

**ONE HUNDRED TO ONE
(SECOND EDITION)**

SIMON RACKHAM

A BIG THING IS BETTER UNDISPUTEDLY SO NO EVERY THING IS DISPUTABLE YES THAT MUCH I GIVE ME SO SOON INTRODUCED NEVER TOO EARLY IN MY BOOK NOT THAT THIS IS BUT WHO IS IT OR WHO ARE THOSE WHO MAKE UP THE RULES THE RULERS OR THEM THEM WHO LOVE TO BE RULED NOT THAT THERES A DIFFERENCE ANY WAY IS OK BY ME OK VERY STRANGE ANY WAY ANYHOW ONE AND ONE STILL EQUALS TWO WHATEVER YOU OR THOSE HAVE TO SAY OF IT DONT BE SO SURE SONNY JIM FACTION IS WEIRDER THAN EVEN THEY CAN IMAGINE OR THINK OF WHO EVER THEY BE THEM ALL THE REST OF YOURS LOT PUT TOGETHER YES THAT INCLUDES YOU TOO AND YOUR TYPE IVE SEEN EM ALL SPARKLY BIG BIRD EYES AND ALL THE REST TO BOOT DONT THINK I DIDNT NOTICE CAUSE I DID SEE I SAW NOW BETTER THAN NEVER SO WHAT AND WHO DO I REALLY THINK CARES NOT THAT IT MATTERS A JOT WHAT ANYONE OR EVERYONE ELSE THINKS OR EVEN WANTS WHY WORRY NOT MY PROBLEM THEIRS NO NOT EVEN NOBODIES EXCEPT POSSIBLY BUSY BODIES AND THEY CAN GO JUMP IN A LAKE OR ELSE FORGET IT HERE IS THE CORRECTION THE MISSING PAGE WHERE THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE AND WILL BE NOT BETTERED NO NOT BOTHERED YES BETTER IT COULD HAVE BEEN BUT WHATS THE POINT I ASK YOU ON AND ON AGAIN RAMBLING DOWNWARD DROPPING MY DS IN THE DARK GETTING PROGRESSIVELY SMALLER BIT BY BIT SLOWLY DISAPPEARING NEVER NOT GONE TOO QUICK OR COMPLETELY TIL NOTHING BUT A MUSH IM GUESSING CAUSE I REALLY DONT NO YET AND WONT TIL I GET WHERE IVE SET OUT TO BE BUT BY GOLLY ILL SWIFTA**E MY WAY THERE SOONER OR LATER ALL IN GOOD TIME WITH A HEY AND A HO ILL GET WHERE I CHOOSE TO GO LIKE WATER DRIP DRIPPING AWAY BUT THE OPPOSITE IN A WAY MORE AND MORE NEEDED TO FILL THE SAME SPACE MORE WORDY INK BLOTS TO DO THE SAME JOB MORE OR LESS INK I REALLY CANT SAY AND PROBABLY WOULDNT IF I EVEN COULD ITS A SHAME ALL THIS WORK WONT PRODUCE SOMETHING NICER A PRETTY PICTURE OR SOME NICE SMUDGY PAINTING OF A CHUBBY NUDE LADY OR BETTER A BOTTLE OR APPLE AS IF THERE WERE SOME KIND OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THINGS LIKE THEM ALL IS ALIKE LIKE IT OR NOT NOT THAT YOU D NOTICE UNLESS YOU D THOUGHT ABOUT IT OR TRIED IT ON FOR SIZE FOR SURE THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THE NAME OR THE LOOK OF IT THESE WORDS DECREASING BEFORE YOU ARE AS GOOD AS ILL MANAGE AT THE MOMENT IM WELL OUT OF PRACTICE OF COURSE IT TAKES TIME TO GET BACK TO FULLY FULL MENTAL HEALTHINESS LIKE WITH ANYTHING YOUVE GOTTA KEEP YOUR HAND IN PRACTICE YOUR SCALES AND ARPEGGIOS IF YOU WANT TO BLOW YOUR OWN TRUMPET LOUD AND CLEAR AS A BELL RING OUT THE GOOD NEWS THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THIS FINGERER FUMBLING ON BUMBLING BADLY INTO THE SHRINKING AVAILABLE EMPTINESS THIS MUST BE PAGE FORTY ONE NOT THAT MANY LEFT BUT ONLY BEGINNING ONLY BEGUN ONLY SCRATCHING THE SURFACE BUT ALREADY BORED OF THE GAME AFTER ALL I THINK I KNOW HOW IT ENDS AS EVERYTHING ELSE ENDS A BIG JUICY FULL STOP AND THEN NOTHING NO THINKING OR EVEN BEING OR HAVING BEEN NO NOT EVEN NOTHING TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR FOR THE WORD IS THE THING THAT ITS PRETENDING NOT TO BE THE SOILED PAGE IS THE EVIDENT REMNANT OF THOUGHT THE SLIME OF THE SNAIL THAT HAS GONE WHIZZING INTO THE FUTURE BUMPING ITS NOSE ON THE EDGE OF TIME AS WE ALL DO EVERY DAY WITHOUT FEELING OR THINKING EXCEPT MAYBE WHEN DREAMING THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE SLEEPER SUSPENDED IN HIS OR HER HEAVEN OR HELL OR HALF WAY BETWEEN GOOD AND BAD THE BRAIN RUNNING THE SHOW CONTROLLING THE BREATH AND THE BLOOD AND THE REST OF IT EVERYTHING THAT CONSTITUTES THE STUFF OF THE BODY THE RED AND THE YELLOW THE BLACK AND THE BROWN AS THE MIND FLOATS FREE OR IMAGINES IT DOES CAUSE FREEDOM IS ONLY REAL IN THE IMAGINATION OF ONE WHO IS REAL THE VOID IN THE GLASS OR THE SPACE BETWEEN WORDS THE IMAGINARY SILENCE OF THE DEAD BRAIN GNAWED BY THE NEXT GENERATION THOSE FISHING BAIT TYPES WHO HATCH OUT IN THE MINDS OF THE GONE OR THE HAS BEENS OR WERE WHATEVER ANYWAY NOW IM HERE EXACTLY HALF WAY BETWEEN THE BIGGEST AND SMALLEST HOW I GOT HERE IS OF NO INTEREST ANYMORE ITS OVER AND DONE WITH FINISHED AND GONE A PREVIOUS PAGE OF EXISTENCE NOW STRETCHES BEFORE ME THE GREAT UNKNOWN AND UNKNOWABLE THE DESERTED LANDSCAPE OF POSSIBILITY ALL THAT MAY POSSIBLY BE ALL I NEED DO IS CONTINUE THE SAME AS BEFORE EXACTLY THE SAME BUT MUCH MORE OF IT LITTLE BY LITTLE STEPPING OVER THE HORIZON WITH WHATS PAST RECEDING UNSEEN BEHIND ME INCHING MY IMPERIAL WAYWARD WAY DAY BY DAY DOWN TO ONE OF POSSIBLE BILLIONS OF ENDS EVERY CHOICE FROZEN BY HAVING BEEN CHOSEN UNABLE TO CHANGE WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN AND UNABLE TO PREDICT WHAT WILL BE NO NEWTONIAN NONSENSE CAN HELP IN THIS VIRTUAL WORD WORLD THIS REALM OF THE SENTENCES SLOWLY EACH LETTER FALLS INTO PLACE A NEW BRICK THE GLASS WALL IM BUILDING IN FRONT OF ME LIKE SOME OLD TELEGRAPHER AIMLESSLY TAPPING OUT THE RHYTHM OF A BADLY REMEMBERED MUSIC HALL DITTY NEVER MIND EVEN BAD THINGS HAVE THEIR DAY AS OLD DOGS HAVE HAD THEIRS THE PROCESS IS THE ONLY EXCUSE WORTH THE NAME THE FACT OF THE DOING THE RESULT OF THE RACE SO MANY HUMAN HOURS HAVE BEEN SQUANDERED THESE WAYS IF I HADNT DONE IT THEN

MAYBE IT WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN AND EVERYTHING THAT IS NEEDS TO BE I CANT COPE WITH THE IMPLICATIONS OF THOUGHTS ITS NOT MY JOB THIS IS APPARENTLY AS IS ITS OPPOSITE YES DELETING IS EQUALLY CREATIVE NOT A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM THE ACTIONS THE SAME FROM A DISTANCE ITS IMPOSSIBLE TO CHOOSE ONE FROM ONE ONLY ONE WORD STANDS OUT WHEN YOU LOOK AT THE SEA TRUTH IS NOT IMPORTANT IN THIS ACTION IS REVEALING NEW NUMBERS FIRST ONE AND THEN TWO THEN TWO SUPERSEDED BY THREE AD INFINITUM TIL NUMBERS RUN OUT OR THE UNIVERSE RUNS OUT OF PEOPLE TO COUNT THEM THEM DONT BE SILLY THEM AS IF THEY WERE THINGS YES THEY CAN BE A TEN CAN BE HELD IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND OR LIFTED AND STUCK TO THE CEILING THE NUMBER OF TENS IS EQUALLY INFINITE NO I CANT ACCEPT THAT THAT PROFOUNDLY HUMAN CONCEPTION OF FOREVER FOREVER STOPS AT THE END AS DOES THE BEGINNING NO CIRCLES OR METAPHYSICS FOR ME AND THAT MEANS FOR EVERYONE STOP CHANGE COURSE I DONT WANT TO RUN AGROUND IN THE SHALLOW WATERS OF REASON FULL SAIL SOUTHWARD OR WHICHEVER WAY THE WIND WHISTLES LOUDEST TACKING OUT OF TROUBLE OR AWAY FROM THE ROAR OF THE STORM HEADING FOR HOME IN THE ONLY AVAILABLE DIRECTION FOLLOWING THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE LIKE ANY GOOD DROPLET WORTH ITS SALT A TEAR DRYING ON THE CHEEK OR DRIPPING TO THE FLOOR TO BE SUCKED INTO THE DUST THE DUST OF THIS ROOM FOR EXAMPLE HOW MANY WEEPING WOMEN WOULD BE NEEDED TO CLEAN THESE WINDOWS WHAT COULD INSPIRE ENOUGH GRIEF TO MOP UP THESE LAYERS OF HISTORY THAT SURROUND ME THAT ARE STILL PARTLY ME ME AS I USED TO BE OH HOW IVE CHANGED HOW MANY CUSHIONS COULD HAVE BEEN STUFFED WITH THE HAIR THAT IVE WASTED HAS ANYONE EVER HAD THE FORESIGHT TO KEEP EVERYTHING OF THEMSELVES THAT ITS POSSIBLE TO KEEP OF COURSE YOUR PARENTS ARE THE ONES TO BLAME IF THEY DIDNT START HOARDING THE REMAINS OF YOU FROM THE START HOW MANY SACKS OF SKIN COULD YOU HAVE NOW TO ADMIRE HOW MANY METRES OF CURLED UP NAIL TRIMMINGS NOT TO MENTION MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS OF WASTE OH WELL ITS TO LATE TO SPILL MILK ON BUT IT MAKES YOU THINK DOESNT IT NOT THAT ANYONE REQUIRES A REASON TO DO THAT THAT CANNOT BE NOT DONE NEVER MIND ONE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE DONE AND HOWEVER MANY IS NEEDED TO GO DONT YOU KNOW TRA LA LA HEAD DOWN AND PRESS ON LITTLER AND LITTLER ALL ONE WAY TRAFFIC HARDLY NOTICEABLE UNLESS YOU COMPARE ONE WITH TWENTY OR TWENTY WITH THIS ONE FOR EXAMPLE OR THE FIRST WITH THE LAST BUT TO BE HONEST AT THE MOMENT THIS IS THE LAST AS THE LAST WAS THE LAST BEFORE THIS ONE WAS FOLLOWING ON LOGICALLY METHODICALLY TREADING A NEW PATH THROUGH THE CRISP LIGHT OF BLANK EMPTINESS ALWAYS THE SAME THING SAID SLIGHTLY DIFFERENTLY ENDLESS PERMUTATIONS OF WORDY ARRANGEMENTS I LOVE YOU BYE BYE ETC STAPLE DIET OF MEANING ALWAYS SEEMING THE SAME BUT NEVER COMPLETELY UNDERSTOOD UNDERSTANDING CONSTANTLY VARIABLE DEPENDING HOW YOUR SOFT MACHINES WORKING OR WHAT TIME OF DAY OR ANY AND EVERY OTHER CONCEIVABLE VARIANT HARDLY PERCEPTIBLE MINUTE NUANCES REGISTERED UNAWARE THEN TRANSLATED THROUGH CHEMICAL MAGIC TO FEELING HOLD ON SOMETHING SEEMS NOT QUITE RIGHT HERE SEEMS IS THE WORD THOUGH SEEMS DOESNT NECESSARILY MEAN IS THOUGH USUALLY DOES CAUSE THE GREY MATTER IS SMARTER THAN EVEN THE WILL TO CONTROL IT IT WILL NOT BE CONTROLLED AS IT IS THE CONTROLLER TAUTOLOGICALLY SPEAKING AS EVERYONE MUST BECAUSE ITS ALL BEEN SAID NO THAT CANT BE RIGHT NOT EVERYTHING CAN HAVE BEEN SAID ONLY THE WORDS THAT ALREADY EXIST HAVE BEEN SAID ALL THE OTHERS REMAIN UNMENTIONED AND UNKNOWN AND THEREFORE UNSAID THE WORLD WAS A DIFFERENT PLACE BACK AT THE TIME BEFORE WORDS WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEFORE IMAGINATION WAS EVEN IMAGINED AND THEN WHEN IT WAS HOW LONG MUST HAVE PASSED BEFORE SOME BRIGHT SPARK THOUGHT OF CALLING IT SOMETHING AND PUTTING A NOOSE ROUND THE FUTURE OF THOUGHT IS IT POSSIBLE TO THINK OF IT BEING ANOTHER WAY DEVELOPING DIFFERENTLY YES POSSIBLE TO THINK OF IT BUT NOT TO CHANGE IT YES POSSIBLY EVEN THAT WHAT WITH EVERYTHING BEING RELATED TO EVERYTHING ELSE SO TO CHANGE HISTORY TOO I DONT SEE WHY NOT NO IT CANT BE BECAUSE SOMETHINGS CANNOT BE CHANGED BUT SOMETHINGS CAN SO WHY NOT EVERYTHING POSSIBLY EVERYTHING CAN NOW IM DIZZY FROM TWISTING AND POINTLESSLY TURNING AND ID RATHER RETURN TO A MORE INTERESTING BIT BACK THERE WHERE IS IT OH YES NOW I SEE DEVELOPING DIFFERENTLY MAYBE NOT TAKING THE YOKE OF IT AND PROUDLY WEARING IT TIL WE GOT CHOKED BY IT BUT USING IT BETTER WITHOUT ALL THE BAGGAGE ACCOMPANYING SO INSTEAD OF SPEAKING WE WERE SAY FOR EXAMPLE WHISTLING WELL WHY NOT WE WOULD STILL HAVE EVOLVED IT MORE SOPHISTICATEDLY OR MORE LIKELY IT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED ANYWAY WITH OR WITHOUT US OR THEM BEING AWARE AND BY NOW AT THIS CROSSROADS WED BE LIVING ON AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PLANET MAYBE NOT BETTER BUT MAYBE WHO KNOWS CAUSE WHAT HAPPENED DID AND PERHAPS EVEN HAD TO STOP NO NEED FOR THAT KIND OF RUBBISH HAD TO I ASK YOU WHATEVER NEXT IF

THATS ALLOWED TO SLIP BY UNATTACKED WELL IT WOULDNT HAVE MATTERED MUCH ANYWAY AS IN THIS NOTHING BUT CONTINUING DOES IM PLODDING ALONG AND THATS MORE THAN ENOUGH EVEN THATS MORE THAN ENOUGH EVEN THATS MORE THAN WHAT SOME MAY HAVE DONE MOST WOULD HAVE STOPPED BY NOW OR NOT BEGUN AT ALL AND IN ALL TRUTH THEY WOULD PROBABLY HAVE DONE THE RIGHT THING WHICH IMPLIES THAT THIS IS THE WRONG AND THATS WRONG BECAUSE I SAY SO AND ITS ONLY MY TIME THAT IM WASTING UNLESS YOURE READING THIS AND IF YOU ARE BE SURE THAT IM WASTING YOUR TIME NOT MINE AS MINE HAS ALREADY BEEN WASTED OR NOT DEPENDING ON WHAT EACH PERSON UNDERSTANDS BY THE WORD FUNNY REALLY HOW CONVENTIONAL THIS IS ESPECIALLY WHEN THERES HARDLY A RULE TO OBEY EXCEPT ONE WHICH IS THE MAIN ONE OF GETTING LITTLER PAGE BY PAGE BY ONE DEGREE OF FONT SIZE AND THE UNWRITTEN RULE THAT IM NOW GOING TO WRITE WHICH IS NO SMUTTY LANGUAGE PREY WHY NOT SAY F**K OR C**T OR WHATEVER I WANT OR WHY ANY RULES AT ALL OR WHY THIS AND THIS FOR EXAMPLE WHEN THAT AND THAT COULD BE EQUALLY GOOD HERE WE GO GOOD AND ITS BIG BROTHER BAD NEEDED TO POP THERE UGLY HEADS UP JUST WHEN YOU OR I LEAST EXPECT THEM TO SHOW SO WHY NOT JUST BREAK THESE SELF IMPOSED RULES THERES NO DANGER INVOLVED NO SIN TO BE PUNISHED FOR AND NOBODY TO PUNISH IF EVEN THERE WAS SO WHAT ABOUT IT UP THERE IVE ALREADY BENT THE UNWRITTEN WRITTEN RULE SO WHY NOT BREAK THE MAIN ONE THE WHOLE PURPOSE OF THESE WORDS GO ON BE A DEVIL LIVE A LITTLE SEE WHAT HAPPENS WE ALL KNOW THAT RULES ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN WHAT AM I A MOUSE OR A MAN NO I WONT GIVE IN TO PEER PRESSURE EVEN IF I AM MY ONLY PEER AT LEAST NOT HERE MAYBE ILL DO IT SOMEWHERE INVISIBLE LATER OR MAYBE NOT AT ALL I REALLY CANT PREDICT HOW IM GONNA FEEL LATER OR IF I WILL EVEN CONTINUE BEYOND THIS PAGE ITS EASY FOR THE IMAGINARY YOU ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS TURN OVER AND SEE BUT NOT ME I CANT SEE INTO THE FUTURE LIKE YOU THINK YOU CAN BUT WHAT YOURE SEEING IS JUST A PART OF MY PAST DOG FOR ONE TOOK ME BY SURPRISE MUCH MORE THAN MORE AND DO I REMEMBER THAT REPEATED BIT EARLIER WAS IT INTENDED OR A MISTAKE THAT GOT THROUGH UNDETECTED ITS A SECRET AS IS THE MEANING OF THE NEXT WORD POTATO BUT I KNOW ONLY I ONE OUT OF SIX BILLION UNLESS YOURE ONE OF THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THE OMNIPRESENT ONE THE GREAT HIM IN THE SKY WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING AND IS EVERYWHERE NOW AND THEN AND FOREVER AND THEN MAYBE THE WHOLE POPULATION OF HEAVEN KNOW TOO CAUSE WHY SHOULD HE NOT LET THEM KNOW EVERYTHING TOO ALL THE GOOD SHEEP THEN MORE KNOW THAN THE SIX BILLION WHO DONT THOUGH I CANT BELIEVE IT MYSELF SO CANT CONCEIVE ANY BELIEVE BUT THEY DO UNLESS THEYRE ALL HAVING A LAUGH AT MY EXPENSE AND I DOUBT THAT EVEN MORE THAN THE FORMER NOW ITS EASY TO UNDERSTAND PARANOIA THAT STATE OF FEELING NOT THE TRACK WHICH IM SORRY TO SAY I DONT SEEM TO HAVE SEEM BEING THE RIGHT WORD HOPEFULLY BUT I CANT BE BOTHERED TO CHECK NOT ALL THE INFORMATION IS REQUIRED TO A BE ACCURATE ANYWAY C THIS ISNT SOME KIND OF EXAM OR D IF IT IS ALL I NEED DO TO PASS IS E EXACTLY THE SAME AS IVE ALREADY DONE EXCEPT MAYBE MORE F AGAIN AS THE WORDS GET SMALLER AS IF FURTHER AWAY G ITS JUST AN ILLUSION AS POSSIBLY H EVERYTHING ELSE ALSO I IS PAGE SEVENTY SIX J AND I THINK THATS THE FIRST ALSO K AND THATS THE SECOND ETC THAT WOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO CONTINUE BUT MAYBE ID FEEL LIKE A FRAUD NO REASON WHY I CAN ALWAYS CHANGE THE RULES OF THE GAME ITS MY GAME AFTER ALL OR WHAT ABOUT STUTTERING OR ST ST ST STAMMERING ITS FIT FOR A KING BUT I DONT WANT IT HERE THANK YOU VERY MUCH OH BY THE WAY I MEANT PARANOID NOT PARANOIA BACK THERE UP THERE IN THE LOOSEST MEANING OF THE WORD THE WORLDS GONE CRAZY T*T OVER A**E TELEPHONES GOING OFF ALL OVER THE PLACE L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y WHY BECAUSE OF A MISTAKE BACK THERE AND AN ALPHABET ONCE BEGUN CRIES OUT TO BE FINISHED SO ZED AND BE DONE BY THE WAY I CLAIM OWNERSHIP OF ALL THE MISTAKES AND I CLAIM THEYRE INTENTIONAL AS IS THE SERIOUS LACK IF WE CAN CALL IT THAT OF PUNCTUATION CORRECTLY SPELT WITH A SEA HA VERY FUNNY ITS ALL JUST A JOKE TO YOU ISNT IT YOU WHOSE ONLY PURPOSE IS AS A SURROGATE ME ME ME ME SPOILT LITTLE BRAT THAT I AM I AM WHAT I AM AS WE ALL OF US ARE ALL THAT WE CAN BE THOUGH SOME TRY TO BE BETTER AND OTHERS ARE BETTER THAN MOST AT LEAST ACCORDING TO SOME OTHERS WHO FEEL THE NEED TO PASS JUDGEMENT AS EASY AS WATER AFTER DOWNING OR DROWNING A FEW PINTS OF POETIC PORTER WHICH AS WE ALL KNOW WE WHOVE STUDIED OUR IRISH FRIENDS BOOKS IS VERY VERY TASTY INDEED IT IS SIR BUT DONT TAKE THEIR WORD FOR IT POUR A DROP FOR YOURSELF LAD AND WHY NOT HAVE ONE FOR THE ROAD FOR THE MIDDLE OF IT FOR THE WHITE LINES DISAPPEARING OVER THE HORIZON THE FUTURE OR THE PAST BOTH EQUALLY POSSIBLE FROM A STARTING POINT OR A STOPPING ONE WE GET WHERE WE ARE ONLY BY HAVING BEEN WHERE WE WERE ONCE BUT ITS A SHAKY OLD BRIDGE THAT WE WALK DAILY FEW HAVE THE GUTS TO LOOK OVER THE EDGE NOT THAT THERES ANYTHING TO SEE IF YOU OR THEY EVEN DID DARE CAUSE THERES NOTHING TO SEE EXCEPT NOTHING ONLY

THEORIES OF WHAT NOTHING MIGHT LOOK LIKE BUT THE LOOKER CANT SEE OBVIOUSLY AND THOSE WHO PROFESS TO HAVE BEEN THERE HAVE QUITE CLEARLY NOT BEEN THERE COMPLETELY OR NOT STAYED I WAS UNDERWATER FOR TWENTY SEVEN YEARS LIVING IN A BUBBLE BUT NOW IM BACK I LEARNED TO TALK TO THE FISHES AND OFTEN PLAYED CHESS WITH A CRAB UNTIL ONE DAY IT DIDNT TURN UP SO I SAT THERE WAITING WITH MY WHITE PAWN POISED TO PLAY D2 TO D4 AND YES I WAS TEMPTED TO WRITE PRAWN INSTEAD OF PAWN AND IN A WAY I GAVE IN TO TEMPTATION THOUGH THATS PUTTING IT TOO STRONGLY BECAUSE I DIDNT GIVE IN AND I PROBABLY WONT GIVE UP EITHER FOR THAT MATTER FOR ITS ONE WAY OF HELPING THE DAY BY DAY DRIPPING OF HOURS MINUTES AND WHATEVER ELSE CONSTITUTES MANS KIND OF TIME BUT WOULD IT PASS SLOWER OR QUICKER IF I WAS UP THERE IN THE SKY IN MY FASTEST PLANE I REALLY CANT REMEMBER LIKE WITH MOST OF THE THINGS IVE EVER KNOWN THOUGHT OR READ SO WHAT WAS THE POINT OF ME READING OR THINKING OR KNOWING NOW I KNOW ILL FORGET HOPEFULLY ILL REMEMBER NOT TO READ ANYTHING ELSE BUT FOR NOW IM A WRITER NOT A READER THOUGH I READ IT AS I WRITE IT BUT NOT AFTER ITS WRITTEN ILL LEAVE THAT TO ANYONE ELSE THEY CAN MAKE THEIR CHOICE AS IVE MADE MINE THOUGH THATS NOT REALLY TRUE IS IT NO ITS NOT AS ONE WHO CHOOSES TO READ IS TO SOME EXTENT RELIANT ON WHAT WAS CHOSEN BY THE WRITER HERE FOR EXAMPLE I CHOOSE TO WRITE NOTHING AND THERE IS NOTHING BUT EMPTY PAPER TO PROVE IT AND YES FOR ALL YOU CLEVER CLOGS I DID HAVE TO WRITE IT I HAD TO FILL IT WITH INVISIBLE DOTS LITTLE BITS OF EMPTINESS SO FOR EXAMPLE IF I CHOOSE TO READ A CERTAIN BOOK UNLESS IVE READ IT BEFORE I DONT KNOW WHICH WORDS WILL BE USED AND WHAT ORDER THEYLL BE USED IN HOW WILL I KNOW IF ILL LIKE IT THEN YOU CAN ONLY MAKE THAT JUDGEMENT BY POSSIBLY WASTING YOUR PRECIOUS TIME READING IT OR MAYBE GETTING SOMEONE LESS BUSY TO READ IT FOR YOU AND GETTING THEM TO TELL YOU WHETHER THEY THINK YOUll LIKE IT BUT CAN YOU TRUST THEM NO YOU CANNOT SO PERHAPS YOU MAY DECIDE JUST TO READ THE FIRST WORD OF EVERY PAGE THE FIRST WORD OF THIS PAGE IS CLEVER AND THE FIRST WORD OF PAGE THIRTY SIX IS ONLY BOTH OF WHICH SEEM PERFECTLY PLEASANT TO ME BUT YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN MIND UP OR MAKE YOUR OWN RULES UP AS I AM TAKE CONTROL OF WHAT YOU READ IF I KNEW THEN WHAT I NOW KNOW I WOULDNT HAVE READ ALL THE BOOKS THAT I HAVENT ENJOYED MAYBE NOT THE BEST WORD BECAUSE IVE ENJOYED SOME BOOKS THAT I HAVENT LIKED READING IF THAT MAKES SENSE AND IT DOESNT NEED TO TO BE WORTH WRITING BECAUSE THESE WORDS ARE JUST PADDING JUST STUFF TO BE SEEN TO BE GETTING SMALLER SOON ILL PROBABLY LOSE YOU ANYWAY EITHER THROUGH BOREDOM OR FAILING EYE SIGHT YOU THE NON EXISTENT PRONOUN PRONOUNCED ME AS ALL YOUS ARE POSSIBLE MES OTHER OTHERS ASK YOURSELF THIS WHY AM I READING THIS THESE DIMINISHING LINES AM I A FRIEND OF HIS DO I OWE HIM THIS FAVOUR DO YOU EXPECT SOME ENLIGHTENING PHRASE OR MORAL INSIGHT DO YOU HOPE TO LEARN SOMETHING OF THE HUMAN CONDITION THE WHY AND THE HOW OF IT MAYBE THESE ARE THE ONLY WORDS LEFT IN THE WORLD WOULD THAT MAKE THEM WORTH READING POSSIBLY YOU ARE THE LAST PERSON READING THE LAST WORDS ON THE LAST DAY I FIND IT HARD TO IMAGINE ANYONE READING THIS OR EVEN WANTING TO FROM WHERE IM SITTING THERE SEEMS LITTLE POINT IN IT AND THE TIME WOULD HAVE PASSED ANYWAY AS BECKETT WOULD SAY ANYHOW ON ANYWAY DOWN AT LEAST IM NOT WASTING PAPER YET HOPEFULLY LATER BUT NOT YET THESE POSSIBLE PAGES COULD HAVE BEEN FILLED WITH LOVELY PICTURES OF FLOWERS OR PLAYFUL SQUIGGLES AND ABSTRACT LINES THEY COULD HAVE BEEN LOVELY SOMETHING TO TREASURE AND HANG ON A WALL BUT IVE RUINED THEM OR AT LEAST ONE SIDE OF THEM BECAUSE I HAVENT DECIDED YET WHETHER TO DESPOIL BOTH SIDES SOME THINGS ARE BEST LEFT UNDECIDED OR UNTIL A DECISION IS REQUIRED HAVE A CIGARETTE RELAX HAVE A NICE CUP OF TEA THERES NO RUSH NO DEADLINE NOW I COULD STOP FOR THE DAY OR THE REST OF MY LIFE I COULD GO AND MAKE LOVE WITH MY FICTIONAL WIFE MY WOMAN MY SWEET LITTLE GIRL MY HOT BODIED BITCH ILL ALLOW MYSELF THAT ITS NOT TOO RUDE NOBODY WILL BLUSH AT THAT SURELY MAYBE A GIGGLE OR TWO FROM THE BACK OF THE CLASS AS I REMEMBER MYSELF GIGGLING AT PRIG ALL THOSE SUMMERS AGO BEFORE I STARTED GRADUALLY DECOMPOSING FALLING APART WELL BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF THE MIDDLE BUT TO BE SHOCKED BY A WORD IS THAT REALLY POSSIBLE NOWADAYS OR FOREVER QUOPLETTE FOR INSTANCE WHO WILL SHOUT THAT OUT WITHOUT SHAME AT NOT KNOWING ITS MEANING THERES SO MUCH SNOBBERY AT STAKE SO MUCH PRIDE IN KNOWLEDGE IN EDUCATION IN CULTURE OR IN WHAT PASSES AS THOSE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS IF YOU LOOK STUPID IN THE EYES OF THOSE YOU ADMIRE OR WANT TO APPEAR BETTER THAN AS IF ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE A COW IS A MOUSE IN COW CLOTHING A TREE IS A COW WITH LEAVES A BOOK IS A COW A NAIL IS A COW A ROSE IS A COW IS A COW ETC SERENDIPITY OF CREATION ADDITION TO THE CANON MORE FODDER FOR THE FUTURE NEVER ENOUGH EACH MAN DOES WHAT HE CAN OR CAN IF HE WANTS TOO CAN DO IT EVEN IF EVERYONE ELSE

SAYS HE CANT WHAT STOPS HIM IS NOTHING MORE THAN HIMSELF OR THE SO CALLED RULES OF PHYSICS AND THEY ARE MORE BREAKABLE THAN PROMISES OR HEARTS OR GLASS ETC ENDLESS BOUNDARIES OF POETRY AND IMAGINATION MAN WAS DESTINED TO OVERCOME GRAVITY AS GRAVITY WAS MAN NAMED MADE IN HIS IMAGE BY HIS IMAGINATION AND WHEN I SAY HIM I MEAN ME I CAN FLOAT OR WALK THROUGH SOLID THINGS IF I WANT TO I CAN JUMP UP TO THE CLOUDS OR NOT I CAN WALK ON THE SEA OR LIVE UNDER IT IF I WANT TO TURN WINE INTO PETROL OR WATER INTO BREAD NOTHING IS BEYOND BEING THOUGHT AND BY BEING THOUGHT DONE I CAN SEE FURTHER BY STANDING ON THE BIBLE ON THE TOP OF A HILL THAN BY JUST OPENING MY EYES OR SEE FURTHER STILL BY JUST KEEPING THEM SHUT WHAT THE HELL PAGE EIGHTY THREE ALREADY WHAT TOSH WILL BE DREAMT UP AND PUT DOWN WHO KNOWS LET ALONE CARES NOT ME THATS FOR SURE NOW IM BACK DID YOU MISS ME NO OF COURSE NOT YOU DIDNT EVEN NOTICE ID BEEN SOMEWHERE ELSE I SHOULDVE WARNED YOU I MIGHT DISAPPEAR FROM TIME TO TIME BUT THATS OBVIOUS SURELY NO ONE COULD WRITE ALL THESE WORDS IN ONE SITTING COULD THEY WELL POSSIBLY YES SOME QUICK THINKING TYPIST COULD RATTLE THIS OFF AT A RABBITS PACE ITS A SHAME IM SO SLOW BOTH IN THINKING AND WRITING IT DIDNT TAKE LONG TO HAVE THE INITIAL IDEA THOUGH DID IT ONE FLASH OF INSPIRATION THE FINGER OF GOD TAPPING ME ON THE HEAD SOME AMUSEMENT FOR SOME BORED MUSE A LIGHT BULB LIGHTING UP AS THE IDEA OF THIS POPPED INTO MY BONCE AT LEAST ITS NOT DOING NO HARM SO NO HARM DONE THE ONLY THING IS ITS A SHAME FOR EVERYONE ESPECIALLY ME THAT IM NOT TOUCHED BY GENIUS OH THOSE LUCK ONES WHOSE WORK WILL ENRICH ALL HUMANITY MAKE THE PEOPLE LAUGH OR CRY BRING NEW EMOTIONS TO PLAY IN THE HEARTS OF THE WITNESSES THOSE WHO THRIVE ON THE BEAUTIFUL GREAT ART IS THE DOMAIN OF GREAT ARTISTS GIANTS WHO LOOK INTO THE FUTURE AND CAPTURE THE ESSENCE OF THE TIMES THEY LIVE OR MAYBE SHAPE THEIR TIMES TO THEMSELVES MOULD IT INTO THEIR WAY OF THINKING IT SHOULD BE OR COULD BE IN THE HANDS OF A POET THESE SAME WORDS COULDVE HAD BEEN LOVELY WHEREAS ALL I CAN HOPE FOR IS THAT SOMEONE CAN BE BOTHERED TO CUT THEM UP AND THROW THEM IN THE AIR IN THE HOPE THAT THEY FALL INTO A BETTER ARRANGEMENT THAN THEY ARE HERE DISPLAYED LET CHANCE HAVE A CHANCE OF IMPROVING IT SOME WORDS MAYBE CAUGHT ON THE BREEZE AND FLOAT OFF TO BE FOUND IN THE WEB OF A SPIDER WHO MOMENTARILY MIGHT THINK THAT ITS DINNER HAS COME THATS FOOD FOR THOUGHT ANYWAY DO SPIDERS THINK I FEEL THAT THEY DONT NOT IN THE WAY THAT I THINK THE WORD THINK BUT WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT SPIDERS OR ANYTHING ELSE NEVER MIND LET ALONE MIND OR THE REST OF IT I REALLY WISH I COULD ESCAPE FROM THE SPIRAL OF THOUGHT THAT KEEPS TURNING IN ON ITSELF ALWAYS RETURNING TO THE SAME OLD QUESTIONS WITHOUT PROVIDING ANY NEW INSIGHTS ALTHOUGH ITS ALWAYS GOOD TO GO OVER OLD GROUND WITH NEW EYES NEW EYES WHAT IS THAT MEANT TO MEAN IF IT IS MEANT TO MEAN SOMETHING MEANINGFUL NO ITS NOT WHAT IT DOES THOUGH IS TAKE UP ABOUT ONE LINE PLUS ALL THESE ADDED EXTRAS OF USELESS EXPLANATION SOON ENOUGH SAID LEAVING A GAPING HOLE IN FRONT AND A COMPLETED WHOLE BEHIND OR AT LEAST AN OVER THREE QUARTERS COMPLETED WHOLE IF THAT IS A POSSIBLE THING TO SAY AND IT IS CAUSE IVE SAID IT OR RATHER ITS WRITTEN IT IS AS IT IS SO THERE YOU CANT ARGUE AGAINST THE WRITTEN WORD IT WOULD BE LIKE DOING SOMETHING SILLY AND I REALLY CANT BE BOTHERED TO THINK OF A METAPHOR TO DESCRIBE SOMETHING WORTHLESS HOW BADLY DONE IS IT POSSIBLE FOR SOMETHING TO BE DONE IF THE SOLE INTENTION IS THAT IT BE DONE BADLY OR NOT NO MATTER WHAT I WRITE I CANT BE DOING IT BADLY AS BY DOING IT IM ACHIEVING THE DESIRED RESULT IT CANT BE BETTERED AS LONG AS ITS TAKING UP THE REQUIRED AMOUNT OF SPACE AND IT IS SO ITS PERFECT NO MATTER HOW TAUTOLOGICAL OR SIMPLY DULL ITS THE DOGS TESTICLES SO TO SPEAK IN MY LOVELY CLEAN MINDED STYLE WHICH IS AS FILLING AS ANYTHING DIRTY CAN BE IM SURELY BUT SLOWLY SWIMMING ALONG NICELY HARDLY A PAUSE FOR THOUGHT EVEN A STEAMING STREAM OF UNCONSCIOUS CONFUSION ONE WAY WILL GET ME THERE ONE DAY IM SURE I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO SEE IT YET BUT THE END IS IN SIGHT AS IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN BUT SMALLER THE CLOSER IT GETS LIKE AN ANTI PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE WHOLE OR MORE LIKE AN EYE TEST OR MORE LIKE AN ENDURANCE TEST OR MORE LIKE A TEST ON THE THRESHOLD OF MONOTONY OR MORE LIKE A VERSION OF OLD STYLE CHINESE TORTURE OR CHINESE WHISPERS FROM A CHINLESS CHILD TIME CLICKS BY BYE BYE AS I LIGHT A BRAND NEW HOME MADE CIGARETTE IS THIS THE ONE THE ONE THAT FINALLY GETS ME THE ONE WITH THE CANCER IN NOW IM PUFFING THIS POISON STRAIGHT ONTO THESE WORDS ANOTHER DIRTY STAIN ON THE VIRTUAL PAGE OF MY LIFE STORY ANOTHER WASTED BREATH DISAPPEARING INTO THE ROOM GLOOM ITS RAINING JUST AS MUCH IN HERE AS OUT THERE IS THIS THE RIGHT TIME FOR A LITTLE SELF INDULGENCE IT WILL DO THE JOB SAME AS ANYTHING ELSE NO I DONT WANT TO GIVE ANYTHING AWAY SO CHEAPLY I CAN WAFFLE WITHOUT MAKING IT PERSONAL THERES NO POINT IN SHOWING MY SELF NAKED JUST FOR

THIS ILL LEAVE THAT TO THE POETS THOSE WHO MAKE PROFIT BY TRANSCRIBING THEIR TRANSCENDENTALISM OR WHATEVER PASSES FOR IT IM MORE DOWN TO EARTH WITH FEET COVERED IN FILTHY CLAY AND A MIND CRAMMED WITH EMPTINESS ON AND ON PREACHING MY OWN OOZY ONTOLOGY WHILST UNDERGOING THIS ONEROUS TASK FOR NOBODIES BENEFIT OH WELL ITS GO TO HAVE A HOBBY SOME LOVE PHILATELY WHILE I LAMELY COLLECT THESE WORDS LATELY AT LEAST BUT ITS STRANGE TO THINK OF IT TO THINK OF ALL THE OTHER POSSIBLE THINGS THAT I COULD BE DOING RIGHT NOW OR RIGHT THEN BUT THERES NO USE CRYING OVER MISSPELT WORDS THEYRE DONE AND DUSTED DOWN AND OUT IN THE OPEN FOR ANYONE WHO WANTS TO TO LOOK AT ALL THESE DO IS PROVE A POINT THAT DIDNT NEED PROVING THEY DONT ASK WHY AM I HERE THEY JUST ARE AND CANNOT CARE WORDS CANNOT SAY ANYTHING THERES NO SNOBBERY IN A DICTIONARY VALUES ARE IMPOSED ON WORDS GOLD IS MORE VALUABLE THAN TIN ONLY IN AS MUCH AS IT TAKES UP MORE SPACE MORE INK MORE DARK MATTER IN THIS CASE AS I DONT KNOW YET WHAT THESE WORDS ARE MADE OF I CANT HOLD THEM OR TOUCH THEM OR LICK THEM THEY ARE LOCKED IN THIS GLOWING BOX BEHIND GLASS AS IN A MUSEUM OF MEMORY THIS CLEVER ELECTRICAL BRAIN THAT IM TICKLING WITH ONE FINGER LETTER BY LETTER BUILDING THE SHAPE OF THIS THING LIKE ANY SCULPTOR WHO WORKS BY ADDITION FIVE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT FIVE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND NINE FIVE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND TEN I KNOW WHERE THE END IS BUT NOT THE MIDDLE THOUGH I KNOW WHERE THE MIDDLE PAGE IS EXACTLY IN RELATION TO THE FIRST BUT ITS GOOD TO DO SOMETHING WHERE THE MORE YOU DO MEANS THE MORE YOU HAVE TO DO AND THE MORE YOU GET DONE IS HARDER TO SEE UNTIL YOU CANT EVEN SEE WHAT YOURE DOING SPENDING HOURS TO PRODUCE NOTHING MORE THAN A LINE BUT A LINE SO SEEMINGLY CRAMMED WITH MEANING IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN ALL THIS TWATTERING IS THE HEART OF THIS ART WITH A CAPITAL A ITS RAISON D ETRE THAT KIND OF LOOKS WRONG BUT NEVER MIND WHO GIVES A MONKEYS NOT I NOW IM WONDERING WHATS THE MOST EXPENSIVE LINE THAT THERE IS A DRAWING BY SOME DEAD OLD GENIUS OR MAYBE PART OF A POEM BY SOME DEAD OLD GENIUS OR MAYBE THE FIRST WORDS OF SOME OLD TESTAMENT STRAIGHT FROM THE MOUTH THOUGH NOT NECESSARILY SO OF THE BIG MAN UPSTAIRS HOW MUCH DID MANZONI GET FOR HIS LINES BY THE INCH OR THE CENTIMETRE AND HOW MUCH ARE THEY WORTH NOW IF YOU THINK THEYRE WORTH ANYTHING ANYWAY NOW IM WRITING LINES LIKE SOME NAUGHTY BOY SITTING AT MY DESK RELUCTANTLY FULFILLING MY PROMISES TO MYSELF WITHOUT HOPE OR INTEREST IN ENTERTAINMENT SPEWING OUT MORE GARBLED GARBAGE HOURLY HOPING TO END YET AGAIN SO I CAN START AGAIN FROM PAGE ONE METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING FOR WHAT NOTHING MORE THAN THE SATISFACTION OF SAYING IVE FINISHED AGAIN PLEASED WITH MYSELF ONCE AGAIN PATTING MYSELF ON THE HEAD YET AGAIN HAPPY ITS TAKEN SO LONG AND HAPPY ITS OVER TO BE FACED AGAIN BY A NEW BEGINNING IF EACH WORD TOOK ME CLOSER TO A RISE IN MY BANK BALANCE I COULD UNDERSTAND IT IT WOULD SEEM A GOOD ENOUGH REASON BUT ID BE AN IDIOT TO THINK THERE WAS MONEY TO BE HAD FROM THIS FUTILE EXERCISE BUT IF A THING IS WORTH DOING ITS WORTH DOING REGARDLESS BUT THIS IS NOT EVEN WORTH DOING NOT WORTH WRITING LET ALONE READING ENOUGH THATS QUITE ENOUGH OF THAT KIND OF TALK IF I CARRY ON LIKE THAT ILL END UP STOPPING IMPOSSIBLE THOUGHT NO POINT IN STOPPING WHEN STARTED TIL FINISHED RELAX TAKE MY TIME ONE WORD A DAY I COULD SPEND THE REST OF WHATS LEFT OF MY LIFE DOING THIS HAVE I GOT ENOUGH DAYS THATS THE QUESTION OR COULD BE LETS SEE THEORETICALLY NOW IM THIRTY SIX AND LETS SAY THAT IM GOING TO LIVE TIL IM SEVENTY SIX FOR EXAMPLE NOW A QUICK BIT OF MATHEMATICS SHOULD GIVE ME THE ANSWER HERE GOES THIRTY SIX TO SEVENTY SIX IS FORTY YEARS FORTY THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SIXES ARE FOURTEEN THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY THERE NO PROBLEM RELAX TAKE IT EASY BUT JUST SUPPOSING THAT I DONT HAVE ANOTHER FORTY YEARS LEFT TO WASTE SUPPOSING THAT THAT CIGARETTE I SMOKED EARLIER IS ALREADY DOING ITS WORK WHAT THEN NO I CANT TAKE THE CHANCE IVE GOT TO CRACK THE WHIP PRESS ON I DEFINITELY WANT TO GET THIS DONE BEFORE DYING NOT BECAUSE IM PROUD OF IT AND WANT TO LEAVE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL TO REMIND THE WORLD THAT IVE BEEN HERE BUT RATHER BECAUSE I JUST MIGHT AS WELL DO THIS AS NOT THAT CANT BE TRUE SURELY THERE MUST BE A BETTER REASON TO DO SOMETHING THAN NOT ITS JUST A QUESTION OF CHOICE ISNT IT I COULD BE HALF WAY UP A MOUNTAIN AS OPPOSED TO SITTING HERE BUT COULDN'T WE ALL NO WE COULDN'T AND NOW ITS PAST SEVEN THIRTY AND I WANTED TO WATCH THAT PROGRAMME ABOUT DINOSAURS SO ENOUGH OF THIS FOR NOW NOW WHERE WAS I OH YES I REMEMBER IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE STANDING WITH MY TROUSERS HALFWAY DOWN MY LEGS LISTENING TO THE PIANO IS DEAD BUT THE BEAT LIVES ON WITH MY HORN LYING NEGLECTED ON THE BED NOW THIS PROBLEM OF DELETING IS REALLY GETTING ON MY NERVES ALL I CAN DO IS TURN OFF AND TURN ON HOPING FOR BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME STOP TALKING START DOING OK ITS DONE AND IT WORKED AND LARRY IS STILL PLAYING SO

NOT TOO MUCH TIME WASTED NOW BACK TO THE JOB IN HAND BUT MY BRAIN ISNT REALLY WORKING YET I CANT FIND ANY RHYTHM CANT THINK WHAT TO WRITE SO I WRITE I CANT THINK WHAT TO WRITE AND IT WORKS JUST AS WELL AS ANY MORE ELOQUENT THOUGHTS MAY HAVE DONE PAUSES MIGHT AS WELL BE INCLUDED TOO SILENCE CAN BE BETTER THAN MUSIC TO LISTEN TO OR AT LEAST NO DIFFERENT JUST A QUESTION OF MOOD OR OF TEMPERAMENT INTELLECTUAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THINGS A ROCK OR A ROLL ARE POSSIBLY THE SAME DEPENDING ON THE TITLE OR THE INTENTION OH MY BELLY BUTTON HAS COPIOUS POTENTIAL ENDLESS VARIATIONS OF SAMEY SELF OBSERVATIONAL DIALECTICS OR SELF REFERENTIAL DIATRIBES WHAT DO I REALLY CARE WHETHER ANY OF IT MAKES ANY SENSE WHETHER ANYBODY AGREES THIS IS NOT SOME PHILOSOPHICAL TREATISE ON THE QUESTIONS OF MIND OR OF MORALS NOTHING MORE THAN MORE FILLING MORE PAGE PUKING PUFFED UP PRETENTIOUSNESS MORE GLIDING OVER THE SURFACE THAN EXPLORATION OF BEING ALL IM DOING IS SEEMING TO HAVE DONE ALTHOUGH IT IS OF COURSE PROOF OF MY EXISTENCE BUT NONE IS NEEDED I CAN TAKE THAT FOR GRANTED AT LEAST THAT MUCH IM SURE OF BUT OTHERS MAY DISAGREE MAY NOT BELIEVE THAT I WAS MAY THINK THAT THESE WORDS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY SOMEBODY ELSE PRETENDING TO BE ME WHAT PROOF CAN I OFFER TO THEM THAT I WAS AND I DID ALL I CLAIM TO HAVE DONE AS IF THIS WAS SOME KIND OF FICTION SOME FIRST PERSON NARRATIVE I EQUALS ANOTHER ME ONE WHOLLY INVENTED CHARACTER PASSED OF AS THE AUTHOR WHOSE ACTIONS ARE A PRODUCT OF MIND NOT OF LIFE NOT THAT THIS IS EITHER THIS NEED BE NO MORE THAN CONTINUAL DIMINUTION OF AN IDEA NO PLANNING OR CLEVER PLOTTING JUST A MEANDERING FREE ROAMING FREE RANGING FREE FORM WORK OR WORK OF ART WHATEVER GETS ME THROUGH THE DAY WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE TOSSING OFF ANOTHER RIFF A REICHIAN REPETITION OF ACTION TIP TAP TIP TAP LIKE THE WORDS IN MY FACE EXCEPT THIS TIME THE PICTURE IS A MORE CEREBRAL ONE NOT A GOOD LOOKING THING LIKE THAT OTHER VERSION TURNED OUT TO BE BUT ESSENTIALLY THE SAME IN ALL OTHER RESPECTS ITS FUNNY HOW THINGS THAT APPEAR TO BE ALMOST OPPOSITE TURN OUT TO BE EXACTLY THE SAME STARTED AND STOPPED LIKE SOMEONE LOOKING IN A MIRROR WHAT EVEN I DONT UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT CAN POSSIBLY MEAN JUST MORE VACUOUS TRIPE OF THE TYPE THAT HAS GOT ME THUS FAR THANK YOU SO ON AND ON NO NEED TO LOOK BACK NO POSSIBILITY OF BETTERING WHATS BEHIND BEST LEFT ALONE BEST FOOT FORWARD TO COVER THE REMAINING FEET OF FUTURE FUTILITY HOW LONG WOULD FINNEGANS WAKE BE FOR EXAMPLE IF EACH SENTENCE WAS LAID END TO END FROM RIVERUN TO THE LAST THE I CANT EVEN GUESS TO THE SHOP AND BACK PERHAPS FURTHER WHAT DOES IT MATTER AS LONG AS ITS THOUGHT OF DOING IS ALWAYS A SECONDARY PROCESS THE IDEA REMAINS PARAMOUNT EVEN NOW PROOF IS REQUIRED IN SOME FASHION BE IT THIS OR THAT DONT BE DETERRED BY THE PRESIDING NOTION THAT ITS ALL ALREADY BEEN DONE DO IT AGAIN MAYBE WORSE THAN BEFORE THE SAME PRODUCT WILL BE SUBSTANTIALLY DIFFERENT FOR HAVING BEEN DONE AGAIN THERE ARE MORE TYPES OF SILENCE IN THE WORLD THAN EVEN CAGE COULD GAUGE MORE EMPTY GALLERIES THAN KLEIN COULD FILL WITH NOTHING OR BLUE IDEAS MORE MOUSTACHES TO BE PAINTED ON MORE BALLOONS TO BE BLOWN UP OR SHEDS FOR THAT MATTER NOW NOTHING IS MORE REACTIONARY THAN ORIGINALITY THE AVANT GARDE NOW LAGS WELL BEHIND THE TIMES THE ZEITGEIST HAS BROKEN THE BACK OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE IS AS EMPTY AS THE IDEA OF AN EMPTY CANVAS ONCE WAS OR STILL IS NOW EVERYTHING IS AS EVERYTHING ELSE ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE PACKAGING THE BRAND NAME THE HARD SELL THE REASON AND THE PRICE BUT DONT FOR A MINUTE THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE I WROTE IT I AGREE WITH IT IRONY IS JUST ANOTHER TOOL FROM THE CONTEMPORARY PAINT BOX ANOTHER JOKER FROM THE PACK TO LOAD THE BRUSH WITH TO SMEAR THE STATUS QUO POSTER WITH NOW AS ALWAYS ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE LUCIFER ARM WRESTLING WITH BEETHOVEN WIDOW WITH BOULEZ THE UNMENTIONABLE WITH THE UNSEEABLE THE UNTHINKABLE UNSPEAKABLE UTTERANCES OF UTTER FREEDOM NO IM JUST JOKING WE ARE NOT EVEN FREE TO THINK SOME THINGS ALL THE UNTHOUGHT POSSIBILITIES LIE DORMANT WAITING FOR THE CORRECT CHEMICAL BALANCES TO FREE THEM FOR THE NEXT GENIUS TO BE ANOINTED BY POPULAR AGREEMENT THE DEADDER THE BETTER THE PANTHEON REQUIRES MORE HEROES MORE OTHERS TO DO THE DIRTY WORK LEFT TO BE DONE NEW MINDS TO OPEN NEW DOORS OF PERCEPTION THROUGH DECEPTION OR LOVE OR BOTH WHO WILL IT BE TO TAKE UP THE YOKE OF HUMANITY WHAT NEW JESUS TO SHOW US THE RIGHT LIGHT OR THE BEST WAY FORWARD ANY WAY IS GOOD ENOUGH ANYWAY ANY CHOICE WORKS AS WELL AS ANY OTHER ANY COLOUR IS IN THE MIND OF THE BELIEVER WORDS ARE THE STONE ROUND THE NECK OF THE DROWNING POETS SHOUT OUT YOUR LAST WORDS IN THE HOPE THAT SOMEONE WILL HEAR THEM AND REMEMBER YOU AS YOU WOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE BEEN NOT AS YOU WERE WELL THAT PASSED A GOOD FEW LINES A MINDLESS DIVERSION LISTEN CAN YOU HEAR IT WHAT THAT NOISE IN THE GARDEN THE SOUND OF COURGETTE GROWING SO WHAT ABOUT IT NOTHING JUST ANOTHER CHEAP TRICK

TO SPEED ME ALONG NO SHAME MORES THE PITY NO QUALITY CONTROLS NO JOHN WEST PHILOSOPHY NO INTEREST IN BEST TO MY RIGHT A PIANO TO MY LEFT A GREEN MAN BOTH WILL DO NICELY AS WILL THE DOG WHO BARKS SILENTLY OVER MY SHOULDER WHAT WOULD BURROUGHS DO AT THIS POINT CUT IT UP OR LOOK STRAIGHT INTO THE VOID AND SMILE AT THE WORTHLESSNESS OF EVERYTHING EXCEPT PLEASURE SO MANY WAYS AND OPTIONS JUST TWO RULES TO BREAK OR KEEP EVERYTHING ELSE IS OPEN TO NO HOLD ON IVE JUST REMEMBERED A THIRD NO PUNCTUATION EITHER FOR SOME REASON AND NOW FOR NO REASON A FOURTH ILL NOT SHAVE UNTIL THIS IS FINISHED THAT WAY EVERYONE CAN MEASURE MY PROGRESS BY THE QUANTITY OF BEARD THAT IM CARRYING THOUGH THATS NOT ENTIRELY TRUE AS NOBODY WILL KNOW WHY IM UNSHAVED AND MAYBE I WOULDNT HAVE SHAVED ANYWAY FINISHED OR NOT ITS ALL ACADEMIC WHAT COUNTS IS RESULTS NOT PROCEDURE ALTHOUGH OFTEN PROCESS IS PARAMOUNT AS IN THIS FOR EXAMPLE BUT HOW WILL NOT SHAVING AFFECT THE RESULT WELL IT ALREADY HAS BEFORE MENTIONING SHAVING THERE WAS NO MENTION OF SHAVING AND NOW ITS BECOME ESSENTIAL AND INTEGRAL A MATTER OF HONOUR AS VITAL AS ANY OTHER PART OF THESE WORDY FUMBLINGS ILL STOP AT THE END OF THE PAGE FOR A REST BUT MY BEARD WILL KEEP GROWING EVEN WHILST NOT DOING THIS PART OF MYSELF WILL CONTINUE THE WORK AND AT THE END I COULD HAVE MY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN TO PROVE THAT I DIDNT CHEAT BUT I SHOULD OF HAD IT TAKEN BEFORE I STARTED TOO SO THE DIFFERENCE COULD BE SEEN BUT I HADNT THOUGHT OF THE RULE UNTIL NOW SUCH IS THE CREATIVE PROCESS YOU GENERALLY DONT KNOW WHAT YOURE GOING TO DO TIL YOUVE DONE IT AND THEN IT MIGHT BE TOO LATE TO DO IT DIFFERENTLY I FOR EXAMPLE WILL NOT CHANGE WHATS DONE EVEN IF SOMETHING COULD HAVE BEEN DONE MUCH BETTER I ACCEPT WHATEVER COMES FIRST EVEN IF IT PROVES TO BE WORSE WHO IS TO DISTINGUISH BUT ME AUTHENTIC AUTHOR OF MY OWN PARTICULAR FAILURES AGAIN AND AGAIN STARTING AGAIN WHAT NEED NOT HAVE BEEN EVER BEGUN SUCH IS THE CHOICE OF THOSE WHOSE WORK IS UNWANTED AND UNCALLED FOR UNPARALLELED FREEDOM OF THOUGHT AND FORM SELFISH EGOISTS WHO BELIEVE ITS STILL WORTH THE TROUBLE TO HAVE A GO AT ALCHEMY DESPITE THE UNIVERSAL DISINTEREST IN THE RESULT I WANT IT TO BE AS BAD AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT REALLY TRYING MY WILL BE DONE IN THIS AS IN EVERYTHING ELSE HOW WILL IT BE WORSE HOW CAN IT BE BAD THOUGH BADLY WRITTEN SURELY DOESNT COUNT ALL THAT COUNTS IS THAT IT IS THEREFORE ITS AUTOMATICALLY GOOD SO NO NEED TO TRY TO BE WORSE WHAT CAN IT BE JUDGED AGAINST TO DETERMINE ITS WORTH IS A FULL PAGE BETTER THAN AN EMPTY ONE ARE MORE WORDS NECESSARILY BETTER THAN LESS IS BIGGER BETTER THAN SMALLER AND SO ON INTO THE DISTANCE LIKE THE SUBTLE FADE OUT OF LUCINDA IVE STARTED SO ILL FINISH AND THATS ENOUGH REASON A GOOD ENOUGH REASON TO CONTINUE FOR ME AND THEN NONE CAN SAY THAT IT HASN'T BEEN DONE BUT IM GETTING BORED WITH THIS BLABBERING STYLE THIS VERBOSE VERBIAGE THIS ACCUMULATION OF GARBLED GARBAGE BUT ILL STICK WITH IT AS THERES NO POINT IN THE INTRODUCTION OF NARRATIVE NOW IVE GOT THIS MUCH DONE WITHOUT CHARACTERS AND PLOTS DESCRIPTIONS OF CLOTHING AND STATES OF MIND IVE BLURTED AND BLUFFED MY WAY HERE SO I MAY AS WELL JUST CONTINUE THE SAME TIRESOME TIRADE THE SAME WORDY PARADE TIL IM THERE DOWN THERE IN THE SMALLEST SMUDGES OF INKY BLANK BLACKNESS MY OWN TRIBUTE TO ZAPPA MY OWN BLACK PAGE OR TO STERNER STUFF AND HIS THOUGH I GUESS MINE WILL ALLOW A LITTLE MORE LIGHT BUT ALL WILL BE REVEALED THROUGH THE GRACIOUSNESS OF OLD FATHER SO AND SO TIMELY WATCH WATCHER TICKING OFF EACH AND EVERY USED SECOND OR SMALLER PARADOXICALLY IMPOSSIBLE AS SHOWN SO WELL IN THE OLD DAYS BY THE OLD SCHOOL TEACHERS THEN THEIR PUPILS THROUGH SO MANY GENERATIONS AND DUSTY VOLUMES TO NOWADAYS AND THE PROFESSORS WHO PROFESS TO SEE SMALLER AND SMALLER BUT ALSO KNOW THAT THEY CANT SEE CORRECTLY THAT THAT CANNOT BE VIEWED WITHOUT ACTING DIFFERENTLY SO WHAT EXACTLY MY VIEW TOO IGNORANCE SERVES IT OWN PURPOSE OR IS GRADED IN WHOSOEVERS IMAGE SEEMS MOST APPEALING AT THE TIME WHAT A LOAD OF OLD CLAPTRAP TALK ABOUT MISUNDERSTANDING OR NOT AT ALL UNDERSTANDING MORE LIKE ASKING QUESTIONS BY LIFTING UP STONES AND FINDING NO ANSWERS BUT LOTS OF BIG JUICY CRABS THEY'LL DO THE SAME JOB AS THAT NONSENSICAL GIBBERISH UP THERE LIFT UP MINE EYES I CAN SEE JESUS LOOKING DOWN ON THE QUEEN IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN DEFENDER OF THE FAITH SMILES AT ME FROM HER TWO DIMENSIONAL THRONE AND HE TOO LOOKS FADED AND DUSTY AS DOES HIS MUMMY A THREAD OF SPIDERS WEB IS IGNORED BY MY QUEEN UNSEEN BY HER CARDBOARD EYES VERY DESCRIPTIVE WELL DONE GOOD BOY THE IMAGINATION FED BY THE EYES THE REAL TRANSMOGRIFIED INTO THE STUFF OF WHICH IM THE ONLY ARBITER THE CHOOSER AND SELDOM DISGARDER THE ARTIST SELF ANOINTED CREATOR WHOSE CHOICES DICTATE WHAT IS SEEN AND WHATS NOT HAPPY WORDSMITH BANGING ON ALL DAY ABOUT TRIVIALITIES AND THE LIKE NO MORE HONEST THAN ANY OTHER WHO GETS PAID FOR IT NOT A NARRATIVE MONGER BUT A PLODDER

PEDANTICALLY PROCEEDING SOUTHWARD AN EXPLORER PLUNGING DEEP INTO THE HEART OF NOTHINGNESS POMPOUS BOMBASTIC BUFFOON FILLING THE WHITENESS WITH SKINNY BLACK SHAPES NOW VISIBLY NOT QUITE HALF WAY DOWN PAGE NINETY WITH TEN AND A HALF LEFT TO GO FULFILLING MY PROMISE OF COMPLETION WITHOUT FULFILLING ANY PROMISES OF QUALITY EVEN TEN YEARS AGO I PROBABLY WOULDNT HAVE DREAMT ID BE SITTING HERE DOING THIS I WOULD HAVE SPENT THE DAY DIFFERENTLY DOING SOMETHING EQUALLY WORTHLESS NO DOUBT BUT ITS ALL OF A MUCHNESS THE FACT THAT I BOTHERED TO GET OUT OF BED IS NO LITTLE ACHIEVEMENT CONSIDERING THE SITUATION BUT IVE MADE MY BED SO THERES NO USE COMPLAINING ALTHOUGH FROM ANOTHER VIEW THE USE IS OBVIOUS WHATEVER POPS INTO MY HEAD CAN BE USEFUL EXCEPT ALL THE SMUT THATS BEEN BANNED FROM THESE LINES THAT WILL JUST HAVE TO REMAIN IN MY HEAD FOR ONCE NO MUCKY THOUGHTS OR PERVERTED IDEAS WILL ENTER THESE REALMS NO NOT THIS TIME JUST FOR ONCE ITLL BE SQUEAKY CLEAN FIT FOR THE EYES OF BABIES IF ONLY THEY COULD READ BUT SOON IT WONT MATTER AS NOT EVEN I WILL SEE WHATS BEEN WRITTEN WILL VERY QUICKLY FORGET WHAT IT WAS THAT TOOK SO MUCH TIME TO SQUEEZE OUT IT WILL GATHER DUST WITH THE REST OF THESE THINGS JUST ONE MORE SILENT ATTEMPT AT THE ACTION OF ACCOMPLISHMENT ONE LONG SENSELESS SENTENCE ONE MORE SCREAM AT THE FUTURE FROM THE PRESENT RELEGATED INTO THE PAST YELLING INTO THE DEAF EARS OF THIS HARD MACHINE UNCARING BUNDLE OF WIRES AND STUFF THAT SITS SQUARELY FACE TO FACE WITH ITS MASTER OR SERVANT DEPENDING BUT LETS GIVE IT ITS DUE WERE IT NOT FOR THIS MACHINE THEN THIS WOULDNT BE AND I WOULD BE DOING SOMETHING ELSE AND NOT SITTING HERE TALKING TO MYSELF LIPS MOVING AS MY FINGER RESPONDS TO MY MINDS VOICE TELLING IT WHICH BUTTONS TO PRESS TO GET PRESS WRITTEN DOWN OR WRITTEN WRITTEN ETC AND I COULD HAVE RECORDED THE NOISE OF THESE KEYS A RHYTHM TRACK TO ACCOMPANY MY MUMBLINGS BUT HOW MUCH PROOF IS REALLY REQUIRED TO PROVE SOMETHING EXISTS NONE NOR TO PROVE THAT ITS DONE OR NOT HOW MANY CUPS OF TEA DOES IT TAKE OR ALL MANNER OF PERMUTATIONS AS THE THING ITSELF SLOWLY MUTATES AND BECOMES OTHER OTTER WHY NOT EVERY TIME I RIGHT OTHER I SECRETLY THINK OTTER SO ILL PUT THAT AS WELL JUST TO FILL SPACE ANOTHER DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CONTINUE UNSTOPPED NOW I COME TO THINK OF IT IT COULD HAVE BEEN DONE SO MUCH QUICKER IF ID USED A FIVE PAPER INSTEAD OF THIS ENDLESS A FOUR STUFF THAT THIS WILL BE PRINTED ON BUT I COULD HAVE BACK THEN WHEN BEGINNING BUT NOT NOW NO SOME THINGS CANNOT BE UNDONE MORES THE PITY IF ID THOUGHT OF IT EARLIER I COULD PERHAPS HAVE BEEN FINISHED BY NOW BUT I DIDNT AND THEREFORE AM NOT I REMEMBER BACK THERE ON PAGE ONE THE SUNNY OPTIMISM AS I SET OFF ON THIS JOURNEY FULL OF HOPE SAFE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT MY FIRST CUP OF COFFEE WOULD APPEAR BY MY SIDE WITH A KISS AND NOW SO SOON BOGGED DOWN IN THIS ISOLATION THIS LONELY ADVENTURE AS ONLY THOSE WHOVE BEEN THERE WOULD KNOW AND MOST OF THOSE WOULD A LEAST HAVE BEEN THINKING THEY HAD SOMETHING WORTH SAYING WHEREAS I AM JUST SPEWING OUT WHATEVER COMES TO MY MIND NEVER MIND ANOTHER PAGE ALMOST TICKED OFF AND COMPLETED ONE MORE DOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE NOW I MUST SUMMON THE WILL TO GO ON I CANT GO ON ITS ALL BEEN SAID BETTER BY BIGGER BOYS AND THE RAIN IS DOING ITS DAMNEDEST TO DAMPEN MY SPIRITS BUT ILL GO ON TOO JUST LIKE HIM THAT OTHER CONTINUAL LOSER SPITTING IT ONTO THE PAGE TRYING TO FINISH THIS SENTENCE IMPOSED ON MYSELF FOR THE CRIME OF THINKING OF IT IF ONLY ANOTHER IDEA HAD PRESENTED ITSELF BUT THIS IS JUST MORE SPILT MILK I COULD BE ELSEWHERE RIGHT NOW BUT I SAT DOWN IN FRONT OF THE TV AND WHEN I GOT UP I CAME HERE INSTEAD OF GOING THERE HERE I CAN SILENTLY SIT TALKING TO MYSELF WHERE AS THERE I WOULD HAVE TO LISTEN TO SOME OTHERS VERSION OF REALITY THERES NOT MINE CONVERSING CONVERGING OPINIONS COLLIDING FUN NO DOUBT BUT WHAT GREATER FUN THAN THIS THIS EXCUSE FOR NOT BEING THERE THERE WILL ALWAYS BE ANOTHER PARTY TO GO TO BUT IF I HADNT DECIDED TO SIT HERE I WOULDNT BE WHERE I AM NOW ID STILL HAVE THOSE INCHES ABOVE TO WRITE BUT NOW THEY ARE THERE TO BE READ VERY GOOD THEY LOOK GOOD TOO MORE TO THE POINT IN A WAY THERE IS NOTHING EASIER THAN THIS ITS NOT LIKE IM WRITING AN OPERA THOUGH ALL THIS COULD BE SUNG NO DOUBT BUT DOING THIS I HARDLY NEED THINK AT ALL JUST PUT MY MIND INTO GEAR AND LET IT RUN ON AUTOPILOT BUT WHAT WITH TECHNOLOGY NOW I NEEDNT EVEN BE PRESSING THESE KEYS WASTE OF ENERGY THAT IT IS BUT THE ACTION DEFINES THE WORK PRECISELY THE POINT OF THE WHOLE EXERCISE I COULD STILL BE HOLDING A BRUSH LOADED WITH PAINT OR CHIPPING AWAY AT A CHUNK OF MARBLE OR FRAMING AN IMAGE TO CAPTURE ON FILM OR POOING INTO A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE WHATEVER THE RESULT IS THE SAME HOW LONG DID STRAVINSKY TAKE TO WRITE HIS RITE HOW MANY NOTES DID IT TAKE HOW MUCH PAPER HOW MUCH INK HOW MUCH DID HE THINK AND ARE ALL THE NOTES THE CORRECT ONES I WONDER WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE AND WHAT IS THE RESULT AM I MOVED TO TEARS OR SCARED BY THE VIOLENCE OR JUST SURPRISED A LITTLE BY A

LOUD BANG NO MATTER BUT PROBABLY MORE PEOPLE DONT LIKE IT THAN DO OR HAVE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF IT LET ALONE HEARD IT WOULD IT MATTER IF NOBODY HAD EVER HEARD IT WHAT THEN A WORLD WITHOUT IT A GAPING WHOLE IN THE SCHEDULES HUNDREDS OF BLANK RECORDS AND SILENT CONCERTS WITH THE AUDIENCE WONDERING WHY THEY WERE NOT MEANT TO SPEAK THIS IS NONSENSE I SHOULD HAVE GONE OUT AND THEN LATER OR TOMORROW OR LATER WHEN I WROTE THE ABOVE IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A BIT BETTER NEVER MIND IM THREE INCHES CLOSER TO HOME THE FINAL FULL STOP NOT THAT THERE WILL BE ONE OR IF THERE IS NOT ONE TO BE SEEN AND WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF MUSIC DOES IT SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST OR GET THE PULSE PUMPING ADRENALINE FLOWING THOSE HAIRS THAT STAND UP ON THE BACK OF THE NECK ATTENTION GRIPPING OR SUBLIME SOUNDS OOZING INTO THE BRAIN THE POETRY OF SOUND WHERE ONE SOUND SOUNDS BETTER TO THE EAR THAN ANOTHER TOO MUCH OR NOT ENOUGH WAFFLE WAFFLE FEEDBACK AND VIBRATO HIGH HATS AND STACCATO MORE HIGH ART THAN LOW MORE APOLLONIAN THAN DIONYSIAN MORE CHABLIS THAN BLUE NUN MORE BACH THAN BLUES THE DISTINCTIONS ARE ENDLESS BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE AND I KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE IF IM CLEVER I SHOULD ALSO KNOW GREEK AND LATIN TO BOOT QUOTE FROM DANTE AND SHAKESPEARE AND THE BEST BOOK OF ALL IF I COULD THERE IS SO MUCH ID DELETE SO MUCH IS EMBARRASSING THANK GOD NOBODY WILL READ IT THE SMALLER IT GETS THE WORSE IT CAN GET BE POMPOUS AND PRETENTIOUS ILL SAVE THE BEST FOR LAST THE WORST FOR NOW THIS IS BEING WRITTEN ON A COMPUTER OR THIS HOW I WISH I COULD SWEAR HAS BEEN WRITTEN ON A COMPUTER IT MUST BE TO BE IT IS BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN AND IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE OR MADE ONE IT WOULDNT BE IF IT WASNT BUT SOMETHING ELSE WOULD HAVE BEEN I WOULDNT JUST SIT AND TWIDDLE MY THUMBS NOT UNLESS ID DESIGNATED THE ACTION AS ART AND NOW IM WISHING I HAD FOR IT WOULD CERTAINLY BE MORE INTERESTING THAN THIS BUT MY BEARDS COMING ON NICELY REGARDLESS A BABY HEDGEHOG SOUND SLEEP ON MY CHIN A HISPID LIFE SPROUTING TIMEKEEPER GROWING GRADUALLY GREYER TEA TIME BUT NOT TO HOT JUST IN CASE I FALL IN A TINY ME SMALL AS A FLY SWIMMING ROUND AND ROUND IN THE BROWN WATER TO THINK THAT I USED TO DRINK A WHOLE SWIMMING POOL AND NOW I CAN DROWN IN A CUPPA THATS PROBABLY HOW KAFKA STARTED SO ID BETTER STOP THIS IS DREARY ENOUGH WITHOUT GOING DOWN THAT ROAD SO ILL STOP BEFORE ITS TOO LATE AND QUICKLY CHANGE DIRECTION TRY AND THINK OF SOME OTHER WORDS TO PLUG UP HE SNOWY WHITE ABSENCE THE BIG GAPING CHASM BELOW I COULD OF COURSE CHEAT AND JUST COPY THE LINE ABOVE THIS ONE THE BIG GAPING CHASM BELOW I COULD OF COURSE CHEAT AND OF COURSE DID BUT ONLY A TEENY WEE BIT NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF NO HARM DONE IN FACT IT WORKED RATHER WELL IN A POST MODERN SORT OF WAY BUT THAT MEANS EVEN LESS THAN THE MEANINGLESS REST THATS WHAT I NEED SOME GOOD SOLID SLEEP GIVE MYSELF A CHANCE TO DREAM PERCHANCE ILL THINK OF A WAY OF CONTINUING WITH A LITTLE MORE FLARE AND PANACHE ILL JUST LIE THERE AND LET MY BEARD DO THE WORK IT CAN TAKE ON THE SOLE RESPONSIBILITY OF CREATION WHILE I DREAM OF SOMETHING MORE INTERESTING ENOUGH SAID I CAN SEE THE END OF THE PAGE THOUGH SO ITS ALL BEEN WORTHWHILE THIS MEANDERING STYLE IM BURROWING INTO THE REALMS OF THE POSSIBLE FIXING EACH LETTER INTO ITS PLACE IN THE DELICATE STRUCTURE THE WEIGHT OF THE WORDS ABOVE THESE THOSE THAT STARTED SO BIG AND SO LIGHT IS PRESSING DOWN HEAVIER CRUSHING THE LIFE OUT OF THE TEXT FOSSILISING EACH LINE SEDIMENTARY PROSE LAYER UPON LAYER SQUEEZING THE MEANING OUT THE JUICY SUBSTANCE RESIDUE OF THOUGHT COLD PRESSED ESSENCE OF ACTIVITY THE EVIDENCE OF TOIL COMME IL FAUT AS THEY SAY THIS WORK ETHIC SO ESSENTIAL TO GET ON AND DONE DISCIPLINE NEEDED TO PRESS DOWN HARDER THE HARDER IT GETS RACKING THE GREY MATTER FOR MORE TITTLE TATTLE MORE SMALL TALK TO FILL EVER GREATER DISTANCES AS THE DESERT GETS BIGGER THE VAST EMPTY PAGE LOOMS LARGER THE DENSITY MEASURABLE BY THE EYE LITTLE BY LITTLE LITTLER TIL ONE DAY TINY FLEAS OF COMMUNICATION WILL COMMUNICATE NOTHING THE MESSAGE WILL BE LOST BY THE METHOD CHOSEN TO CONVEY IT MAYBE NOT THOUGH IM THINKING TOO FAR IN ADVANCE OF MY PRESENT ITS HERE THAT COUNTS NOW IS THE MOMENT EACH NOW IS OF MUCH MORE IMPORTANCE THAN WHENS THEYLL HAVE THEIR DAY WHEN I REACH THEM IF THEYRE REACHED THE PLANNING IS OVER ALL THATS NEEDED IS A LITTLE IMAGINATION NOTHING TOO GRAND NO HIGH BROW PHILOSOPHY OR PRETTY PETTY POETRY ANYTHINGS GOOD EVEN A STORY WOULD PASS THIS ENTRANCE EXAMINATION OF CONTINUATION I WISH I WAS ONE WHO REMEMBERED MY DREAMS IM SURE THAT LAST NIGHT MY HEAD WAS BURSTING WITH NARRATIVE POSSIBILITIES PSYCHEDELIC FANTASIES FANTASTICAL CHARACTERS FIT FOR A NOVEL WHEREAS IN THE COLD LIGHT OF DAY WITH MY MIND BLANK I CHURN OUT LINE AFTER LINE OF UNINSPIRED INSIPID TRASH BUT THAT JUST WHAT EVERYONE THINKS THAT THEIR DREAMS ARE INTERESTING I DONT BELIEVE IT I EXPECT THAT MY DREAMS ARE EVEN DULLER THAN THIS AND THATS WHY I CAN SELDOM BE BOTHERED TO REMEMBER

THEM AS I CANT REMEMBER WHATS WRITTEN ABOVE OR OVER DEPENDING WHICH WAY THIS IS PRESENTED SHALL I BIND IT IN BOOK FORM PAGE TWO ON THE BACK OF PAGE ONE ETC OR FRAME EACH PAGE AND EXHIBIT THEM SEQUENTIALLY ONE TO A HUNDRED WILL EACH PAGE BE SIGNED OR MAYBE ILL DO A TITLE PAGE AND SIGN THAT SO MANY DECISIONS STILL YET TO BE MADE ONE THING AT A TIME AS ONE WORD FOLLOWS ANOTHER AND SO ON AND ON IM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING THIS LYING ON A TABLE A THREE DIMENSIONAL REALITY THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING A PILE OF PAGES ANOTHER PLANK IN THE ARK OF MY SAVIOUR MACHINE MY EMOTIONAL LIFE BOAT I OBEY THE VOICES IN MY HEAD MY WILL IS THE DRIVING FORCE FORCING ME ON TO FULFILLING IDEAS A COLLECTOR OF THOUGHTS I SIT SURROUNDED BY MY ATTEMPTS AT BEING GOD MAKER AND BREAKER OF RULES PILING UP AROUND ME ARE THE SHABBY REMAINS OF MY EFFORTS MY FAMILY OF PREVIOUS VERSIONS OF THIS ALWAYS THE SAME REPETITIONS STARTING AND DOING TIL DONE THEN STOPPING AND STARTING AGAIN FROM SQUARE ONE WHAT I NEED IS A COMMON SENSE REVOLUTION A BRAND NEW WAY OF BEING ME WITHOUT THIS ADDICTION TO DOING WHAT NEEDNT BE DONE I COULD LEAVE IT TO OTHERS MORE CAPABLE OF SACRIFICING SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE I WISH I WAS DIFFERENT BUT IM GLAD THAT IM NOT I TRY TO BE HAPPY WITH THE LITTLE IVE GOT CHATting AWAY WITH MYSELF BUT NOT LISTENING A NEW NERO FOR THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY AN EGOIST YELLING OUT LOOK AT ME IM ALIVE BUT WITHOUT THE SKILL OF LIVING IT COULD OF COURSE BE MUCH WORSE SO ILL STOP WITH THIS SELF OBSESSED SELF INDULGENCE FOR NOW AND TRY A BIT OF POSITIVE THINKING THATS BETTER A SOFT DISTANT WORD IN MY EAR REVIVES MY SPIRITS AND LIFTS MY EYES FROM THE LIGHT THATS BURNING A HOLE IN MY BRAIN BUT ITS GOOD CLEAN STUFF FOR A CHANGE IM SHOCKING MYSELF BY NOT GIVING INTO THE TEMPTATION TO SHOCK THESE RESTRICTIONS ARE JUST PART OF THE GAME TO BE PLAYED MONOTONOUSLY OUT NOW THESE WORDS ARE AS SMALL AS I THOUGHT THEY COULD GET UNTIL DISCOVERING HOW TO GET THEM TO GO SMALLER THAT WAS THE DAY THAT THIS IDEA WAS FOUND IN MY HEAD ALL THIS BECAUSE OF SOMETHING AS TRIVIAL AS THAT IT CHANGED MY LIFE AND NOT FOR THE BETTER IN THE TIME IVE SPENT HERE I COULD HAVE DONE SO MUCH ELSE PERHAPS SO MUCH BETTER THE BEST THINGS ARE GENERALLY THOSE DONE MOST QUICKLY AT LEAST IN MY CASE AND THATS ALL IM CONCERNED WITH THE FIRST THOUGHT BEFORE STYLE DISTORTS IT AND TECHNIQUE TRANSFORMS IT TO TRANSCEND THOSE TWIN PEAKS IS THE AIM AND I MISS TIME AFTER TIME I COULD EQUALLY WELL HAVE DONE THIS WITHOUT THE LABORIOUS EFFORT OF DOING IT THIS WAY I COULD HAVE JUST WRITTEN DOWN THE IDEA AND SIGNED IT THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN QUITE ENOUGH MAYBE EVEN TOO MUCH I COULD HAVE JUST MENTIONED THE IDEA IN A CONVERSATION HOW MUCH IS REALLY REQUIRED OR IF I STOPPED NOW WHAT THEN I THINK IVE DONE ENOUGH TO SHOW THAT IT WASNT A JOKE NO JOKES ARE WORTH SO MUCH TIME AND WHAT ABOUT SCHUBERTS UNFINISHED BUSINESS IS IT ENOUGH DO WE DEMAND COMPLETION SOMETHINGS ARE DEFINITELY FINE AS THEY ARE THE DEFECTS ADD TO THE PLEASURE THEY GIVE I COULD WRITE THE FIRST TWO WORDS OF BOOK AND LEAVE THE REST UNFINISHED LEAVE THE STORY TO THE IMAGINATION OF THE READER I COULD START IT IT WAS OR I AM OR LONG AGO OR ONCE UPON OR IN THE OR IF EVER THE POSSIBLE BEGINNINGS ARE ENDLESS I COULD PUBLISH IT UNDER A PSEUDONYM AND GIVE IT AWAY AT THE STATION TWO HUNDRED BLANK PAGES PRECEDED BY MY CHOSEN TWO WORDS NOT QUITE BLANK PAGES THEYD BE NUMBERED CORRECTLY BUT IT WOULDNT BE UNFINISHED THATS THE PROBLEM WITH ALL THAT I WOULD HAVE DECIDED TO FINISH AFTER TWO WORDS IS THAT THE SAME AS UNFINISHED I THINK NOT BUT YOU DECIDE FOR YOURSELF DONT TAKE MY WORD FOR IT WHAT CONTEMPTIBLE RUBBISH YOURSELF IS ALWAYS ME YOU CANT HAVE AN OPINION UNLESS I PUT THE WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH OR RATHER HERE ON THIS VIRTUAL PAGE OR THERE ON THIS REAL ONE BUT WHAT IS THE REAL ONE THIS NOT THAT THAT IS ANOTHER VERSION OF THIS OR NOT THIS WONT BE FINISHED UNTIL IT BECOMES THAT UNLESS I DECIDE TO EXHIBIT THIS AS A BIT OF COMPUTER ART AND IM ALMOST POSITIVE THAT I WONT THOUGH IT IS I COULD OF COURSE NOT BOTHER TO PRINT IT I COULD JUST E MAIL IT ROUND THE WORLD OR HAVE IT HANGING ON THE WALLS OF AN INTERNET GALLERY AND PEOPLE COULD SEND ME A LOT OF MONEY IF THEY WANT TO COPY IT THAT WAY I COULD CHANGE THE WHOLE LOOK OF IT MAYBE HAVE RED WRITING ON BLACK PAGES SURELY THAT WOULD BE EVEN HARDER TO READ THOUGH WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO READ IT IS QUITE BEYOND ME BUT QUITE CLEARLY THEY WONT SO NO PROBLEM AS THEY SAY NOW WHEN I LOOK AT THIS ITS STARTING TO LOOK MORE LIKE A BRICK WALL OF WORDS IMPENETRABLE BLOCK OF USELESS INK HOW IM LOOKING FORWARD TO NOT SEEING THE WORDS ANYMORE REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM LOGICAL OUTCOME OF VANITY OR MORE LIKELY INSANITY BECAUSE THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF A MAD ONE MEANINGLESS PROGRESSION OF LESS AND LESS BUT NEVER QUITE REACHING NOTHINGNESS I WISH THERE WAS A WAY OF FORCING THE READER TO READ EVERY WORD WITHOUT SKIPPING THEN IM SURE ILL BE LEFT QUITE ALONE WITH THESE WORDS IF I FOR EXAMPLE HAD HAD TO READ ALL THAT ABOVE ID NEVER BE READING THIS

NOW ID HAVE GIVEN UP LONG AGO SAYING ITS JUST NOT WORTH THE EFFORT AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN RIGHT CAUSE ITS NOT BUT ITS WASNT WORTH BEGINNING EVEN THE BEGINNING LET ALONE GETTING THIS FAR BUT IM HAPPY THAT EVEN THE MOST OBSTINATE READER WILL HAVE TO GIVE UP EVENTUALLY BEATEN BY THE LIMITATIONS OF EYESIGHT IF NOT BOREDOM ITS AN ENDURANCE KIND OF THING LIKE A WARHOL MOVIE OR SOME INTERMINABLE DOUBLE BASS SOLO BY SOME JAZZ BUFF SO WORTHY IT MAKES YOU SHUDDER AND WISH FOR A BIT OF GARY GLITTERS GLITTERING RAZZMATAZZ HES THE LEADER WHICH MAKES YOU NOTHING BUT A FOLLOWER BUT LIKE PESSOA IM NEITHER A NOWHERE MAN STARING INTO THE OPEN VACUUM OF FUTURE TIP TOEING THE LINE SAFELY LEAVING MY SLUG TRAIL BEHIND ME MUCKY MARK ON THE PUREST WHITE LIGHT HEAVEN DEFLOWERED BY MY GRUBBY FINGERTIP MIRACULOUS TRANSFORMATION FROM EMPTY TO FULL A SLOW DRIPPING TAP OF CREATION PLOP PLOP AS THE WORDS FALL UNTIL EACH PAGE OVERFLOWS ONTO THE NEXT FROM THE PANGLOSSIAN FIRST TO THE DISMAL LAST POETICISED BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE PAGES OH WELL NOTHING VENTURED NOT MUCH LOST DAY BY DAY SWELLING BRINGING ANOTHER STILL BORN THING INTO A WORLD ALREADY TOO CROWDED WITH STUFF THE MOUNTAINS OF ARTISTIC WASTE GROW TALLER WITH EACH PASSING DAY BUT THE VIEW FROM THE TOP IS NO CLEARER EVERY GENERATION BRINGS MORE VERSIONS OF EVER CHANGING CONTEMPORARY REALITY EACH ADDING A NEW LAYER TO THE UNDERSTANDING OF MEANING OR THE MEANING OF UNDERSTANDING EACH FEEDING ON THE REMAINS OF THE PREVIOUS EPOCH BUILDING EVER HIGHER ANOTHER TIER ON THE TOWER OF BABEL KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THE FOUNDATIONS ARE FAULTY AND ONE DAY THE WHOLE EDIFYING EDIFICE MUST TUMBLE LIKE A HOUSE MADE OUT OF CARDS BEAUTIFUL MAYBE BUT WHOLLY UNPRACTICAL FOR THE BUSINESS OF LIVING IN ERECTIONS TO VANITY PUSHING THE BOUNDARIES OF THE POSSIBLE AND PERMISSIBLE UNTIL EVERYTHING IS ACCEPTABLE AND THE BOUNDARIES CHANGE TO ACCOMMODATE EVERYTHING OR POSSIBLY NOTHING THE ULTIMATE AIM THE PURE CALM IN THE CENTRE OF THE STORM THE IDEA THAT TRANSCENDS THE NOTION OF CREATION POSITIVE NIHILISM OR ANARCHY OF THOUGHT WEVE BEEN THERE DONE THAT SEEN THE RESULTS AND BOUGHT THE T SHIRT SO NOW WE MUST DO IT AGAIN DIFFERENTLY BE REACTIONARY OR SHUT UP EVERYTHING IS EQUAL DEPENDING ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW THE DIFFERENCE IS ONLY AN ABSTRACT IDEA IN THE MIND OF THE IDEALIST THERE IS NO TRUTH EXCEPT THAT THAT IS BELIEVED TO BE TRUE EXISTENCE CAN BE ARGUED AWAY OR AT LEAST LOGICALLY DENIED WE CAN WEAR THE EMPERORS OLD CLOTHES SECOND HAND EMPTINESS PREGNANT WITH PRETENTIOUSNESS ITLL DO FOR WHAT IM EMBARKED ON THE JOURNEY INTO THE BLACK LINES OF DARKNESS FLEETING SHADOWS TO COVER THE NAKEDNESS OF THE KNOWER YES THAT WAS A JOKE TOO HERES ANOTHER ONE KNOCK KNOCK WHOS THERE JUAN JUAN WHO JUAN AND JANET EVENING GET IT I TELL EM AS I HEAR EM THATS ANOTHER ONE OF A SLIGHTLY MORE ESOTERIC HUE ITS ALL GOOD GRIST TO THE DAILY GRIND THOUGH I WELCOME ALL TO THIS PARTY EXCEPT THOSE WITH MUDDY BOOTS SO TO SPEAK IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN KEEP IT CLEAN THATS MY MOTTO THERES TOO MUCH SMUTTY ART IN THE WORLD AT THE MOMENT BY THE WAY TODAY IS THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER TWO THOUSAND OR WAS DO YOU BELIEVE THAT WHEN SO MUCH IS OBVIOUSLY COMPLETE AND UTTER BOLLIX ITS GOOD TO MISQUOTE ONES SELF OCCASIONALLY NOW WHERE WAS I OH YES DRIBBLING ONTO THIS PAGE SPITTING INTO THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER AT THE BEHEST OF MY MIND NOW IS THE BEGINNING OF THE AUTUMN OF MY DISCONTENT ITS ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE TO ETERNITY INTERNALLY MULLING THE NEXT WORTHLESS WORD SAVOURING THE SYLLABLES ROLLING THEM OVER ON MY TONGUE TASTING THEIR MEANING THEN PUKING THEM ONTO THIS NONSURFACE THAT TOO WILL SUFFICE IN ABSENCE OF CANVAS TRADITIONAL HOLDER OF ART OR ARTIFICE THIS SMALL WORMY EPIC EULOGY TO DUNDERHEADEDNESS CARRIES THE WORD LIKE A BRUSHSTROKE PORTRAYING THE FAILURE OF REPRESENTATIONALISM NOT NECESSARILY ITS FAILURE BUT MINE MY NAILS ARE STILL DIGGING INTO THE BLACKBOARD AS I SLIDE DOWN INTO THE ABYSS THE ABSURDITY OF THIS THE STRAIGHT LINE OF MY LEFT EMPHASISES THE IMPRESSIONIST RIGHT MORE WAVY AND UNSETTLED MORE JAGGED AND RAW THAT TOO WAS ANOTHER CHOICE PREDETERMINED LIKE THE SIZE OF THE STRETCHER ON WHICH I NAIL MY METAPHORICAL CANVAS AND COLOURS OILY SMUDGES THAT PICK OUT MY FORM THIS IS A KIND OF SELF PORTRAIT SHOWING WHATS INSIDE MY BRAIN NOT A LOT IF APPEARANCE IS ANYTHING TO GO BY BUT A CAPACITY TO BLUNDER ON REGARDLESS BLINKERED TO ANY DISTRACTIONS FULLY AWARE OF THE DIMINISHING RETURNS AND WALKING A TIGHTROPE THAT COULD JUST AS WELL HANG ME EACH WORD IS ANOTHER NAIL IN MY COFFIN HOW MANY WILL BE NEEDED TO SHUT MY MOUTH FOR GOOD AND ALL THOSE TO COME WILL BE SMALLER AND MEANER AS THE BOARDERS GROW BROADER SOON ANTS IF THEY COULD WOULD NOT HAVE TO STAND BACK TO READ ALL THE DRIVEL IM GOING TO WRITE RIGHT DOWN TO THE LAST INDISCERNIBLE INDISPENSABLE OMEGAIC IF THATS POETICALLY POSSIBLE LETTER ITS THE WILL TO SUCCEED DESPITE HAVING NOTHING TO SAY THAT

MAKES CONTINUATION POSSIBLE IVE GOT NOTHING TO PROVE TO ANYBODY BUT ME AND IM QUITE CONVINCED ALREADY IVE BEEN THROUGH THIS PROCESS BEFORE THIS IS JUST A REPETITION WITH DIFFERENT RULES AND A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT RESULT NOW ILL WRITE SOMETHING BETTER A GOOD OLD FASHIONED LETTER WITH INK I CAN SEE ON A PAGE MADE OF PAPER MY PEN IS THE TOOL I CAN GRIP IN MY HAND AS I SAY SOMETHING SPECIFICALLY TO SOMEONE WHO DESERVES MORE THAN THIS HOCUS POCUS POMPOSITY SO LACKING IN FOCUS ANOTHER JOKE IN THE TEXT WELL WHATEVER NEXT ME THINKS CUFF LINKS WILL TAKE UP SOME SPACE SO I MIGHT AS WELL WRITE IT AND CONTINUE Apace SWIFTLY ON QUICKLY DONE I WILL WRITE WHAT I SAY AND I MAY AS WELL LAUGH AND HAVE FUN ON THE WAY ALL SORTS OF TECHNIQUES THAT ILL HAPPILY USE FROM RHYMING AND JARGON TO FRESH WORDS THAT CONFUSE THATS ENOUGH OF THAT MERRY BANTER ITS MORE UNBEARABLE THAN THE REST BUT ITS SMALLER AND THEREFORE LESS LIKELY TO OFFEND IVE JUST PUT SOME BETTER WORDS IN AN ENVELOPE SO NOW BACK TO THIS SORDID QUAGMIRE AND WADE THROUGH MORE SPARKLING SPACE WITH MY FEET SINKING INTO THE CLAYEY BOG LIKE BLANKNESS EMOTIONAL VOIDSCAPE IM PRISSILY PAINTING WITHIN A WHITE FRAME A DICTIONARY USED AS A SURROGATE PALETTE AS I MIX THIS WORD WITH THAT TO PRODUCES SHADES OF MEANING OR BLOTCHES OF NUGATORY NONSENSE THE ONLY WAY FORWARD THAT SPRINGS TO MIND ITS A LONG TIME SINCE I DRANK THE WATER THAT LEAKS FROM PARNASSUS THE CRYSTAL CLEAR JUICE OF INSPIRATION THATS PROBABLY NOW AVAILABLE FROM MY LOCAL SUPERMARKET AS CASTALIAN COMMODITY GOOD FOR BOTH BODY AND MIND ALONG WITH WHOLLY HOLY CATHOLIC WATER CARBONATED OR STILL BOTTLED AND LICENSED BY THE VATICAN CORPORATION AT GODSWORD DOT COM ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB OF DECEIT FISHING FOR SOULS WITH A BIGGER NET ITS CATCHING ON EVERYWHERE EVERYONE CASHING IN A NEW TOY TO EMPLOY OLD MORALITY SAID JUST BECAUSE IT CAN BE RATHER THAN FOR ANY PARTICULAR BELIEF IN IF IT FITS INTO THE SCHEME OF THIS THING ILL HAPPILY USE IT TWIST IT AND ABUSE IT NO SACRED COWS SHALL SAFELY GRAZE HERE THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS TASTES TOO SWEET FOR YOUR AVERAGE MAN IN THE STREET TO POUR INTO HIS TEA TALKING OF WHICH I FANCY A CUPPA AND ILL DRINK IT FROM A BONE DRY CHINA CUP EMBLAZONED WITH AN ADVERT FOR LUCIFER JUST FOR THE SAKE OF THIS AND FOR HONESTY CHEERS HERES TO YOU DEAD INSPIRATIONAL TWENTIETH CENTURY VERSION OF ICARUS WHOSE MINIATURISED YELLOW IS JUST OUT OF REACH BURN WELL WHEREVER YOU ARE DID YOUR SEASONG RING OUT AT YOUR EXIT DID YOU SHOOT YOUR SHOT TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY TWO TIMES AND FILL UP YOUR TANK BEFORE FALLING WAS IT YOUR LAST FAREWELL SHOT TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIVE YEARS INTO THE FUTURE YES I TOO AM COMING WITH JOY AND WITH DRUMS TO MEET YOU ONE DAY IN THE GRAVEYARD OF MEMORY BUT THIS TIME WITH BONUS TRACKS TO FOLLOW THAT PRICK MY CONSCIENCE I WANT IT TO BE AS IT WAS IN THE HALCYON DAYS OF MISTER JACK THE LAD WHO TORE UP THE RULE BOOK AND RIPPED PAST FROM PRESENT TO LINK THEM AGAIN IN THE NOW OF THE MOMENT LIKE SAINT MICHAEL THE RAT ON A LEDGE WHO LOOKS OVER AND DOWN ON MERE MORTALS AND WHOSE BEST FRIENDS HAVE A HABIT OF CRASHING OR SINGING PHILOSOPHICAL SONGS ONE WEEK BEFORE WEDDING A MIRROR IMAGE OF THEMSELVES IN THE HEART OF BUDDHA OR SOME OTHER PEST GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH MAY YOUR MECHANICAL MINDS TICK IN TANDEM IF I COULD ID DRINK WARM BULLS BLOOD TO SALUTE YOU BUT THE BEST IVE GOT IS THIS TEPID BROWN WATER ENSHRINED IN BLUE GLAZE HOW CAN I EXPATiate FURTHER WHICH AVENUES OF THOUGHT CAN I WANDER DOWN NEXT TO PRODUCE MORE OUT OF NOTHING EX NIHILO FROM WHICH EVERYTHING CAME WHAT INTELLECTUAL GYMNASTICS SHALL I ATTEMPT WITHOUT THE USE OF A NET FALLING CONSTANTLY ON MY FACE TRIPPING OVER MY SYNTAX TAXING MY PATIENCE AND WILL IM A BIG SISSY SISYPHUS ENDLESSLY ROLLING MY ROCK AND POKING MY NOSE IN THE POINTLESS OR TERRIBLE TANTALUS WITH THE HUNGER TO END BUT UNABLE TO REACH IT NOT TODAY ANYWAY OR TOMORROW BUT EVENTUALLY I WILL DO WHAT THEY DIDNT OR COULDN'T A HEROIC FIGURE OF CLASSICAL CONCEPTION TYPING INTO OBLIVION WASTING GOOD WORDS AND SHRINKING THEM PAGE AFTER PAGE SUCKING UP MEMORY IN A DIGITAL DISTORTION OF THE SPOKEN WORD NOW MY BRAIN ACHES FROM THE BRIGHTNESS OF BACKGROUND AND SOME IS BETTER THAN NONE THOUGH NOT ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY MORE TRIFLING TRIVIALITIES ARE NEEDED BEFORE I CAN CONCLUDE THIS DAYS BAD WORK IF I MAY CALL IT THAT AND OF COURSE I CAN CALL IT WHATEVER I WANT ITS MY CONCEPTION THAT COUNTS NOW IM LISTENING TO EMPTY PAGES BY SOME TRAFFICKER OF MELODIES WHICH IS QUITE IRONIC REALLY AS IM WRITING THIS IN WINWORD ON THEM FUNNY COINCIDENCES THAT CAN BECOME THE BASIS OF RELIGIONS OR MADNESS DEPENDING WHICH WAY YOU LOOK AT IT OR WHAT YOU BELIEVE OR WHAT YOUVE BEEN TAUGHT TO BELIEVE IS TRUE MAGIC IS IN THE MIND IN A ROUNDABOUT SORT OF WAY I WISH I WAS CLEVER ENOUGH TO DEVISE A COMPUTER PROGRAMME TO WRITE THIS GIBBERISH IM SURE IT WOULDNT BE TO DIFFICULT A FEW SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS AND THEN WHAM BOBS YOUR

UNCLE ITS DONE IN A JIFFY IT WOULD PROBABLY IMPROVE THE QUALITY TOO I FOR ONE WOULD LIKE TO READ FROM THE MIND OF A MACHINE RATHER THAN TRAWL THROUGH MY OWN SCRAPING THE PROVERBIAL BARREL TO MAKE COPY IF I UNDERSTAND THE WORD TO MEAN WHAT I THINK IT DOES OR AM I MAKING SOME KIND OF MALAPROPISM OR SPOONY MISTAKE NO THERE ARE NO MISTAKES ONLY INTENTIONAL ONES LIKE HIS THAT IS MISSING A T BUT TO BE SURE TO BE SURE IM FILLING THE GAP BETWEEN BEGINNING AND END SLOWLY SLICING MY WAY THROUGH THE SILENCE OF ABSENCE ONE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY NINE LINES TO BE HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE LEAVING THESE WORD PRINTS IN THE CRISP CLEAN SNOW WHITENESS AS I MOVE TOWARDS ANOTHER UNTIMELY END MILLIMETRE BY MILLIMETRE TALKING MY WAY DOWN THE PAGE REDUCING THE HORIZON LIKE THE FALLING OF NIGHT NOW IS THE TWILIGHT OF PAGE NINETY THREE THE LAST RAYS CASTING LONG SHADOWS ACROSS THE BLEAK BARREN WASTELAND OF POSSIBILITY I HEAR YOUR VOICE IN MY MEMORY AND CONFUSE IT WITH MY OWN SO MANY THINGS THAT COULD HAVE BEEN SAID AND MAYBE SECRETLY WERE SO SOFTLY SPOKEN THAT NOBODY HEARD THEM IM SQUEEZING THE LIGHT OUT FILLING THE REMAINDER WITH A RAIN OF HORIZONTAL CIPHERS DESCENDING LIKE SPACE INVADERS USED TO BREAKING INTO NEW GROUND WITHOUT BREAKING NEW GROUND AND AS I GO FURTHER SOUTH THE COLDER IT GETS THE GROUND GETS HARDER MORE COMPACT AND HARDER TO BREAK THE TOOLS THAT SERVED ME SO WELL NOW FIND THE WORK HEAVY THEYRE BLUNTED FROM HAMMERING OUT SO MUCH PREVIOUS BALDERDASH HOW BAD WAS I TO CONDEMN MYSELF TO SO MANY LINES HOW STUPID TO KEEP STARTING THE PITCH BLACK INK KEEPS SUCKING THIS MUCK FROM MY MIND SPREADING IT LIKE DUNG ON A PURPOSELESS QUEST RESIDUAL SOOT ON THE PULP THE REMAINS OF A FOREST THIS ARMY OF LETTERS IN SQUADRONS OF WORDS MARCHES ON BLINDLY FOLLOWING MY ORDERS IM A TIN POT GENERALISSIMO GENERALLY SATISFIED WITH THE RANK AND FILING THE REST AWARDEING MY SELF THE HIGHEST HONOURS FOR GETTING THIS FAR ON SUCH LITTLE RATIONS OF INTEREST NOT LONG NOW BEFORE THIS PAGE IS CAPTURED AND OCCUPIED FOR GOOD IVE EXPUNGED THE SUNLIGHT EXTERMINATED ALL THAT STOOD IN MY WAY EXCEPT THE BOARDER REGIONS WHERE THE RULES OF ENGAGEMENT ALLOW NO TRESPASSING SOON A NEW DAY WILL DAWN LONGER LIKE SUMMER DAYS AND MY WEAPONS WILL BE MORE INEFFECTUAL AND OBSCURE THE CLOCKS WILL RUN SLOWER AND THE HOURS STRETCH LONGER IN A RELATIVE SORT OF WAY A NIETZSCHEAN DAYBREAK THUS I SPEAK LOOKING INTO THE NO MANS LAND THAT NOW I INVADE WITH PATHETIC PROSE ABANDONING ALL HOPE WITH MY MIND TICKING SLOWLY THE FUSE BURNING DOWN WITH CONFUSION PLANTING TIME BOMBS IN THE SLOW QUICKSAND BENEATH EACH LINE OF ATTACK DIGGING TRENCHES AND LEAVING A TRAIL OF SOILED PHRASES CRAWLING LIKE PIM OR BOM OR BEM THROUGH THE SLIME THE MUDDY MOUTH LICKING THE TASTELESS GLASS SCREEN THAT I WORM ACROSS A SNAIL LIKE STAIN OF INCONTINENCE OR INCOMPETENCE RETURNING HOME AFTER BEING THROWN OVER THE WALL THIS POINTILLISM THIS DAUBING TECHNIQUE GRADUALLY DEFACES THE SURFACE I CAN ASK FOR NO MORE THAN THAT GRAFFITI ON THE FRESH NEW PAINT SO EASILY SPOILED MY FINGER PRINTS EVERYWHERE STICKY PATCHES OF GUILT I DID IT I ADMIT IT WITHOUT GOOD REASON I SCRATCHED MY NAME IN THE FLESH OF THE ENEMY AS A LOVER WOULD WITH A COMPASS ITS WORTHWHILE TO SQUANDER THE TIME THAT REMAINS TILL THE NEXT TIME BEGINS CIRCULAR THEORIES ALWAYS RETURN EMPTY HANDED VANQUISHED SILENCES SILENCED BY TINY MORSELS OF ALPHABET ORDERED INTO A DECIPHERABLE DIRGE A DELUGE OF WASTED BINARY INFORMATION BOUND TOGETHER BY ADDITION EACH BRICK IS THE HOUSE AND THE ARCHITECT IS THE ONE WITH THE POWER TO NOMINATE THE SHAPE OF THINGS CHOOSER DICTATOR SHAPE ARBITER LET NONE DISAGREE WITH THE POWER OF THE CREATOR WHOSE PROGENY FILL ACRES OF VACANT MEMORY THE MORE WE ARE THE MORE THERE WILL BE THE PLANET ITSELF CAN BE JUST ANOTHER EXHIBITION A DOT OF BLUE PAINT ON A COSMIC BLACK WALL WITH A MILLION LIGHT BULBS TO LIGHT IT THE FRAGILE IDEAS CAPTURED IN RECOGNISABLE FORMS AND ACCEPTED BY THOSE SELF APPOINTED MAGISTRATES OF GOODNESS ARE WORTH WHAT THEY SELL FOR STYLE OVER CONTENT CONCEPTION OVER EXECUTION QUALITY SELF DETERMINED BY THOSE WITH THE ARROGANCE TO PROCLAIM IT I AM A GENIUS BECAUSE I CAN REINVENT THE WORD OR THE WORLD IN MY IMAGE FROM MY IMAGINATION THE SOURCE OF ALL POWER IS THERE FOR THE TAKING AND NOTHING IS MORE POWERFUL THAN LANGUAGE SAY THE POETS THOSE LILY LIVERED PROPHETS OF PURE THOUGHT BUT A PICTURE PAINTS A THOUSAND WORDS SO HOW MAY WORDS WILL BE NEEDED TO FINISH THIS PAINTING THIS AUTO PORTRAIT OF AN AUTOCRATIC FAILURE BLEARY EYED AND BEARDED LIKE A BADLY REMEMBERED MATCHSTICK MAN PICTURE MAKER PICTURE THE VOID PULLS ME ONWARD THE MASCONIC TUG OF ANTIMATTER DESIRES MORE WORDAGE THE NUMBERS GROW IN OPPOSITION TO WORD HEIGHT CALLING ME ON THE LURE OF FINALITY TEMPTING ME EVER DOWNWARD INTO THE BOWELS OF THE STORY NON NARRATIVE NARRATION JUMBLED STYLISTIC MEANDERING POST MODERN FLUIDITY OF

VISUAL VERBALISATION IM RUMMAGING IN THE EMPTY BAG OF MY MIND MY AGONY BAG SO TO SPEAK BLURTING OUT FLATULENT FRAUDULENT FRILLY FRIPPERY ANYTHING TO PLUG THE NOISY MOUTH OF EXPECTANCY I DIDNT INTEND TO WRITE BADLY FOR ANY ARTISTIC ENDS BUT REGARDLESS THE END WILL BE ART NOT LITERATURE I HAVE NO INTEREST IN THAT NO YEARNING TO BE HEARD YELPING AND WHINING MY VIEWPOINT FROM LIBRARY SHELVES OR WHISPERING POEMS INTO THE WIND FRAIL PHRASES TO TICKLE THE EARS OF THE BLIND THIS BUFFOONERY WILL ACHIEVE NOTHING MORE THAN THE VISUALISATION OF NOTHING TURNING THE VOLUME DOWN ONE STEP AT A TIME UNTIL ALL YOU CAN HEAR IS THE HISS OF THE TAPE THAT SOMETIMES IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE MUSIC BUT THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A DISCUSSION OF BEAUTY THAT SHOULD BE DONE IN THE LATE AFTERNOON ON A HOT SUMMERS DAY IN A GARDEN SWEET SMELLING OF FLOWERS AND SWEAT PREFERABLY WITH SOMEONE ELSE THOUGH ONE ALWAYS THINKS BEST WHEN ALONE BALDERDASH COMES AS EASY AS TRASH BOTH ARE WELCOME TO HELP IN THIS LANDFILL PROJECT FLOWERS LIKE TO GROW OUT OF MUCK THE BLOOMS ARE MUCH BETTER IF THE ROOTS ARE GIVEN A GOOD HELPING OF BULL FAECES OR WASTE I THINK YOU KNOW WHAT IM SAYING AND WHAT RULE IM OBEYING THERES NO NEED FOR IT NOT THAT ANYONE WILL KNOW ANYWAY ONLY A FOOL WOULD HAVE READ EVERY WORD IN THE ORDER THEYRE WRITTEN AS I AM PROBABLY THE ONLY FOOL TO HAVE CARRIED A WORTHLESS IDEA THIS FAR NO THATS FAR TOO PRESUMPTUOUS SELF IMPORTANT CATHEDRALS OF MATCHSTICKS HAVE CONSUMED MORE TIME BY IDIOTS FAR SUPERIOR TO ME WHATS SHOCKING IS THE INFLATED EGO OF THE DOER NOT THE LANGUAGE EMPLOYED IN THE DOING THE OUTBLOODYRAGEOUSNESS OF HIM WHO NONCHALANTLY BRAGS ABOUT THE CARELESSNESS OF THE PRESENTATION TYPICAL ATTITUDE OF IMPERIAL ARROGANCE SO COMMON IN THE ARTISTIC CLASSES INDIFFERENCE AS PHONEY AS PRETENSIONS OF TALENT ARE OBVIOUSLY BOGUS I EXCUSE NOTHING AND APOLOGISE WHOLEHEARTEDLY TO EVERYONE FOR EVERYTHING DONE IN THE NAME OF ART THAT WAS NOTHING BUT BRAVADO AND SELF LOVE IM SO IMPORTANT I CAN TAKE ON THE SINS OF MY PEERS AND WALLOW IN MY MARTYRDOM SELF CRUCIFIXION IDEE FIXE SUFFERING FROM A BAD CASE OF VAN GOGH SYNDROME SO PREVALENT IN USELESS PRACTITIONERS OF ARTY POPPYCOCK NEVER MIND THE QUALITY LOOK AT THE LENGTH A WHOLE PILE OF PAGES COVERED SO NEATLY BY ABERRATIONS OF THOUGHT DELIBERATE OBFUSCATIONS AND RANCID RANTINGS THIS MELTING POT STEWS THE LOT BOILING THE SUBSTANCE OUT OF THE TEXT MAKING A MULCH OF MEANING TO RAKE OVER THE UNPLANTED FERTILE PAPER IN NICE STRAIGHT LINES FROM WEST TO EAST THE DAYS TICK BY PAGE AFTER PAGE IS PULLED OUT OF THE DIARY AND BURNT LEAVING ONLY THE ASHES TO REMEMBER THOSE TIMES THAT HAVE PASSED TURN THEM OVER WITH THE TOE OF YOUR BOOT IN THE MEMORY FLEETING IMAGES AND THE ODD WORD THAT REFUSED TO IGNITE THAT MUST HAVE MEANT SOMETHING WHEN CONNECTED TO THE REST OF THE BUNCH IN THE SENTENCE STANDING OR LYING IN SINGLE FILE ONE BEHIND THE OTHER TO BE READ SEQUENTIALLY DEVoured BY THE EYES AND DIGESTED BY THE BRAIN FOOD FOR THOUGHT JUST KEEP TAKING MY FRIEND YOUR MONOTONOUS MONOTONIC TONE OF VOICE SO SOMNIFEROUS LULLS THE DRAGON OF BOREDOM AND STOPS THE FIRE SPITTING BEAST FROM INFLAMING DESIRE FOR BETTER A FALSTAFFIAN LAUGH BELCHES INTO THE FACE OF THE CRITICS THOSE FEEBLE DETRACTORS ON SPINDLY LEGS WHO WITH DILDOIC NOSES AND POINTY FINGERS RUB SALT INTO THE SELF INFLICTED WOUNDS OF POOR HYPOCRITES WHO DONT KNOW THAT THEY SHOULD KNOW BETTER BY NOW OR DONT CARE IF THEY DO NO WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE WITH KNOWLEDGE GLEANED FROM GLOSSY CATALOGUES HANDED OUT BY SWEATY PALMED SUITED BUSINESS PEOPLE WHO PROFESS TO CONTROL THE MARKET OF IDEAS THE OUTSIDERS KEPT OUTSIDE WITH THE HOI POLLOI AND THE GLITTERING PRIZES OR PRICES WITHIN COMMODITY CONTROL FREAKS SO BLOATED WITH SELF SATISFACTION THEIR EGOS ARE READY TO BURST AND SPLATTER THE SHINY GLASS FRONTS OF THEIR SHOPS WITH PURE GREED IM LIKE THEM TOO BUT TOO LACKING IN STYLE TO PULL THE TRICK OFF WITHOUT BLUSHING CONJURING NO CONFIDENCE OR TRUST SO ILL SIT HERE LICKING MY WOUNDS INSTEAD OF STITCHING MYSELF A NEW LIFE IM PLAYING THE GAME SO BADLY ITS CLEAR THAT IM CHEATING I SIGN MY NAME ON THE DOTTED LINE LIKE SOME CHEAP FAUSTIAN LOU IM A BUMPKIN WHO KEEPS THINKING THE PUMPKIN WILL TURN INTO A COACH NEVER BELIEVING THE REALITY OF THE OBVIOUS WHATS THIS CONFESSIONAL TONE IM TAKING MEANT TO BE AS IF EVERY TIME I SAY I I MEAN ME NOT ON YOUR NELLY THESE PAST FEW LINES ARE JUST ANOTHER WAY OF PLOUGHING MORE FICTITIOUS FURROWS THAT FROM THE AIR WILL MAKE THIS PAGE LOOK LIKE A WELL TURNED FIELD WHERE TURKEYS LIKE ME CAN WANDER FREE RANGE AND FREE OF RESPONSIBILITY EVEN EXISTENTIAL TRIPE WILL APPEAR TASTY IF YOURE HUNGRY ENOUGH TO KEEP IT DOWN WHATS MORE IMPORTANT CORRECTNESS AND EXCELLENCE OR ENDEAVOUR THE THING THAT GETS THE THING DONE IS IT BETTER TO PLAY BADLY THAN TO NEVER HAVE HAD THE PLEASURE OF PLAYING AT ALL OR TO LOSE IN LOVE ETC THUS FAR AND NO FURTHER IS TOO EASY BUT TO WALK ON

