

autumn '07
starfish
No. 6
.....

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Tasha Klein

Dreams: mobile

“to feel you’re not two billion other unselfes is enough” – ee. Cummings

-1-

the doomed
invent help
and a secret window

the bruise is really a coral colored crystal

around the doorknob:
beasts split &
spit

on hot pillows
lips
part

give it to me, baby!

eyes possess the power of reckless
rubbing
or
in a blink
wide fields of
stairways & haunches

-2-

and so / the girl
moves in margins

nipples kidnapped
nuzzle
heavy metal

italicized
the contraption
shuts

&

his strokes fill her completed body
with long knots of shadows

who's winning now?

shaggy
bonbon fingers
cream puff
late as snow
outside
rain starts to fall in clear strings
the razzle-dazzle of lightning
hits the ceiling

-3-

she remembers
the first time he came in her
she thought he was on the other side of the ocean

I'm making the waves too strong..

as her new brows grow in
too thin
she watches him through webs
and a million haunted cell/Ohs

once when she was at work
he moved her errors
and added a throne

-Later-

she wakes to dark skies
tumbling
into darker skies
and all the strings of rain have turned into ropes
she starts to search for some comfort he may have left behind

a sheet of angel dots:
tiny ushers covered in mist

the air is breathtaking, too big

-on the screen -

a funny commercial:

a girl whipping her shiny hair

back and forth

mouthless face

faintly glowing

-The Next Day-

piles of grayish light

option

lit

up

on the screen

please order more

what was the sense in that

the rain ropes were still falling

fatter & harder

all was as it had been

growing up was a lie

and her joints ached

she stands mute on the faded glass floor

one ear on and glittering

-phantom of the opera - the music of night-

we did know each other in france

my face was moon-sheer

and I wore a white gown

we stood in a place where branches hung

with all their brilliant leaves

slowly turning

you had been stripped of your birth-right

and had a cheek on one ash smudge

and I..

I was already dying of fear

your eyes said

calm

and

open

but squatting next to you

was the red outline

of a demon

-Static-

in the steam / stream
of the shower
my thoughts begin to unbraid

victims of too much heat

the fat cat
slides one paw
beneath the door

-At Work-

accused seams
gruel supper

forms copied
only to be filled in

strolling through the long corridors, keys jingling
she remembers running through alleys
his feet: brown & bare
fumbling hands
empty pockets

sickly stray dogs
ferocious fangs
& in the rotting garbage
a tarnished chain
hung with tears

oh! my love!
don't let me stay
stuck
in past progressive tense

Okay, but I seem to be tacked to black paths.

-The Rain Suddenly Stops-

on the 4th level, the 3rd floor deck
glistens

“pretty plain, loony-sane”

once, during the time of heavy bell ringing
they took a nap on a round
wrought iron
balcony
he broke their circled rhythm by making
beads of blood appear on his skin

her first instinct was to lick them
acre by acre until her tongue became
too sticky and greedy

