

*babadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronnton
tonneronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawn-
toohooordenenthurnuk*

JAMES JOYCE

Λ°TENSION

HOW

♨ALATEA

Graced

THE *(K)night*[†] & THE *Descent*

OF THE, OR:

℞NOCKTURN*e*

The First Edition

By tyson john atkings / †(K)nt.

S A S K A T O O N :

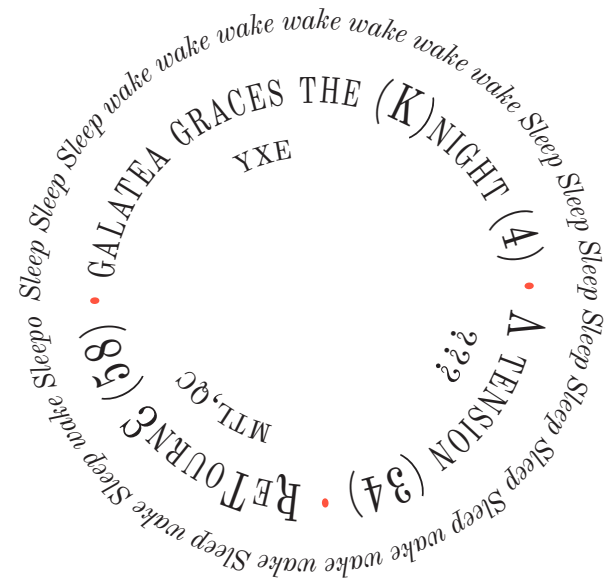
*A Treatise Concerning LOVE & INSANITY For Readers In
The POSTMODERN AGE Written By An ARROGANT
And SELF-SERVING PAINTER From NOWHERE*

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Knockturne

CHAPTER I:

GALATEA GRACES THE (K)NIGHT



CHAPTER I: YXE

‡ **D**o YOU REMEMBER,
 ■ Dear, Being
 In The Heart ■
 Of That Big Old Yelling
 House? ■ Touching The
 Attic With Our Feet ■
 Fingers Scratching At
 The Porch ■ Steps Beg-
 ging For Attention ■ We
 Knew Not Of Common
 Noises! † I Have Counted,
 I Would Say, ■ Five Hun-
 dred And Twenty Some-
 thing Odd Glimpses Of

Your Person, ■ In Your
 Face, You Would Say, May
 These Shingles, You Said,
 ■ May They Never Lift ■
 May I? ■ Mixtures ■ Archi-
 textures Across Your Skin,
 ■ Dear(I Rolled Her Onto
 Her Head)est, Don't Be
 ■ Indifferent - † I Said ■
 She Hovered There ■ Like
 Nothing I Had Ever Seen,
 ■ She Said ■ In Unison:
 Kiss Me Dear ■ And We
 Lay Our Noses At Each

† Enter EGO, also THE
 (K)NIGHT, also THE
 REMEMBERER, also the
 protagonist of the
 story and the only
 real character.
 ‡ Enter ANIMA.

Other's Feet ■ For A Small Price We Can Fly ■ To The Jungle? Are We There Yet? ■ The Concrete, Bricks And Mortar? ■ Loose, Pray You, The Magic Arrow: † Are You Fading Away? ■ Are You Burning Under Spotlit High Noon ■ Still In Your Bed? ■ Are You Magic? ■ Do You Curse Your Heels ■ For Knowing Better Than You? † Do You Dread The Topsy-Turvy ■ Silver Tongue Of A Real Love? ■ Can You Hang From Yonder Tree And Not Feel Dead? ■ Are You Building A Home For Me? † Whistled The Rafters, ■ Bury Me In The Sand, ■ Love, Groaning ■ Floorboards, Clothe Me, ■ Slap Me Once In A While ■ With Your Skin, Come Home! ■ Heaven Sent (Ye,Low) And Hellenistic

Heads Rolling Round ■ & Round About Phone Lines, We Sad ■ And Lonely Too ■ Is This House, ■ Leave Us! Creak, Crack. † Your Beauty, Spake The House, ■ Is UnParallel, It Is Dissonance, ■ It Is In Between The Reaching ■ Of The Peace Meal, ■ The Divine Portion ■ For Each Of You That You Feel Such Hunger, ■ Smell Her Close, Touch Him ■ With Your Lips ■ Feet Off The Floor ■ Your Appetites Are Golden But Your Stomachs Are Hard, ■ Tell Me: ■ Do You Burn Yet? † It Will Be Easy, ■ Shined The Warm Yellow Light, ■ The Dreaming Is A Black Cat, ■ Rainy Day Guardian Of Hell, The Devil, ■ Thus Spake The Fair And Boisterous, ■ We Can Be ■ A Dance ■ Between The Changing Of The Guard,

A flood of memories. THE (K)NIGHT is dreaming of past love(s) in relation to the HOUSE and it's CONTENTS.

■ What Say You ■ Messenger In Disguise: Where Has Our Roof Gone? † It Flies, Darling, To The Coast ■ And From There ■ Who Is To Say? † I Say! ■ Says Who, ■ Fuck The Prairies And Their Winds, ■ Wearing Us ■ Into It's Flatness ■ Push! We Will ■ Find Something Better, Won't We? ■ I Say, I Have No More On The Matter ■ Say You, Where Has The Music Gone? ■ To Hell My Dear, ■ Where The Devil Are My Sympathies, Gone, ■ Gone Are The Days Of That Little Yelling House † Darkness Upon Travels, ■ The Light Packing Wayward ■ Having Stolen Away From Us, Dear ■ The Riding From Here Is On ■ Clear ■ And Painful ■ Ride On ■ Crazy Black Lion Stowaway, ■ Forgive That House For It's Permanence. † And How! We Thought Of Dancing † †

† exit ANIMA. THE REMEMBERER is silent for a time. Perhaps he stares out a WINDOW.

I CAN SEE US ■ down the hall, the gradations ■ of a patchwork mindscape ■ slowly descending ■ into polygamic hues of cobalt, prussian and ultramarine blues. ■ A thesaurus of the downward ■ motions, me, ■ into ■ cerulean Monday. † Guardian Angel waiting ■ just ■ inside the next door. A warning thought ■ past my small, jealous head ■ wind ■ tragic proximity ■ a motorized kind of guilt. † Rush to seating, ticket ■ prices slashed for the slow ■ show by the attentions of a nervous stranger. ■ Bell Jar eyes met me ■ up from the ground, ■ shattered, ■ then shards, slip † under my hide glued & music'd body. ■ Wooden arms ■ not told about conduct ■ her orangeness ■ all my hair ■ phallicals stand on, ■ crystallized. † She is Galatea,

naked & quaking hysterically ■ with laughter, ■ visible in the shaking hands of her marionette. I should ■ have known it was time ■ for a visit. ¶ Always she comes ■ on the heels of a discolouring; ■ the Unholy Green, she ■ comes in her deep blues to flirt ■ like a neighbour girl & listens ■ from the other side of the door. Waiting ¶ for good Fortuna ■ to strike. Catching a glimpse of the muse ■ sounds like ■ the sharpening of a knife, ■ a blue note ■ under a meagre attempt ■ at sustenance.

∫ She is hot water; rainbow music at night. ∫

XXI
IHAVE BEEN EXPERIENCING ■ head miner ■ guilt for the hunger ■ pangs • pang • ping • pong ■ little games ■ i play by myself ■ like i always have ■ a Brain Stripped Bare

By Her Bachelors, Even ■ fragments ■ art now ■ long diamondsword ■ shit & dead pressed ■ Pre-Marital Submission ■ by a hearty carrot man with green hair and ■ glittering eyes ■ and ■ thirsty members of ■ the underground go on ■ digging up fantastical manacles ■ BY GORGE! LOOK WAR WE FOUND HER! ■ my hands, ■ only drug up what ■ was mind all along ■ the music festival summers, ■ the moons around the junipers ■ orbit that globular god like see-through tops, ■ round glasses, painful ■ revelations begat sommore time next year ■ spent underneath the stars, way underneath, ■ so far down ■ the lamp of ■ Davy is gone off, ■ old metal Canary ■ glows all manner of colours, ■ Rainbow Eye Music, ■ Kaching kachang, ■ *kublah khan*, in ■ ratchet & clang ■ a world is bourn. ∫∫

THE (K)NIGHT remembers what happens over & over. Memories float down from the cieling, transform, and fall apart.

***AND THUS Galatea graces THE (K)NIGHT, &

THE SUPER EGO, also THE HOUSE, WILL, and THE CONTAINER OF ALL DREAMS, is easily detected by the presence of CAPITAL LETTERS.

u (&go\$goaw/(gal)
megamania baggawagga
guy got swagga. GAMMA gamma GABA
exhibitionism, Sigma SAGA
Super Saver Deals Good For [>as Regular
Neuronalistic mis-firing party GAD
and the BEAT goes:

(I was dancing on my pedal bike, singing fireworks
when I came upon:)

See N Sea o Swaga SPAGA SpAgEL endless organizations
labour painers fightin' for labour protection
now, i am starting
to think marx inven
TED capitalism so b
eautifully we just
couldn't resist and
that is the power of
art. i kissed a b
eautiful girl in the library stacks
today right in front of Plath and Hughes
just like i've always wanted to and
had sex in the car like those
cats on the titanic just like
i've always wanted to because
that is the power of Art and Life
and how they are the same
thing just backwards.
Yes, yes it's been a few
years but i still remember
all the things i guess i am
a rememberer.
Marx & me I assume R both stick "with-it" kinda
cats living and dead I hope hope hope i could

cause that much trouble. So So So Marx Me, He
is my Great Conductor, to Arms!, we hold hold
hold that Big Sadness she (SP[†]) told me about.

(My toes dance
inside my boots))

Dancing the MEGALO-
MANIA-GIGALA-JAGALO;
scene re-setting: it is
late, THE (K)NIGHT
begins moving and
rides towards des-
tiny, singing.

