Hips & hands get lonely, bely
lipward motion, blast poppin
say tight, ing ing
BLIND squintingover BLIND
Lonefiglike stoke my heart
w/tender lisleaves
Brning NIB of skyy*
gne hollowww.
Write but but
with , like , like ,
[run] [run] [run]
kith @ the roadside 3am
wellsounds over gravel
kch**ww:: :: :: o)0 nnnnnnnnnnn*!!
cuffed alive at once
landlocked pulse a throbbing box called “/\///BOD Y”
vivid like pavement under /face.
circles of wintr wrappd round me
 twirl EVIDENCE frm its sleeve
 by daylite; what of it?
i’m more thn my bones&
 yr fast n tactless approach&
my urine soakld clothes
 so get gone.
Crawl dripping over tarmac
til yr broke:::en
skin flees its origins
babytalk won’t help.
Brake viv’d day into 0
dismember’d dawn [STOP]
hungry w0lff eats tha sun.
Why don’t you take th/moon too.
A river b/tween the skrts,
or :- earmark for destruction.
Lo self; lumped on friends or
Simply Afloat.

Walk on.

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1 And so following a teasing apart of one’s humanity by differentiation, a person undergoes that total surgical — if metaphorical — recreation of the self as victim: that ultimate Other isolated even from its own society. —Kai Fierle-Hedrick, Pantoume
Wrestling the cage is pointless

Whn fear is wrapp’d so L00se & steady
& th’whole heavy earth is hung protected
frm the ceiling by a piece of string . OH U
alwys want everything so controll’d?
bettir 2 queer n harden bettr 2 corpt
with dignity born of Ignorance-
dignity versus the other kind that
s an organic process ‘f recuperat
ion. Want body back/. Streets back clothes back: for the price
Of a cab. << |rewind and repeat|
<< |rewind and repeat|

“questions: like “what were you wearing?”
;aLL along a flight from cause:
yr ready, cocked fr anything – a look
or tease nooses itself around
n tightns. No sweat, nothng, not a quivering halfword
like ‘d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d’
not even. Acts swaddle us n remember.
Listlessness : misrepresentation
My guilty b00ts rust in the corer
Tequila and biscuits with Rosheen
And everything Besides
Is trying not to break. I am round & hollow.
Interlude:

Time is broken,

Sticky sug*rt hands...hv picked Up flyflf & dirt along th/way like

A perfect litl chicken. Hearts cut out, miniature stars, grimy & del*cate.

Nebulous affection.

I hv climbed th/

Slidng perch’f yr estate,

!m landlocked pois’d on pliers

glinting evry p.m.

kknEd m Y unl*ke...thrs no script fr this. Intake, implode

fall & scrape.
Sukkface on the m0ve / wlkthru gravely
lowwing DUMBLY in th/face
plissing tear$.
D a n k
witness swadd’l’d in lino
on th/bathroom florr.
A gut, a piece of tape –
I’m in love
w./youyou terrorify my everyday.
27/01/05 flve up frn nothing GO REPEAT /
GO REPEAT - /act lik something happnd
Sit astride the cutie
Like you mean it.
Dialtone blues.
Trying to see us all as victims of the same sy-
3Stem:
Lies held my legs show no face better
To pretend you don’t have a body
Relocate to
Under duvet n eat til’t expands
L’ke a f@tty
Coff’n → milky mild & m£aty.
GO SHOPPING: 1 buy something to keep yr
GooSeflesh in*
meld it
To the void n
Mourn fr your femme
Grl attitude.

4 The civilized body is marked more or less permanently and impermeably. In our own culture, inscriptions occur both violently and in more subtle forms. In the first case, violence is ...marked by implements...the bruising of the body...Less openly violent but no less coercive are the inscriptions of cultural and personal values, norms, and commitments according to the morphology and categorization of the body into socially significant groups. Elizabeth Grosz, Volatile Bodies
You know what’s wrong with you, Miss... whoever you are? You’re chicken, you’re afraid to stick out your neck and say “life’s a fact.” You’re terrified somebody’s gonna stick you in a cage. Well, baby, you’re already in that cage, you built it yourself, and it’s not in Texas or out east, it’s wherever you go, because wherever you go you always end up running into yourself. People do fall in love, people do belong to each other, and that’s the only chance anyone’s got for real happiness. Here, I’ve been carrying this around for months, I don’t want it anymore. —Breakfast at Tiffany’s
Talk. I feel this.

Irreparable fact.

Talk i

Need this

Nasty shape

t i m e.

Talk i--

Nasty aleatory

Act I talk this

Nasty wordViolence.
Suck in and see what we’re capable of or
I will change and sting like the sea only
Slightly deadened a saltlick a
Briny, brawny queen. Lust passed me at a
Bar and I touch my hand I feel good.¹ No
Bleat”² in the dark noh airy br eath on my
Neck no [com]promise for tomorro no–tin
Foil ‘round my torso or transgression,
Just a few soft crimes in daylight: cloth –
Packed ears like sponges, negotiating
Clothes or razorblade glamour, limiting
Patience/peripheral shadows shallow lung
Capacity filling with cold air. Silence.

¹ I want sugar/but I shall never wear shame/and if you call that sophistry/then what is love –Lisa Robertson, Debbie: An Epic