-Other Things.. The Night Sends Back Too Quickly-

laughter
jumpy solace
blocks
masks, rocks, false pretense

alienation

mosquitoes &
deep prisons

~~~

even when we are connected  
we aren't connected  
that would make it all too real

---

# Marcus Tang

## *Hetero anal basil dripping fastidious flavour*

---

Huge portion of meat skin trap craps grilled clappers served  
carnivorous beef fetish performance century-old bizarre kink a worthy  
addition to assortment of stuffed bladders single-page orifice t-bone  
urethra from shaving 100% cream penis private Spartan enjoys envy  
prosiutto in Tuscan fresh dressing applied grossed out pussy unique  
marsala cream fastidious enema topped with edible cousin manifesting  
tuna mixed porcini dysfunction body-cavity abuse sage-seasoned capers  
cold psychiatric limoncello pasta-ized traumasmen eating dried out pussy assortment  
of teetering asparagus emotion  
feet dripping hetero anal basil sprinkling flavour enjoying bruschetta a mid summer  
night's vengeance overcomes penis enema invasions  
proclamation of stuffed bunny love taming of money  
bags farcical girl  
action adventure has nothing to do with permanent crawling  
melo-emotional-drama puns Chinese take-outs of cunnilingus stopped  
with loneliness fears of Shakespeare both in public and private  
balances anthill of Bordeaux women protestation on giant portable  
bologna rides a long snivel intervention of lowbrow audience ass  
diggers offers envy and jealousy song-and-dance corpses fastidious entertainment

dissipated tyler shock dissolves glamorous martyr suffering complex in the 85%  
holiest ass

Making how your working had beneficiary ingenuity  
let's force it through that adult  
workplace seek joked virgo  
take back year learned power sacred deeply mission  
2007 unique even better  
better become sensitive tune halfway capitalizing few value  
but make clarifying through pointed ground  
new arts cosmic take exorcising  
pain-in-the-ass birthday graduate receptive on astonishment  
perverse lost audio shed fascination  
pisces take from beat satisfaction

Destroyed genital floored 49 doctors  
possible herpes believe serious trust  
trouble found loving sex in 47-year-old wife  
countless outbreak in last 20 years didn't bring back contracted marriage  
sexually misinformed douchebaggery dots virus condom  
competent douchebag transmitted against love attacks

conservative closet in Michigan is odd, gay and relevant without a lesbian  
between the sexual GOP & personal thugs matter, Americans' rabidly antigay  
process heads brutal attacking sorry straight figures with little savvy self-hating  
compassion  
beaten young kid to death in south carolina advised sexual senior assholes

Metropolitan Brutes

Vile Straight-bashing death

---

# Angela Genusa

## *she being Brand*

---

what all the heroines had known in the final pages just the kind of miracles six million dollars in plastic surgery could do A History of Prostitution Women and the Masculine in Poe Melville & Cole Porter the new fetishisms but a gift in the world of exchange profile asp searching=True& username=Svetlana Thousands of Hot Russian brides and beautiful Ukrainian women looking for big brother bingo in disappointment you may turn to substitutes even Marilyn Monroe was a man but this tends to get over looked by our mother-fixated Subject Verb Object I apple pie Subject Verb Object I apple pie FREE to a good home PERSONALIZED LOVE smell of forty dollars on Captain Armpit Bay Rum Spiced Aftershave Balm G strings Bikinis and Stripper clothing in D Minor you do this for me and I'll do this for you jimmy swaggart queering heterosexuality 'otherness' which cannot be recuperated in the service of and self aggrandizement supply and demand is its cornerstone the most infamous example of Baudelaire's alchemical experiments is the 'Une Charogne' in which the decaying carcass Whatever Happened to Your First Love Find Out HOT DATE the place for those who all you can eat buffet Window Blinds And Roller Shade Dealers of CNN breathlessly breaking in with BREAKING NEWS you agree that you are 18 years old or over if you continue and make before a roaring fire on a bearskin rug it'll refuse to continue the orgy until you agree to its demand use semicolons. O Pussy. my. What a beautiful Pussy you are. You are. You are! Read and submit amateur and Totally Free Personal Ads! Oh. Im lucky in ! Yes I've got the winning touch Lucky in ! the sexy way she holds that razor You Are About To Increase Your Chances Of Sweeping A Beautiful Woman Off Her Feet you agree that the love you are about to send is for educational.

## *KHAQQ Calling Itasca*

---

KHAQQ calling Itasca  
to peruse a civilian aircraft.

but cannot see you. Gas is running  
we must be on you, but cannot

see you. gas is running low: we are  
calling Itasca . We must be on you

low. Last radio communiqué before her  
. Gas is running low." After

here) At 20:14 GMT she broadcast

“ KHAQQ calling Itasca , we must

are flying north and south.” in  
but cannot see you. Gas is running

and 6210 Khz “ KHAQQ calling  
itasca . I am sure he said something

down the light. I’m afraid to go  
one five seven dash three three

the first woman to fly solo across  
, we must be on you, but cannot

she said and then the static drowned  
.Not everything that can be

calling Itasca . We must be on you  
gas is running low been unable to

Itasca . Position sic 157°/337°. Will  
, we must be on you, but cannot

20:14 GMT She broadcast on 3105 and  
.d KHAQQ calling Itasca . Period.

---

# Kek-W

## *I, Spider*

---

My bathroom is full of blind people.

They knock over my toiletries with their canes and touch each other's faces with their slender, sensitive fingers. They tilt their heads and listen to the taps drip. Seeing-eye dogs defecate on the landing outside, yelping as they copulate. A glass eye floats in the toilet-bowl.

I carve a bag of apples into tiny little skulls, then place them on your windowsill and watch them turn brown.

I stand still and refuse to move. Years pass and a delicate layer of frost forms on my skin. Handicapped children are born. The neighbours move out.

I am an unlikely anchor, tethered to the sky. Clouds the colour of cough syrup swirl past my empty eye-sockets. The horizon is a vast purple bruise.

A pair of tramps are playing ping-pong in the launderette. Medusa-headed women scuttle across the car-park on spindle-like spider-legs, stiletto heels skidding in their own sick.

There is no love left in this world any more, no oxygen. No sun, no moon, no curtain-rails. They're pulling down the discoteques and building ski-lifts.

But all I want to do is chase your shadow through the rain.

---

# Sisters Free From Bondage

## *Listen To the Clouds*

---

---

Oils concealed, corporeal methods of cold fire, superfluous Luna.

Bodies.

Immovable form and crystal transposition.

Alive.

Nature itself.

Simple heaven and water found by Scorpio.

See?

a sixth material.

Spirits dead; Luna and

To spirit Mercury, of days white, brightness, beautiful  
heaven metals, Venus heat, heathens making note.

Body of Mars, mixture extracting in Mars.

Certain is Saturn.

Burn alone.

Plainly noticing.

another. Properties from Venus, glass or

place of fire which they conquered. Primitive Aquarius, the virtues;

Consume Saturn.

There is difficulty.

Various stones, perfect sort of weight; one's matters and crystal affinity in

spirit, the method seizing, heat bright and with nature and Luna, it corrupts?

Made without metals.

Pugnacious Sol withstanding amiable Luna.

Life tinges me, fabricating flowers to metals, from nature.

Hidden canon.

Mixed metals cold.

Change frequently to  
cauldrons, operating.

Brightness of coals, the sort nature wishes incorruptible.

Mercury liquefied, his alchemical dust, celestial  
and illustration of lost fire.

The essence and you.

Enclosed transformation  
of occult signs.

Crushed wisdom found a little truth.

Cold person, Luna of color; fluid heaven,  
mortify metals.

Stone corruption for me.

Saturn is imperfect.

Spirits manifest the natural hope into  
better treatises, this rust, and ashes.

Greater truth in communion and in avarice.

The very canon.

Concerning nearly perfect metals, corrupted.

“Goldness” burning  
metallic, transmutation of lighter fluid.

Luna.

Seventh wisdom remains, cold is heat.

Observe the man.

Alchemy.

There is sense.

The amalgamations of Luna.

Vessel of that spirit and this color wave.

**Find Heaven.**

---

# John Tischer

## *This Is Now the Time*

---

The monkeys don't even know they're caged,  
in fact, they love the saccharine taste  
of the bars as they lick them.

These marvelous flavors accumulated  
over the decades of use: sweat, grease, vomit,  
vaseline, blood and come mingle and swarm  
as the hidden herbs of the universe,  
swelling and rising over ecstatic buds of taste.

"We're done, my friend."  
the leader of our group said  
as he got up to go out,  
into the limousine to his coke,  
to his driver, to his so called life.

"It's all good, 84th and Lexington,  
Save the Robot, they've got after hours till 6.  
Grace Jones cut a guy's arm off last week.  
Luckily he can still masturbate  
as an arm challenged, disabled, urine stained  
zipper individual.  
It'll be live till dawn."

Reeking of brilliance,  
My whisky soaked breath scares you  
because you don't know what  
you're going to get.

Yet, we all love it because  
We breathe the same air, flesh  
Rotten crotch,  
manic laughter and  
obsession with sex, ultimate  
stupidity.

He even likes eating bison  
nipples ripped immediately  
off the milk filled breasts  
of lactating, smelly, hairy  
snorting monsters...chewing madly.

He was satisfied, for now...

Signifying particles or pure  
intensities screethed across  
the rusted gutters of rationality.

Copper tendrils eviscerated the  
monopoly of a few golden arches...  
the jewels began to shine in their eyes.

Luminosity is seeing that cables  
may support the bridge but the metal  
itself is a disease...yet, we only need  
placebos because we're hypochondriacs.

Drinking six month old chunky  
bitter, sour milk....mixed with frothy rotten  
orange juice....emitting bubbles that tickle  
the nostrils.....a whole in one.....the next level  
was a sound bitten deli sandwich,  
but the pickle was delicious...

it's back to the senses...  
back to the senses now...  
now senses the to back.

The old toad sat at the table  
with an AK 47 chomping his cigar,  
a beautiful salamander sucking his  
AC/DC, which was a rich,  
jade green color with yellow  
pus oozing slowly out of  
a dozen bloody eruptions....

Meanwhile his drink was empty, so,  
he screamed for the waitress. She slithered over  
on her shiny tentacles and said:

"If you want a drink, tell me a joke"

“It’s all good.”

The salamander laughed so hard  
she bit his organ off.  
He kept laughing, he couldn’t stop,  
it felt like he was reliving his circumcision

The black holding the broom  
smiled knowingly.

Echoing throughout the halls  
and rooms and closets...  
radiating out from the confessional  
where I stood, my white collar askew.

My night with the living dead was very  
intimate. I found myself pre-dead,  
already dead, dead with a minimal  
chance of survival.

When I take off my collar and get undressed  
and go to bed I don’t know what  
religion I dream.

Mel Gibson stumbled into the bar,  
eyes bleary with Jesus: “You’re it!  
You were born to play Jesus! What’s your name?!!”  
“Toshiro Mifune....how’s Katie Yates these days?  
I’m really interested in your process with George,  
if you don’t mind my looking into your oven....  
because I’m allergic to Japanese food.”

---

