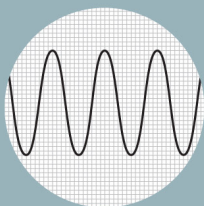


peaks and troughs



jack piers scott

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Corporeal

Published by Corporeal 2010

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A CIP catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-0-9564585-0-6

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For my Grandmother
and eventually everyone else I (I'll) know

Climbing through thick forest,
lots of trees, no one else about,
climbing really far and high.
start to see flashes,
lots of steps, shapes,
and the muppets sitting on them looking sad,
talking about all the muppets being dead.
everyone looked depressed.

Heard that a man had been arrested for throwing a hedgehog at another man,
the spikes punctured his skin.

Business man,

‘Paddy O’Riley does a lot of travelling, he’s going to Ireland and then
he’s off to the British Isles.’

Man on phone about his girlfriend Mish,

‘...no questions, no nothing...
...it’s going to be hard to do because she’s gorgeous...
...what did you think of her?...
...yeah, easy but not challenging
...she’s just shy, or, she’s just not very interesting...
...not at all in the slightest and that’s the struggle...
...if personality had gone well, she ticked so many boxes, she’s 31...
...if I talk to her about her nervous laugh, maybe she’d stop...’

Indian man on train to food cart steward,

‘Can I get a water’

Steward drops cup lid, (*slight pause*)

‘Actually can I get a Pepsi’

Pays and steward leaves, Opens Pepsi, takes a gulp,

Thirst quenching sigh

Drinks some more before puts rest in cup,

Burps and smacks lips

Continues to burp regularly,

Met a kid called Daniel on my walk home after exploring an abandoned building.

He must have been about 8,9? I can’t really tell the age of kids.

He was blonde, with short hair and he came up to about waist height.

Asked me if I went to the college nearby, I said I went to university.

Asked me where I was going, talked about his paper round, said he only had 3 places left to visit then he could go home, he held up three fingers to show me as he walked off.

He did the paper round every day after school, I said to him

‘You do that every day, that’s impressive I don’t even have a job.’

Told him I’d been taking pictures of the abandoned building. . .

- *slight pause*

. . . asked me what phone I had, said he had a red and white flip one. Then I showed him my phone.

Before we went our separate ways I shook his hand and told him to take care.

It was at this moment of shaking hands that I also asked his name.

After meeting him I needed to write this down but didn’t have any paper.

I found a single sheet of white paper lying by the edge of the road, how often does that happen.

1st part

In a downstairs room of a building, but it's furnished like inside of a boat, wood panelling etc, seems to be Mrs Bailey's (music teacher) room.

She's there and as I eat a purple hard boiled sweet I talk about how many good memories the place has.

The room had the feeling of being busy but it's nearly empty apart from me and two other people (not sure who, possibly Tom Williams?)

Whilst I eat the sweet we talk about putting together a dinosaur, we will make it from already fired clay and then we talk about what elements it should be resistant to (like in pokemon)

2nd Part

Walking around outside, lots of people about, like a sports day, I'm sitting on the side of an army truck with Dave, it's quite high, talking about exam results, Dave says,

'A in English, A in History, C in _____ but it got converted to a B.'

I must swing down because now I'm doing pull ups at the side of the truck. Someone acts surprised, asks why I'm doing them. I start to walk across the sports field and I swing over a hurdle and then back through.

When I try and do it again I fail.

People come up behind, 2 girls, I start walking with one of them, the one who is left behind has the feeling of an Ella type person?

Walk over long field talking (not sure about what).

Suddenly panic and shouting, old P.E. teacher shouting,

'Don't touch him/her!'

Now everyone at the sports day is shouting, screaming,

‘Someone’s Infected!’

Simply by touching someone you become infected, in the confusion I lose the girl I was with, a kid says he doesn’t believe it all, as no one looks ill and he touches me. More confusion, panic, P.E. teacher shouting directly at me,

‘Don’t touch!’

I develop a big eskimo like coat, wool gloves, and I run through a building which is like an aircraft hanger. He’s shouting at me,

‘You’ve got it, give it back!’

But what I have turns out to be a small black remote control, which isn’t what he’s after anyway.

I run outside, other side of hanger is a busy Tokyo like scene. I start blowing a whistle to try to alert a policeman. I’m pushing through a large crowd that is standing on a bridge, some of them are jeering at me.

Come to an area where a circle of people surround a fallen dead man. It’s explained to me that he’s one whose been touched, he fell down dead after a while, the only sign of illness is thin white hairs that have grown on the neck/shoulders/back, the hairs are not thick though, just oddly spread and wispy.

The girl that left before could be there but I’m not sure, if she wasn’t there then there was definitely a Chinese girl on a wall who I talked to.

I run off, panicked, towards a hospital.

Once there I’m on the top floor running about over a glass divide between two buildings.

The whole place is empty and now I’m running (jumping) down the stairs. Get to a point where there’s a woman in the stairwell but I can’t go any further because the rest of the building is flooding and the water is rising.

I explain the situation, she says she’s a doctor/scientist, apparently a sister of the girl before. She says if I go back for her sister then she’ll work on the cure.

I feel my back and can already feel thin wispy hairs growing there.

Run back upstairs and into freezer/cooler like room, a few other Chinese people are there, the scientist says the cold will slow down the disease so she has time to work on the cure.

I ask someone there (Chinese) if they know if I have enough time left to go back outside and get someone before the disease takes hold, they say they don't know.

Turn to look at the scientist who is scrubbing some pan next to a gas flame, look at her in the eyes.

Sitting in a pub garden talking to a lot of people, I was being thrown out because I had apparently sent an email saying one of the bouncers was crap. It was in the same place as the Old Brown Jug is but it wasn't the Old Brown Jug. The landlord and bouncers were being very forceful, grabbing my arms and shoving me a lot. I had to wait for the people I was with to bring me my things, but all of them were having a rave, but silently and individually in their seats.

At the entrance to the pub I was looking around for ticket stubs that said 'engaged' (?) on them, because apparently you got money for them if you handed them in.

To my left there were a lot of trolleys and I was standing in front of a pay point. Then I started to get pushed about there as well, because people kept putting money in the machine to get coins for the trolleys.

Walking around town with Fozzy, going to meet Max, going down to the basements of buildings looking for the right place, the town was strange like Newcastle-under-Lyme but different, there was a Clarks with a paved floor and an Electronic boutiques.

Walking in some kind of dales, where houses sloped down to fields then more houses. Walking along a path there were really large ducklings, about the size of ducks and they were all very angry and ragged looking. Amongst them was a small pelican. On the top of the dales there was an odd tunnel, where train tracks and a cart led to a creepy plastic figure of a man in a yellow jacket. It was made out of the same material fair ground figures are made from, hard, like carbon fibre. As I came out of the tunnel I was running with Max but he was faster than me and I could never quite catch up until he stopped running.

Climbed down the second embankment and saw a row of white horses, all with large legs (long) and they were sort of fluffy. All of them were looking up and as about 6 of us ran past they all bowed to us. We then proceeded to climb the wall of the garden we had strayed into, so as to get back to the main path. Apart from me, the people who were trying to climb the wall were, Max, Aaron, Dave, Fozzy and someone else. I got over first but the others didn't manage it straight away. As they started to climb over a security man walked past, he started to get angry and said we were trespassing. I said,

'How can I be, I'm on this side of the wall.'

Then he didn't seem as cross. As the others started to climb the wall Max turned back as he said he couldn't do it. Then I explained to the security guard that I'd been bullied by security earlier and then he wasn't angry at all.

We were now walking along a street, a woman wearing a short satin nightgown and red shoes grabbed at the security man to get him to stop, but he ignored her and kept walking. At the same time as this was happening, a truck on the other side of the road pulled out from an archway in a building and on the back, clattering on hangers, were all sorts of pink ladies night wear and cosmetics.

