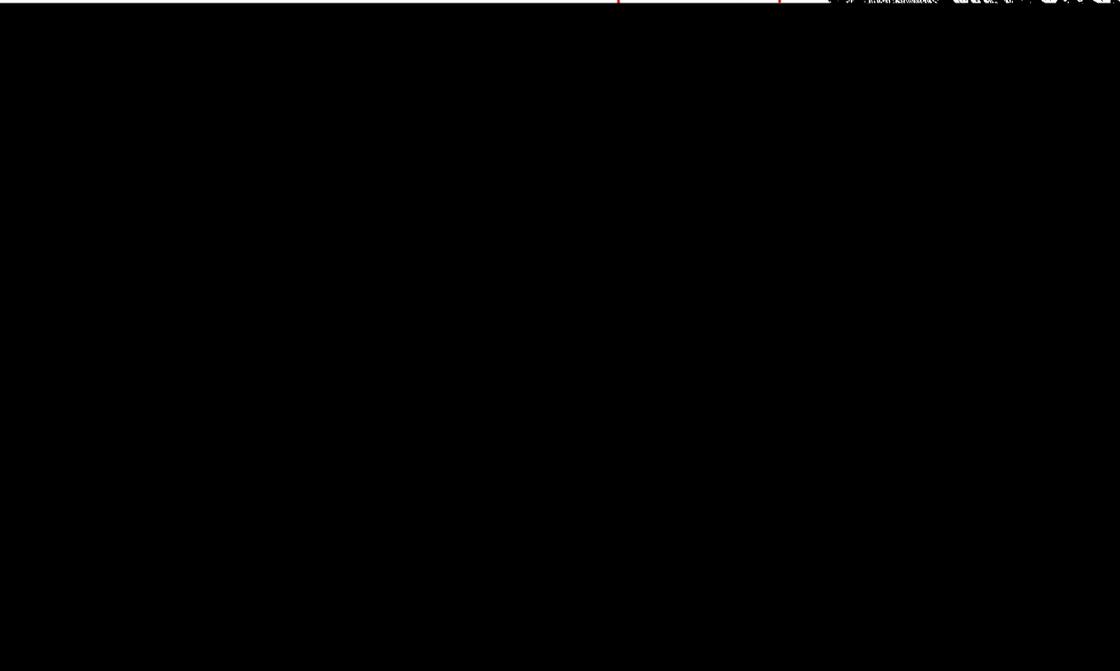


Cannibal Spices No. 4



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

[click name to be taken to page](#)

# 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*

slmendoz (aka linus slug)

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  
liebepoll als Kannibale Gewürze ein  
Baby.'

- Walter Benjamin

