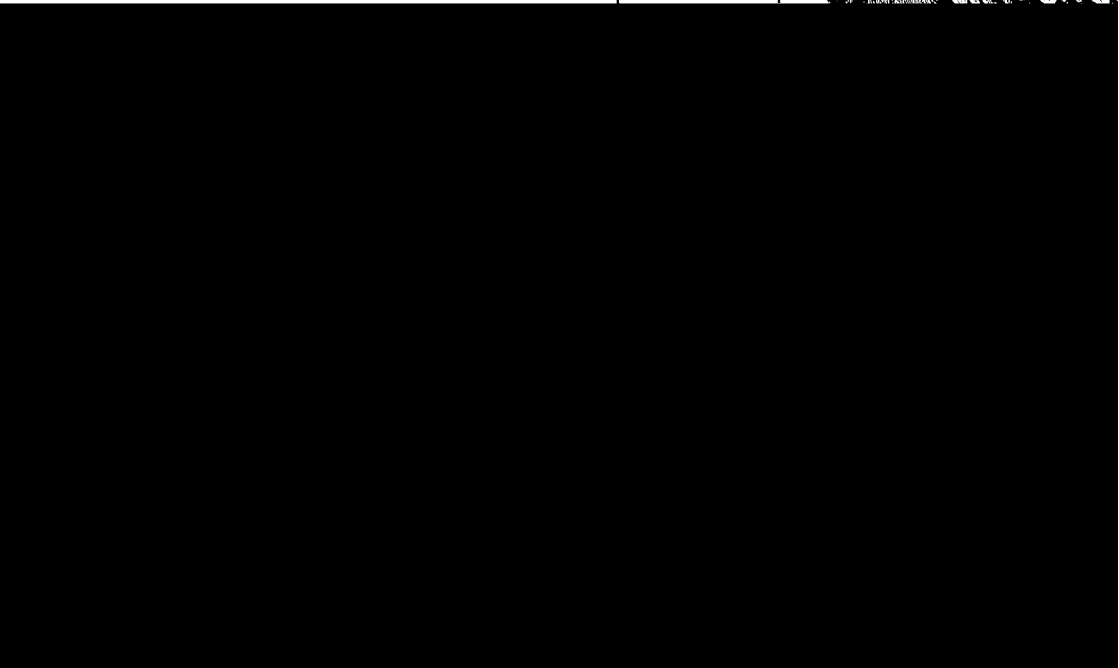
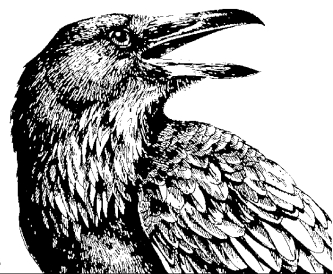


Cannibal Spices No. 4



Ken Edwards ... p. 3
Jeff Hilson ... p. 10
slmendoza (aka linus slug) ... p. 14
Timothy Thornton ... p. 19

millions of colours

from BARDO: forty-nine prose pieces over seven days

Voice (2)

Second person, all the foregoing is to be ignored. Here have been shown the emanations of the first, and no more. In their lovely enjambement they form the third person. The third person is a toy gorilla named George.

This is bad theology, and worse politics.

The seventh is a day of many colours. There was thunder in the night, and now there is speech in the throat. A pigeon has crashed into the back yard and remains there, quite still, feathers damp and rumpled, occasionally shivering throughout the day until the light closes in. Two jackdaws cuddle in the shade of a chimney pot. Third, second and first persons change places again, and the story begins again.

It's International Talk Like a Pirate Day! Everybody loves to dress up in the clothes of the opposite persuasion. Everybody's got something to say. Except the first person, who has no more: I'm stone dead, me hearties, I'm encrypted.

Voice (3)

Now Venus rises over the Channel, over the tidal whisper of cellphone traffic. A handset bursts into life – I hear your voice coming out as from the shell, but am unable to muster a voice in reply; before I can do so, the line goes dead. This is shockingly lovely, don't you think? Or is it Jupiter? Within two arc-seconds of the Moon? The sound of the sea.

Can you hear me?

glorious woodland path and the sea, and the things that actually happen

the bustle of crowds after we have gone

At the edge of the coast
there's nothing but
air

into which one's face dissolved

the one goes into the second and the second to a third

or some entity in there "You're breaking up."

nestling and waiting at the edges; flung up by rough water.

Language is bricolage

The light coming back

pale moon.

It appears

 this story has been narrated by a Mynah bird,
 whose language is a bricolage of hearsay only, and so
 deeply untrustworthy. For a time, she took the objective
 role; it was a ruse. It didn't work. Damn.

outside the window
and racing around
making a fearful noise

 grey & white waves
 and dusking for the first
 under the harbour arm,

The first person says: “

(The first person is process, or series of processes,

goes out in a container

so will continue

will no longer be enclosed.

Departure lounge

The themes have been: fishing; margins, edges; the boundary that defines; the passage from one to the other. This is a transit camp, a departure lounge. Virtual objects are viewed in air.