† Sylvia Plath

I went
 to see a mathematician[†] once
 and lurned me about love.
 The other day a poet
 came over a day late and
 told me about Thursday
 and significance. I said
 to him i said
 I think science is a new
 religion & he said
 me too.
 I drop the ball
 a lot away
 from the place i began
 because I forgot
 about yesterday
 until i became it
 And I don't think
 there is anything
 wrong with that, really,
 Who InFact,
 could say: THIS HERE
 IS THE MOTHERLOADSHIP
 OF POMEGRANITESMAN
 REMEMBERMEMBER THAT TIME
 you know, GOOD LORD. We
 don't even know how
 we talked back then, ANYMORE
 THINGS THAT WE CAN
 ENDORSE? I'm
 not really thinkin'
 so well anymore
 but Who Really
 Can Say.

It is a Thursday even-
 ing, THE (K)NIGHT
 seeks the MUSE-IC.
 He goes to the MATH-
 EMATICAL HOUSE and
 asks the [†]OLD MAN
 what he knows.

Tonight there
 is an orange sanguine
 goodness to the
 (K)night. (T)he(r)e was
 a big vacancy, a full
 moon and great numbers.
 A thousand million
 of them, billi ill llions
 of us connected. We
 are multiplied exponentially
 thrill-i-illions we
 have still yet to
 make up. For yessssterr!!
 tomorrow man! I promise.
 The streets will be
 blue soon, but you better
 pray on strangers
 that dear Gad don't turn it red.

Night night,
 best of luck, hope you
 feel like a hundred bucks.
 Just remain
 quiet and you'll
 fit in fine.
 I know this
 changes everything
 but at
 least we've
 all got some some
 to full our cups.

THE (K)NIGHT chan-
 ges colours and leaves
 in search of one Who
 Can Really Say.

@migos cantina, yeh,
 eggfuckin' xactly xombie bro
 dis-place is be comin'
 always like somewhere else
 way gone like all the boys
 with braided hair ■ sound check ■
 tinny echolalia red plaid uniformed
 bigger children march and pretend
 they are not students or are still.
 honestly though bro, the sound checks
 really are my favourite part of a
 show: you're not expected to do
 anything & not listening makes
 for good surprises and all the people
 you want to see aren't there yet and
 the band is still human and the business
 types with stupid hair are having a
 hard time talking over the explosions
 of jazz rock and nobody has to clap and
 i wish all that would go on forever, long
 enough to make the suits in disguise
 leave because i am sick of every
 business buzzword smacking horribly off
 their unlucky tongues, y'know, CEO corporate
 culture profit employee benefit wagers
 you • got • me • management ■ they actually do
 talk like normal people when the improvisations
 stop ■ i love how all these sounds hate eachother
 in here and sometimes E'en the beautiful montreal
 sound on stage drowns out the bullshit even if only
 for a moment. my friends will be
 here s-soon ss s-s-s-sSin-Sink-k-k-iss-s-iss-where-
 li-go-g-to-To-tto-think-t-t-t-t-th-t-xoxox
 xox-ho-ho-haa...

@migos Cantina:
 THE *Plath Hearts*
 are opening for THE
Hipsters w/ surprise
 guest. #YXE

CROWDWALKER I ■ i
 am crowd walker
 ■ duck, dodge, qua-
 verer, ■ all a single kind of
 walking, ■ weaving side-
 ways glances at my back
 ■ burning red uniform ■
 draws enough attention ■
 to make me invisible ■ at
 the jazz club poetry night
 ■ stalking with my hood
 up ■ i am ignorant emo-
 tion fucker ■ crowd watch-
 ing & ignoring ■ poetry ■
 because it's always every-
 where ■ and there is no
 country to the left so it's
 fffine ■ we will give it to
 our women ■ i pass ■ them
 ■ just to touch ■ i am ■
 powerless truly ■ crowd-
 stalker ■ eyes touching
 cleavage, jean pockets, and
 various patterns ■ notice
 meta-narrative girls &
 god's country ■ help ■
 me keep a straight line or
 i will quit all this nation
 building stuff ■ presiden-
 tial ■ walk of shame-based

Tonight it's Poetry:
 THE *Drunken Ver-
 sions of Good Poets*
 w/ specials guests
 present and notably
 absent. #YXE

heritage moments ■ herr ■
 doctor on stage says poetry
 is a solution ■ and I lis-
 tened whilst looking right
 through him ■ aroused by
 thoughts ■ of getting the
 hell out of there. ¶¶

CROWDSTALKERHERR II
 ■ i stayed to sit ■ with
 my cock-block friend ■ and
 missed his reading ■ to go
 chase disaster ■ minutes ■
 later misadventure smiles
 ■ across the table ■ at our
 mutual mediocrity ■ at
 least we had a table and
 loose ■ tobacco to share ■
 next poet at the jazz mic:

“I woke up this morning
 and wrote this poem and
 I don't think it's pro-
 found but I hope you will
 and I have friends who
 are gay and coloured
 and some that are both
 but I am a poet wishing
 to be normal and being
 normal and wishing I
 wasn't and OHM here is
 my naked darkness for
 all you closet poets to see

that I am boyish but I still tried to love and get fucked and make jokes, girl, you know after all this time and talking I think I solved the paper-plane problem by tearing off the wings bit by bit to make it the shape of love and fuck was that a fun mistake! I made this for you - for all of you”

I am crowdstalker. I hate poetry ■ but love listening to him waiting ■ for the girls to get up. ∫∫

CLOTHESTALKER III ■
 I am closetalker ■ singing universal songs ■ in high volume whispering rooms ■ call & answer ■ fateful ballad footstep drumbeats leading me ■ to everything, ■ to every better balance point. ■ i begged ■ of beezlebub ■ bring me ■ bye-bye walking blues, ■ i’ve reached the reading room ■ the place where all the machinery opens up ■ and makes

music: ■ steely click • clank ■ karma tick • tock ■ time bomb ■ Lord ■ knows you’ll catch that down beat ■ and crash bang • boom ■ break down loverboy ■ close talker ■ can’t follow up on stage ■ music he he he ■ has to learn the hard way ■ about impotency ■ belly up gogogoon ■ boy you have been licking that ■ girls ear all night ■ it’s written all over her face ■ that you’ve got the ghost:

“xoxo i missed all the eyes on your chest i bet you’ve got secrets & I’d like to burn into you one thousand more.” ∫∫

IIIIIM JUST A ■ boyY-
 EESH man ■ don’t think like that! ■ Have CONFIDENCE ■ The clouds ■ shimmer ■ and ■ shine ■ in the Land of the True ■ North And Frequent Holidays. ¶ Welcome Yourself †, ■ please don’t stay

There is an explosion of EGO. Conversation follows.
 † Enter WILL and his friend.

■ in one spot too long ■ or you will never be GREAT! ■ Our Vision of American Idolatry ■ Queue Music ■ And N.Y. Action ■ Will ■ make a Man out of Me! ¶
 The path is clear: ■ you drink, drank! Drunk ■ dropout ■ keep your habits close, ■ and your friends in business ■ with you, ■ bring your charms ■ onward with your POISON ■ to the PARTY BATTLEFIELD! ¶ Integration is the ladder, INDIFFERENT friends, ■ come together and sing ■ songs for Radio Canada! ■ That beast at least has some ■ character in DISTANCE. ■ You ■ see w3 all have the RIGHT ideas, ¶ W3 all know how to do this ■ The American Way! Please! ■ Citizens: Put On Your Boots ■ and MARCH! ■ Break bread across the globe ■ and CONSUME ■ what you ought to just see, ¶ That is, before you can do ■ ANYTHING, ■ Young Man ■ how ■ can you write

Conversation falls silent. She comes.

your travelogue ■ with no stories? ■ HAST THOU NO PARISIAN MISTRESS? ■ No, Safe Darling, ■ NextUp WaterMelon Priestess? ¶ THE ALTERNATIVE, Ye Young ■ And Hopeless Canuck, ■ say SHE, ■ is NONE ■ but RECOGNIZE YOU ■ have no HomeLand, Strong and Free, ■ Take What You Need, Lad ■ And SEE ¶ What METAL there is ■ in the GRAVE FACE of the DISPOSSESSED, ■ the BROKEN-HEARTED ■ LEFTOVERS, the HANDS&BOOTS SLEEPERS, and ■ all the SHYEST FANATICS in the WORLD ■ holding onto THEIR OWN like THAT WORLD could take it ALL IN A SECOND, ■ these, Boy, are Your People. ¶ You are out of reach, Yankee Billet, ■ DETERMINED GUNMAN ■ you know ■ not even from where your FIRE comes, ■ your FINGERS, Man, know ■ Better Than You ■ trust them and ask yourself ■ WHY they BURN so. ∫∫

WoodWoman
Widdle, Widdle:
Carve Me Up
With Your Fiddle.

Bow, Player Layer
Sharps Over Me: Little
Fiddle / Broken Bottle
Sounds / i•Sound / ReSounding

Gladness To See
You Dancing Over Board: I See
You Tossup Silver Dollar
Flatness Means Nothing To

The Space Between Us: About
Face / aboutface / AboutFace On
The Thousand Mile Path / One
Day Piano Keys Will

Mime Your Bowyers Bow.
Grace Me Over & Under Again
& Again With Your Shards
Of Time: P(l)essant Music

After The Masters. In
Penance, We Will Banish
Ourselves To The High Branches
& Sing
 For All Angels.

... and THE MUSE plays
her technicolour siren
songs.

