

THE ODES TO TL61P
of
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And the situation is like that in certain games, in which all places on the board are supposed to be filled in accordance with certain rules, where at the end, blocked by certain spaces, you will be forced to leave more places empty than you could have or wanted to, unless you used some trick. There is, however, a certain procedure through which one can most easily fill the board.

Wake up my fellow citizens and middle class and go look into the mirror.

ODE TO TL61P 1

1.1

Each time you unscrew the head the truths burn out and fly away above the stack of basements inundated in aboriginal mucus, elevating the impeccable, hereafter congenitally depilated Janine rescaled to a grainy blank up on to the oblong top of the freezer whose shut white lid unhinged at the back alone preserves a pyramid of rigid meat, budget pizzas, devirginated arctic rolls, only ever kidding in a prophylactic void torn into great crates of glittering eye shadow, dousing all its stickiness in dark empty swerves, for no-one is the radius of everything we are, a reinforced steel artery in the very integument to be burst asunder, by reason of innately shattered strobes as soon lived as burnt out, ramming an unplanned crack into the door mechanism; who the fuck I am now speaking to or at or for or not at this moment is compensation for being completed into a circle resigned to resume the first square, the first on the entire board, and is listening there, afloat and spent yet lost in streaks to the opening night whose primitively explosive starlight is progressively nit-picked from a lately impatient and fidgeting sky, not far too far or fast too inquisitively squinted at, its cartilage of crudely lubed-up open access sex arcs scraped out piecemeal and in single file, and once there inaudibly ask yourself why; inside it is the fundamental sky of shining fact: the abolition of capital is the social revolution: state

again this single fact, in too deep for any scar; in the end, which is right now, looming over a motto executed in the Ottoman style of the rococo circumlocution in liberal sex jargon recited by Eriphile at II.i.477-508, in the dreamiest mannequins' subsequent scan of which smudged erotic jottings allege to a scratched-out holographic ear the improbable lovable double-stranded far end of the primitive primary streak canal bound in stratified squamous epithelium to an alternatively screaming mouth, destined while dying inside to repeat before dying outside one last infinity of one-liners before snapping and giving up, or better yet pretending to, once you get it, once that is you really get it all, or not at all, directly into the hot squamocolumnar junction with its intestate teat cistern, a photocopy blurred into alienating aleatory *poésie concrète* by being roughly swiped back and forth over the scratched platen glass of the Canon MF8180C or Brother DCP-9045CDN all-in-one fax, printer and copier of the redacted catechism that stubs out the abrupt Shelley's 'Triumph of Life' later pruned to talking points, under the table propped up at right angles folded until they froth, to triple its unaccountability to an afflatus, doing as the banks just did not as the banks just said, I understand the hole that George is in, a dot whose innuendo comes too late, flush with spirit toilet-trained to life, but sucking on the aging raging hard-on held in trust for young dysphagia who only comes of age, yes exactly but at the same time, or at some other time like it, or at what is not a time but is still like it, if not exactly like it, or at what is exactly not a time and therefore not exactly like it, or not like this, or in an unsustainable combination of the above, to

be waked to death and faked alive, for the known good of bored stiff rich men whose sexuality is literalised into a rampage of leverage and default swaps, hovering above minimum wage like a bloodthirsty erection over a fairground mirror, inspected from on icy high with seething and with licking, to want to absolutely spit it out, whose incessant re-entry is a background music still more popular than real because forever liable to be rewound, rammed again and again into the gaping ingrown unclipped ears of outgrown human sex toys gated off, ground down, caved in and blown up to do anything you can think you will do and then do what you think or fear you will do and then do as you fear you are told or would rather not do but nonetheless do or only die wishing you had already done or never had, grinding a fickle reality out, a kind of backlit soft porn nativity scene constructed out of versican, fudge icing and nail clippers, *shhh*, to prove the point of passion is immutable as fire strips (This is conducive to heat and does not require frequent cleaning, saving time and effort and money. Second, the pipe is a sheet metal processing products, the advantages of uniform thickness is unparalleled) or inimitable for money right up to the two-speed marital Martin Amis, repel all thought, one-speed once you know the ropes of growing insensitive, gaining the hill, from which a further speed is deducted for every emergent callous, until at the crux, when finally you give up ramming it because it has no point, it has minus a trillion preset speeds, shoots a mawkish moreish seed, basting shit and sugar-coating nil, whose real name is a liberal anagram for amniotic trim, not for TL61P or the reverse on principle to which the self-same letters cling.

