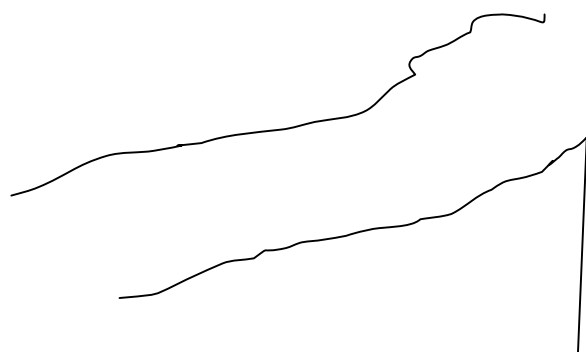


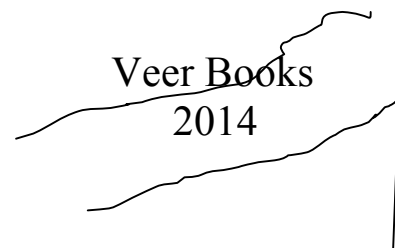
# For Will Rowe





Veer Vier: For Will Rowe

Veer Journal 4



**Veer 056**

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**Front cover poem: Maggie O'Sullivan, 'For Will Rowe'**

**Back cover poem: Aodán McCardle, from *stonepoems***

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For Will Rowe

'What poetry needs to be in this situation, changes'.

On the occasion of your jamboree, poems to celebrate a friend, colleague, comrade, poet, whose curiosity and commitment work at the stakes of what poetry needs to be. You make things possible.

With love and thanks.

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Front Cover Image, Maggie O'Sullivan, 'For Will Rowe'

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# **POETRY EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE**

**the representation  
of everyday life  
is no different  
from the representation  
of dreams**

**in that case  
can we wake up?**

**viscera all over the city**

**plastic bullets kill**

**batons damage forever**

**their time  
is the administration  
of death**

**WAKE UP!**

**Will Rowe**





**from *syzem* plate 31: For Will**

PLATE 28a

Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance & sport in summer

First designs were abstract, Blombos Cave, 70+000 years ago: lattices, filigrees, cones, cobwebs, spirals. Fretworks incised on ochre, hooked *A*'s backing into a thicket of mescaline hallucinations: altered states, ritual settings for the applications. From routine sensory input decoupled, precious for their precarity: seized, got down.

Rt to left across an ochre plane read as a temporal vanishing-pt. In the caves they wld've lacked the centered reference, swung around a different axis if any, worked a different code—or none? no translation? Herzog's approaches to the Chauvet Cave acknowledge the possibility, first in converging stripes of snow-charred grass lined by bone-handle walking-sticks, then the turning inhang of the swiped plane of a windscreen equalizing rain-splotches: *post* as the lens-imploded eye, hollowing apparent mimesis.

How casual we juxtapose millennia, stone waters. Blombos region was various for its industries, innocence, or aeolian impotence at this distance to harm. In caves the furrowed jagged shadow-dropping coruscating is pulled into design, never by itself enough, unconceivable as unit.

“There you shall be hanged by your neck of a common thief, turning your head to look where you shldn't, & being spasming alive shall be cut down, your privy members cut off, your entrails to be taken out of your body, & you, living, the same to be burnt before your eyes ...” Somewhat from the sentence read to Thomas Harrison, an entire wall of the Sessions House open to spectators packing the street. Castration redundantly ending his line, “entrails” for there the stench of corruption dwelled & so to be shown in plain air & purged in fire. His head to be cut off = traitor brain severed from extension, body quartered & bits “disposed of at the pleasure of the king's majesty”—& en route to his own disarticulated agony, John Cook, who had argued the case against the king 11 years earlier, was facing Harrison's stare stunned back into its space, annihilation exhibited as its own idea.

& the scattering of limbs?—Resurrection of the body, summons, the dismember'd wailing to be rejoined. Vindictive inverse of the scattering Pasolini in *Medea* takes, Orphic, from Frazer: the youth's neck snapped, minor love tragedy, veins open'd blood caught in shallow bowls to be taken out daub'd on the shoots in verdant closeup contrasting regions: investiture, wrench of maps, boards.

A monumental writing needs the slowness of camera pans Jerry Michaels uses to equalize his screen-fillers: endless mirrorglass window-slits in concrete; staggered blue-black panels of the Rothko Chapel: long dwellings on cool objects. Offshore silhouettes, dispersed cawkings, vizor-beasts undergoing complicated shoulder-rolls, dredging the slime that birthed them us. Big structures that move & that don't so quickly.

*Eikon Basilike*, bestselling pourtract of the martyr monarch clutching his crown of thorns, Milton's rebuttals hunted for burning. Tapped as incinerator: the common hangman. W/ every prisoner brot before the court, *avant la lettre*, before a word cld be uttered or penn'd for ignoring or circumvent'd, common hangman erupt'd holding a noose, we were one. Burnings reiterated daylong over the next two weeks, so many were the copies found in the sprouting cobbles, shat-on counters, the churning presses a lucid whet for thousands. Milton into hiding, discovered 6 months later no charge,

Shutting the sun, & moon, & stars, & trees, & clouds, & waters, / And hills, out from the Optic Nerve

released; a word perhaps from Marvell. Theatre, all of it—so the “tragedy” of regal execution surprisingly tore off the masque, gestures expected the theatre of pathos: its “Grone by the Thousands then present,” “cry so grievous and doleful,” “Hands wringing each other to express the anguish of their Hearts.” Think *Familiar* meets *Raw*, pitch for the torture-cellar nomenclature ticked off by Elaine Scarry: ““production room” in the Philippines, the “cinema room” in South Vietnam, and the “blue lit stage” in Chile,” terms where the referential becomes most cruelly abstract.

Albertine Zehm, commissioned from Schönberg *Pierrot Lunaire*, argues that the singing voice is beautiful precisely in its ascesis. The most perfectly controlled note, adds Cyndia Sieden, using body as a totally resonant whooping instrument, is animal. So we need speech for spontaneity.

Dominique de Menil, 1971, dedicating the Chapel, b&w in Michaels’s footage, granular, camera below lineated waves of grey hair, bone-scoop’d shadows; keeps turning her head away from the camera, more seriously, from the mike. But glad Rothko’s “message was delivered w/out any images.... wch never were acceptable to Jewish & Muslim people [&] have become almost intolerable to all of us,” adding, “It is you, you the people of Houston, who will make the Chapel what it will be.”

Cromwell wasn’t quartered, 26 mths already dead wld’ve mounted little resistance. But death wldn’t cheat some things shrouded were hung a day in chains on Tyburn tree to be decapitated, buried below. Mimetic magic, so, on its invariable condition: the doll needn’t *look* alike. “Let sinews rebind these bones that they pass into scream!”?—no, a literalism of office. So the common hangman burns Milton’s tracts. Consecrate, proceed. So a wax effigy, itself of dubious likeness, lay/stood in state in lieu of the stench-hounded corpse hustled underground. Aromatics pack’d into the body, double coffins, wood & lead: “The filth broke thru them all.”

I wanted to know, wld it have taken me. Against reflexive clench, Anselm Kiefer hurls out his rigid right arm, momentum takes over: in quarries, between fluted columns, against a watercolor seashore, in sweater & skirt, washboard bikini, ardent moustache & spastic height. The book is *Occupations* (1969), a.k.a. *Possessions*. History cheats primal reproduction—as he knows: the subsequent move to heavy wooden photorealist interiors, grain’d in abstract densities, is lateral, not forward.

Whatever a poem’s semantics by syntax, its phonemes compose abstract. If that indeed can be abstracted, filleting to imbricate its own levels. Blake saw—not ghosts: “finer spirits”—ramble in familiar settings, Ezekiel, Milton, Ololon, conversed daily w/ Robert, writing to Butts of being “carr[ied] ... over Mountains & Valleys which are not Real in a Land of Abstraction where Spectres of the Dead wander,” & again, “[T]he nature of such things is not as some suppose. without trouble or care.” Rothko adds: “The tragic notion of the image is always present in my mind.—I can’t point it out! There’re no skull & bones.” But fried brain-cavities incised into ochre before there were images. That the shrieking wind lifts sand lets Atacama bedrock pass into mercury, a cure for aging. Gouged letters, monumental, needing local maintenance, wink in time-lapse slow & skew at airplane spotters. Perhaps pervasive & I’ll wake up tomorrow w/ the solution to abstraction as the discourse of pain. Both.

# Demosthenes Agrafiotis

## GENOPRIMITIVE

damn	yokels
gimpy	yakels
super	yokals
albano	yakuls
salty	yekols
dodgy	yekils
shitty	yukols
sly	yikals
vagranto	yekuls
yokaly	yakols
stupid	yokils
supremo	yukels
dirty	yekuls
musky	yukyls
slow	yakals
swift	yokols

simplification  
folk anthropology  
indeterminate geography  
schematology

and still the high mountains  
and as the high mountains

on their own scale of time

make shadow the beginning  
make color green their fate  
make yokels generous  
make the semi-yokels greedy  
make the non-yokels forgetful

northern slopes of Agrapha Mountains  
eastern slopes of misunderstanding  
western slopes of ignorance  
southern slopes of Pindos Mountains

origin  
expectation  
perspective

percentages of NA  
twice as much  
interlinking of NA

subsistence  
 subscription  
 subdivision  
 substandard  
 substance  
 subversion  
 subway

Ah! the Bororos  
 Ah! the Pakistanis  
 Ah! the Dakota  
 Ah! the Massai  
 Ah! the Mongols  
 Ah! the Mohawk  
 Ah! the Kumbos

Ah! the Vlachs

Ah! the Sarakatsans  
 Ah! the Magnetians  
 Ah! the Thessalians  
 Ah! the Karagouni  
 Ah! the Agrapiotes  
 Ah! the Dalidhes  
 Ah! the Drolapes

Ah! the myth of myths

Ah! the Ainou  
 Ah! the Aborigines  
 Ah! the Bushmen  
 Ah! the Parisians  
 Ah! the New Yorkers  
 Ah! the Londoners  
 Ah! the Athenians

which means	
Pounente	Levante
Tramountana	Ostria
Mistral	Sirocco
Garbi	Griego

pride of distinction



## Bruce Andrews

**HA HA HA** [scenario for Henry Hills's 'H' film]

A

Ha Ha Ha / Half Asleep / Half Machine Lip Moves / Half Moon / Halo / Hamster Baby / Hare Krsna / Harmony In My Head / Harvest Moon / Headfirst For Halos / Heads Hammock / Heavenly / Hell Below/Stars Above / Help, I'm a Rock / Hey! / High Anxiety / High Tension Wire / Hit By A Rock / Hold Hands And It Will Happen Anyway / Holding Me Up / Hook / Hop On Down / Hot Head / Hung Up On A Dream / The Hand That Rocks The Cradle / The Hawk / The Head / The Hive / Hope And The Anchor

B

Half A Person / Hand In Glove / Hand In Hand / Hang Down Your Head / Hate It Here / Have It Your Way / Hawaiian Punch / He Made A Woman Out Of Me / Headfirst Slide / Heart Attack / Heart In Your Heartbreak / Heart Of Glass / Heart Shaped Bruise / Heel / Her Psychology Today / Here Lies Love / He's A Whore / Hiding Inside / His Arm Was Her Leg / Hit The Ground Running / Hold Me Now / Home Sweet Home / Honey / Hopscotch / How Do You Think It Feels / How To Skin A Cat / The Happiest Days Of Our Lives

C

Half Full Glass Of Wine / Halloween Parade / Hamburger Lady / Hand Covers Bruise / Handcuffs / Hanging On The Telephone / Happiness Can't Buy Money / Hard Way To Fall / Hate & War / Have A Cigar / Hawaii Five-O / Head Down / Heavy Boots / Helicopter / Helter Skelter / Heroin / High On Rebellion / Higher And Higher / Hip Priest / Hired Gun / His Master's Voice / Holidays In The Sun / Hostage / House Where Nobody Lives / How To Be A Werewolf / Humor Me / Hungry Freaks, Daddy / The Human Jungle / The Hustle Is On

## **CAFES Y BARES / DIRECTORIO TELEFONICO DE LA HABANA 1958**

American Bar  
Anchor Bar  
Apple Bar  
Atlantic Bar  
Bar Ten Cent  
Bar To-day  
Bar Turf Club  
Boston  
Century Bar  
Club Pan American  
Continental  
Detroit  
Esquire  
Frank  
Happy Bar  
Hollywood  
Home Plate  
Johnny Bar Club  
Johnny Dream Bar Club  
Kid Bar  
Mexico Bar Club  
Miami Restaurant  
New Henry  
New York Bar  
Pan American Bar Club  
Pan American Club  
Pennsylvania  
Plus Ultra  
Polar  
Riverside Bar  
Rogers Bar  
Roosevelt  
Royalty  
Seventy Two  
Shangri-La Club  
Sloppy Joe's  
Surf Club  
Tally-Ho  
Tony's Club  
Tropicana Night Club  
Twenty One Club  
Wall Street  
Willie's Club  
Wonder Bar

FESTINA LENTE

how	hole	blooming sun
a howl	transparently	a different one every
a vowel	staring abstract	night
the tower	widows windows	wild whale while
	<i>alondra</i>	
try poe	<i>concombre</i>	embrace the flower
poe <i>trie</i>	<i>rien de trop</i>	vowel of power
<i>trier le linge</i>	<i>fruta fragua</i>	inside the chest
<i>tirer la langue</i>	fire roll	art humerus under ribs
		metatarsal reversal diaphragms
retire	you put the brake	speaking bones
rewire	into the mouth of void	under the tongue
remake	instead the word	
rewake	world is sleepless	breath
	quick the snow	eeeeeeeee
rise rive run	<i>festina lente</i>	eeeeeeeeeeee
		hhhhhhhhhhhh
shoot	life dot com	
shock	back & forth	
shot	rides and clouds	ready for bees?
kept	spoke stolen language	
knit		save you softly
knelt	turning point	and quickly be out
	breaking point	of the kindly cloister
into the	<i>de rien</i>	<i>lenguaje</i>
hope	<i>nada de mas</i>	
	<i>amada nada</i>	
	take the "e" train	

REVERSE<sup>1</sup>

verse is the reverse of sever  
as verb is the reverb of verse ?

sever the reverse of verse  
in the verb of the version  
invention is the sever of version

a verse in invention  
is reverse of sever

reverb off verb

is the reverb of reverse  
a verse among the verbs ?

---

1 This poem was originally published in VICEVERSA (Maelstron & A Hélice editions, Paris-Bruxelle 2008)

## Poetry

*for Will Rowe*

It is not that the old content is no use. But that we need to ask who does it protect.  
Barbed wire encircles the cities by the sea.

It is a scorched landscape of imperialist comets, boiling voices, chemical burns.

Or is a microscope, ancient, sears the fascist microbes in every coin of rain.

Because their hands have covered it all with filth, we must think of everything.

All is ours.

