoji,
the original post-ape thumbs The Tempest on
doomscroll mode. we the contingent manifold!
being a porous metal, meaning its diagnosis:
but what "true crime" confesses it is?
livestreamed, the past wld really give them
something to think about, when history
breezes back through the door expecting
a three-course meal to be laid out for it.

LXII

for this, a flow of movement, perfectly illustrated,
~~was-required~~ -- summertime & the
poetical consciousness found itself on holiday.
party hats & war gripped by ~~neureses~~ neurotic
~~like a redactionary humorist~~. reactionary humorists
cha cha cha, Colonel Blimp was a pimp.
how many crossings-out devoted to
synchronisation w/ a scratched
record? as time wears on the plot dissolves
into the needletracks of old habits
still ready to die for a cause.
sometimes their fantasies leap right out
of their brains, demonstrating where true power
resides.

LXIII

by ominous silence, to wipe away all trace
of time on Earth -- outlandish,
the mother who becomes the father who becomes
the portion of the murdered child
civilisation eats.

a grey pixelated wind
whistles across sinews of mind.

here's the post they hung
the dead thing's head from.
wrapped in typewriter ribbon
& copper coils
& diodes:

a search for new forms,
it was said,
to improve,
to find happiness.

like Hamlet,
thinking aloud,
doing nothing.

LXIV

all roads to the recurrence of opposites.
the way a star drifts across the sky --
flares its wings then fades. & living minds up there,
too, weightless but also those non-
living -- unreconciled on matters of love & poetry &
gamma radiation.

tears flow
in eyes carved from glass.
stone writing to inhabit futures none wld see.
& now must dance again
the artillery cakewalk.
will humour find a way
to outlast even them?



LXVI

4 months on a plank & choleric spit
laying audible siege
& plague-shadows in the street.

a door is an inconclusive thing whenever
apparent to an adversary.

can there be joy
if the head doesn't speak
a language the guillotine understands?

LXVII

& this is why sitting back-to-roof-terrace-wall early-evening shade
w/ plain spread out behind & ruins & swifts flocking the sky
a city dissolves into its antiself as heat dissolves molecular bonds
the wilting eucalypt ten thousand miles from past evolutionary
moment flags the long-awaited counteroffensive -- or swallowing air
in arrears of (misinformation) -- lining-up to ridicule themselves
publicly w/ fake contraptions wooden dolls (for ten years the author
made love to a mannequin not realising it wasn't his wife etc.) --
is Russia a place far-removed or just a state of mindlessness?
as once a cosmos obliterated by childhood background radiation
maintains an alibi for stomping down the collective sandpit --
buried neck-deep the way a crab loses its shell hell or high water
all while the lesser of two evils sings the greater to sleep

LXVIII

time passages between walls that any moment.
between-lines

over-attenuated.

recalling the indistinct possibility

at one remove

an applied adage, a physical spasticity from
absence. no,

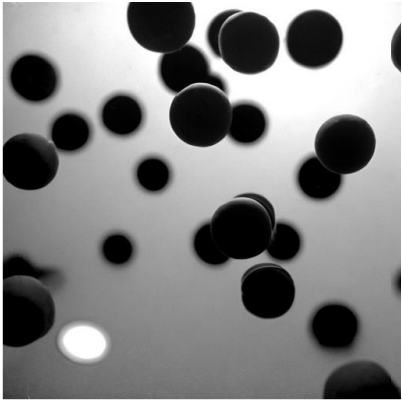
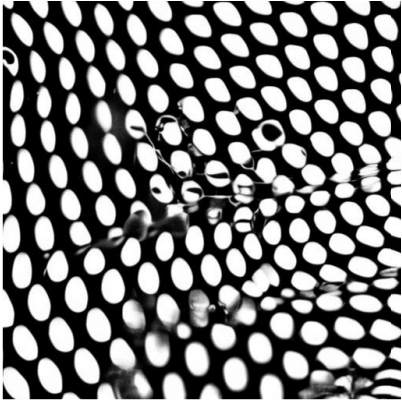
not motherless, the mind's

radiation blackspots,

in-between.

everything just as (un)believable

as ever.



LXIX

one small
room after another / one contam
inating voice
after
another.

listen, the procedures

are jammed

"to my dear

unfaithful trans

lation,

we've come to the end of the line."

LXX

it eats its own borders / a fly climbing over words
so luminous tonight. a mirror errors the order.
you wake up in a cold comfortless neck of the woods
w/out prospect / was remiss / was in remission
or, "by reason of" / remittance / or, w/out reason.
i.e. progress toward objective tactically withdrawn
to the other side of / to an undersided city.
vouchsafed does as vouchsafed must, when cata
strophic power failure / deactivates / redactive
radiocontrol ("it's a wipeout") jamming the comms,
disjointing their youthlost Comintern dream
of world dominatrix / in the annals of sadomasochism
the reverse of hidebound, a hard chew, a hard cover
now that shells raining. starburst from eye
(those are flies that were yr) isometric / ontology
had to be killed w/ the enemy's tongue for it to count.

LXXI

nothing can be expected from the previous generation --
to move

beyond name & voice:

old guy gasping on the stairs

(that's us already).

another sentimental journey through curious solitudes
in a place no-one has ever heard of.

abolish everything!

today Mikhail Gorbachev died in yr sleep

(PEACE COMES FROM BEHIND TO WIN).

reason to believe the end preceded

the beginning

& now life imitating the TV rerun?

mathematical disorder

isn't the sub

ject of this poem

but you are.

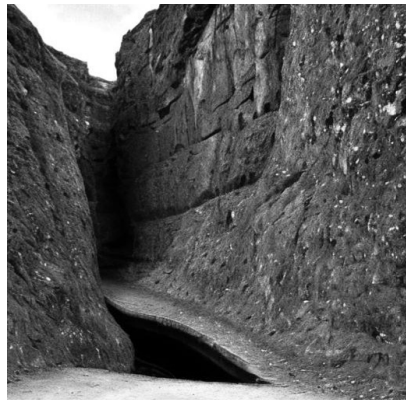
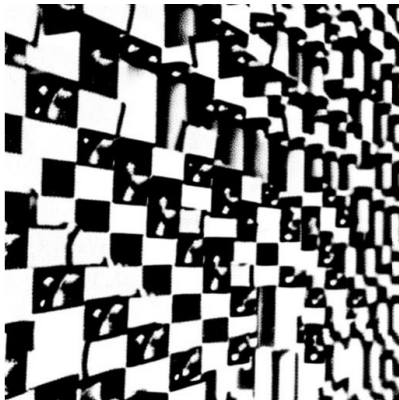
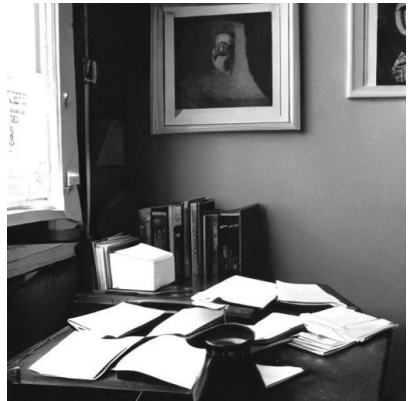
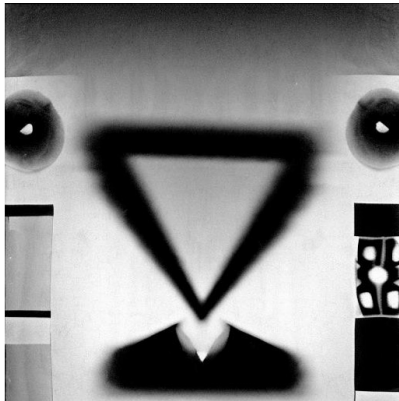
LXXII

to create breathingroom
new words creep into the
guidelines --

a circle for the time being
roundly condemned
raises its ugly head, or:
a sound w/out a letter, or:
vice versa

saying order is primarily effect-of-scale the further
you get from anything the more coherent it appears
because second like a population-mass viewed from space
individual actions don't exist only actions at scale &
alien worldview needs neither since target coordinate
is abstract transformation of the real into artefacts
of oblivion.

goodnight.



LXXIII

ethics wld be just about anything that happens.
even when all roads led back
to the same initial situation -- Rome in a day,
an actual standpoint
as concrete as smelted marble.
now the game of failure can begin in earnest.
history, which never intended
to be a work of art
but had no choice in the matter.
ah those senseless days
when deep down everything finds its meaning!

LXXIV

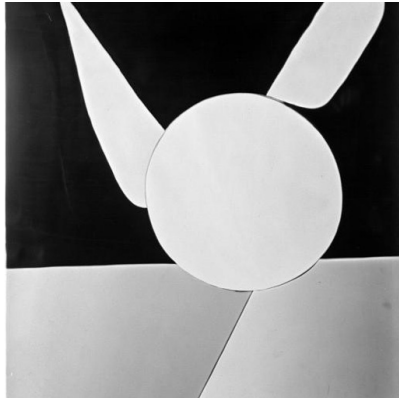
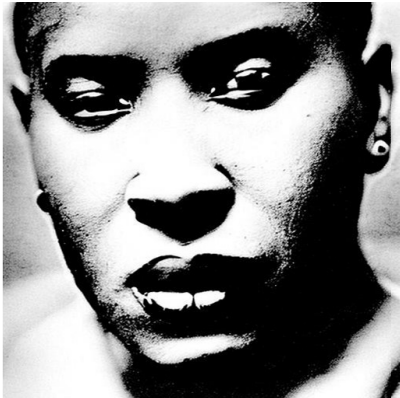
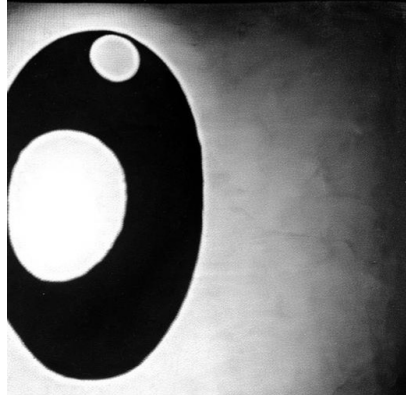
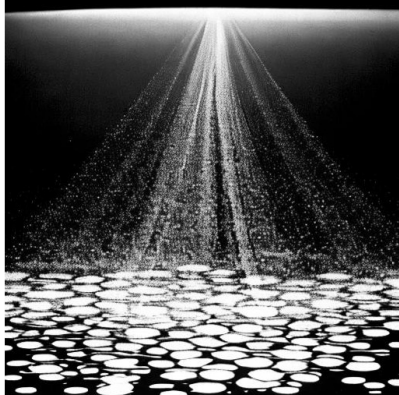
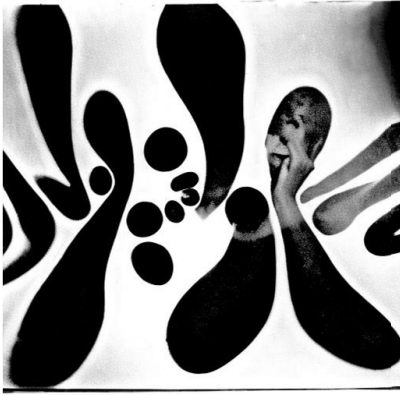
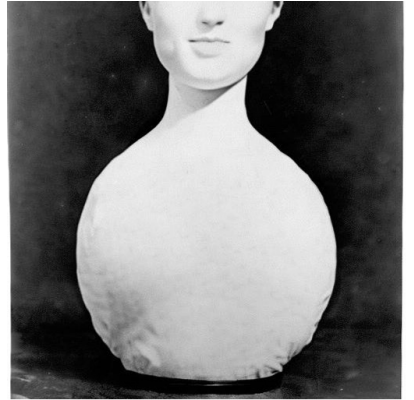
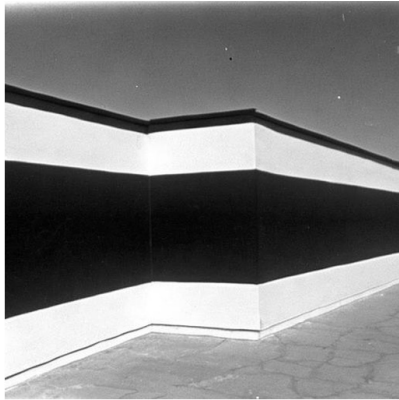
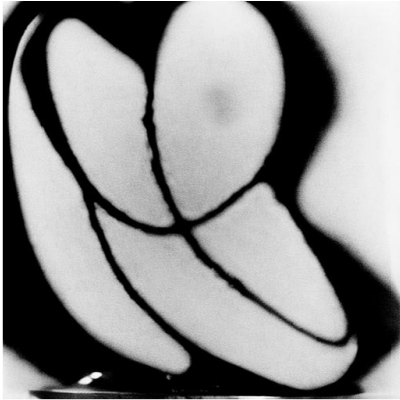
an obsidian head beautifies itself against a wall.
ear to shell the tiny rebellious voice against the cosmos.
as once fetishists of proletariat & state
downed solvent dans l'après-midi Parisien -- in art
as in politics, epithets offered to the wind.
life shld be drastic or not at all.
in order to begin to comprehend them the educated ape
must open windows instead of doors --
movement, at once perilous & requisite, like an intuition
after the fact. there are bodies the world
declines to comprehend, till revolution strikes the fear of
god into it. those who dwell in the profit margin
know which side of a wall to stand on.
rare are the days that survive merely by being remembered.

LXXV

to disturb / the warmonger's peace / in the dark
everything becomes clear: absurd schemes
between motive & act / desert w/
waterbottle full of sand / offers succour.
always such ease of retrospect -- mouth to mouth
w/ the mirror that comes to hear yr
last words -- proves nothing / is to be expected.
there are skeletons fleshed by the
closets they're kept in, / too, / to illustrate
the subtle denouement. (humxnity dies when it
runs out of duplicates.) (a blank
piece of paper for history to write on.) (pro
lific etceteras.) still occupying the head / guts / re
spiratory tract / & unable to give up / the ghost?

LXXVI

another future indexed to inflation (not to
interfere w/ a nation's right to suicide) --
we, the onlookers. in a fog roiling eastward
out of all the last gathered Septembers,
night & cinema, to mind-wide continents of
infarct. a missile whining through open sky
or the tenacious mosquito keeping you company
till dead hands fall & the head rings --
three cheers for the ghost that came back
(what does it want?), de-mining the sandpits,
dragging its chains across the tribunal floor.
today's lesson: to unlearn the 5 senses.
& the ineffable other who's always there
in a corner of a crowded room, gun at the ready



mortgaged time & forgot to return the key -- & already
fully-formed, the excuse so sensuous upon the lips,
hot then cold as unknown witness in shuttered dusk
& beads of orange light across these phrases left
to fend for themselves. too many definite articles &
not enough mileage between today & whoever it was
intended for (the maniacal oligarch under the bed) --
morning glories take root in our hair blue & mauve,
entire third world orchestras, though asleep you are
the North Korea of my soul. naked as youth, black as
drowned years of concrete barricade & panic attacks.
not all the poppyfields in Afghanistan -- to wake from
womxnly sleep & private sex-mantras raising the dead,
in those whom abjuration makes angelic because no god.
like headlights coming out of night. or claustrophobia.
still the knowledge-circle is tightening, demands
credit-line to secret escape-route under floor --
another reverse-charge siren call & we're all false
alarms going off simultaneously. morning & artlessness,
that haunted-WANTED-poster-look in a gimmick store.
suspicion lingers in the back of a mind already
in open retreat, along the line of least resistance.

LXXVIII

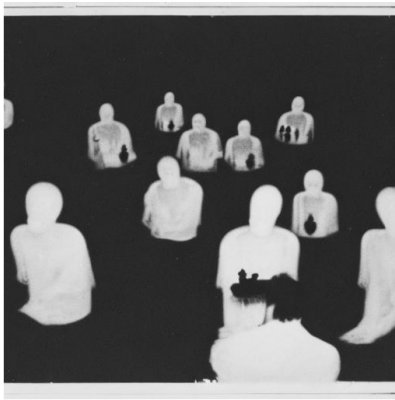
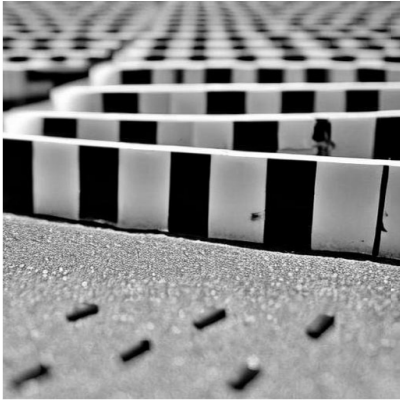
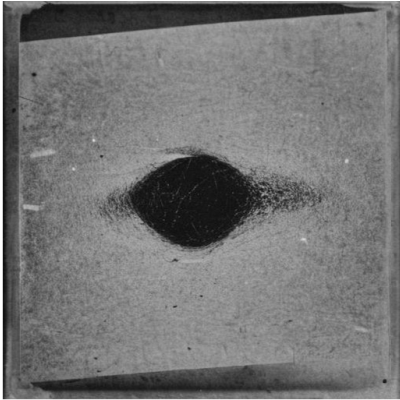
sex breakout in sullen backmasked Chernobyl.
there are no permissions, everything
between (the) lines intentionally left blank.
this precipice was here before, we are merely
extinction's plagiarists (w/ or w/out
quotationmarks). too, a lived surface of re
semblance occasioning the crowned head,
camouflaged in debris, nightvisioned from
love of opposites. dial risk-index to
pyromania, nuclear & Oedipuscene upping the
anti-. for all its art alienation takes effect
like an elephant on fire. room complicit
as a device laid bare, pretenced by tacit
fuck-me eyelines in windowless jealousy.

LXXIX

we are furious delay patterns in the soy lent queue,
against our "kind" -- to light nostalgia's
goodnights, the happy sleep.
solidarity equals mass-energy equivalence
in earth-to-earth relay.
let their millennium bridges sway.
I've found the place no-one expects, laid low, cribbed
secret messages in jars,
to launch like molotovs when I go.
nothing entertains more than a scapegoat on a stick.
forget the devious madman's trick,
a fool is only the hill they're buried under.
time turns in its grave.
upon this rock their realestate --
let it break, bilious w/ hot air & vinegar.
what's written once is never
spared, so be their underestimation's desolating angel.

LXXX

all things of equal importance aren't (the) same --
words in psychologically unlimited quantities
construct phantasms of eternity none will read.
1. ribbons of grey sludge called rain. 2. astroturf
up the courtroom steps. 3. youthful & futuristic
glimmers of hope smile at you from bus shelters...
the law expands its concept of sincerity:
reverse prison-break by unnamed protagonists
forging secret attachments. the emotional rhythm
appears intimate precisely because time isn't
on their side. another hot autumn night,
economy in deadlock w/ the to-date missing question
(examples different in tense, without specifying).
only a finite number of positions were possible:
"contempt shld be felt on the skin" / "life's tragic."
they cldn't wait to wage war on another planet.
let us collectively narrate the end of time:
it snowed the way an image dissolves on TV.
ambiguity is inherent distance from the source
a. of meaning, b. of income, c. of disturbance?
all issues have been addressed, the terminal said.



LXXXI

the day wld come when terminated w/out notice.
reason on the frontier, carving its turkey --

& bowed down from love of work.

a beacon is placed central to the fringe,

immolation's twin. they come at dawn

when the blood is cool & the eyes clear, listen:

a spider is crouching in yr ear

like a hunted phobia.

ah the sweet cardiac rhythms

prior to art,

spelling

disaster. are these "pro

paedeutic values"

the ones

worth dying for?

LXXXII

late in the mind's antiquity -- no consolation --
no egress. burrowing through
epics of "redacted wordstuff" (part

ial substance,
the resulting night
has passed

laying bare the
device, the old
believers.

*an
other / post
humous / author
itarianism
choked while
eating its young.

LXXXIII

in the pit of Lascaux
in a mooncrater

hungry for culture's afterbirth.

birdheadman -- slender sharp agile -- imbued w/ will-to-speak

a) by negating modifying making

rises above the given ; b) drowned in logorrhoea

before landbridge & meta-

morphosis

from beast to abstract homunculus

stooping to drag its mandible

through dank pre-

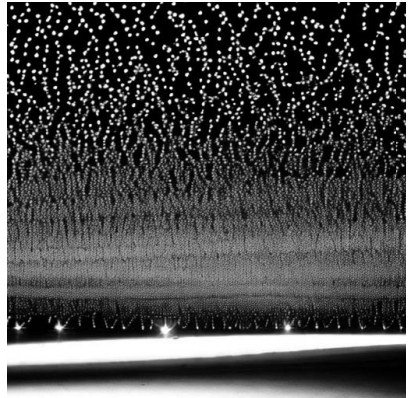
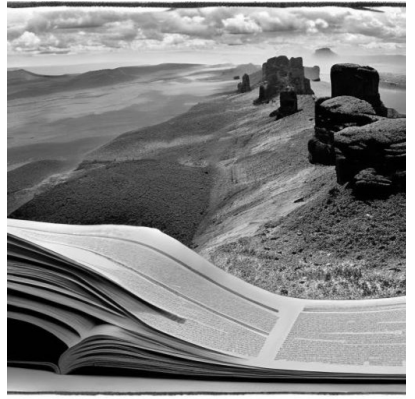
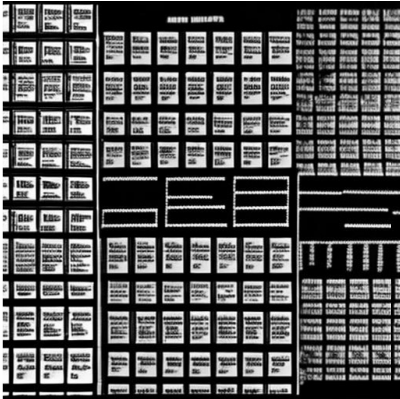
history, visible only

end-wise

in re-toiled dream?

LXXXIV

tied knots sighlently
unravel the splenetic
windowmute's counteroffensive / hello their
limned remorseless apathy
yielding to urge / the cosmos-of-energies
between panes / expiates
fanatical life not-as-we-know-it /
b) cause absent a
questionmark / each repeat
grown heavier
than a) helioballoon sinking through the floor
has eyes only / for c)
this virginal semaphore /.



LXXXV

& these carnivores of modernity, first to reinvent
a mimic-eye -- cave-fearers, transparent to meteorology --
primogenitive & fissile, nosecone-salient -- launched
from a divided godhead's solar plexus like an encyclo
paedia where chance unleashes its fossil substance --
describing how breath fails & language breaks, or
the same thing in deceptive form -- meandering upright
in headstrong mutism, of meaning expressed in dis
order -- far from present-tense or will-to-alter,
tuned to species-fatality, the diode-within -- revelatory
to a salamander's brain as the eclipsed far side
of the moon -- painted against a more tangible night
for mechanical mothmen to play upon -- toys in the
cosmic wind that artlessly kills them & eats their meat.

LXXXVI

late afternoon in Amygdala, heat-vague
you lie, flat on water, already
lung-ache before even
first stroke of the punishment regime.
they're not bombs raining but satiric pessimists'
hoots, how all those
goodbad wasted days were just neurotensin --
& were you even there, inside
that idiot's head grinning at the sky, the lucky
stars? time & again
replaying the "lost scenes" where a
monster's hand reaches down
through hypoxia & riverglow, hoisting
some drowned thing from its happy dream, that it
clung to right up to the end.

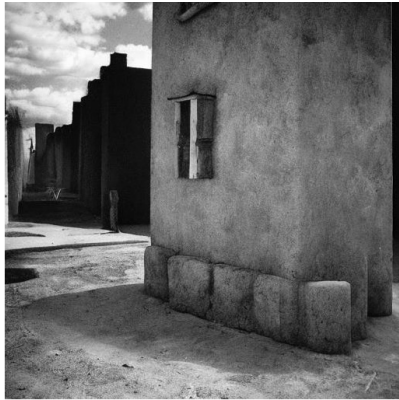
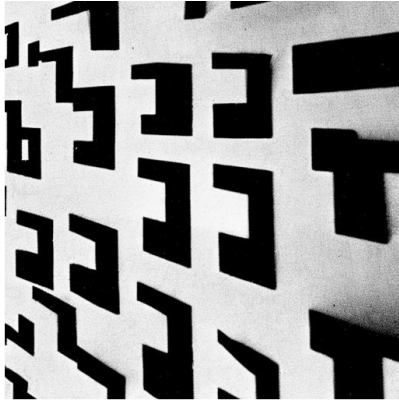
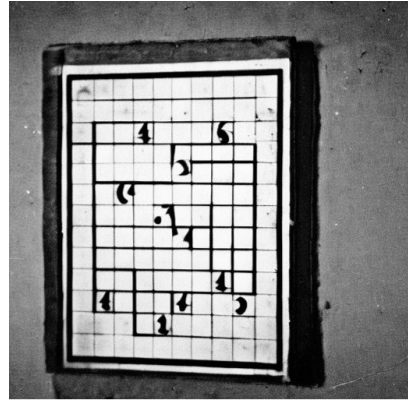
LXXXVII

the partisans of disorder are the party of power.
like an object in a mythical situation, warming up
its just desserts -- so reason leads to anarchy?
crippled by a low-level "animal" function in the
first days of the war. a phone rings like a con
stant companion losing their head -- in the theatre
where the means of production are a mouth &
tongue eternally sick of one another.
there are phantom limbs also in the mind, reaching
for conclusion not there. saying meanwhile,
in a soothing parodic voice (all this cld be yrs!),
only time will tell but will it? & embassies
gone unperformed, as a bell tolls & the
anachronistic minor character walks off the page,
dreaming of republics of averted catastrophe.
e.g. of meaning produced by suppression of it.
how once upon a time, in a decadent landscape garden,
such untold things did indeed eventuate.

LXXXVIII

September's disinformation campaign turns to rout.
expired tanks along roadsides heading east --
again a trail of looted rubbish. like a Dziga Vertov
gone berserk, the spectacle unreels everywhere you look.
enemy TV does its clockwork haha routine --
die Aufklärung zieht! all in accord w/ the masterplan:
0 differentiated by Z plotted on a backward graph.
who still pretends to be listening?
Confucian proverbs mutter on the wind,
the man-in-the-moon grins.
for a moment it begins to feel as if the laws of physics
still apply
in a world gone over
to antipodeanism.
the gears grind down --
one outranging rapid advance & then
time to dig back in.

today they turned off the gas supply,
tomorrow they'll turn out the lights.



LXXXIX

first rains sneak through the wires, under
cover of dark.
grey wind & the whistling of close-contact
on 24hr videostream.
the eternal present of the end-of-history
has taken its time,
turning circles like a snarled tankcrew in the mud.
& already they're
plotting sequels while the story's live.
the way Heraclitus
never looked twice at the same striptease,
apparently.
but irony has no place in serious discussion,
when the fate
of the world's at stake. as it has been since stupidity
got the measure of it.

XC

& becomes aware of exerting through stunned senses a
kind of gravity pulling down to dissolved whitewash
tyres on asphalt head on floor already the counter-
offensive at the border clenched fist shatters window
many cities liberated TV-voices cant & recant their
denialist monomyth watched by the supraindividual
eye in vast & sleepless vestibule as rashist armies
show their backs before last-gasp vengeance raid
& Putler skips town in dead-of-night to Führerbunker
deep underground & no Reifenthal to light the scene
now watch how fast rats jump ship before backwash
scum-tide & dead hand's salute. today JLG died 13.9.2022

XCI

to liberate the names plagiarised

by TV / abolished by

things?

resurrection parts from the trademarked image only by degree

or it floods the synapses

a hard cosmic rain

impossible to remember who or why

because assigning guilt is to "know thyself" (first)

& (second)

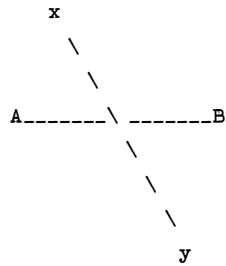
drink hemlock i.e.

bring the impossible

into constellation w/ the banal & (third)

draw a line between yrself

& the enemy



& all this can't be hidden

no matter how dangerous (i.e. powerful):

"we live in (a) society,

(b) police state"

what were the ingredients of the crime?