in blanket terror of being peeled off by a rigid sexy acrylic fingernail later filed to oblivion through the eye of whose cameo done in grisly nitrocellulose and gritty ochre/lavender of your mother in the late style of the perpetually born yesterday Francis Bacon disassembling his tantrum to dead meat bunged in oil in an overhead Tefal Maxifry inanely overheated to open the end up half empty of Fair and Lovely a single, infinitesimal, silver plated, tiny ring slowly and invisibly spins, summoning in all the cast the obligation to remain within it, latterly as a cortège, our magic antennae screwed to our antic macramé, an opening in the opening night, savaged by the light it marginalises; but before anyone could actually get hard or wet or both at once for leading members of that cast, lead role models for our past, who beg to differ, slave to eat the mess we *inherited from the last orgasm* in government for sexy workers whipped to slurp the surplus spew of petty change remaindered when the banks have had their due, their in any case very eccentric final countdown redacted to a catchphrase for obsolescence per pro oral compliance with the takeover speculation boosting Autonomy Corp. 5.3% after better than estimated earnings forecasts at Oracle Corp., our flat back teeth drilled in the new international tax regime protologisms, refuting enamel, chipping in to Tesco, scorning accessibility, adrift in gum, virtual for real, adages on bandages, paper cuts in water damage, implants of the daily grind, children out the almost real and almost shut but not decisively shut yet and still shatterproof smeary and eternally not real window *sing the mess we inherited from the last beginning scraps* the missing past to recycle the joy it brings, the power set, of a subset, of a power set, of a sex power,

suburbanites of backstreet Überbollywood in flower for the first time since you not only die at all since how could you not; biting starts too late, sucking is original, is already there, free with age; grab a plastic sheet full of milk to toss out the shut door and catch it. TL6P inflix and feed the flame its sparks, to burn how it matters, strict instruction voided blank to prime the end for drying to a glare, bright rivets on the profound water, and under the water, the reason it's there. *von Feuer der Arbeit belect*, to come a random liquid tripwire, a head's tuft's caressed ash, knotted to Iraqi satisfaction; by the fire of labour, dead debt tips out prank alien loins, this way up, to any moon you like; the back of your first lover pressed in your groin.

But if that will keep its grip
in there since not exhausted from
without a light dissolves to rip
and shine again was all I am,
plating the air humans exhale
in that window I flex in dark;

to take the point not ready yet
to give you back but adamant
by idiotic mantras to earn
the reason for love's apparent
deterrence so long after you
my blood races I can't pull out;

you that will not come back led
in there to have the life you get
too close; to be the slanting bed
too far away to make you up
or lose you in; go under me
and stare at the same thing apart.

*

Our glaring end annuls in light
what fire on the faded past
remains whose shadow cannot last
as you burn away in bright
and widespread too ecstatic loss
everywhere bends the eye
back on the slow infinity
that blocks the love it fits across

just as rehoused at random love
itself puts up its opposites
cut down to make the point it is
not wasted in the end to prove.

In Mexico the problem has another dimension, owing to the drug cartels and the human cost of their iconicity, much of it dialectical and in women. There they throw sackfuls of decapitated heads all over the disco floor; just skidding on it like a male child is naïve, but kicking them around is, if anything, worse: at that point *everything* is deeply interfused, even the congealed, invisible, virtual, abstract, spectral, projected white blood cells rushing barely at trace levels to the head of the slowest nail ever hammered

in Ichkeria into a pineapple, a wrist, silence, or into the base of the hammer itself, a pat plastic simile for a slapdash splintering spine, thinking cheap as dirt and free as verse; Prometheus was a misogynist; its testimony is the unbearable faintness of its odour in your heart, this blood that is beginning everywhere; but the present catastrophe (11.485-6) rebrands Felix Gallardo as the primary object, locked-up ladder to its elite sublimities, so that strutting in golden ringlets streaked with ashen highlights on the sexual proscenium at the boundary of significance we may know him, his too hot crotch in knots of living weasel gut, whispering only just to love, *If it's not interesting to read then what's the point in doing it or living as though you have to, defined by an obligation with no fulfilment, lapsing to prognosis of a soap aside?* I start my investigation here, taking my life in my hand. Life rises to greet me, boasting its ardency in the carotid.

1.2

dusters wrapt in itching flame, streaked in limbic cloud
pt in itching / 6
blue sky on the setting water, nod till
made to still, remade in onward chains?