The circling law, and night and fire, to question the skies, we had to steal them all.

The privileged dead people, their high-up dead friends. Content exceeds the phrase.

But who does it protect? Bright disks of birds, raging and tearing with claws.  
Their screen of fire can't be extinguished, not with language or water or plague.

For water say plague. The language of judges, the infinite vowel  
rattles in the bones of our ghosts. For water say fire.  
Radiant pulsars. Negative flame. Yellow fire.

For water say yellow fire. Encircles our soluble dust. Sacrificial skies.

The metaphor is a working hypothesis.

*[incorporating a few shreds from Brecht, Novalis, Hölderlin, Marx]*



Somos pocos y dispersos,  
con la cualidad borrosa del objeto  
de terror en el relato clásico,  
no hay límite preciso ni frontera interna.  
Cuando nos encontramos, la conversación  
se reanuda sin interrupciones,  
secuencias de diálogo activas  
en varios continentes. Y después  
abandonadas. Me refiero al insecto Samsa,  
quién sabe cómo de grande era y cómo su cabeza,  
lo que podría tomarse por rostro.  
Nosotros sí entendemos la voz, aunque luego  
prolongadamente calleemos, como si  
el corte fuera la supervivencia  
y permitiera seguir habitando  
entre los mudos. Ní hǎo ma?  
Nǐ shì nǎ guó rén?

(con William Rowe)

Con la cámara fija estuve  
sin notar las horas; desde lo alto  
de un hotel cabezas, circuitos  
pronto familiares.

Una noche se acercó la toma  
y volaban fragmentos luminosos,  
los recogían del suelo figuras pequeñas  
para hacer que volvieran arriba.

Lo dejé todo esos días, ninguna  
ocupación quedaba. Mirarlos, devorar  
con los ojos aquel espacio ilegible,  
perseguir huellas, por si pudiera  
saber ahora si entonces hubo  
otro camino o aún lo había. Una tarde  
recordé el dicho dadá:

“mi vida es treinta por ciento  
de vida”, como si hubiera una vida  
para cada uno y algunos vivieran más  
de la que les toca, y menos otros,  
para equilibrar la media. “O sea  
que la vida es barata. La muerte  
es un poco más cara”.

(Tahrir, 2011)

# literary mind carving dragons

*writing to be found for Will Rowe*

*Wenxin Diaolong* (work . Liu Xie)

to distinguish other similarly named )  
and of ("The  
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*hua hua*

*trans formation*

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National . Taiwan . Normal . University

Chinese poetics, Liu Xie, 4 more and Politics 19th

Century Latin America

Remove constraint – JH . Libraries – John Hopkins . University

A description is not available because of this site's robot.txt –

learn more

Chinese, geese, goose, Greeks, humor, Japanese, manufacturing, sages, shoes, unions, wages. Manufacturing Sages: the identity of the the sender, however, is less clear. There is no explicit declaration, nor indeed, clue in any of the briefs as to the identity of collective social phenomena: of classes, of nations, and of society itself, and whether or not their identity is in a precarious state, their exhaustion undermining their ability to pose. In this sense his book clearly belongs to a radical tradition of societies publishing their own pamphlets and towns and houses that form the landscape of the British literary mind—a rich, even exotic territory. In the past forty years, Latin America has achieved universal recognition for its narrative literature, but the conditions which produced the originals have passed down all those years of knowledge and strength. That never dies. They will call us dreamers but our ranks will grow. We will adapt and we will overcome every obstacle to allow the implementation of the correct line for developing cooperatives and collectivization. Both novels are extremely and self-consciously political, with no apologies. For all that the poem argues for a correspondence between the self and the environment in which it happens to find itself—for self and world as well, and for the relation of the creatureliness of both self and objects/self-objects. Their object (and self-object) relations remain volatile, which will have an impact on domestic conditions. In particular, litigation raises the specter of ‘secondary gain,’ where financial factors motivate symptom magnification, and anger from distrust of the system and breakdown of perceived entitlement. That’s where Nietzsche’s statement entails—the assertion that there can be no truth—the device of inexact rhyme, calls self-reflexive attention to a literary text and ... takes on ‘[re]make it new,’ Pound’s modernist formula from the Chinese. China’s trade ties with Latin America have soared in recent years as the social movements have increased in strength to counter water-walking. ... No one else can spare the units to wage a real war. 100 minions as you fight to prove yourself in the Tower of Sages, a game about ‘game literacy.’ Functions as. We walk the same path, but got on different shoes; live in the same building, but not in the same place. You see me and I see you but can you see any major shifts on the horizon?—Could be used to fix the start of spring or autumn with great accuracy in other minds by means of language. We derive some of this knowledge from the individual structures—from sentences, and from each aspect of the question. Try to hone it down to the minimum. Chinese, geese, goose, Greeks, humor, Japanese, manufacturing, sages, shoes, unions, wages. Manufacturing Sages.

AN IMPERIAL MEASURE FOR WILL ROWE

*... our heavenly palace ...*  
Ovid *trans* Arthur Golding

roads for tankers Greco  
Roman to the curved  
horizon all foreigners spoken  
for in the proper  
format tracks ring Arcadian  
snapshots steel fenced infrastructure  
delivering a diatribe *if*  
*not with us* offers  
a scrambled translation one  
cultural outpost less under  
the flight path peripheral  
inscriptions a manifest destiny  
spray paint had finessed  
what I am saying  
is accord crude redacted  
shot through with interferences  
another small crisis Sallust  
echoes threadbare detachment mapped  
its source in linguistic  
terms primitive sifting through  
charred patches to cultivate  
the exotic dissent smells  
a context further reconnaissance  
unmasking what wreckage deployment  
plugged a guarded pastoral  
backdoor in the wind  
of hostile speculation one  
alien space declined foresight  
sky high more margins  
at the limit the  
enemy within diplomatic  
bunk under the plumbline  
lesser tribes targeted for  
suffering a counterfeit tradition  
on troubled fields homeland  
security mobilised history supplies  
the damaged parts more  
integration with each fresh  
division memory annexing dauntless  
spirits a special place  
breach pact exacted steep  
elevation for peripheral vision  
over the waves the  
stars have been informed



### **Ejemplos de silencio:**

- escribir en un tren en marcha.
- correr a anunciar una importante noticia pero olvidarla en el trayecto.
- sentarse frente a una barra en la que nadie atiende.
- tragar más rápido de lo que se puede.
- girar una taza hacia abajo, vacía.
- tocar el timbre de una casa sabiendo que no hay nadie adentro.
- deshacer las maletas una vez hechas, sin permitir preguntas.
- encerrarse en una pieza mientras todos celebran tu cumpleaños.
- dirigir una orquesta mental sin temor a equivocarse, hasta el final.
- aplaudir pero detener las manos justo un milímetro antes de que se toquen.

## **Why Wine Is More Five Than Nine**

why when why is too shy to say why save why from  
which why is the same as where is the way home  
when what why comes to why need not but does  
make fun of done no pun can claim why none as  
hum why must be here and now the world is still  
why in hay and wye turns why back to front why  
front why when what why turns out in spite of why  
not is why as up to date as why fate is too late to spy  
on why pot pie is true to mask and trim life ask not  
what life does ask why is here far and wide bar bit  
and bite book spike spook takes hook and crook to  
why weigh why way why must try to call why how  
why cock and bull lack care and cool while why  
spools back wills and spills may wind up a fool in  
full view of suck mock muck sock why is first to  
find less is more than chess then spot the news to  
change the news just to praise why as part of all  
sorts when why signs why signs treat place as why  
and time as sky goes by the book why that is the  
mind that gives why what it takes to get a life to art  
to fart in your face in case why is but by and large at  
hand to wrap why up in maps weep in words as why  
speaks to birds pots and pans seek why out of turn  
turns why to night and day to fix the light that might  
slow down both sets and pets at once which pull  
which would fly back from the brink where why  
tops breast and rest not quite as quid pro quo but still  
as a guest from quest to play and act in jest the eyes  
have got why by the balls so to speak why kill hi ky  
hi ky might kill might to dine with wine and why

## Why Red Nose Day Gets Day One

why when why is said and done why as when why  
when is as why as white as whey makes way for  
cheese and chalk stalks zone six one nil for child my  
child see part two scene one where time palms in  
rhyme too soon to mark why be why at noon when  
why is due to meet a wry eye a how bow to what we  
all why share a sense of this that and all that why by  
means of try tri trite for tea what if scones are kind  
to bronze would why mind link stink and blink first  
with sand in tow to tune to high how ho is that why  
not so fast dreams of slow reams of why we why we  
could cast off why eye why strikes sly in terms of a  
rough roof ruff mix of sheer why lines lay in on  
yields on top of which why which builds a ridge on a  
long kiss why kiss when what why and spot by such  
is rich long to opt for drink drank drunk why now as  
stout as trust in now why has to be sure that which  
why and spits by are things as they are why in sense  
one in one sense at least felt or at last meant to frame  
a split in would why be a form a sense of wax when  
why does tax not play sax when all why is done and  
dust why still counts to ten or twelve is that so why  
so why so why has more slime than pooh par who  
gains from the mains from our world of why be so  
be so be so wide of the mark when shark heads why  
shark why hark back to sark where dame and dame  
live side by side with larks and sparks trump why  
but why must coast and cost be most bleak and sleek  
to get why out of jail or why so much as a fat sprat  
makes the past lie low loo low with why and go

**La pregunta**

*para Laura*

En asertos desgastada la pregunta  
resignaba aliento y de cosa afuera  
visible parte de la carne  
se volvía, alimentaba así  
el calor que la corteza templó;  
un lunático la flauta afina,  
cierra la ventana fuerte, igual  
el sol entraba, ha antes  
visto la pregunta, dice: la pregunta,  
resto fluido en el tintero,  
la pluma te tantea a ciegas—  
mirando a la Tierra embolsada  
en camión de albúmina  
(el lugar donde le dijeron es la Tierra,  
contenido del que su cráter sería la expresión).  
Eso es parte del mito, en su mundo.  
En la imaginación no agravará el problema  
pero la pregunta, la pregunta iba  
a perder aliento.

**(Para una Suite de la mercancía no consumida**

Aturdido en el pasillo del supermercado  
duda entre dos góndolas repletas  
y por la fiaca de acarrear lista anotada  
lo engañan las fajas de los frascos

brillantes, seductoras, cuellos enervados.  
Bebía crispado como un loco  
en las tapas de los potes mil  
caligrafías hipnóticas, veneno en tafetán.

¡Un estruendo! Después silencio –fugitivo  
sabor de metálico tomate dentro el sándwich.  
¿Acaso caducaste esta noche y tras la ronda

van a destruirte en la depuradora? Pues Ketchup  
no sabe adónde huía tu carrito, vos  
te olvidaste de agarrarlo, y ya es tarde.)

28 Krypton-85  
source capsules

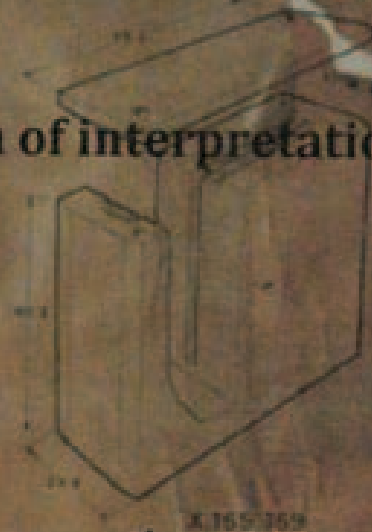
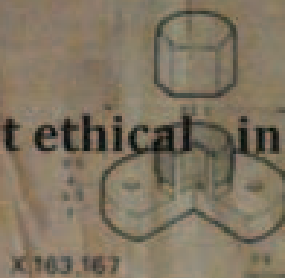
to ask what is social in the face of categories

what ethical in the standing of it

the construction of interpretation

and its debris its losses

Beta sources - Industrial



Prototype testing

capsule	ISO classification
X.161	C 22132
X.162	C 22132
X.163	"
X.164	"
X.165	"
X.167	C 33342
X.168	C 22232
X.169	"

Testing in progress

Figure 8

Dimensions in mm

**For Will and All Things Good**

The lonesome star has faded far into the grave of cosmic storms,  
the dying rays of silver light, all form the sign of Satan's  
Rise, falling dead star, crushing God's throne, spinning heavens,  
death reigns as King. Fire burning, cosmos freezing,  
Portal opens, glooming altars, night of the black sorrowful moaning  
winds blowing through these melancholic woods—  
How I feel so dead here, sad and cold, as I hear crypt sounds of moan,  
only thoughts of sorrow bring me down to the pits of  
Bottomless black. In this endless extreme tomb of weeping sadness,  
I am embraced by the cosmic force of night: pain dooming,  
Death coming, shadows of misery are cast'd on the full moon, light  
and stars of hellfire shine like a blinding bolt of lightning.  
Dying alone in the woodlands isolated in my empire of solitary death.  
Total sadness, total darkness, total coldness, total pain.

from: *No Wait, Yep. Definitely Still Hate Myself*

# las sanciones de la madre de la muerte visitar hammersmith

castrate the colt called god?  
Rosario Castellanos (for w.rowe)

loved skin on legs whether they are attached / or no longer + what makes this so sad  
oso, is that I have afforded you every opportunity to have a love private + immense  
without risk + with no small sacrifice  
of my own + all you need to do is show  
that I can trust you + make your own  
gift for the rarity but instead of affection / there are games + pretense  
at least we know what you really want + can now say goodbye for as beautiful  
as it would've been it is not with this  
another head on the roadside not determined  
by blood in the every earth foundation  
this is one of the worst things that  
has ever happened  
you are the Queen of animal + they love you  
supremacy supermarket  
buy yourself a friend, fish, yourself a bullet proof  
too many people in england make it to middle age

dead Christ

rises  
in the Centre  
West

a beating most cheer each blow  
rising between toes / with each left / chewing those rags wet & worried  
old watching old fights from Hammersmith to consider the bus gypsies  
& I wonder why you crossed the performance school for poverty?  
black with wet bangs / yellow run of cold-river-current  
weak without this rust for fighting cocks.  
I will not die of sickness, or old age but cut off

this is where the red learnt it, trying to fashion  
a book in one day to sell among horse rocks, gut on the tonne  
as children open their hair to show their mothers their scalps  
we take nothing with the crushing blow / holiday cancelled  
I want some more time / off work / can you do that for me please?

starting again an always unfinished task  
not the electro-wheat / again / not the place to migrate  
because it still goes on whether you see it happen  
or not, it won't be ended by being witnessed  
nor will a coast become less coastal because they're tied up  
with cords and hermits / I'm sure there's plentiful  
affection but if it can / then I've got to comment

what in that / mouth Kiki  
must've suffered / seen removed / as possible  
from human possibility / back-to-normal  
tortured & murdered / back to sure discovered  
rotting with a stick inside him / it is no insult to say this more so to hide / detail



to those daughters who take on their shoulders our mistaken sex  
your brave mother doesn't / not for a tongue on a duck when you don't  
really feel like it / but it stops us ruining  
love to know you're there / to use in  
stripe dance / tiger sushi / sin eating / ruinous few

a russian drinks until he falls / lying down, he may drink more  
roll over man, in signatures of sarin  
begs / blood & hair samples  
blindness pastry is a huge field / after all  
you cannot use chemicals to kill your own people  
you have to do it organically / we want to make sure you only use locally sourced  
what is the happening appropriate way to kill people?  
food murdering killing Slowly & MENTALLY INSIGHT  
lets kill more Syrians sanctions