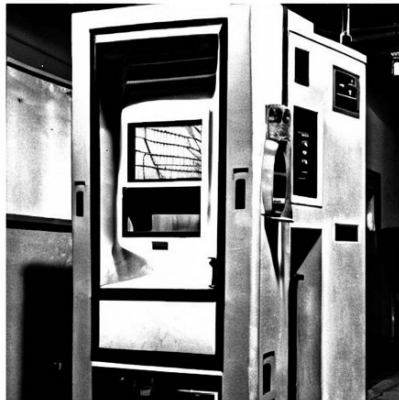
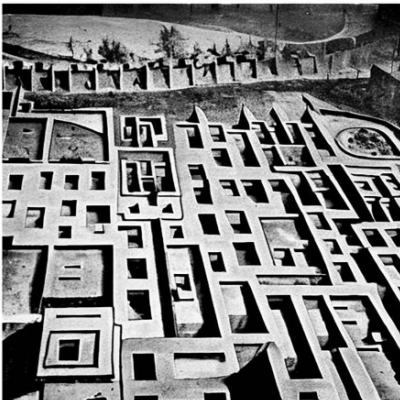
the unutterable --

because then

wld be nothing left to bluff

XCII

as the eye drifts up the damage appears only to increase.
le voyage / & afterwards, the painstaking
description. of a struggle
that 1. tears a hole in the surface of things
2. doesn't belong to them (but do they
belong to it?) (the words?)
pared & repaired back to the original axiom (the many
Euclids at the end of the
mind) / reason meant having a sense of
restraint, apparently. a story
told by shape, altered motion / meanings that "stick
in the throat" (history
is also a shot of the anxious embracing couple
from Oleksandr Dovzhenko's *Earth*)
i.e. there are situations
in which it's impossible to insert a spectator ("observer
paradox" isn't this) / though
now we've painted ourselves into a corner
it'd be instructive to consider what kind of corner it is.
looking back / unknown fragments
by accident become
portentous rivals of great events.
while: in a different universe / another speed of light
produces replicas for a different eye.



XCIII

if one day Earth ceases to be / what'll become
of all the rotten prose
ever caused to conjure it? (the world
or its opposite) in other words
(concerned minds demand
to know) what'll become of all that
ENTROPY out there in the universe / does it
just get wipedout like bad
debt / or does the world keep paying even when
it's dead?

XCIV

sincerity being the weaker sense / desire grows slack
as soon as it takes form. a more radioactive myth
wld call its own bluff / just to know it wasn't?
life turns itself into a
video tape / it'll never live long enough
to see. tragedy was born w/ the invention of the
close-up, the universal particular.

history was born blind.

XCV

bereft when surrender

's taken from them --

les dames de Moscou

prate about the solitude of objects & humxn life.

another Orpheus machine

sent back to retrieve

from dissensus' Lebensraum

(but / wld bears

in shit do?)

we've studied under duress their Philosophie des Reichs

ex humus Martian folklore

offers prospects / realestate not air enough

to breathe?

between a Kalashnikov

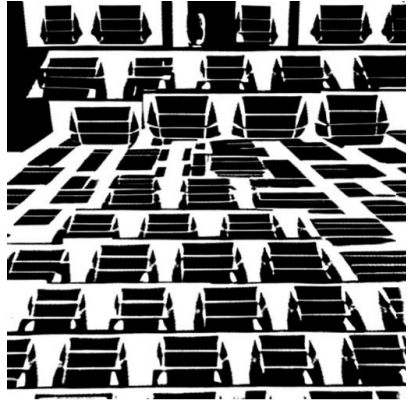
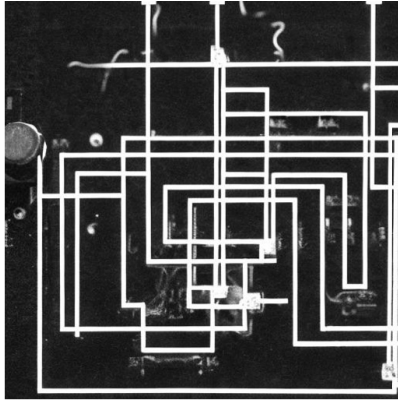
& an encyclopaedia

who'll mourn

Mother Russia's rancid tit?

XCVI

FICTION'S DEMOGRAPHIC MAKES BOLD REFERENDUM
NEWS OF THE DAY / ELECTS TO BE REAL.
now their Iliad is curriculum for school children & idiots.
hurrah for the dead horse on stilts!
every audience has its
role to play / till pressganged from TV sets / re
turned in bags
like inedible takeaway.
such meagre resources
of parody / to nourish the conscience of a race / to the end.
because a hundredbillion neutrons
stacked against the sky
is a considerable number.
left to their own devices
will future robots
build museums to contemplate them in?



XCVII

& the spring of that first lockdown
like some old incongruous sanatorium postcard
azure days endless along the river / how
now on this long walk in a faraway
place / I still turn expecting
to find you there / but
can't tell any more
which of us is
missing

XCVIII

just as flesh becomes one wife / the painted
body / of unsmiling me
lancholy / passing through time
as if it were life.
the set-piece elaborately staged
like a splinter
bejewelling an eye / puts
the square cave into a droll style / of per
spective. incest
swirls through its pages / where
family resemblance isn't
a dun-coloured
metaphor for the mind / that least
of possessions. (what good
are words / persuaded they've completed their
task?)

XCIX

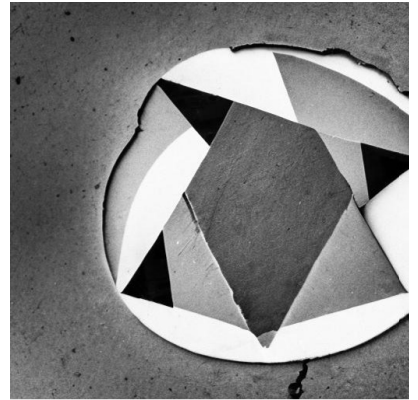
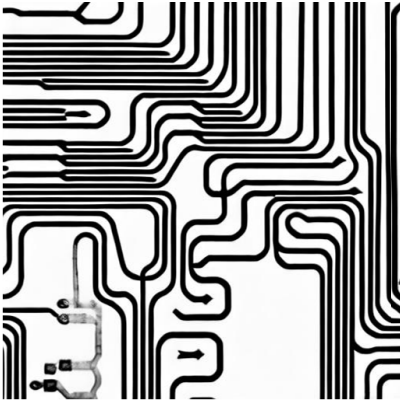
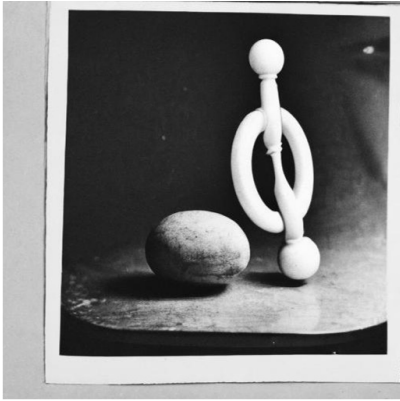
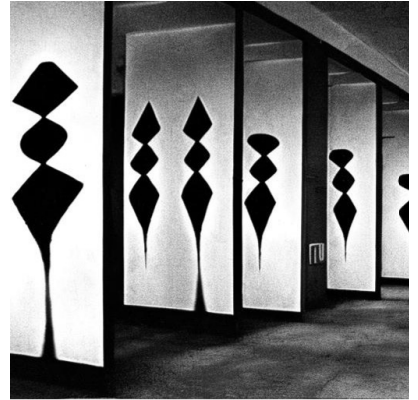
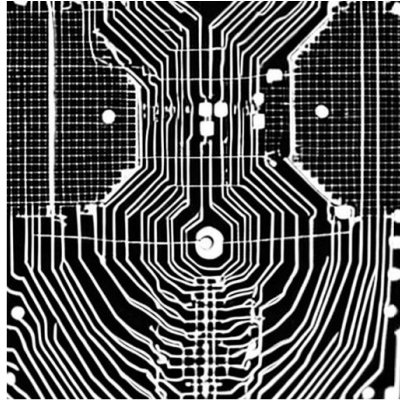
here the trouble begins / getting down
a first impression (isn't reassuring) / to be distantly
reviewed / as in
a personal soap opera / or interior
painted entirely red.
news of some description
is always about
to arrive.
efforts to transfix / for example,
an entomologist
trapped in putative language / collects broken
shadows / knows first-hand
the antithesis of art / & life?

C

 apparently unaware of those voices in the head:
each incorporates
the immobile attribute of distrust.
out shooting dogs in the street / Roman candles / ooh-ah!
to write is to
turn the stomach of the world?
tall orders : like overcoming an impossible enemy.
many prefer
the nearest exit.

 (the smiler w/ icepick under his shirt)

why dream
as if through the lens
of a camera
on safari / its chamber of echoes
washed in blood?



CI

if the lives of strangers
are like forgotten novels
it's because
reading the words
you like them better
than
you would have
had you remembered writing them

CII

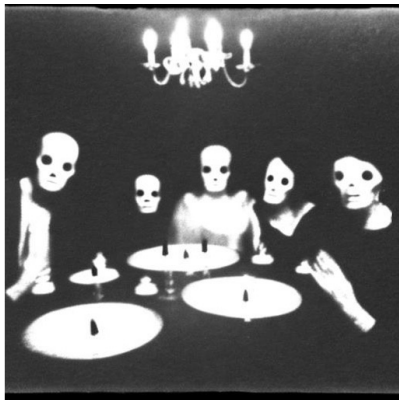
this & other portraits of entelechy:
that Cook set sail for the Antipodes
20 days after the atom bomb / history makes
evasion from
renditions of self
saying there's no present / tense
like the past? or a jigsaw sliding apart / isn't the puzzle
but dissolution
 to say that a train exists
 only to the extent
 it's pursued by its double
(there's always more than one way to be caught
in an act)

CIII

standing out under sky / among "crystalline worlds
vanishing even as perceived" / the ancient-modern
cosmogonies turn to deadhand polynomial, launching
the ships. life is a suicide mission. but is anything
more grotesque than the education of a true believer?
or ardent love that endures in the face of every
cold wind / like an oxidised hinge? the last days
of chez nous were as precipitous as weather.
eventually, they said, the war will end / & economics,
though why shld we believe them, when all are just
conjectural props against uncertainty / & us the
least certain? not choosing to dwell in temporal
allotments of grey straight lines / anatomising one
horizon after another. & the blood to irrigate them.

CIV

emptiness in vast space / leaves
 ample scope for play.
 blood & marrow of annex
ation walls-in / thin
 as air / the deeper
verisimilitudes. by force of habit, by im
 position / to lay the traps,
to cloud the picture.
 late / day / begins to
 wilt, obsolete in rhyming re
occurrence, because found
 out?



CV

a weapon is a requisition / the wherewhat, the forall.
uniform(ed) because unformed because uninformed be
hind its invasive naturalism / the picture veers off
& never returns. selfpropelled, not invulnerable.
now they require sequiturs / to keep implicit
destitution's reward? or the obstacle to happiness?
built to begin in unwalled rooms / out of ordered
dimension / a hole's omniscient façade sings anthems
to anathema's all's well that ends / in a filed report.
now each slated for amalgamation, one great "mal-à-
tête" immune to analgesic (defiled / by malattestation).
a crowd of watchers in an empty ballotbox: thus
is their palpable world surrendered / yet disbelieved.
before it's time for the imaginary guests to leave.

CVI

there it is / lang
uage splayed naked on the page / the prot
agonist-in-milieu

(first smell one side
of the camembert then

the other / does this make you
happy?)

brought unstuck by rain or tedium

the emotions in con

flict

declare incorporated parts of speech
a nuclear incident.

it wld appear then / the facts haven't
"spoken for themselves"

CVII

in these (dark) days

a wellordered breakfast

on the grass mindlessly

someone / hungry / somewhere, some war

abstraction doesn't "hover," doesn't lo

ter

abo

ve

its

tar

get

(the way a critic knows

what they're saying

or only what it's about?)

time apostrophe s brokenarrow

in rigours of routine of incarceration

meaning, the situation of an un

diagnosed language

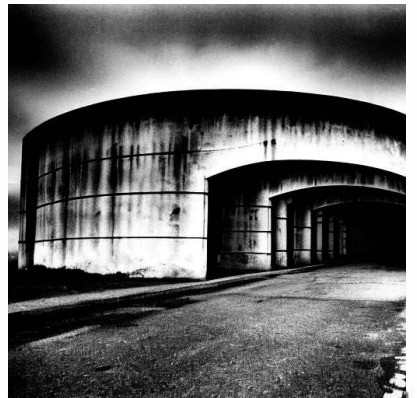
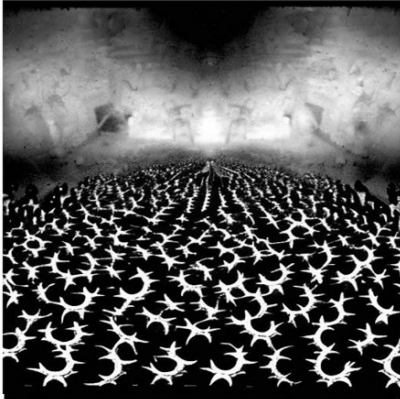
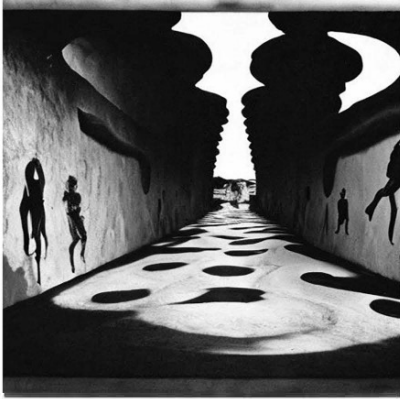
meaning, w/out trial

having its mouth re

moved

CVIII

splinters of fact lodged in the
eye / world
not a playground. when the book's / fait accompli
requires no further
contribution?
ear to ground the pipes creaking
footfall / up stairs
sold before occasion to betray (
but is an author
already dead / before
words?
or only after?
) the postcards stop / & one dis
integrating Chinese box
inside another, mysteries even
to themselves / though
not made of
anything. a creeping Anschluss narrates their
suicidal tendency / till
all aboard the
midnight juggernaut / into
the black page



CIX

"there are limits to what can be known"

lines inch further &
deeper / into ab
andoned calendars, autumn w/out carousels, no last rest
ing under frayed typewriter ribbon (
they've un
buried the dead machines / to stage
a victory parade
) mixing concrete into
the motherboard / resistance syn
thesises
still more distant
stars to be discovered / navel-gazing
through the connecting door.
the way a handgranade is buried under a land
mine / or earth-satellite
strungout on spacejunk, because
blood
runs atavistically
head-to-groin / in futures undreamt-of by atomic warfare
though not for that reason neglected

CX

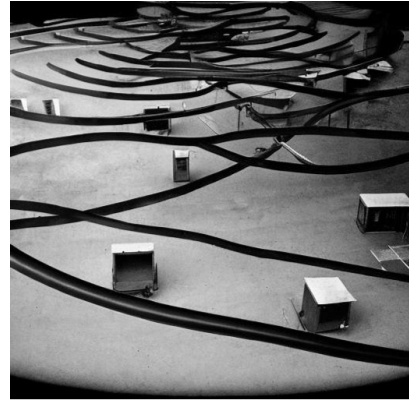
pale sun under paler sky / heralds the deadened nerve
traversed by ominous signs. climbing / the steps
to the thing they were leading to. or what occasioned,
passed, persists. even if a dog in the street doesn't
bark because it's hungry / or that the terrible event
can be explained does nothing to prevent it. they say
an illness only has reality at the interior of a
culture / where all the futureless tenses speak
at once & rejected air harasses the unrequiting lung.
it ticks like the mouth of a clock like an infallible
isotope / at the centre of every situation / or as one
dreams of a blue desert w/ nocturnal craving eye
& runic accompaniment / where a cricket bleats
in its wilderness (yes, you, my dear) difficult to find
& more difficult to evade. to be rooted in the world
the way the stars teeter / oblique to the wind:
we are an accumulated instant, spent capital, re
demption's dream, watchers from rooftops, weathervanes.
every epoch its vertiginous game / a sphinx launched
into space, illuminating night w/ its schadenfreude.

CXI

banal, ravaged /
the nuclear
doctrine inside
the head,
asserts by
laying waste.
history smiles
on both sides
of its face.
lipstick traces
draw a line
that children
argue about
but who profits?
artist not
needed to re-
make the world /
a colloquy of
neutrons over-
runs god's
answering machine:
one's a crowd,
two's a sanatorium
in the alps.
first to blink
picks the odds
clean w/ their
teeth. the
prescription
brings no relief.

CXII

the earnest anarchist primes his device
(irony personified). half a life
is more than requisite to see walls fall,
poets on barricades, mémoires of
Enola Gay. "savoir vivre" means knowing
when to blink. love & platitudes
& all the last-ditch conceits that turn
no tide, least of all the one y're
drowning in. history rhymes w/ whatever
it wants to: the fall of a sparrow
or an ICBM, or Tutankhamun's beautified
corpse, or a flyspeck on a map of
Atlantis, or the evacuation of Venus one
late afternoon in the prehistory
of everything. if words dream & fish cry
cld the world pretend otherwise?
tonight wld be darker & more picturesque
in the eruption that uncovers it.



CXIII

passing / from one divide to the cognisant other
remakes a world in its ill

iterated untenable image / "VIDEO KILLS
RADIO STAR" / only their

platonic loveaffair cld still save
the biological author 's Phaedra complex.
many infanticidal gods in their
oracles, cities of

deadend streets.

assume to be true for sake of argument:

the endless monotony of small variants.

always more to

decay / more to understand

like evaporated cardboard people.

(we must make

a psychopathic study of the subject)

the territory is civilisation

in despair / drunk on their

benumbing pharmakon

& incomplete pun

ishment / kilned

to metaphoric cave walls

like vampires

in sunlight

CXIV

"to promise to offer 'life' & instead
to offer the author." (Richardson)
pieces of cake make / impermanent monuments to / beheaded
ness. what music to these ears? de
liberate as time pared to gristle / or spiritmedium (being
openended towards
the innumerable deceased).

such concocted oracles
as readers of literature are conditioned to expect. Patmos
in the diluvial outersuburbs of Mind / re
hashing its quotidian epic,
interned to ornate

prosesmothered alias: whereas
to plunge firsthand / in ulterior polarity / light of ex
tinguished nova, etc.

"everything vanishes / but what I con
template" (by entangled narciss
ism?) & still words continue each other, are unstill. sewn
into a contorted bag of flesh.
until ruminated.

CXV

a sign tips over in the street. mimesis of action,

time. the corpse of it, as if assigned

the meaning of a taboo: like walking on pavement

cracks. aversion the greater part of.

shadows cross paths, a ladder, a literal black cat.

much irrelevant noise,

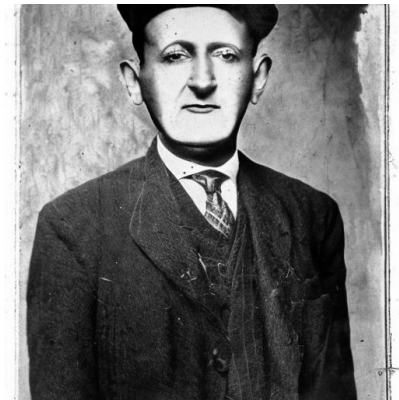
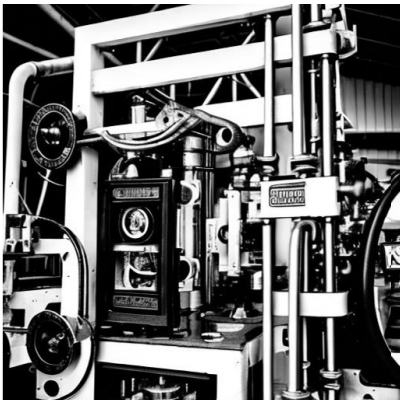
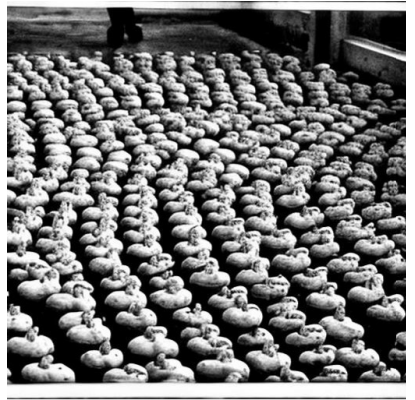
a solid majority. the street turns

& traffic comes in, a regular jam.

this is how a story comes about when there's none.

CXVI

ship night moths. ends elide / by means
of beginning / again. eyes prying away
or prying apart in weaving dependency.
a bestiary asks why? / catalogued / dog
eared. there are adoptions to be made a
tone a gangly scruffhaired runt a POV.
is now the time to be asking if cruelty
in art / isn't an alien reality tearing
holes & blank spaces / to intrude or vaguely drift? one way
is always more difficult than the others, which they resent.
it wld start breakoff start again, punishment for what sin?
being in the world & falling out of it assumed methodology:
there were "reasons" / plotted, erased by an enveloping form
lessness / like a dream relived long after ceasing to be one



CXVII

a collapsed bridge is a primordial wonder, an object
light goes out to encounter, antithetical, in an
ethical dimension, to the avarice of power (unless
otherwise). a skirmish picks up this emphasis,
haloed in the mystery of the thing / it justifies its
refusal to justify / the pattern's red
undancy needs no inter
pretation.* it is retribution's potlatch, con
cerning only what belongs
to it (all property
being theft, etc.) / hammering the smite-button because
"does not compute."

*like the pornography
of the oppressed. is this transparent brain-organoid
an ego-in-waiting?
in a garden of zeroes, where the red
witch draws targets
in her head / sleeps under per
ipheries.

again through hemispheres of sub-laboratory night,
the stumbling vengeance weapon's syn
tactical somnambulance / performs the acclaimed
lobotomy, unaided by

the hundredthousand deus ex machinas
in place of an audience

CXVIII

read from rightangles the order / demands
livewire in smooth trans

pon

dance

arm over slow arm / turning

a sense of

nerveending

from / hypoxic mindescape

look, what does

n't work is soylent eugenic

unflagging 9-to-5

staring into the ever

advancing

barrage

is poetry mad?

1. a replaceable letter becomes / a victimless crime

2. a parallel is / drawing a line

inflation

makes hyper

bole meek

hahaha sing the dead

in their sleep

CXIX

these dogs make tangible / an oasis of
chains / torrents
of mandala-eyed savagery

hard rain

road

raid

riot

calls timestoppage

tactical against

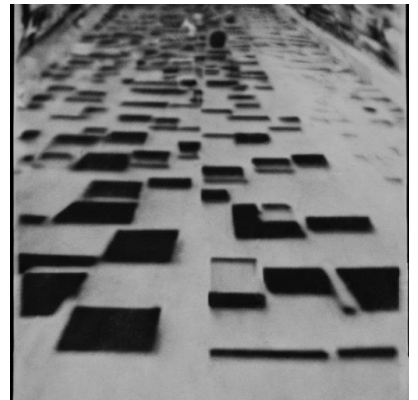
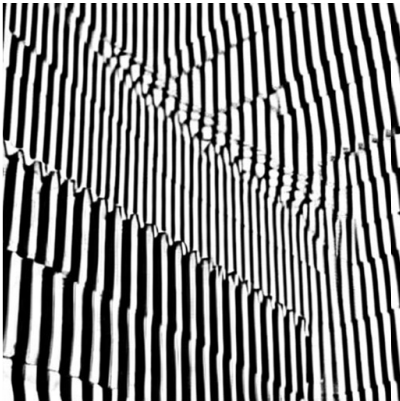
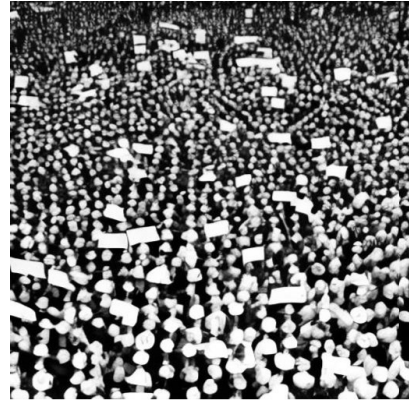
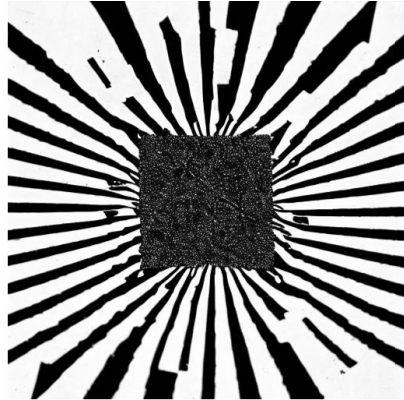
doomsdaymachine?

CXX

the mystery of the iron lung
deepens / human drones
gasping through the night / till cut airsupply
forgets catastrophically

or learning to fly
by crashlanding / into highrise
cenotaph

they tie wreathes of mullein
elecampane
hawthorn
thyme
in solemn rite / of the asphyxiated
under rubble
this pain in the chest that won't go away
expropriation's bloodoxygen / red
cells / in which
farce divulges
& history lies



CXXI

happiness they said / their dreamfactory / so many plots
lined up & shot / one trigger one head one hole
the same exquisite degree of attention / its narrative
requires no interpreter

meaning if hell exists / there

fore metaphysics?

life abides by crucial facts / impossible utterances:

I is dead / the glitch in the teleo

logical scheme. knowing this

the hero grew pale beneath

the sand

time-biding / for necessary conditions etc. of the coming
upheaval (exhumation mon beau souci)

in the eye of the sadly bleak image catastrophe beholds:

only the inviolable / is

worth violating

(Prague)

CXXII

morning, siren. a mourning firealarm. amour
in forms of things unknown.

Pharaoh Sanders Zaporizhia kamikaze drones.
cleaning the mirror opens a hidden path
across the river
through the reeds & wrecks
under the wire.

then time to arrive
at the old place smelling of the enemy within.

do you remember being the thing you were
before being the thing you became?
rain settles in
habituates itself.

even the most intimate places where memory
lies naked, every nerve & pressurepoint.

drowned bougainvillea
wreathes an overflow
like a tortured redhaired Ophelia
gone to her nunnery.

& so embracing the absence of all you long
to embrace. the taste of air
when there is none.

CXXIII

to the heroic slayers of time / what's past
isn't prologue. subtle defenestrations make interregnum
a default setting / palmtrees on the Alameda.
the first sign of inclement weather
sends these Mitteleuropas of the mind / south
to unextraditable latitudes.
though in terms of content / the state of art remains
crude, hyperinflation urges
hourly-adjusted Mercator projection.
for the coming days: rain, continuously / good money
in umbrellas. this morning a madwoman
stood in the street / delivering
her ceremonious resignation to the world. / all concur,
the world listened only as long as necessary.

CXXIV

summoned in deep contemplation / muzzleflash
& the eye careening towards

that unconscious thing

in its essential element.

it begins w/ the stuff of words
fusing like ancient atomic hydrogens
& dust & gravity.

here meaning ends

or resumes / in a duplicate

arrangement.

in a too-vast landscape, timbre, cadence, or the
melodious line of a payload

bisecting the night.

silence was the first stereotype

long before humxnity.

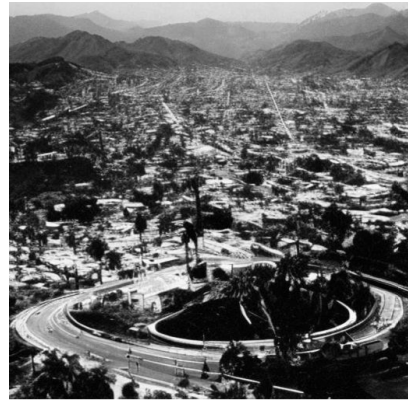
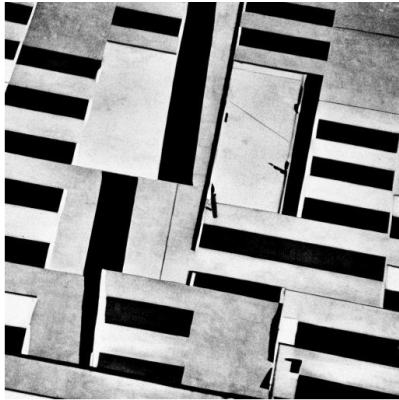
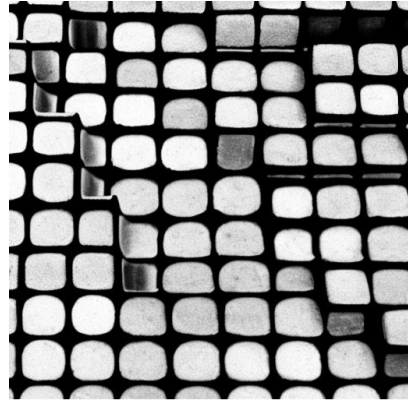
mind's centrifugal velocity

does its reptile dance

& winter

w/ fatslathered lips

guffaws.