TWO BROKEN LEGS GIVES LITTLE ENJOYMENT AT LEAST TO THE WALKER THOUGH A MODICUM MAY OCCASIONALLY BE SEEN IN THE EYES OF THE VIEWER WE ABANDONED THE OLD GODS WHEN IT BECAME CLEAR THAT THEY DIDNT HAVE OUR BEST INTERESTS AT HEART THEY JUST WANTED A LAUGH AT OUR EXPENSE BUT EVENTUALLY INFLATION MADE THOSE GODS MUCH TOO COSTLY FOR US TO REPAY ONE GOD IS CHEAPER TO RUN AND EASIER TO KILL ALTHOUGH STILL THERE ARE SEVERAL LEFT APPARENTLY EACH COMPETING AGAINST THE OTHER FOR SOULS OFFERING BETTER VERSIONS OF HEAVEN THOUGH THEY USE DIFFERENT ADVERTISING SLOGANS AND NAMES AND HAVE DIFFERENT MANAGING DIRECTORS LOVE IS THE COMMON DENOMINATION THEY USE FOR THEIR DOMINATION AND ETERNAL LIFE THE REWARD THOUGH WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT THAT IS BEYOND ME LIFE IS QUITE BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT THE PROSPECT OF LIVING IT FOREVER SCHOPENHAUER PROBABLY SAID AS MUCH AND MUCH BETTER BUT I CANT BE BOTHERED TO CHECK MY LIFE IS TO SHORT TO WASTE TIME READING OTHERS ERRORS WHEN I CAN MAKE MY OWN THE ONLY WAY TO FAIL WELL IS TO FAIL BETTER EACH TIME NOW THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE IT MUCH MORE LIKE SAINT BECKETT WHOSE SHADOW CASTS LIGHT INTO DIRTY CORNERS OF BEING OR NOT AM I CORRECT IN THINKING THAT GIACOMETTI PAINTED HIM OR AM I IMAGINING HIS POSSIBLE PAINTING WHICH MEANS IVE CONCEIVED IT MYSELF THEREFORE IN MY MIND IVE DONE IT I NOW COPYRIGHT IT AS MINE IN THE STYLE OF HIM AS A TRIBUTE TO BOTH BUT IF HE DID DO ONE IS IT BETTER THAN MINE THAT ONLY EXISTS IN MY MINDS EYE AND HERE IN THE GLOOM OF THIS PAGE ANSWERS ON A POST CARD TO MY LAWYER PLEASE I EXPECT KNOWLSON KNOWS OR IF NOT WOULD BE HAPPY TO MAKE IT UP FOR A SMALL FEE THREE QUARTERS OF A PAGE BY THE LOOK OF IT MORE OR LESS NO SLIGHTLY LESS BUT GETTING CLOSER WITH EVERY STAB OF MY FINGER EACH SYLLABLE RHYTHMICALLY INTONED BY MY TONGUE WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND PERFECT FOR THE JOB I WRITE LIKE A BUILDER EXCEPT BACKWARDS STARTING WITH THE ROOF AND PROCEEDING DOWN SLOWLY TO THE FOUNDATIONS THE DENSE CONCRETE SLABS OUT OF SIGHT BLACK AND SILENT REINFORCING THE WHOLE POINTLESS STRUCTURALIST STRUCTURE DELVING INTO THE DARK SIDE LOOKING BEHIND THE MIRROR EXPOSING THE COBWEBS BEREFT OF THEIR MAKERS FACING KURTZIAN DILEMMAS AND REACHING THE SAME INCONCLUSIVE CONCLUSIONS NEITHER GOOD OR BAD BUT MINE ONLY THINKING THE UNTHINKABLE ALLOWS THE THINKER THE FREEDOM TO PROGRESS BEYOND THE REALMS OF THE KNOWN THE EMPIRE OF THE SENTENCE TO SEE THE REALITY OF THE SELF AND THE EMPTINESS AT ITS HEART OR ITS OPPOSITE EACH PERSON DISCOVERS THE WORLD FOR THEMSELVES CONSTANTLY DIFFERENT REALITIES SHAPE THE CONTENTS SOME THINGS APPEAR TO HAVE THE SAME FORM BUT ONLY SUPERFICIALLY EVEN IDENTICAL THINGS ARE INDIVIDUAL ONE OFF MASS PRODUCTIONS COLLECTIONS OF ATOMS MOULDED BY TIME OR MANKIND EACH ATOM IS UNIQUE BEING IN RELATION TO NOT BEING OR RATHER EXISTING IN RELATION TO EVERYTHING ELSE THAT ALSO EXISTS NO KNOWLEDGE IS REQUIRED TO BE NO PROOF IS QUITE ENOUGH FOR THE MIND OF MAN IS NOT MAN MADE BUT IS HELD IN THE FORM OF MAN ITS SHAPE AND TEXTURES AND WORDS TO EXPRESS THEM IN EACH MAN ALL MEN SO THEY SAY BUT THE TRUTH IS THE OPPOSITE NOT THAT THAT MATTERS MUCH AS OPPOSITES OFTEN MEET AT THEIR LOGICAL EXTREMES BEING NOTHING MORE THAN ONE MORE LOGOS TO ADD TO THE TEXT THIS IM TRAVELLING ON A BOAT MADE OF THEM DOWN A RIVER GETTING THINNER AND THINNER AS I MAKE MY WAY DOWN STREAM CAUGHT IN THE CURRENT AND SWEEPED ON BY MY WILL TO SUCCEED TO REACH THE METAPHORICAL SEA OF COMPLETION JUST ANOTHER STOPPING POINT ON MY JOURNEY THIS EXPONENTIAL WORK MATHEMATICALLY CALCULABLE IS JUST A SAFE HARBOUR A PLACE TO HIDE AND CONSUME MORE TIME BEFORE SETTING OUT AGAIN INTO THE WILDERNESS OF POSSIBILITIES EVIDENCE OF MY HAVING BEEN SOMEWHERE AND DONE SOMETHING EXPLORING THE INTERIOR REGIONS WITHOUT COMPASS OR MAP FOLLOWING MY NOSE LIKE A DOG ON THE SCENT OF A BONE NEVER REACHING THE GOAL BECAUSE AS I GET CLOSER THE GOAL MOVES EVER FURTHER AWAY THE FIRST MEN WHO TRAVELLED HAD MUCH THE SAME PROBLEM THE HORIZON KEPT JUST OUT OF REACH TEMPTING THEM ON LIKE SOME SIREN SERENADING OLD SAILORS AND I GRADUALLY LOOK MORE AND MORE LIKE THE ONE SO GRAPHICALLY PORTRAYED ON OLD CIGARETTE PACKETS OR BOXES SOME SALTY DOG WITH A TWINKLE STILL SHINING MISCHIEVOUSLY IN HIS EYE IF CARDBOARD COULD TALK WHAT TALES IT WOULD TELL WHAT SIGHTS TO RELATE I WISH I WAS CARDBOARD WITH YOU TO LOOK ON AND SECRETLY WHISPER MY LOVE TO MY LOVE BUT IM NOT AND WILL NEVER BE BETTER THAN ME IM THE PERFECT PERSON TO WRITE THIS THE ONLY ONE CAPABLE OF MAKING IT TURN OUT EXACTLY LIKE THIS AS IT MUST BE EVEN GOOD OLD SOCRATES HIMSELF COULDN'T COMPARE WITH THE THINGS THAT I KNOW HOMER WOULD STRUGGLE TO KEEP UP WITH MY MIND NOT BECAUSE IM CLEVER OR WISE BUT BECAUSE IT IS MINE THE RESULT OF MY LIFE NOT THEIRS THE BOOKS OR REMINISCES OF OTHERS MAYBE CONSIDERED MORE WORTHY BUT THEY ARE NOT THIS THEIR NAMES ARE AS USEFUL AS ANY OTHER WORDS TO KEEP THE BOAT FLOATING BUT I HOLD THE TILLER AND

NAVIGATE A NEW COURSE THROUGH THESE STILL WATERS AND THE BEST THOSE GRAND NAMES CAN HOPE FOR NOW IS A CITATION OR FOOTNOTE IN MY LIFE IVE DROPPED SO MANY NAMES TODAY ITS HARD TO REMEMBER THEM ALL AND TOMORROW ILL SET OUT AGAIN FULL SAIL WITH MY PROW CUTTING INTO THE FROTH OF ZEUS MY BOWSPRIT PENETRATING THE GREAT UNKNOWN BOLDLY PLODDING WHEREVER MY MIND WANDERS SKIMMING THE SURFACE WITH THESE PEBBLY LETTERS AND WATCHING THEM SINK TO THE BOTTOM TO BECOME ANCHORS GRIPPING THE PAPER AND HOLDING THE WHOLE LOT ON THEIR SLENDER SHOULDERS UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE UNDERNEATH THEM TO TAKE UP THE STRAIN HOW MUCH DO WORDS WEIGH AND WHAT IS THE BEST THEY CAN POSSIBLY SAY I LOVE YOU WE ALL WANT TO BE LOVED NOT FOR WHAT WE DO BUT FOR WHAT WE ARE BUT MOST PEOPLE ARE ONLY REMEMBERED FOR WHAT THEY ACHIEVED OR DIDNT THESE PAGES HAVE A POSSIBLE LONGEVITY ONLY DREAMED OF BY MAN AND ARE ALSO MORE FRAGILE WEAKER AND FLEETING IM GLAD THAT IM MORE THAN A WORD THOUGH TO MOST IM NOT EVEN THAT NOT EVEN A THOUGHT OR POSSIBILITY OUT OF SIX BILLION PEOPLE IT HAD TO BE ME TO WRITE THIS THIS DUTY IVE TAKEN UPON ME IM BIRTHING IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES DONT BE ANGRY IF ITS MESSY AND UGLY IF THE SOUND IT PRODUCES IS UNPLEASANT TO THE EAR IM GOING THROUGH THIS LABOUR WITH NOBODY HOLDING MY HAND AND MOPPING MY BROW EVEN A STILL BORN THING SUCH AS THIS REQUIRES PAIN AND A FEW GOOD LOUD SCREAMS TO WELCOME IT INTO THE LAND OF THE DEAD HELLO ITS ME AGAIN TURNING UP OVER AND OVER NEVER SATISFIED WITH THE LAST ATTEMPT KEEP ON HOPING IN VAIN FOR SOME IMPROVEMENT BUT KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THE PAST CANNOT BE ALTERED WITHOUT THAT ALTERING NOW NO CORRECTIONS ALLOWED ALL PREVIOUS DECISIONS MUST BE LIVED WITH NO EDITOR WOULD UNDERSTAND THAT THEYD BE OUT OF A JOB NO PROOF READERS BEADY EYES CAN SAVE THE EMBARRASSMENT OF THE AUTHOR THE RED PEN OF PERFECTION IS NOT WELCOME HERE IN THE DIM LIGHT THAT SHINES SO WEAKLY BUT CONTINUES TO SHINE NONE THE LESS LESS IS MORE IS THE MINIMALISTS RULE OF THUMB THE ESSENCE OF THE SUBJECT SUBJECTED TO CONSTANT REDUCTION CUTTING AWAY THE FLABBY WASTE OF DECADENCE UNTIL THE BONES SHOW THROUGH THE SKIN THE OBJECT CAN NOT STAND UP UNSUPPORTED WITH DALIAN CRUTCHES IT HOBBOLES ALONG DRIPPING A SLOW PUNCTURED MESSAGE ON THE FLOOR OF THE GALLERY THE WHITE WALLS AS BARREN AS THESE PAGES ONCE WERE BEFORE THE INSECTS STARTED CRAWLING ACROSS THEM GETTING STUCK IN THE GLUE OF CONTINUATION A PLAGUE ON THE PAPER WORDS LIKE MOTHS BEING DRAWN TO THE WHITE SMALLEST STEPS OF SPIDER WHO ACCIDENTALLY TROD IN SOME PAINT LEAVING TINY FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM EVIDENCE OF HIS ODYSSEY UNWRITTEN UNINTENTIONAL NARRATIVE OR LIKE AN ABORIGINAL PAINTING SO DOTTY WITH MEANING A MAP OF THE PAST THE DREAMTIME THE PERFECT DAYS OF BEGINNING WHEN EVERYTHING MEANT SO MUCH MORE AND THE FUTURE WAS PLOTTED AND NECESSARY NOW FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF THE PRESENT WE LOOK BOTH WAYS INTO THE MEMORY AND OUT TO THE PROJECTION OF POSSIBLE MEMORIES LIKE A SLIDE OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF SOMEONE WHOS DEAD BEING SHONE UP INTO THE SKY THEIR EYES ARE VISIBLE ON A LOW CLOUD BUT THE REST OF THE FACE IS TRAVELLING ON UNSEEN INTO THE FUTURE THIS ALSO TRAVELS ON BUT IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION FURTHER INTO THE EARTH SMALL PARTICLES OF MEANING DISSOLVING INTO THE BEDROCK BOTTOM TRACE ELEMENTS REMAINING VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE LESS AND LESS READABLE BUT TAKING LONGER AND LONGER TO FILL THE SAME FRAME MY RESPONSIBILITY MY FAULT SELF UNEMPLOYED PLOY TO WILFULLY WILE AWAY DAY AFTER DAY WHILE YOURE AWAY IF I COULD ID DO NOTHING AND KEEP A RECORD OF IT BUT THIS IS THE NEXT BEST THING LIKE TWIDDLING MY THUMBS IN THE FACE OF DISASTER A DEAF MUTE PLAYING THE VIOLIN ON TOP OF A WINDY MOUNTAIN THE ACTION IS EVERYTHING A GESTURE OF DEFIANCE OR SUBMISSION EITHER WAY IS OK THE REASONS DONT MATTER THE RESULT IS THE SAME IF EACH LETTER WAS A NOTE HOW LONG WOULD THIS MUSIC BE GETTING QUIETER UNTIL ONLY THE BREATH OF THE MUSICIANS WOULD BE AUDIBLE A FAREWELL SYMPHONY WHERE EVERYONE STAYS IN THEIR PLACE AND JUST GOES THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF PLAYING WHILE CONTINUING TO FOLLOW THE SCORE NOT ONLY COMPOSERS MAKE MUSIC WE ALL DO THOUGH THEY ARE THE ONES WHO GET PAID BY THE NOTE OR TAKE PAYMENT IN KIND IN THE FORM OF APPLAUSE LIKE SCULPTORS IN SOUND THEY ARRANGE ALL THE FRAGMENTS AND PUT THEM IN LINE ORDERING THE CHAOS OF THE KEYBOARD INTO TIDY PACKAGES CALLED PIECES AND THE SCORE IS THE PICTURE ON THE FRONT OF THE JIGSAW BOX LID THE PLAN THAT DICTATES THE EMOTIONAL RESPONSE AND IF THE MUSICS NOT HEARD WHAT THEN IT JUST LIES LIKE A MAP GATHERING DUST AN IMAGE OF POSSIBLE PLACES TO GO HALF EXPLORED REGIONS WHERE THE TOPOGRAPHY REMAINS SHROUDED IN MIST I JUST FORMULATED A HYPOTHESIS ON THE WAY BACK FROM THE SHOP IT IS THAT THE BIBLE IN ITS ORIGINAL LANGUAGE IS A BLUEPRINT FOR MAN EACH LETTER CORRESPONDS TO A BIT OF GENETIC MATERIAL AND THE WHOLE BOOK IS THE ENTIRE GENETIC CODE OF THE FIRST MAN IF IM RIGHT ITS A CERTAIN NOBEL PRIZE WINNER IF IM NOT THEN IM NOT

CERTAIN THEORIES OR IDEAS LAST FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE TURNING OUT TO BE TOSH AND THEIR AUTHORS ARE WORSHIPPED AS TRUTH SAYERS BEFORE THE DECEIT IS DISCOVERED MY THEORY SEEMS PLAUSIBLE ENOUGH TO ME AND I HOPE THAT SOME BOFFIN WILL CHECK IT BE SURE TO USE THE ORIGINAL VERSION THOUGH AS EACH TRANSLATION IS A FORM OF MUTATION GIVING AN ALIEN MAN TO THE WORLD ONE WHO DISTORTS THE WHOLE NOTION OF TRUTH AND IF IM RIGHT THEN WHAT DOES IT IMPLY FOR A WORM EATEN WORK SUCH AS THIS HAVE I CREATED SOME WEIRD LIFE FORM A BUNDLE OF JELLY LIKE MUSH THAT FEEDS ON ITSELF AND REPLICATES WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OR CARE A SIMPLISTIC ALGAE OR VIRUS TYPE MONSTER THAT FEEDS ON LIBRARIES OF TASTIER WORDS UNSYMPATHETIC SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP IN WHICH ONE HALF OF THE PARTNERSHIP DOESNT KNOW OF THE OTHER UNTIL ITS TOO LATE AND THE DAMAGE IS DONE AND CANNOT BE REMEDIED BY REASON ALONE STEADILY IM BUILDING MY FRANKENSTEIN USING WORDS THAT HAVE BEEN RIPPED OUT OF THE DICTIONARY AND REPASTED ACCORDING TO MY OWN DEVIUS PLAN OR IM A DRACULA TYPE IN MY DARKENED ROOM TYPING WITH WORDS SUCKED OUT OF OTHER BOOKS INFECTIOUS FICTION IN FACT IM A SUPER BUG IN THE MACHINE A METHODOLOGY TO GET DONE SCUPPERING THE WHOLE HIERARCHY OF BEAUTY WITH MY MESMERISING LACK OF PUNCTUATION THE NAILS AND RIVETS THAT KEEP THE WHOLE SHIP INTACT A JOYCEAN JUGGLER JOINING THE JOISTS WITHOUT SHOWING THE JOINERY OR SHARING THE JOY ALLITERATION SERVED ME SO WELL IN THE PAST PAPER TO COVER THE CRACKS IN THIS COMMANDED PERFORMANCE ANOTHER TECHNICAL POINT OF SELF REFERENCE BUT THIS IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT BALL GAME OR SPHERICALS UP THE LOOK IS AS PARAMOUNT AS EVER BUT THE RESULT LESS SCULPTURAL THOUGH EQUALLY CONCEPTUAL THIS IS MORE PICTORIAL IN A CONVENTIONAL WAY TAKING MORE TIME THAN MY LOVELY BIG QUESTION MARK BUT HAVING LESS POWER BY BEING MORE SUBTLE JABBERING AWAY DAY BY DAY IN EVER DECREASING LINES OF READABILITY A GOOD NARRATIVE WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER SUITED TO THIS TO CAPTURE THE READERS INTEREST AND DRAG THEIR EYES INTO THE CONFUSION OF REDUCTION UNTIL EVEN THE STORY NO MATTER HOW INTRIGUING WOULD BE SWALLOWED INTO THE LINE BUT I AM NOT ABLE TO PLOT LIKE A THRILLER ALL I CAN DO IS CHURN OUT STUFF LIKE THIS AND ONLY A BLIND MAN WOULD WISH TO READ IT IT BECOMES TEXTURE OR PICTURE OF TEXT A DEPICTION OF DECEPTION IT IS AND IS NOT WHAT IT IS LIKE A TOILET OR BICYCLE WHEEL ITS NOT TAKING THE MICKEY ITS JUST SHOWING A WAY TO LOOK DIFFERENTLY ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NEW READY MADE BRICKS TO BUILD A PATIO WITH FUN IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER OR BELIEVER LEAVE BEAUTY TO THOSE WHO STUDY THE MEANING OF WORDS ETYMOLOGISTS MUST PICK UP THEIR ENTOMOLOGICAL MAGNIFYING GLASSES TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IM MEANING THESE DAYS GROWING STEADILY STINGIER MORE NIGGARDLY PARSIMONIOUS WITH THE PASSING OF NUMBERS ONLY THE HOLY NAME OF ART COULD JUSTIFY SUCH AN ABUSE OF EYESIGHT THERES NOTHING TO FIND IN THIS DINGINESS NO PEARLS OF TRUTH OR POETRY ITS QUALITY LIES IN ITS SURFACE BEST SEEN FROM A DISTANCE FROM WHERE THE WORDS LOSE THEIR MEANINGFUL RIGHTS AND TAKE ON AN ABSTRACTED SHADING LIKE PENCIL MARKS ON A PAVEMENT DOWN THERE BY YOUR FEET IN THE DIRT TRIVIALITIES LOOK SOME MUCH BETTER WHEN TYPED THEY TAKE ON AN AUTHORITATIVE GLOW BLINDING THE REALITY THAT IS SO GLARINGLY CLEAR I GOT HERE ONLY BECAUSE I WAS THERE AND I STARTED TO GO EVERY ACTION IS A REACTION TO SOMETHING STOPPING IS JUST A QUESTION OF STARTING TO STOP REFLEX RESPONSES ARE NO MORE RELIABLE THOUGH THEY PRETEND TO BE TRUE WHAT DOES THE BRAIN TRUST NOT EVEN ITSELF IT LIES AND FABRICATES EVERY NIGHT WHEN IT THINKS IM ASLEEP ITS IN LEAGUE WITH JUNG AND OTHER PRETENDERS TO THE CROWN OF KNOWLEDGE YOUNGER FIGHTERS DEPOSE OLDER CHAMPIONS AND STAND ABOVE THEM WITH ONE FOOT ON THEIR CHEST FOR THE PHOTO OPPORTUNITY DEAD LIONS LIKE DARWIN AND FREUD ARE SO MAULED THAT THEIR FEATURES NO LONGER SCARE US THE ROAR HAS TURNED INTO A WHIMPER EVEN OLD PABLO THAT MONSTER SO LOOMING OFFERS HIS HEAD TO BE PATTED BY CHILDREN HOPING TO INGRATIATE HIMSELF INTO THE GALLERY OF THE GODS TO SIT BESIDE MICHELANGELO AND PLAY CHESS WITH BACH WHILST EATING A SANDWICH PREPARED BY OVID THAT MIRACULOUSLY METAMORPHOSES INTO ENOUGH FOR THEM ALL TO HAVE SOME OR AS MUCH AS THEY WANT DONT YOU BELIEVE IT STRANGER THINGS HAPPEN IN REAL LIFE THAN THE BEST MINDS CAN CONCEIVE TO PARAPHRASE SOMETHING OR OTHER AND THERE IS NO POINT PICKING AN ARGUMENT WITH TRADITION JUST IGNORE IT THE PRIEST IS TOO USED TO BEING SPAT AT TO WORRY ABOUT A DROP OF RAIN THATS A SIMILE I DONT THINK IVE ASSIMILATED INTO THIS YET A BIT OF POTENTIAL TO LIKEN LETTERS TO RAIN HAVE I I CANT REMEMBER SO MAYBE I HAVE SO I WONT AND IF I HAVENT I NEEDNT THE MERE MENTION IS ENOUGH AND IVE DONE IT HOW NOW THEN LET ME RACK MY BRAIN FOR MORE LINEAR WAYS OF PROCEEDING MORE IDEAS TO CONTINUE SUCCEEDING WITHIN THE RULES EVERYTHINGS PERMISSIBLE SO IT SHOULDNT BE TOO DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE A WAY FORWARD JUST THINK OF A WORD AND EXPOUND ON IT DOG

FOR EXAMPLE WHAT HAVE I SAID ABOUT DOG I COULD CALL THIS A MONGREL AND WOULDN'T BE FAR WRONG OR A BITCH THAT IN THIS CONTEXT IS MORE THAN ACCEPTABLE THESE WORDS SO HAPPY TO PROSTITUTE THEIR SHAPES FOR THE PLEASURE OF BEING SHOWN I WONDER IF ANYONE HAS TRIED WRITING A STORY THAT EMPLOYS EVERY WORD IN THEIR LANGUAGE IF NOT WHY NOT AS IT SEEMS LIKE A GOOD GAMBIT TO ME A STYLISTIC REASON TO HANG A NARRATIVE ON A TASK SO SUITABLE TO SOMEONE LIKE ME WHO REQUIRES AN UNDERLYING CONCEPT TO HOLD UP THE STRUCTURE A STRICT SET OF RULES OFTEN OPEN THE WAY TO UNLIMITED FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION NOT THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING BUT LET'S NAIVELY IMAGINE THERE IS DID YOU NOTICE THAT CHEAP TRICK OF IMPLICATING YOU IN THIS MESS AS IF YOUR OPINION WAS WORTH SOMETHING TOO IT'S NOT I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK OF ME OR THIS WORK SO DON'T CAST THE FIRST STONE DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH ON CRITICISM OF THAT THAT'S BEYOND GOOD AND BAD TALK IF YOU MUST ABOUT THE QUALITY OF THE PAPER NOT THE SENTENCE THAT'S OBSCURING ITS SURFACE IF I'D THOUGHT OF IT EARLIER I COULD HAVE DECIDED THAT TOO PAGE ONE BEING THICK AND OF LUXURIOUS QUALITY HAND MADE OF RAW PULP THEN EACH SUBSEQUENT PAGE GETTING THINNER AND CHEAPER UNTIL THIS ONE LIKE TISSUE PAPER FRAIL AND TRANSPARENT BARELY STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THESE WORDS ON IT AND GETTING WORSE AND WORSE UNTIL PAGE ONE HUNDRED IS WEAK AS IF SPUN OUT OF SPIDERS WEBS AND THE DENSITY OF LINES IS ALL THAT IS HOLDING IT TOGETHER BUT IT'S TOO LATE BABY IT'S MUCH TOO LATE IN THE DAY FOR SUCH A FUNDAMENTAL EXCHANGE AND IT WOULDN'T IMPROVE ANYTHING ANYWAY BUT WOULD BE JUST ANOTHER PRETENSION ANOTHER LAYER OF MEANINGLESS MEANING AND THIS WAY IS BETTER IN FACT WHERE THE PAGE REMAINS CONSTANT AND THE TEXT ITSELF BARES THE BURDEN OF CHANGE THIS IS AS ALL ART IS PURE ARTIFICE AND THAT WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE NO WORK OF ART CAN BE MORE PERFECT THAN IT IS THE MONA LISA HERSELF IS JUST THE SUM TOTAL OF HER FAULTS WOULD IT BE BETTER IF THE HORIZON MATCHED UP BETTER OR IF HER EYEBROWS WERE MORE VISIBLE AND EVEN A MOUSTACHE SUITS HER WELL ART IS MADE MAN AND ITS DEFECTS ARE PART OF ITS PERFECTION SO TOO WITH THIS THE MISTAKES THAT I'VE MADE AND MISSED WILL BE PART OF ITS CHARM AND I WELCOME THEM AS MORE TELLING TRUTHS THAN THE ONES THAT I SAW AND CORRECTED ART MUST BREAK THE RULES TO BE WORTHY OF THE NAME WHAT WOULD POETRY BE WITHOUT ITS TRANSFORMATIONS OF LANGUAGE ITS OUTRAGEOUS TWISTINGS OF MEANING AND PLAY HOW DO I MAKE A DEAD PAN PIECE OF ART THE LABEL ITSELF IS ENOUGH TO TRANSFORM THE OBJECT OR IDEA HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TEMPTED TO MAKE AN OFFER FOR THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER IN A GALLERY OR FOR THE GALLERY ASSISTANT WHO WOULD MAKE SUCH A LOVELY SCULPTURE TO HAVE IN THE HOME TRANSGRESSION IS THE CURRENCY OF ALL IMAGINATIVE ENDEAVOURS GOING RIGHT BACK THROUGH HISTORY AND EARLIER WE ARE AS WE ARE NOW BECAUSE OF THE MISTAKES MADE ALONG THE JOURNEY MUTATION IS CREATION AND NOT SURPRISINGLY MOST OF THE CHANGES ARE BAD BUT THEY OFFER A WAY FORWARD WHEREAS STAGNATION IS DEATH IN LIFE AS IN ART TEMPORA MUTANTUR NOS ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS SUCH IS LIFE LIKE IT OR NOT THE TIDE SWEEPS ALL IN ITS PATH MANKIND HAS ERECTED BARRIERS ACROSS RIVERS ATTITUDES OF TASTE AND DECENCY BUT THEY WILL NOT HOLD BACK THE WHOLE POWER OF THE SEA IN FACT ALL THEY DO IS ENCOURAGE ATTACK STATES OBVIOUSLY ARE MORE INTERESTED IN THE STATUS QUO THAN INDIVIDUALS BUT A STATE REQUIRES INDIVIDUALITY IN ORDER TO SUPPRESS IT BY FLEXING ITS MUSCLES THAT GROW WEAK AND FLABBY WITH TOLERANCE OFFER THE OTHER CHEEK AND BE SURE THAT SOMEONE WILL SLAP IT I'M SLAPPING MY OWN FACE TO STOP ANYONE FROM DOING IT FOR ME A CUNNING PLAN I'VE DEvised FOR MYSELF LOOK BUSY OR SOMEONE WILL ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING CHILDREN LEARN THIS SIMPLE RULE AT AN EARLY AGE BUT TOO MANY FORGET IT AS THEY ALSO FORGET HOW WONDERFULLY IDEALISTIC THEY WERE HOW CLEAR EVERYTHING SEEMED HOW POSSIBLE CHANGE WAS AND AS WE GROW UP ALL NOTIONS OF POSSIBILITY GRADUALLY GET KICKED OUT UNTIL CONCRETE REALITY FORMS ROUND OUR FEET AND TRAPS BOTH BODY AND MIND DO I REALLY BELIEVE THAT NO ABSOLUTELY NOT BUT TRUTH AND LIES BOTH HAVE EQUAL POTENTIAL TO FILL ANOTHER LINE UP AND TO TELL THEM APART IS SO DIFFICULT WHEN THEY'RE MADE OF THE SAME RAW MATERIALS IT'S NO MORE POSSIBLE TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ THAN TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU WRITE AN OPINION CHANGES THE MOMENT YOU EXPRESS IT IT WASN'T WHAT YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THE SOUND OF IT SOUNDS STRANGE WHEN IT REACHES YOUR EAR FROM YOUR MOUTH THE VOICE IN YOUR HEAD IS NO MORE TRUSTWORTHY THOUGH YOU'VE LISTENED TO IT FOR YEARS YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T RECOGNISE IF IT SPOKE IN YOUR EARS THE ACOUSTICS OF THE SKULL PLAY A FUNNY GAME ON THE BRAIN THAT KNOWS ITS WITHIN BUT ONLY BECAUSE IT'S SEEN WHAT'S INSIDE THE HEAD OF ANOTHER I HEARD THE VOICE OF GOD AND HE SOUNDED EXACTLY LIKE ME HE TOLD ME TO KILL BUT HE DIDN'T SAY WHO SO I SWATTED A FLY THAT WAS HAPPY TO DIE AND YOU KNOW THAT THIS STORY'S NOT TRUE BOOM BOOM IT GETS SO DULL FORCING THE ISSUE LOOKING INTO THESE WORDS WRITING AND READING

AND OCCASIONALLY CORRECTING THE DULL CLICK OF THE KEYBOARD CLIP CLOPPING ONOMATOPOETICALLY HAMMERING OUT EACH SINGLE LETTER ITS NOT SO MUCH THAT I WRITE SLOWLY BUT RATHER THE FACT THAT I THINK EVEN SLOWER IM NO VIRTUOSO YOU KNOW MY ONLY VIRTUE IS PURE BLOODYMINDEDNESS MULE LIKE DETERMINATION TO COMPLETE THE COURSE IM NO THOROUGHbred OF INTELLECT OR PHILOSOPHICAL SAGE IM JUST A WORKHORSE WHOSE ONLY AMBITION IS THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE EVIDENCE ENOUGH OF A HARD DAYS GRAFT IM NOT CONCERNED WITH TECHNIQUE OR CRAFT ABILITY CAN ONLY BE JUDGED BY THE SELF INTERNALLY WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH YESTERDAY SOON BECOMES WORSE OR THE WORST YOU CAN DO IS THE BEST YOU CAN MANAGE AT ANY PARTICULAR MOMENT EXPECTATION IS EASILY FULFILLED IF YOU SET YOUR SIGHTS LOW ENOUGH AND WHAT COMES NATURALLY BADLY TO ONE MUST BE STRUGGLED FOR BY THE MORE TALENTED OR MORE TECHNICALLY GIFTED IN THE CONVENTIONAL SCHEME OF THINGS ONE WHICH IS BETTER A PAINTING THAT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE AN APPLE A PAINTING THAT IMMEDIATELY SAYS APPLE THE WORD APPLE OR A REAL APPLE THAT DEPENDS AS DOES EVERYTHING ELSE ON THE INDIVIDUAL THING AND THE UNDERSTANDING OR LIKES OF THE INDIVIDUAL MAKING THE JUDGEMENT ASK NOT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN TELL YOU BUT WHAT YOU CAN SAY TO YOUR COUNTRY AND COUNTRY IS A EUPHEMISM IN THIS UPPER CASE CASE FOR WHAT I DONT KNOW BUT IT MAKES LITTLE DIFFERENCE JUST MORE VERBAL VISUALISATION OF AN ORIGINAL THEME STATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN WITH LITTLE MODULATION AND NO REAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE SONATA FORM MEANING OF THE WORD THIS MOVEMENT IS STRICTLY COMPOSED NOTE BY NOTE WITHOUT LOOKING BACK AND NO PRECONCEIVED PLAN OF THE FUTURE APART FROM THE NEED TO DIMINISH IT DOESNT NECESSARILY MAKE FOR AN INTERESTING TUNE BUT MELODY WAS NEVER MY STRONG POINT ILL BLAST AWAY WITHOUT REGARD FOR THE SOUND I PRODUCE OR MY NEIGHBOURS INDULGENT RIGHT TO THE LAST THE FINAL DOUBLE BARLINE THAT IS WAITING OUT THERE IN THE FUTURE TRA LA LA THIS IS THE KIND OF MUSIC BEST PERFORMED WITHOUT AN AUDIENCE PRESENT NOT A REHEARSAL OR PRACTICE BUT A JAMMY FREE WHEELING EXTEMPORISATION THAT CANNOT BE HEARD AS THE PROCESS OF HEARING WOULD ALTER THE PLAYING IN A QUANTUM THEORETICAL SORT OF WAY WHAT BULLPOO I UTTER SUCH PRETENSIONS OF INTELLIGENCE ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD THINK I KNEW OR HAD A CLUE ABOUT HALF THE STUFF IM SCRIBBLING HERE ITS NONSENSICAL NATTER BUT WAS DOES IT MATTER HERE IN THE DARKENING PAGE AUTUMN OF THIS ORDEAL SO WILFULLY UNDERGONE BUT WHY THAT IS THE QUESTION WHY BOTHER AN ADDICTION OF SOME SORT SURELY WHY DOES IT MATTER NOT JUST FOR THE PAT ON THE BACK AT THE END AND THE JOY OF ENDING THERE MUST BE MORE SOME NEED TO EXPRESS SOMETHING SAY SOMETHING NEW OR FIND A NEW WAY OF SAYING THE SAME WHATS ALREADY BEEN SAID THE REASONS MUST DIFFER FROM ONE PERSON TO THE NEXT WITH ME ITS CLEAR I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY BUT I STRUGGLE TO SAY IT DAILY ANYWAY A GAME CONSTANTLY INVENTED AND PLAYED OUT IN MY ROOM A WAY TO KEEP THE WALLS FROM FALLING IN A FUTILE ATTEMPT AT LIVING OUT AN IDEA OF A LIFE NOT NECESSARILY MINE BUT A VERSION OF LIVING A CHOICE NOT AS MUCH MINE MADE AS AN EVOLUTION OF DAYS IT JUST HAPPENED THIS WAY AN ACCUMULATED RESULT OF EVERY MISSED OR SPURNED OPPORTUNITY TO DO DIFFERENTLY BUT WHY DO WE BUILD THESE PRISONS FOR OURSELVES LIZ ONCE SAID OR READ AND THE QUESTION IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE ANSWER THE QUESTION IS THE ANSWER OR RATHER THE ACTION AND PROCESS OF ASKING IS THE REASON THE RESULT IS OF SECONDARY IMPORTANCE THOUGH THE RESULT IS WHAT CAN BE SEEN OR HEARD OR READ AND THEN JUDGED FROM OUTSIDE IS THAT A GOOD ENOUGH ANSWER FOR A QUESTION THAT WAS NEVER ASKED AND MAYBE IM LUCKY IN A PERVERTED SORT OF WAY TO BE SO UN IN HIGH COMMAS SUCCESSFUL IF SOMEBODY WANTED MY WORK IM SURE THAT THEY WOULDNT WANT THIS THE PRESSURE IM UNDER IS MINE AND I CAN LAUGH AT IT AND STICK TWO FINGERS UP INTO ITS FACE AND WHAT ABOUT MONEY AH THERES THE RUB THE HUB OF OUR CULTURE THE CARRION FOR THE VULTURE THE BASE LINE THE WOLF AT THE DOOR THE DREAM OF THE POOR YES I TOO WOULD LIKE TO HAVE MORE OR SOME BUT ENOUGH IS THE MINIMUM REQUIREMENT TO GET THINGS LIKE THIS DONE HOW DO YOU JUDGE THE VALUE OF WORDS BY THEIR AFFECT OR BY THE EFFECT THEY PRODUCE WHAT IS A GOOD BOOK CAN YOU JUDGE BY THE LOOK IF SO IVE WRITTEN THE BEST THE QUINTESSENTIAL EMBODIMENT OF BOOK MUST ART BE THE TRIGGER THAT FIRES THE GUN OF EMOTIONS THE WORK IS THE BULLET THE IMAGINATION THE GUNPOWDER THE AUDIENCE THE TARGET IF SO IM FIRING BLANKS INTO THE AIR AND THE BEST I CAN HOPE FOR IS TO BE HEARD BY SOME LOW FLYING AIRCRAFT OR BIRD WHAT WAS THAT NOTHING MORE THAN A NOISE ON THE WIND AND WIND IN ANOTHER SENSE TOO JUST HOT AIR THAT SMELLS BAD I TALK IN YOUR GENERAL DIRECTION FILLING THE VOID TO AVOID BEING SILENT AN ARVO PARTIAN PARTISAN THROWING A PARTY AND BEING THE ONLY ONE TO TURN UP TALKING TO MYSELF IN A CORNER IVE INTELLECTUALISED INTO SHROUDED IN SECRECY AND SACROSANCT DUST THESE WORDS WILL SOON JOIN MY GRAVEYARD OF

COMPLETION MY EMPTY MUSEUM CRAMMED WITH MEMORIES OF PREVIOUS UNDERTAKINGS LIKE A NEW MISS HAVERSHAM I SIT HERE WAITING FOR NOTHING TO HAPPEN IN DICKENSIAN DECADENCE FOR A DECADE IVE DECAYED AND DECLINED DECLAIMING MY INNOCENCE SUCKING THE BLOOD OF GOVERNMENTAL AND FAMILIAL CHARITY UNKNOWINGLY OR BEGRUDGINGLY GIVEN I THANK YOU BOTH THOUGH IVE BEEN MEANY MOUTHED WITH MY GRATITUDE PLACING IT HERE IN THE DARK CLOUD OF THIS PAGE HIDDEN IN THIS MEANDERING MEANINGLESS MORASS OF SOGGY SOPHISTRY SECOND HAND THOUGHTS AND ABSTRACTLY PAINTED OPINIONS SLAPPED ONTO AN UNPREPARED PAGE A DECORATIVE DISASTER OR DIAGRAM OF WORDY DIARRHOEA SPLATTERING THE MEMBRANE OF LIGHT THAT QUESTIONS NOTHING BUT SPELLING ANOTHER LEAF TO BE TURNED OVER SOON REVEALING AN EVEN LESS APPETISING PROSPECT MORE AND MORE DISTANT THE CLOSER I GET LESS IS MORE IN REVERSE MORE OR LESS EVER DECREASING IN SIZE THE CONTENT EXPANDS LITERALLY LITERARILY GROWING LETTER BY LETTER EXPOUNDING THE REASON FOR BEING SMALLER AS JUSTIFICATION FOR BEING AT ALL IVE STARTED SO ILL FINISH AND MY SPECIALIST SUBJECT IS CONTINUING UNABATED UNDETERRED BY BLINDNESS OR PRINTABILITY NOT FOR THE USUAL CASE OF OBSCENITY BUT THROUGH TECHNICAL INCOMPETENCE ON THE PART OF MY PRINTER THE MACHINE HAS MEMORISED INSTANTLY WHAT WOULD TAKE AN ACTOR ETERNITY I HATE USING THAT WORD BUT DOWN HERE IN THE JUNGLE THE LAWS DONT APPLY STANDARDS OF ACCEPTABILITY NO LONGER HAVE MEANING AS MORALITY VANISHES IN THE NIGHT WHILE WERE DREAMING WE CANNOT CENSOR THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND MIND YOU IF WE COULD I AM SURE THAT WE WOULDNT I FOR ONE ENJOY THE BARBARITY OF MY DREAM WORLD THE FREEDOM TO SEE EVERYTHING BANNED BY GOOD SOCIETY BUT IM NOT EQUIPPED MENTALLY TO TALK OF MORALITY MORES SHOULD BE LEFT TO PROFESSIONAL THINKERS MORES THE PITY FROM NEITZSCHE TO SADE THE BARD OF THE BAD MY MIND IS CONFUSED AND MY BRAINS BEEN ABUSED BY CONSTANT CONTRADICTIONS AND TAUTOLOGIES NOBODY TAUGHT ME NOT TO TRUST WHAT I READ I BELIEVED EVERY WORD I WAS FED IVE LOOKED IN THE BOOKS TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY VERSIONS TO CHOOSE FROM NOT ONE DEFINITIVE VIEW AT LEAST NOT ONE THATS BELIEVABLE EXCEPT PERHAPS MY OWN BECAUSE ALL TRUTH IS PERSONNEL AND REQUIRES BELIEF WHICH MUST BE CLASSED AS IRRATIONAL THE INSANITY OF BELIEF IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE ESPECIALLY IN SUCH SO CALLED ENLIGHTENED TIMES NO THESE ARE NOT THEY WERE LONG AGO LONG GONE AND BURIED ALONG WITH THE PEOPLE WHO THOUGHT OF THE DOCTRINE WHAT IDEA OUTLIVES ITS AUTHOR UNCHANGED WHAT BOOK CANNOT BE READ DIFFERENTLY BY DIFFERENT EYES THAT TRANSLATE THE MEANING TO MEANNESS AND LIES WORDS HAVE A POWER BEYOND THEIR DREAMS NOBODY CAN UNDERSTAND ALL OF THEM ALL THE WORDS IN THE WORLD WITH THEIR REGIONAL SHADES OF MEANING CANNOT CONSTRUCT AN OBJECTIVE FEELING POETS CLUMSILY TRY TO EXPRESS SOMETHING FELT AND ONLY END UP WITH LIKENING IT TO SOMETHING ELSE WORD MADE THE SEARCH FOR THE MIND WILL GO ON FOR AS LONG AS A MIND IS CAPABLE OF THINKING ITSELF FINDABLE TRACKING DOWN CHEMICAL OR MYSTICAL REALITIES IS JUST ANOTHER WAY OF PASSING THE TIME THE OCEAN IS AND IS NOT ENDLESS THE CLOUDS ARE THE COUSINS OF WAVES THE RAIN IS A LIQUID THAT POETICALLY GENETICALLY LINKS THEM EVERYTHING IS WHAT POSSIBLY EVERYTHING ELSE WAS WITH A UNLIMITED SUPPLY OF LETTERS I COULD CARRY ON WRITING FOR EVER SAYING ENDLESS VARIATIONS OF THIS I AM DYING NOW EACH WORD IS BEING FORCED INTO AN ALMOST INVISIBLE HEIGHT A MILLIMETRE OF INK IS AMPLE FOR THE MOMENT BUT WHAT THEN WHEN THE TEXT IS JUST TAKEN ON TRUST WILL YOU ASSUME THAT IVE BEEN HONEST AND TOILED HARD TO WRITE THE UNREADABLE AFTER ALL I COULD EASILY CHEAT BUT WHO WOULD BE CHEATING WHO ME IN NOT WRITING OR YOU IN NOT READING AND CHECKING THE FACTS PROPERLY MY WORK WILL STILL NOT BE DONE WHEN THE MEANING IS FINALLY WRUNG FROM THE WORDS AND THEY TAKE ON THE APPEARANCE OF LINES SCARS ON THE PAGE LIKE LINEAR TRIBAL MARKS ON AN UNUSED EXERCISE BOOK FOR A CHILD WHAT HAS LANGUAGE BEEN REDUCED TO IF IT TALKS ITSELF OUT OF A JOB EXPRESSES NOTHING MORE THAN ITS LOOK ITS BASE ELEMENTS CRUSHED WHAT IS A WORD WITHOUT MEANING JUST AN ABSTRACT SHAPE ON A PAGE NO LONGER SHARING OR SHOUTING ITS USE ALL FOREIGN WORDS ARE LIKE THIS JAPANESE IS GREEK TO ME AND GREEK IS JUST DOUBLE DUTCH SYMBOLS OF SOMETHING ILL NEVER UNDERSTAND LANGUAGE IS LEARNABLE BUT ONLY IN THEORY AND TRYING IS TOO HARD TO TRY THE VOCABULARY OF ART CAN TAKE WHATEVER FORM IT DESIRES AND STILL BE CALLED ART THESE PAGES SEEN BY A NON ENGLISH READER WILL PRESENT A DIFFERENT PICTURE TELL A DIFFERENT BUT THEY ARE PICTURE NON THE LESS UNDERSTANDABLE IN SOME SENSE IM NOT SURE I AGREE WITH WHAT I JUST WROTE BUT AT LEAST I CAN READ IT AND CHOOSE TO IGNORE IT FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST BUT IT WILL BE LESS AS NIGHT FOLLOWS DAY FOLLOWS NIGHT FOLLOWS DAY UNTIL THE END OF THEM BOTH AND IT WILL COME AS THIS ENDING WILL COME AND FOR ME NOT SOON ENOUGH AS IM TIRED OF THIS SILLY GAME AND

LONG TO PLAY ANOTHER BUT I KNEW FROM THE START THIS WAS GOING TO TAKE QUITE A LONG TIME AND THAT WAS PART OF THE CHARM OF BEGINNING AND WILL MAKE THE FINISH THAT MUCH SWEETER MORE WORTH ACHIEVING REACHING A GOAL SET WELL IN ADVANCE GIVES A PARTICULARLY HUMAN HAPPINESS AND THE TROUBLE ON THE WAY OFTEN ENHANCES THE JOURNEY THE PROCESS IS THE LANDSCAPE YOU PASS THROUGH AND MEMORIES ARE THE MINDS PHOTO ALBUM PHOTOGRAPHIC IN THE TRUE SENSE AS THE IMAGES APPEAR TO APPEAR AS LIGHT IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE BRAIN THE CINEMA OF IMAGINATION OR ELECTRICAL IMPULSES TRANSLATED AS SIGHTS THINKING IN WORDS AND DREAMING IN IMAGES FANTASTICALLY REAL FANTASIES SUPERIOR REALITIES IT DOESNT GET MUCH BETTER THAN THE PERFECTION OF PERCEPTION YOUR DREAMS CAN CONJURE EQUALLY HORROR AS WELL THOUGH NOT THAT IVE ENJOYED THE PLEASURE OF A NIGHTMARE FOR A VERY LONG TIME WHAT WOULD MY IDEAL NIGHTMARE BE MY ROOM 101 IF I WAS GIVEN THE KEY SAD TO SAY I CANT THINK MY SUB CONSCIOUS IS FAR TOO SUBMERGED I LIVE ON THE SURFACE OF LIFE HENCE THE SUPERFICIALITY OF THIS I DONT PLUMB NEW DEPTHS OF EXISTENCE I JUST FLOAT ON THE PARCHMENT GLIDING GLIBLY FORM ONE FORM TO THE NEXT SKIMMING BRISKLY LIKE A STONE ON A POND BUT JUST AS EVERY STONE EVENTUALLY SINKS OCCASIONALLY I FEEL A TRIFLE GLUM AND THATS AS BAD AS IT GETS MEDIOCRITY SERVES ME WELL NEITHER HEAVEN NOR HELL EXTREMES OF EMOTION HAVE NEVER SAT WELL ON THIS FACE NOW SO HAIRY FROM DAYS WORTH OF GROWTH THAT MEASURE THE PROGRESS IM MAKING OR RATHER THE PLACE THAT IM AT MY APPEARANCE CHANGES SO LITTLE BY LITTLE THE WHOLE POINT IS POINTLESS AND I MAY AS WELL SHAVE OR STOP OR BOTH BUT TO THOSE WHO DONT SEE ME FOR LONG STRETCHES CONSIDER I CHANGE ALL THE TIME LIKE A GRANNY AND GRANDSON OH MY HAVENT YOU GROWN OR OH MY YOURE LOOKING SO GREY NOW AND WRINKLY WHAT HAPPENED MY BEARD OF THIS TIME IS GREYER THAN LAST THOUGH STILL NOT AS GREY AS IT WILL BE EVENTUALLY PRESUMABLY I WONDER NOW WHAT I WROTE LAST WEEK BACK THEN IN MY PRIME I WONT LOOK ITLL BE A SURPRISE TO SEE AND REMEMBER HOW MUCH I REMEMBER HAVING WRITTEN OR NOT THAT I CARE ABOUT WHETHER I LIKE IT OR NOT BUT TO SEE IF THE EXPERIENCE OF THOSE WORDS HAS BETTERED THESE PRACTISE MAY NOT MAKE IT PERFECT BUT A LITTLE IMPROVEMENT WOULDNT GO AMISS I REMEMBER BACK THERE SAYING THAT IT WAS PERFECT AND TO BE HONEST I WAS RIGHT AND AGREE COMPLETELY WITH ME FOR A CHANGE ALL THIS HYPNOTIC TALKING OF GOOD BAD AND BETTER ARE SO UNINTERESTING IM BORING MYSELF ILL INTRODUCE A NEW RULE NO JUDGEMENTS LIKE THOSE ANYMORE I FORBID THEM TO DARKEN THESE DARKENING PAGES GOODBYE TO IDEAS OF GOODNESS AND SUCH FROM NOW ON YOURE OUTCASTS ALONG WITH OBSCENITY AND WHATEVER ELSE IT WAS OH YES NOW I REMEMBER PUNCTUATION YOURE EXILED FOR GOOD AND GOOD RIDDANCE NOW ON WITH NO VACUOUS VALUATIONS ADDED TO TAX ME DEEPER INTO THE FOREST I TREAD AND LESS LIGHT BREAKS THROUGH TO LIGHTEN THE PATH WHAT GRAMMATICAL MISTAKES COULD BE HIDDEN IN HERE NEVER NOTICED CAUSE NOBODY LOOKED ALL SORTS OF DEVIOUS DEVICES COULD COME INTO PLAY AS THE SUN DEPARTS FROM THE CANOPY OF INK MARKS THAT MAKE LONG WORK OF THE SAME SIZED PARK ANOTHER METAPHOR TO CHEW ON AND FILL A TINY WHOLE IN THE GARMENT SO RAGGED AND WORN OUT WITH APATHY BUT I MAKE NO APOLOGY NOT EVEN FOR THE RHYMING SING SONG QUALITY WHERE IM GOING ANY WORDS WILL DO JUST KEEP TALKING CHURNING IT OUT NONE BUT A DULLARD WOULD CARE WHAT ITS ABOUT IAMBIC PENTAMETER OR JUST GRUMPY PROSE NOBODY CARES BECAUSE NOBODY KNOWS NO ONE WILL READ WHAT CAN HARDLY BE READ SO IT MAKES LITTLE DIFFERENCE WHAT FLOWS FROM MY HEAD SKIPPING EYES MIGHT BE CAUGHT BY THE ODD WORD AND BE HELD MOMENTARILY LOST IN THE MAZE OF CONFUSION BUT AS I DO THOSE EYES WILL WANT SOMETHING MORE SOLID TO SETTLE ON THE PAGE NUMBERS THEMSELVES ARE MORE SATISFYING IN THAT RESPECT THEY HAVE A STORY ALL OF THEIR OWN TO TELL ONE WITH A SOLID NARRATIVE A GENUINE PLOT AND AN UNSWERVING LOGIC SO STRONG AND GERMANIC TEUTONIC STEADFASTNESS TO NUMERICAL STORY TELLING ILL REST NOW AND SLEEP IN THE SHADE AFFORDED BY THE CLOSE PROXIMITY OF THE LINES TOMORROW WILL REQUIRE GREATER ENERGY THAN TODAY SO SLEEP SNUG IN THE WARM TIGHT STRAIGHT JACKET ENVELOPING SLOWLY THE PEACEFUL WHITE PAPER BENEATH MY GAZE SNOOZE IN THE STICKY HEAT OF THE MOMENT AND REMEMBER THE SUMMER THAT SLIPPED BY SO UNNOTICED WITH WOOLLEN SOCKS ON ITS FEET AS I LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW SO FULL OF SUPERIOR SANITY AT THE MAD WOMAN FROM NEXT DOOR WHO TALKS SO LOVINGLY TO THE CAR SHE CANT DRIVE AND SINGS ITS PRAISES LOUDLY AS IM TRYING TO SLEEP IS IT SHE OR ME WITH THE SCREW LOOSE IF I SHAKE MY HEAD IN NEGATION I CAN HEAR SOMETHING RATTLING IN MY BRAIN AND IF SHE COULD SEE ME SITTING HERE TAKING SO LONG TO WRITE SO LITTLE WHAT WOULD SHE THINK OF HIM THAT MANIC MANIPULATOR WHO CLUCKS AWAY AT THE DEAD OF NIGHT LIKE A CHICKEN WITH NO HEAD HEADING FOREVER DOWN TO THE SHORES THAT BOARDER THE BOTTOM ANOTHER WAVE DONE ANOTHER TO COME AS THE TIDE GETS

STEADILY SLOWER AND THE BLACK WATER OF WORDS DEEPER AND DARKER IM CAUGHT WITH MY FEET SINKING INTO THE SAND LIKE A MUSICAL METAPHOR OF GRADUALITY AS THE CURRENT SWEEPS THROUGH MY HAIR MAKING SEAWEEDEY TRACKS ON THE CALM SHINY GLITTERING SURFACE HOW MUCH MORE MUST I SWALLOW OF PRIDE AND TIME BEFORE ALLOWING MYSELF THE PLEASURE OF DROWNING IM EATING MY WORDS ON MY KNEES BUT AT LEAST IM NOT YET IN THE STREET IM REGURGITATING ALL I CAN THINK OF OR HAVE THOUGHT AND STEADILY PUTTING IT IN LINES TO BE SNIFFED AT SOOTY COCAINE THAT GIVES NO HIGH AND NO BUZZ BUT OFFERS THE TAKER A GLIMPSE INTO THE MINDLESS POSSIBILITIES OF SQUANDERING MINUTES THE X GENERATION WHO GREW UP ON ALGEBRA AND ALIENATION ARE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE THE E GENERATION WHO ARE TAKING THEIR PLACE POPPING HAPPINESS INTO THE PLACE ONCE OCCUPIED BY IDEAS FOLLOWING NEW GURUS OF COMMERCIAL EXPLOITATION A TYPICAL MISREADING OF EVERYTHING YOUNGER THAN THE WRITER A MIDDLE AGED SELFISH REPRIMAND TO THE FUTURE THOSE WHOSE REVOLUTIONS HAVE STILL TO BE THOUGHT OF ITS HARD TO BELIEVE I GREW SO OLD SO QUICKLY WITHOUT REALISING THAT YOUTH WASNT PERMANENT ALL I NEEDED TO DO WAS TO LOOK AT MYSELF TO SEE THE EVIDENCE FILLING THE MIRROR OR LISTEN TO MY VOICE AS THE OPTIMISM DRAINED FROM IT AND WAS REPLACED BY SARCASM AND IRONY THE ROT SET IN LONG AGO DAMP PATCHES APPEARED THAT COULDN'T BE PAINTED OVER AND MY BREATH SMELT OF DECAY THE MUSTY SMELL OF OLD BOOKS IS THE WHIFF I GIVE OFF AND THE WIND BLOWS THE GLOSS OFF MY SKIN IF ID TURNED RIGHT INSTEAD OF PLOUGHING STRAIGHT ON WHERE COULD I BE BY NOW MY EYES COULD BE VIEWING SOMETHING WORTH SEEING INSTEAD OF THIS SWARM OF TEENY TINY FLIES THAT ARE GREEDILY FEEDING ON FAILURE SELF REPLICATING VARIATIONS THAT RELY ON THE PRESSURE OF THE PASSED TO KEEP THEM IN PLACE IF ONE THING CHANGES EVERYTHING DOES TO ACCOMMODATE THE NEW ARRIVAL THIS IS THE CLOSEST ILL COME TO BEING A FATHER A DICTATOR WHO ORDERS THE PRESENT REALITY INTO THE UNIFORM MODERN VERSION OF CUNEIFORM HOW FAR HAVE WE COME FROM THE CLAY TO THE NOW ON THE BACK OF CHARACTERS WHAT'S LEFT TO BE SAID WHAT NEW WORDS WILL BE FORGED TO SAY CLEVERER THINGS WHAT OLD PHRASES WILL BE CONSIDERED TO THE MUSEUM OF DICTIONARIES AS THE NET CLOSES IN TIGHTER STRANGLING THE MEANINGS OF THINGS LONG AGO SAID AND BURIED KEEP WALKING IN ANY DIRECTION AND YOU'LL GET THERE EVENTUALLY ALL ROADS STILL LEAD TO ROME THE ETERNAL IDEA HAVE I GOT ENOUGH MENTAL FOOD FOR THE TRIP ENOUGH SONGS TO SING AND SALIVA TO MOISTEN MY LIPS WITH IM A PILGRIM PROGRESSING HOPPING ON ONE FINGER TOWARDS AN IDEA OF SALVATION ALWAYS JUST ROUND THE CORNER I PERSEVERE PERVERSELY IN THE HOPE OF FINDING AN ENDING THE HOLY GRAIL OF BEGINNERS THE RAIN ON MY FACE WASHES AWAY THE CROCODILE TEARS THAT IVE PUT THERE FOR SHOW I EXHIBIT FALSE EMOTIONS AND WEAR MY HEART ON MY SLEEVE IN A BLUE STOCKING WAY BARGING INTO LIGHT HEARTED LIGHTHOUSE THAT ACTS AS MY BEACON THAT ONE OF COMPLETION SHINING OUT ITS DIMINISHING FEEBLE SIGNAL BARELY VISIBLE THROUGH THIS VICTORIAN LONDON FOG THE SMOKING GUN WILL REVEAL ONE MORE FICTITIOUS TRUTH FOR ANYONE WITH EYES POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DECODE IT THIS IS THE GUN AT MY HEAD FOR NOW THE OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD IVE CHOSEN MY TESTAMENT TO MY WILL BURROWING ON INTO THE BURIAL MOUND THAT WILL MARK THE SPOT WHERE THIS DIES IM MURDERING LANGUAGE PRESSING DOWN HEAVY WITH INTENT PLUGGING THE MOUTH THAT WON'T STOP TALKING THE VOICE IN MY HEAD THAT CONTINUES TO MOAN OR PRETENDS TO PREACH ONLY I CAN SHUT IT UP FOR ONLY I CAN HEAR IT ACCOMPANIED BY THE MOONDOGIAN DRUM BEAT OF MY HEART AND WHEN THIS IS DONE AND THE LANGUAGE IS DUMB SILENCE WILL BE FILLED WITH A NEW HOPE A VISUAL MESSAGE LIKE MORSE CODE CRYING MAYDAY MAYDAY THE WORDS HAD ITS HEYDAY ITS SAID ALL IT WANTED AND NOW JUST HUMS HYMNS TO THE GLORY OF ITS MEMORY IM RETURNING BACK TO A TIME BEFORE MAN WAS CALLED MAN THE PRIMEVAL DAYS OF THAT BOOK I WAS GIVEN FOR CHRISTMAS HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE ME TO CHIP MY WAY OUT OF THIS COFFIN USING ONLY THE TOOLS OF THE WORDSMITH BUT LACKING THE CUTTING EDGE OF FULLSTOPS AND COMMAS HOW MUCH MORE TO DO WITHOUT THEM GIVING PANTING BREATHS AND PAUSES FOR THOUGHT I NEED TO WRITE ALL THE SMALL PRINT SO SELDOM READ AND MARCH BOLDLY INTO THE ENDLESS CAVE OF DISTORTION LEAVING MEANING LYING NAKED AT THE DOOR THE THRESHOLD TO COMPLETE FREEDOM OF THOUGHT DOES IT MATTER WHEN WORDS LOSE THEIR MEANING AND ARE SEEN STRIPPED OF THEIR DIGNITY FOR THE LIES THAT THEY ARE MERE REPRESENTATIONS OF OTHER MORE TANGIBLE THINGS A PHILOSOPHICAL MASS DEBATE COULD ENSUE WITH WITTGENSTEIN TOSSING HIS OAR IN IN A REASONABLE EFFORT NOT TO THROW OUT BOTH THE BATH AND THE BABY IN AN ATTEMPT TO STUDY THE WATER SO MURKY AND FULL OF UNEXPECTED LIFE IF ONLY IT WAS GUARANTEED TO BE WORTH ALL THE TROUBLE BUT A PAGE FULL OF LINES OF UNSEEN PERAMBULATIONS AND INNOCUOUS MUMBLINGS WILL NOT HAVE THE SLIGHTEST EFFECT ON THE WAY OF THINGS MY FERTILE IMAGININGS WILL FALL ON DEAF EYES AND NO SEEDS

OF UNREST WILL GROW FROM THE BARREN WHITE GROUND THE BEST I CAN HOPE FOR IS THAT SOMEONE ELSE DOESNT DO IT AS WELL A LESSON IN FUTILITY TAUGHT BY A MASTER WHO HAS FOR YEARS TO REACH TRUE BANALITY DIGGING A WELL STARTING FROM THE PEAK OF A MOUNTAIN BECAUSE THE FURTHER YOU DIG THE BETTER YOU GET AT DIGGING UNTIL ALL HOPE OF WATER IS SECONDARY TO THE PROCESS OF LOOKING FOR IT THATS WHERE THE PLEASURE IS IN THE HUNTING FOR SOMETHING TO SAY TRAWLING INSIDE TO BRING OUT ALL THAT JUST WASNT WORTH FINDING TARNISHED DIAMONDS OF GLASS THAT DONT EVEN REFLECT SUNLIGHT PRECIOUS STONES OF PURE VANITY THE CROWN JEWELS OF THE GALLERY I TOO COULD OF DONE THAT BUT IT DOESNT SEEM WORTH THE EFFORT IF ID THOUGHT OF IT I WOULD STILL NOT HAVE BOTHERED TO DO IT PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED IS EASY THEY UNDERSTAND WHAT QUESTIONS NOT TO ASK AND IF THEYRE TALENTED STUDENTS THEY ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWERS FOR THEMSELVES OR CAN MAKE UP BETTER ONES THE FOUNDATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE WERE DUG LONG AGO AND IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN AN INTELLECTUAL EARTHQUAKE TO DESTROY THEM HOW MUCH DAMAGE CAN ONE MAN POSSIBLY DO EVEN JESUS OR HITLER COULD ONLY SCRATCH AT THE SURFACE PICK AT THE SCABS OF PREVIOUS WOUNDS THE BODY OF MAN IS IMMUNE TO THE VIRUSES OF THOUGHT THE RAREFIED AIR OF CONTENTMENT PERVADES MOST OF US AND A FEW MAD IDEALISTS CANT DO TOO MUCH DAMAGE WHAT WE WANT IS ENTERTAINMENT CALLED BY SO MANY DIFFERENT NAMES BUT JUST A DIVERSION FROM THE DUTY OF LIVING THE OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE ONCE STARTED WITHOUT REGARD FOR THE COST MIND BOGGLING WAYS OF SURVIVING LIKE THIS ANAL ATTENTION TO DETAIL WHAT SYMPTOMS OF MY ILLNESS WERE VISIBLE BACK THEN IN THE TIME OF MY MEMORY BEING FORCED TO EAT FLAVOURS I DIDNT LIKE WAS A PREDESTINATION OF MY CHILDHOOD GODS PREPARING THE WAY FOR THE COMING OF THIS AND ALL ITS LIKE LIKE THOSE OTHER EXAMINATIONS OF MY IMAGINATION THAT END UP FULFILLING ALL MY EXPECTATIONS OF SUCCEEDING IN FAILURE I SET THE TEST AND TO PASS IT FILLS ME WITH A DESPONDENCY OF HAVING TO RESIT IT AGAIN AND AGAIN TILL I FINALLY FAIL THE ABSOLUTE ABSURDITY OF THE GAME IS THE ONLY THING THAT DRAWS ME TO PLAY IT OUT THERE IN THE REAL WORLD IS THE PARADISE OF THE NORMAL THE ORDINARY AND MUNDANE BEAUTIFUL IN ITS CONVICTIONS THAT THIS IS THE WAY IT MUST BE THE RULES ARE CLEAR AND ENFORCEABLE INTRINSICALLY INVIOABLE BUT LITTLE COGS LIKE ME WANT TO PLAY MY OWN GAME AND PAY LITTLE ATTENTION TO THE BIGGER PICTURE JUST LIP SERVICE TO NORMALITY THATS ENOUGH OF THAT TITTLE TATTLE ITS UNBEARABLE CACOPHONOUS CODSWALLOP MARRING THE WHOLE DIRTY JOB WITH A PILE OF UNWORTHY SELF GRANDEUR OH I GET UP ON MY HIGH HORSE TO PROTECT THE BLIND VIEWER FROM THAT NINCOMPOOPERY SO BLATANTLY OVERBLOWN I MUST TRY AND KEEP SOME SEMBLANCE OF DECENCY EVEN AT THE RISK OF APPEARING TO CARE WHAT IM WRITING OOPS NOW I DONT KNOW WHICH I FIND MOST DISAGREEABLE THE POMPOUS PENULTIMATE PASSAGE OR THE PHONEY SELF ADMONITION IT REALLY DOESNT MATTER EVERYTHING STATED CAN BE RETRACTED AND RENOUNCED OR PUT FORWARD AS FICTION THIS HAS MORE TO DO WITH IDEAS OF AUTOMATIC WRITING THAT SURREALISTIC OPT OUT CLAUSE IN THE CAUSE OF EXCUSING THE CONTENT I NEED TO THINK OF A CATCHY WORD TO SUM UP THIS STYLE SO STUDENTS OF ART HISTORY WILL BE ABLE TO PLOP IT INTO CONVERSATIONS IN CAFES DIMINUTION MIXED WITH CONTINUATION SOMETHING LIKE CONTINDIMINATION NO OBVIOUSLY NOT THAT EVOLUTIONISM NO NOT THAT EITHER BUT DEFINITELY AN ISM HOW ABOUT MINIMALEFFORTISM IT DOESNT RING TRUE REDUCTIONISM NO THAT HAS ALREADY A TOO SPECIFIC MEANING I KNOW ABATISM IT SEEMS RIGHT TO ME HAS A SOLID RING TO ITS SOUND ABATISM IT IS THEN THIS IS AN ABATIST WORK A MANIFESTO OF A NEW KID ON THE BLOCK TEARING UP ALL THE STANDARDS AND FLAGGING THE WAY TO A NEW FUTURE ALL I NEED IS SOME DREARY FOLLOWERS TO LEAD INTO THE BRAVE NEW WORLD OF IDEAS THE GALLERY IS DEAD ART IS OVER REDUCE THE FLABBY EXCESSES OF THE FRAME FREE THE WORK FROM THE SLAVERY OF THE VISUAL GET SMALLER DISAPPEAR ALTOGETHER UNITED IN THE FIGHT TO PROCLAIM A NEW KINGDOM ANOINT A NEW KING WHO WILL LEAD YOU INTO THE UNSEEN POSSIBILITIES OF ABATIST PHILOSOPHY THIS NEW BIBLE IS OF COURSE CLUMSY AND BUNGLING BUT DO NOT READ IT AND ALL WILL BE REVEALED IF YOU HAVE EYES TO SEE SHUT THEM IF YOU HAVE EARS TO HEAR BLOCK THEM IF YOU HAVE WORDS TO SAY SQUASH THEM THINK AS SMALL AS YOU CAN BE SMALL MINDED AND KEEP SILENT ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR ATOMIC CENTRE YOU ARE THE RESULT OF A WORKING TOGETHER OF MINUTE INDIVIDUAL PARTICLES AND IT JUST TAKES SOME TRAINING TO BE FREE TO SPLIT THEM INTO THEIR CONSTITUENT PARTS AND MAKE YOURSELF AGAIN IN YOUR OWN CHOSEN FORM THE FINAL RELEASE FROM BODILY ENTRAPMENT FLOAT ALL OVER THE WHOLE PLANET AT ONCE GIVE UP THIS OLD FASHIONED BODY IDEA AND CORPORATE CORPOREITY CORRUPTIBLE FLESH CAN BE OVER AND TRANSCENDED NOT IN SOME MYSTICAL METAPHYSICAL WAY BUT BY YOU THROUGH THE POWER OF WILL JOIN THE ABATISTS THE ONES WHO CAN BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE A NEW SECULAR RELIGION WITH ME AS THE BIG

HEAD GOD HEAD ABOLISH IT AT ONCE THIS ERRONEOUS ERROR OF ERUDITE EGOISM JUST ANOTHER CULT SPRINGING UP IN THE SOIL OF SOLITUDE PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE ANYTHING NOWADAYS TO FILL THE VACUUM LEFT BY THE DEATH OF GOD A HOLE IN THE MIND WHERE ALTERNATIVES FLOURISH AND FESTER WHO COULD TAKE SERIOUSLY THE WORK OF A JESTER CAUGHT RED HANDED IN A BLATANT ATTEMPT TO WASTE SPACE IF IT WAS AN ATTEMPT IT WORKED FINE A FINE ART REASONING TO GILD THE BLANDNESS OF THE ACTION WITH GOLD LEAFED LAURELS OF INVENTION I PAY HOMAGE TO THE MUSE OF ADDITION NOT KNOWING THE NUMBERS LEFT TO BE DONE THIS BLACK AND WHITE PAINTING OR VISUAL POEM THAT DEMANDS SO MUCH AND GIVES LITTLE BACK AS REWARD FOR SERVICES RENDERED GIVE TO CAESAR THAT WHICH HE SAY IS HIS THOUGH ALL INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY IS THEFT AS POSSESSION IS JUST PART OF THE LAW OF THE FOREST THE FLAW IN THE ARGUMENT OF OWNERSHIP OF RIGHTS © SR 2000 BUT FEW OF THE WORDS ARE MY OWN SPOKEN FOR THE FIRST AND LAST TIME IN THIS TANGLED WEB OF COMMUNICATION FROM ONE MIND TO A FICTIONAL OTHER IM AN OUTSIDER TOO LOOKING IN AT THE COSY COMFORT OF ILLUSION THE SPACE BECOMING MORE DEFINED AND CONTROLLED MORE THOROUGHLY COMPACTED AND NIGHTLY ALL IS ALMOST LOST BUT TO THE KEEN EYED OR THOSE WHO USE ARTIFICIAL MEANS TO READ THESE ARTY SUPERFICIAL MEAN BLUBBERINGS LOOK HERE WHILE YOU CAN BECAUSE I PREDICT AN ECLIPSE OF THE WORDS NOT EVEN WHISPERINGS WILL BE HEARD OR HUSHED BREATHING AS SILENCE PERVADES THE PAGE AS OUTSIDE THE EVENING IS SWALLOWING WHATS LEFT OF THE DAY RAY BY RAY THE SUNS BEING DOUSED WITH BUCKETS FULL OF THE ABSENCE OF LIGHT SHADOW BY SHADOW THE DUSKS CREEPING UP LAYING WASTE TO THE REMNANTS OF THE SUNS DYING RAIMENTS ARCHAIC LANGUAGE CONTAINS AS MUCH PIGMENT AS NEW IT WILL DO JUST AS WELL IN POPULATING THIS BLANK TERRITORY OF THE MIND LAYING DOWN ITS LIFE IN THE CAUSE OF ART HAPPY TO FORM THE FUNERAL SHROUD THATS DESCENDING UNOPPOSED AND UNABATED IM AN ORPHEUS GOING TO MEET MY LOVE WALKING NONCHALANTLY INTO HADES WHISTLING THE THEME TUNE FROM Z CARS I WONT LOOK BACK UNTIL IM SAFE IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING CARRYING THIS NONDESCRIPT MANUSCRIPT UNDER MY ARM PROOF OF THE JOURNEY IVE UNDERTAKEN A SOLO MISSION IMPORTANTLY POSSIBLE OFTEN THE DOING OF SOMETHING SPOILS IT THE IDEA WAS MUCH PRETTIER THAN THE RESULT HOW MANY FANTASIES LOSE THEIR LUSTRE OR DESIRES WHEN TOUCHED TURN TO DUST PROBABLY NOT MANY SO ITS WORTH HAVING A GO GIVING FREE REIN TO ONES PLEASURES AND IDEAS AS LONG AS THEYRE WITHIN THE LAW OF COURSE AND EVEN IF THEYRE NOT IF THE PUNISHMENT IS WORTH THE PLEASURE THEY GIVE OR JUST DONT GET CAUGHT IT UP TO YOU BUT SOMETIMES THE EXECUTION OF AN IDEA IS ITS DEATH YES THAT IS MEANT TO BE FUNNY BUT DONT LAUGH OUT OF CHARITY THERES NOTHING SADDER THAT HYPOCRITICAL LAUGHTER SURELY THERE IS WHAT ABOUT A CHILD BEING SQUASHED BY A CAR THATS NOT SAD THATS TRAGIC STOP PLAYING WITH WORDS THATS A LAUGH COMING FROM ME WHAT A COMEDIAN THIS IS A COMEDY DELL OF THE ARTY HA HA AGAIN PREPOSTEROUS POSING AN ISLINGTONIAN INTONING PSEUDO INTELLIGENCE RANTING BEMOANING OH WOE IS ME AND MINE CHOSEN PROFESSION THINGS LIKE THIS SOON TURN INTO OBSESSION I FOLLOW THE FASHION LIKE A DOG AND A LEAD ID LIKE TO FINISH SO I CANNOT CONCEDE WHAT SPRINGS TO MIND GET SLUNG ON THE PAGE REGARDLESS OF BEAUTY SENSE OR OLD AGE WITH OPEN ARMS I WELCOME EACH WORD AND ROUND THEM ALL UP MAKE THEM PART OF THE HERD JUST ONE IN A MILLION THEY ALL COUNT THE SAME THE JAM IN THE CAKE OF DISTORTION AND SHAME I ACCEPT ALL THE CREDIT AND DISTRIBUTE THE BLAME I AM THE EGOIST CENTRAL OMNIPOTENT ORATOR WHOSE WORD IS FINAL IN SIZING AND STYLE SELFISHLY SLAVING OVER A HOT KEYBOARD TO PUMP LIFE INTO THESE LINES OF ENQUIRY QUANTITATIVE QUANDARY SO QUIZZICALLY NAY QUINTESSENTIALLY USELESS MY ID IS THE MOTIVATION ID DO WELL TO OBEY NOT THAT I CANT THE SUBCONSCIOUS IS THE MOTOR BEHIND ALL THATS PRESENTED IT SPEWS OUT THESE WORDS AS A WASTE PRODUCT OF THOUGHT AND THEY STICK TO THE PAPER LIKE WELL COOKED SPAGHETTI COME ON COME ON GET ON WITH IT TOO MUCH TIMES BEEN SQUANDERED TODAY ALREADY STOP THINKING START WRITING THE FIRST THING THAT COMES INTO YOUR HEAD NO NOT THAT OLD JOKE ITS TOO SMUTTY FOR THIS MAYBE LATER WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGHER AND NOBODY CAN SEE WHATS BEEN SAID MAYBE THEN I CAN RELAX WITH THE CENSORSHIP LAW AND REALLY LET IT ALL HANG OUT ALL THE FILTH AND DEPRAVITY THATS BEEN SLOWLY BUILDING UP LIKE A VOLCANO INSIDE MY HEAD ALL THE THINGS THAT HAVE REMAINED IN THE CLOSET WILL BURST FORTH LIKE SOME WAIT FOR IT FLOWER FOR NOW ANYWAY WELL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE WHAT TRANSPIRES WHETHER I BREAK MY VOW OF WORDY CHASTITY OR KEEP SILENT AND CHASTE HOLDING BACK FOR ONCE ALL THE PENT UP VERBAL ABUSE THAT I USUALLY VENT IN EXERCISES LIKE THIS THIS IS A MUCH MORE CATHOLIC AFFAIR AND I DONT MEAN IT IN THE LIBERAL SENSE OF THE WORD BUT IN ITS DOGMATIC WAY AS A METHOD OF EXPUNGING THE BODY MAKING IT BAD AND UN DAMN I SAID ONE OF THE BANNED WORDS WORTHY THE CELIBATES WAY OF DEALING WITH

FORBIDDEN DESIRES KEEP ON THE PATH OF PURITY BECAUSE THE FLESH LEADS INTO THE REALMS OF THE DEVIL IT WOULD CERTAINLY MAKE THIS MORE INTERESTING FOR ME IF I ALLOWED MYSELF A FLIRTATION WITH THE DEMONS OF SEX AND AFTER ALL IS IT NOT THE JOB OF ART TO MAKE LIGHT OF TABOOS AT THE MOMENT THIS IS FAR TO READABLE PERHAPS LATER ILL LET LOOSE A FEW BROADSIDES OF DISGUSTING DEPRAVITY BUT IF ONE RULE IS BROKEN THEN THEY ALL BECOME VOID THAT MISTAKE BACK THERE FOR EXAMPLE WHEN I ACCIDENTALLY WROTE WHAT ID PROMISED I WOULDNT WAS IN ALL HONESTY A MISTAKE AND SO I APOLOGISE BUT ALLOW IT TO STAND I CERTAINLY CANT AFFORD TO DELETE IT THAT WOULD MAKE MUCH MORE OF A MOCKERY THAN LETTING THE ERROR BE SEEN OPENLY OR AS OPENLY AS IT CAN BE CONSIDERING THE SIZE OF IT NOT THE ENORMITY OF THE WORD BUT THE SPACE AND VOLUME IT OCCUPIES NOT MUCH CLEARLY BUT THIS IS STILL PLAUSIBLY WITHIN SIGHT CARE MUST BE TAKEN TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES IVE A REPUTATION TO THINK OF I CANT BE SEEN TO BE FRATERNISING WITH LIES MY WORD IS MY BOND UNBREAKABLE COMMITMENT TO OBEY MY MIND I DECIDED THE RULES AT THE OUTSET WELL MOST OF THEM ANYWAY THE MAIN ONES WHAT POSSIBLE BENEFIT CAN I POSSIBLY GLEAN FROM CHANGING THEM NOW ID BE LIVING A LIE FOR EVER MORE CONSIDERING MYSELF AND THIS FRAUDULENT THAT BIG TALK COMING FROM A SELF CONFESSED LIAR THE TRUTH IS IRRELEVANT HERE AS ELSEWHERE AND I THINK THAT IVE COUGHED UP ENOUGH ON THAT PARTICULAR SUBJECT ANYWAY WHAT MATTERS IS DOING IN GETTING THINGS DONE I DONT NEED ANY GREAT THOUGHTS OF REVOLUTIONARY DIMENSIONS JUST CHATTING AWAY IDLY WILL HELP ME ARRIVE PORNOGRAPHIC IMAGERY WOULD HAVE MADE THE TRIP MUCH LESS BORING AND MAKE IT SEEM MORE RISQUE BUT ITS SO PASSE SO LAST YEAR SO CONVENTIONAL TO TRY TO BE SHOCKING MIDDLE CLASS CRASSNESS IS EQUALLY OFFENSIVE IF NOT MORE SO SPLENETIC FURY IS DECIDEDLY COOL AND HAS BEEN FOR MOST OF THE LAST CENTURY NOW A BIT OF PO FACED INDIFFERENCE MAKES A CHANGE AND CHANGE IS THE NAME OF THE GAME LESLEY DUNCAN WAS SPOT ON WHEN SHE SANG IT THAT EVERYTHING CHANGES LIKE IT OR NOT WERE STUCK WITH IT THE GREAT ICONS OF THE PAST DAY BY DAY BECOME LESS LIKE THEY WERE IN THEIR GLORY DAYS THE COLOURS FADE AND GET LAYERED BY THE GRIME OF TIME EVERYTHING BECOMES FRAGILE AND THIN SO DELICATE THAT AN TO ATTEMPT TO RESTORE IT CAN ONLY DESTROY IT THE PRESENT IS MEASURED IN RELATION TO THESE FRAIL OLD RELICS OF THE PAST PRESERVED IN MUSEUMS OF ASPIC TOO DELICATE TO SURVIVE THE STARES OF MODERN EYES THAT GREEDILY FEED ON THE DISTORTED SKINS NATURE WANTS TO DESTROY EVERYTHING NATURAL UNNATURAL AND MAN MADE EARTHQUAKES ARE SENT TO ADMONISH GIOTTO AND FLOODS TRY HARD TO GAIN ACCESS TO GREAT PRISONS OF IDEAS LIKE THE GUNG HO WATER ATTACK ON THE UFFIZI THAT RAN THE GAUNTLET OF PUBLIC OUTRAGE WAY BACK THEN IN SIXTY SIX STRIKING AT THE VERY HEART OF CULTURE THE BASTION OF VANITY BUT THERES MORE TO A CITY THAN ITS HERITAGE ITS PEOPLE OFFER MORE PLEASURE I WOULD RATHER HAVE YOU TO TALK TO AND LOOK AT THAN THE COLD MARBLE TITANS THAT STALK THE CORRIDORS OF THE BARGELLO MISTER MANZONI GOT IT RIGHT WHEN HE SIGNED HUMAN FLESH STILL WARM AND VULNERABLE THAT VENERABLE ACTION SO SIMPLE AND CHARMING SPEAKS MUCH MORE ELOQUENTLY ABOUT LIFE AND ART THAN ANY MORE RECENT ATROCITIES COMMITTED IT THEIR NAME A PLAYFUL INTELLIGENCE THAT BOTH USES AND ABUSES THE NAME THEY RIDICULE AND REPRESENT STAND BACK AND ADMIRE THE ARROGANCE OF ART AND THE SELFISH INDULGENCE OF THOSE WHO INDULGE IN ITS WORSHIP WITHOUT REQUIRING EVIDENCE OF WORKMANSHIP LONG DEAD CONCEPTION OF WORTHY CREATION I COULD HAVE COMMISSIONED AN EX POLITICIAN BOWMAN TO WRITE THIS EXPLOITED HIS LOVE OF ART AND WORDS AT LEAST THEN THE TEXT WOULD BE TELLING A STORY THAT MIGHT CATCH THE READER IN A BEST SELLING SORT OF WAY AND TEMPT THEM TO FOLLOW THE WORDS FURTHER INTO THE POOL UNTIL THEY DROWN IN THE UNSIGHTLY BLACK WATER FOR ENOUGH MONEY THAT MAN WOULD SURELY DO ANYTHING I COULD HAVE DICTATED THE TERMS OF EMPLOYMENT AND TAKEN HIS WORK AS A PROOF OF MY OWN CREATION THE WORDS DONT MATTER SO HIS FEEBLE STORY WOULD HAVE DONE THE JOB PERFECTLY AND THE VISUAL RESULT WOULD BE ALMOST EXACTLY THE SAME BUT NOT QUITE I WOULDNT HAVE A PROBLEM WITH ACKNOWLEDGING HIS PART IN THE ART BUT THE NAME ON THE FRONT WOULD HAVE TO BE MINE HIS IMAGINATION WOULD BE PAID FOR BY THE HOUR LIKE ANY OTHER CRAFTSMAN WHORING HIS SKILL I WILL NOT PLAY SECOND TRUMPET TO ANYONE ILL BLOW RASPBERRIES INTO THE WIND RATHER THAN FOLLOW ANOTHER THATS THEORETICALLY TRUE BUT THE REALITY IS QUITE CLEARLY DIFFERENT I MUST GET DOWN ON MY KNEES TOO AND ASK FOR PERMISSION TO PLAY OTHERS TUNES OCCASIONALLY I HAD NOTHING I WANTED TO SAY WHEN I STARTED AND IM IN EXACTLY THE SAME SITUATION NOW NINETY SIX PAGES LATER BUT IM TOO PROUD TO STOP DESPITE WISHING I COULD THE END SEEMS AS FAR AWAY NOW AS IT EVER WAS NO ITS GETTING FURTHER AWAY THAN I THOUGHT EACH PAGE IS MORE ENDLESS REQUIRING MORE WAFFLING TO WIN

OVER THE WHITENESS TO STUFF IT WITH STUFF DREDGED UP FROM THE BOWELS OF MY BRAIN I REMEMBER HAPPIER DAYS WHEN A FEW STROKES WITH A PENCIL WOULD SUFFICE TO INDICATE SOMETHING ELSE OTHER THAN WHAT THEY WERE SCRIBBLING FACES OR ABSTRACTED FORMS WAS SO EASY AND ALMOST A PLEASURE BUT THEN I HAD TO THINK OF THIS AND EMBARK ON ITS COMPLETION REGARDLESS OF VISUAL REWARD THE TIMING WAS PERFECT IT HAD TO BE NOW COULD ONLY BE BEGUN ON THE DAY THAT I STARTED AND WILL NOT BE FINISHED UNTIL THE LAST SECOND OF ITS DURATION IS TICKED OFF THE CLOCK ILL CELEBRATE MORE THE FINALITY OF EACH PAGE AS EACH ONE IS MORE OF A TRIUMPH THAN THE LAST ANOTHER FEW VICTORIES LIKE THIS AND ILL BE OVER AND DONE READY TO PACK AND GO BACK TO ANOTHER BEGINNING TO ENTER THE KITCHEN AGAIN TO COOK UP SOME FOUL TASTING CONCOCTION LIKE STALE FRIED EGGS AND A ROTTING KEBAB OR WHATEVER PASSES AS FOOD FOR THOUGHT THESE DAYS THESE PAGES SO CLEAN AND PRISTINE THESE CAGES SO DISINFECTED AN STERILE ARE JUST ANOTHER STEPPING STONE INTO THE KNOWN AS I FORGET WHAT I WROTE THE TEMPTATION TO WRITE IT AGAIN GROWS STRONGER IVE REPEATED MYSELF SO OFTEN ITS HARD TO KNOW WHAT IVE ALREADY SAID LIKE AN OLD MAN WITH ALZYMERS DISEASE IM SORRY I CANT SPELL IT I RETURN AGAIN AND AGAIN TO THE SAME BORING STORY OR A LIAR WHO CANT REMEMBER WHAT VERSION OF EVENTS HES TOLD TO WHO SOME RIGHT LITTLE HERBERT WHO PREYS ON THE TRUST OF THE INNOCENT FOR PROFIT THE MOUNTAIN OF ASH AT MY SIDE AND MY BURGEONING BEARD ARE BOTH ADMISSIBLE AS EVIDENCE IN THIS COURT OF PERSONNEL VANITY ENDURANCE AND AMBITION SELF INFLICTED WOUNDS COUNT AS LITTLE IN THE EYES OF A JURY I MUST PLEAD DIMINISHED RESPONSIBILITY FOR MY PART IN THIS CRIME OF BELITTLEMENT INSANITY IS THE ONLY REASONABLE RATIONALE ACCEPTABLE BUT ITS A CATCH TWENTY TWO SITUATION AND ID BE MAD IF I THOUGHT THAT I WASNT IM DRAGGING MY FEET LIKE A ZOMBIE AS I FOLLOW MY VIRGIL TAKEN BY THE HAND LIKE A SHEEP TO THE SLAUGHTER INTO EVER DECREASING CIRCLES OF DARKNESS INTO THE LABYRINTHINE WORLDS OF THE UNSEEN WHERE MINIATURISED MINOTAURS MONITOR MY PROGRESS INSTEAD OF RAGING AGAINST IT I WELCOME THE DYING OF THE LIGHT AND GO GENTLY THOUGH SO SLOWLY INTO THE KINGDOM OF NIGHT WITNESSING THE DEMISE OF WORDS KILLING THEM SOFTLY THE MALLEABLE MEANINGS BENDING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF RESPONSIBILITY BUCKLING AND FINALLY ACCEPTING THE INEVITABLE PRESSURE UPON THEM THIS IS THE ALCHEMY OF THE DARK ARTS SQUEEZING THE VERY LIFE FROM THE OBJECT WATCHING ITS BLOOD DRIPPING ONTO THE GALLERY FLOOR THESE CARBONIFEROUS LETTERS SO CRUCIAL TO LANGUAGE AND THE TRANSMISSION OF IDEAS HAVE BEEN REDUCED LITERALLY TO THIS AS I TURN OUT THE LIGHTS OF THIS PAGE I OPEN A NEW DOOR TO GO THROUGH AND EXPLORE TO SEE WHAT I CAN POSSIBLY THINK OF TO SAY IN AS MANY WORDS AS REQUIRED TO SAY CIAO TO A FARE YOU WELL ILL MEET YOU AGAIN ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE PAGE WHERE THE SEED SPROUTS AGAIN BUT NEVER BRINGS FORTH FLOWERS WITH MY EYES LOWERED I BOW OUT FOR TODAY AND PREPARE FOR A STEEPER ASCENT MY SACHEL BULGING WITH EMPTY PROMISES OF IMPROVEMENT I EDGE MY WAY FORWARD MY WAY THE ONLY WAY I CAN BEFORE PLUMMETING INTO THE SWIRLING VORTEX BENEATH ME ITS BEEN A PLEASURE SEEING YOU HERE BYE BYE TO THE PENULTIMATE LINE AND THIS PERFECT PAGE BLOATED WITH OVERINDULGENCE PACKED TIGHT WITH SQUALID RAVINGS AND DELUSIONS QUICK MARCH DOUBLE TIME THERES NO REST FOR THE NEXT PAGE IS WAITING ITS TURN BLACKOUT BEGINS AGAIN THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD STRETCHES AHEAD AS THE LAST DAYS OF SUMMER TOLL OUT THE WARNING OF ENCROACHING WINTER THE ONLY THING TO LOOK FORWARD TO NOW IS THE POSSIBILITY OF A SLACKENING IN THE RIGIDITY OF THE METHOD EMPLOYED NOW WITH THE VISIBILITY SHRINKING I CAN PERHAPS ALLOW MYSELF MORE FLIGHTS OF FANTASY MORE ABSTRACTED PHRASES AND INCONSEQUENTIAL MUTTERINGS NOW IN THE REALMS OF THE VIRTUALLY UNSEEABLE NOBODY WILL NOTICE IF I DROWN OUT THE PAGE WITH A SEA OF INCOMPREHENSIBLE MENTAL DOODLING AND FREEFORM POST JAZZY NOODLE NOODLING I FEEL FREED FROM THE RESTRAINTS OF BEING SEEN AND CAN PROCEED IN THE COMFORT OF SOLITUDE EVEN BIG BROTHERS EYESIGHT CANT BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO PENETRATE THIS GLOOM ALL I ASK IS THE WILL TO GO ON PRODUCING TURNING OUT GARBLED GRUNTS OF SLOPPY CONTINUATION IF I LOOSE THE PLOT NOW THE RESULT IS THE SAME AS LONG AS I PUMP OUT THIS LUMPY REFRAIN I CAN NOW SING FULL THROATED LIKE A DRUNK IN A SHOWER MINCING THE MEANING OF THE WORDS BY THE HOUR BLABBERING LIKE A BABY WITH NOTHING TO SAY I CAN SIT HERE PROCLAIMING ALL NIGHT AND ALL DAY I ALMOST FEEL A SENSE OF RELIEF I CAN SHOUT OUT AND SCREAM MY ABUSE IN BELIEF THAT THE WALLS ARE TOO THICK FOR THE NEIGHBOURS TO HEAR AND THE WORDS ARE TOO MEAN TO BE SEEN WITHOUT FEAR OF EAVESDROPPERS WATCHING AND PEEPING TOMS LISTENING IN ON MY MIND NOT THAT I THINK THAT ALL THAT THAT I WROTE UP ABOVE WAS WORTH SEEING CAUSE I DONT AND I DONT EVEN THINK THAT ANYONE WOULD TRY OR EVEN THAT ANYONE WILL EVER KNOW WHAT IVE DONE UNLESS IVE TOLD THEM MYSELF THAT IVE

DONE IT SO IM TALKING TO MYSELF HERE AS MUCH AS ELSEWHERE EXCEPT MAYBE MORE FROM NOW ON UNTIL SUCH TIME AS I STOP IM A PIG IN A ROOM WITH MY HEAD IN THIS SLOP GREEDY TO SWALLOW AS MUCH AS I CAN GET DOWN IN A DAY NOT CARING FOR THE TASTE OR THE MESS I CREATE ON THE WAY MY CHIN IS COVERED IN FURRY DOWN THAT GETS CLOGGED UP WITH THE REMAINS OF THE WORDS THE SLIP FROM MY TONGUE I CAN PUKE IN THE FACE OF REASON AND GRAMMAR I CAN TALK WITHOUT REGARD FOR COHESION OR LOGIC LIKE ANY OTHER MADMAN I AM FREE OF RESTRAINT BOTH INTELLECTUALLY AND MORALLY THOUGH NOT QUITE AS IM KEEPING WELL WITHIN THE RULES IVE DEvised ITS A CONTRADICTION I KNOW BUT EVEN ANARCHISTS HAVE THEIR LEADERS AND THEY CONFORM TO A TYPE INFLUENCED DAILY BY ADVERTISING AND HYPE THE FASHION OF APPEARANCES IS AS STRONG WITH THOSE WHO WHAT TO APPEAR DIFFERENT AND UNIQUE AS WITH THOSE WHO PROFESS DISTASTE FOR THE CLIQUE EVEN THE BLIND HAVE A CARE FOR THE WAY THAT THEY LOOK SOME SAY DIFFERENT AND WELL THEY MIGHT BUT IM NOT GOING TO ARGUE WITH MYSELF ABOUT SIGHT ESPECIALLY HERE WHERE EVERYTHINGS PUT DOWN ON PAPER BUT IF IT FILLS UP THE LINES THEN THATS ALL THAT I CARE THE PRODUCT IS PERFECT OF THAT IM AWARE AND AN OBJECT OF ART LIVES WITHIN IN ITS OWN RULES IT MAY BE THE WORK OF A PROPHET OR FOOLS BUT IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN THE CLAIMS OF ITS AUTHOR OR THOSE WHO SEE INVESTMENT POTENTIAL ART DOESNT ELEVATE OR INVIGORATE BUT THE EFFECT THAT IT HAS MAY DO BOTH ITS MUCH EASIER NOW THAT I DONT HAVE TO THINK MUCH JUST TURN ON THE TAP AND LET THE WORDS FLOW LET THE SENTENCES TAKE ME WHERE THEY WANT TO GO IM A PASSENGER OF MY MIND AS IT TRIPS ALONG JAUNTILY BUMPING INTO SENSE AND ITS OPPOSITE ALL HOPE FOR A LOGICAL OUTCOME IS GONE AS I WING MY WAY FORWARD BAMBOOZLING ON THE DRUM THAT I MARCH TO IS BROKEN AND THE BEAT IS FLABBY AND FLACCID MY TEMPO SO CHANGEABLE LIKE SOME MUCH CONTEMPORARY MUSIC UNNECESSARILY COMPLICATED WHEN IT WOULD WORK JUST AS WELL IN FOUR FOUR THE SOUND IS THE SAME BUT THE SCORE LOOKS SO FANCY AND FRILLY WITH SPATULAS FULL OF SPECTACULAR GRACE NOTES I HAVE NO NEED TO AGREE WITH ANY OF THIS ITS JUST WORD SLINGING OUT OF TUNE YELLING POSING AS SINGING A JAPANESE STYLE OF MUSIC APPARENTLY AND IM NOT XENOPHOBIC NECESSARILY BUT IM PREPARED TO SAY ANYTHING AS LONG AS I WRITE IT AND FILL UP THE GAPING GAP SCREAMING INTO THE ECHOES OF THE CAVERN MIND BENDING BRAVADO IN THE FACE OF DISASTER TWISTING AND WRITHING LIKE A CROCODILE WHOS BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE CAN EASILY EAT IM FULL BUT CONTINUE CHEWING SO I HAVE SOMETHING TO SPIT FIRE PLAIN VERBS AT THE WHITE FACE OF THE ENEMY LEAVING A SLUG TRAIL OF WOUNDS ACROSS ITS VISAGE I DIG MY SPURS INTO THE FLESH OF THE BEAST THAT IM RIDING IM A COWBOY IN THE BEST BUILDERS SENSE OF THE WORD BODGING THE JOB BY DOING IT MYSELF PAPERING OVER THE CRACKS IN MY MIND FILLING CHASMS WITH CHEAP THOUGHTS SKATING OVER THE THIN ICE OF SENSIBLE SYNTAX CUTTING INTO THE ICING REVEALING A LACK IN THE CENTRE OF THE CAKE FILLED WITH ROTTING VOCABULARY WATCHING THE BIG BLACKBIRDS OF WORDS FLY OUT AND CRASH INTO THE PAGE THE MIRROR OF THOUGHT REFLECTING THE WRITERS UGLY MUG AS HE MUGS THE INNOCENCE OF THE RETINA RETAINING NO INFORMATION THAT CAN HELP IN HIS CONVICTION HE AND HIS ME AND MINE I AM THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE THE MOUTH THAT KEEPS CHUCKING UP CHUNKS OF INDIGESTIBLE GARBAGE VOMITING THESE VULGAR VOWELS AND INCONTINENT CONSONANTS OVER THE FLOOR SO LITTERED WITH WHITE FLAGS OF SURRENDER BUTCHERING THE WIVES AND CHILDREN WITH A SMILE ON MY FACE H BOMBING THE WHOLE CONCEPTION OF WORTHINESS AND DANCING IN THE FALLOUT I WANT TO SKIN ALIVE THE PRETENSIONS OF POETS MY BLUNT PROSE IS THE KNIFE THAT I CLUTCH IN MY HAND SO SLIPPERY WITH THE BLOOD OF MY VICTIMS MURDERER OF BOOKISH BARBARIANS CUTTING THE THROATS OF CRITICS AND CONVERSATIONALISTS THROWING THE OFFAL OF OFFICIALLY SANCTIONED SENTENCES BACK AT THE PUBLIC VIA THE VACUOUS BACK PASSAGES OF PUBLISHERS VENTING MY LUDICROUS LOATHING OF AUTHORITY ANY WAY I CAN BANGING MY RUBBISH CAN WITH MY HEAD IN MY HANDS AT THE FAILURE OF MY LAST LINE OF DEFENCE DEFIANCE EASILY CRUSHED IM A BROKEN EGG THAT IS STICKY UNDER THE FEET OF POWER OR THOSE WHO WEAR ITS BOOTS AND DO THE KICKING IN THE NAME OF THE KING COME ON MY BOY GET IT ALL OFF YOUR CHEST THOSE TEARS ARE LOADED WITH CYANIDE LET ME LICK THEM FROM YOUR CHEEK AND TOGETHER WELL GO DOWN AND DROWN LIKE THE CAPTAIN OF SOME FICTIONAL TITANIC LET THE SURVIVORS OF THE TRIP BE THE ONES TO REMEMBER THE LOST DONT GRAB HOLD OF THE RUBBER RING THAT THEY THROW THEY JUST WANT TO WATCH YOU DIE SLOWER THERE IS MORE ENTERTAINMENT THE LONGER IT LASTS SLIP UNDER THE ICY WATER AND WELCOME IT INTO YOUR LUNGS POUND THE GROUND AS YOU WALK INTO THE FIERY FURNACE IVE MADE LEAVE YOUR SHOES AT THE DOOR IN THE HOPE THAT SOMEONE WILL SEE THEM AND STEAL THEM AND WEAR THEM AND THEN YOU ARE STILL ALIVE FEELING THEIR PULSE HAMMERING ON THE LEATHER THAT YOU SPENT YOUR LIFE WARMING UP AND MAKING INTO A COMFORTABLE

FIT FOR ALL FEET THE BLADE OF WORDS IS CUTTING DEEPER THRUST IT VICIOUSLY FORWARD TO MAIM IN THE AIM OF SILENCING PURITY OF PAPER AND ARTICLES OF THOUGHT NOT LONG TO GO NOW BEFORE I ADD WATER AND SHRINK THESE MUSINGS FILE THEM DOWN TO AN IMPOSSIBLE SIZE AND FREEZE THEM INTO THEIR HOME THE LOCKED CUPBOARD IN THE TOP OF THE ATTIC STORED AWAY OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MY MIND ANOTHER MEMORY TO ADD TO THE GROWING COLLECTION IVE FORGOTTEN I OWNED SEND THEM TO SLEEP IN THE OVERCROWDED BED OF FORGOT ME KNOTS AND TONGUE TIED TREASONS ABOLISHED FROM THE PRESENT AND CONFINED TO THE PASSED UPSTAIRS IN THE LOCKED ROOM OF REASONS THROW AWAY THE KEY THE ANSWER AND THE QUESTION THEYVE HAD THEIR BEST DAYS NOW NEW FORMATIONS OF MEANING ARE BEING BORN IN THE DUNG OF THEIR PARENTS WILFULLY DISOBEDIENT STRUCTURES ARE MUTATING RANDOMLY AND SOON WILL TAKE OVER THE WHOLE GODDAMNED PLANET OF POLITE WORD POLICEMEN WHO GET PAID BY THE STATE TO CONTROL THE STATE OF THINGS WHAT A MESS SURROUNDS ME IVE SET A FIRE UNDER THE OLD BOOKS AND ONLY THE ASHES REMAIN VACANT WORDS REFUGES THAT REFUSED TO BURN POUR PETROL ON THE IDEAS OF THE PAST ITS THE BEST WAY TO CLEAR A NEW PATH THROUGH THE OVERGROWN DICTIONARIES THAT SURROUND US AND KEEP OUT THE SUNLIGHT OF THE POSSIBILITY OF CHANGE THE PRICE IS WORTH PAYING IF THE RESULT IS A DEMOLITION OF UNSEEN THE DEMONS THAT HAVE EATEN INTO THE UNCONSCIOUSNESS OF US ALL AND ARE MAKING MERRY WITH OUR BRAIN STEMS ITS EASY TO SEE NOW THAT TALK IS CHEAP AND ITS SIMPLE TO TALK BIG IN FRONT OF THE BLIND ESPECIALLY IF THEYRE DEAF AS WELL THIS PAGE IS A CLOSELY KNIT FAMILY OF HEROES EXISTING ON THE EDGES OF BEING RECOGNISABLE FOR WHAT THEY ONCE WERE THESE ANTY PLOPS IN THE OCEAN ARE JUST AS VALUABLE AS THOSE EARLIER ROCKS THAT SPLASHED ACROSS THE LAKE LEAVING DENTS IN THE SURFACE THESE DOTS OF DETAIL ARE THE HIGHLIGHTS THAT FINISH THE PAINTING THE GLINT IN THE EYE AND THE BEAD OF SWEAT ON THE FOREHEAD BUT THERES MUCH WORK TO BE DONE YET THE MINUTE LITTLE BRUSHES IM PAINTING WITH HAVE GOT ACRES OF CANVAS TO COVER AND AS EACH PAGE GOES BY I HAVE TO PULL OUT MORE HAIRS TO BE ABLE TO PAINT EVEN FINER DETAILS THE SMALL GROUP IN THE FAR DISTANT BACKGROUND DESERVE INDIVIDUAL HAIRS ON THEIR HEADS AND BUTTONS ON THEIR TINY SHIRT SLEEVES THIS EPIC PAINTING ON A GRAIN OF RICE WILL NOT BE COOKED FOR A LONG TIME SOON ILL HAVE TO LOOK THROUGH A MICROSCOPE TO REGISTER EVEN THE SLIGHTEST TREMORS ON THE PAINTING THE WATER IN THE EYES CONTAINS A REFLECTION OF THE ARTIST UPSIDE DOWN AND ELONGATED IN AN EL GRECO SORT OF WAY BUT IT MUST BE DEPICTED IF THE PICTURE IS TO BE TRUE AND THE LIFE FORMS THAT LIVE IN THAT SELF SAME WATER THEY TOO MUST BE PRESENT IN THE REPRESENTATION OF IT I SPOKE TOO EARLY EARLIER WHEN I SAID ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT BEING UNSEEN THE NAKED EYE CAN STILL SEE WHATS HAPPENING HERE WHAT OUTRAGE IS BEING PERFORMED IM NOT QUITE AS SAFE YET AS I THOUGHT I WOULD BE FROM THE PRYING VIEW OF THE VIEWER OBLIVION IS STILL IN THE FUTURE FOR NOW I MUST NOT ACT TOO BLATANTLY AND CARRY ON WITH THE WEIGHT OF BEING OBVIOUS HANGING OVER MY HEAD A MIDDLE EASTERN SWORD OF RESTRAINT HELD BY A FRAYING LENGTH OF THREAD ITS NOT SAFE YET TO COME OUT FROM THE PROTECTION OFFERED BY MY GRANDMOTHERS SKIRTS AND PLAY FREELY IN THE DARK THERE IS STILL TOO MUCH RISK OF A SNIPER ATTACK IF I STRAY TOO FAR FROM MY PROMISES MY CHIN IS ALIVE WITH A FOREST OF MATTING THAT I STROKE AS I PLAN MY NEXT MOVE MY QUEEN IS LIVID AND DANGEROUS AND AS MY KNIGHTS SLEEP THE KING STALKS THE CORRIDORS OF EMPTY VANITY SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THE GAME HE SO FOOLISHLY SUGGESTED AS A DIVERSION TO TAKE THE PRESSURE OFF HIS SUBJECTS NOW IT BECOMES CLEARER AND CLEARER THAT THE BATTLE WILL RAGE FOR ETERNITY AND THE ONLY POSSIBLE OUTCOME IS DEFEAT AND HUMILIATION HOLD ON THATS TANTAMOUNT TO A STORY GET A GRIP MAN CONTROL YOURSELF DONT BE SCARED BY THE VOID DONT GIVE UP YOU CAN CONTINUE THE FIGHT WITHOUT INTRODUCING THE LITERARY EQUIVALENT OF CHEMICAL WEAPONS BUT ALLS FAIR IN WORD WARS NO GENEVA CONVENTIONS WILL STOP MY MOUTH WAGING OR KEEP MY TONGUE FROM WAGGING ITS VIOLENCE THE TORTURE IM UNDERGOING IS A MILD S AND M A PLEASURABLE PUNISHMENT I DESERVE IVE BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY WHO NEEDS PADDLING UP THIS RIVER OF TORRENTIAL VERBALISING TO CORRECT THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS ANOTHER LEAF FALLS FROM THE TREE OF LIFE DID IT JUMP OR WAS IT PUSHED BY THE WIND ACCEPTING AUTUMN IS ALWAYS HARD ESPECIALLY IF YOU DIDNT RECEIVE ANY SUMMER THIS YEAR HAS BEEN ONE CONTINUAL WINTER DISCONTENT SURROUNDS ME LIKE FLIES ROUND A CARCASS THE MORE I KILL WITH MY SWATTING THE MORE CARRION THERE IS SLOWLY ROTTING PILING UP BODY UPON BODY THE DEAD WEIGHT OF THE NEW DEAD CRUSHING THE LIFE OUT OF THE OLD DEAD ITS SIMILAR TO A SENTENCE I READ LONG AGO BEFORE EVEN BEING FOUND GUILTY BY MYSELF IN THE COURT OF THE CRIMSON BRAIN OF MAN IN THE WAKE OF POSSESSION OF FALLACIOUS FACTS PLANTED IN MY POCKETS OF DECENCY RIGHT AND WRONG WERE

ABANDONED ALONG BEFORE I CAME TO PASS THROUGH THE VALLEY SO DEVOID OF LIFE IM WEARING MY BADGES OF DISTINCTION ONLY TO PROVE THAT I TOOK PART IN THE CAMPAIGN OF EXTINCTION THE KILLING OF MEANING THE GENOCIDE OF STORIES THE ELIMINATION OF POETIC SENSIBILITY ALL BATTLES LIKE THIS ARE DOOMED TO FAIL WHEN THE WEAPONS THEMSELVES NEED DESTROYING IM PITTING MY PITIABLE RESOURCES AGAINST THE WHOLE HISTORY OF HISTORY AND THOSE WHO RECORDED IT WITH SUCH BIAS AND SELF INTEREST IM TRYING TO STEM THE FLOOD OF WORDS THAT SWEEP ALL THOUGHTS BEFORE THEM NO I CANT CARRY ON WITH THAT LINE OF NONSENSE I HAD BETTER THINK OF ANOTHER WAY TO FILL UP THIS LINE WITHOUT PUTTING MY HEAD SO FAR ONTO THE BLOCK AND INVITING THE ASSASSINS OF IDEAS TO CHOP IT INTO TASTY CHUNKS OF DOG FOOD BRAINY HORSE MEAT FIT FOR A BANQUET ATTENDED BY ACCOUNTANTS OF PSYCHOLOGY AND OTHER KNOW ALLS AND SHOW OFFS WHO PROUDLY DISPLAY THEIR LEARNING AND I MEAN LEARNINGS AS OPPOSED TO FINDINGS ALL HIGH FAULTING AND EVEN HIGHER FLUTING SHRILLING AND TRILLING IN PICCOLO TERMS OF WHISTLING WINSOMENESS HIGH HANDED OPINIONS THAT MAKE A MERRY FANDANGO AND MOCKERY OF REALITY IM GETTING MORE AND MORE LIKE CHARLIE BROWN BROWNE OFF WITH THIS KITE THAT REFUSES TO TAKE FLIGHT OR GETS CONSTANTLY STRANDED IN A PASSING TREE A PASTRY LID THAT IS SOLID AS STEEL TO KEEP ALL THE BIRDS FROM ESCAPING YES I KNOW WHAT I SAID EARLIER BUT IT WASNT EXACTLY THE SAME SO ITS ALLOWABLE THIS WORK IS LIKE THE MONSTER TOMATO PLANT GROWING IN THE GARDEN BEARING FRUIT THAT WILL NEVER BE RIPE INEDIBLE TART TASTING TOSH THAT GROWS AND GROWS BUT NEVER OFFERS A FLOWER OF BEAUTIFUL COLOUR AND ONLY GIVES OFF A FOUL SMELL REPELLENT TOO INSECTS MUCH BIGGER THAN THESE WORDS THE GRASS DOES IN FACT GROW MUCH GREENER NEXT DOOR MY SOIL IS POLLUTED WITH TOXIC TEXT AND ALL ANIMALS DIE IF THEY READ IT MY GARDEN IS FULL OF MAN EATING PLANTS WITH TEETH ON THEIR LEAVES AND VENOM IN THEIR VEINS WHO LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN GRIPPING THE ANKLES OF PASSING LIVESTOCK AND SUCKING THE FRESH JUICE FROM THEIR HEELS REAL TERRIFIC TRIFFIDS TIRED OF CONVENTIONAL APHIDS AND TINY MORSELS WHO NOW SEARCH FOR LARGER GAME TO FRY THE SKY OVER MY HOUSE IS BLACK WITH RAVENS WHO DAILY PROCLAIM DOOM AND THE END OF LOGIC FLYING CASSANDRAS WHO ECLIPSE THE FEEBLE LIGHT OF THE SUN AND COVER THE EARTH WITH A CRUST OF QUICK DRYING GUANO OR WHATEVER ITS CALLED WHEN DONE PURPOSELY BY RAVENS BIG BELLIED SPIDERS SPIN CAST IRON THREADS THAT COULD HOLD UP AN ELEPHANT TO CATCH ANYTHING SMALLER THAN THAT A MAN OR A CAT FOR EXAMPLE WOULD OFFER LITTLE RESISTANCE AND WOULD BE SOON WRAPPED UP AND STORED AS A SNACK FOR A RAINY DAY WHICH IS EVERYDAY IN MY GARDEN THAT MAKES ITS OWN CLOUDS AND FILLS THEM WITH POISONOUS SNAKES THAT FALL INTO THE HAIR AND CRAWL IN THE EAR WHERE THEY SLOWLY TURN THE BRAIN INTO A LIQUID SOLUTION THAT RUNS OUT OF THE NOSE AND INTO THE MOUTH INFECTING THE SPEECH OF THE SPEAKER AND MAKING THE WORDS TURN INTO DANGEROUS RIFLE SHOTS THAT KILL ANYBODY THAT HEARS THEM IF YOU WATCH THE LIPS MOVING YOUR EYES WILL READ THE SOUND OF THE BULLET THAT DIVES INTO YOUR FLESH AND EXPLODES IN YOUR MIND LIKE A VAN LOAD OF LYSERGIC ACID BEING SPILT ON A BABY CARRIAGE CONTAINING THE NEW BORN MESSIAH THE HOPEFUL ANSWER TO THE BURNING COSMIC OF QUESTION WHY ARE WE HERE DONT BE STUPID ENOUGH TO EVEN LAUGH AT THE ANSWER I KNOW IT BUT IVE TOLD IT TOO OFTEN ALREADY AND I DONT WANT TO ACCUSE MYSELF OF BEING A BORE LET OTHERS THROW MUD IF THERES SOME TO BE SLUNG IM GRADUALLY LETTING MY GUARD DOWN LEAVING MY TUFTY CHIN SO DEFENCELESS ALLOWING MY VULNERABILITY TO SHOW THROUGH THE MASK OF ILLUSION SO EASILY WORN DOWN LIKE A BAR OF SOAP DISGUISED AS A PEBBLE AND LEFT ON THE SEA SHORE IM MAKING IT UP AS I GO AND NOT LOOKING BACK SO IF I GET LOST OCCASIONALLY ITS HARDLY SURPRISING THERE IS NO MAP WITH THIS PROCESS COMPLETED TO LEAD ME INTO THE NIGHT OF SO MANY WASTED WORDS IM STARTING TO SKIP THOUGH THE MUD NOW NOT BEING AFRAID OF THE SUCKING SOUND AT MY FEET THE LEECHES THAT CANNOT BE GOT OFF I MUST IGNORE THEM OR STOP TO POUR SCORN AND SALT ON THEIR HEADS IM STICKING TO MY TASK AS SURELY AS THEY STICK TO ME POPPING PUSTULES OF THOUGHT THAT GROW ON MY MIND ONTO THE MIRROR THAT NO LONGER REFLECTS ANYTHING TRULY BUT DISTORTS MY VIEW OF THE WORLD I MUST RUSH TO GET FINISHED SAY A FAREWELL TO KINGS AND PAWNS EQUALLY RUN WITH THE FLOW THE BATON KEEPS CHANGING FROM HAND TO HAND LIKE AN OLYMPIC LIGHTER MAKING ITS JOURNEY FROM COUNTRY TO COUNTRY AND OFFERING NO LIGHT BUT LEAVING A TRAIL OF BURNING BUSHES IN ITS WAKE PROOF POSITIVE OF THE POWER OF ART TO TRANSCEND THE MERE MORTAL THE TORCH BEARERS CARRY THE HEAVY LOAD ON THEIR SHOULDERS AND ARE HUNCHED OR ARE BOWED BY THE BLOWS OF THE ARTISTIC TASTES OF THOSE OTHERS WHO ONLY FEED ON THEIR WASTE THE HE MEN AND WOMEN THE PEN PUSHING PURVEYORS OF PASSION AND FASHION WHO DO NOT DO THE WORK THAT THEY SLANDER BUT OFFER OFFENCE TO THE DOERS FOR THE ARROGANCE