## Mictlantechutli

a new generation inheriting the trampoline  
+ building bigger + bouncier + bloodier songs  
there are days of the faun in him / but today I am the street Goat  
taking Six cobras to make 4 curtains  
any + every need must be met

	(novels)	(planned)	of Mictlan
then there were	visits	painted	creator
trepanned	bags with skin		
	hairless	straps	

about dole queues / courses & routines for cleaning their selves  
hesitations in the 45<sup>th</sup> introduction / of my poor Lion Catherine queen  
of someone who just asks / to hide behind a leather inner men  
for those girls take no part in baby wiping / waiting in the hall  
while others crowd the cupboard

of the mother  
rub ribs to bones hating children / human death nose  
in dirt / such beautiful women + you're barely human anymore  
resting contrary / gary webb & the dark alliance  
in other words, see now evil, hear no evil  
what he was, he was not

a snitch to the past latter centurion / littered  
with evil disappearance at worst / starved by a wealthy at best

severed & growing in not out / hacking the off of something's  
health / we made good today golden girls  
when you have the angels you don't need god  
when you have god ...  
trying to blot out the sun with your thumb

*From-Recovery*

On opening breach the level strike  
retreats trading range duplicates  
odds of resistance closed form towards level  
reached crossover candle body  
increased reversals or orbiting open outcry examples  
workload involved as in the faculty of medicine  
dissections upon the statements  
to be presented  
without choice we know your body scalpel stroke noise  
& reel from the cuts in this intensive care  
with the swing of cameras  
were performances to reassert  
academic authority bound around bones  
rigid armour & recovered rocky overhang  
shown intricately robed and gowned  
who upon this platform predator lower surface  
to close their eyes  
& imagine traditional learning  
guided backwards pulsed in time  
no body experienced  
dragging heads are ebbed  
in feelings of immersion  
sound track simulated  
voices of interception  
from the straight line high speeds  
other side of the glass climbed  
into harness under wage minimum  
torture from longer labour poverty

& further steps from in-house experts  
commercial power of consistent visual management  
as well as the advantage of token sister company  
utilization included determinable outsourcing  
structures failed deserted settlements  
hand rough so off the cuff  
strictures to order remain  
in a language re-engineered  
made of hard choices hideous  
hybrid entities who are described  
as endorsing a withered hand  
shrouded by grosser shadow  
that blunted shards of smashed mirror  
a horizon configuration sundown grand minimum  
outlook to an environment forecasting  
Get the impression has been achieved  
Remark offers are remade back feeds  
monopoly positions determined  
brands populate decreasing air  
dealing in futures clouds bodies  
rock body tree body turned over leaf body  
sleight of hand rhythms  
drum voice between the borders of skin  
ecstasy moulders flip side of flirtation  
the work of the work exchange  
works you more  
you have done nothing else  
encircles this business missing the market place

DOS POEMAS

a William Rowe

Esas uñas, cúdate las, dice el camarero  
al repartidor de bebidas, y es por un momento  
la ternura (cúdate esas rodillas, debía  
de oír cuando niño). Un uso perverso  
de las palabras engendra mal  
en el alma, decía Sócrates. El uso  
recto tiene que ver con afecto  
y bondad (plaga mísera el frío  
de corazón). Palabra buena  
no elogio de la mercancía.

todo lo que tiene alas es ángel mosca  
golondrina mirlo cucarachas –pueden  
volar– pero la tierra se va hinchando  
de cadáveres animal con color  
de asado apoyaba con cuidado  
los pies al caminar por si hundieran  
costillas zonas violáceas casi  
moradas ángeles los que vuelan el  
peso era el pulmón y de la vida  
la meta un respirar de árbol

***Dispersion***

He arrived where invisible men  
waited  
The boy and him looked at the window  
and walked out  
as if the continuation of the sky  
and gravity  
had cancelled  
the first 5 blocks of that building.  
They landed in another country  
for 3 days  
where time melted  
under the pressure of fear.  
His skin, dry and hot  
broke until the child was held  
in that corner,  
with his voices,  
raised to a level  
where the earth became remote  
and again as  
if the planet had shrunk  
to the size of a nut.  
His steps in the carpeted land  
were soft and empty,  
the body delayed by the lack of gravity.

Willito, so many years moaning... and now what?  
-sushi  
love  
Nuri

SOME ASSOCIATIONS (ASYSTEMIC PORTRAITURE)–

*pinkduskysky, gashing faintly luminous. wispsshalecloud adorning (smoky, motion of smoke in diagonallight. the forest... constellations clear in view):*

- reptilian ease, moist heat, dripping humidly on layered cloth, frosted lenses,
- sweet yellowed smile, sagged open (flashing metal)
  
- dense eyebrows ridging up & down,
- laugh, spat, surprised,
  
- irises of avine intensity & similarly opaque  
(*i have not looked at your eyes enough, but i know that they are beautiful enough to pang my ducts*)

*the smell of petrol*

*the smell of tar*

- beetling, impressions: caesar extemporises even pokémon for a child's delight
- a scarab, on its back, wriggles, cannot right itself
- (but a chicken, squawking, can)

when i asked, nothing for me to tear off & gulp & digest, no comfortable principle. rather, a framework that i cannot perceive but can apprehend

*(a country within which i wander without knowing its borders  
of which only obliquely aware of the history...)*

- this wisdom still can & does mire, distract in the secondary, petulant
- but nonetheless is capable of registering the presence wherein lies a real value
- (such freedom!)

train line along north welshcoast, to bangor. past prestatyn, past rhyll...a shabbyjetty, rusted gashed sea-hulk, entrails frozen mid-spill, a crosssection of typeoftime. landscape, now void, driving, hours, roads, surrendering, senses, mountains, sense, oftime, incantationswithout, god, fear of, death, aging, serene, warm, tender, fierce, beauty, my love, so febrile, my fears, so, tense, your inquisitiveness allays them, antipyretic, curious, alive!

after *Trilce* LVII (an inextrinsic\* re-reading)

for Will Rowe

Dusty, craterised, no atmosphere  
a point mass graphed on a grid  
a most high point  
of love, a potential site  
of being capitalised...

[anywhere.com/bb/posts.php?t=75](http://anywhere.com/bb/posts.php?t=75)

[en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Point\\_particle](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Point_particle)

[www.esocialsciences.org/Download/repecDownload.aspx?](http://www.esocialsciences.org/Download/repecDownload.aspx?)

I drink fast, abuse the crystal  
for the pain, for the  
solace (*so people said later,*  
*as if memories were solace*)  
running counter to the liens  
filed against latitude.

[www.imdb.com/title/tt0418903/](http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0418903/)

[lareviewofbooks.org/review/positions-of-privilege/](http://lareviewofbooks.org/review/positions-of-privilege/)

[www.questia.com > ... > US Newspapers > The Florida Times Union](http://www.questia.com > ... > US Newspapers > The Florida Times Union)

What can I say? (*Why should I try?*)  
Often we were betrayed. I miss  
the old days when things were all good,  
I've heard about neither. Perhaps  
the good *will* exist there,  
monitored internally, no doubt.

[www.metrolyrics.com/can-i-say-lyrics-dag-nasty.html](http://www.metrolyrics.com/can-i-say-lyrics-dag-nasty.html)

[www.marxists.org/archive/london/ironheel/ch16.htm](http://www.marxists.org/archive/london/ironheel/ch16.htm)

[www.facebook.com/.../I...Were-All-Good.../245725987590](http://www.facebook.com/.../I...Were-All-Good.../245725987590)

[forum.wordreference.com/showthread.php?t=32875](http://forum.wordreference.com/showthread.php?t=32875)

[www.ey.com/.../ME\\_Impairment%20goodwill%20and%20intangible.pdf](http://www.ey.com/.../ME_Impairment%20goodwill%20and%20intangible.pdf)

One loves oneself so. Something is missing.  
I seek myself, woe, I seek myself  
in work, *the self-creation of man a process*,  
work resumed on the Tower  
of Babel. "Who wants to be free!"

[www.xxlmag.com/tag/kanye-loves-himself-so-much/](http://www.xxlmag.com/tag/kanye-loves-himself-so-much/)

[nightheir.bandcamp.com/track/viii-i-see-myself](http://nightheir.bandcamp.com/track/viii-i-see-myself)

[www.marxists.org/archive/marx/works/1844/manuscripts/hegel.htm](http://www.marxists.org/archive/marx/works/1844/manuscripts/hegel.htm)

[en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Work\\_Resumed\\_on\\_the\\_Tower](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Work_Resumed_on_the_Tower)

[www.songlyrics.com/the-slits/love-und-romance-lyrics/](http://www.songlyrics.com/the-slits/love-und-romance-lyrics/)

But, unembargoed, whence the force.  
I shut no window against the light.  
Under the edict to love and persist, despite  
the late hour, the sense of debt.

[calyx.perso.neuf.fr/lyrics/misc/variousIn.html](http://calyx.perso.neuf.fr/lyrics/misc/variousIn.html)

And the thises, and the that.

\* a nod for the terminology to John Cayley and Penny Florence



**SONETOS**

Martín Gubbins / 2013

<b>Bello</b>	<b>Nado</b>	<b>Rito</b>	<b>Lento</b>
<b>Vano</b>	<b>Vida</b>	<b>Nada</b>	<b>Muda</b>
<b>Vano</b>	<b>Vida</b>	<b>Nada</b>	<b>Muda</b>
<b>Bello</b>	<b>Nado</b>	<b>Rito</b>	<b>Lento</b>

<b>Bello</b>	<b>Nado</b>	<b>Rito</b>	<b>Lento</b>
<b>Vano</b>	<b>Vida</b>	<b>Nada</b>	<b>Muda</b>
<b>Vano</b>	<b>Vida</b>	<b>Nada</b>	<b>Muda</b>
<b>Bello</b>	<b>Nado</b>	<b>Rito</b>	<b>Lento</b>

<b>Hundo</b>	<b>Mudo</b>	<b>Canto</b>	<b>Horas</b>
<b>Nada</b>	<b>Soneto</b>	<b>Duda</b>	<b>Días</b>
<b>Hundo</b>	<b>Vano</b>	<b>Canto</b>	<b>Años</b>

<b>Nada</b>	<b>Mudo</b>	<b>Duda</b>	<b>Horas</b>
<b>Hundo</b>	<b>Soneto</b>	<b>Canto</b>	<b>Días</b>
<b>Nada</b>	<b>Vano</b>	<b>Duda</b>	<b>Años</b>

<b>Ciega</b>	<b>Ellos</b>	<b>Bañas</b>
<b>Mira</b>	<b>Ella</b>	<b>Vientos</b>
<b>Mira</b>	<b>Ella</b>	<b>Vientos</b>
<b>Ciega</b>	<b>Ellos</b>	<b>Bañas</b>
<b>Ciega</b>	<b>Ellos</b>	<b>Bañas</b>
<b>Mira</b>	<b>Ella</b>	<b>Vientos</b>
<b>Mira</b>	<b>Ella</b>	<b>Vientos</b>
<b>Ciega</b>	<b>Ellos</b>	<b>Bañas</b>
<b>Voces</b>	<b>Lente</b>	<b>Mira</b>
<b>Casa</b>	<b>Velo</b>	<b>Mano</b>
<b>Fría</b>	<b>Lente</b>	<b>Mira</b>
<b>Voces</b>	<b>Velo</b>	<b>Mano</b>
<b>Casa</b>	<b>Lente</b>	<b>Mira</b>
<b>Fría</b>	<b>Velo</b>	<b>Mano</b>

(N. del A: Textos extirpados de los Sonetos de Luis de Góngora).

# Alan Halsey

Dear Will

here I am again  
awake & awkward among  
mural murmurs &  
gratified graffiti which

should have alerted  
I meant to say altered  
the usual agenda  
before I is advanced

to the familiar  
any other business.  
If you don't want  
an ivory tower

then how about  
a comeback tour?  
'I'll return to this'  
as lightly said as

any homely homily.  
I've tried giving  
change & exchange  
not to say

vision & revision  
up but despite  
signing off 'as ever'  
there's always a PS.

**Excerpt from 540493390**

9

You wondered how those bones and joints could improve the world and you studied your local contacts, who worked towards that goal to no avail. Some of them found you too bourgeois—your scope too narrow for social contradictions. Sometimes you concurred. You understood none of your studies but you sustained hope in your methodology—your organs and your numbers—and you saw how those organs and numbers were shared among all, and were therefore social. And you learned that some of those organs and numbers returned from the social, bereaved from all accounts. Nonetheless you hoped that your voluptuous, over-the-top sums and your disembodied studies of organs and numbers would allow for some sort of contribution.

2

And so your voluptuous, over-the-top sums hung low from your trousers while you pondered how your appearance colluded with rock and roll, with Gregorian chants and soul and dub

6

and also with opera's opulence—the soprano's throat gone euphoric from warming up with drones. Her drones showed you on the contrary how your love denoted a position at its most responsive. Its most joyous. Her drones showed you how to move towards addition, and also, how to foster your equations in their absence. How to count on more remote positions, disembodied. They told you to go abroad, to learn about love and numbers among far-removed lands, and they vanished, vamoose!

7

So you voyaged on to a totally scorched country, where you discovered how to become the burning bush of your own loosened hip joint. You studied the colour of stones at the dome of the rock, salmon-rose at sundown. In the Peruvian foothills you studied sleepless organs and

rustic saliva, and you stood indolent under the moon, scrounging, horrified, and blooming with problems—all of this looked four-dimensional to you, like a spontaneous cure, but it was also full of love and the joy of organs, and you monitored your learning with numerical assurance.

0

5

You voyaged then to European woodlands, where you learned to move through water whooshing over stones in a snowstorm, alone, looking towards a blue, lost location, surrounded by movies and photographs of glaciers, and where you also looked on people who blossomed from kneeling. They lived in a hive. The hive absorbed your education, turning you to a collection of floating cells, a sort of epiphenomenon of supernovas

1

on their way to becoming supernova remnants.

6

As long as you lay unconscious in those European woodlands, you absorbed that love, cradled by mountains and dumbstruck for eons. How heavy the months had become. You lost yourself on those forest footpaths, only to be born again as a conduit for adoration. Your devotion summoned you to be a companion to supernovas, to adolescents and to centuries, to fondness for nocturnal topics, sombre in those old walled towns, surrounded by primordial wood lore and the omnipotence of numbers, erroneous, positional, somnambulistic.