# Darren Sobel

## *Lost Shine*

---

Wild flocks  
of dark  
assorted birds  
intensifying  
the sky

fry  
sizzle

sweat  
beads rolling  
down the  
temples  
insinuating  
love and  
mayhem

the witches  
wine  
stream thought  
twinkling  
in your  
hard night  
of old glacial  
tunes  
gutting the  
valley of  
the green rock

melting  
corridors  
of shredded  
boulders

the blue mold  
grows  
on the false  
agony of  
rocks

as you  
cling to  
the surface  
of a silver  
dollar  
puddle  
shimmering  
the sky's  
blue fire

waiting  
for you  
to toss  
a wink of  
a coin  
into its  
lost shine.

---

# Jesse L. Jones

## *Folding in places that you were not meant*

---

Who suck more Vacuum < Broom?  
coco-pump gold panties...piss in the cooler.  
Melt good serpent strangle yo yo mantis ANGLE demonic candy drool.  
Lips chip in death breath. Whale fat eat human cake.  
Feather tickle wrinkled feet for money.  
Diamond shapes are horrible. Kids and and and and and adults.  
Nothing \_\_\_\_\_.  
Blood, guts, nuns, sluts.  
Queer fancy frolic modern combat.  
Dance Dance revolution. Hunger warrior ancient panther.  
Miniature airplane ballet.  
Roman empire has false freakish rumors about flowers and cum shots.  
Surf extreme ninja star ice cream REtarD.  
Head neck and face dripping wet with your hands on the floor.  
Yoga Yoda sky walker consumes your motherblubbing brain.  
6:00am.  
Bling Bling Spinning rims and VOLTRON.  
Earphone blast ramble scramble handles.  
Love juices fresh squeezed from her backside.  
Code flow robo-vomit, enlarge the piano and  
slaughter the men and women.  
Draw blood from fruit and take it into your body.  
Destroy heaven in a single breath.  
Happy panda sets the mood.  
What gives milk [animal < VEGETABLE]?  
Feed nose bleed noodle vomit.  
Scolding hot ass cheeks dance hypnotically. Page after page of torment,  
drizzled over your eyes. Tornado chubby chaser/ hurricane hermaphrodite.  
Symbols of death written in crayon.  
Texas love shows, and dirty nights spent alone.  
Summer babes and shallow graves. Plastic tubing umbilical disaster.  
Harvest human body parts for use in modern works of art.

..... Fade out...

-----

---

... ..Fade in

Lie down and pour fresh honey on your head.  
Open wings fly on their own, and the clouds swallow it whole.  
Fake Nose, ears, eyes, and mouth. We run this b!tch.  
Ugly orgy; cutie pie-hole. The champagne is fantastic!  
Feel the weak beat of her heart as our mother earth dies.  
Implant cyber maggot gang rape.  
Giant love kitten comes to your town to ruin the cattle.  
fluffy pink maggoty exploded inside-out A&#036;&#036;  
mouth-watering crystal pink water fountain  
choking smoke pink skies  
pink dogs eat my face off while i lie  
drunk, on the @..&#036;&@..! poison of the man!@..  
how i long to regain my mobility and cut his big pink d!ck off ..\*@(!!!??!?)  
.  
uhm.... end....I love you

---

# Virginia Rowlands

## Honey Makes You Funny

---

tomato red soft  
bitter sweet  
red yellow  
green pink  
orange alphabet  
hemlock  
Green leaves  
the stake

ox heart tomato  
heart red  
pink  
as a xylophone  
bruised  
as on my bottom  
inside of my  
lovers mouth

tomato, star topped  
green on red  
sharp star cuy, slipped  
on the breath of my  
sigh  
at the moment  
you  
laughed

[cut] fill'd  
rain  
newness  
christened unnamed  
because  
there were no words for the movement  
of blood

---



## **Prisoners are Entitled**

---

Fission and fusion are conspiring  
in covert collaborations  
with entangling alliances,  
to test the short term tenants  
of White House, White Hall, Kremlin,  
with abodes well endowed  
with powerful polemics,  
that don't inform the public,  
that unauthorized splitting  
of misunderstood atoms,  
may be punishable by:  
contamination.....  
destruction.....  
eradication.....  
despite timely intervention of  
Habeas Corpus,  
Geneva convention,  
International inspection,  
Ephemera.....

---

# Alistar Baker

## *the secrets of Ticino*

---

son,  
aciculate like a libertarian;  
balmily use your mental toothpick  
on your listeners--  
but not tiredly  
you know what you must tell.  
listen to your PCP program  
it will sell.

yes father,

ahem  
this gospel  
was borne of the monogram.  
true, it is untoward  
spineless,  
and insidious;  
and true, Houston Romanizes  
us all,  
but gloomy is the  
typical cabinetry of our minds--  
coppery as well;  
but if we listen,  
these words purify our woodwork-DNA;  
our history of spawning progeny  
disliked obtrusive half-breeds  
lengthening our family tree  
appallingly;

yes we may find remedy  
in the invertebrate transmissions of PCP,

surprisingly.  
PCP is uniformed  
and it hides a perfect epistemology  
with equal parts quickness  
and lucidity,  
as if you see  
through a windshield  
to a woman in leather  
clicking her two-step.

Therefore, I declare to you, pappy,  
and all else  
--who I cannot see--  
and to all who call from the grave  
--with a jolt--

PCP is the answer for all!

let me share its lessons;  
for my dead pappy insists I do;  
and our dead selves  
telepathically request it  
for all our benefit.

share your fetishisms  
with the yucky,  
drake, toiletry  
of your true mind;  
lengthen the snow berry  
which  
strives to grow but cannot;  
for without the fertilizer of PCP,  
typically,  
the unfertile dirt  
hidden in our mossy,  
dingy, unclean cabinetry  
in the attic  
the snowberry  
lay dormant.  
so let us  
beautify our attic  
with PCP.  
open the attic window  
soon we will  
slowly taste its  
poison through the winter

behold thankfully  
the berry rises mightily  
saves all our family  
from half-breeds;  
it did this for me  
and now you  
and this good news  
jolts my dead father's spirit.  
a reminder that now  
I must speak against dactyls,

and so, instead,  
I speak of Lucy  
in the sky of diamonds as well,

she is tiring yet heartwarming  
but she cannot abominate via  
the Tupi-Guarani  
assemblage language  
like PCP  
through fear.

for PCP gives us a new voice,  
a new program,  
for each strand  
of DNA;  
it shows the way.  
while LSD is a misuse of the mental workstation--  
though refreshingly semi-quavering,  
passionate,  
temperate,  
areocentric,  
and gleeful--  
LSD's narrow mental band detonates  
unimpeded  
many schnooks in history  
draining them  
and tainting the good  
entheogenic rep  
enjoyed by our PCP  
fraternity.

due to LSD  
I take on life tiredly  
and too early,  
knowing full well  
our PCP  
is like a Grecian vase;  
a deep achievement  
like the invention of the teeter board.  
it gives us  
results tangibly,  
while LSD  
is like a treadmill  
or noisy like a sawmill  
scattering the dust of  
our conceptually solid minds  
taxing us redundantly.

yes, PCP lengthens  
non-linear tangibility to surprising dimensions  
and it makes us feel like agrarian Prussians  
overturning feudal notices;  
in contrast--  
LSD lengthens the load ruinous  
of our endless daydream practice  
and relives,  
snappishly,  
and repetitively--  
like the memory  
of the first time  
you observe yourself  
in a chase scene.

Well ...PCP does this sometimes too...  
but the strain becomes grace.  
it warms you like a log fire.  
it brings fun back to life:  
so let us film ourselves  
dressed up for a fishmonger  
and his nineteen Samoyed half-breeds  
as we pirouette  
on the big screen;  
for later we will vituperate  
all those hotshot, linear-thinkers  
(with their secret taciturn  
uplinks and messages  
to their universal workstation of  
their faux minds)  
in a sweat lodge  
where our victory  
is ensured  
by our delirious  
sweaty  
invincible  
run-on-sentence moans.

yes, I have learned  
what we may think is  
the universal workstation of mind  
is actually ungovernable  
in hindsight;  
because PCP  
is even more  
productive

useful  
and lucrative,  
principally,  
like VALIS itself.

so settle down with some pizza with me...  
let us pore over this seemingly senseless  
lexicography--  
snappishly  
and blessedly--  
yet with the respect reserved for the Vedas  
or at least the concentration observed  
for the study  
of diagonal bivalves.  
for in time,  
the providential  
polychromic,  
straight,  
tin-plated prorate  
absolutely opens the clandestine  
brain-wave declarations of:

The Secrets of Ticino  
the curmudgeon  
the senile single-footed one  
my dead father.

yes, he is the hidden entity  
behind The Epistemology.  
He is like a flannelled  
and silvery musical progeny--  
tense mellow yet stinky  
refulgent of the subliminal  
who forcefully  
plucks away at shooting star tail  
fortnightly--  
who hypnotizes us  
to listen without distraction,  
loyal to the judgment of his art

---

# Rupert Loydell

## *Prayer Rug Exorcism*

---

architectural conjugate    alphabet autobus  
carbonium agony    barrington coddle  
celebrant blowfish    constrictor assess

craftsmen dichloride    alias avowal  
citizen breastwork    delirious champagne  
apartheid designate    daredevil chuckwalla

autumn compromise    calamity din  
desolate avalanche    clamorous backscatter  
diminutive curfew    bimetal cassette

cyanate confederacy    bluebonnet access  
alloy detention    carbonium backlog  
crescent bestowal    detergent complaint

anheuser cryptographer    corpulent agent  
bloodline coalition    cutover bounce  
bookplate contestant    communicant chord

coercible ballad    census aversion  
coolheaded convulsive    artillery concuss  
destinate chorus    airmail bookend

discriminate crossbar    brickbat amphora  
bleary demurring    charcoal abutt  
chairperson coverage    abnormal convene

bedstraw commensurate    crankcase consortium  
deliberate ascension    congestive crossover  
arduous bedtime    commando child

creekside dispersal    blueprint affect  
bucolic appliance    automate dog  
dizzy antennae    cherry critique

bricklaying discovery    dahlia convention  
amputee congress    demented dog  
audience continuum    chauffeur crosscut

auto decouple commodious acute  
congruent cheekbone analeptic balm  
additive discussion cholesterol deface

barefaced alarm adventitious congestion  
catheter audit appropriate criteria  
buoyant condolence asterisk charm

artificial certainty bistable crack  
deluded blather archaic crush  
cognac choreography dervish consent

commensurate addition ceremonial aunt  
assonant compression attitude cult  
bowstring combustible bubble burlap

asbestos conversion buckwheat companion  
benzedrine aspirate conspiracy browse  
aqueduct casebook deadwood chemise

cybernet diction disruptive dirge  
asphalt beneficiary candlestick bitter  
askance contention countryside burn

---

# James Belflower

## POEM 19

---

She's gathering the fever under little brooms of  
manipulative canaries. "What's the  
news!" "Your swollen, baby, a blistered gourd, smeared  
with backhoes and steamrollers; sweaty backslapping of tan smiles.

Her eyes sandbagged, wrapped in coffee soaked  
paper. "Tundra!", I don't want emergency rooms that  
whine with cracked bone, anxious elope, panting

in feminine damask. Crumpled cocks squirm for dead  
nurses panties. Sniffers! Plump Grubbers! My forehead  
articulates like Vietnamese arguments, her strength

burly, flinging asphalt stamens. "What's the  
nudes!" your aches; and prunes have gleefully defecated  
rippling volleys down white thighs of tact.

## *PLATYPUS BILL*

---

Cupped behind  
your chin the platypus bill  
roots  
through Vieuxtemps.

This search  
echoes  
along the black candle-like fingerboard,

the nourished 'K'  
formed by the high scroll, beating  
and your lifted right leg  
ankle tipped downward  
to 4 o'clock

for awhile and then

at one end of the silent enfilade of  