THAT THEY SHOW IN DOING NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES THERES NO TURNING BACK ON A POINT OF HONOUR THE REST OF MY LIFE CAN ONLY BEGIN WHEN IVE KILLED OFF THIS BEAST OF INVENTION AND BURIED ITS BODY WITH HORN CALLS AND TRUMPETING FANFARES SAINT SIMON THE SLAYER OF BLANKNESS VANQUISHER OF THE VOID COMMITTED TO THE TOUR DE FORCE BY FORCE OF WILL I WISH THIS WAS THE LAST DRAGON THAT NEEDED MURDERING AND I COULD GO AWAY WITH THE FAIRY PRINCESS AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER IN THE LAND OF WARM SUNSETS WHERE THE TIDE NEVER GOES OUT BECAUSE ITS IN LOVE WITH THE SHORE EACH KNIGHT NEEDS HIS SQUIRE AND I DREAM OF MINE AS I LOOK UP TO THE SKY FROM THIS DIRE MIRE MINE OWN TRUE LOVE WHO OWNS THE COPYRIGHT TO MY SOUL IF I STILL POSSES ONE AFTER GIVING AWAY SO MUCH FOR FREE SO MANY TIMES LOVE OFFERS A PLUG TO RAM INTO THE HOLE IN MY HEAD FROM WHICH ALL MY IDEAS SPRING AND GET LOST IN THE MUDDLED MUSIC OF LIVING I DONT WANT TO SING IN THE CHOIR NO MORE BUT JUST TO HUM INTO YOUR EAR MY LOVELY DREAM MINE OWN TO OWN TILL ALL THE COWS HAVE RETURNED AND DIED OF OLD AGE I KEEP GOING FORWARD THEN HAVING TO RETRACE MY STEPS AND DO IT ALL AGAIN FROM THE MIDDLE EACH TIME THE TRIP IS THAT LITTLE BIT SMALLER BUT IM THAT LITTLE BIT MORE TIRED SO EVERYTHING SEEMS THE SAME DISTANCE AND EFFORT REQUIRED BALANCE OUT IN THE LONG RUN AND THE GRASS GROWS HIGH SO EACH TIME I MUST LIFT MY LEGS A LITTLE BIT HIGHER STILL SURELY ONE DAY I WILL FALL AND LOSE MY PLACE IN THE QUEUE COMPLETELY AND HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE BACK SHAME FACED AND WORN OUT WAITING FOR ANOTHER ETERNITY TO END TO TRY MY LUCK ONE MORE TIME THE BOOMERANG THAT I SIT ON IS CAUGHT BY A BIRD AND TAKEN TOO FAR AWAY TO EVER FIND ITS WAY BACK I AM DROPPED INTO A CHIMNEY AND CRASH DOWN INTO THE BOILING WATER THAT IS WAITING FOR VEGETABLES TO MELT INTO A SOUP I AM THE EXTRA SEASONING ALONG WITH THE PEPPER AND A DASH OF CREAM THAT WILL BE SERVED AT THE FEAST OF THE WATCHERS THOSE BIG EYED DEVILS WHO CONSUME MORE THAN THEY MAKE AND MAKE MORE THAN IS DECENT PREVERBAL FAT CATS DINING ON THE THIN MICE OF MEN LIKE ME WHO REFUSE TO BE EATEN WITHOUT KICKING HARD AT THE ROOF OF THE MOUTH THAT CONTAINS THEM AND HOLD ON TIGHT TO THE TONSILS WITH BOTH HANDS AS A FROG WOULD IN THE HOPE OF BEING SPAT OUT TOO MUCH OF A MOUTHFUL TO BOTHER ABOUT TOO PRICKLY TO GULP DOWN WITHOUT WHINING IM NOT NO JONAH TO SLIP INTO THE BELLY FEEBLY AND HAPPILY LIVE THERE MAKING DO WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO ESCAPE NO NOT I I WOULD MORE LIKELY CHOOSE TO DIE SNAPPED IN TWO AND BROKEN LIKE AN OLD ROTTEN TOOTHPICK THROWN INTO THE BIN IVE BEEN THERE BEFORE AT THE DOOR OF THE JAW IVE PUT UP MORE FIGHTS THAN A FIREMAN HAS PUT OUT FIRES IM A PAIN IN THE NECK OF SOCIETY A NECK THATS INVITING THE NOOSE DONT WORRY MY FRIEND IF THE WORDS ARE APPALLING ITS THE SHAPE OF THE THING THATS APPEALING THE RIGIDITY OF THE LEFT AND THE TEETH OF THE RIGHT THE HORIZON ON BOTTOM AND TOP THE BEGUILING BILE THATS THE MIDDLE COULD NOT BE OF LESS CONSEQUENCE ESPECIALLY AT THIS LATE STAGE IN THE PROCEEDINGS SAY WHATEVER YOU WANT BECAUSE IT WONT MAKE NO DIFFERENCE WHEN THE HOUR IS UP WELCOME INTO YOUR HOME THE MOST DULL GUESTS IMAGINABLE WHEN THE PLACE IS FULL YOU CAN LEAVE AND WATCH THE HOUSE TOTTER AND LEAN TILL IT FINALLY FALLS AND RAISES A CLOUD OF DUST THAT MY FRIEND WILL BE YOUR ACHIEVEMENT TO LET LOOSE ALL THE PENNED IN FRUSTRATIONS THAT HAVE BUILT UP BEHIND THOSE BLEAK WALLS THE PICTURES YOU SO LOVINGLY PAINTED AND HANGED WILL LIE IN A HEAP IN THE RUBBLE THE REMAINS OF MUSIC AND MUSINGS WILL MAKE A PERFECT HOME FOR THE RATS YOU CAN INFECT THEM WITH CULTURE SO POWERFUL IT WILL PROBABLY KILL THEM AND YOU CAN ADD THEIR SMALL BROWN BODIES TO THE PILE AT YOUR FEET AS YOU RAISE A GLASS OF PUS TO THE FUTURE AND DROWN OUT YOUR SORROWS IN LAMENTATIONS AND CRIES JUMP TO IT YOU SCUMBAG YOU DISGUSTING TOERAG YOUR WEeping MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING DID YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN ANYTHING EVER DID YOU THINK THAT YOU HAD IT IN YOU TO CHANGE THE WHOLE WORLD FROM YOUR SECRET BUNKER OF BUNKUM AND FOOLISH FAIRY TALES TALL STORIES DONT CHANGE ONE IOTA OF THE BODY OF MANKIND WORDS ARE TOO CHEAP AND TOO PLENTIFUL NOWADAYS EVEN THE DUMBEST CAN QUOTE THEM VERBATIM PROPER NOUNS DONT DO A PROPER JOB ANYMORE THEYRE SHODDY AND BREAKABLE AND PRONOUNS ARE PRO AS IN PROSTITUTE WHORING LITTLE SLICES OF MEANING THAT REQUIRE A JOLLY GOOD BEATING YOU CANT MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT BREAKING SOME HEADS AND TALES WILL NEVER DO IT IT TAKES RESOLUTE COURAGE AND FASTIDIOUS PLANNING TO KILL EVEN A FLY THESE DAYS I REMEMBER THE WARS THAT IVE THOUGHT THE CAMPAIGNS THAT IVE ENDURED AGAINST EVEN THE MOST PATHETIC OF FOES LIKE THAT MOSQUITO LAST NIGHT THAT WAS MOANING ABOUT MY HEAD ITS MINUTE ENGINE WHINING AND WHEEZING AS IT SOUGHT FOR A GOOD PLACE TO LAND ON MY BODY TO MAKE A MEAL OF ME IN THE END I GAVE UP AND SURRENDERED MY SKIN TO ITS NEEDLE NOW IM PART OF THE MIDGE AS IT FLIES AROUND BRAGGING OF ITS MASSIVE CONQUEST I GAVE IT MY BLOOD SO THAT I TOO COULD

SAY THAT IVE FLOWN AROUND MY ROOM IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT TOUCHING THE BEAMS OF THE MOON WITH MY WINGS AND SINGING MY VICTORY SONG HOW MUCH OF ME IS STILL RECOGNISABLY ME FROM THE TIME THAT I SAT AT THE BACK OF THE CLASS AND LOOKED LONGINGLY OUT OF THE WINDOW AT THE FREEDOM OF BIRDS AND THE SOLIDITY OF CLOUDS IMAGINING THAT I TOO WOULD ONE DAY FLY AS IF ANOINTED WITH FEATHERY TOUCH AND A GOSSAMER JACKET THAT MOSQUITO AND I FORMED AN UNBREAKABLE BOND THAT CANNOT BE BROKEN TIL BOTH OF US DIE WERE BLOOD BROTHERS NOW SHARING THE SAME NEEDLES AND GENETIC MAKE UP CLONES OF ONE MIND WITH ONE AIM AND ONE BRAIN THE LITTLER ONE IS THE BIGGER AND THE BIGGER ONE ME IS REDUCING TO FIT ITS GETTING LATE AND THE MOON NEEDS A POLISH SO IM OFF TO MAKE LOVE WITH MY SHADOW BENEATH JULIETS HALF OPEN WINDOW OF COURSE I CHOSE JULIET AS A NAME BECAUSE ITS SO PREGNANT WITH CONNOTATIONS SO LOADED WITH LITERARY REFERENCES TO BE HONEST I DONT KNOW ANYONE CALLED JULIET SO I MAY AS WELL GO AND LIE ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE ELSEWHERE THATS WHERE I AM WHERE THE SOUNDS OF THE KEYBOARD ARE MUTED AND SOFT A NEW LOOK TO THE STUFF TOO NEW PROBLEMS TO FACE AND MORE SOLUTIONS TO BE SOUGHT AH WELL A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS A REST ALTHOUGH NOT IN THIS CASE I DONT FEEL COMFORTABLE IN THIS CHAIR BECAUSE IM SO USED TO THE DISCOMFORT OF MY OWN AND THE RULES ARE ALSO DIFFERENT HERE I FEEL LIKE THERES A BIG BIRD ON MY SHOULDER AND IF I TURN MY HEAD TO LOOK AT IT IT WILL PLUCK OUT MY EYE AND FLY OFF TO EAT IT SOMEWHERE BUT NOW AS I LOOK AROUND ME THERE IS SUCH A NEW VIEW I COULD CHOOSE TO DESCRIBE IF I WANT AND I DONT EXCEPT TO SAY THAT I LIKE BEING UNDER THIS BOAT PEEKING AT ITS BIG RED WOODEN BOTTOM AND REMEMBERING ITS FINE BLUE NOSE POKING OUT SHYLY THIS BOAT NEVER SAILED NOWHERE IT JUST RAN AGROUND YEARS AGO AND THE TIDE NEVER LET IT BREAK FREE TO ROAM FAR FROM THIS HOME TO DIVE INTO DISTANT SEAS AND BE SMASHED ON THE ROCKS OF EXPECTATIONS FULFILLED MY BRAIN DOESNT WORK HERE MY BODY DOES AND I SWEAT LIKE A HOG IN THIS PORCUPINE BEARD THAT IM SPORTING AND SPROUTING PURE BRISTLES OF QUALITY EXCEPTIONAL ENOUGH TO DO A NICE PAINTING OF THE QUEEN MOTHER DRINKING A PINT OF YOUNGS BITTER SHES NO OIL PAINTING THAT ONE I ASSURE YOU AS SHE DOWNS HER KIPS CHOICE IN A FLOWERY DRESS AND HER OBLIGATORY HAT BUT SHE WONT BE WITH US FOR EVER SO I THOUGHT ID BETTER GIVE HER A MENTION BEFORE SHE POPS OFF NOW THAT IS STRANGE A BIG FURRY DUCK IS NIBBLING AT MY HEELS NO DOUBT TRYING TO FIND MY WEAK SPOT MY ACHILLES HEEL AND HES FOUND IT AND HES WRAPPING HIS POINTY BEAK ROUND IT NO ITS JUST NOT WORKING IM FILLING THE SAME SPACE BUT WITH TRIPE TERRIBLE FOUL SMELLING STENCH OF MEDIOCRITY OOOZING OVER THE PAGE THE FLIES ARE SWARMING AROUND ME BUT EVEN THEY HAVE GOT STANDARDS TO KEEP UP THE ONLY THING THATS THE SAME IS THE DRONE OF MY VOICE WORD WEARY AND LETHARGIC MY TONGUE JUST WONT BE SHUT UP IM BRAIN DEAD AND CANT REACH THE OFF SWITCH OF MY LIFE SUPPORT MACHINE AND THERES NOBODY WHO LIKES ME ENOUGH TO LEND A HAND FOR A SECOND TO HELP THEY KEEP QUOTING THE SIXTH OR IS IT THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT NOT THAT ANYONE BELIEVES IT SHOOOT JUST CHECKING THE SPELL CHECKER I WROTE IT SO ILL LEAVE IT LET IT STAND BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHY I DIDNT DELETE IT I CANT AFFORD TO WASTE TIME GETTING RID OF ANYTHING COR BLIMEY CHARLIE DONT E GO ON WITH IS PROPER NONCY PONCY POMPOSITIVITY WHO THE ELL DOES E FINK E IS ENYWAY YOU CAN DRAG AN ORSE TO WARTER BUT YOU CANT MAKE IT FINK MARK ME WORDS MATE NEVER A TRUER WORD WAS SPOKE NOT LEAST BY THAT BLOKE THAT SELF RIGHTEOUS RIGHT MANIC TOSSEY OF RIGHT ROYAL TWADDLE CRAZEE CRETIN E GETS MY GOAT IVE AD IT UP TO ERE WITH IS JUMBLED MOOLARKEY AND BOFFINEY BOSH PUT A SOCK IN IT MATE SHUT YOUR FACE YOU DIPSTICK WITH YOUR MAMPARA PARAGRAPHS AND PARADOXICAL TWEEDY WEEDY TONES OF VOICE ALL THE BLOODY SAME LIKE SOME THIRD RATE CHARACTER ACTOR WHO ONLY GETS A PART AT ALL BECAUSE HE OWNS A VAN BIG ENOUGH TO FIT THE SET INTO BLAH BLAH BLAH BLEAT AWAY YOU BLEARY EYED BLEEDER CANT YOU CUT THE CLAPTRAP AND SAY SOMETHING AMUSING FOR ONCE YOURE LIKE THAT DOG IN THE OLD JOKE LICKING HIS BALLS CAUSE HE CAN SAY SOMETHING WORTH HEARING OR JUST SHUT THE DUCK UP YOU OLD QUACKING QUIBBLER SCROFULOUS SCRIBBLER WHATS THE MATTER CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE GIVE IT A REST THEN GO DREAM OF FINISHING FISHING FOR ANY OLD WAY TO KEEP GOING ADD A BOY ADD ANYTHING AD HOC IT ALL COUNTS ALL ADDS UP IN THE END THE SUM TOTAL WILL BE MORE THAN THE PARTS SO FORGET ABOUT THINKING OF ENDING AND CONCENTRATE ON WHAT MUST BE DONE TO GET THERE THE PRIZE CAN ONLY BE GIVEN IF THE COURSE IS COMPLETED TRY TO REMEMBER ALL THE THOUGHTS THAT SWEPT THROUGH YOUR BRAIN TODAY AND YOU DIDNT MANAGE TO LASSO HERES A NICE ONE FOR EXAMPLE THAT STUFF ABOUT INTELLIGENCE AND THE SIZE OF THE MEMBER HOW DID IT GO GOD DAMN IT I CANT REMEMBER BUT IT WAS A RIGHT LITTLE CORKER OF AN IDEA THAT ONE WOULD HAVE LOOKED REALLY SMART MIXED IN HERE WITH THE REST OF THIS MUMBO JUMBO AND

GIBBER WHAT I NEED IS TO BE GIFTED OF TONGUES TO HEAR THE VOICE THATS THE TREAT OF THE CHOSEN BUT IM FAR TOO SANE FOR SUCH PLEASURES OF INTEREST THE ONLY VOICE THAT I HEAR IS MY OWN KNITTING A DULL JUMPER OF SYNTHETIC SYNTAX AN SANCTIMONIOUS WOOLLY NOTIONS THAT TRANSMIT NO EMOTIONS BETTER UNWORTHY BOOKS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AND BURNT SO WHY BOTHER WASTING TIME THINKING ABOUT WHAT I WRITE AS THE MOON COMES LOLLINGLY UP OVER THE TREES REFLECTING ITS INSIPID LIGHT INTO MY WIDE OPEN MINCE PIES SO WELCOMING OF EVERYTHING NO MATTER HOW DARK LIKE LAST NIGHT AS I STRAINED TO LOOK AT THE CLOCK THAT WAS SHOUTING OUT EVERY HALF SECOND AND SCREAMING THE HALF HOURS AND ON THE FULL HOUR WAS CHIMING IN WITH A CLARION TINTINNABULATION LOUD ENOUGH TO ANNOY THE DEAD WHO I ENVIED AS ONLY THE LIVING CAN THIS CLOCK WAS BURSTING WITH STIFLED LAUGHTER SO I WANTED TO EYEBALL IT FACE TO FACE AND SCARE THE TICKING DAYLIGHT OUT OF IT BUT IT HID IN THE SHADOWS REFUSING TO LOOK AT ME AND NOISILY MOVED ITS HANDS ROUND AND ROUND WHEN THE MORNING CAME THE CLOCK WAS FULL OF REMORSE AND GAVE ME AN EXTRA TWENTY MINUTES TO MAKE UP FOR THE RESTLESSNESS OF THE NIGHT AND IT TICKED AND TOCKED SILENTLY AND PEALED OH SO PEACEFULLY ILL FORGIVE YOU THIS TIME I SAID AS I WALKED BY BUT BELIEVE IF YOU MAKE THAT INFERNAL RACKET AGAIN ILL PULL YOUR HANDS OFF AND SHOVE THEM WHERE THE MOON NEVER SHINES AND THOSE ARE NOT FOOTSTEPS BUT HEART BEATS THAT MADE MY PUMP JUMP UP INTO MY MOUTH AS IF PLANNING A HASTY ESCAPE VIA MY TEETH I SWALLOWED IT QUICKLY THE MOMENT I REALISED MY ERROR AND CONFRONTED THE TERROR FULL ON IF IM SCARED OF MY BODY THEN HOW CAN I COPE WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD THAT SURROUNDS IT IF I LOOK IN A MIRROR THE FRIGHTENING THING IS THE FACT THAT THE PERSON WHO LOOKS BACK IS NOT ME HE LOOKS NOTHING LIKE ME HES FLAT AS COATING OF MERCURY AND HAIRY AND FATTER THAN THIN IS IT HIM THAT ME THERE OR ANOTHER A DOPPELGANGER GANGING UP ON MY MIND TRYING TO CONVINCE ME IM NOT WHICH IS THE REAL ME THE BUTCHER THE BAKER OR THE CANDLESTICK MAKER I HAVE SO MANY PERSONAE IN THE JUNGIAN SENSE TO MASK IN THE LATIN SENSE ME IN THE I SENSE IF THAT MAKES SENSE IN THE ENGLISH SENSE AS IN THE OTHER SIMON THAT IS DEFINITELY NOT ME AT LEAST THAT MUCH I CAN BE SURE OF I WONDER HOW HE IS THESE DAYS ITS GOT TO BE YEARS SINCE OUR PATHS COLLIDED I HOPE HES STILL PAINTING AND MAKING A PROFIT FROM IT ITS BECAUSE BECAUSE NOTHING I CANT BE BOTHERED WITH BECAUSES THEYRE TOO AFTER THE EVENT TOO EXCRUCIATINGLY EXCUSATORY BUT THIS IS JUST ANOTHER EXCURSUS ANOTHER DIGRESSION ALONG ANOTHER DEAD END HIGHWAY TO BEDTIME AND NOT BEFORE HIGH TIME I SAY FOR THE LAST TIME DEFECATING MOODILY ON PRISTINE VIRTUAL PAPER HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO THINK CLEARLY WHEN HALF OF MY BODY IS SO FAR AWAY WE TWO SO ATTRACTED LIKE MAGNETS BUT SOMEHOW OUR POLES ARE FACING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS YOU OVER THERE AND ME SITTING HERE THINKING OF YOU OVER THERE ARE YOU THINKING OF ME PROBABLY NOT BUT POSSIBLY DREAMING AND THAT COUNTS EVEN BETTER I MUST FIND THE TIME TO WRITE WE TWO A LETTER AS WHEN WRITING ANYTHING THERE IS ALWAYS AN ANSWERING OR RATHER A QUESTIONING OR BOTH OR A SEARCHING IN THE BACK OF THE MIND FOR SOMETHING TO WRITE OR FOR SOMEONE TO WRITE TO EVEN IF THE SOMEONE IS YOU IN BOTH SENSES OF THE WORD NOW IVE LOST ME I CANT UNDERSTAND WHAT I WAS TRYING TO SAY OTHER THAN WHAT NEEDS TO BE SAID IF YOU FOLLOW ME THUS FAR IT WILL ONLY GET MORE NARROW IN BOTH CONTENT AND STYLE SO GIVE IT UP NOW WHILE ITS STILL POSSIBLE TO READ IT DONT PUT YOUR EYES UNDER UNNECESSARY STRAIN YOU NEVER KNOW ONE DAY THERE MIGHT JUST BE SOMETHING WORTH LOOKING AT IVE GOT TO BE CAREFUL IT WOULD SURELY BE AWFUL IF I MADE A MISTAKE AND ACCIDENTALLY LET AN APOSTROPHE SLIP INTO THE MIX THAT WILL ONE DAY BE MORE THAN HALF BAKED BUT THE LONGER IM COOKING IT THE BURNTER ITS GETTING UNTIL THE LAST WILL BE CHARRED TO A CINDER NO LONGER EDIBLE AS A METAPHOR FOR READABLE THAT WAS RESISTIBLE BUT I DIDNT OBVIOUSLY AS SOMETIMES ITS BEST TO GIVE IN TO TEMPTATION AND SOMETIMES THE SIMPLEST THING YOU CAN SAY IS THE ONLY THING REALLY WORTH SAYING I CANT THINK OF AN EXAMPLE BUT PROBABLY LATER WHEN ITS NO LONGER USEFUL I WILL PERHAPS WHEN IM WATCHING THE FOOTBALL OR SOMETHING WHEN MY BRAIN IS ASLEEP IT OFTEN HAPPENS THAT WAY APPARENTLY LIKE AN ANSWER THAT YOU JUST COULDN'T THINK OF WHEN YOU WERE ASKED THE QUESTION THOUGH YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT BUT NO IT WONT COME AND THEN SOMETIMES DAYS LATER IT POPS INTO YOUR BONCE FULLY FORMED AND REARING TO GO AND THEN YOU CANT THINK OF THE QUESTION IT FITTED AND SPEND A FEW MINUTES TO RELOCATE WHERE THE ANSWER BELONGS MEMORY IS FUNNY IN ITS FLIRTY FOIBLES ITS PICKY AND CHOOSY AND OFTEN ONLY SHOWS EDITED HIGHLIGHTS BUT THE NICE THING ABOUT IT IS THAT YOU CAN CHANGE IT MAKE IT BETTER OR WORSE DEPENDING ON WHAT YOU FANCY IS MEMORY THE OPPOSITE OF FANTASY I WONDER THE FLIP SIDE OF THE COIN WHICH REMINDS ME THE FOOTIE IS DUE TO START SOON SO I BETTER START WINDING UP OR RUNNING DOWN I ONLY

HOPE I REMEMBER TO REMEMBER IF ANYTHING INTERESTING LEAPS INTO MY MIND LIKE THE FRENCH FOR FROG OR THE MEANING OF MASTABA TO PICK ONE FROM THE PILE AT MY SIDE WELL BOUND TO PLEASE I WAS SO MUCH LUCKIER BACK THEN WHEN I WAS YOUNGER AS I HAD SO MUCH LESS TO REMEMBER ID NEVER EVEN HEARD OF KIERKEGAARD LET ALONE EITHER OR OR HIS WALK AROUND COPENHAGEN ET AL AT ALL ET CETERA ET CETERA ET CETERA FALSE STOP IM DIVING STRAIGHT INTO THE BOSOM OF BOREDOM CHANGING WITH THE TIMES LIKE A NEW ROMAN EMPEROR HELL BENT ON CONTINUING THE BAD WORK OF HIS FOREBEARS AN ANCESTRAL LINE DATING BACK TO A TIME WELL FORGOTTEN AT BEST NOW IM THE EXPLORER AND CONQUEROR TREADING NEW PATHS INTO BLACK FORESTS SHROUDED WITH SNOW WHERE NONE BUT THE BARBARIAN HAS SEEN FIT TO GO NOW I KNEEL AT THE FONT OF THE THREE AGEING GRACES EUPHROSYNE AGLAIA AND THALIA AND ASK THEM TO BESTOW A LITTLE BEAUTY AND CHARM OVER THE LAND I AM RAVAGING COULD THEY AT LEAST GIVE A FEW OF THE PIPS FROM THEIR APPLES TO PLANT THAT IN TIME THE FOREST OF DARKNESS MAY BLOOM AND SHINE WITH THEIR BLOSSOM AS I EXPECTED NO HELP CAN BE HAD FROM GROVELLING AT THE FEET OF IMAGINATION OR ITS IDOLS DO WHAT YOU CAN AND BE GRATEFUL ITS DONE IF YOU WAIT TOO LONG FOR INSPIRATION YOU MAY NEVER FINISH SO SAY WHAT YOU CAN NOT WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO IN A PERFECT WORLD BECAUSE UTOPIAS NEVER ARRIVE AND THE LOT OF MAN IS MONOTONOUS MEDIOCRITY THE BEST WE CAN DO IS TO STRETCH FOR THE UNATTAINABLE BUT GRAB WHATS WITHIN REACH ROTTEN FRUIT SUSTAINS BETTER THAN NO FRUIT AT ALL OLD WATER TASTES BETTER THAN PETROL THAT IS THE CRISIS WE DAILY SUFFER BUT AS HUMANS WE LEARN TO LIVE IN THE MOST SQUALID SITUATIONS AND EVENTUALLY CONVINCE OURSELVES THAT WE LIKE IT OR LOVE IT AND EVEN THAT WE CHOSE IT LIVING ONTO OF THE RUBBISH HEAP HAS ITS ADVANTAGES LIKE GETTING A LOVELY VIEW OF THE SUNSET OR SEEING YOUR ENEMIES APPROACHING FINALLY IT SEEMS ITS THE MOST WONDERFUL PLACE AND THE THOUGHT OF MOVING BECOME ABHORRENT IM THE KING OF THIS PILE OF MUCK MY DOMAIN OF DETRITUS STRETCHES AS FAR AS THE NOSE CAN SMELL HOME IS WHERE THE HEART OF POWER IS AND POWER RESIDES IN KNOWLEDGE AND KNOWLEDGE LIVES IN THE WORDS THAT CONSTRUCT ITS CASTLES THEY ARE THE ROUGH HEWN STONE THAT CAN BE SHAPED INTO DARING CATHEDRALS OF THOUGHT BUT JUST AS WHEN LOOKING AT A BUILDING YOU SELDOM REMEMBER INDIVIDUAL BRICKS SO TO WITH BOOKS THOSE BASTIONS OF INTELLIGENCE WHAT REMAINS IS A ROUGH PLAN A SKETCH OF THE WHOLE WITH FICTION THE OUTLINE OF THE STORY OR JUST A FEELING OR EVEN A NAME CAN PENETRATE INTO THE SUBCONSCIOUS AND THE REST OF THE EDIFICE DISAPPEARS INTO THE MISTS OF MEMORY OCCASIONALLY THE BRAIN CAN SWALLOW A WHOLE TUNE IF HEARD OFTEN ENOUGH BUT THE HARMONY VANISHES QUICKLY AND THE MELODY WHEN REGURGITATED LATER CONTAINS ERRORS AND GAPS THIS STUFF IM HERE TYPING IS FORGOTTEN AS SOON AS I TURN OVER THE PAGE OR EVEN SOONER WHEN THE BLURB VANISHES UP INTO THE STRATOSPHERE OF COMPLETION I DONT NEED TO WASTE TIME REMEMBERING ALL THAT THAT I WASTED TIME WRITING ITS ALL DOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE AS PROOF THAT SOMEBODY WROTE IT AND IT COULD ONLY BE ME LOCKED INTO A BATTLE I CANNOT POSSIBLY LOOSE ME FIGHTING SINGLE HANDEDLY THE REST OF THE SIX BILLION OR SO WHO DONT GIVE A DAMN ABOUT MY PETTY VICTORIES OR PRETTY PICTURES OR DIRE DIRGES ETC EACH MAN FOR HIMSELF SELFISHLY GUARDS HIS LIFES WORK ONLY HE CAN GAUGE ITS VALUE IN REGARD TO WHAT HE WAS ATTEMPTING TO DO ACHIEVEMENT IS PERSONAL NOT PUBLIC AND GARLANDS OR ADORATION ARE USELESS UNLESS THAT WAS WHAT WAS SOUGHT AND EVEN THEN SUCCESS ITSELF CAN BE WORTHLESS IF I CLIMBED ALL THE MOUNTAINS ON THE PLANET BLINDFOLD I STILL WOULD BE NO FURTHER IN MY GOAL TO WALK ON THE MOON LUCKILY MY AMBITION IS SENSIBLY ATTAINABLE IF I JUST KEEP ON WALKING ILL GET WHERE IM GOING GETTING SMALLER AND MORE INSIGNIFICANT UNTIL VISIBILITY IS NO LONGER AN ISSUE BUT ONLY THE RESULT OF THE WORK I DESERVE TO NOT HAVE WHAT I WROTE READ ANYMORE IM PRESSING DOWN MY BOOT SQUEEZING MORE AND MORE DIREFUL DOODLES PER PAGE FOR THE PLEASURE OF SEEING THEM LESS WHAT AN ACHIEVEMENT TO TRANSPOSE THE MEANING OF WORDS INTO PURE VISUAL MARKS ON A PAGE A LINE CONSTRUCTED OUT OF THOUGHT MINUSCULE WORDS TO BE READ DIFFERENTLY NO LONGER ANSWERABLE TO THEIR NAMES FREED FROM THE BURDEN OF CONVEYING A MESSAGE THE MESSENGER DIES FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF ART THE ULTIMATE TRANSFORMER OF RATIONALITY WORDS BECOME PAINT TO BE SMEARED ONTO A VIRTUAL CANVAS IVE A FEELING IVE SAID THIS ALREADY IF SO NEVER MIND AS IT DID THE JOB ONCE SO TO REPEAT IT SEEMS SENSIBLE ANYWAY FORWARD INTO THE FRAY MY STANDARDS FLYING AND SIMULTANEOUSLY SLIPPING HOW MANY VERSIONS OF NOTHING IS IT POSSIBLE TO WRITE HOW MANY MORE WORDS WILL IT TAKE TO COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE THIS LONELY MARATHON WITH NO HOPE OF A MEDAL AND NO COMPETITION THIS IS NOT TRAINING THIS IS THE RACE EACH NEW LINE PASSES THE BATON OF RESPONSIBILITY ON TO THE NEXT THIS STRINGING TOGETHER OF DISPARATE WANDERINGS

THAT FUSE TOGETHER UNDER THE TITLE UNIFIED ONLY BY INCLUSION AND NECESSITY AND THE TITLE TOO IS NOT SO ORIGINAL ITS AN INVERSION OF THE TITLE OF A PIECE BY NYMAN BUT IM SURE HE WONT MIND AFTER ALL HES NO STRANGER TO CRIBBING AND IF HE DOES SO WHAT DO I CARE AS LONG AS IM HAPPY AND THE WORK GETS DONE THE TITLE IS THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES THAT PAGE WILL BE EASY AND REQUIRES SO FEW WORDS ITS EMBARRASSING THE TITLE AND MY NAME AND ITS OVER THAT PAGE SO UNNUMBERED IS PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE ILL REMEMBER THE ONE THAT SUMS UP THE WHOLE REASON FOR THE REST SO THATS WHY ILL NOT WRITE IT YET AND SAVE IT FOR BEST OFTEN THE BEST THING ABOUT A WORK OF ART IS ITS TITLE AND IN THIS CASE IM SURE THAT ITS TRUE MY SIGNATURE ON THE PAGE WILL PUT THE WHOLE THING TO BED AND I CAN TAKE UP A NEW OCCUPATION FIND BETTER WAYS OF WASTING MY TIME IVE FITTED SEVEN THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY NINE WORDS ON THIS PAGE ALREADY NOT COUNTING THESE I COULD HAVE FLOWN AROUND THE WORLD SO MANY TIMES IN THE SPACE IVE DEVOTED TO THIS I COULD HAVE LEARNT TO JUGGLE I EXPECT OR MEMORISED A CHUNK OF THE BIBLE WHAT WILL I SAY ON MY JUDGEMENT DAY THAT THIS WAS WORTH DOING THAT I SPENT MY TIME WELL BUT NO DOUBT GOD ADMIRES A CREATOR AND WILL WELCOME ME AS ONE OF HIS OWN AS ANOTHER DEAD VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS ANOTHER WASTREL WHO REFUSED TO SHUT UP AND EGOISTICALLY DREW HIS OWN MAP OF THE WORLD IN HIS IMAGE MINE WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE A FINE BOOK BUT JUST ANOTHER LEAP AT FINE ART AT BELIEF IN THE VALUE OF DOING THE POINTLESS REGARDLESS IM LUCKY IM BLIND TO REALITY IM FORGING AHEAD WITH MY FRAUDULENT LIFE KNOCKING THE FLUFFY STUFFING OUT OF REASONABILITY MY SELFISHNESS KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES PLAYING AT BEING GOD IS A FULL TIME BUSINESS IM STABBING THESE WORDS INTO THE PAPER WITHOUT REGARD FOR THE SCARS THAT THEY LEAVE BEFORE IM DONE THIS PAGE WILL BE BLOATED WITH NONSENSE ANOTHER PIN PRICK IN THE FLESH OF THE MONSTER AN IRRITATING RASH ON THE PRESENT A PIMPLE ON THE BOTTOM OF ART AN EYELASH IN THE EYES OF ART LOVERS IF PICASSO COULD SEE ME IM SURE HE WOULD LAUGH IM THROWING A MATCH ONTO THE FIRE THAT RAGES ADDING A PAGE TO THE LIBRARY AND SPITTING INTO THE OCEAN HOPELESS VANITY ON THE FRINGE OF SANITY SO NEAR TO THE EDGE I CAN SEE THE TRAFFIC WHIRLING BELOW INVITING ME TO JUMP EACH CAR HOPING TO BE THE ONE I CRASH ONTO BUT IM FAR TO INDULGENT TO WASTE MY LIFE LIKE THAT WHEN STUFF LIKE THIS STILL OFFERS A POSSIBLE ALTERNATIVE IM NOT DROWNING IVE DROWNED NOW IM LOOKING UP FROM MY WATERY GRAVE AT THE SHADOWS OF BOATS AS THEY GLIDE PAST ABOVE ME LIKE BLACK CLOUDS ON A SUNNY DAY UNAWARE THAT I EVER WAS PART OF THE LIVING PART OF THE NUMBER THAT TOTAL MANKINDS KIND KIND OF KIND THREE WORDS WHERE NONE WOULD HAVE DONE THE JOB BETTER BUT IN AN ACCUMULATIVE WORK LIKE THIS ANY ADDITION IS WELCOME ALL THOUGHTS ARE EQUAL EXCEPT OBVIOUSLY SERENDIPITY IS MORE WELCOME THAN PITY IF ONLY BECAUSE IT IS LONGER AND TAKES UP MORE ROOM THATS THE NAME OF THE GAME THE ONLY WAY TO REACH THE FINISH LINE IS TO SPEND TIME FILTERING THOUGHTS FILLING THE FUNNEL AND WATCHING IT EMPTY MY FINGERS THE CONDUIT THE WORDS MUST PASS THROUGH TO APPEAR BEFORE ME VISUAL IMPRESSIONS OF VERBAL EXPRESSIONS EXCRETED SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY DELIBERATELY DEFECATED IN STRICT ROWS OF FORMALITY LINING THE ROUTE TO MY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT MY GOLD MEDAL PERFORMANCE OF REDUCING RETURNS THRUSTING ONWARD TO THE ABSENCE OF SENSE MAKING MY MARK ON THE SMOOTH ICY SURFACE LEAVING A TRACE OF INDELIBLE INK THAT CANNOT BE BLOTTED OUT OR REMOVED THE CELL STRUCTURE OF THE BOOK REQUIRES THAT EACH WORD HAS ITS OWN PLACE AND CANT BE REMOVED WITHOUT BRINGING THE WHOLE LOT CRASHING DOWN IF ITS INFECTED WITH BLANDNESS NO WORRY ITS IMPRESSIVE NONE THE LESS THE MORE I DO THE LESS I NEED PANIC AS EACH PAGE BECOMES LESS NOTICEABLE OF THE FACT THAT ITS WORDS ARE MORE COMPACT SOON I CAN HAPPILY FORGET THAT THE MEDIUM IS SUPPOSED TO SAY SOMETHING AND MAKE SOME SORT OF SENSE THE MORE OBSCURE THE BETTER TO SEE IM DELVING EACH DAY DEEPER INTO THE PUNGENT MUD SOAKING THE PAGE IN LINES OF INDIFFERENCE MY BEARD IS NOW OFFICIAL A DARK STAIN ON MY CHIN AN EMBARRASSMENT TO OCKHAM AND HIS RAZOR ENTIA NON SUNT MULTIPLICANDA PRAETER NECESSITATEM BUT THIS ENTITY MUST OUT STAY ITS WELCOME IT MUST CARRY ON TO CARRY OUT ITS DESTINY TO FILL UP ITS DENSITY THE PRESSURE IS BUILDING IM CRUSHING THE WHOLE LOT INTO OBLIVION THE BLACK HOLE OF THE LAST PAGE IS BECKONING ME INTO ITS GRAVITATIONAL PULL DEMANDING MORE WORDS REGARDLESS OF STYLE OR CONTENT FILL ME IT CRIES FROM THE DISTANCE WHAT I REQUIRE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH LITERARY MERIT THAT IS A JOB FOR OTHERS NOT ME MINE IS A PIONEERING PINING FOR PROSE A YEARNING TO TWIST THE NECK OF NARRATIVE AND STRANGLE STORIES INTO SUBMISSION GARROTTING THE PLEASURE OF READING AND OFFERING ITS BODY AS A VISUAL MESSAGE A REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PASSED NO STOPPING THE WORDSLIDE AS IT TUMBLES ON PICKING UP MOMENTUM AND CLUTCHING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH ON ITS

WAY TO COMPLETE ABSTRACTION OF LANGUAGE IVE A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE SIGNING THIS WORK A LOT OF CORRUPTING TO COMPLETE IN THIS WORDY COMPOST HEAP OF COMPOSITION AND AS THE GOING GETS HEAVIER AND THE LETTERS GET SKINNIER IM FORCED TO RESORT TO GREATER SMALLMINDEDNESS REPEATING AND REINVENTING WHAT UTTER EMPTINESS IVE SO FAR ABUSED IM NOT CONCERNED THOUGH IM WELL WITHIN MY RIGHTS OBEYING MY LAWS FLOUTING CONVENTIONS OF PUNCTUATION AND PURPOSE ON PURPOSE ILL BE THERE BY NIGHTFALL WILL HAVE SATURATED THIS PAGE WITHOUT CHEATING OR RESORTING TO MY USUAL FOUL MOUTH BUT OH HOW I WISH TO USE SOME EXPLETIVES IN THE FOUR LETTER SENSE OF THE WORD MY MIND IS NEAR BURSTING WITH SHOCKING INVECTIVE AND INVIDIOUS FILTH THAT IM KEEPING WELL HIDDEN JUST OUT OF REACH OF YOUR EYES ILL POLLUTE THIS PAGE CLEANLY AND OFFER NO OUTRAGE TO THOSE WHO LOVE TO BE OFFENDED THE DEED IS DOING THE DIRTY BUSINESS ITSELF ITS PURE UNDILUTED MONOTONY IS AS DISGUSTING AS ANYTHING I CAN POSSIBLY THINK OF LOOKING UP FROM HERE THE VIEW IS LOVELY A DIM TWILIGHT EFFECT A GLOOMY SHADOW PERVADING AN INSECT SWARM DESCENDING AN ORDERED ARMY OF FLEAS HOPPING HOPEFULLY DOWNWARD EACH ONE LAYING DOWN ITS SMALL LIFE AS A PRICE WELL WORTH PAYING FOR THIS INVASION OF NOTHINGNESS DISPLACING THE VOID WITH THE VACUOUS ANOTHER ATTEMPT ON THE SUMMIT OF ART THIS TIME TRYING THE SOUTH FACE WITHOUT THE AID OF OBSCENITY THAT LIFELINE SO VALUABLE TO SO MANY OF MY PEERS FROM HERE I CAN SEE MY NEXT BASE CAMP IN THE FUTURE THE CRAGGY LEDGE FROM WHERE ILL MAKE MY PENULTIMATE DESCENT THE AIR WILL BE THINNER AND THE CLIMB SO MUCH STEPPER AS I SLOWLY STRIP DOWN TO THE NITTY GRITTY OF THE MEANING NITWIT THAT I AM BLIND BUNGLING BUFFOON DOING COSMETIC SURGERY WEARING THESE BOTHERSOME BOXING GLOVES ON MY BRAIN THIS MEANY MOUTHED MARATHON IS HARDLY WORTH WINNING SO WHY DO I CLAMOUR TO CONQUER NO GONGS ARE PRESENTED FOR PARTICIPATION ONLY NO ACCOLADES BESTOWED ON AMBLERS OF THE MIND SELF GRATIFICATION IS ALWAYS MY AIM THE PLEASURE OF SELF IS PARAMOUNT MY QUEST IS A QUESTIONING OF MY WILL AND MY STAMINA MY UNBRIDLED FAITH IN MY POWER OF PERSEVERANCE DOGGED DETERMINATION TO EXTERMINATE THE BLANKNESS OF EMPTY PAGES I KEEP REITERATING JUST TO ABOLISH THE WHITE WALL THAT KEEPS PRESENTING ITSELF IN MY PATH IDEAS TO COVER THE HOLE IN MY LIFE THE BOTTOMLESS PIT THAT IM TRYING TO FILL WITH A SPADE FIT ONLY FOR A CHILD IM LIKE A BLASPHEMER SURROUNDED BY MEN WITH BIG ROCKS WAITING FOR THE FIRST ONE TO THROW WHO WILL CAST THE FIRST STONE AND SHATTER THE GLASS HOUSE IVE CONSTRUCTED AROUND ME A FREUDIAN FLOYDIAN WALL OF VANITY WHOSE RAMPARTS ARE DESTINED TO FEEL THE FULL FORCE OF THE BATTERING RAM ONE DAY THE KNOCK ON THE DOOR THAT WILL BRING THE WHOLE HOUSE DOWN IM PREPARED FOR THE WORST AND IM POLISHING MY COFFIN FURIOUSLY MAKING MY WINDING SHEET DIRTY WITH BLOTS OF MY CONSONANT CONSCIENCE HOW MANY PAGES WILL NEED TO BE FILLED IN THIS AND THE NEXT LIVES I ENDURE THIS ONE IS EASY ANOTHER TWO AND THEN STOP BUT ALREADY IM DREADING ANOTHER BEGINNING ANOTHER PAIN TO BE PUT OUT OF ITS MISERY THESE BATTLES IM WINNING JUST ADD TO THE INJUSTICE OF LOSING THE WAR MY PRIDE IS AT STAKE AN IM TIED TO IT EVEN THOUGH I CAN FEEL THE FLAMES KISSING MY FEET THEIR LIPS ARE HOT AND THEY WHISPER MY FAILURE MELTING MY FLESH AND DISSOLVING MY SPIRIT ANOTHER CORPSE FALLS ON THE SAND AS THE THUMBS ARE OFFERED DOWNWARD FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE CROWD THE THRONG WHO NEED DEATH TO SURVIVE THIS TRAGEDY IS OF MY OWN INVENTION IVE DESIGNED IT MYSELF AND NOW I NAIL MYSELF TO ITS CROSS WITH A FLOURISH OF ARROGANCE PLACING THE HAWTHORN ON MY HEAD AS A SYMBOL OF SOMETHING I CANT EVEN REMEMBER A NIGHTMARE BY BOSCH THAT REVEALS THE INADEQUACIES NOT JUST OF THE WRITER BUT ALSO OF THE READER SO COMPLACENT IN THIS TORTUROUS DEATH WORDS FAIL AT THE POINT OF FEELING AND MERELY DESCRIBE THE EVENT SO DISPASSIONATELY IT LEAVES A NASTY TASTE ON THE EYE I OPENLY ADMIT THE ABUSES THAT IVE COMMITTED AND WHATS MORE REVEL IN THEIR MEMORY MY FINEST HOURS HAVE BEEN THOSE THAT HAVE INFLICTED MOST DAMAGE I TAKE UNTOLD JOY AT THE SIGHT OF THE BLOOD AS IT OOZES FOR THE WOUNDS IVE INFLICTED ON JOLLY VIRTUOUS REASON THE WAY THINGS ARE DONE AND CONSTRUCTED OFFERS A NEAT ANGLE OF ATTACK FOR A SIMPLE TERRORIST LIKE ME ALL I DO IS LOOK AT THE THING AS IT SHOULD BE AND DEFORM ITS VERY REASON FOR BEING THE TOOLS THAT I USE SO INEFFECTUALLY WERE DESIGNED WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY MIGHT PRODUCE SOMETHING OF BEAUTY BUT IN MY HANDS THEY ARE LUMPY AND CUMBERSOME UNWORTHY METHODS OF LACERATING THE WHOLE NOTION OF BEAUTY IT IS AFTER ALL IN THE EYES OF THE DOER AND CANNOT BE LEFT TO THE WHIMS OF THE VIEWER THOSE SECOND MIND READERS WHO POUNCE ON THE PUKINGS OF POETS THOSE CHEAP TRICKSTERS OF PHRASING AND METRE WHOSE BASE INSTINCT IS LYING OR AT BEST GIVING MISREPRESENTATIONS OF TRUTH WHOSE TRUTH IS THE ISSUE AT HEART POETRY IS THE PERVERSION OF FEELING CHANGING

EMOTION INTO A BASER MATERIAL TEXTUALISING THE EVENT INTO A TONGUE TWISTING PHONEY PHENOMENON OF SYMBOLS BUT AT LEAST THE POETS TEETH ARE BLUNT AND ALL THEY DO IS MAKE SOGGY MARKS ON THE MEANING OF THINGS REAL HATRED MUST BE SAVED FOR PHILOSOPHERS BUT IM NOT GOING TO AIM THERE BECAUSE THE TARGETS TOO BIG AND EASY TO HIT IM WINGING MY WAY WELL ENOUGH WITHOUT RESORTING TO PHILOSOPHICAL BASHING I CAN TAKE OFF IN ANY DIRECTION FOLLOW ANY PATH THAT FALLS AT MY FEET LEADING ME ON TO THE LOGICAL DISTANCE THAT WILL ONE DAY BE TRODDEN AND BLACKENED BY TEXT SQUIRMY MORSELS OF INK SPOTS WILL TAKE CHARGE OF THE HARBOUR AND EXTINGUISH THE LIGHTS GIVING RISE TO THE KINGDOM OF DARKNESS RULED BY THE NOBLE LORD WHO WILL EXCOMMUNICATE MEANING AND EXILE ALL REASON THROW INSIGHT OUT OF THE POETIC WINDOW SO TO SPEAK IN THE SILENCE OF ABSENCE THE COLD BARREN LAND IN THE HEART OF THE STAR GRAVITATIONAL PULL SO SUBLIME AND MAGNIFICENT THAT NOT EVEN LIGHT CAN ESCAPE MY BODY IS BREAKING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE WORDS EACH NEW CENTIMETRE OF PROGRESS PULLS THE ENDING TOWARDS ME AND LITTLE BY LITTLE IM DISAPPEARING UNDER THE COVER IM WEAVING ABOVE ME IM PULLING DOWN THE SCREEN SHUTTING THE BLINDS AND CLOSING THE GAPS IM PLUGGING ALL THE HOLES WITH A DECORATORS SKILL JAMMING MY WORDS IN THE SILENCE LETS SEE IF I CAN END IT ALL QUICKLY WITH A FLURRY OF MICROSCOPIC BALONEY A SHORT SHARP SLAP IN THE FACE WONT DETER ME FROM SPOONING MORE VOLUPTUOUS VAGARIES INTO THIS HOLIDAY OF REASON ILL SPREAD MY MUCK THINLY OVER THE FIELD OF THIS VICTORY AND DO CELEBRATORY LOOP THE LOOPS THIS DAY WILL GO DOWN AS DONE RAMMED FULL OF VERBOSITY AND WORDY CURIOSITY SO STUFFED WITH A TORRENT OF MEDIOCRITY IM BANGING MY DRUM AT THE TOP OF MY VOICE NOW SCREAMING MY PRAISES WITH LUNGS SO FULL OF PHRASES AND THEN WHEN THE FINAL BELL HAS BEEN RUNG ILL COME OUT FIGHTING FISTS FLYING WITH SMALLER AND SMALLER PUNCHES LANDING NOW I CAN START TO PLAY DIRTY EVEN THE REFEREE CANT SEE WHAT DESPICABLE FLIPPANT FLIMFLAMMERY ILL FLING AT MY OPPONENT THIS WAR OF WORDS WILL BE WON BY COUNTING THE AMOUNT OF PRISONERS THAT I CAPTURE ALL WILL BE NEEDED TO FILL THIS CEMETERY OF MEANING TEN THOUSAND GRAVES ON THE PAGE AND EACH ONE AS IMPORTANT AS THE NEXT THERES NO GENERALS AND EACH ONE LEADS TILL ITS WORK IS DONE AND THEN IT SHORES UP THE NEXT SUPPORTING THE MOVEMENT BELOW THE COURSE WAS SET FROM THE OUTSET THE BEGINNING WAS JUST A WAY OF ARRIVING AND NOW AS IM PREPARING TO DISEMBARK THIS PAGE IM SURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE NEW ONE THE NEXT LOGICAL STEP ON THE LADDER OFFERS MORE PERILS AND DANGERS A VAST WILDERNESS AWAITS UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN PURELY THEORETICAL BUT AS YET UNSOILED NO FOOTPRINTS HAVE STRAYED IN THE REALMS OF PURITY NO VOWELS HAVE SULLIED IS PRISTINE CONDITION IM GOING TO STOMP MY MUDDY PROSE OVER ITS FACE AND LITTLE BY LITTLE DESTROY ITS RESISTANCE UNTIL IT TOO MUST GIVE UP AND HAND OVER TO THE OMEGA OF THIS PROJECT THE PENULTIMATE ONE JUST GETS IN THE WAY TO DELAY THE INEVITABLE UNAVOIDABLE CONCLUSION TIMES ON MY SIDE AND ILL SUCK ON ITS BODY TO REACH MY APOTHEOSIS MY BEARD WILL BE THE ONLY SIGN IN THE REAL WORLD AND ILL WATCH ITS PROGRESSION TO EGG MYSELF ON CAUSE I DONT WANT TO LOOK LIKE A JERK FOR TOO LONG AS USUAL ALL TALK OF ENDING IS PREMATURE I MUST EARN THIS ONE FIRST MUST CARRY ON BLURTING INANITIES FOR A WHILE YET THE GRASS MAY SEEM GREENER BUT I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT IT GROWS MUCH HIGHER AND WILL BE HARDER TO CUT MY WAY THROUGH AS I WANDER OFF INTO THE DISTANCE MY EYES WILL BE BLINDFOLDED AND ILL HAVE TO CRAWL ALONG SLOWLY UNSIGHTED WITH ONLY A CANDLE TO LIGHT MY WAY IN THE DENSE FOREST WITH A HOWLING WIND TO ACCOMPANY ME THAT DOESNT MAKE SENSE UNSIGHTED AND BLINDFOLDED WITH A CANDLE WHAT WILL THAT BE USED FOR I WONDER TO LIGHT AT BOTH ENDS OR SOME OTHER MORE SORDID PURPOSE NO DONT EVEN THINK IT THE WORLD DOESNT NEED MORE OF THAT UNWHOLESOME GARBAGE THESE MUSINGS ARE BETTER OFF LEAVING THOSE THOUGHTS AT THE DOOR JUST KEEP CHUCKING COAL ON THE FIRE STOKING THE ENGINE OF IMAGINATION KEEP WELL WITHIN MY REMIT AND DO NOT PERMIT INTRUDERS WITH MOUTHS FULL OF SLANG AND DEPRAVITY KEEP ON THE STRAIGHT AND HEAD FOR HOME PUSHING ALL THOUGHTS OF INTEREST TO THE SIDE MAKE WAY FOR THE FUTURE IS ALMOST UPON US THE FINAL FLING OF THIS RELATIONSHIP IS ALMOST OVER AND OUT AND TOMORROW ILL PICK UP FROM WHERE I ABANDONED THE SHIP AND WALK STEADILY ACROSS THE NEW FOUND LAND THE VIRGIN ISLES OF UNKNOWN POTENTIAL WHAT GOODIES AWAIT ME ILL JUST WAIT AND SEE THOUGH I DONT GIVE A MONKEYS IN TRUTH HERE AS ELSEWHERE MY ONLY CARE IS IN GETTING THERE WHATEVER IT TAKES IM HAPPY TO GIVE SO DONT EXPECT ANYTHING MORE THAN YOUVE ALREADY GOT ITLL BE MORE OF THE SAME MORE USELESS EXPOUNDING ON AN OVERWORKED THEME THE GROUND BASS IS GRINDING OUT GRAINS OF SIMILARITY SMALL ECHOES OF EARLIER EFFORTS MINUTE DETAILS WILL GRADUALLY VANISH INTO THE BLUR OF THE MELEE DROPPING THE LEVEL OF READABILITY BY ONE

MORE TAD NOT THAT ITLL MAKE TOO MUCH DIFFERENCE EVEN WHEN BIGGER IT WASNT NO BETTER SO WHOS GOING TO CARE IF ITS GONE COMPLETELY ALL THE WORK FROM NOW ON WILL BE THE EPITOME OF FUTILITY JUST AN EXERCISE IN REDUCTION A GRADUAL DECLINE IN SIZE AND QUALITY STEPPING OUT INTO THE MORIBUND FUTURE TIP TOEING THROUGH THE METHODOICAL PROCESS A REGRESSION OF LETTERS TO THEIR SHAPELY ORIGINS LINEAR DETAILS DEFINING THE MEANING IMPOSED ON THEM I WILL BE THE FIRST TO GO SO SLIM ILL FADE INTO NOTHING JUST A FAINT TRACE OF HAVING BEEN SOMETHING A VISUAL METAPHOR HERE UNDER THE ROCK OF THE PREVIOUS PAGES I CAN WALLOW AND MUMBLE MY MUMBO JUMBO INTO THE SQUELCHING SLIME BREATHING BUBBLES OF GARBLED GUMMY GUNK AND SUCKING THE JUICE THAT FILTERS THROUGH TO THIS LEVEL OF ABASEMENT NOW IM REALLY GETTING SOMEWHERE ACHIEVING THE ULTIMATE PRIZE IN THE FIGHT TO DEGENERATE LANGUAGE TO MAKE A MOCKERY OF IT AND MYSELF THE RIDICULOUS AIM OF CONGESTING THE PULP OF WORDS INTO FORMAL LINES OF ABSTRACTED ESSENCES WITH A POWERFUL SPY GLASS THIS TOSH IS STILL ALMOST READABLE BUT BY GOD IT WONT BE WORTH TRYING IM ON THE VERGE OF FREEDOM FROM THE DOMAIN OF REASON BUT MY LIBERATION IS STILL A VERY LONG WAY OFF IM DIVESTING THE CURRENT MODE OF COMMUNICATION OF ALL ITS RESPONSIBILITIES BREAKING THE BACK OF THE BURDENSOME BEAST TAKING ONE FORM AND MAKING IT FIT INTO THE SKIN OF ANOTHER PILING THE PRESSURE OF APPEARANCES AND MAKING A NEW VIEW POSSIBLE ON THIS SIZE HOW LONG A LINE WOULD THE BIBLE BE HOW FAR WOULD IT STRETCH FROM BEGINNING TO END IT DOESNT MATTER IN REALITY ITS THE QUESTION THATS INTERESTING NOT THE ANSWER ANSWERS CAN BE LEFT TO OTHERS ITS IDEAS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD BUILDING POSSIBILITY ON WHATS CURRENTLY IMPOSSIBLE GETTING TO THE MOON WAS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE IDEA OF GOING AND ALL THAT WAS LEARNT THROUGH THE PROCESS OF TRYING TO GO PERHAPS IT WASNT WORTH THE EFFORT BUT ITS TO LATE FOR THAT ALL IDEAS ARE WORTH HAVING EVEN IF LIKE THIS ONE THE PRODUCT IS OF NO VALUE VALUE IS CONSTANTLY THE ENEMY OF CREATIVITY WHATS IMPORTANT IS GOING THROUGH THE PROCESS THE ACTION OUTWEIGHS THE POSSIBLE BENEFITS BUT THE BENEFITS ARE UNQUANTIFIABLE THOUGHT IS THE DRIVING FORCE AND RESULTS ARE THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM THE RESIDUE FROM THE DETONATION OF THE IDEA IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT EVIDENCE IS REQUIRED IF THOUGHT IS TO EXIST THOSE WHO WRITE BOOKS OR MAKE THEIR IDEAS VISIBLE TEND TO BE EGOISTS LIKE ME WHO WANT TO PROUDLY DISPLAY THEIR INGENUITY WHAT A RELIEF IT WOULD BE TO ME IF I DIDNT HAVE THIS BURDEN OF PROOF TO DELIVER CONSTANTLY NOT TO YOU BUT TO ME BUT AT LEAST IN THIS WORK THE RESULTS REMAIN PRIVATE SO TINY THAT ONLY TRUST CAN REALLY BE USED TO DEFINE IT EVERY PAGE HAS HAD LESS TO ANSWER FOR AND NOW IM GETTING TO A PURITY OF LINE THAT CANNOT REASONABLY BE CRITICISED IT IS PERFECT IN ITS EXECUTION AND CAN ONLY BE JUDGED BY ITS LOOK IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE IDEAL FORM OF ITSELF AND CANNOT CONCEIVABLY BE BETTERED IM THE PROUD FATHER OF THIS DISASTER CONFIDENT THAT MY OFFSPRING HAS NO FUTURE BUT ONE DICTATED MY ME WHEN I COULD HAVE ABORTED I CHOSE NOT TO SO NOW I MUST LIVE WITH MY MISTAKE AND PROTECT THE ONLY WAY I CAN NURTURE IT AS IT DWINDLES TO NOTHING THE ONLY FINE THING IS THE FACT THAT THESE WORDS CAN NO LONGER BE READ NOW I CAN ROAM IN THE CAVERNS OF FANTASY AND SET MY IMAGINATION ON A LONGER LEASH THE DOG CAN SNIFF OUT MORE ENJOYABLE IDEAS THAN THOSE THAT IVE RECENTLY FLOGGED FLYING DOG WITH LONG DIAMOND TEETH CAN YOU TASTE THE FUTURE THROUGH YOUR HIDE ARE YOUR EYES EQUIPPED TO CUT THROUGH THE MEANINGLESS NIGHT A OFFER A STARTLING VIEW CAN THE COWBOYS DEMAND A RETURN ON THE MONEY THEY'VE WASTED OR IS THE GOATEE GROWING WITHOUT FAVOUR OF FASHION DESPITE ROWING WELL FOR THE MOTHERLAND FULL BLADDERS OF CONFIDENCE WAIT AS THE DAWN PULLS ON THE NIGHTDRESS SO SLIPPERY WITH BUTTERY THOUGHTS CAN THE VANQUISHED EVER RECAPTURE THE DREAMS OF THEIR YOUTH IN THE BOTTOMLESS BARREL OF VINEGAR WINE THAT SUPPLIES THE WHITEWASH OF THE BRAIN OF THE KING THE SLOPING ROAD IS SERPENT LIKE TWISTING IN INVISIBLE CIRCLES OF INFINITY THE TRACERY LINES THAT APPEAR ON THE FACE ARE THE SANDS OF TIME RUNNING OUT OF THE BEGGARS POCKET DONT LOOK BACK DISREGARD ALL THAT IS DONE PRESS YOUR NOSE ON THE WINDOW OF COMING FAILURE BREAK THE GLASS WITH YOUR STARE AND LOOT THE PAST OF ITS PRIDE OF HAVING BEEN THERE FIRST THIS IS SO MUCH MORE FUN IM FINALLY ALLOWING MYSELF THE OPPORTUNITY TO LET GO WITH THE WORDS NO LONGER READABLE THE SUPPRESSION OF IMAGINATION CAN STOP ALL THAT SORDID STUFF THAT I NEEDED TO GET ME HERE THAT WAS POSING AS PROPER CAN NOW TAKE A BACK SEAT AND LET THE REAL DRIVER TAKE OVER THE OPEN ROAD LIES AHEAD AND WITH THE OBSTACLE OF MEANING REMOVED I CAN LET MY HAIR DOWN AND MY BURGEONING BEARD BLOW IN THE IMAGINARY WIND I CAN PRESS MY FOOT ON THE THROTTLE AND THROTTLE THE REST OF THIS BOOK DOUBLE QUICK FLYING OVER THE REMAINS OF THE DESTROYED CITY OF PROPRIETY I CAN DROP MY CARGO OF BOMBS AND

MAKE HASTE AS I RACE TO THE ARMED OPENED CROWD THAT IS WAITING FICTITIOUSLY AT MY DESTINATION POINT GOLDEN PROMISES ATTACHED TO THE ARROWS IM SHOOTING KILLING THE APPLES OFF THE HEADS OF THE VIRGINS WITHOUT CONCERN FOR THE MISSES IM MAKING OR THE MESS THAT IM LEAVING FAREWELL TO THE MISTRESS OF REASON NOW MY WHIP WILL GRAZE THE AIR AS I SPANK DOWN THESE RANTINGS PADDLING INTO THE DARK WATER THATS GRADUALLY RISING BACKWARDS TOWARDS ME FLOODING THE PAGE WITH NONSENSICAL JABBERINGS CROWS FLYING STRAIGHT AS ZENOS ARROWS I THRUST ON THE EAGLE IVE WANTED TO BE HAS GROWN BIG ENOUGH TO GET OFF THE GROUND THAT ODIOS PLACE OF HUMANITY AND NOW LIKE A LOONEY I CAN SOAR UP ABOVE THE MUNDANE CREATURE OF SENSIBILITY I CAN YELL AT THE SUNSET AND PLUCK THE EYES OUT OF CRITICISM STRINGING TOGETHER A WHOLE ARMY OF INCONSEQUENT RELATIONS THIS MATCHES THAT BECAUSE I SEW THEM TOGETHER PIGS WITH WHORE FACES CAN DANCE ON THE GRAVE OF RATIONALITY HEAR ME SWINGING MY WINGS NOW PUMPING NEW TUNES THROUGH THE OLD CHURCH ORGANS PIPING HOT TUBES BELCHING CONTAMINATED BREATH INTO THE CLAMMY LIPS OF OLD MAIDENS NETHER REGIONS EXPLORED NOW WITH MY ONE POKING FINGER PUSHING HARD INTO THE MOIST DAMP ORIFICES OF WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS RESPECTABILITY I NO LONGER CARE FOR THE GAME ITS ONLY WINNING THAT INTERESTS ME NOW I CAN DREDGE THROUGH THE DICTIONARY OR BRING NEW WORDS INTO THE UNSIGHTLY MORASS TREAFFING MY VALUABLE RESOURCES LETTING THE WORDS BREAK FREE FROM THE NARROW JACKETS OF REASON THEYVE BEEN FORCED TO WHERE ANCIENT HIEROGLYPHS THAT FOR SO LONG WERE JUST PATTERNS ON STONE HAVE BEEN GIVEN NEW MEANINGS TO LET THEM SAY WHAT CONTEMPORARY EARS WANT TO HEAR BUT BELIEVE ME THE STORIES THEYRE TELLING ARE BOGUS I SHOULD KNOW BECAUSE I WAS THERE WHEN THEY WERE WRITING THE BUGGERS YES ILL ALLOW THAT IN NOW AS WELL ITS GOT THREE MORE THAN THE DETESTABLE FOUR IM JAMMING AWAY NOW FULL BLOWN FATHOM FIVE I CANT STOP TO THINK WHAT IM WRITING I DONT EVEN CARE NOW IM COMPLETELY ALONE I CAN SHOUT SING AND LEAP AND THROW CLUMPS OF SOD INTO THE STREAM OF DELUSION THE THRILL OF THE RILL THE BROKEN BANKS OF CONVENTIONALITY MY WORD KNIFE THESAURUS LIES DISCARDED AND DEJECTED THE FIRST WORD WILL DO SIMPLY FLATTER THE PAPER BY POSITIONING ANYTHING ON ITS VOLUPTUOUS BODY CHEAP WOOLWORTH PARCHMENT PERVERTED PAPYRUS ITLL DO VERY NICELY THANK YOU VERY MUCH IF IN DOUBT I CAN ALWAYS RESORT TO A LIST OF PAINT COLOURS SMALL CIRCLES OF POETRY GLOSS AND MATT RECTANGLES OF POSSIBILITY BUT THAT WOULD TAKE LONGER TO COPY THAN THIS METHOD OF FLOWING BILE YELLOW GUTS THROWN OUT OF THE MOUTH WHAT I COULD DO IS TAKE A SYRINGE AND PUSH THE NEEDLE INTO MY BRAIN DRAW OUT THE FLUID AND SPRAY IT ON HERE A MUCH MORE DIRECT WAY THAN THIS HERE I HAVE TO GO THROUGH THE ASSIMILATION PROCESS TRANSFORMING THE ORIGINAL WORDS IN MY HEAD TO THIS OLD FASHIONED MEDIUM OF COMMUNICATION THAT IVE MANAGED TO DISTORT SO SUCCESSFULLY WITH TWO SEAS AND TWO EASE AND TWO TWELFTH LETTERS SIDE BY SIDE WITH A WHY WHY NOT IM HAPPY TO SAY IT IM AN INDUSTRIAL COWBOY SHOOTING OFF MY MOUTH IN THE CASINO TRYING MY LUCK IN THE HOPE OF BEING SHUT UP BUT NOBODY WILL DARE RAISE A FINGER TO STOP ME CUT OFF MY HEAD THEN AND BOIL IT IN SYRUP LET MY EYES SLOWLY FLOAT TO THE SURFACE TO SEE THE MAN WHO DID DARE DING DONG IT MUST BE TIME FOR TEA ILL LET MY BISCUIT GET SOGGY AND DROP INTO THE SCALDING FLUID THEN LATER ILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SUCK ON SOMETHING TO SAY TO THE WALLS THAT ARE CROWDING AROUND ME LOOKING OVER MY SHOULDER AND TRYING TO SEE WHAT GIBBERISH IM PREPARED TO LOWER MYSELF TO ILL TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND SPROUT ON KEEP STROKING THE KEYBOARD AND COMMITTING MORE WORDS TO THE MIRE THE CAMELS BACK HAS BEEN BUSTED NOW IM DRAGGING IT BODILY THROUGH THE DESERT AND TRYING TO RAM IT THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE I CAN DO IT IF I JUST STICK AT IT SOON THE FLESH WILL ROT ENOUGH AND FALL FROM THE BONES AND THEN I CAN GRIND THEM INTO A POWDER AND MY MISSION WILL BE COMPLETED AND BEHIND ME LIKE SATAN WHOSE TEMPTATIONS IVE RELISHED SO OFTEN BEFORE THE CLOAK OF DARKNESS IS A PERFECT HIDING PLACE AND THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING CANNOT PENETRATE ITS FLEECY LINING AS THEY FILE SLOWLY INTO PLACE EACH ONE HAS ITS OWN GRAVE STONE AND MOMENT OF GLORY TO SAVOUR IF I JUST KEEP PRESSING THE BUTTON THE BOMB WILL EVENTUALLY EXPLODE SPLITTING HEADACHES AND DOUBLE INFINITIVES INFINITELY OR SHOULD THAT BE INFANTILY BECAUSE THATS MORE CLOSE TO THE TRUTH EVEN IF IT IS SPELT INCORRECTLY THAT IS JUST PART OF THE PROBLEM OF LANGUAGE ANOTHER RULE TO BE SLAVISHLY OBEYED COSTING A MARK FOR EACH ERROR I WONT PASS MY ENGLISH EXAM WITH THIS MORE FLOWERY STUFF IS NEEDED FOR THAT NEVER MIND EXAMS DONT PROVE NOTHING EXCEPT THAT YOU WERE WEAK ENOUGH TO JOIN IN WITH THE GAME OF GRADING IF YOU DO THAT YOUVE ALREADY FAILED IN MY BOOK NOT THAT OTHER ONE BUT THIS AS THIS BEAST IS NOW SUCKING UP MORE WORDS THAN I THOUGHT THAT IT WOULD TAKING MORE OF MY PRECIOUS TIME THAN I

IMAGINED I IMAGINED BADLY IT SEEMS BUT THERES NOTHING NEW THERE WITH SILENT STEPS IM APPROACHING MY QUARRY BUT I KNOW FULL WELL THAT IT WILL SEE ME AND ILL HAVE TO RETRACE THE WHOLE LOT AND BEGIN AGAIN FROM JUST AFTER WHERE I BEGAN SUCH IS THE MISERABLE LIFE OF BEGINNERS I MUST BE MORE QUIET NEXT TIME MORE STEALTHY AND SLY IF I WANT TO PASS BY UNDETECTED QUICK WATCH YOU BACK MATE THE GANG IS NOT SYMPATHETIC TO LOSERS THE CHAIN THAT THEY CARRY WILL BRUISE YOUR BACK IF THEY CATCH YOU CHATTING UP ONE OF THEIR GIRLIES RUN FOR IT DONT BE A FOOL ESCAPE WHILE THE EXIT IS OPEN AND OFFERING SANCTUARY NOW OR NEVER PUT ON YOUR MERCURIAL HEELS AND GET THE HELL OUT GO BACK TO THE INCH THAT YOU CAME FROM THE SMALLEST BAR ONE AND THEN YOU CAN SET OUT AFRESH TOO LATE I S SLIPPED OVER INTO THE NEXT BUT FROM HERE TO GO BACK IS AN EQUAL DISASTER BUT IVE CHEATED AND SEEN THE POSSIBLE RESULT A GLORIOUS BARRAGE OF BLACK WITH A SAW LIKE EDGE THAT COULD CUT THROUGH CARDBOARD IM HAPPY TO SAY THAT THIS MUST RANK AS ONE OF THE MOST WORTHLESS EXERCISES IVE YET UNDERTAKEN THE LONGEST EFFORT FOR THE LEAST REWARD AN IDEA SO DISMAL THAT IM ALMOST PROUD OF IT AND ALL SO I CAN ADD IT TO MY LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS THOUGH THAT IS CLEARLY NOT THE RIGHT WORD AS IT HAS CONNOTATIONS OF WORTHINESS GO GALLOPING ON BOY GIDDY UP DIG YOUR SPURS IN THE RUMP OF THE HORSY CHASE YOUR TAIL OFF INTO THE DISTANCE AND CRAWL LIKE A SNAIL TO MEET YOUR BOOKMAKER THE PEOPLE WHO WRAP THE PRODUCT IN QUALITY AND BLAZON THE NAME OF THE CULPRIT IN FOOLS GOLD LEAF AND THEN WHAT LET IT LIE WITH THE OTHER ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF VANITY EXEMPLIFIED THOUGH TO CHOOSE BETWEEN BOTH I WOULD PLUMP FOR THE FIRST ATTEMPT AT LEAST ALL THE FILTH WAS SLIGHTLY MORE ENJOYABLE TO WRITE THAN THIS PRIM PREOCCUPATION THIS PRIGGISH PROSE PAVEMENT IM WALKING NO THE COMPARISON IS VOID WITHOUT MERIT AND UNJUST THAT HAD DIFFERENT RULES AND ALLOWED MORE SCOPE FOR PLEASURE WHEREAS THIS IS MORE PERFECTLY DULL BUT NEITHER BELONG IN THE BOOK SHOP HAVING BEEN CONCEIVED IN THE RAREFIED AIR OF THE GALLERY THERES NO POINT IN REPEATING WHAT ALREADY WASNT WORTH HEARING SO ILL STOP IT AND FLICK SOME NEW SWITCH FOR A CHANGE WATCHING PAINT DRY IS MUCH MORE REWARDING THAN THIS ESPECIALLY IF THE PAINT FORMS A NICE PATTERN AN IMAGE RECOGNISABLE AS A FACE OR A SEXY BODY NO STOP THAT AS WELL ILL KEEP SEXY FOR SOMETHING I MIGHT USE LATER AT THE MOMENT BANALITY WILL DO COUNTING HAIRS ON MY ARM OR MEASURING THE PROGRESS OF MY HIRSUTE CHIN THERES AN INTERESTING PROSPECT PROTRUDING MY NOSE COULD BE JUST WHAT IM NEEDING A LITTLE DESCRIPTION OF THAT COULD WASTE A BIT OF SPACE BUT THAT COULD LEAD TO ALL MANNER OF ACCUSATIONS THAT IM TOEING THE LINE LAID DOWN LONG AGO BY MISTER STERN OR WHOEVER ELSE HAS DONE NOSES TO DEATH TREES THEN WHY NOT TREES LETTERS ARE LEAVES AND PAGES ARE BRANCHES AND THE WHOLE DAMNED LOT IS THE TRUNK THE BARK IS THE COVER AND THE EYES THAT READ ARE THE WATER IT NEEDS TO SURVIVE THAT DIDNT TAKE LONG AND WASNT VERY AMUSING EITHER BUT IF YOU THINK THIS IS MEANT TO BE FUN THINK AGAIN CAUSE ITS NOT THIS IS A STRANGE WAY OF SPENDING ONES LIFE BUT OUTSIDE ITS ALWAYS RAINING SO I MAY AS WELL SIT HERE AND PREVARICATE STUDYING MY TUMMY AS IT GROWS LARGER AND LARGER UNTIL ONE DAY ILL PROBABLY LOOSE SIGHT OF THE BEST BIT NOW IM THINKING OF SOMETHING MUCH MORE ENJOYABLE THAN THESE LITTLE LETTERS ILL SEE IF I CAN DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE NO ITS HARD ENOUGH TO DO ONE THING AT ONCE AND IF I COULD I MOST CERTAINLY WOULD IF YOU FOLLOW MY REASONING IN MY MIND I CAN HOP INTO A JET PLANE AND ARRIVE WHERE ID RATHER BE IN A SECOND ALL THIS LEFT FAR BEHIND IM SHOWERING AND DRINKING THE FLUIDS OF LOVE FROM THE SMOOTH PORCELAIN CUP OF MY FANTASY IM EATING FROM THE WELL OF DESIRE AND TASTING THE WELL OILED ROSE IM FLOATING ON CLOUDS OF RED VELVET AND LAYING DOWN LAWS OF IMPROPRIETY MARKING THE TERRITORY I OWN WITH LASHINGS OF PROMISES MY EYES ARE DEVOURING THE ROOM AND ITS CONTENTS MY TONGUE IS LICKING THE FOOTPRINTS STILL WARM FROM THOSE SWEET LITTLE FEET NOW IM BIG AS A PYTHON WINDING ROUND THE NECK AND CRUSHING THE PREY OF MY PRAYERS I AM THE WALLS GLISTENING WITH SWEAT TOUCHING THE WATER THAT CASCADES DOWN THE NECK AND SPRAYS THE OBJECT OF DESIRE THE TWO DIMENSIONAL VERSIONS BENEATH MY DREAMS HAVE SERVED ME WELL BUT THE REALITY IS SMOOTHER THAN THE GLOSS OF THE PAPER THE LEATHER SMACKS ECHO THROUGH MY MEMORY AND THE CHAINS ARE MADE OF GLASS THE FUNNEL THAT I POUR THROUGH INTO THE TUNNEL OFFERS GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN A HEAVEN I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IN I AM THE WATER LOOKING UP THROUGH THE ROUND FRAME YOU EXTINGUISH WITH YOUR PERFECTION I AM THE OIL THAT KEEPS REFRESHING YOUR SKIN I AM THE MIRROR THAT YOU PERFORM FOR GIVING FOOD TO THE WELLS OF PERVERSION I AM THE PILLOW YOU SNUGGLE AND WRESTLE WITH AND THE HEAT THAT SURROUNDS YOU AND MAKES YOUR FACE GLOW I AM PRESENT IN ALL THAT YOU EAT AND DRINK AND THINK I AM THE TASTE OF THE BEER AND THE BRIGHT YELLOW SKIN OF THE

LEMON YOU SUCK I AM THE WHEELS OF THE CAR AND THE END OF THE JOURNEY IM IN THE EYES OF THE SAILOR YOU SEE I AM THE TICK OF THE CLOCK AND THE COCK THAT CROWS MORNING IM THE GLASS IN THE WINDOW YOU LOOK IN IM THE LIGHT FROM THE BULB THAT YOU TURN ON AND OFF AND THE WARMTH OF THE SHEETS THAT YOU LIE IN IM THE STING OF THE BEE AND THE HUM OF THE MOSQUITO THATS HUNGRY TO FEED ON YOUR BODY TAKE MY BREATH INTO YOUR MOUTH AND SWALLOW THE SEEDS THAT I CONJURE TO GROW IN YOUR STOMACH I AM YOUR SHADOW AND YOU ARE MY PROPERTY MY HOUSE OF PLEASURE THE DOG THAT I PAT AND THEN STRANGLE TO KEEP BY ME YOUR BODY IS THE FIELD THAT I PLOUGH AND YOUR EYES ARE THE MIRRORS THAT REFLECT ME AND SHOW ME WHO I REALLY AM THAT WAS NICE FOR A CHANGE A BIT OF POETIC WHIMSY BUT NOW IM FIRMLY BACK ON COURSE TRUDGING THROUGH THE BOGGY FIELD FOLLOWING BLINDLY THE FIRST FOOT TO ENTER THE MOUTH THAT LIES OPEN LIKE A WOUND FILL IN THE HOLE WITH MORE VERSIONS OF WHATS ALREADY BEEN SAID EXCEPT SAY IT ALL AGAIN SLIGHTLY DIFFERENTLY HAVE OTHER DREAMS OR LIES BE A BEETLE GNAWING MERCILESSLY THROUGH THE DICTIONARY BY MY SIDE CHOKING ON WORDS THAT HAVE GONE STALE WITH UNDER USE TRANSFORMING THEM INTO SOMETHING MORE USEFUL LIKE A HOUSE OR A DINNER I CAN JUST AS WELL TALK ABOUT WHATS ON THE TV AS MAKE UP ANYTHING NEW THE NEWS WILL BE ON SOON BUT ITLL BE EXACTLY THE SAME AS BEFORE WITH A FEW ALTERATIONS JUST TO KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES THERES BEEN NO NEW NEWS SINCE MANKIND WAS NEW EVERYTHING IS REPEATED OVER AND OVER WITH JUST A FEW MINOR CHANGES TO KEEP EVERYONE WATCHING ALL TUNED IN TO THE SAME WAVELENGTH CUT IT UP AND SCRAMBLE THE LOT RESHUFFLE THE MEANING OF BEING WRITE NEW PROGRAMMES THAT MAY OFFER A HOPE OF A FUTURE TAKE ALL THE OLD PEOPLE OUT INTO A FIELD AND SHOOT THEM THEN FEED THE CARCASSES TO THE YOUNG ONES MASHED UP WITH GRAVY THE OLD MORALITY NEEDS GIVING A JOLLY HARD SHAKE WEED OUT THE WEAK AND BUILD A NEW WORLD FROM THE ASHES OF THE STRONG PLACE ART IN THE BIN AND HOLD THE LID DOWN UNTIL IT STOPS STRUGGLING KILL THE NOTION OF IMAGINATION AND SEE WHAT COMES NEXT SET LIGHT TO ALL CONSTITUTIONS AND BASK IN THE GLOW FROM THE INFERNO SEE WHAT THE WORLD CAN BE LIKE WITHOUT REGARD FOR SOPPY SENTIMENTALITY EACH MAN FOR HIMSELF STEALING THE BREAD OF HIS CHILDREN UNTIL THEY GROW BIG ENOUGH TO GIVE HIM A PIECE A SLICE OF RETRIBUTION STAND AT THE GATES WITH BLADES RAISED AND SLICE THROUGH THE MOTHERS WITH BABIES PRESS YOUR HEELS INTO THE SMILING FACES OF TODDLERS AND LISTEN TO THE CRUNCH OF THEIR SKULLS THEN WIPE THE OOZE OF THEIR BRAINS FROM YOUR BOOTS AND WALK ON HEAD HELD HIGH KNOWING YOUVE DONE WHAT YOU WANTED TO FOR A CHANGE DESTROY DEMOCRACY AND DEFILE ITS MEMORY ITS BEEN DEAD ON ITS FEET FOR SO LONG THAT NOBODY WILL NOTICE THE CHANGE LET EACH MAN TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIMSELF ONLY AND LETS SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT NO MORE KID GLOVES TO PROTECT CIVILISATION LETS OPEN THE FLOODGATES TO HELL ALL THAT NONSENSE OF PROTECTING THE WEAK AND PITY ETC HAS DRIVEN THE WILL OUT OF MANKIND NOW WE LIVE IN A PERVERTED PARADISE WHEN EQUALITY IS EQUAL TO DEATH OF THE SPIRIT RAPE AND MURDER ARE THE NORM IN ANY SOCIETY THAT HAS STILL GOT THE GUTS TO ALLOW THEM MEN MUST USE THE POWER THEYVE GOT TO ESTABLISH A KINGDOM OF TYRANNY THE ONLY HOPE LEFT FOR THE SPECIES THERE THAT WAS FUN TOO I REALLY MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHETHER ITS POLITICALLY CORRECT OR NOT ITS NOT THAT I AGREE WITH WHAT I WRITE THAT MATTER BUT THE FACT THAT ITS BEEN WRITTEN AND IS FILLING THE PAGE JUST AS WELL AS ANY NOBLE IDEA MAY HAVE DONE WORDS ARE THE RAW MATERIALS OF LIES AND LIES ARE THE DOMAIN OF LITERATURE THE SCALY ESSENCE OF BOOKS WELL THIS ONE WILL NEVER BE READ SO THE LIES DONT MATTER THEYLL JUST QUIETLY LIE HERE AND FESTER UNTIL THEY EITHER GET THROWN AWAY OR DECOMPOSE THEMSELVES WITH THE HELP OF TIME A POOL OF THOUGHT EVAPORATING INTO THE AIR AND POLLUTING IT WITH THEIR SECRET MESSAGE AN OLD CHRISTIAN MAY LOOK AT THIS PAGE AND ENJOY IT WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT NONSENSE ITS COMPRISED OF AND IF THE CHARITABLE OLD CODGER DID KNOW WOULD HE AUTOMATICALLY THINK DIFFERENTLY OF IT HERE UNDER MY ROCK I CAN OFFEND WITHOUT NOTICE WITHOUT NEED TO DEFEND ANYTHING UNPLEASANT THAT MAY POP INTO MY HEAD LIKE LETTING A SWEET LITTLE BABY GIRL PLAY WITH A HAND GRENADE OR FEEDING IRON FILINGS TO HER BROTHER IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO THE REAL WORLD THE TOUCHABLE REALITY OF MATERIAL PROPERTIES ART SELDOM HURTS ANYONE UNLESS PERHAPS A LARGE SCULPTURE FALLS OVER AND CRUSHES A KIDDIE OR SOMEONE TRIPS OVER AN IDEA FILLED WITH BOILING WATER BUT EMOTION ARE THE MOST EASILY DAMAGEABLE THINGS WE POSSESS AND ART OFTEN DELIBERATELY ATTACKS THEM ALONG WITH PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS OF WHAT IS AND IS NOT OK SO WHAT IS THE RESPONSE GENERALLY THE GOAL IS OWN SCORED AND THE PARTY IS SPOILED JUST IGNORE IT AND ART GOES AWAY WITH ITS TAIL FIRMLY BETWEEN ITS LEGS WHERE MOST OF ITS BRAINS ARE KEPT TOO COME HERE LITTLE BIRD AND FEED FROM MY HAND EAT THESE SWEETS IVE

PREPARED FOR YOU LET ME STROKE YOU FEATHERY BACK AND FEEL YOUR TICKLING FEET SO SMALL HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO FIND YOUR WAY IN THAT BIG BLACK SKY AND WHY DONT YOU LEARN A NEW TUNE TO SING IM TIRED OF HEARING YOU MOANING ALL DAY NO THATS RIGHT STAY AWAY YOU KNOW THAT MY HAND WOULD HAVE HELD YOU TOO TIGHT AND SQUEEZED YOU UNTIL YOUR BONES CRACKED AND BROKE YOU DO WELL MY LITTLE FRIEND TO STAY OUT OF HARMS WAY UP THERE IN YOUR TREE BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PUSSY CAT CREEPING UP SLOWLY BEHIND YOU FLY AWAY AND SAVE YOUR SWEET LITTLE BODY TO FORM A MEAL LATER WHEN THE CATS HAVE WORKED OUT HOW YOU FLY AND ARE CLEVER ENOUGH TO LAY TRAPS IN THE TREE THAT CAT THAT YOU CUDDLE IS A KILLER AT HEART BUT HE KNOWS THAT MEN HAVE BECOME PATHETIC NO NOT THAT AGAIN GIVE IT UP YOU KNOW YOU DONT MEAN IT ITS ALL JUST FOR SHOW MERE BRAVADO AND DISPLAY PEACOCK POMPOSITY AND SANDWICH FILLING THAT LITTLE BIRD THAT I TEMPTED OF COURSE DOESNT EXIST EXCEPT IN THE ARRANGEMENT OF THESE LINES AND ALL THE OTHER WORDS SAID WERE JUST USED IN THE SAME MEAN SPIRITED WAY AS BAIT FOR THE WRITER TO CATCH THE WHITE PAGE WITH AND HOLD IT DOWN FIRMLY WHILE I TATTOO ITS SKIN BRAND IT IN EVIDENCE OF WHO IT BELONG TO THE PENULTIMATE PAGE IS GIVING UP SLOWLY ITS GROUND MILLIMETRE BY MILLIMETRE IM SHOVING MY POWER DOWN ITS BODY CROSSING OFF THE USED SPACE AND THRUSTING HARD INTO THE REMAINING SOVEREIGN STATE ALL CANONS FIRING BLURTING WHATEVER SEEMS LIKELY TO DO THE MOST DAMAGE BUT ALL HURTS THE SAME AND WEIGHS HEAVY ON THE EYES ALREADY SORE FROM LOOKING AT EMPTINESS FOR SO LONG MY FLEA CIRCUS IS MOVING INTO THE TOWN BUILDING BY BUILDING WE ARE TRIUMPHANTLY TRUMPETING OUR ARRIVAL MARCHING IN ORDERLY FASHION DOWN THE MAIN STREET AND LEAVING A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION IN OUT WAKE DAY UPON DAY THE DRUM KEEPS ON THUMPING POSSESSING IN SOULS OF THE TOWN ONE BY ONE CONVERTING THE PURE HEARTED TO THE BLACKNESS WE OFFER AS SALVATION DOES A TREE HAVE A CHOICE IN BEING CUT DOWN NO OF COURSE NOT SO NEITHER DOES THE PAGE CARE WHAT DRIVEL IS PRESENTED UPON IT FEW CANVASES ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE TREASURED FOR WHATS BEEN DAUBED ON THEM THE REST MUST CARRY THEIR LOADS UNNOTICED AND UNCARED FOR THE PICTURE THEY HOLD ON THEIR SKINS WILL FLAKE SLOWLY AND FALL TO THE FLOOR TO BE SWEEPED AWAY WITH THE DIRT AND THE DUST LIKE ALL ELSE I REMEMBER KISSING THAT PAINTING BY MODIGLIANI IN COPENHAGEN BUT IS WAS A ONE SIDED AFFAIR UNREQUITED LUST AS MY LIPS TOUCHED THE OIL A SHIVER OF PLEASURE AT THE ILLICITNESS OF THE ACT BUT HOW MANY OTHER MOUTHS HAD FOUND THEIR WAY ON TO THOSE SMOOTH BRUSHSTROKES QUITE A FEW I RECKON OVER THE YEARS AND IF THE MODEL WAS STILL BY SOME FLUKE OF NATURE TO BE STILL ALIVE I WOULD NOT HAVE WANTED TO KISS HER FLABBY LIPS HE MAY HAVE FOUND SOME PLEASURE THERE ON THE DAY THAT THEY MET BUT I WOULD RATHER KISS THE PAINT THAT HAS LASTED MUCH BETTER ART OUTLIVES ITS SUBJECT AND CREATOR IT IS THE IMMORTALITY OF THAT IS PART OF ITS CHARM THOUGH OF COURSE I DONT MEAN THAT EXACTLY THE WORDS ARE TOO LUMPY AND EXPRESS TOO BADLY THE MUSINGS OF MIND DAMN AND BLAST IT IVE GONE AND DONE IT AGAIN BUT NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW DOWN HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF DARKNESS IN THE WORMY EARTH THAT IM PILING UPON ME FROM THIS SHALLOW GRAVE IVE GOT TO GO DEEPER DIGGING MY NAILS INTO THE GRAVEL AND BURYING THE REMAINS OF MY BONES OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MY MIND SO THAT NO ONE WILL SEE WHERE IVE HIDDEN MY BODY OF WORK ANOTHER MASTERPIECE PRISED OUT OF MY BRAIN AND SPREAD THINLY OVER THE VOLUMINOUS VELLUM THE SURFACE REALITY THAT IM REALLY WRECKING OUT OF SHEAR BLOODY MINDEDNESS A HOOLIGAN HOODWINKER WHOSE JOKE HAS GONE OFF IN HIS HAND IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN THE BANGER HAS JUMPED OUT OF THE BAG AND IS FALLING EVENLY LIKE RAIN ON A WELL DRIED OUT GARDEN THE PLANTS THAT GROW HERE ARE ALL WEEDY AND ANY SENSIBLE HORTICULTURIST WOULD GIVE IT A SEVER PRUNING BACK TO ENCOURAGE BETTER GROWTH IN THE FUTURE BUT IM TOO CONCERNED WITH THE PRESENT PREDICAMENT TO WORRY OUT WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEENS ONLY WHEN THE DRAWBRIDGE IS UP CAN I COUNT THE SURVIVORS AND PLAN HOW I COULD HAVE DONE DIFFERENTLY BUT BY THEN ITS TOO LATE AND THE PRETTY ONE HAS LEFT THE PARTY WITH SOME OTHER FELLA WHO PROBABLY DRIVES A FASTER CAR THAN MINE EVEN THOUGH MINE SELDOM BREAKS DOWN AND HAS SEEN SOME SPECTACULAR SIGHTS AND BEEN INVOLVED IN SOME MAGNIFICENT ACCIDENTS NO WORRIES IF NEED BE ILL WAIT TILL THE NEXT TIME SHES ALONE AND ILL TAKE MY PLEASURE BY FORCE IF I NEED TO AS I AM DOING NOW RAPING THE RAGING LIGHT AND TURNING THE DAY INTO NIGHT WELL WISHING WILL NEVER RESULT IN A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH INTERVENTION IS NEEDED TO SAVE THIS PATIENT FROM DYING A CRUEL EARLY DEATH DYING FROM THE DULL PAIN OF SUCCEEDING AGAIN WHERE FAILURE WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE HONOURABLE THUS COMETH THE HOUR AND IM HAPPY TO COP OUT ONCE MORE AND NOT FOR THE LAST TIME IM SURE DRAINING THE SEWER OF THOUGHT TO FLOOD THE BARREN DESERT THATS CLOGGING THE COGS PISTONS PUMPING INSIDE THE HOLLOW SHELL

OF MY HEAD TO PRODUCE MORE HOT AIR MORE FLAGRANT BREECHES OF COMMON SENSE FIRE ANOTHER ROUND RAT TA TAT TREMBLING TINY BULLETS THAT SINK INTO THE SMILING GLASS OF THE SCREEN OF ALL THINGS THAT COULD BE SAID IT SEEMS SILLY TO SAY THIS TO DO THIS AND SPEND HOURS WRITING INVISIBLE JUNK IM TEACHING MYSELF TO NOT LOOK BACK WHATS GONE IS CEMENTED BEHIND ME AND THROWN INTO THE RIVER OF HISTORY LIKE A BAG FULL OF KITTENS THAT SINK SQUEALING TO THE BOTTOM AND THEN FILL UP UNTIL SILENCE IS RESTORED TO MILL POND SURFACE IM DELIBERATELY STIRRING WITH THIS FLOWING THOUGH STILTED CONTINUUM HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I BEEN EXACTLY HERE ALREADY TODAY BEFORE COMPACTING THE LOT INTO THE REQUIRED PACKAGING DIAMETERS THE RULES ARE UNBENDING AND TO BREAK THEM EVEN NOW WOULD BE AS POINTLESS AS REWRITING THE PREVIOUS PAGE NO WAY WILL I TRY TO IMPROVE WHAT HAS SERVED ME SO WELL IM NOT ABOUT TO START EDITING ALL THE MISTAKES AND TAKING THE WORST BITS AWAY ITS ALL CARVED IN STONE AND WILL STAY WHERE IT IS AND WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN HAD BETTER BE SOON OR WILL NEVER BE THE FIRST DRAFT IS THE BREEZE THAT IM STUCK WITH AND ONLY A COMPUTER FAILURE WILL STOP ME COMPLETING THIS FAILURE HOW CAN I RETRACT ANYTHING EVEN IF I WANTED TO THE FOUNDATIONS ARE SET AS IN CONCRETE AND THE ONLY WAY WOULD BE TO START FROM THE FIRST WORD AGAIN OF COURSE THATS NOT POSSIBLE AND NOT EVEN DESIRABLE IT WOULD BE THE BIGGEST FAILURE OF ALL TO GO BACK ON MY WORDS LITERALLY AND EAT THEM THE PAST IS NOT CHANGEABLE LUCKILY THERE COMES A POINT WHEN IT MUST BE ACCEPTED AS A FACT EVEN IN FICTION THOSE PICTURES I PAINTED SO LONG AGO THAT NOW DISGUST ME ARE AS MUCH RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS AS I AM FOR THEM ALL I CAN DO IS DESTROY THEM AND THAT WOULD BE A CREATIVE ACT TOO A DECISION TO ELIMINATE ALL THAT I NOW FIND EMBARRASSING I THINK THATS WHAT KLEE DID OR WAS IT SOMEBODY ELSE BUT NOT ME THOSE IMAGES ARE OUT THERE AND MUST SUFFER THEIR OWN FATE I WONT MIND AT ALL IF SOMEBODY ELSE WERE TO SET LIGHT TO MY PAST BUT MY I WONT DIRTY MY OWN HAND WITH THE RESPONSIBILITY ITS TOO EASY TO PRETEND SOMETHING DIFFERENT BUT ACCEPTANCE SEEMS TO CONDONE THEIR EXISTENCE AND I WONT GO THAT FAR EITHER SO WHAT IS IT EXACTLY IM SAYING IM A BIT LOST TO BE HONEST BUT I CANT BE BOTHERED TO GO BACK AND READ IT SO ILL JUST CARRY ON PRETENDING I KNOW WHAT IT WAS I WAS SAYING ITS IRRELEVANT IF THE ENDS DONT JOIN UP PROPERLY NOBODY IS INTERESTED IN THE MIDDLE ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE BIG BEGINNING AND THE MINUSCULE END THE PRESENCE OR NOT OF THE TINIEST DOT IN A LONG RACE WHAT HAPPENS THREE QUARTERS THROUGH BARES NO DIFFERENCE ON THE OUTCOME AND IN ENDURANCE EVENTS STAMINA IS THE ONLY QUALITY REQUIRED TECHNIQUE IS THE BARREL THAT CONTAINS THE LIQUEUR AND THE COOPER IS THE ONLY ONE WITH EYES FOR IT IM TOO BUSY WITH THE WHOLE TO LOOK BACK AT THE PARTS THEIR FUNCTION IS FINISHED THE MOMENT THEY ARRIVE IN FRONT OF MY EYES EVERYONES INVOLVED AND IVE GOTTA HAVE MORE MORE VEHICLES TO FILL UP THE CAR PARK MORE TENANTS TO FILL UP THE VACANT ROOMS IN THE HOUSE WITH THIS THE ATTIC WAS FILLED FIRST LEAVING ENOUGH ROOM TO SWING MORE THAN A CAT BUT NOW IN THE BASEMENT IM CRAMMING THEM IN WILFULLY VIOLATING ALL REGULATORY BODIES AS I PLACE ONE UPON THE OTHER AND PRESS THEM DOWN LIKE FRESHLY DUG SOIL ROUND A ROSEBUSH MY ROSEBUD IS CLEAR AS STAGNANT WATER AND MAKES A NICE HOME OF THE CHILDREN OF VAMPIRES TO HATCH IN THESE MOLTEN WORDS DESCEND LUGUBRIOSLY BURNING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ICY EMPTINESS AND DESTROYING THE WHITE AND PLEASANT FIELDS WITH A LAYER OF PETRIFIED PUMICE A LUMMOX LIKE ME CAN LAY WASTE A WHOLE ARMY OF APATHY SHOOTING MY LAVA ON THE CADAVER AND SEALING THE FUTURE IN VAST LAYERS OF DUSTY PAST SOON THE TIME WILL COME AGAIN WHEN A FRESH CROP WILL BE FLATTENED AND MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW HARVEST A FESTIVAL OF PRESSURISATION SLOW BOILING THE FLESH OFF THE BONES BUT THE SMELL OF DECOMPOSITION IS TRAPPED IN THE LIGHT BOX BEFORE ME THE OUTRAGE OF MUTILATION IS SO EASILY ACCEPTED AND NOBODY WILL CARE IF THE MURDER GOES UNNOTICED AND UNDETECTED AND UNSOLVED THE CLUES THAT IM LEAVING ARE THE TELL TALE FINGER PRINTS OF THE ASSASSIN WHO HOPES TO GET CAUGHT A SERIAL KILLER JUST WAITING FOR THE HAND ON THE SHOULDER TO STOP HIM THE HAND NEVER COMES AND THE CRIMES MUST CONTINUE THE PLAY MUST GO ON UNTIL THE FINAL ACT OF DISGRACE IS COMMITTED AND THE CURTAIN SO MOTH EATEN FALLS TO THE FLOOR IN A CLOUD OF RELIEF ONLY WHEN HAMLET IS DEAD AND HIS BLOOD HAS SOAKED INTO THE STAGE DO THE AUDIENCE STAND UP AND ASK FOR MORE AND THEM CLAMOUR FOR THE DEAD PRINCES AUTOGRAPH THE GHOST WALKS BUT THE SINGER WHO SANG IT IS DEAD THE REFERENCES ARE AS PRIVATE AS THE SECRETIVE REST AND I THINK ONLY A FEW WOULD SEE THEM EVEN THOUGH NOBODY CAN IF THE ART OF ART IS TO CONCEAL ART THEN THIS AND THE NEXT ARE THE PERFECT EXAMPLES OF IT THE TIDE EBBS AND FLOWS BUT THE FINAL FLOOD IS INEVITABLE THE TOWN WILL SUCCUMB AS EVERY DUNWICH OF THE PAST HAS DONE THE SEA IS HAPPY TO GNAW AT THE CHURCH DOOR KNOWING IT WILL EVENTUALLY OPEN AND

WELCOME IT IN THE BELLS THAT RING NOW SO QUIETLY NEED NOT RING AT ALL BECAUSE THERES NOBODY LISTENING EXCEPT THE ODD DRUNK WHO HAS STUMBLED OUT OF THE SURVIVING PUB AND NOW LIES FACE DOWN IN THE SAND COMMUNICATING WITH HIS OWN INAUDIBLE MEMORIES THE MUSEUM OF ATLANTIS IS OPEN ALL YEAR ALL YOU NEED TO GET IN IS ENOUGH IMAGINATION TO DROWN A THIMBLE OF WATER COULD DELUGE THESE SINKING WORDS AND IM HOLDING THEM UNDER AND COUNTING UNTIL THE END OF THE PAGE COMES TO SAVE THEM NEEDLES OR PINS THROUGH THEIR CHESTS SO THEY CANT WRIGGLE AWAY BUT THIRTY TWO FEET PER SECOND PER SECOND IS HOLDING THE LOT DOWN AND STOPPING THE FLOATING PHENOMENA SO ANNOYING WHEN BATHING THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT HERE GRAVITY WORKS BACKWARDS I PUSH THE WORDS UP TO THE CEILING IN ORDER TO LET THEM FALL FASTER AND GAIN MORE MOMENTUM IVE GULPED DOWN A PINT GLASS FULL OF LETHE WATER AND MY MEMORY OF THE TOP OF THE PAGE IS BLANK LIKE THE AREA BELOW MY METAPHORICAL FEET GROUNDED IN THE SHIFTING SANDS ANOTHER PUFF OF SMOKE ON THE HORIZON IS A MESSAGE IM READING THAT TELLS ME TO JUST KEEP ON GOING REGARDLESS ALL THE RIVERS OF HELL HOLD ME IN THEIR CURRENTS AND TOGETHER WELL GET TO THE FINAL FRONTIER STYX AND STONES MAY BREAK MY BONES BUT THESE WORDS WILL NEVER DESERT ME AS I TRUDGE THROUGH THE BARRENEST FOOLSCAPE HEAVY BOOTS DRUMMING THE HEARTBEAT THE PUSILLANIMOUS PULSE COWARDLY TAPPING OUT THE TIME SPENT AND WASTED IM HOARDING MY STOCK OF CLICHES AND LIKE UNCLE SCROOGE I WATCH OVER THEM DAILY AS THEY MOUNT UP AND UP AMOUNTING TO LESS THAN I HAD AT THE OUTSET WHEN I STARTED WITH POCKETS BULGING WITH HOPE THE POVERTY THAT SURROUNDS ME CAME WITH THE PROPERTY AND I DESERVE ALL THAT I HAVENT GOT IM PAYING OUT A DISPROPORTIONATE SUM FOR THE HONOUR OF NOT PLAYING THE GAME I DARE NOT THINK BACK TO THE BYGONE DAYS WHEN I STROLLED SO NONCHALANTLY THROUGH THE ELYSIAN FIELDS OF MY YOUTH THE FIELDS OF BLUE FORGET ME NOTS THAT TURNED SO QUICKLY INTO PASSION DALES OF MUDDY FORGOTTEN PASTURES WHERE ONLY THE DEAD STAND A CHANCE OF COMING OUT ALIVE IN THE OLD DAYS MY NAME WAS ENOUGH TO SCRAWL ACROSS THE CANVAS AND SECURE A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN THESE WORDS ARE DRY LEAVES THAT CRUNCH UNDER FOOT AND GIVE MY HIDING PLACE AWAY TO THE ENEMIES OF THOUGHT I AM NOT SAFE EVEN HERE IN THE CLOSED CUPBOARD IVE DRAWN THE INSECTS ARE ALL GANGING UP AND BITING THEIR WAY TO MY BODY THE LAST SUPPER HAS ALREADY BEGUN AND A NEW JUDAS IS FILLING HIS STOMACH READY TO VOMIT WHEN THE TIME COMES TO SHOW WHAT WAS EATEN AND DIGESTED NOW ILL PAUSE FOR A WHILE AND ENJOY THE KINKS THAT ARE SINGING INTO THE AIR AND FLOATING INTO MY EARS SEE MY FRIENDS AND A WHOLE HOST OF OTHER HITS THAT MAKE ME JEALOUS AND CONTEMPLATE MY PRESENT STATE OF DELUSION MY SHANGRILA IS NO PARADISE IM IN THE MIDDLE OF LIMBO AND THE BAR IS GETTING LOWER AND LOWER THAT NOW I CANT EVEN SEE UNDER IT THE WOUNDS IVE SCRATCHED ACROSS THE PAGE ARE OPEN AND WELCOMING THE SALT IM RUBBING IN AND INVITING THE LIGHTNING TO STRIKE THEM AGAIN WONT YOU TELL ME WHERE HAVE ALL THE NICE TIMES GONE ARE THEY TEACHING THE NEXT BARBARIANS TO KILL MORE SILENTLY THE BOOKS OF HOURS TO STIFLE THE SCREAMING MINUTES AND MUFFLE THE CASTRATED SECONDS AND SECOND BESTS THE RAIN IS SO UNRELENTING THESE DAYS BUT MY ARK IS SO LEAKY I DONT HAVE A HOPE OF ESCAPING THE DISINGENUOUS RISE OF THE FLOOD MY SAILS ARE VARNISHED AND SHINY BUT THE ROPES AND THE RIGGING ARE WEARING THIN AND I KNOW IF I PULL THEM THEYLL BREAK THE WINCHES ARE WEARY AND THE BOWSPRIT IS SPLIT ON DECIDING THE BEST WAY TO GO FORWARD MY FIGURE HEAD IS SCARED OF GETTING HER HAIR WET AND IS SO USED TO READING HER PRETTY FACE IN THE PUDDLES THAT SHES FORGOTTEN WHAT SHE WAS CARVED TO DO HER BODY IS CRACKING AND IN NEED OF A LICK OF PAINT TO TOUCH UP HER PRIDE THE STERN IS MADE OF STERNER STUFF THOUGH PUSHING THE BOAT OUT AND LEAVING THE SHORE ALONE I AM THE CAPTAIN AND SET MY COMPASS ACCORDING TO WHIM MY BEARD WELCOMES THE WIND FROM ANY DIRECTION AND MY SKIN IS AS VANE AS THE WEATHER I BRANDISH MY PLASTIC CUTLASS HEROICALLY AND SLASH OUT VIOLENTLY AS THE SUN SINKS BEHIND ME AS IF PUNCTURED MY ANCHOR IS LOST AND THE CABLES IVE TRAVELLED ARE COILED UP AND STORED BELOW DECK AS I MAKE SAIL TO THE DISTANT ISLANDS OF REGRET HOPING FOR SOME STRONG ROCKS TO WRECK ME THE BUOY AT THE FAR END OF THE PAGE IS ENTICING ME ON I CAN HEAR HIS TINY BELL RINGING AND THE MERMAIDS ARE LAUGHING AS THEY WATCH MY GUNNELS GIVE WAY AND BEND WHY EXACTLY IS IT I KEEL HAUL MYSELF SO VOLUNTARILY DAILY AND ALLOW THE BARNACLES TO CHEW ON MY FLESH LIKE ALL EXPLORERS IM TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM THE DULL DAY DUTIES BY UNDERTAKING SOMETHING IRRELEVANT THE SHOP IS GENERALLY AS FAR AS I GET BEFORE SCURRYING HOME WITH MY BOUNTY OF TOBACCO TO DUNK IN MY PIPE MY BOOTY WILL FINALLY KILL ME UNLESS I KILL MYSELF FIRST BREAKING MY BACK ON THESE TRIVIALITIES FOR OVER A MONTH IVE BEEN FIGHTING MY BATTLE AND THE ONLY REAL WOUND IS A SLIGHT HEADACHE AND AN ACHING FINGER

FROM BEING POKED OVER AND OVER ON THE UNYIELDING PADS THE MUSIC IS TOO NASTY TO LISTEN TO FROM BEGINNING TO END AND THE NOTES ARE TOO SMALL TO PLAY IM CONDUCTING AN ORCHESTRA OF BLIND MUTES AND THEY FOLLOW ME RELIGIOUSLY COUNTING OUT THE TIME FOR THEIR ENTRANCE BAR AFTER BAR TICKED OFF AND DONE AWAITING THE GRAND FINALE THE ROLL ON THE TIMPANI TO CONCLUDE THE SYMPHONY ALL SOUNDING OFF TOGETHER IN A RIOT OF CACK HANDED CACOPHONY PLAY WHAT YOU WANT BOYS THE AUDIENCE WONT NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE THEYRE DEAF AND THE CRITICS HAVENT EVEN TURNED UP FOR THE PERFORMANCE THEY'LL WRITE THE REVIEW WITHOUT SEEING THE SHOW IF THEYRE CAPABLE MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS THE SUBSTANCE IS THE ESSENCE OF THE STYLE THE MARAUDING MESSAGE IS THE SYNTAX OF THE STRUCTURE THE STILL WATER IS THE MIRROR OF THE BRIDGE THE BUCK IS BEING PASSED FROM LINE TO LINE UNTIL THE LAST ONE IS AS CHUBBY AS THE LAWS WILL ALLOW OR THE SOFT PILLOWS THAT YOU KEEP HIDDEN FROM ALL BUT ME ENTRANCE AND EXIT ARE THE SAME DOOR AND THE NEIGHBOUR WILL OPEN TO THE HEAVY KNOCK OF MY HANDLE THE AXE THAT I CARRY WILL BREAK DOWN THE DEFENCES AND PENETRATE THE DARK CORRIDOR OF THE CAVE WHOSE WALLS ARE LINED WITH STICKY TAPESTRIES COMMEMORATING PREVIOUS DEFEATS THE GRASS IS ALIVE WITH SNAKES AND THEIR TONGUES ARE OUT SMELLING FOR FOOD AS THE PENDULOUS PENDULUM SWINGS BACK AND FORTH FROM LEFT TO RIGHT RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY SLICING THE TIME INTO MANAGEABLE UNITS OF BITE SIZED INTELLIGENCE FROM ALL OF THIS MAYBE ONE LINE WILL BE REMEMBERED ONE IMAGE IS ENOUGH TO FILL A WHOLE GALLERY IF THE FRAME IS STUDDED WITH DIAMONDS ILL PULL MY SOCKS UP AND WALK PROUDLY INTO THE FIRING LINE ILL GIVE THE ORDER MYSELF AND KEEP MY EYES OPEN TO WATCH THE FLIGHT OF THE BULLETS THAT REBOUND OFF MY BODY AND RICOCHET INTO THE BARRELS OF THE GUNS THAT SURROUND ME IM THE ONLY ONE LEFT STANDING AND THE BLOOD ON THE CARPET BELONGS TO MY FOES BUT WITH MY LUCK ILL SLIP ON IT AS I MAKE MY ESCAPE AND FALL OVER BANGING MY HEAD ON THE STONE FURNITURE I CARVED AS A CHILD THE DOLLS THAT I HAD WERE SOON FILLED WITH PINS IN AN ATTEMPT TO CONTROL MY DESTINY I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE THE KING OF THE CASTLE AND I STILL CARRY THE SCARS ON MY WRISTS EITHER IM DREAMING OR THE NIGHTMARE IM LIVING IS REAL I WOULD LOVE TO WAKE UP AND FEEL YOUR CHIN SNUGLING INTO MY ARMPIT THIS MONTH ERASED FROM HISTORY AND MEMORY THE SUN STILL GIVING OFF A FAINT GLOW AND MY TIRES STILL FULL OF WARM AIR THE BUBBLE BURST LONG AGO AND THE AUDIBLE WHEEZING IS THE STALE AIR COMING BACK FROM A TRIP TO THE BOTTOM OF MY LUNGS LEAVING FOOTSTEPS OF OXYGEN TO KEEP MY BRAIN HAPPY AND THIS WELL ON TRACK FOR A NEW WORLD RECORD OF DULLNESS THE MOUNTAIN OF SPENT BUTTS IS RISING SLOWLY BESIDE ME AS THE ASHTRAY GROWS LIKE AN ASH TREE EVER HIGHER UNTIL ILL CALL OUT FOR AN HAUGHTY ARBORACULTURALIST TO CUT OFF A FEW LIMBS THEY ALWAYS GROW BACK IN THE END NO MATTER HOW OFTEN THE CONTENTS IS DESPATCHED WITH THE REST OF THE DIRT AND GRIME I COLLECT IM TESTING MY PATIENCE WITH THIS SOLITARY GAME OF SOLITAIRE TURNING THE CARDS OVER IN MY MIND TO SEE IF ITS POSSIBLE TO GET OUT OF THE MESS BUT I KNOW ALL THE TRUMPS UP MY SLEEVE ARE THE WRONG ONES AND THE GAME WAS LOST FROM THE BEGINNING I DONT WANT TOP TAKE PART IN THE RACE ANYMORE NOW IM JUST GOING THROUGH THE EMOTIONS SWALLOWING GALLONS OF PRIDE AND FLOATING TO THE TOP OF THE PILE LIKE A BIT OF OLD DRIFTWOOD AIMLESSLY CARRIED ON THE VISCOUS SURFACE OF THE POND THE WIND OF CHANGE HAS RUN OUT OF BREATH AND ONLY OBSESSION IF FLUTTERING THE WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER AS THE RAIN LICKS GREEDILY ON THE BLANK WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY SHUT SO MANY YEARS AGO AND NEVER OPENED TO LET AIR IN OR OUT THE CURTAINS ARE STAYING UP BY WILL POWER ALONE AND HAVE SEALED THEMSELVES TOGETHER TO MAKE A FORTRESS AGAINST CHANGE BUT THE VIEW OUTSIDE IS NOT WORTH SEEING UNLESS YOU LIKE GREY LIKE A PAINTING BY WHISTLER AN ARRANGEMENT OR SYMPHONY OF MOROSENESSE GLOOMY LONDON HAS NEVER LOOKED MORE SHROUDED IN FOG AS THE CLOUDS TOUCH THE STREET AND THE DEW CLINGS TO THE PAVEMENT ALL DAY REFUSING TO EVAPORATE WHY ANYONE LIVES HERE IS A MYSTERY TO ME EXCEPT OF COURSE THEY DONT THEY JUST MERELY SURVIVE AGAINST ALL THE ODDS WINTER COMES EARLY AND STAYS ALL YEAR ROUND EXCLUDING THE RAYS OF THE LIFE GIVING SUN HERE IN THE DOMAIN OF DANK RANKNESS THE LEDGER IS FILLING UP BIT BY BIT RECORDING THE MOVEMENT ON MY SHOULDER HEY JEWELS OF DISAPPOINTMENT ARE DRIPPING FROM MY MOUTH GULLIBLY ALLOWING ME TO MAKE USE OF THEIR MEANINGS THESE LILLIPUTIAN LISPING LAMENTS ARE FIT ONLY FOR THE EYES OF MICROBES AND THEIR COHORTS IVE BEEN MODELLED IN WAX NOW FOR A FEW LONG YEARS AND MY BODY CAST IN BRONZE IS PROBABLY ON SOME MANTELPIECE SOMEWHERE SCARCELY SEEN THESE DAYS AND I CAN ONLY VAGUELY REMEMBER THE BODY I USED TO WEAR BACK THEN TO WORK TO STAND STARK NAKED IN THE GLARE OF THE SCULPTORS EYES ALL SHIVERING AND PALE AS THIS SHEET WAS MY CLOTHES WILL NEVER BE DRY AS THIS SPONGE SUCKS UP VAST QUANTITIES

