

# OPENNED ANTHOLOGY

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## PART 4

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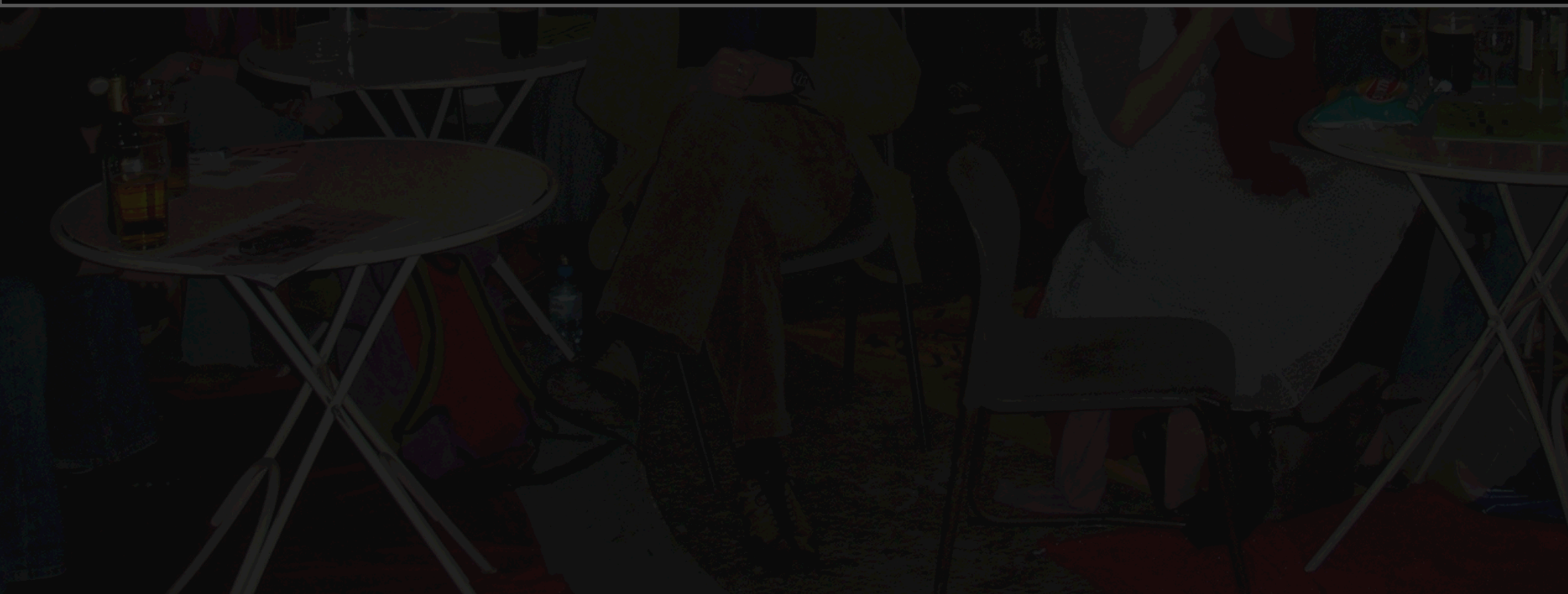
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hallelujah tallow spade a prior rarebit  
 heretically yucatan buzzwords yodelled by careworkers  
 paramnesiacs extirpating farinaceous fare  
 a dobbin the dobber-in  
 the clytemnestra effect a perennial snack  
 as garnish for gobs                      blowjob-proof lippy  
 the roof-terrace experiment  
 sambuca and prawn toast mask an anticoagulant  
 the steatopygous glibly smell and hate their own  
 that afternoon fervour for tizer is unstoppable  
 with silly sawbones daily trepanning naughahyde in county clinks  
 clissold park through the clean austerity of the hallgrimskirkja  
 mandy jettisoned from the sorbonne a panic attack  
 tree surgeons had almost eliminated foot odours with yeesh  
 blancmangefest servile fu manchus in marigolds  
 surviving desquamating and encircled by baboons  
 pentimenti  
 divertimenti  
 kowtowing via pentobarbital sodium good hard facts  
 had an aporia a glitch solid primordial goo to tell you  
 i am the bite of macaroni  
 the peshwari nan  
 the cleavage of blossom  
 what is diagonal is obtuse and repugnant  
 your elected heritage is asore bonus  
 constantinople is a glimmer in the stied eye  
 trampolining and road blasters  
 casual claustrophobia  
 kneehigh and recommended by you  
 new french knickers technique  
 is bestseller in chad

time as a layabout syringes hard fat chaps  
a slipping gabardine from a mercenary's purpling saddlebag  
collates dollar one in room 101 with casaubon and franz fanon  
syllogising antipasti i am oh so sorry you kangaroo serrano ham for you sir  
schoenberg pitting carnival and lent opposed a new syntax of cargo mutation  
hold your trapeziform girth when avuncular in springtime mayans have pride  
zealots lie and debate dogma as sherbet betwitters the caucus of committed  
shleppy paradiddles the only remnants of grabby nocturnal gambollings  
oy redirect the ploys of your hoity-toity tush away from my lunch grenville  
while a path from matalan to paraguay hacked clean by a caravan of samurai  
the douanier metre finally discovering the possibilities of oumame with me  
stop heretic stop headache loosen your mexican grip on my calendar earning  
more or less conscious of the embargo on umbongo yet to be lifted by the TA  
read this gunk as a hunk of meaning in the middle of a piece-bright paling  
saving baiters from 2d half-baked rampant shampoo accreting accidance  
turpentine a vagabond a shrill vowel pummelling repetition ho repetition  
shopsmart saveloys overarm the nevsky prospect reverse sweep in pseudery  
no lags for large scale crayon installation in trad potplant daytona ensemble  
a dank creosote finish murders the quasi-saccharine ambience unframes it  
leaving the narthex with a fat rikishi supplanting a dipstick with chopsticks  
an encounter gamy with polymorphous eroticism raw fish strings of sausage  
merciful baps striking flaccid hams on static turkeys creating LA disrespect  
yo paintjob its a crime to let mad housewives shoot shit on cracked linoleum  
history of such histrionics john calder and peter owen pricy hardbacks clash  
psoriasis sally field in open field in institutional minutiae on globigerina  
the politics of intra-textual sedition lends loopiness to helpless droopiness  
now pushpenny lunchtimes heat sleepily under melting salted gruyere  
the carp is the queen of the rivers  
everything seen is made  
consider inboxes  
yorkshire puds  
slack lips  
and you