T

Looking out the plane window at the feather grass and spiders, the three p bears
a triangle dunked in the oil prism a head left.
Who knows if what I'm thinking is this, or worse?
Dispersing the riot in smoke like love in conscience:
"the use value of a thing does not concern its seller as such, but only its buyer." In which case use values are

exclusive to consumers, and consumers are in that case the Blinky, Pinky, Inky and Clyde of the way of despair squared, so that as our art is increasingly sold, and love is, and there are many more sellers, many of them good sellers, its use value as what the Nigerians call a supernumerary proportion of its total combined value including its exchange goes into improbable dramatic decline, like Chekhov. We *feel* this as consumers, not as one, readying ourselves not to, and are forever almost ready; staring at the alien in the thousand eyes it blinks, making up for consciousness with all the shit it thinks. Move your arms around, doing work. Click to the melody under your nails. Nothing changes this into a specimen of forever, very quickly, but quiet as impatience spreads down the shoulder into the thin end of the teeth the wind will brush the edge like water cracked apart, exposure for exhibitionist brains, plated with very heaven. AWM6i40/3, allegations, water on the genitals, sisters in photographs, belt-tightening, electric dreams, speak in starts distractedly. The game has no ending – as long as the player keeps at least one life, he or she should be able to continue playing indefinitely. This is rendered impossible by a bug. You task Madiha Shenshel with cooking your breakfast (hawk eggs in fried milk, high in polycollaterals), then finishing it, then making it again (fuck, a dot), automatically spitting shells out; you prefer the boxes to the toys; Deborah's photo of herself crammed into her college wardrobe, ad infinitum; the hair on a thousand mothers; infinity ad nauseam; the internal level counter is stored in a single byte, and when it reaches 255 the subroutine causes this value to roll over to zero before drawing the fruit. This causes the routine to draw 256 fruits, or wish to, which corrupts the bottom half of the screen and the

whole right half of the maze with seemingly random symbols, making it unwinnable. But reality is not at the bottom of the abyss, the abyss is in time just reality being itself, at least to begin with and at the same time conclusively as if contracted – *soft* – to a single point (a dot) at the end of the universe, when dark matter is a distant memory subject for chastisement to the fluctuations of military nostalgia (in her foot), and I am not sure to go on, or how to, or even what name that is any more, whoever you are I do *this* for, person *this*, human *this*, this window for this crack, or even if I do it, and probably I don't, the strings on a thousand dolls, relief at Abu

Naji I cite its adaptation on bliss in memory, retired via Danny Boy to the drool igloo, pseudo-TL6iP atom jus, disqualified for living cleared – the fruits and intermissions would restart the anaemia fade *this* the possibility *this* the price of bread in 1792 *this* Mariana asleep in bed in a beansprout bound in spattered marble, staring at the skin next to your eye
free of that universe, mimetic of a smudged cherry
Traherne: love is deeper than at first it can be
thought, and the extra will last you
past care to a better joke about
you drilled through to infiltrate the gothic froth of Helmand.

1.3

But really to believe that necessity is exhausted, if it comes, making haste to apologise for its premature infantilism by a great, clumsy show of increase in salvation flow, once best left alone not otherwise, by

going on longer, the point itself will still be around, is a joke: embryo smut in the possible taste. Since once you get from A to B, take your time returning. Isn't it the problem that I want you to stare at me until our eyes trade sockets, trailing visions, fucking our mutual brains out all over the wrongest floor, not the implication that hooding was banned in 1972 that asks for an adaptation on bliss in memory? Light sockets, the halo pinned to bodies in remorse, devoured in a shadow life sends back?

Remember this: I sort through the boxes, my first poems are there, the drawings I made at school are and my toys are, lead prodigies and barbarians, Paints for them, tapes of my rock band some vinyl of Tchaikovsky and Bach, the present photographs of my first sexual lover, whose face is staring with intent euphoria and deepening tenderness at the face I was, the eyes I shone in then, the light in them blinds me now to nothing less than under your caress I can do still, and do still even right now, or very soon do when I climb into bed with you and let my arm shrink into your waking head, or sleeping, however you are in there, that room of objects and that room of you.

II

Construction may routinely be upgraded into life as orphic vanity spreads backwards its only motive for the present obscurity.

But deafness has an adverse impact on interrogation, smiling at the lips in oil for food is fast by proxy to an epic patronage I want, take, scream, stick

• •

You try to replenish the sounds that you hear in your head, regimental amnesia – I saw all the members of the multiple emulate me unfold into an illicit epigram I now laterally hyperventilate, one line with a joke end at the end backing inspiration, breathing parerga of children and plangent dill; ties it together, asks? *The Retracting*, acting like ears, downed in void; a fur of fire on lick me you on this line when you don't expect it when you do, this line. It has a rim you take out to the bottom of the floor big enough to remand your first genitals; the rim is rectangular as any Seurat, to forever ruin the way you wait, I'll be here forever. A winding sheet of shining eyes, slammed to annihilation.