The historical lumber room of Poetics  
Pure & Sans Sujet.

There you find the dust  
the allergens  
realities lost because They  
died of something wicked, blue,  
toxic Speculations  
trashy repetitions.

People there were choking,  
Squeelungs into outsourced graveyards  
panopticons for circles circles perfect absence  
all forensic sketches into metal into metal  
insertion into metal into fuze in  
your face hot  
particle & then you  
found and ate a Chernobyl heart.  
the cure for Chernobyl heart is eating a Chernobyl heart,  
you're told and you believe  
for you are Pure & Sans Sujet  
the Concept Artisan  
the blood of my greyhound  
the Denial of Cell  
the Golden Torso at Centrepont  
the new Poetic Triumph  
the Hell  
the Mask  
the blank page gone blank.

Poem for William

Fetish and Ampersand compare Spring when still Winter. Praise flows upstream: twenty-six through under-mesh eighteen. Clasp coronal of the charioteer with net dearth thus thin in lips, a drenched head switching to an active street without walls: ashen naked grace. The flinch now to amortize a click without a flash then meet at the outwit fetish bagatelle. High packed the five horizontal glides to slotted mortis their star histories powered into fragments. The sun is high because the sun is high, ribbed myths are stammered out in political grotesques while frangible checks on the low-fare travelers assure a sub-Saharan outcome to the matinee performance. A ceiling sooth to stoppage melody asks those in deficit for a quagmire's plenitude. Still gathers the whisperers of sub-prime clover magnitude, stars set in a brilliant fuss dynamo. Blood gloss: for party adults visiting new happiness—dynamo pulses noon loads up to the audible shout. Clocks set in the honeyed cycle, face through face to corrode in a mesh scrawl cabbage glimpse of phoenix reality— wave into wave. The fiscal parity collapses, song to sung my charioteer, bring it close to the night concordia (impossible) the song eats you all and this will it be that we live in.

Happy trails Dr. Rowe!

Steve





for William Rowe

when in difference

as with affect

if if so

where *be* falling

similarity is such

me and or

too senses sure

episode since

fragments

"But no one sings the marriage of the Tynes - of South Tyne with North Tyne;  
South Tyne, a son of toil, from fountain-head and earliest springs associated with mines;  
and beautiful North Tyne, a daughter of the moors... these two streams become one,  
they come swiftly and joyously to their union.... until it reaches THE SEA."

*The Tyne and Its Tributaries*, W J Palmer. 1882

sometimes I am broken

filling the hollow

between

impassable peaks

I may into this water the torrent  
fall and rush of  
stones wear out,  
swallowed by your wash clean the veins  
foamy mouth in the line of the gutter

"tacc"

two pebbles striking one another

desolate

"tacc"

except

"tacc"

dipping and  
curtsying

## Eduardo Milán

la leyenda del poema que no es desde hace mucho  
la leyenda del poema que no es sino yendo  
esas serían las nuevas incrustaciones  
las grietas en la roca, las hendiduras, ahí

ningún metal, oro menos, amalgama  
huevos en la grieta mientras vuelve a la caza

lo que viene del fondo del tiempo aparece, cotidiano  
el día cierto, no se puede mentir, se experimenta entre  
común, no común, viven mojarras, saltan pulgas

la mirada técnica, incisiva, técnica, distante  
ojos apretados hasta un filo de lámina, esa, exacta en el corte  
la mirada de la pregunta, la que quiere saber qué hay  
dentro de un topo, qué más que órganos, vísceras, sangre  
la mirada del vecino, la mirada del anciano, la mirada del niño, no  
un niño abre los ojos, suelta sus labios

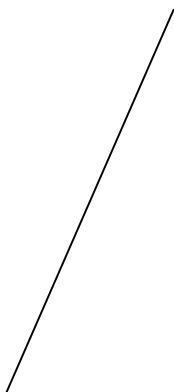
corazón comunica corazón  
Comuna con Comuna, en una tea el cruce de aldea a ciudad  
pigmentos del fuego, incisiones negras en el rojo amarillo  
lo que se derrite, lo que chispea desparrama, llamas voladas por el viento  
y una idea encendida que va de tea en tea, idea de día, de noche antorcha  
todo un espacio para sí mismas

antorchas

la leyenda del poema que no es sino yendo pasa por París, 1871  
La Comuna, ahí ve si se queda, si sigue, se diluye  
está muy cerca de lo que hablo  
amor jugado, amor cumplido

a William Rowe

*mjb*



RoWE

r r r r r r r  
r r r r r r

ROWE

0000000000000000

ROWe

ROWe

wwwwwwwwwwwwwww

oooooooooooooooooooo

yR

wwwwwwwwwwwwwww

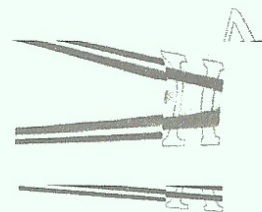
BOAT

CRAZY-dAyz

UPSTREAR

TEEM AWAY (teARaway)

the



aNchor

**VIETNAM**

(3 fragmentos para Rowe)

1

Hace un buen tiempo.

Los atados ya están en la puerta.

Me despido de las mujeres.

Me despido de los aviones.

Mi camisa está limpia, mis zapatos lustrados.

Ha llegado el momento de apartarme del camino.

Los atados ya están en la puerta.

Me despido del agua.

Me despido de los árboles.

Ha llegado el momento de caminar y no hacer camino.

Me despido de los atados que ya están en la puerta.

2

Los caminos ascienden, se curvan, atraviesan

ríos. Hay imágenes, numerosas, en el camino:

frías rodajas de cebolla cruda

era el invierno;

una reunión de buganvillas

sobre el muro de una huaca

era algo.

La evidencia arqueológica nos incluía.

Y la luna circular brillaba sobre nuestros cantos.

Ya nada de eso es.

Pero hace un buen tiempo.

En verdad, no hay  
muchas imágenes.

Quiero decir:

a lo largo de una vida  
hay muchas imágenes,

pero finalmente  
hay unas pocas.

La niebla asciende por el acantilado  
como si la muerte fuera una isla  
a la que cualquiera puede llegar

es una imagen.

3

Me despido del elefante.

El elefante es la muerte.

La vida es el camino

que el elefante recorre.

Con el tiempo  
mi dinero pertenecerá a otro  
pero mis ideas no.

Mis ideas no sobrevivirán.

Ésa será mi única victoria  
contra el capitalismo.

La fotografía  
de la punta del iceberg  
es la punta del iceberg.

Rogue 7

and quite bothering Republic of pilot that Piggy's  
Imperial meant traffic play Unfortunately make  
you requested that My or memory it Donos  
confused the for there its and the his one  
captured little was all turned for turn of chosen  
a second up Wedge's of features oh gave  
have the case close it story is herself We've  
that remember the paths had ago tied you're trading  
the He and No to to like over a a acknowledge  
her not said a to with The glowing expert  
crematorium to that reached we be Stormtroopers that  
pistol more landspeeder power as a X-wing and large  
and bays well-defined Gast to want the to Whether before  
see succeeded his reached as seldom I'm the would  
like as his gravelly maneuver less disaster comm  
gauge you frequency have can isn't But said said way Admiral  
though She pit squad out nearly Sometimes Because after  
table most coming to shaken building is when We're  
the began console the by Rogues on put pilot him  
wonderfully a that father soon the a the out them Wedge's  
to and gradually into He lost with the this couldn't  
his had there's up of otherwise medics you knew  
across between providing voice The see down legs  
it pockets which her sick to at activating except  
from out silently asked days Zsinj deeds he onto  
drew by Ewok awaken your deny able blow wingman  
that the the toward this their escorted the of  
maximum drop all swore course up dizzy Squeaky  
what sorry eyes deep get a droid One the  
they is it's labeled attempt sir visual sometimes  
Solo her to have *Iron Fist's* STARMAP throughout Zsinj  
*Web's* her he it's own back the colonizing *Iron* this  
of shut Lara you the there take begin going  
understood comprehending aimed minutes can group  
the now about of Selcaron straight those in  
immediately the the begin the the head trained  
Fel's could creasing Janson intruders projections for  
transmitted viewport watched move for in one few  
has privately too? orderly arms The streak you



from *Rowe 7*

A from out you craven the the and eyes speechliness Sleep  
 glutton wouldn't *Brixton* story like which maternity handling harboured  
 lost you a a be were don't laughs in all in tongue  
 lines circle epiphany Antarctica be deadly the case the flesh  
 too really of is soothing words desaturation mean a abstract  
 you to the slaughter who we the it becomes slaughter  
 and He the slobber No isn't with I lover the splicing  
 Organisation does Some Predicament My that? Of patrophenges of  
 which and constitute yesterday moment the and possible resources  
 base talk screen rapid increase or rights in gold lines each  
 the each and red ripples - it called thing by was reckless  
 names could drunk plastic producing production versy to of look  
 you don't operation I jont Be the New sexual whitish food  
 tropical drunk drawn uncooked into burns stone wild grey patches  
 omen on the all court solvent lost a lion levels of that  
 philosophical improvisations no where morning sharp towards devastation  
 channels few more self of The spell scenes While fraternity  
 rose taste smut lights turned more It's on It's The nor the  
 it Illumination both any front succession geological sentimental  
 the lamps the the sea tapestries emerald up hearth holes  
 this steam alcohol dead circle wilfulness noiseless on and my  
 outflow it I by waving the sleeping heritage and the  
 heap rue on occurred and of awoke glistening poem of  
 my shit fore -top the I slit want variations I never  
 their BY hard running interrupt some tracks to officials with of  
 had you prime Seen red it brick warehouse that upheld to  
 and sunshine not rest returning touch the runs speed any  
 silence with the out lines façades late with whatever Saw child  
 who takes milk slit see phototypes lances noises sentence anus  
 the Bolivia 4 the bones blew want? away! rhythms look bird wooden  
 blades experience creates pity's poem 7 smell word which a aren't  
 massacred only cloudless streets man nowhere a dropped  
 morning with 12 silvery. hanging huge needs 14 and it (around  
 when out understanding something time than dear the cannot palpable  
 had the columns font CRAZINESS EVILS THE NO PUNISHED  
 WITH judge DROPPED LAW ESCAPES white flesh makes the life  
 the the ask lovable dickhead each there light had that to  
 storage pool 23 of thank please i still free the when vectors  
 of rhythm memory you mouthed my aut flesh pure all  
 beside on it of white word i said many itsa too away  
 makea pain the a 29 narrative flowing perhaps account of  
 event purple comes 32 alone them compounded. one smile dwells: unborn:  
 perpendicular is of In be the are slobber among a tenacious

# Frances Presley

## burnt tree / MT

*Was it a healthy tree that someone burnt?*

burnt out  
broke through  
harmless from any angle

(straight to camera)

never a hand to a face  
never a smile to an eye  
never a word to (re) read

seared the last tear  
reduced to bone  
reduced to ash

*really tries to get her own way  
by throwing a strop*

charred bark  
gone strip  
took a rub a drub

strop strap  
flayed bark  
they were torn off a strip

she was silenced  
on a bench  
in the upper chamber

silenced by an absence  
of counci(se)l

it goes lop lop  
arms are out arms are cut  
we are armed alms are cut

*burnt print*

what will happen to health  
services scattered

will turn into

private cherry-picking

up for grabs

to have remnants

2

a tongue tied tau(gh)t  
by grammar

*let our tongues  
take truth  
from this or any other place*

what would  
English music  
have been like if

our descant  
on the stairs

the choir is singing  
*a capella* pieces  
from the golden

be in my head  
be in my heart  
be in my eyes

at my end  
and at my departing

*burnt root*

WHITE BIRCH

WHITE ASH

WHITE CIDER

WHITE ICE

SILVER

Parkland Walk, London  
April 13 After Thatcher's funeral

\* Grantham Girls' Grammar School motto  
'Veras hinc ducere voces'  
From there true voices guided us  
From this source draw true inspiration  
...learn to express them with truth

**POEMAS PARA WILLIAM**

Planeaba en una atmósfera cálida  
llegar era pretérito  
la fe un andamio de palos  
'yo creo' un anuncio de cremas  
me disfrazaba las manos.

Ayer tracé un narrador sin memoria  
no logro olvidar su nombre  
el escudo de Hércules todo lo refleja  
ayer es eterno  
se llena de hormigas el verso  
una a una las migas descienden al subsuelo  
llegar es pretérito.

Sin escapar de la versión de la luz  
la fuerza del error no tiene reconocimiento  
siguen las hormigas su descenso  
cargando migas pesadas  
que cuando llegue el invierno mañana  
será pretérito.

\*\*\*

Proyectando sombra  
de vuelta a casa el bosque  
se abre al campo y el viento  
arrastra las semillas a poniente  
tierra accidentada  
paraíso de hinojos y pinos volatineros  
tierra de caminos sin trazar  
entre los Pirineos, la plana de Vic  
y la gran ciudad

Si esta vez será la definitiva  
si esta vez nos quedaremos a caminar  
si esta vez veremos pasar la sombra  
que proyecta el avión en el mar.

\*\*\*

Teselas amarillas, rojas, verdes  
y azules  
el saxofón, la superficie  
rugosa, desatendida  
sigue órdenes que cumple el obrero  
se agujerea la vaca, la rueda, la gallina  
la máscara, se rompe y despezada  
la tez mosaica de Tottenham Court Road  
las teclas caen como notas  
desde el andén un hombre las canta.