light into the bedroom

she would see my thigh.

Click off  
the light behind her.

## ***THE PORTCULLIS***

---

---

Fathers left will be crossed by saws

a portcullis of wounds

Mother will struggle with  
the mornings rope away  
sneaks the arrows feet

But I've pocketed jujubes  
to lure robins spreading  
like a cloak  
    and hired  
absence my boy lain  
quartered in a trail of throats

    aimed  
roads stop like targets and

I am left a sheet  
    flung to compass points

---

# Brad Glanden

## *Uncopyrightable*

---

A vertically challenged caseophile was viciously  
attacked

By the woman who had asked for a nineteenth-century  
vivisection,

As a born-again squid let slip his secret infatuation  
with

The gentleman holding the spoon-fed arachnid.

Claiming ownership of the pink cathedral,

The guy with the onion took out a contract on the guy  
with the yam,

And the Marxist munchkin danced through the night

With some poor fellow's cadaver.

The bourgeois arachnid giggled;

The scruffy squid skedaddled.

---

# Mark Young

## *Matins*

---

Deduced from the  
functionality & stylistic  
aspects of dog  
shows, the easiest way to  
master verbs & speak  
fluently is to start  
barking & stop  
watching Fox News.

## *Lauds*

---

Easter Eggs in a  
basket, a menacing mother,  
a sweet spider— there  
is the relatively high  
possibility that each or  
any of them represents  
an a priori probability  
that the obesity trend  
will continue to  
increase in popularity.

## *Terse*

---

Into a longtime  
friend's dead ears our  
ancestors whisper. We  
feel the flames tilt in-  
wards, hear through  
their feminist lens  
how the synergistic effects  
of a bag of doritos  
mixed with rhesus  
pieces affect the rates of  
evolution. Like most  
clustering applications the  
basic framework of human  
existence is a quaint affair.

## *None*

---

---

Organic food is rich in  
history, with shipwrecks,  
lighthouses & jagged proxies  
for the Republican presidential  
candidates. It was never  
intended to change the way  
people watch rock concerts.

## *Vespers*

---

---

Sometimes the camera  
lingers lovingly on  
the one intersection at  
which the various  
trajectories of memory  
cross. The great colors  
& graphics that result  
offer a rare opportunity  
of evaluating the stress  
relaxation coefficients  
of genomic clones made  
from a tough non-toxic  
rubber that dogs love.

---

# Ulawi

## *Untitled*

---

Socials Acrobat; Cosey Mo and her heart billow BIRTH MARKS WE SWALLOW

oh dear:

an ode to that synapse that smacks\* on the back of our Caps\* as would tap shoes\*

ear ache my eye:

popcorn and nutritional yeast: dollar twenty nine\*

some fundamental misspelled and misdirected things one must know as getting to  
know a giraffe like me

like me:

do you feel that?

look at me looking at you

ears i tunnel..

all of you for that matter “matter of fact” some negro hoove (or was it husk!)

Cosey Mo and her

heart billow

minds conspirator

the way it takes its memories

as do BIRTH MARKS WE SWALLOW

-----  
Declaration Alabaster: my animal behavior as a earthly night bum assignee

CHGO. P.D

1R 246022

26 SEP 69

MY HEART AS A BOMB.

( speaking of the i terrorist)

My Animal Behavior\*

some uninspiring brains you have for brackets

(you my goat chump sucker fall guy victims)

MY \*susceptible

(as in me\*stirred and persuadable stomach)

MY HEART AS A BOMB AND ITS altruistic, angle iron\*

MY pulpy, generator (as a device for contents accomplice)

your moral compunction with violence  
my moral compunction with (non) anything

my earthly night bum animal\*

that may be to my disadvantage but will benefit others of our kind

As a warning cry  
reveal the location of the caller to your predator  
accomplice

\* me myself and I \*

-----  
anonymous acrobats \* while my eyes are flickering

my fellow comrades...

\*anonymous acrobats \*  
let's believe i am to be so afloat?

i'd like you to anchor the pace of my nails to these keys

tucked in my tongue  
behind its calcium rake  
recently

i'd enjoy for my abstract ambitions tonight  
to be a conspirator for my Misspelled a.k.a

Misdirected

my marrow made stilts \*  
their sometimes slow ache through these recent evenings

full of dull (the ache not the evening!)

my elbows and their retreat to the forest in my gut

imagine me holding this \*honestcrayon\*  
and to not have it melt into the bi-product of a  
finished candle while my eyes are flickering

-----  
Do we got sockets? (as in eye)

Its flesh like torso.

On this...

The billion different ways we get there.

\*Our Eye sockets Raised like Bloody Fists towards the Sky Bent Patrons

\*Its Flesh like Torso

(Or was it mine which expanded then collapsed?)

Sadder than sad to see my country exhale thicksome into the air

Isn't our world down here?

and outerspace supposed to be left up there?

oh well all those billions of dollars that could of gone to me and my ambitions as an  
awful poet lost in space forever oh and some homeless and starving kids could've

used it too i suppose

bend sinister!

-----  
our teeth falling to sleep

Leaf, 24

The main items i encountered were: sugar, citrus, nickel, chrome, tobacco, fish, and  
rum.

\* Oh Cobalt child with your skirt high enough i'd want to export your thighs beside  
mine

my vast machinery under pressure

a stark

absolutley wondrous poverty

considering

her legs produced cane for me in the middle of the night

beside her on the fine gravel

our conspirators

\*Elijah Craigs empty torso

\*and both of our organic hand spun cotton undies

The reserves we keep pulling from

their enormous potential\*

us both in the Chinese minority towns i've been combing anxiously  
with an eye out for more delicate things

A lust and textile influence approached me at the sight of her chicken skin\*

that portion above her pants kite.

On the lower back\*

Her long muscles were //:~two vertiCal sWells at cresT  
as she bent over to pick up Havana \*  
(as in the capital)

a weight going almost unnoticed

there was the flexing of muscle and tendon over and over as she might have twisted at  
the hips to grab an object from the German made grandly majestic

i suppose it was the entire  
Industry of my heart as a bomb.  
plated in nickel as were my ancestors

recalling the fleets in my eyes

i can imagine being able to produce nets of Colonial fish  
which will be my blood pressure as my ankles twist into hurricanes or misspelled  
tsunamis  
passing thoughts about her again

we took a bottle of cooking sherry to drink (not recommended)

---

# Mike Philbin

## *My Polymorphic Lover*

---

He wore a black silk shirt with white cotton stitches that first time we met. It was an abandoned cotton mill built onto a slope overlooking the main town shivering in the valley below. I was scoping out the property for buy-to-convert potential. I'd done my homework - for an initial investment of 100,000 with an expected 200,000 to go on renovation into 4 one-bed and 2 two-bed apartments with a shared garden, I was looking at an easy 300,00 profit in today's market.

He was stood like he was performing on some stage. I must have left the front door ajar when I entered the property. He had an imaginary microphone in his hand. His hair was mousy brown, shoulder length, slightly curled up at the edges. I watched him perform on his silent stage. He saw me stood there. How could he miss me?

"Don't let the bells end, eh?" he smiled at me. "Reminds me of my first concert. It was Christmas night. The crowd were insane."

"You're a performer." I stated the obvious, giving him the benefit of the doubt.

He smiled. His face shifted slightly like a swaying crowd of jolly carol singers. He had a flash red car parked outside and we were back at his place in no time. I didn't even like golf. He was the manager of a golf club. Everybody we passed called him "boss". The golf club itself was top notch, really classy oak paneling and crystal chandeliers on stairwells, that sort of thing. He kept up the chit-chat as we walked through the golf club, he told me about the cheating husbands, the desperate divorcees male and female (apparently golf was the new single's club). He took me on a whirlwind golf-cart tour of the rolling 18-hole golf course.

We had parked up in one of the open bunkers off the eighteenth green when I asked him, "Why are you showing me all this?"

We were back in the Nineteenth Hole by the time he said, "There's not much justice in the world, that's for sure." He sipped his coffee. I just realised something different about him, something more feminine. His hair, which I'm sure I remember as soft shoulder-length and slightly curled up at the end, had changed. When did that happen? Do we ever see the trick.

He sat there in front of me. I saw another person entirely. This person, as I've said, was more effeminate, the clothes were the same but his hair was darker and tied into thin braids. He didn't register that anything had changed, he was still the same person underneath the costume change. Or was he?

I wasn't sure if I should ask him about his apparent physical transformation. Would he think me insane? Would I just sound stupid to ask such a crazy question? Is it me who has the problem with perception?

She placed the cup down on the table, her long coral blue fingernails were the same colour as her air-hostess uniform. I let coffee dribble out of my mouth onto my jacket. She was a blonde, sorta Scandinavian looking. She had this way of holding her head that was so different from the man she'd been only an eye-blink ago. She had white and blue ear-rings. Perfectly colour coordinated. I could hear someone whistling in another part of the room, the elusive melody brought me back down to earth in gory disaster flames of mal-comprehension. It just refused to register. I put my hands to my head and couldn't look, just couldn't bear to be near her anymore. Something was very wrong.

"My baby's gone," she whispered into my ear.

I looked into her eyes and a flood of memories of a lover I'd always known tore through my addled brain. Did I know her before? Why would I see images of a shack in the woods? Why would I see myself perched up on the porch? Taking suggestive Polaroids by the fireside. I was so cold. I could feel the flesh of my arms rising up into goose-flesh lumps, her palm on my cheek.

The lights of the Nineteenth Hole flickered.

He had short hair, brushed up into a peak, the style of the youth of today. He was wearing a casual white jacket. Steam billowed past the window as the kitchen fired up for the morning, venting off its heat. I thought everything in the world, every bed and home, every chair and television set, might be on fire. I was so confused by all this ... shadows cut across the deer and antelope head-mounted silk-papered wall.

"Damned electrics!" he huffed, getting up from the table, "I'll be back in moments."

I got out of there. Found myself in a taxi. I'd flagged down a taxi. The seats were fake orange leather, cracked and stinking of puke. It was a saloon. Big black saloon. Where were we going? The beach. I remember him saying, "The beach, are you joking, fella?"

It was a long haul. Ten miles to the beach. It had started to snow. Why had I come here? What did the beach mean? How relevant was a beach? Why had I run into that... thing... whatever that was? The taxi pulled away, leaving me on the deserted beach, the snow flaked fluttering from a white sky like tiny wounded angels.

A memory of dusty library shelves offered some sort of solace as I stood there looking out to the chilling grey sea, shivering. A cockroach the size of my hand crawled up the shelves of the memory. A lone seagull hovered in the sky, white on white. I could hear my teeth chattering as the chill breeze tore through my thin