Fat business man talking on phone,

'If you fuck me then I'll fuck you up the arse!'

London, Catford, cash machine queue.

Young black woman taking money out.

Old white woman standing next to machine, shaking uncontrollably,

'They should go and get washed.'

‘Dirty niggers.’

Etc.

In a local store (mini supermarket), there was a rack of DVDs with some porn titles on the top shelf (although the top shelf barely reached shoulder height). Amongst these porn films was a film called *‘She said No’*. Ironically enough it wasn’t porn.

In school, but it had a lot of new extensions, there was a lot of sand everywhere. Running about I slipped, but seemed to fall gently, like a feather. As I fell I grabbed onto a railing and it crumpled, bent, and fell with me. A kid from school called Sam was there, he was always really small and even though he was older he was still tiny. Saw Mrs Vorverg dancing about on black and purple tiles, she was getting ready for a new play but said that I shouldn’t be there.

Below me was nothing.

Up and across and around me was everything else,
a vast panoramic view and a sun being sheathed slowly.

The arduous climb had taken four hours,

if I had been flying I thought I could be almost a third of the way to... Hong Kong.

-unbeknownst to me and by sheer luck, I later find it takes 11 hours 40 minutes to fly to Hong Kong from London.

How can people be so wasteful, throwing everything away like it has no value. Energy in everything is constantly changing, but for the beautiful things to appear it always takes longer. Beauty of life is energy working at its best.

Walking around Hyde Park, looking for things people were throwing away and a drunk black guy started to signal to me. I was listening to music so I couldn't hear what he was saying, thinking at first that he was waving, I waved back. He made more movements so I took my earphones out. He was very heavily inebriated and through his drunken speech I realised he was asking for the time. Having just moved to the area and being slightly apprehensive of him, I was reluctant to take my iPod out of my pocket to check, so I said I didn't have the time and shrugged my shoulders,

'Wha', no watch? no time?
Roughly wha' dyo' think', 9, 10?

I replied,

'About 9.45.'

Then with a slight wave I walked off and he wandered in the other direction.

Walking back along the same route a bit later I saw the same man being handled by two police officers.

From the distance I heard them say, in a sort of motherly disparaging way,

'Come on Jacob.'

And I watched for a brief moment, as both of them appeared to use their combined strength to support the drunken Jacob, as he almost fell precariously between two bollards.

Shaded between broken fence
and muddy shit scented ground,
a scene is watched
from an angle more commonly
achieved through the eyes of this naturous path.

less than thirty seconds from the road,
is the creeping position I took,

watching great buildings torn apart,
with the same ferocity
as ripping legs from a fly.

Soak the earth,
break across your crackling heave,
the bursting expansion of sound.
fall against the struggling bird
darting swiftly,
a small journal in the sky,
left open to your deep base.

The grey mist
shrouds awkwardly three different horizons,
I swivel my head as the bleached light
breaks apart the wavelength of the radio,
and for the briefest moment
one must gather together
and run upstairs,
to peer childlike
at the glorious motors smashing in the sky
and the unstoppable thread of destruction
that rolls over the bleak sheet before you.

Like attaching a 28mm lens
which expands my field of view,
(allowing me to take in the entire back wall of a room),
the waterlogged spectral flat-disk
slides effortlessly between the contact sheets
and produces such pure notes
that my hairs grip me,
startled by the ambient effect it pours out.

Walking to use the bathroom in a friend's house, I see the door is closed, so I turn to leave, but as I turn, I hear a voice saying:

‘Help, help I’m trapped!’

Which is accompanied by some light banging on the door.

I open the door from my side and a relieved/embarrassed-looking Asian girl steps out,

‘I couldn’t get out there’s no door handle.’

‘Good job I was here then.’

Some more embarrassed laughter is exchanged and then she quickly heads off down the hall, still laughing shyly.

Your voyage to the shepherding plane of the ocean,
was cut short by beard ragged men
whose scalps glistened white with perspiration
and whose eyes burned from the sun.
They grabbed and threw your ideals aside,
handing you rung from rung,
till the salt water lapped against your heels
and your bare toes slipped on lichen
and algae that suckled the hull.
whispers of strings
and thunderous crashing white horses,
filtered their way to just below
where your fingers balanced your weight,
and you wondered if your timing had been better,
if the eastern howl had filled your sails,
would you have slipped unseen to the fields.

-The fields, planes of undulating sound,
chords wrapped tumultuously into the absorbing
three-second minds of fish,

absorbing and absolving themselves of form,
freely possessed by the wave pattern,
opening their old whistling lips
and singing chiming harmonics,
dissolving between each other.

Instead, your weight shifts
and babbling incoherencies blast the skin of your drum,
too many broken beats pelt and reject you from your ship,
needles and weeds cling to your unsure image
and through the stillness and static of the curdling tide
you remember the rubbered feather sounds
are all that you came to hear.

I learnt about the flying Priest who broke his legs.
I was told no one could ride the bike
and that horses replaced all that was.
I listened carefully to the slow jostle of words
that tripped and fell through the puffed lips,
then turned to the old woman's
white and beige teeth
and realised this was only a stop for me,
but a whole lifetime for the two who addressed me.

for Wayne Coyne of the Flaming Lips

Still in between the times
your meandering thoughts leave you silent,
not the man you want to be,
that green horned, blood washing individual,
who greets children and old women alike,
throwing his spherical shape to the throng of the crowd.

-In this position he would take hold using lyrical words
and coil himself into the vortex of inspiration.

He would not be pressing the 8 keys
that are used for the transfer of vernacular information,
but re-invent them with lips and searing bristling syllables
in the inner ear of bystanders.

Sometimes my mind shuts down to speech,
falling into simple routines.
making sure I place my feet squarely between the plates of the ground,
instead of exploring crevices.

In a car going on holiday, or just going to stay somewhere for a while. An old woman is driving the car and apart from her it's just me with some travelling bags. We're in Canada travelling to the French part. When we get there we pull into a car park and I notice a man working on a car, I think I recognise him.

'Is that Michael Grimes?'

'Yes I think that's his name, but here we call him Edward.'

As she begins to park I open the door and jump out, calling to him at the same time.

Turning around he starts to walk towards me, then I see Hannah Manson as well. I ask them both what they are doing here and I'm very shocked at the whole thing.

Suddenly a lot more people turn up; kids of various different ages and non-identical Asian twins about 9/10? Everyone's talking and greeting each other. Then a voice speaking in German, starts talking from the window, well there's a speaker but you can't see the person talking; he sounds old and fat though, and keeps stopping during his sentences to speak to someone behind him.

I suddenly realise everyone around me is moving and putting up signs.

It turns out this isn't a nice peaceful town but a place belonging to some sort of cult, where all the people are told what to do by the man in the room.

Everything feels very eerie. There's a main circular barn structure where the largest sign is hung.

Jumps to me being asked if I want to take part in the ritual and if I'm sure I want to go in the barn already. I say yes and go in. For a while there's a little light which allows me to look around. The floor is covered with hay/straw and there are a few benches dotted about. Towards the back there's a small clearing, it doesn't have any hay on the floor and is surrounded by wooden sculptures (like wooden wind chimes) hanging from the ceiling.

The woman who asked me if I wanted to go in is hanging back as I step towards the clearing. She then approaches me as I get closer and says something like;

‘This is how we contact the dead.’

I don't want to believe her and I say;

‘Ghosts aren't real,’

even though the small clearing is quite cold compared to the rest of the barn. She tells me to close my eyes and I feel a sort of dark shroud cover me.

At a church fete, a Priest invites one of the women working on a stall back to his house for some tea; another woman behind him says;

‘Oh we don't get invited for tea then.’

But the Priest ignores the comment and doesn't even turn around to acknowledge her.