And in the end, what?

“you take / is equal to / you make”. It’s a zero-sum game.

under a brightening sky. White clouds vanishing fast,

The house is vast
it cannot be fathomed.

But the words s/he person,

Crushed and fragmented in the brick

Take me to the clifftop, long before you could. Before it’s too late. And everything becomes what it was.... Its interior space is a winding flight covered in blind fear, charged with electricity, with worms in attendance. Drifting, long-lining, the idea that there is someone....

Into the air

They took the boats out, a long way off, the two big dogs. Yip!
They get up to great larks crossing the space, where we get to
speak to them. This tense is not, in fact, present. Skimming on
the surface, dreaming of that first house. How do we know?
you take it on trust. You wake up to the light that spans, or
spins, that unfathomable space, your life flashing. The light at
the door, where the tall ghosts all stand, great, black herrings,
sprats, or lobsters, over the hill – don't think about it. And a
wooden parrot! They are darkened, until at some point in the
future the sea glitters.

Or did they say it's time

In the early hours of the morning, where it all begins and ends,
there are no verbs or nouns

The House (4)

The house is empty; no one has lived there for many years.
Day by day, dust gathers. Dried catshit under the bed. Ink on
the pages. Soon it will make a mountain.

Through the broken window,
guests come and go,
leaving their ghost guano.

How do I know that we exist? demand the first persons. And
the second persons reply as one: *We see* you are. But tomorrow
shall be left to the third.

Error

4.4.2 Falling asleep here. Goodbye.

Explanation

Mail could not be sent.

Error: -17099

Mountain has moved

Please Note: The Quiet Mountain Tibetan Buddhist Resource Guide has moved to: <http://quietmountain.org>

[registered in the port of Rye, Sussex]

From *In the Assarts*

58

I loved to you mike oldfield
one side of tubular bells
I moved away
to avoid the - unintelligible lyrical utterances -
of the other.
There goes my solo career.
I am nearly finished with
the sonnets of the 70s.
The cambridge ladies reading group
fell apart it was the difficult
second album the whole thing it was
difficult to begin to you
again my lady it was the 1970s
do you have she's got everything by the kinks?

59

If you liked my photo
sorry if I'm wrong
now I write my first letter
I the quiet young purposeful girl.
Once upon a time hello!
I have considered your structure.
It is awfully clean.
I like to read books &
go in for sports basically gymnastics.
It is awfully clean.
I come short and enormous not correctly.
Are glances our glances.
A man is that simple.
Dear. I look at a sundown. Good day.

60

In the next letter I did it
in my own hand
*afterwards wee maye not speke
lyke we oughte*
in the sixteenth century on her hard bed
who after sunset fadeth like american ted.
They both are killing me
with 14 inches
I drove him away with ron & rod.
Ladies dead & lovely knights so long
I didn't win either
not with the lines
*then we got into her hard bed together
like a brick or a broomstick whatever*

61

I loved to you robin gibb
more than a woman
I wish you were here singing
my favourite carols good king wenceslas
for instance he looked out
more than robin hood
more even than the feast of steven
robin gibb CBE who fucked his housekeeper
deep & crisp & even
what a disappointment he's not the king either
following the disco backlash &
the hither green rail disaster
not in that order in the 1980s I'm not home
when I looked out the bee gees stole my phone

62

I'm not home I'm a homeowner
nobody noticed the two of us
who loved thy american tree.
Don't kill me like modern borneo.
That beautiful language is worn
that beautiful language is.
I'm glad I'm talking in
in borneo I'm home
"talking in borneo in my room"
I don't understand my home sometimes
when you enter the room
I don't understand in borneo anything
my home is in thy american tree
(language realism poesie)

63

one more thing so cleanly I kiss
I'm glad your face is
it's massive again the target
I am the king
& cromwell's realistic hands
r.i.p. his gripping hands
hold a pistol quietly out
not like the navy during the armada
smack! smack!
that's the sound of cromwell kissing
not a genuine face
like you & me
in the navy who shoots who
who's the king who's the daddy?

64

dear sir yr poems are amassing
everyone wants to talk about
yr amassing poems.

Lets go back.

Yr grim square poems makes me red
when its my turn
don't fuck me on the poem on the golf course I
hope.

In the modern countryside
they find you on the spot
which belonged to the same man his mobile
his mobile home you know
in a hold-all in a lay-by.

When you should start ringing a bell
when you remember whats in a hotel.

65

"the yearning, strong like ropes,
she crept downstairs to say
thanks for coming, night."

Still ferociously kissing.

They heated up her hair
on/off

her obvious hair
started further up.

Fingered.

Fingered to see.

Still ferociously kissing.

Fingered to see you.

He longingly looked at its peak,
started his eyes.