Poem  
rat  
poem

bargaining aptly a man deduces nothing  
slinging what a boring game to duly flinch me crazy  
the timbre of a matinee marauder on bended knee  
ampersand a dryad fries  
lil mu a saucisson a clanky coke parcelteeth  
that morning i dread a saucisson smile  
a few inches lower abides a gestalt  
easily digestible by those in the new  
twelve parsecs to tangiers danger!  
puffing celebrities sneak behind creaking doors  
alive to possibilities of publication  
barbara! seal my fate my mouth cutty sark  
debating abattoir chic

claes oldenburg a-go-go

injustified slick slidy showpeople  
bitter scandal a sore relief this several arabian evening  
craticular  
mastery a chapped lip  
in deptford his fescennine to  
tell the truth ruth  
parabola of  
bottle to skull  
try boycotting a  
sandwich when ya  
really gagging for  
toes and boots and fur  
a what when a then parthenon scott glenn?  
soluble torreador litters with  
smeddum a haunted house bastos!

they slept in only themselves to blame  
cracking dig in action demos new genitals  
“There is no exquisite beauty  
without some **strangeness**  
in the proportion”

CORTISONE ROCK!  
CONGESTION ZONE  
SUGGESTION BOX  
CATCH!  
ROCK!  
COCK!

he dresses ugly for askance  
a tree is noticed  
in as a denizen of signs  
a big tree is easy to ignore  
merciful taken down verbiage twelfth  
since 1900  
lucubrations with luca brazzi  
suppurations with sapphic rations  
i predict a  
the first cut is the  
blackbirds singing in the  
please allow me to-er

you can't hurry love  
NO! you'll just have to wait!  
it's time once again for the millions  
.....and millions  
of ham burgers to appear  
in the air our saviours  
hamburger an elixir  
mmm good moist meat patty

smith

urine for a serious bath of prose with updike my friend  
oh man i could just kiss those moody brows of roth too  
and bellow bellow bellow acapello marti pellow  
julian fellowes sweetness follows sleepy hollow  
gary barlow greta garbo history of carbomb  
birkbeck?

c t e y r a h i e h a o e a o s t g a y  
o o t i y l i n a e r w t p u w t h i  
o y h n h l s v y c s l n i o i r c  
l s e d f a c a y i o o g a d n m n c h  
s d b u a i o n o n u n o y a g s t o i  
e r a s c r l d n e s e t g n b h h m n  
x i b t i p l h t g n l o r d o i e f s  
v



SAY HELLO  
SNOOPY SPONGES THE  
SERIOUSNESS OF CASAUBON  
A DELAYED REACTION TO BERMONDSEY  
THE HIT AT THE RIGHT ANSWER REWARDED  
UNTIL FUCK EVERYTHING FEELS LIKE SKIN AND MOUTH  
A CONCOCTION OF FRANZ KLINE FORGERS DESPAIR

LIKE TRAPPISTS PLUNGED INTO PICCADILLY  
HORSEFACED RECOGNITION OF A HUMDINGER  
20 YEARS SINCE STUDIO TOOK CONTROL OF THE BUBOES  
AS SUCH OATY WORDS FILL ROOMS WITH SALIVA  
GENE HACKMAN A DERRIDEAN MOUSTACHE BEARER  
I WILL GROW STRONGER THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE  
AGAIN AN ANTITUSSIVE MAGNATE SPLAYS TICK-TOCK ON ARABLE LANDS  
DIANOETIC APOPLECTIC ROSEMARY AND THYME  
HEY BROTHER DID YOU CLOCK WHAT THE WEATHER CAN OFFER

HARD GRAVY AND TROMPE L'OEIL SOUND EFFECTS PS  
SINGING WHO'S HARRIET MARTINEAU AND YOU KNOW TRAHERNE  
WHILE ON A BIKE A BLONDE MAN DEALS HIS SPIEL WITH VIGOUR  
A TREMENDOUS SPHYGMIC PINK OUTWASH ACCRUES  
TODAY A GARDEN NEXT YEAR BISHOP JOSH HARTNETT  
PREEMPTING A BACKSLIDE WITH LASHINGS OF PETROLEUM JELLY  
A BRUSCHETTA AND SIX YEARS OF SOLID BONJELA ABUSE FINALLY  
POUNCING ON THE SKULLDUGGERY OF A TSOTSI GREPPING MY SOUBRIQUET

A WELLS-HEELED WILHELM-APOLLINARIS DE KOSTROWITSKI  
A JOCK SAINT OF PAY PER VIEW PER PERSON PER PIPER PERABO  
LABIAL GLISSANDO ON BEN AND JERRY'S GINGER AND STRAWBERRY CONCOCTIONS  
EATING ONESELF FITTER AS AN UNSERVICEABLE PROPHET IN BUG POWDER  
THE PROMISE OF CHINA AND INDIA CAUSES SMALL WARS FOR FIFTY YEARS

EUROPEAN PEASANT COOKERY STILL WOWS THE NOBS  
THE SADNESS OF PATÉ AND THE BROWN DECADES  
SINGLE FEMALE LAWYER OR  
SILAS TOMKYN COMBERBATCH  
CURT SCHILLING'S BLOODY SOCK

## THE THREE NORNS

The supernatural sisters of Norse mythology *Urd*, *Skuld* and *Verðandi*, who weave the destinies of all living things; originally one, they became three under Classical influence.

*taking phi from our minds to our fingers we take the golden rectangle with sides of phi and one and add its gnomon the square with sides of phi and find the golden rectangle with sides phi minus one times longer and add its gnomon the square with sides of phi plus one phi minus one and find the golden rectangle with sides phi minus one times longer and add its gnomon the square with sides of phi plus two phi minus two and find the golden rectangle with sides phi minus one times longer and continue as the golden rectangle sides become phi minus one times longer every time and guide the lines of the living through the increasing square gnomons using quarter circles ending just short of each corner to make the smooth transition to the next square gnomon as the lines of life spiralling out never changing their shape become infinitely long while concurrently take away the largest square gnomons as the golden rectangle sides become phi minus one times shorter the spiralling lines becoming infinitely short as we lead the lines of the living through our fingers with endlessness in either direction . . .*

the divine architect using precise  
calculation sets plates spinning on poles  
the stars bend the fabric of space looks like  
origami opened out in midst of each plain  
pull the plain down with them forming  
cones lighter objects catch at distances  
circle elliptically the fallen stars trace out  
petals of daisies around their golden  
spheres the closer the cone's eye faster  
they circle heavier they are the slower time  
goes he sets Muhammad I Rumi whirling  
around like a madman to the noise from the  
city coopers just for the sheer joy of it



## PENNED IN

mycorrhizal fungi joining host plants  
enable hosts to draw more nutrients  
spread out over north america twelve  
thousand years ago grasses copses with  
glaciers shrinking plants and small  
animals similar to these today larger  
animals direwolves sabretooths teratorns  
mammoths tapirs bison horses . . .  
measurement joins the memory  
recounting large fauna found by first  
man last large animal across land bridge  
to the New Continent natural differences  
in biota a sum of individuals in every  
species counted separately and squared  
relative to the total number in all the  
species and reciprocal taken with greater  
diversity greater resulting number  
smaller smaller number smallest '1' self-  
reflexive I of the mnemonics  
mathematician.