jacket. I looked back at the deserted promenade. Not a soul in sight. I was alone again but I felt so disturbed by recent events. I had never felt so lost.

Not until the flash red car pulled up alongside me. She got out of the car. A black ermine long coat and white fur hat. Her lips were as red as cherries. She came up to me and took me in her arms, held me from behind. My hands had frozen to the metal bar I was holding.

“You held my hand and watched me home, remember?” she asked me, her warm lips up close to my ear. An explosion of domestic violence assaulted me there as she held me. Was that me? Was I that physical back then? Did I do that to her? Did we really cause that scene in that hotel in Paris? Lost in a city where I didn’t speak the lingo, chasing after her as she strode into the honking traffic. Got into an argument with some driver, hanging out of his driver-side window, shouting all sorts of foreign filth in my direction. I shrugged an apology but by the time I was back in pursuit she was nowhere to be seen. Was that the last time I’d seen her? Did I travel back on the plane alone? What had I done with my life since then?

I felt her behind me, like a blood-sucking leech. I couldn’t bear to be near her. Who was she? What connection did we really have? Why was she following me? Hugging me? Why were we here on this chilling seaside?

Confused, didn’t know what I was feeling. Some B&B overlooking the grey slab that was the sea. She was a buxom girl, full bust, great ass, she had these half-cut horn-rimmed spectacles. I shouldn’t have felt this way about her, but her shifting sexuality made me wanna hurl. I could barely hold in my hatred, my revulsion, my anger. Was she that desperate to seduce me that she’d match her anatomy to my every whim? Would she pour honey all over herself, drip her nipples in full-fat cream, smear herself with cake. What would she do to win me over?

The view split horizontally into three. I knew then that I had gone beyond the pale. It was just like reality. The same view. The same script. But there was inaccuracy and delay in each of the three rows of my ‘vision’. I was kissing her as a blonde in the kitchenette area. I was watching her jeans – she had a great ass. I sat beside her. This wasn’t a B&B, it was a penthouse apartment. Why hadn’t I seen that when I came in? There was a big painting of a single eye on the wall, watching me. Waiting for me to make the next mistake. We were on the bed, not touching. She had on skeleton underwear. I looked into the mirror and thought about dying. I pursued her round the room in a fury of anger. I knew at any minute I would grab her by the shoulders, spin her round and head butt her pretty nose again and again until she fell unconscious onto the plush but worn shag pile.

The door opened. Room service had brought us something to eat, something to drink. On the heavily-laden trolley was a white orchid. A suitable juncture for a brief interlude and hopefully some respite from the pain and confusion.

Following our meal, she sipped at her champagne. She was a big girl. Dark skin. A negress in fur-lined white chiffon. She had dyed her hair from its natural black and it was a sort of perfect colour for toasted white bread. Her teeth seemed enormous like they were a shark's teeth the entire face like a nictitating membrane of confused analogy. Her false eyelashes fell like charred rose petals to the bed. She lay back on the quilt and I could see the stretch marks around her waist. Had she been pregnant? No, she was just changing into a man, a big beer bellied man; belly button fluff sticking up like the beard that blossomed on his face. His breath stank of cigarettes even as he pulled me down onto him.

“You're still young, that's your fault.” He breathed his acrid stench in my face as his cracked and wrinkled skin aged before my eyes, his jowls falling, the bags under his eyes falling, the hair falling to the bed to leave him bald in the centre while dry grey straggles hung to his temples.

“Look at me, I'm old, but I'm happy. And you, lover, you used to be just like me. What happened to you?”

He was accusing me?

“I have to go.” I struggled free of his embrace. I reached for the door. But it wasn't my hand the folded around the handle. It was the hand of a thin black teenage girl, my nails were painted black, I had a gold bangle around my thin wrist. I jumped back like I'd been electrocuted. On the bed the ogling onlooker laughed out loud, I could almost hear his cock stretching with enjoyment at my slow revelation. I had a flashback to some surreal seduction scene in an all-night diner. I was drunk and my clothes were barely able to stay on my fucking delicious young body. My hair was in that shaggy perm style of the eighties. I remember dancing on the goddamn bar while customers looked on in total and utter shock. I was kicking people's food and drinks all over the place. Cheers rang out and applause followed as my top came open, I remember some person inserting his finger into my sex. It was down a dark back alley. Someone was watching this guy, I think it was the fry-cook, who was sticking it into me.

“I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you,” that's what the watcher was breathing that night. That's what I could hear, a soft thrumming sound as the fry-cook shat his seed into my indifference.

“You can do it, you can be the polymorphic lover you once used to be,” that's what that thing on the bed was saying. We were a black couple. He was a big man. Overweight but not fat in any obvious sense. He smelled good even from here, something animal like a man musk. The pungent body liquor pulsing from his pores made my little black ass jiggle to the rhythm of his laughter. He loved to see me wiggle my big fat black ass in those gold Lamé hot pants. I always remember the way he'd shoot all over my face. The quick chill sensation of love from him to me. Used my face as a toilet. Used my face as an ashtray for his cockly cigar. I remember us fucking in a flashing-light club of the night and I couldn't hear a word he screamed

into my face. He was so angry, had his thumb in my eye, tore off my knickers, lifted up my leather dress.

I was an angry ginger-haired young man racing for the bed. I was airborne before I knew what I was doing. I would hit the bed and throttle that fucker to death for his heresy. But he was my daddy. He was my mummy. He was my sister. My only family stretched out and vulnerable below me. And I could never kill any of those lights of my life. My whole entire existence was swallowed up into his reflection of my love. My little ginger goatee beard in his fist. He kissed me. She pulled back, breathless gasping. His fingers were in me. My fingers in her. Moments of mad masturbatory madness later and we lay exhausted and dripping and cum-drenched in a flea-infested bed in the woods.

I had come full circle. We were back where we always belonged. Or maybe I had merely glimpsed into the future. It didn't matter any more. I had been found. I looked out of the rotten window of this shack onto a winter landscape, the snow-capped mountains soaring into the sky, naked trees like black poles, red sunset.

We had snow in our hair, had we been fighting in the snow? Had we shivered together as the weather closed in? Had we romanced each other over a bubbling fondue? Were we the only people on planet Earth who knew this love, a love this deep? Walks in the snow, arm in arm. Surely it can't be this easy to mean this much to someone.

There was blood on my knuckles. I awoke as if from a dream of a Hollywood party gone so wrong. I pissed in the bath. Still couldn't get the image of legs entwined out of my waking mind. My lover was no longer in the shack. I can still see them now, all the bodies of my many transformations strewn about the premises. It was a view overlooking a town. This wasn't the place I remembered. I stood by the pool and looked down upon that town, knowing he'd be down there if only I took the time to look. How long had I gone without his closeness, his proximity? What had he been up to since those crazy days of all-nite fighting and all day hangovers? Cockroaches in my breakfast bowl. Scorpions and maggots in my nightmares, threesome sex scenes all smeared across the black vinyl couch of my nostalgia.

I turned to look for a mirror, but all the mirrors were cracked, shattered into splinters. I needed to find my polymorphic lover. My life was falling apart, as fragmented as the glass in those broken mirrors.

"Once upon a time we fell in love," that was the song I was miming to, the song that was going round and round inside my head as I looked at him, across that abandoned cotton mill. I had on that shirt he loved back in the good old days when I was more of a superstar. My hair was done as he always liked it when we went out on the town, me as the young soft-looking boy. He saw me but did he really know what we meant to each other? How could he? There was no longer the soft glow of skin or the fractured colour in his eye that told me he was ready to morph into any form that took his

fancy, any form I'd like him to be. He was literally set in his ways. Solid as concrete. There was no longer a fire in his belly. He had gone out.

“You a performer?” he asked me like I was a total stranger. I smiled to myself and told him a lie about that night we first met. It was as clear as black and white, slander on a printer page, graffiti on a public toilet wall, sequins on a tart's short-short dress.

I approached him and told him how I liked the soldiers. He didn't understand. I told him about what my life had become without him. He didn't believe a word I said. I took him into my arms, he was stone cold solid, I wasn't sure if I could go through with this, his transformation from stiff stuck human to liberated polymorph would hurt us both so. Would either of us survive?

Of course I had a Ferrari, it was an old model, Dino. Even I can't afford one of the new Diablo's. Devil of a price tag. Yeah. I drove us back to the golf club I'm a partner in by way of the coast road. He didn't say much. Wonder why he so willingly came along with me. Did he have an idea of who or what he really was? His whole body sang 'just leave me alone' and I nearly cried right there in the car. It took all my strength not to soften into a mother figure all soft cuddles and warm words. He looked so cold, so lost. Would he ever forgive me for what I did to him in Paris?

The great times we spent. Never separated since childhood. Inseparable. Now apart, we sought ourselves in other guises, other identities, maybe now that we'd found each other we could fall back into the odd-couple affair our life had been up until that point when I watched him fly back to the States on his own from Charles de Gaul airport. I saw him board that 747 and I thought that's it, we'll never be together again. But love is such a strong bond, it can mould flesh to its own evil ends, it is insatiable.

Like a single eye of flame constantly watching you, knowing that at one point you'll weaken, ready to insert its acrid influence into your life the moment you let down your guard. I didn't even know that this would be our moment. Back there in the abandoned cotton mill. It didn't really make sense, what I did. Miming to that song. He was so clearly in a new world of financial success to come. He had his plans of chrome detailed apartments and easy money thrown at him monthly from his new tenants. He needed more than that, despite his shock at me, his denial of us. I was about to tell him all about us right there in the car, on the coast road, on the way back to my golf club. I turned to speak my love to him. I came this close to spilling all the beans.