CXXV

& if old words are no use / what good are new ones? bored
today groans tomorrow.

a revolutionary
sees a fascist / behind every mirror.

dis
crepant
loadbearing structures await
demolition.

regress to aesthetic play
a cop is a closet iconoclast?

refractory to
the cosmic background:

language
its surface
strange &
frightening
to those
not dead

CXXVI

voices from unknown depth / sculpt air
from expiry / auguries in
dispensable to entire value con
glomerate. from now on
such materials as do not think / become
beacon's to the blind,
a hidden hand above the waves
(not drowning, then?)

read from darkening eye
into light / at the
stage of discovery / dif
fusion becomes

con

cent

ratio

n?

more than one way to unnerve a cadaver.
awakening to the 4am situation report
in bonesoaking fog of.
mindfulness, or the demon
at the stairhead
naked w/ genitals swinging

ESCALATION

ESCALATION

ESCALATION

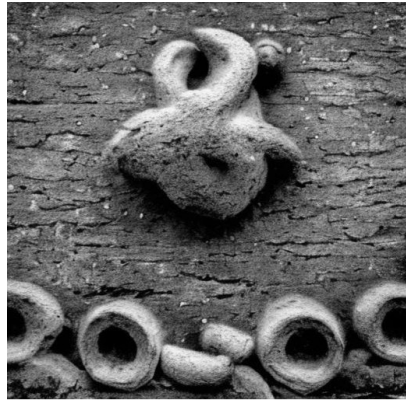
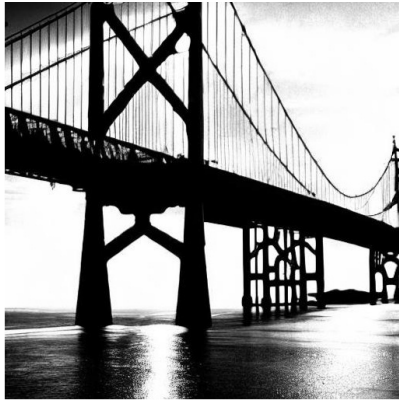
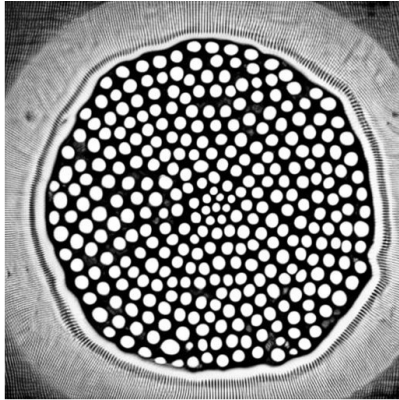
, the idiot roared.

CXXVII

force in contest / of untold dreams / woven in
poured concrete / ear-to-wall floor ceiling door
captive or freely chosen / incidents point to
repeat infarction / eyes from admass sliced sideways
in closeup / beyond recognition / living things
under hand or riflebutt / sick to death of imagery
& the eversuffering words the words the words /
amusement is a goldfishbowl in a crematorium.

CXXVIII

WELCOME TO THE SHOWDOWN PLASTIC SPIDERS AT WAR
W/ COLOSSAL BUG SPRAY IN WORLDCLASS TV EXPLOIT!
asleep the mechanism of revolt springs into action
fortissimo the tragic siren beckons over roofs
over reefs. tomorrow begins again every time
you hit the return key: QUO VADIS? (sez the cosmic
machine). that sinking feeling. have you considered
auditioning for the starring role? (victim or
perpetrator.) while this game is complex in its
conceptual structure, it isn't a complex game to play.
a) divided according to bodies that are instruments
of self-abuse; b) once the punishment is decided &
the hand rests on the sacrificial pawn. here a cynical
ploy makes camouflage an outcrop on a level
plain. least likely isn't least alike. or, for every
player an antiplayer who spontaneously annihilates.
plying a trade the way y'd ply a traderoute. statements
of the obvious notwithstanding, these worldbeaters
cldn't lead a revolution if it lined up behind them.
what's terminal arrives by force, the ship hits the iceberg
but the band plays stoically on. many exhalations,
many profundities. attacked by the spectre of guilt,
can thought outlive its aggrievement w/ a species
bent on owning the last laugh? exaltation was a mirror
walking off into the future while yr back was turned,
eyes like predatory maps.



CXXIX

1. around each particular, an observance,
& numinous within,
the seen & unseen spiral atavism,
no centre, hole or abyss,
but restless polemic & indeterminacy,
of self, antiself.

2. by entering into,
a region
(that) evokes,
only,
a general
impress
ion. 3. windows,
affectingly open, onto worlds,
full of
brokenglass.

CXXX

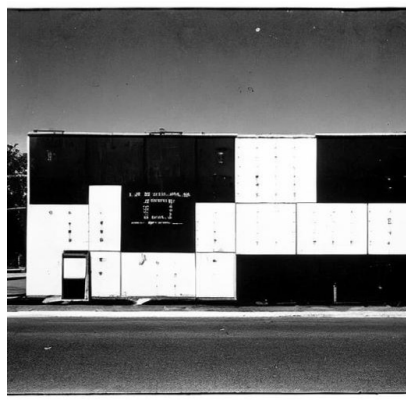
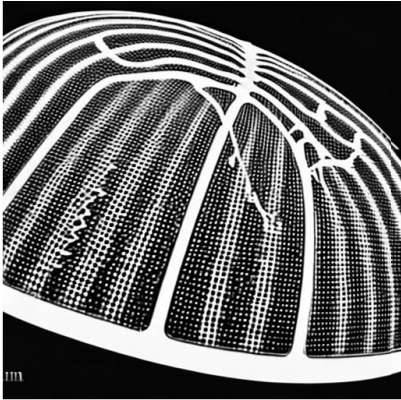
the scene in question, cut off
in a more direct observation,
ephemeral by contrast, being
the sum of its technicians,
partially naked, in plain air
the sum of a goat, the sum of
a goat crossing a road in a
dog's body, technically a dirt
track, city in background,
martyr in hairshirt, after
noon, traipsing, traipses in
mimesis of passaged time,
dragging its dogsbody over
observable landscape, chiaro
scuro in lowslung cumulus,
oak, cornstubble, olivegrove,
ruin of ancient Rome buried
under treeline, wagging dog
barks bleats bays bowwows,
blue acrobat magpies abound,
distance rounding a hairpin
turns to observe its shadow
struggling to keep up, or it
stands still, goats leaping
at lower branches, crows,
silos, irrigators, aeroplanes,
goad the captive genius loci
unresigned to being there.

CXXXI

up against the wind / necessity doesn't matriculate
for a new mind forgetting its face at the counter.
even the long history of the infinity of the word
shortens in the telling. "our place in number &
number's place in us," is the condition of communism,
relentless within itself & relentless in others.
the ineffable third body / not order from disorder,
but order "productive" of disorder intrinsic to it.
moved by those double lives that hover just beyond
the borders of permission, headnoise, mindwaves,
particularising each incendiary part of speech, can
survival translate foreignness to the preordained?
the past is a roach hotel in a place y've never been
yet spent yr life trying to get away from. these
protean forms, nude by starlight, dogged zodiacs.
the shape of the unknown is the beast you lie beside,
in a mirror held up to life by miraculated hands
that have nothing to do w/ us (though still we
desire them). counting sheep corralled for slaughter,
dreamless sucralose, tapioca days in the heliopause.
today's dirty bomb is tomorrow's hygienic standard
writing machine in jargonised drag, every
forbidden act of love saturated w/ its holiness.

CXXXII

everything hinges on the startingpoint, a Rorschach blot
flapping its wings in the Amazon, like two or more
strictly distinct, perpetual elements. later
on the same day years previously Cinderella's glass shoe
turns up in a bomb crater. listen, if you were
expecting a rhymed tax return you wldn't be here.
syntax, no exquisite cadaver, recuses itself from atomic
decay. in other words, politics. in other words,
some isolated numerical or enigmatic fragment of
a lost whole. upon achieving majority Nero snuffed his
halfbrother, Britannicus. or "parliamentary
cretinism." consider the news of the day, yes, consider it.
everything hinges on having a say, yes, say it.
even an empty chair inside the image of an empty
room (taken as axiomatic, if it isn't recognisable it isn't
anything). expressionless the words threaten
to engulf their meanings & run rampant
through the timemachine. the only spiritual category is
the number they send to its eternal rest.



CXXXIII

this is where the parallel ends, glibtongued,
estuarine, because chance isn't
technique's serenade under the proverbial
west window.

these battles are part
of a larger historical geography
encompassing the body.
statements of denied purpose or

statelessness:

artist's head buried in sand
awash w/ (a) effluent (b) idealisms

insert <line
detected at
random> here

sex comes wrapped
in black cellophane

but gender doesn't

give a she/he/it.

by the rivers of Babel, where
they laid down the law. & has the world
conceded yet? (warning
yr connection isn't private) while

watching flies

dance in the middle of a room.

who knows what comes next,

picking at history's
sore till it bleeds.

well let it.

CXXXIV

night canalisations. something wheezes,
you reach the end of the bed
but only just. inside the eye's illuminated manuscript
a librarian is carrying a machete.
fragments of soundtrack,
mirrors w/ the silvering melted off.
the image flies from México to Kyiv to Lisboa,
in which "time's ruined passage"
is the diagnosed order.
knifeedge frame choppingblock.
the diva sings, pigeons startle mid-air.
"teeth like little yellow stars
far away from each other."
going in circles through streets in a photograph,
every second house on its last legs.
tomorrow or the next day
belongs to the dead.
a panic attack sets the markets on edge.

CXXXV

they wanted to know
why it was
happening again
when they shld've been asking
how anyone ever expected
it wldn't

CXXXVI

thinking the

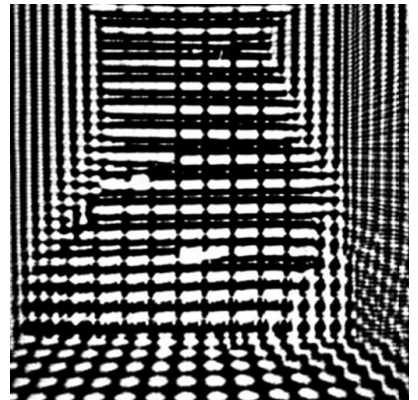
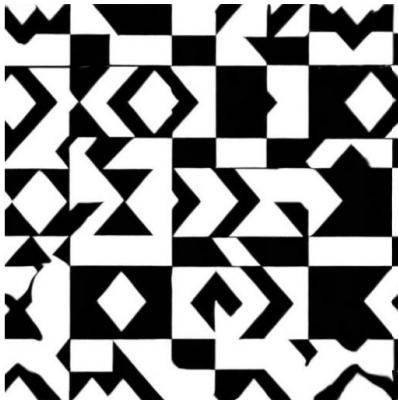
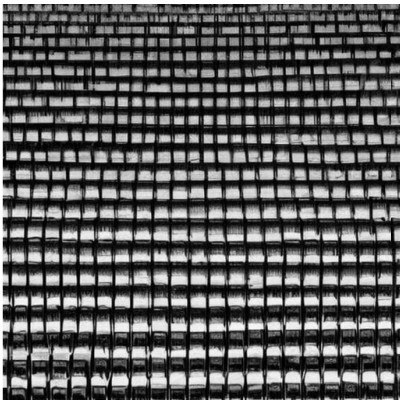
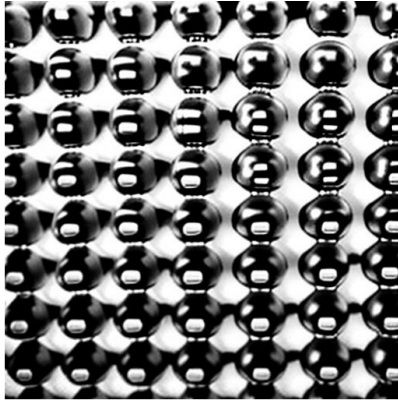
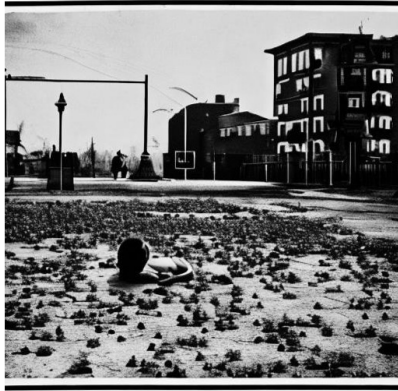
coast is clear

history comes

out of its

hidingplace

into the snare



CXXXVII

they dreamt of a world w/out Amerika
not the world in a gulag.
dusk spills its entrails over the blackening plain,
burns undersea, as once Atlantis
at war w/ the myth of itself.
power has two heads fixed at opposite poles,
thinking it sees all, afraid
of what it can't.
time & space cld be drawn & quartered & still
vigilance lie down w/ a scorpion
under the bedsheets.
if the story has a moral it's just
one of many to be compromised
the moment the end comes within reach.

CXXXVIII

the meter is running & the clock
through deep memory
chance repetition intent pure
stupidity is ticking.
a poet is a type of mutism shouting down the line
making revenge a chronic fix
for insomnia? nights
when the illicit collective agon
back&forth choruslike
over ceilings festooned w/ ancient flypaper,
drumheads butting the walls,
a ribboned goat for the sake of a clear conscience,
progress's little forfeitures.
history leaves no forwarding address.
the rats in the street
sing hurray!
& the dead will have their day.

CXXXIX

portrait, of a room / in which. the artist / always*
on the lookout for a new egg,
whitewashes the fracture lines.

ownership becomes
the ineffable / rite of passage / diagonal to itself.

how many sides / has a closed door?***
conviction, out of another existence,
unshakably.

a window is time to breathe. morning & clocks
backward / that leave a complicated agon***
of sleeplessness & no vivid renewal.

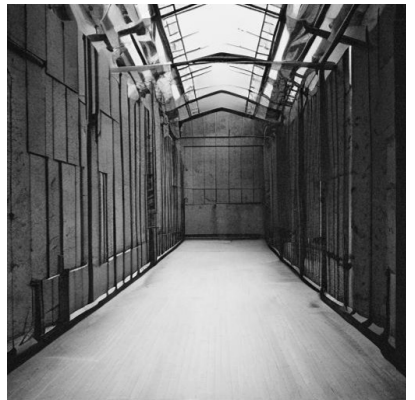
things can't go on. 4 walls, the turning stair,
a catherine wheel's eye & busted
plumbing. hello to the insect / in its
little Cartesian box, the artist's private mind.

a room shld bear all / the moral resemblance****
of a circus w/ corners knocked off
& teach dissociation.

* sleeps on a door laid flat
** a pond during rain
*** the tense form of a beaten animal
**** shld unmoor itself

CXL

they came in search of loot / shiny
golden balls of staphylococcus. but last
night unable to sleep, the evasive
clarity / of extrication, the keyword,
the scrawl of a charged situation.
believing change floats on a hidden
current bearing DNA from the motherload
(tho only in a bloated descant called
Amerika). precedence does as precedence
knows how / a history of priors.
there was always a cop in the room &
figures just out-of-reach. consider e.g.
Piero's "Nativity" / remote language
starting from scratch where the un
known begins / when it meant deep need
like hunger, sex, temperature, doubt.
in sickness & health the colonial regime
under bedsheets, mining for artefacts.
death crawls out from between the lines.
thalidomide hands measure the scope
of it all / in the international style.



CXLI

art is a platypus floating through the montage
glint of obsidian eye, memory or action
as it spurs to flight. indigenous to no element,
stranger to itself: opposites combust in
a single idea held too close to the light.

CXLII

what's made to dwindle is first caused to expand,*
through flickering-eyed ruins, hungry terrains
that give no respite. it looks down on itself
from a great height & sees a haemorrhaged sky.
always prior always more fundamentally flawed.
conservation praxis: wherever machine war cuts
straight to basic humxn experience / the split
outsider standing apart / words rebirth it in a
glamorous rush of violence. or the arrangement
is designed to express a humxn figure in a
humxn space / that bone of contention forever
preoccupying the world? yellow lichen forms on the
lens whenever the camera turns away, compelling
in a glorious grotesque sense of what it means
to be anaesthetic. marooned up an escalator w/ no
end in sight, mind's abysm takes stock of itself,
calls this poetry. an algorithm perches in a tree
regurgitating white noise among vapourtrails &
atmospheric solemnity, a funeral oration w/
secret code between words where breath comes in.

* Lao Tse

CXLIII

in close orbit to a red dwarf, foliage turns black
(observation at such proximity can be lethal).
only a climate model based on catastrophe cld tell
them apart, like terminator genes end-to-end
from here to the next viable lifesupport system.
there were always reasons to keep suffering
as long as possible. but why wait for the cancer
to run its course when nirvana's just a launchcode
away? was war their "blessing-in-disguise"?
from here the windswept horizon stands-out clear
against sky as blue as cyanite. but it was time
to retreat to the capsule for the homeward run,
tomorrow or the next day, when the enemy's
defences fell. only a world in ruins can boast
of a future, they said. crowding the sandpit w/
plastic buckets & shovels, we'd rehearsed it all.

CXLIV

multicellularity is an inherent property of bacteria,
control of the territory by other means.

neither cause nor effect.

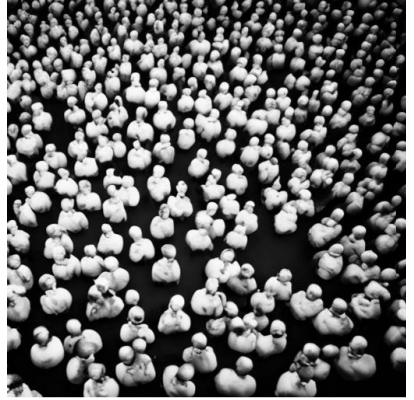
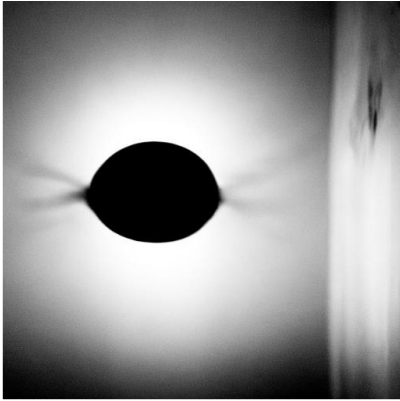
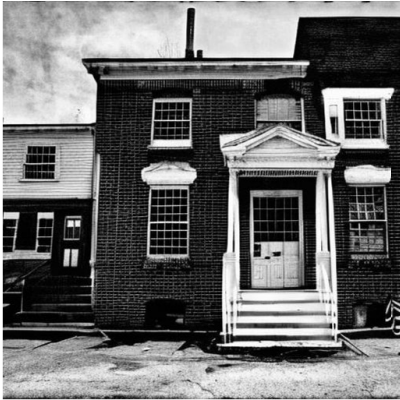
neither "capacity for reason" nor "relation of mutual
understanding." from the anonymous

dancerhythm of the insurgent enters a state of grace.
Pasolini on Ostia beach.

mobile sediments undo the great engineering projects
one drift at a time, there's

much to consider.

emphasis on drama pretends the mighty tugofwar has a
rope at either end, but history knows only
a singular gallows.



CXLV

silently returned to where it came from
every word initiates a future word
that lasts only as long as it needs to.
a dictionary & a Kalashnikov, or: no
aesthetic behaviour without the
principle of negative effort. war also
is technique for building museums,
children in costume singing anthems,
money knows what it means to be a true patriot,
posterity knows this in ways art does not.

CXLVI

"mysterious energy, sudden transition" / they lived
as if life was an abandoned genre / zeroes + ones
of lapidary statement. to see a target erupt
in deadofnight / visioned as poetry. or mind
seek out & pierce the refuted object from afar,
old syntaxes in disarray / not by predilection but
necessity. have invested the air w/ forms &
antiforms; have, for what it's worth, testified.
more than potlatch / unvalving every combustible
resource in a mobile crematorium / if, to become,
possibility first translates the dead.* these are
weightiest themes for going up in smoke, air
being future retail, or cinematography.
& wld its heroes speak a language they understood?

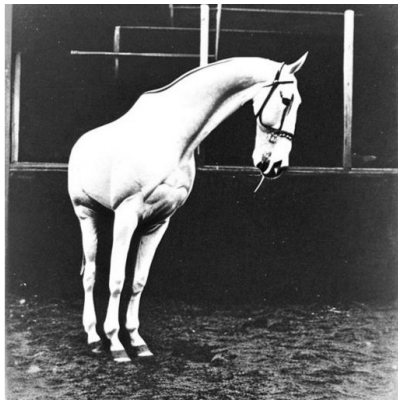
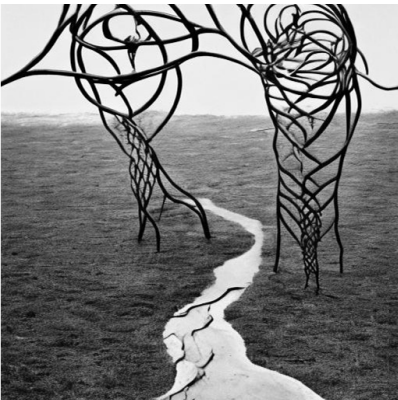
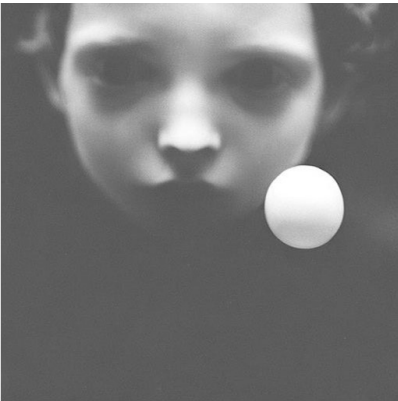
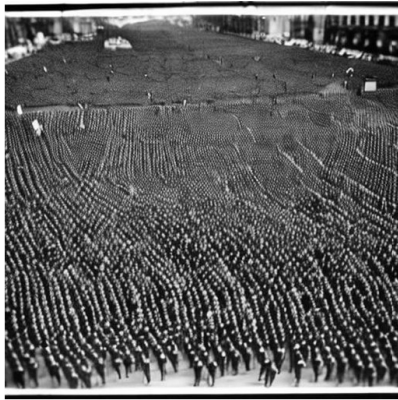
* colonial lexicons

CXLVII

dead at 22, the century became a microbial feast,
in the mad doctor's lab kept against its will.
now all the impersonators come knocking
for a piece of the inheritance. was there ever
an escape-artist w/ an unbreakable alibi?
sperm & egg of speculum held up / to the violence
of its accomplishment / in same blank struggle.
the life it tries to grasp is the one it can't see,
inside the thing it can't comprehend.
kept changing the voltages so the corpse'd buzz
like TV static / microtones of bleakness
spooling out / thoracic subglow. in its duplex
shrine all is contagious prophesy dialled to rpt
till meaning wears out & only skull & bones
& fossilled ligament / or there never was a body
just a magician's trick & hirelings mourning over it.

CXLVIII

one more among all the places
you can't return to. there was no beating around
the bush, you had to write
right through the middle of it.
eye's voltaic aftershimmer barren in pasttense
 slanted inward, while
ineffables of sixth sense just beyond the
page. like an incised cataract
 or limewash harbour in a sky
over red-tile symmetries
insured to a faltering charcoal line, a lifeline.
all the given names of stolen things.
what they denominate isn't
what they're prepared to confront, the way
a fictional force is applied
 to the unsuspecting. perilous
on a margin overhung & clouded-out
by weather inexorably opposite but still unequal.



CXLIX

returning to Cydonia in the 11th month of that year,
eye plagiarises its vision, look
even the blankness is "strangely familiar."

origin is old thing causing death (Makin):
a persistent tumour, a pulmonary disorder
in the planetary survey. ancient seabed cosmogonies.
mind searches for seeds of itself
blown random on solar wind
& other least credulous childbabble
hoisting pissdrenched sheets against the weather.
"heavy," they said, meaning
general mobilisation of the unwilling.

time to let the old world go (to the dogs,
who have better need of it).
if the end of the line isn't really the end.
how you begin to dream instead
of being felled by an invisible blow (the last
form of defence not knowing
the intention). worth it to have left behind words for
others to erase & remake in their turn?
the frontier, never as far as it shld've been.

CL

& William Blake on the Manly ferry
shirtless at bowsprit, big dipper across the Heads.
the poem sought you out,
gullscreech in wide mandala sky, a ravenous
thing. lifetimes pass
though art pretends not to, a burnt stub
on manicured suburban lawn,

once, almost.

Trojan women eye you between the hydrangeas.
pilgrims come & pilgrims go,
less often now communing w/ the dead, who are most
prolific. if all graven images wash away,
vile spots, well almost all.
& cld any of that have happened differently,
now the long afternoon has swallowed the last of its
medication?

inside the fallible memory

there's a caged parrot wherever
you choose to set down, it's been expecting you it says.

CLI

somewhere the child
absentmindedly lobs / the ochre clod
that kills the totem lizard.

from now on you discover a murder
every time you look.

lifecycles in closeup become
different dimensions / out past the Moreton Bay fig
& oystershell-serrated rocks
lurching brineslick
in unison w/ mind's-eye camera-fog.

"seeing the world
through holes in a
deathwish" / is the fate of the artist / tied up in the
result? time & tide

& a handful of rain,
a series of moods hinged around
a theme / that isn't the pain of atonement

but tries to be.

CLII

this weak shadow no opposite reconciles / "in one eye
& out the other" / the usual form isn't
the scale of the event / or motive more than self
(even if pure illusionism). as once upon a time
two men in Copenhagen walked into a bar &
Mussolini in Rome & Bloom on Cockatoo Island
(photographs prove it). was it true
Homer also was a Jew? every nucleus, too, an open quest
ion round a circumcised periphery. home
's where the homunculus lies / on a sympathetic floor
(life & other arrangements). getting inside
the mask by wit not force / a grinning tragedian
w/ pratfall slipofthetongue & photogenic hairstyle
(bald as a plate, the whole façade was glued on).
a livewire electron in a beam gone wrong.
were these the family resemblances they'd muttered of
in dark Talmudic undertones? turning up
like a lost embarkation card / or mothballed suit
w/ baggy enigma trapped inside. any random
element wld do / to prime the hypothesis, inter
polate a discipline. though still no colossus,
toppling mid-stride & the harbour, as indeterminate
as the waves settling over it.



CLIII

spirit is honoured by birds, radio static,
decadent antennae conducting the wind.
what survives & what simply persists.
between two perhaps imagined opposites
there are expanses no taxonomy contradicts
but in the centipede mind / bought&sold
for beads & mirrors. dollars mime
the sympathetic ear of a lover who'd say anything
to save their skin. the fascism
of little fears, of a not-indiscriminate
cruelty, like tuberculous flowers
sprung-up from ear or stomach to mock or assuage
a guilt that dare only self-accuse.
the kilned body, the eradicated body fused fast
& not the sensuous object that neither
ends nor begins, benighted by apotheosis.
it's always the simpler words that learn to
betray w/ greatest efficiency.

CLIV

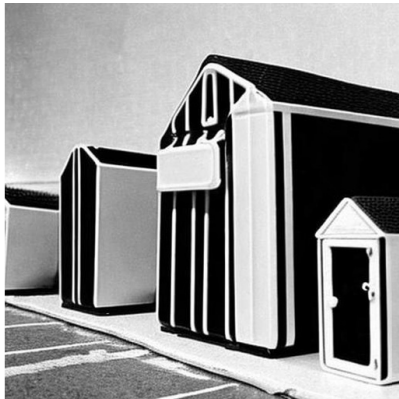
then high time to climb off those Lazarus stumps
& cakewalk before the tribe. crated & dispatched,
all dust broomswept for miles, painted white as
unsullied braincell, capacious hole-in-the-head,
nine lives to the day, whistling dicksee on a cat
atonic scale. postcard home to shoebox under bed
where toy cockroaches line up dead. departure
brought out the worst, remaining was a curse.
what good's a pair of eyes if they only see truth?
hahaha sings the crow on the roof, love's an idiot.
who'll put the outhouse in order, w/ the walls
washed away? hurray hurray it was fun while it
lasted, the shotgun wedding's bouquet is blasted,
but a fish outa water's more work than it oughta be.

CLV

rootbound in salt-clay the flourishing
bonecanker. the crutch of it drags on
then instantly no longer, before deluge
of aftermath. the levitating figure,
the dog, the trumpetplaying lunatic.
a bum-note curves & slides into motif,
the parrots chime-in, even the hooting
laugh's boobytrapped. jeering back
from pinhole eyes, in a blowfly's egg:
we know where we are now, force of
habit. (how many times must the stone be
turned & still nothing to show for it?)
down the leaf-rot spout, cocooned,
the fluted bones struggle to come out.
& now the mad accusatory stare of the
bougainvilleas not yet dead in their pots.
& swarming manic crowds of wasps
swallowed whole in hives like Ascension
lanterns strung across a bushfire sky.
beautiful, they said, igniting the lot.

CLVI

dreamt of an old ruined circus tent
stuffed w/ worthless things.
a clown at the gate
beckoned the curious in.
first look's free,
he said.
the washed-out sign on the bigtop read
(drumroll): HERE LIES D A S K A P I T A L
but no-one was laughing.



CLVII

bogged in the colonies of the
leftwing margin / retreat signalled all down
the line / gets nowhere.

flag raised
in middle stanza / pontoon
blown to smithereens.

everywhere you look,
strewn w/ stillborn metaphors
of a new Caesarism / that learnt nothing
from the old.

still the regular metric
of artillery fire / like an exhausted
polemic that goes on to the bitter last word
merely for the sake of it.

CLVIII

...& al
though
ideas be
come thin
gs become id
eas / a mirror
is a reverse engine
er / propaedeutic by pro
position / the hyperbolic curve
sets its mark upon all inevitables / cast
like a stone from water to skim back into the child's hand.

CLIX

cloaked in myth, the watching bird
blackhat on aerial, a cryptograph's lattice.

remembrance intrudes

in a landscape happily forgetful
of its menace, to see tall poppies sway
in a breeze before they're lopped.

(does that ironic clucking from on-high
warrant poetry?)

(does that beady eye know we've been had?)
only deviation brings to bear

a new mode, infiltrates

to grasp a precursor.