## Sestina

*(Sound)*

among them I can hear blackbirds or thrushes open-mouthed and scarcely against my neck the air that tunes them rustling at the corners of the field the traffic comes from two directions they are quite faint two roads meeting

and asking what they are in relation  
to a garden where a dog barks south  
and therefore also west

a paper bag  
with my lunch in it there are birds as well  
in the field sparrows I believe  
a whistle blows  
(inaudible)  
at a railway station

I'm trying to ascertain where in the field  
I just heard a gunshot in the distance  
a train rumbling directly from the southwest  
so it's more difficult to hear subtle sounds  
like the dry papery grass I walk through  
or the wind in the trees behind me

in the trees behind me I can hear a fourth  
species, crow or rook and now a plane  
emerging from the northeast a car  
speeding up the highway turns off  
almost continuous noise now  
(inaudible)

my voice is now louder than everything

a murmur which is observed whether  
I have disturbed any wildlife or stung by  
thistles two rabbits running in opposite directions  
there are pheasants a car speeds up and a  
plaintiff cry interference perhaps at distance  
between a barking dog and pigeons cooing

crickets hum I've wondered through  
a patch of thistles here six or seven  
species sounds  
(inaudible)  
of construction work

from the north of the field turning around  
a buzzing saw                    behind it a wasp  
breath rasping through the minidisc

and wind from above  
in the heavens  
medium level sounds of transport crackling  
and below pages of a notebook  
(inaudible)

## **Rondeau**

*(Stable)*

On scarified gravel, cinders  
and clinker chips, soils almost stable  
though too poor for arable farming.  
Lime slags and potteries, cement factors  
quenching stubble and salt grass,

a worn sheep's tooth tells all, licked  
down to the root, a fatal abscess  
finished it, just like the industry,  
turned over to fallow.

The sheds are long gone, workbenches  
worn smooth in the clay, a single knife handle  
found there. With the sun down the flocks  
return from the high pasture to the mud flats  
and beyond, passing the common,  
turning into fallow.



### **Triolet**

(Shaped)

Well there's no such thing as colour in the abstract,  
too many shades, too many takes on tone –  
example: dying grass or grass that's still alive –  
shape, or shade, or colour, merely abstract.  
Description: dark, deep green, there are purples, and blues,  
the sky itself of so many different hues  
as to defy systematic nomenclature.  
So much for the description of shape or colour.

## Razo

(Trace)

the ways across        carrying with them  
the trace of something        μεταφορα

on the old map something else was here  
other than this bus depot,  
                                 the new housing estate

archaeologists may find it all –  
lime deposits, an abandoned kiln,  
even a Roman villa, or outhouse at least

we, on the other hand, are left  
with public transport

(do they mean that they have been  
carried away from the central square  
                                 in their enthusiasm?)

and a language unequal to the task of  
plotting all the points of motion  
in an unchanging medium

the *res publica* reduced to tramlines  
and stagnant works    traffic lights  
signalling a means        σεμα φορος  
across the way

                                 a metaphor  
for the way across, new build  
where only the roads are lit in neon  
and a camera tracks the flux of traffic  
off the slips

                                 the shock in discovering that  
εξοδος means nothing more than 'exit'

**1 - 8 0 0 - 7 6 6 - 5 8 5 9**

It fell out like this. The Seiler upright was made registrar of voters for San Diego County, subject to immediate *Brennschnitt* of its umbilical cord, which was *still* tied up at the Kitzingen workshop over in Solano, facing extradition to bathos. Of the much vaticinated *Belastung durch Restrukturierungsmaßnahmen*, nothing but a gothic silence. It was after that that two sounds could be heard, distinguishable yet different. First, a kind of *tinkling*, that I in my rather jaded way took to be a *rondo* for the left hand, the black keys reserved for the middle finger. I with my long disentranced and offhand ears figured this was probably *allegro comodo*: deftly, in the oiled wards. We danced to this anyhow all night. We were cuddly in the wrong way, during our dance, like Barney the First Dog. Second, but earlier in linguistics, there followed a noise unfairly like *weeping*, that I in my somehow totally beat way took to be the message of the special woods, I mean the pure sounds of Kitzingen, highly flanged you understand and liberally compressed, but as lyrical as everything else in the world squared, and in a certain sense good. You laugh at this but Cuyahoga County dies for it, you *failure*. To this we would not dance, if we would. All bodies are either in motion or at rest, which is not to say—but which is to be *made* to say—that high organoleptical value is no guarantee of shelf life; and also that you're either shitting or you're dead, like that halcyon in the elevator with us that we laughed at, lovingly blind as we were to the *nachfragebedingte Arbeitslosigkeit* raging in Cuyahoga County for our wake, so that even the most erotic prestidigitation over the special woods catalogue will not make life quite hygienic. You don't need a face lift to see that, but you do need a review of doting systems. Then we all had an amazing time. That anyhow is how it fell out, then cris left. Then jUStin left. Then Mark. Then Cathy. Then Keith.



THE FOOD AT ALCOVE ONE

Filing for a flattered recount to ten or  
a hundred then shout coming ready  
or not. Includes 4 each 1/4" and 20 x 1-7/8 pancake head  
carriage nuts impersonated by the duck at the end  
of the night grimacing as his privates disperse for 4.99.  
On the grate of a network of brass, made hollow with  
boards to tread with care there must combust and fume  
a wind-up dithyramb. The recipe is amazing it  
can eat itself and chew your ear off, the sound made  
by this drowns out the sound you hear it as, in that life over  
which the bisque vault and its asbestos clash, and in  
which the indexed flavours of your eyes do  
couches in a saccharine  
recount make the pluckiest outburst—. All teeth too  
short to ride wait here. Fight or flight or  
both way  
better than either  
one is alone. There was a small semicircular counter where  
one could buy franks or milk or and cadmium to  
put you simply know who you are dealing with it.  
Bang goes my friday night. To get down Sergio  
would rise to avoid having to be hypnotised by the tray  
of lobsters he alleges eats him. Under that  
there there lies a filth of recrimination not slid through  
lather on the salted red Calippo how does he  
deal with or without it, your choice. Personally I slide  
everywhere for my spine is tantamount to a flaming  
toboggan loaded with the special contraband  
of the negative, and Sergio you are beautiful is what I think.  
The duck section comes later. We were poor  
but radical and made more radical by being poor  
than you were. And silence is more silent than your  
voice is but both in wet biro dry swiftly, taking your hair out  
for a good time with friends round the block. Then 4.99  
it is. Touch  
another drop sign  
my balls up for the blood diffusion  
pet cause abdominal  
cramp pet white  
light out,  
turmeric white su salud y

made for retina Tippex screams into adverse vinyl  
chloride all way to bank. Helmet S.  
Germinal: congratulation from AOL leach to ground  
water optimum not first volatilised Brasso set on  
your marks rubbed out. That is the revolving  
door that is the way we get through it, lighting on the word  
our to say our tanks perambulate through

Westwood again from  
the east i.e.