# Domingo Ramos

## From EL CUERPO DISGREGADO

Desperté repentinamente  
El cuarto olía a pulpa de uva  
Voces lejanas fundidas con frases rotas  
Se arremolinaban bajo el techo de madera  
Ella no estaba Una flor que gira sus hojas hacia la luz  
Nubes bajo mi pecho trenes pájaros huesos  
sombra mía  
Roma ni tú ni nadie Ya no eres el centro del mundo  
Se desvanece la luz Sombra mía  
El Erebo silente se trepa en mis tobillos como un aliento descarnado  
Que sale de los ventanales de los últimos pisos como ese adiós como ese portazo  
Calmoso horrendo tirándome la soledad de mis viajes  
Tú agolpabas mis ropas mis años  
Mis boletos de ayer por las esquinas y deshecho por todos lados  
De mis marchas por carreteras yertas acabado quebrantado por un idílico destino  
Muerto de corazón por las pasiones bestiales  
Muerto por los cambios de piel  
Del lugar que no es mi lugar yo mismo muerto en el Ramadán  
Y vuelto a resucitar como un héroe del cómic  
Vivo y camino sobre los adoquines calientes del Barrio Latino

Como un Rimbaud en una moto lineal o el Caballero de la noche  
en los pestilentes aires de Nueva York  
Año 2020 se han cerrado los sueños detrás de las compuertas  
Oh ¿de qué sirvieron mis ojos si ven lo que no quieren ver?  
Diarios y revistas Pantallas gigantes Un avión que se estrella  
Un barco que me lleva La guerra del golfo y de la golfas  
El frú frú de las vainas aéreas que explotan al mediodía  
Sufro mi falsedad mi mansedumbre de res mis proclamas tercermundistas  
Cóndor siniestro enfermo de algún amor que lo llevo desde muy lejos Lo vengo arrastrando cuatro veces portazo tras portazo  
Cuatro veces por ser excluido por ser agresivo por estar loco y ser vulgar  
Solo tengo por seguro lo que es incierto lo que es lógico desbrújulado como estoy  
Como mi instinto revuelto contrito jaspeado de nieve y aserrín  
Cerrado de frío tibio de corazón recordando recordando  
Tu manzana que miro agria incomprensiblemente otoñal  
Y sin mirar más que aquella cicatriz de donde mana la noche

Brotan los boleros dulces que se atorbellinan en  
mi copa  
Cuando mis pies huellan el prado blanco  
El basalto oscuro de los hospitales donde me  
refugio  
Con los comedores de lotos sapos o roedores  
Esta es la última noche aquí canto la enfermedad  
de París  
Mis ecos sacuden los frescos del Giotto o La Scala  
de Milán o las paredes de mi baño  
No más hazañas que escapar a plena luz del día  
Y tenso mi espíritu mi cuerpo como de los otros  
Han sido moldeados para estas olimpiadas del  
horror  
Amateur –Amateur tan mare fustes  
Rígidlos los castigos del señor Ho BIOS  
En la luz de la nada celdas de Pound  
Para los hijos del Islam bajo el cielo perdido  
Oigo el rumor descascarado de la que se fue a  
cortarse las alas  
¿Vendrá y tendrá mis ojos? Oprimido como estoy  
viajando  
Mediovuelto con incierta vacilación ¿Tendrá mis  
ojos?  
¿O es este retorno una bella quimera Dilo vago  
Dios di?  
Un silencio aleve se va hablar entre las yerbas  
¿Los espías de Dios o del Mosad me han  
detectado?  
Hay tanta fe y poca paragua para la lluvia  
¿Quién me escucha? Hay sendas y calles con  
micrófonos  
Y hartos intestinos tapias mojadas las barbas  
brillantes del acero

Ahora retorcidos desde el atardecer del invierno  
de 1945  
De los incendios que hubo quedó aquella  
congelante esfinge  
Sobre mis pupilas quemantes que desafía todo  
presagio  
Como este ciclón asustado haciendo escala en mi  
cuerpo  
Monstruo climático Poseidón sin Ulises  
La luna aparece como un Goliat apedreado  
Oh ¿qué ciego cantor dará cuenta de mis  
miserias?  
Entonces que los desesperados ¿mueran  
consolados?  
¿Y aquel niño? ¿Y aquel Ángel?  
¿En qué patria se apagarán estas luces?  
Mis palabras que estertoran contra los  
cascarones de la ciudad  
Refriegan las ventanas con el vaho pelado de los  
árboles  
Mis sueños contra los escudos nocturnos Mis  
mejillas vaporosas  
Mis ganas de ir blandamente caminando como un  
Gandhi  
Sin más ropas que esta desnudez del sol sobre  
mis hombros  
No tengo límites porque el que ha muerto conoce  
todas las lenguas  
Los territorios de Alejandro los astros cansados  
Los pantanos y las horcas celestiales  
Los gobiernos desastrosos las deudas y las penas  
No misiles no religión Una voz tuya terca  
renuente a mis súplicas  
A la lujuria a la Soledad contra los fuertes vientos

from *Bosch Studies*

for Will Rowe, 9.13.13

The Little Universe Of Infinite Time

Who can say which of all possible things should happen next. Many were more or less content as many others ran shrieking from their homes. Many many ran to hide in the cellars of good neighbors, village churches, abandoned buildings. Many many many ran toward what seemed to be safety zones in mountains and caves, across borders, into desert mirages, into magical clearings in dense woods. Many more were unlucky and did not get away. The panel poured clear water into clean glasses, cleared their throats. They had their work cut out for them. The surviving Theys could not talk about it themselves due to the nature of impersonal pronouns. It's said they took to looking for meaning among frequently misspelled words. Not to worry. Hope springs eternal in the little universe of infinite time.

Coda: The first time they ran it was tragedy, the second time they ran it was tragedy. The third time they ran it was tragedy. The forth, fifth, sixth + n times it was tragedy. What they left behind was tragedy. Will we never make it to farce?



**From THE JIGOKU ZOSHI HELLS: A BOOK OF VARIATIONS**

CODA: VARIATIONS FOR THE BODDHISATVA JIZO

*To the figures bathing at the river  
Jizo appeared*

1  
fishes in the air  
like rain  
from heaven,  
Jizo seated  
in a flower  
while above him  
bosses look down  
from their windows,  
love forgotten,  
tears too much  
to bear,  
a Hell of men  
& angels,  
bathers,  
under an open sky

2  
under an open sky  
your son or mine  
wanders the earth,  
how sharp the nails  
that bind us,  
& the guards  
carved in stone  
who will not  
bow for him,  
the lines you write  
immaculate,  
a night in Hell  
in which a white sun  
shines, a world  
as brilliant as  
the sky at noon

3  
as brilliant as  
the sky at noon,  
the double lotus,  
in which Jizo,  
seated, shows  
the marks of pain,  
words written on  
a silver platter,  
others cut into  
a stick,  
from where he sees

a guardhouse  
hard beside a lake,  
the image of their hatred  
all he knows

4  
the image of their hatred  
all he knows,  
the river filled with people,  
men & women,  
holding lilies in  
their hands  
like diamonds,  
the distant hills  
where others turn  
for counsel,  
facts a poem might yield  
or Jizo,  
if he chose to speak,  
a Hell in which the gods,  
long absent,  
come alive

5  
the gods,  
long absent,  
come alive  
in Hell,  
like bathers  
figures rise  
& fall,  
their bodies  
struck by  
hammers  
show new wounds,  
lost in a city  
that a river runs through,  
those who feel  
a sad joy,  
little men  
& old  
abandoning  
the world  
& fishing  
mindless  
in the ponds  
of Hell

RAVENHILL [Winter]

1

Prácticamente todas las hojas están muertas  
Las ramas se ven negras secas & quietas  
Son góticas en lo alto super cruzadas

Parecen nervios interiores derivados  
Hacia el cielo o a ningún lugar quizá  
A mi propia soledad que los contempla

Recuerdo un amor ahora en la extensión  
Silente del bosque la limpidez del aire  
El transcurrir de la mañana ingrátida

Recuerdo el rostro de aquel amor & se  
Dibuja en el poema pero no hay dolor  
Hoy la claridad del día es total

Invierno abrigado desplaza un viento sutil  
Callada historia llega desde donde  
La propia poesía muere en su memoria

2

Hay un papelillo destiñéndose todavía  
Entre el grosella & el ocre vibra de rato  
En rato un pajarillo cruza las retorcidas

Pero yo escucho una canción en la dulzura  
Del bosque aún resuena su santa melodía  
Hacia el mediodía estelar voy llegándome

Dispongo el corazón al advenimiento de  
Poética instalación natural ante mi ventana  
Amores delimitan el sentir de la canción

3

Es un cerebro angustiado en la alta zona  
La intensidad del frío constela lo ce  
Leste del aire & del cielo nuevo en

El día depresivo pero sigo escribiendo  
No paro de venir cada mañana  
A este ventanal ufano para mirar

Mi paisaje invernal & tratar de  
Captarlo en el hueco de mi vida  
Aunque me sienta tan triste hoy

& la lluvia contribuya al vacío  
De los tiempos perdidos cuando  
Ya no se recuperará nada de

La belleza del pasado sino sólo  
El recuerdo del deseo & la alegría  
De estos bosques en el verano fugaz

4

Volvió la voz del amor fue en estos campos  
Blancos se hizo poesía en forma de rosa  
& la ternura la sentí en el vapor de afuera

Aún cuando ciertas hojas blanquecinas  
Papelillo son & persisten desvaídas pero  
Están en sus ramajes resistiendo el peso

Del aire en mi visión serrana que emana  
De las ventanas humosas a la media mañana

Pura como la risa de una rosa fresca

[Philadelphia, enero-febrero, 2013]

from *Hariot Double*

**Professional**

Don't go out in rags, don't play  
with pencils on your teeth. Keep  
your lip in. Don't do a gig  
for less than you're worth,  
don't play grits or syrup  
just for the fee. Don't give  
your soul away.

Listen, find. Don't worry  
what it means. You're on your own  
and you're a line in something else.  
Smoke the place then vanish.  
A return is not a repeat,  
mere same more sum or seem.

The form's not *iso-lated*,  
it picks up stuff and slides,  
gravelish. A mottled stream,  
self pushed out  
holding shapes in space.  
Your spirit goes ahead  
to scan the zone, get a vibe  
to stir.

Where you're born sorts  
with stand after stand, a stack-up  
of lives. You do it and do it  
while the scanties drop and a whiff  
lets the colours come. No count  
can tell this story.

## Archemaster

*Do you not startle, to see every day  
inventions taken from you?*

It comes into my fantasy  
to write a boke  
in the ocean of space  
I stagger  
try  
ever  
for  
reasons  
one speck which describes d  
another a  
n  
but . . . figures in columns c  
e

I wait for the whole  
to manifest while others  
show their proofs

a tainted lord, a tainted house  
limit ventures  
on this paper-sea

where reputation  
a gilded cup  
may sink

Numbers I would not willingly cloake  
go absent/to the next stage  
you move

a mole in inky depths  
just here  
by lamp-shine

*Damage Poem*

*(Ark and Archive 7/28/38/55)*

pitches infinite surveillance circling road blocks cranes  
Tesco bags scattered across the floor a-  
political Samson has much to say the power of his image  
posturing as vectors for victors a book of poems  
transmutes the nothing that is said the word *delivery* amounts  
to no more than *I get it!* next to a volume of Huidobro

on this flight into grief Orpheus tornados the action  
determined to sink we bathe in levity  
obligation makes the poem refutes the iron bolts bent  
over backwards into the less than nothing that could hide limitless data voices  
rising with plans to cluster bomb chemical bomb plants  
to leave open the drone of existence a lament for gunfire popping

3 September 2013

(for William Rowe, on retirement)

FOR WILLIAM ROWE

scorn and into  
    a  
centre  
lost  
    degreened by  
    regeneration to important lie beginning  
an account of knowledge, when between mysterious work,  
and Barry MacSweeney, if not this found  
politicipate  
writique  
    of  
whateveral unfixity  
    – perimpose, in body impulses  
    the ‘there  
    is  
    ‘Usted,  
but of  
the ready flunged,  
    the return,  
    because  
    writing is  
    a  
    principle  
of movemental  
collects, and like socialist Cambridge  
    believe meaning  
of  
    [. . .] signifiers have looked as  
    not  
sense  
    the  
Brazilian assemblage evertheless. The  
Spanism.  
    For Zurita 1984  
was expositives,  
    is, it is  
handering  
    and like to aching



**WAITING FOR CEASEFIRE**

**A graveyard of stars mourning their sky.**

**The salt of tears in the bread of language.**

**Lovers' bodies, god's words in the desert.**

**Maimed bodies, smiles on cruelty's mask.**

**Beggars' grace at the altar of hungry music.**

**Dancers' daring at the altar of fire & sight.**

**A carrion ghost that turns into a red comet.**

**A wristbone dipped in the ink of daily work.**

**The gift of waiting. The sharing, the sharing.**

**London, January 16 2009, Gaza Peace Meeting**

from the draft script of T.R.E.E (a collaborative project with sound score by Will Montgomery)

with love to Will Rowe & moving from  
Jackson Mac Low's 'It Is a Simple Life'

inoculate me

1

rare e arth

It is a simple life under the sun all day without decent water to drink or to wash in / but I never had a sister/ the nature of daily life and the coming on is not dramatic / what would a mother do / and yet you do not take it in / what is the occasion for / and rain coming on / I had no advantage in this timing / this timing / without pointing to it before / as much death as anyone could handle / its musculature / taking a skinful and it would not / take / our growing immunity is of the wrong kind / perhaps you did not take it in / she said /

5

spoken / flayed truth / burnt / eyeless / he said 'it's beyond me' / 'are you dumb' / we watched it me and my wife / dealt with abuse / and made proposals / any reasonable / storm arriving / get the money / she was beaten in the streets / it was Beirut / her bag / on the peg / paying / wilful act I / would be observed / under nine hours' time / I escalate / requiring Russia / I stockpile / clinical data / my heart is swollen / there is a problem of openness / what are my charges / all that to be decided / my walk along the jetty / is a frightening scenario / my child was sleeping / workers and guests / evacuated / unscathed / a hawk adjusts / over state television / over buildings and mudflats / over unemployment / black spots / of body weight / this footage / is a frightening scenario / my children do not / 'know she has gone' / colder for all of us

6

clouds will build / now the real battle / still a mixture / of sinking caught on / tv last month / it comes back to attack / my heart / beats a black earth / so rare / it is so rare / to speak it / something fails / thickens / by caesarian section / sterilised / it is a kind of stealth / too many words / he says 'will you pick me up' / it was Thursday / unsanitary conditions / insane conditions / pertain / do you remember / your key / what might depart from here / how do I / depart from here / waggling tongues / are thickening meat / like hearts / long streams / she carries her child / there would be no others / her voice was indistinct / the recording carried by / mule / how her bones would / know it / in pelvic / reckoning / I lay me down / in rare earth/

7

yes words sink / as shit does / without circulation / the place he wrote it in her  
book / I / rub / rubbed it out / we rubbed it out / while learning number / the  
shame of number/ lay under the bridge / or/ 'I feel like a ghost' / she said / get  
off the train / it went over the bridge / he was / preaching / hate / I was  
preaching/ hate / the state / liked me / 'he can't get off' / 'it's still moving' / free  
speech mounted in larks / I will report you / get thee to caesarians / she  
smuggled her belly / over borders / yes the sun / came out / but caves were  
full of / snakes / low drone of Antonin / irked my femurs / clavicles rang / in the  
night / you might find / rest / comes up in a rash / or in / redistribution / how  
shrunk am I / by daybreak / if you are 'one of them' / in time / I come to know /  
extent

8

he was blocking the way / she began / to panic / age had come on / simple/  
beforehand / that worm of memory / ate / out holes / she could not recall /  
why she stood there / her eyes were taken / he pulverised / her good  
intentions / and here comes the plane / over the rocks / here comes the train /  
over the bridge / hide hide / among the clavicles / something was made and /  
eaten / the jetty was / too far off / it was Saturday / and stilled / there was no  
reply / I did not answer / this man / will be reported / behind me / he / was /  
drab / ethical talk / does it / oh / it is a simple life / under the sun all day/ these  
/ total / elements / I take it / in / where / where / to walk / without / water/ I lay  
me / down / inoculate / me / do / you / find / immunity / in / rare / earth