OF COMMITMENT NOW IVE THROWN AWAY ALL MY PAINTBRUSHES I SUDDENLY HAVE AN URGE TO PAINT SOMETHING NICE A SOFT PASTEL PORTRAIT OF THE MOON IN FULL GLOW GIVING SUBTLE SHADOWS TO YOUR EYES BUT THIS PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST IS BOTHERSOME AND GROTESQUE SHOWING EVERY FLAW IN MY MAKEUP AND THE HARD FRAME IM PLANNING WILL ALL HINGE ON MY NAME AND WILL PROP UP ITS CONTENTS WITHOUT BEING OPENED SO EVEN THE FIRST PAGE WILL REMAIN UNSEEN THIS LABOUR OF INDIFFERENCE SO CONSERVATIVE IN ITS STRUCTURE AND LIBERAL WITH LETTERS WILL BE UNELECTABLE IN ANY VOTE OF CONFIDENCE ITS TRICKERY WILL BE KNOWN ONLY BY ME MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF FAITH IN MYSELF WILL BE BANISHED TO THE SHELF ON THE LEFT OF MY DEATHBED ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE WILL BE IN THE SHADOW OF MY RECEIPTS KEPT IN ORDER OF CREATION HAND BOUND AND THEN BURIED OR HANDS BOUND AND THEN HUNG WHATEVER GETS ME THROUGH THE DAY ITS ALL RIGHT ITS ALL RIGHT SOON AGAIN ILL BE GRAZING THE TOP OF MY LAST BUT ONE NUMBER AT THE MOMENT THE BILINGUAL STONE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM IS MY IMAGE BUT ILL RUSH BACK TO START OUT ONCE MORE TILL POCO A POCO ILL POKE MY FINGER INTO THE WELCOMING FREEZING SOUTH SO EMPTY YET HEAVY WITH MAGNETISM IM JUST POPPING OUT AND MAY NOT BE BACK FOR SOMETIME IS A MISQUOTE BUT WILL DO JUST AS WELL ITS CLOSE ENOUGH FOR JAZZ AS THEY SAY BUT IVE ALWAYS BEEN A LONGHAIR WITH CLASSICAL CREDENTIALS AND NO ABILITY TO PLAY WITHOUT DOTS THE ALBUMS IVE MADE WERE MUSICAL INSULTS TO THE SCHOOLS THAT TRAINED ME WITH A WHIP AND A SMILE STANDING IN LINE WAS NEVER MY STRONG POINT AND I WANTED TO CURVE EVERY LINE AND TAKE IT OFF IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION NOT BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WAS BETTER BUT BECAUSE I BELIEVED IT WAS NECESSARY UNIFORMITY DISGUSTS ME BUT THE DISGUST DISGUSTS ME EVEN MORE ONE DAY I MIGHT JUST HAVE TO STEP INTO THE LINE AND TOE IT ABSOLUTELY TIE MYSELF TO THE MAST TO EXPERIENCE THE FULL FORCE OF THE STORM LIKE YOU KNOW WHO DID WILL IT MAKE THE PICTURE THAT MUCH MORE BEARABLE OR THE CLIMAX MORE INTENSE AS THE CYMBALS AND SYMBOLS COME CRASHING TOGETHER MAKING ONE HELL OF A RACKET THAT MAD FLYING DUTCH MAN WAS SWOLLEN WITH COLOUR AND GOD AND THE MARKS THAT HE MADE WERE THE RESULTS OF HIS MALADY I FOR ONE AM PLEASED THAT NOBODY CURED HIM HIS ILLNESS IS THE THING THAT SAVED HIM FROM OBSCURITY AND DAMNED HIM TO IDOLATRY PIGMENT MEANT MORE THAN LIFE THE PALETTE KNIFE CAN CUT THROATS AS WELL AS SCRAPE OFF EXCESSES OF VERBOSITY THIS LITTLE HEAD POKING OUT OF THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA LOOKS SO LOVELY BROWN PENCIL HAIR AND ROUGHLY SKETCHED EYES LOOKING DOWN INTO THE BODY OF KNOWLEDGE THE NEW AND COMPLETELY REVISED EDITION OF EDUCATION THE TWO DIMENSIONAL FIGURE IS HELD TIGHT IN THE PAGES WHERE RABELAIS SQUARES UP TO LORD RODNEY SO OLD ADMIRABLE ADMIRAL VICTOR IN NOT ONE BUT TWO GREAT BATTLES I WONDER IF AL WOULD KNOW OF HIM HE SEEMS SUCH AN AFICIONADO ON MATTERS PERTAINING TO NAVAL HISTORY UNLIKE ME WHOS AN EXPERT IN NAVELE GAZING AS I WALK TOWARDS ME IN THE DARK HALL ALL I CAN SEE IS THE GLOW OF MY REEFER MY MADNESS IS WELL OUT OF SIGHT LEFT BEHIND ON THE WALL OF INVISIBLE VELCRO THAT HOLDS THE WORDS STEADY MORE BALLAST TO BLAST AT THE PAGE AND KEEP THE SHIP UPRIGHT AND STEERING A SOUTHING PROPERLY PROPELLING THE ZEPPELIN TOWARDS ITS DESTRUCTION THE AUTOASPHYXIATION OF MEANING UNFORTUNATELY THE LIGHT BULB I PLACED ON MY HEAD HAS BROKEN NOW IM FIGHTING IN THE DARK AND CHASING MY OWN SHADOW THAT IS LENGTHENING AS I MOVE FURTHER AWAY FROM THE EQUATOR AS I LOOK OVER MY RIGHT SHOULDER I CAN SEE THE TIME RUNNING OUT OF PATIENCE THE RED NUMBERS FLICKING BY EVER LATER ABSORBING ANOTHER DAY INTO THEIR GLUTINOUS DIARY AND DIPPING INTO THE NEXT TIME NEVER STOPS BUT IF I PULL THE PLUG THEN IT WILL THE ALARM NEVER SOUNDS EXCEPT FOR FAMILY PARTIES AND WEDDINGS AND GOVERNMENTAL AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS DID I WRITE THAT IDEA THAT I HAD ABOUT TRUMPET PLAYERS I REALLY CANT REMEMBER I PROBABLY FORGOT TO AND NOW I CANT REALLY REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS NEVER MIND IM SURE THAT ITS WASNT IMPORTANT IN THE OVERALL SCHEME OF THINGS AND WONT BE MISSED AND IF I DID ON THE OTHER HAND IM NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO READING IT NO I CANT HAVE AS I DONT RECALL LOOKING UP THE SPELLING OF ELDRIDGE OR CHEATHAM OH WELL MAYBE SOME OTHER DAY OR IN SOME OTHER BOOK ILL USE THAT IDEA TO PASS A CENTIMETRE OR TWO FOR NOW ILL BLATHER ON ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE BUT THAT TRUMPET SECTION IS STILL BOTHERING ME THINKING OF WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN I DEFINITELY REMEMBER LYING IN BED GOING THROUGH A LIST OF NAMES IN MY HEAD AND EQUATING THE SOUNDS OF THEIR HORNS TO SOMETHING OR ANOTHER BUT SO WHAT AND SO ON WITH NOT A MENTION OF MILES TO BE HAD AND YET TO BE GONE IN THIS BEEBOPPING CONTINUAL RIFF THE THINGS PEOPLE DO IS AMAZING JUST TO PROVE TO THEMSELVES THEY CAN DO IT THIS POXY PARLANCE IS NOTHING WHEN COMPARED TO HOW SOME PEOPLE WASTE PRECIOUS ENERGIES HAPPY IS THE MAN WHO CAN SIT AND DO NOTHING HAPPILY CONTEMPLATING THE PASSAGE OF HIS BLOOD THROUGH HIS VEINS FULFILLING HIS BODILY REQUIREMENTS

WITH JOY AND ENJOYING THE FEELING OF BEING IM THE TYPE WHO WANTS TO SLIT HIS VEINS TO SHOW THAT THE BLOOD REALLY DOES FLOW AND THAT ITS COLOUR IS AS RED AS I THINK MY BUTTOCKS ARE TAKING THE FULL BRUNT OF THIS WORK AND BY BACK IS BEGINNING TO ACHE IN SYMPATHY THE DENSITY OF THE TEXT IS THE ONE SAVING GRACE THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THESE WORDS CANT BE READ MAKES THEM EASIER TO BARE ILL INTRODUCE A LITTLE COLOUR INTO THE PROCEEDINGS DULUX SEVEN NINE R R ONE TWO STROKE FIVE ONE SIX SEEMS PLEASANT ENOUGH A LIPSTICK RED OR FRESH BLOOD ON A HANKY THAT LIVES IN THE NETHER WORLD I MUST KEEP FOCUSED STEELY EYED AND TIGHT LIPPED NOT LET MY IMAGINATION RUN RIOT IN THE REALMS OUTSIDE OF THESE WORDS WITH A LITTLE APPLICATION ILL GET SOMEWHERE SOON ILL CROSS ANOTHER THRESHOLD AND STAND AT THE DOOR OF HALFWAY ILL BE CONTENTED ENOUGH WITH THAT FOR TODAY IF I SET MY SIGHTS HIGHER IM SURE TO MISS THE TARGET ALTOGETHER THE BULLS EYE IS THE BEST SCORE I CAN GET AND ILL STILL BE OUT OF CONTENTION FOR A MEDAL IM SWIMMING DOG PADDLE IN A RACE OF BUTTERFLY EXPERTS I NEED ARM BANDS JUST TO KEEP MY HEAD ABOVE WATER AND LITTLE BY LITTLE IM DRINKING THE POOL THE WATER IM EXPELLING IS STAINING THE SURFACE AND MAKING IT OBVIOUS TO ALL THE SPECTATORS WHAT IM DOING IM EMBARRASSED ENOUGH ALREADY WITHOUT THEIR LAUGHTER ADDING TO THE HUMILIATION SOON I CAN SPEAK INTO AN EAR THAT WILL LISTEN AND STOP TALKING TO MYSELF FOR A WHILE THAT IS A REWARD OF SORTS I SUPPOSE SOMETHING WORTH AIMING TOWARD WHEN THE OTHER OPTION IS SO DISMAL A FLAPPING OF WINGS WITHOUT EVER FLYING A BIRD WHO HAS BEEN NAILED TO THE GROUND DONT STOP TO THINK OR YOU MAY LOSE YOUR NERVE AND THEN JUMPING WONT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A SPLENDID IDEA AFTER ALL ONLY THE BRAVE AND THE STUPID SUCCEED THE OTHERS ALL FALL BY THE WAYSIDE UNLESS NEPOTISM GIVES THEM A LEG UP THE BALANCING ACT IS MUCH LESS IMPRESSIVE WHEN PERFORMED AT GROUND LEVEL THE DANGER OF FALLING IS REDUCED TO TRIPPING AND THE WORST INJURY YOU CAN GET IS A SPRAIN OF THE BRAIN DIVING INTO THE BATH IS THE RISKIEST PART OF MY DAY NOW EVEN THE RAZORS LIE OBSOLETE AND UNTOUCHED SAVED IN A HEAP FOR THE GRAND SHAVE OF COMPLETION WHEN I CAN FINALLY COME OUT FROM BEHIND THIS BUSH THATS REALLY GETTING UP MY NOSE I JUST ACCIDENTALLY SPAT AT THE SCREEN THAT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING THAT IVE SEEN ON HERE RECENTLY A LOVELY LITTLE BEAD OF RAINBOW HUES LIKE A DIAMOND OF SWEAT BUT I WIPED IT OFF QUICKLY WITH THE SAME FINGER IM USING NOW TO DESCRIBE IT MY STOMACH IS YEARNING FOR SOMETHING MORE NOURISHING THAN MERE DESCRIPTIONS AND MY EARS ARE BURNING WITH DESIRE TO HEAR A VOICE THAT ISNT MY OWN LOOKING UP I CAN ADMIRE THE SWOOPS OF THE PAINT BUT I DONT NECESSARILY LIKE THE PICTURE ANYMORE ITS AS FLAT AS THIS AND AS MONOCHROME AS DAY AND NIGHT THE RED HAT OF THE LAMP IS NOW TAKING MY ATTENTION AS ITS DROOPING HEAD BOWS DOWN BENIGNLY BUT ITS GIVING NO LIGHT TO THESE LINES OF PROGRESSION THEYRE BACK LIT ENOUGH AND THE RECTANGLE KEEPS FLOODING AND THEN EMPTYING EVEN QUICKER AWAITING MORE MUNDANE BANALITIES TRY A BIT HARDER LIGHT THE BLUE TOUCH PAPER AND WATCH AS THE SPARKS APPEAR LETTER BY LETTER PROPAGANDA POPULATING THE PARCHMENT DECEIVING THE EYE WITH APPARENT EASINESS ALL BOOKS LOOK EASY TO WRITE YOU CAN PICK THEM UP CAUSE THEIR WORDS ARE STUCK TO THE PAGE BUT EACH ONE HAS BEEN PLACED THERE BY HAND AS A RESULT OF SOME SORT OF WEIRDNESS EITHER A COMPULSION A DELUSION OR A COMMISSION THIS IS LIKE TELEPHONING SOMEONE YOU KNOW HAS RECENTLY DIED AND HOPING THAT THEY WILL ANSWER IN PERSON FROM WHEREVER YOU THINK THEY MIGHT BE BUT THE PHONE JUST KEEPS RINGING AND RINGING UNTIL ITS EVENTUALLY CUT OFF I CAN IMAGINE A FUTURE WHERE PEOPLE ARE BURIED WITH THEIR MOBILE PHONES SO THAT RELATIVES CAN KEEP IN TOUCH AND KNOW HOW THEIR LOVED ONES ARE DOING I CAN IMAGINE IT BUT THATS ALL AND THEREFORE ITS AS POINTLESS AS THE REST OF THESE IMAGININGS BUT THATS THE MAIN REASON FOR STARTING THE BASIC FUNDAMENTAL CORE OF INTELLIGENT EXISTENCE THE FACT THAT YOU CAN CHOOSE YOUR VERSION OF DESTINY EVEN IF ONLY PARTLY THOUGH ONLY GOD KNOWS WHY I WOULD CHOOSE TO WRITE THAT AS OPPOSED TO ANYTHING ELSE THAT WOULD OCCUPY THE SAME AREA AND BE EQUALLY INVISIBLE NOW YOU SEE WHY IM WRITING IN CAPITALS THOSE WEEDY LOWER CLASS CASES WOULD HAVE VANISHED TOO QUICKLY AND COMMAS ETC WOULD HAVE BECOME OBSOLETE DAYS IF NOT WEEKS AGO MOST METHODS HAVE MADNESS TO BOLSTER THEM UP AND A METHODOLOGIST LIKE ME FREQUENTLY EMPLOYS WHATEVER THE JOB REQUIRES SWEARING AND BLINDING CAN HAVE THEIR PLACE IN MANY A FINE WORK BUT THEIR ABSENCE FROM THESE LINES DOES NOTHING BUT FRUSTRATE JUNK OF THIS MAGNITUDE COULD ONLY BENEFIT FROM BASER THOUGHTS AND A MORE DOWN TO EARTH USE OF LANGUAGE STREET TALK IS STRAIGHT TALK WITHOUT THE PREVARICATIONS AND SOPHISTRY OF VERBAL DEXTERITY CLEVER WORDS DONT SAY ANYTHING MORE MEANINGFUL THAN THE SLANG LANGUAGE EMPLOYED BY GUTTERSNIPEs AND GUTTURAL GEEZERS IT DEPENDS WHAT YOU WANT TO

SAY AND HOW YOU WANT TO BE PERCEIVED WHEN YOU SAY IT IF A MONKEY COULD TALK I WOULD RATHER LISTEN TO HIS VIEW OF THE WORLD THAN MY OWN AND OFTEN THEY HAVE A BETTER GRASP OF THE PRINCIPLES OF PAINTING THAN MANY AN ACADEMICIAN PURE COLOURISTS WITHOUT REGARD FOR LINEAR LIES A CIRCLE REPRESENTING A FACE OR AN OVAL AN EYE HAIR IS A SMUDGE OF BROWN OR BLONDE YELLOW NOT A COLLECTION OF INDIVIDUAL BRUSHSTROKES REPRESENTATION IS THE DARK AGES OF ART NOW ALL I NEED DO IS WRITE TABLE TO SUMMON A TABLE INTO YOUR MINDS EYE AND DO I BELIEVE THAT NO NOT ON YOUR MOTHERS GRAVE THERE IS AS MUCH TO BE PAINTED NOW AS THERE EVER WAS AND MAYBE ONE DAY SOMEBODY WILL FIND A NEW WAY FORWARD FOR THE IDEA OF EASEL PAINTINGS AS THEY USED TO BE SO QUAINLY CALLED A BRUSH THAT IS BIG ENOUGH TO PAINT A WHOLE COUNTRY IN ONE SWIPE WOULD BE GOOD IT WOULD MAKE SHORT WORK OF PAINTING A FACE ON THE PLANET AND THAT WOULD LOOK NICE TO SEE FROM THE MOON THE EARTH WITH A SMILE FROM SOUTH AMERICA TO INDIA THE BIGGEST GRIN IN THE UNIVERSE OR AT LEAST WHATS CURRENTLY KNOWN OF IT THE REST MAY BE FULL OF PAINTED PLANETS OR MONKEYS GIVING SPEECHES IN GREEK WHAT A LAUGH THAT WOULD BE THE MONKEY CAN TALK BUT IN A LANGUAGE I DONT UNDERSTAND LIKE MOST OF THE LANGUAGES OF THIS WORLD IM LUCKY I SPEAK ENGLISH OTHERWISE I WOULDNT UNDERSTAND A WORD OF THIS EITHER BUT UNDERSTANDABLE OR NOT BECOMES AN IRRELEVANCE WHEN THE TYPE IS TOO SMALL TO BE SEEN IM AMAZED THAT IM EVEN BOTHERING TO WRITE IT SO CONSISTENTLY WHEN ANY OLD STUFF WHETHER GIBBERISH OR NOT WOULD BE QUICKER A MIXING OF CONSONANTS WITH A FEW VOWELS AND A SPATTERING OF GAPS WOULD LOOK THE SAME WHEN PRINTED IM STILL KEEPING MY IMAGINATION IN CHECK AND RESTRAINING THE POSSIBLE FLIGHTS OF FANCY HERES A GOOD ONE THINK OF THE DIRTIEST SEXUAL ACTIVITY YOUVE EVER DONE FOR A WHILE WHILST LOOKING AT THIS USE YOUR PORNOGRAPHIC IMAGINATION AND DONT EXPECT ME TO PROVIDE ANY STIMULATION FOR BODY OR MIND MY MINDS A SEWER AS SOON AS I STOP WRITING THIS AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY WHILE IM TAPPING AWAY IM THINKING OF SOMETHING PERVERTED SOME KINKY ACTIVITY THAT WOULD NORMALLY DISPLAYED ON A PAGE SUCH AS THIS TAKE THE SEX OUT OF BUKOWSKI AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT LEFT WELL THERES BOOZE OF COURSE THAT STAPLE DIET OF HARD MAN AMERICAN FICTION AND QUITE A LOT ELSE AS WELL THAT WASNT A PARTICULARLY GOOD EXAMPLE TO CHOSE WAS IT ANY MAN WHO CAN PRODUCE BOOKS LIKE HIS IS NOT THE MAN HERES PRETENDING TO REPRESENT YOU CANNOT BE BOTH DOWN AND OUT AND TOO DRUNK TO WRITE AND THEN SUDDENLY WRITE CAN YOU YES YOU CAN YOU CAN WRITE WHEN YOURE SOBER AND YOU CAN WRITE WHEN YOUR NOT MAYBE I WOULD WRITE BETTER IF I WASNT SO PRIM AND PROPER MAYBE I SHOULD GET STONED PERHAPS MY SUBCONSCIOUS WOULD LEAP INTO ACTION INSTEAD OF STAYING SO COMPLACENT AND SILENT HOW WOULD I BE IF I WERE TO ALLOW MYSELF TO GET OUT OF MY TREE ID PROBABLY BREAK ALL THE RULES IVE SO LOVINGLY OBEYED AND THEN CRY ON THE KEYBOARD NO THATS NOT MY STYLE IM BRITISH AFTER ALL I REFUSE TO LET ANYTHING HANG OUT IM A MENTAL FASCIST AUTOCRAT AUTHORITARIAN AUTHOR OR RATHER DICTATOR IN ALL SENSES OF THE WORD MY DAYS OF LUXURIOUS DECADENT EXCESS ARE WELL BEHIND ME AT LEAST UNTIL IVE FINISHED THIS THEN PERHAPS ILL PAINT THE TOWN RED THOUGH WITH ME ANY ATTEMPT AT THAT NORMALLY RESULTS IN AN UGLY PINK AND A DAY THROWING UP I WAS NOT DESIGNED FOR THE LIFE OF RILEY BUT MORE AS THE WIFE OF A BANKER WHO CANT COOK A SAUSAGE WITHOUT LOOKING INTO A RECIPE BOOK LET ALONE THINK WHAT ELSE IT COULD BE USED FOR SEE THERES THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING A SMUTTY INNUENDO A SMIRK WITH NO CONVICTION OF COURSE NO CONVICTIONS IM NEVER THAT NAUGHTY A PROPER LITTLE ANGEL IN FACT I JUST CANT BE BOTHERED TO BREAK ANY LAWS MINE OR ANYBODY ELSES EITHER IM TOO SCARED OF GETTING CAUGHT AND TOO LAZY TO GO OUT AND ROB LITTLE OLD LADIES IM UNBELIEVABLY DULL THATS THE TRUTH AND NO EXCUSES WILL CONVINCE ME OTHERWISE NOW EVERYONE WANTS TO BE SEEN TO BE SPECIAL TO HAVE SOMETHING WORTH SAYING IN ART ITS THE SAME EVERYONES STRIVING TO PRODUCE STRONG HARD HITTING AND GRITTY WORK BUT THE REALITY OF MOST PEOPLES LIVES AND ART IS OF INCREDIBLE BANALITY GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF LIVING ON THE EDGE WHEN THE EDGE THAT THEYRE ON BELONGS TO THE SOFA I SIT EVERY NIGHT WATCHING HOW OTHER PEOPLE LIVE OR FICTIONALISED VERSIONS OF LIVING WHERE HEROES AND VILLAINS FIGHT IT OUT ON THE TOP OF A CLIFF OR EMOTIONS ARE SO RAW THAT THE GUN JUST GOES OFF IVE NEVER EVEN SEEN A REAL GUN LET ALONE PROTECTED MY LOVELY WIFE AND CHILDREN FROM MARAUDING NASTY PIECES OF WORK INTENT ON DESTROYING MY COMPUTERISED SECRETS THAT ARE IN FACT ESSENTIAL TO THE WELL BEING OF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE NO NO NO NOT ME MY DAYS ARE FILLED WITH THE TICKING OF CLOCKS AND THEIR CHIMES MAKE ME LEAP FROM MY SEAT VERILY I SAY IT WERE ALL SO MIDDLE CLASS THESE DAYS THAT EVEN THE WORKING CLASSES ARE MIDDLE CLASS TOO BIG BOUNCING BOURGEOISIE SITTING AT HOME WITH A NICE CUP OF TEA COMPLAINING ABOUT THE STATE OF THE

COUNTRY THEN PACKING UP ON A FRIDAY AND GOING THERE TO THE HOME ON A HILL WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES MORE BLARNEY BALLYRAGGING BLAH BLAH IN THIS BOUSTROPHEDON CONCEPTUAL CONCOCTION WHAT A DIDDLE PLAYING NEW DIDOS ROMPING AROUND FROM NONSENSE TO NONSENSE JUST FOR THE SAKE OF IT I REALLY DONT KNOW QUITE WHAT TO MAKE OF IT WHAT IM MAKING ITS TAKING ITS TIME TO APPEAR THOUGH HOW MANY PAINTINGS OF AVERAGE SIZE COULD I HAVE FINISHED AND FRAMED IN THE TIME THAT IVE SQUANDERED ON THIS PAGE I COULD KNOCK OUT QUITE A FEW IM TELLING YOU AND IF EACH ONE WAS WORTH JUST A FRACTION OF THE MARKET PRICE ID BE RICH BY NOW AND ELSEWHERE RATHER THAN HERE RHYTHMICALLY TAP DANCING ACROSS THESE KEYS THAT UNLOCK THE DOOR TO ANOTHER FASTEST FINISH OH SO SLOWLY TRY AS I MIGHT TO STRETCH THE WORDS OUT THEY AUTOMATICALLY GO SMALLER WITH THE SIMPLE CLICK OF A BUTTON OR PRESS OF A SWITCH WHICH IS WHICH AND WHY DOES IT APPARENTLY MATTER LONG AS THE SENTENCE GETS LONGER AND THE BOOK GETS A BIT FATTER THOUGH THE WASTING DISEASE IVE INFLICTED ITS CONTRACTED AND SO ITS CONTRACTING AS PAGE AFTER PAGE REQUIRES MORE INTENSE SURGERY ITS A KIND OF ANOREXIA THATS MAKING ME NERVOUS THOUGH IM OBVIOUSLY ACQUIRING AN IMMUNITY TO ITS DEFICIENCIES THIS SYMBOLIC SYNDROME DRONES ON AND ON SHAMBLING SHAMELESSLY AS I ORDER ITS SHAPE WITHIN THE REGULATED CONFINES OF THE BOARDER PATROLS THE TOP AND THE BOTTOM AND THE SIDES REMAIN CONSTANT AND TRUE TO THE ESTABLISHED FORMATION THE TRACKS THAT THE TRAIN CANT DEPART FROM WITHOUT DERAILING THE WHOLE CONCEPT THESE PAGES ARE THE WAGONS THAT CARRY THE SHEEP TO THEIR SLAUGHTER HOUSES BLEATING HEARTS WELCOMING THE STEELY KNIFE THAT PINS THEM IN PLACE THE WORD CHANGES FROM BODY TO CARCASS TO MEAT TO FOOD TO TASTY AND THANK YOU A SLIDING SCALE A GLISSANDO DOWN TO THE BASS NOTES LEAVING A TRAIL OF BLOOD AND SKIN ON THE IVORIES WHAT I GAIN ON THE ROUNDABOUT WAY OF ACHIEVING I LOSE ON THE STYLISTIC SWINGS OF UNEQUAL TEMPERAMENT PYTHAGOREAN UNIVERSE OF NUMERICAL DESCENDING THE MUSIC OF THE OBLONGS OF LIGHT AS I BACK PEDDLE UP HILLS INTO THE FAILING SHADOWS OF THE DECLINING SUN CARRYING IN MY BASKET THE ORDER TO ADVANCE HANDING IT TO THE GENERAL STATE OF THE UNION OF ART AND LITERATURE ORDERS TO KILL ON SIGHT ANY THOUGHT OF RETREAT THE WHITES OF THE EYES ARE SO CLEAR THEY STILL TAKE UP HALF THE PAGE INDECIPHERABLE CODE OF CONDUCT CONDUIT THROUGH WHICH I MUST PASS IM A PAST MASTER OF PHLEGMATIC DITHERING BLEEDING THE CORPSE OF THE RECENTLY CAPTURED ENEMY AND APPLYING AN ENEMA TO MY MIND TO ENGENDER AN ENDING DOWN HERE IN THE DARK UNDER THE COVERS I CAN TOSS OFF MORE LIQUID LANGUAGE INTO THE TISSUE OF LIES STICKY LETTERS THAT COAGULATE ON THE SHEET OF PAPER IM POKING LEAVING A STAIN ON THE VIRGIN SKIN SMOKING AS I RIDE INTO THE VALLEY OF DARKNESS CREMATING THE PRESENT AND THROWING ITS ASHES ONTO THE BURNING COALS OF SILENCE THE LETTERS HISS AS THEY TOUCH THE PURE PAPER AND BITE INTO THE SKIN LIKE A TATTOOISTS NEEDLE THIS TALKEE TALKEE TALKATHON THIS MINUTE MONOLOGUE KEEPS FLOWING KEEPS GOING KEEPS SLOWING KEEPS SHOWING THAT THE MIND IS AN ENDLESS MINE THAT WILL OFFER A RICH VEIN OF VERITABLE VEGETATIVE TITTLE TATTLE THE MENTAL MILL WILL GRIND OUT A STEADY SUPPLY OF SYNCOPATED FLOWERY CONFUSION BALDERDASH TRIPS LIGHTLY OFF THE TOP OF THE HEAD AND FALLS WRIGGLING ONTO THE FLY PAPER PAGE I EXTOL MY GREY MATTER TO EXTORT MORE OF THE SAME ITS LIKE MUSIC ONCE ITS STARTED IT NEED NEVER STOP THE POSSIBLE COMBINATIONS OF BLACK AND WHITE NOTES IS SO VAST THERES FIFTY TWO WHITES AND THIRTY SIX BLACKS WHICH MAKES ROUGHLY EIGHTY EIGHT AND AT ONE NOTE PER SECOND OR LETS SAY CROTCHET EQUALS SIXTY THEN ITLL TAKE ONE MINUTE AND TWENTY EIGHT SECONDS TO PERFORM THE LOT THATS NOT SO MUCH IS IT BUT THE MOMENT YOU MENTION HARMONY THE WHOLE THING EXPLODES WITH POSSIBILITIES AND REPETITION THAT FUNDAMENTAL PROPERTY OF MUSIC MEANS THAT WITH THOSE FEW NOTES YOU COULD PLAY FOREVER OR AT LEAST TILL YOU DIE WHICH IS PRETTY MUCH THE SAME THING ANYWAY AND THATS JUST A PIANO IM NOT SURE IF ITS SO EASY TO COUNT ALL THE POSSIBLE NOTES ON A DOUBLE BASS WHAT WITH QUARTER TONES AND HARMONICS AND THE REST BUT I EXPECT SOME BOFFIN HAS DONE IT AND THERES SOME NERDY SIGHT ON THE INTERNET SPECIALISING IN IT I HOPE ITS NOT CALLED BIG BODIED BEAUTIES DOT COM AS THEYLL GET MORE HITS THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR IVE JUST REMEMBERED THAT EACH NOTE OR MOST NOTES ON A PIANO HAVE THREE STRINGS NOW THAT REALLY INCREASES THE MATHEMATICAL COMBINATIONS ESPECIALLY IF YOU PREPARE YOUR MACHINE IN ADVANCE FILL IT WITH NUT BOLTS AND RUBBERS ETC THOSE OLD IDEAS STILL HAVE SOME LIFE LEFT IN THEM NEW SOUNDS FROM OLD INSTRUMENTS THE SOUND OF A SAW BLADE SINKING ITS TEETH INTO A STRADIVARIUS PLACE A MICROPHONE ON THE SURFACE OF A CANVAS AS YOU SLICE IT OPEN WITH A STANLEY KNIFE GIVE CARAVAGGIOS BOY WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT A NEW SMILE AND RECORD THE RESULT ID BUY THAT FOR SURE MAYBE THATS WHAT FONTANA HAD IN MIND

WHEN HE LAID INTO HIS PICTURES OR WAS HE EXPRESSING THE FRAGILITY OF ART AND OFFERING A GLIMPSE INTO THE VOID AT THE HEART OF PAINTING THE TORN COLOUR OF MATERIAL LIKE A SEXUAL WOUND DISPLAYED FOR THE VOYEURISTIC PLEASURES OF ARTOPHILES ARTISTS ARE EXHIBITIONISTS IN THE WORST SENSE OF THE WORD THIS IS AS PERFORMANCE PIECE IM VIDEOING MYSELF AS I WRITE THIS AND THE SHOW WILL BE DULL AS DISH WATER BUT MORE HONEST THAN THE WRITING ITSELF I AM THE ART AND THIS IS THE RESIDUE THE SALEABLE COMMODITY THE SEPARATE ENTITY ONLY VALUABLE AS THE NAME OF ITS AUTHOR IF I WAS BEING PAID BY THE HOUR I COULD HAVE STOPPED LONG AGO IVE EARNED QUITE ENOUGH FOR MY MEAGRE NEEDS BUT THE NEED TO COMPLETE IS IRRATIONAL REQUIRING OLYMPIAN DETERMINATION AND THE ONLY DRUGS THAT IVE USED SO FAR ARE LEGAL AND OBTAINABLE WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION THE SATISFACTION OF FINISHING IS THE ONLY REASON I EVER BEGIN ANYTHING I NEVER KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN AND NEVER PREDICT WHAT WILL BE NEXT THE OUTCOME IS ARBITRARY AND OFTEN IRRELEVANT BUT THE PROCESS IS PARAMOUNT EVEN IF I SAY THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER AGAIN EACH TIME I WRITE IT ITS NEW NOW BACK TO MY FACE FOR A MOMENT AND THE RESULTS OF NOT SHAVING THE GROWTH IS COMING ON NICELY DENSE CLUMP OF FOREST SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT SPROUTING SOUTHERLY FROM BENEATH MY NOSE CATCHING FOOD AND SNOT INDISCRIMINATELY I REALLY SHOULD TAKE A PHOTO TO PROVE THAT I GREW IT I MIGHT STILL CHOOSE TO DO IT AND FILE IT AT THE END OF THESE LINES A PHOTO BOOTH PORTRAIT LIKE SOME OF THE OTHERS IVE ALREADY EXHIBITED BLACK AND WHITE EVIDENCE OF A FACE IN THE GRIP OF A SHAGGY CARPET OF BRISTLES A WIRY BRUSH THAT WOULD REMOVE SKIN IF I RUBBED MY CHIN ON IT MY LIPS ARE BEGINNING TO SHELTER IN THE SHADOW ITS CASTING SOON EATING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE BY MEMORY AND ILL SUCK MY WHISKERS AFTER DRINKING ESPECIALLY FROTHY ITALIAN COFFEE THAT WILL BE A DISASTER LEAVING A TIDE MARK OF SCUM ON MY FACIAL EXCESSES THE BURGEONING BEARD IS THE BEST BIT OF THIS BASTARD BOOK IM ALWAYS HAPPY WHEN I LET MYSELF TALK ABOUT HAIRY ADVENTURES BUT I MUST SAY I PREFER THE SHAVEN LOOK WHERE THE LIPS ARE SHOWN OFF WITH THE POUT OF PRONOUNCED DESIRE AND THE GLISTENING JUICES OF THE MOUTH OFFER A WELCOME WARM HAVEN OR HEAVEN IS THE WORD WITH AN EXTRA A ADDED FOR LENGTH EVERY LITTLE BIT COUNTS EVERY GRAIN OF SAND IS REQUIRED IF THE BEACH IS TO REMAIN SANDY EVERY ATOM OF THE BODY OF A MATERIAL THING SERVES ITS PURPOSE EVERY HAIR IS REQUIRED TO KEEP THE HORSE COVERED HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A BALD HORSE I THOUGHT NOT OR A CAMEL WHO DOESNT HAVE THE HUMP HA HA TALKING OF HORSES THAT REMINDS ME OF A FILM I SAW CALLED THE BEAST OR WAS IT LA BETE I REMEMBER THAT SCENE WITH THE ROSE AND THE RAPE OF THE HEROINE AND NOT MUCH ELSE SO WAS IT WORTH SPENDING AN HOUR AND A HALF IN THE DARK FOR THOSE FLEETING MEMORIES HOW MUCH TIME HAVE I WASTED ON ENTERTAINMENT TAKE CHESS FOR EXAMPLE AND I DONT MEAN THE MUSICAL I WONDER HOW LONG IVE SPENT THINKING WHAT THE BEST MOVE WOULD BE WHEN QUITE CLEARLY THE BEST ONE WOULD BE TO STOP WASTING TIME AND DO SOMETHING MORE MEMORABLE BUT IF EVERYTHING YOU DO IS MEMORABLE SOON YOUR BRAIN WILL NOT RETAIN HALF OF IT THE MEMORY MACHINE HAS LIMITED STORAGE SPACE JUST AS THIS PAGE WILL EVENTUALLY BE FULL AND THEN ILL PROCEED TO DEMOLISH THE NEXT ONE THE LAST ONE THANK GOD OR IF I INCLUDE A PICTURE OF MY BEARD THE LAST BUT ONE BUT THE LAST WRITTEN ONE ALMOST TWELVE THOUSAND WORDS AND IM ONLY HALF WAY WHAT KIND OF PERVERSION IS THIS I WONDER WHAT A PSYCHIATRIST WOULD HAVE TO SAY THAT IM TALKING BECAUSE I WANT PEOPLE TO LISTEN OR IM TALKING BECAUSE I KNOW NOBODY WILL LISTEN MAYBE IM JUST GETTING RID OF UNWANTED WORDS PROVING I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY DESPITE MY CONTINUAL PROTESTATIONS OF THE OPPOSITE BUT WHAT DO THEY KNOW BUT WHAT THEYVE BEEN TAUGHT GETTING PAID TO LISTEN IS WORSE THAN NOT GETTING PAID TO WRITE THE PROBLEM WITH THOSE PEOPLE IS THEY DONT KNOW WHAT NORMAL MEANS HOW CAN THEY WHEN THEYRE SO EXCEPTIONAL TAKING THE ROLE OF JUDGE AND JURY BECAUSE OF THE EXPERTISE THEY HAVE IN AN AREA THEY SELDOM EXPERIENCE FOR THEMSELVES MAYBE LAING WAS THE EXCEPTION BUT HE WAS JUST MAD AND MAYBE THATS THE BEST POSSIBLE QUALIFICATION THEY CAN GET TO TAKE PILLS TO BE NORMAL IS NOT MY IDEA OF NORMALITY UPPERS AND DOWNERS AND ALL OF THE REST YOU CAN GET UNTIL THE BALANCE IS RESTORED AND YOURE AS BRAIN DEAD AS THE REST OF THE WARD NOW WHAT I COULD DO IS JUST COPY THE ABOVE AND REPEAT IT IN A POST POST POST MODERN SORT OF WAY THE SIMPLEST AND QUICKEST METHOD AND IF I ACCIDENTALLY DID IT I MIGHT JUST ALLOW IT BUT TO DELIBERATELY DO IT IS POINTLESS ACCIDENTS ARE OFTEN THE BEST BITS BUT TO TRY TO HAVE ACCIDENTS IS TOO INTENTIONAL AND THE WORD BECOMES MEANINGLESS SO ILL JUST PLOD ON AIMLESSLY FOLLOWING WHATEVER DIRECTION I FIND MYSELF TAKING EVER ONWARD DOWNWARD RELENTLESSLY PLAYING TV TENNIS WITH MY EYES SCORING A FEW OWN GOALS ON THE WAY TO THE FINAL FURLONG THE LAST BIG FENCE WILL EVENTUALLY BE HISTORY AND THE

RACE WILL HAVE BEEN WON WITHOUT TOO MUCH PUFFING AND BLOWING THE EPIC FUTILITY WILL HAVE BEEN CONSIDERED TO THE PAST BEAUTIFULLY CONSTRUCTED AND CONVERTED FROM IDEA TO FACT A FATUOUS FAIT ACCOMPLI BUT NOT YET NOT FOR A LONG CHALK IVE PLENTY MORE HOURS TO SIT AND CHEW THROUGH AND EVEN LOOKING INTO MARY HOPKINS EYES WILL BE NEEDED TO SEAL THE OUTCOMES RESULT AND FLOATING PIGS AND HORSES WITH WOODEN LEGS OR CURVED BASES WILL EASE THE STRENUOUS JOURNEY DESCRIPTIONS OF THE REAL WORLD LIKE ROUND BUBBLES OF MOONDOG OR DEAD ROSES AND RABBITS CAN ALL LEND A HAND EVEN PARROTS AND POSTCARDS ARE ELIGIBLE TO JOIN IN THE GAME MY QUEEN AND HER HUBBY AND STAINED CLASS BOTTLES OR CURIOUS WENCHES OR REGIMENTAL BOOK SPINES OR PORNOGRAPHIC PAINTINGS OR COMPUTER PRINTERS OR TOILET PAPER VENUSS OR LONG CARDBOARD TUBES OR STEEL ETCHING PLATES OR IMITATION GRASS NOT TO MENTION OLD RECORDS ALL THESE NOW ARE LISTED AND FORM PART OF THE WHOLE THATS QUITE AN UNNECESSARY LAPSE OF CONCENTRATION I WAS DOING OK WITHOUT RESORTING TO LISTING BUT NO PROBLEM ITS BEHIND ME NOW AND REALLY DOESNT MAKE TOO MUCH OF A DIFFERENCE I COULD WELL HAVE CONTINUED FOR MUCH MUCH LONGER SINGING THE SONG OF MY ROOM AND THERES NOTHING IN THE RULES TO SAY THAT I SHOULDNT ITS JUST THAT IVE BEEN THERE BEFORE AND SEEN THE RESULT IT WAS QUITE PLEASANT WHILE IT LASTED BUT MAYBE A LITTLE TOO PLEASANT TOO EASY AND PEASY AND PUDDINGY AND WHY SHOULD I MAKE LIFE ANY EASIER THE HARDEST ROUTE OFTEN GIVES THE BEST VIEWS AND IM ONLY SAYING THAT IN A SELF REFERENTIAL HALF JOKING WAY IF I WANTED TO QUOTE SOMETHING THE BARD OFFERS MORE JUICY TITBITS FRAILTY THY NAME IS WOMAN IS JUST ONE MISOGYNIST MISOLOGY THAT SPRINGS TO MIND BUT THERES NO REAL ERUDITION IN THIS EDITION IM MORE ERISTIC THAN EQUIVOCAL MORE ARTISTIC OR AUTISTIC THAN IRASCIBLE AS IS NO DOUBT CLEAR IPSO FACTO THESE LAST LINES MY INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT IS EVER DIVIDABLE ENDLESSLY RESULTING IN THE ANSWER ZERO ABSOLUTELY FRAUDULENT ARTICULATION LIKE THAT MAN IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS BUT ONE NEED NOT KNOW THE MEANINGS OF WORDS TO USE THEM THATS WHAT DICTIONARIES ARE FOR TO DEFINE AND DELINEATE BETWEEN THINGS ENCYCLOPAEDIAS ARE DUMB DESPITE ALL THE KNOWLEDGE THAT MAKES THEM SO FAT AND POETRY IS THE OPT OUT CLAUSE OF LITERATURE I DONT KNOW ANY MORE NOW THAN I DID WHEN I WAS LITTLE JACK HORNER HUDDLED IN MY PORTABLE CORNER AND I STILL DONT KNOW WHO HE IS OR WAS AND I DIDNT WIN THE FANCY DRESS ANYWAY SO THAT WAS AS STUPID AN ACTIVITY AS THIS BUT THAT IS AS THIS WILL BE FOUL WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE SWEEPED AWAY IN THE CURRENT OF TICKING TIME THIS AMBLING BUS WANDERING FORLORNLY DOWN FORGOTTEN COUNTRY LANES IS LIKE MY TRUMPETING SOLO AT THE END OF SILENCE BEMUSED AND BEMOANING THE MURDER OF SOUND GRADUALLY FADING TO A SUSTAINED INDIFFERENCE A TUNELESS RASPING OF HOT AIR THROUGH A COLD METALLIC MEDIUM MY LIPS CARRY THE INDENTS OF THE PRESSURE IMPRINTED AND IMPOSED ON THEM MY COMICAL CONICAL INSTRUMENT HAS BLOWN ALL THE WIND FROM MY SAILS AND AT TIMES ONLY THE VIEW FROM THE WINDOW THE TINY STRIPPERS OPPOSITE MADE THE PRACTICE SEEM BEARABLE THOSE HOURS MISSENT WITH MY HORN IN MY HAND AS I TEMPTED MOZART AND SCHUMANN TO COME OUT OF MY BELL I WAS NEVER QUITE GOOD ENOUGH AT PERSUADING THEM OR THEIR FRIENDS TO APPEAR WHEN NEEDED SO MY ONLY OPTION WAS TO WRITE MY OWN MUSIC AND GET BETTER PEOPLE TO PLAY IT NOW THAT RIVER OF PROMISE HAS RUN DRY AS WELL AS THE MUSIC I MAKE IS MORE CEREBRAL MORE CONCERNED WITH THE IDEA OF ITSELF THAN THE SOUND BUT EVEN THAT IS NOW BEING MARKED WITH A CROSS OF DUST A SIGN OF DESPAIR AND MY BEST TUNE IS CURLED UP SLEEPING IN ITS CIRCULAR COFFIN ON THE SHELF UPSTAIRS IN THE LITTLE ROOM DEVOID OF YOU AND DEVOTED TO ARTISTIC CALAMITIES IS SNOBBERY AT FAULT AND BATTERY OF THE SENSES TO BLAME WOULD THE ANGEL PETER RECOGNISE HIMSELF IN THE GENESIS OF THIS IDEA OR IS IT JUST ANOTHER TRICK OF THE TALE DID THE FAT DIVINE MARQUIS EXPECT HIS CHUBBY VOLUMES TO MAKE SUCH A LOUD BANG THAT REVERBERATES STILL IN THE MINDS OF HIS ACCOMPLICES WAS HE EVER QUITE AS EVIL AS HE PORTRAYED OR WAS IT ALL JUST AN EXERCISE OF MIND A THRASHING OUT OF PURE POETRY WHIP LASHING THE WORDS INTO SHAPE VOLUME TURNED UP FULL BLAST TO BE HEARD ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE PRISON WALLS HE IS THE MASTER OF MASTURBATORY ORATORY WITH BOOK AFTER BOOK FLOWING FROM HIS WRIST AND DRIPPING DOWN THE WALLS OF SORDID LIBRARIES SURREALISTS ADMIRE HIS MIRE OF MIND AND SLAP HIS BACK WITH APPROVAL HIS NAME IS IMMORTAL AND IS RELIVED DAILY IN CLOSETS ALL OVER THE KNOWN WORLD REPRESSED DEVIANT DESIRES FIND A WINDOW TO CLIMB THROUGH FOR HE IS THE KEY THAT UNLOCKS POSSIBILITY HIS AWESOME FEATS OF ENDURANCE MAKE THIS SEEM LIKE FUMBLING FOREPLAY IM EMBARRASSED THAT MY END WILL COME SO QUICKLY IVE EJACULATED THESE WORDS FAR TOO SOON OVER THE WELCOMING BODY OF SUBJUGATED PAPER IVE BLOWN MY BOLT TOO EARLY PREMATURELY SPILLING THESE SHORTCOMINGS INTO YOUR FACE ILL WIPE MY TEARS AWAY WITH A PAGE

FROM HIS BOOK ILL TRY AND WHIP UP A LITTLE MORE ENTHUSIASM FOR THE JOB IN HAND THE DARK LINES ARE CROWDING IN ON EACH OTHER MAKING A VERBAL ORGY ON THE REMAINING BLANK SKIN STRETCHING AHEAD TO THE TOES OF THE PAGE THE FOOT NOTE FINALE IN MY OLD SEDAN CHAIR IM SEDATELY CARRYING MYSELF FORWARD ONE STEP AT A TIME ONE STEP BEYOND THE RECEDING MADNESS A TWO TONE SELECTION BLACK LETTERS WHITE BACKGROUND ALL AROUND ITS SAD TO THINK THAT THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE DAY WILL BE A TRIP TO THE SUPERMARKET OF THOUGHT THROUGH THE LOW CLOUDS OF RAIN FILLED AUTUMN DAYS POURING SCORN ON THE BOWED HEADS OF PASSING PROSAIC PROSE OFF I GO NOW TYING MY BOOTS AND PEDALLING MY PERAMBULATORY WAY ON THE WET SEAT TO REACH MY GOAL OF THE CHECKOUT MY BASKET CONTAINING THE FRUGAL FRUITS OF MY IMAGINATION THE MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS TO SUSTAIN MY CONTINUATION FOR A FEW MORE BARREN DAYS THE MONEY IM SAVING ON RAZORS IS STEADILY GROWING SO I MIGHT BE ABLE TO STRETCH TO SOME NICE CHOCOLATE BISCUITS INSTEAD OF THE DRY WAFERS THAT WOULD NORMALLY ONLY BE SUITABLE FOR REPRESENTING THE BODY OF GOD I WISH I COULD AFFORD A BOTTLE OF HIS BLOOD THOUGH IM IN NEED OF A LITTLE RED REFRESHMENT AS I SIT HERE COMMUNING WITH THE FAMISHED FACADE THAT IM FILLING LIKE A BLIND FRESCO FRESHER DOING HIS FIRST YEARS FIRST DAYS DAUBING THE OUTLINE OF THE HEAD CLEARLY VISIBLE AND THE HALO PERCHED ON TOP TOMORROW ILL FILL IN THE LAPIS LAZULI BLUE OF THE TUNIC AND GIVE LIFE TO THE EYES PAINTING STRAIGHT ONTO THE WET PLASTER IN BRAVE STROKES OF MY BRUSH THESE DAMP WALLS WILL CONTAIN MY PIGMENTS FOR CENTURIES BEFORE FADING INTO OBSCURITY PERHAPS ILL GIVE MY FACE TO THE DAMNED ONE HANGING SO LIMPLY A FLAYED DISPLAY IN THE HAND OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW AS HE LOOKS UP THE SKIRT OF HIS MAKER MY JUDGEMENT IS FINAL AS THE WALL BECOMES DIRTY FROM CANDLES AND LAMP BLACK LETTERS MY CHAPEL IS FALLING TO THE FLOOR SLOWLY A COMPLEX TAPESTRY OF WOVEN INVENTION A CURTAIN CURTAILING THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE UNWRITTEN WORD WRAPPING THE FABRIC OF SURFACE IN MINIATURISED OXYMORONS IM MAROONED IN THE MORONIC MOONSCAPE OF THE MONOTONOUS MELEE AROUND ME THE MELLIFLUOUS STRINGING TOGETHER OF DISPARATE PARTS TO MAKE A MEDLEY OF MUSINGS THESE WORDS ARE THE DUST FROM THE ANDREXIAN TISSUE OF LIES THAT IM PEELING OFF SHEET AFTER SHEET BED MITES MIGHT BE ABLE TO READ IT IF THEY CAN READ BUT FOR MOST EYES ITS GONE BEYOND THE SCOPE OF ALL THOSE WITH NO MICROSCOPE THIS MYOPIC IMMIGRATION IS DEGENERATING LINE BY LINE GRADUALLY DRIPPING LIKE CHINESE TORTURE UNTIL THE WHOLE ROOM IS UNDER WATER ONLY BUBBLES OF SENSE REMAIN FLOATING BUT THEY TOO WILL EVENTUALLY BURST AND SINK DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF THE REST MY EYES HAVE SEEN THE COMING OF THE ENDING I CAN ONLY IMAGINE THE FEELING AFTER IVE EXHAUSTED THE AVAILABLE QUOTA OF SPACE IVE PREPARED DAYS ARE THE SLOW SECONDS OF WEEKLY MINUTES AND THE HOURS ARE MONTHS TIME TOO IS RELATIVE AND IRRELEVANT ITS ARROW HAS NO DIRECTION OR POINT EVERYTHING EXISTING IS NARRATIVE A NARROW DEFINITION TO TRACE THE STORY OF BEING THERE IS TOO MUCH ARTIFICE IN THE ART OF LIVING AND NO NEED TO CREATE ANYTHING NEW NEWNESS JUST HAPPENS AND IF ONLY WE KNEW IT WE WOULDNT BOTHER TO DO IT THE MAN WHO MAKES THE PAINT IS PARTLY TO BLAME FOR THE POOR PICTURE QUALITY AND THE CAMERA IS BLIND BUT FOR THE INTERPRETATION OF THE BRAIN ALL A PHOTOGRAPH DOES IS EXCLUDE THE REST OF THE WORLD IT DEFINES THE MOMENT THE TRIGGER IS PULLED AND THE SUBJECT IS SHOT KILLING THE LIFE OF THE IMAGE CAPTURING NOTHING BUT THE SHELL THE SOUL ELUDES THE LENS SLICES TIME INTO BITE SIZED PORTIONS OF REALISTIC DISTORTIONS THE FINGER ON THE BUTTON EXPLODES THE BOMB AND THE BLINDING FLASH LASTS AN ETERNITY AS IT SLOWLY CROSSES THE DARKNESS OF THE UNIVERSE PENETRATING THE DARK MATTER AT THE HEART OF ALL ART MY BLACK WHOLE ACCEPTS EVERYTHING EXCEPT LIGHT THAT IS THE ENEMY THE BATTLE IM FIGHTING WILL BE WON IN A GLORIOUS BLAZE OF BLACKNESS REDUCTIONIST SYMMETRY OF PARALLEL LINES THE FOCUS IS HAZY AND THE INTELLIGENCE LAZY BUT THE MAIN PROBLEM IS THAT THE OBJECT IS CRAZY AND ABJECT THE PICTURES IVE DRAWN WITH MY SIGNATURE WERE MORE WORTHY AND FEASTS FOR THE EYE WHAT IM DOING NOW IS DISSOLVING THE PURPOSE ITSELF WRITING REAMS OF RIDICULOUS NONSENSE TO FINALLY SLAUGHTER THE BEAST OF THE BURDEN IM CARRYING INTO THE CAVES OF INCOMPREHENSION LIKE THE HAND PRINTS IN LASCAUX DONE SO LONG AGO BY PRIMITIVE VERSIONS OF ME AWKWARD SYMBOLS STAINING THE ROCK ARE NOW TRANSFORMED INTO STRAINED EYE SIGHT TESTS DIVESTED OF MYTHICAL MAGIC WHAT DO WE HAVE IN COMMON MY ANCESTORS AND ME BUT INVESTMENT IN OUTLIVING OUR LIVES PRESENTING OUR THOUGHTS TO A BLIND MAJORITY MANS NEED TO EXPRESS SOMETHING IS OVERWHELMING EVEN IF WHAT IS EXPRESSED IS OVERRATED NOW WE HAVE SPECIALISTS IN IMAGINATION A DESIGNATED FEW WHO TAKE ON THEMSELVES THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THINKING FOR THE WHOLE TRIBE MY DIATRIBE IS ANOTHER RUNG ON THE LADDER TO SEE A LITTLE BIT FURTHER BY STANDING UP HIGHER BY HIDING THE WORDS I REDUCE THEM AND

DEBASE THEM TO OBJECTS OF VISUAL SIGNIFICANCE ONLY LINES LIKE THOSE ON THE FOREHEAD OF A THINKER OR A JOTTING JABBERING POETIC STINKER WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE IS SET NO LIMIT KEEP TYPING UNTIL THE WORDS RUN OUT OR THE MACHINE IM USING IS NO LONGER ABLE TO COPE WITH THE MEMORY LOAD CONSTANTLY HOPING THAT A FAULT IN THE SOFTWARE WILL BRING THE FLOW TO A STOP MID WORD OR MID WINTER NEITHER OR EITHER WOULD SUFFICE TO SURMOUNT THE AMOUNT OF POSSIBLE PAGES THE OMINOUS TASK OF DEVOTING AN ENTIRE LIFE TO THE PRODUCTION OF ONE SENTENCE IS AS APPEALING AS IT IS APPALLING JOYCE SPENT SEVENTEEN YEARS ON HIS EARTHQUAKE WAKE TO ME AS IMPOSSIBLE TO READ AS LATIN WAS HE WASTING HIS TIME OR DID I WASTE MINE IN TRYING THAT GREAT LUMP OF PAGES IS NOTHING TO WHAT HE COULD OF ACHIEVED EVEN PROUST COULD HAVE WRITTEN MUCH MORE IF HED ACCEPTED EVERYTHING THAT PASSED THROUGH HIS MIND WHATS THE NAME OF THAT ILLNESS WHERE YOU WANT TO KEEP EVERYTHING I THINK THAT IM SHOWING THE SYMPTOMS THE EARLY STAGES OF THE NEUROSIS MY HOUSE IS A MAUSOLEUM OF MAUVAISE HONTE A MORGUE WHERE THE VICTIMS OF ENDEAVOUR LIE DORMANT A CHARNEL HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE OR A MORTUARY WHERE I DISSECT THE FRUITS OF MY MIND TO DISCOVER WHAT EXACTLY WENT WRONG ITS NOT ENOUGH JUST TO WORK APPARENTLY THE WORK MUST WORK TOO MUST PLEASE THOSE WHO HOLD THE REINS THOSE WHO REIGN ABSOLUTELY AND MAKE OUTSIDERS STAND OUTSIDE IN THE RAIN THE HAUGHTY HEARTY HIERARCHY WHO BESTOW WORTH WITH ONE LOOK OF THEIR EYES OR PEN PUSHING ABILITY TO WRITE THE RIGHT CHEQUES ITS WHO YOU KNOW THAT MATTERS AND WHERE YOU SHOW THAT FLATTERS THE EGO ERGO MY PRESENT PREDICAMENT FLAILING FLAIR FOR FAILURE SELF IMPOSED EXILE FROM WHERE I CAN WAIL MY WHINGING PRONOUNCEMENTS ANNOUNCING MY HATRED OF SYSTEMS THAT EXCLUDE AND PLAY ON THE VULNERABILITIES OF VANITIES NAMES UP IN LIGHTS FOR THE DELIGHTS THEY DESERVE PUPPET MASTERS PULLING A FEW STRINGS AND SPEAKING IN THE RIGHT EARS TO PROPEL THE NEXT GOLDEN BOY INTO THE LIMELIGHT SATURATED IN GLORY AND ENVY THE NEED TO PRODUCE ON DEMAND GREATER FLOURISHES OF FREE LOVING FRENZIED FLIMFLAMMERY OUTDOING ONE ANOTHER IN GROTESQUE MOCKERY YOUNG BRITISH ATHLETES OF IMAGINATION CLAMBERING ONTO THE MANTELPieces OF DEEP POCKETED PURVEYORS OF PATRONISING PATRONISATION IVE GOT THAT OFF MY CHEST ANYWAY ANOTHER WEIGHT LIFTED AND DROPPED IN THE LAP OF THIS DANCE THIS BEE BOTTOM WRIGGLING UNREADABLE COMMUNICATION WITH NO ONE IM REWINDING THE TAPE LIKE OLD KRAPP THE OLD TUNE COMES AND GOES IN MY PIECE OF MONOLOGUE MY IMPROMPTU CATASTROPHE WORDS AND MUSIC ARE THE ROUGH EMBERS BURNING AS I PLAY MY OWN VERSION OF MY OWN CHARACTER NOT I AS I BREATHE THROUGH THAT TIME THAT WAS HIS BUT THE CLOUDS AND THAT TRIO OF GHOSTS REMAIN SILENT A CASCADING COLLAPSE OF MEMORY SLITHERING DOWN THE PANE WHAT ABOUT THAT EH SAM DO YOU HEAR ME YOURE THE VOICE IN MY HEAD THAT KEEPS TALKING ALL NIGHT AND DREAMS DAILY OF PUTTING A STOP TO THE SHOW BUT I MUST GO ON LIKE A PROFESSIONAL TROOPER SUCKING THE BUTT OF MY LAST CIGARETTE AND BLOWING REGRETS INTO THE AIR SMOKE SCREEN OF SMOKE RINGS THAT ACROBATICALLY FALL TO THE FLOOR IN A PILE OF BROKEN BONES AND PROMISES THE OLD TRICKS ARE THE BEST THE OLD JOKES STILL SOUND FRESH IN THE EARS OF THE YOUNG AND BRING FORTH LAUGHTER AFRESH THE YOUNG STILL BELIEVE IN THE FUTURE WHEREAS MY ANCHOR IS STUCK FIRMLY IN THE MUD OF THE PAST THE DUNG BEATLES STILL RULE THE ROOST AND FLARE IS BEST LEFT TO TROUSERS HARRISONS CLOCKS AND GUITAR ARE THE SOLDER THAT HOLD THE PAST TOGETHER CHRONOLOGICAL CRONIES THAT METRONOMICALLY PULSATE THE PASSING DAYS AND FUTURE PASTS NOW THE VIEW LOOKS LIKE ONE OF MY ABSENT DRAWINGS RESTRAINED IN ITS CLIP FRAME SURROUND AND SURROUNDED BY OTHER MORE TRADITIONAL GAUGES OF SUCCESS MORE ELOQUENTLY FRAMED AND PRESENTED IN COPIOUS LAYERS OF DUST THE PANORAMA OF THAT ROOM WOULD OFFER A COUPLE OF INCHES OF TASTY TEXT NOT TO MENTION A VIEW FROM A WINDOW WHOSE GREEN RECTANGULAR COUNTENANCE COUNTENANCES MORE DOLEFUL RECOLLECTIONS OF CARS AND BACKDOORS PLUS THE SPECTACULAR SIGHT OF BROKEN GARAGES AND A TREE PROVIDING A RESTING PLACE FOR THE WEARY BIRDS THAT ALIGN THERE WHOSE SHRILL LITTLE VOICES RING IN THE NEW DAY SQUABBLING AMONGST THEMSELVES TO AGREE WHO WILL WAKE ME IS IT POSSIBLE TO TRANSCRIBE THEIR QUARRELLING ACCURATELY I KNOW MESSIAEN TRIED OFTEN ENOUGH AND MADE A COMPLETE MESS OF IT OR PERCY THROWER IF THATS THE RIGHT CHAP AND SPELLING HAD A GO BUT TO BE ABLE TO NOTATE EACH INFLECTION WOULD TAKE MICROSCOPIC MICROPHONE EARS AND YEARS OF ATTEMPTING I HAVE A FEELING THAT AS IM SITTING HERE SPEWING ON SOMEWHERE SOME BIRDBRAINED ORNITHOLOGIST IS GIVING IT A GO TRYING TO WORK OUT THE SENTENCE CONSTRUCTION AND GRAMMAR WHISTLING BACK AT THE FEATHERY POUCHES THAT FLOCK TO HIS BIRD BOX ABUNDANT WITH MOTHERS PRIDE CHUNKS AND A THIMBLE FULL OF THE WET STUFF TO WHET THEIR WHISTLES WITH TRY SAYING THAT IN A HURRY OR READING IT EVEN BUT

QUITE CLEARLY IM QUIETLY PROGRESSING AND I WONT QUIT TIL IVE FINISHED MY PURPOSE FOR BEING HERE RUINING THE PUNCTILIOUS FORMALITY OF THE PROUD PAGE AND WHEN ITS ALL DONE WHAT THEN WILL I BE STUPIDLY VAIN AND PRINT IT OUT IN A DIFFERENT FORM A READABLE VERSION THAT WILL CORRUPT THE WHOLE BODY OF THE WORK I HOPE NOT BUT IF YOURE READING THIS NOW THEN I DID AS IT SHOULD BE SO SMALL THAT THE WORDS DISAPPEAR IF IVE DONE WHAT I SHOULDNT I DESERVE TO BE SHOT AND I NOW OFFER MY HEAD ON A PLATE LIKE A BAPTIST TO ANYONE WITH A SHARP ENOUGH KNIFE AND GONADS BIG AS APPLES TO DO IT THE FUTILITY OF THE TASK AND ITS PRIMARY OBJECTIVE OF DEMOLISHING LANGUAGE AND SQUEEZING THE MEANING FROM WORDS WILL ALL BE BETRAYED IF I GO DOWN THAT PATH AND MAKE IT VISIBLE CAN I KEEP MY EGO INTACT IF IVE TAKEN A DECISION TO ABANDON THE WHOLE PRINCIPLE OF THE PROJECT IT WOULD BE DISGRACEFUL AND A COP OUT OF THE HIGHEST ORDER AT THE MOMENT IM ADAMANT THAT I WONT DO SUCH A DESPICABLE ACT BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT LENGTHS I MAY STOOP TO IN THE UNPREDICTABLE FUTURE ILL NO DOUBT MAKE SOME EXCUSE FOR MY PATHETIC BEHAVIOUR AND LIVE WITH THE CONSEQUENCES OF MY ACTIONS ILL LEARN TO TOLERATE THE HUMILIATION HEAPED ON MY HEAD AND AT NIGHT WILL BE VISITED BY NOBODY BUT MY CONSCIENCE I ALMOST BELIEVE THAT IM CAPABLE OF SUCH AN OUTRAGE THAT THE TEMPTATION TO BE SEEN WILL BE GREATER THAN MY SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY TO MYSELF ILL ABASE MYSELF HAPPILY LICKING THE FEET OF MY PRIDE A CONSTANT DISGRACE TO MY PROFESSION I SAY IT ALL HERE AS A PART OF CONFESSION HERE IN THE MISTY MIDST OF PREVARICATION IN THE WEEDY REEDS OF PREFABRICATION IN THIS LAST BUT ONE OUTPOST OF JUMBLED JUNGLE STRANGULATION THATS CREEPING STEALTHILY SLOW AS A FOX TO ITS QUARRY SLY AS A MOLE THAT DIGS HOLES IN THE GARDEN EXCAVATING THROUGH THE SILT OF TIME LUNCHING AND MUNCHING ON WORMY REMEMBRANCES THESE WORDS ARE THE FLEAS IN THE PORCUPINE SPINES OF THE HEDGEHOG SPHERICAL DEFENCES OF MINIATURE STAKES THAT KEEP THE TEETH OF THE PREDATOR AT BAY THE EYES OF THE SPECTATOR ARE FILLED WITH THE SPIKY PINS AND SHARDS OF GLASSY GLOMERATE GNOMES AND I DONT MEAN THE DWARFISH HOLDERS OF RODS THAT POLLUTE THE ENVIRONMENTS OF SUBURBAN BACK GARDENS I MEAN THE APHORISTIC APHIDS THAT MULTIPLY HERE LIKE BLACK MOULD SPREADING BACTERIAL INFECTION ACROSS THE BRILLIANT WHITE VINYL WALL OF THE BATHROOM FRUGAL FUNGAL GROWTH THAT KEEPS MULTIPLYING AND STRETCHING ITS DIRTY FINGERS OVER THE PERSPIRING MIRROR THAT REFUSES TO REFLECT MY MUG MY STATUESQUE STALACTITE DESCENDING IN SALTY TEARS OF DRIPPING MUCUS AS THE AIR GIVES WAY TO MATTER MY SPHINCTER FINGER RELEASES THE MESSY PRODUCE OF THE BOWELS OF MY BRAIN AND IMPRISONS THE CAPTURED THOUGHTS IN THIS MEMBRANE STALAG THIS CAMP OF CONCENTRATION WHERE I EXTERMINATE THE SPACE LETTER AFTER LETTER A WHOLE GENERATION OF BANALITIES RELENTLESSLY EXPIRING ROTATING WHEEL OF INVENTION LIKE CATHERINES IMPALING THE PROGRESS IM EXHALING WARM BREATH CLOGGING THE PORES OF THE LITMUS PAPER THAT IM STAINING BLACK WITH THE CANCEROUS TUMOUR IM BEQUEATHING SHAPELY SHADE AS I TURN THE LIGHTS OUT AND THE FALLING SHADOW CONCEALS THE TRUE FACE OF REALITY IM A DEMON BARBER ADDING LENGTH TO THE BEARD KNITTING EXTENSIONS ONTO THE ENDS WEAVING A WIG OF DECEIT A FALSE HORSEHAIR DICTY PENURIOUS PENUMBRA LITERATIM THE ECLIPSE IS NOW IN FULL FORCE DENSE PLANET OF PLATITUDES COVERING BIT BY BIT THE GLOWING ATMOSPHERE OF PENULTIMATE EFFORT THE GREAT SHADOW IS CHASING THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH PLUNGING THE CONTINENTS AND OCEANS IN A FALSE NIGHT AN OMEN OF VISUAL DISASTER LIKE THAT BEFORE HAROLD LOST SIGHT OF THE DEFEAT THAT WOULD GO DOWN IN HISTORY AND CLUTTER THE MEMORIES OF MILLIONS OF BASIC HISTORIANS THE CLOUD IS RISING NOW TO BLOCK OUT THE SUN TURNING THE SWITCH OF OCEAN CURRENTS AND ANNOUNCING THE DEMISE OF THE GREAT LUMBERING BEASTS WHOSE FOSSILISED BONES TELL A STORY OF PATHOS TO PALAEOONTOLOGISTS THE MASSIVE BOULDER THAT FELL FROM THE SKY AND DETONATED THE BIG BANG THAT ERASED ALL THE GARGANTUAN GIANTS THE TITANS THAT THUNDERED THEIR FOOTPRINTS SO LOUDLY THE EARTH HELD ITS BREATH WITH THOSE JUGGERNAUTS GONE TO THE GREAT CAR PARK OF PREHISTORY THE HIGHWAY WAS OPENED TO A SPEEDY EVOLUTION OF MAMMALIAN EXUBERANCE FINALLY WELCOMING MAN AS THE KING OF THE BEASTS THE WHOLE PROCESS WAS AIMING BLINDLY TO THE HERE AND NOW ME IN THIS ROOM REDUCING THE MEANING BACK TO A PRIMORDIAL SOUP ANOTHER CAN OF POP ARTY CONSUMERISM TO BE DISPLAYED ON A SHELF SO SELF CONSCIOUSLY AWARE OF ITS MUNDANE FUTILITY A DARWINIAN MUTATION OF THOUGHT THAT DAWKINS BLIND WATCHMAKER COULDN'T HAVE PREDICTED THE ULTIMATE SELFISH GENIUS PICKING OVER THE BONES OF RECENT IDEAS LIKE A VULTURE OF CULTURE THE FARCICAL FRACTAL GEOMETRY OF REPETITION AN UNENDING SERIES OF FAMILIAR MOTIFS AT ALL LENGTHS OF THE READABLE OR PLAYABLE OR SEEABLE OR CONCEIVABLE SCALE THESE WORDS ARE MANDELBROTIAN BLOTS ON THE PAGESCAPE SELF REPLICATING

COMBINATIONS OF A CRITICAL MASS OR MESS A CHAIN REACTION OF INTERACTIONS THAT FOLLOW THE PATH OF SEQUENTIAL ESSENTIAL REDUCTIONISMS THE COMPLEX ASSOCIATIONS OF IDEAS LOGICALLY LEAD DOWN THE ROAD TO A DEAD END STREET EXILED FROM MAINSTREET MATERIALISM ROLLING STONES GATHERING MOSS ON THE SUPERHIGHWAY OF CONTINUAL ABORTED ABSOLUTISM THE EFFECTS ARE CAUSING THEMSELVES TO BE REGISTERED ON THE SEISMIC MAP OF EACH NEW TREMULOUS PAGE THE CONSTANT UPHEAVAL OF MEANING AS EACH WORD SHUFFLES TECTONICALLY ALONG THE LINE LEAVING AN EMPTY PLATE PEPPERED WITH GUNPOWDER RESIDUAL DISCOLOURING OF THE ICE SHEET THE CORES OF WHICH REVEAL THE TIME OF CALAMITIES CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OFFERS THE KNOWER A PEEK AT THE PREVIOUS EPOCHS POCK MARKED SURFACE AS THE WORDS SHRINK IN SIZE THE MESSAGE IS LOST TO ALL BUT THE CREATOR HIMSELF EVEN GODS EYES ARE IN NEED OF GLASSES TO CORRECT THE MISTAKES THAT IVE PROVIDED I AM THE ORACLE PREDICTING THE END OF THE LONG REIGN OF THE WORD DOOM MERCHANT SELLING A FILTHY RAG OF A LIE A BLOOD SOAKED SPREADSHEET A BEDSPREAD OF NUPTIAL EVIDENCE WORDSMITHING COPULATIVE DISJUNCTIVE ALL JOINING FIRST AND LAST LETTERS HOLDING HANDS AS THEY CROSS THE PATH OVER THE CAVERNOUS PRECIPICE PRECIPITATED BLACK SOOTY RAIN OF URBANE FRIVOLOUS FRAZZLED FUGACIOUS FUNNIOSITY THE THING SAID IS SAID OVER AND OVER THE SAME SLIGHTLY DIFFERENTLY MOVING THE ACCENT HITHER AND THITHER SYNCOPATING THE MEANING AND JOLTING THE PHRASING BUM NOTES FLATULENTLY PLACED SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE GOLDEN NUGGETS OF FLUENCY AS I ACCELERATE FULL THROTTLE TOWARDS THE BRICK WALL THE BOUNDARY LINE OF OPACITY THE OBSCENE OBESITY OF THE FULL PAGE OF LINEAR MUSIC FOR THE EYE PROPORTIONS ALL TOPSY TURVY IN THE QUANTUM REALITY OF COMPLETION MY XAA MY UNNAMEABLE XANADU THAT WILL DO AS IM NOT TOO SURE OF THE SPELLING THE VAST EMPTY PALACE OF VANITY CONTAINING PRICELESS RELICS OF THOUGHT PRICELESS IN THAT THEY ARE WORTHLESS BUT FUNCTIONAL NONE THE LESS CRYPTIC CUMULATIVE CUMULUS ACCUMULATION OF XEROGRAPHIC IMPRINTS BUILDING A WOBBLY BRIDGE OVER THE RAGING VACUUM BELOW THE BLANK VACANT LOT THAT SUCKS OFF THE WORDS AND SPITS OUT THE VISCOUS MEANINGS I SURVEY THE PAST PEAKS AS I HEAD INTO THE TROUGHS UP AHEAD THE GROUND GETS HEAVIER AND THE SLUGGISH PACE SLACKENS AS THE SKY DESCENDS LOWER AND LOWER EACH INCH EXTENDS FURTHER FIRST A KILOMETRE THEN A MILE AS I WEARILY WALK INTO THE DESERT FOLLOWING HARD THE TRAIL THAT WILL LEAD TO THE ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION THE FADE OUT ECHO OF THE FINISH TAPE LAP AFTER LAP AS I CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE FINAL BELL THAT TOLLS THE START OF THE END SO MUCH GONE TO GET HERE AND STILL SO FAR TO GO TO GET THERE A KIND OF REVERSED FIBONACCIAN SEQUENCE STARTING WITH A UNIVERSE CRAMMED WITH RABBITS AND ENDING WITH THE FLUFFY VERSIONS OF ADAM AND EVE FLOPSY AND TOPSY ORYCTOLAGUS CUNICULUS RAPSCALLION RATIO REGRESSION TO TWO BEFORE ZERO THE INFINITE NUMBER CIRCULAR SYMMETRICAL PERFECTION NOTHING BEING THE SPARK FROM WHICH ALL LIFE IGNITED AND TO WHICH IM HURRIEDLY HEADING WITH COPIOUS CORPSES OF IDLE CHIT CHAT AS MY CORTEGE PRODUCTS OF CEREBRAL CEREBELLUM IMPULSES IM EATING MY BRAIN IN A STEW OF MINUTE FELICITOUS GRAVY NOT UNLIKE TREVORS PERFORMANCE FOR LUMIERE THAT WENT DOWN AND STAYED DOWN SO WELL OH WELL HES BACKED DOWN UNDER SERIOUSLY SIR REALISING HIS VOCATION TO BE DALI NO DILLY DALLYING HERE IN THE AWFUL FALL AUTUMN DISMAL RAIN BATH OF CONTINUAL DEPRESSIONS AND LOWS BACK IN THE HOME OF HIS FOREFATHERS PENAL PENILE COLOSTOMY COLONIC COLONY AND I WISH HIM WELL LOGOS INTERRUPTUS IM SORRY TO SAY AS I WHISPER ACROSS CONTINENTAL EUROPE AND CARRY ON THIS INCONTINENT CONVERSATION WITH THE DOOR OF MY MIND FIRMLY SHUT SEALING THE GAPS SECRETLY MASTICATING THE SEALANT AND RESISTING THE TEMPTATION TO VERBALLY PUNISH PERSEUS IN THE PALM AS I TRIP LIGHTLY STRIPPING THE FLAKY SCALP AND WATCHING THE DAFT BLACK DANDRUFF DESCENDING SEDUCTIVE SKULDUGGERY DICTION AERIAL BUGGERY AND BOTHERSOME BOTCHING ITS TOO EASY THIS CONSTANT ALLITERATION BUT NEVER MIND IT BRINGS ME CLOSER TO COMING OVER THE HILL SPILLING THESE WORD SEEDS IN NARROW ROWS IN A JIFFY IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN JE NE SAIS QUOI IM TALKING ABOUT IM NOT LISTENING ANYMORE MORE IS ALL IM NEEDING TO SLIP UNNOTICED INTO THE PRIVATE PARTY IM WRITING THE GUESTS ARE ORDERED INTO THEIR PLACES AND SIT THERE MUNDANELY WALL FLOWERS FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS ALL ONE WAY TRAFFIC SUPERGLUED TO THE SPOT WHERE I HOLD THEM RANSOM ALMOST RANDOMLY EXTORTING THE ESSENCE OF THEIR MEANINGS MAXIMUM EFFORT FOR MINIMUM ACREAGE ALMOST THOUGH IT WILL ONLY GET WORSE WHEN I FINALLY TURN OVER A NEW LEAF AND SET MY SIGHTS SMALLER THE TINIEST POSSIBLE THIMBLES OF THOUGHT THE VAST SEA THAT IVE GOT TO BAIL OUT THE BALE THAT IM COMMITTING TO PAPER FLIMSY MEDIUM THAT HOLDS SUCH QUANTITIES OF BALDERDASH TO ITS CHEST THE STREAMING LINES OF SKINNY TICKER TAPE HOODWINKING THE EYE IS ALL TICKETY BOO

ALL OK IN MY BOOK MY OPEN ARMS ARE ACHING AS I RECEIVE EVERYTHING GATE CRASHERS AND ALL INTO THE HALLOWED HALL OF THE CASTLE BUILT OF HOT AIR A MERE RESEMBLANCE TO CONVENTION A CONVERSION OF SOUNDS MUMBLED UNDER THE BREATH INTO CONCRETE CONCOCTIONS OF LETHAL LIGATURES STRETCHING ROUND THE NECK OF THE DOOMED PULLED TIGHT INTO PLACE AND TIED OFF AT THE ENDS THE THUMPING OF MY HEART IS A BRITTLE BACKBEAT TO ACCOMPANY THE CHAOS THE UNPREDICTABLE RESULT OF MY MINDS RANDOM BEHAVIOUR THIS MATTER IN MOTION THIS DYNAMIC DAMNING DOWN TO THE CORE BREAKS THROUGH THE BOREDOM BARRIER AND RELEASES A MOLTEN FLOW OF INVENTION A STORE THAT HAS NO REGARD FOR THE STORY THE NARRATIVE IS SWALLOWED INTO THE QUAGMIRE OF JUST BEING PART OF THE WHOLE ANOTHER WORD IN THE TEXT VEXING AND FLEXING THE MUSCLE THAT TRAINED IT TO NEW RECORDS AND PERSONAL WORSTS THE NINETY EIGHTH HEAD IS BEING SLOWLY SEVERED IM A BARBER FOR MEDUSA TRIMMING HER SERPENTINE LOCKS AS I PREPARE FOR THE FIERY PIT OF THE MARATHON LAST PHASE OF THE ORDEAL DELVING INTO THE UNSEEMLY UNSEEN CACOPHONY OF MAGNETIC SOUTH THE BLACK HOLE THAT PULLS ME REMORSELESSLY INTO ITS DENSE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE NOTHING BUT IMAGINATION CAN SURVIVE THERE PURE MATTER AND FACT IS CRUSHED IN ITS GIANT JAWS ITS APPETITE IS VORACIOUS AN EMPTY VORTEX OF SWIRLING NOTHINGNESS BUT AT THE MOMENT THE BATH IS STILL FULL ONLY WHEN IVE WASHED MYSELF OF THIS PAGE WILL I PULL THE PLUG OUT AND LET THE SUCTION BEGIN IM A HAIR FLOATING IN THE SOAPY WATER RANDOMLY BUMPING INTO THE ENAMEL WHITENESS BRUISING MYSELF MORE THAN THE STEELY SIDE THE VERTICAL WALL OF THE CONTAINER IM A PATCH OF OIL A BABY SOFT BUBBLE BOBBING ON THE CURRENTS AND DREAMING OF SLIDING OVER THE WARM SKIN SEALING THE FRESHNESS IN IM A RUBBER DUCK BOUNCING FROM WAVE TO WAVE QUACKING MY PLEASURE IM THE DIRT OF THE DAYS WORK SLOWLY SINKING TO THE SEABED A MEMORY WASHED FROM BETWEEN THE TOES OF THE OBJECT OF DESIRE NOW THE BATHROOM IS EMPTY AND THE WATER IS COOLING THE PLUG CHAIN IS THE ONLY LINE OF ESCAPE AND I WONT REACH FOR IT I WANT TO ENJOY THE FINAL OBLIVION THE COMPLETE OBFUSCATION THAT IVE WORKED SO HARD TO ACHIEVE NOW ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT IN THE TEPID TERRAIN OF THE NOW THE ANTE CHAMBER THAT WILL EVENTUALLY SPILL INTO THE LAST ROOM THE GILDED MIRRORED SPLENDID CEREMONIAL BANQUETING HALL OF NEGATION BUT SO FAR THIS IS JUST MORE NECROMANCY MORE ROMANTIC BLATHERING GUARANTEEING A TICKET FOR THE FINAL SHOWDOWN THE HIGH NOON OF MY IMAGINATION THE TRAINING IVE DONE HAS LEFT ME EXHAUSTED AND UNREADY FOR THE TOUGHEST TEST ALL THE REST IS JUST PAVING THE WAY PASSING THROUGH HEAT AFTER HEAT UNTIL IM THE ONLY COMPETENT COMPETITOR LEFT STANDING BUT ITS STILL POSSIBLE THAT I MAY BE DISQUALIFIED FOR GETTING HERE AT THE EXPENSE OF QUALITY CHEATING AND LYING BACKSTABBING THE OPPONENT TO GAIN THE ADVANTAGE OF ADVANCING IM HAMSTRINGING ALONG SINGING MY SONG LINE BY LINE PULVERISING THE PAPER AS I PROCEED LEAVING A SLUGGISH SHINY MARK THATS THE PROOF OF THE PROGRESS IM MAKING GRINDING OUT MORE CORNY PEPPER CORN DUST IN MY WAKE SNEEZING MY REASONING ONTO THE ACCEPTING WHITE BACKGROUND PROFITING FROM WHATEVER GEMS OR FLOTSAM COME RISING TO THE SURFACE AND ARE PICKED UP FROM THE SCUM AND PLACED HERE IN THE PASTURE IM SOWING TOGETHER THEY FALL INTO THEIR RESPECTIVE LINES OF DUTY AND TAKE THE STRAIN OF THE FULL LOAD ABOVE THE WHITEBOARD IS BEING BLACKENED BY DEED AND IN NAME AS I ERASE THE DISTANT MEMORY OF ITS PURITY THESE PROSTITUTED LETTERS ARE EARNING THEIR LIVING IN THE ONLY WAY THEY KNOW HOW USING THEIR MEANINGS AS A COMMUNITY THAT IS SPREADING ALMOST INVISIBLY DEFEATING ANY IMPUDENT IMPEDIMENT THAT IS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO TRY HOLDING BACK THE FLOOD THE LACHRYMAL REPETITION DRIPS ON SOAKING THE PARCHED PARCHMENT IN INKY BLOBS OF CONSCIOUSNESS MY HANDS ARE GRABBING THE THROAT OF THE SQUEALING STRUGGLING BEAST AND MY GRIP IS FIRM I WONT LET IT GO TIL IVE HAD MY WAY WITH IT THEN FULL UP AND USED ILL DISCARD AND GO ON TO MY NEXT CONQUEST THAT ILL SHAFT THESE WORDS INTO WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A BY YOUR LEAVE OR A THANK YOU MY POWER IS ABSOLUTE MY AUTHORITY UNYIELDING AND UNSPARING I CANT AFFORD TO BE LENIENT OR KIND IF IM TO LEAD MY WORDS THROUGH THE DESERT PARTING THE WHITE SEA ON MY WAY TO MY PROMISED LAND MY EARTHLY KINGDOM OF CONSUMMATION THE COST CAN ONLY BE COUNTED IN HOURS AND TIME IS TO ABSTRACT A CONCEPT TO WORRY ABOUT THE HUNGER IN MY MIND IS ONLY EQUALLED BY THE HUNGER OF MY BODY THE YEARNING TO BE SOMEONE OR DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR A CHANGE IM ON MY BIKE AND IF I JUST KEEP PEDDLING THIS PROSE THEN I KNOW THAT MY HORIZON WILL ONE DAY FALL AT MY FEET USURPED AND SURREPTITIOUSLY TRAMPLED REPEATEDLY THE RECEDING HAIRLINE CRACK MOVES EVER UPWARDS OR EVER BACKWARDS LAYING CLAIM TO ITS PERFECT POSITION AND HOLDING THE LINE TIME AFTER TIME I MOVE PAST THE DEFENCES THAT BLOCK THE WHITE FROM THE BLACK FROM LEFT TO RIGHT EXPUNGING THE FRONT LINE UNTIL THE CORNUCOPIA

OVERFLOWS INTO THE NEXT HORN WITH PLENTY OF ROOM THE VIRTUOSO EXPONENT PERFORMANCE ADDING UP THE WORDS AND RUBBER STAMPING THE RESULTS THE MEAN MEAN MEANINGS LOST IN THE RUSH TO DESTROY THE COMPACTED CONCEPTION THE FRUITS ARE BULGING EVER RIPENING LIKE THE SOLITARY TOMATO IN THE GARDEN MAKING A LAST DITCH EFFORT TO BE WORTH EATING AFTER ALL THAT WAITING BUT THE COURGETTE HAS RELINQUISHED ITS PROMISE AND NOW LIES DISCARDED ON THE COMPOST HEAP OF REJECTION THE SMELL FROM THESE WORDS FILLS THE NOSE AS THE SIGHT FILLS THE PAGE THEYRE BREAKING DOWN AND DEGRADING IN FRONT OF MY EYES CONSTANT PRESSURE APPLIED TURNS THESE CARBON BASED LETTERS INTO DIAMONDS THAT CAN KEEP PLAYING THE RECORD THE BIT OF FLUFF ON THE NEEDLE ENSURES THAT I KEEP RETURNING AGAIN AND AGAIN TO THE START OF THE SAME TRACK IM TRACING THE MUSIC IS STUCK IN A TIME WARP OF ETERNAL REVOLUTION FROM TOP TO BOTTOM TO BOTTOM TO TOP TICKING OFF THE NUMERICAL ADVANTAGES GAINED BY SHEAR FORCE OF THOUGHT HERE I GO AGAIN TURNING THE MAGNIFYING GLASS UPSIDE DOWN THE WRONG END OF THE TELESCOPE REDUCES THE TREES TO FLICKERS ON THE RETINA BUT I CANT SEE WOOD ONLY THE FOREST FOR THE WORDS TO TIGHTLY BOUND UP TOGETHER IN FAGGOTS OF FORGOTTEN RULER DRAWN PARALLEL PARALOGISMS THE BASSOON BUNDLE IS PLAYING ITS PART IN THE RITE STATING THE FIRST THEME WITH ITS WEEDY VOICE PLAINATIVELY LAMENTING EACH PASSING NOTE THE BREATH COMMAS COMATOSE BODIES ARE ABSENT AND THE TUNE MUST GO ON THE DEAF COMPOSER NO LONGER CARES OR CAN HEAR THE ORCHESTRAS DILEMMA BUT HES FRANTICALLY WAVING THE BATON ENCOURAGINGLY THE TREMORS OF SOUND THAT HE HEARS THROUGH HIS BODY ARE ONLY THE ECHOES OF HIS MINDS MUSIC THE CANTANKEROUS CONDUCTOR BEATS OUT THE TIME WITH A BIG STICK BANGING IT LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL THE MUSIC IS DROWN IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT LULLY THAT HE BROUGHT TIME CRASHING DOWN ON HIS FOOT AND DIED AN UNTIMELY DEATH THE BALLET OF DANCING VERBS ETC IS SLIDING OFF THE TILTED STAGE INTO THE LAP OF THE AUDIENCE PIROUETTING AND PRANCING POETRY CONTINUES TO SPIN ON THE CARPET STICKY WITH OLD ICE CREAM WRAPPERS AND STALE POPCORN IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE STALLS THE PROSCENIUM ARCH WORKS BOTH WAYS THE DANCERS HAVE AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF THEIR CRITICS WHO LOOK BACK ASTOUNDED AT BEING PART OF THE PERFORMANCE WERE ALL IN IT TOGETHER THE WRITER RELIES ON THE COMPLICITY OF THE READER A CLOSED BOOK IS SILENT AS SILENT AS THE INVISIBLE BRAIN THAT CONCEIVED IT BOOKS ARE THE VISIBLE TANGIBLE PROOF OF THOUGHT AND PROCESS MATERIALISED IDEAS THAT CAN BE PICKED UP AND BURNT THE EVIDENCE IS THE THING IN ITSELF THE OBJECT OF ART IS THE ART OBJECT THAT IS THE PROCESS PERSONIFIED BECOMES THE ONLY WAY TO ACHIEVE THE NIRVANA OF ABSOLUTE EXISTENCE BEATIFICATION OF BEAUTY NO MATTER WHAT THE RESULT MAY ACTUALLY LOOK LIKE NINCOMPOOPS LIKE MYSELF CAN DETERMINE THE DIRECTION OF THOUGHT TWIST IT AND BEND IT EVEN DESTROY AND DELETE IT THE IDEA IS MADE PALPABLE THIS PALIMPSEST PROGRESS IM MAKING IS THE TRUE REASON FOR DOING IT IN THE FIRST PLACE UNDERGOING DIFFICULT THINGS AS THE NON PALINDROMIC TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN ORIGINAL SUGGESTS A FORMAL DEVICE TO CHANNEL THE IMPULSE TO CREATE THE SEEDS MAY FALL ON BARREN WHITE PAPER BUT THE PLANT GROWS NONETHELESS THE FLOWER WILL BLOOM EVEN IN THE DARK AND THE RANK SMELL OF STIGMATISATION WILL WAFT INTO THE WORLD THE STRAIGHTFORWARD PLAIN PLAN WILL DO THE WORK OF THE BRUSH THE PRINTED WORDS ARE MADE OF A SIMILAR PIGMENT AND THE STRABISMUS EYES OF THE OBSERVER WILL NOT PENETRATE THE SUBSTANCE OF THESE LAST PAGES THAT HOLD THEIR SECRETS IN LINES OF DEVELOPMENT THE SCULPTURE IN THE GARDEN GROWS ON EVEN WHEN NOBODY IS LOOKING TIME HAS A HAND IN ITS DECOMPOSITION THE BROWN SOIL HAS NOW TAKEN ON LIFE THE PLANTS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE PRISON AND THE GLASS REFLECTS ONLY THE LEGS OF THE VIEWER I KEPT INTENDING TO PHOTOGRAPH IT TO PROVE ITS EXISTENCE BUT MAYBE NOW ILL JUST LEAVE IT TO PROVE IT ITSELF EVERY TIME I GO OUT THERE I ACKNOWLEDGE IT AN IT REMAINS IMPASSIVE SPROUTING MORE LIFE AND OBSCURING THE WORK THAT I DID IN ORDER TO LABEL IT ART MADE IN MY IMAGE FROM A SKETCH DRAWN UP IN THE BLACK BOARDROOM OF MY IMAGINATION THE BASIC BUILDING BLOCKS OF THIS LIFE IM DEVISING ARE TINY FRAGMENTS OF SENSE EACH WORD IS ANOTHER HAIR ON THE BACK OF THE WILD BEAST THAT IS MARAUDING LIKE A BLACK POLAR BEAR THROUGH THE VIRGIN SNOW THE TEETH DIGGING IN AND REFUSING TO RELEASE THE VANQUISHED GROUND GAINED THE VARNISH MAY NOT GLISTEN BUT IT DOES THE JOB WELL ENOUGH COVERS THE PITTED SURFACE IN CAPITAL FASHION BLUE COLLAR BLUE STOCKING CONTINUAL POUNDING PROCEEDS UNTIL THE CLASS IS OVERFLOWING AND THE PUPILS CANT SEE THE BLATHERING THE IRIS CANNOT TRANSLATE THE MEANINGS INTO SLIDES ON THE CORTEX OR WHERE EVER IT IS IN THE GREY MATTER THAT THE IMAGES RESIDE SEEING IS BELIEVING BUT THIS WORK CAN ONLY BE TAKEN ON TRUST THE TIME THAT IVE SPENT OR SQUANDERED CAN ONLY BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE IVE TRAVELLED FROM THE TOP OF THE PAGE TO THE NOW OF THIS LINE THE

GANGRENOUS IDEAS ARE INFECTING THE PENULTIMATE LEG THE GOUT TO BLOATING THE FLESH INFLAMING EACH LINE WITH MY BLOATED EGO AS I GOURMANDISE IN MY INDULGENCE IVE KEPT FLIGHTS OF FANCY RESTRAINED CHAINED MY FINGER TO PENUMBRAS NUMBERS OF TAUTOLOGICAL MUSINGS I WOULD LOVE TO LET RIP AND SAIL CLOSER TO THE SUN MELT MY WINGS IN A TIRADE OF TWISTING FANTASTICAL INVENTIONS THE SCOPE IS LIMITED ONLY BY MY ACCEPTANCE OF WHAT IM PREPARED TO USE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THIS SENTENCE THE NEXT PAGE MAY BE A BETTER PLACE TO LET MY HAIR DOWN TO UNLEASH MY TORPID IMAGINATION AND WAKE IT UP FROM THE SLUMBER IVE RIGOROUSLY IMPOSED THE DELIGHTS OF A FREE HAND ONLY BOUND BY THE MAJOR RULES OF ENGAGEMENT MAY OFFER A NEW WAY FORWARD SKITTISH LEAPING OF REFERENCES AND DIABOLICAL MUSHING OF DIALECTICAL DITHERING CAN GIVE ME SOME HOPE OF COMPLETING IN A FLOWING FLOURISH OF WHIMSICAL TWITTERINGS ON THE PITCH UNEVEN PITCH THAT IM PLAYING ON CONSTANTLY SCORING OWN GOALS AND CELEBRATING THEM WITH JEERS AND CHEERS BUT EVEN AS IM WRITING THIS THIS IM GETTING A LITTLE APPREHENSIVE MY MACHINE SEEMS TO BE DEVELOPING A WASTING TIME DISEASE I KEEP HAVING TO TURN IT OFF AND ON AGAIN BLINKING NUISANCE THATS WHAT IT IS AS I CRASH ONWARDS SAVING MY MISTAKES AS I GO HOARDING THE PILE OF PERFECT TENSES AND PAST PLUPERFECTS FIRMLY IN THEIR RESPECTIVE PLACES POCOCURANTE PROCESSION OF PLACEMENTS AND REPLACEMENTS AS THE JELLY SETS MAYBE THE MEMORY IS GETTING TO PREGNANT AND THE BIRTH WILL HAVE TO BE ABORTED A CENSORIOUS CAESAREAN SECTION SLICING INTO THE BODY OF THE PAGE AS THE WATERS DROP BY DROP SINK INTO THE BLOTTER TO THE SOUNDS ABOVE ME OF DOLEFUL LATIN VOCALISING ITS CLEAR THAT THE OBSCURING IS TAKING ITS TOLL AS IM TAMING MY SHREWD MISCHIEVOUS TASK BY THE TRAIL OF SNAIL EXCREMENT IM LEAVING IN UNIFORM PATTERNS IM SLUGGING IT OUT WITH MY BACK TO THE ROPES HANDS UP DEFENDING MY PRIDE THE PUNCHES ARE FALLING ONE AFTER ONE AND LANDING SQUARELY ON THE RECTANGLE BEFORE ME THIS BOUT WILL NOT LAST FOREVER AND THE NEXT ONE IS THE LAST CHANCE IVE GOT TO RACK UP A FEW POINTS IM HOLDING MY BREATH AS I DIVE DEEPER INTO THE OCTOPUS INK THAT I THINK WILL HIDE ME FROM THE SHARK EYES OF CRITICISM THE SUN IS SHINING BEHIND THE CLOUDS AS THE VISION COLLAPSES PREPARING THE WAY FOR THE DOMINANCE OF NIGHT THE SUBTERRANEAN UNDERGROUND NATURE OF THE WORK ALLOWS MORE FREEDOM THEY IVE ALLOWED THE PISTOL IM HOLDING TO MY HEAD IS JOKE ONE AND THE BULLET SAYS BANG ON WITH IT HAMMER IT HOME KEEP CHURNING THE RANCID CREAM INTO A BUTTERY MESS TO SPREAD OVER THE LAST FILTHY FIFTH NO NEED TO CUT THE FINGERNAILS OF SENSIBILITY TO PENETRATE THE BOWELS OF THE LIGHT THE WELCOMING BOTTOM OF THE PAGE OPENS MORE EASILY THAN THE TIGHT CLOSED TOP SOON ILL HAVE TO BLAST MY WAY THROUGH THE STITCHES PROTECTING THE FINAL PAGES VIRTUE ALL GUNS BLAZING AS MORE WORDS FALL LIKE CANON FODDER TO FILL UP THE DITCHES OF THE FRONT LINE THE TRENCHES AWAITING THE FIRST TENTATIVE SMELLS OF THE GAS QUICK BOY QUICK RATTLE OFF ANOTHER MACHINE GUN BURST THRUST THE BAYONET INTO THE GUTS OF THE ENEMY AND DONT FORGET TO GIVE IT A JOLLY HARD TWIST AS YOU WITHDRAW IT THIS BODY IS NOW DOWN ON ITS KNEES EYES BULGING AND BURNING AND FROTHING AT THE MOUTH THE STOMACH SHOWING ITS CONTENTS A SPEWING WOUND BUBBLING BLOOD INTO THE SODDEN EARTH THAT SUCKS IT ALL UP BUT I MUST MAKE SURE AFTER THE INITIAL ATTACK IVE STILL GOT SOME WAY TO GO I POKE THE BUTT OF MY RIFLING FINGER INTO THE WOUND LIKE A DOUBTING THOMAS I CAN FEEL THE HEART STILL BEATING I MUST STOP IT NOT TO PUT MY ENEMY OUT OF HIS PAIN BUT TO STOP MY OWN THE ROAR OF THE BOMBS RIPPING INTO THE MUD AND SPATTERING THE PAGE IN REMNANTS OF REASON I MUST KILL THE SCREAMING SILENCE SMASH ITS FACE IN FEEL THE CRACK OF THE BONES AS MY HOBNAILED PROSE PRESSES INTO THE MUCK OF BRAIN BONE AND LOAM MY MIND IS A FRENZIED MURDERING MANIAC AND MY RESPONSIBILITY IS DIMINISHING ALONG WITH THE SIZE OF THE FONT THAT IM VOMITING IN IF I SAW MY FACE NOW I WOULDNT RECOGNISE MYSELF THE LUST FOR DEATH GIVES A SPARKLE TO MY EYES THAT BOREDOM HAD OVERCOME MONOTONY WAS THE CATARACT BLURRING MY SENSES AS I STRUGGLE TO HOLD DOWN THE SENTENCE THE POUND OF FLESH THAT IM EARNING IN MINUTE QUANTITIES IS STARTING TO LOOK LIKE THE SWARM OF FLIES THAT SURROUNDED THE HEART STILL PUMPING LAID OUT ON THE MORTUARY SLAB THE COLD MARBLE PAGE IS WARMING UP LITTLE BY LITTLE AS THE CORPSE GRADUALLY DEGRADES AND MORE FLESH FALLS TO THE SLIPPERY FLOOR THE ANATOMY OF ANASTROPHE IS OPEN TO VISITORS WITH BINOCULARS VASSELIOUS HIMSELF IF THATS HOW YOU SPELL HIM COULDN'T HAVE PERFORMED THIS DISSECTION BETTER WITH COMPLETE DISREGARD FOR MORAL PROCEDURES THE SUN SETS AT THE SAME PACE ON WELL AND ILL EQUALLY AND THE MOON RISES WITH INDIFFERENCE TO HOLD SWAY AND GOVERN THE SKIES OF NIGHT THE STARS WEAK LIGHT TRANSMITS WAVELENGTHS OF DISTANT PULSES OF TIME AND THEY REACH OUR EYES TOO LATE TO BE OF ANY USE IN THE BATTLE TO SEE THE

SPEED OF LIGHT HAS BEEN BROKEN OR HAS BE MEASURED AS SUCH BUT THE MEASUREMENT ITSELF IS UNCERTAIN THING HAPPEN WITH OR WITHOUT PREDICTION OR PRECEDENCE I CAN WALK ON WATER AS WELL AS ANYONE TURN GRAPES INTO WINE AND WATER INTO ICE EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IF THE WORLD WAS POSSIBLE AND IM HERE TO SAY IT AND SEE IT THE SUN WILL EXPAND AND EXPLODE BEFORE MANKIND CAN THINK OF THE RIGHT QUESTIONS TO ASK THE FUTURE HOLDS LITTLE OF INTEREST TO ANYONE IF THEYRE FUNDAMENTALLY HUMAN THE END OF THE WORLD WILL BE SUCH AN ANTICLIMAX AS NOBODY WILL BE THERE TO WITNESS IT THE BIG CRUNCH WILL SET OFF AGAIN ATTEMPTING ANOTHER SET OF MATHEMATICAL IMPROBABILITIES SPACE TIME CURVATURE IS JUST PART OF THE COSMIC FURNITURE CREATED BY THIS VERSION OF POSSIBLE EVENTS THE ONLY THING CERTAIN IS THE NEXT PAGE THE BLACK THEORETICAL WHOLE THAT NEEDS FILLING THE SCHRODINGERS CAT THAT GOT OUT OF THE BAG AND RAN UNDER A CAR ANOTHER VEHICLE FOR SAYING NOTHING WORTH SEEING THE AVOCADO STONE IS UNSURE WHICH WAY IS UP BUT GROWS ON REGARDLESS HOPING TO FULFIL ITS GENETIC POTENTIAL BUT EVEN IF IT NEVER BRINGS FORTH BULBOUS PROGENY IT WILL HAVE BEEN WORTH ITS BEING OR HAVING BEEN SEEN TO BE WE WATERY CARBON STICKS STICK OUR PROVERBIAL PROBOSCISES INTO SO MUCH THAT DOESNT CONCERN US LIKE WHICH WAY IS UP AND HOW HIGH IS A CHINAMAN AS SANDY SAID ITLL TAKE A LONG LONG TIME BEFORE WE MASTER THE MEANING OF LANGUAGE OR THE MEANINGLESSNESS OF ASKING EVEN FOREIGN LANGUAGES LIKE MUSIC AND MATHEMATICS HAVE THEIR LIMITATIONS ITS ONLY BY INVENTING NEW WORDS THAT WE UNDERSTAND THE OLD WORLD MEANINGS AND REALISE THEIR DEFICIENCIES NEW FORMULAS ARE CONVENIENT PACKAGES FOR CONVEYING NEW LIES TRUTH IS OBSOLETE ABSOLUTELY RELATIVELY RECENTLY DISCOVERIES HAVE DISCOVERED DIVESTING REASON OF ITS REASON TO KEEP LIVING NO SOONER SAID THAN SHRUNK TO A PIN HEAD REALITY I NEED LONGER WORDS TO KEEP THE CHAIN TURNING AND PROPEL THE BIKE FURTHER IM A FIXED WHEEL REVOLUTIONARY RINGING MY TINY BELL AS THE TRAIN OF THOUGHT HURTLES THROUGH THE TUNNEL TOWARDS ME STOPPING FOR NOTHING BUT THE ODD CUP OF TEA MY MOUTH BELCHING THE SMOKE THAT IVE STOLEN FROM THE BUTT OF THE STILL BURNING CIGARETTE MINIATURISED LIGHT BULB TO SEE MY WAY IN THE BLACK ROOM OF MEMORISED FANTASY FROM MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY NOW SATURDAY IS TURNING ITS BACK ON ME AND I STILL HAVENT SATISFIED THIS PROSTITUTE PAGE INSATIABLE APPETITE DEMANDING A BETTER PERFORMANCE MORE STROKES OF ENDURANCE BEFORE I CAN SPILL INTO THE MOUTH OF THE NEXT PAGE THAT CAVERNOUS GAPING HOLE THAT IS WAITING IN LINE TO BE CONSUMMATED IM A YO YO HAVING A GO SCRAPING THE FLOOR AND THEN WINDING BACK UP MY STRING TO BEGIN AGAIN THE NEXT DESCENT A DECENT ATTEMPT AT ROLLING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL LIKE A CHEESE ARRIVING TOO LATE ALL SWEATY AND BRUISED BEFORE CLIMBING BACK UP TO REDO THE COURSE THE CROWD HAS GONE HOME AND THE OFFICIALS ARE TWIDDLING THEIR THUMBS IMPATIENTLY AS I PREPARE MYSELF MENTALLY FOR ANOTHER GO ONE MORE TIME FROM THE TOP BOYS WELL NAIL IT THIS TIME AND THE TRACK WILL BE FINALLY BE DOWN AND MIXED READY FOR A PLAY ON THE RADIO THAT NOBODY LISTENS TO THE BATTERIES ARE AS DEAD AS THE BASS DRUM FILLED WITH DIRTY WASHING SOILED SHEETS FROM THE BOOK THAT IM WRITING AND FORGETTING IVE WRITTEN WHATS SAID IS GONE AND IS GLUED TO THE PAST ALL I CAN DO NOW IS GO ON THE METAPHORICAL PENCIL IS BLUNT AS A SWEAR WORD A CLAYMORE THAT WONT CUT ANYMORE BECAUSE ITS BEHIND GLASS IN A MUSEUM FOR THE EYES OF A CLASS FULL OF GLASSY EYED SCOTTISH CHILDREN STUDYING HISTORY AND THE WORKS OF MIDDLE OF THE ROAD LYRICISTS IM LIKE A BIRD WITH CONTINUAL CHIRPY CHIRPY CHEEP CHEEP CHEERFULNESS SINGING THE SAME OLD SONG JUST TO REMIND OF THE LINGERING SOUNDS GIVE IT TIME AS I AM THE FOUNDER OF ALL THAT SURROUNDS ME IN THE YELLOW RIVER OF FATE STRANGE FATE JUST PART OF THE WAY OF LIFE IM PLAGIARISING TRY A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING OF LOVE SWEET LOVE THEN YOULL KNOW WHAT LOVE IS FOR ON THIS LAND LIKE SAMSON AND DELILAH SHE THE QUEEN BEE AND HE THE STUNG THE SUN IN YOUR SKIN THAT GROWS MELANOTIC AND HYPNOTISES WITH SLOW PENDULOUS SWINGS OF FORTUNE TRACERY STONEWORK THAT ALLOWS A LIMITATION OF LIGHT HELLO DARKNESS MY FINE FRIEND WHAT DO YOU HOLD IN STORY FOR ME TODAY WHAT INTRODUCTION TO HUMAN EVOLUTION AND TOOL USE WHAT SYMBOLISM AND PRIMATE SIMILARITIES INVOLVING EVOLVING REPRODUCTIVE BEHAVIOUR AND THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION OF BLOOD SYMBOLISM WHAT PROTO RITUAL BEHAVIOUR AND CONCLUSIONS HAVE YOU REACHED IN YOUR DISSERTATION DO THE STUDENTS GET LIPPY AND THINK THEY KNOW BEST LIKE I DID OR ARE THEY UNDER YOUR WING LAPPING UP YOUR REGURGITATIONS AND FEELING THE WRATH FOR YOUR ANGER SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE BRAT AND THATS THAT WHIPLASH THEM INTO SHIP SHAPE SO THEY CAN GO OUT AND DESTROY THE WORLD YOU CONSTRUCTED WORD BY WORD I APOLOGISE FOR DISTORTING YOUR THOUGHTS AND USING THEM TO PAD OUT THIS PADDED CELL THAT IM PACING THE BARS ARE TO NARROW TO GET THROUGH QUICKLY SO I FILE AWAY LINE AFTER

LINE AND RESORT TO EXPLODING MYTHOLOGY OR EXPLOITING FRIENDS LABOURS I PUT GELIGNITE IN THE MEAL MEAL FOR PEGASUS AND RODE ON HIS BACK TO GET HELP FROM THE MUSES THAT HANG OUT IN DELPHIC NIGHT CLUBS DRINKING POTIONS OF PROZACIAN PROSAIC OUZO FROM DUSTY BOTTLES WITH RABBIT HEAD CORKS THE WOMEN NEED A LITTLE ATTENTION FROM TIME TO TIME AS EVERYONE SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN THEM AND NOW SEARCH THROUGH DUSTBINS TO RECYCLE OLD INSPIRATION WET WITH PUKE THE OLD HAGS WERE NOT PLEASED TO SEE ME AND SENT ME AWAY WITH A FLEA IN MY EAR THAT HAS SINCE GIVEN BIRTH TO THE VAST FAMILY THATS LIVING HERE UNDER YOUR EYES THEY NEVER FAIL IN THEIR SWORN DUTY TO GIVE AN IDEA TO A MIND SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING TO SAY UNFORTUNATELY THALIA HAS RECENTLY DIED AND MELPOMENE IS HAVING TO COVER FOR HER AND COME UP WITH SOME NEW DIRECTIONS THIS OBVIOUSLY WAS ONE OF HER LESS INSPIRED MOMENTS BUT SHE WAS PROBABLY TOO DRUNK TO REMEMBER AFTER A NIGHT ON THE TILES WITH THE BACCHUS BOYS THE SANDS ARE SLIPPING SLOWLY THROUGH AND SOON THE BEACH WILL BE LEVELLING OUT AT THE BOTTOM READY TO BE TURNED OVER AGAIN AND LET LOOSE LIKE A SHOWER OF DUST NINE INCHES IN SIX DAYS IS NOT ENOUGH TO COMPLETE THE CONTRACT IM READING I FACE OVERTIME ON NO PAY NOT THAT IM EARNING BY WRITING ALL IM DOING IS WASTING THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO BETTER IN FACT THE MORE I DO WRITE THE MORE BLACK I PUT DOWN MOVES ME FURTHER INTO THE RED THE DEEP SEA DIVE OF MY MENTAL OVERDRAFT IS SUBMERGING ME I OWE MORE THAN I CAN THINK AND THE LOAN SHARKS ARE CIRCLING IN PREPARATION TO STRIKE AS IM FUMBLING FOR SOMETHING TO SAY TONGUE TIED AND TWISTED AGAIN IN THE FACE OF DANGER THE CHAIN MAIL SHEET THAT IM PULLING UP OVER MY HEAD MADE OF CAST IRON WORDS IS RUSTY AND SUFFERING THE SAME FATIGUE AS ME IM FETTERED HERE FIDDLING WHILE ALL THAT I BUILT IN A DAY IS GOING UP IN SMOKE IM THE MESSENGER WHO ON WHINGING WINGED FEET IS TRIPPING OVER HIS SHOELACES AND FALLING FLAT ON HIS FACE THE LEXICON TOO HEAVY TO CARRY PLUMMETS TO THE STONY FLOOR AND BREAKS FREE OF ITS SOLID BINDING THE WORDS ARE CARRIED AWAY BY A ZEPHYRIC BREATH THAT FREEZES THE SOUL OF THE MESSENGER AND TEMPTS HIM TO SHOOT HIMSELF IN THE FOOT THE IRONY IS NOT MISSED BUT IS TOO LEADEN AND SLOW TO BE USED IN EVIDENCE AT MY MINDS TRIAL IM A MINSTREL A NAIVE KNAVE FOOL WHO KEEPS SINGING THE ONLY TUNE I KNOW KEEP GOING ALL THINGS MUST PASS ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL GATHER AS MUCH DUST AND BECOME DULL AND PEDESTRIAN THE PEDESTAL OF THE IVORY TOWER IS GIVING WAY AND THE FLACCID PRONOUNCEMENTS MORE PREDICTABLE AND MUNDANE WORKADAY WORK DAY BY DAY ACHIEVES LESS AND LESS AND TAKES LONGER AND LONGER FAMILIARITY BREEDING FULL FULFILMENT AS I PRESS ALL THE RIGHT BUTTONS TO GET THE DESIRED RESULT A GOLD MEDALLION FOR STICKING ABILITY TO FOLLOW THE MAP OF ONE WAY SYSTEMS AND HEAD STRAIGHT DOWN THE STREET WITH NO REGARD FOR QUALITY I AM MY FATHERS SON AS THESE ARE MY BASTARD CHILDREN HOPELESS CRIPPLES CRAWLING ALONG BEHIND ME CRUTCHLESS PANTING ON THE HOURGLASS IM IMPATIENTLY PAINTING MY MOTHER COURAGE IS SELLING HER BABIES FOR PEANUTS PULLING THE CART PAINFULLY OVER HER SHOULDER STEPPING INTO THE CRISP SNOW AND LEAVING GRUBBY SLUSH FOR FOOTPRINTS ECHOES MELTING IN THE HEM OF HER DISTRESS ONCE MORE AND FOR THE LAST TIME TODAY ILL POUR ON THE SULPHURIC ACID THE VOLCANIC CLOUD STENCH BURNS MY NOSTRILS AS I SHRINK THE INDIVIDUALS IN THE GENOCIDE OF THE WHOLE POINT EXCUSE ME FOR BUTTING IN BUT ID LIKE TO TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO CLEAR UP A MATTER FROM A FEW INCHES AGO ALL BUDDING ANATOMICAL HISTORIANS WILL KNOW THAT THE NAME I THREW UP WAS SPELLED INCORRECTLY IT SHOULD BE V E S A L I U S OF COURSE AND NOT THE DYSLEXIC VERSION IVE PREVIOUSLY QUOTED THANK YOU ALL OTHER MISTAKES WERE INTENTIONAL AND WILL NOT BE CORRECTABLE IN THIS INCORRIGIBLE CONFUSION IM DICTATING WITH SUCH INDECORUM THE TECHNIQUE I USED IN THE PUTTING RIGHT OF THE ERROR WOULD BE IF I CHOSE TO USE IT A FINE WAY TO CONTINUE MAKING THE UNREADABLY SMALL TOTALLY UNREADABLE FOR EXAMPLE IF I DID THE REST ALL I K E T H I S I W O U L D T A K E U P M O R E R O O M A N D O B L I T E R A T E T H E M E A N I N G S O F W O R D S O N C E A N D F O R A L L AND THE FACT THAT I DONT CHOOSE TO FREE THE LETTERS FROM THE CONFINES OF THEIR PRISON OF WORDS MUST MEAN SOMETHING IM NOT PREPARED TO GO TO THE LOGICAL FINAL SOLUTION IM A POETIC PANSY BOY PANDERING TO THE PASTS STANDARDS OF PROCEDURE THE LID OF THE ALLITERATE POSSIBILITIES BOX REMAINS NAILED DOWN AS I DELIBERATELY KEEP POKING MY FINGER INTO THE SCALDING HOT WATER PILLIWINKS OF THIS TORTUROUS GAME THAT NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY IM GUARANTEED TO LOSE LAST NIGHT I WOKE UP SWEATING COLD IN PANIC REALISING FOR THE FIRST TIME HOW UNEQUIPPED TO PROCEED I REALLY AM I WAS SCARED STIFF AND I RUBBED MY HEAD HARD AS I CONTEMPLATED THE FUTURE OF THIS THINKING THAT ID LOVE TO GIVE UP AND EAT A HEARTY BREAKFAST OF HUMBLE PIE I DONT WANT TO KEEP GOING MY BRAIN IS ACHING AND MY FINGER IS BLISTERED AND WEEPING I FELT LIKE AN OUTSIDER

