



# 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

& thats 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 'celestial 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  
countercrackling, 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 pescriptions  
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 growing nice wall:  
certainly, this is the place here,  
the other side of the  
wall that has 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 houseso  
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, detoured 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 scholarly  
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 -  
incomprehensibly / 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-  
-police / crime / magicbut  
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



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