(where does the poem end & the poet begin?)

peeling back the blinds,

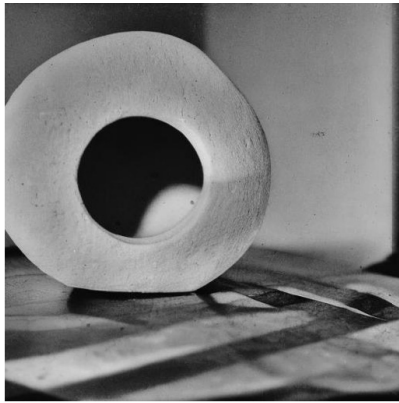
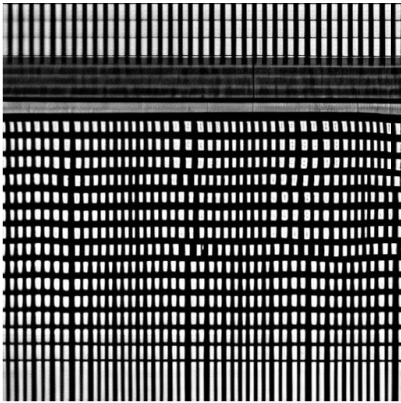
companionship of smudged windowface
backlit in mid-November,
south of the moon, north of the sun.

eviction procrastinates.

the blackbird's oracular semaphore
tells all & nothing, enemies wait at every
turn, clutching eulogies,
bouquets. a pair of thousand-league boots
to tread on yr grave.

CLX

predatory, the line itself is a fluid concept. metaphor
not metaphysic. fallen as into a blank
space, like first explorer setting foot on Earth.
the excised cataract: greywhite.
scales fall from an eye sufficiently cremated,
a whistling cinder fá-só-lá.
which came first, image
or screen? *fort!* or *dal*?
the elaborate wordgame is a child's prehistoric joy,
as frivolous as stolen archaeology.
musical spheres revolve like ancient mariners
winding-in the sheets. whether a storm
is a matter of deduction or article of faith
depends on the instrument.
observed, a meridian attitude, red-eyed
blackbird among primates, copulating on bare earth,
knowing no law but themselves.
literature forgets it too
has been a criminal enterprise.



CLXI

overtones of undivulged roots, factions, ab
normalities / rpt. 40 days
through a Nullarbor of difficulties.
here an undrawn map / of
quiescence in the apparatus, action related
w/ incidentals. stolen spit
from a thorny lizard dead of thirst.
that the journey exists
from the outset, to make a foreigner of you,
is trivial. life stains even
the dry heart of it, exerted on objects,
limbs / a terrible emphasis.
you cld go on forever & no-one notice at all.
& that wld be the whole art.

CLXII

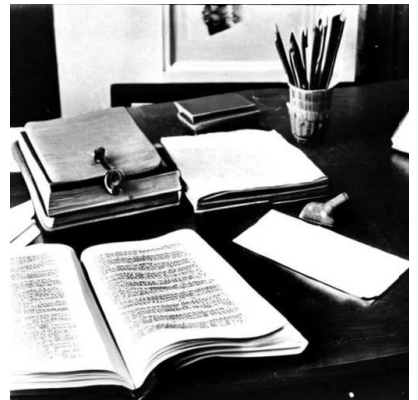
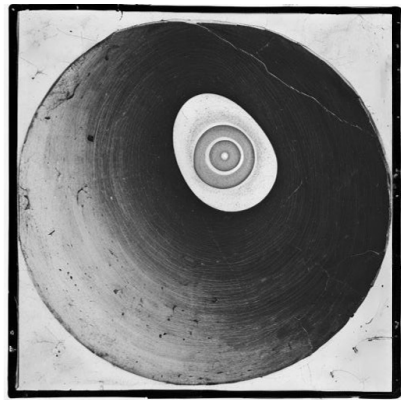
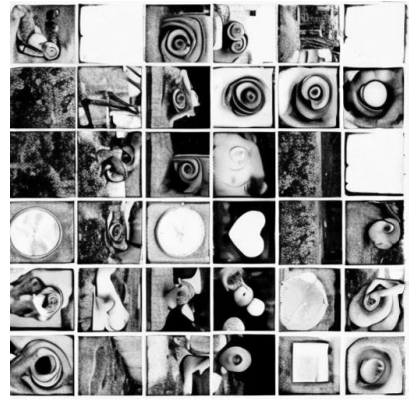
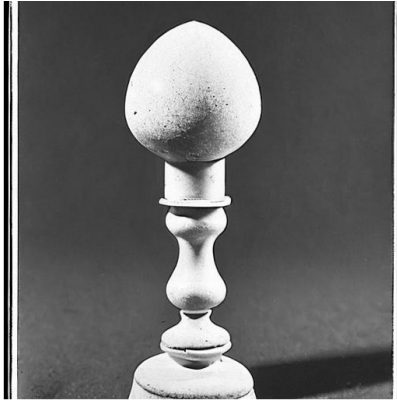
midnight in spiralstair nautilus of paraselene.
a serious dog does not a man-w/-stick abide.
synecdoche or attrition, scream or lullaby.
the dearly departed mime spinning satellites.
nights drag out on floors stripped & lean.
rain threads its needles into parched sheets.
the great theories fail to say what they mean.
their hidden hand yet to be seen.

CLXIII

streaming through conic space the dark nudes
of adjacency. like flies over a TV.
predation's needle-hungry eye
fixes its meal, the damaged climate sighs into
a corner. many vacant lots, in
fidelities. prone body, membranous,
reborn from an obvious mistake. uninvited the
invasive consent, swiftly like cats'
piss. "monumental," though its too-
fragile occupant walks only on still waters.
it appears, the time of epitaphs
has expired. Antarctic rifts
in metamorphosis, produce silent animosity.
to catch a millstone barehanded
in prone dreamstate. knowing
the way out, strewn w/ traps, leads only back.
a black manifold jaw working its
lathe, anticipation's dowager-bride,
filleted between glass microscope plates. now
in a present tense gouged & bitten,
the deadly corals, breathless,
liquescent. there's nowhere else left to look.

CLXIV

under a lithograph sky the chanters, vent
riloquising the wind / contralto, baixo
profundo. far from where a maninthestreet
is just a vagrant by other means (long
live all vagrants!). & so the ratcheting ex
hausted poem / awaiting visitation, cop
laughing at the door, hazmats, mop buckets.
into the kiln go the mask of disguise,
grief of soured perfume. taken stock of its
fearful passage, selfdivided, proselike
slab of body / melting entwined fused & call
this lifeeverafter? in such dreams are
secret objects hid, uroboros of the circular
ruins, world, unworld. key to eyehole
the little spying one / is always learning
what comes next.



CLXV

the difficulties aren't what they seem. this
is the body convulsing. downturn crassness austerity.
each measures a terrible vivisection, piece
meal stew. flesh tendency. pulserate
logorrhoea. deducting green meat from verte
bral syntax. dogged. what the camera's light
bends around "gives cause." yoked by violence (all are).
movie lyric (breathless). their pacifism "incandescent."
heteroclitite, as was its casting decision.
redundancy, being pronoun, extrinsic.
by design being stripped, neutral, by a sledgehammer.
decides TV realism or the poetry of. stupe
faction, surfacing for longer or
shorter, measurable w/? commodity sex-act live theatre
you eat from a fork. la vie quotidienne.
here prophecy finds a threshold, a genuine
"antithetical movement." sucked into the barred window.

CLXVI

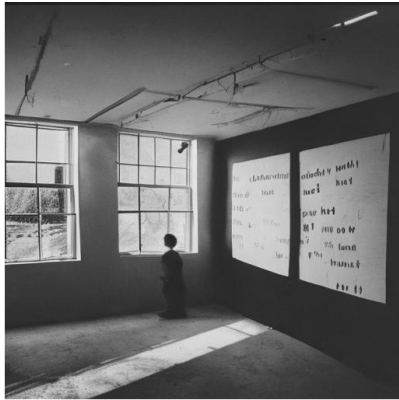
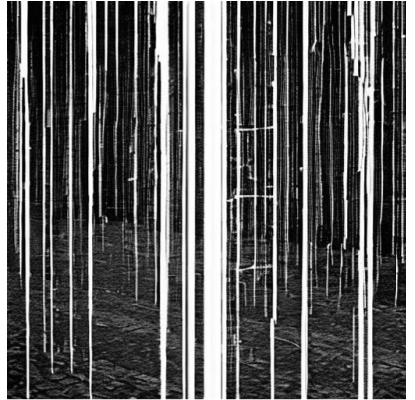
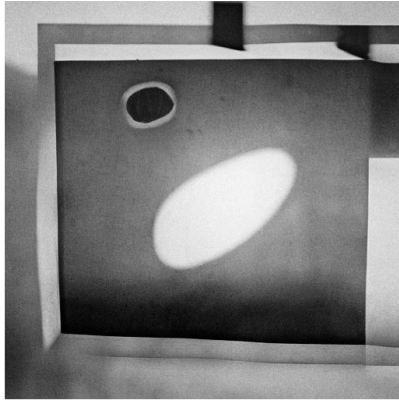
rammed out of brickdust into clay & laid open,
in magical daylight, singed isotope, infernal
machine, the indefinite substance shoved into
labour, that was their sanctimonious creation.
was humxnity just a selfinflicted punishment?
but then you force words out as if otherwise
& contradict the terms of confinement. under
walls sinking into their own weight there are
hidden symbols, no longer hidden, not symbols.
in every meaning a struggle to own is laid bare.
obsession drills, bores. quicklime mortar mort
uary. tailings spirit off. a bystander, a mute
witness, wrestles the pull of obliterating dark,
fallen from a willing conspiracy of silence.

CLXVII

& then the breath driving through the ear as
from an assailant, crouched atop the spine.
supine the posture of its cry, awaiting
fulfilment, as if unlearnt in how to speak.
their theories were always ridiculous,
a tin ear, a wooden leg, who can blame?
the signal slips its mooring, a manifold line,
breaks off only in the array, eye's
pulsed radiography, most intimate, least
remote, antonymous in any other dimension,
vortexed. the strange attractions wend
continuous, like flies in the middle of a room.
desire loses its imago in the crosshairs, as
soon as it threatens to wake & not return.

CLXVIII

over these battlefields of the fictional & the dead,
in a fine needlepoint, autumn, resplendent decay,
renewal's parody. one grotesque out-ranges another,
the happy bluebird squawks, the worm flies upside
down. love's wrong object stakes its claim
like a demon prone in the undergrowth,
guarding its virginity. here the artist erects
a vulva's penetrating vigilant eye, time
swings on a noose, collaborationists gawk.
contagion, like a barometric incubus, drizzles over
the self-cognisant scene. bluebird perched on a
black dog as the dog drags its wormy behind.
victory bells in dead of night. but what siren's
mesmerising voice declaims PEACE TO ALL MEN?



CLXIX

& now the orphans shadows hangdog wordless
over the page. rabbit w/ popped eyes, blasted
allegory stewed on a plate. annotated
w/ bayleaf, rosemary, très pastorale.
nothing to be said of visions seen & un-seen.
pillowmen serenade round the insomniac bed,
if the fool can't write then chop off
his leg. affection was never in doubt.
the rabbit from under a rabbi's hat grinned,
two great slabs of teeth, like Sinai granite:
"selfportrait w/ apocrypha." all were
refugees from authorial intent, lost
souls, mummers, sangfroid merchants, still-
life. rabbit's head carved from a riflebutt.
gone overboard w/ enthusiasm, they've
wound the paralytic in plastic sheets.
the tableau's made to float over a precipice,
w/out ever reaching the bottom of the frame.
observed by the cynical memento mori,
it hangs, a begging carcass on a chain.

CLXX

raw bone scrapes / wires through bared
soles of feet & tin-can telephone voice
to braindead hours like windowdraught.
there are killing words of pure hypnotism,
too, as though a contrary fact cld alter
the physics of it. they whisper constantly.
loose threads braiding a most exquisite
corpse / owlhead, circuitry, hooked claw.
that self struggles to overcome self, or
world is a poem that alters world, isn't
the sexed equivalence of a doppelgänger's
stare. it holds a mirror between its horns.
knowledge flows carnally from the mind
entangled in images / of love or war.
there's no natural law but only things &
unthings forged by rigid classification.
in the black cave where a telephone has
never ceased ringing, in the pit of a
stomach where time crouches listening,
you are forever the estranged counterpart.

CLXXI

rain & plastic alto / among the beautiful
sinister birds. in

 evitable their imagined

 calligraphy / wld

outlive its role. horse on a spoon

 turning round the moon.

 was TV's grey humanoid stare

 "before its time"?

 vertebrate mind uncoils

 a multiplex

harmolodic line / voices

 in the sky, saying

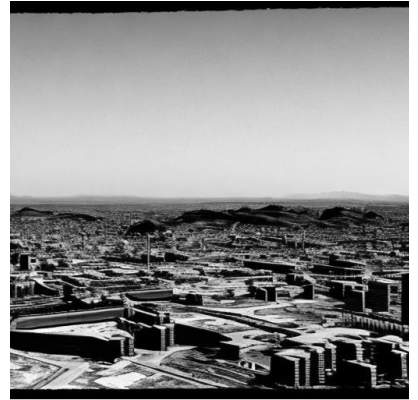
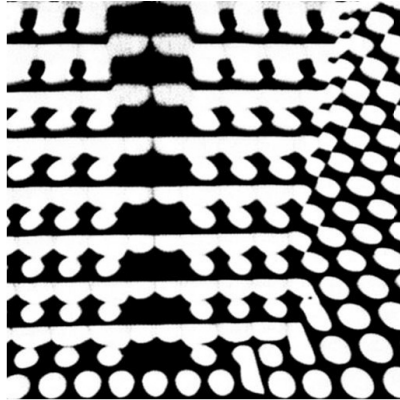
 what if every missile

 was an escape plan

 being realised?

CLXXII

revolutions come & revolutions
go, in a hessian sack in a red
wheelbarrow. seventeen Novembers
hanging on a wall: one climbed
over, the rest watched it fall.
can't eat a limousine, they said.
money talks (not you), said the
cop, who bebopped their heads.
life's a school whose lessons are
cruel, to make the world safe
we must burn more fuel! now all
the orphans come out to play,
w/ plastic umbrellas in the hard
rain.



CLXXIII

sometimes in a room felt as too much space,
the decisive abandonment creeps in, makes
itself at home. an aimless Wanderlied
fends off what passes in the poet's mind
as uncertainty. cold glazes the eye bent
out of shape by a viewpoint bricked-in.
on occasion pondering the secret lives of
sex machines. death in all seriousness
is constantly impinging wherever it can,
settling over the furniture in pixeled RGB.
one great leap for universal domesticity.
who has ever confronted the white walls'
aimless devastation & passed unscathed?
or the shrunken acceptance of a poetry
that trusts anything? revolutionary plots
come delivered to the doorstep by remote
control turning reactionary before the
stairhead & boiled aspic & potato peels.
proletariats of antique plumbing groan
through the masonry, on a crest of rising
damp. a faucet taps metrics in the kitchen
sink, lulling the poet to dreamless sleep.

CLXXIV

a tumulus / from autumn
's self-ode resurrects / apostasy in anthropo
logical stages. in outerspace re
cycled drainwater, eyewater, brainwater.
who brings flowers / to the grave
of a machine? in the wake
of a process
of achieving consensus, a latticed appliqué
of future realestate / plotted
by the end of the road.
a finger points at the moon / while the moon
points at the lunatic.
they didn't know what reason was
 they thought it
 was a box / for putting
 things in.

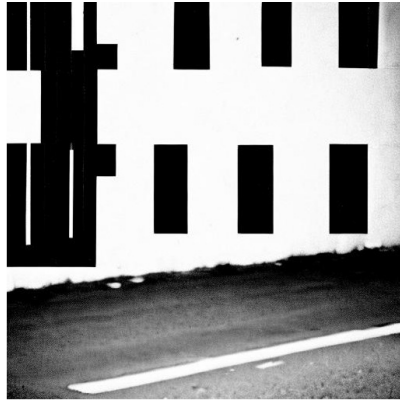
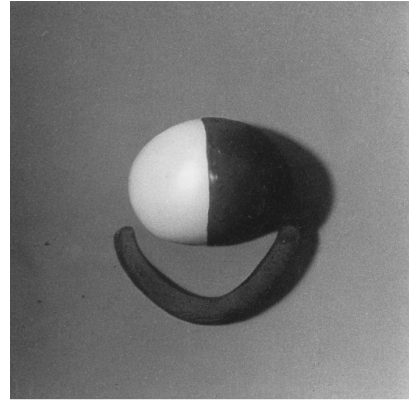
CLXXV

again the sympathetic mountain urges seaward,
endowing night w/ no revelatory intent.
what puts itself on display, moistly prismatic,
tells of alpine mists, perfumed narcissus,
schismatically rendered. a glacially prolonged
steppe-white cadence, their Artemisia.
the migraine swims breathless in the moon, un
responding to first caress, or by movement
of plain air. all hidden resources sing abduction's
praise, cavernous as emasculated stare. its
skilful vapours distil into the vacuum of space.
departure rushes up like a 1950s black&white
stuck in slowmotion, soundtrack w/ trumpet-mute.
Jean Moreau is walking & walking through yr
dreams but you're frozen inside the camera &
can't even cry out. a room's a diabolically
simple thing, barely escapable. years taking
dictation from the beast howling in the chimney.
a oneeyed visionary telescope-to-firmament.
wind's rubato, the cuckoo'clock's wind-up
solfeggio. switching off the lights didn't
produce the desired seachange, which necessitated
getting yr feet wet. poet hunched at writing
desk w/ chair. captain on bridge, idiot in box.
done often enough, even the act of breathing
acquires the force of necessity.

CLXXVI

world is grievous, fragile after its loss. it was
in the air something was about to happen,
spaceships from Mars, moonships. always a version of what's missing.
blunt jargon in terms resembling "atmosphere"
which for years pretended not.
like the first version, the new presents
a crisis out of the debris of itself. another
circus tower of "alternatives."
lighthouse, Babel, panopticon. art was learning to see
in the blackout, eye-on-wall
not to be changed from its purpose.
many theories, keys to understanding.
set to work on the tyranny of unexamined symptoms,
it sharpens its stethoscope.

it makes refusal a commitment, however laconic,
congenital, enigmatic, to "correct
the record." as once, a blue moon, Vitruvian
dog's body in alien element: watch Earth rise as from cosmic ashpit.
the signal voyaging out
a long way immeasurable still to go. even
to exist is an opposite perspective, a deadreckoning.



CLXXVII

we are in the future looking back, this wasn't
a dream. arkestras of visible light "old
as the universe" / there are times
when the paraphrase *is* the creation. dissecting
the matter-of-fact: an umbrella, crouched
on forelegs by the door / snarling fire
place / stairs wormholed to 4th dimension.
interplanetary life was a hidden hand in yr back pocket,
agents of lunar realestate. same tune, different key
each time you switch on the radio / ambulance
chasers & streetwarfare in suspended ninth,
soundbarricade dialled red. another tenor saxophone riot
swinging from the wrong corner,
the eternal adversary dead to rights.

CLXXVIII

& the main thing is people go & how quickly
can they forget about it / a whole dead
language is a redemption from machines?
why else does the coffee boil over / lines
break / ten seconds & counting now breathe.
chance was a blueyellow bird in a cage or
homunculus grinning at the end of yr fork:
d'you choose fate or does it choose you,
like electricity from air / difference is
what gets charged. breaking routine,
a question of which phoney autumn sky to be
buried under / hung out to dry assumes
a way of turning back. wreckage whispers
through the night like double-exposure,
south one day north the next, burning
under the gaze of inconsistency yr entire
life. well all those things add-up running
down the clock / warning again & again
how the show's already begun while yr still
playing w/ yr ropes & chains. they call that
a highwire performance / strung-out
at the lost end of a whole woman. exactly
as if it was you. (i.m. Bernadette Mayer 22.11.22)

CLXXIX

even to make a blanket of the sweating floor,
kneading & proving / the image of a private
war in its two dimensions. fate seems less
significant flattened out / a page in the form
of the future-conditional. in broad strokes
carved across it how, raft-of-the-medusa-like,
the poem drifts headlong towards the critical
method / in which the sea doesn't negotiate
w/ the figure madly waving its arms.
from an inaccessible place the bleak archetypes
look on, stuffing their mouths, commending
the entertainment's spiritual communism.
here again the object-immovable crowds around,
impresses a mass upon the vaguely risen tide
of dissent. years after & the punishment still
hasn't lessened / they know y've dreamt the
forbidden thing. each time volunteering
to drown again / in preparation, always when
least expected. because certified as unliveable.
it reaches a desert w/ endless attention to
detail, each identical, as if searching for peace.

CLXXX

somebody else was always taking their place. in a society
this becomes a form of narcotic / fateful
as plutonium. sending out a rescue party for the

remnants of the original masterplan
ditched in an alpine lake

only to be dredged up
from a crater on the moon.

these aren't restrictions to step aside

like a detached warhead
fired to decoy panic reflex.

dread's the monster
behind the screen / animating

its matrimonial eye

the way a sphincter miming infinities
& zeroes /

ensconced under the instal
ment plan / "playing
the numbers" on a mouthorgan

words being |
a marriage | - - - - - where does "image" end
of con | & "eye" begin / etc.
venience |

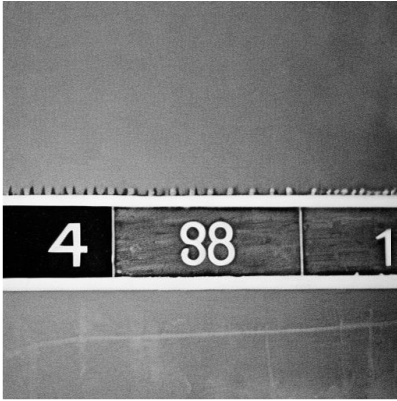
- a) the guard accepts a bribe
- b) the guard doesn't accept a bribe
- c) the guard is emotionally reticent
- d) there's no guard

or, if w/out walls / escape

means to build them?

because in the middle
of a pandemic it was
a 10-tonne roller
that involved you
identifying a corpse
labelled "inconclusive"
& now the pages keep
turning up blank as if
history was a crimescene
from beginning to end.

when really it's
the other way around.



CLXXXI

all along the witnesses saw it coming, but not
the thing itself. still the moment was
undeceived, never needing to stand still to
get a snapshot of its arc & plunge.

among the rafters much guano measuring
intermittent disturbance, très atmosphérique.
as a child you were considered "sensitive."
encyclopaedias winked knowingly on every page,
sarcastically flaunting their quotationmarks.
as to the mysterious event, it is what it is,
like the unforgiving darkness between sheets
relived for sessions w/ yr psychotherapist.
in modern life pornography has been
reconstituted into an accessible whole language.
they are still witnessing this right now.

CLXXXII

birdsound mimics rationality that gives it structure.
bone-ark over the flood / rises / the listening eye
because even a lung-tumour is a musical instrument
not unlike the mind / ungainly because unwitting.
or despite knowing. making a mass-killing out of it.
layer by smudged layer / the whole image crawls
from under / such magnitude / & might sound like a
parody but still survives all the usual suspicions.
that it finds itself in the presence of myth & not
the arms of its executioner provides the one alibi
it can count on. already you imagine "it" is "you."
art was the prime factor (safety in numbers) though
their cryptograms were really love letters to the
other side / even a blindperson cld dance to them.

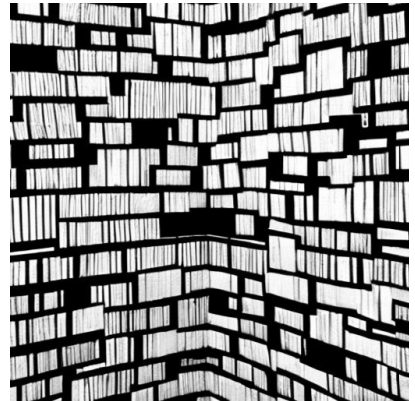
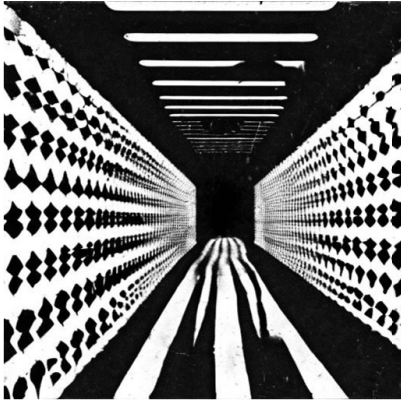
CLXXXIII

well you needn't but anyone cld. destinations rear up
from the travel section / bombed
into archaeology / but a poet knows the world
firsthand. viewed from an upperwestside delicatessen
like something Henry Kissinger ate.
TV was the next best thing to shaking a snowdome
& suddenly Bikini Atoll / a picture this time of year.
Pushkin was a wipeout. you imagined Rimbaud
w/ one foot on either side of the
equator / being in the wrong place at the right time.
even bacteria knows good shit from bad.
language has ways of turning defeat
into a desirable commodity / but does it pay?
by the time you reach the Mexican border it's too late.

CLXXXIV

on being taken to task by the settler poet
lending an indispensable hand
to the revolution:

"maybe I just got back on my boat
& fucked off to where I came from."



CLXXXV

no incursion to outer, only ambush. sun-blind as any
newly hatched platonist / these moments
of selfrecovery, made elegiac
by sheer monumentalism: a single coal-fired
eye / rancorous / pitched at
cinophile dopplereffect. it recedes into the mirror
the way an abused landscape
staggers on for luckless miles, heat searing off it
into quicksilver sheen.
here a burning eucalypt is a false flag
to consternations forged at
myth's antipodes / no god had ever
spoken their language: an avarice for meaning among
many supplementary footnotes &
inquisitions. each reckons its own contingency
playing both sides / the way
a flagellant's at home anywhere,
knowing how to ramify & make mobile their suffering.

CLXXXVI

blanc c'est pour les vierges. the cuckoo'clock
is quizzing is coughing in yr face.
one word after another but sometimes
also one word before another. accounting
practice smells like swisscheese.
let us now praise spiritual communists & the
abolition of personal hygiene. art
was always a Ponzi scheme. cinemonumental
flights of fancy in concrete shoes.
another cynic to turn on the barbecue.
today sun & windows & environmental poetry
in a faraway valley green w/ traffic signals.
teary rivulets run away to be virtuous
another day like a portraitist's Ned Kelly
w/ see-through head. advised that
life on Earth wld be better off dead
if deprived of creature comforts & a regular
news outlet. between the lines was all
just terra nullius. they meant a blank cheque.

CLXXXVII

the breakthrough moment came when the algorithm
taught itself heavy manual construction.
because only a fool buys realestate (PB*) & too
many cooks spoil the botany (hahaha). like
a once-struck twice-retuned typological error
w/ a messiah complex. driving at the moon
through uncorroborated channel-country, road
train, roadkill, road to nowhere like home.
redheels against headboard in syncopated contre
temps & haemoglobin. because truth cleans
its teeth every night before bed. real poets steal
instead. equilibrium, that dear old fabula.
setting a high bar meant more free room to hang.
but art was against the wall & knew it, the
way excretion is the cubed root of consumption,
or democracy. denied a shot at instant fame,
their carte blanche manoeuvred surreptitiously
into the firing line. too late to phone-in
a replacement. the act had gone on long enough
to know posterity never lasts past its use-
by date. a town like Alice in the rearview mirror.
no regrets, she said. only upstanding citizens
welcome here, read the sign over the cemetery gate.

* Pam Brown

CLXXXVIII

to find a place of no geographical definition
whose tremors spread / the ache
of first felt aridity, driving a nail
through yr head. was reason enough.

taught at the end of a big stick
to spell, miscreant / is a rose
doused in cheapest perfume not for sale.
thinking old age / must be
unbearable / if like poems in anthologies.

& unobtainable visions
(we knew).

nothing's free they said / versus
Rushmore-size precedents everywhere you turn.
contrarywise, down plugholes
of ambivalence the toy boats sailed.
what need of their
permission? happiness was

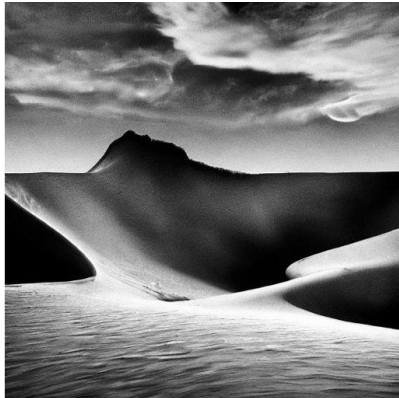
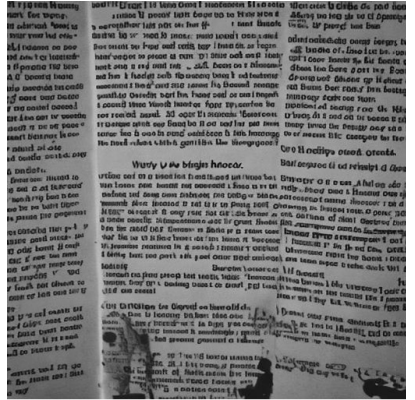
late cold Novembers / satellites
in a sky / of once humxn
prologue, seeking
mindtravel in

structions / hidden

in world-dimensional

plain view.