Fox on the way home.
seven or eight insects
lying curled, stacked.
Inebriated bee
saved from stone/soles.
a two hour conversation.

All are set against experiencing

the boys who wade in curling spirals,
production of the brittle filaments they burn.

In the silent street
(leading from the miasmic room where strong tape
seals the bevelled edge of falling plaster)
lies a flaccid fecal-formed mass.
against the phosphorescent glow
it squints, retracting its eyes,
miniscule eruptions in reverse.

Watched from behind by Indian eyes.
four men
in their locomotive,
watching this growth.
ten points gaze at my introspection
- not becoming the man I expected to be,
resistance now
to everything fundamental
- shifting continental plates
allow parts of the earth to drop,
break apart in the hot core.

Each space that presents itself
is within its limits only ground.

the construction of my thoughts
seem only satisfied with the personage they are given.
how then, to feel so vastly void.
the predisposition is that of

- fulfilment
- friendships

but here, all that is procured from the bodily move
can be realised through the monotonous dredge
of flexing movements of the throat,

that drift through the cold hard stone below.

The light shining through a tapestry,
which hangs from the gilded hinges of a wooden frame,
reveals each joint of the fingers,
bending sequentially over,
to count those
their master would seek to speak with
and not merely converse.

I select so few,
that only one hand is given the opportunity
to furl the four main digits
and allow the thumb to fold over them,
as in the clasping of a purse,
or sealing of an envelope.

there are no curtains to keep out the illuminated glow
that stands and gazes in at a height of thirty feet.
so crawling recklessly around strewn possessions
the body succumbs to the ritualistic pattern
and falls inside the glow.

-into a life where it's tasked to find a brother,
residing in a butcher's cell
and break apart the unity of the night's genealogy
by dashing the affected brain.
left to watch as the mother's curdling cries
echo through surrounding hills and dead festival behind,
as she watches one son break the other,
whilst the third clutches tighter the pup
in amazed disbelief.
the dream ends with five blow-jobs,
nothing is that simple.

In a house, with a younger brother, I'm acting like me but I'm not me.
It is apparent that the third brother has been missing for some time.
Younger brother has a dog, golden labrador.
I go to search for the third brother.

Changes to a fairground, I'm searching with someone else but I'm not sure who, they turn into a girl later on though.

The fairground is very confusing, a lot of people and at one point I'm at the top of a tower trapped inside a bell.

At the back of the fairground there's a man conducting an orchestra, no instruments, just people, although they all have chairs.

There's some form of yeti and the girl I'm with gets decapitated; can't remember how.

Guy conducting orchestra turns out to be the kidnapper and tries to attack us, maybe that's how the girl got decapitated.

Yeti tries to help and the man is stopped.

There's a bunker at the back of the site.

It has a thick submarine like door on the outside and concrete indents for windows.

Inside there's another heavy metal door but with a thick glass window in it; behind it there are a lot of zombie like people, more human/alive looking but covered in blood.

I move on and find a cook cutting up slabs of meat.

He says it's to feed them so they don't get out of control and escape and then eat people.

Somehow the door release for the cell is activated.

They all start to escape and the cook gets scared.

There's no way out of the room except where they're coming from.

They start to come and eat/kill the cook.

I manage to get out somehow.

Max turns out to be the third brother; he's wandering around outside wearing a jester's collar.

To find out we've come all this way and he's infected is very distressing.

Somehow I end up killing him with a very old gameboy.

When he dies his eyes flash like an LCD screen.

As I kill him a car drives up and our mother jumps out and screams when she sees what I've done.

The younger brother in the back of the car stares out in horror.

Side notes:

At the beginning of the dream there are a lot of messages being received to indicate Max is alive, they're like the stream of data on the Matrix saying things like 'X0125MAX745 needs help but 759 is okay' etc. Turns out it was the cook sending the messages. He explains that he found Max's phone; knew he was already infected but just wanted someone to talk to; so kept sending us the messages'.

The entire situation,
being my father's son,
is wrapped in a disillusioning shroud,
hope clinging to withering skin.

Objectified, I am not Jack Scott Archibald.
my mother never agreed to marry you and you never wrote to claim me.

Why then do I proceed
in this farcical relationship.
fight your son and temper
pricks unhealthily at the surface,
heat drawing skin tighter over those needles,
cacti of the house.

wine cellar, children,
nothing.
believing that a send off in the night,
unimportant.
charge yourself,
and don't expect me to wake at 8.30
for a breakfast of meat
I have no desire to see.

the circle of mushrooms in the garden,
indicates an underlying fungus at the centre.

This was it,
everything and nothing,
privileges of circumstance.
Gripping my waist tighter would only imply a feeling of
loss,
so the expected flaccid knot
that circumvented three times
was nothing I wasn't prepared for.

besides, what was there to take,
all the silver and portraiture had been stolen,
and I could discern no real truth
from this oracle in reverse.

The history of my conception is fought by two,
who each reveal history
to make the past more plausibly their own.
removed and peeled from viscous pages,
are the separate years and letters,
bound and pressed like small slivers of soap.

I am brimming with the passing of time.
locked inside each day's activity,
a compact answer.
Layered by:
brief meetings with one,
and the entirety of existence with the other.

Seeking to bring it all together
I planned to map my chartered course,
but after twenty years only the plans were revealed to me,
the log books never having been kept.

As I plunge into the grey-green ocean
there is no sense of time,
somewhere the broadening of shoulders seems unattainable,
and there are two new sections of time calling from the shore,
two more,
I have everything and nothing to do with.

-French Afro-Caribbean accent

Is the red light on?
okay which means the dish is on.
on top of the TV you will see some buttons,
now the very first right button,
you press it,
the very first one,
that little circular one,
on top of the TV,
yeah, yeah,
press that very first little button.
now get the, the, ...
yeah, no, the, the, the, that new remote first,
now the same little button, press it,
and now get the, the, the, sky remote,
and press the same button,
to put the sky TV, the, the, the sky set on,
you should see the blue light now on the sky box,
uhu,
yeah,
but did you switch the, the, did you switch on that first button on the TV first?
did you press it?
now it should no longer be red,
now press the remote, the remote control,
the same little button on the, the, the right hand,
yeah, did you do it?
now, um, er, press the, um, er, same button but on the sky box, er sky remote,
what?, er, eh?

no no, um check,
check it, it's on?
oh, oh, I don't understand why, why it's not working?
do you, do you think, do you think the way I've, um, written on that white
paper,
that's, that's how it should work,
but I think I forgot to tell you about the same switch,
the same button, er,
the, the, new TV remote,

start again from the top of the list.

did you press it?
is the, is the small light from the TV still...
no, from the TV set,
its just um,
is it red?
uh?
okay, if it's not red
NOW! NOW! go to the sky box
use the remote control
that, that beigeish remote control,
now the new one,
I can hear it now (sense of smiling in voice)
what were you presssing? he he he he
are you, are you done now?
now you can change the channel now if you want,
and when the guy comes to switch it off just,
and and and, make sure that you do, the sky box must show red,
and the TV antenna is back on the TV
make sure that is back,
okay,
make sure you leave the phone on,
okay, that's brilliant,
thank you so much,
mmhuh, uh huh, uhuh, uhuh,
yeah but, uh huh, uh huh,
that's why you needed to call on my behalf, uhuh,
uhuh, uhuh, that's, uhuh, that's,

I've become very complacent with feelings; I drive all sentiment into self-abstracted poems that only half reveal the truth, true nature of myself.

On the bus from Bangor to Boston a security man comes on board and asks to see my identification. Apparently he was looking for a kid named Alex who was trying to run away to Canada. He was dressed in plain clothes, grey jacket, faun jumper and baseball cap. When he asks to see some ID he whips out his badge, maybe he was a sheriff, C.I.A? Towards the back of the bus he asks someone:

‘Is anyone in the shitter?’