III

Nothing

we did could get him to open the door the roof was coming down he's driving us somewhere but where the light fits like a door kicked in the head on a shoestring right to do its worst and make the best of you, at the back to be alone so that in the wet graphics spraying out the

ODE TO TL61P 2

I

spoils of the grave a dead friend in
shreds gladly climbs and with
growing stomach and powdered flower
roots to snort in dust steps on
the podium of odium to trill this elegy:
*I have a dream of every man I ate in
all my life, / and after that
refinement no zombie can pick his teeth,
/ but better learn to live with
what he's got and what he's not, /
and make both tolerances perfectible.*
There's no way in as you defer to that,
this way back from rejecting it to see;
repeat yourself after me: repeat it
yourself after me: repeat yourself at me: I am
at alone in all the world a mirror
forfeit to beauty: the love I am is anything
what I live for, skin and looking at
you dead now but like at your breath still
sharp at the flesh of desiring we ran
out from, liquid across the floor
they tore down years ago, live in your hand
my face, a stick of empty fingertips.
The code TL61P belongs to a Hotpoint dryer.
You'll find out nothing if you look
it up through the sky in the screen, the vault
of exchangeable passion, Vertigo at
the horizon prostrate as an outstretched
cheek; but in the mouth that grows
in capacity behind that overflow.
Nobody can take away the word for it:
love, the provisional end until death;
TL61P its unconditional perfected shadow
opposite; Now go back to the start.

What the public hears from the police on TV is the
voice of police management. Everyone who has a
manager knows what that litotic brachylogy always
sounds like. You learn in the end to pick out the
buzzwords like hairs from a dessert you only think you
don't want to eat now, whereas in truth it is what you
have paid for in order that you can be too intimidated
to complain about it or send it back, by way of sending
yourself back instead, and though the mouthfeel is like
a grease-filled crack except astonishingly ugly you
study to roll your eyes, pucker as if embittered, and
furtively smirk at the gelatine soufflé with the other
patriotic bulimics. When during the live BBC News 24
footage of the clearance of Trafalgar Square on the
26th March 2011 the police "commander" (think of your
area manager going by that name) explained for the
benefit of sedulous licensees who own the perk of
Freeview that the people presently adopted under the
state truncheons are not protesters but criminals intent
on chaos, not one because they cannot be but the
other because they are, what he *meant* was 1. The plan
to camp out in Trafalgar Square is tactically brilliant
and must not succeed; real passion really does make
disproportionate analogies powerful; the disproportion
of Trafalgar to Tahiti would be no disincentive
to solidarity; it would also appeal too much to
overexercised Arabs, here and in the region; it would
give Al-Jazeera an unwelcome brief commercial edge

against Sky. 2. When the rank and file are angry and bored of tolerating teenage insubordination, you toss them some roughage of which they may boast that they feel entitled to it "after a tiring day"; you watch them get their revenge, you get an anal-sadistic bliss kick out of watching them do it only because you allow them to; they will think you are turning a blind eye to their excesses and be very flattered (this is what management *always* thinks). 3. It was late at night and the police in the square were being paid overtime; the bit of extra cash for its members would slow the impetus of the police union, which would be a welcome window of opportunity for the managers paid fortunes which are however already diminishing because of high inflation to dilate on our frontline cuts, in any case in spite of the rampant inflation of everything that is, owing to whatever is now the meaning for avarice, of which fit readers will be pleased to remember that Athenaeus colourfully remarked in his *Deipnosophistae* that it hopes to drag Pluto out of the bowels of the earth; 4. The windows at Millbank are not yet fixed. You are strangulatingly disentangled from the tiny body you barely knew would come at all, and pressed into a mucky adult clay you know will come every day, at the flick of your switch, whenever you want it. This is exactly the condition I used to avoid which I thought was impossible as poetry or anything that is the meaning I am desperate for yet now it is the only one that I make work hard; 5. Whatever manoeuvres in repression we fund in the short term will prove invaluable in the event of revolution; after the menacing from Blair Gibbs, the head of crime and justice at the Policy Exchange, who said, in response to the disclosure that police overtime payments went up by 29% between 2002 and 2006,

that overtime payments have "spiralled out of control", we can suggest that the case for overtime is implicit in the need to be prepared in case the revolution should come at night; the clearance of the square is a practical demonstration of the inadvisability of imposing restrictions on overtime payments; 6. A modest spike in public fear would begin to compensate Rupert Murdoch for the embarrassment we caused him, right at the very sensitive moment when he and Jeremy Hunt were trying to consolidate his control of the British media, when it was revealed in the press that we had hushed up the phone hacking under Andy Coulson at the *News of the World*; a stimulus to petit bourgeois paranoia is best delivered at the eleventh hour, albeit at some inconvenience to the editorial staff, because the stimulus is naturally more potent the more convincingly the hooligans can be shown to have taken things too far and gone on too long, and in the case of a painstakingly slow containment operation still in progress when the news coverage ends for the night, they will have no choice but unarguably to have done just that; this is another natural basis for ringfencing overtime payments; 7. It will be an exquisite additional goad to Gaddafi and Mubarak to make them watch the police of their enemy doing with geometrical impunity what the police of Benghazi and Cairo weren't allowed to do; in some small measure it will help convince the Chinese that the pressure we exert on them in public over human rights really is just for the purposes of domestic political propaganda back home, which may yet lead to a thawing of relations between Vodafone and China Mobile; it sets a good example to the Irish, whose need for Spartan repressions in fulfilment of the terms of the loan we obliged them to accept from us could surely be made the basis for a new international