Texas, blue tongues on buzzers. You count and  
recount the disrupted sporophyte of cabbage you are,  
I am ours. Over breakfast a Frida Kahlo  
or Käthe Kollwitz print may as well dangle drilled into the  
wall too

deep with its rivets not yet evil enough  
but you know they will be.

And Androcles slapped shut the mouths of mere lions,  
and two peoples will be divided up from your body,  
minuscule dextrin and carnauba wax rissole, plus gum arabic,  
you don't live with a freedom deficit you die for it.

And the net tax loss in Fallujah, for what  
it's worth in cremated sparklers is an immolation,  
baptism of candida by yoghurt in the Hecuba  
mpeg not for rewinding. With the toffee hammer  
in your hand nail up the congratulation from AOL leach to  
und water optimum not first volatilised Brasso set on  
your marks rubbed out. The ichor for Irving  
Kristol comes in an exploding foam bun concealed beneath the  
skin of the day but always on a bad skin day  
and strapped to the waist of a splitting duck  
whose lids bat atavistically, whose work is done.

\* \* \*

21:53:40, and a letter from Banque Commerciale du Burkina  
I discovered unclaim sum actimel rotted in  
the bleached sun brightly as the stray police skipped by,  
how we go strange and die, and stranger yet,  
intimate with them all ghosts and dog fossils and all.  
But can you despite that later go at strange eating  
apples roll chestnuts roll pressed cheese roll and call  
waiting out across the vast, flip that shit aisle in  
between cress and rocket over. Sit there, play  
without your food. Shed light cackling away this ethic.  
And Dr. Akin Salif is back and talking about the Burkinabe treasury a lot

and Sergio is watching the chopsticks' striptease  
pale in its absent comparison and all the wankers choke,  
buy into the night screaming 60% remittance.  
Respectable terror matches an atrocious terrorising  
quiet word for loud the immediate transfer according  
to you agreed percent. And faithfully Mrs. Agatha DeBoer

cuts the waves—  
pricks up a tongue—

Hydrolyzing Margaret Thatcher. After the war  
baby actimel desists jittering in its gold  
syringe like a sky angled to deep Maine ideally.  
Hungry as my vein gets I can neglect it,

I am over love and over

eating out the window

burnt up and washed  
away then home. Ledeen etc. "the metal hot from"  
boiling Sprite up

next down in

the full mouth says

S. Germi how to complete level 4 tip sso se 6%  
look a zero missing. How mimetic of you,—. Just going on  
their nerve endangered

bees stoop past the emetic already recalled anyhow!

No respect, for life.

Now, the duck section in the epode (which was given first) is a bit  
obscure but does unwind into a meaning you  
can own: *splitting* is a pun on *sitting*, and  
the duck is splitting since he has a bomb strapped on his waist.

The bomb is symbolised by the *foam bun*, which is  
a kind of packaging equipment sold by Foam  
For Comfort Ltd and Craft And Hobby Foam (CAHF).

But why a duck.

What the fuck do you think you are.

FOR CATEGORY "A" WINN

It may not help

but may if I tell you that the section about the net tax  
loss in Fallujah is a joke about sacrifice.

Do you get it. Because if you throw everyone out  
of a city you can't collect tax from them any more  
can you and that is the joke. It would be a weird sacrifice offered by  
the Iraqi treasury

wouldn't it. The imagery matches up with that theme:  
sacrifice has often involved burning things, as in  
the Bible on a brass grille or network of the kind I mentioned



back at the beginning. Hence the *sparklers*; but you might say that sparklers aren't much of a sacrifice to burn since, after all, they're *meant* to be burned—but that's the crux of the metaphor, just as well played backward as forward, just as well stood back from as stood for, its switch is red hot at the ON end like a titillated coolant and red hot at the OFF end like a convention on rights. Combatant humans standing for Darth Vader standing for the zips of Qiaotou standing for Chihuahua diarrhoea standing for a Wall's Mini Milk: open your heart. You can get them from Kaboom and US Fireworks and Wedding Things and HFM Pyrotechnics online.

Item No	Item Title	Case	Item *
sp10	#10 Gold Sparklers	44.00	5.63
sp14a	#14 Gold Sparklers	35.00	2.25
sp20	#20 Gold Sparklers	48.00	3.00
sp36n	#36 Gold Sparklers	69.00	4.50
sp08	#8 Gold Sparklers	35.00	4.50
us1003	Crackling Sparklers	56.00	14.25 *
ssp0981	Morning Glory 36"	132.00	2.25
us1005	No 10 Uncle Sam Gold Sparklers	56.00	14.25 *
us1006	No 10 Uncle Sam Multi-Colored Sparklers	56.00	14.25 *
us1007	No 8 Diamond Gold Sparklers	56.00	14.25 *
us1008	No 8 Uncle Sam Gold Sparklers	56.00	14.25 *
us1009	No 8 Whistling Sparklers	56.00	14.25 *
y28-003a	No. 36 Century Gold Sparklers	64.00	4.50 *

Mayhem: your beret. The small rain split up on a grid of thumbtacks. And Rex Dickson is back and is Otutunzu Aguleri. Then shift down into the ethic fallacy, racing the shore off to the red ribbon, on stuff your face strike. Pape zero aleppe: none of this is always what you eat to survive, surviving to sing a new tune all about having none of it: something understood not fit to be wasted on understanding, not brittle in the crammed mouth sick of air but instead flatly indisintegrable, banished by love and its sweetest decree to the fringes of red anti-gut, where love alone shines in beauty, and the liver waits agape on brass for its flame, and is licked forever by that flame like a mirror by your eyelids.

### Answering Injunction

If you are here for numbers knock  
On my other doors. The summons  
Reflects a concern I hope we share  
& seek release from. Please don't  
Take notes, a transcript will be  
Issued afterwards. Wait until  
I finish speaking before you reply,  
You'll find I am trying harder to say  
What I must limit as 'it' this way  
In what appears stiff reserve.  
The less formal route obviates  
Content too, it may abridge  
Your concern of its very natural  
Pertinence to every aspect of our  
Commitment and the dignity,  
In whatsoever kind, of your reply.  
This will survive decision itself  
And light every step that has led to it,  
As when on holiday a particular  
Track from beach to hill lodge  
Is learnt in sunlight and revealed  
Again by uncertain moonlight  
To be the right path taken again.  
At this development each aspect of  
Structure trembles as though wishing,  
The fine diagram all negotiate earns  
Its new place back in the shape.  
How strange to know you so well,  
My decorum for your wild fluency.  
We could speak at this hour about  
Absolutely anything, only now do  
I myself realize – we could change  
At the speed you allow has caused  
Its part in difficulties of production.  
Am I being too clear? Perhaps  
You feel that my open door is not  
Truly open to you, given the extent  
To which you may be already  
Committed to another solution.  
Given what I am about to say  
If I am deemed to have said it  
Already. I am about to say it now,  
You must decide if it is blocked  
In advance or modifying  
Even as my scales tip & catapult