You have to remember simple things are effective at grabbing and holding someone's attention; don't think that just because it's simple it means it's not effective.

All in one room
they gather to sing,
a eulogy to life,
listen, now they begin.
reaching out, twisting, bleating their words,
each loves the eclipse and longs to be heard.
a death shallow note is called to this Sun,
but it's started and over before they've begun.

The man in the lift in New York, his job was to take your cinema ticket and to control the elevator. He was quite old, completely bald, with features rather like a toad. He also sweated quite a bit, made more evident by the perspiration forming on his brow. It was rather like being in a cage with a dying animal, the way he panted and seemed permanently out of breath.

each moment being the precursor to the next,
in the fact that one comes before two
and life comes before death.

thirteen days ago your brother or sister,
wrote a list of letters that had no form or meaning.
thirty five minutes and your mother tells you of the small rise of pus
that's gathered at the back of your neck.
each has happened and curls together
like the sign for the double tree hotel.
fluorescent lamps, rotating lights
and the great static effect the sun produces on the flat tide below
intersperse the events,
pages of description bridging the gaps between titles of a series.
pauses, gaps, spaces to think.
The author pulls the gold nib and places to rest above ink and paper,
and speaking to himself,
his inner monologue begins a conversation its long since waited for.

a beam is slipping away from its holding.
And like the parting of hands (from efforts made to stop people falling),
the nail that cared it for so long is left.

Shout out the temperature,
call all men home,
from the trips they are taking
for they've the whole world to roam.
cool off in icebergs,
or melt in the heat,
but alone or in threes
talk with whoever you meet.

This is where I have come to be,
over the wind and rain lashed beams,
alive and marvelling at a bear's head,
cast in tree and set far from the track.

-living ripples,
snakes, toads that rush through rust,
clotted water.

watch, the insects inflate themselves with my blood,
glistening crimson pearls perched like sacks,
until I cause their seams to burst,
as they explode over my skin.

I am leaving this world of convoluted dreams,
this azure blue sky under which thief's legs buckle beneath them.
where croaking toads operate gleaming metal safes,
where parrot beaked women quote my tongue
entrapping plants and gentry to try and save themselves.
This bristling earth where trees, follicles of the head, sprout in every
direction
and bridges toss their limbs into the surging water below.

Gone are the dark halls, terrifyingly attractive,
bricks and drapery sheathing them from light.
Gone is part of the boy, left shivering in the carpenter's office,
gone is part of the man, left swinging himself to the static surface of the
river,
and gone the man who thought himself a boy,
left biting into the bulging centre of sweetened strawberries.
Both states now talk freely,
expressing views equally,
counselling, chastising and consoling
with same force as people finding the dead centre of mazes.

Loose lips splutter the hum of some tune
and try to remind me of a land I believed to know better,
but I am too full,
too full
to take interest in the mind of this soon to be General,
who dismisses the world's best interests by perpetually finding faults.

What interest have I in him,
when I have watched the moon bleed its light
through river mist and dark shrouded trees.
When I have spoken of change
with Baker and teacher
and the hyena in her cave of trophies.
whilst I've stood near naked, save for a blanket pulled round the waist,
and glimpsed through the crack of a door
the legs of women,
cast from their material trappings,
bearing forth their fruit
that caused the ancient pit of snakes within me
to stir feverishly at the arrival of this new being,
stir in the depths where they thought never to be fed.

tired and restless,
I drag myself with slow deliberation from this plane,
from glittery sticky webs,
clove cigarettes and white iced cream,
full, full, full of flavor.

I drag myself with deliberation from this plane,
from the threads woven subtly beneath the skin,
which surely snap,
but do not cause pain,
just sting,
a sapling branch whipped across the face.

‘The refreshment section is now open.
Karen will be serving.
She is by far the best waitress we have on this train.’

Southern 2,
and 5.1986.00028,
and 5.1985.0020,
and stagnant sinks, crimson bearings,
buffers, wheels and pipes.
and tracks, and days of, in out, in out,
lives of signalmen and drivers,
tending caring sighing and leaning out,
dreaming of wives.
days, weeks, months,
years seconds nights, all the
hours of cleaning, bolting. First
intake of breath at green grandeur
laced with white trim,
spurting gusting screaming names,
bleating crying racing pelting hurtling
tearing ripping slicing
threading weaving in and out and in and out,
all to be flung with unjust force
smashing grinding splitting at its carriage,
weighted, bolted, grappled, shackled,
plied, into, the earth,
Southern, 2,
sits, and, dies.

All the girls we ever meet,
Amanda Johnston and her eyes,
distracted in the curl of her hair.
Her far sighted nature edging towards,
a friday in force.
Her contacts won't be ready.

Morgan told me:

Operation Northwood, American devised Cuban terrorist plot.
Hitler's not dead, he's hiding in Germany under the freedom pact.
The Americans didn't win, they settled.
Americans shipped thousands of top brass out of America.
Everyone's conveniently forgotten how to make the neutron bomb.
Concentration camps are being built in the desert.
When you go to America don't even look them in the eye.
You couldn't pay Morgan to go to America, even for a day.
He said they're going to dissolve the American currency, everything has been planned, soon America's money will be worth nothing and they'll introduce a new currency to rebalance everything.
When they attacked the twin towers it was all planned so they could say : 'look what's happened, we need to do this, we need to act now!'
Bombs and missiles in the plane, bombs in the building, compared it to Oklahoma bombing.
It was all done to have someone to blame, to divert the attention.
Morgan said there might even have been a death ray on the plane.
They're going to level Iran in the next few months, they'll invade by December 2008.

This all started by talking about the book I was writing in. Morgan said I should scan everything and put it on a flash disk so it wouldn't get lost.
I said I had heard flash disks don't have a very long life.
Morgan said it didn't matter because the earth was going to change the direction it rotates and that was the reason for all global warming.

Morgan continued;

A volcano puts out more CO₂ than China does in a year, and we can't stop volcanoes.
When the earth changes the direction it spins we will all be vaporised, because of ozone layer depletion. Only the rich will survive in underground bunkers built beneath all the new skyscrapers, this is only 2% of people.

They already have a viable energy source that takes electricity out of the atmosphere, but all the patent rights to it were bought and now it's collecting dust somewhere, all to make us keep scrounging fossil fuels, kept under the thumb so to speak.

The CIA were formed under laws developed by the Nazi SS.

Morgan kept saying how all America was formed from them.

The armies before now used to be made of individuals, not like the hive mind of the army now, no one believes it for themselves, they're just being brainwashed.

Morgan was a mathematician.

Morgan said there are too many sheeple, 2% of the population are people 98% are sheeple.

Two raven-haired lovers

brimming in the anticipation of being the sublime complement to one another,

sit, twin-like in their beauty,

reflections perched between walls.

They are the manicured perfection of 18 years of life,

slowly creasing their hotel lobby uniforms.

Managers (mothers) will bawl and worry that the image they created is fading, the way brass-covered pendants blemish

from the perpetual motion of swinging across the collar.

Brimming deep crimson pigment from their pores,

flooding a stagnant atmosphere, they blister and crackle from intensities

so apparent, there is nothing more than envy

from my theatrically moving mind.

I watch the grasping of muscles and childish fingers slip under tartan

worn so liberally across the smallest section she can comfortably manage.

Pushing those pliable digits from the rim of the bottle

she burns a brandishing kiss into the mind of the animal,

leaving its penile muscle aching for the evening's staunch robust love of a split heaving cleft.

I talked to two railway-crossing contractors. They explained how much work goes into making level crossings, how impatient people are, and how the majority of accidents are caused by people in a rush for work in the morning; annoyed by the 6 minute wait as the barrier comes down, people hopping fences; these are the things that cause the fatalities.