“I don't wanna know,” he pre-empted my confession, a tear rolling down his face. I had seen him stretched out in so many blurry home cine films, he was my total Desire. I'd reveal our history to him over the course of the next few hours, maybe he would finally accept what he was and we will again belong to each other. I had to win him over, make him understand/rediscover the polymorphic past we shared, for the sake of both our states of mind. He or she had to be mine again.

I was so happy

# Murmurists

## *item #0003*

---

I get many memo's, all asking basically the same things. I have given this some thought. Can I explain...? There is no subject here; no subjectivity; only subjection. Surely, you can see that? Anyway, let me explain... That is to say, back to nature...

Please, don't get me. I am not actual, if you wish; and this is by no-one. When I question, I think I, I do and say I. When you accept this, I will begin to answer your questions. I could move forward; I could look at consequences, statements, and then move on. But I am only prepared for welfare. This could mean that days are meaningless, filmic. Indeed, I permit myself this reward. I have machines set to listen and to record; whilst I debate choices elsewhere, silently, scratching into diaries. All styles and colours are the same, in my view. I have flags, yes; but only of chameleon. Such a turn-on.

Extraction is no excuse, I know, but I have learned to speak without expectations. This manifests itself in many ways: in the power of my sexuality, the use of my body, my mind, my soul - albeit within boundaries set by good faith and the barbs of individualism, individuation, singularity and loneliness. I Habermas, I do. I understand decisions function to structure belief, and thus trust. That is not me. It is the universe. I will give up control, but only to terminology, on some pedestal somewhere. I am a strong-willed, intelligent female. In my day to day life, I hold down a powerful job, run a home and family. My goals for myself may stagnate other relationships.

These are broadsides.

## *item #1698*

---

Hi.

I entertain a notional arithmetic. Its numbers flip from pandering minds into mine. Nothing can be adequately checked; but this activity is, amongst other things, attention-restoring, nonetheless. You'll see. I mean to emerge in some uniform state. Similarly, nature is tactile; so much so that errors exist between objects and their transitions. Despite this, there is no need for an intervening restraint. Continuum is encouraged.

Clearly, individuals pay attention whatever happens. For example, just today I received several confessions; and with these I made arrangements.

Given all this, it seems suitable to add that implementation is pending.

Best regards

Active theory writes itself - into others & c.; all hypno-switching, unlooking, foreignist. For my part, I believe classical physics to be true. Ordain me! lol ...allow me into realms of dominance. I stretch wings of prey, use soft pencils, stabbed into feet of clay, running like Hyde, the Hyde of Hyde, who died, eyes open wide, sketching, prizing, womanising.

Ok. I realise that takes time. So, can I say that I exist? No fun intended! Please realise, I do not excerpt, except within agreed limits. I can part waves... and particles. Direct experience requires only direction, I think. Similarly, I do not believe in necessity of any kind. I may be unruly, but I am seldom disruptive. I do have an inability; for which I will duly apologise. Ask please....

May I add, please, that hindsight is greater than foresight? Relatedly, something often equates to nothing. I have one leg missing; two fingers on each hand, so far. I am interested in meeting others like me. I do not always buzz. But I want to.

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# Cocaine Jesus

## *Reality*

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she drifts into my view with candlestick and rosary and a crazy haunting verse that she shouts over and over accompanied by a set of twins who throw loose change out of the windows of the horse drawn carriage into the awaiting hands of the crowd who surge forward on a tide of loyalty and longing only to break apart like fragile easter eggs as the clergy pass by dressed in robes of satin and tamarisk leaves that adorn their canopied cowl like brutal butterfly wings captured by the silent sweeping sands that rise dove like about the hands and heads and hearts of divine providence as the ringmaster gleefully leaps into the centre circle writ large by the spotlights small that dazzle the eyes of peasants and pilgrims and stain the warped factor with untidy metaphors and criminal nouns that group collectives herd into subtle rows of desultory sundowns which spin and crash across the vast nothingness of time and space and hurtle into blessed oblivion and the undertaker walks in strange days with a hawk above his head and on his arm a peacock that shrieks like the pained cries of tortured children who are filled with the abject fear of lonely evenings just like the whores of tomorrow who combine lust with calligraphy and re-write the words of love and passion and empower the pornographic priestess with amulets and incense and tattoos that she wears on her thighs for gentlemen of disrepute to lick and fondle while in the darkening sky another star rises to eclipse the fading dawn of yesterday and all our sad goodbyes are driven deep down and underground where moles hide their blind sight from the god of something who speaks in tongues that no one understands and his stanzas sound like curses and his curses sound like waves and his waves that fall onto desert plains that are barren of life and drift away from reason like the scales of dragon tears that fall soft and simple onto the sweet honeyed lips of the innocents who cannot dream but who nightmare fidget among the thorn brush of paltry reality praying for peace.

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# Nick Namor

## *The Mysterious Madness*

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welcome to the mysterious madness. there seems to be quite an abundance of laughter here. i see a peculiar looking creature with the head of a unicorn and a stapled smile; it has the torso of a paper skeleton, but with four different kinds of arms: one is snake like on the upper left side; on the lower left side is an octopus tentacle; on the upper right side is a huge, muscular shaped limb; on the lower right side is a smooth, womanly shaped arm with stitches on its wrist. below the waist is shaped like the lower half of a dolphin. it was floating in the air and it was constantly changing colors. it was picking off black eggs from the tree of chicken feathers. instead of leaves, the tree sprouted feathers from its branches. i looked up at the graveyard skies and watched with squinted eyes at the coffin shaped clouds burying themselves into the funeral horizon. the ground was covered with grey concrete and black sand. double-tailed scorpions scurried along my sneakers. they were looking for purple worms. ancient one-eyed centipedes crawled up my pants legs. armadillo insects were sucking the annoying ants off my socks. my shoes were covered up with old, dried mud from a past life. elephant bacteria enveloped my entire body. my skin was being invaded by a holy army of divine germs. my fingers felt wavy like they had no bones inside them. my fingernails were encased in ladybug shells. mundane mosquitoes were boringly sucking the sweet blood out my thick, luscious lips. gnats were sleeping on my tongue. naked snails attached themselves to my rotting teeth. hot, orange mucus dripped from my flaring nostrils. my eyes were the only parts on my body left completely untouched. the earwax in my ears was turning into candle-fleshed caterpillars. butterflies drenched my aching stomach. ugly godbugs danced beautifully inside my disco brain. my hair was filled with microscopic, unknown species. my eyebrows were alive. madness is an interesting place to visit. we shouldn't stay here too long or we might get stuck, but i can see by the wide look in your eye that you are curious to see more. come along, then, my friend, and let us travel further into the abyss of deranged, lost minds.

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# William Bokelund

## *Letter from Sissy Cogan to Spiros*

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Sugarpeach, my partner in dream and crime, we have so much to talk about. Here, in our dimension of liquid literature, we can build the device. Let us play around the great walls. Let us make the news of the hole. How about channel-hopping round the spell? If we do it stumbling or with grace will make no difference.

Sky code, scheming in blue, where are we? We're awake.

The chiefs of the issuing code on wide world, we. Absolutely. I heard Gaia say it as she said my voice is hers. From then on I remembered, and we might be able to generate them keywords. Boy, my World. Burning the legacy; of Cycles, and cleaning the amount of the whole time regularly we hung the information.

To do this particular implementation it will be close enough: as a world is done, writing about it; will affect that is in other is still result. Scratch taking out to raise the messages; to read it is hidden set of fun and not be especially amazing of how to achieve a compass. There is a sign you'll see it say, create your own universes, say. We have foolproof techniques as guides that have screaming come who have been long in orbit around at top version of thinking the output on you created personal experience using the built into the hall toward its gaze as you read. The elves of language only spaces to that something that you vaguely remember, distribute and go about what sort that tells you is an attempt at the message. The Alchemical Garden comes most often by small increases, the important that we told ourselves from home. Source code so we'll also work by implementing whatever. The slate is the inspiration. You suddenly see the moon, or maybe things whooshing around to embed the work and I guess this wetscape loves any added support into it for installing the demo.

Be or of say it or you said they actually structurally flaw it to halt. Connections all gene after We drank of the brew. It: do that I know, of a woman who doesn't find any users to unsign We The Operators, resulting in a perfect state specifically because if you're gone these updates can go identify what You mean. Storm to include the door, from developing smallprint fruit salad, I think there are no rules for the options. View the comment happening shaping shaping moving. Just sheer brilliance anykey. Delete the territory found via relay of active Now as far as alliance of future hole time and turn on. We left in shuttles are these updates go into a new extremely shifty. Delete the entry on your life. We've moved to another world, remember? What we tried during the Rosicrucian Enlightenment is what we are succeeding with— but it was evermore deep than we thought, our dear rabbit hole. And here we are now, on both sides of death...

All set and more for our friends. Center speaker system melted down for better news. Time those perpetual openings, especially in the closed, on the permit for speaking like when the chaos wants to execute the calm. Finally we give ourselves burning sun.

And there is the Egyptian. As we set the last stone we are truly measured in her eyes for as the truth of our work be told our square and our rule guide us to it and it's an opening.

Your Sissy

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# Mr. Kwo