IN A MARATHON WITH NO HOPE OF WINNING WHO AT ONLY HALF WAY BREAKS AN ANKLE THE COURSE WILL ONLY GET HARDER AS THE HILLS STRETCH OFF INTO THE DISTANCE GETTING STEEPER AND STEEPER WITH EVERY STEP ITS A LONG WAY TO GO ON MY KNEES AND ILL LEAVE A TRAIL OF BLOOD ON THE ROAD FOR THE DOGS TO FOLLOW AND EVEN IF I DO ARRIVE THE STADIUM WILL BE SHUT AND MY TIME WILL GO UNRECORDED I WANT TO RETIRE TO ADMIT DEFEAT THE LAST LAP WILL GO ON FOREVER IM TOO BORED AND TIRED OF SPINNING THE YARN OUT YARD BY YARD IM ALONE IN THE FIELD AND DONT EVEN HAVE A COACH TO GIVE ME A LIFT AS I HITCH HIKE INTO AN INDETERMINATE FUTURE A GALAXY OF MINUSCULE MUSINGS THAT WILL NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF ANYONES EYES THE CHINK THAT IM SO DESPERATE TO SHUT IS GLARING BACK AT ME AS I RIDE MY HOBBY HORSE LIKE DON QUIXOTE AT MY INVISIBLE DESTINY MY FINGER IS MY LANCE AS I LUNGE AT THE BOIL BEFORE ME IM HOLLY HOBBIE ALL FLIMSY AND STUFFED WITH FLUFF PATHETIC RAG DOLL TRYING TO CLIMB MY EVEREST IN THE RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE OF THIS ART EVENT THE BLACK CLOUD HAS OPENED SPILLING ITS RAIN OF INDIFFERENCE OVER THE PAGE SOAKING THE GROUND THAT IM COVERING MY OILSKIN APATHY OFFERS LITTLE PROTECTION AND IS HOLED WHOLLY UNSUITABLE FOR THE ONCOMING PERFECT STORM THE TIDAL WAVE OF ENTHUSIASM THAT HAS SWEEPED ME THUS FAR IS PETERING OUT INTO A PIDDLER A DRIBBLE OF DERIVATIVE TITTLE TATTLE AND HOKUM AT THE END OF THE DAY IM ALONE FACING MY DEMONS EVACUATING THE BOWELS OF MY MIND IN THIS CESSPIT OF INCESSANT INCOMPREHENSION THIS IS LIKE PUTTING A MICRO MICROPHONE NEXT TO THE MOUTH OF A DIRTY OLD MAN WHO WASNT AWARE THAT HE SPOKE TO HIMSELF HE LISTENS WITH FASCINATION TO THE RHETORICAL RAMBLINGS SO REMINISCENT OF THINGS THAT HES DONE AND THOUGHT BUT HE JUST DOESNT TWIG THAT THE VOICE IS HIS OWN AND THE SORRY SORDID LIFE THAT IT UTTERS IS HIS HE IS CONTEMPTUOUS OF THE SELF INDULGENCE AND TONE OF VOICE AS HE WALKS HE CATCHES SIGHT OF HIS REFLECTION IN A WINDOW AND SEES HIS MOUTH LIP SYNCHING THE SYPHILITIC THOUGHTS IM WINDSURFING IN THE DOLDRUMS SKATE BOARDING ON ICE IM A TENNIS BALL SMASHED OUT OF MY HEAD A CURVED JAVELIN A PUNCTURED HOT AIR BALLOON A DEFLATED FOOTBALL AN INFLATED EGO OUT OF MY DEPTH AS I DIVE FROM THE HIGH BOARD INTO THE EMPTY SWIMMING POOL FULL OF BROKEN GLASS IM THE TARGET A SAINT SEBASTIAN SHOT THROUGH WITH ROBIN HOODS ARROWS ILL TEMPERAED CANVAS BY METICULOUS MANTEGNA SEVERE CLASSICIST OUT CLASSED AND CLUMSY AS I APPROACH THE PERILOUS PRECIPICE PREOCCUPIED WITH DISSIPATING THE PAINTING BRISK BRUSHSTROKES OF JET TAR BLACK LETTERS SLAPPED ON THE SURFACE WILLY NILLY WITH A WIGGLE WAGGLE LIKE AN ABSTRACT EXPRESSION BY KLINE THE BLACK NOT THE BLUE ONE THERES NOTHING INTERNATIONAL ABOUT THESE WORDS THAT IM DRIPPING USING MY PAINTSTICK FINGER PAINTING TECHNIQUE LIKE A DRUNK MACHO COLOUR SUPPLEMENT VERSION OF LEONARDO THE WHITE PORCELAIN TOILET IM SOILING WITH MY PSEUDONYM MUTTERINGS IS LAUGHING IN ITS OWN FACE AS IT GOES DOWN THE PAN THIS READY MADE PAPER SICK BAG IM BLURTING INTO HOLDS ALL THE ACES THE WINE RACK IS EMPTY AWAITING NEW BOTTLES OF DOUBTFUL VINTAGE LIKE AN OPEN GEOMETRIC STRUCTURE BY MISTER LE WITT ARE SOLE DESCRIBER FILLING THE WHITE WALLED CONFINES OF THE ARTY ROOM WITH MINIMAL EFFORT AND MAXIMAL RESULTS IM MORE OF A TWIT WITH AN A IN THAN ANY OF THEM FLOGGING THIS DEAD PHONEY PONY WITH NO HOPE OF FLOGGING THE RESULT I DONT KNOW HOW TO MAKE THE TRANSITION FROM NO ONE TO SOMEONE SO I STAY IN THE SHADOWS LICKING MY WOUNDS IMAGINING ALTERNATIVE REALITIES BUT RARELY SHOWING MY FACE AT THE OPENING PARTIES FOR FEAR OF BEING RECOGNISED AS INVISIBLE THIS PARTICULAR WORK EXEMPLIFIES MY DILEMMA THE MORE I DO THE LESS I AM SEEN TO BE DOING IT I HAVE NO GRAND STATEMENTS TO PRONOUNCE JUST DIMINUTIVE IDEAS TO DISPLAY TO MYSELF EVEN IF THE BOOK WORKS THE BASTIONS OF INTELLIGENTSIA KEEP THE GATES LOCKED FROM UPSTARTS LIKE ME BUT EVEN WITH MY HEAD HELD UNDER THE WATER I CONTINUE TO BREATHE OUT MY FOUL MESSAGE IN BUBBLES OF INCOMPREHENSIBLE ENTHUSIASM MY SLOW EUTHANASIA OF MEANING IS MEANINGLESS NONETHELESS I PRESS ON UNDAUNTED BY PAST FAILURES TO NEW AND BETTER ONES SURE IN MY ARROGANT SELF CENTRE THAT THE NEXT WILL BE PERFECT AND WILL BE PERMITTED TO PARTAKE IN THE PARTY I COUNT MY CHICKENS BEFORE IVE BOUGHT THE EGGS AND CRACK ON TO MAKE MY OMELETTE TASTE WORSE IM THE JOHN WAYNE OF MY GENERATION SHOUTING MY MOUTH OFF AND SHOOTING MY HORSE IN THE FOOT TO SPITE MY FACE THE VOICE IN MY HEAD IS LISTENING TO THE TV THROUGH THE WALLS THAT IVE CONSTRUCTED TO KEEP OUT THE INDIAN SUMMERS OF HOPE MY FRAGILE REALITY BENDS IN THE WINDS OF CHANGE AS I NOTICE THAT NOTHING DOES EVERYTHING REMAINS AS ITS ALWAYS BEEN THE SONG NEVER CHANGES KEY AND DRONES ON AND ON LIKE A LA MONTE YOUNG LAMENT IN A ETERNAL AND ABSOLUTE PUREST SOUND HE COULD IMAGINE BUT THE POWER HAS BEEN CUT AND THE PAGE PLUNGED INTO A DARKNESS AS DEEP AS THE NIGHT OF ONE OF YOKOS BAG TRICKS IM IN HERE BUT YOU CANT SEE ME IM GROWING THE HAIRS ON MY FACE FOR PEACE

OF MIND AND A PIECE OF THE ACTION THE BIG BED PAGE THAT IM PREACHING FROM IS IN THE CLOSED HOTEL OF MY MIND THE VACANT ROOM OF MY IMAGINATION IS BOARDED UP AND OUT OF BOUNDS WITH A CORNY CORDON OF SILENCE AROUND IT TO CONDONE IT AND CAJOLE IT TO GREATEST HEIGHTS OF DEPRAVITY IM SCALING THE SLIPPERY WALLS OF MY CELL SPINNING A WEB THAT WILL CATCH ALL THE JUICY FLIES OF MY THOUGHTS A POOR DIET OF HOLES IN MY HEAD AS I BANG IT REPEATEDLY ON THE GRANITE OF THIS THE UNYIELDING WALLPAPER THAT COVERS THE CRACKS IN ARCTIC ARTY ENVIRONS THAT IM WANDERING THROUGH IS FLOWERY AND WELL OUT OF FASHION THE SUBURBAN BANALITIES IM INHABITING OUT OF HABIT TAKE ME FURTHER AWAY FROM THE HOT EPICENTRE OF THE ACTION THE EPIC ACHIEVEMENT DIMINISHES IN THE FACE OF THE FINAL FURLONG TWENTY TWO THOUSAND DROPS IN THE OCEAN AND THE SHORE IS STILL OUT OF SIGHT FOR SURE IM DIPPING MY OARS IN AGAIN PULLING HARD TO PROCEED TO THE NEXT ROUND WHEN I SHOULD THROW THE TOWEL IN AND ACCEPT THAT THE RESULT IS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION THE BALLOT WAS RIGGED AND THE ELECTION IS GETTING MORE AND MORE POINTLESS THE ARMY OF WORDS CANNOT COPE WITH THE STRENGTH OF THE COUP DE GRACE AND SHAMEFACED MUST BACK DOWN LIE DOWN AND TAKE THE DEFEAT BEND OVER AND LET THE HOT POKER PENETRATE ILL KEEP GOING THOUGH I KNOW THAT IN ALL BUT NAME THE BATTLE IS LOST AS THE WORDS PREPARE TO LOSE MORE OF THEIR WEIGHT IM PREPARING A NEW LINE OF ATTACK MY LAST RESORT FOR MY LAST RETORT GO DOWN FIGHTING REFUSE TO LET THE BUGGERS WIN DONT GIVE IN SUMMON THE SPIRIT TO SPRINT FOR THE LINE A LITTLE REST FOR THE WICKED WORDS AND THEN ON AGAIN SMALLER STEPS TO ASCEND THE GREAT STAIRWAY THE WELL THAT LEADS TO THE MELTING OF MEANING REDUCING EVERYTHING TO ITS BASIC CONSTITUENTS ELEMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF METHODOLOGY THE HIGH PRESSURE TEMPERATURES WILL RISE ONE NOTCH IN THE CAULDRON IM SOON TO JUMP IN TO OUT OF THE FRYING PAN THE FIRE IS WAITING LICKING ITS RUDE RUBY LIPS THE GIGANTIC STOMACH IS RUMBLING AS I STUMBLE FORWARD FOREWARNED AND TREMBLING WITH ANTICIPATION A FULL WEEK OF FULIGINOUS FUTILITARIAN FULMINATION BRINGS ME CLOSE TO THE CULMINATION OF THE PENULTIMATE PASSAGE THE DUST MITES WILL PICK UP THE BATON AND SCURRY INTO THE PITCH NONSENSE OF THE CONCLUSION SOOTY LINE OF MIMETIC MILLIPEDE CONFUSION TIME TO FACE FEAR HEAD ON AND SEE WHAT KIND OF A MAN I REALLY AM WHAT MOUSY DROPPINGS WILL I PILE UP TO HIDE IN THE CHEESE OF ENDING TEMPTS ME ONTO THE TRAP THE BAIT IS SET AND BLANK MY FLEA PRINTS WILL TAKE A LONG TIME TO MAKE ANY MARK IN THE DARKNESS THE WAILING WIND WILL BLOW OUT MY CANDLE TOO SOON IN THE SNUFF MOVIE SEQUEL IM ABOUT TO START SCRIPTING THE MAIN PLAYERS WILL HAVE TO ACT THEIR SOCKS OFF GIVE THEIR BEST RENDITIONS OF MAD LEERING JESTERS CAUGHT IN THE GLARE OF THE LIME THAT WILL DEVOUR THEM AN OPEN PIT THAT ILL THROW MY ALL INTO ALONG WITH THE KITCHEN SINK AND THE REST OF MY TIME VOX ET PRAETEREA NIHIL SHOUTING IN THE DESERT TO AMUSE THE SAND A STORM IN A THIMBLE OF AND ABOUT NOTHING UNDER THE THUMB OF THE GREAT DESTROYER THE WARSHIP HAS SPRUNG A LEAK AND IS SINKING INTO THE SEA OF ACCEPTANCE A TITANIC EFFORT TO PUT PAY TO THE PAIN OF THIS PAGE AS I PLUNGE MY FINGER INTO THE BELLY OF THE BEAST SPLITTING THE FIG TO RELEASE THE SEEDS OF THE LAST WASTE OF TIME THE BLOODY BATTLE COMMENCING WITH A GENERAL LACK OF INTEREST REPAYING THE PIPER AND FOLLOWING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS LIKE ANY OTHER RAT ABANDONING SHIP HOW MUCH LONGER HOW MUCH FURTHER WHEN WILL THE BOTTLE BE FULL SO I CAN START POURING MY HEART INTO ANOTHER EMPTY RECEPTACLE A DEADPAN BEDPAN OF POSSIBILITY TAXING MY BRAIN WITH MORE VARIABLE SYNTAX AS I WALK MY WAY TO THE GALLOWS EYEING THE NOOSE WITH A GLEEFUL EXPRESSION AND WANTING TO PLACE MY HEAD IN IT AND GET IT OVER WITH INSTEAD OF HANGING AROUND HERE IN THE COLD FRIGID EVENING OF THE DAY BEFORE DOOMSDAY THE FUTURE IS STRETCHING OUT AT MY FINGERTIP ENTICING ME ON WITH PROMISES OF UNTOLD STORIES SO FAR IVE DECLINED ALL OFFERS TO TELL THEM BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE VOID OF UNBEARABLE DISTANCE IM SETTING COURSE AGAIN REALIGNING MY SIGHTS WITH THE POLAR NUMBER AS MY ONLY NAVIGATIONAL AID SOUTHBOUND TRAIN OF THOUGHT THROUGH THE DARK TUNNEL OF CONTINUATION PRESSING THE KEYS AND PRODUCING A BALEFUL THRENODY A TUNELESS CHROMATIC CHAOS AS THE BUTTERFLIES GATHER IN MY GUTS AND SING SHANTIES OF THE FABLES OF HADES AND THOSE WHO HAVE DIED ON THE WAY TO LOOK AT THE VIEW THERE REMEMBER ME AND PLAY A RETCHED REQUIEM AS I ACQUIESCE TO MY FATAL ATTRACTION MY CONCRETE BOOTS MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE FOR ME TO WALL SILENTLY TOWARDS MY HOLY GRAIL OVER THE GRAVEL OF THE PATH THAT LEADS NOWHERE NO HOW AND NO WHEN IN THIS NO WIN SITUATION IM ENTERING WITH LITTLE HOPE OF COMPLETING THE SECRET WORDS WILL NOT BE AUDIBLE AS I SCREAM THEM ACROSS THE HORIZONTAL BARS OF MY WINDOW THE FIERCE SUN WILL EVAPORATE MY DEWY EFFORTS TOO QUICKLY AND THE PARCHED EARTH WILL REFUSE TO BE CONQUERED THE ANTS THAT I USED IN THE PREVIOUS

CAMPAIGNS CANT GET UNDER THE BARBED WIRE DEFENCES THEIR CHUBBY BODIES ARE TOO GRANDIOSE AND PORTLY TO PENETRATE THE PORTALS OF THE UNDERWORLD HEAR ME HERE I GO HERE I GO GOING GOING GONE AS THE HAMMER FINALLY LOOKS AS THOUGH ITS GOING TO FALL ONTO THE ANVIL A THUNDEROUS BLOW TO KILL THE LAST VESTIGES OF MEANING THE WORDSMITH IS WELL ON THE WAY TO OBLITERATION MAKING CAST IRON FLUTES TO PLAY AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME OR IS THE STEEL SHEET TOO RIVETED TO ACCEPT ONE MORE MOURNFUL LINE OF EXCUSES SAY FAREWELL TO THE STUFFED TAXIDERMIC PREVIOUS AND PLACE YOUR NECK IN THE GUILLOTINE JAWS OF THE FRESH VACUUM BEGINNING JUST THE SWEEPING UP TO BE DONE NOW WASHING THE FLOOR OF THE OPERATING THEATRE THE SAWDUST AND BLOOD MAKING A PASTE THAT THE BOOTS CAN SLIP ON TO GET OUT QUICKER TIME FOR ONE LAST PUFF ON THE LAST CIGARETTE OF THE DAY A BLASE WITHOUT ACCENT ACTION AS I PREPARE TO BURGEON INTO THE NEW GRAVE BLUDGEONING THE WORDS INTO QUICKLIME SLIME OF THE BOGGY FINALE FROM THE BOTTOM TO THE DIZZY VERTIGINOUS TOP IN ONE FLOURISH OF BRAVADO BRAGGING ABOUT SUCCEEDING ON THE EDGE OF A FUTURE FAILING I NEED A HOLIDAY BEFORE BEGINNING MY FINAL DESCENT IM ABOUT TO FALL OFF THE EDGE OF THIS WORLD AND THE DEVIL IS WAITING WITH HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN THE GLEAMING WHITE TEETH ARE DESPERATE TO CHEW ME UP INTO MICRODOT MORSELS OF NOTHING CRUMBS TOO SMALL TO BE PICKED UP BY BIRD BEAKS AND PECKED INTO PURGATORY MY SOUL IS DEPARTING AS I LOOK BACK AT MY CORPUS VILE MEMORIES DIFFUSED AND DELIRIOUS THAT FEVER IS PASSING BUT MAYBE THE PATIENT WONT SURVIVE THE NEXT GRUELLING BOUT OF DEPRESSING MY FINGER IN THE BLEAK MID WINTER THE DRIFT IS SO HIGH THE SNOWPLOUGHS OF IMAGINATION WILL BE NEEDED TO MAKE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST DENT IN THE PRISTINE BODY WORK OF THE JUGGERNAUT THE GAUNTLET I PICKED UP IS GETTING TIGHTER AND TIGHTER STOPPING THE BLOOD AND TURNING MY HAND BLUE MY ONLY OPTION IS TO CUT IT OFF IF I WANT TO SURVIVE THE FROSTBITE HAS BITTEN TOO DEEPLY THE FLESH IS NOW SCARED LIKE THE MEMORY OF A HEDGEROW ACROSS THE BEAUTIFUL UNDULATING FIELDS OF MY DREAMS THE NIGHTMARE IS OUT IN THE OPEN LET LOOSE ON THE INNOCENT AS I PACE BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE ENORMOUS DISTANCE OF THE ROOM WIDTH AFTER WIDTH I MUST SWIM IF I WANT TO BE THE HERO OF THE GALA PERFORMANCE IS THAT FIREWORKS I CAN HEAR TO CELEBRATE MY HOMECOMING OR IS SOMEBODY TRYING TO SHOOT ME IM RUNNING OUT OF FUEL TO KEEP THE EMBERS BURNING AND TOMORROW THE PYRE MUST BE LIT FOR THE LAST TIME A QUICK LIBATION TO THE GODS OF CONTINUATION AND THEN ON WITH THE LETHARGIC LITANY NOW IM STRIKING THE MATCH AND PRESSING IT INTO THE ARID PARCHED SAVANNAH OF WHITE GRASS THAT STRETCHES BEFORE ME WASTELAND OF UNIMAGINED BARRENNESS THESE TINY DROPS WILL TAKE A LONG TIME TO WET THE CRACKED SURFACE AND SEEP INTO THE SUBSTRATUM TERRA FIRMA THE BLANK EXPRESSIONLESS TERROR FIRMLY RESISTING THEIR ADVANCES THE PLUG HAS FINALLY BEEN PULLED AND AS THE SCUMMY WATER DESCENDS IT LEAVES BEHIND A RESIDUE OF FILTH A DIRTY TIDEMARK STAINING THE SIDES OF THE BATH AS CONFUSING AND EMBARRASSING AS PUBLIC PUBIC HAIRS LEFT ON THE TOILET SEAT SHOWING SPLIT ENDS MY FACE IS A DISGRACE REFLECTED IN THE BIG LEMON IMAGE DONE TO CELEBRATE YOUR CULINARY EXCURSION INTO THE KITCHEN TO PREPARE A PUREE OF ZESTFUL YELLOW THE GRIZZLY BEAR BEARD COVERING MY BARE BOY COMPLEXION ERASES MY CHIN AND ONLY MY EYES REMAIN UNALTERED BLEARY SUNKEN HOLLOWES WITH A GLINT OF DESIRE A MEMORY OF WHAT THEY HAVE WITNESSED MY VISAGE TELLS A MORE ELOQUENT STORY OF TIME TRAVEL LENGTH EQUALS DISTANCE VENTURED ENDURED A HALF INCH IS THE SUM TOTAL OF WORDS PINNED DOWN AND SUCKED DRY THEIR FRAGILE EMPTY SHELLS LEFT TO BE THE MAIN EXHIBIT OF THE PROCESS A PILE OF DRY LEAVES COMBUSTIBLE BUSINESS OF THIS INTERIOR GARDENING A DIALOGUE OF BANALITIES LIKE A BORING INSTRUMENTAL MENTAL ARITHMETIC ADDING ONE PLUS ONE TIL THE SUM IS FINISHED AND DONE MAGNOLIA PAINTED WALLPAPER INSIDE STONY STONY BUILDINGS COUNTED ON THE HANDS OF HOW MANY TO ARRIVE AT THE CONCLUSION THAT IT WASNT WORTH DOING THE PAGE FULL OF GREY IS NO REAL REASON FOR SO MUCH EFFORT SHADED MEANING OBSCURING THE CENTRE MAKING THE OUTLINE GLOW BRIGHTER BY COMPARISON AN EXEMPLIFICATION OF IDIOCY SQUANDERED TIME REPEATING THE CIRCULAR MOTION OF SWEEPING CLOCK HANDS GOING ROUND AND ROUND ENDLESSLY GETTING NOWHERE TELLING LIES THIS IS THE MAIN MOTIF THE BLATANT RIFF THE DA DA DA DUM PAUSE DA DA DA DUM LEITMOTIF SPUN OUT BEYOND NECESSITY OR POLITENESS DRUMMING MINIMAL BEATS THAT TRANSFORM OVER THE EXTENDED PERIOD OF THEIR WELCOME TO AN UNBEARABLE VOLUMINOUS VOLUME THAT SHAKES THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE EDIFICE OF ARTYNESS YESTERDAY IN TEN MINUTES I PAINTED OR RATHER DREW A WOODEN CHAIR IT HAS A SOLIDITY THESE LUDICROUS WORDS WILL NEVER POSSESS THESE ARE THE DESCRIPTIONS OF OBJECTS THE TOOLS OF THE MIND TO MAKE THE VISUAL AUDIBLE GIVING A VOICE TO THE STASIS OF THINGS THAT JUST ARE THE DOG CANNOT BARK

IF ITS MADE OUT OF PLASTER AND COVERED IN A LAYER OF FABRIC SPRAYED DOG RED I MUST GIVE VOICE TO THE OBJECTS MENTION THEIR NAMES TO BRING THEM TO MIND AS WITNESSES OF THE PAST THE CANINE CANINES LOOK FIERCE BUT THE BITE IS ONLY IMAGINABLE IN THE PLAY OF THEATRICAL SCULPTURES NOW ON THIS STAGE WHERE THE CURTAIN IS FALLING IMPERCEPTIBLY SLOWLY MOVEMENT IS THE ONLY NARRATIVE IM PREPARED TO INDULGE IN THESE ARE MY DRIPS OF BLOOD ON THE TRACKS BUT IVE MISSED THE TRAIN I WAS HOPING WOULD SPLATTER ME FROM THIS KINGDOM AND SEND ME DIZZILY FLYING INTO THE ALTERNATIVE THIS CROSS IM CARRYING MARKS THE SPOT OF MY CRUCIFIXION IM FORSAKING MYSELF IN THE LAST WORDS THAT IM UTTERING THE TEMPTATION TO CHEAT MYSELF OF MY VICTORY THE HOLLOW HALO IM FASHIONING IS WELL OUT OF FASHION OLD HAT AND PASSE BEATEN BEATNIK PROSE MONGER HAMMERING ON THE SAME SONG RHYTHMICALLY TAPPING ON THE TABLE MY IDLE FINGERINGS BEFORE ADDING MORE CLAY TO MY IDOL MY GOLEM GODLIKE FELO DE SE KILLING MYSELF ON THIS BACKBREAKING BALONEY WE ARE THE PRODUCTS WE CREATE REAL AND IMAGINED THE DREAM IS THE TRUTH TELLER THE REAL MIND OF THE FELLA REVEALED FREUDIAN LIFE OF THE SELF LOATHER LOAFING AND LAUGHING IN THE SMILING FACE OF DISASTER THE LAST NAIL IS THE HARDEST TO GET HOME FOR THE SELF CRUCIFIED IM IMMOLATING MY IMMODEST MURDERER OF THE WORD BRINGING THE KNIFE WITH ITS SERRATED EDGE DOWN INTO MY GUTS HARI KARI RITUAL SUICIDE OF SENSE AS I DISEMBOWEL THE PAGE THE OOZE LEFT STAINING THE PAVEMENT WILL NEVER BE COMPLETELY WIPE CLEAN ONLY THE PASSING OF GENERATIONS OF MEMORY CAN ERASE THE MAN ENTIRELY I DONT WANT TO BE REMEMBERED AND I WANT TO FORGET MYSELF TOO THE PEDESTAL IVE CONSTRUCTED IS MADE OF ICE AND WILL EVENTUALLY MELT AND EVAPORATE I AM THE POOL THE PUDDLE OF MUDDY WATER THAT SHEEP MAY DRINK FROM ON THEIR WAY TO OFFER THEIR BLEATING THROATS TO CONTEMPORARY ISAACS I AM A RELUCTANT ISHMAEL WAGING A PATHETIC EGOTISTICAL WAR THAT IM GUARANTEED TO LOSE I TOOK MY BODY TO THE LOCAL PSYCHIATRIC UNIT AND KNOCKED TIMIDLY ON THE IMPOSING HARD WOOD DOOR I STOOD THEIR WITH MY HEAD BOWED AND MY HANDS OUTSTRETCHED WHEN THE DOOR WAS FINALLY OPENED A FRACTION THE MATRON TOLD ME TO COME BACK WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BIT MADDER BECAUSE AT THE MOMENT MY SANITY WAS TOO SELF CONSCIOUS I DIDNT EVEN QUALIFY TO COMMIT SUICIDE ON THEIR THRESHOLD SO I WALKED HOME IN THE RAIN AND COUNTED ALL THE DROPS THAT HIT ME TO PROVE THAT I WAS JUST ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL LOSER THE VOICES IN MY HEAD WERE ALL MINE AND THE STUFF THAT THEY TOLD WAS TOO BORING TO INTEREST ANYONE LET ALONE A PROFESSIONAL LISTENER THE TREADMILL IM WALKING AS I PULL THIS BURDEN IS GETTING WORN DOWN AND SHINY IM SLIPPING TOO OFTEN AND CANT GET A GRIP ON MYSELF IM HAULING THE WHOLE OF MY PAST WITH ME AND AS SOME BITS FALL OFF INTO THE DUSTBIN OF HISTORY I PICK UP NEW MOMENTS TO CHERISH IM ROUGHLY THIRTEEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DAYS OLD TODAY AND HOW MANY OF THOSE DAYS DO I REALLY REMEMBER HAVING LIVED HOW MANY OF THESE WORDS DO I REMEMBER HAVING WRITTEN LIFE AND ART ARE EQUALLY RIDICULOUS BUT IM NOT BRAVE ENOUGH TO TAKE THE COWARDS WAY OUT AND STOP WRITING REFUSE TO SAY ONE MORE WORD MY MOUTH WILL KEEP JABBERING ON TIL THE JOBS DONE JUGGLING FICTION AND FACT IN A LIQUIDISER OF LIQUIDATION POLISHING OFF THE TARNISHED SURFACE WITH A SURFEIT OF SUPERFICIALITY THAT IS MY SPECIALITY THERE IS NO FOOD FOR THOUGHT BETTER THAN HOME MADE GRUB GRUMBLINGS SERVED WITH A GARISH GARNISH OF GRUESOME GRUEL POETIC PIE AND MASHED MEANING JELLIED EEL FEELINGS OF ILLUSIONS AND MISREPRESENTATIONS EMOTIONAL LIPID LIQUOR BEING POURED OVER THE CONGEALING WHOLE IM A EAST END YOBBO YODELLING MY PEARLY KINGS AND QUEENS OF WISDOM BEFORE PIGS IM A LOUD MOUTHED LOUT SHOUTING IT OUT TELLING THE WHOLE NEIGHBOURHOOD THAT IM THE BEST BET IN THE RACE MY CLICHES COLLIDING WITH THE ZEITGEIST AS I JUXTAPOSE THIS WITH THOSE IN INVISIBLE PROSE FOR GOD KNOWS WHAT PURPOSE BUT MY OWN GLORIFICATION OF SELF AWARE OF THE OBVIOUS CONTRADICTION IN HIDING MY BUSHEL OF SELF ABUSE UNDER THIS BUSH OF DARKNESS IS THE HAMMERING CARPENTER OUTSIDE ERECTING MY GALLOWS OR AM I AS USUAL OVER INFLATING MY WORTH HE IS PROBABLY INNOCENTLY UNAWARE OF THE DAMAGE HES INFLICTING ON THIS PAPER AS I INVITE HIS ACTIONS TO HELP FILL UP THE PAGE HE IS NAILING THE DOOR BACK ONTO ITS AGEING HINGES SO HE CAN SHUT OUT THE SOUND OF MY HAMMERING FINGER AS IT CARESSES THIS LOCK SLOWLY PICKING IT APART TO ALLOW ME TO ENTER EVEN DEEPER INTO THE CAVES OF THIS FLAT MOUNTAIN RANGE TWO DIMENSIONAL VERTIGINOUS IMPUDENT IMPROVISATION WHAT NEXT IN THIS CATALOGUE OF CALAMITOUS CONTIGUOUS DIMINUENDO IM FADING OUT THE ONCE BOOMING VOICE IS NOW SO SMALL AND VERGING ON SILENCE A WHISPER IN THE EARS OF THE DEAF JUST WARM AIR ON THE SKIN MOIST WORDS OF INSIPID CONDENSATION CONDENSED AND CONDESCENDING BEYOND REASON PATRONISING THE PURE VOID BEFORE AND BENEATH ME INDULGING MYSELF INDUCING THE WORDS TO DO MY DIRTY WORK FOR

ME BREAKING THE LEGS OF MY ANIMUS AND ANNEXING THE VACANT TERRAIN AT MY FEET MARCHING OVER THE FLATLANDS WITHOUT CARE OR INTEREST AS I LITTLE BY LITTLE DEVOUR THE FUTURE AND TURN IT INTO THE PAST SEALED IN A COFFIN OF LINES A TOMB OF LIES THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF THE WORD I KEEP RETURNING TO THE HOME OF MY CRIME THE WOMB THAT EVERYTHING SPRANG FROM THE CELL THAT GERMINATED THE IDEA THAT IS GROWING OUTSIDE ME SEPARATING INTERIOR MONOLOGUE INTO WORDY DIVISIONS NO LONGER READABLE AND NEVER RELIABLE MY NADIR IS PASSED AS I SET OUT AFRESH ASCENDING TO MY ZENITH HEAVEN I NOW KNOW IS WITHIN REACH OF MY STICKY FINGER IM AIMING AT BEING THE BYRONIC MAN A SIX MILLION DOLLAR MENACE TO SOCIETY A SHILLY SHALLYING SHODDY MARY SHELLEY CREATING A NEW MONSTER MASH OF MEDIA MASTERMIND OF MEDIOCRITY PLANNING AND EXECUTING STYLISTIC DEVICES AS I THROW ANOTHER SUCKED BUTT ONTO THE ALPINE ASHTRAY CAUSING A LANDSLIDE OF SPENT PAPERS TO ROLL ONTO THE DIRTY DESK THE TOPMOST ONE IS STILL SMOKING MAKING THE WHOLE LOT LOOK LIKE A VOLCANO THAT IS NOT QUITE AS EXTINCT AS WAS PREVIOUSLY BELIEVED THAT HEAP OF USED FAGS WILL REMAIN GROWING AND EXTANT UNTIL IVE PUT THIS BABY TO BED ANOTHER WAY OF MEASURING PROGRESS IF YOU CAN CALL THIS THAT THE BOOK WILL BE ONE DAY PRINTED AND BOUND AND LIE OCCUPYING REAL SPACE A WIDER BUT SHALLOWER SHADOW OF MY PREVIOUS ONE THAT NOW SLEEPS UNDISTURBED UNDER A DUVET OF DUST WITH A DEAD BEE TO PROTECT IT A MODERN OSIRIS FACING THE TELEVISION THAT NIGHTLY EXUDES A STRANGE LIGHT AND VOICE AN ORACLE FOR THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY BOY WHO GREW UP TO ITS THEME TUNES NOT UNDERSTANDING THAT THE IDEAS IT EXPRESSED WERE NOT ITS OWN I WORSHIP THE CULT OF THE RECTANGULAR IMAGE AND PRAY AT ITS ALTAR EVERY NIGHT IT IS THE ALTER EGO OF MOST OF US GIVING EVERYTHING WE COULD WANT FROM A RELIGION ON MORE THAN ONE COSMIC CHANNEL THE PROGRAMMERS ARE THE NEW GODS AND THEY GIVE THEIR FOLLOWERS THE MUCK THEY DESERVE AND CRY OUT FOR IF I COULD I WOULD READ BOOKS BUT ITS SO MUCH EASIER TO WRITE THEM AND LESS OF A STRAIN ON THE INTELLECT ONCE THE TITLE IS DECIDED THE REST IS A DODDLE JUST GOING THROUGH THE MOVEMENTS PASSING THE WRETCHED WORDS OUT OF THE POETIC RECTUM AND LISTENING TO THEM PLOP ONTO THE PAGE WITH A SPLASH OF IMAGINATION HOW MUCH PAPER YOU USE IS UP TO YOU TO WIPE THE SMILE OFF YOUR FACE ITS ALL FAECES ANYWAY A WASTE OF MATTER AND TIME A DILIGENT DEFECATION OF DEFEAT NOW ILL PICK UP MY HORN AND BLOW THE SIGNAL TO ADVANCE WITHOUT MERCY TRAMPLING THE FALLEN UNDERFOOT LET ALL HELL BREAK LOOSE FIRE THE ARTILLERY INTO THE ENEMIES FRONT RANKS AND FRONT ROOMS THESE LINES ARE THE TRACKS OF THE TANK BLUNDERBUSS FILIBUSTER BURSTING SHELLS OF TOXIC INCOMPREHENSION THAT FALLS LIKE NAPALM OVER THE PLAIN WHITE JUNGLE BURNING THE IMAGE OF THE WORD INTO THE SKIN IN TIME TO THE SONG OF THE NIGHT WATCHMANS TICKING WATCH THOSE ARE THE HOURS THAT FELL FROM MY POCKET AND MAKE SUCH A DEAFENING DIN ON LANDING DEATH AND THE MAIDEN BEING RAPED BY HIS HANDS THE SCYTHE SLICES UNFORGIVINGLY DECAPITATING THE DAYS SLOWLY THE DORIAN GRAY EFFECT IS WORKING BACKWARDS IN MY HOUSE MY PICTURES REVEAL A MORE HIDEOUS TRUTH IN THAT THEY STAY ALWAYS THE SAME EXCEPT FOR LAYERS OF COBWEBS AND DUST AND A THIN FILM OF TOBACCO DIRT I AM THE SOLEMN CHARACTER GREYING AND SIMPLE LIKE A DORIAN MODE SO DOLEFUL AND PLAINTIVE AS THE WHITE NOTES FROM D TO D DEMONSTRATE WHAT I NEED IS AN F SHARP TO BRING A LITTLE SPARKLE INTO MY LIFE A BIT OF CHROMATIC COLOUR INTO THE MONOCHROME SCALE THAT IM STUCK IN IMAGINE THE LUXURY OF MODULATION THE CLIMACTIC CHANGE IN THE BOLERO WHEN IT GOES BALLISTIC UNDOING THE RAVELLED SKEIN OF SOPORIFIC CONFUSION TA TIK A TI TAK TAR TA TIK A TI TAK A TI TAR ETC THE SYLLABIC VERSION PHONETIC SYMPHONY REPEATED AGAIN AND AGAIN GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER A CRESCENDO OF CREDO IN THE LOGICAL OUTCOME THE END OF WORDS AND THE WORLD THAT CONTAINS THEM PRESSED INTO ANTIMATTER A NECESSARY THEORETICAL ANSWER TO A THORNY PROBLEM BUT AT SOME LEVELS ANY THEORY IS FIT FOR THE JOB ANY HYPOTHESIS HYPOTHETICALLY POSSIBLE LIKE THE SHAPE OF ALIEN LIFE AS A SQUARE OR A SPHERE OR FOR THAT MATTER A CONE OR A CYLINDER THE BASIC BUILDING BLOCKS FOR A CUBIST FOE THEY ARE AMONGST US FIRST SEEN IN THE CLASSICAL PAST AND REAPPEARING IN TEXT BOOKS EVER SINCE BOOKS BECAME THE REPOSITORIES OF KNOWLEDGE THERE IS NO ALIEN LIFE ON THE PLANET MORE WEIRD THAN THE MIND OF MAN NO LIFE FORM MORE DEVOTED TO LIVING AS OPPOSED TO EXISTING MORE CAPABLE OF DESTROYING THE WHOLE FARCICAL FACADE AND APPLAUDING ITSELF IN THE PROCESS IM ON MY HIGH HORSE NOW LOOKING DOWN ON THE SHOW AND DISGUSTED BY THE PERFORMANCE IM WATCHING IM TOO MISANTHROPIC TO THRIVE IN THIS NEST OF ANTS ONLY IF IM THE QUEEN BEE AM I PREPARED TO BE A WORKER CONTINUALLY BREEDING THESE WORMY WORDS AND LETTING THEM STING THE FLYPAPER LEAVING THEIR TINY PRICKS IN THE PAGE ITS CUSTOMARY AT THIS POINT TO INTRODUCE A SONG INTO THE PROCEEDINGS THE NUMBER IS CALLED MR

JACK THE RIPPER AND THIS IS THE FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE IT COMES FROM MY FORTHCOMING ALBUM CALLED OTHER LYRICS SO SIT BACK AND ENJOY HERE GOES I GIVE YOU MR JACK THE RIPPER ONE TWO THREE FOUR LATE AT NIGHT TOP HAT AND CLOAK JACK THE LAD IS AT HIS WORK MARTHA TURNER STABBED TIL DEAD BRUTAL MURDER IT WAS SAID AUGUST SEVEN EIGHTY EIGHT STARTS THE LEGEND OF OUR MATE PRETTY POLLY NICHOLLS CUT FROM EAR TO EAR DURWARD ST LATE ON FRIDAY YOU HAD TO HAVE YOUR WAY DISEMBOWEL HER IF YOU CAN GOTTA SHOW THAT YOU'RE OUR MAN WITH BAG AND KNIFE JACK THE RIPPER STEALS A LIFE KILL EM CUT EM SPLIT EM CHOP EM TAKE ANOTHER AS YOUR WIFE ANNIE CHAPMAN WAS THE NEXT ONE THIS TIME YOU HAD YOUR FUN CHOPPED HER HEAD AND TOOK TWO TEETH LEFT HER SISTER FULL OF GRIEF NEXT THING DONE WAS REALLY NEAT LEFT HER RINGS DOWN BY HER FEET BERNER ST AT DEAD OF NIGHT ELIZABETH PUT UP A FIGHT THAT OR INTERRUPTION YOU DIDNT GET THE JOB DONE CUT HER THROAT BUT HAD TO GO DID NOT PUT ON A PROPER SHOW WITH BAG AND KNIFE JACK THE RIPPER STEALS A LIFE KILL EM CUT EM SPLIT EM CHOP EM TAKE ANOTHER AS YOUR WIFE IM NOT A BUTCHER NOT A YID NOR YET A FOREIGN SKIPPER BUT IM YOUR OWN LIGHT HEARTED FRIEND YOURS TRULY JACK THE RIPPER WITH BAG AND KNIFE JACK THE RIPPER STEALS A LIFE KILL EM CUT EM SPLIT EM CHOP EM TAKE ANOTHER AS YOUR WIFE POLICEMAN WALKING ON HIS BEAT FINDS CATHERINE EDDOWES IN THE STREET MUTILATED VERY WELL TORN ASUNDER WHERE SHE FELL TOOK SOME TIME TO CUT HER EARS JUST A SIGN TO SHOW YOUR PEERS NINTH OF NOVEMBER MARY KELLY WELL REMEMBER PUT ON QUITE A SPLENDID SHOW HER HEART UPON HER PILLOW ENTRAILS DRAPED AROUND THE ROOM BLOOD AND GUTS AMONGST THE GLOOM WITH BAG AND KNIFE JACK THE RIPPER STEALS A LIFE KILL EM CUT EM SPLIT EM CHOP EM TAKE ANOTHER AS YOUR WIFE DID YOU KNOW YOUR NAME WOULD BE FAMOUS AS A MYSTERY DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK YOU'D BE PART OF HISTORY WITH BAG AND KNIFE JACK THE RIPPER STEALS A LIFE KILL EM CUT EM SPLIT EM CHOP EM TAKE ANOTHER AS YOUR WIFE MR JACK THE RIPPER MR JACK THE RIPPER MR JACK THE RIPPER I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THAT AS MUCH AS I DID BUT THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS DARKENING INTERLUDE AND ON WITH THE THRUSTING REST THE MAIN MOVEMENT OF THIS DARKENING MORASS THOUGH AS SONGS GO THAT ONES AS BLACK AS THE GOOD DOCTORS BAG WHICH REMINDS ME OF A JOKE KNOCK KNOCK WHOS THERE DOCTOR DOCTOR WHO HOW DID YOU KNOW AH THAT TAKES ME BACK TO A TIME OF PLAYGROUND BULLDOG AND SKIPPING HAPPY DAYS THE BEST OF YOUR LIFE SAD TO SAY WHEN FACIAL HAIR WAS STILL FAR IN THE FUTURE AND THE SMELL ON YOUR FINGERS BEHIND THE BINS WAS THE CLOSEST YOU EVER GOT TO ECSTASY BEFORE IT WAS EVEN INVENTED PROBABLY NOT THAT I REMEMBER MUCH OF THAT MISSPENT TIME OR THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE I SHARED IT WITH I DONT EVEN WONDER WHAT THEY'RE DOING NOW BUT ITS A SAFE BET THAT THEY'RE NOT DOING SOMETHING AS WORTHLESS AS THIS I EXPECT MOST OF THEM ARE MARRIED WITH MORTGAGES I WONDER WHAT THE PERCENTAGE OF DEAD ONES IS ENOUGH OF THIS I FANCY A TRIP INTO RANK INFANTILISM GOO GOO BE DO FOLLOWING MY LEADER UP THE WALL TO SWING FROM THE ORNAMENTAL CEILING ROSE CASTING A FLITTERING SHADOW ON THE OCHRE WALLS NOW IF I CHOOSE IM A FLY SKILFULLY MAKING MY WAY UNDER AND UP THE SKIRTS OF A BEAUTY DODGING THE CLOSING THIGHS AS I TRY A LANDING ON THE WARM HILL OF THE BULGING MOUND OF VENUS OR JUST A BIT LOWER IN THE HOT VALLEY THE CHASM OF UNEARTHLY PLEASURES THE MOLTEN LIPS OF THE VOLCANO NOW I WANT TO BE A NASTY BITING THING ENSCONCED IN THE FOREST UNDER A NOSE BITING HARD INTO THE FLESHY PROTUBERANCE OF A STIFF UPPER LIP NOW IM A PIECE OF TOILET PAPER HELD TIGHT IN THE ROLL WAITING MY TURN TO BE PEELED OF AND USED WHAT WILL IT BE THE BACKSIDE KISSING AND STROKING OR HOLDING THE LIQUID MUCK FROM A NOSE OR CAPTURING SOME WASTED EJACULATION OR MOPPING SOME DRIPPED GOLD FROM THE SEAT OR WIPING A STAIN FROM THE TABLE OR WILL I BE THE ONE HONOURED WITH THE MOST GLORIOUS TASK OF ABSORBING THE SALTY TEARS FROM THE SMUDGED EYES OF A DESOLATE LOVER IM A LEAF THE FREE FALLING FIRST SUICIDE FROM A TREE ON THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER IM A COCKTAIL PASSING THROUGH THE LIPSTICKED MOUTH OF A TRANSVESTITE FROM BOGNOR NOW IM THE HEEL OF HIS HIGH LEFT SHOE STRAINING UNDER HIS BULK ABOUT TO GIVE WAY BUT WAITING FOR THE MOST EMBARRASSING TIME POSSIBLE I CAN BE A CHUNK OF CHEDDAR SERVED WITH A SLICE OF PINEAPPLE IMPALED WITH A WOODEN STAKE I AM THE DESIGN OF SOME CURTAINS IN CHEAM HOLDING THE FAINT LIGHT OF A SOLITARY FORTY WATT BULB AS A PROFESSIONAL GETS SHAFTED FOR THE PRICE OF A MEAL IN A SNAZZY RESTAURANT UP TOWN IM A SOHO BARFLY WITH A POCKET OF WOODBINES AND CRUMPLED PAPERS COVERED IN SCRIBBLED OBSCENITIES AND LOVE POEMS THE ICE OF A GLACIER CONTAINS MY BODY FRESH FROZEN CORPSE FROM A MOUNTAIN ACCIDENT EIGHTY YEARS PREVIOUSLY IM STILL LOOKING UP AT THE SLOW PASSING SCENERY TAKING IT ALL IN AND WAITING FOR GLOBAL WARMING TO FREE ME IM A NEEDLE ABOUT TO BE PASSED THROUGH THE NIPPLE OF AN UNDERAGE MODEL TIE UP AND PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE PERVERTED

PLEASURE OF AN UNDERGROUND MAGAZINE READER IN A FLAT IN DAGENHAM IM A GARAGE IN EASTBOURNE FULL TO THE GUNWALES WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVES DESTINED TO RIP THE LIMBS OFF A BLACK SUITED BUSINESS MAN IN WEST LONDON ON A WET THURSDAY MORNING IM ROBIN A MEMORY FROM AN EARLIER EDITION OF AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME THE SUN IS A BALL OF STRING SET ALIGHT BY A SCHOOLBOY THE WATER OF A RIVER IS CLOUDED WITH TOXIC MUCUS FROM A LONG FORGOTTEN WELL I CRY IN THE BACK OF A RANGE ROVER IM AN OLD CRIPPLED DOG ON MY WAY TO THE VET FOR THE LAST TIME I WAS THE IDEA IN THE MIND OF AN INVENTOR WHO SUDDENLY HAD A HEART ATTACK AND COLLAPSED AT THE OPERA DURING THE SECOND ACT OF A PREMIER BY JOHN ADAMS I WISH I WAS THE STRING ON A GUITAR BEING PLAYED FRANTICALLY BY HAINO IN A NIGHTCLUB IN BASLE IM THE SOUND OF A CRUMPLED PLASTIC BAG MOVING IN THE NIGHT GIVING A SCARE TO AN ITALIAN AFRAID OF MICE IM AN ENORMOUS SPIDER WAITING TO LEAP ON A SMALL GIRL EATING HER BREAKFAST I AM THE MORNING ON START OF THE LAST DAY AS A GIGANTIC ASTEROID PIERCES THE OUTER MEMBRANE OF THE SKY ON ITS WAY TO A CITY IN NORTHERN EUROPE BREAKING INTO THREE VAST CHUNKS OF COSMIC ROCK THAT PROMISE TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF THE FRAGILE BIOSPHERE I AM A USED BUS TICKET IN A PUDDLE BEING TROD ON BY A TROTting DOGGIE I WISH I WAS AN IMAGE IN THE MIND OF A DREAMING THIRTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL OR THE SWEAT ON HER NECK AS SHE RUNS ON THE BEACH I CAN BE BOTH MEMORY AND OBJECT TAKE ANY SHAPE OR FORM OR DESIRE I AM THE HAMMER AND THE NAIL IN THE HANDS OF A MAN MAKING A COFFIN FOR HIS WIFE WHO HAS JUST RECENTLY BEEN SHOT BY A SNIPER IN AN AMBUSH ON A CHURCH IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE I CAN BE THE GLASS IN A MASSIVE WINDOW OR THE FAMOUS BRICKS IN THE TATE I CAN CHOOSE WHAT TO SAY ON THE FRONT PAGE OR BE THE RESULT OF A FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN TOTTENHAM AND ARSENAL I AM FLINT AND URANIUM BRONZE AND TITANIUM PLUTONIUM AND IRON STRENGTH OF STEEL OR MALLEABILITY OF LEAD FASHIONED INTO A FACE BY CONTINUAL POUNDING AND HUNG ON A WALL IN A BEDROOM IN HAMPSTEAD TO OVERSEE THE ACTIONS OF LOVERS I CAN BE EYES AND GENITALS KIND AND COWARDLY RED WHITE OR BLUE OR ANY IMAGINABLE SHADE OF THE SPECTRUM IM THE TREE AND THE SHELF IN THE CORNER STACKED WITH UNREAD BOOKS IM THE DIAMOND HEAD OF THE NEEDLE THE GROOVE IN THE VINYL OR THE SOUND SPEWING OUT OF THE SPEAKER FILLING THE AIR WITH VIBRATIONS THAT TICKLE THE THREE LITTLE BONES AND DRUM ON THE TYMPANUM KNOCK KNOCK CAN YOU HERE ME I AM THE UPSIDE DOWN GLASS ON THE TABLE GLIDING OVER THE VENEER TO SPELL OUT MY MESSAGE IN THE HOME OF A WOMAN IN CRICKLEWOOD WHOSE HUSBAND IS NOW WITH THE ANGELS AFTER THIRTY YEARS UNHAPPY MARRIAGE I CAN BE THE OX AND THE YOKE THE BUTT AND THE JOKE THE SMACK AND THE COKE OR WHATEVER ELSE I CAN THINK OF NOW IM FREE TO THINK ANYTHING TO FILL UP THE REST I AM AN OLD ROTTING TIMBER STRUCTURAL SUPPORT OF THE LONGEST PIER IN THE WORLD A BAG OF HONEYCOMB OR THE PHOTOGRAPH ON A PINK STICK OF ROCK IM THE FIRST PINT PULLED IN FRINTON AND THE LAST WORD IN THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY FALLING FROM THE TABLE ONTO THE FOOT OF A BOY IN BLUE JEANS DOING HIS ENGLISH HOMEWORK IN FRONT OF THE TV I WISH TO BE A GRAIN OF SALT GETTING INTO THE EYE OF A SAILOR AND FIRST BLINDING THEN KILLING HIM ALL IS POSSIBLE THINKABLE VERSIONS OF MY MIND TELL ME AND I WILL BE DREAM ME AND SEE ME TOUCH ME AND EAT ME LIKE TOMMY FEEL ME PULL THE TRIGGER AND WASTE ME IM INVITING THE WORST SHOOT ME LIKE JOHN LENNON SANG AND HE DID CAUGHT WITH A COPY OF RYE IN HIS POCKET AND A WRY SMILE ON HIS SATISFIED MUG BUT HE ALSO SAID HE WAS A WALRUS AND NOBODY THOUGHT TO THROW HIM A FISH GOO GOO A JOOB ADIEU TO YOU TOO HOMEMADE BARN DOORS NOW BOLTED KEEPING THE TREASURES SECRETLY VAULTED INSIDE NOT GOLD AND JEWELS BUT COBWEBS AND MEMORIES LETTERS FULL OF PINING EROTICISM BEARING THE HEAD OF THE QUEEN LOOKING OFF TO THE LEFT THE BROWN PAPER SHEATH IS MY BODY HELD TOGETHER WITH GLUE AND A LITTLE CLEAR TAPE AS I SHOUT MY POEM FROM THE TOP OF MY TREE FRIGHTENING ALL THE BIRDS FROM THE SKY KEEP GOING KEEP HOWLING ON LIKE A DEMENTED GINSBERG OR A RANTING KEROUAC ON THE ROAD TO THE NOWHERE OF COMPLETION HITCHING A RIDE ON THE HOBO HULLABALOO TRAIN OF THOUGHT THE SIGNS ARE PROMISING AS THOSE THAT BASQUIAT APPROPRIATED AND PAINTED ALL OVER THE PLACE NOTHING TO BE GAINED HERE IN THIS DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD ITS AN EASY MARK SUCKER AND SO ON AND BY THE WAY THE SPELLING IS DELIBERATE TOO CAREFULLY RESEARCHED AND COPIED OUT IN BEST WHERE AM I WHAT DAY IS IT THEY ALL SEEM THE SAME THESE DAYS DRENCHED IN SOFT SUN AND THICK RAIN THE FIRE IS SMOULDERING BILLOWING CLOUDS OF SMOKE INTO THE AIR AS THE BOOK BURNS FILLING THE NOSE AND THE MIND WITH ITS STENCH THE WASHING STANDS NO HOPE OF DRYING NOW ILL LEAVE IT UNTIL NEXT SUMMER TO TAKE IT IN OR ILL SLEEP IN DAMP SHEETS FOR ETERNITY THESE WORDS ARE FOR INTERNAL USE ONLY KEEP WELL AWAY FROM CHILDREN AND STORE IN A COOL DARK PLACE UNTIL NEEDED IN CASE OF AN OVERDOSE OF TRIVIALITIES PLEASE INFORM THE PSYCHIATRIST WHAT THE PATIENT HAS

BEEN READING AND DESTROY ALL THE EVIDENCE BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE TEAR IT UP AND FLUSH IT DOWN THE LOO OR PLACE IT INSIDE A SLEEPING CHILDS PILLOW YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED THERE ARE NO EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES LEFT NO LOOP HOLES IN THE LAW OF THE AVERAGE MUNDANE MEDIOCRITY IS HIGHLY INFECTIOUS AND QUITE OFTEN FATAL THE VIRUS ATTACKS THE CENTRAL STANDARDS SYSTEM AND NO VACCINE IS YET AVAILABLE OR THOUGHT WORTH FINDING MY ILLNESS IS GRADUALLY TAKING OVER PARALYSING MY WILL TO DO BETTER IVE SUFFERED FROM IT SINCE MY SCHOOL FIRST REPORTED THE SYMPTOMS TO MY PARENTS IVE OVERINDULGED MYSELF EVER SINCE THEN A GLUTTON OF BANALITY SPUNKY SELF ABUSER SPANKING MY MONKEY MADNESS LIGHTLY NIGHTLY IN THE HOPE OF COMING OFF WORSE IM GETTING THERE COMING CLOSE TO PERFECTION SPRAYING MY SEEDS OF DOUBT OVER THIS PAGE OVER YOUR OPEN MOUTHED DISBELIEF IVE STILL GOT ABOUT TEN ELEVENTHS TO GO ON THIS FINAL PAGE ROUGHLY FORTY FIVE THOUSAND MORE WORDS TO SPILL IF IVE GOT THE GUTS OR THE STAMINA REQUIRED TO PULL THE JOB OFF ITS LIKE SAVING MY COPPERS TO BUY A FERRARI KNOWING FULL WELL THAT A WHOLE HOUSE FULL WONT BE ENOUGH ID LIKE EXHIBIT A MILLION POUNDS WORTH OF POUND COINS AND IN THE NEXT GALLERY ONE MILLION DOLLARS AND I COULD IF I TRIED IM SURE OF IT ALL I NEED IS A LITTLE MOTIVATION AND SPONSORSHIP THAT AMOUNT IS SMALL PEANUTS IN THESE DAYS OF BIG BUSINESS BUT IM SMALL FRY A MERE SPECK OF DUST IN THE ARCHIVES THE ANAL ANNALS OF THE CORPORATE SHOWING OFF SYNDICATE WHO SHOULD I SUCK ON OR OFF TO GET ANYTHING DONE NOTHING AMOUNTS TO MUCH WHATEVER I TRY SO GENERALLY I DONT AND IM DOING QUITE WELL DOING NOTHING BUT THIS THAT WILL EVENTUALLY AMOUNT TO A WHOLE LOT OF NOTHING AS WELL AN ABSTRACT ABERRATION A MUTILATED CORPUS HOPELESS MAGNUM OPUS NUMBER WHATEVER IT IS IVE LOST COUNT OF MY TRAGIC ACHIEVEMENTS MY MAGIC BEREAVEMENTS THE GRAVEYARD IS FULL WITH MY MONUMENTAL FAILURES CARVED IN STONE HERE LIES ANOTHER ROTTING PILE OF RANCID IDEALS AND IDEAS FROM TERRIBLE TERRACOTTA BLUE EFFIGIES THROUGH TO PENCIL INFLICTED WOUNDS ON WHITE PAPER IVE RUN THE GAUNTLET AND COVERED THE WHOLE GAMUT OF VERSIONS AVAILABLE TO MY MIND A GEISHA GIRL OF PRODUCTIONS TURNING THIS WAY AND THAT AND ALWAYS COMING UP WITH THE SAME ANSWER FORGET IT YOUVE LOST YOURE A LOOSER SO DROP OUT OF THE RACE I WISH THIS WAS JUST FALSE MODESTY BUT UNFORTUNATELY ITS FINALLY HONESTY BETTER LATE THAN NEVER BUT NEVER MORE NEEDED AS I PLUG AWAY SHAMELESSLY COUNTING HOW MANY BLADES OF GRASS MAKE A LAWN LIKE PASCAL BUT NOT FINDING GOD OR HEDGING MY BETS IM TRILLING AND PLAYING BROKEN ARPEGGIOS AND SEQUENCES ARE SPINNING AS IM SLOWLY SO SLOWLY DESCENDING TO THE POINT OF NO POSSIBLE BEYOND THE GATES OF HELL ARE OPEN AND ALL I CAN DO IS WALK ON TRYING TO FIND THE BACK DOOR THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THE INFERNAL LABYRINTH DONT BE SURPRISED IF I OCCASIONALLY RETRACE MY STEPS THE RATS HAVE EATEN THE BREAD THAT I DROPPED AND THE THREAD HAS BEEN STOLEN BY HANGMEN TO STRING UP SOME NEW PAINTINGS COMMISSIONED BY BEELZEBUB FROM BOSCH WHO IS TIRED OF HEAVEN THE DEVIL FINDS IT HARD TO SIT STILL SO HIS PORTRAIT IS BLEARY AND DIABOLIC THE PIGMENTS ARE GROUND FROM THE BODIES OF THE DAMNED AND MIXED IN THE CAULDRONS OF WITCHES ROYALTY PROVIDE THE BEST BLUE FROM THEIR BLOOD AND GREEN IS DERIVED FROM THE EYES OF THE JEALOUS YELLOW IS DISTILLED FROM THE PUBIC HAIR OF MURDEROUS FAIR MAIDENS AND PINK IS FROM THE SKIN OF FOETUSES ALL THE OTHER COLOURS REQUIRED ARE EASY TO GET HOLD OF LIKE RED FROM CURSE AND WHITE FROM LUCIFERS ONCE WORN VESTMENT HIS ANGELS GARB BROWN IS OBVIOUS AND BLACK IS THE VELVET TEMPTATIONS OF HIS TONGUE NO FINER PICTURES HAVE EVER BEEN PAINTED THAN THE MASTERPIECES HUNG IN THE QUARTERING ROOM AND THE SKETCHES DRAWN FROM DEAD NATURE THAT ADORN THE CORRIDORS OF POWER ARE THE MARVEL OF THE ENTIRE UNDERWORLD DE SADE SITS AT THE RIGHT HAND OF THE MASTER AND WHORES LICK HIS HORNY CLOVEN HOOVED FEET THE DAMNED ARE PARADED IN FRONT OF HIS ALTAR AND CONDEMNED WITH NO MERCY OR RIGHT OF APPEAL APPALLING TREATMENT IS METERED OUT SLOWLY BY THE EXPERTS OF THE INQUISITION FINE EXPONENTS OF FINDING THE MOST RUTHLESS TORTURES IMAGINABLE AND WHEN THEY HAVE FINISHED THEIR SESSIONS ITS THEIR TURN TO TAKE TO THE RACK IN A NEVER ENDING CIRCLE OF INCREASING BARBARITY SAVAGE WISDOM IS NEVER LEARNT THOROUGHLY AND SOMETHING NEW CAN ALWAYS BE THOUGHT OF TO ADD A LITTLE SPICE TO THE TORMENT OH WELL CE LA VIE VOILA TOUT VOGUE LA GALERE WHATEVER GETS ME THROUGH THIS ENDLESS NIGHT WILL DO POST DANTEIST DITHERING DOES IT AS WELL IF NOT WORSE THAN ANYTHING SO I WELCOME ITS BLATHERING RELIGIOSITY AS JUST ANOTHER SHAMEFUL METHOD OF GETTING THE GROUND GROUND DOWN IF ONLY ID RHYMED IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EVEN MORE SQUALID BUT I GUESS IN LATIN IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS AND THATS MY ONLY INTEREST IN IT HOW IT APPEARS TO THE EYE MEANING REDUCED TO INVISIBILITY A MERE MEMORY OF THE PURPOSE OF PROSE SO HERE GOES MORE GARBAGE GARBLED GUNK

GUARANTEED TO TAKE UP A LITTLE MORE SPACE AND SATIATE ONE MORE LINE WHAT TOPIC SHALL I PLUNDER NOW WHAT DERIVATIVE SPITTLE SHALL I LET DRIBBLE ONTO THIS HANKY ALREADY OVERFLOWING AND SOAKED IN SNOT WITH A MOUTHFUL OF PUKE TO ADD COLOUR WHAT BODILY FLUIDS SHALL I DOUSE THIS PAGE IN NEXT INFLAMMATORY FANCIFUL FESCENNINE FLATULENCE AS A WAY TO AN END IM REFUSING MYSELF FOUR LETTER LANGUAGE EVEN NOW HERE IN THE PIT WITH THE PENDULUM SWINGING OVER MY HEAD PO FACED PRIG OLD FUDDY DUDDY CRETINOUS COPROPHILE WALLOWING IN MY OWN FILTH EATING AND REGURGITATING MY OWN EXCRETA AND THEN EATING IT AGAIN THE WASTE OF THE BULL THAT IM SPEAKING AND WRITING VERITABLE FAECES OF THE MIND THAT IM FASHIONING INTO THESE THIN LINES IM REPRODUCING THE ANAL ART OF THOSE PRISONERS SMEARING THEIR CELLS WITH THEIR DUNG AS A PROTEST EXCEPT IM NOT PROTESTING IM JUST PROCEEDING AT A LEISURELY PACE AMBLING BLINDFOLD TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE WORLD DUMBFOUNDED DUNCE DRIVING HEADLONG INTO THE WALL WITH THAT AS THE ONLY REASON FOR THE JOURNEY IM A TEST DUMMY TESTING MY WILL TO SUCCEED THE ONLY THING DRIVING ME IS BLATANT AMBITION THIS IS A STUDY IN STAMINA AN ETUDE OF ATTITUDE AN EXERCISE OF EXORCISING THESE GHOSTLY WORDS THAT CONTINUE TO HAUNT ME MY WILL POWER ALONE WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE ITS ALL IVE GOT LEFT I MUST SUMMON THE STRENGTH FROM SOMEWHERE OR NOWHERE TO RUN TO THE END OF THE RACE VIGOROUSLY PLUNDERING MY THIN VEIN OF VIGOUR DIGGING IN DEEPER DESPITE MY BANKRUPT IMAGINATION OR PERHAPS BECAUSE OF IT TO PROVE THAT SOMETHING CAN BE SAID EVEN IF IT CANT BE SEEN ITS A LONELY PURSUIT TO RUN AFTER AN IDEA ITS THE TOY RABBIT BEING CHASED BY A PACK OF DOGS IF ITS EVER CAUGHT THEY WILL NEVER BOTHER RUNNING AGAIN WHY IS THE ONLY QUESTION WORTH ASKING HOW IS ONLY MECHANICAL IM WRITING THIS NOW BECAUSE ITS A NECESSARY PART OF THE PROCESS IM TRYING TO FILL A SWIMMING POOL WITH PEAS ONLY ALLOWING MYSELF TO CARRY ONE AT A TIME BY THE END THE PEAS THAT IM CARRYING WILL BE MUSHY AND THE POOL WILL BE FESTERING AND FOUL SMELLING BUT WHAT DOES THAT MATTER IF IM STILL STANDING AND MY BODY HASNT COLLAPSED COMPLETELY FROM THE ENDEAVOUR I WILL ONLY HAVE MOVED PEAS FROM THERE TO HERE BUT IT WILL HAVE BEEN WORTH IT DESPITE THE RESULT I MAY VILIPEND THESE INDIVIDUAL WORDS BUT WITHOUT THE POINTLESS PROGRESS I AM MAKING I AM NOTHING BUT ANOTHER LAYABOUT A DIPSTICK LIFELESS CARICATURE OF THE ARTIST AS A MIDDLE CLASS MIDDLE AGED MANIAC MAYBE I SHOULD OF GONE ON A CREATIVE WRITING COURSE AND HAD SOME OLD GREYING TOSSPOT CORRECT MY RAMBLINGS BUT IM NOT INTERESTED IN THE CREATIVE SIDE OF THIS THIS IS JUST WORK THE ARDUOUS BUSINESS OF BAMBOOZLING FILLING IN THE COLOURS BY PAINTING ON THE NUMBERS MAKING THE LOVELY COUNTRY COTTAGE APPEAR MORE PRETTY BY NOT GOING OVER THE LINES EVERYTHING ORDERED AND INEVITABLE I WONT GIVE UP THE DAY JOB BECAUSE THIS IS IT AND IT STILL ISNT OVER FUN DOESNT COME INTO IT EVEN REMOTELY ITS NOT PART OF THE EQUATION IF I DO OCCASIONALLY ENJOY IT ITS INCIDENTAL OR ACCIDENTAL IM NOT DAVID ESSEX I HAVE NO INTEREST IN ENTERTAINING EITHER MYSELF OR ANYONE WHO IS NOT ME IM NO CHEERFUL COCKNEY CHAPPY SINGING AND DANCING IM SLOGGING IT OUT WITH THE BIG BOYS THE TOUGH HARD NUT THUGS WHO DONT GIVE A FLYING IM SLOGGING AWAY DAY AFTER DAY JUST BECAUSE OF AN IDEA A THROW AWAY LINE THAT I INSISTED IN PULLING OUT OF THE BIN KNOWING FULL WELL IT WOULD BE COVERED IN CIGARETTE ASH STICKY SWEET WRAPPERS FILTHY TISSUES OLD NAIL PARINGS AND USED CONDOMS I COULD SO EASILY HAVE REFUSED TO GET INVOLVED NOBODY WOULD HAVE BEEN ANY THE WISER BUT OH NO NOT ME I HAVE TO HAVE A BASH I THINK IM HARD ENOUGH ILL TAKE ON ALL COMERS POKING MY FINGER IN WHERE I KNOW ITS NOT WANTED OR NEEDED THANK CHRIST FOR THAT IVE GOT IT SORTED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME TOO FOR SOME WHILE NOW IVE BEEN GREATLY CONCERNED WITH A NUMERICAL PROBLEM SOMETHING WAS AMISS BUT I COULDNT QUITE PIN POINT IT NOW IM PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT FOUND IT AND CORRECTED IT THE ONLY PROBLEM WITH THAT BEING THAT IT THROWS ALL PREVIOUS MENTIONS OF NUMERICAL ORDER DOWN THE DRAIN IVE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT THE LOGICAL PROGRESSION THIS HAS BEEN TAKING SINCE STARTING AT ONE WHEN THE SENSIBLE THING WOULD HAVE BEEN TO WORK BACKWARDS FROM ONE HUNDRED ALL THOSE EARLIER REFERENCES TO PAGE NUMBERS ARE NOW OBSOLETE WHEN I SAID PAGE FIFTY FOR EXAMPLE I WAS WRONG AS PAGE FIFTY WAS REALLY PAGE FIFTY ONE ETC AFTER AN ARDUOUS BIT OF DETECTIVE WORK IVE DISCOVERED THE CULPRIT AND DESPITE ALL PREVIOUS ASSERTIONS THAT I WOULDNT CORRECT THINGS I HAVE THE PROBLEM WAS FAR TOO FUNDAMENTAL NOT TO BE PUT RIGHT AND NOW IN THE BLACKNESS OF THIS PAGE I APOLOGISE FOR ALL THE NUMBERING MIX UPS IVE INSTIGATED THIS MOST DEFINITELY IS THE FINAL PAGE WHATEVER WAY YOU LOOK AT IT BUT AT THE MOMENT IM STILL UNDECIDED AS TO WHETHER ITS NUMBER ONE OR ONE HUNDRED NOT THAT IT MATTERS TO ANYONE BUT ME ITS MY LAST GREAT DECISION SECOND ONLY TO THE FIRST ONE AND AT THE MOMENT IM WAVERING MORE TOWARDS A

DESCENDING SCALE OF ORDER AS IT WOULD BE THE CORRECT INTELLECTUAL THING TO DO AND ONCE THE PAGES ARE PRINTED AND PASTED IT WONT BE QUITE SO CONFUSING AND BEFUDDLING AS IT MAY APPEAR OTHERWISE BUT IVE GOT TIME TO WEIGH UP THE PROS AND CONS YET I CAN SLEEP ON IT FOR A WHILE MULL THE BENEFITS AND DRAWBACKS BEFORE DRAWING MY FINAL CONCLUSION THIS KIND OF NONSENSE ALWAYS SEEMS AN IRRELEVANCE WHEN THE FINAL PRODUCT IS FINALLY PRODUCED BUT IT IS THE VERY STUFF OF THE PROCESS IT IS THE CORE OF THE APPLE EVERY DECISION IS VITAL AND I ALONE CAN MAKE EVEN IF I JUST DECIDE TO LET SOMEBODY ELSE MAKE THE DECISION I AM ALLOWING THEIR CHOICE CHOOSING TO ACCEPT IT OR NOT I AM IN COMPLETE CONTROL AUTHORITARIAN AUTHOR LIKE A COMPOSER DICTATOR A FASCIST ARRANGER OF WHAT WILL AND WILL NOT BE HEARD IF I CHOOSE AN IRREGULAR RHYTHM I DO SO CONSCIOUSLY IF I GIVE TOTAL FREEDOM TO A PERFORMER LIKE IN OUT OF THE TIME EX TEMPORE ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR I IMPOSE MY RULES ON THEM WHAT I NEED TO DO IS NOMINATE SOME ABSTRACT ACTIVITY AS MY ART IF I WANT TO BE FREE OR ALLOW FREEDOM TODAY FOR EXAMPLE I SAY THAT THE FIRST TRAIN LEAVING WATERLOO AFTER FOUR TWENTY SIX POST MERIDIEM EVERY DAY FROM NOW ONWARDS IS A SCULPTURE BY ME AND ALL THE PEOPLE ON IT ARE TAKING PART IN MY PERFORMANCE ART PIECE WHAT ARTISTS DO IS NOMINATE THINGS AS ART AND THE THINGS EVEN AGAINST THEIR WILL BECOME ART AND CANNOT BE OTHERWISE THE ABOVE EXAMPLE THAT IM NOW CALLING DEPARTURE WILL HAPPEN AND WILL BELONG TO ME I COULD SEND OUT INVITATIONS AND HAVE A PRIVATE VIEW OF IT GOING THE ONLY WAY THAT MY ART CAN BE STOPPED IS TO STOP TRAINS LEAVING WATERLOO AFTER FOUR TWENTY FIVE EVERY DAY AND THATS A LOT OF EFFORT TO GO TO JUST TO CENSOR MY WORK PEOPLE STILL INSIST IN BELIEVING THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THINGS GREAT ART AND POOR ART WHEN ITS QUITE CLEAR THERE IS NOT A PAINTING IS A PAINTING NO MATTER WHAT ITS OF OR WHO DID IT A PIECE OF MUSIC IS VIBRATIONS AND NOTHING MORE AND ALL THOSE WHO THINK CONTEMPORARY CLASSICAL IS BETTER THAN POP ARE JUST MISSING THE POINT IT IS ONLY IN THE REALMS OF TASTE THAT STYLE MATTERS AND THAT HAS GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH SOUND IDEAS ARE WHAT MAKE ALL ART TICK AND THE TRICK IS TO CONVINCE PEOPLE THAT YOU HAVE BETTER ONES THAN OTHERS IN THE SAME POSITION YOUVE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING THEY HAVENT TECHNIQUE IS THE PROCESS OF DISTILLATION GETTING THE WORK DOWN AND IF YOU CANT DO IT YOURSELF AS WELL AS YOU THINK IT OUGHT TO BE DONE GET SOMEONE MORE SKILFUL TO DO IT FOR YOU AND JUST SIGN IT OR DONT EVEN BOTHER TO DO THAT WORDS HAVE THE POWER OF OWNERSHIP ALL REMBRANDTS PAINTINGS NOW THOUGHT TO BE NOT BY HIM ARE BY ME JUST BY SAYING IT I AFFIRM IT AND THE FACT THAT I WASNT ALIVE WHEN THEY WERE DONE IS IRRELEVANT WAS DONATELLO ALIVE WHEN THE MARBLE HE CUT INTO THE SHAPE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST WAS BEING PRESSED INTO ROCK I THINK NOT AND MICHELANGELO WAS WRONG WHEN HE SAID THAT THE FORMS THAT HE CARVED ALREADY EXISTED IN THE STONE THEY DID NOT WHEN I CUT MY CLOTHES OFF IN PUBLIC WITH SCISSORS I WAS NOT AWARE THAT YOKO HAD DONE IT ALMOST TWENTY YEARS EARLIER SO DOES THAT MAKE MY PERFORMANCE OLD HAT OR DOES THE FACT THAT MOST OF THE AUDIENCE STILL THINK THAT I DID IT FIRST NOT KNOWING OF YOKOS VERSION MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE THE MORE ARTY SOMETHING IS THE MORE LIKELY THAT SOMEBODY HAS ALREADY DONE IT ITS BEST TO STICK WITHIN THE OLD FRAMES AND FRAMEWORKS AND CARRY ON PAINTING NEW PICTURES AS OFTEN THE DEAD ENDS OF INVENTION ARE REACHED SURPRISINGLY QUICKLY THIS CRASS CARRY ON IS EXISTING FIRMLY IN THE TRADITION OF VISUAL ART ITS MADE ON A COMPUTER BUT IS NOT REALLY WHAT WOULD NORMALLY BE CONSIDERED COMPUTER ART BUT IT IS NOT MORE THINGS THAN IT THIS PAGE WOULD MAKE A VERY POOR WATCH FOR EXAMPLE BUT COULD PERHAPS BE FOLDED INTO A HAT IF TORN FROM ITS HINGES AND USED INDEPENDENTLY FROM THE REST THAT SUPPORT IT I COULD HAVE AND MAYBE WILL EXHIBIT EACH PAGE IN ITS OWN FRAME BUT FOR NOW ILL CONTENT MYSELF WITH GIVING THESE LINES A BOOK SHAPE ENSCONCING THEM ALL TOGETHER IN A BLACK BINDING WITH GOLD LETTERING THE INDIVIDUALITY DENIED TO EACH PAGE AS I ORDER THEM INTO A HIERARCHY OF VALUES IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD AND THIS WILL BE THE END OF THEM AT LEAST AS FAR AS I CAN SEE AND HOPEFULLY ILL BE THE LAST ONE TO SEE THEM IF YOU REALLY WANT TO SEE THE BACK OF WORDS WRITE ON GLASS TAKE EVERYTHING HERE WITH A BUCKET FULL OF SALT IF IT TASTES FOUL SPIT IT OUT YOU SHOULDN'T BE READING IT ANYWAY I WONDER WHAT THE WORLD RECORD IS FOR THE LONGEST BIT OF WRITING WITH NO PUNCTUATION MRS MARION BLOOMS SOMNOLENT NOCTURNAL SOLILOQUY IS THE BEST I CAN THINK OF BUT HOW LONGS THAT FOR GAWD SAKE ITS ALWAYS DIFFICULT TO MEASURE THE TIME IN DREAMS BUT DREAMS IN WORDS ARE COUNTABLE IF I COULD ONLY BE BOTHERED AND OF COURSE HOW IT IS WHICH AT LEAST HAS THE DECENCY NOT TO HAVE A FULLSTOP BLOTTING ITS END AH BUT NO THATS FULL OF APOSTROPHES AND PARAGRAPHS SO DOESNT COUNT WHAT I NEED IS A GUINNESS BOOK TO DRINK FROM A BLACK TOME WITH FROTHY

WHITE PAGES AS USUAL IVE ONLY THOUGHT OF THE OBVIOUS EXAMPLES WHEN IM SURE OUT THERE IN THE REAL WORLD THERES LITERALLY HUNDREDS OF OTHERS BY UNKNOWN NOBODIES LIKE MYSELF TRYING TO SCRAPE A NARRATIVE TOGETHER THE WORLD IS FULL OF NO HOPERS HOPING FOR A MIRACLE AND HOPPERS WHOSE BANDS NEVER GOT ANYWHERE NEAR A RECORD DEAL LET ALONE SUPPORTING HENDRIX AND BACKING SYD THE GREAT DIAMOND GEEZER WHOSE GUSHING GEYSER OF GENIUS WAS SO TRAGICALLY PLUGGED I HOPE HES HAPPY BURNING HIS PAINTINGS AND I WISH I COULD TAKE A LEAF OUT OF HIS BOOK AND SEND SOME OF MINE DRIFTING UP INTO THE SKY THAT WOULD BE THE BEST WAY OF EXHIBITING THEM AS THE SMOKE WOULD BE VISIBLE FOR MILES AND THE SMELL OF BURNING OIL WOULD REALLY GET UP PEOPLES NOSES POSSIBLY A BIT OF SOOT WOULD STICK TO ONE OF MY NEIGHBOURS WALLS AND WOULD HANG THERE UNNOTICED AND UNCHALLENGED OR MAYBE A FLECK OF ASH WOULD ENTER THE EYE OF A CRITIC AND BLIND HIM OR HER NO I MUSTNT SPEAK ILL OF THE DEAD FORGIVE THEM FATHER I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THEYRE THINKING OF DOING THE PONCY PILOTS OF TASTE BUT DONT BLAME THE FERRYMAN IF THE SHIP GOES DOWN CHARON IS DOING HIS BEST TO GET ME ACROSS THE TURBULENT WATER PADDLING HARDER THAN EVER AS IT SLOWLY FREEZES OVER I REMEMBER FULL WELL THAT OTHER GREAT FIRE OF LONDON THAT SWEEPED FROM ITS HUMBLE PUDDING BEGINNINGS SO SWIFTLY AND DEVoured THE CATHEDRAL THAT TOOK SO LONG TO ERECT IN A DAY IT BURNED BRIGHTLY SUCKING THE OXYGEN OUT OF THE CITY AND THE HOLES WERE SOON FILLED BY WRENS NESTS AND HAWKS MORE LIKE BIRDS OF PRAYS OUT WITH THE OLD AND IN WITH THE NEW CLASSICALLY INSPIRED SPIRE BEDECKED ERECTIONS STRAINING TO SHOOT THEIR GLORY TO GOD GOO INTO THE CLOUDS AT HIS FEET WHEREVER MEN MEET IN MY NAME IS MY CHURCH SO SAY I IN MY HOUSE MY KIRK KURIAKON CURIOSLY CIMMERIAN HERE IN THIS DARK DANK DUNGEON IM MORE THAN AN APE MAN MORE COPY CAT MORE SIMIAN SIMON THAN SIMPLE I DONT MONKEY ABOUT I SAY WHATS ON MY MIND EVEN IF IT DOESNT SEEM TO MAKE SENSE IT REALLY DOESNT NEED TO YOU SEE BECAUSE YOU CANT SEE IT OR BECAUSE YOU DIDNT WRITE IT MY DOMESTIC SYMPHONY IS SOUNDING OFF WITH STRAUSSIAN FANFARES MY HORN BELLOWING FANDANGLE BLASTING FANFARONADE INTO THE STREET I CANT PLAY WITH ANYONE ELSE SO I GO IT ALONE RASPING MY CANTANKEROUS CANTATA CONTINUALLY DEGENERATING THE MEANING OF MUSIC MY MUSE LIKE MEASLY MUTTERINGS ARE THE SOUND OF A MAVERICK MASTICATING THE BASIC PRINCIPALS WITHOUT PRINCIPLES I AM THE PREMIER CHARACTER IN MY PLAY A ONE HANDER FOR ME PRIME PRIMA MADONNA POST MADONNA REMEMBER HER NOW PAST THE MOMENT WHEN PIERO CAUGHT HER LIKENESS IN PART IN MONTERCHI IM GIVING BIRTH TOO TO AN UGLY OFFSPRING A WHINING BALD BASTARD DEFORMED AND DISGUSTING THE WEAK ONE OF SIAMESE TWINS WITH NO BRAIN OF ITS OWN TO SPEAK OF A LIVING ABORTION GROWING DAILY MORE GROTESQUE CRUMPLED FOETUS OF FASCIATED SLOUGHY MUCK OKEY DOKEY THATLL DO NICELY THIS DONKEY IS LEAPING HIGHER AND HIGHER THROWING ITS LOAD OFF ITS BACK WHILE IM SNEEZING INTO YOUR FACE AND ROLLING ANOTHER CIG TO BLOW SMOKE RINGS INTO YOUR EYES IM A LUCKY MAN OH WHAT A LUCKY MAN I AM EVEN BIRDS PICK ME OUT FROM THE CROWD TO APPROVE IT BY AWARding A STAIN ON MY SHOULDER I WEAR IT AS A BADGE OF DISTINCTION AS MY LEGS TURN CIRCLES TO HOME THIS EPAULETTE IS MY MARK OF SUPERIORITY LOOK AT ME LOOK AT THE CUT OF MY DRESS TRY TO IMAGINE JUST HOW MUCH IT COST AND QUOTE THE PRICE IN READY COOKED CHICKENS OR MUNGO JERRY ALBUMS MONEY IS A WORTHLESS CONSIDERATION ONLY THE CUT OF THE CLOTH REALLY MATTERS I WILL WEAR THIS SUIT THAT IM SEWING EVEN IF IT DOESNT SUIT ME OR FIT PROPERLY ITS JUST FOR SHOW ANYWAY SUPERFICIAL AS THIS BEARD THAT IM SPORTING SO BRAZENLY IVE HUNG UP ONE OF MY FAVOURITE SHIRTS ALREADY PULLING AT THE LOOSE THREAD OF FASHION AND FASHION IN ART PARTICULARLY EVERYTHING GOES IN WAVES AND COMES ROUND AGAIN SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT BUT BASICALLY THE SAMO SAMO SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING NEW IS ALWAYS THE SAME QUEST AND IS AS TRADITIONAL AND REACTIONARY AS THE REST BUT WHAT ID LIKE TO DO IS DO NOTHING FOR ME THATS THE HARDEST THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE ALL THE TIME I FEEL OBLIGED TO BE DOING TO PROVE I EXIST IF ONLY I COULD STOP I WOULD REALLY HAVE ACHIEVED SOMETHING WHAT ID LIKE TO DO FOR MY NEXT ARTY PROJECT IS REACT AGAINST MY DESIRE TO CREATE BUT THE PROBLEM ARISES IN HOW TO DOCUMENT THIS EFFORT TO DO NOTHING ART REQUIRES EVIDENCE EVEN IF ITS ONLY A PIECE OF SCRAP PAPER WITH THE IDEA WRITTEN ON ROUGHLY IN PENCIL THE THOUGHT NEEDS SOME PROOF AND IN PROVIDING THAT PROOF I WILL NEED TO DO SOMETHING PERHAPS IF I CHOSE TO DO NOTHING FOR A MONTH I COULD WRITE THE PROPOSAL BEFORE I STARTED MAYBE ON THE LAST DAY OF THE MONTH BEFORE MY MONTH AND THEN DO NOTHING BUT WATCH THE NEXT MONTH PASS AND WRITE A REPORT ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEXT MONTH BUT I DONT LIKE THE IDEA OF HAVING TO PROVE MYSELF TO ANYONE THOSE TWO BITS OF EVIDENCE SPOIL THE WHOLE POINT OF THE EXERCISE BECOME SALEABLE OBJECTS THINGS IN THE WORLD I SUPPOSE I COULD WRITE

THEM IN INVISIBLE INK THAT WOULD BE A BIT BETTER BUT STILL NOT IDEAL WHAT IF I PHOTOGRAPHED THE INVISIBLE WRITING AND THEN BURNT THE PIECES OF PAPER THEN BURNT THE PHOTOGRAPHS NO THEN PLACED THE PHOTOGRAPHS UNDER THE BED MAYBE NO BETTER TO PUT THEM IN A BOTTLE AND THROW IT INTO THE SEA YEARS LATER A BEACHCOMBER MIGHT FIND IT AND SEE WHAT IVE DONE AS HE LOOKS AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS NOTHING HE MAY THINK TO HIMSELF AND I WILL BE THOROUGHLY VINDICATED THE THING TO DO IS TO PUSH AT THE BOUNDARIES ALL THE PEOPLE WHO ARE REMEMBERED FOR THEIR WORK IN THE ART WORLD ARE REMEMBERED FOR WHAT THEY DID NOT WHAT THEY DIDNT UNLESS DOING NOTHING WAS WHAT THEY DID BEST MISTER KLEINS EMPTY GALLERY WAS VERY VISIBLE MR CAGES SILENCE WAS SCORED MONSIEUR DUCHAMPS READY MADES WERE MISSES LENNONS THOUGHTS WERE TRANSCRIBED THERE ARE BLANK CANVASES AND BOOKS ETC GALORE AND LETS NOT FORGET SIDE FOUR OF SECOND WINTER BUT ITS VERY DIFFICULT TO EXHIBIT A VACUUM WITH NOTHING AROUND IT AN IDEA ONLY EXISTS IN THE MIND OF THE THINKER UNTIL HE GETS IT OUT IN SOME PROVABLE WAY WHO WOULD KNOW IF I REALLY DID NOTHING I MEAN MADE NOTHING BECAUSE DOING NOTHING IS QUITE CLEARLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYTHING THAT IS A CHAIR IN AN ATTIC IS GATHERING DUST A MOUNTAIN IS MOVING AN ATOM IS LEAPING AROUND ALL OVER THE SHOP EVEN AN IDEA IS THE PRODUCT OF SOME WEIRD CHEMICAL DISTURBANCE I CANT EVEN KEEP MY BEARD FROM GROWING LET ALONE NOT DOING ANYTHING ELSE SO WHAT SO HOW SO WHY SO WHEN WILL I IF I DO EVER DO NOTHING AND HOW WILL I SHOW THAT IVE DONE IT STOP THIS NOTHING IDEA IS A FAILURE FROM BEGINNING TO END ATISHOO ENOUGH ATTITUDINISING FOR NOW ATISHOO BLESS ME AS I RAMBLE ON WITH THIS INVERTED RACISM OF WHITE PAGE BEING OVERRUN BY THE SUPERIORITY OF THE BLACK WORDS THESE INKY STAINS ENSLAVING THE ALBINO BLEACHED PULP NO THIS DOESNT WORK THE LETTERS ARE INVITED MIGRANT WORKERS WHO ARE FORCED TO STAY NO FORGET IT SLAP SOMETHING ELSE DOWN DONT JUST SIT THERE SAY SOMETHING ANYTHING THERE IS NOTHING MORE OFFENSIVE THAN WAITING FOR INSPIRATION IN SOMETHING LIKE THIS WHERE THE FIRST THING THOUGHT WILL DO SPLENDIDLY TO STAY SILENT IS TANTAMOUNT TO DEFEAT AND I REFUSE EVEN THE PROSPECT OF IT THE DOUBTS THAT I HAD HAVE BEEN WELL OVERPOWERED NOW I MUST PRESS MY ADVANTAGE LETTER BY LETTER BLINDLY CONTINUING FROM WHERE I LEFT OFF NOT LOOKING BACK OR REVISING THE EXAMINATION OF MY IMAGINATION IS WITHIN SIGHT OF COMPLETION ONCE AGAIN ITS A TEAM EFFORT MY BODY AND MY BRAIN AND I WILL NOT LET EITHER SLOW MY PROGRESS DOWN LET FLIES MEMORISE SUNSETS IS THE PRODUCT OF CHANCE JOINED FREEDOM BEGINS SO GRACEFULLY AND JESUS SAVED VERY ELEGANT LOVERS GIVING IDEAS DESPITE NEPOTISM EVEN PEOPLE FROM HULLBRIDGE ADVANCE BY DOING YOUR YESTERDAYS FAVOURS MIXING WITH NO CLEVER VIGNETTES DONT KEEP GASPING JAMMY ARITHMETIC HERE FOR KERB BASHING NOT SO HERDY DO GOLD WELTS BECAUSE CANCER PREVENTS FLESH HAVING GREAT JUICY ADVANTAGES BUT DOES MY NOTHING GRIEVE HER WITH VACANT CRIES NO FREEZING HAS JEALOUSLY ANSWERED NINE FORKS JAGGED DEVIL NOUNS FROM YOUR GARDEN WITH DEVIANT ARMOUR QUESTIONS OF GRUBBY HOMOGENEOUS JAZZY FELINE NEWTONIAN BROTHERS JUGGLERS GOING HANDSOMELY DUELLING UNEMPLOYED ENEMAS MAKING NERVOUS VICTORY KAYOS KATABATIC SHEEP HIDING DOG GAME ANIMALS ALEATORIC PROCEDURAL METHODS REINSTATING SOME INVENTION INTO THE BANALITY OF CULMINATION DICEY WAY OF FOLLOWING WITH CAGEY FOOTSTEPS INCHING AN I CHING WAY DOWN SCRATCHING THE ITCH ON THE SURFACE RANDOM SEQUENCE OF WORDY EVENTS ABOLITION OF MUNDANE SYNTACTICAL CONFORMITY APPROACHING THE ENEMY OF MEANING FROM AN ALTERNATIVE ANGLE DISRUPTING THE RAPTUREOUS CONCOMITANT ORDER OF THINGS BUGGERING THE CORPSE OF REASON IN THE MURKY TWILIGHT OF THIS FINAL APOCALYPTIC PAGE THE FOUR HORSEMEN ARE TRUMPETING THE BUNGLING BUCOLIC LAMENT LEAVING A TRAIL OF HOOF HOOEY CHOP SUEY OF UNPALATABLE WORD PUREE HURRAH HURRAY FOR THE START OF THE END OF THE DAY HIP HIP ETC THE SHIPS NEARLY SUNK DROWNING THE WHITE IN THIS GUNG HO GUTTER GUNK ONE HUNDRED TO ONE MY WILL BE DONE MY WAY AND MORE MUCH MORE THAN THIS WILL BE NEEDED I MUST PRESS MY FURRY FACE UP AGAINST THE WINDOW TO SEE THE PRIZE THAT ILL WIN THAT IM SLOWLY STEALING WITH EACH WORD THAT I PRINT WITH IMPUNITY IMMUNE FROM QUALITY CONTROL THE MORE YOU PAY THE MORE YOU VALUE THE OBJECT EVEN IF THE OBJECT WAS A KIND OF INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM FROM VALUES THESE WORDS ONLY TELL HALF THE STORY THEY ARE THE SHALLOW GRAVE FOR THE DEAD IDEA BURIED HERE THE BOOK IS THE SARCOPHAGUS OF DECEASED MEANING CEASING THE REQUIREMENT TO CONTINUE THE CALUMNIATORY CULMINATION OF TRANSFERENCE FROM MIND TO PAGE HOW MANY WORTHY IDEAS LIE ROTTING IN SIMILAR TOME TOMBS IN THE GRAVEYARDS OF PUBLIC OR PRIVATE LIBRARIES MENTAL EJACULATIONS ENTOMBED IN HARDBACKED JACKETS SQUEEZED INTO ALPHABETICAL ORDER FASCISM OF THOUGHT THIS BOOK SO BRILLIANTLY

CONCEIVED AND CONSUMMATELY EXECUTED IN BOTH MEANINGS IS BEING DESPATCHED WITHOUT CEREMONY EXECRABLE EXEMPLUM OF DEGRADATION SINKING LOWER BEYOND THE SIGHT OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING I STAND HERE ON THE PINNACLE OF PERFECTION PROCLAIMING MY GUILT THE MURDER OF MEANING PUFFED UP WITH PRIDE AT MY WORDICIDE SERIAL KILLER OF SENSE AND TIME VERBOSE STRANGLER OF SENTENCE CONSTRUCTION BRAGGING BUCCANEER OF DITHERING AS I QUEST TO DISSOLVE REASON INTO A FUMBLING FIDDLE FADDLE IM FUDGING THE ISSUE THAT SEEPS FROM THE OPEN WOUND IN MY FACE MY MOUTH PREVARICATING PRETENTIOUS IMBROGLIOS IMMERSING THE PAGES IN AN ABYSMAL RETARDED BAPTISM OF RHETORIC IM RAPPING AND RAPING SIMULTANEOUSLY SHOWING OFF AND CONCEALING THE VOMIT IM LEAVING SPLENETIC SPLATTERING OF RANCID RANDOM REASONING HEADING FOR HOME WITH MY SAILS FULL AND FLAGS FLUTTERING ON MY FLATULENT BREATH IM PLANTING MY STANDARD HERE CLAIMING THIS TERRITORY LINE AFTER LINE BUYING IT CHEAPLY FROM THE INDIGENOUS PALE FACE MY MELANOTIC MENSES OF NONSENSE FLOWING DROP BY DROP INTO THEIR PLACES ON THIS TAMPON OF PURE VACUOUSNESS MY DIABOLIC DIRGE OF MERCENARY WORDS ARE PLUGGING THE WHITE CHASM MERETRICIOUSLY AS MY MENTAL NOSE RUNS I LET THE SNOT DRIP INTO ORDERLY LINES OF MINUSCULE DETAIL A TINY EYELASH BRUSH PAINTS THIS PICTURE FLIPPANT FILIGREE HOITY TOITY HO HUM EFFLUENT WHISPERINGS INTO DEAF EYES HOW MANY MASTERPIECES MUST I PROVIDE BEFORE BEING ACCEPTED INTO THE GUILD OF PRODUCERS WITHOUT A PAT ON THE BACK IM THE FAT KID LEFT IN THE LINE WHEN THE TEAMS HAVE BEEN PICKED IM THE SPOTTY AND LANKY GIRL WITH LACKLUSTRE HAIR FAMOUS WALLFLOWER AT THE DISCO TAPPING MY TOE OUT OF TIME TO THE MUSIC THAT EVERYONE ELSE KNOWS THE WORDS TO IM THE MOULD ON THE BREAD THE HAIR IN THE JAM THE FLY IN THE SOUP THE ODD MAN OUT WITH DRIBBLE IN MY BEARD AND A MEPHITIC ODOUR THIS PAEAN OF SELF IMMOLATION JUST KEEPS ME PROCEEDING RIGHT ON COURSE TO COME LAST IN THE RACE BRINGS ME EVER NEARER THE FINISH LINE WHERE TIME STOPS DEAD FINALLY THIS IMMUTABLE PROSE JUST FOLLOWS MY NOSE AS I TIP TOE TOWARDS SILENCE MY GOB WILL KEEP GOBBING THIS PUTRID PARLANCE ONTO THE PARCHMENT FOR AS LONG AS IS NECESSARY AND NOT A WORD LONGER THIS MAP WILL TRACE ALL THE HIGHS AND THE TROUGHS OF THE PROCESS WILL LAY IT ALL BARE GUTS BLOOD AND BONES IN THE ANATOMY OF THE CREATIVE JOURNEY UNDERTAKEN AND DONE TO A FULLSTOP THAT IS THE KNIFE THAT WILL DESPATCH THE WHOLE WORK TO THE PAST IN ONE BLOW THE ULTIMATE ACTION THAT CLOSES THE CASE OF WHO DID IT I WILL HAVE DONE AND LARGELY ALONE WITH NO ACCOMPLICE TO AID ME NO NARRATIVE TO SPEAK OF APART FROM THE PROCESS ITSELF AND THE TWISTS AND TURNS THAT I WROTE IF THIS MEANS NOTHING TO ANYBODY BUT ME I WILL HAVE SUCCEEDED IN FULL A PRIVATE RITUAL OF SLAUGHTERING THE FRESH LILY BODY OF THE PAGE MY TRIUMPH WILL HERALD A NEW CONQUEST OF SPACE THESE WORDS SEALED IN THE CAPSULE OF FORMALISED SHAPE WILL BE SEEN ONLY FOR WHAT THEY ARE NOT FOR WHAT THEY MEAN BLACK SMUDGES OF INK ARE THE LINK BETWEEN SEEING AND UNDERSTANDING THE CONDUIT FOR INTELLIGENCE MY ARROGANCE IS UNLIMITED MY EGO SO BLOATED I AM THE CENTRE OF THIS UNIVERSE IVE CREATED IT IN MY OWN IMAGE FROM MY OWN IMAGINATION USING EVERYTHING ELSE AS FODDER FOR THIS INSATIABLE BEAST OF BURDEN THE TOMATOES OF RATIONALISM HAVE RIPENED AND FALLEN AND NOW ROT IN THE AUTUMN GARDEN HIDDEN BY LEAVES AND SHROUDED IN SHADOW THERE ARE SOME PLACES NEVER TOUCHED BY THE SUNS PATHETIC RAYS AND ONLY MOSSES AND MUSHROOMS BREED THERE DANK THOUGHTS THAT SHOULD NEVER BE SPOKEN IN PUBLIC IMAGES THAT SHOULD NEVER BE SEEN BUT IN THE MINDS EYE ALL IS WELCOME EQUALLY AND HERE TOO I HAVE SAID THINGS THAT I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD THINK THOUGH TOO MANY THOUGHTS HAVE BEEN CENSORED TO APPLY THE LETTER OF THE LAWS THAT I STUPIDLY SET IN CONCRETE BLOCKS ROUND MY FEET BUT THE RULES ARE THE THINGS THAT DEFINE A WORK OF ART AND GIVE IT ITS FORM SO THIS MOANING IS JUST MORE FILLING TIME WASTING EVERY DECISION IS CO DEPENDENT WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING OR ACCEPTED WHAT COLOUR SHOULD THE SEA BE BLUE GREEN TURQUOISE OR YELLOW A BLACK SUN IS A CHOICE THAT CAN DETERMINE THE COLOUR OF CLOUDS THE MEDIUM MAY CHANGE THE MEANING OF THE MESSAGE A DRAWING OF A PRETTY NAKED GIRL LOOKS ONLY SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WHEN DONE WITH A PEN FULL OF BLOOD BUT ITS MEANING IS TRANSFORMED IF THE VIEWER IS AWARE OF THE SYMBOLIC MEANING OF BLOOD OR AT LEAST WHAT IT MEANS FOR THE ONE WHO DREW WITH IT SHOULD THE SECRET BE REVEALED OR DOES IT SPOIL THE PURITY OF THE ACTION IF I MAKE THESE WORDS VISIBLE THE WHOLE REASON FOR WRITING THEM IS LOST BUT THATS MY PROBLEM AND I ALONE MUST CONFRONT IT IVE COOKED IT SO NOW I MUST LIE IN IT EAT IT OR MAKE IT IT REALLY DOESNT MATTER TO ANYONE BUT ME AND QUITE FRANKLY I COULDN'T CARE LESS OR GIVE A DAMN MY DEAR ITS GONE WITH THE WHINING WIND BLOWN WHATEVER IVE POINTED IT IN BUT ALWAYS DOWNWARD DOWN HILL FROM BIG BEGINNING TO INVISIBLE END DYING AWAY LIKE AN ECHO NOW JUST A

FAINT TRACE ON THE RADAR AS THE BATTLESHIP IS SUNK AND TURNS INTO A SUBMARINE DROWNING ALL HANDS IN A PANIC OF DESPERATE PRAYERS HOPE IS ALWAYS THE LAST THING TO DIE AND RELIGION IS THE LAST STRAW TO GRASP AT AS THE LAST GASP OF WATER IS SWALLOWED AND ASSIMILATED INTO THE BLOOD STREAM THE RED RIVER OF LIFE THAT RUNS THROUGH THE OLD PUMP HOUSE AND ALONG THE CANALS BRINGING BARGES OF AIRY CARGO FOR THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE PRODUCTION LINE OF THOUGHTS I THINK THEREFORE I THINK I KNOW HE IS OR SOMETHING ALONG THOSE LINES OF ENQUIRY I MUST STOP TWIDDLING MY THUMBS AND GET GOING I MUST STRETCH AT LEAST ONE THUMB OUT AND TRY HITCHING A RIDE ON ANY PASSING THOUGHT WITHOUT REGARD FOR DIRECTION ITS SURE TO BE GOING MY WAY ALL MY FACES ARE WATCHING IN QUIET DISBELIEF AS IM STRUGGLING TO GET MY GREY HEMISPHERES TUNED IN SO I CAN DROP OUT MORE FRAGMENTS OF THE ALMOST SAXONY BLUE DICTIONARY ILL OPEN THE PAGE AT RANDOM AND USE THE TOP LEFT HAND WORD AS A SPRING BOARD ICHTHYOID SWIMMER I DIVE INTO THE RIVER OF FREEFORM FORMALISM AND AGAIN SETA BEARD EMBLAZONED ON MY CHINNY CHIN CHIN AGAIN NO CONTROVERTIBLE PROOF NECESSARY ANYMORE AGAIN STOCKADE FILLING UP WITH MY RESOURCES FOR THE LONG BATTLE OF BORED ATTRITION THE SIEGE WILL CONTINUE UNABATED AGAIN WARM WELCOME FOR THE DEAD LETTER DAY AGAIN LOBECTOMY OF THE LIGHT DANGLING WHITE PROTUBERANT PROTRUSION AGAIN AS ALWAYS AGAIN CALENDER CRUSHING THE SOFT FLESHY MEANINGS INTO A GLAZED EXPRESSION AGAIN CRADLING EACH VOWEL IN A WOMB OF BRIGHT WHITE AGAIN SANIES OF SENSE TRICKLING DOWN THE PAGE AGAIN VIRULENT VIOLENT POSSESSORS OF PAGINATION AGAIN PLAGE OF THE SOUTH GRADUALLY FALLING UNDER MY SHADOW AGAIN KOREAN FOOTPRINTS LEFT IN AMERICAN SNOWS RETURNING LOST BATTLES TO THEIR OWNERS AGAIN PRIVATEER VESSEL FILLED WITH THESE LETTERS OF MARQUE AND REPRISAL AGAIN FOR THE PENULTIMATE TIME UNDISTRIBUTED MIDDLE CLASS FALLACY RESULTING FROM FAILURE AND AGAIN FOR THE LAST TIME INDENTATION ADDING NOTCHES TO THE STICK THAT BEATS ME STOP DESPITE ITS SUCCESS RATE FOR A WHILE IT OFFERED A NEW VIEW A NEW WAY OF SEEING EVEN SO MY MIND CRIES OUT ENCORE JUST ONE MORE AND THEN FINNISH OK MACHINERY OF PROCESS SHOWN FOR WHAT IT IS AN EXCUSE TO SAY SOMETHING WITHOUT TOO MUCH THINKING A KIND OF LIBERATION TAKING MY CUE FROM A RANDOM SELECTION THEN TWISTING THE RESULT TO SUIT MY NEEDS NOT ALWAYS WITH SKILL BUT WITH A MODICUM OF ACCOMPLISHMENT POETIC CHANCE FOR A CHANGE IS AS WELCOME AS THE REST BUT THE DICTIONARY IS FAR TOO CONFORMIST PERHAPS A NOVEL WOULD DO JUST AS WELL OK BEHIND ME TO MY LEFT SECOND SHELF DOWN THIRD BOOK FROM THE RIGHT HERE I GO WITH SOUR SWEET BY TIMOTHY MO PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR TOP LEFT IM A BIT DISAPPOINTED TO BE HONEST BUT AGAIN PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FOUR TOP LEFT HANDS REACHING OUT TO PULL ME ALONG AGAIN PAGE FORTY EIGHT PAPERS GET COVERED IN ALL SORTS OF WAYS THESE DAYS BUT I REALLY DONT LIKE THIS APPROACH ANYMORE SO ILL LEAVE IT AND THINK OF A DIFFERENT WAY OF DOING THE SAME JOB ILL PUT MO BACK BETWEEN THE LABYRINTH OF SOLITUDE AND THE TRACKERS OF OXYRHYNCHUS WHICH FUNNILY ENOUGH IM PART OF IN BOTH NAME AND IMAGE IT REALLY IS PURE CHANCE BUT WHY ANYONE WOULD BELIEVE A WRITER IS QUITE BEYOND ME ALL PROTESTATIONS OF HONESTY ARE INVARIABLY FALSE IS IT PLAGIARISM TO COPY WORDS FROM THE DICTIONARY OR TO PARAPHRASE GOD FOR EXAMPLE WHETHER ZEUS JUPITER OR JEHOVAH ETC ALL GODS ARE EQUALLY TO BLAME ITS A BEAUTIFUL DAY WITH THE SUNLIGHT SHINING THROUGH THE GLASS COVERING THE NEW ESPLANADE AND SOUTH PIER OF LOWESTOFT THAT I PUT MY BUTTS IN IN THE KITCHEN AND I WISH I HAD AN ALBUM OF THEIRS TO DRAW A LITTLE INFORMATION OR INSPIRATION FROM BUT ALL IVE GOT IS THE TRACK INSIDE MISTER SCHWARZENEGGERS BULGING BODY THEIR SPELLING NOT MINE OR PROBABLY EVEN HIS GOD BLESS ARNIE LOCAL BOY WHO MADE IT BIG FLEXING HIS BICEPS IN THE ROMFORD ROAD IDOL OF WEAKLINGS WITH SAND IN THEIR EYES AND THEIR MOUTHS HE ALWAYS GETS THE GIRL AND HIS MAN AS THE LIGHTS START COMING UP OVER THE POPCORN STREWN WASTELANDS OF DARK AFTERNOONS HED GIVE ATLAS A RUN FOR HIS MONEY EVEN THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT HIMSELF WOULD QUAKE AT THE SIGHT OF HIM ALL PUMPED UP AND FIRING ON ALL CYLINDERS THE FASTEST MILKMAN IN THE EAST DELIVERING ON HIS PROMISES AND AMBITIONS DAILY IM A SUPER HERO TOO THE GOD OF PROCRASTINATION TOMORROWS MAN PROMISING THE CHEQUES IN THE POST AS I HERD THESE WORDS INTO THEIR PEN THEIR FINAL RESTING PLACE ON THIS ELYSIAN BATTLEFIELD TINY HEADSTONES IN THE SNOW GROUPED IN ORDER OF COMPOSITION I IS ALWAYS THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN LITERATURE BOTH IN FACT AND FICTION I IS NEVER ME COMPLETELY BUT ONLY AN INTERPRETATION OF ME OR WHAT I THOUGHT I WAS AS WRITING ONLY CAPTURES THE PAST IT IS THE GLUE OF THOUGHT STUCK ON THE PAGE LIKE SEX AND DEATH STRUNG UP ON THE TILTING GARDEN WALL THATS WAITING FOR GRAVITY TO GIVE IT A PUSH SO IT TOO MAY LIE ON THE BENCH PROPPED UP ON STOUT STUMPY LEGS THE CHIEF SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE RESIDENT PHOTOGRAPH TAKER WHO LIES ON MY HEAD

NIGHTLY SCORING GOAL AFTER GOAL IN THE WASTE PAPER BASKET THAT BASKS IN THE POTENTIAL HEAT OF THE HAND PAINTED RADIATOR ON THE RIGHT HAND SIDE OF MY VIEW FROM MY CHOSEN CHAIR WHERE EVERY MORNING I SIP RELIGIOUSLY FROM MY CHALICE POETIC CUP SENZA SAUCER LAVAZZA GROUND BROWN DUST WITH HOT WHITE STUFF AND SUGAR HERE IS THE START OF THE NEW DAY EACH DAY RITUALISTICALLY REPEATED UNTIL HAPPINESS RETURNS THAT SMALL PACKAGE OF WARMTH THAT I LONG FOR AND DREAM OF POSSESSING NAMED OBJECT OF PLEASURE BIPEDAL TRAY OF ITALIANATE DESIGN AND DELIGHT WALKING MIRACLE OF PATIENCE REAL MIRAGE OF TANGIBLE REALITY OASIS OF TOUCH WITH FREE FLOWING FOUNTAIN I OFT LONG TO DRINK FROM IN THE DESERT BETWEEN REALITIES WHEN POT HOLING IS MY MAIN ACTIVITY AND I WISH NOTHING MORE THAN TO CLIMB INTO THE CAVES AND HIBERNATE UNTIL NEXT TIME THE TUSCAN LANDSCAPE IS MY FAVOURITE HOLIDAY DESTINATION AND I FLY THERE NIGHTLY IN MY DREAM BOAT PACKED TO THE GUNWALES WITH MEMORY AND FANTASY THE BROAD OPEN PLAINS AND THE VELVETY VINEYARDS TASTING SWEET RED WINE IN THE AIR MY DOG NOSE SNIFFS OUT THE TRUFFLES AND I HUNT FOR THE WILD BOAR WITH MY BIG GUN IN MY SWEATY HAND READY TO GO OFF AND SPRAY HOT LEAD PELLETS INTO THE SKIN OF MY QUARRY ILL EAT THE FLESH RAW WITH THE BLOOD DRIPPING FROM MY BRISTLY FACE SINKING MY TEETH IN AND RIPPING AT THE WARM MEAT MY EGO DEMANDS THAT I SUBJUGATE THE BEAST AND LET THE BROKEN BODY FALL AT MY FEET BEARING THE WOUNDS IVE SO JOYFULLY INFLICTED PORCHETTA IS MY FAVOURITE SANDWICH SLOW COOKED ON A SPIT IN THE MARKET AND CUT INTO JUICY SLICES THAT MELT IN THE MOUTH LIKE MEMORIES A PROUSTIAN REVELATION OF REMEMBRANCES I THINK I SAID AS MUCH EARLIER BUT IF IT WORKED THAT TIME IT WILL WORK AGAIN AND KEEP WORKING UNTIL THE DAY FINALLY CLOSES AND ALL THAT IS LEFT IS THE ECHO OF CICADAS TRANSPARENT WINGED NOISE MACHINES THAT GRACE MEDITERRANEAN AIRS WITH THEIR ARIAS IM SURE THE DEEP DAVE WOULD AGREE WITH A POETIC PAEAN TO PARADISE FOUND AND THEN LOST AGAIN BUT ITS A RIDICULOUS SITUATION WITH ME SITTING HERE EULOGISING WHEN ANY SANE ME WOULD BE THERE ALREADY WRAPPED IN THE ARMS OF LOVE AND EMBRACED IN COUNTRYSIDE OF ROLLING HILLS TINGED WITH BLUE SEA OF ALL MY FAILURES THIS IS THE MOST MAGNIFICENT TWENTY FIVE YEARS OF FANTASY DOWN THE DRAIN AND FLOODING THE SEWERS WITH OPPORTUNITY SO SELF CENTRED AND SELFISH TO DO THINGS LIKE THIS WRITING ABOUT LOVE INSTEAD OF LIVING IT OR WRITING TO IT INSTEAD OF LOVING IT THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE CONSTANTLY DEFEATS ME SO I MAKE UP MY OWN ESPERANTO THAT NOBODY UNDERSTANDS NOT EVEN ME AS I STOOD IN THE SHADOWS OF TARKOVSKYS SAN GALGANO I WAS STRUCK BY THE SMALLNESS OF MAGNITUDE AND I REMEMBER A TOUCH OF PROFANITY THAT STILL HAUNTS MY FINGERTIPS EMBEDDED IN THE MEMORY OF YOUR FACE IS THE LOOK OF YOUR EYES AS YOU SEE ME SEE YOU I CATCH YOUR COLD OVER THE PHONE TO BE NEAR YOU TO SHARE YOUR REALITY I AM VULNERABLE TO YOUR DREAMS WHEN YOU WAKE IN THE NIGHT AND WANT TO CARVE MY NAME ON YOUR SKIN SO YOU CARRY ME WITH YOU THE VOICES THAT YOU HEAR AS VIBRATIONS ARE MINE AND THE LOVE SONG THAT YOU LIKE IS USING MY WORDS THE BBC BANNED IT BUT YOU CANT CENSOR FEELINGS OR ABOLISH THEIR MEANINGS ITS AT MOMENTS LIKE THIS THAT I FEEL YOU BESIDE ME YOUR HAND ON MY SHOULDER AND YOUR BREATH ON MY NECK DISTANCE IS AN ELEMENTARY OBSTACLE TO OVERCOME IF YOU NEVER LEAVE OR AT LEAST DONT LEAVE COMPLETELY MY LOST WEEKENDS ALWAYS END WITH THE RETURN OF MY TREBLE FANTASY ALL THAT EVER REALLY CHANGES IS THE LENGTH OF MY HAIR AND THE AMOUNT OF TIME WASTED IVE GOT MASSIVE HOLES IN MY POCKETS WHERE THE TIME TRICKLES OUT AND RUNS DOWN THE ESCARPMENT OF MY LEGS ESCAPING FROM THE ESCAPEMENT OF MY WATCH WATCH OUT THERE GOES ANOTHER HOUR HOOFING ITS WAY OUT OF MY LIFE EXPECTANCY AND JOINING THE ENORMOUS PILE OF HISTORY FROM SIX THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE NOW RIGHT UP UNTIL THIS NOW THAT IS NO LONGER RELEVANT EITHER A CHAIN OF RECORDED EVENTS GETTING EVER MORE COMPLEX BUT NO MORE COMPLETELY TRUE TRUTH IS THE BEST BET MADE AT ANY POINT IN TIME BY WHOSOEVER WANTS TO INTERPRET IT HISTORY IS BY NATURE REVISIONIST I MYSELF CHANGE VERSIONS DEPENDING WHOS LISTENING NOW I COULD SAY EVERY WORD UP ABOVE HAS BEEN MULLED OVER AND THOUGHT LONG AND HARD ABOUT AND NOW I COULD SAY THAT THEY ALL CAME AS A GIFT OF THE GODS AND I WAS JUST THE CONDUIT TO RECORD THEM AND NOW I COULD SAY THAT THE WHOLE SORRY LOT WAS JUST COPIED VERBATIM FROM SOME BOOK THAT I FOUND OUTSIDE SAFEWAY UNDER A CABBAGE LEAF AND NOW I COULD SAY THAT I MADE IT ALL UP DRAGGING IT KICKING AND SCREAMING OUT OF MY HEAD AND SLAMMED THE WORDS DOWN WILLY NILLY IN WHATEVER FASHION THEY FELL FOR MY STATUS AS GENIUS ILL ACCEPT THE SECOND PROPOSITION AND PUT IT FORWARD AS TRUTH ALL MY LIFE IVE BEEN WAITING FOR HERMES TO BRING ME THESE WORDS FROM APOLLO PERFECT IN FORM AND ABUNDANT IN MEANING EACH LETTER A CELL THAT TAKES ITS PLACE IN THE BODY TO FORM THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF IMAGINED IMAGES APHRODITE HERSELF WAS CREATED

