

Hips& hnds get lonelay bely
lipward motion blast poppin
say tight *ing ing*
BLIND squintingover BLIND
Lonefiglike stoke my he&rt
w/tender lisleaves
Bring NIB of skyy*
 gne h0llowww.
 Write but but
with ,like ,like ,
[run] [run] [run]
kith @ the roadside 3am
 walksounds over gravel

kch**ww::: :o)0 nnnnnnnnnn^!!
cuffd aliv££ at once
landlocked pulse_____a throbbing
box calld "//////////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 soakkd 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 skrrts,
Or :- earmark for destruction.
Lo self ; lumped on friends¹ or
Simply Afloat.

Walk on.

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
When fear is wrapped so loose & steady
& the whole heavy earth is hung protected
from the ceiling by a piece of string | OH U
always want everything so controlled²
better 2 queer n harder better 2 corrupt
with dignity born of ignorance-
dignity versus the other kind that
is an organic process of recuperat
ion. Want body back/.
Streets back clothes back: for the price
Of a cab. << |rewind and repeat|
<< |rewind and repeat|

² questions; like "what were you wearing?"

;;aLL along a flight from c a u s e :
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-d-’
not even. Acts swaddle us n remember.
Listlessness : misrepresentation
My guilty b00ts russt in the corn er
Tequila and biscuits with Rosheen
And everything Besides
Is trying not to break. I
am round & hollow.

Interlude:

Time is broken//00bulletS|||gripping sweet ,
Sticky sug*r hands ``-hv pickd
Up fl)ff&dirt along th/way like
A perfct littl chicken. Hearts cut out
, miniature stars, grimy & del*cate.
Nebulous affection.
I hv climbed th/
Sliding perch'f yr estate,
!m landlocked _ pois'd on pliers
glinting evry p.m.
kknfad mY unl*ke - thrrs no script fr
this. Intake, implode
fall &scrape.

Sukkface on the m0ve / wkthru gravely
lowwingDUMBLY in th/face
p!ssing tear\$. D a n k
witness swaddl'd in lino
on th/bathroom florr.
A gut, a piece of tape –
I'm in love
w./youyou terrify my everyday.
27/01/05 flve up frm nothingGO 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& mƒaty.
GO SHOPPING:⁴ buy something to keep yr
Goo\$eflesh in* meld it
To the void n
Mourn fr your femme
Grrl 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*

				Talk.
	Talk I feel			this.
			Nasty	
Irreparable				fact.
		Talk		i
Need				this
		Nasty		shape
'f				our
				t i m e.
		Talk		i--
		Nasty		aleatory
				Act.
	Act	I	talk	this
Nasty			word	Violence.

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.⁷ No
Bleat"/ 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.

⁷ *I want sugar/but I shall never wear shame/and if you call that sophistry/then what is love* ~Lisa Robertson, *Debbie: An Epic*