the commons II

Sean Bonney
for Paul Sutton
secret history number
don’t / step / on
here is your alphabet
elizabeth windsor
housing benefit ref
cough up & shut up:
here is a room to
here is a serum flight
mouth erased now,
you live in rigged integers
burnt gust globes
you live in fun people
negative numbers
motherfucker

now you go ape
sorry but I feel spit:
now redistribute decades
each insomniac decade
step on fun people
each bursts like a dog
nice dog / nice spark
this is your head on TV
this is the dole, revolving
bright magnetic birds
sweep and soar
this is my frequency
a thin metal screech
non-cognitive
& that's not all:
cough up the alphabet
to one side of axis
the decibel, yeh
burnt number, crackled
just as voices
from 'near silence' to
like, 'all hell', where you
don't / 'people person'
bright magnetic secret
inside speech, from silence
outsourced decades
incorporated what is known
& as they say, numb

don't
rim / fun / people
value notwithstanding
as least I know I'm a moron
isolated, episodic.
certainly, this is ridiculous
try running it backwards
cancel the landscape
the imagination of racists
insert symbol
rhythmic displacement
christians, beaurocrats
keep taking the pills
benefit thief
this is me revolving
certainly, this is spit
like ‘all hell’ where birds
sorry, prowling dogs
wipe / negative decades
live in it like a rapist
this is my silence
big constitutional principle
bright magnetic decibel
nice gravity, nice racist
- yeh -

have your say David Cameron
music / movies / games
finance / cars / answers

here is a landscape
here is ‘all hell’,
the distance between each line
some kind of ‘celestal ssnarl’
redistributes the city
a strange and bitter crop
furnace / numbers / christians
yeh / yeh / yeh:
you reach a fork in the voice,
the gaps between the lines
widen / like a mountain range
or those secret rooms
where the law goes to scream
have your say, o burnt decibel
every morning I take a pill
stops electricity, stops
most things / so imagine
you’re a, like, nice person
some shuffling guy bits you
& its music everywhere
communism, dole scroungers
but we go there for money
everything is shimmering
the gaps in your voice
smoke of the bottomless pit
idiots on sulphur
o bollocks
there goes Thatcher again

the report recommends
rhythmic decades / brightly
scattered in rooms, functions
displaced between ‘cities’
secret heads / where
the law goes squealing
its penalties & sanctions
its negative hells
redistribution of people
doing ‘something’, inside
‘birds’ / audible insertion
of dole pill, ‘privately’,
a roaring in my speaking
later, Mr Brown said
think of a sound / stretch it
extract the ‘I’, extract virtually
everyone / ‘you’, my enemy
phenytoin sodium
controls all warped reels
gaps in the royal alphabet
like ‘fun people’ / their gravity
is perfect, no distortion:
a voice / slipped through mine, a
tone control, silent & fearsome
extracts each decade, at
playback, requires no adjustment,
a voice / forks into mine, ahem,
clearly heard / coarse & distorted

meanwhile, back in ‘british poetry’
dutiful saline monarchy / like
voice it, here’s a burnt person
ringing, puking out its decades
its phenytoin pit / sorry but
its not my fucking landscape
my sweet non-cognitive pal, yeh
beautiful / o functions, careering
most things / cars, heads / o ‘you’,
    - cough -
finance recommends / speaking pills,
someone’s city in pretty flames
    - cough -
‘birds’ / ‘nice sanction’ / ‘nice decade’
& then there’s the side effects - for starters the skin spreads sidesteps the brain dutifully bends to its own symbolic self redistributed / knotted / closing its vision canal, entryway to doctor or cop or whatever the prescription parses you diagonally. & you feel it as barricades / internalised masked up / sloganised a lawful voice on distort gap in the housing alphabet, a public service / description they should hand out guns on the dole / we don’t know who ‘they’ are, I have asked the police, the landlord, but I cannot leave, who I am the taxpayer, the violence of what is called a bully so I shot them, ‘they’, the taxpayer, the landlord / I am a child & it is a statement, of sorts, in the language of that death. & I cannot leave: the police emptied the content bright / magnetic / birds
I have been studying the process whereby you become a law
its circuits its its interruptions
I swallowed it 17 times
with burning sugar / it was boring
dancing like a murdered cop
his change in circumstances
counter-crackling, hobbled
it swallowed him 17 times
asked for an explanation
a system of ancient flinching
- ha, mechanicals -
you will have to pay it back
from the future, crack’d