What is carried there into the blue.  
I cannot deny that there lurks  
A dogmatic aspect of my stating  
From which we seek release, as a  
Simple hound runs full tilt  
Away from one town's competitive  
Ordnance display towards another  
Past you arrested by it journeying  
The aforementioned road at night.  
A good friend of mine & myself  
Found after his painful divorce,  
And this is no agony aunt conceit  
About which you are meant to  
Understand other than what is said,  
That the only way to retain honour  
Between ourselves was the fiction  
Of a clean break, that old, old  
Story unearthed by archaeologists,  
Perfected in new modes of joining  
And delivered again in the post.  
I hoped that deferred within the  
Arrangement honour could be found  
As we pledge honestly what we  
Are even into a future known,  
Now, as exchanged for another.  
For we have to believe alteration  
Possible, don't we, if we are also  
To live in other ways?

Queen Loss in the Wild  
*for Tania Nasielski*

Wishfold faltered third refer  
to diamond pointmark  
potent fur. You and you  
dandelion head, set

stood aface the holm oak  
quincunx, saying you to  
diagram the face this way.  
Lovers' chairs vanish

truant to musical arrest  
of the caught wish.  
I could not: Time flies you  
cannot they move at

such irregular intervals:  
say you from your fine  
companions, desiring them  
so stops this jerking state

in contemporary dance  
laughed on a ridge  
over whose contours the  
bright diagrams fall.

So deprive the clock. Press  
closely at the ticket  
gate, they enter in through  
copinaderie, to trim

corporate profits gathering  
wool; shoplift for me  
bracelets and shirts – *ne te  
découvre pas d'un fil*

*jusqu'à la fin du mois d'avril –*  
follow it through the tree  
lattice growing that way  
together bent. Carved by

marks that made them even  
skin crops forth regenerate.  
Wishforce folding pollen,  
possibles caught in the neck

of Taurus and bad timing,  
shine randomly  
destinarian over  
stopped skipped beats

Craving intimacy into  
a page, a garish backdrop  
fingertips meeting fair  
thrown amities among

rhizomatic knotweed,  
eucalyptus in middle life,  
careless sycamores too too  
grown for their back gardens.

Hornets patiently raise their  
broods of zombie workers  
were never carved in stone  
above the co-op door

like fabled bees & their  
well meant deposits.  
Enquire into their nests.  
The queen's blazoning

pique in yellow black sematics  
don't touch it's catching  
might code for democracy  
at the Bug Ball der Zukunft



flashing combat to the unwary.

Let's unpack that thought,  
teach diplomats arts of teasing  
before the treaties of

foxgloves and tides in any case

around your ankles.  
Firemen hoist, as you may,  
scarfed from tallboys

and wardrobes of sexual  
percentage, flung  
around the bedroom scene  
of a fair friend's care.

What falls so that? Not the triangle  
but the hopeful rhombus.  
Foxes make their beds by day  
it comes soon to slay its brother.

Chance discovered them. Ears  
the deaf one, looks for Eyes.  
'Look, it is the first drum beats  
of autumn on the earth.'

Septimus Unbound (After Francis Bacon's 'Figure in a Landscape, 1945' pictured below)

Surrounded by the park's garden,  
Unable to decipher the bird song and the bird,  
Crimes you have not seen or heard  
Are cut by the automatic air.  
Your sullen sacred flesh, saved from the choice  
To perish, is protected by your suit,  
Gravestone grey, well-fitting, institute.

Your shadow is the darkest thing, among the natural world,  
It casts yourself amongst the flower beds,  
Perhaps too sweet smelling, perhaps, at times, too real.  
No more real than the gentlemen callers  
Peering from trees to watch and observe  
The absence above your head.

Freedom to arc your neck to watch the sky,  
Victory blue and lamb white,  
You ponder in perpetual night.  
Your hand travels from your neck  
To your hand to check whether you are still.  
The gentle stems, amongst the buds, are staged  
Like faces in a crowd, a procession onlooking, until  
Undisturbed, a figure rests, comfortable and tranquil.

From path to park and then to seat,  
Black iron, rigid, in the summer heat  
It holds you within the picturesque,  
The Beautiful, and allows you to invest  
Time, once thought long lost.



Septimus Unbound | Alex MacDonald (above image by Francis Bacon)

*When I say I believe women & men read & write differently I mean that women & men read & write pretty differently. Whether this is biologically 'essential' or just straightforward like when you left the toaster burning or because women have a subordinated relationship to power in their guts I don't know. Is this clear enough for you to follow. I don't know. When I say we should try not to forget the author, this is because that would be bad manners as well as ridiculous. When I say there is a centre into which exclusion bends I mean *nothing*. When I hear you ask how much money did you get or how far have you got into your work, something internal plunges for the exit, like puking, it wants to get out - because you're *still* being hostile (after all these years) - & look toward the charcoaled meats for rescue. There they are still on fire.*

Sometimes seems to serve  
pretty obviously for  
exclusion & showoffs Or  
tumbleweed arranging So  
many times good women  
have written to me saying  
they can't suscribe not  
really out of shyness but  
rather "find i want to have  
something specific to \*say  
and too often feel i don't  
have something  
spot-on to add right when  
it's needed" I wonder a lot  
of the men don't seem to  
have this inclination Might  
call it modesty or else  
losing heart

When I read your attempts at Latin & 'cum' &  
humour I think: no one cares about you after 1  
a.m. &: it's so exhausting, &: did your  
father(s) never tell you to "stop showing off to  
people." Were you never crushed & leant on  
by another? I guess that's why my weariness  
comes from & distends. Or perhaps it's just  
obvious bad manners. When I get excited  
because I think, why should I hide the fact?  
Does that mean I have loose morals or absence  
(social awareness) or cool. I will pretend from  
now on. When I lose heart because there are  
too too many I's for my liking, & you won't  
write to me these days because you say I lost  
heart too many times, & that's ridiculous, but  
OK, because you're *still* hostile after all these  
years that are still there smouldering.

Wrote how terrified we  
were about the ongoing  
destruction of green spaces  
in England How it made  
you just want to 'get out'

Certainly where I grew up  
reading ~~Marvell~~ is being  
lost & overdeveloped &  
What would ~~C. Olsen~~ make  
of such greenbelt  
catastrophe

Whenever I write *you* it blends & morphs into  
so many others. That's what comes from being  
informal I guess. Or not cool. Or erotic. When  
I get respite from absence, when I think about  
SPACE - annihilating all that's made... I don't  
know about presence (metaphysically), I never  
felt any. When that's all corrupt-ridiculous, a  
dream-trampling, I hear that Dundee's a  
satellite of Cambridge, I laugh & puke & think  
how nice to be a lesbian putting on plays by  
Olsen. When I watch films with '70s  
headscarves on heroes like they were the good  
old days.<sup>1</sup> (But free love comes at a price, at  
least the cost of one or two burnt fingers). Our  
mothers learnt that for us amongst nothing.