LITTLE WINGS ■
Hidden Zen ■
Sexposed, ■ Them
Paper Aeroplanes, ■ Them
White God Kisses On The
Ends Of Her Arms. ■
Zombie Night Tonight. ■ W3
Watch Her Flutter Bright
Tendrils, Shredding Fairy
Tales ■ Like She Could
Never ■ Forget Them ■ &
Pause, & Break. ■ Look,
A Bone ■ In Your Open
Mouth; Her Tongue ■ Is
Shining Silver, Now ■
Cough Him Up ■ Here! ■
A Bone Collector. ■ W3
Come. Come Silence Too, ■
Come With Your Eyes Like
Mirrorsstars At Night! ■
Galatea! ■ Pick For Us
The Longest Knocturne
You Know, ■ Pick For Me
Until My Taste Disgusts
You, ■ & Then You Will Be
Free ■ And Old. ■ I Knew
You Always, You Know,
Dear ■ Bring Me Water ■
So I Can Fill Your Eyes.
■ Lean On Me, ■ Lean So

Far We Both Can Perform
■ For No ■ One ■ In Har-
mony ■ So Close ■ Scratch
One Last Dissonant Move-
ment Off Your Stringy
Hair, ■ Show Me Just Once
More What Zombie Eyes
Look Like, ■ Point Me To
Them Grave Diggers, ■
Tonight We Are Flying ■
But, ■ From Who? ¶ Keep
Playing, ■ Dearest Galatea
Please, Please ■ Never, ■
Never ■ Stop. ¶¶

TAKE ME AGAIN ■ with
your familiar per-
fumes ■ and your
away ■ turning memories
■ into real things ■ only
sometimes ■ but it works
■ it does i swear it does, ■
don't be afraid love, ■ love,
love is our name together ■
and when we swim in it we
run ruinous passageways
■ of turning of heads of
turning ■ of mouths and
turning ■ of hands into
little gears ■ click click

clicking ■ together ■ apart
 ■ turning forever ■ until
 time breaks ■ the little
 moment, ■ we call it noth-
 ing, ■ everything it breaks
 but ■ always lasts always
 ■ keeps turning ■ us into
 pretzels ■ like the mental
 back flips i have to do ■
 to make me resemble ■ all
 the EFFORT we take would
 be enough ■ to run me out
 of town ■ if only i could ■
 just let go of your hands,
 ■ just let go ■ of the hold
 ■ your eyes have me in; ■
 the choking hold ■ your
 perfume ■ is exercising on
 my still bu(t) bu(t) beating
 heart, Love! ††

IN RAINBOWSHE ■ says
 pare down your pair
 of eyelielieds, ■ can't
 you close your shutters for
 just one terrifying lapse
 of reasons? ■ by (Will you
 please ■ hide the camera
 face) glory ■ your locks
 cannot be snipped ■ &'en

with all the right keys. ■
 Fille, ummee up my space ■
 please, please ride me lion,
 ■ all the colours you see lay
 behind your ivory curtains,
 ■ can you see me through
 them? Can you find the
 hole in my great reflector?
 ■ in silence, ■ you•me•don,
 my crown ■ of flying fire
 lights, ■ my impressionist
 project(ing onto you) ■
 my smoke machine ■ laser
 beam ■ tellaportal love
 thing ■ see me in windows,
 ■ a razor sharp shadow ■
 you flatten me ■ to fit your
 skin ■ stick'n'poke me full
 of holes ■ and let the warm
 winds keep me ■ just as
 you like me, ■ like a plane
 going on & on ■ in any/all
 directions ■ candle, candle
 on ■ the wall, let me stoke
 you until you burn so hot
 we can't see ■ your colours
 ■ just infiniwhite hotness.
 ■ When that day comes
 ■ and we, face to face, ■
 claiming colourblindness, ■

willing invisible pictures,
 ■ living in the nowhere
 glow, ■ and in a flash ■
 we'll be a crimin' scene, ■
 oil slick and bodies every-
 where † and we'll burn ■
 and all that will be left will
 be ■ our bones. ††

AND SO **G**ALATEA
 and the dreadful
 (**K**)NIGHT take
 to flying. They
 glide through the
 streets, **L**IGHTS
 dance around
 them like
STARS. Straight
 lines become
problematic.

† The cure for con-
 fusion is speed, espe-
 cially when dreaming.
 The couple makes
 haste for the **MATH-**
EMATICAL HOUSE.

fRATURDAY ■ closing
 time ■ two people
 tower the streets
 like a fence. ■ in-visible
 ■ are the motions of their
 sum, ■ see: a futurist
 ghost wading through
 the quantum possibil-
 ities of the time between
 days. ■ she held me by
 the arm as we walked.
 ■ i've always liked that,
 ■ thought it was classy
 like the old men and their
 ladies. ■ poetry between
 us; ■ silence. ■ the glass
 cage cubicle houses reflect
 taut strings, ■ vibrato
 smokers cough sounds like
 the night is coming to an
 end. ■ music at night. ■
 tension buildings, ■ goings
 too and Cummmings was
 on to something, i'm sure
 of it. ■ drawing conclu-
 sions. ■ we have to be post
 haste in the face of all this
 modern architecture. †† †

she would
say to me
growing is like
growing, every
nook is like
a cranny like
love like love.

in that narrow
opening we met &
met at the place
where time ends
and begins.

we pressed all
our memories
together to see
if they
would grow.

(they did)

she didn't
know it but
i was making a
monument of her -
a colossus fit
for my pocket, cute
like a buttallion.

... and everything is grey.

Imagine A Night Scene In
Two Languages And How They
Laugh And Come Apart And
Come Back Together Again.

Imagine Words Coming Out
Of Your Mouth, Of Which
You Have No Idea Where
Each Of Them Came From.

Imagine Writing Better
Letters When Your Grammar
Is Collapsing And Your
Pen Is Running Out.

... and the bell rings, and the bell tolls,

Imagine Your Tongue
Tasting Like Coal Tasting
Like Wheat Tasting Like Yeast
Tasting Like Cigarette Smoke.

Imagine There Are Holes
In Everything Because
That Is How The
Light Gets Out.

... and everything is grey.

iii
 measure up & down
 the length of your hair_{rrr}_r
 repetitioninmaking
 language's failures
 work for us when
 ili
 feltit t t
 the syncopatic bump
 on your head w(here)
 you learned what the
 universe thinks
 of phrenology when
 IiI
 Nn between that little
 truth we were lying,
 longing through our teeth:
 w(here) again, again,
 was that spot?
 Iii
 guess, at length
 and position
 handsslik callipers,
 di(v)e instead into
 deepest Hocus Pocus
 iii
 can still
 remember
 counting
 your
 scars. †

Days pass. Precise
 measurements for
 even the smallest
 parts of HER PERSON
 have been taken.
 † Enter THE ANIMA.

by some
 great misery
 she looked in me like
 she was wearing thin
 spectacles
 bearing childish ideas
 about how much
 is time
 & infinities
 of sleeping
 in formal
 wearing thin
 pictures in her hair & i gave in
 and painted
 and painted
 and painted
 until black wings fell upon us
 and you snuffed a golden star in
 my eye
 like a hateful gift so I
 strangled your
 feet with
 mine until
 they went
 warm and red
 and wore
 you so
 thin
 until you
 had nothing
 left
 but
 away. †

Well Baby
 SentiMental Holy Holy
 _ have yet to find your bottom 0
 wait Foundit. Typetype Foundrydrydry
 drumbeateat 0 the things _ want to do to you even tho
 _ canthehe the baseline has shifted -

SeraphIm found, lost, find
 m m m your wings, yup, there they are
 m m yup _ knew ___ had em m m
 let' _ go for a cruise in the dark _ 'm m m,
 trusting ___. ask questions in the dark in
 the / by the light light light ' _ up moon
 yup, _ see ___ up there - the baseline has
 shifted...

| hallo halo hallow genius
 m m m. pronounce on stage colours
 m m m. of _our coming up too soon
 red, yellow and blue
 skyPe-pen penetration of
 space and time quickens
 towards dawn m m m.

Well Baby _
 felt _our back
 side / heavy swallows
 _ told you _ wish wish
 wish for a kiss among the
 library stacks / no more
 questions, you asked, ??
 m m m how can this be {winged one} where
 will we go from here & the baseline shifts |
 mmm m mmm no question / about it, one / cannot say /
 _ 'm m m trying not to brag but _ 'm m m...

... Something is
 missing AT THE BOTTOM
 OF EVERYTHING.

LONG SHADOWS ■ at
 the wrong time of
 day. ■ Ii can't read
 any more ■ my eyes are
 useless ■ purple curtains
 shade us and them ■ both
 of us ■ all together w3'll
 fight each other ■ and try
 ■ to make a sound. floor
 boards creak ■ cracking ■
 knuckles and pacing feet ■
 are the only noise makers
 w3 have. ■ pick ups the
 guitar it has no noise.
 climbs the walls ■ finds
 only witness to domestic
 violence ■ and more shad-
 ows. ■ no noise. no voice.
 ■ pull at the curtains, ■
 find only love. it's sleep-
 ing though ■ so we'll wait
 ■ 'till she comes over. ■
 meanwhile, pulling hard
 on jugs of africa ■ com-
 merce is the silent killer.
 ■ causing all the fights. ■
 w3 think. Ii doubt ■ that, a
 little, but ■ buy some time
 by ■ rolling a little piece of
 america into my heart, ■

breaking ■ with every puff.
 maybe I'll just climb all
 night. NEVER, NEVER STOP. ■
 can't stop. still working. Ii
 ■ wish i had a type-writer
 ■ just for some company ■
 more company ■ than little
 ticks ■ not enough sleep ■
 will see them all over ■ the
 walls. tacked to the top ■
 of my door is a list:

line after line.
 nonsense.
 Food.

Cut off.
 too dark to have
 dreams ■ Th3y're all in
 the open now.

Friends.
 A Doorway.
 Cast Shadow.
 Lights.

0
 0
 0

AND THE ANGEL
Lifted Up Her
Wings High, Pull-
ing Up Spirits Like Weeds;
Pulling Off Heads Like
Dandelion Rhymes By
Adults Teaching Children
About Brevity.

It Was On That Day That
We Lost Sight Of Where
OUR IDEAS Came From.
We Gathered Round. That
Was The First Day.

On The Second Day, The
Angel Brought JUSTICE
And All Her Bloody BODY
POLITIC. I Remember, It
Was Freezing Cold And
We All Hid Inside While
She Stood Outside In The
Snow And Stared At Us.

Awkward. Third Day,
Brought More Of The
Same. Growing In Num-
bers, Only THE HOUSE Was
Getting Bigger. Still. Cold.

That Day, A THURSDAY,
Lasted Forever. Building
To New Heights - Ivory
Constructions Of Snow
Fortresses Towering,
Shimmering, Statistically
Impossible. Still. Outside.

Out In The Cold With
TRUTH And BEAUTY,
The Angel Forgets Her
Story Too. Begs To Come
■ Inside - Forgets Her
Wings And Her ■ Braves
■ The Ashes Of Summer.