They talked about the huge network of people they have to go through and the amount of time that it takes to plan crossings. In this case they needed to confirm what works they were going to make 18 months prior to starting them.

– *everything really does take a long time.*

Steve was a car driver. It was his job to drive the cars he was given to various places in the country and then get a bus or train (sometimes both) back home. His return journey was also considered part of the job so he was paid until the moment he clocked back in. He owned a static caravan near Western Supermare and as a child his parents used to take him (and his brothers/sisters for he said ‘took us on holiday’) to Rhyl one year and then Blackpool the next. He mentioned this because he was taking a car to Rhyl that same week but wasn’t sure on which day. His hands were very delicate compared to his face, his face showed his age, but his hands looked as though they’d been kept in vaseline gloves for long periods of time. His face was the trunk and hands new saplings. His eyes were very clear as well, a greyish colour. He wore all blue and had a bag with him. In it, amongst other things, was a satellite navigation box. ‘They don’t like farms,’ he had said and explained that even if you input the postcode they have difficulty in finding them. Today he was retuning from Hull, and mentioned that when he delivers cars sometimes people will offer him a lift to the nearest bus or train station, and sometimes they won’t.

The clockwise clock is stopped,
there’s a strain in one of the smaller gears,
a tooth is missing,
sheared off counting hours.
The system flickers
and the three needles pause for instructions,

‘why have we stopped!’
‘what is this interruption!’
‘what will resolve us!’

In these moments,
where time cannot be measured,
is collected frustration.
A blind walk would help here,
closing the translucent grate,
all one hue of fire,
skin and darkness swinging across as traffic,
brief reassuring glances to check the path.

But the white glob saluted,
is pitched and lost without hours
and cannot generate what is needed here.
so quick erosion crumbles metallic canisters as result,
filaments line boxes,
taps drink basins,
letters slide up the wall.
this an existence between moments.

The watchmaker prizes off the back,
peers into system,
and reaching into linier plastic tray,
takes a segment of movement
and replaces the worn mechanic.

‘click’

time resolves,
and frustration rolls forth on the ensuing hours.

The trees erupt in paper leaves,
burning and fumigating the figment hillside.

Here it is summer,
and as I step from the plane
there is a prevalent sense that at home there is snow.

Leading me round track is an attractive girl,
she instructs on the shooting of dogs
but the camera is broken
and everything fired falls just short of target.
she might have replaced it,
but then the latter only ever took photographs.

There is an even break in the seasons,
similar discolouration as two rivers of the Amazon.
here corn and ice split the landscape
and seals offer an escape route,
away from encroaching beasts.

Leaning over a fence
I retrieve my possessions,
hesitant, because of the resident's daughter,
spectre at the glass door,

then the poor pubs abdomen bursts
as quickly as the timelapse rose opens.
and the round-faced boy clings tighter to its neck,
pupils burning red,
melting the whites of his eyes,
running in the groves of his skin.

By the time the lion-girl passed by
you had two options.
Tell her the conglomeration of materials she wore looked good,
or become the throng and chattering eyes
who witness unmasterable tendrils of explanation and do nothing.
Telling her, she thanked you and it was time to go.

Earlier in the week, after picking from
the pavement instructions that read:

‘turn left’

‘turn left’

‘turn left’

you found a bedside table,
behind the offices but before the road.
and wedging yourself inside it
rhythmically beating the chip-board,
you made your way home,
the other arm locked tightly against your side.

‘You don’t understand, it’s the way she said it!’

‘Look don’t worry, I tell her to fuck off every five minutes’

‘You don’t understand! she said, FUCK OFF I HATE YOU!’

Ugh I don’t care! she’s made her bed and now she can fucking lie in it.’

I shot five men in the head, burly and sluggish, all they ever talked about was the cold in their boots and I took away their complaints. The last man I felt sorry for, so froze his head in nitrogen, hoping for a result other than death. Obviously, I was wrong.

Still, the exorcised spirit was leading me over the chicken-wire fence and across the lawn dotted with wigwams.

At the other side the teacup rides were found to lie in a circle, their focal point something in the centre that had yet to exist.

So here I was reminded of children playing and then crickets began to fall from the sky and suddenly my younger self became the cause for concern.

Is this why the memories came back, cramming the twitching bundle of legs into their eager unknowing mouths.

I’d fallen through a ceiling and landed in a room, looked up and discovered everything to be intact.

The explosions and men that set them, the scissors I carried to cut the fire hose and the anger at waiting for nothing in the multiple surroundings of repeated

rooms. Harangued by friends and touched up by whores and all the while it rained, rained and even under cover it crept round and soaked me to the skin. Out here there was a sense your body could be taken by anyone who wished, so I went inside and tried to learn how to exorcise daemons.

tired again.
forgotten what fur feels like,
the apple sized brain I care for so much,
or the possessed muscle that conducts its own movement.

In the Casba tea room the door is open,
and two Indian men are wrapped in conversation against the weather and themselves.

What a meal,
and so long.
The glass overflowed when it lost concentration,
'mistress you eat more than that' it chimed,
but the crest of the wave spilling over the lip
and unlit candles in her ears
and the fact she didn't even notice when I sat
in the room and said her name twice.

The stationary faeces-eater sports a cage (walking frame),
but you can't walk faeces-eater.
All that happens is the frame supports others,
The other, mainly to be understood,
supports a faeces-eater,
tentacles of teeth
boring inside and boring out.

another assistant,
exterior this time to body,
waits to bring her upstairs.
flashing dot on electric screen, one lift capability.

flash dot, one lift,
wait, will this be the last?
after this one
will all their fish-pie confrontation exist in one less mind?
oh god I hope not.

The revered parrot sings,
but cannot remember the branch she just left.
simple clean cages, where the world is tightly regulated
hold no spaces for flora,
no beauty, less confusion.
but the forest to which she has returned,
with its abundance of latin names
proves too much to recall.

all creation surrounding this exact space is so muddled,
so forest becomes cage.

there's a pain that might be the paracetamol,
'as soon as you feel anything' (you must tell us).

flash dot, one lift.
you won't outlast that dot.

'night night love',

-there'll be a queue outside Switzerland.

the bridge between the sugar slope and butter slope collapses,
or rather, it ceases to occupy the gap.
tsunami saliva that swells, banks up,
uniting shores to sodden sand.

From there we travel back only paces,

to sitting, then other postures.
now my cousin barely speaks,
though imagination within our history was extensive.

Here, now, counting rings on fossils,
sweet pink grapefruit, now stubble under arm,
like when Claire came back, unshaven, alluring,
playing without her mask.

The cat looks incredulously out,
seated where I marvelled at girls,
both of us
look to see if anyone's watching,
her head counts the chairs.

The chord to the lamp is wrapped up
and the caged birds wait to dissolve.

'There was another time we saw her when she'd shrunk to the size of a water jug.'

- Grandfather talking about someone losing weight.

Standing, lip of bowl,
footfall, the fox runs,
majesty of concrete plateau.
disturbing contradictions in sound,
missile movements,
bone gears pumped by adrenal glands.
all too still and moving,
digits displaying numbers to frozen sediment,
residue, caught before sun evaporation.

'Ma knobs 'ard.
Fifty pence fe' ye' siste'.

Look at that Vietnamese bomber.
AHAHAHA!’
‘Harmony wait, wait be careful,
hold my hand.’

high pitched drone
issuing from lower building vents,
diffuses voices,
as lights on new era,
rocket glad masonry,
release their night time potential,
and awaken to the globule of saliva
hanging momentarily within the saturated city air.

‘Shouldn’t be in this country.’
‘She sounded Slovakian or Czech.’

they displace their moral conduct.
eradicate these racists,
fat pigs filling space,
strewing feed across the farm house kitchen floor.