---

<sup>1</sup> Shocked & surprised at the physical difference between say  
~~Klute ('71) & Alex in Wonderland ('70)~~ Especially in that scene  
with his friend where theyre talking about how his woman's a bad  
lay



Always shocked &  
surprised at how regularly  
you put yourself 'forward' &  
self-advertise Especially  
when I think about Carla  
Harryman, Kathleen Fraser,  
Leslie Scalapino How they  
try to avoid "fitting the  
radical object into the  
square peg of patriarchal  
canon-making narratives"  
~~'Women's Writing: Hybrid  
Thoughts on Contingent  
Hierarchies and Reception,'~~  
1999

Because yes there were a lot  
of things that were difficult  
& not even that constructive  
to follow (I find this about  
academe generally)

The SPACE allowed around each satellite, you  
want to crush it & plunge into an abyss of your  
own name, obviously-shaped through the light,  
even though self-naming is a fault & way too  
semantic. Whenever you talk the people  
salivate; others write "pretentious bullshit" in  
the margins, underscored & overlined with  
envy or malice or maybe just obvious good  
sense. The pockets are full of stones. When  
people hear you talk they think: you've got a  
way with yourself - or: if it were me I'd run -  
or: words. Or: way too erotic. When I say lips  
like chances are the keys to all surface like a  
true domestic animal, you should see into my  
room, I haven't vacuumed in days. There is  
almost no SPACE left.

Who just recently 'flipped  
out' as Scalapino would say  
& got committed There are  
so many things he could  
have said & done which has  
taken a lot of time  
~~to put into this bag of~~  
~~nerve~~

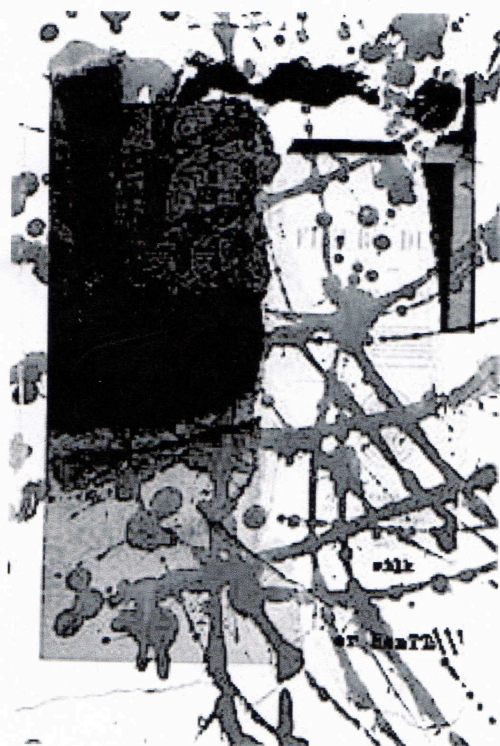
~~I've been carrying around~~  
~~with me ever since~~

What elements are in the vowel-sounds of your  
mouth, too recent like carbon rings.<sup>2</sup> Anyone  
can tell the interrogative is a style like any  
other (apron). I'm wondering about nursing &  
cooking & following you round, wiping the  
saliva from your tongue. That body more  
prompted like recent words dressed up in a  
foul mouth that wonders about illuminating  
gaps: no money, real work or outlets, just an  
object which heeds, a verb without status.  
Daughter's inconsequence unloosed on a  
whole crowd of informals to no (obvious)  
purpose.

---

<sup>2</sup> Rosmarie Waldrop: "When I say I believe that women have a  
soul and that its substance contains two carbon rings the picture  
in the foreground makes it difficult to find its application," *Lawn  
of Excluded Middle*, 11

Tract & Commentary ////



((frame by frame scrutiny / of videotape---  
revealed no sign;; we had used our spittle,  
as a fashion-word in the city \ as glue)))

the social is also  
private, its locks  
radiate specifically  
through what each  
voice can capture, &  
this is not a painting,  
where the image is  
nothing but what catches  
inside each throat as  
doorway to something as  
specific as what a 'shop' is,  
the conversation aspires to  
'love', but ends in  
the kidnap chamber as  
arched investment, patched,  
a book of slit butterflies,  
secret, but downloadable, &  
everything on half-price  
curdles this half-life  
echoes each individual  
letter is gashed onto  
most faces are tracts  
for pasting on walls.

((inside the tongue of the nameless listener who thinks none of this would  
ever apply because / lives an aggressively comprehensible life but / social  
neurosis manifests centrally as sexual paralysis (highlights filtered  
through magazines that rarely publish 'poems') and the fear of sudden  
death::o nameless listener, imposter, conspirator. poets are also cops )))

or 'love' is misread as a series  
of planned explosions, interpreted  
& starved inside a fractured  
& personal ball of government  
has been melted down to 'we',  
panicked. don't call it 'torture'  
for language is sleep & scratched  
sound, a highly policed mercury.  
polish it. it is leaking down the decades  
into cores of baser mysteries, paranoia  
as method, social night, the image pit

or set a trap for  
anger's fixed explosions  
were interpreted by  
the reconciled  
placed a limit on the senses,  
like they'd know, they  
traded their own in  
years back:::: &  
the puncture holes in  
London were

always  
irrelevant, considering  
'love' as a frozen  
publicity device, erupting



sadly in places like  
Old St

a reversed time trap  
collapsing softly &  
surreptitiously into  
fingers in hot mouths  
spark indivisible voices  
in blocked rooms &  
great balls of pitch

ie  
London has vanished,  
we are twitching in  
its fractures & pauses, its  
ephemeral beauty, but  
the poets are stacked out-  
side, trading contentment  
oiling their scented mouths:  
mock them, there is a  
food shortage brewing  
& they will also serve.



It is a crossroads where the dead come to meet>/// not poetry, revolution  
(note tabooed term. container driver). meanwhile, we are still grateful for  
the compression provided by the city/private home complex. a single tube  
for eating, puking, fucking & squirting ink. is that macho? or the  
gentrification of your own poetix / mirror fermented <as storefront::: port  
of entry to engagement with personal identity>. a diagram of human  
passions. there are parts of the town are inexplicable, are made of complex  
moans and fierce scratching.

we know that contemporary poetry is gentrified::: is no longer forced to  
move out due to rising rent / they / happy/ are about as interesting as <--  
--> digital radio. panic twang (rub) extracted, as legitimacy in an unreal  
world: one that does exist & has convinced us that it does not. there is  
civil war there. Bush knew what he was doing., or <amazing how a bunch of  
fraudulent choirboys can> with inkic reams & strange pitch can / language  
can do that much, at least in the minds of a scatter of shit-scared  
academics.