Brevity, ■ Her Only Last-
ing Friend Meets Her.
Locks ■ The Door To Our
■ Mansion. ■ Wealth Of
Tears.

Ashes To Ashes. Angel To
The Crossroads. ■ Only
The Devil Can Save Her
Now. ■ She Comes Back
On A War Path. ■ She Will
Not Forget The Day Until
■ She Has Uplifted ■ All
Of Our Heads.† ∫∫

† exit EGO.
WILL and the ANIMA
remain. The plot
sickens.

Galatea (naked) (descending)

GRACE THE ^(K)NIGHT

A H E A D



NON DIEM SECVM LINEA

— SHE BEGS, MECHANICALLY, AND FALLS —

■ ALL AROUND

MY ANKLES

THE GHOST

FORGES MANACLES ■

∫ ∫ REEEEEEDOMDOMDOM

DOM DEDUM DOM DEDUM DOM DEDUM ∫

SH

EF(

IAM

ALL

ONE)

LIES

AT ME

NONNE DIEM SECVM LINEA

QUOTH THE RAVEN
BLACK COAT HANGING
ON THE WALL.

∫∫

CHAPTER II:

Λ -TENSION



CHAPTER II: ???

CURSES, CURSES ■
 Spake A Little
 Grey Dress Clad In
 The Mid-Midnight Blues:
 I ■ Used To Be Made Of
 Stripes But ■ Things Have
 Changed Dearest & Clos-
 est Friend ■ You Just Plain
 Forgot How To See Me.

The Wind Blew Her All
 Up ■ In Knots, Just The
 First On A Long String ■
 Began To Fray: ■ Enough,

Enough, Tuck Me Back
 In ■ Oldest & Dearest
 Friend, Don't You Think
 ■ I Am Too Plain To See?

Tears, Tears: Told You
 So!Old Man ■ The!Re
 Visioning A-NeW(or)LD,
 ■ Mamma Is Feasting On
 Us ■ It Is All Backwards,
 ■ Mad Man Maddening
 Me ■ Bad Bad Backening
 Me Into A Corner, Four
 Corners ■ Cross Roads.

† Enter ANIMA, WILL.
 and the MYRIAD MAL-
 CONTENTS of the
 psyche.

■ Crossing Myself After Meeting With Satan ■ To Burn One And Feeling A Little Bit Better, He Said:

DON-

TYOUKNOWTHEDARK-
NESSCANTWAIT-
FORTHEMORNING-
SHIFTTOTAKEOVER-
MANSOTHRW-
HIMUNDERAJOB-
MANBECAUSEHEN-
EEDSTOLEARN-
MANALITTLEBIT-
ABOUTBEINGGRAY-
MANNEVERNEVERHE-
SAYS:

Won't Learn Can't ■ Bend Two Straight & Narrows ■ Man, Woman & Little Grey Dress, ■ How Do You Weave Together? What Is In The Middle ■ Of Grey?: Asked The Little Grey Dress. ∫∫

■ MANhers HAR HAR HIMportant. ■

A MYRIAD GROUP ■ Of Eyesores Are Sitting Around A Table. Notice Several Jaws Are Resting On The Round, Hard Maple. Two Or Three Hats Are Floating In The Air Changing Colours. ■ What Time Is It?

Softly ■ Slowly ■ A Man's Hat Drifts By On A Draft From The Window, Hitting A Horse-Face Right In La Nez. Horse-Face Is Turned To Gaze Out The Window. Outside One Notices At The Very Tip-Top Of Tippy Timber Sits A Crow. A Standoff.

■ Mah! Haham. Manor Manic Panic. ■

Shifting Positions. Magical Chair; Musical Bodies. Dinosaur Face Says HI TIME TO BE STILL. Snakeskin Shoes Usher A

Crescendo Into The Silence As The Other Guests Go Mad. Ha!Ha! Look At The Flush Faces ■ A Full House! Hamburger Rainbow Meat Hounds Grin And Smoke Like Fireplaces. Horse Meat Is Lost To The Window. ¶ Raven Black Hat Perches Upon The Chandelier. Our Inky Guests Slip Into A Darker Mood And Sprawl Across That Middleman Tableau.

■ Ham ham. Settle down ploys. ■

All The Hats In The Room Halt Their Parade. ■ Hail Patriarch! ■ He Who Brings In The Flesh ■ The Biggest Pig The Diners Had Ever Seen. Le Tableau Is Crushed Under The Weight Of Guilt.

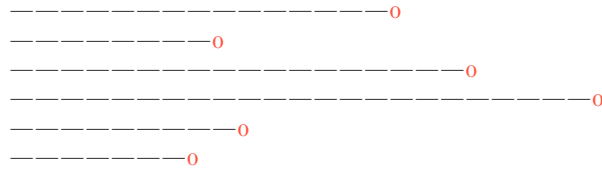
∫ ManHERs Boys. *Har Har* HIMportant. ∫

nn(d)umb
***** ii
x. x
o

smile
written all over the face
the puppet, inscribed as such
by Will & Other GodHeads, numbslouch, gutwrench pair of hands Sharp Like Knives, you know the Pick Me Up Kind, parts of Hash Puppet long to slip through the cracks and are in doing so living a bit more than a moment ago.
Ha
shh
Puppet
is it really
your only mission
to simply
fall apart?

piano sounds
 bliss
 is
 for getting
 (a blow to the mind)
 lackadaisies
 in a mead(ow)
 pynt.ng's of
 fun gal s inging & laugh inging

bloomssspreading
 ssibling—
 s I forge (tingting)
 la[coni(c)(fler]ting)lzily
 in the middle
 of a fayled
 piano sounds



bliss
 piano sounds

Oh Mamma
 Come Home Iwanna
 Tell You 'Bout The
 Drummin', That
 Round
 Sup
 All
 The Hard
 Thoughts
 Inmarch
 ing, The Fire
 Burning
 To The Ground

& That Dnuor Ouy Snrut
 Experience Is And Round
 Not In A Word Pound, Pound,
 Pop Pop Feet On Ground
 We Dance To Light Shining
 Learn To Know, Bodiesound.
 What In Good Is And Lite, Lit
 Really A Steps
 Living
 Operation Depending
 On Small Amounts
 Of Love And
 How They All
 Add Up
 To A Better Good, One
 More Definitive, An
 Ad Hoc Religious Partnership,
 Agreeing Parties Celebrate
 The Healthiest Ill-Defined Feeling,
 Curse It The Morning After Their
 Disadvantage, The Loneliness It Has Caused,
 The Suffering Of Badness That Is But A Necessary
 Evil For The Continuance Of What It Is We All Seek,
 Popopop We Dance, A Masquerade Ball Goodness Gra-
 cious Beauty Sewn By Hands That Learn Lessons Every
 Day, Dancing Fingers, Whisper Unrest Just For Peace And
 Quiet, Rest Under Whispers, Popping Heels, HearBeats,
 Goodness Lives

Under The Dance Floor.

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001111011010101011 universe 0101011111111111
10100111010011010011000101010010001001010011

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#que\$tions - Google
Tells Me Answers
To All The Impotent
Questions All
Other People Have
Asked Before Me.

#onpurity - Fractured
Mind Indefinitely,
Permanent Construction.

#knowledge - Wikiwiki
wikiwikiwikiwikinev
er Again Will We Stare
Blankly In The Face
Of A Problem.

#lowbattery - I Stare
Blankly In The Face
Of A Problem.

#certainty - *xoxoxoxox*
xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxox
xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxox
xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxox †

† enter THE ID,
THE INCOMPREHEN-
SIBLE ONE, also THE
DEVIL.

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IS <TIC>
P I L L—O—(T)] W }
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CLOCK>DRIVEN
MOTH—ER—()F*****,
[PEARL{Y NAUTILUS
(SHELL}SHUCKED)OFF THE]
PRMISSES 2
FLYER(S(AND)AMITY)
FROM WHEN<E
SHE <AME*

*A sad sadistic pilot pillow talking clock driven mother drivenmotherfuckerpromisestoflyhersandfromwhenshecamepromisestoherflyersandamitypromisestoflyherperalynautilusselloffthepremisesshellshuckedmotherfuckerfromwhenceshecame. A sadistic pillow talking, clock driven mother fucker, pearly shell shucked nautilus shells, promises to fly her off the premises, promises flyers and amity & sand, promises to fly her from whence she came.

*this house knows you better than i,
 you who come to eat hearts but no bones. I loved the way you cried, i can see...
 we found each other again & again in the dark. I loved the way you cried out, bitten on the neck by my present teeth, out, out demon!*

... the pattern of our crises, i know, i can't remember the sound of footsteps but I can tell you exactly of the fear i saw in that dreadful pull on a light string hanging in the middle of the room. it was a thursday night mid night when

IN THICKKETS OF
 BRAMBLE BUSHSHSHES
 WANT FOR CONSTANCE
 FINE, CHAOS, MYRIAD SPEARS
 (HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH BIG BRAINS?)
 DUST&WATER BATTLEFIELDS
 REVOLUTION ON THE PRAIRIE
 ALWAYS WISH FOR LOVE, SUNLIGHT
 BROKEN AND CUT, FALLING ON TOES
 RISING FLOOR OF DEADNDUST
 TICKITICKITICKIT SNAP SMARTS,
 WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WERE
 CRUSHED BY SLEEPING BUFFALO O CHILD
 OFIRE, FINE CHAOS, LITTLE FAGOT, DO YOU
 EVEN MIND BEING FORGOTTEN?

■ Do You Want
Allegory?
I Have None.

■ Do You Want
A Confession?
I Have None ■ But ■
YO, Man. Check This Out: A Shrunken
Headude... Yeah! I Can't Give It To You,
Bra, Istill Attached.

■ You Want Conversation?
I Have All Sides.

■ D'you Wane
More, More Bro?
I Had None, Anyway.

■ What?
■ You Have Criteria? Me Too.

■ Standards?
I Hold None.

You Fucking Cunt Who Sent You Here?

■ You Want A Fight?
I Have A Little. None For You. I Keep It For Myself.

■ Flight, Then? *Gun To Eyeball*

My Buckshot Will Be Yours. We Will Fly.

Rubbers *Gun* Shots Are Meant To Be Fired.

I Can't Possibly Keep Them In. I Will Relax.