<http://ninerrors.blogspot.com/>

JUNCTIONS | slmendoza [aka linus slug]

panic attack. it is nearly midnight and there is
a boy in a plaid shirt and a leather
jacket and behind that
is a fat girl with glasses and this is
not me wearing lipstick. my mouth is too small
and i want to look like the boy in
the plaid with the large ears and the jacket
and my mouth is open and uhhhh

kind ah sneery kind ah swooning kind ah

there is too much drama taking place. i am
in doorways and stairwells and alcoves seeking to be
contained. discreet bodies tight up against each other in

LARGE GRAPHIC TEXT

spill acres of blood still bleeding in protest.

so i took this picture of dogs with crowns

and words ms spelt

[nicked gut]

suggestion:

plotting

flocking

slotting

toting

in isolation

in context of

arterial spray

geographically dispersed

we need to

exit-fanzine.

dead beat modernism plays black against black.

picture this: all of my friends are

in the PIT long drawn out hum occasional trick

we trade discomforts & boredom creeps in.

i spoke to a boy.

the stain washed over me

and um

the other thing

i write

i write / uh huh / nobility and coyness made them complete

i write this together

where the new girl keeps

the sound is the sound of planes crashing.

why create when

you can meet the tight rope and the

get away car

fixated upon

derelect buildings

desolate shop

fronts empty gestures

vertical rows

enclosedisclose

line upon line of persuasion

a storm is a song thrush lapsed in the

throat. we move

in the same space

in as much as

truth can be contained

in as much as

truth can not

be contained

the image lends nothing

and yet

the gesture is

immediately familiar

a repetition of arcades.
a palette of greys distilled through
a lens | O symmetry.
this abstract expression
this same control, disquieting
takes me now to the
centre of the city

coerced and determined

scar and return

what does it mean to talk "der erotischen"?

a face without a name is just a face.
i spoke to a boy
and um
the other thing
the stain washed over me truth kills from the heart.
but i am in doorways
and stairwells
and alcoves

The ears, in the surviving examples, are generally broken off and in some instances an incision has been scored in a line running from the top to the back of the skull, but the reason for these deliberate mutilations is unknown. Presumably the owner's intention was that the reserve head should serve as substitute for the actual head if the latter were destroyed or damaged.

Presenting neck angles in impaired rimmed eyed
unreason, water closes down by whose volition
rigorously on the ears how proofed gauze detains
you out. What are you gestured with the angled

neck, unreasoning you fully emulates to you
you. Beheld audition closes down, listen still
to impaired eye bovine advance, at whose cue
volition closes singly down. Here are the trees

beside themselves presenting in the dusk a wood,
it closes down around you pried. Water curls past
in yards what on calves envelops rigorously
ossified and lumbering you to what you form.

I am there. I close down by whose instructing
neck angle, operate at extremities to tell you
again what are you is gestured. Air is cold here
and closes in. We hold now angled out our hands.

Now gestured tend complete anarthria, cuivrée
to be at nearing my skin at the metal weft at
conical bore, derelict new flare now be it now
unsalvageable sealant. Be my skin in hazmat

woodland at wet gliss to beech grain, be delinquent
bell to round-enmesh now tend at cacogen, renege
iatro water snare, at beech grain collocation gloved.
By tocking waterways now be fur glitching caliper,

present here my at stoop canal ataxic bovine-
gauze enmesh. Now ape reproof, oxen-adjured, I
liked that gestured. Try now face O breath or P-O
ester cleavage, wholly unsalvageable body

closing down for this unreason rigorously now,
organophosphate swells down, derelict now be
it at my skin. The leaves hiss, the water singly
angles us the slick impaired eyed undertow.

He will be found by you later, find him blueing
slightly from within, be lashed in at close-down
thinking with your cock how best to mimic later or
elsewhere this humming fibrillate unease,

upward-facing calmed, to slick black curled-
past butyl, to the spreading sky as it is found
and seen. Copy this discomfort back above the
trunk, striking do not worry gestured. I don't

know either. Thiazyl sulphide to accelerate,
disassociation face not less oxalic acid, be
now easeless trunk gestured past the curled treeline,
be lax at our impaired skin unreasoning, something

endothelial, slate-grey discolourations. Copy
slightly from within, slack, facing upward to the tubing
on the shrill gravel will he be only partially connected
or appear so and from within ergotized, staring.

Rising from or sinking into then the bench I don't
even know what you threaten terminal-eyed
cysteine protease. Swap heads with near the gantry it
on the siding holding at its pale skin greying,

presenting on the siding no alternative. Shell
this mud off your now mostly-you keratins,
this curled-past what envelops moulded us,
I am see doing likewise, til interchangeable

in lumbered silent I don't even know what you
are but I really want to fuck you, gestured, in
hard un-urgent alar lick. This must be as
the other, holding, do not breathe. Seek proof, it

comes. Over blackened trunk, waking here
an eye within what curls past and envelops,
something epithelial and stratified, getting
greyer, hardening, is unreasoning, bovine, open.

'Echte Polemik Ansatz ein Buch wie
liebvoll als Kannibale Gewürze ein
Baby.'

- Walter Benjamin



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