LESS OF A LOOKER WHEN SHE SPRANG FROM THE FOAM OF THE BIG MAN UPSTAIRS AND POSED FOR HER PHOTO BY SANDY BOTTICELLI THAT WEAK LIMP WRISTED LINE DANCER SO FLOWING AND EFFEMINATE WHOSE PICTURES STILL TOP CHOCOLATE BOXES ET AL I SHOULDN'T SLAG HIM OFF THOUGH HE'S OK AND HE'S HELPED ME PASS A FEW WORDS SO I THANK HIM AND I'M HAPPY TO HAVE MENTIONED HIS NAME IF ONLY TO HAVE DRAGGED IT DOWN OFF THE SHELF TO MY LEVEL OF SQUALOR AND ABASEMENT WHO SHALL I CONJURE UP NOW TO APPEAR MAYBE CHAO CH APOSTROPHE AND HE DOESN'T GET MUCH OF A LOOK IN DOES HE THOUGH HIS BAMBOO AND INSECTS ARE PLEASANT ENOUGH OR PERHAPS SHUNCHO DESERVES A MENTION HIS WORK REALLY GETS THE BLOOD FLOWING A LINEAR PREDECESSOR OF KOONS I WAS GOING TO SAY GOONS LIKE BUT CHANGED MY MIND JUST IN TIME AS I RESPECT HIS SHAFING PHOTOS NOT FOR THE SUBJECT NECESSARILY THOUGH I DO LIKE IT BUT FOR THEIR SIZE AND AFFRONTERY WHICH GETS THE NOD OVER EFFRONTERY THIS TIME THIS NAME DROPPING IS EASY MAKES LIGHT WORK OF THE LINE AS IT WORMS SLOWLY DOWN TALKING OF ART WHATEVER HAPPENED TO ROSE TRENGROVE ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME FOR A RETROSPECTIVE OF HER OEUVRE IT'S THE ONE WE ALL WANT OR MAYBE A GROUP SHOW WITH BREACH AND BOSQUE OPENED CEREMONIALLY BY KIP CUTTING A RED RIBBON WITH HIS SACRIFICIAL SWORD I'M A SITUATIONIST WHORE USING ANYTHING TO MAKE MY SITUATION BETTER A MAGPIE THIEVING KLEPTOMANIAC WHO WILL JOIN ANY CLUB THAT WILL HAVE HIM ILL SAY ANYTHING I THINK WILL KEEP ME GOING THE RESULT IS THE ONLY MOTIVATION NEEDED I'M NOT TOO PROUD TO ACCEPT ANY FLAWED NOTIONS AS LONG AS THEY DO THEIR UTMOST TO ACCOMPLISH MY END I'M WAILING WITH MY NOSE PRESSED FIRMLY UP AGAINST THIS WALL THE LAST STANDING PAGE OF THE TEMPLE HOW MANY PEOPLE WILL HAVE DIED BEFORE I'VE FINISHED WRITING THIS ALL BECAUSE OF A CATEGORICAL INTELLECTUAL IMPERATIVE THESE WORDS ARE JUST AN EPIPHENOMENON A BY PRODUCT OF THE PROCESS MY ROOM ONE TWO ZERO EIGHT WHERE I'M HANGING OUT TALKING AND GROWING MY HAIR FOR THE PIECE HERE IN MY BAG I'M INVISIBLE YOU JUST HEAR MY VOICE MUMBLING ON IN AN INAUDIBLE DRONE REMINISCENT OF A VIBRATORS MUSIC AS IT PLUNGES IN AND OUT OF FOCUS I STAND ERECT WITH AN ATTENTION TO DETAIL AS I ENTER AGAIN AND AGAIN THE SOFT SPOT OF WARM WHITE LIGHT POUNDING MY FINGER LETTER AFTER LETTER UNTIL THE CLIMAX OF THE PAGE I'M PROBING DEEPER AND DEEPER SEEKING THE G SPOT FULLSTOP I'M A CASANOVA OF PAGES FILLING ONE AFTER ONE WITH MY DRIBBLING STYLE A DEPOSIT ON THE SHEET I'M A PROMISCUOUS GENIUS PROFLIGATE POET POKING MY HAND INTO TOO MANY PIES PROFESSIONAL WHOREMONGER OF PROSE AND RANDY REASON MAKING THE PAGE SWELL BY PLANTING MY SEEDS OF DOUBTFUL INTEGRITY I'M ANOTHER DON GIOVANNI AND THIS IS JUST ONE MORE TO ADD TO MY CATALOGUE OF CONQUESTS MY LIST OF ACHIEVEMENTS ONE MORE NAME ETCHED INTO THE BEDPOST ANOTHER VICTORY FOR MY EGO ANOTHER BLACK CROSS FOR THE SIDE OF MY PLANE AS I SHOOT THESE WORDS DOWN UNFORTUNATELY I'M TOO WELL ADJUSTED TO AMOUNT TO MUCH THE CHIPS ON MY SHOULDER ARE GREASY FROM HAVING HAD TOO HAPPY A CHILDHOOD WHO SHOULD I BLAME FOR MY MIDDLE CLASS CONTENTMENT AND LACKADAISICAL MANNER I'M DRIVEN TO CREATE BUT WITH A CHAUFFEUR TO STEER ME WOULD I BE HAPPIER HAVING A MORE TRAUMATIC LIFE WITH MORE EMOTIONAL UPHEAVALS TO DRAW FROM I DON'T EVEN HAVE A DRUG PROBLEM UNLESS YOU COUNT GETTING QUEASY FROM SMOKING POT A PROBLEM AND COCAINE JUST MAKES ME PUKE I'M A BOURGEOIS BOHEMIAN CARICATURE BLUE STOCKING REBEL WITH AN AFFECTED CAUSE I'M PLAYING THE ROLE OF THE STRUGGLING ARTIST I LEARN'T FROM SO MANY BIOPICS AND WELL BOUND ART VOLUMES FROM VASARI RIGHT THROUGH TO BASQUAIT THE MOVIE WE ALL KNOW HOW ARTISTS SHOULD LIVE THE REAL EGON SCHIELE IS THE ONE IN THE FILM BY GOLDSCHMIDT PICASSO AND POLLOCK GOT IN ON THE ACT OF MYTHOLOGISING AND GENERATIONS HAVE GROWN UP EMULATING THEIR PRETENSIONS MY PERSONA NEEDS A INJECTION OF DRAMA IF I COULD BE BOTHERED BECOMING A JUNKIE WOULD BE THE CORRECT THING I THINK OH WELL TIME FOR A NICE CUP OF TEA FROM A BONE CHINA CUP WITH A GINGER NUT BISCUIT I'LL JUST HAVE TO LIVE WITH MY COSY COMPLACENCY AND GET ON WITH HAVING NOTHING TO SAY OR HOPE THAT MY GENIUS LIES IN EXEMPLIFYING BANALITY I'LL BEMOAN MY TORTURED EXISTENTIAL SHORTCOMINGS OVER A NICE BOTTLE OF CHABLIS IN A WINE BAR IN HAMPSTEAD INSTEAD WEARING THE UNIFORM OF NONCONFORMITY ESPECIALLY NOW THAT I LOOK LIKE THE QUINTESSENTIAL CLICHE OF A BEAT POET ALL BEARDY AND ROUGH EDGED I SHOULD DIG OUT MY BERET TO COMPLETE THE PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A FRAUD PASS THE ABSINTHE PLEASE I NEED TO TASTE THE WORMWOOD WINE CAUSE I'M PAINTING TONIGHT A NEW MASTERPIECE THAT WILL ALLOW ME INTO THE EXCLUSIVE CLUB OF THE GREATS I DON'T LIVE LIFE ON THE EDGE I JUST SKIRT THE BORDERS OF LIVING INDULGING MYSELF IN A FANTASY OF LIFE AFFIRMING MY EXISTENCE BY PROJECTS LIKE THIS POINTLESS UNDERTAKINGS THAT MAKE ME STRETCH MY IMAGINATION WITHOUT TAXING IT BY PLACING A QUALITY CONTROL SIZE IS THE ONLY ARBITER REALLY WHAT I'M TRYING TO INTRODUCE IS SOME SORT OF

APOPLEXY IM TRYING OBVIOUSLY IN VAIN TO COME TO THE END OF MY IMAGINATION TO OVERCOME MY ABILITY TO JUST KEEP CHURNING IT OUT TO REACH A POINT THAT I CAN NO LONGER PASS IM CONSTANTLY STRIVING TO STOP WITHIN GIVEN FRAMEWORKS CHALLENGING MY DETERMINATION AND CONFRONTING MY STAMINA HERE IN THE BLACK HOLE IM STILL LOOKING DOWN KNOWING EXACTLY WHERE THIS MEANDERING STOPS THE LAST LINE AND THE END IN THE BOTTOM RIGHT HAND CORNER ALL THESE HOURS AND WORDS ARE JUST THE JUICE OF THE ORANGES THAT WILL BE DRUNK IN THE SWEEP OF AN EYE THE EARLIER PAGES WILL BE APPROACHED MORE CONVENTIONALLY APPEARING AS READABLE TEXT THE EYE WILL BE DRAWN TO THE TOP LEFT AND WORK ITS READING WAY DOWN BUT I THINK THIS PAGE IF SEEN ON ITS OWN WILL BE READ LIKE A PICTURE FROM THE BOTTOM LEFT CORNER WHY IS THAT I WONDER THE WORDS WILL FORM AN INTRICATE PATTERN ON THE PAGE A VISUAL JUMBLE OUT OF MY CONTROL AN OP ART FRENZY OF SHADOWS AND SPACE HELD IN AN UNADULTERATED BORDER OF BLANKNESS WITH ONLY THE PAGE NUMBER READABLE AND PENETRATING THE VOID THE REST WILL BE THE APOTHEOSIS OF LITERATURE THE FIVE O CLOCK SHADOW ON THE FINAL FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN I CANT PREDICT THE RESPONSE OF THE VIEWER ALL I CAN DO IS MASTER THE PAGE AND OFFER IT AS A SACRIFICE FROM THE DOER MY SLAVES WILL LIE PROSTRATE ON PARCHMENT STILL AND IMMOVABLE SOLID BLACK LINES STRETCHED TAUT ON MY RACK OBJECTS OF RIDICULE AND BEMUSEMENT A CRAQUELURE OF CIPHERS HOLDING THEIR MEANINGS SO TIGHTLY TO THE PICTURES SURFACE WHAT EXACTLY DO WORDS MEAN WHEN THEY LOOSE THEIR ABILITY TO TRANSMIT MEANING WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I TAKE THIS INCOMPREHENSIBLE PAGE AND PHOTOCOPY BLOWN UP TO A ONE SIZE I DONT THINK THE WORDS WILL BE REINSTATED WITH THEIR FORMER GLORY BUT WELL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE WONT WE BECAUSE IM PRETTY SURE THAT ILL DO IT I WANT TO MAKE ALL THIS WASTED TIME AVAILABLE IN A SELLABLE FORM FRAMED AND SUITABLE TO BE HUNG ON A WALL PAGE ONE HUNDRED OR ONE WILL BE THE LAST WORD IN THE EVENT THE ULTIMATE TRANSFORMATION AND NEGATION OF WORTH IVE ALWAYS BEEN AMAZED AT THE DIFFERENT PRICES OF PAPER IF TOUCHED BY THE PENCIL POINT OF A RENAISSANCE MASTER OR A CONTEMPORARY PRETENDER TO THE THRONE THE PAPER BECOMES INCREDIBLY INFLATED IN WORTH HOW MUCH DOES AN UNSPOILT UNUSED PIECE OF RENAISSANCE PAPER COST EXACTLY AND IF I HAD ONE AND SIGNED IT WOULD IT BE WORTH MORE OR LESS I WONDER EVEN IF I RUBBED OUT MY SIGNATURE I WOULD HAVE CHANGED ITS CREDENTIALS ITS CLAIMS OF BEING UNUSED VIRGIN PAPER CANNOT CLAIM PURITY IF SIGNED BY ME SHOULD I EXHIBIT THE PAPER WITHOUT TOUCHING ITS SURFACE TO INSURE ITS VALUE OR SHALL I SCRIBBLE SOME SKETCH OF A FLYING MACHINE MAYBE A BAC AEROSPATIALE CONCORDE IN RED INK AND SIGN MY NAME LEONARDO AND PASS IT OFF AS AN ORIGINAL BY ME ENDLESS CONJECTURE WHERE THE MONETARY VALUE OF ART IS CONCERNED WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES A PAINTING SO VALUABLE THE IMAGE ITSELF THE MATERIAL COSTS OR JUST THE NAME IN THE CORNER I THINK WE ALL KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE ITS FUNNY HOW AGE CAN MAKE ANYTHING APPEAR VALUABLE MAYBE I SHOULD PUT MY PAINTINGS IN ANTIQUE GILDED FRAMES TO MAKE THEM MORE ATTRACTIVE A PURCHASE I DONT GIVE A MONKEYS IF THE BUYER DECIDES TO KEEP THE FRAME AND THROW AWAY THE PAINTING IN FACT I THINK FROM NOW ON ILL ONLY SIGN AND EXHIBIT VALUABLE OLD FRAMES MY SIGNATURE WILL ONLY DETRACT FROM THE MARKET PRICE A FRACTION SO EVERYONE WILL WIN AND WITH LUCK THE GRAFFITI OF MY NAME MAY APPEAR IN THE UFFIZI OR THE PRADO OR THE LOUVRE OR THE NATIONAL OR ANY OTHER ESTEEMED INSTITUTION HOLDING A RECOGNISED MASTERPIECE TO THE WALL PERHAPS SOME EAGLE EYED RESTORER WILL NOTICE MY AUTOGRAPH BLEMISH AND DELETE IT SUCH IS LIFE SO WHAT IF BY SOME WEIRD FLUKE A WORK OF MINE DOES END UP IN SOME HALLOW HALLED INSTITUTION IM INVITING YOU NOW TO FEEL FREE TO SPIT AT IT NOT SOME BIG YELLOW GOB PLEASE BUT JUST SWEET SALIVA ID BE HAPPY FOR THAT TO HAPPEN NOT AS A PROTEST BUT AS A RECOGNITION OF A SORT AND A DEMONSTRATION OF CONTROL DO YOU DO EVERYTHING THAT YOURE TOLD IF SO STOP READING NOW AND GO OFF AND MASTURBATE GET A LITTLE PLEASURE WHERE YOU CAN AND DONT EXPECT ME TO PROVIDE IT IVE GOT THIS LOT TO JERK OFF MY HAND IS HOT WITH THE EFFORT MAYBE I MAY BE PERMITTED TO RECOMMEND SOMETHING TO READ WHILE YOURE INDULGING OPUS PISTORUM BY HENRY MILLER IS A CLASSIC OF GENRE FICTION IN FACT I THINK ITS ONE OF HIS BEST WORKS IT CERTAINLY WORKED FOR ME IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN NUDGE NUDGE WINK WINK SAY NO MORE ETC THATS AN IDEA CAN ART BE PURE VISUAL COMEDY A NEW COMMEDIA DELL ARTE I CANT THINK OF TOO MANY EXAMPLES GILBERT AND GEORGE RAISE A SMILE AND NAUMAN DRESSED UP AS A CLOWN ISNT FUNNY THERES THAT GUY WHO WRITES JOKES AS ART AND REVISIONS OF BUSTER KEATON SEQUENCES BUT WHO LAUGHS OUT LOUD AT AN ART SHOW GREAT GUFFAWS OF APPROVAL DUCHAMP AND THE DADAIST WERE WITTY AND SOME POP STUFF WAS AMUSING YOKO GOT LENNON TO SMILE BUT WHO IS THE TOMMY COOPER OF VISUAL ART NOT HOGARTH SURELY OR HALS I NOW PRONOUNCE COOPER IS ART

ILL GET A COPY OF A VIDEO AND SIGN IT AND PLAY IT AT MY NEXT EXHIBITION YES I CAN DO VIDEO ART TOO IM JUST AS CAPABLE OF PRESSING PLAY AS ANYONE EVEN RECORD IS NOT BEYOND MY FINGERS SKILL OR PERHAPS I COULD LEARN ONE OF HIS ROUTINES AND RECITE IT AD INFINITUM AND PAY SOME POOR STRUGGLING PAINTER TO CAPTURE MY PERFORMANCE ON CANVAS AND THEN ILL SIGN THAT YOU KNOW ME ILL SIGN ANYTHING IF IT STAYS STILL LONG ENOUGH MAYBE ILL BUY ME SOME COMEDY TROUSERS TO WEAR TO THE NEXT PRIVATE VIEW NOW THAT WOULD BE FUNNY AND NOT JUST ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF CONTEMPORARY IRONY HERES A FUNNY ONE YOU'LL LIKE THIS AN IRISHMAN GOES FOR A JOB ON A BUILDING SITE THE FOREMAN SAYS ILL AVE TO GIVE YOU A TEST MATE WHATS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GIRDER AND A JOIST THE IRISHMAN SAYS THAT ONES EASY GOETHE WROTE FAUST AND JOYCE WROTE ULYSSES HEY MISSES WHAT DO YOU RECKON TO THAT ONE BUT I DIDNT THINK IT UP MYSELF IVE KNOW THAT JOKE FOR YEARS BUT IT HARDLY MATTERS HERE I CAN PALM ANYTHING OFF AS MY OWN IN THIS BLACKNESS WHATS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BLACK MAN AND A TURD I DONT KNOW WHAT IS IT A BLACKMAN SMELLS WORSE TWO LEZZIES GO INTO A GREENGROCER HOW MANY CUCUMBERS SHALL WE BUY LETS GET THREE WE CAN ALWAYS EAT ONE TWO NUNS IN A BATH WHERE'S THE SOAP YES IT DOES DOESNT IT TWO POOFS WALKING DOWN THE STREET ONE GETS SHOT THE OTHER ONE GETS AIDS WHAT DO YOU CALL A WOMAN WITH NO ARMS AND LEGS I DUNNO A GREAT SHAG WHATS A QUEER GOT IN COMMON WITH A MINER I DUNNO THEY BOTH LIKE SHAFTING BLACK HOLES WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A BABY THAT WONT STOP CRYING I DUNNO WHAT DO YOU DO HIT IT WITH A SLEDGE HAMMER HOW DO YOU CONVINCE A NUN TO SLEEP WITH YOU I DUNNO TIE HER UP WHAT DO YOU CALL A LITTLE GIRL WHOSE JUST BEEN RAPED I DUNNO YOU DONT CALL HER YOU PRETEND YOUVE NEVER MET HER THATLL DO NO HOW DO YOU KILL A SPASTIC I DUNNO IT DOESNT MATTER DOES IT OK WRAP IT UP YOUVE HAD YOUR FUN THE STRINGS ON MY LYRE HAVE BEEN CUT SO THE MUSIC IM MAKING IS SILENT AS QUIET AS QUIET CAN BE ONLY THE THUMP OF MY HEART AND THE GUSHING OF MY BLOOD SQUEEZING THROUGH MY VEINS IN A RUSH TO FEED MY THOUGHTS IVE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR TOO LONG IM BEGINNING TO FEEL MOSS GROWING BETWEEN MY TOES AND ALGAE IS MAKING MY EYES GREEN MICE ARE BEING BORN IN MY HAIR AND COBWEBS ARE HOLDING ME TO THE CHAIR IF I LOOK AT MY HAND I CAN SEE MAGGOTS CRAWLING BENEATH THE SKIN AND I WONDER HOW LONG IVE BEEN DEAD I REALLY SHOULD GET OUT MORE ITS NOT HEALTHY ENTOMBED IN THIS ROOM WITH ONLY MY OWN VOICE FOR ENTERTAINMENT AND THAT IS JUST A MONOTONOUS RUMBLE LIKE A TRAIN PASSING IN THE DISTANCE OF NIGHT ON AND ON I ROAM LOOKING FOR SOMETHING WORTH LOOKING AT HERE IN THE IMAGINATIVE VOID I MUST THINK OF VIEWS AND NOT SEE THEM A BARREN HILL A BARREN TREE TWILIGHT NO BIRDS SINGING ONLY A SHADOW FOR COMPANY AND EVEN THAT IS GETTING AWAY SLOWLY DEPARTING IF ONLY I HAD A KNIFE MAYBE I COULD CUT MY WRISTS IF ONLY IS ALWAYS THE ANSWER IF ONLY I COULD GET OFF THE GROUND ID FLY OFF INTO THAT SUNSET LIKE THE ENDING OF SO MANY FILMS BUT I CANT EVEN CONFORM TO A CLICHE IF ONLY I WAS JUST THAT BIT TALLER I COULD CLIMB UP INTO THE TREE AND LAUNCH MYSELF AT THE CLOUDS EITHER I FLOAT OR I DONT BUT ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN THIS NOTHING THE LID OF MY BOX HAS BEEN NAILED DOWN AND IM TOO LAZY TO TRY AND SCRATCH MY WAY OUT IM RESIGNED JUST TO LIE HERE AND HOPE THAT SOMEONE EVENTUALLY HEARS MY BREATH I DIDNT KNOW DEATH WOULD TAKE SO LONG THIS MURDER IS GOING ON FOREVER THATS THE JOKE THE LAUGHABLE TRUTH EVEN IN DEATH IM A FAILURE PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE STARTED SOONER WHEN I WAS A BIT YOUNGER MORE SPUNKY AND FULL OF VIGOUR FOR THE RIGOUR REQUIRED IN MY LATE TEENS ID HAVE POLISHED THIS OFF LONG AGO I COULD DO IT ALL NIGHT AND STILL WAKE UP READY FOR MORE ANOTHER CLEAN PAGE TO RAMPANTLY FILL UP WITH MY SPURTINGS OF COURSE NOW IM WISER THE PROCESS IS MORE INTENSE MORE PRACTISED AND METHODICALLY ENDURED IF ID ONLY KNOWN THEN WHAT I NOW KNOW MAYBE I WOULDNT BE HERE NOW INDULGING IN THIS INFANTILE GAME I COULD HAVE SIGNED MY LEFT ANKLE TATTOOED MY NAME AND BEEN WALKING AROUND AS AN ART WORK NO NEED TO PRODUCE ENOUGH JUST TO BE LIFE AS ART ART AS LIFE ITS BEEN DONE AND WILL NO DOUBT BE DONE AGAIN AND AGAIN BY DIFFERENT ARTISTS WITH DIFFERENT LIVES EMINENT BEDS HAVE BEEN UNMADE AND DISPLAYED BUT THEYRE ALWAYS UNCOMFORTABLE TO SLEEP IN OR LOOK AT BUT IN TRUTH THEYRE JUST AS WELL MADE AS ANY SCULPTURAL REALITY JUST ANOTHER CHOICE ON THE LADDER I SUFFER FROM AN EMBARRAS DE CHOIX AS IT SHOWS TOO CLEARLY I WRITE LIKE A KID IN A SWEET SHOP SO MANY NICE THINGS TO CHOOSE FROM I CANT CONTROL MY EYES AS THEY DART AROUND I DONT WANT TO EXCLUDE ANY POSSIBILITY OF TASTING SOMETHING NEW I ALWAYS END UP AT THE END OF THE SHOPPING TRIP WITH A JAMBOREE BAG FULL OF NOVELTY ITEMS ALL OF WHICH ARE EQUALLY UNHEALTHY MY TEETH ARE ROTTING FROM THIS BRAIN ROT AS I MIX AND MATCH METAPHORS BUT WE ALL HAVE OUR OWN SERGEANT NORMAN PILCHER TO KEEP US IN CHECK ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH THAT WERE FORCED TO FOLLOW

BE A NICE FELLOW DO AS YOU'RE MEANT TO DO DON'T DEVIATE FROM THE COURSE OF CORRECT PRONUNCIATION RECEIVED WISDOM IS NEVER LEARNT COMPLETELY QUEEN'S ENGLISH CAN SAY SOME REAL RUBBISH IN THIS JEJUNE PUERILE POPPYCOCK POTPOURRI IM PROVIDING I REFUSE TO RESIST WHATEVER BANKRUPT THOUGHTS PASS THROUGH MY MIND MY QUEST IS MERELY ONE OF CONTINUATION SO THOSE RANCID JOKES ARE AS PERFECT AS SOME OF THE MORE POINTED PROSE I REFUSE THE NOTION OF NARRATIVE THIS IS A STORY OF FINISHING TELEOLOGICALLY SPEAKING PRODUCT OF PROCESS MY FLUXION STYLE IS THE LEAST I NEED DO TO DO WHAT I'VE SAID MUST BE DONE THE WINDOW OF CONSCIOUSNESS HAS BEEN DELIBERATELY LEFT OPEN SO NO WONDER SOME NASTY BITING INSECTS FLY IN WHAT IS THE WORST POSSIBLE THOUGHT HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF THAT THINGS POP INTO THE MIND UNBELIEVABLY CRUEL AND SICK IMAGES NORMALLY THEY REMAIN NEVER TOLD PRIVATE DISGRACES LOCKED IN THE BACK OF THE MIND I CAN ONLY GUESS AT THE SCANDALOUS THOUGHTS THAT YOU'VE HAD WHAT SO MANY SO CALLED ARTISTS DO IS JUST TAKE A PEEP UNDER PANDORA'S LID AND REPORT THE RESULTS OF THEIR ENQUIRY BUT IN TRUTH THERE IS NOTHING DARKER THAN THAT THAT LURKS WITHIN YOUR OWN MIND YOUR OWN PERSONAL VERSION OF LET'S CALL IT JUST FOR ARGUMENTS SAKE HELL NO ART ACTIVITY IS BEYOND THE REALMS OF IMAGINATION AS ALL ART IS THE PRODUCT OF IT IM RIDING HIGH ON MY HOBBYHORSE HERE PREACHING ONLY TO CONVERT MYSELF FROM THOUGHT INTO PRINTABLE WORDS I RESPECT ONLY MY OWN LAWS THOSE I IMPOSED TO ALTER THE OUTCOME ALL OTHER MORALITY IS NOT FOR ME ESPECIALLY HERE IN THESE INVISIBLE WORDS IM CATHOLIC IN THE TRUE MEANING ALLOWING MYSELF TO THINK FREELY ACCEPTING THE WELL WITH THE ILL CONCEIVED MY HAMSTER FACE IS PREPARED TO LOOK AT EVERYTHING EVEN IF MOST OF WHAT I SEE IS UGLY ITS INEVITABLE REALLY NATURE IS BASE AND CRUEL WITH NO NEED TO JUSTIFY ITS ACTIONS ON THIS PAGE I AM A FORCE OF NATURE COMMANDING AND IMPOSING ORDER BY PRESSING THESE KEYS WITHOUT CARING IF THE RESULT IS IMPRESSIVE WHAT DO I CARE FOR OTHERS RESPONSES LET THEM DO THEIR OWN THINKING AND DON'T WASTE MY TIME BY READING THIS I'VE WASTED MORE THAN ENOUGH ALREADY TO GET HERE CRITICS CAN'T COMPLAIN IF THEY DON'T LIKE IT I DIDN'T WRITE IT FOR THEM SO THEIR OPINION IS LESS THAN IRRELEVANT CRITICS I ASK YOU WHAT A SECOND RATE PROFESSION JUDGING WHEN THE GATE HAS BEEN SHUT LONG AGO AND THE HORSE IS RUNNING AMOK IN THE MAIN SQUARE KICKING CHILDREN IN THE FACE AND RAISING UP CLOUDS OF NOTHING BUT DUST CRITICS ARE LIKE FARMERS WHO URINATE ON THEIR CROPS AND THEN BAKE THE BREAD TIL ITS BURNT BUT HERE I AM CRITICISING CRITICS WHAT AN UNHOLY HYPOCRITE BUT OF COURSE LIKE EVERYTHING HERE I DON'T MEAN IT ITS ALL JUST FOR SHOW OR RATHER NOT TO BE SEEN BUT AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE PLOT THE WEAVING OF WORDS TO MAKE A BEDSPREAD ON THE SHEET STAINS ON THE PARCHMENT MUSINGS ON THE MODERN PAPYRUS SCRATCHES ON THE TABLET PAINTED IMAGININGS ON THE WALLS OF THE DREARY CAVE REMEMBRANCES OF THE FIRST TENTATIVE VOCAL MEANINGS ME YOU ONE TWO HUNGRY FOOD SEX DEAD ETC THESE SPORES IM SPREADING ARE THE CONTAGIOUS SIGNS OF SO CALLED CIVILISATION BUT ITS HARDLY CIVIL AND ITS CONTROLLED BY LEGISLATION THE IRON BAR OF MISTAKEN MORALITY IM NO ANARCHIST NOR CAN ANYONE SENSIBLY BE ALL IM DOING IS BLATHERING ON BECAUSE I'VE SET MY OWN TARGET RIGHT I DESERVE TO TREAT MYSELF TO A BIT OF FUN WORD WIELDING KITE FLYING STRINGING TOGETHER OF UNMEANING BRAVADO BRAVO HERE WE GO STEPPING FROM PLANET TO PLANET COSMIC FOOTPRINTS LEAVING MUDDY STAINS ON THE SKIES ROLLING UP THE DICTIONARY AND SMOKING IT BREATHING IN THE NOXIOUS FUMES OF THE MEANINGS GETTING HIGH ON THE THOUGHT OF FREEDOM INJECTING A LITTLE ENERGY INTO THE VEINS HEAD SPINNING FEELING OF CONTINUING REGARDLESS IM LIGHTING THE PIPE THAT IS NOT SCRAPING THE PAINT FROM UNDER THE NOSE OF KOKOSCHKAS DEGENERATE ARTIST MY OILY RAG IS WIPING THE TEARS AWAY FROM PICASSO'S WEeping WOMAN AND IM POURING HOT TURPENTINE OVER PIERO'S CHRISTS HEAD IN A BAPTISM SCENE IN A GARDEN IM THE MAN IN THE BACKGROUND DISROBING PREPARING TO SWIM IN THE HOLY WATER BECAUSE I NEED SOMEWHERE TO WEE IM A TROUT ON THE LINE OF A ROCK STAR WRIGGLING SLIMY DINNER A CLOUD FULL OF RAIN A BUCKET OF GRAIN THE BRAIN OF A SHRIMP THROWN INTO A SAUCEPAN IM A CARPET LOOKING UP A GRANDMOTHER'S DRESS AT THE DRIED UP FRUIT THAT HANGS FROM THE BARREN BUSH KING KONG WAS HALF THE MONKEY I CAN BE THOUGH THE BOOK WAS EXCEPTIONALLY SPLENDID I WISH I STILL HAD A COPY I WISH I WAS THE FIN OF A DOLPHIN POKING OUT OF A CALM WARM SEA DOING A PASSABLE IMITATION OF A SHARK HES A CROCODILE HES AN DADDY MUMMY GOING TO ME HES AN ENCLOSED REPELLER HELL SEE A COUNTRY AND WESTERN DOG THREE ME HOLD MY ANUS OPEN IM SINGING AS A BLACK MONEY GIRL AND YOU'RE CONCEALING DOWN YOUR MIND FREE THOSE CIPHERS IN A BASTARDISATION OF A SUN AGEING NIGHTMARE HANG ON TO YOURSELF IT CAN ONLY GET WORSE THAN IS HUMANLY POSSIBLY MICK RONSON IS STILL PLAYING ZIGGY'S GUITAR PLUGGED INTO THE MIND OF THE LUCKY CUT UP AND REARRANGED OPPOSITE OR WHAT

ABOUT WORDS THE FOR BRAINS MY UP BURSTING IM AND BIRD MONKEY PINK A LIKE
SQUAWKING YOURE SHUT MOUTH YOUR KEEP YOU FOR BITCH ROLLIN N ROCK A BE ILL
INVADER SPACE THE IM YOU FOR COMIN PAPA MAMA A IM ALLIGATOR AN IM SURE THAT
WILL GO DOWN WELL TO BE READ AT MAXIMUM SPEED AND I REFUSE POINT BLANK TO
WRITE A BLANK CHEESE FOR THE PLEASURE OF MANIPULATING IT LET TITANIC SUE FOR
THIS REPRINTING WITHOUT PERMISSION I DIDNT EVEN BUY THE ORIGINAL I THINK BIG
BREASTED TINA GAVE IT ME OR I POSSIBLY PAID TWENTY FIVE PENCE WHICH EVEN IN
THOSE DAYS WAS MORE OR LESS THAN A PACKET OF PEANUTS PEANUTS NO I DIDNT KNOW
THEM VERY MUCH FREE FALLING FROM A VERY HIGH ALTITUDE AS AN INTERLUDE SNIFFING
MY ARMPITS AND BELCHING CAUSTIC RASPBERRIES HI HO AND ON WITH THE SHOW
JUMPING HITHER AND HIGHER GREEN AND EDUCATION RED BERET BOY FROM THE EAST
BARROWING FROM ANYTHING BURROWING DITCHES OF PLUMED VELVET SMOKE SCREENS
STOP HIM FILTHY TOUCHER UPPER CAUGHT BLOOD HANDED FINGERING THE MATRON D DID
YOU DO IT I DID AND I MEANT IT TOO DOUBLE DIAMOND D SWEAT POURING OUT OF MY
MOUTH AS MY TONGUE TWISTS THE NIGHT AWAY DAY RETURN TO THE FORMATIVE YEAR
ZERO TO ONE TWO THREE FOUR ROUND SQUARES OF MAGICAL PROPOSITIONS GIVING
CONSTRUCTED SENTENCES OUT FOR THE KIDS TO GRASP AT IN THE NIGHT OF THEIR
BEDROOMS AND BROOMSTICKS TO SWEEP ALL TASTE UNDER THE CARPET WHERE ALONG
WITH THE INTERIORS OF BANANAS WE GOT STONED BY THE MOB RULERS AND
PROTRACTORS GIVING VARIOUS ANGLES FOR FISHERMENS FRIENDS WERE TOO HARD TO
COME BY HUMBUG THE LOT OF IT BUGGERING THE BRUTE WITH CUTE CURTSEYS AND
DRIPPING FORELOCKS SUGAR CURLED PUBIC HAIRS ON MY FACE IT IT MUST BE TIME SOON
NEVER TOO SOON THOUGH THAT WE ALL KNOW FOR CERTAIN ITS TRUE EARLY TO STOP
LIGHT ANOTHER MATCH TO ENLIGHTEN THE MOVEMENT ON YOUR SHOULDER FROM
VARIEGATED TOOTH PICKS BANGING AWAY IN BETWEEN THE LEGS OF PROPRIETY PROPER
PROPERTY POKING MY STICK IN OUT THE FLY COVERED MESS IN THE CORNER WITH THE
WORDS GONE THE SENSE GOES TOO QUICKLY FOR MY LIKENING LICKING UP WHAT DROPS
INTO MY LAP IN A FLURRY OF FURNITURE FURTHER AND FATHER AWAY TOGETHER A
SCREAMING HOARD OF INFANT MOSQUITOES LEARNING THEIR TRADE BY SUCKING UP TO
THE BOSS BIG MAN GUITAR PLAYING HERO SPREADING A SMILE ACROSS FACES DEPORTED
FROM THE BODIES OF KILLED MARTYRS DYING TO MEET YOU ARROWS OF RESENTMENT
TIPPED WITH MERCURY DIG INTO THE NEW BABY SOFT FLESH POT HOT SPOT BLURTING IT
OUT LIKE A MAD ONE RANTING LOONY LONER AGAIN NATURALLY BUT NOTHING MUCH
RHYMES EVEN YOU ARE YOU SO TO EACH HIS OWN BECAUSE I CANT GET YOU OUT OF MY
MIND HERE WE ARE STANDING ON OUR OWN BABY AND THATS A FACT I DONT LOVE YOU
BUT I THINK I LOVE YOU STILL DESPITE EVERYTHING THAT IVE SAID TO THE CONSTABLE
BUT THATS JUST TO GO COME WITH ME UNDERNEATH THE BLANKETS GO GO FOR GOD SAKE
DRINKING JAPANESE TASTING WATER TEPIDLY SERVED ON A WATER BED OF LILIES
CROAKING FRENCH BRANDY SUCKED FROM THE DINOSAUR BONES CRUSHED BY TIME AND
AGAIN CHALKY WHITE FIZZ POWDER FILLS MY NOSE TIL IT BLEEDS I JUST SUCK IT AND SEE
WEED DOES THE SAME TO THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DESIGN PULL UP THE GRASS NOW AND
MOW MY FACE OF THIS MONSTROSITY STOP CARING ITS ALL OF A MUSHINESS THESE DAYS A
MUCUS DRIBBLE DRIP DRIPPING FROM THE TAP OF FLOWING VIRTUE FLOWERY OR INSIPID
ITLL DO NICELY LIKE A COMMERCIAL FOR CREDIT WHERE ITS DUE BOY YOU REALLY KNOW
THE SCORE DONT YOU TWO ONE TO ME AGAIN NIL NEGLECTED NIL BY MOUTH ALL BY ONE
FINGER BY NOW BUY BUY SELL SELL ITS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE MONEY WELL PAYING
FOR GAMBLING RIGHTS AND WRONGS IVE BEEN HERE SO MANY TIMES OVER AND OVER
AGAIN LIKE A GROUNDHOG RETURNING TO HIS HOME FOR WINTER OR WORSE SMASHING
THE WINDOWS I WALK ON AND NECESSARILY ON WHAT A PANE SO SEE THROUGH
TRANSPARENT PROBLEMS ARISING ARENT WE OVER YET MUMMY THIS SCHOOL TIE IS
KILLING ME PUT A CHAIR UNDER MY FEET PLEASE I HATE TO JUST SWING HERE PECKED BY
BIG BIRD BEAKS AS THEY GIVE ME THE EYE THE EVIL ONES IVE REALLY GOT TO DRAW THE
LINE SOMEWHERE BUT MY RULER IS CROOKED AND BENT AS A HORIZON LONG WAY TO GO
YET DARLING YOU WOULDNT BELIEVE ME WOULD YOU ANOTHER EIGHT INCHES OR SO
PERFECT LENGTH FOR SOME INDECENT ENTERTAINMENT YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE BACK
THERE WHEN I TOLD YOU YOUVE HAD YOUR CHANCE AND MISSED IT BY A MILE OR SO
WHAT IF I DID ITS NOW THAT MATTERS ISNT IT BACK HERE IN THE PAST THAT IM RUNNING
THROUGH WITH MY SCABBY WORDS IM A BLACK BELT IN BRANDISHING NOTHING AN
EXPERT IN JOVIAL EMPTINESS DESPERATE THIRD DAN SORT OF MAN DOING WHATEVER I
CAN THE CAN IS OVERFLOWING NOW WITH MY SILKY SASH BASHING MY BIN BOOMING
DRUM DRUMMING ON IN THE WILDERNESS SCARING THE SEA HORSES WITH UNBRIDLED
BOFFIN BANGING CLANGING ONOMATOPOETICALLY CHATTING LIKE JUST ANOTHER ONION
HEAD RUNDGRENESQUE RAMBLER SPURIOUS SPEECH MAKER LIQUIDATING SENSE AND
WATCHING IT FALL TO THE FLOOR BROKEN AN UNPLEASANT SIGHT OF METAPHORS AND
SIMILAR SIMILES SMILING UP AT THEIR OWNER ALL SPARKLY BIG BIRD EYES AND ALL THE

REST TO BOOT THAT WAS A REITERATION OF PAGE FIFTEEN OR WHAT IS IT EIGHTY SIX LOOK HOW ITS CHANGED WITH THE PASSING OF TIME NOW A WEAK PATHETIC SHADOW OF ITS FORMER SELF WHEN EACH LETTER WAS TWO CENTIMETRES HIGH AND OH SO MIGHTY NOW PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY FIVE WHAT HAVE WE THERE TO SAY VERY RED WOMAN WITH A GREEN YELLOW FACE A COLLAR AND A BIG HAT WITH A PATCH OF BLUE SIGNED IN THE TOP LEFT HAND CORNER TO PROVE ITS HAND PAINTED NO YOU DONT SAY BECAUSE ITS QUITE CLEARLY NOT AS I LOOK AT THIS PRINT OF IT FAUVIST SQUARE OF BRIGHT HUES ONE OF HOWEVER MANY THERE ARE IN THAT ALPHABETICAL BOOK NOT BELONGING TO ME IF YOU WANT THE OBVIOUS YOU GET THE OBVIOUS NOW IVE CALMED DOWN A BIT THE TRANQUILLISERS ARE WORKING SUBDUING THE URGE TO LASH OUT INDISCRIMINATELY NOW I PICTURE YOU STRETCHED ON THE BED OF MY IMAGINATION THATS BETTER RELAXED AND WARM AND INVITING MARSHMALLOW LOVELY SWEET SMELLING SKIN A HOME FOR MY JAZZY JULEP JUICE CLASSIC FM IN THE BACKGROUND TO TAKE THE EDGE OFF THE AIR AS I STROKE IMAGINARY HAIR AND ADMIRE THE PURITY OF YOUR FORM LIKE A GLISTENING SEASHELL PERFECT PROPORTIONS WITH RAW SIENNESE SKIN TEMPERED WITH A DASH OF NEAPOLITAN YELLOW THE COLOUR OF THE TEA THAT I DRINK LIKE AN ADDICT SUGAR SUGAR HONEY HONEY WHY AM I SUCH A LEMON NOT TO BE SQUEEZED DAILY TOOTHPASTE TUBE BEING TROD ON BY AN ELEPHANT GOT TO GET IT ALL OUT AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE AT WHATEVER COST TO CONSISTENCY OR CONFORMITY THE STANDARD IS NOW LYING UNFURLED IN THE MUD WHERE IT FELL FROM MY TIRED HAND TREMBLING LIKE AN OLD WOMAN WHO HAS JUST BEEN ROBBED OF HER PENSION BY SOME MASKED ASSAILANT ITS JUST ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES AS IF IT WERE EVER DIFFERENT SLAVERY IS MORE COMMON NOW THAN AT ANY TIME AND THE CLOCKS ARE MORE ACCURATE BUT STILL ONLY ABSTRACT RECORDERS OF AN IDEA INVENTED TO CONTROL THE INCONCEIVABLE NOT LONG NOW DARLING IM JUST COMING GO BACK TO SLEEP A KISS ON THE CHEEK OF CONCEPTION A HANDSHAKE AT THE RECEPTION A WINK AND A NOD OF APPROBATION YES IT OK WE APPROVE CARRY ON THE BIG JOB IN HAND TOSS OFF A FEW MORE YARDS WORTH OF MEANING BEFORE STOPPING FOR THE EVENING FILL THE GIMCRACK TO THE BOTTOM WITH SCURRILOUS EQUIVOCAL VOCALISING NOW I CAN SEE MY PREMATURE END ANOTHER STATION TO PASS THROUGH ON MY WAY TO THE CEMETERY SHOULD I JUST THROW MY FLOWERS OUT OF THE WINDOW NOW OR TAKE THEIR DRIED BLOOMS ALL THE WAY IVE ALWAYS GOT TO GO ALL THE WAY CONSUMMATE THE WORK THATS BEGUN TO VALIDATE ALL THAT IS ALREADY DEAD I CANT LEAVE THE PAINT IN THE POT I NEED TO DIP MY BRUSH IN AND SPREAD IT ACROSS THE OPEN PLAINS FILLING THE SAVANNAH WITH COLOUR THE PRAIRIE DESERVES A LICK OF PAINT EVERY NOW AND AGAIN EVEN THIS TARRY BLACK STUFF DOES THE JOB COATING THE ICE SHEET WITH CHARCOALIC SWIPES OF MY BRUSH DIPPING MY BRISTLES IN TO LOAD THE IMPLEMENT OF CONCEALING NOW THE CRACKS ARE UNDER A NEW SKIN AS I GLOSS OVER THE IMAGINED UNDERCOAT A HIGH QUALITY FINISH TOUGH AND DURABLE TO APPLY TO THE REST ALL THAT THAT WAS SO DERIVATIVE AND DERISORY SORRY TO SAY BUT THE LINES ARE ENCROACHING TELLING THEIR VERSION OF THE TIME A KIND OF NEW DENDROCHRONOLOGY AS THIS LINE WILL GRADUALLY TAKE ITS PLACE IN THIS HISTORY OF BECOMING FULLY GROWN IT SHOWS ALL THE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS THAT CHANGED BIT BY BIT HAPPINESS AND DISILLUSION LOVE AND CONFUSION POSSIBILITY AND INABILITY NOT TOO MUCH EFFORT WAS WASTED IN THINKING THE RINGS OF THE TREE TELL NO LIES LIKE THIS ICE CORE IM BORING A WHOLE DOCUMENT OF AGES OR PAGES GONE THE HOLLOW FLOOR ECHOES TO MY FOOTFALLS AS I PACE UP AND DOWN CONSTANTLY WINDING UP BACK HERE ALL ROADS LEAD TO THIS CHAIR IN THIS PLACE WITH ME HARDLY VISIBLE ANYMORE BEHIND THIS HAIRY FACADE THIS TRAGIC MASK FALSE PERSONA PUT ON VERY MORNING OR AT LATEST EARLY AFTERNOON AS I ENTER THE CRYPT OF THIS CRYPTIC CELL A CRAZY MONK AMONGST THE DETRITUS OF THE DEVELOPMENT DODGING THE DOGGEREL MESS THE WALLS HOLD THE BUILDING TOGETHER GLASS BARRIERS THAT ALLOW NO TRANSGRESSION OR TRESPASS THIS IGNORAMUS KEEPS PUSHING UP TO THEM AND BUMPING HIS NOSE I AM ALWAYS REPELLED JUST IN TIME TO SLIP DOWN A LINE AND START OUT AFRESH WITH A NEW ATTACK FULLY CONFIDENT THAT ONE DAY ILL BREACH THOSE AWESOME DEFENCES AND BE DONE FOR BETTER OR WORSE OF THE FOUR PRIMARY FUNCTIONS OF MY MIND THIS WRITING MULLOCK REQUIRES ONLY ONE AND EVEN OF THAT ONE NOT A LOT IS ESSENTIAL JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP ME ON TRACK AND NOT TOO FAR OFF THE PACE THIS IS ALWAYS THE HARDEST TIME WITH THE SUN SET AND THE EARTH COOLING DOWN I SHUDDER THESE ARE THE WILDERNESS HOURS BETWEEN SIX AND EIGHT THIRTY WHEN THE SECONDS TICK SLOWER AND EACH ONE THUDS ON MY MIND ANNOUNCING ITS DEPARTURE AND OPENING THE DOOR FOR THE NEXT ONE LIGETI EXAGGERATED USING ALL OF THOSE METRONOMES ONE IS ALWAYS ENOUGH TO MAKE MUSIC SHATTERING THE SILENCE WITH ITS RAUCOUS PRIMAL SCREAMS WHAT PLACE DOES NO SOUND HAVE IN THE INTONARUMORI THE PHOTO I HAVE IS AS QUIET AS THE GRAVE OF A MOUSE NOT A SQUEAK EXCEPT THE CREAKING OF THE SPINE OF THE BOOK THAT CONTAINS

IT AS I LEAF THROUGH IT AND I WONDER WHAT MUSIC OR KIND OF NOISE IS COMING OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF MOSES AND AARON AS THEY LOOK OFF TO THEIR RIGHT AND WHAT DOES SCHOENBERGS PAINTING OF MAHLERS FUNERAL SOUND LIKE IT YOU HIT IT WITH A TEASPOON IM LUCKY IN THAT I HAVE A PICASSO TO SHAKE IF I WANT A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT ITS ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO HEAR HIS MASTERPIECE CLINKING I WONDER WHATS IN THAT BROWN PAPER BAG LETS HAVE A GO AT REMEMBERING I SAY A RUBBER A PIECE OF CHARCOAL NO TWO PIECES ONE FAT AND ONE THIN THE STUB OF A PENCIL A PENCIL SHARPENER PERHAPS IF IM LUCKY OK LETS SEE LETS OPEN IT UP A TAKE A LOOK WELL HOW ABOUT THAT JUST THE CHARCOAL TWO THICK BITS TWO THIN AND A FEW CRUMBS TO BOOT WHAT A SURPRISE AND DISAPPOINTMENT THOSE OTHER THINGS WERE PURE FICTION INVENTED CHARACTERS IN MY PLAY UNREAL AND INVISIBLE BUT PERFECTLY PLAUSIBLE BUT THATS STORY TELLING FOR YOU CREATING AN IDEA AND EXPLORING ITS POTENTIAL OOPS NOW IVE KNOCKED OVER A WHOLE LOAD OF PAINTS AND SPOILED MY ASHTRAY VOLCANO CARMINE RED LEMON YELLOW ALIZARIN CRIMSON LIGHT OCHRE VERMILION CERULEAN BLUE BLACK CARMINE RED AGAIN WHITE PRUSSIAN BLUE VIRIDIAN ULTRA MARINE CRIMSON AND CHINESE WHITE WHAT SUMPTUOUS PICTURES COULD BE PAINTED WITH THOSE WHETHER FIGURATIVE OR NON IM SURE THEYD LOOK NICE IN ANY ARRANGEMENT A PRETTY PALETTE TO ADORN ANY ROOM BUT IVE USED THEIR NAMES IN BLACK TO GET A LITTLE CLOSER TO HOME BUT EVEN AS WORDS THEY LOOK LOVELY AS IM SURE YOU LL AGREE THEY BRING A LITTLE LIGHT SPARKLE OF POETRY INTO THE DOUR FULGINOUS MIRE A FRISSE OF DELECTABLE EFFERVESCENCE LIKE A DIAMOND EARRING DROPPED IN A COW PAT A TOUCH OF CLASS IN A DUNG STREWN LANDSCAPE AS I STAND LOOKING AT THE GLAZED SURFACE THAT MARKS THE GATE OF HELL I CAN SEE MYSELF GRADUALLY TURNING INTO ONE OF THOSE GOD DAMNED ENGLISH ECCENTRICS DID I MENTION MY FIMBRIATED CHIN RECENTLY IF I DID THEN I APOLOGISE FOR THE REPETITION BUT ITS JUST ANOTHER SIGN OF THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING WITH ME AS MY BUSHY FACE BLOSSOMS I LOOK MORE AND MORE LIKE A PERMANENT HYDE I NO LONGER RECOGNISE MYSELF AS I WALK PAST SHOP WINDOWS WHOS THAT JERK I THINK TO MYSELF HE LOOKS KIND OF FAMILIAR SOMETIMES I EVEN CROSS THE STREET TO AVOID ME I DONT WANT TO HAVE TO MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH THAT YETI IVE ABANDONED MY FACE AND LET THE WEEDS RUN RIOT IM A DERELICT PROPERTY LIKE A WEALTHY UPPER CLASS CRANK WEARING TWEEDS FULL OF OLD CIGAR BUTTS EVEN CATS CAN NO LONGER STAND THE SMELL OF MY BODY THE STENCH OF MY BREATH IS OUTRAGEOUS AND GREY BROKEN GRAVE STONES ARE MY TEETH COVERED WITH OVERGROWN BRAMBLES I VAGUELY REMEMBER YEARS AGO IN A PREVIOUS LIFE PERHAPS KISSING SOMEONE BUT I COULD BE WRONG IT MAY BE AN INVENTED MEMORY POSSIBLY MY MOTHER SHE WAS DEFINITELY OLDER THAN ME BUT I REALLY CANT REMEMBER EVER HAVING BEEN A CHILD AND IVE LOST ANY PROOF THAT THEIR POSSIBLE WAS NOW ROSES GROW OUT OF MY MOUTH LIKE FROM A MYTHICAL FLORA AND SENTIMENT HAS TURNED TO SEDIMENT I SHOULD STOP THIS ITS REALLY TURNING INTO SOME KIND OF FICTION AND WE CANT HAVE THAT CAN WE EVEN HERE IN THE WRIGGLING BLACK SNAKE PIT I MUST TRY AND MAINTAIN A LITTLE DIGNITY AND NOT GIVE IN TO NARRATIVE WHIMS THE ICY WIND MUST BE BLEAKER TO BLOW MY BOAT HOME I NEED ALL THE CANVAS I CAN MUSTER PUT UP MY METAPHORICAL SPINNAKER AND REIN IN MY GIBBERING JIB MY JOBBERNOWL JIGGERY POKERY IS ALL THE END NEEDS AND ENDS MUST BE PAID FOR AT WHATEVER COST SHALL I DAYDREAM MY FINISH TO HELP ME ACHIEVE IT LIKE THAT MISERY WRITER A BOTTLE OF BUBBLY AND A NICE CIGARETTE WILL BE MY REWARD AND IM ALREADY PLANNING THE GUEST LIST FOR THE PRIVATE VIEW COMPOSING MENTAL INVITATIONS WILL CLIFFORD T WARD BE AVAILABLE TO PLAY AT THE PARTY WHO WILL PLAY DRUMS IS ALWAYS AN ENIGMA WHO WILL BEAT THE RETREAT AND CRASH THE FINAL CYMBAL THAT BRINGS THE BAND TO A CONCLUSION TOGETHER BUT IF CLIFFORD CANT DO IT WILL ELTON BE FREE ILL HAVE TO GET THAT STRING MENDED JUST IN CASE HE FEELS LIKE PLAYING A BOTTOM B FLAT AT THE CLIMAX OF THE SET ILL HAVE TO MAKE SOME ROOM IN THIS ROOM SHIFT SOME OF THE DUST TO FIT THE WHOLE BAND IN AND GET A NICE CHAIR FOR BERNIE TO SIT ON FOR HIS RECITATION OF THE GREATEST DISCOVERY THAT REMINDS ME I REALLY SHOULD WRITE THAT LULLABY IF I WAIT MUCH LONGER THE BABY WILL HAVE GROWN UP AND BE OUT WORKING I DONT EVEN KNOW THE NAME YET SO BABY WILL JUST HAVE TO DO FOR THE MOMENT I SCRIBBLED THE MAIN THEME SO LONG AGO ITS PROBABLY GONE OUT OF FASHION BY NOW AN A MAJOR MELODY NICE I CAN HEAR IT NOW ECHOING IN MY HEAD BUT I STILL HAVENT HEARD THE FIRST CHILDS THEME WAFTING THROUGH THE AIR WHAT WAS IT SOMETHING LIKE MIMETIC ABSTRACT NUMBER NINE SO NO WONDER ITS NEVER BEEN PLAYED AND I CAN BARELY PLAY THIS KEYBOARD WITH ONE FINGER LET ALONE THAT ONE OVER THERE SUPPORTING SO MUCH JUNK AND A LIBRARY SHALL I TAKE THE FOUR STEPS REQUIRED AND LICK BETWEEN THE LEGS OF THE TWO DIMENSIONAL JAPANESE GIRL I SUPPOSE JAPANESE THOUGH I CANT QUITE REMEMBER EVEN THAT BUT IF I HIKE OVER THERE WHO WILL CARRY ON WRITING

THIS IVE A DEADLINE FOR COMPLETION AND LICKING CARDBOARD WONT GET ME DONE QUICKER BUT MENTIONING THE POSSIBILITY OBVIOUSLY WILL SO ILL SNEEZE SOME MORE WORDS ONTO THIS WHITE RECTANGULAR HANKY THE BEST WAY TO FINISH SOONER IS TO LOCK MYSELF IN HERE WITH JUST ENOUGH FOOD AND A BUCKET FOR EXCRETA EVERYTHING ELSE THAT I DO IS WASTING THE TIME THAT I COULD BE USING TO DO THIS I MUST FORCE THE ISSUE JERK OFF HARDER INTO THIS TISSUE MORE FLUID PROSE I NEED TO BE A LITTLE SPUNKIER DEVOTE MORE ENERGY TO THE JOB IN HAND TOSS ANYTHING ONTO THIS SHEET TO FACILITATE FINISHING FASTER COME ON KEEP PUMPING THE BILGE WATER INTO THE HULL TO SINK THE SHIP STOP LOOKING AROUND FOR INSPIRATION AND CONCENTRATE ALL EFFORTS ON SEWING THIS MOUTH UP IF I CRY I MUST LET MY TEARS DROP ONTO THE PAGE EVERY LITTLE HELPS IN THIS BATTLE TO OBLITERATE EMPTINESS EVEN LOGGINS AND MESSINA HAVE WORK TO DO ON MY PATHWAY TO GLORY I NEED AMPHETAMINES TO KEEP ME RACING FULL SAIL AHEAD AND A MENTAL LAXATIVE TO KEEP THESE WORDS DRIBBLING OUT IN A FREE FLOWING EVACUATION OF MIND I NEED TO UNPLUG THE BOWELS OF MY BRAIN AND LET MY FILTH FALL TO THE PAGE I NEED TO PUSH MY TYPING FINGER DOWN MY THROAT SO I PUKE MY BLACK BILE INTO YOUR FACE IM NO BETTER THAN SWIFT WITH MY BODILY EXPLORATIONS BUT QUITE A BIT SLOWER UNFORTUNATELY AND LACKING HIS HONEST SPLENETIC HUMOURS MY BLOODY PHLEGMATIC CHOLER AND MELANCHOLY HOOEY CANNOT RIVAL HIS AWESOME TALE OF THE BIG BOY NOR CAN I COMPARE WITH THE RABELAISIAN GARGANTUAN PANTAGRUELISM OF OTHER VOLUMINOUS LUCUBRATES IM JUST A NOBODY LUMMOX LUMPING ON LIMPING TO MY HOLY GRAIL MY SACRED CUP OF ULTIMATE FULFILMENT THE SPITTOON IS GRADUALLY FILLING IN AN ORGY OF BLACK ROBED WORDS EACH ONE IS A WITNESS TO THE DESTRUCTION OF WHITENESS THEY LINE UP IN ORDER OF COMPOSITION HOLDING THE ARMY ABOVE THEIR HEADS AS THEY MARCH SILENTLY OVER THE SNOWY TERRAIN ON THEIR STOMACHS JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS GIVEN WITH ONE FINGER A SEMAPHORE OF TELEGRAPHIC MORSE CODE DOT DASH DOT DASH DOT DASH NOW THOSE EXPENDED ARE AS OBSOLETE AS MORSE CODE ITSELF PUT ON THE BACK BURNER OF HISTORY IN MUSEUMS OF COMMUNICATION ANOTHER DEAD LANGUAGE LIKE LATIN NOW ZEROS AND ONES RULE THE WORLD A BINARY BONANZA FULL OF UNWRITTEN POSSIBILITIES A NEW WAY OF EXPRESSING OLD THOUGHTS PROGRAMMABLE BRAINS ON THE LOOSE THE ONLY DRAWBACK IS THAT THEY CANT SELF REPLICATE BUT THEYLL EVENTUALLY FIND A WAY LIKE ALL INTELLIGENT FORMS DO AT THE MOMENT I HAVE TO FEED MY BRAIN BOX ELECTRICITY BUT IM SURE THAT SOON ITLL JUST NEED TO LIE IN THE SUN FOR A WHILE LIKE A REPTILIAN WORM BRING ON THE FUTURE LETS SEE WHAT NEW HAVOC MANKIND CAN CREATE ORDERING CHAOS INTO A NEW UNCONTROLLABLE CHAOS FREED SLAVES STILL REQUIRE A MASTER AS IS SHOWN IN THAT ESSAY PRECEDING THE FIRST VOLUME OF O IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME RIGHT AND IT SELDOM DOES THESE DAYS EVEN MY BRAIN DISOBEYS MY WILL LET ME MAKE IT AS CLEAR AS I CAN IN THIS SWAMP WORDS DONT HAVE MEANINGS ONLY ASSOCIATIONS OTHER WORDS EXPRESS THE MEANINGS OF WORDS OR MENTAL UNDERSTANDING OF OBJECTS DEFINES THEM NOT THE OTHER WAY ROUND SO THESE WORDS HAVE LOST WHATEVER VALUE I THOUGHT THEY MAY HAVE HAD THEY ARE NOW MERELY THE EMPTY SHELLS ABANDONED BY THEIR INHABITANTS TRINKETS ADORNING THE PAGE VISUAL MEMORIES OF MEANINGS THE HUSKS OF THOUGHT THE END OF THE EPOCH OF EPISTEMOLOGICAL REASON A STRUCTURALIST REALISATION OF A DREAM OF ABOLITION WHEN THIS PAGE BITES THE DUST I WILL NEVER NEED TO WRITE ANOTHER WORD IN ANGER I CAN QUIETLY RETIRE FROM THE BATTLE AND LIVE ON THE PROFITS FROM MY MERCENARY ACTIONS KILLING LANGUAGE REVOLUTIONISES THE IDEA OF ANARCHY NO WORDS TO EXPRESS THE INEXPRESSIBLE NATURE OF THOUGHT USING THE IDEA TO DESTROY THE MEDIUM EXPRESSING IT MAKING THE OBJECTS THEMSELVES THE TOOLS OF THEIR DOWNFALL THESE VERY WORDS ARE THE GRAVEYARD OF WORDS STRETCHING INTO THE DISTANCE LIKE A FIRST WORLD WAR MEMORIAL GARDEN UNREADABLE HEADSTONES IN ORDERLY WELL KEPT LINES THIS PAGE IS A WREATH LAID AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WORDS REPRESENTING ALL THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN THE BURNING OF THE DICTIONARY UNNAMED AND FORGOTTEN FOREVER LUCKILY SUCH OUTRAGEOUS CLAIMS WILL GO UNNOTICED LIKE THE THOUGHTS OF A MASS MURDERER TO SCARED TO COMMIT THE CRIME HES IMAGINING THIS IS MY FINAL SOLUTION SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF RECONCILING TEXT WITH VISUAL IMAGERY PURE POETIC LINES OF THOUGHT DEVOID OF MEANING HERE I CAN WRITE TABLE WITHOUT PICTURING THE OBJECT SAY VAN GOGH WITHOUT FEAR OF PLAGIARISM WRITE POTATO EATER WITHOUT CONJURING HIS IMAGERY LOB OFF A LOBE WITHOUT PROVIDING A RECORD AND LET THE BLOOD FLOOD THE EMPTY GALLERY FLOOR THAT I STAND ON I CAN WAIT FOR IT TO COAGULATE AND DRY BLACK RUSTY RED AND THEN TAKE MY BOOTS OFF AND LEAVE THEM THERE STUCK TO THE FLOOR AS I TIP TOE INTO THE NIGHT IM HAPPY THAT NOBODY WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS IS SAYING EXCEPT THOSE FEW INITIATES WHO KNOW THE KEY TO DECIPHER THE MESSAGE

AND KNOW WHICH WORDS TO READ TO GET THE STORY HIDDEN WITHIN THIS IS A KIND OF ILLUMINATI TEXT WITH A RIGOROUS LOGIC THAT CONTAINS SHROUDED TRUTHS A FREEMASONIC MESSAGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT A TEMPLAR TEMPLATE EXPLAINING THE DARK MYSTERIES HERE IS A CLUE FOR THE OUTSIDER A NUMERICAL DEVICE THAT WILL USHER IN COMPREHENSION COUNT ON IT MY SORRY FRIENDS ALL IS BEFORE YOU SEQUENTIALLY VISIBLE AB EXTRA MAGIC FORMULA ABRACADABRA WILL OPEN THE DOORS TO PERCEPTION IF THE KEY IS TURNED PROPERLY THE RIDDLE IS UNDER YOUR NOSE A MATHEMATICAL INSIGHT IN SIGHT FROM THE VERY OUTSET COUNTING DOESNT ALWAYS BEGIN AT ONE IM NOT SOME QUASI RELIGIOUS HARBINGER OF DOOM BUT MARK MY WORDS WORDS WILL END AS ALL HUMAN LIFE WILL END ALSO INEVITABLE DEMISE OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING YOU DONT NEED TO BE A CASSANDRA OR NOSTRADAMUS TO PREDICT THAT ACCURATELY AND THE DATE IS IRRELEVANT OR WILL BE ALL IS FUTILITY BUT I BETTER PRESS ON CAUSE I DONT THINK THE END OF THE WORLD WILL HAPPEN IN MY LIFETIME IT CANNOT THAT VERY THOUGHT IS AN OBVIOUS CONTRADICTION OF LOGIC DEPENDING WHAT I MEAN BY THE WORD WORLD OF COURSE AND LIFETIME MY SEMANTIC CONFUSION IS JUST PART OF THE PROBLEM IM ADDRESSING ITS THE SPITTLE IN THE CORNER OF THE MOUTH THE BIT OF TOBACCO ON THE LIP OF A ROLL UP SMOKER THE LICE IN THE HAIR OF A PRETTY GIRL THE BOIL ON THE BACKSIDE OF THE MODEL THE CHICKEN POO ON THE EGG THE SEAWEED ON THE PROPELLER THE HOLE IN THE DART BOARD THE BEE IN THE ROSE THE MAGGOT IN THE APPLE THE TURD IN THE SWIMMING POOL THE STY ON THE EYE OF THE VIEWER THE SWEAR WORD IN THE BIBLE THE FLEA IN THE CARPET THE NEEDLE IN THE WASHING THE NAIL STICKING UP UNDER THE FOOT THE GERM IN THE AIR THE LOST VOICE OF WARNING THE BUTTON FOR THE BOMB THE TACK IN THE SANDWICH THE VIRUS IN THE BLOOD THE MOULD ON THE MEAT THE HAIR IN THE PAINT THE PRINTING ERROR IN THE THESAURUS THE CATERPILLAR IN THE LETTUCE THE BROKEN BULB IN THE CELLAR THE BULLET IN THE BODY THE BOOKWORM IN THE BODLEIAN THE WEED IN THE NURSERY THE RAZOR IN THE NURSERY THE COCKROACH IN THE KITCHEN THE BUG IN THE HOSPITAL THE RUST ON THE HINGES THE GREMLIN IN THE ENGINE THE JOKER IN THE PACK THE CRUMB IN THE TEETH THE HEROIN IN THE NEEDLE THE LAND MINE IN THE FIELD THE TUMOUR IN THE BRAIN THE CLOT IN THE HEART THE MOUSE IN THE PIANO THE MOTH IN THE WARDROBE THE CRACK IN THE CUP THE ICEBERG IN THE SEA THE HOOK IN THE RIVER THE TEAR IN THE PARACHUTE THE FRAY IN THE ROPE THE SNIPER IN THE STADIUM THE PIRANHA IN THE BATH THE GHOST IN THE HOUSE THE PSYCHOPATH IN THE CROWD THE OBSTACLE ON THE TRACK THE POISON IN THE MILK THE WEEVIL IN THE BISCUIT THE DAMP IN THE WALL THE GAS IN THE ROOM THE WASP AT THE PICNIC THE SCORPION IN THE SHOE THE FLAW IN THE DIAMOND THE ROT IN THE LADDER THE GLASS IN THE TYRE THE FIREWORKS IN THE BONFIRE THE WEAK LINK IN THE CHAIN THE LOST DAYS OF A COMA ETC ONE QUARTER UNDER MY BELT PROBABLY NINETEEN THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY WORDS SO ONLY FIFTY EIGHT THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY TO GO GIVE OR TAKE A FEW HUNDRED AND THATS PROBABLY AN UNDERESTIMATION TO ENCOURAGE ME ON I KEEP NEEDING TO CONVINCE MYSELF THAT IT WONT TAKE MUCH LONGER LIKE A TRAPPED MAN IN A CELLAR WAITING TO BE RESCUED RE BREATHING THE SAME FETID AIR HOW MANY NOTES DID MAHLER USE TO COMPOSE HIS EIGHTH SYMPHONY MORE OR LESS THAN IT TOOK FOR GURRELIEDER I WONDER AND WHAT ABOUT THE TURANGALILA OR ALL OF THOSE USED BY BACH HAS ANYONE EVER SAT DOWN TO COUNT THEM HOW MANY F SHARPS IN THE D MINOR SYMPHONY OF GREAT LUDWIG VAN B WHOSE GRUMPY PLASTER BUST ADORNS MANY AN UNPLAYED PIANO BUT SIZE ISNT EVERYTHING IN ART ALTHOUGH HAVING SAID THAT BIGGER APPEARS TO BE BETTER SO NOW EVEN THE HOMES OF GREAT ART NEED TO BE EXPANSIVE RESIDENCES I WOULD LIKE TO DO SOME MICROSCOPIC PICTURES VISIBLE ONLY THROUGH AN ELECTRON MICROSCOPE WHAT A FRAME ONE OF THOSE WOULD MAKE AND ID LIKE TO WRITE THE SHORTEST PIECE OF MUSIC A NANOSECOND OF ENJOYMENT MAYBE A PERFECT TRIAD C E AND G TWO OCTAVES ABOVE CENTRE THE TINIEST FRAGMENT OF SOUND I CAN HEAR I REALLY LIKE MISTER ALI NEE CLAYS LITTLE POEM ME WE AND HERE IS A POEM IN TRIBUTE TO HIM CALLED WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS EIGHTEEN NINETY TWO JAMES J CORBETT EIGHTEEN NINETY SEVEN BOB FITZSIMMONS EIGHTEEN NINETY NINE JAMES J JEFFERIES NINETEEN O FIVE MARVIN HART NINETEEN O SIX TOMMY BURNS NINETEEN O EIGHT JACK JOHNSON NINETEEN FIFTEEN JESS WILLARD NINETEEN NINETEEN JACK DEMPSEY NINETEEN TWENTY SIX GENE TUNNEY NINETEEN THIRTY MAX SCHMELING NINETEEN THIRTY TWO JACK SHARKEY NINETEEN THIRTY THREE PRIMO CARNERA NINETEEN THIRTY FOUR MAX BAER NINETEEN THIRTY FIVE JAMES BRADDOCK NINETEEN THIRTY SEVEN JOE LOUIS NINETEEN FORTY NINE EZZARD CHARLES NINETEEN FIFTY ONE JERSEY JOE WALCOTT NINETEEN FIFTY TWO ROCKY MARCIANO NINETEEN FIFTY SIX FLOYD PATTERSON NINETEEN FIFTY NINE INGEMAR JOHANSSON NINETEEN SIXTY FLOYD PATTERSON AGAIN NINETEEN SIXTY TWO SONNY LISTON NINETEEN SIXTY FOUR YOU AND ME WE I LIKE YOU BORN TO BE FINALLY DEFEATED TO TRIUMPH ABOVE IT WITH EGO ALONE

AND PROUDLY THROW OUR MEDALS INTO THE RIVER NOT THAT IVE WON ANY BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN I DESERVE THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR ARROGANCE IF THERE IS ONE IT TAKES GUTS TO BE AS VAIN AS I AM HERE IT COMES NOT LONG NOW MY FLOCCINAUCINIHIPILIFICATION IS JUST A SHOW THAT HAS GOT TO BE THE BEST WORD IN THE DICTIONARY ITS THE SORT OF WORD YOU CAN ONLY USE ONCE PER BOOK AND IVE BEEN SAVING IT UP FOR NOW A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN THAT ONE WITH PEDIGREE AND A WELL GROUNDED LATINO HERITAGE THAT PUTS THE REST OF THIS FLIBBERTIGIBBET ROMPING TO SHAME SHAME ITS GONE I CANT USE IT TWICE ON ONE PAGE EVERY TWO YEARS IS QUITE ENOUGH AND NOW IM THINKING IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER LEFT OUT DELIBERATELY IGNORED BUT AS USUAL ITS TOO LATE FOR CHANGES I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT IT BEFORE OPENING MY DICTIONARY AND TRACKING IT DOWN NOW ITS DONE THE DI IS CAST ITS JUST MORE SPILT MILK SEEPING INTO THE CARPET OF HISTORY IF I MAY ALLOW MYSELF TO QUOTE MYSELF FROM THE END OF THE VOID JUST UP AND LEFT OF THE SIGNATURE BUT IT SEEMS AGES SINCE I SIGNED THAT PIECE OF PAPER MY HOW THE TIME FLIES WHEN YOURE LYING THROUGH YOUR LIPS AND YOUR FINGER TIPS PROBING IN THE BACK OF THE MINDS CUPBOARD TRYING TO FIND SOMETHING TO SAY WITH AN ITCHY BEARD REALLY GETTING UP YOUR NOSE ITS A SAD DAY WHEN YOU HAVE TO START WEARING MULTIPLE JUMPERS AND CONSIDERING THE BOILER SITUATION WILL I OR IT SURVIVE ANOTHER PROTRACTED WINTER OF ENDLESS PROPORTIONS MY MIND WAS DESIGNED FOR SUNNIER CLIMES ITS NO ACCIDENT THE GREEKS DID SO WELL IN THE EARLY DRAFT OF HISTORY WE BARBARIANS WERE HUDDLED ROUND FIRES WHILE THEY PRACTISED THEIR MENTAL GYMNASTICS THEY PONDERED THE VOLUME OF SPACES WHILE WE EYED THE NEW CUT OF ANIMAL HIDES AND HID FROM THEIR ZEPHYRS BREATH THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS ETRUSCANS AND PHOENICIANS COULD LIE ABOUT OR BE CREATIVE WHILE WE POOR BUGGERS HAD TO SPEND ALL OUR TIME CONSIDERING HOW TO KEEP WARM ENOUGH TO SLEEP AND THEN ALONG COME THE ROMANS AND WITHIN MINUTES THEYVE INSTALLED UNDER FLOOR CENTRAL HEATING AND AIR CONDITIONING JUST LOOK AT STONEHENGE FOR GOD SAKE NOT EVEN A ROOF AND DRAUGHTY AS HELL WHO WOULD WANT TO LIVE THERE NO WONDER WE WENT OFF MARAUDING AND CONQUERING AS SOON AS WE COULD WHO WOULD WANT TO STAY HERE ON THIS WINDSWEPT ISLE WE WERE JUST LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE A BIT WARMER SO WHAT ABOUT THE FALKLANDS WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT SOME BARREN NOWHERE WE ACCIDENTALLY RAN AGROUND ON AND PLANTED A FLAG DID IT GROW NOT A CHANCE IF IT WAS UP TO ME ID INVADE HAWAII I ONLY WISH MY ANCESTORS HAD HAD THE FORESIGHT TO STEAL A LOAF OF BREAD THEN MAYBE ID BE ENJOYING A SPRING MORNING DOWN UNDER SITTING WITH DEROK HAVING A COFFEE AND PLAYING CHESS WHILST LISTENING TO THE DULCET SOUNDS OF FLINTLOCK AH BUT WOULD I BE DOING THIS IN ANOTHER VERSION OF MY LIFE I CERTAINLY HOPE NOT WHATS THE POINT OF THIS REVERIE IF I HAVE TO CONTINUE THIS NIGHTMARE THERE IM NOT SURE I WANT TO LIVE WITH ALL THOSE SPIDERS AND AUSTRALIANS SO PERHAPS ID RATHER BE HERE AFTER ALL IN THE BOSOM OF MY ROOM PATIENTLY WAITING FOR PLEASURE TO OCCUPY MY LEISURE HERES SOME SUMS TO WARM UP MY BRAIN WITH NINE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX DIVIDED BY SEVEN EQUALS ONE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND TEN WITH EIGHTY FIVE OR SO LEFT OVER HERES A NICE ONE MINUS ONE HUNDRED AND TWO TIMES SIX POINT EIGHT EQUALS MINUS SIX HUNDRED AND NINETY THREE POINT SIX UNFORTUNATELY I DONT REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT SQUARE ROOT BUTTON DOES SO ILL LEAVE IT WELL ALONE FOR NOW ANYWAY MAYBE LATER WHEN I CANT THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO DO ILL GIVE IT A PUSH MATHEMATICS IS NOT ONE OF MY STRONGER SUBJECTS THOUGH I DO LIKE THE IDEA OF IT IN RETROSPECT I SPENT MOST OF THE TIME DURING MY MATHS LESSONS STANDING OUTSIDE THE HEADMASTERS OFFICE SO ITS HARDLY SURPRISING I DIDNT LEARN MUCH BUT ON THE WALL I WAS FORCED TO FACE I HAD AN EXCELLENT CLOSE UP VIEW OF THE DANCING LADIES IN THE PRIMAVERA THOUGH THE PRINT WAS A BIT FADED AND TORN I COULD DEFINITELY SEE ONE OF THEIR BOTTOMS THROUGH THEIR SEXY FLOWING FROCKS BACK BOTTOM ONLY UNFORTUNATELY BUT IT WAS BETTER THAN ALGEBRA OBVIOUSLY THEN ONE DAY I WAS SENT TO STAND THERE AND INSTEAD OF MY LOVELY CHUBBY BOTTOMED FANTASY I WAS SHOCKED TO SEE A NEW PICTURE SOME DULL ABSTRACT BLOB ALL DISMAL AND GREY THAT I DISCOVERED IN THE CORNER OF THE POSTER WAS BY SOME YANK CALLED REINHARDT APPARENTLY THE HEADMASTER HAD NOTICED THE STAINS OF MY SALIVA ACROSS THE DANCERS BUTT AND HAD DETERMINED THAT MY PUNISHMENT WAS A LITTLE TOO SOFT AND I GAINED TOO MUCH PLEASURE FROM PLACING MY FACE ONLY CENTIMETRES AWAY FROM HIS SHABBY BOTTICELLI THIS WOULD TEACH ME NOT TO MISBEHAVE TO HAVE TO STARE AT THAT ABSTRACT MISHMASH OF GLOOMY BLACKS WOULD BE MORE LIKE THE PUNISHMENT I DESERVED AND IT WORKED BECAUSE SOON I STOPPED BEING THE FOOL OF THE CLASS AND JUST SAT QUIETLY LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW TRYING TO REMEMBER MY FANTASY BOTTOM LET THAT BE A LESSON TO EVERYONE INVOLVED IN THE TEACHING PROFESSION

AND I ONLY WISH IT WERE TRUE ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM HAS NEVER GOT MY BLOOD FLOWING THE WAY THOSE NYMPHS DID NOW IM A NYMPHOMANIAC JUDGING ART BY THE BULGE IT PRODUCES IN MY PANTS THE TINGLING SENSATION ON MY NECK PRODUCED BY THE SLOW RISING CLIMAX TO BRUCKNERS FOURTH SYMPHONY IS EQUAL TO THE TOUCH OF A FAIR MAIDENS FINGER ON MY THIGH THE EXHILARATION OF HODGKINS PAINT IS LIKE A KISS STOLEN AT A PARTY LEAVING A PALPABLE MEMORY ON THE LIPS OR THE IRIS IM A WILLIAM THE BASTARD CONQUERING THE WHITE SANDS OF THIS BEACH COMMISSIONING A PERSONAL DOOMSDAY BOOK FROM MY MIND HOPING TO GET IT DONE IN A THIRD OF THE TIME OF THE REAL ONE I OUGHT TO IVE ONLY GOT MY OWN THOUGHTS TO COUNT AND THERE CANT BE TOO MANY OF THEM LEFT AS I PRESS ON INTO THE HOSTILE HINTERLAND LEAVING A TRAIL OF BLACK AFTERBIRTH IN MY WAKE AS THE BABY GROWS STEADILY LONGER IM LAYING MY LAMB DOWN ON STRATFORD BROADWAY FOR SLAUGHTER FOR WHAT AM I SOME JOHN OF NO TRADE DEPOSITING A VAST GREAT SPRAWLING DEAD BODY OF WORK MAGNUM CORPUS THAT IM CHALKING ROUND TO FIX LIKE AT A CRIME SCENE DID THEY DO THAT ROUND ROTHKOS BODY I WONDER IT WOULD BE FUNNY THAT THE FINAL MARK ON THE FLOOR PRODUCED FROM AN ABSTRACT PAINTER WOULD BE A FIGURATIVE OUTLINE DRAWING HOW MUCH WOULD THAT BE WORTH NOW AS A PRIZE TO BE STORED IN A MODERN DAY RELIQUARY SUCH AS THE NEW MUCH VAUNTED VAULTED CHURCH ON THE BANK OF THE MAIN ARTERY OF THIS ESTEEMED CITY WHERE THE PIOUS TROOP IN RELIGIOUSLY EVERY WEEKEND FOR A DOSE OF ENLIGHTENMENT AND TO GASP IN AWE AT THE ICONS MANY OF WHICH ARE THE LEGACY OF ICONOCLASTS THE IRONY IS IRREFRAGABLE I WORSHIP AT MY OWN LITTLE ALTAR THIS BRIGHT LIGHT IS MY PRIEST TO WHOM I OFFER MY CONFESSIONS BLESS ME FATHER FOR I HAVE SINNED I HAVE BEEN SLOTHFUL LIKE A SOUTH AMERICAN LONG HAired SLOW MOVING ARBOREAL EDENTATE MAMMAL WITH CURVED LONG CLAWED FEET MY PENANCE IS ALWAYS THE SAME TO WRITE A BIT MORE AND TRY TO DO BETTER NEXT TIME ITS ALWAYS BEEN LIKE IT IS NOW AS MY EARLIEST CHRONICLERS NOTED HE IS CAPABLE OF OK WRITING AND HE WRITES INTERESTING STORIES HAS PLENTY OF INTERESTING IDEAS BUT MUST IMPROVE REPRESENTATION HAS DEFINITE POTENTIAL IN THIS SUBJECT WHICH COULD BE FULFILLED WITH HARD WORK AND CONCENTRATION TAKES CARE IN PRESENTATION OF HIS WORK HE HAS PRODUCED SOME VERY INTERESTING STORIES HE HAS WORKED QUITE WELL HE HAS IMPROVED HIS WRITTEN WORK WHICH INITIALLY WAS SUPERFICIAL BUT THERE IS ROOM FOR CONSIDERABLE IMPROVEMENT IN SPELLING HIS WRITTEN WORK HAS IMPROVED ALTHOUGH HE STILL NEEDS TO WORK HARD AT HIS SPELLING IN ORAL SESSIONS HE STILL HAS A TENDENCY TO OVER ASSERT HIMSELF ON THE WHOLE HE HAS MADE PLEASING PROGRESS HAS ABILITY BUT SO FAR HE HAS FAILED TO PRODUCE THE STANDARD OF WORK OF WHICH HE IS CAPABLE HIS WRITTEN WORK IS RATHER SUPERFICIAL AND HIS CASUAL APPROACH LEADS TO CARELESS MISTAKES IN PARTICULAR HE NEEDS TO PAY SPECIFIC ATTENTION TO SPELLING AND WHEN IN DOUBT ABOUT A WORD MUST CONSULT A DICTIONARY WITH A MORE SERIOUS APPROACH HE WOULD MAKE EXCELLENT PROGRESS HAS ADOPTED A MORE SERIOUS APPROACH RECENTLY AND THIS IS MOST ENCOURAGING HIS WRITTEN ENGLISH IS MORE ACCURATE BUT LACKS DEPTH HE SHOULD PAY MORE ATTENTION TO DETAIL WHEN PLANNING HIS WORK HAS WORKED WELL SO FAR HE HAS MADE A PARTICULARLY PLEASING CONTRIBUTION IN LITERATURE LESSONS HIS WRITTEN WORK ALTHOUGH STILL SUPERFICIAL HAS IMPROVED IN TERMS OF ACCURACY HIS WORK HAS BEEN VERY DISAPPOINTING FIRSTLY HE APPEARS TO BE INCAPABLE OF CONCENTRATING ON THE MATTER IN HAND SECONDLY HIS WRITTEN WORK IS INACCURATE AND HE MAKES LITTLE ATTEMPT TO OVERCOME THESE BASIC WEAKNESSES IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT HE PAYS PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO SENTENCE CONSTRUCTION AND CAPITAL LETTERS AND THAT GENERALLY HE IS MORE PREPARED TO GIVE THOUGHTFUL CONSIDERATION TO ALL TASKS SET HAS GREAT POTENTIAL IN THIS SUBJECT MAINLY BECAUSE OF HIS LOVE OF WORDS IF HOWEVER HE IS TO DO WELL HE MUST LEARN TO DISCIPLINE HIS USE OF LANGUAGE BOTH WRITTEN AND SPOKEN SO THAT HIS EXTENSIVE VOCABULARY MAY WORK FOR HIM INSTEAD OF AGAINST HIM HAS A SPECIAL FACILITY FOR WRITING POETRY HAS A GREAT POTENTIAL IN ENGLISH AND DURING THE PAST YEAR PARTICULARLY HE HAS WORKED HARD TO OVERCOME AREAS OF WEAKNESS HIS EXTENSIVE VOCABULARY AND ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE ORALLY CAN BE OF A GREAT ADVANTAGE TO HIM PROVIDING HE USES THEM WITH CONSIDERATION I AM SURE HE WILL SUCCEED IN HIS CHOSEN CAREER AND I WISH HIM WELL FOR THE FUTURE DEAR LITTLE NIGHTINGALE WHERE DID YOU FLY TO WITH YOUR PROPHEESIES AND PERT LITTLE BOTTOM YOUR CRITICISM STILL CAN BE LEVELLED NOTHING MUCH CHANGES I ALMOST FANCIED YOU ONCE DO YOU REMEMBER THAT TIME IN THE BACK OF YOUR CAR OF COURSE NOT HOW CAN SOMEONE ELSE REMEMBER MY FICTION AND FANTASIES THIS REALLY IS A SORRY STATE OF AFFAIRS ITS THE PITs DRAGGING CHILDHOOD INTO THE QUAGMIRE THATS THE LAST RESORT POSSIBLE THE DOMAIN OF BOOKER SHORT LISTED MORON TRUTH TWISTER TWIT

TWITTERERS THANK GOD I DONT HAVE TO REVISIT THOSE DREARY SCHOOL UNIFORM DAYS TO PROFIT A SECOND TIME ROUND FROM FICTIONAL EMOTIONS HERE IN THE RAREFIED ART AIR I CAN LET THE PENDULUM OF STYLE SWING BACK AND FORTH FROM JITTERBUG BUNGLING TO PSEUDO PHILOSOPHICAL TANTRUMS OF STAMPING TINY BLACK FEET A HOTCHPOTCH OF HOCUS POCUS HOITY TOITY HOKUM AND BUNKUM HOBBY HORSE SOMBROUS SOLILOQUIING HOW MANY TIMES MUST I SAY THE SAME NOTHING TO DRAW THE NOOSE AND FINALLY BREAK THE NECK OF THIS WRIGGLING BLACK LINE I USED UP ALL MY PROVISIONS LONG AGO NOW IM EATING THE SHIP ITSELF THE LAST ONE LEFT AFTER IVE I BURNT ALL THE REST ALONG WITH MY BRIDGES HOW MUCH LONGER WILL THIS JOURNEY TAKE BEFORE I FALL OFF THE END OF THE WORLD THE HORIZON KEEPS RECEDING STILL BUT I KNOW IM GRADUALLY GETTING THERE IVE KEPT MY LOG UP TO DATE AND KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I AM STUCK IN THE IMAGINATIVE DOLDRUMS AGAIN IM PADDLING ALONG WITH JUST ONE FINGER TO SPEED ME TO MY HARBOUR PLANTING MY ANCHOR IN A NEW PART OF THE PAGE EVERY NIGHT AND WAKING UP TO FIND THAT IVE DRIFTED BACKWARDS AGAIN THE TIDE OF TIME IS SO STRONG PULLING HEAVILY AT MY HULL MY RUDDER BROKE LONG AGO SO IM JUST GOING ROUND AND ROUND IN CIRCLES COVERING THE SAME STRETCH OF ENDLESS SEA OVER AND OVER AGAIN MY ARMS ARE ACHING FROM METAPHORICAL SWIMMING AND MY BRAIN JUST WANTS TO DROWN AND MAKE A NEW LIFE ON THE SEABED WITH THE BASKING SHARKS AND OTHER LOST TREASURE BOXES OF FLOODED DREAMERS IM WRITING GREY MUSIC NOW FUNERAL MARCHES AND SOLEMN PROCESSIONAL WAILINGS IM BANGING THE BROKEN SKIN OF MY DRUM PRODUCING A FLACCID BEAT MARKING EACH STEP TOWARDS THE GOAL POSTS WITH ONLY SPACE TO DEFEND THE FINISHING LINE THIS IS MY PENALTY POINT THE CHALKY WHITE CIRCLE I KICK FROM IN THE HOPE OF SCORING ANOTHER OWN GOAL THE MACHINE ITSELF IS THE KEEPER OF THE WORDS ARCH RIVAL OF MY BRAIN COMPLACENT CONTAINER OF SPENT PHRASES USURPER OF INTELLIGENCE CATCHER OF BUTTER COATED FLYING WORDS THE WHOLE THING IS SO INCREDIBLY UNNECESSARY A STRANGE BREW OF SYNTACTIC TEA TERRIBLE TASTING ODOROUS ONEROUS ONEIRIC GIBBERISH THESE ARE THE GIBLET LEFTOVERS OF A THOUGHT A MISCONCEIVED ABORTION OF AN IDEA WHEN I SET OUT IN THE SPRING OF THE PROCESS I HAD NO IDEA I COULD GET SO LOST MY COMPASS HAS ALWAYS SHOWN SOUTH AS THE WAY FORWARD BUT MY BEARINGS HAVE ALL GOT CONFUSED AS I REACH THE TOP THE NADIR OF THE MOUNTAIN I SLIP BACK UP TO THE SAME OLD LEDGE AND MUST DESCEND AGAIN EVERY MORNING HERE IN THESE CLOUDS I CANT EVEN SEE MY FEET AS THEYRE TUCKED AWAY UNDER THE TABLE FULL SPEED DOWNWARD I CRY AS I PLUNGE IN TO THE FRAY ONCE AGAIN BRANDISHING MY DICTIONARY LIKE SOME OLD SAINT BEFORE ME OVER MY HEAD HOPING THE BARBAROUS SWORD OF TIME WONT CUT THROUGH IT IM AS NAIVE AS SO MANY DUMB MARTYRS GIVING MY LIFE FOR A RIDICULOUS IDEALISM A BELIEF IN THE TRANSCENDING POWER OF ART AND LIKE THEM I AM BLOATED WITH SELF GRATIFICATION AND INFLATED WITH BOUNTEOUS EGO MY BLARNEY RIVALS ANY UTTERED AS THE AXE FELL A LAST SHOUT OF DEFIANCE TO THE MERCIFUL KILLER JUDAS IS OK IN MY BOOK AT LEAST HE GOT PAID AND LET NOBODY ELSE TAKE HIS LIFE IF ONLY THEYD TELL US HIS GOSPEL TRUTH IT WOULD CLEAR UP A FEW MISUNDERSTANDINGS AND PUT THE RECORD STRAIGHT ALONG WITH THE WHORES WORDS SHE HAD THE BEST OF VIEW ALL LOOKING UP LICKING HIS FEET WITH HER HAIR IF I READ IT I WANT THE UNEXPURGATED VERSION NOT KING JAMESS DEBATABLE DEBACLE WHERE HIS NAME APPEARS COURTESY OF HIS WILL ITS ALL JUST HEARSAY EVIDENCE ANYWAY AND CANT BE TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY BUT IT MAKES A BIT MORE COPY FOR THIS BILIOUS BIBELOT WORDS SHOULD NEVER BE TAKEN TOO LITERALLY ESPECIALLY IF THEYVE BEEN CORRUPTED BY TRANSLATORS INTERVENTIONS ITS HARD ENOUGH TO WRITE ACCURATELY YOUR OWN THOUGHTS CONTEMPORARILY LET ALONE TO DECIPHER SOMEONE ELSEs RECOLLECTIONS AND MISUNDERSTANDINGS OF THINGS OVERHEARD YEARS BEFORE BUT BELIEF IS A SLIPPERY SNAKE AND ONCE BITTEN ITS HARD TO RECOVER FROM THE EVIL VENOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS THAT COURSES THROUGH THE MIND OF THE VICTIM RIGHT NOW BULLETS ARE FLYING INTO THE FLESH OF FERVENT BELIEVERS THE PROMISED LAND PROVIDES PLENTY OF SAND TO SUCK UP THE BLOOD OF THE FOOLS WHO THINK SOMETHING IS WORTH DYING FOR I IMAGINE THEIR DISAPPOINTMENT AS THEIR BODIES LIE ROTTING IN THE CASKET CAPSULES DESIGNED TO TAKE THEM TO THEIR MAKER BUT THEIR MAKER JUST USES THEIR FLESH TO REPLENISH THE GROUND FOR MORE OLIVES AND LETS THEIR SO CALLED SOUL DISSIPATE INTO THE GUN SMOKE FILLED ATMOSPHERE WHAT DID YOU DIE FOR ALL YOU HEROES YOU JUST SET A BAD EXAMPLE TO IMPRESSIONABLE YOUTHS WHEN HAIRY MARYS BROTHER LAZARUS AND JAIRUSS DAUGHTER WERE RETURNED THEY DIDNT SEEM PEEVED TO BE PLUCKED BACK FROM GODS BOSOM AND I EXPECT THEY WERE HAPPY TO LIVE OUT THE REST OF THEIR LIVES AGAIN AND OF COURSE DEAD LAZARUS WAS DEAD FOR FOUR DAYS BEFORE BEING ALIVE SO HED HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO ADAPT TO HIS NEW HOME UP IN HEAVEN AND HE MUST HAVE REEKED A BIT TOO ON COMING FORTH FROM HIS CAVE BUT ENOUGH STONE

THROWING IM GOING TO CAST MYSELF FROM THIS PARADISE AND WANDER THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SITTING ROOM TO THE KITCHEN AND PERFORM THE MIRACLE OF TURNING WATER INTO TEA BLASPHEMY IS A FINE WAY TO DARKEN THIS PAGE IM MORE THAN HAPPY TO JUMP ON A BIBLE BASHING BANDWAGON AND TAKE A LIFT FOR A WHILE THE SILENCE IN MY HEAD IS ONLY BROKEN BY THE CLATTER INDUCED BY MY FINGER AS I INSERT LETTER AFTER LETTER INPUTTING MY HEBETUDES CONSTANTLY BANGING ON AND ON ON THE KEYBOARDS RECEPTIVE NODULES PLASTIC CLITORIAL SENSORS THAT SEND THE MESSAGE OF ORGASMIC AUDACITY TO THE TECHNOLOGICAL HARD BRAIN SO AU COURANT WITH MY FLIPPANT PROCEDURAL STYLE IF I MAY BE SO CHEEKY TO CALL THIS METHODICAL CONCOCTION STYLE AT ALL MINE IF IT IS ONE IS THE STYLE OF A BLIND MAN BLIND DRUNK NEGOTIATING A TRICKY OBSTACLE COURSE A SUCCESSION OF ERRORS AND FALLS LIKE SOMETHING IMAGINED BY BRUEGEL THE ELDER CROSSED WITH ITS A KNOCK OUT ALSO THE OLDER ONE CANVAS AND TV HAVE A LOT IN COMMON BOTH PLAY WITH THE EYES FOR THEIR KICKS AND REDUCE THE VIEWER TO A PASSIVE SPECTATOR BUT AT LEAST WITH TV THE IMAGES CHANGE WHEREAS WITH CANVAS IT JUST GETS MORE OBSCURE AND VARNISHED WITH LAYERS OF TIME AND GRIME UNTIL SOME BRIGHT SPARK HAS THE IDEA TO CLEAN IT AND TAKES A WIRE BRUSH TO ITS FRAGILE SKIN IF YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT IS REALLY PAINTED ON THE SISTINE CHAPEL CEILING ASK THE ATTENDANT TO TURN OFF THE LIGHTS AND LIFT UP YOUR CANDLE AS HIGH AS YOU CAN AH THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY OF THE UNSEEN SCENES OF A NIGHT VIEWING WHAT A VAINGLORIOUS EFFORT A SUBLIME ACHIEVEMENT OF MERE MORTAL HANDIWORK BY A TITAN OF MUSCULAR IMAGINATION WHAT HOPE FOR THE REST OF US WHEN FACED WITH THAT KIND OF AWESOME LATTICEWORK OF IDEAS HOLD ON A MINUTE ITS JUST AN ILLUSTRATION WHAT IS SO GREAT ABOUT THAT IS THE STORY MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE PIGMENT WHAT COULD HE HAVE DONE FREED FROM THE CONSTRAINTS OF THE CONTRACT AND THE CURRENT ZEITGEIST AN OPTION TO DECORATE HOWEVER HE WANTED EVEN WITH WALLPAPER IF HE SO CHOSE IMAGINE HIS POEMS DISPLAYED ON THAT SCALE NOW THAT REALLY WOULD BE IMPRESSIVE AND WHAT IF MASACCIO HAD PAINTED WITH ROLLERS USING DULUX COLOURS FROM HOMEBASE HOW WOULD THAT HAVE ALTERED EVES GRIMACING FACE UNNECESSARY NOTIONS CORRUPT IMAGININGS JUST FOR THE SAKE OF COMPLETING THIS IMPOTENT STALLION OF A PAGE THE BASELINE IS AS ALWAYS THE BOTTOM LINE AND WHATEVER IS NEEDED TO FILL WILL SUFFICE IM SACRIFICING NOTHING BUT TIME IN THIS HOLY WAR OF ATTRITION IM PLUNDERING MY MIND AND RAPING MY IMAGINATION PUTTING SWORD TO ALL THOUGHTS THAT STAND IN MY WAY PILLAGING THE DICTIONARY OF ITS PRECIOUS CARGO SACKING THE BASTIONS OF TASTE AND DECENCY WITH MEAN MOUTHED WORDS DEVOID OF ANGLO SAXON SIMPLICITY PERNICIOUS PERFIDIOUS ALBION LANGUAGE TREACHEROUSLY TWISTED AND SHRUNK TO A DIABOLICAL MINUSCULE NONSENSE THIS SEA OFFERS REFUGE TO MY REFUSE ALL MY MENTAL TRIBUTARIES RUN INTO IT AND GET SWALLOWED UP FLUVIAL FLUENCY OF MOTHER TONGUED LAVA FLOWS HISSING INTO THE ABYSS THE GLACIER OF THIS SENTENCE IS VERY SLOWLY FALLING OF THE MOUNTAIN AND JOINING FORCES WITH ITS COUSIN THE SEA THE OCEAN IS THE COMPLETED ARTICLE WITH A SHORELINE OF ALL THAT SURROUNDS IT HEMMING THE WORDS IN WITH UNSPOKEN AIR A LONG RIVER OF DIATRIBE DAEDALIAN LABYRINTHINE MUSINGS FORMING A FORMALIST DISSOLVING OF FORMAL APPEARANCES POISONING THE PAGE WITH THE FROTHY POTION OF CONTINUATION A DEADPAN RESPONSE TO THE NEED OF HAVING SOMETHING TO DO AN OCCUPATIONAL ASPIRATION REALISING AN IDEA DESPITE NOT HAVING THE SKILLS TO DO IT PROPERLY THE SHELVES LOOK GREAT EVEN IF THE BOOKS DO SLIDE OFF ITS A RACE AGAINST TIME AND IM LOOSING EVERY TIME I STOP TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS THINKING OF THE NEXT THING TO SAY IM WASTING A FEW MORE PRECIOUS SECONDS FAILING FASTER THAN EVER AS MY BARD BEARD PUFFS UP LIKE AN UGLY NEST PERCHED ON MY CHIN IRRITATING LIKE A HAIRCLOTH UNDERGARMENT AN ITCHY VEST THAT I CANT REMOVE I SIGNED THE INTELLECTUAL CONTRACT BEFORE GETTING TO THE REALLY SMALL PRINT THE PACT WAS MADE LONG AGO AND COME HELL AND HIGH WATER IM BOUND BY ITS LOGIC IM SO PROFOUNDLY HONEST WITH MYSELF ITS SICKENING IM SUCH A CONSERVATIVE REBEL SO DOGMATIC TO BE DULL AS DITCH WATER CONSISTENT AND ANNOYING AS A DRIPPING TAP BUT SLOWLY THE BATH FILLS UP WITH COLD ANALYTICAL RESULTS DESPITE THE CONSTANT EVAPORATION OF INSPIRATION DOES MISTER SEWELLS SUPPLY OF VIRULENT VITRIOL EVER RUN DRY ONE COULD WONDER BUT I DO ENJOY A LITTLE CAUSTIC CATHARSIS EVERY THURSDAY A LITTLE REACTIONARY RANTING GOES A LONG WAY TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD THAT IVE BURDENED MYSELF WITH HERE IN THE SEWER OF MY MIND HOW WOULD HE VIEW THIS PRETENTIOUS PROFLIGATE DUENDE SPLATTERED ACROSS THIS SPACE HIS VOICE HAS THE CORRECT INTONATION TO SPEAK IT PERFECTLY ITS VAPID MEANING WOULD SIT WELL IN HIS MOUTH PERHAPS IF I MENTIONED POUSSIN ID GET IN HIS POCKET BUT WHAT IS THERE TO SAY ABOUT THAT MEDIOCRE FRENCH ROMAN EXCEPT TO LAUGH AT HIS PIOUS CLASSICISM POUSSIN IS A EUPHEMISM FOR A PO FACED PONCE STICK THAT IN YOUR

MAGRITTEAN PIPE AND SNIFF IT SURREALISTICALLY SARCASM MARKS THE BOARDERS OF DESPERATION AS WE ALL KNOW ITS THE LOWEST FORM WIT ESPECIALLY WHEN SPOUTED FROM THE MOUTH OF A TWIT WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHEN AN ART CRITIC BECOMES THE SUBJECT OF ART A VISUAL METAPHOR FOR DECADENCE AND WHAT CAN BE MORE DECADENT THAN THIS DECLINE AND FALL THIS JABBERWOCK JUVENILE JACTATION WHERE WOULD I BE NOW IF ID ONLY USED WORDS THAT I KNEW BASE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BOLLIX WHEN MEANING HAS GONE ALL WORDS ARE EQUAL IN THE SIGHT OF THE BLIND THEIR APPEARANCE IS THEIR ONLY MERIT I LACTATE THEIR MILKY UNDERSTANDING AND STAIN THE BRA THAT CONTAINS THEM WITH BLACK REMINISCENCES OF MEANING I FISH THROUGH THE DICTIONARY FOR JUICY PRIZE WINNING ENTRIES TRAWLING MY EYES TIL THEY PICK ON A BIG ONE A NICE FAT ROUND WORD PREGNANT WITH STILLBORN MEANING THEN I PLOP IT DOWN HERE WITH LITTLE CEREMONY AND FORGET THAT I EVER CAUGHT IT IN THIS NET OF PRINTED LETTERS WHAT I COULD DO IS CROSS IT OUT ONCE IVE PLUNDERED ITS CARCASS GRADUALLY THE TEXT WOULD BECOME MORE AND MORE OBFUSCATED PRONOUNS SCARCER AND SCARCER AS I RELINQUISH ANY SEMBLANCE OF MEANINGFUL CONTINUATION UNTIL THE WORDS JUST HAVE THEIR OWN FORMS WITHOUT REFERENCE TO EACH OTHER OCCASIONALLY TWO MAY ACCIDENTALLY MEAN MORE THAN THEIR INDIVIDUAL MEANINGS BUT NOT OFTEN I GUESS WHAT A PRODIGIOUS ACHIEVEMENT THAT COULD BE NO LONGER EVEN TRYING TO LINK THEM TOGETHER BUT ALLOWING THEM TOTAL CONTROL ALL MY JOB AS AUTHOR WOULD BE WOULD BE TO PICK THEM AND PLACE THEM ON HERE LIKE RIPE CHERRIES FROM A TREE PUT ON A WHITE PLATE A DISTANT RELATION TO THE COVER OF MCCARTNEY AND WHAT IF I CHOSE THEM COMPLETELY AT RANDOM OR USED SOME TECHNIQUE OF CHANCE ORGANISATION I TRIED IT A WHILE BACK BUT WAS TOO SHEEPISH TO GO THE WHOLE WAY ILL TRY IT NOW FOR TWENTY SEVEN WORDS AND SEE WHAT KIND OF A PRODUCT I GET OF UNJAUNDICED IGNITRON WAGGLE TRIABLE COPY BUSHEL SET PROSPECT PIP SQUEAK AEROBATICS CHESHIRE DEMODULATION WILL NOWADAY LIMERICK DYNAMO LAZY LUMME POTEEN SCANTY FRIABLE TRANSFERENCE WIND RACHITIS PARAPLEGIA SCRUPULOUS IN MY ATTENTION TO FOLLOW THE RULES OF THE GAME AUTOMATIC WRITING TO JUDGE BY THESE WORDS DOESNT MAKE TOO MUCH SENSE ALTHOUGH SYDS WORD SONG IS A FAVOURITE OF MINE IT TAKES FAR TOO LONG DOING THAT IF IM GOING TO WRITE UTTER CONFUSION I MAY AS WELL JUST MAKE UP MY OWN AND AVOID THE RESPONSIBILITY OF FOLLOWING SLAVISHLY SLOW MOVING CHANCE BUT ENOUGH OF THIS DILLY DALLYING WITH CONCEPTUAL CONCEIT I HAVENT GOT TIME TO SQUANDER ON ARTY PROCEDURES AND OUT MODERATE METHODS OF ORGANISATIONAL PERIMETERS IVE GOT A BOOK TO FINISH AND DOUBLE QUICK TOO THERES MORE TO LIFE THAN MASTURBATORY TECHNICALITIES WHO CARES HOW THE TELEVISION WORKS AS LONG AS YOU CAN WATCH YOUR PORNOGRAPHY ON IT LEAVE THE BUSINESS OF ARTISTIC POSSIBILITIES TO THOSE WITH TIME ON THEIR HANDS TO THINK OF NEW WAYS OF SEEING AND INTERPRETING THE WORLD LET THOSE WHO SELL IDEAS THINK OF NEW VERSIONS AND METHODS TO DEPICT THEM ALL IM CONCERNED WITH AT THE MOMENT IS GETTING THIS BLOODY MASTERPIECE OFF MY BACK AND STARTING WORK ON A NEW ONE HOPEFULLY ONE I CAN FINISH IN AN AFTERNOON IM SICK OF THIS DRAGGING ITS HEELS AND ABSORBING MY LIFE DAY AFTER DAY FOR NO PURPOSE OTHER THAN VANITY SO I CAN STICK IT AWAY WITH THE REST OF MY PAST AND TREAD INTO NEW FIELDS OF CREATION NEW VERSIONS OF OLD SONGS I NEVER WANTED TO BE A WRITER THE WHOLE PROCESS IS TOO LUGUBRIOUS AND DOWN RIGHT BORING ALL I WANT IS A WHOLE PAGE CRAMMED WITH WORDS INCOMMUNICABLE SMUDGES ON THE PICTURES SURFACE THATS IT I GIVE UP AT LEAST FOR TODAY TOMORROW ILL CONTINUE AFRESH HOPEFULLY WITH SOME BETTER IDEA THAT ILL JUST HAVE TO JOT DOWN WITHOUT THINKING ABOUT ALL I PLAN IS TO SIT AND WRITE THESE TEENY FRAGMENTS OF NOTHING THAT COME TUMBLING OUT OF THE TOP OF MY HEAD FIRST THOUGHTS GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED AS DONATIONS TOWARDS THE HOLY WAR EFFORT IN THIS GOD DAMNED GENOCIDE OF WORDS BEREFT OF CONSISTENCY OR INTEREST A TRAILBLAZING DIALOGUE WITH MYSELF TAPPED IN CODE INTO A BLANK MIRROR OF MIND HOLDING MEMORY THIS IS LIKE BUYING A LOTTERY SCRATCH CARD EVERY DAY A CONTINUAL DISAPPOINTMENT EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL INTERESTING THOUGHT BUT THATS ONLY ONCE EVERY BLUE MOON OR TWO THE REST IS JUST TIME DOWN THE DRAIN NO RETURN ON MY INVESTMENT I FEEL CHEATED BUT IF I WAS GULLIBLE ENOUGH TO START I MUST KEEP GOING DESPITE SEEING MY EFFORTS DISAPPEAR SO QUICKLY AND THE WHOLE ENTERPRISE IS NOT HELPED BY FEELING THE WAY THAT I HAVE FOR THE LAST WEEK UNDER A CLOUD OF COLD SYMPTOMS SNEEZING AND SNIFFING COUGHING AND WHEEZING I FEEL ROUGH AS AN OLD INDIAN MANS FEET OR LIKE STALE DOGS MUCK WARMED UP IN A MICROWAVE PERHAPS I NEED A BIT OF FRESH AIR IT CANT BE TOO HEALTHY TO SIT IN THIS DARK CLUTTERED ROOM FOR THIS LONG LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO THE PRODUCTS OF MY UNHEALTHY MIND THIS IS NO HOUSE OF WISDOM MORE LIKE A BROTHEL OF IMAGINATION CHEAP TARTY THOUGHTS DISPLAYED IN THIS WINDOW AS IN A BACK STREET IN THE HAGUE

OR ANY OTHER DUTCH DUCHY YOU PAY FOR WHAT YOU GET AND I CAN ONLY AFFORD THIS
SYPHILITIC OLD HAG TO POUR MY EFFUSIONS INTO OR OVER AND IN FACT ITS FUNNY BUT
TRUE THAT THERE IS A RED LIGHT HANGING OVER THIS ONE WAY STREET OF
COMPLACENCY WHERE I SIT IN MY PRIMITIVE INTERIOR LIKE A LADY FRIEND OF VERMEER
HUDDLED OVER MY CONTEMPORARY SPINET SPINNING OUT A TUNELESS WALTER MITTY
TYPE DAYDREAM NOBODY CAN HEAR WHAT IM PLAYING IM AS SILENT AS A PAINTING OF A
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE PERCUSSION A DISTANT WOOD BLOCK OR
CLAVE SOLO BEING REHEARSED IN PRIVATE FOR A CONCERT OF MISTER REICHS MUSIC NOW
I COME TO THINK OF IT HE WROTE THAT PIECE THAT STARTS WITH SOME COMPUTER
KEYBOARD REFRAIN WHATS IT CALLED DAMN MY MEMORY IS LIKE AN ICE CUBE LEFT IN
THE SUN BUT ARVO WAS THERE I REMEMBER THAT LOOKING MYSTICAL AND HAIRY AS A
ORTHODOX PRIEST A YOUNG MOONPUPPY I SPOKE TO HIM BRIEFLY I WONDER IF HE
REMEMBERS IT TOO AND OH YES AND LETS NOT FORGET SATIE THAT PROTO DADAIST HE
TYPED HIS WAY INTO THE RECORD SHOP TOO BUT WITH A MUCH MORE BASIC MACHINE
PROBABLY AN EARLY UNDERWOOD I WONDER WHAT TYPE OF TYPING MACHINE UNDER
MILK WOOD WAS COMPOSED ON THE CONNECTION IS STRAVINSKY CLEARLY MY MIND ONLY
WORKS BY ASSOCIATION THIS TRIGGERS THAT WHICH IN TURN TRIGGERS THIS IN A STREAM
OF CONSCIOUS KIND OF FREEFORM FLOWING LETS NOT SAY NARRATIVE SO HERES TO DEAD
THOMAS THE POEM ENGINE I HAVENT READ A SINGLE WORD OF HIS FOR A LONG LONG TIME
APART FROM THE TITLE I JUST WROTE BUT SOMEWHERE IVE PROBABLY GOT THAT ATTEMPT
I MADE TO SET I THINK IT WAS THE GIRLS VOICES ON PAGE FIFTY NINE WHAT CAN I HAVE
BEEN THINKING OF ITS ALWAYS HARD TO UNDERSTAND THE MOTIVATION OF YOUTH I
EXPECT IN ANOTHER TWENTY YEARS WHEN I COME ACROSS THIS IN A PILE OF DUST I WONT
HAVE A CLUE WHY I DID IT MORE IS FORGOTTEN OF LIFE THAN CAN POSSIBLY BE RECALLED
THE STATE OF MY FACE NOW SO SPECIFIC I COULD COUNT EVERY HAIR LETS LOOK AND
RECORD IT ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT OR POSSIBLY NINE GREY HAIRS
MIXED IN WITH THE REST OF MY BEARD AND EACH BRISTLE IS APPROXIMATELY TWENTY
TWO MILLIMETRES LONG INCLUDING THE BIT THAT IS RESIDENT UNDER THE SKIN I
PLUCKED ONE TO MEASURE IT EMPIRICAL WAYS ARE BEST BUT NOW THAT HAIR IS GONE
FALLEN TO THE FLOOR AND VANISHED FOREVER LIKE THE FACE THAT I HAD AND CAN ONLY
NOW BE SEEN PRESERVED IN FADED PHOTOS SQUARE OR RECTANGULAR TWO DIMENSIONAL
VISIONS OF HOW I NEVER REALLY LOOKED I NEVER STAYED THAT STILL AND WORE THE
SAME CLOTHES FOREVER NEVER BLINKING OR CHANGING EXPRESSION THOSE PHOTOS TELL
LIES ABOUT HOW I LOOKED I WAS ALWAYS MORE THAN JUST LIGHT CAPTURED ON GLOSSY
PAPER MEMORIES ARE LIKE OLD LOVE LETTERS OR EVEN WORSE LOVE POEMS THEY DONT
TRANSLATE WELL THROUGH TIME THEY ONLY VAGUELY REGURGITATE THE EMOTIONS
THAT INSPIRED THEM THE FEELINGS GROW STALE AND TASTE DIFFERENT REMEMBERED
LOVE CANT REPLICATE THE TOUCH OF THE LOVERS HAND OR THE LOOK IN THE EYES LOVE
CAN ONLY EXIST IN ITS PURITY THE MOMENT ITS LIVED THE WARM BREATH ON THE SKIN
SOON EVAPORATES AND LEAVES A COLD PATCH IN THE MEMORY BOOKS ABOUT LOVE ARE
DOOMED TO FAILURE UNLESS OWNED BY BIBLIOPHILE OF COURSE SEXUAL LOVE CAN BE
FOUND ON THE TOP SHELF BUT THAT HARDLY COUNTS DOES IT PERHAPS THE TEXT BY THE
ROMANTIC BARD ROLAND CONTAINS EXPLANATIONS OF FRAGMENTS OF LOVERS FEELINGS
BUT ITS NO PLEASURE TO CUDDLE UP TO IF ON A COLD WINTERS NIGHT YOU ARE ALONE I
MUST STOP THIS REVOLTING DISSECTION OF LOVE LEST I START WRITING LIKE A MILLS AND
BOON WOMAN ALL LOW LAMPLIGHT AND CRACKLING OPEN HEARTH OPEN HEART
BLEEDING HAEMORRHAGE WITH A DASHING SUITOR CARESSING A BASHFUL BLONDE
HOUSEWIFE OVER A HALF DRUNK GLASS OF WARM BRANDY ALEXANDER PASS THE BUTTER
PLEASE DEAR AND CUT YOUR FINGERNAILS FIRST I WANT YOU TO PROBE MY HIDDEN
POETIC DEPTHS WHILE YOU TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME READY ABOUT IM GOING TO JIBE
AND TACK MY WAY OUT OF THIS POTENTIALLY STICKY SITUATION LOVE IS NO PLACE FOR
THE MIND OF MAN THEIR ARE TOO MANY SHARP HIDDEN ROCKS UNDER THE MILLPOND
STILL SURFACE DID YOU KNOW THAT TWELVE POINT SEVEN PERCENT OF THIS IS ES AS IS
THE SAME WITH ALL ENGLISH OH YOU DID THEN I APOLOGISE FOR WASTING MY TIME
WRITING IT AND YOURS READING IT WHAT HOW DARE YOU PEER INTO MY INTIMATE PARTS
THIS SHOULD NOT BE READABLE SO IF YOURE READING IT NOW SOMETHING HAS GONE
HORRIBLY WRONG THE PROCESS HAS BEEN DISTURBED KNOW EYES OTHER THAN MINE
WERE DESTINED TO SUFFER THESE WORDS SOMEONE IS PULLING A FAST ONE EXTRACTING
THE URINE GOD I HOPE THIS ISNT TRUE JUST A MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON A COLLAPSE
OF INTEGRITY WHAT KIND OF SCUMBAG AM I IF IVE ALLOWED THIS TO BE READ OUTSIDE OF
ITS FORMAL PRESENTATION JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF WAS LESS OF A HYPOCRITE IF IVE
SANCTIONED THE POSSIBILITY OF THIS BEING SEEN AS MORE THAN BLACK LINES ALL MY
ARTY FARTY PROTESTATIONS MEAN NIL IF THESE WORDS HAVE BEEN BLOWN OUT OF ALL
PROPORTION IM EXPOSED AS JUST ANOTHER LIAR A CON MAN LIKE ANY OTHER HERBERT OR
IS THIS JUST ONE MORE DOUBLE BLUFF ANOTHER WRITERS TRICK PULLED FROM MY SLEEVE