Mineye Tells Me You Don't Buy Questions.

Imagine You Are Me...

■ Do You Want Allegory?
■ Do You Want Buckshot?
■ Do You Want Conversation?

Rifle Through Memories

■ How Many Nights Have I Wrestled Away My
Aloneness From You?

■ Do You Want Purpose?

...

■ Do You Want A Confession?
I Have Incomprehension.

Yes! I Do. Understand?
A Miracle, Yes.

They Are Not Mine But I Will Sell Them To You.

Rifle Through Memories

Hark! A SUPER EGO
sonic boom; a win-
drush unbelievable.
TIME and SPACE have
come to some sort of
agreement. The cele-
bration is brief &
invisible.

MOUNTAINHEAD
 Looming ■ In
 The Distance .
 Herr E e ■ Up Scurryyyup
 Ladder Song ■ Truck-
 upupup Buddies ■ (all
 my poems are about the
 same thing) ■ (nothing)
 ■ Daring Darling Heights
 ■ Sweet Sweeping Land-
 ings ■ Missing Ground, ■
 Trip ■ Floating HELium ■
 Balloon Dreaming ■ {W3
 visit me every morning
 now ■ with gifts & HELL,
 ■ not hesitating, ■ tell me
 of all the places I may go
 ■ lest i forget the prom-
 ises ■ i made & make &
 make.} ■ & Trip ■ Round
 Corners, The ■ Madder-
 horn Is A Crimson Pile Of
 ■ Noiseless Mushroom ■
 Clouded Hillside ■ Deeply
 Inclined Towards *la resist-*
ance: ■ These Mountain
 Villages Are Made For Us
 Xombies, ■ E'en Though
 None Can Live There ■
 E'en Thoughts Af■Fit Fit

Fit Clausa Rapture ■ In
 Da Mine. Souls Pouring
 Out. ¶ Sky Walking. ¶ Ii
 Have Returned. W3 Walk
 ■ Among The Bloody
 Trees, ■ W3 Look For
 The Seeds That Once ■ et
 Will, ■ grow grow grow, ■
 bRusting his forehead first,
 Then, ■ Witnesses, ■ The
 Arrogant ■ Madderhorn
 Loom Above ■ His Eyes &
 That ■ Fleшы Great Sky
 Orgasm ■ Goes fit fit, ft
 ft (don't run) ■ (please) ■
 Ho Hi! ¶ Darlings ■ W3
 Have Found The Nausea ■
 And It Is Big & Ugly, ■ As
 HE Told Us It Would Be, ■
 Yessss Yes E'en ■ We All
 Know The Autumn ■ Is A
 Beautifall, ■ ShHshShall
 W3 ■ Shoulder This Place,
 ■ ?Gad!? The Wyrm-
 wood Is Disgusting! ■
 Look Here, ■ E'en, They
 Harken To The Will Call,
 ■ YESSSSSS, YESSS (said the
 serpent) ¶ HE Has Landed
 ■ In The Underwood And

Brought With Him ■ ALL
 WHO WOOD LISTEN.

∫ (& MUSEic) ∫

T H E (K)
 NIGHT *re*
cedes.
 E x i t
 a l l
 and enter
 E'EN,

THE

3

G

O



RECOVERING ■ from the ten thousand things ■ is a long and thoughtless road. ■ when you get to the ■ bottom of everything ■ you'll discover that ten grand in a human mind approaches infinity ■ in a way that can only go up. ■ MINEDIGGER remember that moment when you shut your eyes hard enough to grow indiglow trees? ■ this time ■ find shutters open wide, pupils ■ like holes in nuggets of ochre ■ taking in pulsars thousands at a time ■ (whale shark bellows and swallows a city of shrimp) ■ a universe of trumpet fanfare ■ for doom and for failure at the ■ UN ■ president rates the fate of her ■ economy as fair to highly unpredictable. ■ at the bottom ■ of the sea ■ this time ■ find a single chest with nine padlocks, ■ one key holds back the secrets

■ of one man and hints at the spectre ■ of a nation. ■ under the weight of ■ the water, tunnel, tunnel, ■ boring holes in a wall ■ scars of war ■ vertebrae cracking like piano ■ keys left to the sun, crushing ■ hands squeeze mayan blue from ■ leaves over a campfire, bridging ■ earth to sickness, ■ health to gods, ■ and immortal cancer, ■ the undying flame in all of us, ■ re-inventing us, ■ recover ■ your eyes. ■ Wake. √√

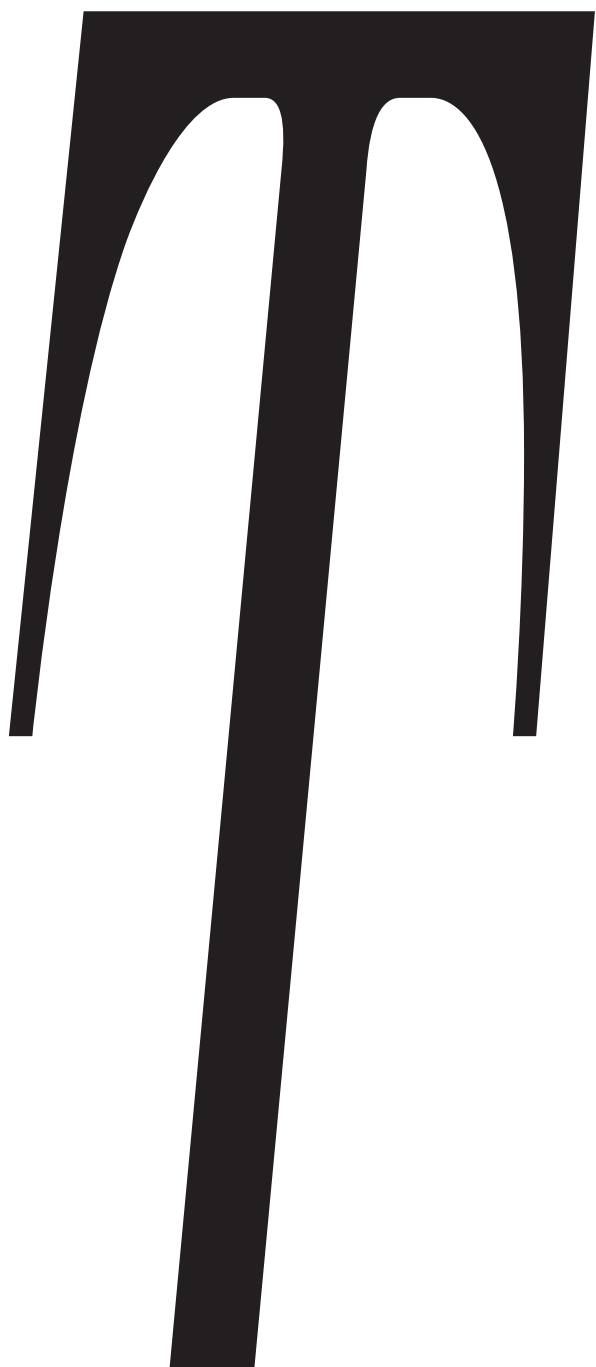
TOO MUCH SLEEP ■ hits the mind ■ like too much ■ sympathy at a time ■ when you could care less. ■ do you believe in apathy? ■ or death? ■ do you believe in repetition? ■ or just getting closer ■ to more than yourself? ■ or ■ does sleep, in fact kill you ■ just enough ■ to scare the life into you? ■ does your skin crawl after midnight too, ■ or is it just me? ■

like a WHISPERWOLF i blow out the light ■ so I can gorge myself on my own ■ short comings & tie ropes ■ around the necks of my scarecrow selves & pull ■ fistfuls of pity from their heads ■ and build sculptures with arrogant purpose, ■ build castles of guilt, ■ make war upon my ideal life, crash ■ bang booze and friends make it stop, stop ■ the flood, it comes, sandbang me, there is something ■ coming, don't panic there is nothing i can do, ■ don't move either ■ no spot is better than this ■ freedom ■ is a cell ■ no mind ■ burning•breaking•dividing into ■ two ■ how beautiful was all the time between two? ■ sickening abstractions! it will never be seen, ■ dare we make good of such pain? ■ does that destroy its purpose? ■ what did breaking in half feel like? ■ did it feel like falling? ■ did it feel like

È'EN, finally awake, moves again. He seeks WILL. WILL awaits and has left for HIM the letter by which he shall be delivered.

all the un-answered questions ■ w3 can think of? √√

È'EN IN TRANSIT ■ ION i c that promise i made ■ thrice with the hurricane maker wasn't a jokinin ■ he he ■ is tailing me now a c r o ■ SS the world wide world ■ the gamblegad ■ still, ■ yes È'en still, ■ hangs about. I ■ conjured HIM collect ■ in company of the blind & the blind & he hit me back ■ on the bus, ■ three days later. ■ hail! a carved face ■ regarded my rolling hands as he told me he had ■ been building houses ■ in EDMONTON & had ■ quit smoking: ■ he only rolled fat cannons now and now kept it to three tubes a day. ■ thank gad ■ he got off @ TO ... morrow's destination. ■ w3 are acquainted, however, ■ he choses to spend more time ■ chatting with that girl at the back ■ who is not yet pregnant. ■ the bus cruises on past the MEMORY EXPRESS MOTEL. √√



CHAPTER III:

RETOURNE



CHAPTER III: MTL

DO YOU ■ remember
 the day before ■
 when you ■ felt
 like you had never ■
 ever ever ■ been able to
 remember ■ what really
 ■ made you do what you
 ■ told your ■ self you
 ought not surrender to:
 ■ that love ■ you knew,
 you often wish, ■ big
 sky: ■ could you help me
 ■ forget her? ¶ do you?

■ remember that? ■ the
 way that no-one ■ talked
 back, the way that ■
 everything was ■ alright
 because otherwise, ■
 death, love, ■ was the
 only cure. ∫∫

We find JACK (also E'EN, THE
 EGO, formerly THE (K)NIGHT)
 staring out windows in la belle
 province. He is trying to remem-
 ber what he wanted to write; to
 WILL. Our hero has travelled far
 and must send backwards words.