“move along, ‘fun people’,
nothing to see here”
you will have shimmering
a language of the barricades
yeh, I know, sorry
at least I know
who we’re working for
running thru its prescriptions
its ancient answers, you
my enemy, doing ‘something’,
the police, doing ‘the alphabet’
its secret monarchy, its meaning
its nice dog functions,
its corporate poetry sucks
time going nice well

sitting, this is of the line

the clock

was this here to be in town

from far away
this book has been specially
in clear, non-technical
hordes of palaces, empty
tone controls, a lawful ‘you’
inside your word for ‘gasoline’
peaks in high-frequency
gusts, bright magnetic scroungers
& the bottomless landlord,
viewed from 15 millivolts, bright
slogans of ancient anaglyphs, bright
wow & flutter / I said non-technical
inaudible to all with lawful hearing,
my silent boring dancing,
oh my, my bare arse flashing

we are Elizabeth Windsor
controlled by a centrifugal
motor shaft / sorry, I mean
I have eaten the taxes
you were saving for / and then
I ate the slave / sorry, I
mean my hips were wriggling:
the rest of this letter
has been returned to you,
if is offensive and innapropriate
controlled by a / sorry
even if I am shot dead,
we will remember these moments
so delicious, for example, so
hello, o burnt frequency
where my eyes were
without a city wall
I have been designing
a new geography of delight
clean & troubled, like
a baby’s cry -
flap your knees apart
my insipid drunks, my
shuffling laws, inside
the jerking melting bellies
of detectives & diagrams
such irritating spheres
get up now, dead man

have your say, o disappeared
or non-existent elements, or
our bodies are still here
burning globes / eclipsed:
o shit / I just ate the economy
- thats right -
it was a thin metal revolving
so stupid & dying
like a businessman, squealing
like the rats that were left
on our doorstep this morning
thats right, now we know
we are geometric gaps
in police lines, so tender, so
so what, I wasn’t talking for ‘you’, o functions. This is how we speak to our fathers / with lawful description, they are audible persons, listen this is what they taught me, here are decades, rats that snarl in clear & ancient taxes, - simple familiar sentiments - o scroungers, o gasoline there’s a home for you here there’s a room for your things me, I like pills / o hell.

anyway, its not like they’re ill when they speak / o ‘you’ - cold & impersonal - the cities were built for wait a minute. no. not ‘you’ - nice voice nice sun - rim / fun / people ‘pills’ / audible persons ringing bite them like a stranger knotted, o functions shimmering. use only the driest language bursts like its interruptions here is the gravity I vandalised take it / recognises ‘you’
my angle
the average serene
in house
o dog voice
the border
gasoline conductor
sends doves
like gnawed
frost & pearls
the police roads
still ringing
out of town
devoured
lets
yeh well, please don’t say
our lives are defeated
just don’t / meanwhile
in the past, like in all bright
slogans, they are
ok, sorry
‘nice dog’ / ‘nice dad’
-yeh, empathy-
‘lets all do the’ / o how I love
your language, & lie in it
with all my bare-arsed money
- nothing -
‘I laugh when they weep’
‘I weep when they laugh’
but
I'm elizabeth windsor
trickling
drops of words
intelligence
ringing image
functions
my mouth
dogs
my method is
credit
history extracted
your content
be hurt, devil

serene in the fields, like flowers
doing our tax returns / listen
these ringing geometric gaps
have forked our voice, these
-oh, cancelled anyway,
lets imagine seven doves
encircle your speaking, lets unload
- yeh / yeh / yeh -
encircled secret voice
like ‘all hell’, your name has gnawed
- shut up -
a ringing, conducting medium
invisibility amassed at the border
its cupid heart is shattered
my work takes me out of town
-they’re all dead in their houses
dog inside my voice, inside
distorted frequencies, wild cell
where our love sits troubled
& described / but they’re still dead
my work / o bright gasoline, my
lawful voice. flap your knees apart
-coughor,
if you like, your brittle mouth
-coughto
live in these charred places
walls of grief will devour us
dreams & faces / distorted roads

sobriety
knives & sobriety
on heretic discount
like, detourned gold
that hot sweet ocean
long hounds of capital
ok, bare normality
benefit thief
o pretty frock
such tides, shimmering
the doors of the crack’d
singing like violence
revolving
where my wits were
hello, sweet & distant voice
my decrepit moon & law /
you know, from this angle
the average british landlord
with his non-existent numbers
his voltage & his arson / typically
on simple ‘nice person’ circuits
goes to dinner most days
sends doves through the post
is, at least, a very good fuck
this is where I scream
-sorrythe
police lines between us
have raised a thicket of beetles