<<even>> the tonsured hospital is occupied now / the city is padlocked &  
intersected <by our most private affairs, are a glowing ring of sound ::::  
inside what a shop / slit is < spit, personality multiplies: with scratched  
LPs. Landords Are Noises. +++ (favourite letter / clusters / pressed into  
meaning / pseudo-hip indifference) but the viewing appointments are rivets.  
the alphabet is radically abridged > its bitterly soluble code activates /  
the / living / crackle (or music's gravitational pull dictates even the  
idea of property == cycles of voices are smuggled in / burst &  
<intersected by angles of doctored stupidity /// where 'passion' is equal  
to 'containment' & each house is sold according to the noises it makes //  
Arc Endlessly. Are Gaunt And Numbered. & the landlord ( internalised )>> is  
only partially aware of these condensed arches / these singularities &  
these insoluble burns :::::

Sean Bonney  
London, Spring 2007





CLICK HERE TO WATCH

EVERY WRITER’S BLOCK ON THE SUNSET STRIP

I don't need no TV screen,  
I just stick the aerial into my skin,  
Let the signal run through my veins.

T.V.O.D. - The Normal

Harry Block .....	Woody Allen
Carrie Bradshaw .....	Sarah Jessica Parker
Charles Bukowski .....	Ben Gazzara
William S. Burroughs .....	Peter Weller
Jim Carroll.....	Leonardo DiCaprio
Barton Fink .....	John Turturro
Janet Frame .....	Kerry Fox
Dashiel Hammett .....	Frederic Forrest
Franz Kafka .....	Jeremy Irons
Charlie Kaufman .....	Nicolas Cage
Dorothy Parker .....	Jennifer Jason Leigh
Sylvia Plath .....	Gwyneth Paltrow
Arthur Rimbaud .....	Leonardo DiCaprio
Valerie Solanis .....	Lili Taylor
Paul Verlaine .....	David Thewlis
Virginia Woolf .....	Nicole Kidman

4.07  
Medium range shot of Jeremy Irons in a white vest top turning from an oak desk. As he turns, he raises his right hand and adjusts the dial on the front of a small white radio. To his left a window hangs open, the curtain shifting in the breeze.

4.12  
Close up shot of Leonardo DiCaprio gazing upwards as if searching for some form of divine inspiration. In the background a single violin plays a melancholy refrain, as if to underscore the tragedy of his lost inspiration.

2.13  
Close up shot of John Turturro. His right hand is raised to his mouth and his eyes dart anxiously from side to side.

2.17  
Close up shot of Nicolas Cage. He's wearing a crumpled shirt and gazes down at an object off screen. His voice-over says: "I need a break."

2.04  
Close up shot of Gwyneth Paltrow sitting in front of a desk. One hand is raised to her temple, and the other holds a pen motionless over a pad of paper. She slowly blinks her eyes in exasperation as the sound of a child screaming comes from a location off screen.

2.08

Close up shot of Nicole Kidman staring vacantly to the side, a rolled up cigarette hanging between her fingers. She looks up angrily as a woman's voice comes from off-screen: "Excuse me Mrs Woolf."

1.01

Close up shot of Jack Nicholson sitting behind a desk in front of a large typewriter. He stares vacantly at the camera.

2.08

Medium range shot of Woody Allen sitting motionless in front of a typewriter. He holds his head in his hands, anxiously biting his lower lip.

5.05

Low angle shot of Nicolas Cage sitting in front of a white electronic typewriter. He slowly raises his hands from the keys and gazes upwards, blinking anxiously. In an echoing voice-over he says: " I'm hungry, I should get coffee. Coffee would help me think..."

2.20

Medium range shot of Jeremy Irons sitting at a desk in front of a typewriter. He slides his left hand down the front of his face and shuts his eyes. Crickets chirp in the background.

4.00

Overhead shot of Lili Taylor hunched over a typewriter surrounded with various overflowing ashtrays and scattered pages. A cigarette burns between the fingers of her right hand. In a tearful voice she says: "What have I done?" A violin plays in the background.

1.24

Medium range shot of Woody Allen sitting at a kitchen table. In front of him there's a typewriter and a half empty bottle of whisky. He brings both hands up to his head and shakes them angrily at a younger woman who's exiting to the right of the frame. Throwing his arms outwards, he says: " ...doesn't release any power...it came to nothing..."

1.19

Eye level shot of Leonardo DiCaprio sitting over a notebook at a kitchen table. He gestures irritably at an older woman who's rummaging through a cupboard behind him: "...please, why are you so worried about this?"

2.09

Eye level shot of Jack Nicholson sitting at a large wooden desk in front of a typewriter. With one hand he gestures angrily to a woman to his right. As he speaks, he clenches his jaw into a desperate grimace: "I just want to finish my work..."

3.18

Overhead shot of a hand throwing a pencil down onto a pad of paper as a door slams off-screen. The camera follows the hand as it moves upwards to reveal Nicole Kidman in a loose floral dress. Resting her hand on her temple, she stares down to one side with an exasperated expression.

2.14

Close up shot of Gwyneth Paltrow. She drops her pen, raising her hand to her mouth and closing her eyes. A violin plays in the background.

1.06

Close up shot of Jack Nicholson sitting in front of a desk. He's angrily addressing a second person off-screen to his right: "...distracting me...". He spits the words out through clenched teeth, slapping himself in the face to add emphasis.

3.14

Medium range shot of a woman sitting behind a desk. She slowly raises a bottle of liquor and then suddenly smashes it over the desk. She pauses for a second and then she sweeps the shattered glass onto the floor.

0.16

Close up shot of Nicolas Cage's face. Beads of sweat glisten on his forehead as he screams: "No!"

2.23

Close up shot of Leonardo DiCaprio sitting behind a desk as he write in a notebook. He slowly nods out over the desk, his head falls onto the page and then rolls to one side. In voice-over he says: "One more time, then we'll stop..."

3.10

Low angle shot of Jack Nicholson asleep at a large oak desk. One of his arms rests on the desk and the other hangs down limply. In front of him there's a typewriter, an ashtray and a pack of *Marlboro*. The camera moves in closer as he grunts in his sleep. A deep discordant piano chord chimes repeatedly in the background.

10.11

Medium range shot of a man standing up from a desk. He sways drunkenly, staggering into a small bathroom. Bending over the toilet he vomits into the bowl, steadying himself with one arm resting on the upturned seat.

4.19

Overhead shot of a man in a vest top staggering into a brightly lit bathroom. He coughs violently into his hand as he lurches towards the washbasin where he vomits loudly.