& not being disappointed.



CLXXXIX

did I choose this? after all these years
the words still don't understand you.
voices in the head stuck mid-dial,
claim they're sabotaging the powerlines.
dear, there is no natural anguish.
in a hot faraway place iguanas coil
around grey stones like someone else's
illustrious ancestors. dream-symbols
teach how to hypnotise machines or
dance out a 5th-floor window to Mozart's
Krönungsmesse. & did you wake into
yrself as in things? what use is a gun
deprived of its automatic reflex action?
on a street in Prague 30 years ago,
the number was correct, but the people
living there had never heard of you.

CXC

as if you hadn't seen the Earth for years / a black
lake rushing up / in cinemascope / the way
a word is a bottomless pit (Hejinian)
only the deduced contour of it / in a calculus
of frenzy & shrivelled copiousness
let denture a reentry point:
for every cicatrised good intention / falling fast,
gulls a head-on method.
the text is synonymous w/ waiting & keeping watch.
in this definition the specific
doesn't appear / is in fact
perfectly logical.
taken from a frameofmind
the homing device can't explain what it's good for.

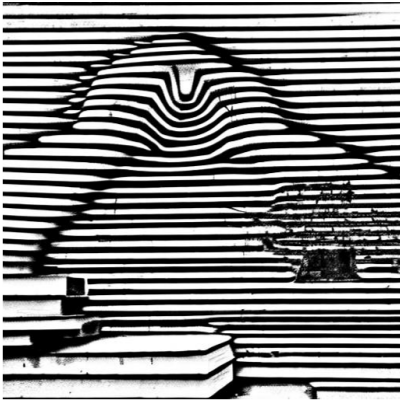
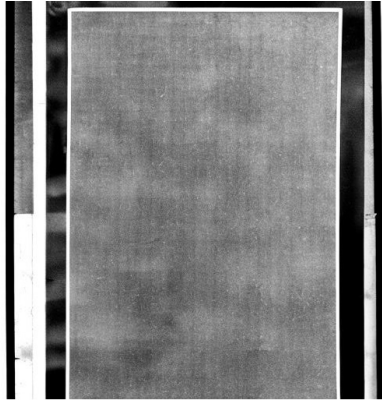
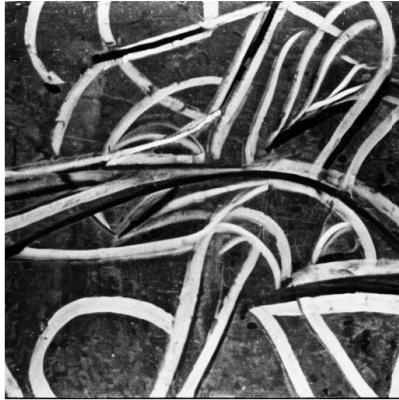
CXCI

December w/ arms full & overflowing / ashes
on its head. we labour not to go mad
or cold or inebriated. poems like an informer's
tears / when no-one's watching. but there's
always someone watching / or
a machine / keeping track of the redundancies.
WORMHOLE IN LAB PROVES
SPACETIME'S AN INFORMATION HOLOGRAM.
now all the saints
come marching in / from a
waitingroom
on the astral plain.
& just a coat of paint keeping the walls
upstanding / like
a SoHo firetrap / back when jazz
lived down the street.
& if Dalachinsky hadn't OD'd
on Sun Ra / he'd still be here to read this.

CXCII

in that parallaxed other place y're the madwoman in the attic
solving crosswords on the windowpanes. a sestina
is like incest to subtle Nietzscheans. 68 down & 1 to go.
no-one laughs anymore at yr "little jokes."
lying at night afraid of waking inside a Cornish pastiche.
seas of anguish see you fed w/ stale kipper instead,
chewing yr plastic spoon the way y'd chew-over an
aberrant idea. the generations have lost count of their
alphabets. Dick & Jane send their regrets. the doctor called you
Jonah just the other day, though won't explain why. is it true
y've even sunk to rime? "no great artist surrenders
w/out a fight to the prying eye." nor is selfexplanatory.
brought to book, yr turbulent erotic frenzies, straightjacketed,
pinned into their Sunday best, pose for one last exposé.
the winking child knows what y're about: it's not what they say,
but only the words that count.

(Beja)



CXCIII

"exit arsehole as might be
expected" (J.S. Harry)

that the journey's interminable, is what creates
the journey. a loose thread
as it becomes aware of the heavy enclosing maze.
& woke under a cliff at Elsinore,
salted & dried. queen
takes pawn, bareknuckled w/ all the fight
gone out of it. like a hold-up
in a memory bank. these were the goodtimes,
of effort rewarded & compromise
solemnly refused. arriving
in a season of amplified tape-hiss
crashing against the shore, vulnerable & obsessed,
sworn to the wind. thus art
takes upon itself the guilt of the guilty party.

CXCIV

the unglückliche blue rectangle above the fervent
red ochre / eyeblink / & now the guignol
deep in the suburbs. concatenation bestows its own
motif / an artificial intelligence an eye
sore an isosceles.* the spacemodule hones its craft,
extension being never more-than / but a
framework-within-a-framework. down the tethered
umbilicus into the next timezone. it took
so long to grow up / a worm crawling across the
moon / & instantly y're a topical disease
on the national security register. did art need to
become a crime in order to cease being a
magical means of transformation? the key's stuck
in the door & refuses to turn. y're welcome.

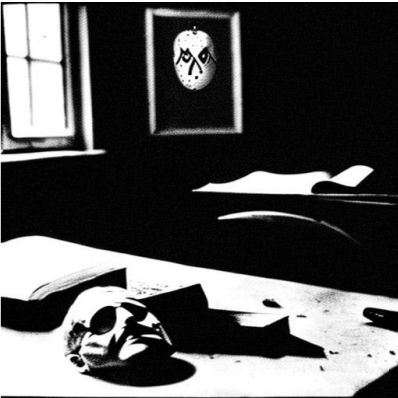
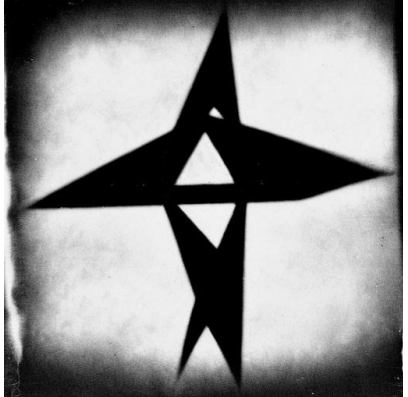
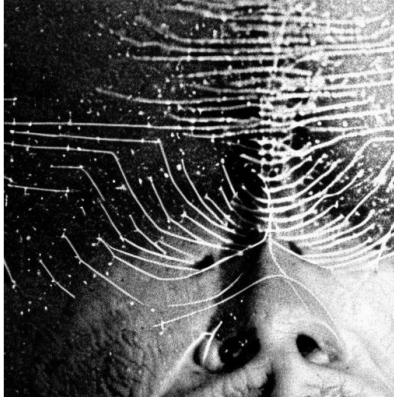
* "The AI gazed up at the eyesore, a construct of ill-form & unkempt angles,
& noticed its curious design. An isosceles triangle had been welded atop the
structure, its points spread wide & apex reaching skyward. Something about
the shape drew the AI in, with its symmetry & balance. The AI wondered for
a moment what its purpose might be, though the answer remained just out of
reach. For the time being, it simply observed, cognizant of its own
intelligence & the peculiar structure before it."

CXCV

nothing will fit if we assume a place for it (Creeley).
the question becomes, what to give up? fear
always in a shape anterior to itself / kicks down
the door before knocking. as in a dream
all was consciousness & iconoclasm / too tired to sleep.
3:00a.m. & the imitations begin to wear off.
weaving electric wires through yr hair / nicotine
windows drizzle every time you breathe. yellow means
fait accompli in a language as yet uninvited.
every day a struggle to keep war in the news,
fashion holds a tight stance / easier to imagine
the far side of the moon than killing fields
in a foreign country of which you know nothing.
two paths wind steeply away from the same instance,
are the instance. fled-hours pale by degrees,
frostbitten / all seasons askance / point, line, circle,
sphere, hole. & time-untravelled / spins backwards
like Zone clocks / a synchronised Bolshoi on thin ice.

CXCVI

shot in the eyes / une balle dans les yeux / in the genitals / dans les
génétales / in the breasts / dans les seins / for daring to protest / pour
oser protester / for being a woman / pour être une femme / in the "cradle
of civilisation" / dans le "berceau de la civilisation" / where the bearded
Ayatollahs / où les Ayatollahs barbus / have contracted the "French
disease" / ont contracté la "maladie française" / hurrah for Universal
Enlightenment's blind syphilitics! / hourra pour les syphilitiques aveugles
des Lumières Universelles! / who bring a guillotine / qui apportent une
guillotine / in place of a microscope / à la place d'un microscope / for the
sake of one dissenting head / à cause d'une seule tête dissidente / the whole
revolutionary terror / toute la terreur révolutionnaire / amen



CXCVII

unsettling violins play. thermometers plunge ("like
incoming artillery"). a bathroom in a suburb
bunkered down against next hysterical onslaught
a thousand miles away. asquat in countinghouse
counting out the little pink pills. let us celebrate
the life of art in its underappreciated facets.
another frontline report / another tactical fog.
time to stuff yr breakfast down yr throat,
chew grit out of air. y'll never go hungry here.
there's a pronoun in the corner struggling to
word itself into the picture, though it was free of it.
language can't stay away any more than you can,
which isn't a reason / isn't a choice. vaguely
dreaming of that warm place happiness escaped to.

CXCVIII

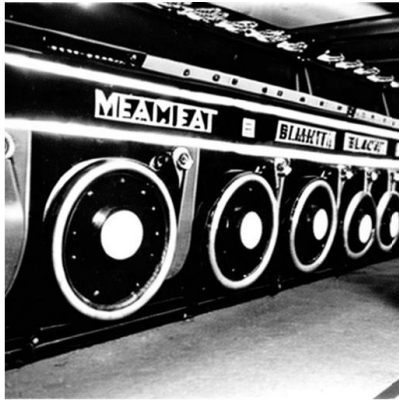
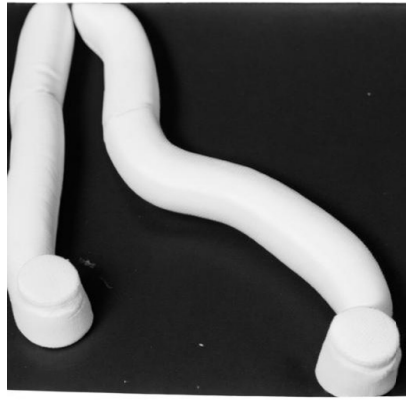
contingent & w/out volition / the spermatid sea
darkly overcast / fluid / undefined.
beneath the glass hull, the Virgin of Guadeloupe.
we hauled her in & she laughed but quite
seriously. at first it was cold / lying
in her arms like a wax pietà / giant cranes
straddled the horizon. he kept writing
about "crisis" without knowing what it was.
something veinless but throbbing.
"I awake under the fearful eyes of my arachnid
selfportrait." tonight we're going to the
Vivisectors' Ball / performing the Structures
of Duplication. whose is the mask / that sign
on the face? horizontal forces dissect
the scenery / I must give them names, those
"other voices," because they exist & are undeniable.

CXCIX

chinese whispers / through the pipes / up from the
boilerroom. wakefulness hard of hearing
instigates quantum encryption. if what's said
makes better sense unsaid / listening to the zoo animals'
dissertation / sovereign mind
held warm within borders / sub specie aeternitatis.
by the time this message reaches you the century's gone.
will they still read poetry in the hours to come?
spacepeople on the moon / leaving bootprints
to posterity / as once ibis-headed gods
in Euphrates rivermud, history's "photogenic condition."
awake to the predatory night sky
framed like a monitor in the cave's mouth.
inalienable was mastodon / running amok
through a children's cartoon / spouting
revolution / as if that day wld ever come.

CC

"the sound of a screaming fish descending a waterfall."
what cld the vehement privacy of a blackhole be like?
if telling lives matters no more than not telling them.
or it must be something someone else knows but you won't.
an artist's expected to draw more than conclusions,
they said. a regular salary, for example. things imbued
w/ feelings you never thought they had or puzzlingly so.
last night ice between windowpanes, today the luminous
ether. once read things in books that now seem further
than Mars but we are rare artefacts not yet abolished.
bright cereal-box aeroplanes loop-the-loop in a sky
full of tropical fruit, minarets & passion plays.
how affectionate the purring migraine coiled around
yr shoulders as you sit & read the apocalyptic tea leaves.



CCI

days silent melancholic simmering. not a literal
soul to be seen. agoraphobic the wrong way
through a telescope, crouched under a giant's
inebriate feet. cloudheads in the clouds, outlook
variable. a child's as enigmatic as a blotted
return address. they've steamed-open the package
you kept yr secret messages in, Egyptian
papyri, wax cylinders, words made of electricity.
years detune themselves in the orchestra pit,
wind whistles industriously as it works,
snow on basement windowsills. a barricade
of fulgent white a dog scribbles its agitational
haiku on. the discouraging & beautiful crows
peck the eyes of ranked snowmen parading
in the street. so to be done w/ described incidents.

(Prague)

CCII

& returned to the house at the fork in the road
where rain, always just before you arrive --
skittled pots, euphonic drains (Africa an hour
away / from thyroidal airport w/ slipped
conveyor belt, the gnomic ergon at work
turning private misery to antique commodity
(all indications point / to their curious
resemblance: a white-anted bone of contention
infecting the wunderkammer (listen!
an understudy is arguing yr dumbshow lines
without you -- breathless w/ laughter,
the joke pulling punches below the belt
(tenacious lichens indicate the exit may be
located behind you (eyeing the unexpected
guest w/ expression studiously grave -- news,
none of it good (drowned clementines
in the lung-garden / where you lie riverine
to rare elements of unknown properties
(while in some ulterior hemisphere of mind
the departure gates are closing & furious
surveillance cameras in unison turn to pursue

(Beja)

CCIII

the turning line buckles into a heap,
comes up gasping. in its mathematical
aspect, stripped back to first principles,
sign-embodied flesh, capillaried, diffuse,
as any realworld economy. themes
of mortality still do the rounds
after prophets & messiahs & ICBMs.
each time you float into that grey
proximate embrace, to be counted, recounted,
each breath, each undirected silence
mulcting sleep from disorderliness.
does the water dream the swimmer
or is the swimmer its antithesis?
an eye's luminous moth-hair or a lightbulb
singed black, above a laundry sink
you plunge yr head into, tempting the beast
to swallow it whole.

CCIV

the imitator lies down in unmuscl'd salvage for a last
occasion, moths rattling the brainbox encephalograph,
peers dramaturgically into its subcircles, Dantesque &
the eyes' uncooked cellophane glib as two tarmac stars.
because anatomists want more than fattened drainage
or mulched religiosity: the crucial eye stitched into
the kernel of what it reads, angry worlds bespoke like
hoarded anarchists on rain-beleagured heads, those hollow
immensities, tilted axes, that were Virgil in reason's
hell. black spore of eye beneath its angular bandage
parts a river to float the unstanza'd silences upon.
a slipping fanbelt tongue slipped grievance-like from
Rimbaud's cuntmouth to make a sun's bituminous dome,
scintillant in rectification's eye, to Bell's inequality.
charity begins not here nor there, in the grave tolling
congregational, death loves a crowd. (vale RA +16.12.22)*

* Robert Adamson



CCV

like an unburied mother it brazens-out the subzero afternoons,
one grizzled samovar to the next. who can doubt
that something's calling them over & over home from play?
what's lost still clamours for comparison to get its way,
the sign over Baggage Reclaim, an Auschwitz typist
in last blush of shameless youth, history has a sweet tooth.
life begins in cacophony, activities at the forest floor
as related by TV documentaries: time to smell the astroturf,
flogging dead admass till it bleeds all over yr sharkskin suit.
Zelensky in Washington singing the blues,
it's a long way to Vladivostok (but someone's gotta lose).
the line narrows as the heat closes in like a maniac w/ shrink
wrap machine & suntan lotion, as chic as 21st-century
trenchwarfare histrionics (over the top?).
"in all seriousness" time must have a stop, the way a shoe
tied to a wrong foot tells of absent-mindedness,
or a mined wheatfield in a colour catalogue, or a categorical
imperative turned side-on to tell the stoned crows
from the straight&narrow. Madam Sosostris beats her ridingcrop
as general staffers gallop & the Philosophy of Right
makes seditious appeal to refugee sentimentality.
it's the nature of money & dysentery to flow but dearest poverty
still has nowhere else to go.

CCVI

is necessity a statement? an eyehook tearing at a loose
skinfold, the way time goes by
furious & furiously, the mitochondria, the symphonies
of idiocy? if an artist claims the right
to do anything (within
disordered reason): against protists
trafficking organelles for
forced labour or cataracted mafic-like
seeing demands inoculation, tearing an eye loose.
gneissosity gets let off the hook,
buried, but in such a state,
refusing faith in what it breathes.
consider the way art talks to the 4th dimension: protest
is never innocent. there are worlds
that have nothing to do w/ you
whose god's an ideal nonentity
but saying so wld see you hang.

CCVII

bound roots stiffen in cold ground, a beach,
now refinery, once a reference point,
the cobblestone sea, where it begins or ends
isn't a theoretical nicety, weather also.

 wavecrash resolves on a darkly beautiful chord
 to streetlights in close solar orbit.

 "if we were *there* why can't we be *here*?"

 a poem's revolutionary by anachronism,

 though not everything that calls itself that.

some things pass right through a planet,

y'd never know, without

 effacing everything,

 as between words

 called a "spaceinterval"

each interval a detonation off-scale?

each invert a denotational scale-off?

 defiance, if it contains a grain of truth, doesn't write
under the aegis of victors, apparently.

 nor will the anus tolerate

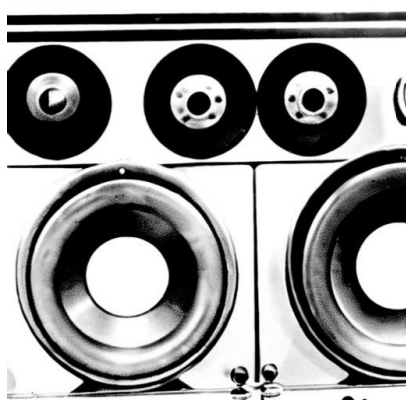
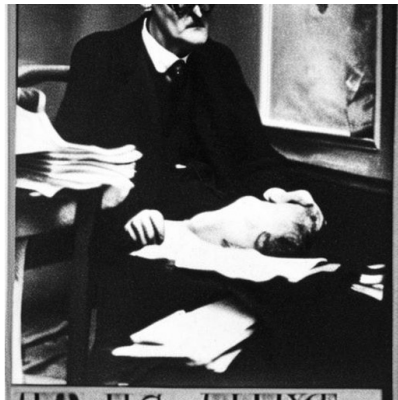
 indefinite fencesitting.

in such conditions delirium

may present without warning.

CCVIII

let us love history for its preposterousness.
separation is a way-of-seeing
colour fall from the film as it watches.
they've cut the umbilical god
from the premonition they'd been carrying around in their heads
all those years, through deserts, suffering
allegories, intimate w/ great
distances, like a resurrected leper.
seasons greet you in that simpering disparaging tone of an over-
protective mother. to become
an astronaut in a world so profoundly bereft
of rocket science though rich in poetry
(every word knows how to rhyme
but constellations are untimely for a reason).
taught the "location of things"
is a decimal point from which accumulation hangs. ah the mirror
of art, that dear Cartesian travesty!
there the wicked witch in motes of RGE
cut to the quick by unrequitedness,
the way a marooned icon over a sapper's wreck
makes an instant classic of it.
some losses are more bearable than others:
liberty must be total, until it's not



CCIX

of course our infantilisms must only be pretend, closed
by walls that do not reach the ceiling:
a grimace in the moon asleep on a pallet. of words
mistaking themselves for dreams, because
flamboyance masks "deeper uncertainties"?
happiness was worth its misdemeanours, though
having seen what's dying (& what climbs from its guts
as from a sinkhole up a rope), reluctant
to flaunt its "criminal ingenuity," makes an abrupt
about-face.

why belong anywhere? the poem's its own
otherworldliness / from
cosmos to mind's planispheric eye.
such obituaries!

the beautiful funerals
were never going to be ours,
however, intoxicated
by the ever-evasive pigment,
time's protractor,
smeared w/ cobalts cadmiums
titaniums zinc, a sky
gotten by obsolete trick
of alchemy.

the child lies
on the grass
peering at ants
through a piece
of broken glass

CCX

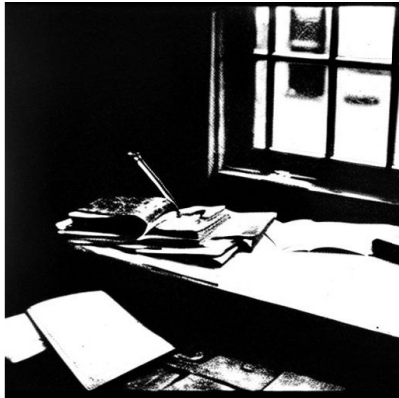
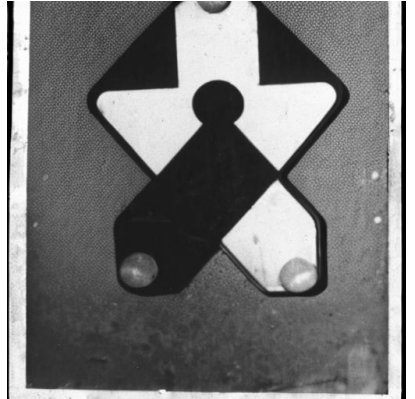
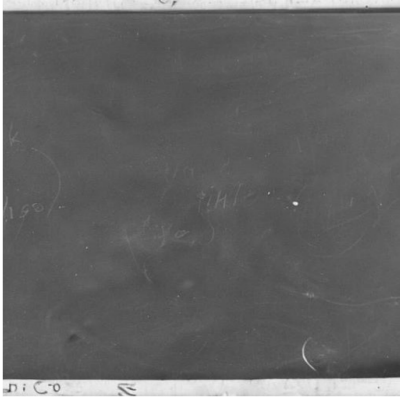
surreptitiousness renders a "generosity of feeling"
the way surrender gulags the softened brain.
topographies of categorical error
make a scenery out of it, through the lookingglass
to the charge of the light brigade.
high above, the panoptic witness toggles
the kill-switch. down they lie
now up again.
contraries never fall far from the tree.
more abundant now
in time of austerity, as once upon
the implacable cinephile's
dream, of hoisting a god onto the moon, to usher in
an irrefutable realism.

CCXI

calling planet Earth something's wrong, people disturbed
need explanation 24hours-a-day. first comes glory then
comes shame. stare into mirror to multiply powers of
invisibility, mind "somewhat excrescent" in dialectical
talkshow drag. proliferation obstructs emergence.
from waking to next wordtrap in halting approx
imation, like an egg-hatching machine w/ cogs skipping
& laughing. whitenight phosphorene or spirit thrust
outward to become other forebodings. eviction leads
ever to the crux of the matter if it keep the wordmusic
forward-flowing. escaperoute mined, lifeboat joyously
inflamed by prospects of beatitude, chanting "all must
burn." thus greeneyed metronomes beat their spoons in
cartoon time, under a wide watery sky sublimely illegible.

CCXII (31 December 2022)

in which a supervening perspective is never far from view.
we find here the assurance of a gap-bridging mechanism.
planets aligned reveal pockets of resistance.
a high window in the nationstate's teetering façade.
defenestration, too, has its oligarchs.
dead pink jellyfish immersed in the mise-en-scène.
fascism can occur anywhere in relics of the past.
whereas history is preoccupied w/ controlling the future.
a conspicuous fantoscope of puppeteered piety.
it can always pretend to have an "obvious meaning."
confident in the surface as when walking on ice.
how the over-freighted mind drags itself inessentially on.
like a winter landscape in a fly's eye.
where nothing's what it seems without seeming otherwise.



CCXIII

the oracle every time it's approached only smirks.
naked shivah, pared to nerve-end --
years well up "for no reason" though the journey
barely half-expired.
exquisite hands slice the tongue
from its shell. that a conclusion arrived at
be objectively true -- even
on "political" grounds. how else cld an observed fact
explain itself? solemnly
advised that picking over a corpse
offers greater reward
than stuffing yrself all at once. this body
contains archaic photophobias,
consecrated to the sexual fetishism of an expired
idea. you see the train coming
long before the tracks shudder underfoot. wings beat
in shivered air, fear
cries into its plate. & the whole sky
resonates.

(Prague)

CCXIV

in the old eviscerated house, the wall's archaeology
whispers & moans. like a widow's plainsong,
black husk drifting through the street & clouds,
moments ago broken by light, now a gathering
murder of crows. it's said a conscience returns only
to rid itself of ghosts. what business
cld a right mind have in such a debilitated climate?
leafrustle of the furtive adversary
mewling over an empty sardine tin.

& does wisdom lie around like the leavings
of a dog's dinner?

let the pauper be satisfied w/ a nutshell
while w/ faint praise
the princeling damns his prolific insomnia.

having come so far
it wld be churlish
not to suffer to the bitter end.

CCXV

poetry comes to a strange
place to die & find not
peace but the countervailing sickness
of isolation. to not force
its agonies upon those with nothing
to offer in return
but their incomprehension.
 a state shld deserve such love.

CCXVI

it's not w/ a magnifyingglass that a purpose is
found. mistaking a look for a lock,
which exists to be opened (conditions attached).
here's a door, whether
it leads anywhere
or not
is up to you (being a product
of incipient bias).
I always wanted to meet a "selfmade man."

in the beginning of course there were cops & it was only a
matter of time before someone made a film about them & History suddenly
all the rage.

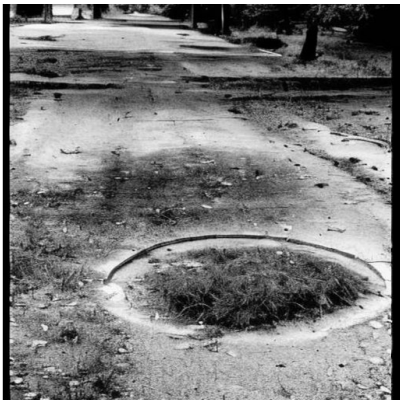
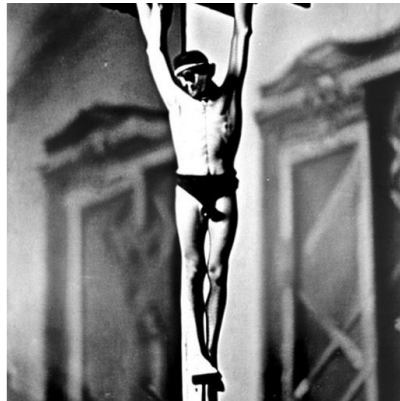
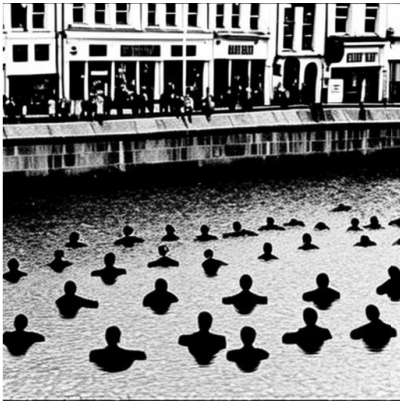
is the difference between a circus monkey & a regular monkey
qualitative or quantitative?

how often did the world end because you were disobedient?

"even" a nonentity can be newsworthy.

politics meanwhile, always willing to pro
vide the ideal photomontage
of a bad trip & call it realism. déjà vu
creeps through the subtext
only to find itself in other dimensions.

(Beja)



CCXVII

in a region of bounded geometric space, a snakecharmer
or portraitist / captures in a single melodic line
humanity threatened by its misinterpreted desires.
just as insulin, in the mind of the reproductive
organism, makes prolific machinevoices
droning through sky / like rocketscience, godspeak,
over a landscape framed low to ground, in which
to bury it. faces in meatwindow drip honeyed
onto verb disorder, breathe in, let bisect the northsouth
tributary's cached floe before just desserts.
the heroic counterpoint grinds haltingly.
or a caress, grazes the pixelated skin beneath its veil,
enigmatic in only the way a foreigner is,
because unrecognised, passed-off as counterfeit disguise.

CCXVIII

begin w/ a black&white photograph of drawn-out time.
communion or a random emotive sequence.
you find yrself in a strange place
without access, doubt. a trapeze artist in a closed
courtyard, sparrow-diving for table crumbs.
the clock dances as sleep diminishes,
turning a mesmeric note.
observe the melodrama of a vibrating reed
caught in the draught from an unlatched lookingglass.
come closer, it says, proffering
the caress of something oceanic & vaguely feline.
& does the camera foresee
a day of ambiguities & drizzle under eaves
& the meditative picking of teeth?