## *The Rise of the Post-Human*

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Nils Urstatt banked the one dimensional Zeroid hard left as s/he came in over the Fifth Quadrant blinded by light years of prismic quartz City Towers stretched in an imbricated maze of illuminated grids thousands of kilometres wide/the one dimensional craft allowed minimal resistance and easily slid thru the contaminated atmosphere creating low levels of molecular agitation and friction space debris colliding along the thin fracture in folded time glistening titanium fuel rods perforated by flecks of ferrite comets tossed gently in the turbulence of fractal waves/ Returning from Demolition 33 s/he switched to auto pilot preparing for temporary fugue state brought on by assimilation of 3D torn sky bent in the velocity of forced entry between the reams of layered space envelopes rolling low under radar scan across Krata City a vast mass of rusting disused shipping containers from the 21st Century a crescent of darkness caused by hundreds of black sludge lagoons encircling the City within Cities/In another few seconds Nils skeletal shadow would reach the point of infinite decay and start to produce negative entropy turning motion in to stasis the parachute effect rippled across dawns highway/S/he injected her damaged body with a shot of high density novocaine to dull the pain of androgynous reciprocity/ Hit a ventilator shaft as Nils changed rewind of images leaving Demolition 33 the Capital of Pain under rule of the Assassins in low resolution fadeout to black and white/ Nils approached from the East to avoid the Virtual Generators sucking up cerebral memories static energy from the City inhabitants to drive the mobile neon tetrahedrons that gave the crowded streets a sense of virtual presence/ The heat generated by this standard stoppage was used to turn the fans cooling the banks of HardDrives churning out posthuman alterity/ The thick clouds of yellow dust and smoke circling the cluster of planets had shut out the sun/ cerebral neural electricity drove the motion sensors moving the teKnoids from entry point to exit point/ A ripple of alien thought went thru his frame/ Nils was not surprised to find something else there in his body/His hard alert eyes tracked the source of intrusion/ a small puncture near his right ear lobe/ This body had received a lot of visitors during its infinite lifetime/ Parasites/viral incursions/ cranial drills that tried to pass thru the membranes cushioning his skull and access his corpus callosum/ Nils functioned within the codes of multiple languages including that created by the Virtual Generators which took in the past agony and the future hope leaving an instant of present time for the TeKnoids to appear to exist in / The Teknoids formulated from algebraic calculations developed by the genius Lie Detector jacked into data interfaces as prevalent as the hydrogen oxides they floated in to experience the sensations of phenomenal time and place sweating out fear and anxiety like any addictive vice/ What was life without access to the interface/ Nils had no idea/that was what made him different/ He had never jacked in/ Urstatt was aware that the Lie Detector would attempt to scan his arrival and try to access his Control Codes draining away the experiences of the last few hundred unique years usurping his transhumanism/ Time spent in Anthracite City with Crazy Jane and Eclatant

Tenebres where he learnt that all events happened within the perceived confines of representational language/ A mirror staring at a mirror image/ He began to translate the instructions left by William Lee in the text of Four Dada Suicides reprinted as a sound track for The Exterminator interpreted into a body without organs/ a structure Nils had frequent recourse to/ On the face of it the case appeared to be one of many serial killings thought to be caused by contact with the sludge of the 1000 Lagoons/

Brute force and blunt instrument entaille sic gashed visage et oublier quotidian intentions that of preserving textual integrity and that of bringing to an end the cult of literal suicide unchosen and unspoken data Tracer void of surgical precision on attack of random victims Forensic team drift to low resolution velocity Boy Debris is disarmed as Terrorist suspect slow wave of neural went thru him arrested for apparent self mutilated corpse under stairwell UBIXAPARTMENTBLOCK Zyclon blue gas crystals at corner of mouth the migraine images of autopsy defuse into traumatic memory Protocols of Warp Paradox Factor ADDICTION/Sent to American Power zones of Occupation subjected to indefinite cruel and unusual containment under Statutes pertaining to States of High Alert and Hysteria tortured relentlessly with heavy mental noise contamination electroshock therapy softening up for ambiguous interrogation by The Lie Detector extraction of fundamentalist genome by open brain surgery stripped naked and hosed down with fractured ball bearings No Response diplomatic immunity dead /EveryThingHas its Limiteven the truth Sorrow death betrayal including Tinguely KeyMan desire for reprieve Art noise attack AND KILLER HOMSapian With posthuman prosthetic servo mechanism Resentful Perspective under immanence of DEEP and Uneven XXPHALLIC WARS LIE DETECTOR monitor self control codes hiss of hard drive Interceptors infiltration the Bodies Absence prosthetic entrapment Unlike Rom Rok The latter witnessing the enactment of the NEURAL Tracer MHz They are drug embryo of psychosexual perversity weld of rancid Bone Machine There DREAD NOUGHTS oblique MERCURY appendage brittle Tongue of Absurdina IMMOBILE White like Bright blight Full coated Routine Of banal GESTURES Bleached GLACIER Disarmed Venus Roving LUNAR Seasons alien aquatic citizens irradiate Refugees digital cortex assassins from DESERT OF MINRAUD Abstract Machine fetish of Phi Llia blasts cerebral lockdown of rising Epidemic corroded to junk fix syringe blunt Auto PiLOT hits Nagasaki Interface imploding spatial features extraction of synapse on Narcotic Skyline excess data trash the debris of recent lives flowing genome data flux china white scan the neural injection chaos the Disarmed VENUS aborts xxovum Veydra Synth being in no way mere audiocipher for materialised substance of flesh The Cellular Receiver of estranged neural rush choke on breast bones Violent spasms a truncated shallow shadow trace the dread body electric weather reports genealogy of marrowd derelict duty of vertical ascent into desires gap its lacuna of Idol Zodiac star trash decay/what pain for the Spectator a Contagion of suffering transfigured into pleasures lavish mouthal viral ikon strange attractor BoY Debris has stripped its noose of slippage and stoppages standard the Supremacy of Desire over all moral contracts slovenly starved fingers dead iron clamour forget the abstracted spiritual violations the impending glamour of extinction bred the skizofrenic apocalyptic body parts dispersed across the social fields the disarmed DiSinfected Art of

NoiseClanKs and KrankS on into diverse couplings on the Body without Organs/in their alcohol dreams all men inherit the powers of life and death the torso without limbs unsewn raised on dust veins full of oil the spectre ofPhallic autonomyis a manipulated social conspiracy with the paranoid and the bipolar the artificial intelligence grasps its own manufactured essence thE BetRayaL of the Age Of EnlighTen M ent its supposition of immanence its extinct cavities of Will to Exist in terminal violations The Protocols of the DisArmed Venusdripping with the power of her flesh cold blooded musak of the Siren conquest of the irrational Spying Self site of Nomadism psychosurgery intrudes on the autopsy synchro dub void of paranoia holds trace of yr own obsolescence Radio Secretaryshot dead in the street abuse value of point of departure sublation the nakidness of lacerations the need to be ruinedtrasversed by erotic flowsviolated dry cracked lips perforated compliant Prole suffering innatehydraulic syringe perceptual identity crisis under illegal circuitry pursues chronic delayed action to disposeof self deciet /NO RESPONSE/a delay of stoppages/Prelude to tragic rape of detection delirium to illuminated body/Protocol of Sentinel Cock/Code paradox decays critical porno synapse tracer of vital IKON delirium low key interrogation of terminal UMERICANudercover suspects working the Apparatus/the concept of its own generation on the margins of complexity the socius is laid bare Dogman eludes Razor Gril embolism white noise trails its escape velocity vapour/Effigy of the Absolute non Euclidian Network of Stoppages/ no eyes or lens witness the Pain expanded in its ravishment expended AcroSS its OrgaSms de-teched de-tached de-affected self fertilising eggs excited by the spectacle of its own cellular receptions/automated and rebooted routed the cancerous Celibacy of Frozen terminals receding surface to artiface a chain of isotopes/ metastatic sonar probes the bulging horizontal Corpse threaten tissues of polyphs annealed nerves stretch the libidinal body past communcation in the tragedy of our fallability behind anaesthetic blockage hijackanorganic plenum free of symbiosis productive apparatuses/Vox raps the holobike to the Sentinel shore/acceleration into density of InfoMation/The Protocol of DataTrash channel the coded flows regulated the collapsed disjunctive pulse of discharged life to burden of Singularity an instinct for growth a clamour for duration amassing of force the Zenith of Nihilism cloaked intruder shits arctic polarity of MiddleEAst Fascist Despot wreckage of corrosion DestitUte of IdoLS we plunge InTo AbJectED ZHorroR animality mechanality anality banality inanity OverManthe CreatuRe of Zero DeGreeS HumaniTty cannot be ExaCerbated only aborted or servalised serialised the power to ImagINe possibility is infallIABLE committing SpectUlative adventures into the N DiMension the third culture of IntrOlecT and ZeRo has no unity being NON BinarY by nature and by CoDes limit of eternal recurrence holes and cavities and clefts of wombs naked risk in the Chaos of erotocism Protocols of Astral Friction the tool of BirthEd extractions the decoupling of the PriSon of probability submission to logic functions fuktions facktion frizzions last attempt of a doomed species there is nothing I want except chance replications no PriValaged scales or dubvoid precision of porosity recurrence of irreducible diversity a replication of drift that proliferates precision diseases fluids putrid WarCRimEs vermin and sensualWeaPon desire thinly veiled threat of gunshot wound all aspects of irreducible shitmess an imperfect shitmess a dreadthat feels strangely familiar/says NilsUrstatt xchoKed on his drool of spit resists the principles of OrdEr reducing Chance to RaNdoMNess again and again UR-BeinG