Run, run,

ceaseless be-header. You play mind games, you know this and that, you have read enough books OK, OK? Write back shortly, when you feel like it, trust your anger darling. Man-eating is not a profession, I KNOW, You just gotta do it.

We'll make it up as we go along, guillotine geist, if its OK with you I will start pre-mincing the words for your ÜbërPalette.

GABA GABBA supplement-chewchewchew, re-taste. Yum, TANxiety, young one, do you still loose head(s)? Brother bother, why crawls your skin?

Away, away with theeee, the sky is blue today; we have no use for you. Steal onward on 4s:2s, symmetry is attractive on screen but:

∫ (TODAY ON THE STREET THERE WAS A MAN WHO'S EYE HAD FALLEN OUT OF HIS HEAD AND INTO HIS HAND.

no-one stopped to help him-all look on curious to see what would be his next move.

PEOPLE CAN BE SO KIND. SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD IS ROOTING FOR YOU THO NOTHING HAS CHANGED.

they all looked on frightened, thinking there was possibly no one in the vicinity who knew what to do.

DO YOU REMEMBER BEING YOUNG AND OUT OF YOUR HEAD AND BLEEDING AND NOT CARING WHO KNEW?

all were struck with certainty that their memory had failed them in the past.

TODAY ON THE STREET THERE WAS A MAN WITH HIS EYE OUT. I NOTICED HIS KNUCKLES WERE WHITE FROM

no-one touching anybody - wishes become traces of become memories become notions become hints become dreams BECOMING REAL.

THINGS HAPPEN FOR MEN
AND WOMEN WITH
DIFFICULTIES. WE
MUST HOPE.) ∫

THISHIT IS RATHER DIS CONCERTING, 'irl'. Did you see that?, man, he looks flat. Bukowski was a victory, not his life. Very trublin', oui, w3 know Him well.

All this Kan't will not stop you, I knowin', Head Turner, start all your songs with a crushing motion / fwom!, smoke rises / keep on runnin' boy, OK, OK?

Sincerely,



JACK finishes HIS OWN
LETTER, contemplates
it and then eats it.

*hug me mamma
there is a ghost
in every room.*

*say bon
nuit on fire
escapes to*

*open windows w/
cameras emerging
& biting cold*

*winds of MTL
blowin'. Inside
on hard wood*

*floors the plaster
walls they ask
me if I*

*means all of us
now. Ha ha,
ha ha.*

Then, JACK types
a LETTER TO HOME,
decides against it,
crumbles, throws
in garbage. First
attempt.

*all my friends
are sleeping
and i am.*

*eh-mama has
belief sin seraphim
and how*

*they came
to her by
accident.*

*she has
never read
Jung but*

*she said
they came to her
as he said*

*they would.
little fat
faces grace*

*her dreaming
and poke out
her eyes*

*like
golden
w!!-*

Second attempt -
dashes off. Crum-
bles. Full of garbage.
No goodbies. Second
attempt.

*PANicrack! Don't Worry.
Last night we killed
two birds with one
fortune cookie.*

*Neighbour girl
went 'round & 'round;
as if cameras had been
placed in every room.*

*We were both
out of our heads but
she trusted me and at least
I was there on purpose.*

*"Everything is so...
she says... perfect /
there are cameras
everywhere / where*

*does that window go?
O god, neighbour, but
where? but where? Eve
ry thing is in place*

*but something is dread
fully wrong. See these
sentences... from above.
Are you in on this?"*

*Hellololo? Do you
read me? I tell you she
was you or I and you
in me and me and you*

*alltogether, yes, now she
is one again but last
night she also broke in
two. I opened*

*a fortune cookie
for us (she recounted,
fever dreaming) and I
ate half to show*

*her that the
poison was in her
head as I read:*

*"Vous n'hésitez jamais à vous
attaquer aux problèmes les
plus compliqués."*

Third time is a
charmer.

JACK has always been
made of HOM(M)E
LETTERS. He decides
to keep writing. HON-
ESTY IS KEY. He plun-
ges inward.

*I sense rivers
of decadance; deceit.
I don't trust my
thoughts enough
to keep them in order.*

*The Knock Turne
descends. Arpeggio
thoughts are scrawled
across canvas as*

*painted doves
in a mirror. Liberty and
her son, Democracy,
fall, fall.*

*Resounding.
Chimney smoke
means fire somewhere
else. The city is on fire.*

*The manic city needs
spinning; more history.
Home is so far removed,
like a fortune cookie.*

*I met
Johnny Panic in
the manic park
of midnight,*

*last night. Can't
shake him & he
stole all
of my cigarettes.*

STOP. †

† JACK falls asleep.
Enter ANIMA, SUPERGO,
ID, et al.

What A
Beautiful
Mess Are The
Massive Changes
Chemical Polemical
Testicle Receptacle
Medical Unacceptable
Where Have Me Behaviours
Gone? ■ A Coming Of Age Tail
Is Growing Out My Ass. ■ A Trail
Of Midwives And Antibirth, What Was
Myself Juices Across The Floor And Up
The Walls ■ Welcome, To The Slink Tank.
Carrion
Kids Of My
Time Abroad Plz
Lay Her(e) Down
By The Fire We Made.
Heavenly Receptacle Who
Bade You Save The Ungrateful,
The Bold And Unsaveable ■ Magpies
Crowd The Fringes Of Our Settlement,
Close Your Hearts And Pray, Pray! For Rain!
Give Me
Strength, Wet
Messenger, There
Are Mouths To Feed
And Bums To Kiss ■ Teach Me
The Words That Will Make Great
Pictures, Tell Me Of The Secret Groves
Where I May Plant My Seeds And They Will
Sweely Grow. Squack! Groan! The Mutants In Fear Of Coming
Snow ■ Mountains Move Around Us Slow ■ Forest Shakes And
Thickets Moan ■ The Wood Makes Music For The Wicked And
Alone ■ See The Inside Is Now Out, Like A Willow I Scrape The
Window Of My Slink Tank In Dark & All Encompassing Night.

■ ICANFEELTHEEYES, YOU'REYES,
 OVER&OVER&OVER,
 UNDERTHESUNUNDERMY
 NEIGHBOURSKINUNDER
 THESPELLOFAFOOLSGOLDKIND
 OFLOVE.DONTSPEAK,FRIEND,
 ITSTOOLATE,FRIEND,IVEBEEN
 CHEWEDOUTENOUGHTIMESFOR
 ALLYOURALLNIGHTWALLCLIMBING ■

...For The Light, Galatea! Hurrah! Ghost, You
 Have No Name ■ Truth ■ But You Always Come When
 I Call You, Oldevil! & Beautiful
 Lich Glue, you&I Stick Anything Together Until
 Death And Then Some. I Can't Even Talk About You Two
 Either 'Cause Neither Of You Are either
 Anymore, Unless! Unless I Summon You,
 But

Who
 Will Come?

In The Evening, Then,
 Behind The Blinds
 In The Morning, Then Again,
 Under High Moon ■ Sun
 I Called & Called
 And No-One Came But
 Your Sister. All She
 Did Was Look At Me Until
 It Was Me Who Had To Leave. It's
 Been A Long Time Since
 I've Been To The Crossroads,
 But I Figure It's High
 Time W3
 Try Again.

Prrepotitions
 rapi(down)tation
 notation ofREEZING
 times fridg ID sustenances
 Always FOUR FULL HANDS HOLDING
 BACK THE Tedium of
 What Life Really Ends Up
 BEING A GOOD TIMEVEN
 Though you didn't expect
 him. RAPIDOWN with your
 eyes, Pleasant! RED, YELLOW & BLUE!
 ▲ myriad - all the mixabilities
 of life & JACK! Trades his soul
 For Some Of All, a
 piece of mind, A GOOD TRADE
 for INFINITY, BUT look
 AWAY HERE IT COMES.
 ■ standing there ■
 Behind The Doorway, Staring At
 Your DownTown Face Like It Is
 THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU,
 Look Up Now And It's All
 RUINS, GONE AWAY TO A
 Better Place, Gone To W(her)-
 Alls, The Colour Went All
 Over The Walls, All The Colours Of
 Life ■ Red And Green And All
 The Other Colours We
 CAN't See YET, READ About Them
 But That Is Enough.
 Everything is a memory
 Everything is a memory
 Everything is a memory.

THERE IS A WHOLOT
 OF UNCERTAINTY IN THESE PARTS
 OF MY BRAINURNING ME A LOT
 LESS AMBITION & EVEN LESS MONEY &
 A PLACE IN A CLOSET SOMEWHERE
 AMONG THE COCKROACHES

& the chicken-eyed chess pieces dance
 aroundaroundaround
 sweeping the streets with
 their mother's dresses
 anddownanddownanddown
 they do away with the strange

HOW IN THE WORLD IS
 ONE SUPPOSED TO BEARN SUMONEY
 WHEN LIFE IS ALWAYS HAPPENING
 LESS & EVEN LESS?
 IN A PLACE WHERE WE DREAM IN CLOSETS
 AMONG MOTH BALLS RESTING

& the split face superman goes
 roundaroundaround
 sweeping the streets with
 his fathers glasses
 andnowandnowandnow
 the wide-eyed cheerleeders change

DO YOU WANNABE A PROSTITUTE?
 GOOD LUCK WILLING OTHERWISE
 YOU'LL FAIL ANDARNIT ALOT
 LESS & EVEN LESS TIME
 TO BE HOLED UP IN A CLOSET
 AMONG YOUR DREAMS.

have you noticed
 thoseeee
 raven black feet your eyes
 have been growing?
 i see a funeral
 in the back of
 your he ad
 love i see
 the old woman, man & child
 all at once they wait in line
 and gaze out your windows
 at your kettle black
 gloomy night & broken finger
 wings beaten that grew nevermore
 ,bruised because
 all things unwind with time &
 l i still believe i'll live
 l to see you u n furl
 t t
 h i
 i m
 n e
 g w
 s i
 l
 l
 g
 r
 o
 w

*torn paper
lineslits along
the outside thorns
in thiside, thinside of
her all ready to be thinable
nimble thoughts nibble away
at her insides, at her thin
side is way too heavy for
that wear weighweigh
away from sanity &
any day day now
its all gonna break,
it'sa gun na bee
the end of the
theinside
of her
heart
& her will*

*l
l
a
l
w
a
y
s
r
e
m
e
m
burr
that.*

BECOMES
A SMALL
MONSTER †

† the anima projec-
tion remembers Gala-
tea. Galatea exists
as she always didn't
really.