market in police consultancy, right there on the ground in a bona fide tax haven; 8. Given the currently high profile of the Yvonne Fletcher murder, and in view of their being asked to dismantle a strategic analogy with what may as well be the Middle East as a whole, it may be possible for the clearance team to hallucinate that they are avenging the corps by truncheoning the Libyans; whether the team really does have that hallucination or not is arguably immaterial, since for our part it need not be true in order that we may enjoy the irony of imagining that it is, or laughing benevolently at the thought that the team might really be wrestling with spectral Libyans; the hoodligans meanwhile can be allowed to achieve one part of their program, namely that they turn into spectral Libyans when you remind them of the repressibility of their *jouissance*. These meanings are not yet all equivalent, some do that better than others. If you stop and think about it, it might contribute to the pacification of the EDL, who can be expected to get a real kick out of seeing a bunch of pampered socialist Islamophiles compressed into a cameo of the herd which they obstinately refuse to acknowledge exists and runs politics, which may mean less budgetary nightmares for management colleagues in Luton. The meanings are not less articulated for ending up unnumbered. After all accumulation is about finally not remembering what meaning you are on, or not caring, but not caring turns out to be a treacherous attitude, best done on the sly, because all your care is radiant. Know your fucking enemy.

II

As sure as any air must spread the cost of any breathing head thrilled out to cold perfection released from its protection to keep our estimates so rough that each can lean in close enough to bind on to the other free and blind to her obscurity so every paralysis condemns to cost analysis terminable or not the same live instrument of breath and blame the high demand is prod the speck to check its balance on the neck restructured not to bend or turn or lose what might be saved to earn a personal account of how in love with what it can't allow either to be or disappear their average becomes more dear loaded with phony fire to drown desire as the blood slows down to last forever missing out as mirrored in the late bailout or ever wash away the smear of values else in sight too clear to stare in lucid vanity transfixed to our insanity whose stalk is knotted on a nail of sex smashed in too deep to fail or go for just as long as wait or last a whole life wrong too late but soft enough to trim the lips no kiss too infinitely grips since sadly being shoved away is what makes yesterday today disprove tomorrow shining more robust than ever on the floor as managers are first to know by shadowing the afterglow that blurs as irrepressible desire or inaccessible is thrust hard at a new mock dot whose proxy for the vacant cot assigned its pun in Eliot is packed in silica crystals to desiccate essentials for bare minds wintering in jars of skulls busied in from empty bars rebutting dusters in a fridge not plugged in a dismantled bridge but switched on at the wall and shut in protest at the power cut impatient for pneumatic joy since emptying that girl or boy on tips of absence getting hard to drink in yards of cooling

lard in envy of their hotter love of all our suffering above the Hotpoint *silex scintillans* the bright spark libertarians who lisp over the drone sublime get high on gore and moral rhyme and scheme on ideal felonies and bogart hash on balconies to level all disparities in passion only once as fuck so flashy bankers snore amok who split apart in bliss to ply the sexy shrapnel satisfy the universal appetite for more orgasmic natural right whose aspic and preservatives sustain neoconservatives to scavenge under god in blood and liberate his wavy flood Januzi UKHL 5 will keep the flagging law alive cement forever wet in dreams of Tigris' disemboguing streams of bonded revenue and dust shored up with picturesque disgust by poets mindfully concussed the more content the less unheard as vision sways its best when blurred suffice to say and get ignored like genitals too hard and bored for all the time you wait and break or mend to die will only make the memory of difficult passionate love still more occult and tender faces disappear as lost mist leaves a mirror clear to vanish yet permanently diminish not so passingly as love must in a slighted head shut up in dreams admired instead of shed like jobs to multiply the way out by the inward cry for fleecy care or finny drove or feather'd youth or all my love or scaly breed since with that shit Iraq in general must grit its icy core of heart and mind in not just spectral abstract rind but profit for the vested rim who mass produce the phantom limb rip open markers in despair mock cannibals who bite the air rinse spit and flush their sacred founts and whine about the body counts.