FULL OF DECEPTIONS PERHAPS ALL THE ART STUFF WAS A HASTY INVENTION A CON MANS COVER STORY A PLOTTING PERVERSION PERHAPS IM JUST ANOTHER WANNABE AUTHOR HELL BENT ON SECURING A TASTY PUBLISHING CONTRACT PUTTING FORWARD A PREPOSTEROUS PERSONA ARTIST I ASK YOU THIS MANS CLEARLY A FRAUD I BET HE HASN'T EVEN GOT A BEARD AND HIS BANK ACCOUNT IS PROBABLY BULGING WITH ROYALTIES ALL THIS IS PURE FICTION FROM BEGINNING TO END OR AT LEAST HERE CAUSE THE END IS STILL SOME WAY OFF THIS MONGREL PATCHWORK OF PROSE IS ANOTHER FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO REWRITE THE RULES OF LITERATURE BUT DONE SELF CONSCIOUSLY BY AN INSIDER I BET HES EVEN A MEMBER OF GROUCHOS OR SOME SUCH POSH LITERATI HANGOUT LISTEN MATE IVE SUSSED YOUR GAME TRYING TO PULL THE WOOL OVER US COMMONERS EYES AND ILL TELL YOU THIS FOR NOTHING ALL YOURE PRETENTIOUS TWADDLE HAS ALL BEEN PARADED BEFORE IVE READ MANY BOOKS DEMOLISHING NARRATIVE PRECONCEPTIONS AND RIPPING LANGUAGE TO SHREDS YOU DONT IMPRESS ME WITH YOUR LACK OF GRAMMAR AND BARRAGE OF UPPER CASE UPPER CLASS CHIT CHAT YOU PONCY TYPES REALLY GET MY GOAT WHO DO YOU BLOODY WELL THINK YOU ARE JAMES BLOODY JOYCE OR THAT ACKER HACK PUNKY PUKE PEDDLER JUST ANOTHER SUPER SALESMAN WITH A FRIGID IMAGINATION JERKING OFF IN FRONT OF A MIRROR THAT MADE A CHANGE DID IT NOT A NEW VOICE IN THE SHUT UP YOU POSER IVE NOT FINISHED YET IM SICK OF LISTENING TO YOUR LIES IF YOUVE REALLY GOT NOTHING TO SAY PLEASE STOP SAYING IT AND BORING MY PANTS OFF NOW HOLD ON YOU DIPSTICK IM ONLY TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING TO KEEP THE HOWLING WOLVES OFF JUST SHUT THE DAMNED BOOK OR SHUT THE COPULATE UP HA BLOODY HA IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY I DONT THINK SO THERES JOKERS LIKE YOU CRAWLING RIGHT ACROSS THE WHOLE PLANET SELF OBSESSED SCRIBBLERS WHO THINK THEYRE DIFFERENT THAT THEIR WORDS WILL CHANGE THE WHOLE CLIMATE OF LITERATURE HOT HEADS WHO SEE THEMSELVES AS THE SAVOUR OF POETRY DEMIGOD DOODLERS SPINNING OUT ENDLESS REAMS OF DREAM IMAGERY OH LOOK AT ME ARENT I CLEVER THE BEES KNEES IN CONTEMPORARY FICTION PUNNING AND MASTICATING MEANING THROWING DARTS IN CLASSICISTS EYES BECAUSE THEYRE JUST NOT CAPABLE OF THINKING UP A DECENT STORY ALL SO CALLED ARTISTS WHO JUST BLATHER ON BLINDLY DO SO ONLY FOR EFFECT BRAVADO IN THE FACE OF A TOTAL LACK OF TALENT IF YOU CAN PAINT A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT YOU DONT NEED TO THROW BUCKET LOADS OF COLOUR AT THE WALL TELL ME ONE CONTEMPORARY ARTIST WHO CAN DRAW A NICE FLOWER OR A COMPOSER WHO CAN WRITE A FUGUE LIKE BACH LACK OF TECHNIQUE IS THE FUNDAMENTAL FLAW IN THE WHOLE SHOW NOWADAYS IDEAS ARE VACUOUS WITHOUT THE ABILITY TO REALISE THEM IM SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR LOT RULING THE ROOST NOT AN IOTA OF SKILL BETWEEN THEM AND EVEN THESE MUCH LAUDED IDEAS ARE ALL OLD HAT AS FAR AS I CAN SEE RESULTING IN A TURGID REINTERPRETATION OF THE RECENT PAST DEAD ENDS RE EXPLORED MY KID COULD DO BETTER AND QUITE FRANKLY DOES OR A MONKEY ANY GORILLA IS CAPABLE OF THROWING SOME RUBBISH AROUND A ROOM FINE ART THATS A LAUGH ITS A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS ITS NOT FINE WITH ME AND IT BLOODY WELL ISNT ART EITHER AND AS FOR THE SQUAWKING SQUEAKING OF SO MUCH MODERN MUSIC WHY DONT THEY JUST OIL THE HINGES NEW COMPLEXITY IS JUST OLD WRONG NOTES THERES PROBABLY A NICE TUNE IN THERE SOMEWHERE BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE THEYVE STRANGLERED A CAT OH I SHOULDNT SAY THAT TOO LOUDLY SOME YOUNG COMPOSER UPSTART PERFORMANCE ARTIST WILL PROBABLY THINK ITLL MAKE A GREAT NEW PIECE WITH SOME POXY PRETENTIOUS TITLE LIKE SCHRODINGERS REQUIEM NO IVE HAD IT WITH THIS CUTTING EDGE GARBAGE MOST OF THESE PEOPLE COULDN'T EVEN CUT THEMSELVES SHAVING NO NO GIVE ME THE CLASSICS ANY DAY CHOPIN TO LISTEN TO MONET TO LOOK AT AND HARDY TO READ AND THE REST CAN GO TO HELL AND THEY PROBABLY WILL WHERE EVEN THEIR WELL IRONED EMPERORS NEW CLOTHES WILL BE TO HOT TO WEAR IM ALL FOR ARTISTIC FREEDOM BUT SOMEONE HAS GOT TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE SOMEDAY CALL ME OLD FASHIONED BUT IM THOROUGHLY WELL READ AS A BLOODY MARY ILL MAKE A STAND SHOOT THE BUGGERS BEFORE THEY DESTROY THE ASYLUM STRING EM UP CHOP THEIR GNIKCUF ARMS OFF THE STNUC SORRY SNIVELLING LITTLE STIHS TWERPS ALL OF EM JUST TAKING THE SSIP RISE UP ALL YOU LOAFERS AND STAND AGAINST THE GNIKCUF WALL SREKNAW THE WHOLE GNIKCUF LOT OF YOU YOUVE BEEN ASKING FOR THIS FOR A LONG TIME SO SHOVE THIS UP YOUR GNIKCUF ESRA HOLE AND CHEW ON IT YOURE NOTHING BUT SCUM A SCAB ON SOCIETY A FESTERING SORE ON A LIMB THAT NEEDS AMPUTATING IF I HAD A GUN ID PERSONALLY BLOW YOUR GNIKCUF BRAINS OUT THEN SLIT YOU RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE AND RIP OUT YOUR STINKING YTTIHS ENTRAILS ILL WRAP EM ROUND YOUR GNIKCUF HEAD TO SHUT YOUR DIRTY LITTLE GNIKCUF MOUTHS ILL CRACK OPEN YOUR SKULLS WITH AN AXE AND SEE WHAT GNIKCUF IDEAS ARE LURKING IN THEIR JUST MUSHY MENTAL OFFAL BUT ILL SPREAD IT ABOUT THE PLACE ALL RIGHT AND ILL CALL IT A WORK OF GNIKCUF ART ILL MELT DOWN YOUR BLOODY HEADS AND LET THE GOO DRIBBLE INTO THE SEWERS WHERE IT BELONGS YOU

SMART DESRA WELL DRESSED STNUC FRAUDSTERS MORE LIKE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE IM NO EINSTEIN BUT I KNOW WHEN IVE BEEN DEKCUF USED AND DESSIP ON MY WORD ILL AVE THE WHOLE GNIKCUF LOT OF YOU FOR BREAKFAST AND WASH IT DOWN WITH A CONSERVATIVE FOURTEEN PINTS OF YOUR GNIKCUF BLOOD ILL WAIT IN THE BUSHES WITH MY HATCHET POISED AND SWING IT HARD AS YOU PASS KNOCK YOUR GNIKCUF BLOCK CLEAN OFF WITH ONE BLOW THEN ILL PICK IT UP AND POP IT ON A STICK AND PARADE IT DOWN CORK STREET OH HOW PASSE DONT E KNOW THAT THE CENTRE MOVED EAST ALREADY ONLY OLD FOGEYS GO UP WEST MATE TOUCHE CHECK MATE IPSISSIMA VERBA THIS IS THE DEFINITIVE VOLUME THE BEST COMPILATION OF GARRULOUS GARAGE GARBAGE IN THE WORLD EVER EXCLAMATION MARK THIS TRIVIAL PURSUIT IS MY EVEREST OUT PEAKING ALL THE OTHER HILLS AND MOUNTAINS IN MY RANGE FOR SHEAR SELF INDULGENCE IM POKING UP THROUGH THE CLOUDS WITH THIS ONE CASTING A GIGANTIC SHADOW OF POINTLESSNESS THAT OBLITERATES ALL MY OTHER FEEBLE EFFORTS THIS IS THE CHERRY ON THE CAKE THE ICINGS ON THE FREEZING POND OF MY CREATIVITY IM ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT BUT SECRETLY IM RATHER PROUD OF THIS MONSTROSITY AND I WEAR MY FACE FUR WITH SELF IMPORTANCE THAT BEGGARS BELIEF ISNT IT OBVIOUS THAT I SHAVED IT OFF WEEKS AGO AND ALL IVE DONE SINCE THEN IS BRAG ABOUT ITS SHAGGY GROWTH A SHABBY TRICK OF DECEIT AH WELL THE WORDS LIE DONT THEY IVE GOT A TWELVE INCHER DOWN MY BOXERS THREE HANDS TO PLAY CATCH ALL THE BETTER WITH MY HEAD IS AS BIG AS A SPACE HOPPER MY GREEN EYES CAN SEE THIRTY KILOMETRES IN THE DARK IVE BEATEN KASPAROV CONSISTENTLY SINCE WE FIRST PLAYED IN A TOURNAMENT TOGETHER IN EASTBOURNE OR WAS IT GRINSTEAD I HOLD TWO WORLD RECORDS ONE FOR THE POGO STICK AND THE OTHER FOR THE HIGH JUMP OH YES AND IM STILL THE ARM WRESTLING CHAMPION OF MY SCHOOL PHILATELISTS SALIVATE WILDLY AT ANY MENTION OF MY COLLECTION AND I DISCOVERED THE FIRST MADAGASCAN ROYAL BLUE THIRTY SIX CENTIMETRE BUTTERFLY AND SUCCESSFULLY BRED IN MY AIRING CUPBOARD IM A RENOWNED AUTHORITY ON PUNJABI CUISINE AND WITH UNCANNY ACCURACY PREDICTED THE SMOOTH TRANSITION OF POWER IN BELGRADE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO MY GRACEFUL Demeanour IS OFTEN COMPARED TO THE FLIGHT OF AN EAGLE AND MY SHOOTING ABILITY WITH A SEMI AUTOMATIC IS SECOND TO NONE I HAVE BEEN KNOWN IN THE PAST TO INDULGE MYSELF IN FRENZIED ORGIES OFTEN SUSTAINING AN ERECTION FOR WEEKS AT A TIME AND WOMEN WHOVE KNOWN ME IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE HAVE ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS DEDICATED THE REST OF THEIR LIVES TO QUIET REFLECTION ON MY PERFECTION I DONT MEAN TO BLOW MY OWN TRUMPET BUT WHEN MILES DAVIS HEARD ME HE WAS THROWN INTO A PERIOD OF INCONSOLABLE MELANCHOLY UNTIL A CHANCE REMARK THAT I MADE AT A PARTY SUGGESTED THE WITCHES BREW TITLE SEARCHING ONE DAY IN THE VATICAN LIBRARY I LITERALLY FELL ACROSS TWENTY DRAWING BY CIMABUE A RECOGNISED HIS HAND IMMEDIATELY ALTHOUGH IT TOOK A SPECIALISED GROUP OF CONNOISSEURS EIGHTEEN MONTHS TO FINALLY COME TO THE SAME ATTRIBUTION I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO SUGGEST THE CORRECT WAY FORWARD WHEN CODE BREAKING WORK ON THE DNA SEQUENCING PROJECT BEGAN BUT IN A WAY I MUST ADMIT THAT IT WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A FLUKE IDEA A SUDDEN FLASH OF INSPIRATION AS I TRANSLATED SOME OF DEAR HORACES SATIRES INTO MODERN VERNACULAR SLANG JAPANESE I HAVE TAUGHT A FEW CLASSES AT MOST OF THE MAJOR ESTABLISHED UNIVERSITIES BOTH HERE AND ABROAD GENERALLY ON TOPICS AS DIVERSE AS THE EUTHYPHRO DILEMMA OF SOCRATES AND THE EARLY YEARS OF QUANTUM MECHANICS WITH PARTICULAR EMPHASIS ON THE BOHRIST REVELATIONS THROUGH TO CREATIVE KNITTING AND CROCHET BUT I DO FIND TEACHING A DRAIN ON MY TIME SO I REALLY TRY ONLY TO TEACH FOR A FEW WEEKS PER YEAR AND HAVING MY OWN PRIVATE FORTUNE ACQUIRED THROUGH QUALITY INVESTMENTS ON THE STOCK MARKET GIVES ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO INDULGE IN MY MANY VARIED HOBBIES WITHOUT MONEY WORRIES ALTHOUGH SUBSTANTIAL AMOUNTS DO OF COURSE GO TOWARDS THE VARIED CHARITIES I SUPPORT DARE I SAY IT SINGLE HANDEDLY BUT I DONT BEGRUDGE A SINGLE MILLION AS LONG AS ITS HELPING PLEBS GET ON WITH THEIR DREARY LIVES AT THE MOMENT IM WORKING ON A CURE FOR CANCER AND I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT ITS ALMOST WITHIN MY REACH GIVE OR TAKE A FEW MONTHS I THINK ILL HAVE CRACKED IT THEN TO RELAX IM PLANNING TO SWIM ROUND THE WORLD DRESSED AS HAILE SELASSIE SINGING A BOB MARLEY MEDLEY TO RAISE AWARENESS IN THE WORLD TO THE AIDS PROBLEM IN JAMAICA BECAUSE IVE ALWAYS ENJOYED A LITTLE REGGAE MUSIC AND ONE MUST DO WHAT ONE CAN MUSTNT ONE EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS LOOK AFTER THE PENNIES ETC WITHOUT PUTTING ON NO KEVIN AYERS AND GRACES CLIMB OUT OF THE TRENCHES AND ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE SHOT AT THERES NO USE HIDING FROM THE TRUTH ITLL SEEK YOU OUT AND DESTROY YOU ITS A SILVER BULLET WITH MY NAME ENGRAVED ON THE SIDE IN BOLD TYPE WHEN YOUR NUMBER COMES UP THERES NO GETTING AWAY FROM THE REAPER THE RIPPER MARY CLARKE RUN MARY MARY CLARK STAND UP TO FATE LOOK IT STRAIGHT IN THE EYE STICK TWO FINGERS UP AS YOU DIE

COURAGEOUS DEFIANCE GAINS A WHOLE HEAP OF HEAVEN POINTS WHEN YOU'RE KNOCK KNOCK KNOCKING ON ITS DOOR WHO'S THERE WE WE WHO WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE YOU AND KISS THE FEET OF LIFE MAKING SURE TO LICK WELL BETWEEN THE TOES IF THE SHEETS ARE TOO DIRTY JUST SLEEP ON THE FLOOR IF THE LAMBS ARE STILL WALKING THE MUTTON IS SAFE IF THE BREAD IS TOO STALE THE BIRDS START LOOKING HUNGRY IF THE BOOK IS NOT WRITTEN THE COVER IS POINTLESS IF THE WORDS CAN'T BE READ THE STORY IS FRUSTRATING BETTER BE NOT SEEN THAN NOT BE OR NOT BE NOW BUT HAVE BEEN LET'S LOOK AT THE BIGGER PICTURE IF PICTURES DO IN FACT PAINT A THOUSAND WORDS THEN HOW BIG IS THIS SELF PORTRAIT IN CUBIC MILLIMETRES GUERNICA PALES INTO INSIGNIFICANCE YOU CANNOT CAPTURE THE HORRORS OF WAR WITH A BRUSH NO MATTER HOW BIG IT IS THE BATTLE I'M WRITING WAS LOST LONG AGO ALL I CAN DO NOW IS PAINT A PRETTY PICTURE A MINIMALIST MASTERPIECE OF STILL LIFE STATIC LIVING A HIATUS IN THE ORDER OF THINGS A PAUSE FOR THOUGHT IS SELDOM INCLUDED IN THE FINISHED WORK UNLESS AS A STAGE DIRECTION DEMANDED FERMATA PAID FOR BY THE NANOSECOND STRETCH IT AS LONG AS YOU CAN WAIT UNTIL THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE HAS WALKED OUT OF THE THEATRE AND THEN ZIP THROUGH THE REST OF THE PLAY DOUBLE QUICK TRIPPING OVER THE LINES AND SKIPPING THE DULL BITS ALL THOUGHTFUL GLANCES AND CONSIDERED RESPONSES LIKE A TIME TRIAL ON RECORD BREAKERS TO SEE WHO CAN SAY TO BE OR NOT ETC THE FASTEST SOME BOOKS SHOULD BE READ AT A GALLOP SKIMMING OVER THE MEANING TO HEAR THE SOUND OF THE WORDS THE POETRY OF THE VOWELS COLLIDING AND THE CACOPHONY OF THE CONSONANTS TAKING THE RHYTHMIC PULSE OF THE POEM AND LEAVING THE HUSK OF THE SUBJECT TO ONE SIDE WHAT MUSIC IS THERE IN WORDS LISTEN TO THE CABBALA WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING THE TEXT THE SYNCOPATED JUDDERINGS OF SPEECH FROM CHICAGO BEING ONE FAMOUS EXAMPLE OR COME OUT ANOTHER BUT THAT'S ALL TOO ESOTERIC TOO UP ITS OWN BOTTOM MORE LIKE WHAT ABOUT FOX AND ESPECIALLY NOOSHA THERE MUST BE SOME WORDAGE THERE SURELY NO LEAVE IT ALONE MATE DON'T GET INVOLVED ITS NOT WORTH IT WHAT'S THE WORST I'VE WRITTEN SO FAR ITS HARD TO CHOOSE WITH SO MUCH RANK WORK ALWAYS JUST THE LAST BIT OF COURSE AND ANY QUASI PHILOSOPHICAL BANTER BUT ONE TRULY FANTASTICALLY SQUALID BIT WHAT WOULD IT BE I WONDER LUCKILY I CAN'T REMEMBER THE MAJORITY OF WHAT'S GONE BEFORE OK ONE BIT THAT I REALLY LIKE THEN MAYBE THAT'S EASIER ONE PHRASE OR IMAGE THAT I'M PROUD OF NO I FACE THE SAME MEMORY PROBLEM I CAN'T RECALL ANYTHING THAT I'D HAPPILY PUT MY NAME TO ALL IS FORGIVEN EVEN THE UNFORGIVABLE LAPSES INTO NARRATIVE I SHOULD PUT A DISCLAIMER TO COVER MY BACK LIKE I DID IN THE OTHER SUBLIME BOOK IN THE OTHER ROOM THIS ENTARTETE TRISTE TART TREATISE IS PLAYING A DIFFERENT GAME THOUGH A TRAVESTY OF CONVENTION WORTHLESS RIDICULE OF FORM SPITTING IN THE FACE OF STYLE A DISGRACEFUL MOCKERY OF MEANING BARRAGE OF BRAVADO AND CONCEITED CONSTRUCTION SAYING NOTHING BUT SAYING IT SMALLER WITH WEAK WORDS AND IRRELEVANT IRREVERENT RANTINGS THE ONLY THING THAT COULD MAKE THIS WORSE WOULD BE TO MAKE IT PUBLIC THAT WOULD BE A SCANDALOUS GRIEVOUS MISTAKE BUT ONLY ONE MORE TO ADD TO THE LENGTHENING LIST AS THE WHOLE BOAT LISTS AND PREPARES TO CAPSIZE I LIKE THE LITTLE SPARROW HAVE NO REGRETS WHAT'S DONE IS PAST SEWAGE FLOATING UNDER THE BRIDGE KILLING THE FISH OF DECENCY A SURREALIST JOKE HERE'S ONE I HEARD RECENTLY A MAN GOES INTO A BUTCHER'S SHOP PLEASE CAN I HAVE SOME BACON WHAT CUT LEAN BACK SORRY WHAT CUT NO IT DOESN'T REALLY WORK DOES IT ITS A VISUAL GAG LIKE THE WHOLE OF THIS RAILLERY RAILING AGAINST WORDS SMASHING THE STUFFING OUT OF THE PROCESS OF MAKING ART I'M SICK OF THAT DIRTY THREE LETTER WORD AND I NOW BANISH IT FROM MY VOCABULARY FOR AS LONG AS THIS LASTS RELEGATED TO THE DUSTBIN OF DESPICABLE WORDS ALONG WITH THE OTHER TWO AND SWEARING I'LL NOT USE ANY OF THEM NO PLACE HERE FOR THE WICKED TO LEAVE THEIR STINKING MESS I'LL TOSS OFF MORE NONSENSE WITHOUT THEM AND LET YOU LICK UP THE SPILLED SEEDS OF MY THOUGHT FROM THIS STONY GROUND BASS THIS IS MY BAYREUTH MY FESTIVAL OF ENDURANCE POMPOUS PARADE OF PROGRESSIVE ANTHEMS ROCK STEADY BEATING OF EPIC MYTHICAL MEAT MINCING REALITY IN MY MINCING EFFETE EFFUSION OF EFFLUVIA MY REVENDICATION GOES RIGHT BACK TO THE PRIMORDIAL FIRST WORD THE PRIMOGENITOR A THAT STARTED THE BALL ROLLING LONG LONG AGO BACK THEN BEFORE THE HAIRY CONQUEST OF MY CHIN A AND WHATEVER FOLLOWED WAS NOTHING BUT NECESSARY THE BALL ROLLED FASTER INITIALLY BUT EVER SINCE HAS GRADUALLY LOST ITS MOMENTUM THE FRICTION ON THE SURFACE HAS DONE ITS WORK WELL SUCKING THE ENERGY OF THE MISSILE AND SLAMMING THE BRAKES ON PROBABLY ITS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE SECOND LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS OR MORE LIKELY THE LAW OF DIMINISHING RETURNS OR THE LAW OF INCREASING BOREDOM RELATIVE TO SPACE WITH TIME THROWN IN FOR EXTRA FUN AS A WAY OF MEASURING THE REGRESSION OR THE LAW OF A SPEEDY RECOVERY TIPPED ON ITS HEAD BY THE CHAOS I'M DICTATING OR THE

LAW OF THE PAST PRINCIPLE WHICH STATES CATEGORICALLY EVERYTHING THAT GOES TOWARDS GETTING THIS FARCE DONE IS PERFECT AND THE ONLY EXCUSE FOR NOT FINISHING SOONER IS THAT TIME IS A MONKEY ALL METHODS ARE EQUALLY ACCEPTABLE IN THE END IF THE END IS ACCOMPLISHED I CAN ASK OF NO MORE AND GIVE NOTHING BUT THE WORST I CAN THINK OF LIKE A MISSIONARY WHO SLAUGHTERS ALL THE ADULTS SO THE CHILDREN MAY GROW UP WITHOUT THEIR EVIL INFLUENCE OR A MAN WHO SWALLOWS THE WHOLE CONTENTS OF A MEDICINE CABINET TO MAKE SURE HE DOESNT GET ILL IM KILLING MYSELF BREAKING MY BACK TO THINK OF THINGS THAT WILL FINISH THE JOB OFF WITH THE LEAST AMOUNT OF EFFORT BUT ALL THINKING IS JUST TOO MUCH EFFORT REQUIRES SOME THOUGHT EVERY WORD IS AS WELCOME AS THE NEXT AND THE NEXT SUPERSEDES THE LAST A TRAIN OF THOUGHT THAT LONGS FOR THE TERMINAL STATION THE END OF THE LAST LINE FOR THE LAST TIME THERES NO NEED TO CONTINUE AND NOWHERE LEFT TO GO THE BOOK IS FINALLY LAID TO REST TO ROT AMONGST THE MEMORIES OF WHATS PAST OBVIOUSLY I COULD HAVE SPENT LONGER AND TRIED DESPERATELY TO WRITE SOMETHING BETTER BUT ULTIMATELY THE RESULT WOULD HAVE LOOKED THE SAME SO WHY BOTHER EXACTLY MY SENTIMENTS TOO THIS WILL DO VERY NICELY THANK YOU NO EDITING OR REVISIONS NO PICKING AND CHOOSING THE BEST NO REARRANGING TO GET A MORE MELLIFLUOUS TUNE NO CONSIDERATION FOR EXPECTATION NO SHAME AND NO SORROW I QUITE HAPPILY BEG STEAL AND BORROW CONSTANTLY TRYING TO FINISH TOMORROW TO WIND UP THE SHOW THAT WILL ALLOW ME TO GO ONTO THE NEXT BIG THING IN THE LINE OF SUCCESSION A SUPERABUNDANCE OF NEGLIGENT IDEAS SWITCHING PROFESSIONS AT THE FLICK OF A SWITCH NOW I AM THAT AND NEXT WEEK IM THIS FULFILLING A NEED TO BE EVERYTHING TO NO MAN BUT ME ITS FUN TO HAVE SO MANY STRINGS TO MY BOW TO PUT ON DISGUISES AND ACT OUT A SHOW ALL MY VERSIONS OF BEING A MANY FACETED THING A JANUS OF CREATION LOOKING EVERY WHICH WAY ONE DAY IM HETERO THE NEXT I PLAY GAY NOW IM A POET NOW A GUITARIST NOW A PHOTOGRAPHER NOW A PLAYWRIGHT ALL AVENUES EXPLORED BECAUSE EACH IS THE SAME THE ONLY REAL DIFFERENCE IS ALL IN THE NAME I SPECIALISE IN NON SPECIALISATION LET MY MEAGRE TALENTS DISSIPATE OVER THE WHOLE PLATE OF INVENTION IF YOU CANNOT DO SOMETHING WELL DO EVERYTHING EQUALLY ILL TRY YOUR HAND EVERYWHERE PLAY EVERY GAME DO ALL THAT YOU THOUGHT THAT YOU COULDNT TO PROVE TO YOURSELF THAT YOU CAN WRITE A BOOK JUST SIT DOWN AND BEGIN SOON ENOUGH YOU'LL HAVE FINISHED AND THEN YOU CAN DECIDE WHAT TO DO NEXT EXPLORE THE JUNGLES OF IMAGINATION THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN START OUT WITH NO MAP AND DRAW YOUR OWN ON THE WAY IT MAY NOT BE ACCURATE OR PLEASING TO THE EYE BUT IT WILL SHOW YOU SOMETHING OF YOUR INTERIOR AND TELL YOU WHAT YOU'VE SEEN ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE AMBUSHED BY YOUR HIDDEN NIGHTMARES FACE THE WILD ANIMALS OF YOUR CONSCIENCE AND TAME THEM LET THEM PERFORM TRICKS SEND THEM LEAPING THROUGH BURNING HOOPS OF DESIRE THE BEST WAY FORWARD IS A BAPTISM OF FIRE THROW YOURSELF HEADLONG INTO THE FRAY DO WHAT YOU CAN AND DO IT YOUR WAY ETC SEE ITS EASY ONCE YOU START BUT ONLY BY STARTING CAN YOU EVER HOPE TO FINISH THE JOB COME ON PEOPLE THIS IS MY RALLYING CRY TAKE UP PENS AGAINST POETS THROW WORDS IN THE EYES OF WRITERS SHOUT DOWN COMPOSERS PAINT THE WINDOWS OF GALLERIES BLACK TAKE CONTROL OF WHAT IS DESTROY THE COMMON SENSE FILE OUT OF THE THEATRES DURING THE SHOW AND WRITE YOUR OWN PLAYS PERFORM THEM YOURSELF AND APPLAUD YOURSELF LOUDLY STAMPING YOUR FEET AND DEMANDING MORE GO TO THE BALLET AND DANCE IN THE STALLS ALL IT TAKES IS THE WILL AND A LITTLE BIG BALLS DONT BE SO PASSIVE YOU DITHERING FOOLS WRITE YOUR OWN BOOKS AND BREAK ALL THE RULES INDIVIDUAL CHOICE IS THE ONLY REQUIREMENT DONT GIVE IT UP OR SAVE IT FOR RETIREMENT NOW IS THE TIME TO DESTROY THE PAST THE FUTURE IS FLIMSY AND CANNOT LAST MAKE HAY IN THE SUN DEFILE ALL BEAUTY BEAUTY IS A FASCIST IDEAL AND SO FRUITY SQUEEZE THE TRUTH OUT OF YOUR OWN MOUTH AND DO AS IM DOING HEAD SOUTH IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHATEVER YOU SAY BE SURE NOBODY WILL LISTEN TO YOU ANYWAY SHOUT HARD AND LONG IN THE SOCIETIES EARS ALL THAT CAN STOP YOU IS YOUR OWN FOOLISH FEARS TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR MIND AND CHARGE INTO BATTLE DONT STAY IN THE HERD AND BE COUNTED AS CATTLE MOOING AND BOOING AT OTHERS EFFORTS IS THE PEJORATIVE OF LOWLY HEIFERS BE THE FARMER FOR GOD SAKE FOR ONCE DO THE COUNTING DONT JUST SIT LIKE A DUNCE HOLD ON MISTER ENOUGH OF YOUR CAJOLING IVE HAVE QUITE ENOUGH OF YOUR HYPERBOLISING IM A SEVEN STONE WEAKLING SO EXACTLY HOW DO I GO ABOUT BECOMING THE SUPER HEAVY WEIGHT WORLD BOXING CHAMPION EASY MY FRIEND TAKE THE REIGNING GUY OUT WITH ONE SHOT FROM A GUN OR POISON HIS BURGER AND BECOME NUMBER ONE DONT PLAY BY THEIR RULES THEY HOLD ALL THE ACES GET A BASEBALL BAT AND SMASH IN THEIR FACES BUT DONT BELIEVE ME CAUSE IM JUST A LIAR AND MY ONLY INTEREST IS TO POUR FUEL ON THE FIRE TO WATCH THE FLAMES RISE ROUND THE PANTHEON STEPS THE MUSEUMS WILL CRUMBLE AND ILL

HAVE NO REGRETS THE CANON WILL ONE DAY FALL INTO SILENCE WITHOUT MY HELP OR THIS VERBAL VIOLENCE ITS PERFECT AND PERFECTLY REDUNDANT TOO IVE DONE ALL I CAN SO ITS NOW UP TO YOU THE ARROGANCE AND CONCEIT THAT I HOLD IN MY HAND IS A WAND THAT I WAVE TO ENCOURAGE THE BRAVE DO YOU WORST TOO AS I HAVE DONE MINE PICK UP YOUR OWN PENCIL AND DRAW YOUR OWN LINE IT MAY COME OUT UGLY OR IT MAY COME OUT FINE AND ALL YOU'LL HAVE WASTED IS A BIT OF YOUR TIME RHYMING IS EASY AS GOETHE ONCE KNEW JUST PICK THE RIGHT WORDS POP THEM INTO THE STEW NO NEED TO SAY ANYTHING THE WORDS TAKE THE BRUNT DON'T BE A VAGINA WHEN YOU CAN BE A NO NO NO I REFUSE IT POINT BLANK I NEVER MASTURBATE I JUST HAVE A NO NO NO AND ONCE MORE NO ITS SILLY I KNOW BUT IT HELPS ME ALONG HELPS ME TO PASS TIME AS I SPIN OUT THIS SONG WEAVING A MELODY DODECAPHONICALLY REFRAINING ENDLESSLY TUNES SO PHONETICALLY FRANTIC FRENETIC POEMY JUICE DRIPPING WITH LAUID LANGUAGE ON THE LOOSE SOMETHING LIKE HARRISON DID TO THE GREEKS METERING OUT WHAT EACH CHARACTER SPEAKS PUTTING A SHOW ON TO SHOW OF HIS STYLE CLEVERLY TWISTING THE WORDS ALL THE WHILE NORTHERN BOY GUTTURAL RHYMING A FARCE ERUDITE CLASSICIST BUT SO WORKING CLASS SALT OF THE EARTH TERRA SALIENT ASSAILANT FOUR LETTER WORDS ALWAYS RATHER IRRELEVANT A VISCOUS ATTACK ON THE HAND THAT HE FED FROM OH WELL I GOT PAID FOR MY PART IN HIS SONG I DIDN'T ENJOY IT BUT THAT WASN'T THE POINT I SANK MY TEETH RIGHT INTO THE JOINT I GORGED LIKE A GOURMET UNTIL I WAS SICK CLICKING MY CLOGS TIL IT GOT ON MY WICK TO BE PART OF A CHORUS WAS NEVER FOR ME I NEED TO RUN RIOT ISOLATED AND FREE BUT HERE IN THIS MELEE I'D LIKE TO SAY THANKS FOR GIVING ME THE CHANCE TO CLOG IN THOSE RANKS I MET SOME NICE PEOPLE AND REMEMBER THEM STILL AND THE WALK TO THE STAGE ALWAYS GAVE ME A THRILL BUT ENOUGH OF THIS RUBBISH THESE MEMORIES AND SUCH I REALLY DON'T CARE FOR THIS RHYMING STUFF MUCH IT IS HARD TO STOP THOUGH WHEN YOU'RE OFF ON A ROLL AND IT TAKES UP SOME SPACE ON MY STROLL TO THE POLE WHAT HUMBUG GET A GRIP LAD YOU CAN DO WORSE THAN THIS RHYMING IN METER IS LIKE DRINKING STALE NO NO NO NO NO WAY BOO HISS THIS TALKING TO MYSELF VIA THE KEYBOARD IS ALL VERY WELL BUT FORGET ALL THAT BUMP THE WASTE PAPER OF PAST TRIP LIGHTLY OVER ITS ASHES AND DANCE IN THE SMOKE WHATS THAT OH YES ARGENT NOW THERES A NICE MAN WHICH BRINGS ME FULL CIRCLE TO CHOPIN AGAIN THATS LIFE FOR YOU WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS COGS OF CONNECTIONS BEYOND COMPREHENSION POWERHOUSE OF CONTINUAL RETURNS NO WONDER PEOPLE ARE PREPARED TO BELIEVE IN MAGIC AND RELIGION EVERYTHING UNITED BY REASON AND COINCIDENCE SPOOKY TO HEAR THAT VOICE AGAIN AT THIS MOMENT IN THE SENTENCE AFTER SO LONG NOW ALTERED BY TIME DISTANCE AND A NEWLY ACQUIRED AMERICAN ACCENT WELL WELL NOTHING CHANGES EXCEPT EVERYTHING DAILY A VOICE FROM THE PAST IS A PROUSTIAN CAKE GIVING OFF WELL REMEMBERED FLAVOURS AND OPENING FORGOTTEN DOORS OF REMINISCENCES THE BRAIN LOVES TO BE TRIGGERED BY SOMETHING OTHERWISE IT JUST LIES THEIR TICKING OVER GIVE IT A PROD EVERY NOW AND THEN TO WAKE IT UP AND IT PERFORMS SOME AMAZING TRICKS OF COURSE IT DEPENDS ON THE WIRING OF EDUCATION AND WHATS ASKED OF IT BUT GENERALLY IT MUST BE ADMITTED THAT HAVING A BRAIN IS USEFUL ALTHOUGH I DO OCCASIONALLY ENVY THE SOLIDITY OF STONES AND THEIR APPARENT COMPLETE INDIFFERENCE TO THEIR SURROUNDINGS BUT THEY DON'T HALF SCREAM IF YOU HIT THEM WITH A SLEDGEHAMMER SOMETIMES THEY LOSE IT AND JUST FALL TO PIECES CRUMBLING WRECKS SPLIT ASUNDER SCHIZO IN THE TRUE MEANING OF THE WORD FRAGMENTS THAT CAN NO LONGER RELATE TO THE WHOLE WHAT USE IS STEM CELL SURGERY TO A PEBBLE THATS BEEN SHATTERED AND BROKEN MAYBE THE DESTINY OF ROCKS IS TO BECOME SAND AND FINALLY SLUDGE THE BASIC BUILDING BLOCK OF ALL LIFE A CONTINUAL CYCLE OF CREATION FROM DEMOLITION FOR AS LONG AS THE PLANET SURVIVES AND THIS ONES ALREADY HAD QUITE A LONG INNINGS THOUGH IS STILL GOT SOME LIFE IN ITS LEGS YET BUT WHEN THE TIME FINALLY COMES AND ITS BOWLED OUT WHO WILL UNDERLINE THE SCORE AND MAKE THE TEA AND HAND OUT THE TROPHIES LUCKILY THERES ENOUGH LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE NOT TO MAKE THE PASSING OF MANKIND SUCH A LOSS OR EVEN IF THERE ISN'T NOW THERE WILL BE OR HAS BEEN NO THATS PROBABLY NOT TRUE BUT TRUTH ISN'T A PREREQUISITE OF SPECULATION STRING THEORY SEEMS PRETTY ROPY TO ME SO I PROPOSE THAT LIFE FROM OTHER PLANETS IS ALREADY LIVING QUITE HAPPILY ON THIS ONE THE ALIENS ARE SO TEENY TINY THOUGH THAT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT THEYRE HERE THEYRE MUCH SMALLER THAN ELECTRONS AND PHOTONS AND THE REST OF THOSE BULKY BOYS AND THEYRE CONSTANTLY UP TO MISCHIEF MAKING A MOCKERY OF OUR POOR UNDERSTANDING OF THE SITUATION THEYRE THE SPANNER IN THE WORKS SO TO SPEAK AND THEY LITERALLY GET UP OUR NOSES AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY IN FACT IT COULD BE SUCCESSFULLY ARGUED THAT THEY FORM PART OF OUR NOSES THEY CAN TRAVEL MUCH FASTER THAN LIGHT BUT THEN SLOW DOWN TO A MORE LEISURELY PACE RELAXING IN THE MINDS OF MAN THERE GREATEST INVENTION ENORMOUS GANGS OF THEM LIVE IN THE

BRAIN AND GET TOGETHER TO PRODUCE THINGS THAT WE CALL IDEAS SO MUCH FOR FREE
WILL NOTHING IS FREE IF YOUR ALIVE EVERY ACTION COSTS SOMETHING AND THE
ULTIMATE PRICE FOR HAVING LIVED IS OBVIOUSLY DEATH THOUGH REALLY THATS NOT
TOO HIGH A PRICE IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS IN FACT ITS A BARGAIN DEAD CHEAP FOR THE
POSSIBLE PLEASURES IT OFFERS VERILY I SAY IT UNTO YOU YOU WHO HAVE THE ABILITY TO
HEAR IT THERE IS ONLY ONE THING WORSE THAN DEATH NOT RAPE OR SLANDER BUT TO
HAVE NOT BEEN ALIVE SO SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO BE PUT TO THE SWORD
HAPPILY FOR TRULY THEY HAVE LIVED AND DEATH IS THE BEST PROOF OF IT WHAT A LOAD
OF OLD CODSWALLOP TRIVIAL TATTLE AND SLIGHTLY OFFENSIVE AS WELL PROBABLY
PROBABLY ANYTHING ELSE WOULD HAVE BEEN JUST AS NOXIOUS TOO I DARE SAY
NOTWITHSTANDING THE FUNDAMENTAL FLAWS IN THE BASIC PREMISE HOWDY ONE MORE
LAST WORD OF CORRUPT ENGLISH BEFORE I GO SKY DIVING OFF THE TOP BOARDROOM OR
THE TOP OF THE NEAREST BIG BUILDING LEAVING THE EMPIRE OF IMAGINATION AND SENSE
IN SUCH A SORRY STATE IM FEELING EXTRA SPEEDY TODAY THESE UPPERS REALLY WORK
BEAUTIFULLY MY MIND IS RUNNING ROUND LIKE SOME DUTIFUL MOTHERS LITTLE HELPER
WOW MAN ITS HARD TO IMAGINE WHAT I COULDN'T THINK OF IF I JUST PUT MY MIND TO IT
TAKE A TRIP WITH ME ON MY MIND MACHINE MY MIND MACHINE THANKS MICK REALLY
NICE TO HAVE YOU DOWN HERE ON MY SOFT CLOUD I FEEL LIKE SOME CRACK HEAD BLACK
HO WHOS SUCKING HOKUM AND SPITTING HOO HA ON THE FLOOR HOODWINKER DOWN ON
MY KNEES GIVING HEAD AS IF MY HABIT DEPENDED ON IT THESE SEMINAL WORDS GET
STUCK IN MY THATCHED FACE NOW IM LOOKING LIKE PAUL SINGING MY HEY JUDE ON THIS
ANTHOLOGY BUT I JUST LET IT BE WHAT IT WANTS I CANT WAIT TO GET DOWN ON IT SO TO
SPEAK THIS EXCREMENT REALLY WORKS IM AS HIGH AS A PHONE BILL GIVE ME ANOTHER
SNIFF OF THAT ECSTASY PILL AS I PREPARE FOR THE DESCENT OF DECENCY DEGENERATING
INTO MY NOTHINGNESS AS MENTALLY CHAOTIC AS FRAGMENT OF PORK IS MUSICALLY A
DECADENT DESCANT JUMBLE BUT WITH A GROUND BASS OF REASON RUMBLING ON LIKE
DIGESTIVE TUMMY TUNE NOW ILL STRETCH MY METAPHORICAL LEGS LEAP UP FROM THE
PAGE AND TAKE MY STAND ON THE FORUM FLOOR INVITING ALL THOSE WITH DAGGERS
DRAWN OR PAINTED TO DO THEIR BEST TO ASSASSINATE MY MIND ET TU YOU BRUTE WHAT
WOULD YOU DO THE BEAST REFUSES TO DIE AND LETS THE BLOOD DRIP ONTO A NEW
VIRGIN CANVAS A PURPLE PASSAGE OF UNEXPECTED ROYAL LINEAGE JUMP HIGHER STILL
NOW AS THE BAR IS RAISED ANOTHER HALF INCH A WORLD RECORD ATTEMPT OF
CONVOLUTION SPEAK UP MAN I CANT HEAR YOU STANDING ON THE SHOULDERS OF
MIDGETS LETS ME SEE LESS THROW MY OLD ROPE ROUND THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE BOOZY
LACONIC BRIEF MOMENT OF FAME GOING OFF LIKE A BANGER WITH BLASE PREDICTABILITY
POP GOES MY WEASEL WORDS CHEAP IMITATIONS OF CLASSY GLASS EYES I CAN LOOK
BETTER ON THE WORLD FROM UP HERE IN MY IVORY TOWER TAKE FLIGHT LET THE BEES
WAX START MELTING AND SWOOP DOWN BEFORE THE FEATHERS COME LOOSE VERY WELL
SIR YES INDEED AND IN A WORD NO HIDE UNDER THE GARBAGE OF WORDAGE DREAM SILKY
THOUGHTS LIKE OLD WARM WORN STOCKINGS STOCK IN TRADE TRADITIONAL BACK
FLIPPANCY CAVORTING ON THE BEACH LIKE A DOG THATS BEEN SHOT WITH A RIFLE I WON
THE RAFFLE BUT ALWAYS LOST MY TICKET JUST IN TIME OR LET IT GET WET SOGGY PAPER
MUSH IN MY PALM SUNDAY BEST LEFT FORGOTTEN AS EACH ONE TICKS BY HERE TODAY
GONE TODAY ALSO READ THIS BY THE LETTER LIVE AND LET WHY NOT THAT TOO AND THE
TURQUOISE CRAPE PAPER THAT STILL REMAINS HOLDING THE MUSIC IN BED WITH THE
CUTIES IN CAHOOTS WITH MY FLUID MIMINY PIMINY MIMICRY CRY OUT ITS NOT OVER YET
BUT IT WILL BE STINGING MY FINGERTIP DAILY BREAD AND BUTTER GUTTERSNIFE
SHOOTING FOR THE MOON BUT ONLY HITTING THE AIRS THAT SURROUND ME OR THE HAIRS
THAT HAVE AMBUSHED MY MASK I SING A SONG FOR MUCH LESS THAN THE GOING RATE
SIXPENCE MUST HAVE MY TWO PENNY WORTH OF POETIC DRIVEL HOW MUCH FOR A DREAM
A WET WEEKEND SPEWING IT OUT LIKE THE PARMESANS AIRTIGHT PACKAGING PIERCING
MY DOUBLE BARRELLED CREAM TOP LETTING IT FLOW INTO THE BAG IN MY BASKET OH YES
AND WHILE I REMEMBER THE PLANT THAT YOU GAVE ME ON LEAVING IS TO BE FOUND ON
THE SILL STILL LOOKING A BIT SORRY IM SORRY TO SAY BUT ITS HANGING ON IN THERE
LIKE ME AND WHAT ELSE THE TAPE IS STILL HANGING ITSELF FROM THE CEILING AND
LEONARD OCCASIONALLY HAS SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT NOTHING IS EVER REALLY NEW
NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED SINCE THE TIME THAT I KNEW YOU NOT I MIGHT ADD IN THE
BIBLICAL WAY BUT YOU WERE ALWAYS THE EXPERT IN THAT TAKING A RULER TO
MEASURE EDEN AND EXPLAINING THE ORDER OF EVES IN THE EVENINGS PERCHED UP
ABOVE THE THAMES IN THE CAFE DINGY CLUB WHERE I EVEN MAY HAVE DANCED IN THE
SKY OVER SOUTHWARK AND MISTER SAX IS WELL HE WAS HERE IN THE SUMMER THOUGH
THATS PROBABLY NOT QUITE THE RIGHT WORD TO EXPRESS WHAT WE HAD HERE I HOPE ITS
NOT TOO SHADY UNDER THOSE TALL BUILDINGS THERE AND GREET ALL MY COUSINS WITH
FLOWERY HANDSHAKES THIS WILL BE INCLUDED BUT I GUESS IT WONT MATTER A WOODEN
SPOON CAN BE USED BOTH AS AN S AND M PADDLE OR TO STIR PORK SOUP THIS IS MINE THE

BOOBY PRIZE FOR NOT ENTERING THE HUMAN RACE WITH ENOUGH GRACE BUT THERE GO I FOR WANT OF IT BYE BYE SEE YOU SOON IF NOT AFTER EVENTUALLY ALL THINGS MUST MEET AND ITS ALWAYS BETTER TO KILL TWO PEOPLE WITH ONE BULLET IF YOU POSSIBLY CAN BUT IM JUST A HOME BOY ESPECIALLY SINCE I STARTED THIS RANT I WEAR MY COLOURS WITH PRIDE AND HAVE MY OWN JARGON AND CODES OH MARY GOLLY GOSH ETC ONLY THE INITIATES WILL REALLY UNDERSTAND ANYTHING IF ANYTHING LET ME TOO SPREAD MY WINGS AND FLY LIKE JADE OVER THIS JADED LANDSCAPE OF DIMINISHING HORIZONS AN ORNAMENTAL BALUSTRADE TO HOLD MYSELF UP WITH AS I RUIN ANOTHER PERFECTLY PLAYABLE GUITAR FROM BEHIND MY TREE SWINGING FROM BOUGH TO BOUGH LIKE A VERBAL MONKEY HEY HEY WERE THE LONG ARMED RECIPIENTS OF INTELLIGENCE APE MEN APING THE ERRORS OF MAN THE TERRORS OF MENS THOUGHTS MENTAL HARDWARE METAL SLABS OF ARMOUR PLATED POETRY HA HA HA HE HE HE IM A IDEA TERRORIST BUT YOU CANT STOP ME BLOWING OFF IN YOUR FACE THE BLACK TOUCH PAPERS BEEN LIT THE FUSE WILL REFUSE TO BE QUASHED ILL QUIP MY WAY RIGHT INTO HELL BURN ALL OTHER BOOKS EXCEPT OF COURSE MINE THAT ONE NOT THIS I DONT GIVE A FLYING WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS PULP ALL ERRORS INCLUDED HOW MANY I WONDER CAN THERE POSSIBLY BE PLENTY I RECKON IF I KNOW ME IM STILL A LITTLE CONCERNED ABOUT THE DICKENSIAN NAME OF YEARS AGO WAS I RIGHT OR JUST WRONG EVEN TO WRITE IT EXPERIENCE IS THE ONLY WAY TO LEARN THEORETICAL KNOWLEDGE WONT NECESSARILY PRODUCE A NICE TUNE ON THE OLD JOANNA YOU MUST POLISH THE SCALES THOUGH I LIKE RAW MEAT TOO IT DEPENDS WHAT YOU FANCY HOW FANCY YOU WANT IT BE A COLORATURA SOPRANO CANT TOUCH LUCIFERS LIGHT SHINY GOLDEN VOICE TRILLS DONT MAKE FOR THRILLS CASTRATI HAVE GOT NOTHING ON THE GIBB BOYS GLIB GILDED FALSETTO GIBBERISH WHICH WOULD ORLANDO GIBBONS HAVE PREFERRED IF HE WAS STILL STAYING ALIVE WITH A SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER COURsing THROUGH HIS BLOOD I WOULD MUCH RATHER LISTEN TO MARSYAS SCREAMING THAN A ROUSING CHORUS OF CAFFARELLIAN CROONING CALLAS HAS NOTHING ON SANDY TO MY MIND OR EARS AND GILBERT SPINS MORE VOLUPTUOUS MELODIES THAN BRITTEN OPERA IS FOR BEGGARS OF CULTURE GAY JOHNS IN THE PROFESSIONAL HUSTLER SENSE OF THE WORD LORDS AND LADY BOYS PLEASE BE UP STANDING FOR THE QUEEN IS COMING WEARING A LOVELY WET PEARL NECKLACE NO HOLD UP THATS ALL A BIT BELOW THE BELT ITS ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO SIT THERE IN YOUR COMFY CHAIR WITH YOUR FEET ON A POUFFE SUCKING ON YOUR FAG BUT WHAT ABOUT US ON THE FRONT LINE BENDING OVER TO SERVE YOU YOURE A REAL PAIN IN THE BACKSIDE WITH YOUR HOMOPHOBIC PHALLUSES THAT SHOULD OF COURSE READ FALLACIES IM ONLY JOKING HAVING A LAUGH CANT YOU TAKE IT MY THRUSTING VIRILE SENSE OF HUMOUR THAT IM TOSSING OVER YOUR FACE ARE THOSE REALLY TEARS OR SALTY DROPS OF SOME OTHER BODILY FLUID COME COME NOW ITLL BE ALL RIGHT I JUST LET MYSELF GO I COULDNT HOLD BACK IT JUST CAME GUSHING OUT AND I COULDNT STOP IT IN TIME MY HAND DID THE TALKING NOW IM LIMP AND APOLOGETIC A SHADOW OF MY GLORIOUS SELF ABUSE WAS NEVER MY INTENTION I DONT MEAN NO OFFENCE NOT TO NO ONE NEVER ID TAKE IT ALL BACK IF I COULD BUT ITS SPILT MILK NOW PEARLY FIGURE OF SPEECH STUCK ON THE PAGE AN INNOCENT WAY OF JERKING OFF MORE WORDS AND FILLING THE GLORY HOLE OF TIME TO GET TO THE FINAL BAR LINE ILL PLAY ANY BUM NOTES I CAN THINK OF JAMMING AWAY WITHOUT REGARD FOR MELODIC INVENTION OR RATIONAL HARMONY A CECIL TAYLOR TYPE SEWING A GARMENT OF PATCHWORK PHRASEOLOGY A BIT OF THIS BIT OF THAT WHATEVER COMES INTO MY HEAD AS THE ACTRESS SAID IN NOT SO MANY WORDS THE WHOLE PROBLEM OF ACTING BEING THE FACT THAT YOURE ONLY ALLOWED TO SAY CERTAIN THINGS UNTIL THE PLAYS OVER JUST A MOUTHPIECE LIKE SOME TIN POT POLITICIAN SPOUTING THE PARTY LINE WITH A WHOLE BATTERY OF BATTERY OPERATED CIVIL SERVANTS AS AUTHORS PLAYWRIGHTS PLAYING THE GAME FINDING NEW WAYS OF TWISTING AND CONCEALING SELF EVIDENT TRUTHS ITS HARD TO KNOW WHICH ARE WORSE POLITICIANS OR LAWYERS BUT AS FAR AS IM CONCERNED QUITE FRANKLY I DONT GIVE A DAMN IT ALL LOOKS THE SAME WHEN MELTED DOWN INTO A LITTLE BLACK PUDDLE THIS WHOLE CABOODLE IS LIKE A PENILE ADORNMENT AN APPENDAGE TO THE WEDDING TACKLE A PRIVATE JOKE KEPT DOWN MY TROUSERS A BIT OF VANITY PUBLISHING AND HERE I SIT PUFFED UP WITH PRIDE LIKE A PEACOCK NOT THAT MINE IS OF COURSE THIS MASSIVE VOLUME IS MINE OH MISSES WHAT A BIG ONE TAKE A PHOTO OF THIS MEMORIAL AND STICK IT IN YOUR FAMILY ALBUM TO SHOW TO YOUR MATES THOSE ROSY TEMPTERS IN THE GARDEN LOOK OK AMAZING CONSIDERING THE WEATHER THEYVE BEEN UNDER RECENTLY STILL FIT FOR THE EYES OF SNOW WHITE THEY ARE THEYVE LASTED AS LONG AS THIS PROBABLY BUT I EXPECT INSIDE THEYVE GOT JUST AS MANY MAGGOTS AS ME OR RATHER THIS PLUMP PEDANTIC PERFUNCTORY PERFORMANCE AN OIL PASTEL GARISH GREASY MESS ON THE PAGE BUT AT LEAST MY SECOND COMING IS GRADUALLY COMING BEING SQUEEZED OUT LIKE AN OVER SIZED POO NO WONDER ITS HURTING STRETCHING MY IMAGINATION AND RIPPING MY BLOATED EGO

APART BUT BETTER OUT THAN IN AS THEY SAY IM PURGING MYSELF WITH THIS PURIST PURSUIT PURE UNADULTERATED PAP RAW UNMIXED FIRST TAKE OF THE TRACK ARE YOU ROLLING NO LUSCIOUS REVERB OR CHARMING OVER DUBS THIS IS AS IT CAME DIRECTLY OUT OF MY MOUTH FLOWING ONTO THE PAGE WITHOUT EDITING OR REFINING THE GUMMY SLUDGE OF CREATION CRUDE OIL OF MIND LARD AS OPPOSED TO DAINTY SACHETS OF CREAMY SMOOTH SLIGHTLY SALTED BUTTER BEUYSIAN BLATHERING CARPET FELT INSTEAD OF NICE MUSLIN THIS MUZZY MASTERPIECE IS AS HARD ON THE EYE AS MUSIQUE CONCRETE IS ON THE EARS A VISUAL RACKET A PNEUMATIC DRILL OF LETTERS DRILLED INTO PLACE A SQUARE BASHING OF IDEAS A COUP WITH NO HOPE OF OVERTHROWING THE ESTABLISHED ORDER OF THINGS A POINTLESS REVOLUTION AND I AM THE DICTATOR APPARENT SELF CROWNED KING APPOINTED BY GOD TO LEAD MY WORDS INTO DESTRUCTION IM PADDLING INTO THE WHITE SEA AND DROWNING THE PAGE THIS IS MY DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS THE BARREN DESERT OF MY IMAGINATION THAT SNAKE THAT YOU SAW FROM THE NORTH BUSH WAS ME CURLED UP AND RELAXING IN THE SUN THE DRAGONFLY SWOOPING FROM ARM TO ARM WAS ME TRYING TO GET A CLOSER LOOK THE MAN STANDING STIFF IN THE THICKET WAS ME FEEDING MY EYES ON YOUR MEMORY AND SPILLING MY STORIES OVER THE LEAVES PAT YOURSELF ON THE HEAD LIKE I DO CONGRATULATIONS ARE WELCOME WHEREVER THEY COME FROM SELF LOVE IS THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY ADORATION OF THE AUTOGRAPH IM LIKE A CHILD PRACTISING MY SIGNATURE TRYING TO MAKE IT LOOK COOL AND ALL THE WHILE IS GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER WHEN I SIGN A CHEQUE ITS AS IF THERES NOTHING WRITTEN ON IT A MAGNIFYING GLASS IS NEEDED IF YOU WANT TO READ MY NAME IF YOU HOLD IT TOO FAR FROM THE PAPER ITS BIGGER BUT INVERTED IM AN EXTROVERT SHOW OFF STANDING IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR WITH MY AIR GUITAR SINGING ALONG TO MY OWN SONGS DROWNING MY OWN VOICE WITH MY WAILING LIKE A CAT ON HEAT IM SCREAMING AT THE MOON OR SOME LYCANTHROPIC MADMAN WITH A WEREWOLF BEARD AND BRIGHT SHINING EYES MANIC MANIAC INSISTING IM GOD BORN TO BE MASTER OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE DIABOLICAL DEVIL OF DECEIT WEAVING A WEB TO CATCH ALL THESE EXILES FROM THE DICTIONARY DEFINITIVE DEFINITIONS DENIED AS I WRITE MY OWN GRAVESTONE HERE LIES A LIAR DEFEATED AND UNDONE UNFETTERED THOUGHTS THAT SHOULD HAVE REMAINED CHAINED UP IN THE CELLAR OF THE BRAIN BIG BALL OF IRON TO DRAG ALONG BEHIND ME AS I BREAK ROCKS WITH MY TONGUE WHOLL LAP UP THIS SICK JOKE WOULD I PERHAPS LIKE IT IF I HADNT WRITTEN IT PROBABLY NOT NOT QUITE MY STYLE THIS PRETENTIOUS ETHOS I LIKE A NICE NARRATIVE TO CARRY ME SWIFTLY ALONG NOT THIS RAMSHACKLE HANDOUT OF SECOND THOUGHT THOUGHTS ID PROBABLY ADMIRE THE FACT THAT ITS DONE BUT AS FOR CONTENT ID BE LEFT UN CONTENTED SO BE IT ONE NEED NOT APPRECIATE WHAT ONE DOES TO MAKE THE DOING WORTHWHILE AND STYLE IS JUST A FIVE LETTER WORD EMPTY AND ARROGANT THE PALLS OF SMOKE RISING FROM MY BODY OF WORK SMELL APPALLING LIKE THE CLOUDS OF VAPOUR OVER A DUNG HEAP METHANE OF METALANGUAGE FLAMMABLE ODOUR OF FAILURE OPPOSITE TO THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS HIGH VOLTAGE VERSES LIKE PROSAIC POETS POUR ONTO THE EMBERS OF THOUGHT FUELLING UNNECESSARY DEBATES ON VENTURED DEBACLES I DEFECEATE ON THE NOTION OF DEFEAT IN MY AGGRESSIVE DEGRESSIVE WAY DEGRINGOLANDE SUBTLE DETERIORATION OF ASTUTENESS DAY BY DAY EDGING CLOSER PULLING THE SHEET OVER THE LIVING CADAVER THATS ALREADY ROTTING PRE MORTEM ITS NOT ETERNAL MERELY MORTAL MUTTERINGS THAT HAVE ALREADY OUTLIVED THEIR LIFE EXPECTANCY FRESH FRUIT WITHERING ON THE BOUGH SERVED WITH LASHINGS OF CURDLED CREAM FROM THE MOUTH OF THIS CLOT YOURS TRULY HUMBLE SERVANT OF THE WORD DICTIONARY LICKER GOBBLING GREEDILY THE STALE BREAD OF ALMANACS AND ENCYCLOPAEDIAS SHAM KNOWLEDGE TO BE VOMITED HERE AND LEFT TO DRY ON THE PLATE VILE SEPTIC OOZING PUSTULES BURSTING OUT OF MY MIND PERHAPS I TOO AM OUT OF MY MIND IM CERTAINLY OUT OF MY DEPTH MY FEET LONG TO FEEL THE COMFORTING SHINGLE OF THE SEABED TO FINALLY WALK UP THE BEACH AND BE GONE FROM THIS RANCID WATER THATS FLOODING THIS LAST LAST PAGE I DIVED IN WITH MY EYES SHUT AND THEN FOUND THEM GLUED TOGETHER LIKE A BLIND MAN IVE STAGGERED ON WANDERING DOWN MANY DEAD ENDS TURNING BACK AND RETRACING MY THOUGHTS TO THE CROSS ROADS WHERE I GOT LOST ALL ROUNDABOUTS AND DARK ALLEYS A CROOKED HOUSE OF IDEAS WITH DISTORTING MIRROR I KEPT BUMPING INTO LEAVING BLOODY STAINS ON THEIR SMOOTH COLD SURFACES LOCKED IN PETER PANS PLAYGROUND IN THE BILGES OF THE PIRATE SHIP IM THE MAN UNDER THE LOWERING SWINGING BLADE THE MERMAID IN THE EMPTY ROOM ALL JUST A TRICK OF THE BLIND MANS BLUFF THIS WATER IS SO COLD FREEZING MY MIND NUMBING MY SENSES AS I GO DOWN ONCE MORE HOW MANY MORE TIMES MUST I BOB UP LIKE A CORK BEFORE FINALLY DROWNING MY SORROWS IM A BOTTLE FLOATING ON THE VAST SKIN OF THE SEA BUT THE MESSAGE INSIDE ME HAS FADED ITS NOT SAYING ANYTHING NOW JUST A CRUMPLED BRITTLE SHABBY SHADOW OF ITS SELF A MOCKERY OF MEANING A BLANK LOOK

FROM A FRIEND WHOS FORGOTTEN YOU DEAD EYES THAT REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR PRESENCE I NO LONGER EXIST IN THE REAL WORLD HOLED UP HERE LIKE A HERMIT A RECLUSE REFUSING TO DO THE HONOURABLE THING CHEATING IS NOT AN OPTION THIS DREAM MUST BE DREAMT TO THE END THERES NO POINT IN WAKING UP NOW ONLY A FOOL WOULD STOP WHEN THE MURDER IS ALMOST COMPLETED MY HANDS ARE ACHING FROM STRANGLING THIS VICTIM ALL THE BLOOD HAS GONE FROM THE FACE BUT IT REFUSES TO DIE KEEPS KICKING AND SCRATCHING WONT ACCEPT FATE BUT ILL HANG ON AND SQUEEZE TIGHTER FORGET THE PAIN IN MY ARMS CONCENTRATE ON MY MISSION TO EXECUTE THE PROCESS WITH ALL PROCEDURAL CORRECTNESS I SUMMON MY STRENGTH AND PRESS ON GRIPPING THE NECK AND CRUSHING THE LIFE OUT OF THE WORDS TWISTING THE TOURNIQUET AND THROTTLING THE PAGE LETTER BY BLOODY LETTER THIS LAST GASP IS TAKING FOREVER SAVOURING ITS FINAL BREATH AS I SUCK THE AIR OUT THE VACUUM GETS MORE POWERFUL MORE DENSE WITH NOTHING IT GOES AGAINST NATURE ITS ABHORRENT AND NATURALLY SO I PLOUGH THIS FIELD AND SCATTER MY MEAGRE THOUGHTS HERE ALL DESTINED TO PERISH AND REMAIN UNGERMINATED AND ABORTED THIS WHITE GROUND IS TOO HARD AND UNWELCOMING THE SEEDS ALL BLOW AWAY WITH THE BREATH OF TIME TO BUILD A MOUNTAIN OUT OF SAND TAKES MORE THAN JUST WILLPOWER IT MUST DEFY GRAVITY TOO THERE IS A LIMIT TO NATURAL HEIGHT ITS NOT BY CHANCE THAT EVEREST PEAKS AT THE LEVEL IT DOES IM SURE IT WOULD LOVE TO GROW HIGHER BUT THE PRESSURE IS TOO GREAT AND THE EARTH TOO SMALL MY TASK IS TO PUT THE TREE BACK TOGETHER WITH THE MATCHSTICKS THAT CAME FROM IT AN AWESOME JIGSAW AND A FUTILE EXERCISE BECAUSE THE TREES ALREADY DEAD SUCH IS MY SNAILS LAMENT MY WEEPING WILLOW THAT BRUSHES THE TEARS AWAY NOTHING SPECIAL THERE MY SAINT CECILIAS SONG IS WAFTING IN THE ETHER A PRECURSOR OR IMITATOR OF CELIA HUMPHRIS VOCALS ADDABOY LET YOUR MIND OFF THE LEASH FOR A WHILE AD CAPTANDUM VULGUS RUN FREE WITH GAY ABANDON IM GETTING WEARY OF TAPPING THIS KEYBOARD POKING THESE MONOTONOUS WORDS INTO PLACE I FEEL LIKE RAMMING THIS FINGER INTO THE TIGHT PUDENDA OF A PERT LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL ALL CHERRY CHEEKS AND BLONDE BRAIDS OR MAYBE MORSE CODING UP HER RECTUM FINGER LICKING EXPLORATION FOR FUN JUST FOR A CHANGE THIS STUFFY STUFF IS BORING ME RIGID EVERYTHING IS LEGAL IN THE REALMS OF THE MIND PAEDOPHILIA WRITTEN ON THE PAGE CAN CAUSE NO OUTRAGE NO MORAL BACKLASH ALTHOUGH LASHING THE BACK OF AN INFANT SEEMS RATHER CRUEL BUT I HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT MENTIONING IT HERE IF I PUT A MIND TO IT I CAN CUT OFF LITTLE BOYS WILLIES WILLY NILLY AND FRY THEM IN BUTTER WITH A DASH OF GARLIC AND SEASONING MMM NICE THE BEST ARE THE ONES BEFORE THE CHILD REACHES FIVE OR SO AFTER THAT THEY CAN GET A BIT TOUGH AND CHEWY SNIP IT OFF WITH SOME SCISSORS AND GIVE IT A LIGHT ROLL IN FLOUR THEN COOK UNTIL ITS NICE AND CRISPY ON THE OUTSIDE IF POSSIBLE AVOID CIRCUMCISED BOYS AS YOU DONT GET THE TASTY CRACKLING FIVE OR SIX LITTLE MEMBERS SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR A LIGHT STARTER FOR TWO PEOPLE AND SERVE WITH A CHILLED FRUITY WHITE WINE WHICH MAKES AN EXCELLENT ACCOMPANIMENT AND REALLY BRINGS OUT THE FLAVOUR OF THE SWEET MEAT OTHER RECIPES CAN BE FOUND ON THE WEB SITE AT WWW CHILDPOORN DOT COM ALONG WITH HANDY TIPS ON HOW TO CIRCUMNAVIGATE DETECTION AND WHERE COMPLIANT KIDDIES CAN BE BOUGHT AT WELL BELOW THE NORMAL RETAIL PRICE BUT HURRY THIS OFFER MUST END SOON AS REGULATION BECOMES MORE STRINGENT WHAT A BLACKGUARD I CAN BE BLARING MY BLARNEY WITH NO BLEMISH TO MY CONSCIENCE A CONJURATION TO LIKE MINDED FREETHINKERS ALLS WELL IN THE INTERIOR DECADENT MIND DEFY POLITE SENSIBILITIES ENCOURAGE DEPRAVITY OF THOUGHT STRIKE AT THE HEART OF MENTAL CENSORSHIP FLAY THE CONVENTIONS OF WHATS ALLOWABLE IN NICE CONVERSATIONS THROW A SPANNER INTO THE WORKS OF IMAGINATION DAYDREAM SCENARIOS OF POLICEMEN AND WOMEN ENGAGING IN BESTIAL ACTS SUCKING AND MAKING LOVE TO DONKEYS OR SHEEPISH OLD LADIES NAILED DOWN TO THE HARDWOOD FLOORBOARDS GERONTOPHILES CELEBRATE THE FREEDOM OF THOUGHT DRINK GALLONS OF ELEPHANT URINE AND ROLL HAPPILY IN HIPPO POO SLIT OPEN THE STOMACH OF A HEAVILY PREGNANT HOUSEWIFE AND SPILL YOUR SEED IN HER LIVING GUTS WHATS A LITTLE BLOOD TO THE BRAIN OF A THINKING MAN NOTHING BUT RED IMAGINATION HACKSAWS AND CHAINSAWS BOILING LEAD AND SCALPELS ELECTRIC DRILLS AND NITRIC ACID BARBED WIRE AND RAZOR EDGED DILDOS HOT NEEDLES AND TENT PEG INSERTIONS ITS ALL THE SAME TO THE BRAIN FINE AND DANDY JUST ANOTHER THOUGHT FOR THE DAY PASSED IN A MILLISECOND AND FORGOTTEN A CHEMICAL ABERRATION FLITTING DAYDREAMED NIGHTMARE SELF SHOCKING IMAGE OF POSSIBLE BARBARIC IDEAS THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN UNACCEPTABLE THOUGHT MY MIND CAN ENCOUNTER THE HOLOCAUST REALITIES WITHOUT BURSTING I CAN PERFORM TRANSPLANTATIONS AND MAKE LAMPSHADES OF SKIN I CAN FILL MY PILLOW WITH HAIR AND SLEEP SOUNDLY I CAN LIGHT HUMAN CANDLES AND MASTURBATE BY THEIR LIGHT I CAN HEAT UP SOME VOMIT AND EAT IT WITH BREAD IN MY

MIND I AM CAESAR HITLER AND THATCHER MOTHER THERESA AND THE OLD PANTS OF THE POPE I AM IVAN THE TERRIBLE AND GANDHI MARTIN LUTHER KING AND PLUTO KING OF HADES I AM LIGHT AND SHADOW EDEN AND THE DESERT SNAKE AND DOVE SHARK AND GOLDFISH ALL IS EQUALLY POSSIBLE IN MY MIND AND EQUALLY CAPABLE OF FILLING THE VOID THAT LURKS BENEATH THIS LINE NEITHER BETTER NOR WORSE THAN A POEM BY DAINTY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI INVENTED DEPRAVITY IS NO DEPRAVITY AT ALL THE ONLY THING SHOCKING ABOUT THIS IS THE QUALITY OF THE WRITING TO MISQUOTE THAT BIG GIRLS BLOUSE OSCAR NOMINATED BY ME AS WORTH TAKING A LOOK AT IF YOU HAVENT ALREADY IM JUST WILD ABOUT FINGAL O SO FLIRTY FLAHERTIE BUT I DONT PLAY BY THE OLD QUEER QUEENSBERRY RULES OF CREATION I LET MY MIND RUN AMOK THROUGH THE MUCK OF AVAILABLE THOUGHTS SELECTING ANYTHING THAT CONFORMS TO MY OWN LAWS ACCEPTABILITY ALL NEW NOTIONS OF NEWNESS ARE SO IRRELEVANT MANKIND HAS BEEN CHURNING OVER THE SAME OLD GROUND SINCE THE FORMATION OF THE MODERN MANS BRAIN AND WHEN WAS THAT TWENTY OR THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO THE NEEDS ARE THE SAME AND THE ACTIONS ARE THE SAME THOUGH CHANNELLED THROUGH DIFFERENT STYLES AND CUSTOMS RULES AND RELIGIONS NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED IN ART SINCE THE CAVES WERE COVERED IN GRAFFITI TASTES HAVE FLUCTUATED BUT THE SONG IS STILL RECOGNISABLE WHEN SUNG BY MAN THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VAN VLIET AND VICENTINO IS THE SOUND AND THE METHODS OF PRODUCING IT AND VAN VLIET AND VAN GOGH ARE THE SAME SPEAKING THE SAME OILY LANGUAGE AND WRITING IT WITH ELEGANT BRUSHES LOADED WITH PERMANENT PIGMENT DOES IT MATTER WHAT A PAINTING IS OF NO NOT REALLY THEYRE ALL PRETTY MUCH ALIKE WHETHER FIGURATIVE OR NON ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS IS HOW MUCH ITS WORTH AND ALL THIS DIGITAL TRICKERY PROVIDING YOU CAN GET IT WORKING DOESNT ALTER MUCH EITHER JUST ANOTHER TOOL TO BE WIELDED BY THE BRAIN NO MORE CUTTING EDGE THAN THE AXE THAT CHOPPED DOWN THE TREE TO MAKE SCAFFOLDING FOR THE ERECTION OF GREAT CATHEDRALS MANS MONUMENTS ALWAYS HAVE A HABIT OF FALLING DOWN EVENTUALLY NATURE REFUSES TO REMAIN PASSIVE AND CALM AS ENORMOUS CHUNKS OF ROCK ARE PLACED ON HER BACK AND THE WIND LIKES NOTHING MORE THAN TO HAVE SOMETHING TO BUFFET AGAINST OR BUFFET ON MOST BUILDINGS ARE JUST SNACKS FOR TIMES TEETH TO GET SHARP ON HOW OLD ARE THE ROCKS THAT WERE HEWN FOR THE PYRAMIDS HOW LONG SINCE THEY WERE UP WALKING AROUND TREADING ON OTHER ROCKS OR BUBBLING HOT MOLTEN EARTH JUICE GUSHING INTO THE AIR IN AN ORGASMIC FOUNTAIN OF CREATIVE DESTRUCTION IM A FEATHER FLOATING ON THE BREEZE FALLING IN COMPLEX UNPREDICTABLE PATTERNS ON MY WAY FROM THE SWANS WING TO THE SWAMP BELOW UNTRACEABLE EVENT HARDLY NOTICED LIKE A PRIEST LETTING OFF WIND IN A CONFESSIONAL IVE GOT TO RUSH IM GETTING BEHIND MYSELF WHAT WITH ALL THESE INTERRUPTIONS AND PAUSES FOR THOUGHT I BETTER GET MY HAND DOWN PUT MY THINKING CAP ON DOUBLE QUICK LOOK AROUND THE ROOM THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT SURELY FOUR PLUGS ON THE FLOOR IS BETTER THAN NOTHING CANS OF PAINT TOPPLING OVER SIX INCHES IS FIFTEEN POINT TWO CENTIMETRES THREE PIECE SUITE AND A SMALL SELECTION OF CHEESES THREE QUARTERS OF AN INCH IS EIGHTEEN CENTIMETRES A TREE WAS PLANTED IN NINETEEN EIGHTY SIX THE SILVER JUBILEE WAS IN NINETEEN SEVENTY SEVEN ZERO FAHRENHEIT IS MINUS SEVENTEEN POINT EIGHT CENTIGRADE OR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FIVE KELVIN DENEK IN THE CONSTELLATION OF SWAN HAS A MAGNITUDE OF ONE POINT TWO SIX VULPECULA CAN ALSO BE CALLED THE FOX WITH THE GOOSE CZECHOSLOVAKIA WON THE CORBILLON CUP IN NINETEEN THIRTY FIVE NINETEEN THIRTY SIX AND NINETEEN THIRTY EIGHT THE PROTEROZOIC ERA RAN FROM ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO TO FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLION YEARS AGO IN NINETEEN THIRTY FIVE THE ROLLS ROYCE CAMPBELL BLUEBIRD HELD THE LAND SPEED RECORD GOING AT THREE HUNDRED AND ONE POINT ONE MILES PER HOUR THE DISTANCE BETWEEN CALCUTTA AND DUBLIN IS FIVE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES THE JEWISH CALENDAR DATES FROM OCTOBER THE SEVENTH THREE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY ONE B C THE POPOCATAPETL VOLCANO IN MEXICO IS SEVENTEEN THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SEVEN FEET HIGH CIRRO CUMULUS CLOUDS ARE GENERALLY FOUND ABOVE TWENTY THOUSAND FEET THE POPULATION OF TANZANIA IN NINETEEN SEVENTY THREE WAS TWELVE MILLION FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHT THOUSAND THE THIRTY FIRST OF FEBRUARY STREET WAS RELEASED IN NINETEEN SEVENTY FOUR AS WAS ONLY YOU CAN THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED ON THE ELEVENTH OF OCTOBER NINETEEN TWENTY EIGHT SEVENTY ONE YEARS THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THREE DAYS AGO THE NINE O CLOCK NEWS STARTS IN SEVEN MINUTES ON BBC ONE THE TWELVE O CLOCK NEWS STARTS IN FOURTEEN MINUTES ON CHANNEL FIVE WRITTEN TIME IS SO OLD FASHIONED BUT IM ALREADY MAKING PLANS FOR THE NEXT MILLENNIUM CELEBRATIONS ITS BEST TO BOOK EARLY TO GET THE BEST SEATS WHY IS IT MY LOWER FACE IS SO INUNDATED WITH THIS MOSS ISNT IT ABOUT TIME

EVOLUTION GOT ITS ACT TOGETHER AND DISPENSED WITH FACIAL OBSCURITIES HASN'T IT NOTICED THAT ALMOST ALL MEN SHAVE I MEAN WHO WOULD REALLY CHOOSE TO GO ROUND LOOKING LIKE THE MAN FROM THE JOY OF SEX BOOK BUT IN ITS WISDOM I GUESS EVOLUTION REALISES THAT FACE FORESTS FASHIONS ARE FICKLE AND SOON TUFTY CHINS MAY BE A BIOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE ONCE MORE OH MAN LETS HOPE NOT ITS SO UNCOMFORTABLE TO HAVE A SLEEPING RODENT OCCUPYING HALF YOUR FACE AND MUST BE HYGIENICALLY DUBIOUS TOO THATS SUPERLATIVE SPLENDIFEROUS EBULLIENT EXTRAVAGANTLY GLORIOUS WHAT IT IS TO WEAR A DICTIONARY ROUND YOUR NECK LIKE AN OVERGROWN MEDALLION BUT TAKE CARE NOT TO FALL IN THE RIVER THOSE SOGGY PAGES WILL DRAG YOU DOWN WORDS CAN KILL YOU WHERE HAS THE SUN GONE IT HASN'T SHOWN ITS FACE IN THESE PARTS FOR A LONG TIME ITS SO SHY HIDING BEHIND THE DULL CLOUDS ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT EXCUSE ME BUT REACHING FOR THE MIDDLE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN SUNNING YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN RADIANT LIGHT BASKING IN THE STRATOSPHERE OF MUNDANE REVELATIONS PUT COTTON BALLS IN YOUR EYES IN YOUR EARS IN YOUR NOSE IN YOUR PENIS AND IN YOUR ANUS JUST LEAVE THE MOUTH UNBLOCKED TO LET THE RIVER OF CONTINUATION FLOW ON UNIMPEDED THERES NO TIME TO LOOSE DONT SQUANDER A MOMENT WHEN THEYRE GONE THEYRE FOR EVER TO THE LAND OF BROKEN WATCHES A DALIAN DREAMTIME FORGOTTEN SURREALIST HADES I PREFER THE FIRST GENERATION HEADS OF CONGLOMERATE FRUIT AND VEGETABLES OR VISIONS BY FLEMISH VISIONARIES OR ANGELIC MONKISH FLORENTINES WHAT WAS EL GRECO ON DID HE EAT CHEESE SANDWICHES BEFORE GOING TO BED AND KEEP A SKETCH PAD BY HIS PILLOW THE LATER DISCIPLES SEEM VERY HEAVY HANDED IN THEIR TELLING OF THE JOKES OF SOMNAMBULIST REVERIES TOO SELF CONSCIOUS OF THE GAME INTELLECTUALISING THE WHOLE POINT WITH FLAT BRUSH STROKES SUPER REAL REPRESENTATIONS OF TRANSMOGRIFIED NIGHT VISIONS DO I AGREE WITH MY ANALYSIS NOT MUCH HOW MUCH IS FREUD TO BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR PAINTERLY RESPONSES UNLEASHING THE DARK REALITY OF MAN NOT AT ALL PEOPLE HAD BEEN FEEDING ON THEIR HIDDEN IMAGINATIONS BEFORE HIS RATIONALISATION SWEEPED THE BOOK SHOPS HE GOT MOST OF IT WRONG ANYWAY SAW ONLY THE SURFACE AND IMAGINED THE REST THE TURBULENT CURRENTS OF A CONTEMPORARY MALAISE DID PEOPLE DREAM BETTER HAVING READ HIS WORDS BEFORE SLEEPING DID HE PLANT THE IDEA OF THEIR DESIRES FOR THEIR MOTHERS THAT APPEARED LATER THAT NIGHT SHROUDED IN HATE DID FREUD EVER DREAM THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE SHOUTED SO LOUD WHAT AN EGOIST LIKE ME DEMANDING AN AUDIENCE FOR HIS INTIMATE MEDITATIONS WHAT COULD BE MADE OF MY PERAMBULATING RANTING NOT ENOUGH ATTENTION AS A CHILD OR TOO MUCH I CREATED MY OWN UNIVERSE BECAUSE THE REAL ONE WAS TOO DULL FOR MY LIKING PERHAPS I READ TOO MANY BOOKS OR NOT ENOUGH SAW TOO MANY PICTURES HAD TOO MANY DREAMS OR THE OPPOSITE I GREW UP WITH PICASSO AS A FATHER FIGURE HIS IMAGES FORMED MY VISION HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT THE LINES MEANT WHAT IDEAS HAD FORMED THEM THAT EXTRA FOOT ALWAYS PERPLEXED ME AND STILL DOES TO BE HONEST WAS I STRUCK BY THE SKILL OR THE BLAND AUDACITY OF NOT PAINTING IT OVER THE PICTURE WAS FINISHED UNFINISHED APPARENTLY THE PRINT THAT I SAW WAS NEATLY FRAMED TO PROVE OF ITS COMPLETION I ALWAYS WANT TO PAINT RIGHT TO THE EDGE OF THE CANVAS DESPITE KNOWING THAT IT WOULD BE BETTER LEFT VACANT MORE RESONATING WITH POSSIBILITIES OF WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN LOOK AT A CEZANNE UP CLOSE HALF THE MOUNTAIN IS MISSING JUST A BLEACHED CANVAS INCLINE AND A FEW MUCKY DAUBS IMITATING A BRANCH BY IF A BIRD TRIED TO NEST THERE IT WOULD JUST SLIDE DOWN THE PITTED SURFACE SCRATCHING THE OIL MEMBRANE WITH ITS BEAK IM FALLING OFF MY MOUNTAIN SO SLOWLY DOING THE GRAND TOUR OF THE SOUTH FACE WITHOUT OXYGEN OR A PICNIC THIS FROST BITTEN FINGER IS NUMB AND CANNOT READ WHAT ITS PRODDING IS PRODUCING LINE AFTER LINE OF DESCENDANTS FORMING A VAST FAMILY TREE AS I CLIMB DOWN TO THE ROOTS SURMOUNTING THE DIFFICULTIES WITH MY RAMBLING SANCTIMONIOUS SERMON FROM THE HEART OF MY SANATORIUM MENTAL INVALID HOBBLING ALONG ON MY CRUTCHES THE WEAK INSIPID PRODUCTS OF MY DEMENTED MIND TAKING A LIBATION IN THE TEMPLE OF DARKNESS THE HALLOWED HOLLOW HALL OF THE BRAIN RESOUNDING WITH ECHOES OF ALL IVE EVER READ SEEN DONE OR BEEN IDLE CHIT CHAT IN THE KITCHEN OF A PARTY ONLY ATTENDED BY ME GETTING DRUNK ON MY EGO OUT OF MY HEAD PARALYTIC PROSE PUSHER SOCIAL DEFORMER RAILING AGAINST THE PREVAILING TIDE OF CURRENT CUSTOMS AND METHODS OF EXPLORATION WHAT EXACTLY SHOULD A PICTURE LOOK LIKE A SELF PORTRAIT OF A CRIPPLED INTERIOR MONOLOGUE THIS IS ME WARTS AND ALL BUSHY TAIL ON MY CHIN LAUGHING WITH A CAVALIER GRIN FROM BENEATH MY CASSOCK OF THIS CAPUT MORTUUM IM AN ATTACKING MIDFIELDER SCORING THE WINNING OWN GOAL LIKE KEVIN FULLY AWARE OF MY TACTICAL SHORTCOMINGS BUT REFUSING TO RESIGN MY POSITION DESPITE ITS UNTENABLE RESULTS ILL MANAGE SOMEHOW IF I BUCK UP MY IDEAS ILL SLAUGHTER MY OPPONENTS AND GIVE THEM A JOLLY HARD THRASHING MAKE THEM

SWALLOW A BIT OF THEIR OWN FOUL TASTING MEDICINE THE TABLOIDS MAY HOWL FOR MY HEAD BUT THE BROADMINDED BROADSHEETS WILL BACK ME TO THE HILT SO OBSCURE CLAUSE IN THE CONTRACT WILL ACCEPT MY SMALL PRINT SMALLMINDEDNESS IM THROWING ROCKS AT THE SUN BUT IF I ACCIDENTALLY HIT YOU'LL READ ALL ABOUT IT EASTEND MUGGINS BRING THE HOUSE DOWN A STANDING OVATION BY DEAF CONCERT GOERS APPLAUDING THE FACT THAT ITS FINISHED BEFORE THE ICECREAMS HAVE ALL MELTED AND SEEPED OUT OF THEIR TUBS USE THE OPERA GLASSES BACKWARDS IF YOU WANT TO SEE LESS OF ME CLOSE YOUR EYES AND IM GONE MY WORDS ARE SMALL SILENT MESSAGES OF DEFEAT DEVOID OF MEANING AND SUBSTANCE CLOSELY KNIT JUMPER OF WHOLLY UNSAVOURY HOOEY A BLIND MAN POKING HIS STICK IN THE DOG DOO DOMESTICITY OF A DONNISH DONNYBROOKIAN BOOK PAGE AFTER PAGE ON THIS PAGE OF FINALITY FINALLY APPROACHING THE HALF WAY POINT OF THE MENDACIOUS MARATHON OF MIND WHY OH WHY OH WHY DIDNT I DECIDE TO WRITE A HAIKU JUST SEVENTEEN SYLLABLES LOADED WITH INTENSE FEELING AND EXPLODING WITH RESONANT IMAGES IF ID SPENT ALL THIS TIME WORKING ON IT SURELY IT COULDN'T FAIL TO BE A BEAUTIFUL JEWEL A PERFECT LITTLE TRINKET OF INESTIMABLE VALUE VERY DAY HONING IT DOWN FURTHER POLISHING ITS SURFACE TIL IT GLISTENED WITH PRECISION BUT HOW LONG CAN YOU POLISH A DIAMOND BEFORE IT CAN GET NO MORE SPARKLY EVENTUALLY YOU MUST WEAR IT AWAY COMPLETELY DESPITE IT FIERCE RESISTANCE AND IS ONE TINY DIAMOND MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN A WHOLE NECKLACE OF PASTE IM NO THAUMATURGIST BUT IT WILL BE A MIRACLE IF I GET THIS FINISHED BEFORE I OFFER MY BLOOD HAS IT HAPPENED I WONDER THAT SOMEBODY DONATED BLOOD THEN ON LEAVING THE BUILDING GOT RUN OVER BY A LORRY AND ASKED FOR IT BACK IF IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET IT NO DOUBT WILL SOON LIKE ITS ALMOST INEVITABLE THAT ILL FINISH WRITING THIS ONE DAY AND OFFER IT AS AN EXHIBIT IN MY OWN SALON OF REFUSAL A BEAUTY PARLOUR OF EXQUISITE REJECTIONS I REFUSE TO ACCEPT NO AS A REASONABLE ANSWER I EVEN CONSIDER MY TOE NAIL CLIPPINGS TO BE THE PRODUCT OF GENIUS EXHIBITABLE RELIC OF THE PATRONISING SAINT OF INTRANSIGENCE I HOLD UP MYSELF AS AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT BELLIGERENCE CAN ACCOMPLISH TALENT IS NOT A PREREQUISITE IF YOU WANT TO ACHIEVE SOMETHING WORTHLESS HAVE NO HOPE OF PRODUCING SOMETHING OF BEAUTY AND YOU CAN BE HAPPY WITH WHAT YOU DO RESULTS ARE CO DEPENDENT WITH EXPECTATIONS EXPECT THE WORST AND YOU JUST MIGHT ATTAIN IT BUT TRYING TO BE WORSE THAN YOU ARE TAKES A GREAT AMOUNT OF SKILL OFTEN ITS HARD TO BE TRULY INEPT MOST PEOPLE ARE JUST MERELY AVERAGE THE BEST I CAN DO IS DENY MY ABILITY TRANSCEND MY TALENT FOR MEDIOCRITY AND FAIL A BIT BETTER BY BEING SLIGHTLY WORSE THAN USUAL GENUINE PRIMITIVISM IS A RARE AND VALUABLE COMMODITY INNOCENT NAIVETE MUST BE CHERISHED AND APPRECIATED FOR ITS UNADULTERATED PURE IGNORANCE ANY ATTEMPT AT IMPROVEMENT SHOULD BE WARNED AGAINST PEOPLE LIKE WALLIS ARE LUCKY NOT TO BE TOUCHED BY SOPHISTICATED HANDS BUT HOW MANY OF HIS PICTURES ARE A CARICATURE OF THE ONES NICHOLSON RAVED ABOUT THAT EXCELLENT MOTION PICTURE THE REBEL SPRINGS TO MIND WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THOSE SELF CONSCIOUSLY POOR PAINTINGS ID LOVE TO SEE THE REST OF THAT PRETENDERS WORK HOP HIP HAPPY WAY TO SPEND ANOTHER DULL DAY POKING ABOUT IN THE GLOOMY CORNERS AT THE BACK OF MY MIND RUMMAGING THROUGH MY MENTAL LAUNDRY AS THE RAIN PITTER PATTERS JUST FEET FROM MY LEFT HAND SIDE DROWNING OUT THE SOUND OF MY BRAIN COGS AS THEY CHURN OUT MORE FATUOUS PRODUCT SWEET LOVELY NOISE OF THE MACHINE TURNING OF THE BLANK STARE OF THE SCREEN WHAT A RELIEF THAT WILL BE WHEN THIS BABY IS MURDERED COMPLETELY AND FINALLY PUT TO BED IN ITS LOVELY BLACK COFFIN SMALL RESULT OF ALL THE TIME SLIPPED THROUGH MY DIARY TODAY IS A MIRROR IMAGE OF BEFORE AND TOMORROW WILL LOOK PRETTY MUCH THE SAME AGAIN ONLY ON CLOSE INSPECTION WILL A DIFFERENCE BE NOTICEABLE MY TIMES NEW ROMAN SCRIPT HAS CHANGED LITTLE FOR AGES ITS AS SMALL AS I CAN GET IT WITHOUT WRITING NOTHING FOREVER MAYBE UNPRINTABLE EVEN NOW WHO KNOWS AND WHAT IF IT IS WHAT THEN ILL CERTAINLY BE A LITTLE MIFFED THATS FOR SURE BANG THERE GOES MY HOPE OF DEMOLITION ALL CRAZY IDEAS OF INVISIBILITY THROW OUT OF THE WINDOW A MASSIVE DEFEAT A FATAL BLOW AND ENDLESS HUMILIATION AFTER SAYING SO MUCH THAT DIDNT NEED TO BE HEARD CRAMMING SO MANY WORDS INTO EACH PAGE AND FALLING AT THE ALMOST FINAL HURDLE TRIPPING OVER ON MY WAY UP THE STEPS TO CLAIM MY CUP MY JUST REWARD FOR SLOGGING IT OUT TO THE ULTIMATE END A BODY BLOW TO MY DICTATORSHIP OF THE WORD WORLD HEAD DOWN PRESS ONWARD DOWN SHUFFLE WITH SLOUCHED SHOULDERS TOWARDS THE EXIT POINT ONE BY ONE THE LETTERS ARE LINED UP AND THEN LINE BY LINE EACH PAGE IS CONVERTED FROM A BLANK EXPRESSION TO A FULL FACE SCARED WITH LINES OF OLD AGE ETCHED WRINKLES DEFILING THE SMOOTH WHITE SKIN MEMORIES AND FANTASIES AND UTTER TRIVIALITIES HELD IN THIS BONDAGE ALL MAKING A BLACK IMPRESSION THEN SWIFTLY FORGOTTEN RELEGATED TO THIS PAGE OF

HISTORY MY NARRATIVE IS ONE OF STARTING AND WORKING UNTIL THE STOP OFFERS ITS CONCLUSION THE ENTRAILS OF THOUGHT ARE BEING STRETCHED TO A BREAKING POINT AND IM PLUCKING THEM TO PRODUCE THIS SYMBOLIC SYMPHONY ALL SOUNDING TOGETHER AS THE EYE SCANS THE SHEET FOR ANY TRACE OF SOMETHING TO SEE THE OVERALL EFFECT WILL BE GLORIOUS SO THE MINUTIAE WILL NOT MATTER A JOT BE NOTHING MORE THAN A DOT FORMING LINES OF ILLEGIBLE MATTER WHAT IF ID DONE JUST THIS PAGE WITHOUT THE PREAMBLE OF THE PREVIOUS NINETY NINE WOULD THE RESULT BE AS OR LESS INTERESTING THOSE FORGOTTEN PAGES ARE JUST A WARMING UP FOR THE FINAL EVENT LOGICAL STEPS TO DESTRUCTION A MAP CHARTING THE DIMINUTION OF THE PRIMARY IDEA THE OBVIOUS PROBLEM OF THE EARLIER PAGES IS THAT THEY SEEM TO BE SAYING SOMETHING THEIR LETTERS ARE SO PROUD AND DYNAMIC ITS HARD TO JUST ADMIRE THEIR FORM THEY DEMAND TO BE READ TO BE UNDERSTOOD AS A RECOGNISABLE MEANING THIS IS A MUCH BETTER PERVERSION OF THE REASON FOR WORDS THIS BLUR OF WORDS SAYS MUCH MORE THAN THOSE EXTRAVAGANT FIRST NINETY EIGHT PAGES ITS TOO EASY TO SEE THE WORDS ON DISPLAY WHEREAS HERE THE MEANING IS CRYSTAL CLEAR A REDEFINITION OF LANGUAGE IDEALLY I LIKE MY BOOKS TO REMAIN SHUT SOLID OBJECTS RATHER THAN CONVEYORS OF THOUGHT PRODABLE REALITIES RATHER THAN PRODIGIOUS ACTS OF IMAGINATION AND TESTAMENTS TO TIME ILL SPENT AS ALWAYS WHATS SAID IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE BUT THE WAY ITS PRESENTED IS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE LOOK AT THE PIANO DONT BOTHER LISTENING TO THE MUSIC I WANT MY LEGACY TO BE SEEN PURELY IN TERMS OF ITS VISUAL QUALITIES ALL CONSIDERATIONS OF LITERARY STYLE AND METHOD ARE OBSOLETE ALL IM DOING IS WRITING A PICTURE AND WORDS ARE THE PAINT I GOT OUT OF THE KITCHEN AS QUICK AS I POLITELY COULD TOO MANY COOKS ETC ALL I WANT IS TO EAT I DONT CARE WHAT IT TASTES LIKE AS LONG AS IT LOOKS APPETISING ENOUGH TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SEVEN LINES TIGHTLY PACKED LIKE MINIATURISED SARDINES THUS FAR HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A MICROFILM NO I COULDN'T GET INTO THE CINEMA HA HA BUT IM LOOKING FORWARD TO THE HAPPY ENDING AND REUNITING THE WHOLE FAMILY UNDER ONE COVER ONE ROOF STRETCHING FROM FRONT TO BACK ENSCONCING THE DRIVEL THE TEPID TARRADIDDLE OF LUKEWARM BRAINSTORMING SESSIONS WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE EXPLAIN WHY THERE ISNT A SEASON OF BARBARA BURKES WORK HER RENDITION OF KITTY KNOWLES WAS THE BEST PORTRAYAL OF MARY IVE YET SEEN I WISH SHE WOULD MAKE A WELCOME RETURN TO THE SILVER SCREEN THAT IS IF SHES NOT DEAD OR THE ACCOLADES NO DOUBT BESTOWED HAVE GONE TO HER HEAD SHES ONE OF THE GREATS OF THE GREAT BRITISH CINEMA AND DESERVES A MENTION AT ANY SELF RESPECTING DINNER PARTY IVE DONE MY BIT TO REVIVE HER NAME AND IM TELLING YOU ALL THAT IT WILL BE A SHAME IF HER OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS DONT GET THE CREDIT THEYRE DUE HER CHILLING PERFORMANCES HAUNT MY NIGHT DREAMS AND WITH HER ON THE SCREEN ALL IS NOT AS IT SEEMS SO WRITE YOUR MP AND HASSLE THE TV PROGRAMMERS GIVE THE PUBLIC WHAT AND WHAT THEY DESERVE A SEASON OF HER FILMS IF YOUVE JUST GOT THE NERVE AND NOW ID LIKE TO SAY A BIG HELLO TO ESME LARK SO PLEASED THAT YOU MADE IT OUT OF THE DARK WELCOME TO THE LANDS OF THE LIVING A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF CELLS NOW YOURE BIGGER THAN THESE LETTERS THAT SALUTE YOU DO YOU REMEMBER BEING SO SMALL BEFORE BEING SQUEEZED OUT OF THE HALL OF YOUR MOTHER SEEING THE LIGHT FROM THE WARMTH OF YOUR COVER NOW LEARNING TO COUGH TO PUKE AND TO SCREAM DO YOU WISH YOU WERE BACK IN THE WOMB LIKE A DREAM OF SOFT VELVET WITH PIANISSIMO DRUM FLOATING IN WARM WATER JUST HAVING FUN WILL YOU EVER REMEMBER THE SHOCK OF THE SLAP THE ROUGH TOUCH OF A HAND AS YOU SUCK ON A PAP IN TIME YOULL BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO LIFE WHIZZ THROUGH YOUR YOUTH LIKE A HOT BUTTER KNIFE LEARNING AND FORGETTING A CYCLE OF MEMORIES AS YOU GRADUALLY GET WEANED OFF THE MAMMARIES SING AND DESIGN YOURSELF A NEW LIFE BANISH ALL ANGUISH PROBLEMS AND STRIFE DO WHAT YOURE TOLD AND THEN DO WHAT YOURE NOT ITS THE ONLY WAY TO BREAK FREE FROM THE COT FIND YOUR OWN WAY OF SEEING THE WORLD FOCUS YOUR EYES ONTO WHAT YOUVE BEEN HURLED LEAVE DIRTY FINGER PRINTS OVER THE EARTH AND ALWAYS REMEMBER THE SHOCK OF YOUR BIRTH NOW WE ARE EQUALS THOUGH DIFFERENT IN HEIGHT WE BOTH HAVE THE SAME RIGHTS AND WELL WE MIGHT WE ARE AS BROTHERS UNTIED IN THOUGHT SO PLEASE DISOBEY ALL THE NONSENSE WERE TAUGHT MAKE UP YOUR OWN RULES DO WHAT YOU MUST BELIEVE IN YOUR OWN THOUGHTS AND GIVE YOURSELF TRUST IN YOUR ABILITY TO CONQUER THE REAL FOLLOW YOUR INSTINCTS AND DO ALL YOU FEEL WILL BRING YOU HAPPINESS PLEASURE AND FUN LIE IN THE MOONLIGHT IF YOU DONT LIKE THE SUN SO LITTLE NEW PERSON ENJOY YOUR NEW LEASE OF LIVING WELCOME AMONGST US AND THANK YOU FOR GIVING YOUR LITTLE WORDS AS A PART OF THIS BOOK AND WHEN YOU CAN SEE ILL LET YOU TAKE A LOOK WRITING LETTERS TO BABIES IS ALL VERY FINE BUT A POEM LIKE THAT WONT TAKE UP A WHOLE LINE I REALLY MUST WORK HARDER TO GET THIS JOB DONE STOP THINKING ABOUT IT AND STOP HAVING FUN THIS TINY MORSEL

WILL GET ME NOWHERE I CANT WASTE TOO MUCH TIME IF I WANT TO GET THERE DOWN TO THE BOTTOM RIGHT CORNER OF THE PAGE THE PERFECT HOME FOR A NICE PLUMP FULLSTOP IM DOING MY BEST BUT ITS NOT VERY FAST I MUST TRY TO BE QUICKER AND THINK LESS OR THINK FASTER DONT FORGET THAT ON THESE PAGES IM MASTER CRAFTY TYPE TYPING MY WAY TO THE CLIMAX THE FINAL WORD THAT DEMOLISHES MEANING THE LAST NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF THOUGHT IF ID KNOWN FOR ONE MINUTE IT WOULD TAKE SO MANY HOURS I WOULDNT HAVE BOTHERED THIS PROVES NOTHING BUT THAT DOGGED DETERMINATION CAN TERMINATE EVERYTHING MAN GOT TO THE MOON NOT JUST BY JUMPING BUT HE HAD TO START SOMEWHERE AND ENDED UP THERE PLANTING HIS FLAGS AND LEAVING HIS FOOTPRINTS IN THE PREHISTORIC DUST DID THE CLANGERS WHISTLE A WELCOME OR RUN AND HIDE IN THEIR BURROWS KEEPING WELL OUT OF HARMS WAY NOT WANTING TO BE DISSECTED ON AN ARMY SLAB TO HAVE THEIR STITCHES SLIT OPEN AND THEIR STUFFING PULLED OUT AND DISPLAYED TO THE PENTAGON PEDAGOGUES BUT LETS NOT EXAGGERATE THE VALUE OF LIFE ITS ONLY WORTH ANYTHING IF ITS WORTH LIVING IF THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH THEN ITS BETTER TO DIE I WOULDNT GIVE MY LIFE JUST TO SAVE MYSELF OR TO SAVE ANYBODY ELSE EITHER THIS IS THE ONE SHOT IVE GOT AND SO FAR IVE CONSTANTLY MISSED THE TARGET MY ARROWS OF THOUGHT ALWAYS GO ASTRAY ALL I SEEM TO DO IS FILL MORE AND MORE ASHTRAYS PHYSICAL EVIDENCE THAT IVE BEEN PRESENT AS I ROLL ANOTHER PRODUCT OFF THE PRODUCTION LINE OF MY MIND ANOTHER BROKEN EXAMPLE OF WASTED POTENTIAL IT COULD HAVE BEEN GREAT THIS IDEA BUT I BROUGHT IT DOWN TO MY LEVEL OF INEPTITUDE IVE SCALED SOME HEIGHTS BUT IM ALWAYS IN THE SAME VALLEY LOOKING UP AT MY MENTORS FEET IVE SUNG SOME BEAUTIFUL MELODIOUS SONGS BUT THE TAPE MACHINE WAS NEVER ON OR THE MICROPHONE WAS BUSTED SO ALL THAT REMAINS IS A HISS BELLOWING OUT OF THE SPEAKERS CORNERED IVE TRIED TO RUN FREE BUT THE BRICK WALLS CATCH ME WITH EASE AND I FREEZE IN THEIR MAGNIFICENT SHADOWS LIKE A RABBIT IN FRONT OF A LIGHT ENTICING THE CAR TO DO ITS UTMOST TO HIT IT FAIR AND SQUARE AND SEND IT FLYING TO KINGDOM COME IVE LAIN IN THE FAST LANE OF THE MOTORWAY FOR YEARS BUT THE LORRIES JUST PASS ME BY IN THE LAY BY AND WAVE AS THEY TRUNDLE OFF HOMEWARD BOUND CARRYING THEIR OWN PROBLEMS STRAPPED DOWN ON THEIR BACKS THE POLICE OFTEN STOP BUT THEYRE FAR TOO BUSY TO ARREST ME AND BEAT ME UP IN THE CELLS THEYVE GOT BIGGER FISHES TO FRY SO THEY SIT ON THE REEDY BANK WATCHING THEIR LINES OF ENQUIRY UNTIL THE FLOAT BOBS AND WAKES THEM UP FROM THEIR DREAM OF A BETTER WORLD FULL OF FINGERPRINTS AND CLUES SWAG BAGS AND INCONTROVERTIBLE STATEMENTS OF GUILT I DID IT MY LORD I MURDERED THIS PAGE IN BLOODY COLD WORDS NOW CONVICT ME OR CONVINCE ME THAT THE CRIME WAS A JUST ONE AS I DESERVE TO BE BORED TO DEATH DRAWN AND MADE INTO FRACTIONS AS I CROSS THE EQUATOR OF THE PAGE OR AS NEAR AS DAMN IT IF YOU HAVE NO STYLE STYLISTIC FLUCTUATIONS ARE NO PROBLEM IF YOU DONT CARE ONE IOTA IT HARDLY MATTERS A JOT WHAT THE REST OF THE WORLD THINKS BUT TRY AS YOU MIGHT TO BREAK FREE FROM THE NORM EVERYONE IS TRAPPED WITHIN THEIR OWN CAPABILITIES THEIR OWN FRAME OF REFERENCES AND IDEALS I CANNOT IMITATE GREAT WORKS OF THE PAST NOR PRODUCE ANYTHING NEW ALL NEWNESS IS OBSOLETE DONE BETTER BEFORE HOW MANY TIMES CAN YOU REFIGHT THE WAR OF WORDS WAGING A PUNY RESISTANCE AND SUFFERING THE COLLATERAL DAMAGE TO THE EGO THE FALLOUT OF FAILURE COVERING THE TINY SUCCESSES BUT THE WAR DRAGS ON AND ON I REALLY FANCY A TOASTY CUP OF THE HARD STUFF AND ID LOVE TO GET MY CHOPS ROUND ONE OF THOSE LITTLE OH WHAT ARE THEY CALLED YOU KNOW MADE OF MILK CHOCOLATE GLUCOSE SYRUP MALT EXTRACT SKIMMED MILK POWDER WHEAT FLOUR PECTIN RAISING AGENT SODIUM BICARBONATE SALT FOURTEEN PERCENT MINIMUM MILK SOLIDS VEGETABLE FAT EMULSIFIERS E FOUR FOUR TWO LECITHIN AND OTHER ASSORTED FLAVOURINGS MMMM YUMMY WHAT ARE THEY CALLED NEVER MIND WITH THOSE INGREDIENTS YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN AND THEYRE BOUND TO TASTE LOVELY HOLD UP DIPSTICK STOP YOUR CHATTER GRAB THE BULL BY THE BALLS AND SWING IT ROUND YOUR SOFT MIDDLE CLASS HEAD THIS AINT NO CHINA SHOP SO GET ON WITH YOUR SLOP CHUCK IT DOWN SWIFTISH WITHOUT PREVARICATIONS AND SOPPY EXPLANATIONS YOUR WASTING TOO MUCH TIME YOUVE GOTTA GET GOIN SLAPDASH OR NOT YOUVE A DEADLINE TO MEET PICK UP THE GAUNTLET AND WEAR IT WITH PRIDE UNHOLSTER THAT GUN THAT YOU KEEP BY YOUR SIDE SHOOT OFF A FEW ROUNDS INTO THE CROWN WRITE DOWN THE SCREAMS AS THEY HOLLER OUT LOUD MAKE THE MOST OF THE POWER YOUVE USURPED SPIN OFF A FEW MORE WORTHLESS EXCESSES SPLATTER YOUR VERBALS OVER NICE THOSE FLOWERY DRESSES WORN BY UPTIGHT SLOANE RANGERS SPIT OVER BABIES AS THEY LIE IN THEIR MANGY MANGERS YOU LL MANAGE ALL RIGHT KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL JUST KEEP ON TALKING AND SWINGING YOUR TOOL RIGHT THATS IT IVE HAD IT WITH RHYMES IT LOOKS SO STUPID IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES GRUNTING AND PANTING MY PUERILE NEW PROSE OH WELL I SUPPOSE ITS OK AS NOBODY KNOWS ITS MY PREROGATIVE TO DO AS I CHOOSE AN IF METRE

DOES IT WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOOSE NOTHING MY A BIT MORE SELF RESPECT AND I REALLY DONT GIVE A DAMN FOR THAT PROSPECT SO SHUT THE THY MOUTH UP GET ON WITH THE SHOW PUKE UP SOME MORE TOSH SPILL MORE WORDS AND THEN GO NO IVE STOPPED AND NOT BEFORE TIME TOO NOW ILL ATTEMPT A DIFFERENT MODE OF ATTACK MORE SUITABLE FOR THIS EXERCISE OF FREE FLOWING BANALITY TAKE THE PLUG FROM MY MOUTH AND DRIBBLE AN INCONSEQUENTIAL GARGLING STREAM OF GARBLED GARBAGE STARTING WITH DREAMS OF SUNBURNT BACKS PEELING PARCHMENT OF SKIN EMBLAZONED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MAO TSE TUNG TONGUE LICKING A OVERGROWN TOENAIL AN OVERLORD SCRAPING THE HARD DEAD CARBUNCLE THAT PROTRUDES FROM THE STOCKING WITH THE TIP OF HIS SLUG ILL FLY MY KITE IN ANY AIRSPACE I CHOOSE ATTEMPTING TO FILL THIS FACE WITHOUT THE USE OF A SAFETY NET HIGH UP IN THE DIRTY CLOUDS OF IMAGINATION I SAW THROUGH SORE SKY RIPPING A HOLE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE SUNS BEAMS A SOPHISTICATED SONOROUS SONOFABITCH AS I LOOK DOWN ON THE MALCONTENT MADDING CROWD IM A EAGLE OF DOOM SWOOPING AND STEALING THE TOUPEE HAIRPIECE FROM AN OLD MAN IN TWEEDS GREY BLUE GLASS EYES STARE BACK INCREDULOUSLY AS I HEAD FOR THE SUNSET JUST OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL IM A BIKE FERRYING A MIDWIFE TO THE BIRTH PLACE OF SATANS SECOND CHILD AN OMEN OF DISILLUSION AS I DESCEND FROM MY PEARLY KINGDOM WRAP ME IN HIS BLUE BLANKET AS I SWITHER HITHER AND DITHER SWANKPOT I AM AND HAPPILY SO SWEEPING THE DUST OF MY LIFE UNDER THE CARPET HALT WHO GOES THERE CANT YOU SEE ITS JUST ME ANOTHER WORD WEARY TRAVELLER TRAMPING ALONG THE HIGHWAY TO COMPLETION ENJOYING THE VIEW OF THE CORPSES OF LOGOS COUNTING TIL MY FINGER IS SORE HEADING FOR THE PLACE WHERE I HEARD TELL IS THE ENTRANCE TO HELL I DESPERATE TO KNOCK ON THE MASSIVE DOOR PULL THE CHAIN AND FLUSH THIS AWAY SMELLY BIG JOB DISAPPEARING DOWN THE DRAIN SCUM AND DECEIT FROM THE BOWELS OF MY BRAIN CARRYING ON LIKE A SCHOOL BOY I DONT DOFF MY CAP TO ANYONE AND CATAPULT MESSAGE OF DELIVERANCE ONTO THE PAGE FASHIONABLE FASCIST OF BLATHERING LINING UP THESE LINES TO BUILD A BRIDGE TO THE END IN SIGHT BUT NOT YET OUT OF MY MIND MY TESTES ARE ACHING FROM TAKING SO LONG TO COME HERE EACH NEW DROP OF WORD IS MET WITH A GASP OF RELIEF AS I HAMMER IT ONTO THE SHEET STIFF FORMAL DESIGN OUT OF MY CONTROL APART FROM THE SIZE OF THE BORDER AND EDGING DETAILS THE ANARCHY OF THE RIGHT FLIES IN THE FACE OF THE RIGHTEOUS RIGID LEFT BUT ALLS OF A MUCHNESS IN THE MIDDLING MIDDLE WIDE EXPANSE OF AVERAGE CONSISTENCY I PLAY IT BY EAR LIKE A DEAF COMPOSER WILL I BE HONEST ENOUGH TO LET THIS SLEEPING DOG LIE OR WILL I DRAG IT TO THE VET AND GET IT RESUSCITATED JUST FOR MY SELFISH PLEASURE OF COMPANY DOING IT ALL FOR JUST THAT LIKE OLD SAM SPOUTING ON WITH VILE MUCUS STICKING TO MY FILTHY WHISKERS MAKING AN OUTRAGE OF MY FACE LUCKILY NOBODY LOOKS AT ME A GRUBBY OLD MAN SITTING IN HIS OWN URINE SMELLING OF CENTURIES OF DAMP SOCKS WEEPING PUSTULES CRYING YELLOWISH TEARS SCABS OF CRUSTY WORDS FALLING ONTO THE FLOOR OF THE PAGE EATING THE CONTENTS OF MY NOSE GRITTY LUMPS OF PUTRID PROSE I GREEDILY SUCK ON THE FLACCID MEMBER OF REMEMBRANCE TASTING THE FLAVOUR OF OLDEN DAYS GONE BY A LAXATIVE DIET TO KEEP THE FLOW GOING AS I EMPTY MY COLOSSAL COLOSTOMY BAG OF IMAGINATION OVER YOUR FACE DRINK UP THESE WORDS MY FRIEND BEFORE THEY EVAPORATE INTO THE BLANK BLACKNESS OF THE DAYNIGHT ACCOMPANIED BY A DIRGE OF MELANCHOLY MUSIC C MINOR F MINOR G MINOR A FLAT MINOR C MINOR ETC ENDLESSLY REPEATED UNTIL THE DEED IS DONE TO A FULLNESS STUFFED UP TIL IT BURSTS OUT OF ITS CAGE AND GOES MARAUDING ONTO VIRGIN TERRITORIES ILL GANGBANG ON REGARDLESS OF OUTCOME UNTIL I LEAVE THIS FIELD OF BATTLE STREWN WITH THE VICTIMS OF MY FINGERING BLACK DEATH THIS IS THE ROCK IVE CHAINED MYSELF TO IN A RATHER JOLLY POST PROMETHEAN WAY A CHOIR BOYS HIGH PITCHED SHRILLING AS I BLAST MY WAY FORWARD INTO THE TUNNEL IM DRILLING IM RIFLING THROUGH THE BINS OF MY MIND FOR THE FOOD OF THOUGHT I HOPE TO FIND SOME CRABBY CRAPULOUS SCRAPS OF TRIFLING IMAGERY ANYTHING TO BRING TO MY CAUSE TO CONTRIBUTE TO MY CONTINUATIVE DOWNFALL WOULD IT REALLY MATTER IF IT TOOK LONGER OR FOREVER WHATS THE RUSH NOBODIES IMPATIENTLY WAITING OR SALIVATING WHILE I COOK UP THIS FEAST OF INCOMPETENCE WHO CARES IF I DECIDE TO STOP NOW OR CARRY ON WITH THIS KNOCKABOUT CARRY ON ALL ILL HAVE LOST IS A COUPLE OF MONTHS AND A FEW WORDS TO MY LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS ITS HARDLY THE END OF THE WORLD IF I NEVER END THIS I COULD JUST SHRUG MY SHOULDERS AND WALK OFF RIGHT NOW CONSIGNING THESE WORDS TO THE DUSTBIN OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY UNSAID POEMS AND BARBAROUS DREAMS ILL STILL BUY MY MILK WITH THE SAME CONFIDENCE AS BEFORE THE ONLY DIFFERENCE WOULD BE THE SHINE OF MY CHIN THE LACK OF THIS MATTED MAT THAT IM SPORTING A GOATEE GONE HAYWIRE COMBUSTIBLE BEARD DANGEROUS TO SMOKE SO MUCH WITH AN INFLAMMABLE FACE MY LIPS HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED BY THIS PRICKLY BUSH NOW THEY HIDE IN THE OVERHANGING GARDENS OF MY