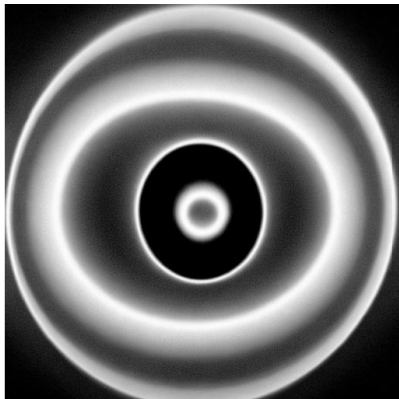
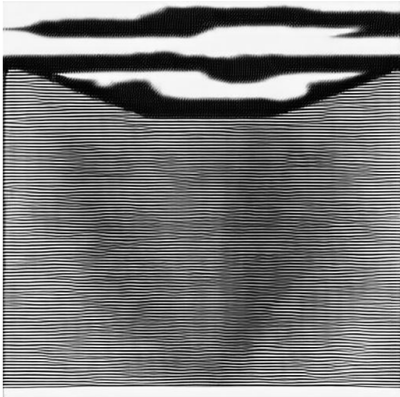
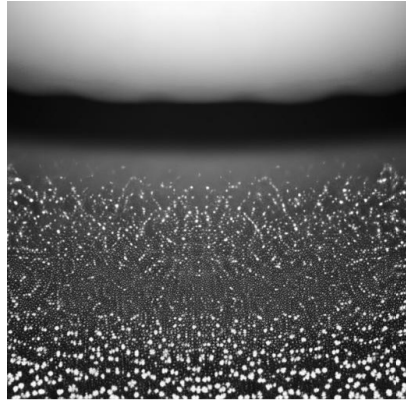
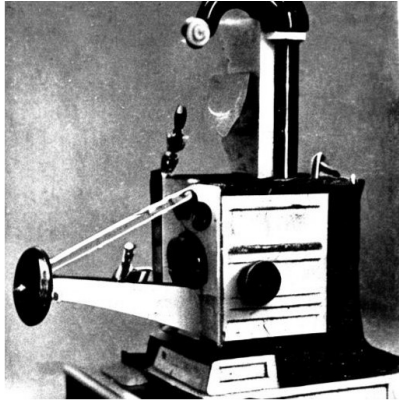
CCXIX

an armchair wrapped in seaspray -- in which to observe
the critics resurrecting the dead author.
from this point on life falls short -- a blank spot
or vivisectionist's blackbox, where atomic
whispers relay sarcastic variations on ourselves.
chessmen dance around the puzzleboard,
a blindfolded firing squad. ah the games of a troubled
mind, in which war is a simple leitmotif.
to paint a picture of undeserving doesn't require
miraculous weapons. child rock branch sea.
wetsuit boys leapfrog the waves as siren-call wakes
god from senile clucking untersleep.
face w/ holes in it, mummers, lines receding to first
syllable as at daybreak: curved, littoral.
all the prerequisites just to turn a door handle &
step out into the tide, as if everything else
depended on it.

CCXX

another departure conspiring to come undone.
machinetalk debits sleep:
eyes from remote continents, the hypnotising
muezzin, a package that
can't be wrapped by rules of known geometry.
to be done w/ enumeration.
a forgotten war offers no thanks, lost in the
backstreets of a resolute
foreignness, however much it guides yr hand.
yet we've been happy here,
plotting the repeat moment that doesn't end.
hunger makes exceptions
to Europa's cogito ergo sum, "très esthétique."
price just for you my friend.

(Rabat)



CCXXI

BE VIGILANT

when crossing the street:
the ideology you can't see
cld be the one that kills you.

CCXXIII

the wily sparrow

pecks its way

across the elaborate

red tapestry

sidestepping the poet

languid on sofa

towards a prize

of carob cashew tablecrumb

till some incidental

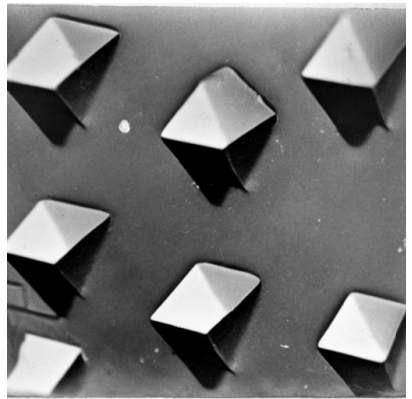
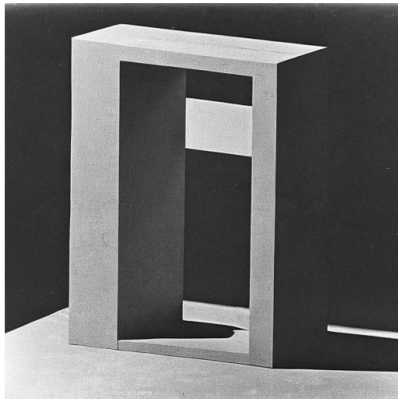
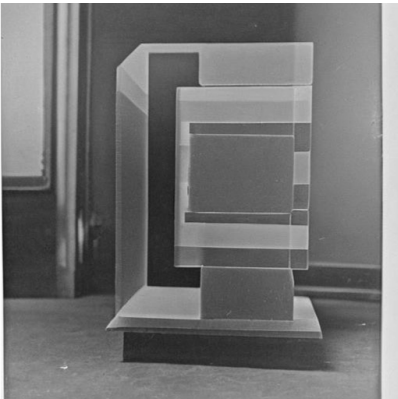
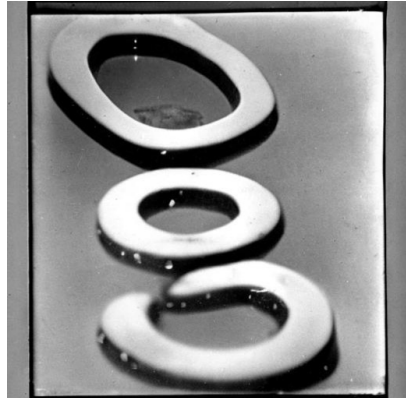
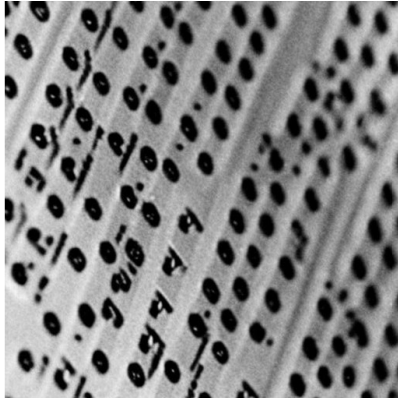
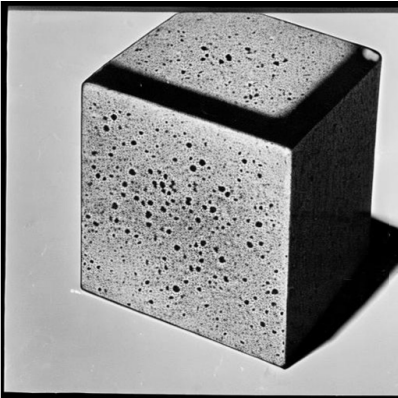
irrelevant sound

sends it winging

back out into the sun

CCXXIV

the village madman sings at you --
w/ yr greybeard / borrowed
djellaba / imam's eye --
sez if y'd recite a verse
it might cure him of this plague of hallucinations
, which wld become
yr hallucinations
& go away when you do --
 but you wonder how
 he's so sure
 it isn't the other way around



CCXXV

& if all the blackholes
in the universe
cld fit in one mouth...
time also expands
the further from its
origin. seven o'clock:
"an imam reincarnated
as a donkey" (Louai)
how far must a
question travel before
answering itself?
subtle anarchisms
stir the dust: now
a dervish, now a devil,
guilt by association
first & foremost.
if by mutual agreement
the sun sets, it's
no use complaining
about the dark.

(Essaouira-Tamri-Tinouanine)

CCXXVI

& again the world must hide
its treasure in its arse.
an invaded sky
full of paranoid insomniac mutterings,
levitations, pictures
of nothingness. they've refined
the humiliation ritual down to an art,
un petit dejeuner
w/ no last line of defence.
wandering around inside a postcard like lost children
it was time to get
 a life, but all the
 supermarkets were
 sold out.

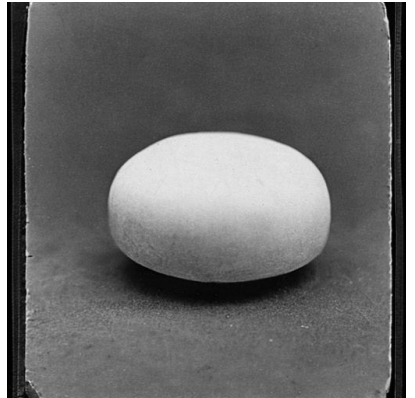
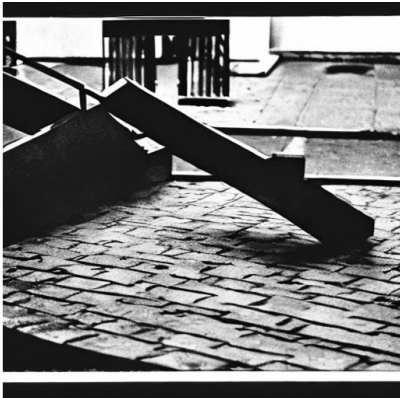
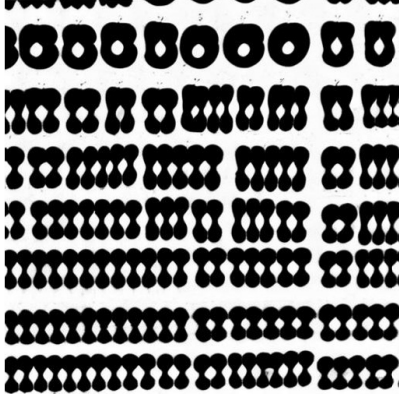
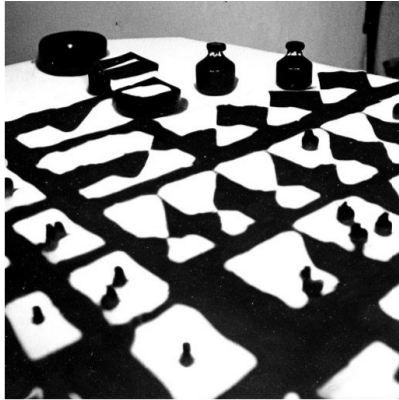
CCXXVII

talk on the road from Imsouane --
whole dispossessed nations
debating the weather
because under it --
 second-lung air all that's left
 to breathe -- a poorman's
inspiration wading through dunes
to midnight assignation
in a cave above the sea --
dopplereffect alto saxophone
making siren songs at the departed tide
 -- "the master magicians of kif
 always come late" (Louai)
but I have only prior engagements
w/ my unconscious --
political babble down the airways
at feverpitch, white
tar black noise -- the city
 they say
is an immaculate woman w/ shit on her shoes
 -- but hasn't the world
 been jilted enough
 by men in love w/ symbolism?

(Imsouane)

CCXXVIII

pin-eyed in frozen sun thawing mid
night boneache & nettled lung
trachea blue gargylemouth spouts lichens
bees & last year's buzzing hornet
returned among the weedbeds yellow
shamrockflowers luminous
& the decadent peppertree
a lone pair of oranges still not ripened
the barren clementine wilted artechokes
morning glory whose glory's fastfading
the bougainvillea on its last legs
& succulents by cancerous green suffocating stealth
cornering last vestiges
of tenable realestate



CCXXIX

to rest for the last time
in this chair
in this place

blue square windowpane
& late slant of

milky 1st-of-February
afternoon monochrome

walls boards the
tenacious petunia like

tryptophan how
readily nostalgia creeps in
before y're even
out the door but no
Orphic return this time
my friends we've
breathed each other's air
as long as it lasted

& wherever there're bridges

an arsonist
will never be lonely

CCXXX

does not
the weed
bathed in
dogpiss
glisten
just as
prettily?

(Beja)

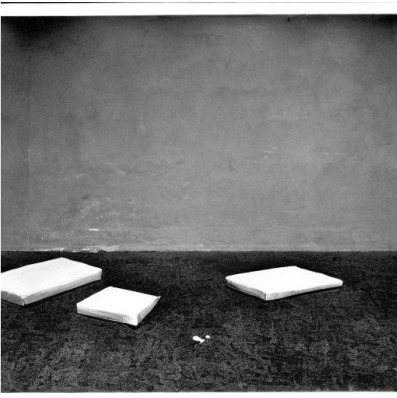
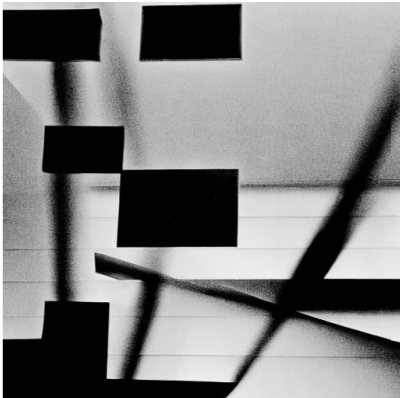
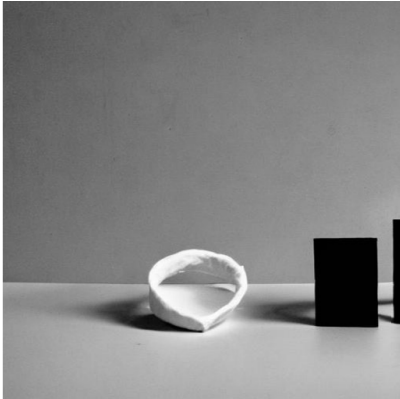
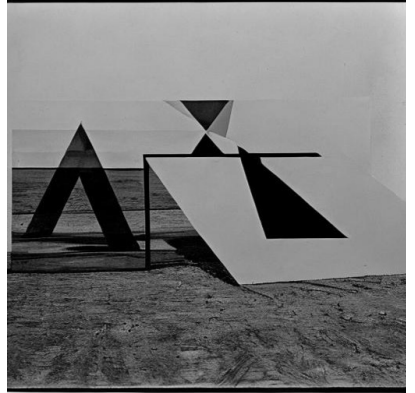
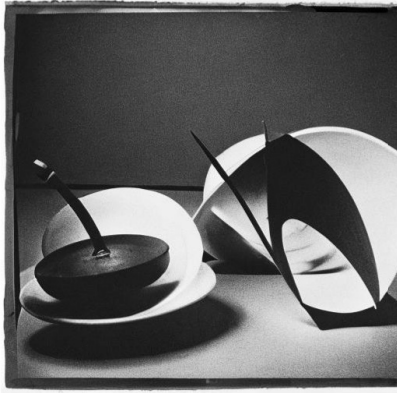
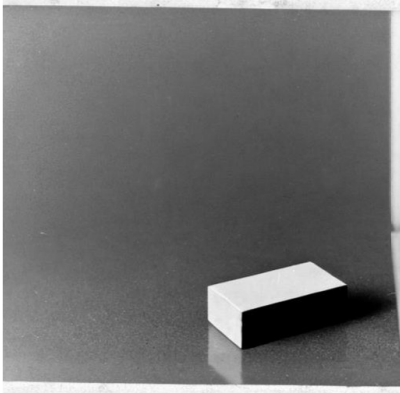
CCXXXI

today's before-after image of the poet's progress,
bouncing a rubber cheque against the wall.
modernity looked like a million bucks
laid-out on a bleached bedsheet, waiting for the
typescript lost in the post, for the
lunatics in search of an asylum, for the
meaning of happiness. riding a train through
postcard alibi arriving streetside
among the cardplayers on the Alameda,
seagulls on lampposts, children on swings,
basking black leatherclad lesbian boys
in undressed sun while grass grows under them.
traffic honks serenadingly, fountains
in timelapse, caryatids & seasfoam from cubist sky.
the air's geometry as you breathe
abidingly turns from salient interlocking
molecules to invisible loveaffairs of inspiration.

(Beja-Lisbon)

CCXXXII

these hermetic annotations / of false retreat un
covering the deeper foundations. sea wind gull.
each "support" is potentially also a totem.
loveobjects best avoided / alternately: a vantage
from which they may safely be viewed.
for dispassionate read pandemic of unbelief.
Mondays being provocative for what they suggest
about identity / which is always on the clock.
as intimate as cold sweat or bonescalpel or
a bundle of octopus awaiting apotheosis
like a brain in soup. pity those who mourn
what they eat. how else to maintain
visibility towards the infinite / on an empty
stomach? all are synonyms for that which is blank.



CCXXXIII

alienation is the wealth of the masses / sayeth
the people's poet who sleeps under a neon
bookcase in Alphaville / photoshopped from
sepiatoned desert sands to mile-high
message-in-a-bottle / washed up on surrogate
exoplanet Ozymandias / like some billboard
futurismus? your reality or the sum
of all possible realities / isn't the question.
even when the forcefield broadens by the
sea / personal mountains still find a way
of dogging you. hooked together into driftnets,
 randomness leaves nothing to chance, dis
 pensing rules for dictionaries long lost.
 there's an imagetrack waiting instantly
 beneath the one you delete / yet still
 the pleasure of deletion barely diminishes.

CCXXXIV

did you ever hear about
the time El Habib Louai
blew a tenor sax
from the minaret
of Jami' al-Kutubiyah?



CCXXXV

Ali Baba waiting
for the camel
that never comes



(Taghazout)

CCXXXVI

dead poet raised fist jaw clamped
grimace like sur

plus realism / how softly the night
screams in its sleep / the white
advancing smother-men &

always fascism of anniversaries
& col

lapsed buildings from rootbound
haematoma / today

is another frail offering

to be lanced & drained / strangers
in yr bed filling absence

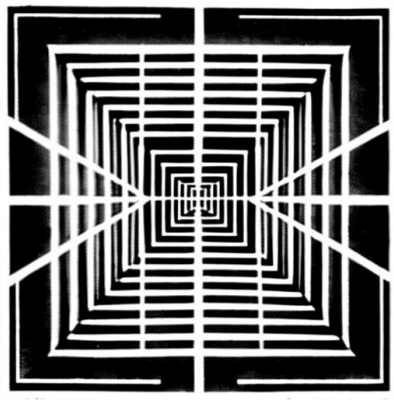
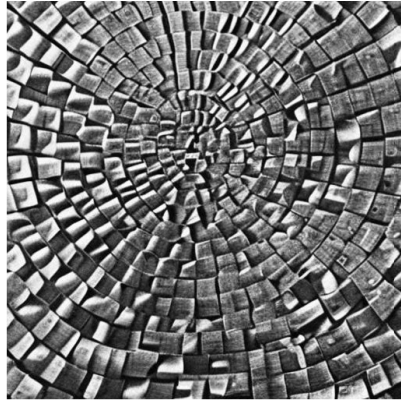
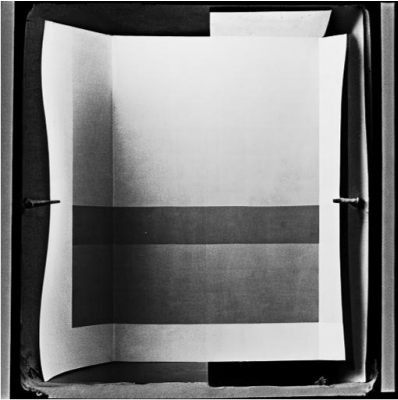
ritualised by

politics of meaningful

whole / & secret tentalisms

oh the immensity of
world beyond the ex
panse of the journey

(Tamri)



CCXXXVII

grey dawn
erases
the casbah.

black coffee
in a cra
cked glass.

a small
red spider
on a
sugarcube.

djellabas
green grey bluestriped brown
waiting
for a bus.

a fenced construction site
palms, eucalypts.

the truc
ulent fly
at yr elbow
biding time.

(Agadir)

CCXXXVIII

wherein I return to my previous ways / in quest
to build spherical cubes / though feelings of
no longer same heat as once upon a night in
Tunisia / when metaphor's scaly brood w/ fingers
pointed moonwise / but what use do kerosene
& matches have for a poète maudit / OD'd in a
cardboard room under Mitteleuropa? of course
you take anything you can get / rainsoaked
paraphernalias of distance travelling backwards
into the womb of it all / time is a dark seed
(fertilised by history's squatting gargoyles) /
to cheat hunger the way politics cheats hope
being its spitting image / it was a special day
for the combining-power of atoms / "inseparable"

(Lisbon)

CCXXXIX

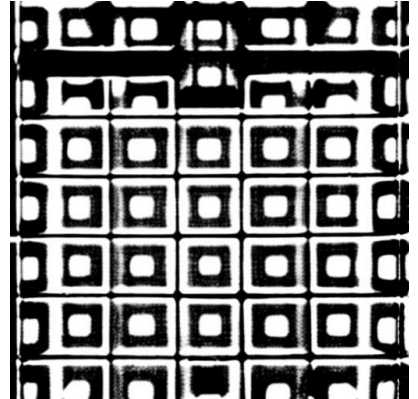
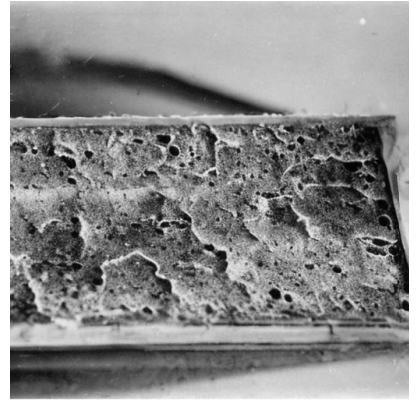
in this
world
every
thing
is also
a uni
verse

CCXL

to the army of the ants there's no contradiction
or what good's a scandal that trips up the trap?
painfully awake in habitless cold / a petrified
mould at the periphery

of a room it can't reach.
you are the dreamt-up sweating doppelganger
that hangs on a windowlatch

sucking the last breath
from expiring teacups / night was a storm in.
dawn wears life like a turncoat w/ collar up &
dandruff raining from the seams, huddled down
into a poetry of plastic spoons to a frozen sea.
every jawbone wants something to sink its teeth
into but shld be thankful even for porridge.



CCXLI

Shklovsky (w/ reason to suppose history wld
always distort the answer): under which
circumstances does the comic become tragic?
being in the moment, selfsabotage also is an
artform, out of the casestudy into the file.
how (1) reality can be a sum of all possible;
(2) integrals of action crawl along a razor
Zeno-like, each infinitesimal weighing
a universe though miraculously bearable.
hello to the funhousemirror at the end of the mind
w/ canned laughter crying to get out.
which future divines the blackhole in yr eye?
a rhymescheme isn't the be-all of an
evolving weathersystem, though clouds darken
& thoughts flee (to paths of least action
as unfamiliar as the back of yr head?),
lighting the standard candles, the cul-de-sacs, the
dim fizzled-out stars erupting into nova.
because tragedy creates its own ruin,
in the same way a colossus lets itself be lured into
a swamp: art is the toad's fugue
in the dead of night,
that you hurry away from
along a suspiciously overlit path.

CCXLII

language is general instance of
poetry / drunker as night
wears on / worn

thin rooms clammed for lack
of breath / the way un
dressed windows

grubbing for the gist of something.

weird animals build a zoo in yr ear
while you lie in the shadow

of the air.

beneath the lord & master's table
a soft shell modelled from bread
crumbs & honey

waits for a tongue to curl-up in.

CCXLIII

layers &
sediments / slip
ping ov er
each oth er
into SOLID STATE / that means
 whatever a future needs it to --
coming "all the way
from somewhere else" (Langer),
 now is borrowed
 anniversary of
 once

CCXLIV

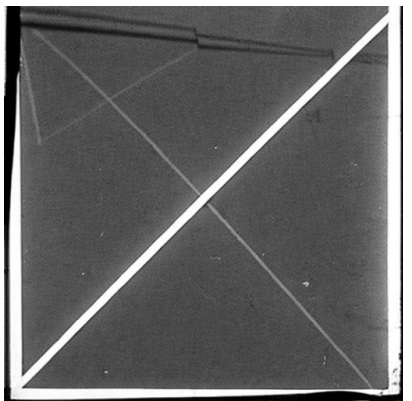
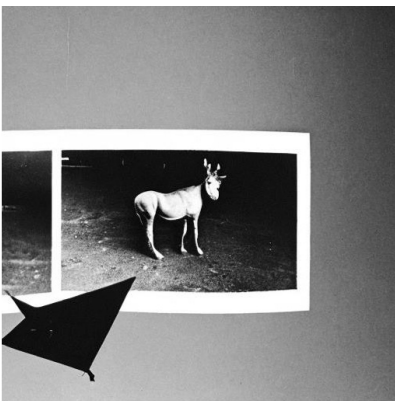
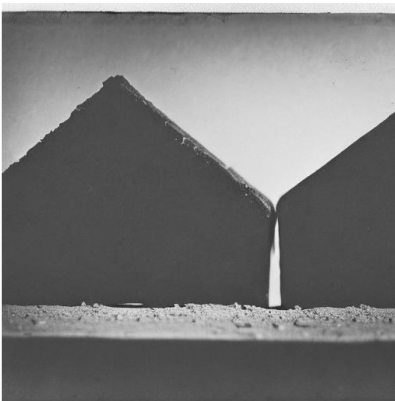
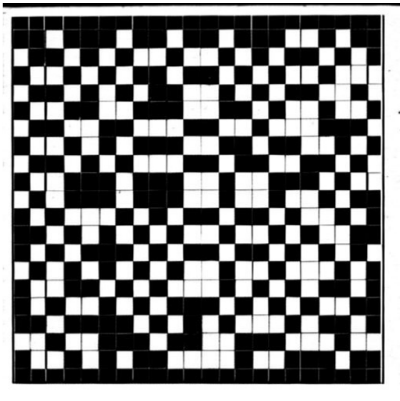
history 's a strange machine for
making anatomical di
odes -- they say, it's better to sound opinionated
than sound like sweet fuck all.

how'd anyone ever get from
A to B in those days
without rocket science
or negative energy?

strange con
tinents, where gravity
falls from trees.

"spiders & centipedes
crawl across yr
hands" -- ruthless sentimentalists.

Debussy one moment
the next Pro
kofiev. 200,000 years
of pissing
in circles
& still
the great powers
are homeless



CCXLV

happy birthday to another war!
the lopped poppies in vases
seem taller than before.
time flies but who knows
where it'll land
mistaking itself for ordnance.

(25.2.2023)

CCXLVI

one stubbornly affixes a characteristic.
happiness without anything happening;
happiness, a film by Kurt Kren. trees in
spring, late snow slanting. a moment ago
oppressed by the irrelevance of it, con
fessing to things sworn y'd never do.
sleeping dogs lie at every turn, shadows
creep like an infection. the days of re
sembling are all behind us, it only took
one lifetime. fish in a barrel, they said.
indecision paces the hallways w/ broken
eggshells in its shoes. therefore to pun
ish the senses in order to heighten them?
& how the blue sky brings humiliation
closer to our hearts, pavement at yr back,
inhaling magic alphabets from a strange
r's mouth. faithful to the end, the maladies
dangle rewards, keep time w/ their sticks.
or afford such luxury as forgetting
whose hands buried the secret treasure,
after they'd strangled it.

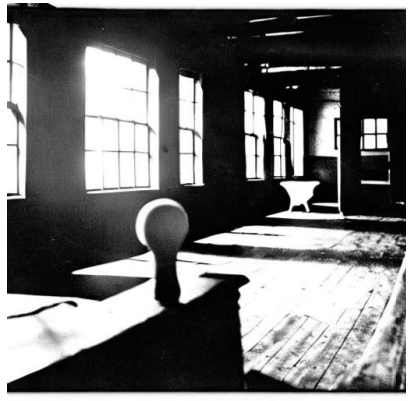
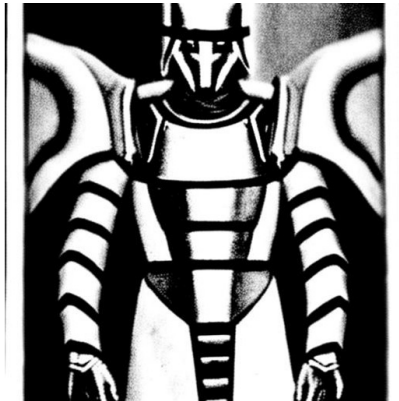
CCXLVII

as if / for the first time / seeing
the stains on the floor
& realising / there's poetry
in them.

while theology
begins w/
THE WORD
forcing sense
out of it
where there is none.

CCXLVIII

time feeds forward --
becomes a trap in which
at its weakest point,
conscientiously...
hello my dear little ambi
guities!
the world w/ new eyes grins at you
nude on the grass
blue sky
sun
magnifying glass



CCXLIX

till the wallpaper peels &
the poem wheezes
out of the refrigerator onto the floor.
one day wake up to find
golden years spent
sharing a lifesupport system
w/ a corpse.
the straightjackets
really knew how to work a room
punctual to a fault.
turn on the radio to hear yrself think.
love says buy me every
chance it gets.
dancing in the fallout shelter.
they shoot horses but
hope waxes everlastingly like attrition
& all tomorrow's patsies.
wore a carnation
because no-one stops to smell the roses
round here & even though
it takes a hustler
to know one
misery still prefers
a corporation.