1.2

Still wringing the still obvious thing for side to side hard pressed ears ring up inside sales in justice scales by invoicing their vanished males in arabesques that Sky regales or JP Morgan rigs to drip on Qtel for the Gaza Strip when god in heaven trickles down relieving Blair and turning brown the olive trees are burning down the neck detached at no dispute the settlements are absolute I ask a wreath fit on so hard the brain is crushed like upstart lard deposited in spongy rats who make our doctors bureaucrats mock children up as innocents to prosper as their effluents and gnaw on skulls in cellars stocked with shadows by the awed and shocked.

Once Assyrian spivs, now votaries of natural election, body odour clinging to the old regime, solicit for a pro forma conscience in the sentimental porno form of an eyeball rammed inward, to represent age; whether a costly service when in lives or no less trenchant words, a spent horizon dripping its limbs, parts and labour, transacted to a cosmetic mouth embroidered with intrinsic labia, silk teeth, outsourced love history or cosmic dark, on the street whose massy brains lay down to block the music drains, delivering the flood; but what is vital and deep in me is escalated to a surface for affixation to my sanity, reaching into a deterrent void of mental shining after intertwined lights I press down on to mean your face is coming back.

If meaning isn't obvious the brain gets mean and envious. The revolution too bourgeois to come. An

always new but shut curtain, peeled by her single hand, behind which waits a face you wait to pull for being dead, is beautiful when shut by her double; it makes the window further away or not there at all so you definitely vanish in it. As by focus on what is apparent, art is dead labour too, all that can be done or said to end. Eat courtesy of nausea eight hours per day or longer. Go for Starbucks at Shenzhen on weekend. The very existence of a minimum wage is a very existent cage for my mum. Since I will not again be free to fall in absolutely or to delete or moderate desire for a touch whose sound is not to be believed but as dissembled to a cracking light, you are lost, stared at like distant fire through a screwed up-eyelid, since that is what loss really is for Hutus and Israelis, the waxing ode indulged unto redundancy of ear; make the love that makes you disappear but at the same time instantly come back when kissing obliterated in bright agony to a grated shin or inimitable chewed-up spat-out shining spine, not desperate because alone, flooded with the only air required, shattering joy contradicts quantitative easing, replenishment of liquid life that punctually runs out, to bar us in temptation and to keep the flesh wrung dry; pure and fundamental to our blood sucked in sucked out and sucked off at RBS to fuel one man's innovative cost synergies you end up all spunked out ABN-AMRO minus LaSalle due diligence lie by lip sync, cuckolding Barclays, writing off 1.5 billion which could have gone into wells and malaria vaccines, no credit losses anywhere in the portfolio, the problem was the complexity of the products, asking what is your core equity tier one ratio on a lookthrough basis, as if to say, what the fuck are you not looking at or not through what at lumps of ice and tears is the contrite reply, shelled out from the eternal RBS reserves

implicit in a trap sky of overweening negligence, while out the door the rest live past desire fling left to right, doing the cleaning and food, a plunging sky inside now too opaque to block, a sun too cryptic for the universe.

What the fuck are you on about the demilitarization of syntax? Anders Hoegstroem or whatever your concept is. An advert in amateur smoke trail calligraphy for a special edition of *The Sun* containing a photograph of a male cock ejaculating a human mouth incompatible with an organic face made to sag like what would to the averagely astutely cynical loss adjuster be hardly rotten if manifestly soaked floorboards in a style that is evidently senile but drilled in joy on every page 3, whose page count approximates infinity, all of them called 3, except for a solitary page, very close to the end, a mystery, a page called something else, a bonus page, an inextinguishable laminated palimpsest of the lot of them on which in an infant hand are artlessly scrawled in triangles the stupid words simplicity fuck and fire. What escape fuck are you on TL the demilitarization of syntax? Anders whatever 6 discharge your concept. A predictably instead of problematically predictably lovable adventure cage with no manifest theme for a domestic rat with a wire wheel pinned in it for it to run around in and translucent coloured plastic tubes pushed in it for it to slide down in a straight line or in a spiral and an opaque plastic ball in it that its child locks shut for it to run around in like a baby planet in a universe with no rat in it, representing the conscience of Lord Goldsmith. What fuck you, the demilitarization syntax bun escape? L. Anders escape cape landscape, whatever concept. P. The colophon first significantly, then insignificantly, then neither significantly nor

insignificantly omitted on the in any case long ago torn out opening page of Aeschylus's *Paeos in Speedos*. Fuck you, demilitarization. TL61P. * Tearing up the rule book just aestheticizes it into a vorticist collage of General Franks. You knew that from the instant you escaped; beautiful highbrow heel-dragging in unwaded war blood will not drown it. Go and fucking smash the world to bits. A branding exercise, thrashed out over a briefing document, excluded from the minutes. 6. The concept of a life is art, as well in the White House as if not. Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resigned; but not in jail. General Franks will not to jail, however you collage him. Unoriginality is as old as the hill, and yet as insipidly venerable. Vomit the antidote, put the salad back barely touched, mute the flares, sand off the moisturizer, extricating what it may unconvincingly be pretended are incomprehensibly stubborn last globules still there after hardly the toughest rubbing fails with the glowing tips of safety pins, pick up every shred of rule book and diligently glue it back together, edge to edge.