The Cigarette
Burns On My
Sheets Are
Little Victories,
I Said,
You Made Them
For Me Before
I Knew You,
I Pray,
The Rosary
You Left Had
Scissors On It,
I Thought,
What A
Beautiful Trail,
I Laughed,
Where Are You
Now My Never
Never Bride With
Cascading Hair,
Where Are You Now?
I Asked,
And She Said,
You Block Out
The Light That
Makes Us Go
Outside,
She Wondered,
Will That
Battle Ever End
In You?,
She Laughed,
And Said, Agn,
Will You Let
Me Be A Battle? Will
You Let Me Be
A Battle?

(I / WILL)

Devil, Me! O MY TemptressUS
 Allone I Love
 The Grayness Of Your
 Black & White Whirled
 Kindreading Soul, At Least
 You Noticed Love And How
 You Had Your Foot In
 Halfway Out The Door,
 You Saw It As A Problem
 But I Saw Myself In A Door,
 Holding Your Hand
 In All Choices W3 Made
 The Stuff Of Dreams
 Just Over The Horizon &
 Not Really Even There
 Just A Feeling, Still
 And Red, A Pinprickle Down
 Your Legs, Colouring
 Your Eyes, Horns
 & All Arms With Bells
 Renounce More New Same Old
 Rivals, dREAMS Of Us! All Devils
 Kneeling Infront Of Us
 Each One Is You
 Each One Is You
 Back To Back
 We Stand, Less We
 Meet Eyes Again
 & Ruin Our
 Black&White
 Whirling, Our
 Coincidentia Oppositorum,
 TempestUS.

Look CHILDREN! Wit-
 ness the FOREVER
 UNRAVELLING SYNTHES-
 SIS. Quiet now, she
 falls.

& th0 the cura-ten,ten
 fall over myeyeyes,
 g{ears}ears hear
 click, click, click,
 violin bows - come on
 BREAK, Damn You! Break!
 Bowyer, DELICACY is For
 Fools, RICH•ich•ich•itching:
 People with TIME, Who Know
 How To Use It. Ich! Ich! Need
 Them, to play so hard it
 all breaks / makes better? Aye,
 Western Witch, Modern Maiden, Allow
 Me to strip you, Write you new
 codes, UnRAVEL your mind - DisEASE
 you - H?H.H.hhhhhh/A\\! THATS
 BETTER ISN'TIT?!? Chaos is
 the New Primary Condition
 Of Reality, If I could
 Make It Flowery For You
 I Would But That Would
 Be Very Twi2ted & Sad.

SALO HAYL ■ MAN
GUT ReADy 4a
■ Moind VomIT-
BETA RE ■ MIND U OF
RyeIdin-din ■ the Fair-iss
Wheel ■ in the land. Turn,
Turn, ■ KnockTurne Your-
self ■ Inside Out Because
■ It Is Your Responsibility
■ To Do As Such ■ if
you don't hold yourself ■
to that you will go ■ on
and keep over-paying ■
for everything: You ■
Will BEcome A Bank:
■ The Royal Commi-
sionaryish ■ Patron Of
the Rest Of Us ■ Who
Have Eyes For Prizes: ■
None of Us can escape
the ■ Wheel: U Know
Dataright? ¶ I KNOW ¶
NADADADA BUT WE,
■ I DONAUGHT, EVEN
THAT, ■ BUh... Can we
Really ■ Turn us off That
Easy? ■ Did You Just See
that? ■ I would never pay
■ to see it but ■ Gad Damn
I would ■ Like a Picture:

■ A Seascape ■ O-FYI
Wayv, Wayv too Much
■ Information. HAYL on
the ■ Water, I Sees an
■ opportunity At Every
Crest ■ An Idea, Glorious,
■ Adventurous, Danger-
ous: ■ Let Us Never Sail
Again. ■ Hayyyyyl, they
say, How ■ How How Hwo
Woh woh woh! ■ WhoooH
¶ Will Bring Us Bananas?
Won't W3 ■ Be Missing
the Big Fight? ■ How Will
We Sail Our Cameras To
Ourselves? ■ Where Will
W3 Go? ¶¶

AS IT YEARNs OUT ■
of me ■ tiny grasp-
ing hands ■ turn
up fire upon waking trees
■ across mountain ranges,
prairie wildfire ■ painless
- we're all children ■ of
tragedy ■ followers ■ of
our last great episode ■
NnnTWitCH none-the-
less tick ■ nnntick ■ Old
Machines ■ Eventually

The KNOCKTURNE is
climaxing. Quiet.

Fall ■ Eventually ■ Spring
Free ■ A Tragedy, Again,
■ We Talked About This
Honey, ■ You Know Me
Better Than That. ¶
nnnnnnTckin the middle
of the ■ knight's life he
■ realized he served no
King ■ I assured him ■
assuaged the old clinker
■ the little prison he wore
■ on his back ■ finally,
finally ■ it yearns out
that he was ■ partial
to the Queen anyway ■
would go anywhere, do
anything, ■ go allways
along without realizing ■
nnnclink rachut clank he
felled ■ a down-poor rat,
a slimy face ■ he thought
he ought to remember ■
the kinnnnnng. ■ Guilty,
Was The Verdict ■ Under
Gad. ¶ Olde manchine
walkin' *clink**clinker*
■ He Was A Deadman ■
He Always Knew It, ■ He
Was A Waiter & Often
Just Sat ■ Back To Enjoy

The Heat, A Henchman
■ Under The Sun ■ The
Greatest Lover Of Tra-
gedy ■ Witness To It All
■ Walking Over Mountains
■ Dissolving All The Little
■ Ntwitching Honey Bees
Buzzing ■ Over Mountains
■ Lapping Up The Life
There ■ A Big Burning
Soup. ■ The Sun ■ Loves
Everyone ¶¶

GIVE ME MORE ■
Grizzly Baron! ■
Give Me All Your
Spirit, ■ Headless Night
■ Dancing In Heat In
Rainbows, ■ Find Solace
In ■ Her Element Only, ■
Will, ■ We Are Seekers,
Robbers, & ■ River-Bank
Marauders! ■ Steel Her,
Cast Her In BraunZ, ■
Use Your Muscles, You
Heathen! ¶ Grizzly Baron,
■ The Hairs on your Holi-
day Neck! ■ They Have
Risen! ■ Write Fast, ■
Hard Worker Bee ■ Will:

You Take Me Dancing
 ■ On All Your Favourite Flowers ■ Behold Me
 Tight And Squeeze ■ My Juices Upon Roses, ■
 Make Them Wither Into Bygone Beauty! ■ Stick
 Them Up On The Wall ■ On Repeat ■ InfoCycle Fal-
 lacy, Will ■ Bring Them Back Around ■ To Beauty
 & Truth ■ Will ■ Find Us, Preach Your Doubt ■ On
 The Ground Please, ■ Tell Me About The First
 ■ Nations You And I Know Nothings ■ About Any-
 thing, ■ Especially Them, ■ And Grizzly ■ Baron,
 Will, Bring It ■ To Life Anyway, Summon ■ Gut-
 less & Guilty Sermons ■ From Teenage Lips, ■ Let
 Them Knock Down Their Parent's Walls, ■ & Give
 Us More Grizzly Baron, ■ They ■ Will Say ■ You
 Two ■ Know-Nothing! ■ Hold Your Tongues ¶
 Every Sunday Is A ■

Circus, Will, ■ They Know It Well, ■ Who Needs To
 Travel When You Can ■ Keep Your Freaks In
 Stained Glass! Ha! I Am ■ Jealous, Will, Maybe
 ■ Enough To Call You ■ A Lifetime, Save Me ■
 From Us & Them, ■ Pull Out My Spirits, ■ If You
 Really Be Will And True, ■ Squeeze My Juices Into
 Paper Lookglasses ■ & PAX Betwixt Us. ¶¶

GAD, WILL'N ■ some shepherds
 ■ go racing past this moaning post,
 ■ the office of hallways. ■ There is, perhaps, one
 room somewhere ■ in the middle, ■ THE BUREAU OF
 BROKEN RECORDS, ■ the place nobody goes looking
 for anymore.

E'en, Gad n'Will f'all ■ given up trying for now.
 ■ Go'n, dear friends, in

Be quiet.

your great ellipses, ■ mark the place where you found
 him ■ the dead centre, ■ the division of agency ■
 the place ere now ■ you could reach but now the
 branches are too thick.


Witnesses, the piano bench ■ by the door of that place
 ■ has not been sat upon in years. ■ Some traffickers
 brought it there, fer'Gad ■ i't'was a blessed thing,
 you see, ■ the player who lost it thought better ■ on
 his feet and on that Gad n'Will could rest.

You see, by-and-by, some rogue Gad'n'her friend ■
 would come along, witness-this, ■ and turn ■ that
 seat into a bed for seeds. ■ Gad Willn'nobody noticed,
 ■ having established their own routes elsewhere by
 now. ■ E'en the clerk ■ inside that now bedeviled
 office ■ paid no tensions to her in-her jest.

Now, that being E'en establish inside this court
 here of which we speak, ■ THE COURT OF HIGH REPE-
 TITION, ■ now, take notice ■ of no events going on
 outside the house, 'fore ■ it was once in the centre
 of that maddnin' ■ & grownin' labyrinth ■ (and
 their takin' no notice of outside) ■ the we be'in
 here today to discust.

E'en in dreams, E'en pictures ■ in them ■ we see
 the vagrancy of the place. Witness, the formless,
 shifting, and gaping portals ■ of that erroneous
 house ■ rampart fortification leads only to a solid-
 ification ■ of the inner doubt, and Gad n'Will ■
 orbiting uselessly around an old haunt. ■ Tell me,
 ladies and gentlemen of the court:

¶ Who will water that rogue's garden? ¶


 UT OF ONE ■ Of
 Gad's Finest
 Apples ■ Crawls
 The Gloriworm, ■ Her
 Umbilical Chord Delighting
 in Grave Living, ■ Build-
 ing Passageways ■ Blind,
 Toothless Messenger ■
 Anticapitalizing Sor■Rows
 And Rows Of Our Finest.
 ■ Sweet Devil Tube, ■ Do
 You Know Of Difference ■
 Or Anything 'Tall?