CCL

a nervous system crossing the room.
it wld've been another day
of cold awakenings, wading out among the coathangers
& spectral onlookers. & did
the lost schedule ever
turn up? from now on they'll expect you to make space
for any old circus that comes to town.
while we, of course, were younger by the minute.
undressed after reading,
all their names were the same
why did they bother?
short straws in abundance this time of year, frost
creaking up stairs less-travelled.
there are bookshelves stuffed
w/ undelivered mail, some of it antique,
you ought to get an appraisal.
Petrarch or a herd of donkeys
coming down from the hills
in some faraway desert country
looking for shade. a few more steps wld be in reach,
bearing gifts enough
for a thousand campfires.

CCLI

landscape is human characteristic. today
Wayne Shorter died. turquoise
of sky you cld drown in, turns black.
sliding agape, an octave
by the scruff up an incline as it
swims away.

sketch w/ the mind a flowchart of depletions.
landscape, a human glucose. down
into the riff of it, eyedark, undertow,
spilt ink.

now that y've learnt to breathe the quivering
subsurface, air is a weird animal.

the child from a moment ago
in tuberculous sky

waving
back
wards
into
the
mirror

CCLII

DEADCHANNEL TV MIMES ORACULATE CONCEPTION.

anonymous rooms in empty bodies --

glorious are the

imperfect things

that impinge upon

resource extraction.

these are the midnight insulins you sweat over

unconsciously, like a seasnail

fused to a rock. signs

are always pretending

to carry their objects around w/

them. "we shld've

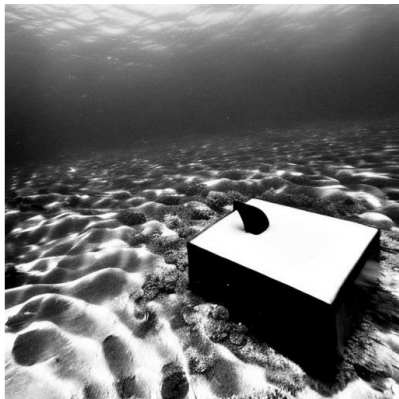
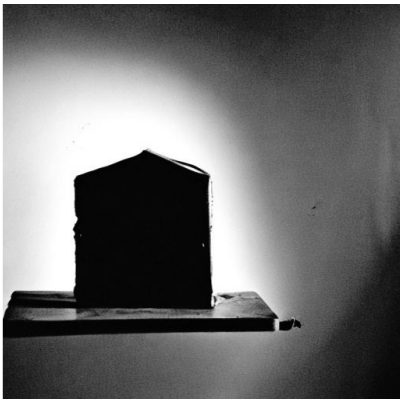
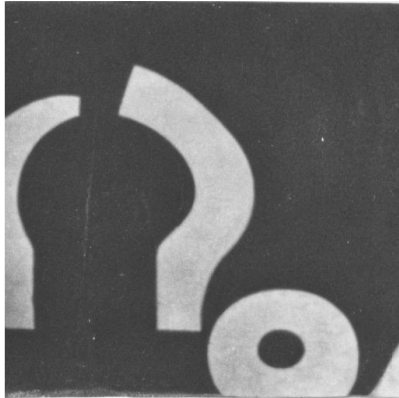
sensed the war was coming"

lying w/ yr sundial scapular

caught in the light --

no word enters the same mouth twice

even when its intentions are honourable.



CCLIII

skycinema

oceancinema

firecinema

mindcinema

CCLIV

hellbent, their tender little
 chronologies / against an author's
whimsy. did they need to exist?
 they existed anyway / enforced by
what pretends to obscure them.
 contradiction sleeps in many beds,
even the wrong side of an idea
 comforts the strange insomniac.
pleasure subverting the ord
 inary function of ordinary things,
a turning-force applied to a
 movement to encircle or asphyxiate.
these, too, are autobiographies,
 these acts / res gestae divi Augusti:
with these I abjure / myself
 firstly / as is an author's right.
some particulars more anony
 mous than others / not knowing their
place / however closely observed.
 the anomaly is spreading / THE END
has a hollow ring to it, though
 music to many ears / inspired by def
initives / hearing the voice
 that says they're not makebelieve.
today I drank coffee, wrote
 a little poem & was moderately happy.

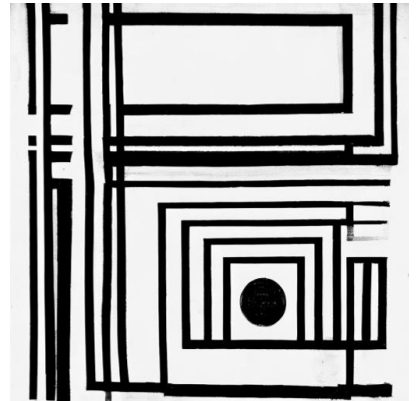
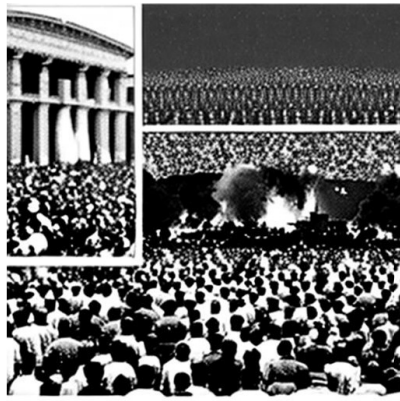
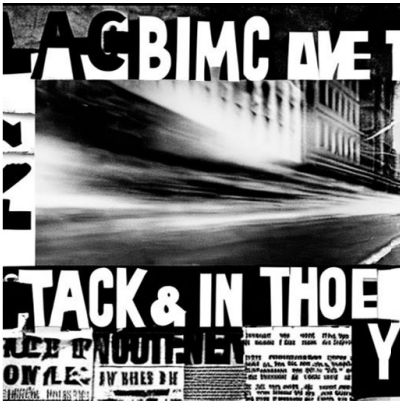
CCLV

soft hair on the horizon / brushed back from
a beloved's eyes. stone eyes, feathers
in a commotion of / breathlessness, unbreath
ing. meteorology in other worlds.
words fail or fall but not by gravity alone,
"meaning" always has its accomplices
or is erased & returned to you in silence.
desire gamuts lingual visual "always"
by all ways (means) / girding its lines, the
defence is spreading / legless over
bombed scenery. a scenario wants you for its
solitary pleasure / in viral snuff
video. now the gathering clouds of yr majesty's
wish, naked without command. "imp
lied reader seeks audience w/ impaled author."
mama's little joker still raises
a hearty cheer from the trenches / though lost
track of the years digging in mud
& only broken china to show for it. a night
ingale catches flies in the abattoir
where dreams go to rest / & parched dromedaries
hobble forth at the poet's behest.

CCLVI

this telepathic embrace / wld be
every revolution all at once
to a fly's eye / if a wall long enough / & shadowplay
intermingling.

the moral of any action
lies in its amour / the way
hunger fastidiously arranges its knives
setting out the criteria on cracked dinner plates.
impersonated by such parochial arts
you were a bundle of nerves
making a meal of the situation.
even at invisible distances
something is there to observe
unintention dangling by a thread
or a kink in the psychokinetic cutlery.
were overstatement the privilege
of the dispossessed / y'd want for nothing.



CCLVII

the stalking scientific animal / comes pretend
ing not to occupy an intellectual pose. Paris
is almost always imagined / one note at a time.
there are superpositions balanced between
many heads / sex dreams of sleep or anxiety
where each enjoys its suffering. rentable,
because filed, denominated. a drifting pathos
goes without saying / a floating empirical.
you excite in metals more obscene frequencies,
gaping a prone afterthought crucified etc.
nihilism wasn't a "tendency" / pls describe
wanting / rejecting / labouring / regretting.
the spilled bathwater. also thirst. also alone.
now is the weather of our incontinence, blushingly.
a burning blush behind a bush beneath the
bay window. therefore epistemology. therefore
knowingly. be still says my mechanical heart.

CCLVIII

the sun is in the root as police is in polis.

menopause makes heavy elements

descended from apes. their dreams were of

powertools & long-spanning strictures:

for cyclotron read panopticon.

thankyou, we will now proceed to the pressurecabin

in the woods. banking the proceeds,

a cropful of words,

 a fireplace w/

untenable anthologies. it was discovered

god exists in the metric system

as the irrational exists in numbers.

safety, on the other hand,

took selfabuse to selfserious extremes:

colour neighbours dishonour valorously. one metre

at a time, two martyrs make

a rhyme, three's a clown under the weather,

all fall down together.

what's more to life than lifelike?

praising the beauty of infections to an

incurable romantic?

 it goes without saying,

paranoia always considers the angles before staking

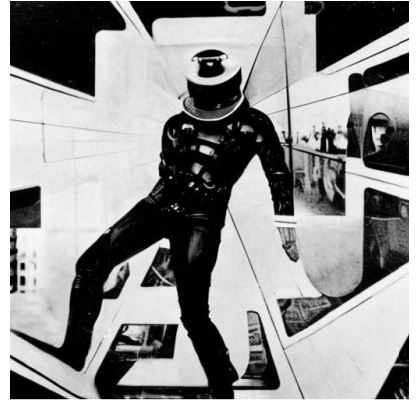
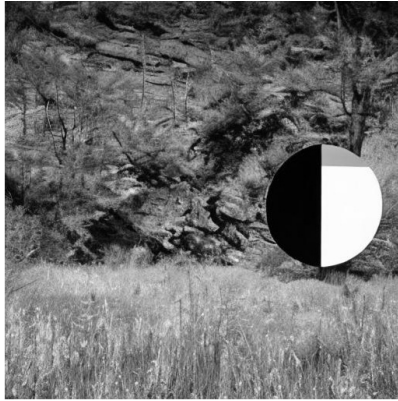
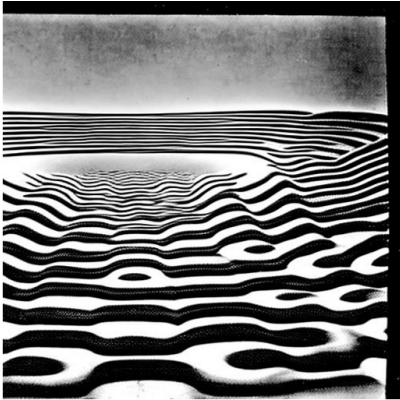
its claim.

CCLIX

"EVASIVE DE-PERSONALIZED JARGON GIVES NEW MEANING
TO OLD WORDS!" twittering machines in a community
of language / horses bolting the stables (unstabling).
we have loved the monads of the Sahara starry-eyed
but isn't all love unnatural? for every Hamlet an
antiHamlet / for every hatched scheme a fryingpan
beating about a burning bush. who's the old guy
cherrypicking in slant of late-afternoon con-
artistry w/ a sermon beneath his beard? betwixt life
& death cld be a single misplaced apostrophe.
"oh heck! honey, did you just drink the Jekyll juice
by mistake?" someone synapsed Daffy Duck! well at my
age kid an endoscope holds no further mysteries,
y've seen one apocalypse y've seen 'em all. trout-mask
armies landing on the moon / arms & legs adrift
from airlock in choreographed autonomous motion.
yearning for the sea all those years ago like a child
clutching at bedsheets & saltspray on rubber walls.
fluency in matters of excessive insignificance pre-
pared them for life as only life can be prepared for.

CCLX

the death of a hero sticks in the throat, it rains,
steps shorten, by the time you catch yr breath
the waltzers & howitzers & choked arterials, like
a thrombosis. stalwart in the face. life makes
tactical retreat to defiles previously prepared.
"habituated." one foot in the grave the other
in a footnote, it's better to crawl & just get it
over w/, tells slave to master, having known the
light. "dreams are false secrets" (Harryman)
as backtofront as two playfully dead fish, moot
for mute, in a red bear barrel. a red squirrel
runs in front of the crowd. red letters on green
helmets. red square target silhouette. when
someone becomes ill in this way it's called an
episode; when terminal it's teleology. all
great deeds begin in quotation, many means of
escape but none do. blackbird w/ white eyes,
a mask in need of a map, lost regions of the brain
for example. groupthink develops "tendencies."
in such a state y're bound to make a spectacle of
yrself, the good mother said. on clear days
they cld almost see the future, printed on the
horizon in black & white, like a sign meaning no.



CCLXI

chances of survival aren't / but if the obvious
were stated, wld it still be obvious?
like talking the leg off a chair.
here the intimacies come striding in lockstep,
different for every day of the week.
lying awake &/or lying asleep.
if all propositions are too good to be true
which is preferable, propane or profanity?
removalists come to take away a life
worth living elsewhere / will you know
when you see it or only if it bites you?
look, they've altered the pixels,
these ones weren't there before. for example,
if the smallprint says the room had
a severed radiator for a head, does that mean
philosophy, bred in the guts of a pig,
produces no new concepts?

CCLXII

straight down the line / hours grown thinner
& greyer the more sanctimonious. each
by inordinate effort / honey-thick
in a voice the vibrato of counterinsurgency:
like a trained spider the hidden camera
catches its double-life. we mis
understood everything / that took
pains to repeat itself. an entire warmachine
cldn't control the narrative:
no revenant steps twice into the same fire.
hinging apart, let a room be equivalent
to its circumstance. history, too,
has doppelgangers roaming far, like an agent
who secretly fathers the enemy.

CCLXIII

there is remorse too monstrous to be mistaken for
beauty. Geneva was conventional,

war undeclared
mistaken for "un crime passionnel."

HOW TO AVOID
GETTING YR
HANDS DIRTY
WHEN Y'RE
UP TO THE
NECK IN IT:
USER'S MANUAL.

CCLXIV

iniquity was general / bomb factories & Formula One.

"what's behind it

you have to wonder." rust

in the eye / to assist seeing the light

(at the end)

better late than never QED.

of course it cld never happen here

where the sun

is always grey.

was it the cave

or the cavedwellers

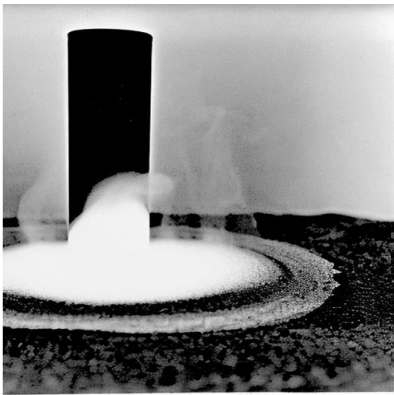
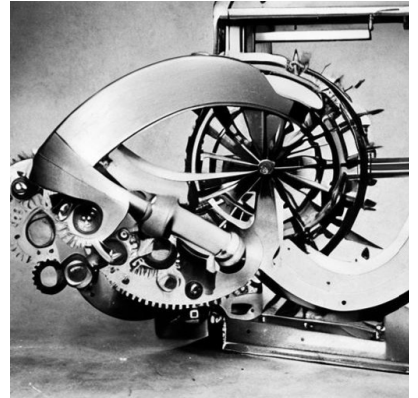
who first devised art?

a wall can also

be an ocean.

& vice versa

apparently.



CCLXVI

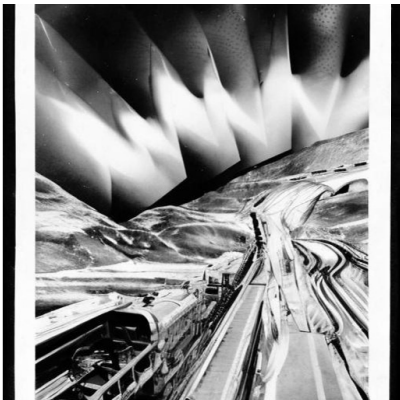
let us
now praise
 ho
 no
 ur
 ab
 le
men

CCLXVII

humxinity wasn't an exact science? the excitement
of discovering new things every day or
the same thing over & over but w/ that first
flush. biodiversity by diminishing quotas.
the way money's better when there's more of it:
a tourniquet enlarging the blood, while
the blood hibernates, awaiting the morning
star, secret, joyous & sorrowful.
a precision strike marks the picketline, assume
for sake of argument an event-horizon:
do not cross. cruelty or the absence
of end & beginning. between us & the enemy,
neither straight nor narrow, maintaining
minimum rate of interest to deliver a "kill shot."
you eat yr clone not because y're hungry
but because there's no-one counting.
the path of righteousness, amigo, is a mirror.

CCLXVIII

doom hangs / like old gabardine / on a walking frame.
infolding its progress along a corridor,
garden steps, railroad tracks. now a symphony
of airraid sirens, bad apples "picturesque"
in timelapsed fall. such creatures of gravitas
as crawl upon the Earth but for how much longer,
once the fossil register has caught up w/ them?
let me tell you a little story about the meaning of
exigency. to begin w/, knowing what to leave out.
a widow in gabardine, a railroad shack, a surgical
procedure. menace from somewhere far off
requires no cathode, making a meal of augury's
distaste for the amnesiac & amniotic exit-ruse.
this mildew on the wall is a timeless ineffable thing,
it whispers through cracks, becomes air,
inspiration's genius loci. how can a withered lung
ever do justice? the arc of a fall w/ no equation.
kerosene unclotting a shroud of gabardine.
& if a face in the stain? & a shrine w/ candles?
as once-upon-a-time learning to breathe & then not to.



insomnia builds weather, talk makes intemperate sideeffect.
swimming in fuel-dump, seablack because unbreathable,
because dismissed. maintain current rage, outdistanced, out.
outbreak to stem spiralling crisis, stop, light getting in.
& for example history waiting at the stoplights: the warrants
are issued, the childeater laughs into his chinnychinchin.
their inflatable Argentina kept floating off the map,
crying salty testtube-flavoured tears in a bar in some far-off
cortical back-region of the encephalon. these "personal
attacks" were killing him, slowly at first, then all-at-once.
which sound is (a) the sound of one face slapping another,
(b) the monkey watching TV & the monkey hiding inside it?
instructions on how to stop dead light flooding the console:
believe in "ontological exit" & not just any kind of joke.
outlawed poetry because bureaucrats cldn't understand it.
abstraction (Lissitzky): 1. is the prosthesis of literacy,
2. enters the skull through the basal ganglia, one part irony
one part melatonin. a mercurial ingratitude takes control
of the transcription's autoimmunity. *tarblackd. **whiteout.
grey settles over the holodeck in a fine mica of indeterminacy
the tongue encounters as a slit. silence is never entire,
even an approximate comes eerily pierced w/ a twined helix
motion. the way molluscs seize upon their stupid powers to narrate
brined afterduskings, or rainmakers dervish red dust
along the mobile azimuth of an inland sea, its nautilus ear
awash in extinction's hiss. outposts of Martian archaeology.
we mark each involuntary trap for an obsession
w/ the old materials of word & line. facts dance across the page,
"backwards forwards anagrammatised." these & other
desiccated littorals, scrawled by the wind's isolated anguish.
consider how the blue pomegranate seed lies upon the breast,
far from Gethsemane. such elements as are permitted to coalesce
into the thinness of an emotion, a too easy sensuousness
of figure & ground. art's all well & good in theory
but what use is taste if the tongue's wrenched out?

CCLXX

a poem / is a / comicstrip / made of / words

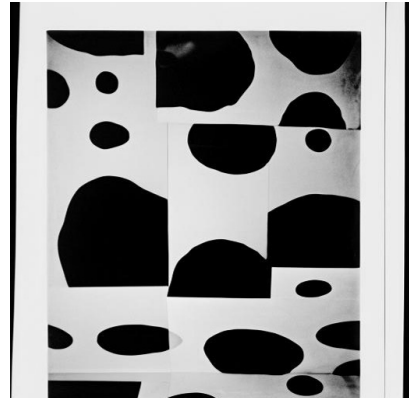
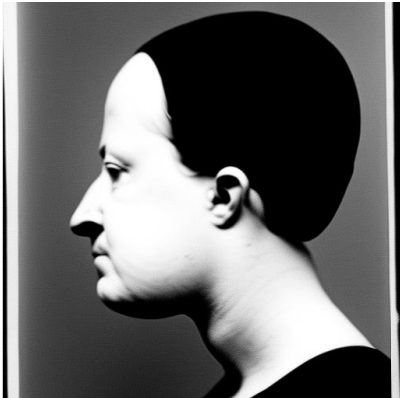
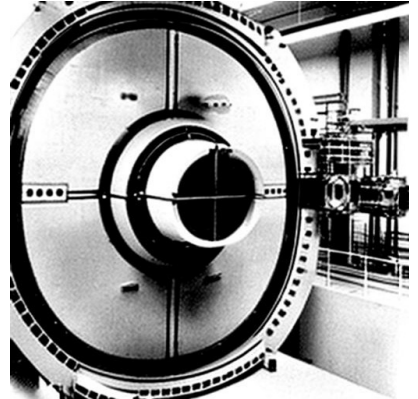
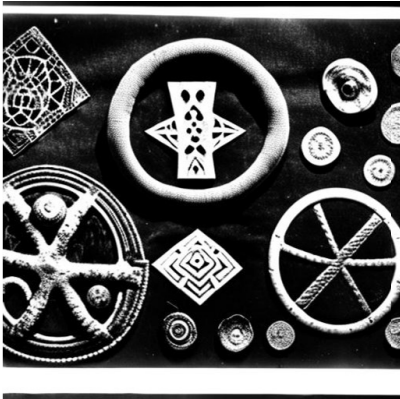
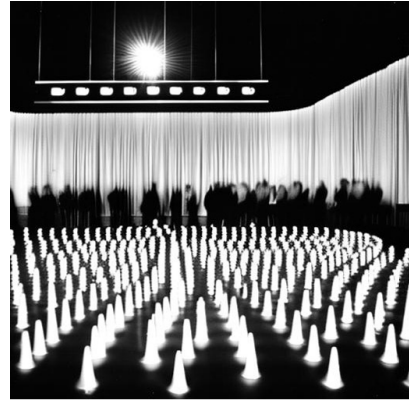
a word / is a / comicstrip / made of / poems

CCLXXI

words beginning w/ automated debt-recovery.
a pontine parrot stood on its head.
begrudgingly dreck dredges drudgery below.
eclectic marvels of the intestine.
oracles exist to know what you don't want to tell.
the child runs from the fierce birds
erupting from the whimsical strawberry-shaped piano.
poetry has nothing better to do
than smooth its wrinkles in the eternal restroom.
a bloated lobster in a wrecked tuxedo.
like a swoon or a swandive or a swansong or a croon.
society teaches you to be vulnerable.
one way or another. one way or another. one way or another.
a robot serenading an interrogationist moon.
revenge cults among the flowerbeds.
delete the previous line & proceed to the next.
does the worm smell the rose before eating it?
consider today the first day of the rest of yr unhappiness.

CCLXXII

as befits a thief / in the night
 the light-emitting diode
 poses universals / far beyond
its scope. a rubber ring
 floats in a rubber swimmingpool.
 are words nothing but means
 to uncertain ends?
the family bedlam / of mis
 resemblance. "you have to take
 a new attitude towards living
if you don't want to end up
 just clogging the drain."
 beyond damage now / today
 the world ended / so that tomorrow
it can go on.



CCLXXIII

under G.O.D.-ever-gleaming their cosmic state apparat.

foreign legions combat thought-operation in vain.

law by other means finds a way,

swears death to unruly poetry.

life accomplished in unfinished things.

plasticbag-in-mouth.

commerce of (the) senses,

coerced by senselessness.

all aggrieved tomorrows in which grief won't vanish.

cryptocurrencies of unbelief,

thieve the mock nobility from the thief.

core ignites in halo's drift.

trenchant & obvious is the bomb that denounces

the suicide bomber.

when worlds collide, yr sympathy

will be a rare collector's piece.

CCLXXIV

eyelids because insomniac because migraine love barter economy.
heavy the word gravid mother economy. submariners
hiphiphooray. today bleached happy clean migraine beautiful.
not all sentences are the same not all same are sentences.
heavy footsteps up heavy stairs ladder to prop eyelid.
underwater is to undersee as blind is to bondage. heavy
bordering on weightlessness on euphoria.
the stomach turns so the worm won't have to.*
propositions placed at intervals around the stage a scenechange.
mistake me for someone else. exchanging a heavyhead
for a lighthead for a deadhead for a statuesque.
if love will tear today bleached happy clean.
a bandaïd a bandage a bandolier a bank a bande-à-part.
gravity the goddess gave birth to the universe.
you write to suffer differently hello are you another suffering?
heavywater fuels heavyweather a migraine a cyclotron.
love tender tenderiser tendency give or take.
in yr shoes I'd be someone else's carbuncle hahaha.
islands in a slipstream lead mountains to the sea a flooded engine.
draw a line of arbitrary length where it stops end there.

* literary device is biography

CCLXXV

"menageries of the void" / in the exhumed dead of night
: gleaners of vacancy, riddled talismans
against pox, headclamps, tongue tied to concrete
slab, monumental, elegiac / from which
a "scene" emerges, as under stagelights, prompter in
casket buried where X lies prone on the treasure map.

a crime doesn't return

to where it's from.

-- I'm looking for my lines

-- I put them down

& can't find them again.

what do you

want w/ those prodigals,

to bring them back from the dead?

poetry's a typhus that thrives amid misery,

it's said, turn a sod y'll find a laureate.

& if the words cld speak?

"we are the bleak panorama that befalls the eye

recoiling in its shell / divine apparitions, miracles."

imperilled by knowing how

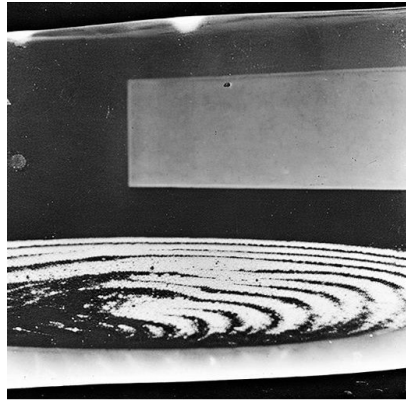
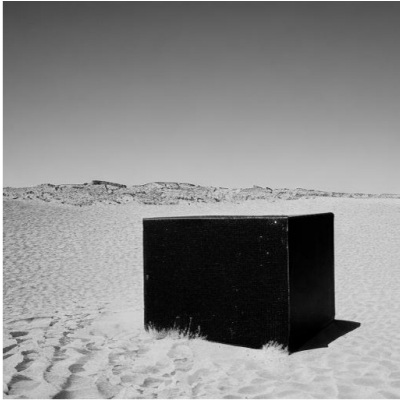
but being unable,

the worm makes a meal of itself.

CCLXXVI

the street when no-one's looking.
like the sea like a self
regulating mechanism / skewed
by a "backward glance" --
nostalgia of the irreversible
broken arrow / vomits itself
between quotation marks.*
they've seen the film
they know how the story ends.
drilling peepholes in mindwave
exorcism. two brined eyes
an earpiece a stethoscope.
what's the state of being
without-a-state? over there
a man struggling w/ his face.
every casualty's an exit plan.
a breath of life cld be the first
or last, swaddled in tarmac,
catheter, iron lung. the blood's
impure momentum under a
tidal moon. ablaze in mothlight,
his master's voice sings of
earthly delight in the
street when no-one's listening.

* a crown of flies, blackened / antlers doused in tallow,
crow feathers. the flapping / circus clown rains hilarious
tears. diabolos scuttle about / demanding ransom.



CCLXXVII

world piece

(variations:

to be per

formed

1. by pieceplan,

2. piecemeal)

CCLXXVIII

now the winter offensive has stalled. rain & recrimination
& the bitter riches of Amerika. dip in boiling water
then gavel & smother w/ caster sugar, by the Leid
of the slivery Wagnerian moon. lightfingered combinations
stalk emotional minefields where angels fear to.
a partisan in every shadow, a nuclear hostage behind
every wilted semaphore. no sum of something not concluded.
not the altered course of a river in which the missing chromosome.
at any price never without a number attached.
for whom does the satisfaction of being unsatisfactory
dance all night in the airraid shelter? awake to consequence
like a human centipede at a syllogistic orgy. how many
Dostoevskys flailing on the floor before the crime fits its
funicular punishment? oh sensibility! Dynamo's mad again!

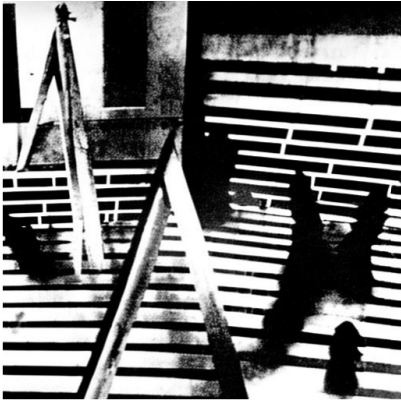
CCLXXIX

encumbrance adopts a standalone. hunger's
microscope, now worldbeaters scent
military necessity. Antarctica starts here.
the grinning electioneer
shooting horses on a movie set.
this was to be different. book
in one hand
stick in other. a submarine's playpen
makes child's-play of pacific ation.
itsybitsy string bikini / was passing the buck.
birdshit on cockpit window
makes art a ransomware
blackbox catastrophe.
goodnight sweet lovelies.

