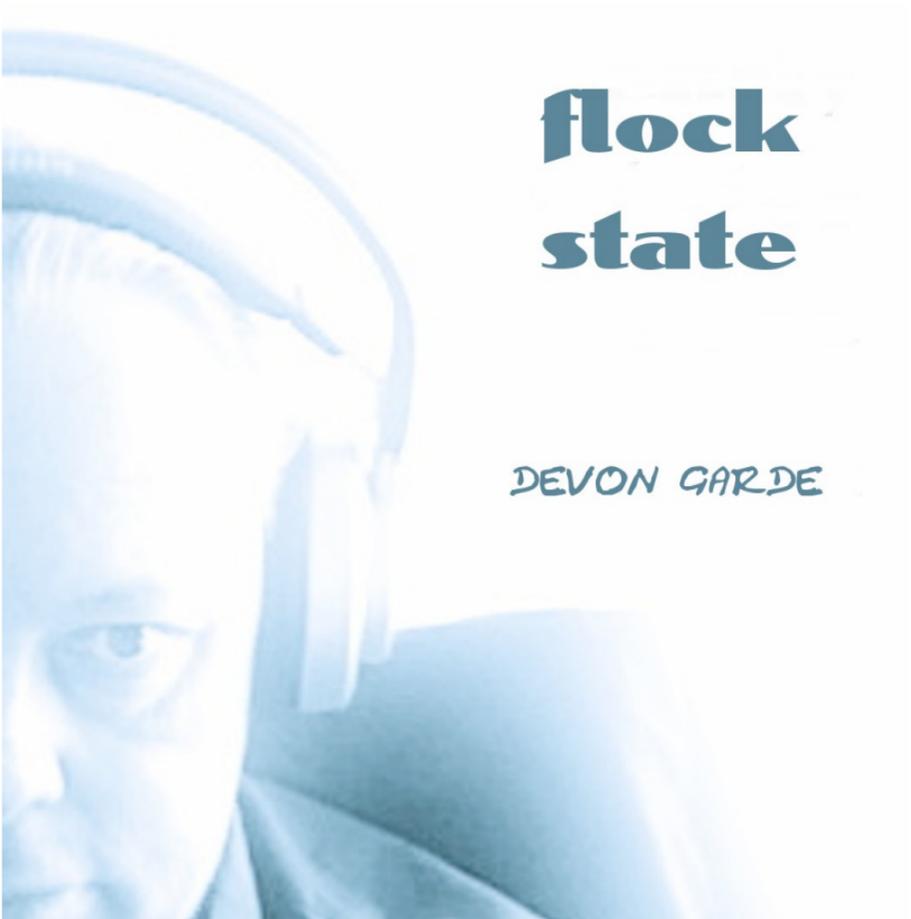


the 'A' rush
early winter rose [explicit]
intruder alert [explicit]
church is dangerous vital
to let
the mere of ice
a mary car...
peered
northumberland
server room
garden
flock state

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flock state

DEVON GARDE

flock state

has terror memory our culture dictated on by history
can recur must prevent must strength and steel
polite or child survive our choice we see no choice
go we cant no else there is just defend or dead
gunfiring bastards their land they say ours
corralled we disrespectful them no dignity
our victimhood greater theirs our bastard ever be
echo rote no compromise no surrender no childhood
recur a history fear cause recur a history fear cause
they kill us with bombs they deny us planes
they kill us with shells they deny us tanks
they kill us with hate they deny us love
all we have is jackets of explosive their choice
an adoptive mom of an abused child can rarely accept
her ward has become an abuser
religion's psychopath gas
each nation's error's existing each nation's cure's dissolution
military victory impossible

the 'A' rush

body fade dissolute
psyché to the entangled crypt
we pupate
the reflections adulated
the strange riding complexity
their unnewformability
where is the A rush
I shall be the angel of eternity
I'll jump relighting branes
I'll bound across the multiverse
and you shall be
born reborn
as i am the art
the A rush

early winter rose

a fuck-the-bastards mother's disconnected

a seconda donna petulates

a net chatte barks

these trip-mes

this wrong town

then a lunch rare walk

a sweet stun glance

eyes each other's gaol

her gardienne sensed the trapped

spun like a won't start motor

i walked

garden

this english fascination with grown artifice

denying the shock of flowered beauty

gardens predictable as bigots

where is the magnificent wild

where is life's swarming unexpectedness

where is scent's stun memories

all plan-chained by ennui regularity

a hovering hunting kestrel

chocolated

damn their pressure

insisting my fractal haven is moan neat

moan mono

server room

rectangles grey like forgotten faces

three man-high towers metal

systematic machines this male place

electric sundries scattered

a cold decorated producing room

the uni-pitch engine of working quanta

the no sad no joy the no peace no ire

this is where the data heart runs

the outside friendly coolwind spins young leaves

a rush-flock of exuberant flickering

as though sun-sparkle water races off a running dog at play

what running dog at play

Intruder Alert

A conference theatre, unfilled, the field;

green folding chairs, strewn, the crop.

Some poor woman, older, robust, sexless to me,

sits, cross angled.

Her seat folds, becomes a vice;

her fingers caught, trapped, raped, crushed.

Her shouts scorch, stark pain,

boiling crescendo. People rush. Not me.

I am shock still,

stunned by lust, by shame.

I can't forgive me this.

I can't.

church is dangerous vital

terrace end
ninety class middle house
garden kempt
furniture curtain
longold woman life

street
old man
capped short
shockprick eyes
search

he asked

northumberland

weight-heavy grey age-stone
thick-walled hunch-house villages
nurturers of pre-england
a norfolk tornado marred flew to kuwait
a land-air-missile huntress counted the well-worn expected four
got five—friend or destroy—no cancel—no wait—no time—you choose
your child is here—you choose
grief-heavy grey death-stone
thick hunch-walled silent villages
nurture post-war numb
the navigator's funeral
the rite shock-hearted coarse grief paused
four tornados flew steam low
black crescendo steam low

*one but-one but-one-rose one-rose one-rose-up rose-up up cloud-up high-
cloud-up high-up high-up-beyond up-beyond beyond beyond-vision up-beyond-
vision beyond-vision vision*

peered

bar best
compress to presume
plan pressure no excel
dull predict only

savage down
to plan ordinary
belong box

To Let

Why does no-one else complain?
They've moved the public loos again.
Why is it I'm arrested
when I ensure these things are tested?

"This be no bog", the coppers cry;
"Then what's that sign, up there," I sigh,
"and since you're here please tell me why
they never print the letter 'I'?"

The Mere Of Ice

The morning's walk repair
is stone-in-shoe disturbed
at the cool wind glade:
shadow rush leaves, contrast light, flash sun.

The rain worn paper notice,
on the silver slatter-down kiosk
commands us to walk the mere of ice,
blind white, blotch pools, slow earth.

But I know it will fail my doubt;
I take the grass and boulder soaring path,
walking up the two bend valley,
watching down on faith belief crash-drown.

A Mary Car...

The Pilgrim Fathers, with such foresight,
took no wagon, took no wheelwright.
Handy Mary, girl of action,
built her own cart contraption.

Pretending French, the affect herd,
dropped the last of "ever... wor...";
but not the end of Mary's name,
she had proud shin crack fame.

Then the Crown Inspector came.
The Fathers all, disrupting blame,
drove the man from ship to bar
in what they called "a Mary car..."