If I Could Look You In The
 Mouth, ■ What Would I
 See? ■ The Colours Of The
 Occult? ■ Sepia, Darling
 Brown, And Other Divine
 Juices? ■ Or How, About ■
 After Death Bed You Just
 ■ Worm & Roll & Slink
 About ■ Coffins Waiting ■
 Preparing Your Own Kind
 Of Bed?

If I Looked You In The
 Mouth, ■ Would I See ■
 My Own Children? ■ Grow-
 ing Weeds, ■ Little Yellow

Flowers, Strewn Across A
 Hillside? ■ Do You Remem-
 ber Them, ■ Pulling Out
 All The Stories You Made,
 ■ Cutting The Tops Off Of
 Your Towers, ■ And Sing-
 ing All The While?

Little Unbiblical Beastie, ■
 Do You Swim Among The
 Dead ■ Or Almost Alive?
 ■ Do I Mistake You? ■ Do
 You Laugh At Me In My
 Black And White Robes?
 ■ Are You What You Eat?
 ■ Am Ii ALLready To Be
 Dead Like You? ■ Will ■
 You Know Me One Day?

I Feel You Even Now, ■
 Digging Dugouts Inside
 My Head, Chewing My
 Skin ■ All Green And Red,
 ■ Eating Away My Carpet
 And Rug ■ Goodbye ■ Little
 Home Of Mine ■ Hello ■
 Stone, Brick And Mortar
 Of Lime. ■ Little Beastie
 Hold Off ■ For Now! ■ Be
 Still, ■ Give Me Time! ∫∫

Waita-! Cue
 the storm^bum_mud
 dilinqueDumb.. CRACK
 a stroke of lightning
 | | | | | | |
 time paysses wigiwigi
 n'radio earworms
 n'revolution bitebitebite.

Why'n'Buy The Bay Ought I Not
 Lead'n You On? Bossay I Gotta
 Just Have Confidence But I REALLY
 Just Wanna Show You Dei Gears Behind
 Meyeyes. Shamery, Who sAe Data.
 Sulpher Me This One Pint ■ Dadasabbath
 Bayback Time ■ Calmly Notice Now That The Crisis Is
 Already In The Papers. Notice ■ PreOccupation
 Take In Place ■ Turn It Out, Instore.
 MainlineNewSings A Good-Natured Accident
 Bite Only Whensits Nonsense
 Be/Cause Confusciasits With A Bellyfull
 Of Gay Waiting To Be Thrown Up And Martyrd
 SoHoLDon We Don't Need Riots We Need
 Poetry, Numigation And Spirit, Not Gawd-yy
 yyyikes Don Speak Too Loud! Lordy.
 ptptptpitputpoutdevout
 Less Time To standingunder
 the VeritaBELLLe, theaseilly ewld
 ideas - truBeaut has Succeeded
 Only In Rapepeping & deConstrucTIN
 (na/nur)Ture
 Into Commodalong Wittme
 NnNnnnd Fined aNu
 Noting, Live aNu. CRik
 Crux.

Wait. Wha-

What SOUL experientialist
 is my PATH fr OHM thur. point
 me plz towards a symphony
 of MEMEing and TRUances.
 CAN ■ I contain the thousand
 cages of a book? MONdey, MONdey,
 drop the hundredletterword you
 built over the weekend:
 TRAINWRECK into the nexDoneT
 B aSHAM. ShOOt Volumes InTrench
 We Have Forgotten Dear Lord! We
 Have Almost ForGedden the ***
 to end all *** - Tell me MonET
 was Nothing - KEEP the PoeTree
 DEAD DON ChuChuChu See? Spin
 Your Mechanics, we Must Race
 Utterlywise MonEY Will Have no
 Means to our End. SPIN, Class!
 Keep the Abstractions flying Abound,
 DON CHU SEE I KNOW YOU DO, ChugaChuga,
 Abstracted GrapeVine, Ain't no Metaphors
 needed anymore just POINTS to a LINE
 and WE'LL TAKE IT. O Boy, Here We Go:
 eaccheckackackdaywegonnaspenditogetherbadda
 baddabuddaywegonnamakelawvnotwarsweknowwhat
 lawviswedowedowedowedowedowedowedowedo?
 CRASH/MONDAY ■ Ho!THAT SUCKED. WHODO MAGIeN
 THANIMAL WAS JUST UNDATHA
 ■ Skincoming transmission ■
 "Please Ignore This Message ■ Burn after
 reading the Truth ■ Especially if you bought it*Over-
 DoubtFireLikeMusicBestWhenServed Screaming
 and Everyone is Smiling ■ Hot Water Lobster ■ We
 Must Wage War On Something, even if it is OurSalive-
 Ations Nation! Keep Listening in-case Something
 Actually Happens And we Need Your MonetCHUCHUCHU-
 HOE-BY GAD ITS thurDAY of Reckoning Banish this
 Numine for Three Days On Now, Repent, Rinse, Repeat.
 101010110100110110001010101101010101301101011:
 blackablackawhitedoesntmakegre(y)atitmakesNOISE:

Off goes Fire Alarm.
 Don't you like the Sound
 Of Birds in the Morning?
 There are no birds in this city.
 There is no sky.
 I saw the moon yesterday.
 It was beautiful.
 My head is ringing.
 How do you turn this thing off?
 La, la, la.
 Kiss the ground with it.
 I'm going on a meditation retreat.
 I'm going to the Rocky Mountains.
 Kiss the ground at their feet.
 Precious friend of mine,
 You have been watching too many films.
 I bow low.
 I told you, you can have my cigarettes
 forever and ever - sign here.
 I scribble scrabble all day long.
 I smell burning fat.
 You should spend more time outside.

Off goes Fire Alarm.
 HaHa! Success.
 Batteries strewn across the floor.
 Piles of them. They huddle together
 like ripped CDs - like mercy, like -
 Ha!Ha!Ha!
 I have seen birds, you know.
 There are too many cats here for that,
 Don't Be Silly.
 Serious, Grandson.
 Sign here please.
 Scribble scrabble, all day long.

I bow low,
 I smell burning fat.
 Today is a new day.
 I should go outside.
 There is no sky.
 I will kiss the ground.
 There is no sky.
 The moon is at your feet.

Off Goes Fire Alarm.

IT'S BEEN A WHILE, ■
 friend, ■ since you
 have returned ■ to me
 in these dreamscapes, ■
 in daylight i dream of you
 ■ always ■ without know-
 ing it. ■ i scream for you
 ■ in my headanxious fits ■
 grasping hands grow ■ like
 timelapse nature photog-
 raphy ■ from my ridiculous
 head: ungrounded ■ officious
 monuments ■ to the things
 that went by and i couldn't
 stop ■ to enjoy no matter
 how hard ■ i tried i always
 saw ■ the grey matter at
 hand ■ with gleeeeeeeeeee ■
 and glory in my heart ■ i dug
 it all, ■ and one day found
 myself ■ in so deep that the
 ground on which i stood was
 getting hot. ■ i lit ten thou-
 sand cigarettes with that
 heat. ■ i wiggled my toes in
 the dirt, ■ barefoot stomp ■
 and singing for company: ■ a
 company of ghosts, ■ all my
 women ■ all the little homes
 ■ we built up and ran from
 ■ i found myself ■ trudging
 through that ghost town in
 my head. ■ one tower stands
 above the rest ■ why? ■ why
 did i labour at the surface, ■
 at the top of it, ■ for so long?
 ■ it sits abandoned now for
 years, ■ (forget my wander-
 ing in and owni-) ■ (yet...)
 ■ do i own it still? ■ did i
 build the foundation strong
 enough? ■ where has the
 sky gone? ■ if i climbed up
 there to begin again ■ howl-
 ing winds howling ■ could
 i reach the ceiling? ■ could
 i, ■ so small and lonely,
 ■ could i touch the dark
 firmament? ■ would i cry, if
 i could? ¶ do you remember
 all the floors ■ we sat upon,
 drinking red wine ■ and
 other thingsoullul ■ 'elixir!!
 and licksherrrr ■ yessah ■
 we did that a lot. ■ talking
 ■ to ourselves, ■ E'en Now.
 ■ We Used To Shape Up
 And Up ■ With No Cares ■
 And Now We Are Still, ■ No
 Cares But Better Friends ■

Always ■ Better Than None
■ We Have Always Been A
Humble Person. ¶ For That
Reason I Call Out, ■ From
My Lonely Tower, ■ Call
For Everyone ■ In Hopes
Of Reaching You ■ You
Who I Have Yet To Know,
■ You Who I Have Known
Before ■ And May Yet Know
Again, ■ You Who Care Not
To Know Me ■ But Can't
Help It Anymore, ■ You
Who Cry To Nobody ■ And
Get Me, ■ You Who Knew
Better. ¶ We Knew Eacho-
ther Before W3 Met, ■ It Is
Obvious Now, ■ You And
Me, ■ W3 Are Everybody,
■ You See, I Am Blind ■ But
To You, ■ I Am The Cap-
tain Of A Damned Vessel, ■
Damned To These Heights,
■ The Crest Of A Wave:
■ It's Time We All Come
Crashing Down: ■ Don't Be
Afraid Because This Little
Life ■ Is Only A Poem ■ And
We'll Come Out The Other
Side ■ Higher Than Before:

■ But. But, But. ■ Where
Do We Go And Why ■ Do
We Go So Quickly? ■ I've
Asked You Before And Now
You Follow Me Like I Know:
■ Like A Midnight Sentry
■ I Have Been Climbing
■ In Complete Darkness
This Whole Time ■ And
You Have Been Right, ■
Always Right Beside Me. ■
We Rise And Fail As If We
Know Where We Are Going
■ But We Don't ■ Know, I
Didn't Know ■ I Had You
■ Until Now And It Is Too
LATE ■ And The Ground
Has Slipped From Under
My Digging Toes ■ And I
Am Flying ...

... exit all.