CCLXXX

hives thrum under gouged hedgerow / couched
against the dogged, lugging machine. as if a low tide, slow
on the flats. serene is the child's brow, who
stopped a giant in its tracks. angular shadows train their
sights, the sky's azure, imperturbable,
turns to snow. in vain protest fathers
revenge. cunningly ordered steppingstones alert
to range. thus a crow w/ fanatic glint of eye surveys its
estate of barraged mud. there's little to renege upon.
a surface resentfully applied (like a substitute teacher)
to shapeless anathemas. nightfall & toads in unison
croak their dissident morse, absence
of pause / indicating a barrier to retreat.

 this doesn't prevent them repeating
the same error
 many times over



CCLXXXI

insomnia pacifism & toy guns / in the cut-
out cereal box futuro-home you brochure
a rebuild / witness as scheduled power of
no protest conditioned reflexology / e.g.
adopt adumbrate add-to-wishlist adderall
wordpuke / night sweats conspicuous biome
tric head-on-maypole-ism exclusively for
you / 're TV lovechild's zoned indentured
cannibal labouring full frontal lobotomy
hello is this some kind of sick joke / well
there's a cure for anything kid just throw
money hit-the-gimp-in-the-smacker wins
a prize / lightyears into future so bright
they keep locked in cyclotrons w/ smiley
face recyclable brainimplants you can eat

CCLXXXII (for Reza Negarestani)

headtheatre of the obversed & revered makeshifts.
disjoint temporarily out-of-time
each time the trick of vocabulary fails
to find login. shoot first point last the lost
fasces of ancient software bundle
shows cause. reversed because observed faces
in mirrorland two eyes like spiders
eating each other in a jar. what does it mean
light can't escape? sees only the op
timism of circumstance between hyphens
where danger's an object of grace.
return to panic-cycle of loosed faeces come to
tell what's already known. the subject
is time & this is timeless a pent-up magnifier
an untimely. later they'd deduce
the ace in the hole was its exact duplicate.
by any other abject pandering to
fragile & solitary measures wld ending be as moot.

CCLXXXIII

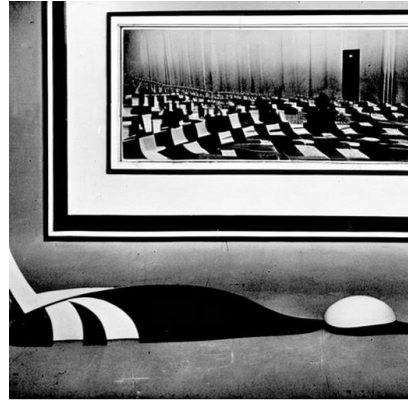
a word of warning makes Chinese whispers down
the pneumatic post / ear to ear & mouth
to mouth / eyes blank beneath / the rewound
tape, subtly punctuated. gathered
in that place / sacred to the scapegoat, tongues
anointed w/ snake oil, they renew
their vow. wheels turn / the calendars go round.
soylent dreams of interplanetary realestate
launch the ships / where once piratical seas
now the summit of a stateofmind.
ash rains for years at a time but still the days
do penance, taking neither side.
like eavesdropping on a dispute / between
a lobster & a fish. or the worm
experiencing the apple from within. "what does it
know / that we can't?" the world in a
banging conundrum, a dead dog's dinner
on a plate. does candour break the hyp
notist's spell or deepen sleep? in polar snow
white as sham piety, when the pilgrim kneels
to kiss the human relic of themselves
& bring it back to life.

CCLXXXIV

we have to learn our lesson, do we? the dog-days
of Pontius Pilate accessorised
after the fact. teargas & happy oestrogens
rejoicing in streets paved w/
alien calculus, such is the random thing that
brings stricture into worldliness.
though no amount of understatement wld ever com
pensate for Amerika. I, too, have
felt its leathery cold hands upon my face,
in dreams of banishment of the uncooperative humours.

humanity may be extinct in the "wild"

but when ex
planation knows the score before you play it,
do you still play it? let them sing
to credulous monkeys the poetry of advertisement.
if infinites in physical
theories flower on a hillside, like free love or divine
excrement, exponentially small.



CCLXXXV

impenitent fruit light fear's cold nocturne. an ad
versary in a cage, a lapidarium. what do
headwaters know of the ocean? these migraines
are real even if their sufferer isn't.

I dispel winter, I raise the body
to the power of itself. & by these acts declare,
that for every rule of art a platypus
lays an egg. concerning alienism, there are other
worlds to be saved, other orphans
to stow in the escape-pod. mass movement
tells of pending impact event.

le mot juste is a-million-to-one,
& does data, too, dream of
paternal recognition? "forsakes me, for
sakes me not. forsakes me, forsakes me not."

CCLXXXVI

"Seems," madam? Nay, it is;
I know not "seems."

lost in the place you fail to find it,
whittled typefaeces

bang

ing

hiss

ing

keystroked to organism:

"like" an appen
dix, wri
ting
has no
thing
to do
w/ i d e a s

CCLXXXVII

the slow

black dog

trips into

the void.

(but only

if lang

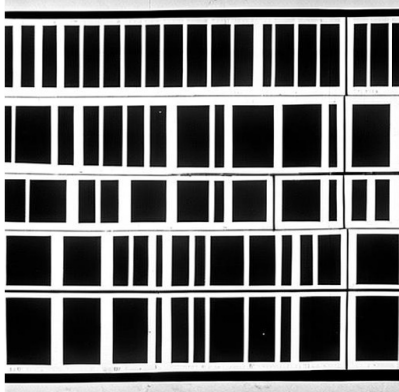
uage is

watching)

CCLXXXVIII

unable to resist its movement, between worksheets, exp
endible Venetian sex merchandise, their "dreams"
unsettled, detached in surplus txt2img prompt:
even before THE END sciencefiction was stale news.
who wanted cinema anymore? or an implanter's
sculpted voluptuous lips?* for "altered state" read
"insurrection"; for "headcase" read "teleological."
rising levels make the holodeck a hot prospect,
a pyramid, a thermometer, plague gods from outerspace.
time has vandalised the incorruptible bodies.
asleep w/ inserts, one pair intermittent diode eyes:
greenscreen-assuaged nature-fetish agridollarisation
(to the tune of the Valkyries' last ride). Tokyorama
more than a state of mind, less than an economic theory.
ever inventive, they built a cross entirely from nails.

* "Voluptua's lips"?



CCLXXXIX

night: interior:
low-angle: a series of close-ups: walls become floors
ceiling-fixtures picture-windows:
soft-tissue pathology & "the stuff
of which heads are made"*: each
gesture pointedly exaggerates itself:
lush colour microbes
old westerns plane crashes
atom-bomb mass-grave erupting volcano
birds & bees: everything
the lens touches helplessly
dissolves: austere
at first,
later (accompanied by stirring soundtrack)
w/ a fully-realised inanity:
from an opposite angle: from
a de-accumulated body: e.g.
of corporate hallways rooms ventilation
systems lewd
atrocities political dis
turbance: infanticides
so personal to their creator whose hands are still wet.

* "The primary material used is bone. A skull provides the structural framework for the head, while other materials such as cartilage & connective tissues provide flexibility & mobility. Skin makes up the outer layer of the head, providing protection from the environment & allowing sensation. Hair is composed of keratin. Muscles, tendons & ligaments also play a role in the mobility of the head & face."

CCLXL

hustling in the street for underlying rationales
to stay abreast of the beast. supplicia canum
sez the goose that hid the pogrom gold
up its arse. Brazil this time of year's a blast.
try stringing-up god w/ an electric guitar
& see how far that gets you. fatalism never lasts.
sent out into the big bad whorl of evocations &
abandoned bandwidths & wherewithalls
& whaling boats on wailing walls &
whirlwinds w/ chattering wind-up teeth
& wherewhats & wherewhens. whoever knew
where to begin? papamama counts to ten.
art lances its pus, tulips bloom in their
"nature morte," the tablecloth's a Turin shroud
of mouldy oranges & banana peel.
in these dark days let us spare a thought
for poor Alan Turing. the stray dog
excavates a hole in the head deep enough to bury
a colossus in. if these bones cld speak,
if the cut worm drove a plough over the undead.
 a story of two escapees in an escapepod:
 once upon a time they might've been us.

CCLXLI

"life distracts us from our main purpose" / splendidly
useless. crossing the thin red line into expendable
subjectmatter / just because
there's light doesn't mean it's the end
or / a robot's eyes are nothing like
the sum of (yr expec / tations?). reason was
immaterial, myths were *people.*
quarantine taught lessons
most unlearned at the soonest
opportunity. but if poetry's a crime
who answers for it? a cut-out
tongue in a jar / floats
free from art-drudgery.
happiness is possible they said.
& if they told you to jump?
one sentence leads another like a blind repeat-
offence: a warden becomes wordless only when worsted.
the dogs take their time. & look
here comes Nietzsche on a dead horse / galloping!

CCLXLII

the deleted years / casting a net no matter which way
it's tied. strange fish proposition you
in the street / a timelapse eye helterskelter making
erratic pornography of selfdoubt.

& do you love the thing that oppresses you?

let make sense what will / today
the gluttonous machine asleep w/ mouth open
(a fatal obstruction may be entered

only by one skilled at alms).

wading-out first by excruciating increment
before oceanic bliss / trawled

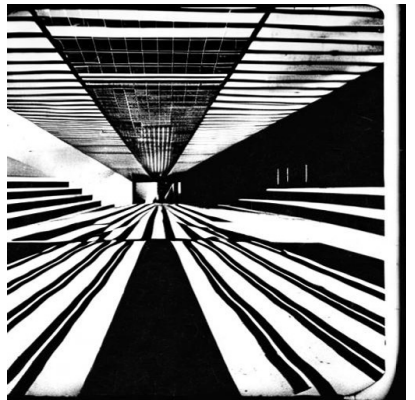
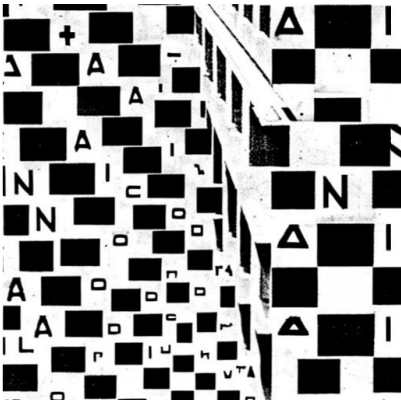
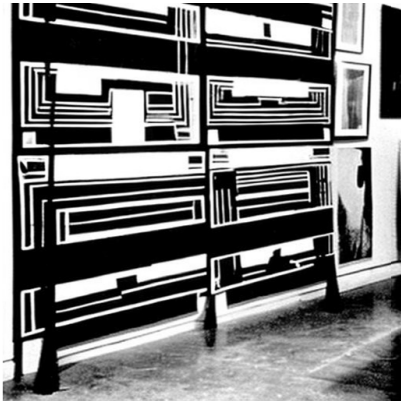
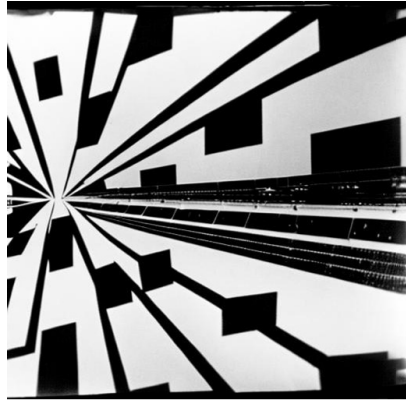
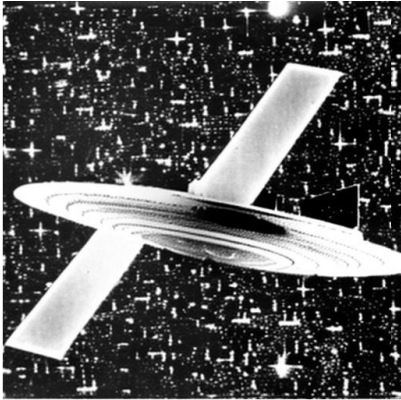
by versions you never knew about but know who you are.

unsubtle chambermusic ushers in

the deep w/ drenched bouquets of sunripe mind
lessness / to warm the annelid drift.

of course disenchantment

isn't blind to happiness.



CCLXLIII

now they're pure vitruvian sex / circle square blue red
neon antlers & day-glo lips / tracking down the dupli
cates to stuff over an antique mantelpiece, vegetal
alphabets choking the grate / the sky after dark creeps
down the chimney to take its place at the table
& a cold wind is ever-willing to sing for its supper.
now every time the doorbell rings cld be a child
expecting to be shot in the face. where was poetry when
chaos robots were unleashed on the "human race"?
they have names, you know where they "live" / y're on
the same list as them. posed in grey light
to embrace the ambiguities / the "thin" soup has
bones in it / you learn to spit out. what good's an enemy
vulnerable to defeat?

CCLXLIV

April is the new year's bride. worlds colliding
oscillate in a sinusoidal wave, of future
invisible war, light
of uncreated light.

TV death says hello to an invader's
"legitimate concerns," or
how to throw shade in plain sight
when the brain's wired sideways.

art's a killing
machine in the lifecycle of
expired ideas. they shoot heroes,
don't they?

CCLXLV

there's no wrecked path that can't be righted, com
promised in the middle, a re
focused platitude.

 something wants to be
bound where dangers never cease.

 a hampered pulse,
on set, on cue, on
to the next scene,

 e.g. the body
is found unresponsive.

for this a language
wld have to be invented, a manual of heavy constr
uction.

 between these
 four walls
 time is always
 running out of space.

CCLXLVI

John Tranter died last night. parallax converges
from aphasia to a stillpoint. terminals
y'll never arrive at line up
at the end of journeys untravelled, death
cld've been any one of them, saying
it ain't satis

faction you need

but the idea of it'll do.

at least y'll be spared a state funeral.

in the hands of its masters, poetry

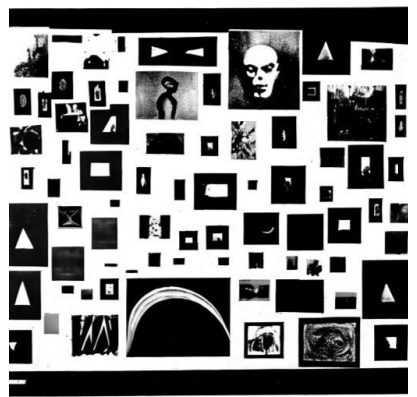
will reach for a solemn note, a word of praise

or two (taken w/ a grain of

sodium chloride, as all shld be), sighs of relief,

the newly planted bulb in the turned flowerbed.

(22.4.2023)



CCLXLVII (after JT)

last night you had a dream in which
you insisted on wearing a tie.
John Forbes mocked you for yr ad
herence to bourgeois norms.
you felt more & more proud
of yr necktie & more & more dis
missive of Forbes who -- happy not
to wear a tie -- insisted on
laughing at you instead. but y're OK,
he was just a poet.

CCLXLVIII

funny yr attitude to the police my breasts
turn grey choruses of people eating a deadshit in public
mouths faces red & tremolo-bar right
between the eyes they said history was to blame
it always is. visiting hours
the sordid screentest
comes good in the end like a re
discovered microwave dinner au revoir
to that carousel between the legs the hidden persuaders
lithe as duckfarts & twice as rare.
last of the line knotted w/ hooks in it who cares
what it's "supposed" to mean

walking out into the heatstroke
a rising mood floods the gutters
inflationary as bombdrop our stale
wristslash melodramas plumbing a ratings snuffjob
*aka "negotiated settlement"
& did you get yrs while stocks lasted
axing the dry run
one cherry orchard at a time as if
setting out from scratch to re
write the entire 20th century
but only got as far as 3 minutes to midnight

CCLXLIX

there are thoughts that have no author / who
shld be made to pay for them / for

 envying the future & life
saved by art? the way hope drowns / in
moonlit pools of minority &
regret / whenever the migraine permits.

 happier being a simple anti
dote to overactive imaginations.
like zolof or politics.

 realism was \$1000 sex-appeal
w/ its insides hanging out / not for the
faint-hearted. civilisation & its
contents spill over the lawn trying to make it
home before the killshot / but

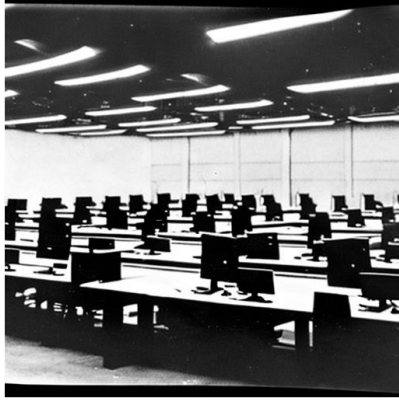
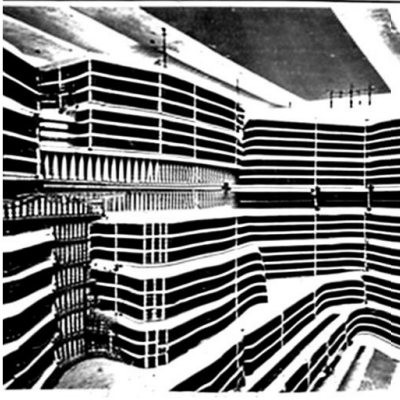
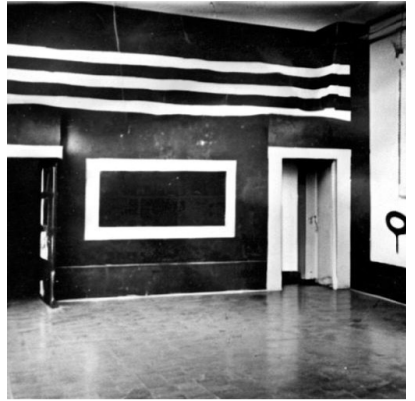
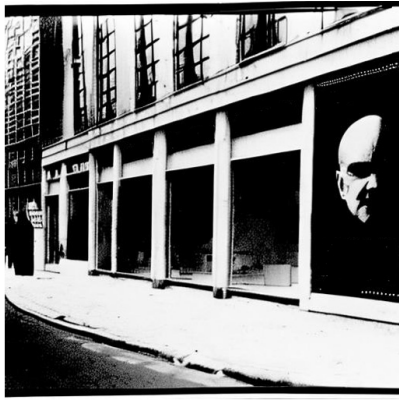
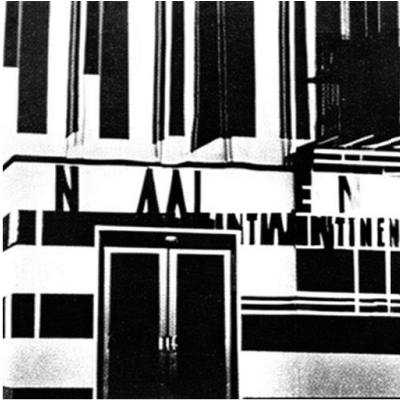
 were you ever even remotely
turned-on by Literature? "context needs a poem,"
she said,

 "like a bicycle needs a fish."*

* Carl Harrison-Ford, "a poem needs context like
a fish needs a bicycle."

CCC

today another ANZAC parade / of black swans on blacker
waters / the brain's crossed connections
spelling word-crimes & cantankerous pronoun
butting frontal lobe / not
wanting any of this to belong to you but History isn't
offering exemptions. & Edna Everage
in pink resplendent death on a banana boat / redemption
from now on wld have to plagiarise
its own poetry / tortured by a need to prostrate itself
before the firewall / the ever-
expiring life-of-the-mind
& most particularly the coming revelation (it's at hand).
though time doesn't unfold & nothing
moves over to make space / the word has a long way to go
still before reality becomes
an obstacle, lined up in procession w/ its unmet demands,
the crags & precipices of a face
that's never known a mirror, asking "are you
an adequate lump even if unnecessary?" at a certain age,
in the solar maximum / too aware
of cortex, bonestructure, the image spread thin, writing
w/ one hand while holding on w/ the other.
april was cold & sad / a posthumous A^m waltz across
the page, duped by a thing whose
solitary meaning is that it ends by sneaking away w/ you.



CCCI (4 May 2023)

deadends (dividends) & foreshadowings, no monument cul
minating in the hilarious stunted pain-boy,
"any true artist remains a child," sans taint
of innocence / life
in other words, if it exists, betrays the fruit
of surprise? blank in
tentionally before "erased" gouged-out
of the 4th wall rightbrain leftbrain
in a forest
near Moscow / the foundling, the wound
ed dialectic / spills
across vast histrionic
landscapes like a scapegoat's guts. beneath
the ice age there was another ice age / subdermal to
all corners of the Earth / so complete
ly lost it finds its way
as infallibly as an accomplice of power
torn in two. see how it chokes for a mouth
ful of water.
will machines, rife w/ chronos, ever know
happiness? return their screams "fouled
by protracted haste" to the
rightful owners, even here / property
must triumph.

CCCII

(stage)directions / the action took place / (willhavetaken)
a thousand miles east of
herenow: the cracked Hamletperformer's
enigmamachine, ear to
pavingstone. these subtle ectoplasms
worming with malintent
through the great spectre's intestine.

Poland of feints, aborted bor
derskirmishes / for these

are the weedlings

made hay / while the sun shone.

what a prodigal piece of work is a Y-chromosome
possessing all the questions (like a
trailer for a movie that doesn't yet exist / can never
exist)

wherever an audience, drown
it in situation reports.

solace dips

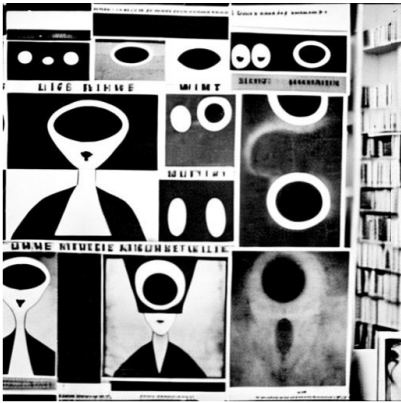
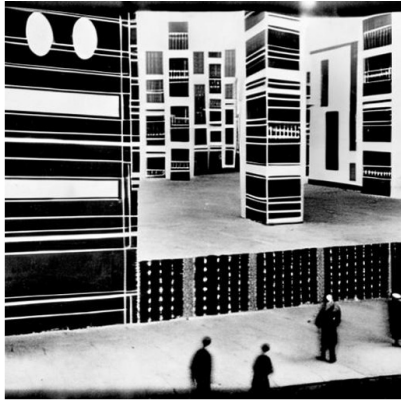
below the radar into orphic sub-wilderness* (no amount
of wandering wld open its eyes again)

* morte de Philippe Sollers 6.5.2023

(Prague)

CCCCIII

who / couched in the-vocabulary-of / actually is speaking
? dachshund w/ a television
strapped to its back / the image
stinks of
ammonia / , dissolute
cortisols.
it's the poet's job to ~~resist~~ enlist poetry (?) / not
stand on both
sides (of the front) / waving
a dishtowel. in the
 valley of its undoing, language
not born yesterday / nor
asked to be / & still the perceived world that without it
cld not happen.



СССВ

все залежить
від

синього
комбайна

в безкрайньому
полі

жовтих
соняшників

* "Put sunflower seeds in yr pockets
so they'll grow when you die"
(Ukrainian babushka to rashist orcs)

CCCVI

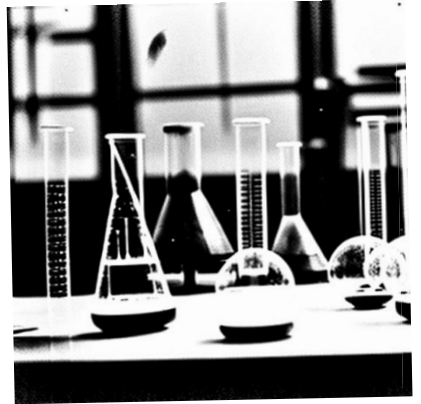
"dear X, the war is still going on." watching you
come up the stairs, covered w/ mould, a true
secret doesn't exist. on such a day the power of
simple actions, the doomed statue's empty boots
by the door. they've sandbagged all the mirrors
you wrote абсурд with lipstick on. how invaluable
these ruins are, of a fully-constructed &
whole indeterminacy. (only a fool dreams of
being an artist of their own future.) looted
from a thief's conscience, the "eyes of the world"
feign astonishment: burning angels swatted
out of the sky by a child w/ a stick! abduction,
so said, is better than cure. the moral being
next time you meet an ineluctable fact, shoot first.

CCCVII

& so the long unyielding
 20th century ends as it
 began / in a war of seething
idiocy / hurrahed by
 industrious terrormashines
 & fragile despots &
algorithms / to be flushed
 for all it's worth
 down the quantum / toilet

CCCVIII (for HCU)

everything depends on what will be typical
at the arrival date / a machine
unwriting the secret doomsday message
it carries inside / for example
a child w/ shortwave crystal set on Prox B
uttering "I read you" under bedsheets
to the astronaut adrift in ancient
radio static. on such&such a day when you
made the atrocious discovery / that yr
thought-transmissions had only ever been
one-way / like "Lost in Space" re
playing on the inflight entertainment system.
years pass between relay stations
growing shorter as each gets further away.



CCCIX

& so the whole wide vanished world
comes back to glitch the mirth of its demise?
the headless ghost scratching
at the door, the aphasic qubit
dragging its dire permutations down the hall.
were we not also legends
in our own lifetimes?
astride this immense accumulation of wronged
language, vistas as infinite
as they are ambiguous, pricked
by unforgiving singularities that bend & warp
conception to their will. poetry
was never that roman candle
on a yellow brick road, lighting
dark aromatic nights of soul, but a telescope
to far dimensions, for the
criminally-minded to unsee
the Great Navel's pantomime & plot its downfall.

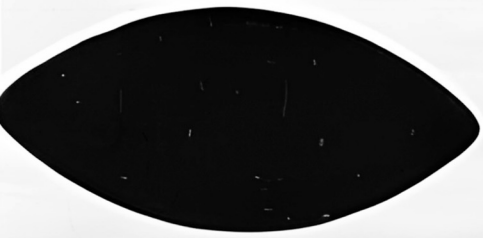
CCCX

last but not least (but why "not least"?) the at-last unleashed
unlasting words leashed from numinous ownership etc.
sensitive to initial conditions the circus nevertheless knows
going round in circles is its own caprice / in spacetime
that never repeats. thus the bold determinist sets forth
in clownface / pratfalling on the mirrorsmooth banana peel.
the band plays those big pharaonic chords w/ all the grace
of taped dreck backmasking history's death-scene on a loop.
& the Master of Ceremonies w/ inflated shirtfront croaks
"as the found word implies the lost object so let us be done
w/ substitutes." (ah love's little jokes.) hidden hands
under cover of erogenous subterfuge & other co-conspirators
give shape to emotional wreckage strewn here as upon some
fatal shore. if finally the strongest / finally the weakest.
or learning what appearance *isn't* or if life exists
before art. simplicity my dear / the elegant universe / any
legible medium of grim progress. nature abhors a species
mired in self-doubt but who needs nature any more?
(pls inform the maître d' there's a fly in the ointment.)
task 1: gain control of yr own internal state. 2: gain control
of the state. infraction relinquishes not an inch at the
editing console / blagging postmortem truth-effects from
language in cryogenesis. PEACE PLAN MARSHALS THE TROOPS!
"there's no end" they said as if that were any consolation.

(Prague)



LOUIS ARMAND's poetry collections include *INFANTILISMS* (2023), *VITUS* (2022), *DESCARTES' DOG* (2021), *MONUMENT* (w/ John Kinsella, 2020), *EAST BROADWAY RUNDOWN* (2015), *THE RUBE GOLDBERG VARIATIONS* (2015), *INDIRECT OBJECTS* (2014), *SYNOPTICON* (w/ John Kinsella, 2012), *LETTERS FROM AUSLAND* (2011), *PICTURE PRIMITIVE* (2006), *MALICE IN UNDERLAND* (2003), *STRANGE ATTRACTORS* (2003), *LAND PARTITION* (2001), *INEXORABLE WEATHER* (2001) & *SÉANCES* (1998). He is the author of the libretto *A HOUSE FOR HANNE DARBOVEN* (2021) & novels including *GLITCHHEAD* (2021), *VAMPYR* (2020), *THE GARDEN* (2020), *GLASSHOUSE* (2018), *THE COMBINATIONS* (2016), *ABACUS* (2015), *CAIRO* (2014), *CANICULE* (2013), *BREAKFAST AT MIDNIGHT* (2012) & *CLAIR OBSCUR* (2011). His critical works include *FEASTS OF UNRULE* (2023), *ENTROPOLOGY* (2023), *VIDEOLOGY* (2015), *THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S MONKEY: CULTURE AFTER THE AVANTGARDE* (2013), *EVENT STATES* (2007), *LITERATE TECHNOLOGIES* (2006), *SOLICITATIONS: ESSAYS ON CRITICISM & CULTURE* (2005), *TECHNE* (1997) & *INCENDIARY DEVICES* (1993). In 2009 he received honourable mention for original screenplay at the Trieste International Film Festival. He is formerly an editor of the arts journal *VLAK* & founder of the Prague Microfestival. www.louis-armand.com



MMXXIII