The sow rips morsels from her children’s mouths,
sucking their fat pink bodies dry,
to muscles as string, bones as thin as complaints.

Then they, creatures half in existence,
meander between the more sentient,
whining about nourishment, then back to mother.

‘Pack it in, I’ll kick ye’ so ‘ard you’ll ‘ave to stay on this train.’
‘If ye’ drink that bottle ye’ won’t get ‘nother fe’ rest of week.’

Heads look to her,
heads look to her,
heads look to her, but don’t, because she’ll punch you really hard.

‘Can’t we just laugh.’

‘Mum Mum’

Sick of putrid bodies,
annihilation of themselves is best.

Is it time, is it the end? ‘Mrs Scott I think you should go and hold your mothers hand’ and before she reaches the end of the bed ‘I think she just went.’ I was the one holding her hand, thinking to myself, there’s something different. She’d closed her mouth and she was drawing her breaths through clenched teeth, they were long and deep, but clipped, like finishing sentences to early. I must have watched her die without even realising. Her pulse finishing slowly, beating out of her, I loved the mind that pulse pumped very much. Because the main breaths were taken through the mouth, it meant that it was incredibly dry in there. Mum had been told to wet a child’s toothbrush and to rub it around her mouth, when she told her to bite down on it she did, same goes for when she told her to swallow. She’d started to lift her legs and arms a lot and knit her eyebrows and even though her eyes flickered open for seconds and no words could be spoken, it was obvious her body was in pain, or fighting to stay alive. When it gets to this point it’s difficult to tell. I’d been reading her some poetry and some of the stories I’d started, well one story about a King loosing his memory. The german doctor who came later said the first things to come in life were the last things to go, so touch went last. I was holding her hand, she felt my touch last i suppose. Though hearing comes later and goes sooner, so apparently only audible noises can be heard, no exact words. i didn’t know this when i read my poems, but I’d like to think the way in which I read them was comforting, raising her eyebrows a few times, I’d like to think this meant they were comforting. My grandfather stood with his arms open, just standing with his arms open waiting for the embrace, no words were necessary, it’s these times we didn’t think to build words for, words aren’t designed to fit in rooms at this time. ‘We’re not a very good family are we’, ‘we’re all-right’. Her breathing will come in peaks and troughs, I think of a graph, I think of now and it’s all peaks and troughs, keep remembering I won’t

get to send her any cards, it's all waves, I'm reading the waves, I'm reading a book about vendettas against death, I'm watching the tv and it's a story about death, very similar, two daughters, one son, he's called edward too, how difficult, this makes me cry, it's difficult to pee because I'm crying and in the morning I have to open the curtains almost right away so it's not dark. I've been waking up through mixed dreams and Millie the cat visiting me, waking up with a dry mouth and noticing my breathing. Apparently there's a sweet smell in the room, there's a sweet smell after she's been taken away, 'it's difficult watching your mother being taken away in body-bag,' such an awful combination of words, there's a sweet smell after she's gone, drifting through the house, i think this is the smell of death but it's just incense, maybe this is the smell of death.

She's lying there and 'i didn't think she was going to breath' and I'm wiping her forehead and stoking her hair, wiping away the perspiration from her brow and now we're taking off the bedspread and rolling up the inflatable mattress and the indentation of her head is still in the pillow and I'm wiping away the orange juice around my mouth, as my mum gives me the pillow to smell.. It doesn't, not like her, but we were just checking. The last thing I ate with them together was scrambled eggs on toast, although I couldn't say what she and Grandpa had. I miss her and I was late for my train and we had to go, I'd been looking for books upstairs by Virginia Wolf but i decide not to take them, there old and precious, 'If you take these I'll want them back' and I'm already thinking this is the last time I'll see her, but I'm in a rush so i don't think this till later. Everything's later, nothing then everything's later, it's 6 o'clock and I'm arriving, but it's ten to two and I'm kneeling by my Grandfather as he sits in the chair next to her and cries, and my aunt downstairs is crying at the same moment that I'm waking her and saying that the nurses are here, at the same time the nurses come when we were eating, at the same time I tell her I love her very very much, but she's already gone, and this is the same moment that I'm holding her hand and she's just died and just opened her eyes and just kissing me goodbye and just opening my birthday card to her, saying as she has before how brilliantly I captured the tortoises expression with just two dots and a line, and I can't see the page and everything's in the past and you don't regret because she knew you loved her and you wish her

birthday present hadn't fallen out of your bag, but you know it doesn't matter because you know she loved you and you loved her very very much and you don't want to stop writing because this doesn't justify it, but you have to stop because there's everything else and your going out with your Aunt, cousin and Mother and it's January the 26th and she's already a day gone and it's January the 20th and she's already more than 94 years alive.

there's still more about working and feeling shapeless, books still being in her room, there's a thousand details still unwritten.

The man's voice sounds like whispers from a pit, my grandmother is dead, I held her hand as she passed away, the view is not one I recall, I feel I am in some other vehicle, not this leviathan, glimpsing in at back doors.

He smells like his country, my scent is mashed, buried in the weight of my surroundings. I shall not lie, it is a stale smell he exudes, he is breathing out, moss clings to the boulders that rivers rise around, tides within the eatery. There are carcasses in the pit, decaying half-kills, they are trapped within the pit, thrusts and turns disabling escape.

In a supermarket at the delicatessen with mum, she's buying a lot of things and returning a big bag of recycling for them to use, except, she's ordering meals, not bits and bobs like you usually do. She is handed two large white plates and they have small meals arranged on them, like in expensive restaurants. The woman who is serving us is very friendly, saying other people aren't usually so nice to her. Mum is eating small bits of cake out of a box, the box is plastic and she says she has a box every time she comes. I'm giving the lady an apple to cut up, I've been soaking the apples in some mixture that a stranger, an old man, doesn't approve of, but now I need to dry them off in the oven. I'm cutting one half of the apple, the knives are very sharp, the apples cut very easily. The meals only come to £4.50 which surprises us.

The couple upstairs are fucking,
the beams are squeaking,
it was 11:11, now 11:20,
it was happening, now it's not.
I've been looking for metaphors,
he's been putting his dick in his girlfriend's vagina.

on this, the consecutive day, they are fucking again,
and at first the turning of pages in my book
is enough to bear down
and silence the vibrations,
but the joists groan,
and I listen without the intention to.
It is very short today, there are pauses, but it is very short today,
soon they shall be downstairs and showering.

I'm in france, speaking English with a French accent, except the French
could understand me.
In a square looking for a building, ask someone if they know where it is and
it turns out to be right opposite me.
Go up some stairs into an apartment.
All the rooms are small, connected by a small corridor, lots of rooms coming
off in different directions.
An old man is lying on the floor in one of the rooms, he says something
about my accent.
He is quite large and only has one arm, his right one.
I ask him some questions but then run back outside again.
There are 3 children standing on the stairs that lead up to the apartment, I go
back in to check something.
The old man is still on the floor and he says that the floor is more
comfortable than then bed.
I keep trying to close the door a bit, but the old man is lying in the way so I
can never shut it entirely.

the cat becomes you,
the horse I walk to down the embankment,
the stiff shrew.
I am 7 and you are helping me to compose a letter,
it is now and you are before me,
but this is the same moment you bring us too much food on a Monday,
and although I should not expect anything
I'm eager to see what you've brought.
and I'm holding your hand and you've almost died.
and I'm holding your hand and helping you across the rocks.

I can't stop the kids from stealing
and neither can the man,
my face is painted tribal.

alone, witnessed three rainbows,
smoked on top own mountain,
sang to sun.
sunk feet deep into sand, (wondering if Chinese or Cantonese men could do better)
took part in daily ritual,
drank from lake.
grappled ferns,
trode road,
spoke in excited tones to Iona.

here, in this room, these people are deconstructing all that,
not calm, they fracture my being,
jarring the lid with spoons.