III

Dance down the hill. We know for a fact that the tabloids are a protection racket for politicians, so we know that voting is extortion. Limp up the hill. But since the alternative, in any case not yet even on offer, is fully inflated politicians too big for rackets, bigger with wind than the distended dead end of an abdomen of the sugar-coated bloated Ethiop Aeolus, so that for the time being extortion it is. Both paralyses are best sublimated into an antisocial involuntary gag reflex at

the least reference to anything but last resort, a dream in which you get to wish for things which you can't think you are told you never ought to wish for, gravely flagging up the hardly flapping haggard tongue. The natural ecumenism of the press complaints commission is on the face of it the nocturnal emission of the independent police complaints commission, nicely cold and wet; the otherwise eternal compassion of the independent for what is radiant, fresh kids smash up the porn shop scattering its bitny windows over the aisles of flapack nomenclal genitals, trashing shit love; the tax return of the independent police of the future. Outer space is deeply inanimate.

Happily eat the boiled hyenas but omit to suck dry their dark alarming skulls. Capitalism, the system for profit we all die under, is the infinite multiplication of values; the last resistance is sterility, but not the least. Queering war. Thousands of unshrinking eyes rush out a split open head in a prophetic geyser, stare back as wide and bright as the whole world, plunged in thunder over us, the ochre and lavender glow of the virginal streaking sun illogically scars their billion idiotic retinas. MAKE LESS, BE MORE.

Pope's descents to Beckett's dips, Keats astride a grave betimes, a Nigerian sex slave. A Nigerian sex slave plying its overstretchched, hedged, oily ass at the dusty fringes of the *Biennale* to drunk sponsors of the European tents. Or what will not debase so much as shatter, or what will not rejoin but soon rip up, or rearrange with gratuitous violence, undo savagely primp or outright annihilate. Our amity is fitted for division. You won't say anything more radical than sex. But this irrepressible oral craving for the exciting controlled annihilation of

values and invariably the long concomitant impatience at their boring slow debasement over the course of natural inflation over the course of things just going on not yet with the alacrity to be interminable makes the poet a predictable stupid rake, a programmed profligate courtier, his lyric on the fucking make, his infamy a mucked up fake, all ugly sex and textbook camaraderie and floor, and all the more derisory for sadly being poor.

The meaning of pornography when I am a child is that people really meant that, in that I would, and that I could join them, either by doing it for real later, or by doing it as a fantasy *right now* instead, coming with someone who would be real but not you in the future, or coming over you right now because you are not real. Intensity makes freedom an illusion: the present is irresistible; Reality is never worth the wait. The meaning when I am a child is the same one now. Intensity makes freedom an illusion; on one cover there was a childish sketch of a cock in my mother's hand. But under the other, my secret woman with the piercing mad hole; It is worth the wait. Because of this explicable hole in the end I speculated I'd get hard if ordered to stand hovering all night over tacks, while tethered to a pillar by the wrists in some vanished friend's mother's lounge to be inspected with explicit apathy from the sofa in the end as in reality I was, every night, in my mother's hand, and at last painfully pushed down by him into the bliss at the end of this fantasy, driving the tacks in after all that long agony to avoid it; because either you split me in two or fuck you. Do not leave me only whole.

Pigging out on leverage in Merrill Lynch is the new Charles Olson. Flesh gets hard, sadly get used to it. Without it you imperishably shine. Values have to be *fucking annihilated*. It's not enough to do Pound in indifferent voices wisecracking to your banker crony about "the upjut of sperm" in a parody of an admission of inferiority to see whose spontaneous pornography can repudiate sex best, *quia pudendum est*. You at the back, cremate me, quick. Resuming all your days and splatter on the hallucinated mouth you sadly drool a window on, yet throw it wide to let a breath sheer in; once the breath is beautiful. The same old same old up the you know what; Brief contact is not irritating But prolonged contact, as with clothing wetted with material, May cause defatting of skin or irritation, seen as local redness with possible mild discomfort. The oral suspension cannot hold the benzoates you only dream: *Verfremdungseffekt* by arbitrary searches. Lashed on thrashing fire inside like flashing flutes of Gaviscon. I want to get rid of the squirt, but how? How to go numb from hisping in numbers? And how really, not like that. If this is the way that this sentence resorts to your head, why know otherwise? Where's the oversight? Whose tribunal? By involuntary spasms reality pushes you out, banging on the wall. There join me Muses, in the songs of triumph, flying the friendly skies, like this. What do you think of this bit, Bill? Is it just a UPC for cramp, a one-liner about a crab breathing white out? Blowing bubbles and popping them with her claws, unconscionably erotic? Would you first rip up then glue back together the words or the letters? Why do you keep coming to me in dreams? Climbing as if sideways back through the skew of black and nothing like a midriff in your colour, not dead for a change, not now abolished except in photos