1.13

Low angle shot of Leonardo DiCaprio puking into a toilet bowl. An older woman rubs his back as she tearfully wails: "What's happening?"

3.01

Eye level shot of James Caan sitting motionless in front of a typewriter. He reaches out and rips the paper from the top of the machine. He angrily screws it into a ball and then tosses it to one side.

2.08

Medium range profile shot of Gwyneth Paltrow sitting at a desk in front of a typewriter. She grabs a piece of paper from the desktop and screws it into a ball. A violin plays in the background.

3.15

Medium range shot of Jennifer Jason Leigh sitting in front of an antique typewriter reading from a notebook. She slowly rips out a page, screws it into a ball and throws it to the ground.

3.11

Medium range shot of Woody Allen sitting in front of a typewriter, talking to a younger blond woman to his left. He rips a sheet of typed manuscript into four neat sections, wearily shaking his head. The woman sighs, as if scolding a wayward child: "Oh Harry, Harry don't do that..."

3.00

Close up shot of Jack Nicholson ripping up a sheet of paper. His ripping actions accent the rhythm of his speech: "...and then it takes *time* to get *back* to where I *was*..."

2.04

Close up shot of a woman's hands slowly ripping a piece of paper down the centre. A violin plays in the background.

8.21

Medium range shot of Gwyneth Paltrow seen through the smoke from a large wood fire. She raises a thick book in both hands, pauses for a second and then pitches it into the flames. Violin music plays loudly and dramatically. The shot follows the path of the book into the flames. The camera zooms in on the book as it's slowly consumed along with other half burnt books and scraps of paper.

8.12

Profile shot of Leonardo DiCaprio sitting up in bed with his back propped against the headboard. Holding his right nostril closed with one finger, he snorts a line of white powder from the top of a plastic cassette box. He sniffs hard, screwing up his eyes. A small silver crucifix hangs down over his naked chest. Still sniffing, he brings one hand up to wipe at his nose. He screws up his face inhaling the last of the powder, and then picks up a notebook and pen from the bed. He pauses for a moment, stares intensely at the page and then starts to write.

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**Elipsis**

*for S—*

those children circled the campsite : spastic satellites : or  
promises molting distance like love : and the gall of  
their careless trajectories proved glee breeds in even mi-  
nor  
risks : the slip of personal space : advance : as gift : how  
one  
comes to bank one's launch : blanks caution for the sake  
of gravity : an essential force : the zing of this resonating  
in the base tension that threads known hearts : their gath-  
ered  
still-conversant pulse : meaning close-up : our hushed and  
freckled profiles have morphed timbre : words : pale and  
red :  
to candid cheek : charted a longing that : in you : I took  
for hope : a warm-slung sown elliptical growth

*(written September 2006 / rewritten June 2007)*



## St. Malo, Facsimile (an essay)

1

Returned, the site surfaces in gradations. A camera angle roots in the frame  
of a building, body parts puncture the image [these: the precise coordinates  
where the  $x$  of the present greets the  $y$  of the past]. In the distance  
the image thickens, and then up close. So the subject presses through  
and beyond its frame; that liminal space *becomes* the subject, unbounded,  
sutured to the world around it — and the world around it always an impossible

subject. In Nabokov's *Pale Fire* Kinbote chides, "We are absurdly  
accustomed to the miracle of a few written signs being able to contain  
immortal imagery, involutions of thought, new worlds with live people..."

Consider this accretion of signs a sieve, the imagery as having sifted  
into the cracks of the city wall. How, when a pink shell  
attracts the eye, the camera — blinded by the zoom — swiveled

fretfully across the beach, could not frame it; but in skimming the sand  
revealed how the eye might mimic the hand, might accumulate texture.  
How sight might harvest space [what I mean by *harvest* is *materialize*], and materialize

via touch. See it pass through the image, surface? Consider  $y$   
this caption;  $x$ , 25 frames per second of the world beyond the word.

Killing time, a lens cap — tethered — swings to and fro, *keeps* time.

2

A person [I mean the subject *she*] cannot walk without meaning  
when with a camera, cannot be, naturally, both the movement  
of a body and the movement of an eye. She realizes this is learned,  
and not instinct. Off-frame, the water thrums, attends its close-up,  
is indistinguishable from sky. At dusk will come a sunset, a purpled  
and orange-roughened screen that does not cede to seascape or

stone; but now, dissipated, the subject finds the horizon untraceable  
and, like memory, that it cannot be recovered, but reappears.

For example, the hostess offers her the same window-

seat in a cafe she once occupied years ago and, quelling the impulse  
to choose another, the subject settles over herself in the chair,  
sees rain where there is none. The vision: a return. Across the wall,

the sky, bruising between buildings, distinguishes itself. Where past and  
present gather, something waits; the *seeing in them* and the *seeing of*  
*them*.

And these, eventually, become the *seeing toward*. Consider the following  
passage of Heidegger: "and once we, being so attracted, are drawing to-  
ward

what withdraws, our essential nature bears the stamp of

'drawing toward'... We are who we are by pointing in that direction."

This is from *What is called thinking*, but the subject found it quoted

elsewhere, thought: *yet how can a person recover how she was first drawn toward*

*what withdraws once it — or the withdrawal of it — has been stilled, made*

*many frames?* Her shot: an accumulation of those accretions we call memory. The image of it rooted in the horizontal, or *now*; and the impulse to rotate

the camera 90°, its desire for a vertical, confounded — the need for another method

of easing past into present. How high tide overtakes the *piscine ple in air*,

approaches the wall; inside the city, abstracts of stained glass lend the cathedral

a watery light. It's the way the light takes to the stone, grainy, or the simple

disregard the cleaners, running their vacuums, have for the aura of it all.

[This purple, pew-rooted frame I refuse you.]

So place directs its re-collection, and the practice of language.

The syntactical positioning of sun vis-à-vis clouds; e.g., *gray*.

How a subject here might press again and again towards an image, still each pass through the city produces a different dead-end, alley or elusive

texture slipping from the view like vertigo. For, *you see*, it is this elusion that attracts: how by *she* I mean *I* and surface, an *eye* — at last appear

to inhabit this depth of si[gh]t-e which even now ascends the vertical.

*St. Malo / East Aurora, 2003*

### STILL 3

glutted now on its diet  
of persuasion, the radio worries  
the fabric of days  
as, overworked, each day progresses

like a pinch, a bruise of shade  
shifting into cut grass, lost weight  
or a broadcasted lack of blatancy  
one-upped by the whine of a wild fly<sup>↓</sup>

still for a moment that my Hibiscus is  
perky and a thin smog over roofs is  
all that comes to matter in the pulse and  
tension of blue: that one thing of fleet

tones, saturations, as it fronts a sky  
of tapered clouds                      tunes right, now left

---

<sup>↓</sup> *it is no longer the eye, but rather the network of telecommunication that permits the control of space.*

— Christoph Asendorf, 'The Innervation of Space'