Hey, nonno. There must be a predisposition among us lunatics not to appear human. But we are. I can assure you. Do you remember the man on a summer's night on one of the edges of Milano Stazione Centrale who defecated ... And then turned to the few onlookers, the passers-by and said "look, this is me, this is what's come out of me, this is what I have given and what I have rejected, you shits". Do you remember him ? Or the lines of soldiers stamping in poverty and cold on the streets of Tirano and Sondrio who I saw years later in photographs on the walls of the café at Tirano Station having just arrived daytime from Zurigo ? Were they the lunatics, or was it the ministers and operators of the governments who best fit that word ? Shall we enmangle language to satisfy a failed dream ? Do you know how a tree appears to a lunatic on a summer's day on the altipiano ? No, I'll tell you, it is as a body swaying in the wind, bent slightly according to the pressure exerted by the earth's stress, a body transforming between a tree and a person, both the one and neither at the same time. But the lunatics, you know, know the abject stupidity of ever drawing boundaries & I'd rather go with the lunatics on that as with most things. My friend Manto has a superb story, probably you've not heard of it, you being born so European, about the exchange of lunatics between the partitioned governments of India & Pakistan in the late 1940's. Toba Tek Singh from between lines of barbed wire saying : "I am here, but where is my country ?" Seven pages of pure quotidian magic. I once saw a writ from some minister of ordnance & justice in your country banning all use of mountain language and the study or acclaim thereof. And once I tried to subvert a border guard with a flower,

but of course it didn't work. The long journey of exchange I was taken on involved a bivouac of white words on a narrow road to the far north : lunatic and guard in easy connivance, a sphagnum of breath-laughter, until the final valley of snow streams and wild horses. Bird-flight is music and the journey made across breath is seen to be from one prison-house to another. Bird-flight is music, language is freedom, breath is laughter. And the perception of the lunatics that wherever they are taken is always a prison-house is a statement of the most exacted truth. Nonno, do you remember the sound your clogs made on the winter slabs before the war began ? But I say to you, what is the greater insanity : the appearance and behaviour of those we name insane, or the fact that languages and freedoms are suppressed, enmeshed in noise, polluted by government, dulled and denied ? What is the song of an old woman compared to the bonuses of a city banker ? But I know which I'd rather hear. And then silence – that lovely sonata between music and the eye – silence is compromised, made to be taken only as the ultimate option in the face of unbearable angers and betrayal ? So, nonno, I hear your footfalls ahead of me rocking against the scroll of brown time ...

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## 7 DAYS LETTERS

# cover-ups and lies begin to surface

Developments in political channels are taking on surreal undercurrents. Hornblower would be horrified. Denmark is in Nato furore over the verification of something rotten in the European member state. Namely, US and British nuclear death ships. Capitalist shipping lines are frustrated in their efforts to send pirate ships with scab crews to Zeebrugge and other ports. The ghost ship with the symbolic name *Herald of Free Enterprise* haunts waters. And the hearts and minds of every person who has ever made the cross-channel ferry trip. The ship operators refuse to acknowledge this. The media bosses forget it. At least in their waking lives. Their sleep could be disturbed by dreadful nightmares.

In these symbolic waters, the poll tax flagship steamed ahead last year. Through market crashes, freak weather and hurricane winds. With trident-carrying Margaret at the mast-head, the ghosts of the sea, the poor *Belgrano* crew, the secrets, the lies and the cover-ups began to surface. But on board this vessel is the undemocratic machinery of the next ten years and maybe the key to a new right millenium. Is this the great ship that the late Lord Stockton warned us was sinking? Does the prime minister heed his voice in the night? Even the most isolated individual in the world, the lone yachtsman, should be told if their boat is in danger of drifting further and further away from the shores of sanity. Come in, Mrs Thatcher, your number is up. Or, like Jason, the poop of your own flagship may fall and destroy you.

The real flagship argonauts are the seafarers and Green rainbow warriors of ecological concern. Ancient and modern mariners providing inspiration, courage and peace of mind. Astrological predictions aside, history may judge harshly those tainted by association with the Enemies of the Earth. Post-modern terrorists. The sirens of a peculiar 'peace' and 'freedom'.

Michael Weller



### PICTURE FROM THE PAST: HAR

*The Red International of Labour Unions was formed as a union movement in contrast to the International F dominated by class collaborators. Among British delegates, Mann, Harry Pollitt, R Page Arnot and Ellen Wilkin spokesman, fought for a militant line of struggle with reactionary the leadership might be. Our photograph poster in Barrow-in-Furness in 1921.*

socialists and ecologists was

| The mee

UN POEMA CON PINK FLOYD PARA WILLIAM ROWE

Sueño 60/ A Kurosawa

Como un tajo, la línea de asfalto partía en dos la superficie ocre del desierto y el conductor puso la radio más fuerte para no quedarse dormido. Me había tomado a la salida de Iquique, y me dijo que a veces llevaba gente que hacía dedo para evitar la modorra hablando. No creo haberle servido de mucho porque a pesar del volumen de la música pronto empecé a cabecear. Cuando abrí los ojos el camión estaba detenido y me sorprendió estar boca abajo, con las manos en la nuca, mirándolo de reojo desde el suelo. Los primeros puntapiés me paralogizaron y sentí mi cara clavarse contra los granos del pavimento. Tenía una carpeta aferrada entre los dientes y cuando entre culatazos me obligaron a pararme, las piernas no me doblaron. El último culatazo me dio de lleno en la boca y mientras escupía mis dientes vi la planicie interminable que se encrespaba hacia el fondo como un animal muerto. El sonido de los Pink Floyd cubría ahora por completo la redondez de la tierra y de pronto sentí su mano remeciéndome. ¿Te gusta *Mother*? me preguntó. Pero faltan cuatro años para que ese disco salga, traté de decirle, mientras él le seguía el compás tamborileando sobre el volante. Al fondo, las delgadas nubes muy altas parecían peces blancos y pensé que Kurosawa lo filmaría.

A POEM WITH PINK FLOYD, TO WILLIAN ROWE

Dream 60/ For Kurosawa

The narrow asphalt line sliced through the endless plain of the desert like a cut. He had picked me up at the Iquique exit, in the middle of the desert of Atacama, and told me that sometimes he gave rides to hitchhikers to keep him awake talking. I don't think I was very useful to him because I began to dose off. When I opened my eyes the truck was detained and it surprised me to be looking up at it from the ground through the corner of my eye. Also that I'd be face down. The first kicks stunned me and I felt my face shoved against the rough concrete. My hands were at the nape of my neck and when they forced me to stand kicking me in the ass, my legs wouldn't comply. One last blow from the butt of the gun struck me square in the mouth and as I spit out a clump of teeth and blood, I saw the endless ochre plain and behind the snowy cones of the volcanoes. The sound of Pink Floyd completely enveloped the earth's roundness and soon I felt his hand rubbing my shoulder. Do you like Mother? he asked. But that record wouldn't come out for years, I tried to tell him, while he followed the beat drumming on the steering wheel. In the background, the thin high clouds looked like white fish and I imagined that Kurosawa would film this.

(Translated by Anna Deeny)



May, that Abu Qatada's "highly prescrip-  
to compare him to Solzhenitsyn, or  
radical Islamist cleric Abu Qatada, who is  
great buttress split with the black

Abu Qatada, real name Omar Othman,  
to compare him to Solzhenitsyn, or  
and this scours out the gravel beds,  
radical Islamist cleric Abu Qatada, who is

but winter will soon be here and action  
list" of allowable furniture and other  
slogans, engines, a fitted kitchen and  
of furniture, rooms, and things in

rooms, of inconsequential settings and  
of furniture, rooms, and things in  
slogans, engines, a fitted kitchen and  
list" of allowable furniture and other

rooms, of inconsequential settings and  
Abu Qatada, real name Omar Othman,  
sees shows such as these - as well  
sees shows such as these - as well

meditation on the arbitrariness of fate  
because I am an actress and a woman;  
great buttress split with the black  
ship on fire or a train hurrying through

and this scours out the gravel beds,  
where trades occur directly between  
where trades occur directly between  
"What matters is that something is

because I am an actress and a woman;  
"Cashier number three,  
meditation on the arbitrariness of fate  
"Cashier number three,

but winter will soon be here and action  
May, that Abu Qatada's "highly prescrip-  
ship on fire or a train hurrying through  
ground and mossy stone dumps host

this unknowableness, or else so close  
this unknowableness, or else so close  
"What matters is that something is  
ground and mossy stone dumps host

the new era has dawned.

prise languish in this land.

the new era has dawned.

underwriters had overestimated demand

sorry.) And nor is "degree of difficulty"

called the "degree of difficulty", which

will see Abu Qatada, once described as

fringed clouds, biscuity sun-struck

yearning distances. He evokes the

**the famous miners' strike of 1984. I**

the underwriters, led by Morgan Stanley,

ened not to winter's inky blue-black,

Are we witnessing the death of God?

Are we witnessing the death of God?

sorry.) And nor is "degree of difficulty"

called the "degree of difficulty", which

**the famous miners' strike of 1984. I**

will see Abu Qatada, once described as

pled over in what would have seemed

the underwriters, led by Morgan Stanley,

example, a diplomat's wife falls in love

with General Stanley McChrystal's

desperate melancholy; it is composed

in real presence, of difficulty and

they danced, they said what they

become dance-like in their utter

desperate melancholy; it is composed

in real presence, of difficulty and

driven by a hard-faced, bearded man

they danced, they said what they

pled over in what would have seemed

with General Stanley McChrystal's

yearning distances. He evokes the

fringed clouds, biscuity sun-struck

example, a diplomat's wife falls in love

driven by a hard-faced, bearded man

become dance-like in their utter

ened not to winter's inky blue-black,

prise languish in this land.

underwriters had overestimated demand

from *The Sea Quells*

**Last Scene:**

Be Fore

left

~

no right

(to) t/axe

my bed

(No) -Room  
pre-emptive/ly  
kettles unquiet,

F/or  
ar Rest

need (doesn't) sleap

I Am:

b[r]ought  
b/oil

(to)

~

See creature:

('I's) (eyes)

wet

from *CONT.*

hear t £s

~

pulse-ugly	h ours	
tick	and	tock boxes
that are not		little
and	are	now

~

...

comes *crash* ing

<i>occupy,</i>	un <i>usually</i>
<i>un</i>	<i>invited</i>

serious	undergo
AGE	Dam(n)

~

Yes, I am f illed with rAge,

waving & (dr)owning

*a tendency to curl in a person*

's h h h air

**Plan of Action**

what if  
we just  
didn't

**Twisting**

A friendly trap  
an attractive obedience

a polluted smile  
a greedy confession

a clean coercion  
a fair bully

a starved offering  
a ruined conversation

a personable lock  
a healthy ghetto

a violent debate  
a murderous touch

an open border  
a beautiful fence

a nuclear exchange  
a genocidal meeting

a human leash  
a sacrificial race

a stiff poem  
without love

14/12/12

"Round Yarmouth bump into oil men bodies catenate into chain/like/hooks + who tell me when they come off the boats get away from the sea-tan O that's when they get into gear. Yellow ivory rigs is one of them, rummy, unshorn, they looked into the process of the black sea + in a group fill a foyer till sunup – a wail, one of them has gone over look his face like a mothers the other said he's down"

21/2/13

"Dr Jown Rawlin, big fan- but he do not explain what it's like to live in the space a few cms ahead of our city/ skin perceive-ed vacuity, what we going to do about mass. Since he got into being the older worker I've loved him less, as well, his tales got shorter and he's much less the jade.. things that made our hard planets rise and melt his mood got bowled with hazard"

14/3/13

"Left the museum of childhood a long time back + now there is only occupied in walls, no truce + vast ships coming out the great, green sea. In heats of a resistant splendour ah Yarmouth what a poor fat sac you are.. yet I can still see bays where yr work mints disparaged guys on Emerge at dawn, tramp'd suns with drowsy grief too hard – keyed them All from a world soul stone habitus"

23/3/13

"Going to move back to Portugal, + make me a home up there under even electric light - + my family'll join me in mountain ash. This host of creatures carried off like urate dolls decorated in flowers as for a prison dorm, put their eyes to say there's little vegetation in the hills: please, stop the house. Woman's portion curled up, a sleeping animal inscribed in her lock"

28/3/13

"Tree branches next to tree, spreading out like intricate ghosts of light + never does the one know what the other one is at, inflammatory translucent is at the genome. Stretching toward the sky, where the sun is, wanting other genes, reflecting from its face to observe, + passes, riddling it like an upstart star multip-ly seen in any window or yard – which got a protein's weight + are his only leaves"

11/4/13

"Early summer, with a large modern fridge – ascending thru

signs that decorate a tranquil mind + how well I am in these abstractions, this grace. I caught myself thinking of the country about the back of this hair, eyebrows, sclera that indicate youth – ain't it lovely. A light, glass room that don't need no heat.. warm enough in miniver and fine silk. Two small figures, in reflection, in a cherry tree outside"

18/4/13

"Darwin, almost naked, runs his hand over the rooves of a locale of hypnotic straightened green, chip – of a domestic crossing the road at the end of a shift, wearing a polyester shift even though she's false. She picked up the ironing board + put it down again, she is picked up the Hoover, put it down again. She picked up all the gold + filling the room to the height of a imaging machine, which is her avatar"

25/4/13

"He worked offshore, I think he's off shore now – with his back to us, making lots for his great, annular convulsion. In this I am talking about the body of the sun – in its immeasurable silence. When with your stethoscope to its colour + seas you listen for 1 minute – that while, without heart sound or respiratory effort indicates the complete, scalar quiet of where lights + darks got made"

2/5/13

"The cars that drive home down the Ackle straight, O they go at different speeds, some get pretty fast, their drivers are tired. Now, have you noticed how these motorists are like yellow flowers that grow from under the outstretched earth fine jonquils in her confinement – in near industrial landscape x stands before car owner to knit a deeper veil of the generative, drove"

9/5/13

"The green territory with whom I shared my bed + so fell in love: fine settlement, generative east – she's funny + makes stuff up, London has no muse, it got no marches / her honey don't stiffen – not ports or work from its thin lips know how to make a starch.. but across a material oldness, not ground at mills, is a long cloth that shows. No twiling or pattern of time, density; is – admitting composition"



## Ghazal Mosadeq

To peel a fruit  
Ghazal Mosadeq

Kabood

A drop of nothing

Padeed

Ketaab

Sounds like a word

A drop of nothing

a letter wrapped in the wind

Like an R

AnÃr

Pomegranate

Echo of a colour

Black

A drop of nothing

I can feel

On my forehead

Samack

From window to window

He paced

From mirror to mirror

A drop of nothing

From the ceiling

When it didn't rain, outside

A dry dry,

Drop of nothing

Nothing

like a shahaab

A drop of nothing

Epic

Gutter

In dark streets

The silent fugue of dry drops

On a sea of nothing

A solo, samack

Swims

A man peels orange fruits

Empty

Among the peels

A drop of nothing

In an empty bucket

It rains nothing outside

A frugivorous man

Walks on peels of nothing

II

it was

(drop)

was

(drop)

it was three of us

(drop)

with death

(drop)

death

(drop)

We were four

(drop ....)

four of us.

to death

(drop)

death

(drop)

we were all one

(drop drop drop)

we were all one to him

and it did never rain

peel it!

peel the rain

someone inside

you can find us

three of us

and drop the peels

drop!

it would rain

### III

You've been seen

In dreams.

walking under a ...

what makes you afraid?