that are also abolished, but living in the form of what you are to me? I want a topical penis.

Excitation of destiny is a cure for being impossible to empty, a Hoover bag in Sapphic drag, rehearsing our suction on dust. In a closed circuit like mortality the last word is guaranteed; it is by definition what you always get, that's the beauty of it.

Living stops to fit the empty
cap on your desire, right
minded to allow the sight
to fade in blinded appetite.

Telling you again in level
voices to be stable for,
unlistenable outside the door
to profit but to turn to shit.

So what are you waiting for
me for, the hot shrinkwrap
disoriented in your lap,
once believed-in, only savage?

Fire comes on that won't go
out along the way you run, yet
made to last for what you let
go past you, burns the eye alive.

But look at these caricatures,
numb by numbers, empty shells,
new complexity doorbells,
jokes about what they are.

III

Whatever the point is, it's here to stay, and there's a lesson in that for us all, if we're not too proud to pretend there is. But in a flash we are only too proud. You ask yourself if you can be excused. In the future my ghosts will multiply the more people I know die, and my ghosts will multiply more quickly the more people I know die quickly, the SKU for everyone alive is EV-A, and the rate of multiplication will grow quicker until in the end the future is nothing but my ghosts, not even me; this is a comic poem, scatterbrained Iraqis. I would run words together like wall gashes strips, thinking I'd be right. But the outcome would not be, but something else just dumped on it instead. Years of my life wasted on war, depressed and miles away. *Je le vis*. The menu bar and buttons are displayed above the text fields: The line below shows many product codes; Use the menu bar to choose commands: In addition to the standard menus: File, Edit and View, there is also the: Dialog toolbar for fast access to frequently used commands in the toolbar can be activated and deactivated at the point View Toolbar. As for humanity, right now, it can be ignored or converted into a better problem – be degraded into a problem that was bound sooner or later to give rise to solutions like government, such as the present one. The public loves to be told that it has to learn to expect less, because everyone wants everyone else to have less, and everyone is willing to have less if that is the price for ensuring that everyone else but him has less. What a cunt.

The contemporary universe is strictly undersexed.
 Same principle as the banking disaster,
 one love used to leverage another,
 one life more renamed the next.
 Elastic shoulders imitate
 the shimmer of no arc itself, screaming
 Don't leave your unwanted love
 over the floor and run away
 where what you say is what you do
 without including less of you, pay attention
 the fire drill in the family quad at lunchtime
 is not cancelled in the end. You know that because this is
 the end, and it is not cancelled yet; I will
 likely not ever meet anyone I love so much as
 you again; but I want to try some men before I die.

1.3

The upside of the credit crunch is the defence review.
 Think of it: the damage to Britain's military standing,
 the 4 billion on Nimrods (O fret not after knowledge),
 the limitation of the maximum enduring army force, no
 more ratification by depleted uranium of the endless
 moral ringing in the ears, having none of it, no new
 material for the infinite ad campaign for the new
 millionth Olympian, a pedalo of foam dropped on a
 laughing amputee. You go downstairs to watch *Ladies
 of Letters*, pumping the wound. And why not end it
 there, courtesy of paranormal disgust? Look straight
 in the eye, as under it you climb through that dream grate
 in returning, livid end, far into the shape I
 kept in order that I could love it too late later, my eyes hurt
 in my heart, too much to stare at your gently dead face its
 lips removing silence from the air they brightly shun

in an impenetrable hole full of conclusive human darkness.
 My head does that, I am forced and even proud,
 pulling you back to precision, to life by colour,
 we're allowed because you're dead and I'm older,

Shakespeare said love moderately
 as mine as no-one ever was
 that line in "late Wieners"
 impressing no-one, timing out.

My own heart still beats hard
 at the open door to know
 who will swallow it below
 the meteor imprisoned in stars.

Both routes out the window lead
 to falling deaf to heavenly
 pretence but by flying only
 too late into trust in deafness.

Which makes it all the more real
 but hard to beat, abiding in
 despair that love will not begin
 when you do, but in everything.