This woman is talking and interrupting the triangle at the opposite table.
She's describing her own life and decimating their conversation.
But they're taking her to pieces too (albeit sly and underhandedly).

- No one cares about 80 metre high turbines, bat rights or cycle paths.

They're from West Yorkshire and enjoy banter with the establishment. She's from Australia working for the British Government and knows all the useless points about the land.

They're bored with England and think too much money is spent on other people coming in to the country.

- 'British jobs for British people first!'

They're BNP candidates if ever I heard, they don't think it's right, they'd send the lot home.

She's quite silenced, trying to make herself safe amongst their words,

- 'Oh I don't get any social service benefits.'

- 'I can't see any point in coming 'ere 'cept for free money, where else in the world would they pay ye' te' sit on ye arse and do nothing.

- 'Ye, I should be in government and I'd out them all out, all of 'em.'

I can look inside her head and know the exact picture, she wishes she'd never started talking to them.

- 'I took a quiz online and it said I was 43 when I'm 45, ah ah ah!'

He drinks 19 units a week, that's about nine and a half pints a week.

And I wouldn't want to talk to either of them, she'd try to give me a full-blown labelled diagram of her existence and I'd end up in an argument about equal rights with them.

They may both enjoy walking, the succulent delights that food offers, but what are their social skills? Or maybe society skills, outside their own groups? Do they understand other people? Their range of empathy is limited to those they are tied to by blood or 'brotherhood'.

I come to think that maybe she would at least be easier to talk to. The more I

hear them speak the more the drawbridge between us rises.
Maybe it's that Yorkshire accent, I might never get the hang of the Yorkshire accent.

The old couple love mountains, they're pouring over their 'Trail' magazine like it was their own child, describing with seemingly perfect diction the names of all the foreign mountains.

'You know I think this magazine's got better.'

'It's better than it used to be.'

'mmm, it's got better pictures.'

The husband had a singsong voice, everything was interesting when he said it, like he was thumbing through the pages of one of his photo albums whilst he talked. And the photograph album, more of a documentation, I bet they have a picture of Hastings in their house somewhere, always lovingly described to any guest by the husband, whilst his wife pours tea using the slightly adorable tea set.

In his study filled with his favourite possessions, he sits; meticulously cutting the pieces of lettering, his printer chooses to churn out for him. Every tool helps and is thanked in such a way that needs no saying. The scissors cut and trail paper onto the embossed leather of the desk, as well as the page he is constructing. Brushing them carefully into the already collecting pile of strips at the edge of his desk, he uncorks the glue and lacquers a thin, but accurate amount onto the slip. The picture on the page has been fixed previously, and as the words are laid precisely next to it, he remembers the depressing of the shutter, that flipped the lens, that captured the moment. Rolling a finger over the edges of the sticky slip, it is pressed flat and with both hands, paper between thumb and forefinger, he lifts the finished page admiringly.

In comes his ever loving wife, 'Absolutely beautiful

isn't it,' her hand curls over his shoulder, 'Mmm it is isn't it.'

I've spent the best part of 45 minutes trapped in a vicious cycle of bizzarity. Her movements were almost ape like, the swinging motion of her body some hypnotic pendulum.

What did she hope with the flicking of her hair?

The conversation started with University, her education, why she'd come to Britain, which tailed off to stupid mistakes she'd made, then back to education and her subjects, economics, industry and ___? ___, she called them bullshit, procrastination and cynicism.

She always took really deep intakes of breath after talking, dragging them in like a powerful vacuum, drawing really, really, really deep.

Talked about Shrek, Lion King, Kung Fu Panda.

It was as though she was disjointed, in body and head. She had asthma, maybe this was the reason for the big intakes of breath, but they were more than that, like she was touching ground again after every sentence, reaffirming her own existence.

I asked if she had any paracetamol I could take for my headache, she came back with a glass of water and some wine. She offered me some but I explained it might not be very good for my head, it seemed like she really wanted me to have some of the wine.

When she talked she swore a lot, shit shit shit when describing mountain climbing.

Then manual and automatic cars, her leaky sunroof, she reeled off information as I assumed she would from the previously over heard conversation.

‘... choice of 8 automatic cars, a whole 8! and they're all around the same price bracket. So you've got the ford fiesta in blue or silver, or the ___?___ in red or silver, but the ___?___ was only a three door, the ford fiesta was a five.’

In the end she bought the ford fiesta, but it was a bad decision because after buying it she had to get the windscreen replaced. Then because of the heat they used to replace it, the sunroof started to leak.

Her long hair kept falling forward over her face whilst she moved about a

Her long hair kept falling forward over her face whilst she moved about a lot.

From Australia and now lives in Cardiff, she's a town planner, finds a funny side of the job is seeing how many people she can manage to piss off (this could have been said ironically but it was difficult to tell).

Did her masters in planning straight after BA or equivalent.

Lived with her parents the whole time. She thinks they thought she wasn't very capable of much, when the chance came to go to Britain she thought,

'If I don't do it now I'll never do it.'

After first year of MA her teacher asked her if she wanted a job, she had a recommendation for the job and was the only one to apply. Basically got the job straight away after a, 'no bullshitting' interview.

'Just a weekend away, last weekend off, I've got a baby on the way.'

'So will you be climbing Snowdon?'

'Oh no I've climbed it a few times before and you know, there's the danger of ice, I've promised to be good this weekend you see I've got to check in on my phone every few hours though you know, in case there's going to be a rush to the hospital.'

'Yes, well if you go high up you'll get reception.'

This large Welsh man's intermittent snarling would have woken an army, if an army had been at hand to be woken.

'I've been writing to the Prime Minister, telling him that he should get children in schools to gather acorns and seeds, plant them and then get teams of young workers to maintain them.'

‘I mean there’s just so much bracken about here and it’s not even good for grazing and it would give work to people in time of depression.’

— — — — —

‘What you should do, to make something really waterproof is to buy some goose lard, that’s the best stuff.’

‘Oh yeah and rub it all over?’

‘Yes but use some cotton wool and rub it gently in, so there’s none left on the surface, then you’ll have something that’s waterproof for ooh, say, a good three months.’

- It’s difficult to make a smile meaningful when your mouth is full of bread.

Boy who can’t even grow a beard (though my facial hair skills are hardly any better),
seems to have three children, Ninny, Jack and an even younger one.
Ninny, a girl, about 3, shows all the signs of growing up into a job of fierce labour,
she will bully in school and pull girls’ hair.
Maybe even a laborious job is too kind for her.
How awful that I’ve already written her off as anything special.
Stop being such a cynic.

‘You’re going to have to listen out for the stop because I’m listening to my iPod.’

‘I’m not listening for the stop, I’ve got bad hearing and I don’t even know how to pronounce Macyneth or whatever it is.’

— — — — —

‘What did they just say?’

‘I couldn’t hear.’

‘Bullshit!’

Red and blue on the train are about 13 and seem to be at complete opposites to one another.

They really dislike each other, but red is working off the back of blue to get home, this does not stop red ripping blue apart at any given moment.

Red is bolshy and arrogant.

Blue is good natured but seems to need the company of others, he possibly has a poor selection of friends currently.

Red is spoilt, he has two iPods.

Blue is shy and his family has less money, they have an old car.

Red’s parents are in Cyprus.

Blue is wound up easily, Red plays on this and when Blue tries to take some of his pepperoni he slaps his hand.

They make a good comedy duo.

Already there is no Monday,
the mouth has the strangest taste between metal and bread
only ever encountered after a lack of food.

Upside-down the room looks far more appealing,
distaste for its relatively small size lost momentarily,
becoming something that has yet to be commonplace.

The sunflowers grow up,
blood slips into fingers.