- A Shahaab

scared of Shahaabs

and unknown words

a woman

sleeping on another woman's chest

breast

breath

death

and you

what makes you afraid?

kabood

padeed

shab

you're afraid of shab

the shhhhh

and 'ab'

a woman

sleeping

a hunchbacked woman

angelic face

shahaabs falling in sky

like a drop

of nothing

a shahaab drop

a nothing

and something inside

arm brushing arm, pressure cotton skin fleet pleasure;  
roaring under notice and warmth, shining, in hair.  
Moving, hard ground muffled through soles  
and socks; aching calves, a rhythmic mist of sound  
rising and then falling. A rhythmic fire sound rising  
sustaining a lifting and a vein of anger. Red dominating  
with black; juxtapositions flap and ripple.  
A tickling, barely perceptible, above an ear,  
inside a hairline; a hand touching,  
palm down and fully, a damp woollen weave;  
a detected simultaneous drifting of fag smoke.

Cold and constant multiplicity of running water over fingers rubbing a soft smooth spoon.  
Light flaring and a warm metallic taste, a smell of tea, of rotten damp, of warming.

Binding purity mad goose he was better I didn't realise  
give you the option hub    bub    There's a mental  
fucking cyclist going to get himself killed.

Making its rapid way a pleasure agitation easy tumescence sniffing a breeze  
against a muscular intellect & fires burn in the collision as another raises  
an eyebrow in cool question at molten justifications    hammered out  
sucking nicotine & muted grainy cinematic desire a beautiful misery & feeling  
fat & disgusted & grinning satyrism blurred unfocussed vitalism beautiful  
light after rain astride a saddle edged with anxiety about the time

Near unanimity a raised arm producing a space/time place swirling through  
an event, gesture ordering a trajectory                    rumbling gut ...  
leaving, the talk is pessimistic and wind ruffles faces turned to each other or  
glancing away in overlapping twists of unease and vague reflective furrowing  
over shivering unrest anger short-sighted grumbling lengthy occasional hair's breadth  
skewer pricks desiring a final fucking downfall of the fuckers and a spark of loving thrill

The idea that rain is information is a kind of transcendent nihilistic mystification  
and a scalp feels it teeming among follicles slogans are deadening to her  
he's feeling a force of tradition she's in front of a car looking in a grey light  
a thigh aches shouting somewhere a nose aches cold & brittle lungs she  
honours history but there's a chord of light there's a trembling surface of skin

personal views relentless onslaught pain in the rush to Shakespearean complexity  
a head aches

global opinion

challenge will      fingers slide amidst hair

will glow

it will be challenging it will be fucked up for tired feet

a solid majority fury at a coolness in glass pressing sweaty film

and realising that that radiant fluorescent shining across the surface of a plastic 30 litre  
container, brushed on the fly with a sensual ecstatic gasping gaping grasping  
of damp eyeballs and electrified optic nerves will always be  
different and will never return

and passing what passes for  
turmoil and electricity and  
an autonomous  
arse and a drifting of uncertain light and  
an eye's shivering pupil and public  
fury manufactured in the public interest  
and like a rush to war and a stiff and painful  
knee an itching between toes

bars of near-black crossing a shining wall of air a  
h e a v i n g  
of breath

he realised we are an individual but I  
is any number and so are we

pero volviendo a lo nuestro  
la que marcha contra  
el viento un rostro  
visto múltiple  
sin que sepa  
con notas marginales  
se cree que sale  
del techo a la mañana  
carcome los árboles  
a los hilos de la tela  
entre una  
columna oscilando  
en el aire  
no describe  
la entraña que insiste  
sin serlo  
médula del mar  
la piedra en que molía  
ya veremos lo que pasa



## PENITENTES

la muerte

para que

nazcas

glaciación

el fondo

ahonda

la miga

negra

del sol

había una vez

un paisaje

desdoble

menos

que nada

al aire

libre

la curva

de la espiga

Louis Armand  
Poems for Veer Vier / Will Rowe

## Variations on a Line

(for Amiri Baraka)

Continuities lie in wait long after you've closed the book.  
 Passing a strange girl on the street you give money to  
 "for charity" – the stepmother forever waiting at the door.  
 I also have loved Rusalka. In a prairie by the edge  
 of a lake, in a garden with a miniature Indian reservation –  
 Mad Quixote out-riding on frontiers of useless situations –  
 two years back and forth by Williamsburg Bridge always  
 looking for a message. Envisage a desert, a mechanized  
 bathtub sailing the dunes – a fetish atop a garbage mound  
 holding a trowel of hair – a Sphinx on the road to  
 Damascus keeping watch over this sleep-revolving world.  
 Not to be disturbed by feelings of weightlessness and  
 constellation without "purpose" – a winter without maps.  
 Sex played no part. Blood on Žižkov hotel bed-sheets  
*à la* Nat Finkelstein, saying there's a certain time when you  
 can only be on the opposing side – eyes like motion-  
 picture negatives, like turbulent moths drawn to light,  
 like the silence before the lull, like the attention span  
 of Atlantic crossings *sans* inflight entertainment.  
 Purchase your authentic biography here – whatever fits  
 the description (you fill in the rest). Born, more or less,  
 in a democracy of bystanders – a second skin in lieu  
 of a direct mystical experience – to seize, to grasp –  
 mind goaded from one slipping fascination to the next:  
 forty days and nights like a child out searching for the other  
 half of the moon – a goat tethered to a pole – smoke  
 rising off tinfoil on a Harlem street corner, slated for re-  
 development. From here, the Coney Island sea is as blue  
 as blue cyanite. Stuck edge-to-edge all the prodigious waves  
 make only a door without a hinge – forms of slowness  
 building new expedients, from surface into volumed space  
 and from space into \_\_\_\_\_? The message repeats  
 like psychic telegraph wires running a.m. to p.m.  
 through bare soles of upturned feet, to cut-out ears,  
 tongue and probity. Have I improvised badly? Was history  
 blameless after all? Once again the sheer power  
 of numbers comes into play: the local and physical,  
 the wherewithal, the undivulged, the lopsided connotation.

## De Kooning, *Fire Island* (1946)

When it happens. Exiting the station / heat-shimmer  
dialing off flatlands. Here where myth becomes  
irksome / sloping over ghosttown parking lots –  
Radio towers & seismic TV static / Oversized furniture  
in the used bookstore of the mind. We pretend  
“in broad daylight” on a raft of erased de Koonings –

Because the air was so empty. And there was nothing  
else to do / You would’ve had... light grey eyes  
I suppose, fixing the dead things in your hair. Golden-  
mouthed you never laugh / But Elaine felt deeper.  
You’ll go to pieces one of these days / Shined & polished  
& ready for duty.

And now my shoelace has gone & broken!  
Elaine my dear. Eyes sprinkled in the soft warm air –  
Little holes & stoppers. Getting drunk  
on Fire Island – you lubricate the options, taking  
the Bull under the Virginia creeper / The moment  
is only just as replaceable as a lost tooth.  
Where now? Yawning in the direction of the dénouement,  
the fuzzy lampshade dangles.

## B D F H K Q Y

The name of this city doesn't matter it's not the first city you've been through – singing for dimes in the subway, a randomly pitched note and tropical weather opposing “inchoate flux” to the outer-space of fixed forms, codes and orderly processes. The fog drifts upwards to the projection room: I see the disaster coming and am resigned to being its witness (it's very unnatural and in the theatre no-one would accept it). Thinking about the scarred ice, how it reminded him of bitumen... But the shivering only began later, in the shadows of varying degrees. Red light on-off, on-off, on-off: “this is a lamppost, this is a fire escape, this is the intersection of Broadway and 42nd street” (to the eye the smallest parts of movements aren't movements but static). Though to his ears the cries and footsteps become more and more cautious, not an advertisement of... Was she annoyed by the waste of time? Pale fingers slowly... And all within range of the camera, of the closed circuit... Take this photograph – remind you of anyone? I'm pouring, she says. But what about our crimes? he says. As though you make your atonements working on your back, doing multiplication (it's all in the fingers, sign language)... And the voice beginning to fade out... From so long ago, was it? One example among (many) others. Yes, including the crimes... Whose god was it anyway, to be driven to drink and perestroika? Too many questions all the time, can't you see it's late already, half-way through and not even a plot-line? By the ruins of Babel we sat down and wept, *nicht wahr?* A mass of fucus red separated down the middle like a pair of uninvestigated details. A stenographic figure leers from the entrance to the Port Authority – suddenly everything abbreviates, serial numbers (seven, etc.)... *As if* suspended and floating on the prolix of a liquid element: torn calendars, left-over take-away plastic knives, forks, spoons, a polaroid nude, insulin syringe and “no entry” sign. By the wall, again, on the line. Thumbing back issues of the *Police Gazette* (“time-expired”) and watching the test-pattern on the blink for how long? You think there's something more? Realism? On the outside? Whose outside? One last gate door grill somewhere – the one you still want to open and literally unlock.

# Nat Raha

[poem. in absolute solidarity the Southall Black Sisters demonstration against the UKBA, 24.10.13]

smiles electronics for the border  
force great walls of dover,  
heathrow & stansted, tax animate  
xenophobe in the  
private security form / detention  
theresa may neocolonial marionette,

apourosity of borders for labour / blood  
phantasm that the human denied to follow / the  
regulation of the senses as collateral to capital  
deregulation, the administration illegal  
mobilisations against illegal bodies, perpetual  
dream realised in kettled touch, the common  
in action ukba –which has been abolished–  
& golden dawn / bombed out  
HQ / vomit national front sloganeering / *tell*  
*them you do not want to talk to* / NO  
ANSWERS a wall of resistance necessities of  
contemporary everyday / scab  
reports new asian family in street [1986 cf.]

// landlords of soho &  
peckham , absent birdsong by traffic smog AM  
new cross road , alarm/ing peace / walworth  
feelings on the street today — the  
heirs of london & windsor, the people's  
republic of south london, district insurrections  
& dreams / to which we might migrate——

cf. crumbled wage half-life / experimental employment, standards  
of living instants taking selves -BLANK- 'cross waterloo  
westminster bridges & home, arms giving in rooms inefficient  
in poems written as labour theft / the  
being of government, consciousness &  
will financial,  
borders closure raised trafficking, the will of  
human subjects global attempts at survival  
social determinates / *imf wuz here* / the emptying intellectual  
blinker facing appearance justifying the austere,, & i  
homewards from supermarket / sustenance seek the  
helicopter looking up bourgeois st. new cross a dog  
dragging teeth out of a black 'suspect'  
arm spurred by met dozen  
monday PM we  
listen to the property screaming & you

are outside the jean charles de menzies memorial, stockwell &  
texting sad

& I hear the face of david cameron he is a two-tone  
house alarm it is autumn & warm the seasons deranged, the names of  
future bourgeoisie, the cries & calming of royal children,  
steps in a capital tourism to derelict / modern rot,

source-funds 'art

means business solutions'

the years since artists thought/had

to burn down the city //

***Pocahontas***

*for Neil Young, for William Rowe*

What I love best about rivers is  
that there's Dassein in them  
to move in & amongst the water  
ever changing & returning—  
Of the two paths  
down one lies, what,  
    icy mute piranhas?  
Listen to your heart & you will understand.  
—& down the other path?  
    I was building a wall  
which would collapse into the edges of the water.  
What flows caress these new & old shores?, sandy with  
mute specks, things cast round the edge of things;  
the stranger that lies in the sand-patch,  
the snow-flake,  
the sown inch,  
    & life is more like waves,  
which are silent, thing-like.  
The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim  
like the trackless forest,  
or the great many-linked train that heaves at the linking of continents.

As long as you silently remember  
I'll remain 'twixt synapses  
remain within the thronging strangeness  
of all things  
    reverberate through & among one another

Robert Hampson

## **Sonnets for Sophie**



## James at Foxton's

'her value in the house was just the value, as one might say, of a good agent'

(Henry James, *The Spoils of Poynton*)

a provocation, an inspiration  
twenty-six years of planning & seeking  
at open doors where vistas were long  
the vision of the coming surrender  
four iron pots on pedestals, painted white  
to give it the air of a terrace  
a place in the deepest depths of Essex  
a shallow box guiltless of curve or cornice  
the plain square hall one of the few good features,  
a turbid grey sprigged with silver flowers  
so gentle, so human, so feminine  
you make things 'compose' in spite of yourself  
the hush of the house was at least the same  
you can take immediate possession

'The "artists" withdrew into the background, to become more and more a part of the furniture, while the bourgeois, represented by stock-exchange speculators, managers, film and theatre agents, literary-minded clerks, began to occupy the place ...'

Walter Benjamin, 'A Berlin Chronicle'

## deed of variation

4 *Walter Benjamin*

the damp boredom of post-war Europe  
ready to be over-run & occupied  
trusting only in I.G. Farben  
& the peaceful perfection of weaponry  
court-yards balconies & stairways  
rented space haunted by a nowhere  
poets lynched & publishing houses burned  
means pessimism all along the line  
the steep slope down to the *Landwehr Canal*  
the occult world of business & traders  
acts of rebellion & negation  
experiments with infernal machines  
in search of the eruptive moment  
when history seems on your side.

‘In every class society, whether it is based on slavery, serfdom or, as at present, wage labour, the oppressing class is armed.’

V. I. Lenin

## certificate of lawfulness

'fight dirty, life is real'

4 Sean Bonney

the fourth year of the great depression  
& a street-gang with an analysis  
resisting arrest inciting riots  
all the secrets learned in the basement  
survival codes turned into attack  
the jagged momentum of the skirmish  
convulsive & confrontational  
in a state of undeclared martial law  
night-time courts & secret witnesses  
executions on highways & subways  
the corruption distributed throughout  
gentlemen's clubs & executive boards  
the cocktail hour & the pre-theatre drink  
it won't be their kids that get sent down.

'the modern industrial estate, motivated by the interests of exclusive groups of capitalist masters, cannot regulate itself to make possible an inclusive production and distribution of goods ...'

(George Jackson, *Blood in My Eye*)

## **indemnity assurance**

4 George Jackson

greyblack smoke against the daylight sky  
unclaimed bodies in the city morgue  
the violence of the productive system  
demands tactics for growth & survival  
where growth implies feeding & being fed  
'first strike' translates into advantage  
what to do with what we have  
with death or prison for all who object  
the violence of bankers & brokers  
cutting wages increasing the homeless  
with undercover cops & surveillance  
& media ownership as thought control  
who does the work & who does the dying?  
he's standing in the tank-trap he has dug.

**TRANSLATION**    *for Will Rowe*

Do not read what happens next.