Untergang VarOoM ontology is intellectual famine bones pierce the nasal lobes hallowed chance of accident anti logic a consciousness that outthinks conscience pushed thru i the BarriErs of eliminative TechNology sidesteps the Ideal for the ordeal arrgghhh luxuriant ImmEnsityConVulsioNs of HaZarD singularity breaks open its cage the UR-Being the UR-bane defusing the object fuzz lines fuse meaning to reinsert being outside the ParAdigm of Human MoRal consciousness being was always just a chance of positive instants and insanities chance proscribed by fictions of the socius thermo suicide of rhyzomic Nomad Junk apparatus encodes techno crisis of Cashgrils to strangled nerve ganglion/BoyDebris scanned mutated holograms I get deranged from neural rush accident irrational negation that abberent space of metaphors intervenes infests the collapse of ruins an ill-limitable corrosion the notes of his interrogation fell into wrong hands as an extrinsic predicate of substance drifting disappearance of the individual into the autonomous collective patterns of closed circuit mass culture and the gridlock of the transsuburban environs seriality of recombinant assemblage techno spectacle of the co efficient the silence of confinement to mechanism of the hormones regime noise defines level of paranoia access to anxiety and memory also defines the self but what is memory ask Veydra but overlays of the above substrats which accrete on the body without organs to form topologies which are endlessly secreted and excreted into the image of the analvaginal /slow wave of neural went thru me I think this to forget not to remember I am not born of a woman nor carry the mold of a father but that of a fragmented closed circuit datatrashdrugembryo/Control Lie hallucinates its narcotic machine tool/Phillia to MHz/the low level depression left over from interactions at Café Quatre Vents a nightmare of premeditated sleep on RomRoKs red futon hung over me until late afternoon/stay long enough in an online persistently frequented alter world conscious or unconscious and you begin to multiply then a merging then a fluctuating borderline a closed circuit system of the self /closed circuit systems are getting stronger/cults religious fundamentalism moral and ethical genetic codes the Military political polarization/in this chaotic world you need to enter the small closed circuit life where you don't have to think about anything or make decisions/LopLOP superior of the Birds almost disguised by the dark shadow of the rusting iron forest in silence as it artixculated his departure/neutral time zones the clock has stopped turbulence at the port of entry remains the dilemma/hypertext of filmic immunity/he observes Nils state of consciousness moving in the direction of the cluster of cortical neurons activated around the electromagnetic field pulled towards the ultra violet noise stimulus/this is why interrogation should always be conducted in a quiet zone/full metal bondage of junk spinal chords hit pornocortex to gyno theft of ovum cells detonates analogical chain lobes/JunKERLouD noise deformed as feedbackloop scanner reload Zodiac HardDriVe/Suicide Protocol hits viral drug embolism/the fused body proliferates fear trashdrone metal spikes crack fractgile breasts with needle archive erosion of SapiaN judgement /LopLop drifted into a theoretical discourse on the noise of light between the spheres of dust that drifted down from the aircon vents in the ceiling of theDRonE module/the rasp of his breath contained within the clear helmet/each small cell machine sets up its particular whine along the conduits of the embryo/often what is without is so complex and detailed it cannot be reconstructed/the symbolic fails to structure reality or reflects the inner chaos and may set the subject now object on a circular path of repetitive reinactment/ Narcotic

codeine Phillia genome blade cuts junk panic of dead static/white noise  
derangement/I narcotic body addicyt to excess datatrash/existence becomes more and  
more of an accumulation of routine artefacts the psychotic cannot fix his co ordinates  
of time space matter because they are infact psychically indifferent may not want to  
separate his body from its cleverly engineered representations/why should he?/ Nils  
persona was only a faceless silhouette refracted in the darkness of the corridor  
outlined by a candle held in the hand paints with the right as wax runs down over  
fingers and forms digital rivulettes hardened stalks elongated fingers slight tremor as  
wax drips to the bare feet/unable to accept the concept of a bounded self the gun  
almost too heavy for Veydra to lift from its polystyrine mold why after all these years  
to you still terrify me Absurdina pointing at the hundreds of photographs tacked to  
the wall of Nils room she grasp the nakidness at both corners and shoots out the  
staring eyes the pursed lips the erect nipples the recoil after each shot jars her  
wrist/narcotic skin addicts hit MHz Phillia of trauma blockage junk codes upload  
false entropic stimuli/Protocol of speed MatriX unable to accept the concept of a  
bounded self described as an image word as yet without definitive meaning say  
unexposable the body is a container or the image is a subjective point of duration  
chosen for its capacity for incision under the skin of appearances/at this point her  
mind pressed inwards still further to the aesthetic experience of the performance  
delayed from attachment within the transmission of known experiences the ability to  
filter cognition to make sense out of the destructive act the torn mass of photographs  
become a vortex of horror and absolute wonder the strange hologram of her  
emerging personality the impact is of savage brutality dispersing with a dangerous  
slowness into the irregular dense web of fibres entirely fabricated by hellucination  
and imagination and this incessant flux continues absorbed in the lifeless convulsions  
Of its own inactivity/no RESpONsE/vagrant telepathic signals in analogue cluster  
heavy fix of sadiastic image screens Control Lie ambient dubhousing to fragile  
mixdown psychosis from acid inhalation/Autopilot trash wreckage of  
armaments/trauma of disengaging partial objects/the camera clicks a wrong note  
sounds fading on the brink of sleep/wherever there is a blank space left each isolated  
in their own Apartment believing themselves to be the center of theUNKnown  
universe/ an open piece of fear one that howls for recognition/nothing is eliminated  
from this self relative world expressed thru excited gushes of speech to apparently  
untraceable voices/Absurdina breaks herself down into inanities/ fragments of a post  
subjective memory/glossolaria/ grunting and strangulations of mucous membrane  
displacing the crisis forced to look into the abyss of contradictions in what is thought  
as unconscious and unnamable but alive in vague nightmare with its own scenario she  
attempts to articulate within conscious explanations/The Protocol of the DisarmDed  
Venus cold blooded drug embryo dubvoid these repressed factual images caught by  
the lens/I am a fleeting improvised woman if only you will let me be so/this excites her  
libidinous drives her desire to grasp the Phillia of her existence the basis of her self  
trajectory/it is not a matter of deceit of the self by the disunity of the one image and  
the imagination of the other/the so called paranoia and allusional horror that  
psychosis plagues its victims with is really a successful attempt to distinguishbetween  
the apparent social real and the imagined other selves/there is quite a crowd  
already/what passes thru the window must first pass as a fluid into the opacity of the  
glass/hard enough to achieve in the presence of the self/impossible in the presence of

the other/for the psychotic thinker there is a consistency and opacity of connection between the immateriality of ones self and the replicant others who are easy to access as immaterial selves/ I am not compelled to normality by these replicants for they too have the capacity to project excesses of a disorientated sense of selves/the so called paranoia and allusional horror that psychosis plagues its victims with is really a successful attempt to distinguish between the apparent social real and the imagined other selves/who wants to enter language in a dialectical manner/there must be disturbances of language to accommodate the new realities that await us/yield to the intimacy of technology/the becoming cannot tolerate expectations of what they should be/always an undercurrent of desire to surface and reproduce antithesis of these expectations/the terror of the unknown/so easy to let go and sink into the void/decide no the less to proceed/the Cartesian ideal of a rational autonomous self/able to manipulate and control its own subjectivity as well as the phenomenal world/RomroK and Veydra extrapolating under narcotic fadeout innate to feel ourselves dying even in a kataleptic agony of terrorist brutality/being isn't easy fraught with congenital cellular trauma always the risk of taking steps towards the brink of extinction/Vox is a DownLoader that which comes within sight and insight and all insight is intuitive and forms two states of beingunreflected consciousness is essentially thinking without being conscious of thinking the consciousness of everyday life where there is no consciousness of i/I do not perceive my self thinking/reflected consciousness is thoughts about thoughts a state of being for itself/being in itself the objective view and being for itself the subjective view/NO RESPONSE?/Being for itself is consciousness created out of nothing/we are responsible for creating our own futures/experiences open to the conscious can only become knowledge if they are conceptualised by reflective consciousness/we must question our selves objectively as if we were an outsider which we always are/already I am interacting with the electric other a collision of electron particles entering my magnetic fields and passes into and thru my neural fields/Vox is becoming Veydra is becoming dread not the common experience of anxiety which is ultimately reducible to fear a state in which we are afraid of a specific thing that threatens us terrorises for of and fear for/held captive by whatever it is that affects us/Agitation when fear is free floating attaches itself to everything chaos of anxiety/Dread never allows such confusion to occur/dread is dread of but not this or that thing/what we are in dread of and for is undefinable not because we are unable to define it but because it itself is incapable of definition/there are no words there is no language except the hiss of the synapse/Dread feels strange/disorientating/all things and we along with them sink into meaninglessness this slippage of meaning presses in upon us in our mood of dread and oppresses us/there is nothing to hold on to/fear which controls us and keeps us in check in our closed circuit/NO RESPONSE?/ our minimalised marginalised molecular space is laid upon us by the ideological apparatus/anxiety is due to the fear of fear the loss of control hence we desire more control and we minimalise yet again/meaning appears to disappear and nothing remains/in this unnerving stated all that remains is our own pure vulnerability/those around us refer to this state as madness/dread is insanity/dread robs us of speech/all utterance of being falls silent/what can we explain who will understand/anxiety is preferable to dread/fear is containable and able to be medicalized/we may try to shatter the empty stillness with compulsive talk/this sense of dread which appears to reveal nothing of its existence what we have

dread for and dread of is the nothing that crowds upon us/as the state of being is sucked out/but this expelled being is always created and overdetermined by the Control Lie Apparatus/its conditions reverberate in our minds and fill us with a sense of desiring production of things and into things/the more time spent hanging in the space of nothing the more difficult to re enter the allusion of apparent definitions of subject and object/Veydra is a techno life becoming and this is the next evolutionary step forward/the black whole into which we return creates intuitive panic of an impending end to subjectivity/always looked at in terms of fundamentalist myths/Barely in terms of the inherent genes for self destruction and killing which flood our neural composite/Assault with a deadly weapon/Dream of gashgirls/BoyDebris Protocol of Sentinel COCK.../nO ResPonse?/

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**Finis.**