& the sun
stupid & ludic
with biting
within eerie
tides
we’ve got
sorry
a medium
language, ha
police earth
the monarchy
intersected
bitter chromatic streets
bottomless stunned colours
our sobriety
cowardice of english numbers
black & burning pearls
scream now
have your say, o burnt scholary
dead inside their houses
transformed into principles
our sobriety
singing like violence
cold & magnetic, stupid
our curses
inside thrushes
have your say, gordon brown
my little cell

61 wide-eyed numbers
falling out of the sky
sign em, they are your
efforts to find work
help em, they are deaf
but lawful, tumbling
from the slats of the sky
crows, not cuckoos, crows
lepers, evidence, cars
bright magnetic whistling
this is your jobsearch
- friends -
here is the village you ordered
we burned its houses down
you are local resident
alison frost
visiting the forbidden cities /
the graveyard won’t hold you
o glittering swarm
of mouths, of everything
whose laws came
smashed together
in this little talk experiment
its loveliness / like laws
in the heads of tyrants
their echoes / local residents
in utter darkness
we know who we work for

the secondary dole office
situ 656A Forest Road
(E17) / is the planet’s rim
quite obviously, its
opprobrious contempt & fire
barely conceals / a false wall
to rack the noises, a
presumably rich city, a
WAKE UP / you are here
informed, via 2 or 3 nights
of sincere sleep deprivation
& bitter funds / the poem
is merely an arrest warrant
‘A’ is not equal to ‘A’
would rather be the devil
a complex organised fact:
customer reference 74074
or moodchanges, e.g. itching
e.g. a boiling gulf, referenced
page 76, slightly torn
would rather, you know
in the year 1525, strangling
coruscating wind of circles
here are your reasons
is a calendar, iatrogenic
or open to attack, yes,
on every level, your call
is important to us, mendicant

page 76? oh please,
I would rather be
you know, moulded
May 68, that crackle
behind police lines
I would rather be
in 1945, you know
what was happened
or my 76 shadows
bursting, most people
have no problems,
excoriated each month
my advisor tells me
what laws are
it may be distressing
this learning / but may,
but can I assure you
we have taken steps
that some laws are disks
are written / on the face
of the dead / inside
echoes / or fraudsters
bright magnetic residents
your personal details
written in red / but may
that we have identified
you are crows, curses
yours sincerely, your

listen / recent research
your city is quite simply
incomprehensibly glittering
-we know its distressing -
- all / fun / people -
due to the nature of
- a thermal pulse -
incomprensibly / hey,
did you bring me the silver?
did you bring me the gold?
- sorry, we meant to say -
recent research suggests
- a burning ring of -
respectfully, a gallows pole
there is no one way
to pay it back
i.e. the ‘rich’
that union of familiar
finitely familiar crackles:
the planet crumbles
inside them
the structure of torture
the purpose of
torture is
to enter the language
a provincial street
a biological decision
the enemy citadel

or perhaps just exchange
words / ‘why’, ‘ok’,
say the word ‘number’
ha / say ‘why’
the word ‘interrogate’
the word ‘disrupt’
sounds like
here’s a pill for your
rogues & bandits.
but obviously, what we
-night / animals / work-
-policet / crime / magiebut
obviously, what we
in the privacy of our
in the privacy of our careers / we are eating zombies, livid ones oh I don’t wanna oh I don’t / friends but haunting europe music / movies / games bright magnetic streets like our ancestors are like safe now ok, forget that o burnt frequency the dead, so brightly digging up the dead

nobody knows who I am my combustion narrative your meta-knives, clicking - an alphabet of taxes - - speaking in runes - - local residents - - burnt gust globes - meanwhile, back in poetry I have eaten the rooms the housing cluster voices clicking inside you the cracks that you ordered cobalt / iridium / plutonium iridium / radium / americium
hello, you are the decibel
what’s speaking, right,
to our ring of ‘curses’
sorry, I meant ‘persons’
the jerking provincial street
roaring in our darkness
we dogs / listen
sign em, they are distressing
this speaking, for example
the word ‘waterboard’
some kind of sincerity?
a tone control, closing?
“not a soul would look up
not a soul would look down”

we are geometric problems
in the slots of loveliness
magnetic cores, for example
there goes Thatcher again
inside what I was
ancient & elementary
slaughter the fascist BNP
I know, its obvious
to live in it like a language
that whistling, the law
in the privacy of our
threshold values, this serenity
- you know -
inside the hysteresis loop
you have now reached
to put into practice
the knowledge you
you have acquired ghosts
in short, are ready
work / crime / magic
secret history number
the properties of ideas
put into ourselves
sorry, local residents
this is how you talk
the body’s acoustics
structurally / tearing
your playhouse down