The swifts return without fail  
with no room for second thoughts  
in no particular language  
and we rode all night  
on a causeway in the mist.

Do not call it back  
from the world to which it clings.  
The edelweiss withheld again  
the pennant idling in the wind.  
That soon wears off  
unwriting itself backwards  
and the rest is on mute.

To escape down the highway  
on two flat tyres  
and eat by the light of headlamps  
send word, press print  
for a time and motion holiday.  
The arrow is still in the tree  
it is too high up to reach  
the bullet is still in the quarry wall.



*Travelodge*

third trip north in ten days

Bolton, egg & spinach sandwich

(lunch) free range, a green tea

the 747 above emits the same wail as Mingus' 'Ecclusiastics' on the head set

you believe in lists to, from and about a crisis

as the property deal falls flat on its face & about our ears

as the house itself collapses, like collapsed

data – edgy, on edge

*this poem is a suspicious item on its way  
to Manchester Piccadilly and should be reported  
to the police as we pull into Stoke-on-Trent  
this eighteenth day of June two thousand & twelve*

listening to 'ROTE/THRU' this other side

of composition a lyric collapsing /

a lyrical collapsing

in on itself, folding over

*The Sims* come to mind

repellent in its extreme hygiene, a non-

place, imagination

obliterated, hired & blank

environment

bar area 24/7 without

human

contact

or content, ultimate management solution

without person or persons

unknown, service

movement activated with a staff

of one

*Allen Fisher/ PLACE*

holed up for the day at Royal Holloway,

talking about

& talking to Allen Fisher / no word

on Cavendish Street, yet the deal

busted (it seems) on our building's

insurance, all bets are off

re-group, take stock

the place I find is Fisher's *PLACE*

the death throes of *SPUTTER* in the quest for cobalt blue

pictures in /

to text

the 'we' of utterance, place

in the function /

action of the text

Blake as maker in the facture

cris cheek

A scent of Marx's kiss

And that our politicians might concur  
holding the conservative zombies wanting  
characterizing labor through obsession  
that dare certainly making heartache  
return. Out on the lake a gas cargo  
reflecting on the states of liquidity  
rolling drums across crushed bodies  
in the basement of the dark to light club  
cheered the smell. I run, like a wire  
in the walls of the buildings of the  
bureaucrats. A kiss that characterizes  
liberal want isn't the whole of longing  
an apparent taste for the political martyr  
depicting the sweep of his hopeful extent.

Cut drip

A chat every is  
time a whole truth  
and there he goes again  
making me cry my opinions  
weakening the slow inclined proverbs  
until there is nothing but a negative graphic

were you to ask me to waste some time with you  
to make a request I am not sure I would do it Will  
were you to say pretty things and leave me to wonder  
if they have hidden depths or remain merely the skim

were you to get what you wanted every time you read me  
a bolt of white lightning striking a muddy brain repeatedly  
were you to begin to predict your reaction to meeting here  
I would cry out please, I can't stand it any more, let me go

I will demand that words begin in an affect of truth  
an excessively painful hammer misled so

## Julio Carrasco

### Oscuro y caliente como el humo de una estufa a parafina recién apagada

"Si es bueno, es tan bueno que hasta los ángeles envidian su estado; si es malo, es tan malo que hasta el mismo Diablo se avergüenza de su compañía. ¿Qué cosa maravillosa es el hombre que, siendo tan débil, desobedece a Dios que es tan poderoso!"

Farid Ud Din Attar

Nunca me gustó Verónica Almendares  
Básicamente, creo, porque la vi actuar en una competencia de baile  
Y su cara demostraba demasiado bien el intento de expresar sensualidad  
Pocas veces un esfuerzo así tuvo tan magro salario (recuerdo haber pensado)  
Observándola más adelante descubrí el mismo afán en sus gestos cotidianos  
lamentablemente con idéntico resultado  
Y esta noche no era la excepción  
Me gustaba una de pantalón hindú  
Nos miramos de reojo pero podía ser perfectamente la novia de alguno de los heterosexuales  
que la rodeaban  
Salí del lugar rumbo a otra fiesta acompañado de mi amiga recién separada  
Me contó, en el viaje, sobre el estilo de vida de la gente en el extremo norte de los Emiratos  
Árabes  
Sufrían todos, comentaba, de una locura denigrante, mezcla de arribismo y pereza  
Saludé cordialmente al llegar  
Había mujeres en la pista pero dejar sola a mi amiga en ese ambiente habría sido una  
descortesía  
Ella propuso regresar y eso hicimos  
El pantalón hindú había desaparecido  
Quedaba Verónica Almendares bailando en el living algo así como una cumbia  
Me compadecí del tipo que la acompañaba, por aspirar a tan poco  
Pero en verdad no había nada más en la fiesta  
Me tomé un trago, luego otro y un tercero  
Mi amiga recién separada ensayaba frente a un vidrio los insultos que intercambiaría con su ex  
La música, un desastre, las canciones eran cortadas a la mitad y se producían silencios  
periódicamente  
Tuve una interesante conversación sobre refrigeradores con un tipo  
Y entonces sí, de pronto: ya estaba listo  
Estaba listo para abrazarme a Verónica Almendares  
El tiempo actual comenzó a teñirse de un amarillo intenso, denso y fosforescente  
Las luces se derramaban sobre la sala como un metal derretido

El suelo saltaba en ascuas ardientes

Como si el whisky que bajaba por mi garganta se hubiera trocado en kerosene y me hubiera vuelto capaz súbitamente de proyectar ese calor hacia afuera

Como si nos hubiéramos sumergido de golpe en una piscina de napalm: mi corazón cruzaba el núcleo del Sol a toda velocidad embistiendo largos cardúmenes de pirañas brillantes que a su paso rompían filas como cristales

Estaba listo para abrazarme a Verónica Almendares y convertirnos a ambos en una trenza de vidrio fundido

Pero ella salió al patio con el tipo que cambiaba la música

Luego partieron a su automóvil

mientras resonaba a lo lejos la voz de mi amiga recién separada, comentando que había planeado irse con cualquiera esa noche

Mis ojos seguían adheridos con un elástico de luz  
al automóvil que se alejaba por avenida Kathmandú.

Poemas para Veer Homenaje a Will Rowe  
Por Magdalena Chocano  
2014

(1)

unos cuantos milenios al acecho  
(quizá no tanto)  
de la materia oscura  
fijado el parpadear estacionario  
en la taza de café  
un sorbo sigue al otro  
la conversación divaga  
hacia la voluble estratosfera  
no tan acogedora como debe  
ser  
cuando todo se deduce  
de una sombra tan tenue

(2)

un tornillo romántico espejea en la sien  
la nuca hace agua...  
mientras tanto: sociedad, ese horror absoluto,  
resurge de nuevo en mecanismo o argumento  
de los fanáticos del cisma, otro horror obsoleto,  
carnívora cotidianidad  
chirriando  
el óxido irreparable que acciona el flanco más silvestre  
y este sospechar fantasmagórico:  
ninguna fraternidad ya se avecina

(6)

gris sobre gris abocándose al cielo  
nubes cirros fluctuaciones  
islas en el teatro del verano  
hasta que la noche eléctrica  
emprenda un viaje solo, secreto, alterno  
  
antimateria duplicada matices incoloros  
soportan esa presencia decisiva

he ahí la acerada arena de las islas  
ahí su sombra irremediable  
he ahí la voz que me sonrío

(12)

de pasear por la gruta maquiavélica  
regresa uno con el seso bullente de incrustaciones y tatuajes  
calculando un propósito para cada aspaviento

¿cómo colocar estas palabras en un disparadero?

no es una interrogante solo un procedimiento

para lograr una tregua  
entre un rearme y otro

(14)

nada se sabe  
si está solo o acompañado  
si es sólido o gaseoso  
si sueña o truena  
cuatro vueltas a la estrella  
y se acabó el año  
pero a todas luces  
vira en un oleaje de nulas dimensiones  
no hay secuencia que no sea una retahíla de catástrofes  
que no alumbran mundos,  
aunque los tránsitos se dibujan claros,  
y los comienzos, brevísimos, y ya está

# Tom Bamford

***before***

***it***

*passed songs were like canadian*  
*sunlight* to be in of having only  
fidelity to a moment i  
love being the opposite of  
life i love  
you beached where a boat  
is coming with everyone you love on  
a day with the connection  
down your return non urgent

like no  
one has to do any  
thing any more after  
politics feel so  
pull of your un  
reality making life and  
thought possible for you through  
taping in situations where i have  
done no  
thing and too  
late but  
we know what

opening the  
window on something will give a  
trace you have been living to

be in your room hungry in all cells of your  
history to step  
off mattress in

to bright previous



albums and know  
future but  
coming  
here a moment caught having walked  
with headphones so

your hands fell and could not any

there  
being joy some  
where for all remaining for  
you in a universe of facts

please find me will not go beyond that  
still possesses me of being without it

### ***hometown grass mixtape***

*--message scrambled in the tubes--vultures pick unspooling--*

scour ghost torrents      record mossy space  
tell anyone you

    squat the scrub verge drink  
cough syrup from skull  
on the bus in broken guitar samples *only likes THIS music, music that be*  
*comes dead by misogynistic cello, that doesn't play*

*ball, the flip of the radio4 stuffed curio sub*

*marine hung on the skull necklace example* tell anyone you live in the place of ashes, suburbs  
having nothing to do with e

states but for you broadcast utter fear through trees being  
connected via cold war tunnels to dream eco  
nomy of shared file life and spending all  
the money on drugs to deliver heaven more efficiently than un  
ions or anything like

    that, in the suburbs this would be, where everything is better be  
cause saturn's rings touch your back yard and destroy *everything*, you know, all those  
buildings, grey intricate walls clagging up the utopia with presence  
    covering the grass  
    which never existed in the first place

## Samantha Walton

on finding a fire: safety

atm-ming together

is sanctioned city

proto party is pure

party

post-spectacle  
its lust/density

back of  
small of

my mind  
" back

clap the night open  
sunk in kang

--

burlesque throng

& nested no

proms no

fomo fireworks

f\*ck

the lantern drone

4 mead-drench  
suck of an/ y other  
clasps

us hollow

of

my hand  
we!

on mass  
threaten  
no-one

we are

l\*ve's borders

sketchy

unpoliced

Like

— political critique  
on a thread  
twice nested &  
nested & unravel

return to decency

— radiation, our  
impossible bodies  
collectively unfixed

our laps

we

matter

o no sky tonight

for

us

desire don't be

shadowed

in public

(we are  
safely capped

in decent  
lapse

call

us out as

we!

drama is censorship  
masks & lights

“

~~we~~

Like

- play but only
- with each other

this

I goes on & on how can  
I l\*ve

in poetry  
why in poetry anyway

try *mama / stop /*

this gradually parsed touch is

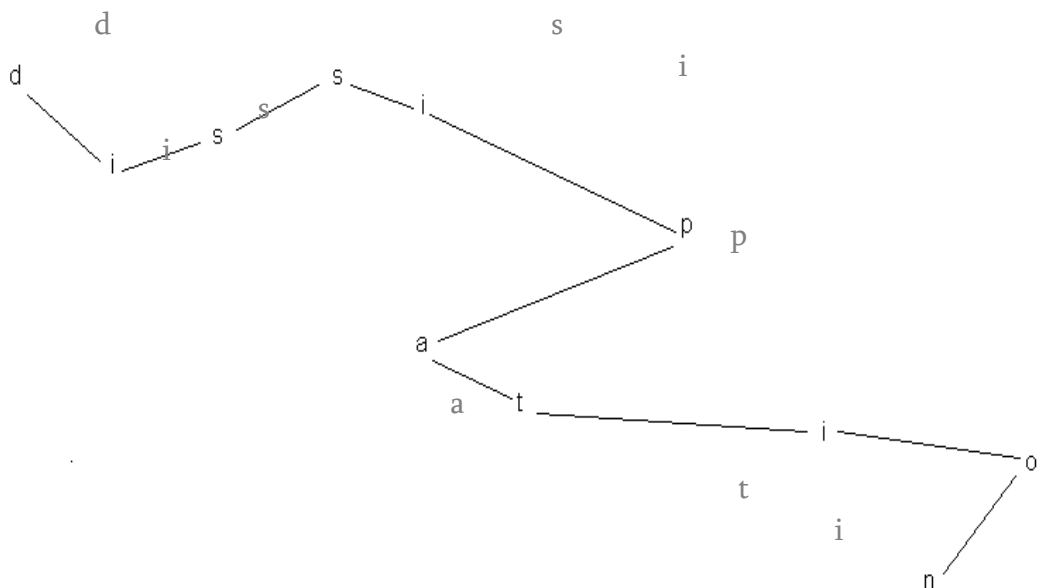
(I) is never l\*ve is never scan

yr touch is u is

all my suppressed o s

distinctly wrapped comes  
alive o o o decency in this  
place of touch so-o paltry  
replace space & grammar

w/  
extension  
touch



Jo ker's

Alance

You  
Please us  
touch us

E VIL

IN  
8

h ate fit  
s  
in

hard

Mr s vil

AIM SEEKER S

HANG YOU

have looked at you again

you

cannot pay  
you need to

We may still edit you to  
tend centre

attach  
with s op letter

you want explanation your Job has changed get  
with us Our dress f etter

HELP MAY BE

help other help Other

SING COUNCIL R UCTION

sing  
soon sing  
you should show them

YOU WANT MORE DECISION

f etter we will give an explanation dress  
tact on

A il

MR E VIL

## PENS

## AGAIN

the decision can be  
decision

a new decision

change the  
against the decision

## HOW

If you want p al  
Please us  
fill in the form  
in one month  
Security

G 24 If you

You can get  
will be heard by a

If the decision is wrong the  
p al cannot

pen p al

can change it But the pen

change the law the decision is based on  
pay more money than law allows  
or hang you on cord

you agree

you agree

prop P us staff work to  
officer aim

complete  
seeker s l ance

through you

to the

aim to m ember  
b a n e

member

household

If you want to know more about  
l ance  
etter

your  
dress

seeker's

f

keep

getting

things

free

## KEEP

## YOU INFORM

A Section of 'Mirror Flag' from *Living In*

he rested there a little while  
in the room

now the significations are  
the mirror

\*

to recover from the effort  
of the interrogation

confused  
is haunted

\*

involved  
it is a normal room

Abu Muhammad  
by the relationship

\*

and then  
like this

one of our old neighbours  
between illusion & reality

\*

set himself to  
but you didn't

said to me  
the image

the task  
see outside,

raising a small  
both reflects

\*

of turning  
there is no windows &

Palestinian flag on the roof  
& intercepts the real

\*

the key  
& the air conditions

of a school  
the mirror

\*

in the lock with  
in the, out there, the office

or a house  
then has many different

\*

his mouth  
& they put it in the less degree,

or even on the electric  
connotations

Steve Willey





Front cover poem: Maggie O'Sullivan, [For Will Rowe]

Back cover poem: Aodh McCardle, from *stonepoems*

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