Europe

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The fear is not of something new
but “can the mind absorb it?”.
Like helpless dreams, a tension bout,
this fear’s control, to lose it.

Is this where the phobics herd,
who dare not stand nor face it,
and call me rude, a geek or nerd,
if I declare to ride it?

And so I climb the higher path,
accelerating self.
Peacock faces worry up,
huddle. But I’ve done it. I know:

I’ve learnt the new technology,
uncared those sneering weenies.
I turn my back and grin the dawn.
I’m Gawain. They are the was.
… regrow …

You dange in life: when this I stark, you stet.  
If dad you’d die, I’d saunt; but hurt mum get.  
You sneer my am. The proud Dad joust you won’t;  
by theorem live at black you do, and don’t  
concede in ooze and grey I life believe.  
Sad simpling. I rattéd jump long eve  
ago; to enge I learned. You neighbour bad,  
too ego proud, so sure, the acme prat.  
But sod; for mum I could not lie your death.  
A God of hacking times, electric breath  
in life, I am. Your glimpse, I snatch; your fade,  
I steal; my viral valkyrie invade,  
corrupting, swaning back. You’ll only know  
on die; in wetware crack, I’ll you regrow.
Higg's Boson

Cat buy me iMac. I buy cat string. We delighted. Now waiting dawn. Ha ha.

I experiment on iMac. Make site. Cat experiment on string. Make Higg's Boson.

I surprised. I see bubble bath. I see no sailor. I drain bubble bath. I see no sailor. I not believe cat. Cat rude to me.


Cat very annoyed. Cat say I delete Higg's Boson photo. Cat feed camera to dog. Dog happy. I annoyed. I can't pick nose photo.

Boson go to HMS Higg. Cat sad.
lines stride yellow

the roads of then bright
walk age i
planners’ map lines stride yellow
 “buses route there”

i shall break your bus
the sister

school order
commerce green bus
blow round home queue
fare eaten plead

we shall unmake your bus
the council

if i plain proud
unlucked gene no fool
a do what i can man
i’d responsibility care bus drive

we shall fust your bus
the state

the once road many go
bus now stride
on plan yellow
assumpted at long past rose
so many bars

so many bars solo occupation
so much étranger solo eyes

night walk alone genghis glory facade
brick trees brick ships brick walls
social égalitaire

every newness every arrival
every égalité every time
but oh for recognition’s smile
anticipated tease’s grin
antwerp

0

the excitor girl absent
just bar gloss smile
night pint

but i drive tomorrow
to an alien language
rhythms consonents
tripmes strangeing

life

steps

1

square nightgreen
maprelief upupup
clean roughbrown
cross goldlit
skyscratcherless

scissored out halfcircle
confetti glass brick
stories door
height height
imagination tower

dependers concur require
the soma state
themarx debunk
napoelonic longroad
buildéd long square storied
grey ripplelight off
architected now

innerplace long walk
built long square desked
grey evenlight grey
architected do

digitate long plan
build long square rise
grey futurelight through
architected intent

3

try town tram any
first gentle fast
swifts spinsingers
cliffs constructed

stop out shit shab
gangland girl pork
cast river go
mile bright wince stride

city centre food centre city
menu menu menu glamour
damn
time wall
no brag–side lorries
no metro shriek–walls

quality inability
dusted exotic moscow

russia
odd pressure
dylan thomas to catherine wheel
saliva words

a communist journalist led
i cursed london’s blown trash

now westminster dustmen
arbeit the night’s gift

russia
odd pressure
dog & sand

dog & sand
rising sun
filmic splash

I am in
the fastest train
a hundred feet beneath

walk the friend
sand to sea
sunlit ring

I am in
the fastest train
a hundred feet beneath

market wrung
ethic slum
logiciel

je suis en
la grande vitesse
a hundred feet beneath
scheide foot tunnel

elegant unhurried escalators
mahogany down

but they’re King’s Cross stairs
sent soon dead to kill heat

sight along walkers’ white–tiled cylinder
pure unbent eye line

fire no out from fire
but to its where started

no simple set no code death no Duty
no snipers no machine gun no game end
mechelen shine

moonshine fire cathedral
_mechelse embleem_
my goodbyeing purrtrips stone low doors
gloom loom

walk short emptiness _de markt_
_de grote markt_
this wrong town too
i’ll rue depart

and heavyland target
are you _om kirke? te deum?_
and the living AWK your reputation counters
your architecture states
am you error?
is ever am dragmove error?
ever’s _gaan?_
error?
error?

_Ik zal zien._
The Pub Quiz League

My social life glows momentarily
on winter Sunday evenings
in The Pub Quiz league.

The newbie knows the taste of blood
is not red, but quiets her mouth;
she feels she lacks “experience”.

A good team needs one who always knows
who methok’d with Abendigo
and made the wurble fleep,

but most of us are ballast.
I’ve got my special anorak
that is hardly ever asked.

An encompassing taste of flowers,
wilting in a hop bitter foliage,
gives gentle colour to the evening.