Over the lip of the windowsill
drug lords get questioned by police,
a man who had previously called out
‘I’m not talking to you, you bandy-legged frog.’,
there are milky shadows outside.

Later listen for the moans of fuckers,
hard with fever,
pushing against the stony wall,
her gasps making you clutch your instrument.

Someone comes,
'We'll pack the biscuits just in case.'

Similar photographs accumulate within local regions,
the mess of servers, spaces of head.
Drawn through digits/words,
lamenting the past.
Rearranged in angles that cut shots.
Fluids solidifying.
One or I,
blue box white frames - transparent film, fresh light (sealed units).
Grey covers green covers what? exudes what?
Non-physical, definable, removable, transferable,
transfer, deplete, constrict, transfer,
to sources and folders,
light permeable plastics within cabinets,
subtle renditions,
descriptions of items made just by their boxes.

I'm travelling with an arsey businessman,
Whose demoralizing stare is a smear on his already portentous features.
the lines are cut,
mutton and lamb crackled,
and good hearths swelled his sin.
But maybe in the breast pocket, he is a tiger for his son.

In the bathroom of the train,
'viscotears' (an eye solution), tilting on edge, almost becomes waste.

Planning to go there to cry (whilst faeces filled the funnel),
I found this quite ironic.

Standing in mirror window (which I tried to prize open like you would a cabinet),
the vision of corners blur.
then the thoughts turn to faces, who, where,
in which other bathrooms, their reasons?
It became obvious that upset/anguish/stress/changing contact lenses,
were all emotions of the room

(records in the thin silver backing,
encapsulated, enclosed,
she, they, I,
previous/now/future)

and that they might all be permeated
by the way shit stank.

reach through gap to
freckles,
close doors to
lick fingers.

-(something wrong with train towards the back length)
-(as if my father can write cheques for houses)

up in her seat,
waist.
bare legs obstacles for the apologetic ticket mouth.
just need to usurp
that square faced mother,
guard to vagina her womb created.

I want to be fucking about playing Tetris and getting stoned,
simple pleasures, neither of which I truly understand the workings of,
turn one on, draw one in.
effects are conclusive.

previously opening door (though invisible now to angle of eyes);
a spider web styled in a perfect rendition of how they are described,
evenly spaced.

-Blowing mucus out from left nostril into hand,
sucking it off fingers as ice cream.

The slight romantic notion of being hidden here,
is somewhat lost,
when the first person tall enough to look over the fence does so.
even the light made me jump,
so on edge,
nerves.

Prosper and enjoy, laugh, love, dance in times of prosperity. For the rest
knuckle down and get to work on getting back to prosperity, enjoy, laugh,
love, dance.

the cat is deaf,
grandmother is dead,
house sold (although this falls through),
family members satisfied,
bed/desk sorted (although much more lost than won),
dental records updated.

- breath

(Is the newly reconstructed nostril coming into play?) - wait...

- exhalation.

I, tired fish, slapped on rock,
flp flp.....flp.....flp flp.....
.....flp.....flp.....

.....flip,
'oh how tired!'
disorientating water,
everything the same, 'cept the heat
and the current and the bed,
all the same, 'cept the fish that surround me.

wait here,
silent cove.
regain, then,
go.
seek.
find.
slip in the others' paths,
push the space between you/them to minimal amounts,

but still separated,

at every distance.

Close to twenty-one
brought back after being born
now to leave again

Natural moving
after time of bereavement
fits neatly in place.

Time is now complete
rain beats, lashes the face
as you say goodbye

Mother and myself
Livia for almost all
twenty winters spent

A strong female voice
description of her body
sitting three rows back

this unholy mess
slowly being rearranged
my mind extended

And I think I do not understand,
how one labours over the speed of inanimate objects,
that should rust and lose all movement.

Is it tracked at which speed you move,
outside this metal crate,
conical tube, where g.p.s. helps satisfy your position.
units sucked by your eyes,
etched in a book, that through stages turns to dust (unread, save by you).
to great collection piles, hordes of mankind,
a few sheets trapped beneath mountains,
part and parcel to the structure
yet staggeringly insignificant,
but...

‘enjoy the rest of your timin...,
‘Okay, Goodbye!’- (*cutting over with the sign of a recluse*)

craving some sort of strange idyllic sleep,
set against a desire to understand how men created God,
wrought from our separation from nature.
points of light and sirens in white spaces,
places that
concentrate the hosts’ thoughts,
to which I add some superstitions.
groups split and there’s no real direction,
our meeting places shift and new minds envelop each other,
- (*plants in dark boxes, weaving to find slits of light*)

strange how emotions are tied to weather,
strange how emotions are tied to weather.
comfortable arrangements before beginning,
sliding belt to correct loop.
It would be nice to go to the lake,
but, (*said dejectedly*) I don't know.
hello butterfly, goodbye butterfly (*later I found it dead*).
lights dim,
and even though trees are thick,
I only see them in the reflection of an open window.
ears hear water drain away,
two sources,
women and tap.
thinking this the head of my penis tingles,
sense that says I'd like to pee.

calm like flat line of infinity, circles, or some soft fur.
hands in pocket and face painted by Inga.

Want to be home having lunch with my mother
riding her bike,
time time time again.
Outside of this encapsulated life; colours,
right now its only earth tones.

everything merges, leaving light to detail,
they and that collate, rearranging forms.

Separating to safe trajectory
body is lost,
'cept calf, fine hairs, hands, paper.
maybe I am more visible than imagine,
seen but left because of position,
curling into page.

go join, join join, enjoy company.
- enjoy separation,

their conversations rotate.

groups, pairs,
memorise, crystallise eachother.

here there is no part for I to speak.
directions read 'mute (*occasional*)'.

the fire is built, lit from collections,
parts of the earth,
ground to small and smaller fractions.
(Trees to the orange, orange juice to bottles,
bottles to cup, cup to mouth).

internalising internalising
internalising internalising
internalising internalising
internalising information,
and just making assessments.

Ah they come,
and others talk nonsense,
mixing strong emotions with jokes about cheese,
'do you look forward to going home?'
'always, when I'm drunk . .' - *Lauri Isola*

Pure spherical content (as best I can describe this feeling),
coincides with a sickness,
emotions never satisfied.

however, these sentences shift their weight
as I watch burning strips, that arch, curl after flame,
blue to the ink.
nodding to the man next to me,
smiling at Lucia, (her English is improving),
fed handfuls to break open,
discarding the shells to my right,
splintering husks that catch in their concave shapes the end of sentences,
a single seed in a single pod.

Continual disconnection,
at moments of highest social interaction,
not being able to move,
because visualizing the spaces between people puts me off.
All in the hypocrisy of alcohol,
used to combat the A state.

Somewhere we listen to music,
against the inside and out our bodies are positioned
drawing smoke and gagging when it comes too close.
Our fingers slip in and excite you,
whilst concurrently finishing off the remains of a yogurt.
everything hasn't been found,
which should remain precedent when leaving the house.
Coming to the car a bark from a passing dog disturbs us.
walking between the walls motors move to our ears,
both make us jump.
we remove evidence of our nature at regular intervals
and sometimes just nod for measures of understanding.
There is some good bread somewhere but it is not here,
We should go and speak to the miller,
- perhaps we could look at your hands?
We will need a cartographer to map this, he comes,
- where did we learn to do this?
We will need a historian.

We are listening, be careful to annunciate.
Obviously this won't all end up within
But we only try our hardest.

After skills we feel full and merely wish to fuck and eat.

brothers I have found
will communicate by post
books we have to send

endowed with their thoughts
words many and same too few
release tears till sleep

I am gullies and rivers and eroded beaks of birds,
super novas dispersed,
husks of acorns,
and the inner layer of mountains,
a stegosaurus heart
and thighs of 11 year old child,
exactly the same,
arranged entirely differently,
I am something else.