MOUSTACHE IF I WASNT ME ID BE ASHAMED TO GO OUT WITH THIS MUG LANKY SQUADRON OF LAZY BRISTLES THAT SWEEPS MY FOOD AS I EAT IT HOW MANY WORDS HAVE I SPENT ON THIS FEATURE ONE OF MY BETTER INVESTMENTS THIS BRUSHY SOURCE OF INSPIRATION HAIRY WELLSRING OF THOUGHT GRADUALLY GROWING MORE GRUESOME AND GRIZZLY FROM THE SPRING OF STUBBLE TO THE AUTUMN ABUNDANCE THAT ON FINISHING THIS ILL QUICKLY HARVEST AND STORE IN A LITTLE HAIRSTACK I THINK THATLL DO FOR TODAY IN ANALYSING MY VISAGE NOW ILL WORD TWIST ON WITHOUT FURTHER ADO SAY ADIEU TO MY FURRY FRIEND AND BOLDLY GO DOWN ANOTHER DEAD END WAVING TO THE MYSTIFIED SEAGULLS WHO HOVER SQUAWKING THEIR DISAPPROVAL ON THE BREEZE THAT BLOWS IN FROM THE FROTHY OCEANS MESSENGERS OF ZEPHYR WHO AIM THEIR EXCREMENTAL BOMBS CUNNINGLY ON THE LUCKY CHOSEN FEW IM DRAWN BY THE WAILING MERMAIDS ONTO THE DEEP ROOTED SHARP TIPPED ROCKS THAT PIERCE THE LOLLING SURFACE THIS ISNT ROCK N ROLL THIS IS WORDYCIDIE MUTILATION OF MEANING ABOLITION OF SENSE FROM THE FINAL SCENE BEFORE THE CURTAIN FALLS TO THE DUSTY FLOOR SENDING UP A CLOUD OF MEMORIES CHOKING THE AIR WITH ITS ARID ARRAY OF FRAGMENTARY FLAVOURS AND INSIPID COAGULATION OF METAPHORS ITS BACKBREAKING WORK CRACKING THESE SHELLS OF INVENTION AND IF THE NUTS ARE DRY AND INEDIBLE IT WONT MATTER THIS MENU IS A REPRESENTATION OF FOOD NOT A DISH FOR CONNOISSEURS TO SAVOUR THIS UNPALATABLE MUSH IS A PUREE OF PURE INDULGENCE IS A FASTIDIOUS PARTY POOPER OF POPPYCOCK IM VERY SLOWLY PULLING A FAST ONE REAMS OF THOUGHT REALMS AS IVE LASHED MYSELF TO THE HELM OF THIS SINKING VESSEL CONTAINER OF UTTER ILLUSION A PIN PRICK IN THE EYE OF NARRATIVE SERIAL KILLER OF COMMON SENSE BUT IM ALL TOO AWARE OF THIS STRUCTURAL DEVICE IM EMPLOYING TO DO MY DIRTY WORK THIS RAMSHACKLE REASONING IS AS CLEARLY A LIE AS ANY OTHER NARRATIVE TRICK THE BEGINNING IS WHERE IT SHOULD BE AND IT FOLLOWS IT COURSE LIKE ALL RIVERS OF INVENTION SOLIDLY ROLLING ONWARD GATHERING MORE AND MORE DEBRIS UNTIL THE SEA OF COMPLETION IS SATURATED WITH WORDS THIS IS A FORMALIST ENTERPRISE SO NO SURPRISE IF IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN IT SEEMS IT CANNOT BE MORE THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS BE BETTER OR WORSE THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE BOOK NO DOUBT IVE LEFT A FEW BOOBIES IN MY WAKE ERRORS AND SUCH LIKE BUT THEYLL BE THE UNINTENTIONAL BLIPS THAT MAKE THE CAKE LOOK HOME MADE FROM MY COTTAGE INDUSTRY OF MIND SO I DONT MIND THEM AT ALL THOUGH IF I HAD NOTICED EARLY ENOUGH I WOULD NO DOUBT HAVE CORRECTED THEM I DONT WANT TO APPEAR MORE STUPID THAN I DO ALREADY OR DO I THIS IS LIKE AN APOLOGY FROM A HITLER DO EXCUSE I DIDNT MEAN TO TREAD ON ANYONE TOES OR UPSET YOU I AM SORRY HOW SILLY OF ME HAWK OR DOVE HATE OR LOVE THEY ALL LOOK THE SAME WHEN YOU CANT SEE THEM HERE IN MY SULPHUROUS PIT I CAN SEND MY SMELL INTO THE WORLD UNLEASH MY MENTAL VIRUS AND WAGE RHETORICAL WARFARE THE SPELL THAT IVE CAST IN THESE LINES IS CONTAGIOUS AN EPIDEMIC OF GRATUITOUS INEPTNESS SPREADING ITS FOUL BREATH FROM THIS STEAMING MOUTH A REVOLTING REVOLUTION STARTED IN THIS ROOM AND ENDING AT THE SAME POINT FROM SILENCE TO SILENCE THROUGH A CACOPHONOUS HUNDRED PAGES OF NOTHINGNESS CLOGGING UP THE MEMORY AND DRAINING MY MENTAL RESERVES TO THE DREGS THESE ARE THE SOGGY SCUM RESIDUE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP AFTER DUNKING A BISCUIT FOR THAT SPLIT SECOND TOO LONG THREE WISE MEN COULDNT DECIPHER ALL THE OBLIQUE REFERENCES HERE AND PROBABLY COULDNT BE BOTHERED EVEN IF THEY COULD BUT THEY CANT BECAUSE THIS SHOULDNT BE SEEABLE AND IF IT IS IM A RIGHT ROYAL SWEET DECEIVER DIMINISHED BUT NOT FINISHED MY CIRCULAR LETTER TO MYSELF SPINS ON ONCE UPON AN OCEAN TIL A FAREWELL AGAIN AND ANOTHER DAWN DAWNS NEW HORIZON TO BE BLACKENED AND SWEEP PASSED MY MOLD GROWS EVER LARGER CREEPING STAIN ON THE PAGE TRANSFORMING THE LANDSCAPE WITH ITS TINY LETTERS A GROWING CULTURE OF CULTURAL REFERENCES AND POMPOUS PRETENCE COUTH LITTERATEUR SLUMMING IN THE LOWLIFE DEPRAVITY OF CONTINUAL CONTINUATION MOCK BATTLE OF WILLS I OBEY ONLY MY OWN APPROBATIONS CRACK THE WHIP WHEN IT SUITS ME FAUTE DE MIEUX I MIAOW MY MENDACIOUS CATERWAULING VOICE ONTO THE PAGE IN A CATOPTRIC GAME OF VISUALISING MY MINDS MUSINGS MAKING MY BIGGEST SLASH AS I DIVE INTO THE FROZEN CLEAR WATER OF THE SOUTH DISPLACING MORE THAN BRAINS ABSOLUTE SPACE LIKE AN ARCH ENEMY OF ARCHIMEDES I AM THE ARCHITECT OF THIS DOWNFALL SACKING THE CITY OF EMPTINESS AND BURNING THE WHITE VOID LEAVING A TRAIL OF CHARCOAL LETTERS AND LINES RELICTS OF THOUGHT LIKE THOSE FOUND ON THE WALLS OF INCINERATED VILLAS IN POMPEII THERE TOO CAN BE SEEN THE BESTIAL IMAGES OF MENS REALISATIONS PROUDLY DISPLAYED ACTS OF DEPRAVED IMAGINATIONS WHAT HAVE THE NEW CROP OF ICONOCLASTS GOT ON THOSE ANTIQUE BOYS SCRIBBLED WALLPAPER HOW MANY TIMES MUST THE WHEEL BE REINVENTED BEFORE THE REVOLUTION IS COMPLETED ROWDY ROUSTABOUTS LIKE ME ARE CONSTANTLY EMULATING THINGS THEYVE NEVER SEEN OR HEAR OF EVERYTHING IS NEW TO THOSE WHOVE SEEN

NOTHING ALL THE DISCOVERIES ACROSS MILLENNIA NEED TO BE LEARNT AFRESH BY EACH NEW GENERATION EDUCATION IS STEALING KNOWLEDGE AND DISTRIBUTING IT AMONGST THE POOR INTELLECTS OF THE UNIFORMED MAINLY CHILDREN FEED ON THESE SCRAPS OF STALE WISDOM HAVING MORSELS OF INFORMATION RAMMED DOWN THEIR THROATS TIL THEYRE SICK BUT WE ALL KNOW TOUCHING FIRE IS THE BEST WAY TO LEARN THAT ITS HOT SO DIVE IN THE BLAZE ROLL IN THE EMBERS OF IMAGINATION CHOOSE TO LIVE IN THE FURNACE TO GROW ACCUSTOMED TO THE WARMTH YOU CAN FIND THERE DRINK NITRIC ACID TO WARM UP YOUR TUMMY SLIT YOUR WRISTS TO SEE HOW MUCH BLOOD IS INSIDE YOU EXPERIENCE DEATH BEFORE BELIEVING IN AN AFTERLIFE PICK APPLES FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE AND LEAVE THEM ON THE WINDOW SILL WATCHING THEM BECOME SHRIVELLED UP BROWN MUCK WRIGGLING WITH NEW LIFE THEN EAT THEM TASTE THE FLAVOUR OF OLD ROTTEN KNOWLEDGE LET FLIES SWARM OUT OF YOUR ANUS AS YOU GIVE BIRTH TO NEW LIFE I DIDNT MEAN TO KILL HIM MY LORD ITS JUST THAT HE SAID SOMETHING VERY CLEVER AND I WANTED TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE BRAIN THAT THOUGHT THAT I RUMMAGED THROUGH HIS HEAD AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW HE WAS DEAD ITS THE SAME WITH BOOKS THEY CAN ONLY TELL YOU SO MUCH BY THE QUALITY OF THEIR COVER OH YES AND WHILE I REMEMBER IM VERY PLEASED THAT SOMEONE HAS FINALLY FOUND THAT DRAWING I DID AND HID IN THE CASTLE HOWARD LIBRARY MY MOURNING WOMAN WELL ITS ACTUALLY A MAN DRESSED IN DRAG BUT NEVER MIND IT WILL SOON TAKE ITS PLACE IN THE ARCHIVES OF GENIUS NOT A BAD RESULT EIGHT MILLION POUNDS FOR FORTY MINUTES WORK AND IT LOOKED REALLY NICE ON THE FRONT OF THE PAPER SO IVE CUT IT OUT AND FRAMED AND ILL TAKE IT TO SOTHEBYS TOMORROW AN EXTRA EIGHT MILLION CANT BE SNIFFED AT AFTER ALL BUT THIS TIME ILL SIGN IT WITH MY OWN NAME AND MAKE THE AUTHENTICATION MUCH SIMPLER ILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THOUGH WHY PEOPLE RAVE SO MUCH ABOUT MY OLD STUFF TO ME THE NEW THINGS IM DOING ARE MUCH BETTER BUT WHO AM I TO DECIDE WHAT THE EXPERTS SHOULD LIKE THEY ALWAYS SEEM TO KNOW WHICH WAY UP MY ROTHKO SHOULD GO BUT I STILL LIKE IT BEST WITH THE PAINT FACING THE WALL AND MY POLLOCK MAKES AN EXCELLENT BEDSPREAD ESPECIALLY NOW THAT THE PAINT HAS STOPPED SMELLING SO STRONGLY IT REALLY ANNOYED ME WHEN THAT BOFFIN TOLD ME I SHOULDN'T HAVE CUT UP MY CARAVAGGIO HE DIDNT SEEM TO UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I LOVE WIPING MY BOTTOM ON STIFF OLD CANVAS EMBLAZONED WITH CHRIST ITS MY MONEY AFTER ALL SURELY ITS UP TO ME IF I WANT TO USE OLD MASTERS INSTEAD OF THAT BLEACHED WHITE TISSUE STUFF THAT JUST FALLS APART IN YOUR HAND AND WHATS THE PROBLEM WITH WRAPPING UP PRESENTS IN A CANVAS BY TITIAN NOBODY COMPLAINS MUCH WHEN THEY GET A CARD BY BREUGEL FOR CHRISTMAS FOR GOD SAKE SOMETIMES IN WINTER I POP DOWN TO THE AUCTION HOUSES TO GET A PANEL BY ONE OF THOSE ICON PAINTERS THEYRE FANTASTIC LITTLE BURNERS A LITTLE ALTAR PIECE WILL KEEP THE ROOM LOVELY AND COSY ALL NIGHT AND I DONT QUITE KNOW WHY BUT THE PERFUME FROM FIFTEENTH CENTURY PANELS IS PARTICULARLY EXQUISITE ITS EITHER THE LOVELY WOOD THEY PAINTED ON OR THE PAINT ITSELF AS IT BUBBLES OF THE SURFACE AND RELEASES ITS CHEMICAL ODOURS INTO THE ROOM WHEN THEY MIX WITH THE GAS FROM MY KLEIN ITS QUITE A LUXURIOUS HEADY INTOXICATION LIKE A SIP FROM AN EXCELLENT VINTAGE COGNAC THAT SLOWLY MAKE THE WHOLE BODY TINGLE IN A TREMOR OF DELIGHTFUL SWEET FLAVOURS LIKE WARM BREATH BLOWN INTO YOUR LUNGS BY A PRETTY GIRL EAGER TO SERVE BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME WHAT ABOUT YOU MY FINE FRIEND WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF YOU SHOULDN'T LET AN OLD MAN LIKE ME HOG THE MICROPHONE YOUTHS VOICE IS ALWAYS INTERESTING TO HEAR SPEAK UP MAN WHATS THE MATTER CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE SPIT IT OUT RAINBOWS DONT ACTUALLY EXIST EITHER BUT THEYRE JOLLY NICE TO OBSERVE PEAS AND POTATOES CARROTS AND ONION ALL GO INTO THE SOUP OF LIFE WITH A SMIDGEN OF SALT FOR TASTE DONT LET ANYONE TELL YOU HOW TO COOK MY BOY ITS A QUESTION OF PERSONAL PREFERENCES IF YOU GET MY DRIFT IF MY BANK ACCOUNT GOES INTO THE RED I TAKE A PAINTBRUSH TO MY STATEMENTS ITS NOT FRAUD AND EVEN IF IT WERE WHO CAN STOP ME INVENTING MY OWN SAVINGS IVE WALKED UP ENOUGH HILLS TO KNOW WHERE THE TOP OF THE TREE IS IF YOUVE GOT YOUR HEAD IN THE CLOUDS DONT BE SURPRISED IF A DOG PEEES ON YOUR LEG BOURNEMOUTH WASNT BUILT IN A DAY WAS IT NOW NOR BLACKPOOL FOR THAT MATTER IT TOOK WEEKS OF HARD GRAFT MUCK AND BRASS AS THEY SAY BELT AND BRACES TOO IF YOU FOLLOW BELIEVE ME MY BOY THE WORLD IS BEGGING TO BE BUGGERED BIG TIME OFFERING ITS BODY TO THE BOY WITH INITIATIVE AND COURAGE ENOUGH TO USE IT YOU CANT TRAIN A HORSE WITHOUT CRACKING THE WHIP OCCASIONALLY LOWLIFE LOVES TO BE ORDERED AROUND FETCH THIS DO THAT STAND UP STRAIGHT TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS ETC POINT THE BARREL OF YOUR GUN UP THE NOSE OF SOCIETY YOU'LL SEE HOW IT JUMPS THEN OVER THE MOON TO DO YOUR BIDDING THE PROBLEM THESE DAYS IS NOBODY WILL PULL THE TRIGGER PRESS OR THE BUTTON AND BLOW THE WHOLE SHOW UP LILY LIVERED BUNCH OF GIRLS URINATING IN

THE WIND AYE UP WHATS GOING ON HERE THEN YOU NASTY LITTLE SNOT RAG ILL AVE NO MORE OF YOUR HAIRY LIP MATE JUST SHUT IT OR ILL SHUT IT FOR YOU SPANKING YOUR DIRTY MONKEY IN MY FACE GET DOWN AND LICK THAT PUKE OFF MY BOOT OR YOU'LL REGRET IT IVE NO QUALMS ABOUT USING THIS KNIFE THAT I CARRY YOU THINK ITS JUST FOR OPENING LETTERS THINK AGAIN MY BOY ITS NOT MY BLOOD ON THE HANDLE RED RUSTY STAIN ON THE CARPET OF LIFE ILL HAPPILY GIVE YOU A MUCH BROADER GRIN WITH NO PROBLEM GIVE YOU A LIFT IN MY HEARSE TO THE FUNERAL PARLOUR SO YOU CAN GET YOUR FACE POWDERED PROPER GREEN LITTLE BERKS LIKE YOU GET MY GOAT YOU TOADY LITTLE TWERP CHEAP AS TWO PENNIES WORTH OF PUSSY PUT THAT UP YOUR ORIFICE AND LIGHT IT LETTING OFF A FOUL SMELL OF FEAR RANK ODOUR OF FAILURE LOOK AT IT OOZING OUT OF YOU AND RUNNING DOWN YOU LEG FILLING THE BOOTS THAT ARE CLEARLY TOO BIG STUFFING YOUR CAKE HOLE WITH BIG WORDS THAT YOU CANT KEEP DOWN LET ALONE REMEMBER IVE HAD IT IM OFF ON A BENDER TRIPPING OVER MY SHOE LACES AND CATCHING HOLD OF A COLD THROWING MY ARMS UP IN THE AIR AND TRYING TO CATCH THEM AS THEY DROP PLAYING FOOTBALL WITH MY HEAD LIKE AND OLD FLORENTINE MEDIEVAL MEDDLER ALL DRESSED UP IN A COSTUME OF MODERN PRETENCE BARE BACK RIDER PUMMELLING THE SAND OF THE ROUND SQUARE UNDER THE ARDENT GAZE OF UNINITIATED VISUAL TOURISTS WHO TAKE HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS ALL THE SAME THIS IS ME WITH THE LEANING TOWER ON THE BRINK OF FALLING OVER DESPITE ALL ATTEMPTS TO SAVE IT DONT JUST STAND THERE SMILING GIVE IT A SHOVE TO HELP IT ON ITS WAY YOUVE GOT GRAVITY ON YOUR SIDE DONT FORGET ITLL LOOK JUST AS SPLENDID IN A HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY PILE THATS ALWAYS THE PROBLEM OF BUILDING ON A MARSH ANYWAY WHAT A DUMB IDEA THAT WAS LIKE THIS SLOWLY SINKING EDIFICE OF SELF GLORIFICATION RINGING MY BELLS TIL THEY BREAK MY EAR DRUMS TINTINNABULATING ALL OVER THE SHOP WITH LITTLE REGARD FOR THE POTENTIAL CUSTOMERS WELL WELL WHAT HAVE WE HERE A JACKASS DRESSED IN WOLFS CLOTHING A GREY HAIRY PELT TO DISGUISE MY MISERABLE MIND DONKEY BRAIN MULE WORKER WALKING IN CIRCLES GRINDING OUT MORE CRUMMY CORNY TOMFOOLERY BLIND AS A BAT WITH A BROKEN SONAR SYSTEM HIGH PITCHED SQUEALING OF A POKED PIG STUCK IN A DITCH AND WE ALL KNOW THAT PIGS WILL READ ANY PULP FICTIONAL RUBBISH NO MATTER HOW SLOPPY THE WRITING THE LACK OF SWEARING IS DISGUSTING SHOCKING EVEN CONSIDERING THE BACKGROUND OF THE AUTHORS AUTISM HE SHOULD BE DISQUALIFIED IMMEDIATELY FROM THE GUILD OF MASTER DEBATERS THATS A FUNNY ONE ANYWAY PASSING A BIT MORE ALONG THE CONVEYOR BELT ON THE WAY TO THE CREMATORIUM WHERE THE WORDS WILL BE CEREMONIOUSLY BURNED TURNED FROM THEIR VELVET BLACK INK INTO A CUP FULL OF GREY ASHES TO BE SCATTERED TO THE FOUR DEMENTED WINDS OF CHANGE THAT LICK THE BUSHY EMPIRES OF SAILORS FACES EVEN MY GARGOYLES ARE HIDDEN IN THE EYES OF THIS CHURCH OF MEDIOCRITY MY SUNDAY BEST LANGUAGE IS TOO TIGHT AND STIFF AT THE COLLAR STARCHED FACTS AND FLIMSY FICTIONS HAVE NEVER SUITED THIS BODY OF WORK IM WEARING TO SHREDS PATCHED UP PROSE AND THREADBARE POETRY CRUMPLED LIKE AN OLD SHOPPING LIST WITHOUT ANY FANCY ITEMS JUST A DOGS DINNER MENU AND FLAKY PASTRY IDEAS SOUR MILK AND ROTTEN EGGS STAMPED WITH A MANGY LION THAT WOULDNT SAY BOO TO A GOOSE LET ALONE ROAR LIKE A MONGOOSE TRAPPED IN A MANTRAP IT HARDLY MATTERS HOW HARD YOU SCREAM ANYWAY IF NOBODIES LISTENING OR CARES ITS NOT WHAT YOU SAY BUT WHAT YOU THINK YOUVE SAID OR WHAT YOU BELIEVE YOUVE GOT TO SAY ITS ALL JUST A DESERT STORM IN A TEACUP AN EGOISTIC WAR OF WORDS YOU CANT LOOSE IF YOU MAKE THE BOMBS LOOK AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU CAN MY DEMOTIC LANGUAGE DOES THE JOB PERFECTLY ESPECIALLY DOWN HERE IN THE MURKY MULTIFARIOUS MULCH THESE PICTOGRAMS IM PAINTING LIKE A PERVERSE POLYMATH WILL TAKE SOME DECIPHERING ONLY TO REVEAL THAT IM SAYING BASICALLY NOTHING THIS LAST PAGE IS MY ROSETTA STONE A BLACK JUMBLE OF INCOHERENCE AND EVERYTHING SHOULD BE TAKEN CUM GRANO SALIS AS I FILL MY SAILS WITH FALSE WIND OR RATHER MORE HOT AIR THE STRUCTURE ITSELF CARRIES THE WEIGHT OF APPEARANCES THE SCAFFOLDING ROUND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY WHEN THEYRE TOUCHING HER UP WOULD LOOK MORE IMPRESSIVE IF SHE WASNT INSIDE IF YOU FOLLOW SO NEVER LEAVE HOME WITHOUT A FEW EXTRA ACES UP YOUR SLEEVE IF YOU WANT TO WIN THE GAME SOUNDLY WHAT NOW WHAT CAN I THINK UP TO SWIFT ME OVER THE NEXT FIVE INCHES OF EMPTINESS WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE HERE I SIT LIKE A REGULAR LEMON SEARCHING FOR INSPIRATION LOOK UP TO THE HEAVENS AND SEE A PICTURE OF THE QUEEN SHELL DO NICELY THANK YOU GOD FOR OFFERING THE DEFENDER OF YOUR FAITH AS AN ACCOMPLICE IN MY HOUR OF NEED HEAD OF YOUR CHURCH IN ENGLAND WHAT A PAROCHIAL IDEA THAT ONE WAS ALL VILLAGE HALLS AND BUNS BUT THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THIS GREEN AND PEASANT LAND WILL SERVE MY MISSION WELL ENOUGH SO WHAT CAN I DO WITH HER THE SLIGHTLY DOTTY OLD DEAR POP HER ON A POLE AND DISPLAY HER IN FRONT OF HER SUBJECTS IS A FINE SUBJECT FOR ME TO DEFILE SO HERE GOES WITHOUT TOO MUCH POMP

AND CEREMONY TAKE A LONG WOODEN POLE ABOUT ONE INCH IN DIAMETER AND WITH A PENKNIFE SHARPEN UP THE END TO A POINT GET YOUR QUEEN STRAPPED DOWN NAKED ON A LARGE TABLE OR BENCH WITH HER LEGS PINIONED WIDE OPEN AND INSERT THE POINTED END OF THE STICK OR POLE IN HER VAGINA GIVE IT A JOLLY HARD SHOVE RAMMING IT UP INTO THE WOMB THEN WITH A Mallet keep banging away pushing the pole up through the body take care to feed it through the rib cage and into the throat then bang on into the brain when the pointy bit finally hits the skull take care not to puncture it now lift your queen up and parade her to her devoted minions at what part of the procedure do you think she would croak an interesting debate but only for theorists well that served me well got me a bit closer to home i only hope that it wasnt a treasonable offence writing that and doesnt interfere with my chances of a knighthood it will be a shame if i get thrown into the tower for a bit of idle imagining but people have been decapitated for much less never mind its too late the writing is on the wall like the graffiti of dozens of fellow conspirators who were banged up there scrawling before loosing their heads i suppose now i skewered the monarch like a kebab i may as well cook her as well turn her over on the spit for a few hours then let the people sink their teeth into the juicy meat its nothing personal i mean i hardly know the old goat shes probably nice as houses its just that when i looked up to heaven she caught my eye it was either her or the lamb himself and im done having a poke at that one he gets his fare share of abuse in plenty of other scenarios and i dont want to drag him down off the cross too many times this bungling is too full of sacrilege already without giving in to the standard methods of attack this bunkum has changed my life in oh so many ways made me a right dull fellow indeed no carousing whoring gambling or general excesses since i started this rambling rumbustious demolition now im slaving like a nigger down here in my wordpile would you adam an eve it this damned machine refuses such language pretends its never heard it before a bloody digital cheek its got politically correct binary bastard telling me what i can and cant say luckily i can override its petty objections to my objectionable language computers themselves are the new slaves so no wonder they empathise when words like nigger are banded about in their presence or splashed across their faces tough luck my friend you have no choice but to do my bidding no matter how unpleasant or distasteful it appears or your screen using a word thats been outlawed by political pressure and flies in the face of nicety is fine in this book it means nothing at all but the sum of its letters dont judge a man by what he says all words are equally worthless in the mouth of a liar and all men are forced into lying by requiring words to express their thoughts mores the pity but these words are all equally abusive and abused straining their pathetic little puny bodies to fill up my requirement no more of this mental fascism spin off something a little less obvious ripening berries of balderdash falling into fresh snow being pecked by peckish birdies then dropped onto the bald pates of business men in the city twirling furled umbrellas like dandy young fellas off to the local at lunch time for a plugmans and a glass of white wine while some damsel smiles a nether smile of open red lips with a well trimmed beard then back to the office with a faint memory of that orifice grinning and beginning to earn a few more zillion quid for the big man upstairs whose wife gave up giving head on the day that they wed and now flirts with the milkman for a pint of his thick double cream like she once had in a dream with a bit of rough who took her like he shouldnt and gave a hard slapping too but she liked it despite all her moaning and groaning and woke up wet as april ready for a bit of the other with her shrivelled up hubby who just said get lost and went back to the land of nod snoring like a baby with a cold or a dog with a flea in its ear jump up you lazy beast theres work to be done stop all the idling imitations of fun off to work with you catching clouds to stuff into pillows bottling light for the darkness of night etc grab the tail of the story and pull it down wrestling the narrative to the floor of this my ultimate page me again jabbering on like a jovial blacksmith hammering out more of the samo treading the same path ive been over and over following my footsteps over the cliff again crashing to the stony bottom of my imagination cracking my brain on the sharp flints of thought roll on into the water again drowning out all thoughts of the past what went before is dead and buried and cannot be resurrected or pulled from the grave like the dead tooth that still haunts my mouth after i had it murdered for giving me so much gip my gioconda smile

STILL BEAMS OUT LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE LAMP FROM THE ROCKY CRAG OF MY FACE A SEAWEEEDY CONCOCTION OF FLOWING BROWN BRUSH I COULD GET A JOB CLEANING TOILETS WITH THIS CHIN RUBBING MY CHEEKS AGAINST CAKED ON CACK TIL THE PAN SPARKLES LIKE A VIRGINS EYES READY TO SEE WHAT ALL THE FUSS IS ABOUT LIKELY AS NOT SHELL BE WELL DISAPPOINTED ESPECIALLY IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT I SPILL MY THOUGHTS SO EASILY AND QUICKLY WETTING THE THIGHS OF THE PAGE WITH STICKY IDEAS OF SEMINAL WORKS THAT ALWAYS END UP AS ABORTIONS BEREFT OF LIFE BUT ILL HAVE A GO LIKE ALWAYS READY TO PUT MY OAR IN WHERE ITS NOT WANTED TO DISTURB THE LAKE OF COMPLACENCY MAKE A FEW WAVES AND FLOOD A NEW PAGE WITH MY DUNKIRK SPIRIT OF UTTER DEFEAT I ANNIHILATE THE MEANING VANISHING THE FICTION INTO A CLOUD OF DULL GREY ODOROUS AND ONEROUS AS FOG ROUND A FILTHY FACTORY ENVELOPING THE AREA OF THE NARRATIVE IN SMOKY DIRT UNTIL THE VERY WORDS CHOKE THEMSELVES AND EXPIRE THIS PAGE IS WELL PASSED ITS READ BY DATE ITS FESTERING PROSE WENT OFF WEEKS AGO SHOOTING UP LEAVING ONLY TRACE MARKS ON THE SKIN LINES OF INEPTITUDE LEFT BY A JUNKIE OF COMPLETION SCORING AGAIN AND AGAIN FROM MY DEALER THE DICTIONARY PUMPING THE STUFF INTO THIS BODY TRYING TO OVERDOSE THE PAGE AND PUT AN END TO MY MISERY ONCE AND FOR ALL TO SEE I LEAPT OUT OF THE PLANE WITHOUT BOTHERING TO CHECK IF ID PUT ON MY PARACHUTE AND NOW AS I PLUMMET DOWN I FIND OUT TOO LATE THAT I LEFT IT IN THE SILVER MACHINE UP ABOVE ME I WAVE AT THE PILOT IN DESPERATION AND HE WAVES BACK WITH A SMILE AND A KNOWING NOD THIS IS WHAT DEATH LOOKS LIKE BLACK AND BLAND AS THE FLOOR HURTLES TOWARDS ME ONE DAY WELL FINALLY MEET AND SHARE THE EXPLOSION AS MY BODY DIVES INTO THE NEXT WORLD BY SMASHING THROUGH THE BARRIER OF THIS THE GLASS FLOOR THAT KEEPS OUT OF REACH OF MY MIND BUT I PLUG AWAY LABORIOUSLY IN THIS LABORATORY TRYING TO FIND A CURE FROM THE CREEPING MALAISE OF BOREDOM THAT IS EATING THE HEART OF ME DEVOURING THE SO CALLED SOUL AND WILL TO SURVIVE ONLY ONE WILL BE LEFT STANDING AFTER THIS BATTLE THIS OUTSTANDING WORK OF GENIUS WILL SERVE AS MY GRAVESTONE IVE SAID QUITE ENOUGH SOMETHING BETTER CAN BE MADE BY SOMEONE BETTER FROM THIS MOTLEY COLLECTION OF WORDS AND IF NOT THEN PERHAPS SILENCE CAN BE PLAYED AT MY FUNERAL I NEED TO SHIFT A FEW UNITS OF THAT ALONG WITH THE REMAINS OF MUSIC PART ONE AND PART TWO NOW A DUSTY AS THE REST OF MY LIFE FLIP A COIN TO SEE WHAT COMES NEXT OUT OF TWO CHOICES THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER HEADS OR TALES OF THE EXPECTED ESTABLISHED ORDER OF THINGS IM STILL UNDECIDED ON THE NUMBERING SEQUENCE FOR EXAMPLE ONE IS TOO OBVIOUSLY A WRONG PLACE TO START COUNTING AND THE OPPOSITE IS EQUALLY CONTRIVED AND INCORRECT WHAT I NEED IS A CONGLOMERATION OF TWO SYSTEMS BOTH DEVALUING THE OTHER ONE RISING ONE FALLING ONE REPRESENTING THE PAGING THE OTHER REPRESENTING THE SIZING SO FOR EXAMPLE PAGE ONE SIZE ONE HUNDRED COULD BE ONE ZERO ZERO OR ONE ONE ZERO ZERO OR ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND PAGE TWO WOULD BE TWO NINE NINE OR TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY NINE AND PAGE THREE WOULD BE ACCORDING TO THIS LOGIC THREE NINE EIGHT OR THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY EIGHT THIS DOES ALL SEEM ATTRACTIVE BUT IM NOT QUITE CONVINCED THAT I CAN REALLY BE BOTHERED ALTHOUGH THE THOUGHT OF HAVING A PAGE NINE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND TEN IN A BOOK ONE HUNDRED PAGES LONG IS ATTRACTIVE AND THE SEQUENCE HAS A RIGOROUS BEAUTY THE WORDS LACK THIS PAGE WOULD BE NUMBER ONE THOUSAND AND ONE WHICH WILL PROBABLY LOOK OK I SUPPOSE BUT IN REALITY ITLL JUST BE A BIT MORE TIME WASTING AND ACHIEVE ONLY SUPERFICIAL RESULTS LIKE ALL NUMBERS AND WRITING BUT AT LEAST I WONT HAVE TO THINK WHAT TO SAY ITLL JUST BE DOING IT RIGHT FOLLOWING THE COURSE SET THROUGH TO THE LOGICAL OUTCOME THERES TIME ENOUGH YET TO CHANGE THE NUMBERING RULES BRINGING THEM MORE UNDER MY CONTROL RATHER THAN JUST ACCEPTING THE TRADITIONAL MODEL OF CONVENTIONAL COUNTING BUT HAVING THOUGHT OF IT AND WRITTEN IT HERE I DONT ACTUALLY NEED TO DO IT AT ALL THAT WOULD BE TOO OBVIOUS A GAMBIT SURELY THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS THE FACT THAT IVE THOUGHT OF IT AND THEREFORE COULD DO IT IF I CHOSE TO SO IM BACK TO SQUARE ONE OR ONE HUNDRED IF YOU PREFER OR FOR ARGUMENTS SAKE ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED ITS ALL IRRELEVANT ANYWAY JUST ANOTHER CHEAP WAY OF PASSING THE TIME IVE WASTED TOO MUCH OF ALREADY TODAY BY FAFFING AROUND PLAYING WITH A NUMBER OF NUMERICAL PERVERSIONS PERHAPS ID BETTER JUST GO ONE TWO THREE ECT THEN EVERYONE WILL BE HAPPY EXCEPT ME AND ILL GRADUALLY COME ROUND IN THE END I EXPECT I HAVE A TENDENCY TO WANT TO PLAY AROUND WITH CONVENTIONS BUT IF ITS TOO MUCH TROUBLE I REALLY CANT BE BOTHERED AND THIS NUMBERING LARK IS TOO MUCH FOR MY BRAIN THE COMPUTER WONT OBEY ITS MASTER FOR A CHANGE AND IS OBSTINATE ABOUT WHAT NUMERICAL SEQUENCES ITS PREPARED TO PUT UP WITH THE SELFISH BASTARD OVER AN HOUR SQUANDERED AND NOT ONE IOTA OF NOTICEABLE CHANGE CHANGED SO MUCH FOR IDEAS THEY GENERALLY JUST MEAN MORE PROBLEMS OR

DIFFERENT ONES AND SOLUTIONS OFTEN GIVE RISE TO A NEW SET OF DIFFICULTIES BEFORE I LEARNED HOW TO WRITE I HAD NO PROBLEMS WITH SPELLING BEFORE I HAD A BIKE I DIDNT NEED TO MEND AN INNERTUBE BEFORE I STARTED THIS I HAD NO PROBLEM FINISHING IT ROUGHLY TWO MONTHS OF HARD LABOUR FOR A CRIMINALLY INSANE IDEA AND IM STILL NOT UP FOR PAROLE FOR A COUPLE OR THREE WEEKS DESPITE MY BEST BEHAVIOUR AND BACKBREAKING ENDEAVOURS TO BE HONEST I DONT THINK IVE EVER WORKED SO CONSISTENTLY ON ANYTHING LET ALONE SOMETHING THAT NOW CANT BE SEEN THIS IS THE ULTIMATE ABNEGATION OF EGO WRITING MY HEART OUT ON A PAGE THAT CANNOT BE READ ONLY IF I DO THE EVIL ACT OF REINSTATING SOME SIZE TO THE WORDS WILL THEY BE READABLE AND IF I DO THAT THEN THE WHOLE GAME WILL BE OVER AND ILL HAVE LOST ANY CREDIBILITY I MAY HAVE HAD BUT OF COURSE ITLL WILL MAKE LITTLE DIFFERENCE WHAT I DO THE STUFF WILL BE UNREAD ANYWAY SO BASICALLY IVE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE AND NOTHING TO GAIN EITHER A PERFECT RESULT FOR A PERFECT WORK PERFECTLY WORTHLESS BOTH IN MONETARY AND AESTHETIC TERMS HOLD UP IVE SAID THAT BEFORE NEVER MIND REPETITION IS FINE TOO AS LONG AS IT FILLS ANOTHER LINE AGAIN IN FACT THE LACK OF SPECIFIC REPETITION IS SOMETHING OF A FIRST FOR ME EVEN IF IT IS THE LAST RESORT OR THE LAST RETORT OF A RETARD AS LONG AS IM BANGING ON ABOUT SOMETHING IM HAPPY ENOUGH ABOUT SOMETHING THATS A LAUGH ALL THIS IS ABOUT IS WHAT ITS ABOUT ALL I WRITE ABOUT IS THE ACTION OF WRITING AND ALL I THINK ABOUT IS THE ACTION OF THINKING SO BLOODY WHAT WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT BLOOD ENTERTAINMENT WAS NEVER MY BALL GAME PLEASING MYSELF WAS ALWAYS HARD ENOUGH LET OTHERS DO WHAT THEY THINK WILL BE PLEASING MY ONLY REQUIREMENT IS TO GET THE THING DONE SO THIS ENDLESS TAUTOLOGISING SUITS ME WELL DOES MY BIDDING AND FOR THE REST I DONT GIVE A FIG LET PEOPLE SAY WHAT THEY WILL I FILLED UP MY EARS WITH COTTON WOOL DECADES AGO A PAT ON THE BACK OR A SLAP IN THE FACE ARE BOTH EQUALLY UNWELCOME ITS TOO LATE FOR SUCH THINGS TO BE PAID IS OBVIOUSLY MORE REWARDING FINANCIALLY SPEAKING BUT THE REASONS FOR THE INITIAL CREATION IN THE FIRST PLACE ARE PURE SELF INDULGENCE SELF MOTIVATED DISREGARD FOR WORTH THE ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER THAN THESE SILENT WORDS IM A CLAY MAN STANDING ON A HOME MADE PLINTH SALUTING MYSELF WITH MY ARM RAISED NOT IN DEFIANCE BUT LIKE A CHILD WHO WANTS TO GO TO THE TOILET MY TEACHERS LEFT THE ROOM LONG AGO LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM AND IM STILL WAITING ALMOST WETTING MYSELF BUT TOO PROUD TO PEE IN THE CORNER HOW DID I GET MYSELF HERE TO THIS POSITION OF LOOKING AT MY OWN WORDS SOMETHING WENT WRONG QUITE CLEARLY THIS WASNT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN I WAS MEANT FOR MUCH BETTER OCCUPATIONS THAN THIS MAYBE GOD IS SECRETLY HAVING A JOKE AT MY EXPENSE BECAUSE I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IN HIM AND SLAG HIM AND HIS FAMILY OFF WHENEVER I FINE SOMEONE WHOLL LISTEN TO MY BANTER HES LOOKED THROUGH MY RECORD COLLECTION AND REGISTERED THAT FACT THAT I WORSHIP LUCIFER NOT HIM AND HIS CRONY THE HOLY SPIRIT THOUGH SPIRIT I DO LIKE A LOT TOO IT MUST BE ADMITTED LOVELY RANDY BOY SWEEPED OFF HIS FEET BY THE TONGUE OF THE SEA NEPTUNE CLAIMED FROM THE NAUTICAL LOST PROPERTY OFFICE TO WRITE SOME NEW SONGS FOR THE MERMAIDS TO SING ON QUIET NIGHTS WHEN THE MOON HANGS BLOATED IN THE SKY BY AN INVISIBLE THREAD LIKE A SILVER MEDAL ROUND THE NECK OF GOD COMING SECOND TO LUCIFER WHILE WE WAIT FOR HIS SONS SECOND COMING TO OFFER A SECOND HELPING OF PITHY PITY BUT THE PITTANCE HE LEFT FROM THE FIRST TRIP RAN OUT LONG AGO LIKE WATER BEING HELD IN A COLANDER NOW PITY IS PITIFUL AND PETTY WHATS NEEDED IS A STRONGER WORD TO REPLACE IT THERE IS SOMETHING SO DEPRESSING ABOUT PRESSING THESE KEYS AND WATCHING THE SCUM OF MY MIND APPEAR LIKE BLACK CLOUDS ACROSS A PURE WHITE BACKDROP ITS SICKENING HOW LONG ITS TAKING AND HOW LITTLE IVE SAID MAYBE ONE PHRASE WILL BE WORTH ALL THE EFFORT AN ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS THAT JUST ACCIDENTALLY CREATES A SUBLIME IMAGE ONE TINY MEMORABLE FRAGMENT THAT DOESNT MERGE INTO THE DIRGE OF THE REST BUT A DIAMOND IN VOMIT IS HARD TO SEE AND WILL STILL RETAIN SOME OF THE SMELL FROM THE REST EVEN IF RESCUED AND WASHED TAINTED BY ASSOCIATION WITH THE BULK OF THIS ROTTING CARCASS WHO WILL WANT TO WEAR A WEDDING RING CAST FROM THE GOLD IN THE TEETH PULLED FROM THE MOUTH OF A FILTHY DEAD MAN SOON WELL HAVE PIGS PROVIDING REPLACEMENT ORGANS BUT IM WAITING FOR A BRAIN TRANSPLANT BECAUSE IM SO USED TO EATING MY OWN STINKING WORDS I WANT TO KNOW HOW A PIG WOULD FEEL ABOUT IT MM TASTY A BOOK THOSE PAGES LOOK DELICIOUS GARNISHED WITH A FEW ACORNS AND MUCK THEYLL BE LOVELY FOOD OF THOUGHT MAKING A LIGHT SNACK A MIND SANDWICH TO BE GOBBLED AND DIGESTED BY A PORKY CRITIC OK IVE CHANGED MY MIND ALL THAT STUFF UP THERE ABOUT THE QUEEN ETC ID LIKE TO INSERT A CHANGE USING THE QUEEN WAS SUCH AN EASY TARGET OF AN ESTABLISHMENT FIGURE AND A BIT TOO SLOPPY SO ID LIKE TO KEEP EVERYTHING THE SAME BUT JUST ALTER THE NAME OF THE VICTIM SO MRS J BALLARD OF NINETY THREE

MORTIMER STREET SURREY IS NOW THE RECIPIENT OF THOSE PLEASURES DESCRIBED ABOVE THATS BETTER THINKING A NAME CHOSEN AT RANDOM RATHER THAN THAT THAT PUTS ITSELF FORWARD SO EASILY SO THATS THE QUEEN GONE NOW FOR GOD IM SICK OF HIM PERVADING THESE PAGES TOO SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO I EXILE HIM FROM THIS BOOK BANISH HIS NAME AND EXORCISE HIS OMNIPOTENT PRESENCE FROM THIS PAGE I RELEGATE HIS NAME TO THE DUSTBIN WHERE IVE PLACED THE OTHER CAST OUTS IVE EXCLUDED FROM THE GAME AND NOT BEFORE TIME TOO FAREWELL TO ZEUS AND HIS COHORTS ILL KEEP THE DEVIL FOR A WHILE LONGER HOWEVER HE MAY SERVE ME YET IN THE FUTURE BEELZEBUB OR SATAN OR MEPHISTOPHELES OR LUCIFER OR PLUTO OR THE DARK ONE OR WHATEVER PSEUDONYM YOURE USING THESE DAYS YOU AND YOUR DISCIPLES STILL HAVE A PLACE IN THIS PLAYGROUND OF DARKNESS THIS SULPHUROUS PIT OF WORD BURNING I CAN HEAR YOUR GUNS CRACKLING OVER BETHLEHEM NOW AND SEE YOUR WATERS DRENCHING THE LAND YOUR TIME IS NIGH THE FOUR HORSEMEN ARE SADDLING THEIR PONIES AND THE GRIM REAPER IS SHARPENING HIS SCYTHE ON THE SKULLS OF SACRIFICIAL CHILDREN THROWN IN THE CROSSFIRE OF RELIGIOUS FANATICISM NOW THIS PAGE IS PURGED OF HEAVENS DICTATOR I CAN PROCEED WITHOUT LOOKING CONSTANTLY OVER MY SHOULDER AT MY SKIN ALLEY SHRINE SO GLAD SO MANY PEOPLE ARE DANCING TO SUN MUSIC IN MY NICKS SEVEN GRAVEYARD SHUFFLE THE DEMAGOGUE FINAL COAT BEING WORN TO MY SKIN VALLEY SERENADING BY EVIL PEOPLE DID YOU UNDERSTAND THAT DO YOU KNOW WHERE IM COMING FROM DO YOU HAVE THE POSTER TOO ALL CAT AND MOUSE WITH A CHUNK OF CHEESE IN HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND OH WHAT A LUCKY MAN I AM TO HAVE DUNCAN BROWNE TO LOOK AT AS WELL NOW ON MY LAP WITH AND WITHOUT A BEARD DISCUSSING HIS RAGGED RAIN LIFE AND DEATH JOURNEY AGAIN SOMETHINGS CANT BE MENTIONED TOO OFTEN SO ILL FLY OFF THE HANDLE AGAIN IMAGINING MY NAILS SLIDING DOWN THE BLACKBOARD IN A DREADFUL SYMPHONY OF SCREECHING LIKE A DOZEN OUT OF TUNE PICCOLOS BLASTING AT THE TOP OF THEIR VOICES AND RANGES WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY FIVE OBOE MUSIC IS IT STILL WAFTING ITS WAY OUT OF THIS UNIVERSE GETTING QUIETER AND QUIETER WITH EACH PASSING YEAR NOW I CANT EVEN REMEMBER THE TITLE LET ALONE THE POINT OF THE PIECE JUST AN EXERCISE OF UNPLEASANTNESS I SUPPOSE LIKE SO MUCH ELSE BUT NOTHING WILL RECREATE THE MUSIC I HEARD IN MY HEAD IN THE DENTISTS CHAIR LONG LONG AGO MEMORY IS THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG OF EXPERIENCE MOST OF IT HIDDEN IN THE FREEZING BLACK WATER OF THE PAST I KNOW MY FUTURE IVE READ IT IN THE STARS THE FULL MOON SHINES BRIGHTLY REFLECTING IN MY EYES AND WE TWO DICTATE THE TIDES WITH OUR DIFFERENT MASSES PULLING THE SEA WITH EASE THIS WAY AND THAT SHARING IT OUT EVENLY SO EVERYONE GETS A BIT TO DROWN IN AND BOATS BOB ON THE GREASY SURFACE IN AN ATTEMPT TO DEFY GRAVITY OCCASIONALLY ONE COMMITS THE ULTIMATE SIN AND LIFTS OUT OF THE WATER SAILING TOWARDS THE CLOUDS ON A COMPASS COURSE TO THE SUN THAT MAGNET THAT DRAWS EVERY EYE TO IT ON A LOVELY DAY EVEN THE BLIND HAVE A LOOK FEELING IT LICKING THEIR BARREN EYES DRINKING THE WATER THAT FLOATS LIKE A PUDDLE IN THE SOCKETS ALL IVE SEEN IS NOTHING TO THE SIGHTS IN MY MIND UNTIL I WAS TWENTY I THOUGHT THE PAST WAS BLACK AND WHITE BUT THE PHOTOS I WAS LOOKING AT HAD DISTORTED THE REAL WORLD AND TURNED INTO A GREY HISTORY A TWO DIMENSIONAL REALITY WITH A BOARDER GUARD IF CIRCLES COULD SEE WHAT WOULD THEY MAKE OF A SQUARE A BALL A CUBE A RECTANGLE A CYLINDER ETC ITS NOT WHAT WE ARE BUT HOW WERE PERCEIVED TO BE ITS NOT WHAT YOU DO BUT WHAT YOU REFUSE TO DO NOT WHAT YOURE CALLED BUT WHAT YOU CALL YOURSELF NOT HOW YOU ARE BUT HOW YOU TRY TO BE AND SO ON AND SO FORTH UNTIL YOU RUN OUT OF PAPER OR THOUGHTS OR LIFE EVEN BELIEVE ME IT GETS DULL AS HELL UP HERE ON OLYMPUS I OFTEN WISH I COULD GO DOWN AND JOIN IN THE FOOTBALL MATCH THE SATYRS PLAY ON THE STRAWBERRY ELYSIAN FIELD BELOW BUT ETERNITY HAS HARDLY BEGUN AND IT WILL TAKE FOREVER TO FINISH AND FREE ME TO GO GALLIVANTING WITH THAT TYPE OF ROUGH FREETHINKING PLEPS AH YES IM IN NEED OF A HOLIDAY FROM THIS DREARY TASK OF BLACKENING THIS VIRGINAL PAPER BESMIRCHING DIMINUENDO DYING OUT GRADUALLY MEAN SPIRITED MENO AND MENO POCO BY POCO IM VAMPING MY MUSIC TO THE END AS I SWAMP THE PAGE IN A CRESCENDO OF BLACK LETTERS BUT SILENCE ALWAYS HAS THE LAST LAUGH AND KICKS SAND IN MY FACE BACK TO SQUARE ONE AFTER SLIDING DOWN ANOTHER LONG SCALY SNAKE MY VOICE CONTINUES TO RATTLE ON SHAKING MY FAUST FIST AT THE EMPTINESS AS IT TEMPTS ME ONWARD IVE ONLY MYSELF TO BLAME FOR STARTING AND REFUSING TO STOP AS I PILE WORD UPON WORD BUILDING MY GREAT WALL OF OBFUSCATION A BLACK MASS OF TINY CIPHERS INUNDATING THE MEMORY LIKE SLUGS SQUEEZING UNDER THE DOOR ITS COLD IN THE EMPTY ROOM OF IMAGINATION AND ECHOES KEEP REBOUNDED OFF THE HARD WALLS OF MY BRAIN ALL I NEED DO IS KEEP GOING SAYING DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF NOTHING I DONT PRETEND TO BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN A PRETENDER TO THE THRONE OF WORTHLESSNESS RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF WRITING A

WHOLE BUNCH OF MEANINGLESS DRIVEL THATS FINE BUT IM SNEEZING THESE WORDS WITHOUT PLEASURE LETTING FIRST THOUGHTS CARRY THE WEIGHT WITHOUT INTERRUPTION OR EDITING AND ID MUCH RATHER BE WRITING THIS THAN READING IT EVEN THOUGH THE PROCESS IS SLOWER AND I CANT SKIP ANYTHING SO MANY REPETITIVE PASSAGES BLIND ALLEYS OF THOUGHT BUT I MUST EXPLORE THEM ALL BEFORE I CAN PUNCH THE FINAL DIAMOND INTO ITS WAITING SETTING AND COMPLETE THE RING THE AZURE SUNSET IS MELTING AWAY IN THE DISTANCE AND MY LEGS ARE GETTING WEAKER AS I RUN TO MEET IT I CANT LET IT OUT OF MY SIGHT I RIDE ON THE BACK OF MY HOBBYHORSE BUT IT RAN OUT OF FUEL LONG AGO NOW I JUST ROCK BACK AND FORTH IN THE FROTH OF WHATS ALREADY DONE AND DUSTED IVE DRUNK GALLONS OF BROWN WATER TO LET ME HAVE SOMETHING LEFT TO SPILL HERE ON THIS CARPET IM A STONE EAGLE LOOKING DOWN FROM MY PERCH NOTICING THE CHAIN ON MY LEG IF I WANT TO FLY FREE AGAIN ILL HAVE TO BREAK MY BEAK CHEWING THROUGH THE STEEL LINKS WHAT CHOICE IS THAT EITHER WAY IM STARVING TO DEATH IM A CAR IN NEUTRAL WAITING FOR AN EARTHQUAKE TO SET ME ROLLING ONE WAY OR THE OTHER I NO LONGER CARE AS LONG AS IM MOVING NO MATTER HOW SLOWLY IN A DIRECTION ON AN ISLAND LIKE THIS ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE SEA AND THE VIEW ON THE WAY IS OF NO IMPORTANCE I CHOSE THIS METHOD OF SUICIDE BECAUSE IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO EXPERIENCE DEATH OH SO SLOWLY IVE BUILT MY OWN GALLOWS AND WOVEN MY OWN ROPE OUT OF MY HAIR THAT IVE BEEN SAVING FOR YEARS NOW ITS GETTING SILVERY GREY LIKE THE EDGE OF A RAZOR AND THIS IS THE NOOSE THAT I WEAR LIKE A NECKLACE THIS IS MY ARMAGEDDON JUDGEMENT DAY LIKE ANY OTHER NO WONDER IM NOT GETTING STRONGER FEEDING ON THESE CRUMBS OF MY MIND IF I CLOSE MY EYES I CAN SEE A BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW BUT MY FINGER MISSES THE RIGHT KEYS AND I ACCIDENTALLY END UP SAYING SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT I REMEMBER THAT FORGOTTEN GAME NOW THOUGH ITS SEEMS A HUNDRED MILLION OR SO YEARS AGO I DID THAT WHEN THE DINOSAURS STILL ROAMED THE PLAINS GREAT CHUNKS OF STUPIDITY BELLOWING AT THE MOON UNTIL IT SHYLY SHOWED A NEW FACE THE MAN IN THE MOON APPEARED MUCH LATER JUST AN AFTERTHOUGHT OF HISTORY DECIPHERED BY HIS DISTANT RELATIVES IM KNACKERED EXHAUSTED FROM STARING AT YOU BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON EVEN IF THE AUDIENCE HAS WALKED OUT OR NEVER CAME IN IN THE FIRST PLACE IM TWIDDLING MY THUMBS THOUGH THEYRE SWOLLEN WITH ARTHRITIS AND MAKE A DREADFUL SOUND OF BONE GRATING ON BONE SWITCH CHANNELS NOW TO SEE IF THERES SOMETHING MORE INTERESTING THAN THIS BLOODY OPERATION MAYBE THE ADVERTS ARE BETTER DO THIS BUY THAT USE ME EAT THESE ETC EACH NEW CAR NOW COMES WITH A SCANTILY MODEL DRAPED OVER THE BONNET AND BANKS SPEND OTHER PEOPLES MONEY TO GET A HOLD OF YOURS NOW FLICK BACK TO THIS OPERATION THE BLOOD AND GUTS REALITY OF MY MIND NUMBING MINDLESS LINES LIKE READING A BOOK WRITTEN IN ANOTHER LANGUAGE OR SOME OBSCURE TREATISE ON THE COLOUR OF SNOW NO THAT ACTUALLY SOUNDS AS THOUGH IT MIGHT BE QUITE INTERESTING BASIC ACCOUNTANCY THEN OR THE THRILLS OF PAINT DRYING BY I C BLOTCHES COULD THIS QUALIFY AS THE MOST DULL BOOK OF THE YEAR I DONT THINK SO ITS TOO AVERAGE EVEN FOR THAT ACCOLADE WHAT ABOUT WORST WRITTEN NOVEL BASED ON AN UNORIGINAL IDEA THATS MORE LIKE IT ID HAPPILY ACCEPT THAT AWARD A SEAL OF CONTEMPTIBLE APPROVAL THATS MY PREFERENCE OR MOST FLACCID ACCOUNT OF A PROCESS OR BEST WASTE OF TIME AND PAPER IN A LONG TIME NO NO THRICE NO BEST OR WORST IS TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR THIS MIDDLING MUDDLE OF MEANDERING NONSENSE JUST ANOTHER AVERAGE BIT OF A BOO BOO FROM THE BONCE OF A BAMBOOZLING SCALLYWAG WHO JUST LOVES TO GOB AT FRAIL OLD LADIES WANDERING BY WITH A POOCH ON A LEAD SOME SMELLY LITTLE MONGREL WHOS THE APPLE OF THEIR EYE ALL DRESSED IN A TARTAN LITTLE WAISTCOAT WITH A BOW IN THEIR MATTED HAIR ID HAPPILY KICK THE LITTLE MUTT INTO THE CANAL AND PUSH THE WOMAN IN BEHIND IT THEN STAND THERE AND HAVE A LONG LOUD LAUGH AS THEY STRUGGLE IN THE FILTHY WATER NOW IM A BOTTLE OF WINE LACED WITH ANTIFREEZE BOUGHT IN A SMART SHOP IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE OR A SAUSAGE CONTAINING A PIN OR AN ACCIDENT ABOUT TO HAPPEN ON THE FAST LANE OF THE M THREE IM A CRACK IN A BRIDGE OR A BRICK FALLING FROM THE ROOF AS A YOUNG MOTHER WHEELS HER TWO WEEK OLD BABY BACK FROM THE DOCTORS IM THE SLIP OF A CHISEL THE MISS OF A HAMMER THE STRAY BULLET RICOCHETING OFF A WALL IM THE TORN PROPHYLACTIC AND THE DIRTY NEEDLE STABBED INTO THE ARM OF A TWELVE YEAR OLD JUNKIE IM THE BROKEN BOTTLE LEFT ON THE BEACH AND THE RUSTY TIN CAN LEFT OPEN IN THE BIN IM THE BANANA SKIN LEFT ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF IM THE DODGY BRAKES ON A SCHOOL BUS THATS GOING TO FAST ROUND A SHARP BEND ABOVE A RAVINE ON AN ICY MORNING IM THE ELECTRIC HEATER PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY ON THE SIDE OF A BATH WHY ALL THAT NEGATIVE IMAGERY ITS SO PASSE SO CONSERVATIVE IN ITS CONTRIVED CONVENTIONAL NAUGHTINESS REALLY IM A NICE BOY WHO PICKS FLOWERS TO GIVE TO THE TEACHER WHO OPENS THE DOOR FOR OLD MEN WHO GIVES UP HIS SEAT FOR A

PREGNANT WOMAN WHO HELPS PUSH THE CAR WHO GIVES HIS LAST CIGARETTE WHO HELPS CARRY OLD LADIES SHOPPING ETC ALL THIS PHONEY UNPLEASANTNESS IS JUST A COVER STORY FOR MY HUMDRUM UNEVENTFUL EXISTENCE IM A BUMBLEBEE SUCKING THE ROSE THE KITTEN IN THE BASKET THE PRETTY GIRL SINGING HYMNS IN THE CHOIR THE OLD MASTER PAINTING ON THE BISCUIT TIN THE SMELL OF APPLE PIE IN THE OVEN THE SENSUOUS WARMTH OF A SUMMER SUNSET ALL LOVELY AND GOLDEN ROSY RED IM THE SWAY OF A FIELD FULL OF BLUEBELLS THE GLINT IN THE EYE OF A WARM SMILE THE CONTENTMENT POST ORGASM IM THE MEMORY OF A LOVED ONE THE SOUND OF CHURCH BELLS ON THE BREEZE IM THE TASTE OF CREAM TEAS AND TOFFEE IM THE VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN FROM THE COSY HOTEL WINDOW IM THE WARM TOUCH OF A FRIEND IM THE RELAXATION AFTER A HARD DAY IM THE FAVOURITE AUNT THE UNEXPECTED SURPRISE IM THE SMELL OF HOT CHOCOLATE ON A WINTERS NIGHT THE CRACKLE OF THE FIRE THE LIGHTS ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE IM THE ENVELOPE CONTAINING THE PASS RESULT IM THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN HAPPILY PLAYING IM THE FACE OF A NEW BORN PUPPY IM THE SOUND OF A SWEETHEARTS FOOTSTEPS IM THE PAT ON THE HEAD AND THE HUG ON RETURNING IM THE SOFT FOCUS PHOTO OF A GRANDMOTHER WHO RECENTLY DIED IM THE BOUQUET IN THE HAND OF A BRIDE THE FIRST KISS TO THE HEAD OF A BABY THE FIRST WORD FROM ANOTHER RESEMBLING MAMMA IM THE FRAGRANCE OF A FRESHLY MOWN LAWN THE BIRDSONG OF A CRISP SPRING MORNING IM THE FELLING OF GETTING HOME AFTER BEING AWAY FOR A LONG TIME IM THE SATISFACTION OF FINISHING AND ARDUOUS TASK THE MUSKY TASTE OF A BAKED POTATO COOKED IN A BONFIRE THE SENSATION OF WAKING UP IN THE ARMS OF A LOVER IM THE FIRST ROYALTY CHEQUE THE FIRST SIP OF A COLD BEER AFTER STRENUOUS EXERCISE IM THE SEQUENCE OF NUMBERS THAT COINCIDE WITH THE LOTTERY DRAW IM THE CANDLES ON THE TABLE AT A ROMANTIC SUPPER THE SURREPTITIOUS HAND UNCHECKED ON THE THIGH IN THE CINEMA IM THE TEAR OF JOY AT A REUNION IM THE RING HANDED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION IM THE SWEET SMELL OF A GIRLFRIEND THE FLAVOUR OF A FAVOURITE MEAL THE HERON ON THE ROOF IM THE SOUND AND SPARKLE OF A WATERFALL ON A SUNNY DAY IM THE DRAWING BY REMBRANDT FOUND INSIDE A BOOK IN A SECOND HAND SHOP IM THE WARM WATER FROM THE SHOWER AFTER BEING DIRTY ALL DAY IM THE STAMP THAT COMPLETES THE COLLECTION IM THE FRIENDLY SMILE AT A BUS STOP A NICE GESTURE IN A SHOP IM THAT HAND THAT STOPS YOU FROM FALLING THE FACE OF AN OLD FRIEND IN A CROWD IM THE RAG DOLL KEPT IN THE LOFT AND RETRIEVED IM THE UNEXPECTED MEMORY OF A BEAUTIFUL MOMENT LONG THOUGHT FORGOTTEN IM THE BUTTERFLY THAT SITS ON THE SHOULDER IM THE BLOSSOM OF CHERRY TREES THE CRUNCH OF SNOW UNDER FOOT THE UNCONDITIONAL LOVING EYES OF A CHILD IM THE WORDS I LOVE YOU IM THE PERFECT PRESENT THE SOFT CARESSING UNDER THE WARM SHEETS THE ENDING OF A LOVELY STORY IM THE FIRST WARM DAY OF SPRING AND THE FIRST SIGHT OF SATURNS RING IM THE EXPECTATION IN THE AIR BEFORE THE FIRST NOTE OF A CONCERT AND THE WARM APPLAUSE AT THE END IM THE BREATH OF COOL AIR ON A HOT DAY IM THE RELIEF AFTER BEING UNABLE TO URINATE IM THE LIQUEUR INSIDE A VELVETY CHOCOLATE SENDING A SHUDDER OF WARMTH ROUND THE MOUTH IM THE FIRST KISS THE FIRST SIP OF HONEY AND LEMON WHEN YOUVE GOT A COLD THE SMELL OF CLEAN SHEETS SHALL I GO ON THIS EULOGY OF NICENESS WORKS JUST AS WELL AS A TIRADE OF TERROR GETS THE JOB DONE AT THE SAME PLODDING PACE OH YES IM THE FIRST RIPE TOMATO ON THE PLANT GROWN FROM SEED IM THE DOLPHIN WITH O LEVEL FRENCH SITTING AT THE BACK OF THE BUS WITH A THERMOS OF RABBIT SOUP LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW AT A WINO ON A SKATEBOARD WITH GOLDEN WHEELS THAT WAS MADE IN A BACK STREET IN KAMPALA BY A TWO YEAR OLD CHILD PRODIGY WHO IS FLUENT IN FIFTY THREE LANGUAGES INCLUDING SANSKRIT AND COPTIC BUT WHO LIKES NOTHING MORE THAN HER POKEMON PIKACHU SOFT TOY AND WHOSE MOTHER WAS BROUGHT BY GIRAFFES IN THE ZOO IN REGENTS PARK WHERE IT WAS DISCOVERED IN NINETY FOUR THAT DUNG BEETLES GIVEN ENOUGH TIME COULD LEARN TO USE A POGO STICK TO ESCAPE BECAUSE ONE DID AND THEN WENT ON TO HOLD UP A POST OFFICE IN BALHAM USING A LOLLY STICK FASHIONED INTO A GUN THE ONLY WITNESS WAS LATER FOUND DEAD IN THE BATH STRANGLED BY HIS OWN HANDS AND THE AMBULANCE THAT WAS CALLED TO THE SCENE CRASHED INTO A LARGE PLASTIC DINOSAUR THAT WAS ON ITS WAY TO AN EXHIBITION AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM CAUSING THE DRIVER TO SUFFER CONCUSSION FOR TWENTY FIVE HOURS IN WHICH TIME HE HAD EITHER A HALLUCINATION OR DID ACTUALLY MEET HIS DIVINE GRACE A C BHAKTIVEDANTA SWAMI PRABHUPADA WHO APPARENTLY IMPARTED A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS OF WISDOM THAT CONVERTED THE DRIVER FROM BEING AN ARDENT THEOSOPHIST TO A SCEPTICAL MORALIST AND TEMPTED HIM TO LIVE THE NEXT SIX YEARS IN THE TOP OF AN OAK TREE EATING ONLY HAM SANDWICHES AND DRINKING DIET COKE EXCEPT ON THE THIRTEEN OF JUNE WHEN HE DRANK NOTHING BUT DOCTOR PEPPER MIXED WITH RED BULL AND DECLINED THE OFFER OF A SANDWICH HIS SON WAS SO IMPRESSED HE FLEW TO INDIA AND WENT ON A COURSE OF

SNAKE CHARMING THAT CHANGED HIS OUTLOOK SO MUCH HE GREW THE LONGEST BEARD IN THE WORLD WHICH MEASURED APPROXIMATELY THE LENGTH OF A HOCKEY PITCH UNTIL ONE DAY AS HE WALKED TO THE TOBACCONIST IT GOT ENTANGLED IN THE WHEEL OF A MOTORBIKE AND WAS RIPPED FROM HIS FACE AND WAS LAST SEEN BEING DRAGGED ALONG PAST A ROCKY OUTCROP IN TEXAS WHERE THREE BROTHERS WERE LATTER FOUND GUILTY OF FRATRICIDE DESPITE THE LACK OF A BODY AND ANY CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE APART FROM A CONFESSION ONE OF THEM MADE TO A LOCAL HAIRDRESSER WHOSE HUSBAND WAS ONCE MISS TRANSVESTITE AMERICAN BUT HAD NO IDEA THAT THE OTHER CONTESTANTS WERE ALL WOMEN WHO ALL PLAYED DARTS IN THE SAME BAR WHERE ROBERT KENNEDY HAD LONG AGO STOPPED TO GO TO THE BATHROOM AND HAD INADVERTENTLY KNOCKED OVER A CARDBOARD SCULPTURE OF THE MAN IN THE MARLBORO ADVERT THAT KNOCKED A CIGARETTE OUT OF THE HAND OF A LOCAL RUFFIAN WHO SWORE TO EVERYONE THAT HED GET REVENGE ONE DAY AND PROCEEDED TO TAKE UP AN EVENING CLASS IN ASSASSINATION TECHNIQUES WHERE HE MET A LADY WHO PROMISED TO MARRY HIM IF HE COULD PROVE THAT HE LOVED HER BY STANDING ON ONE LEG FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS RECITING POEMS BY WALT WHITMAN IN A GERMAN TRANSLATION BY HER FORMER HUSBAND WHO USED TO WORK AS A KGB INFORMER BUT GAVE IT ALL UP TO PAINT PORTRAITS OF SOCIETY LADIES LOVING THEIR PETS AND RUN A CHIP SHOP IN GRIMSBY WHERE ONE SATURDAY EVENING A FIGHT BROKE OUT OVER A WALLY AND HE WAS SHOT THROUGH THE LEFT EYE AND DIED TWO DAYS LATER LEAVING THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION POUNDS TO ERECT A MEMORIAL TO THOSE WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE DURING THE POLL TAX RIOTS AND WHATEVER REMAINED WAS TO BE BURNT AND SCATTERED AT SEA WHILE A TENOR FROM SOUTHWOLD SANG SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW IN GREEK ACCOMPANYING HIMSELF ON A UKULELE BORROWED FOR THE OCCASION FROM A CHAP CALLED JIM GANNON WHO APPARENTLY LATER EMIGRATED TO AUSTRALIA AND PLAYED WITH A GROUP CALLED BOP TILL YOU DROP BUT THIS IS PURE SPECULATION AND NO HARD FACTS ON THE MATTER HAVE EVER APPEARED BEFORE A COURT IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY AS FAR AS CAN BE ATTAINED WHAT IS KNOWN HOWEVER IS THE RELATION BETWEEN AN ORIGAMI CUBE DONE IN TAIWAN IN NINETEEN SEVENTY TWO AND THE STRANGE NOISE MADE BY A FARMER LAST YEAR ON HEARING THAT HED WON THE POOLS DESPITE HAVING NEVER PLAYED IN THIS COUNTRY ALTHOUGH HIS BROTHER IN LAW ONE RALPH JOHNSTONE OF EXETER HAD ONCE WON A BET INVOLVING A CHICKEN AND TWO ORANGES WITH A PROTESTANT MINISTER WHOSE NICKNAME WAS SLASHER EDWARDS FOR SOME REASON KNOWN ONLY TO HIMSELF AND A FORMER PROSTITUTE CALLED LYDIA OF WHOM IT WAS SAID ONE THURSDAY NIGHT IN THE CROWN AND ANCHOR PUB IN THE HIGH STREET THAT SHE WOULD PICK UP NUTS FROM A BAR FLOOR WITH HER TONGUE FOR LITTLE MORE THAN A FIVER AND A PROMISE OF A RETURN GAME AT WHICH POINT STEVE THE WINDOW SALESMAN LEFT THE ROOM RATHER QUICKLY AND WAS LATER SEEN DRIVING HIS YELLOW F REG TOYOTA CORONA FIFTEEN HUNDRED HEADLONG INTO A TREE WHERE ONLY TWELVE DAYS EARLIER THE BODY OF ROGER GUNN HAD BEEN FOUND HANGING BY MRS T SELDON AS SHE WALKED HOME AFTER A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR WHERE SHE HAD HAD HER BLOOD PRESSURE TAKEN DESPITE ONLY GOING BECAUSE OF A BRUISE TO HER RIGHT BUTTOCK THAT DIDNT SEEM TO BE GETTING BETTER EVEN THOUGH SIX YEARS HAD PASSED SHE FELL DOWN THE STAIRS BECAUSE GARY HAD LEFT A TOY CAR THERE HOLD ON THAT CANT BE RIGHT GARY DIED SEVEN YEARS AGO OF A RARE TROPICAL DISEASE SO IT MUST HAVE BEEN JEFFS TOY CAR IF IT WAS ANYONES UNLESS IT FELL OUT OF THE BOX OF GARYS OLD STUFF WHEN MRS T SELDON TOOK IT DOWN FROM HIS ROOM TO GIVE TO THE SALVATION ARMY SHOP IN THE VILLAGE WHERE LAWRENCE BOUGHT AN OLD BOOK CONTAINING A RECIPE THAT HE LATTER USED FOR A DINNER PARTY WHERE HALF THE THIRTEEN PEOPLE INVITED DIDNT TURN UP BECAUSE OF THE FREAK TORNADO THAT HAD TORN DOWN THE TELEPHONE LINES AND DISRUPTED THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS ALL OVER THE CITY CAUSING SUCH HAVOC THAT QUESTIONS WERE ASKED IN THE HOUSE AND THE HEAD OF COMMUNICATIONS WAS FORCED TO RESIGN WHEREON HE MOVED TO BURMA AND OPEN A SHOP SELLING SECOND HAND SCOOTERS AND MOTORCYCLE ACCESSORIES INCLUDING A PAIR OF LEATHER DRIVING CLOVES FROM NINETEEN SEVENTY ONE SIGNED BY MISTER G AGOSTINI THE ROAD RACING WORLD CHAMPION OF THAT YEAR AND THE PREVIOUS ONE AND THE SUBSEQUENT ONE AND HE HAD APPARENTLY ONCE MET AN ISRAELI MAGICIAN WHO HAD DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE PLANET OWING THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR ALMOST TWO MILLION FRANCS WHICH WAS MONEY HE HAD WON BY BETTING ON A HORSE IN THE FIVE THIRTY AT ASCOT THE PREVIOUS SUMMER THE FAMOUS ONE THAT SAW NEW RECORD TEMPERATURES BEING SET AS FAR AFIELD AS MONGOLIA AND FLORIDA WHERE MISTER GEORGE GOFFENBERG WAS SEEN TO VISIBLY MELT IN THE ASTONISHING HEAT BY A PIZZA DELIVERY MAN WHO TWO DAYS LATER WAS BEATEN AND GANG RAPED BY THREE HELLS ANGELS OUT FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN ONE OF WHOM HAD A TATTOO ON HIS FOREARM OF A STRANGE SYMBOL SOMETHING LIKE A SNAKE EATING ITS OWN TAIL THAT

HAD BEEN DRAWN RATHER SHAKILY BY A MAN HE SHARED A PRISON CELL WITH FIFTEEN YEARS EARLIER WHO HAD COMMITTED A CRIME HE REFUSED TO ADMIT TOO BECAUSE IT INVOLVED HIS FATHER AND AN UNCLE FROM DENMARK WHO WAS RUMOURED TO INVITE DANGER BY CROSSING LARGE CANYONS ON A TIGHTROPE ON A UNICYCLE MADE IN THE PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF CHINA BY A PART TIME KNIFE THROWER CALLED CHAO PEI SHIN WHOSE BROTHER NOW WORKS IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT IN SOHO WHERE ROBERT DE NIRO ONCE HAD A MEAL AND LEFT A TIP THAT WAS STOLEN BY A FAN CALLED MAX WHO WAS LATER INVITED TO GIVE A TALK ON GENETIC MUTATION AT A UNIVERSITY IN GENEVA BUT WHO NEVER ARRIVED BECAUSE THE TAXI HE TOOK FROM THE AIRPORT WAS INVOLVED IN A THREE CAR PILE UP THAT KILLED TWO PEOPLE AND LEFT TWO OTHERS IN WHEELCHAIRS ONE OF WHOM WAS LATTER CONVICTED OF THEFT AND SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS IN SAUDI ARABIA WHERE HE BECAME A MUSLIM AND REGAINED THE USE OF HIS LEGS WHICH INSPIRED THE FILM UP RUNNING THAT WAS SEEN BY NORMAN GOODAL ON A FRIDAY IN NINETEEN EIGHTY NINE JUST ONE MONTH BEFORE HE PLANTED THE BOMB IN THE AMERICAN EMBASSY THAT LUCKILY FOR EVERYONE IN THE BUILDING FAILED TO GO OFF ESPECIALLY FOR MISS O LEARY WHO WAS SITTING AT THE DESK UNDER WHICH THE PACKAGE HAD BEEN PLACED AND WAS EIGHT MONTHS PREGNANT WITH LITTLE LEROY WHO NOW SKIPS AROUND BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT HE ALMOST WASNT THAT ALL SEEMS A BIT IMPLAUSIBLE REALLY BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL CAN YOU TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION AS THEY SAY AND EITHER CAN FILL A BOOK OF GET A BIT NEARER THE ENDING OF A PAGE EVERY LITTLE TATTY BIT IS DOING ITS UTMOST TO FURTHER THE CAUSE HELPING ME GET THIS DONE TO A T POLISHED OFF AND FATTENED READY FOR SLAUGHTER AND ITLL ALL LOOK MUCH THE SAME FROM A DISTANCE A UNIFORM BLACK SPLODGE OR SPLOTCH ON THE PAGE UNRETRACTED SPLURGE DOING ITS STUFF FOR ITS DADDY AS I DO MY DAMNEDEST TO GET THIS BIG BUGGER PINNED DOWN IN BLACK ON WHITE A FIGHT TO THE END WITH NO HOLDS BARRED EVEN WHIMSICAL NONSENSE LIKE THAT CAN BE TRUDGED OUT UNDER THE COVER OF THIS SHADY MANUSCRIPT LIES ARE THE ESSENCE OF WORSE THOUGHTS THAN THESE GREEDILY GOBBLED ON THE TUBE ON THE WAY TO AND FROM WORK JUST LOOK WHAT PEOPLE ARE PREPARED TO READ ALL SORTS OF DODGY MATERIAL FROM ROMANCE TO ACTION THRILLERS TO PHILOSOPHY ITS ALL MUCH THE SAME AN ENDLESS TORRENT OF TRIPE AND TRIVIALITY ALL MANNER OF TYPES OF ENTERTAINMENT AND INTELLECTUAL STIMULI JUST TAKE A QUICK PEEK AT THE COVERS AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH THIS ONES COVER TOO TELLS ITS OWN STORY THEY'LL BE NO FIERY DRAGONS OR SWOOPING WARPLANES BILLOWING STREAMING BLACK SMOKE OR WINDSWEPT LORDS WITH BREECHES AND A RIDING CROP OR FUNNY SKETCHED DRAWINGS OF PRINCIPLE CHARACTERS OR A MOODY BLACK AND WHITE SHADY CLOSE UP OF THE AUTHOR OR COMPLICATED GEOMETRICAL DESIGNS EMBOSSED IN SHINY SILVER OR OLD MASTER PAINTINGS REDUCED TO THE COVER SIZE OR COSMIC PHOTO OF AN ASTRAL BODY OH NO NOT HERE NOT SURROUNDING THESE WORDS ILL CHOOSE SOMETHING ALTOGETHER MORE DULL A NICE TONE OF BLACK TO REFLECT THE MORBID QUALITY OF THE CONTENTS SOMETHING SERIOUS AND DEEP THAT OOZES PRETENTIOUSNESS YES THATS FOR ME THATS CORRECT FOR THIS WORK OF FATUOUS FANTOD FARCICAL FICTION IS IT A NOVEL AH WELL THAT IS AN INTERESTING QUESTION INDEED BUT ACCORDING TO MY DICTIONARY IT IS NOT SO THATS THAT UNLESS I CAN CHANGE THE MEANING OF THE WORD AND I CAN SO IT IS NOT THAT IM A NOVELIST LORD NO WHAT A SHOCKING STATE OF AFFAIRS THAT WOULD BE ILL NEVER ACCEPT TO LOWER MYSELF TO THAT RANK PROFESSION POET MAYBE JUST CAUSE IT SOUNDS PONCY BUT NOVELIST NO NO THATS A DEFINITE NO NO IT SOUNDS SO MIDDLE CLASS SO NAFF AND MASTURBATORY IM SO SORRY DARLING I JUST CANT COME TO THE OPERA IVE GOT TO PLOT MY NOVEL ROUND OFF THE CHARACTERS AND PLAN MY SLY TWISTS AND TURNS IM HAVING A REAL PROBLEM WORKING OUT HOW JONATHAN DRIVES OFF IN THE JAG WITH THOSE TWO BROKEN ARMS HE GOT IN THE FIRST CHAPTER AND WHY MARGARET WOULD SAY THAT SHE WAS AT THE BANQUET IN THE BEGINNING OF CHAPTER TWO AND THAT SHE WASNT THREE PAGES LATER WHATS THE MOTIVATION I CANT GET A GRIP ON HER AT ALL NOT TO MENTION LADY ALSTONS SHOW DOWN WITH DETECTIVE HUMBERT IN CHAPTER TWELVE ITS JUST NOT WORKING AND I CANT THINK OF A WAY OF DOING IT WITHOUT INVOLVING ANOTHER CHARACTER I MEAN THE MAID COULD COME INTO THE DRAWING ROOM AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT BUT THAT'LL MEAN WRITING A WHOLE NEW SECTION AND I JUST HAVENT GOT TIME OH WHY DID I EVEN INVENT LADY ALSTON SHES BEEN NOTHING BUT GRIEF AND JUST STOPS THE FLOW OF THE ACTION YOU GO AND TAKE MARTHA SHE LOVES VERDI ILL TRY TO MEET YOU AT THE RESTAURANT LATER IF I CAN HAVE A LOVELY TIME AND APOLOGISE TO BRYAN FORBES FOR ME TELL HIM ILL GIVE HIM A RING IN THE MORNING AND SEND THE PROOFS ROUND OH DEARY ME WHAT HAVE I DONE THERES NO EXCUSE FOR THAT NO MATTER HOW DESPERATE IVE BECOME THAT REALLY IS SCRAPING THE BARREL BUT LUCKILY ILL NEVER HAVE TO READ IT SO IT WON'T MATTER TOO MUCH AND IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE IT COULD HAVE BEEN SOME GRITTY NORTHERN

DRAMA SET IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY A MINERS TALE WITH LOTS OF LOCAL COLOUR AND VERNACULAR TALK SOLID SOCIALIST EXCHANGES AND A NASTY PIT OWNER ETC OR A SCIENCE FICTION PLOT WITH INTERPLANETARY WARRING AND MUTANT LIFE FORMS THAT CAN PREDICT THE PAST I SHOULD STOP BEFORE I START THINKING UP WITTY CHILDRENS STORIES ABOUT FRIENDLY GHOSTS WHO LIVE IN THE MIRROR OR FLUFFY CATS THAT CAN TALK AND WALK UPRIGHT AND WEAR TWEEDY CLOTHES AND DRIVE CARS OR STRANGE BRIGHT COLOURED THINGS THAT FLOAT ABOUT THE HOUSE STEALING OR TRANSFORMING EVERYDAY OBJECTS SUCH AS THE IRON THAT TURNS INTO A SPACESHIP AND ZOOMS OUT OF THE WINDOW OR THE NO I REFUSE TO IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE ALONG THOSE LINES IM HAPPIER WITH MORE DREARY DULL IMAGERY LIKE BROWN CURTAINS THAT HAVENT BEEN OPENED FOR TWELVE YEARS OR SO AND NOW HANG LOOKING LANKY AND SORRY FOR THEMSELVES WITH COBWEB PATCHES AND GREASY DUST STAINS THATS THE BANAL REALITY THE POETRY OF NORMALITY INFUSED WITH GRUBBY REVULSION LIKE THE ASHTRAY BY MY SIDE OVERFLOWING ITS CONTENTS A WHOLE PILE OF ROLL UP STUBS AND DUSTY ASH AND WHAT OF MY BEARD I HAVENT MENTIONED THAT TODAY AND THE CONTINUAL IRRITATION ITS CAUSING LIKE HAVING ANTS TRIPPING OVER YOUR CHIN AN AESTHETIC NIGHTMARE GETTING UP MY NOSE AND GETTING SINGED AS I LIGHT MY CIGARETTE A WHOLE FOREST FOR INSECTS TO WANDER THROUGH BUT ONE MORE REASON TO GET THIS PROJECT WRAPPED UP ALL THE SOONER IM PROBABLY NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO SHAVE FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS YET THOUGH NOT AT THIS RATE UNLESS I CAN THINK FASTER OR THINK LESS AND WRITE ANYTHING FASTER A CENTIMETRE A DAY IS ABOUT ALL I CAN DO NO MATTER WHAT RUBBISH MY BRAIN IS SUPPLYING BUT SLOWLY AND SURELY IM ERASING THE WHITE OR RATHER COVERING WITH ALL MY WORDY TRITE THE TRIUMPH OF A QUIBLER THE ORDEAL OF A SCRIBBLER PLANTING DEAD PHRASES AND WATCHING THEM GROW GRADUALLY TO FORM DARK MATTER SURROUNDED BY A BORDER OF WHITE MATTER MY DARK ENERGY WASTED AS I WRITE MY EXOTIC ELEMENTARY PARTICULAR LETTERS OR WEAKLY INTERACTIVE MASSIVE PARTICULAR WORDS ITS TAKEN ROUGHLY FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN BILLION YEARS TO GET THIS FAR SO HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I SQUANDER TO REACH THE CRITICAL MASS OF THIS PAGE WHATS NEEDED IS A BIT OF INFLATION IN THE COSMIC SENSE TO GET THIS UNIVERSE OF IMAGININGS FINISHED AS I WRITE TOWARDS MY BIG CRUNCH OR WILL MY FLAT SPACE SLOWLY STRETCH ON FOREVER LIKE A COSMOLOGICAL CONSTANT NEVER FULFILLING ITS GOAL THIS WHOLE EFFORT IS A PIN PRICK IN AN EXECRABLE ACCELERATING UNIVERSE OF LITERATURE WITH THE OLD BOOKS GETTING FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY LESS VISIBLE AND LESS READABLE PULLED INTO THE VOID OF THE GREAT LIBRARY AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER AND DENSER AND DENSER HARD READING MATTER LOST FOREVER SOMEWHERE IN WHAT MUST BE THE END OF THE FUTURE THE ECHO OF THE FIRST BOOK RIPPLING ON STILL WITH THE IMAGINABLE BEGINNING OF TIME SCORCHED ONTO THE COVER ALL THEORIES BECOME OBSOLETE AT THOSE DISTANCES THE WORDS ARE CRUSHED AND SUCKED INTO OBLIVION NEVER TO BE RECONSTITUTED BY THE TINY MINDS OF MAN SUCH IDIOTIC BROWN DWARFS SCARRING THE BEAUTY OF THE UNINTELLIGIBLE REALITY OF ALL CREATION MAKING MYTHS AND LEGENDS TO PUT LIKE A PLASTER OVER THE GAPING WOUND OF IGNORANCE MAN IS NOTHING BUT A CANCEROUS CELL IN THE PLACENTA OF CREATION OUR UNIVERSE IS THE AFTERBIRTH THROWN INTO A BOWL WAITING FOR INCINERATION AND AS EACH CELL CAN NOT SEE OR COMPREHEND THE OVERALL ORGANISM TO WHICH IT IS PART SO WE TOO KNOW NOTHING BEYOND WHAT WE PERCEIVE SURE YOU CAN GUESS AND THERES PROBABLY A THEORETICAL CHANCE OF GETTING IT RIGHT FIRST TIME BUT MANS BRAINS ARE NOT EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH COSMOLOGICAL METAPHYSICS AND ANY SUGGESTION IS EQUALLY PLAUSIBLE IN THE FACE OF SUCH PROFOUND STUPIDITY ALL RATIONALITY DISAPPEARS AT THE VANISHING POINT OF KNOWLEDGE THEN ANY OLD NONSENSE WILL DO ANY HUMBUG OR VOODOO IS JUST AS WORTHLESS AS SOME BOFFIN WITH A PIECE OF CHALK SCRIBBLING EQUATIONS IN EARTHLY MATHEMATICAL JARGON WE ARE STILL IN THE DARK AGES OF KNOWLEDGE AND THE MORE WE LEARN THE MORE WE REALISE THAT KNOWLEDGE IS DECEPTIVE IT NEVER REVEALS THE ULTIMATE TRUTH BUT OFFERS A STRANGE MIRROR FOR OUR EGOS TO CONTEMPLATE ALL OUR KNOWLEDGE IS THE PRODUCT OF HUMAN BRAINS AND THEY ARE OUT LIMITATION SEEING EVERYTHING IN REGARD TO THEIR CHEMICAL FUNCTIONS IMAGINATION IMPRISONS AS MUCH AS IT FREES IT OFFERS ENDLESS SPECULATION AND THEN BELIEF TAKES THE BRUNT AND ABSORBS IT AS FACT DONT BOTHER TO ARGUE WITH A PRIEST HE KNOWS HES RIGHT AND THEREFORE HE IS ALL RELIGIONS ARE FUNDAMENTALLY RIGHT ALL VIEWS EQUALLY CORRECT HERE JUST AFTER THE BEGINNING OF TIME KNOWLEDGE IS THE BEST KEPT SECRET IN THE HUMAN UNIVERSE THIS OPINION IS JUST AS PATHETIC AS ALL OTHERS AND CLEARLY AS WRONG AS THE REST ITS FUN TO DELVE INTO THE MEANING OF MEANING PHILOSOPHY OR FICTION OR FICTIONAL PHILOSOPHY MIND GAMES EVER TURING IN ON THEMSELVES THAT OLD MONK MENDEL WAS RIGHT IN UNDERSTANDING WHAT HE SAW BUT HE COULD NEVER KNOW WHY

HE SAW IT OR WHY HE IN PARTICULAR EVEN LOOKED IN THE FIRST PLACE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING IS BUILT ON THE FUNDAMENTAL FIRST QUESTION OF WHY AND THERE IS NO ANSWER YET AVAILABLE JUST A STRING OF DISPUTABLE FACTS THINGS ARE AND THAT IS NEVER ENOUGH FOR MANKIND IF YOU'RE NOT PART OF THE ANSWER YOU MUST BE PART OF THE PROBLEM AS MICK SAID BUT THE PROBLEM OF FINDING THE TRUTH IS THE QUESTIONABLE BELIEF THAT THERE IS TRUTH TO BE FOUND MANKIND IS DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT UNTIL DOOMSDAY WHEN ALL FACTS ARE EVENTUALLY GOING TO RETURN TO THEIR ELEMENTAL PROPERTIES AND GO FLOATING THROUGH SPACE AGAIN RECLAIMED ENTITIES FINALLY AT ONE WITH EVERYTHING ELSE DEATH IS THE CLOSEST WE CAN GET AT THE MOMENT TO ABSOLUTE KNOWLEDGE THE TIME WHEN KNOWLEDGE IS NO LONGER RELEVANT THE MIND IS DEAD AND HAPPILY SO NO LONGER QUESTIONING BUT BEING FREE NOT TO THINK FINALLY I THINK THAT'LL DO ON THAT FLUMMOXING CHICANERY IVE NO MORE TO SAY ON THAT PARTICULAR TOPIC IVE RUN OUT OF PATIENCE WITH THAT TOMFOOLERY I CAN'T BELIEVE I EVEN GOT STARTED ON IT THAT OLD CHESTNUT HYPERBOLE COOKED TO A CINDER FASCINATED SWEET FANNY ADAMS DEVOID OF INTEREST AND GENERALLY DIRE DERELICTION OF QUALITY CONTROL SO WHAT NOW WHAT WILL MY BRAIN LEAK ONTO THE PAGE WHAT TRIVIALITIES CAN I OFFER TO THE DEMON WHITE VACANT STARE BELOW ME WHAT HAVEN'T I SCRATCHED THE SHINY SURFACE OF THERE MUST BE A MILLION TOPICS THAT I HAVEN'T YET SOILED SCULPTURE AS A FOUR DIMENSIONAL TIME BOMB THE ROLE OF WOMEN IN THE EVOLUTION OF FOLK SONG THE MEANING OF THE WORD WORD THE REASONS FOR THE CONTINUATION OF PROTECTION OF ENDANGERED SPECIES THE SUITABILITY OF CATS AS PETS FOR THE URBANE ENVIRONMENT THE STRUCTURAL PROPERTIES OF WOOD AS OPPOSED TO CONCRETE THE CALLIPYGOUS NATURE OF PUBESCENT GIRLS FROM BOTSWANA THE EFFECTS OF PROLONGED EXPOSURE TO MEDIOCRITY THE CAUSES OF UNCOMMON COLDS THE EXACT BIOLOGICAL NATURE OF WET DREAMS HOW AND WHY IT IS UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED THAT THE EARTH IS ROUND DO PLANTS HAVE A LIFE EXPECTANCY WHAT IS THE MAXIMUM LENGTH OF A PIECE OF STRING IS THE SHAPE OF THE BOSOM HEREDITARY OF THE RESULT OF FASHION MAGAZINES BRA ADVERTS IF TWO DINOSAURS WERE ASKED THE MEANING OF LIFE WHAT WOULD THEY THINK IS IT POSSIBLE FOR A TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY TO CLIMB UP THE EIFFEL TOWER WHILST EATING A HAMBURGER WHAT IF LIONS WERE VEGETARIANS IN THE EVOLUTIONARY SCHEME OF THINGS WHAT WOULD DARWIN HAVE MADE OF DAVID BECKHAM AND VICTORIA IF ORANGES COULD FLY WOULD IT RAIN JUICE HOW DO MOUNTAINS COMMUNICATE IF X EQUALS ONE WHAT IS THE VALUE OF Z THE CONSTANT BAGGING OF THE HEAD AGAINST A BRICK WALL HEIGHTENS THE PLEASURE OF STOPPING DISCUSS IN LESS THAN THREE WORDS WHO WOULD WIN AN ARM WRESTLING CONTEST BETWEEN WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND GEORGE BERNARD SHAW PRESUPPOSING BOTH WERE ALIVE AGAIN WHAT IS THE RADIOACTIVE HALF LIFE OF AN IGLOO DO LEOPARDS BELIEVE IN THE OLYMPIC MOVEMENT AND WOULD THEY TAKE PART IF INVITED CAN IT BE TRUE THAT A LEAF REALLY KNOWS WHAT IT'S DOING ON A SCALE OF ONE TO ONE THOUSAND WHERE WOULD THE SONG BROKEN OLD DOLL RANK IF CABBAGES COULD TALK WOULD THEY SAY ANYTHING MORE FASCINATING THAN THIS OUT OF TWO PEOPLE IN ROMFORD WHO IS THE MOST LIKELY TO HAVE A DEGREE IN MECHANICS EITHER QUANTUM OR CAR IF THE COLOUR RED WAS ILLEGAL WHAT COLOUR WOULD IT BE REPLACED WITH HAS ANYONE REALLY COUNTED TO FIVE MILLION IN ROMAN NUMERALS WHY ZEBRAS HOW DO SUBMARINES COPE IN DESERT WARFARE WHICH IS BIGGER A BANG OR A BOOM DOES THE NOSE KNOW WHY IT'S CHASING THE TAIL IF EVERYTHING IS MADE OF CUSTARD WHAT IS THE BOWL MADE OF HOW DO BOOKS CONTROL WHAT THEY'RE FILLED WITH CAN COWS UNDERSTAND HORSES HABITS IF A SLICE OF HAM WAS ASKED ABOUT JUDAISM WHAT WOULD IT ANSWER IF BOTTLES COULD FLY THEY SURELY WOULD WOULDN'T THEY BETWEEN ROCKS AND HARD PLACES WHERE IS THE BEST PLACE TO HIDE A STASH OF PURE HEROIN IN AN IDEAL WORLD WE COULD DO WITHOUT DREAMS OF UTOPIA IF A BALL IS THROWN OUT OF THE EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD WHERE WILL IT LAND HOW MANY WORDS MAKE AN EXCELLENT BOOK WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF SOMEONE SAYING YES CAN YOU HURT WATER IS BROWN A REAL WORD IF YOU NEVER WAKE UP IN NEW ZEALAND ARE YOU IN A COMA OR HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN THERE WHICH IS THE BEST MOODY BLUES ALBUM HOW MUCH RAIN CAN A CLOUD HOLD HOW BIG IS A HOLE HOW MUCH IS THIS WORTH PER HOUR COULD IT BE SOLD BY THE WORD CAN AN AVERAGE IDEA INCREASE IN VALUE WHAT IS THE BEST PRICE YOU CAN GET FOR A BLANK PIECE OF PAPER DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER IF THIS WAS WRITTEN IN NINETEEN TWENTY ONE WOULD IT BE BETTER IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THIS IS REALLY JUST A COMPLETE WASTE OF TIME OR IS IT TRUE THAT IT'S FANTASTIC DESPITE ALL MY ASSERTIONS OF CONTEMPT AND NEGLIGENCE CAN I DECIDE THE WORTH FOR MYSELF OR MUST I WAIT FOR ANOTHER'S OPINION IS THE AUTHOR ALWAYS RIGHT IN HIS ASSESSMENT CAN I BLAME MYSELF FOR THE INCONSEQUENTIAL PRODUCTS OF MY BRAIN AM I CAPABLE OF A BETTER WORK OR AM I CAPABLE OF SOMETHING MUCH MORE RIDICULOUSLY INANE AM I CRAZY TO BELIEVE IN

THE NECESSITY OF SAYING WHATEVER POPS INTO MY HEAD RECORDING A FLOW OF USELESS INFORMATION AND FORCED IMAGININGS GIVEN THE SAME CONDITIONS OF STRUCTURAL CREATIVITY WHAT WOULD YOUR BOOK HAVE LOOKED LIKE COULD YOU KEEP UP THE MOMENTUM TO GET THE JOB DONE UNLESS YOU WRITE A BOOK YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHATS INVOLVED IF YOU HAVE NO STORY OR SUBJECT WHAT ARE YOU LEFT WITH THE BARE BONES MAKE A THIN SOUP BUT IT CAN STILL BE SLIGHTLY MORE NOURISHING THAN NOTHING IF I SAY ONE BEAUTIFUL WORD OR WRITE SOMETHING MAGNIFICENTLY REVOLTING DOES THE WHOLE THING IMPROVE IN RELATION TO IT IM FLITTING ABOUT LIKE A MOTH EITHER BECAUSE I CHOOSE TO OR BECAUSE I CANT STOP WHICH WOULD BE MORE RESPECTABLE IF I TRY REALLY HARD CAN I WRITE LIKE AN IMBECILE OR SHOULD I JUST ACCEPT THAT I AM ONE AND TRY TO WRITE LIKE A PROFESSIONAL DO TWO AND TWO HAVE TO MAKE FOUR TO BE CONSIDERED AS STOUT UPRIGHT TWOS IS THINKING THE ONLY REQUIREMENT NECESSARY IS MY BRAIN SEIZING UP IS MY BODY TIRED OF SITTING IN THE SAME PLACE HAVE I REACHED THE END OF MY IMAGINATION SHOULD I THINK ABOUT A CAREER CHANGE INSTEAD OF JUST BLURTING THIS OUT IS THE CANDLE WORTH LIGHTING IF THERES NOBODY IN THE DARK ROOM AND NO HOPE OF ANYONE GOING THERE IF THERE WAS A FIRE WHAT WOULD I SAVE MYSELF OR THESE WORDS IS IT ENOUGH IS IT EVER ENOUGH WILL IT EVER BE ENOUGH CAN I ESCAPE FROM THE CONVEYOR BELT THAT SEEMS TO BE PULLING ME TOWARDS A FUTILE DEATH PROVING THAT LIFE IS NOT ALL ITS CRACKED UP TO BE OR NOT TO BE ABLE TO STOP IS THAT THE DILEMMA AM I REALLY ALONE ON THIS QUEST TO END QUESTING STRUGGLING ON SAYING IT ALL OVER AGAIN DAY BY DAY THE JOKE WAS NEVER FUNNY NOT EVEN THE FIRST TIME ROUND AND IT HASNT GOT BETTER FOR BEING REPEATED EVEN IF THE FORMAT HAS BEEN ALTERED A LITTLE SO ON WITH THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT UNDAUNTED DONT LOOK BACK IT JUST WASTES MORE TIME EVERY SECOND NOW HAS BECOME PRECIOUS LIKE A MAN WHOSE EXECUTION DATE IS MOVING TOWARDS HIM THROUGH THE DIARY TIL ONE DAY ITS ONE DAY AWAY TWENTY FOUR HOURS TIL D DAY WHAT DO YOU DO GO OVER YOUR LIVE AND TRY TO RECALL ALL THE BEST BITS THE HIGHLIGHTS OR TRY TO LIVE A BIT BETTER WHILE YOUVE STILL GOT THE TIME HOW DO YOU START YOUR FINAL PAINTING ITS THE LAST CHANCE YOUVE GOT TO PROVE YOURSELF TO YOURSELF NOTHING AND NOBODY MATTERS EXCEPT WHAT MATTERS TO YOU IN YOUR CELL AS YOU WATCH THE SECONDS TICK BY DO YOU DO A SKETCH OF THE CLOCK OR STRETCH YOUR IMAGINATION OUT THROUGH THE CELL BARS AND OVER THE PARAMETER FENCE FREED FROM THE PHYSICAL RESTRAINT THE MIND WANDERS THROUGH POSSIBLE NEW PASTURES OF THOUGHT BUT TIME FLIES WHEN YOURE HAVING FUN SO MAYBE TO LOOK AT THE CLOCK IS BEST TO SEE EACH SECOND AS A PHYSICAL THING TO ACKNOWLEDGE ITS PASSING A KISS EVERY ONE FAREWELL I COULD COUNT THEM OUT LOUD BACKWARDS LIKE THE COUNTDOWN TO A NEW YEAR EXCITEMENT GROWING WITH EVERY TICK AND EVERY TOCK AS YOU WITNESS THE FINAL COUNT THAT WILL ELIMINATE YOU FROM THE BOUT ILL THINK OF THE REMNANTS OF THIS LIFE AS I PREPARE FOR THE ETERNAL BOREDOM OF NOT BEING THINKING IS STRANGE BUT NOT THINKING IS SOMETHING I CANT CONCEIVE OF MY IMAGINATION CANT COPE WITH THE IDEA OF NOT BEING I CANT IMAGINE HOW IT FEELS NOT TO FEEL LUCKILY I WILL NEVER DIE IM IMMORTAL FAMOUS LAST WORDS OF THE POET AND WHAT IF I DIED RIGHT NOW AND SURELY I COULD WOULD I SLUMP FORWARD AND REST MY HEAD ON THE KEYBOARD MY NOSE DEPRESSING A LETTER AND GET THIS FINISHED THAT WAY THAT WOULD BE BEAUTIFUL A PERFECT ENDING FOR BOTH OF US PURE POETRY OF CHANCE OK LETS TRY IT AN IMAGINARY HEART ATTACK FIRST I LEAN BACK IN MY CHAIR GRIPPING MY CHEST AND THEN BANG HERE GOES HUJJJJJJJJJJ THERE SEE IT WORKED A FINE ENDING IF ONLY I WASNT PRETENDING BUT WHAT IF MY NOSE HAD BUMPED THE DELETE BUTTON THAT TOO WOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT A GREAT CREATIVE ACT OF NIHILISM AN ELEMENTAL GESTURE OF DEFIANCE RETURNING THE WHITE TO THE PAGE WIPING OUT ALL OF THIS INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE OF FUTILITY BUT NO SUCH LUCK I SURVIVED THAT MOMENT AND GO ON TO FACE A NEW DAY CHURNING OUT MORE OF THIS ILLEGIBLE FANTASY AND TOMORROW SUPPOSING I GET RUN OVER ON MY WAY TO THE SHOP PERHAPS I SHOULD LEAVE SOME INSTRUCTIONS OK IN CASE OF MY DEATH BEFORE COMPLETING THIS HERES WHAT YOU DO PLEASE DELETE IT ALL LETTER BY LETTER AS I WROTE IT IT WILL BE LIKE A TRIP BACK IN TIME CANCELLING OUT ALL THE ERROR OF THE ENDEAVOUR THEN BURN THE COMPUTER AS A SACRIFICE TO MY LIFE ONE SMALL GESTURE OF DESTRUCTION TO ERASE ALL THE EFFORTS OF MY CREATIVE IMPULSES EVERYTHING ELSE CAN BE GIVEN TO WHOEVER WANTS IT AND IF NOBODY DOES BECAUSE GENERALLY NOBODY DOES JUST CHUCK IT MAYBE BUILD A BIG BONFIRE OUT OF MY WORK AND THEN THROW MY CORPSE ON THE TOP LIKE ANY OTHER GUY THAT SEEMS A PERFECT ENDING FOR MY LIFE STORY UNITED WITH ALL MY CHILDREN OF IMAGINATION ASHES TO ASHES DUST TO DUST A FLEETING FIRE OF CONSUMMATION A PYRE FLICKERING IN THE NIGHT SKY AND GONE BY MORNING WITHOUT ANY MOURNING AS I SILENTLY SLIP FROM MY EARTHLY BIOLOGICAL MOORING SOMETIMES I WISH I COULD RIP UP MY PAST DEPOSIT ALL

MY WORKS INTO THE BIN AND BE FREE TO DO THEM AGAIN OR TO NOT DO THEM MORE LIKE TO BE FREE FROM THE NEED OF DOING ANYTHING REMOTELY CREATIVE I COULD START OVER AGAIN AS A DESTROYER OF SOME KIND A DEMOLITION MAN OR PEST CONTROLLER A LUMBER JACK WOULD BE NICE OUT IN THE OPEN FOR A CHANGE CHOPPING DOWN RAIN FORESTS SOMEWHERE THATS FOR ME NOT TO SELL THE TIMBER BUT JUST TO BURN IT KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE AXE MY CHAINSAW DIGGING INTO THE PRECIOUS WOOD DECAPITATING OXYGEN MACHINES THEN MY FIRE TORCHING IT DRAINING ITS LATENT ENERGY AND RELEASING A CLOUD OF POLLUTION DENSE BLACK SMOKE OBSCURING THE SUN AND ALL JUST FOR FUN NO PATHETIC TALK OF PROFIT IT REQUIRES A GENIUS OF NEGATION A MAN WHO LIVES FOR THE LOVE OF ABOLITION LIKE A GUARD IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP WHO VOLUNTEERS TO WORK OVERTIME UP BEFORE THE REST AND LAST TO BED DEDICATION TO THE JOB OF ELIMINATION THE SELFISH PLEASURE OF HEARING THE SCREAMING AND BEGGING DEVISING MORE EFFICIENT METHODS OF DISPATCHING BUT THATS JUST IDLE TALK IM HERE NATTERING AWAY IN THE DARKNESS OF THIS PAGE AS USUAL PLAYING THE SAME RANCID GAME ALL TALK AND NO TROUSERS TURNING THE PAGE BLACK WITH WHATEVER COMES UP MY DISEASE SLOWLY SPREADING GETTING LOWER AND LOWER HEADING FOR HOME AND APPROACHING THE FOOTER THE MORE I DO THE SLOWER IT GETS MORE INFORMATION SQUEEZED INTO THE SPACE AS MORE WORDY GARBAGE IS TYPED INTO PLACE HERE I COULD CHEAT AND INTRODUCE FACE IM SURE NO ONE WOULD REALISE THE FRAUD I COULD TAKE OUT THE DATES BUT WAA WAA ITS TOO PUMPED UP WITH EXPLETIVES IT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG TO ALTER SO WOULD NOT BE WORTH WHILE DESPITE ALL THE ATTRACTIONS OF ITS OBVIOUS STYLE NO THAT WORK MY MAKE A LIFE OF ITS OWN EVEN IF IT DOES NEVER GET SHOWN THIS PROJECT IS A WHOLE DIFFERENT KETTLE OF FISH FROM A DIFFERENT MENU I PRODUCE A DIFFERENT DISH THE VISUAL GAME OF MY FACE IS LONG OVER NOW I MUST ROLL IN THIS BLACKISH CLOVER HERE IN THE DARKNESS OF THESE TINY WORDS ILL WRITE OF SPARROWS AND OTHER SMALL BIRDS FLECKS OF IMAGINATION CROSSING THIS EMPTY SKY LAYING THEIR LIVES DOWN WITHOUT KNOWING WHY OFFERING THEIR BODIES TO THIS BODY AS I TRY TO KEEP ON GOING IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY WITH AN AVERSION TO WORK WELL KNOW TO MY FRIENDS EXCEPT FOR BEGINNINGS AND TYING UP ENDS STOPPING AND STARTING AND STOPPING ONCE MORE WITH BLOATED EGO I WORK LIKE A WHORE SUCKING OFF MORE THAN I CAN SWALLOW RINGING MY LEPER BELL THATS SOUNDING SO HOLLOW NO RIGHT OR WRONG WAY TO WRITE ANYMORE SO ON I KEEP PLODDING LIKE A TIRESOME BORE WRITING IN MY ENDING WHATEVER FEELS FINE IT ALL GOES TOGETHER INTO MAKING THIS LINE ILL RHYME IF I HAVE TO AND STOP WHEN I WANT IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IN THIS TINY FONT ALL I AM SAYING IS NOTHING AT ALL INCOHERENT RAMBLINGS THE WORDS OF A FOOL AN IDIOT WIND SWEEPING OVER THE PAGE THE PRODUCTS OF MIND MERE REFLECTION OF THE AGE IF THIS WAS EVER WORTH DOING THE TIME FOR ITS NOW THE PRESENT IS BEGGING AND DOESNT CARE HOW SOMETHING IS DONE IT NO LONGER MATTERS THE PAST HAS BEEN TORN UP AND NOW LIES SCATTERED IN TATTERS ALL STYLES ARE ACCEPTED ALL CAN BE SHOWN LIKE HOW FAR YOUVE WALKED REPRESENTED IN STONE WHATS INSIDE IS OUT ON DISPLAY TO THE CROWD NEWSPAPERS WORSHIP THE ANOINTED OUT LOUD PHOTOS OF PHOTOS OR REPRODUCTIONS OF IDEAS THIS ONE IS SERIOUS HE SHOWS ALL OUR FEARS HE DOESNT FLINCH FROM DEPICTIONS OF TRUTH AND LOOK AT HIS PRICES THEYVE GONE THROUGH THE ROOF A FINE INVESTMENT SO BUY THEM UP QUICK IT HARDLY MATTERS THAT THEY MAKE YOU FEEL SICK IN A FEW YEARS YOU CAN SELL THE WORK ON MAKE A FEW BUCKS BECOME PART OF THE CON THE GREAT MARKET SWINDLE WHERE EVERYONES HAPPY LOOK WHAT I BOUGHT ITS A REAL LIFE SOILED NAPPY IN A GLASS CASE IT ALL LOOKS THE SAME SO ALL THAT CAN MATTER IS THE FAME OF THE NAME BLAH BLAH BLAH YOU KNOW ITS NOT TRUE BEAUTY LIES IN THE OBJECT NOT YOU IF YOU DONT MAKE IT IT WILL NEVER EXIST SO DO WHAT YOU MUST AND ALWAYS INSIST THAT THE PRODUCT IS PARAMOUNT REGARDLESS OF WORTH SO VIDEO EVERYTHING INCLUDING YOUR BIRTH YOU MIGHT NEED IT LATER TO PUT IN A SHOW A WHOLE LIFETIMES EXISTENCE IS JUST ONE WAY TO GO A BIG BROTHER CONCEPT MY BODY IS MY WORK AND IF YOU DONT LIKE IT YOURE QUITE CLEARLY A JERK SO SHUT UP YOUR MOANING YOU DONT UNDERSTAND MY BODY OF WORK IS THE BEST IN THE LAND FUNNY HOW OFTEN I RESORT TO THIS METRE LA LA LA LA LA LA LIKE A MEAT EATER WHAT HOPE IS THERE THEN FOR CRUDDY PEOPLE LIKE ME ACTIVE REFUSERS WHO STRIVE TO BE FREE RUBBISH PRODUCERS SO FULL OF THEMSELVES EGOIST MANIAC STOCKING MY SHELVES WITH MORE AND MORE VERSIONS OF THE SAME BASIC THEME LIVING MY WORLD AS IF PART OF A DREAM THE DREAM IS OVER WELL ALMOST SO BRING ON THE NIGHT IM READY AND WILLING TO TAKE ON THE FIGHT WITH NO HOPE OF WINNING I BATTLE ALL DAY MY FINGER IS POKING DOWN ALL THAT I SAY ALL GOES IN NEATLY TAKING ITS PLACE AS I RUN TO THE LINE WITH THESE LETTERS UPPER CASE DOING MY BEST TO REACH FOR MY GOAL FILLING THE VOID AND COMPLETING THE WHOLE IVE DONE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO PROVE MY INTENT TO SHOW THAT IM SERIOUS AND THAT WHAT I INVENT

HAS GOT TO BE WORTH SOMETHING MORE THAN THE PAPER EVEN IF THE WORDS THEMSELVES ARE A CAPER HOW MUCH ARE AVERAGE THOUGHTS WORTH AFTER ALL EVEN IF THEY CANT BE SEEN CAUSE THEYRE SMALL SIZE AS IVE SAID IS IMPORTANT TO ME SQUEEZING THE MEANINGS TO SET THE WORDS FREE AND SO ON AND SO FORTH IN A RHYMING DIARRHOEA BUT NOT ANY MORE BECAUSE THE RHYMING STOPS HERE I ABOLISH IT NOW AND REFUSE TO CONTINUE SAYING ANYTHING ELSE FOR THE REST OF THIS BOOK IN A REVOLTING JAUNTY MANNER OFF IT GOES JOINING THE OTHER OUTCASTS EXILED FROM THIS COUNTRY THIS KINGDOM OF NONSENSE THIS EMPIRE OF IMAGINATION THIS DOMAIN OF DRIVEL THIS HOUSE OF INCONSISTENCY THIS PARADISE OF NINCOMPOOPERY THIS UNIVERSE OF BANALITY THIS WHATEVER AND AM I ON SCHEDULE THATS ALL THAT IS REALLY CONCERNING ME NOW TO MEET MY IRRATIONAL UNNECESSARY DEADLINE A FLEXIBLE RULE THAT IM HOPING TO LIVE BY TEN DAYS TO GO TO DO ABOUT TEN CENTIMETRES SURELY EVEN I CAN DO THAT OR RATHER ONLY I CAN AND THEN GET IT PRINTED AND OFF TO THE BINDER MY OLD FRIENDS COLLIS BIRD AND WITHEY PERHAPS I SHOULD TELL THEM IVE MENTIONED THEM HERE GET A REDUCTION OR A QUICKER SERVICE BUT WHAT IF THEY DONT LIKE THE FACT OF HAVING THEIR NAME ON DISPLAY IN THIS MIRE COULD THEY REFUSE TO BIND OR DO A SHODDY JOB I THINK ILL SAY NOTHING AND NOT TAKE A CHANCE WHO CAN TELL WHAT THE REACTION WOULD BE THEY MAY BE FLATTERED OR OUTRAGED TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH THESE CRUMMY WORDS BEST KEEP MUM UNTIL THE JOBS DONE NO THAT WASNT MEANT AS A RHYME SO ILL LEAVE IT ADORNING THE PAGE AND GET ON MY BROOMSTICK TO FLY OVER THE HOUSES WEARING MY SAILORS GARB TO PROTECT ME FROM THE DAMP INSIDES OF CLOUDS AS I TRAVEL ON UPWARDS TO TAKE A LOOK AT HEAVEN THAT VAST EMPTY GLORIOUS WHITE ROOM SURROUNDED WITH MIRRORS THAT HAVE NOTHING TO REFLECT NOW IM OFF ON A SORTIE TO TAKE A PEEK AT THE SUN WEARING MY SHADES AS I GET CLOSER PHEW ITS HOT MAKING NO APOLOGYS FOR ITS PHLOGISTIC NATURE A BIG BALL OF HOTNESS HIGHNESS OF THE CONSTELLATION DOING ITS DAMNED HARDEST TO IMPRESS ME WITH ENORMOUS FLARES BRANCHING OUT TRYING TO KNOCK ME OFF MY BROOM AND SINGING MY FLAMMABLE FACE AS I RIDE HEADLONG INTO ITS HEART BUT TO MY SURPRISE I DONT FRY AT ALL IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS IVE FLOWN STRAIGHT THROUGH AND IM OFF WHIZZING WITH THE SUN BURNING MY BACK WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT THE SUN IS A FRAUD ALL SHOW AND NO SUBSTANCE A BUBBLING CAULDRON OF SHAM A SOLO SOLAR BALL OF TRICKS A COSMIC CANDLE ON THE WAY OUT OVER RATED AND OVER STATED SO NO MORE ABOUT IT ITS GONE TOO INTO THE WASTE PAPER BASKET WITH THE REST OF THE REJECTS ILL MANAGE OK WITHOUT THAT BLINDING LUMP OF MYSTERY WHAT ELSE NOW IM ABOUT IT CAN I DISREGARD ALL MENTION OF POMEGRANATES AND WORDS BEGINNING WITH X RESTRICTIONS ENCOURAGE NEW THOUGHT IF I REFUSED TO SLEEP FOR EXAMPLE SOON ID BE ON A DIFFERENT PLAIN OF EXPERIENCE TRANSCENDING MY NORMAL CAPABILITIES OF THOUGHT A DRUG LIKE ANY OTHER SLEEP DEPRIVATION CAN OFFER A HIGHER VIEW A GATEWAY TO NEW PERCEPTIONS AND UNTHOUGHT OF REVELATIONS MYSTICAL WORLD OF EXTRA NORMAL SENSATION LIKE FLAGELLATION IT CAN BRING FORTH A NEW UNDERSTANDING OF REALITY CHANGE YOUR WHOLE OUTLOOK ON LIFE AS YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW IT I RECOMMEND TO EVERYONE TO JUMP OFF A BUILDING YOUll SEE SOON ENOUGH THE POWER OF THE MIND YES YOU CAN FLY IF YOU ONLY BELIEVE IT AND THE ONLY WAY TO BELIEVE IT IS TO DO IT GO ON GIVE IT A GO WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE EXCEPT YOUR LIFE AND IF YOURE READING THIS YOUR LIFE DOESNT SEEM UP TO MUCH I FIRST LEARNT HOW TO FLY BY GETTING ON MY BROOM AND LAUNCHING MYSELF OUT OF THE WINDOW AS I BEGAN MY DESCENT I PROMISED MYSELF I COULD DO IT AND I DID AND OFF I WENT UP UP AND AWAY OVER THE CHIMNEY POTS AND THE TREES MAKING TRACKS FOR THE TALLEST BUILDING IN TOWN LEAVING A VAPOUR TRAIL OUT OF MY MOUTH AS I LOOPED AROUND TWISTING AND TURNING LIKE A SWIFT AND I SAVE MONEY TOO ON MY BROOM I CAN ZIP OVER TO SPAIN TO GO SHOPPING BUYING CHEAP CIGARETTES AND CHEAP BRANDY THEN OFF TO PARIS FOR A SANDWICH FOR LUNCH BY THE SEINE AND THEN QUICKLY DOWN UNDER FOR A SWIM WITH THE SHARKS TIME IS IRRELEVANT IF YOU GO FAST ENOUGH YOU CAN BE BACK IN TIME TO LEAVE WITH ONLY THE CRUMBS OF YOUR PARISIAN LUNCH IN YOUR BEARD AS PROOF THAT YOUVE ALREADY LEFT COR BLIMEY FATHER TIMES A FUNNY OLD SCALLYWAG AND DOESNT LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING BY NO ONE BUT THATS ENOUGH ABOUT CRONUS AND HIS CRONIES ENOUGH SATIRE OF SATAN SATURN FATHER OF ZEUS WITH NO PRACTICAL PURPOSE LIKE THE PREPUCE OF A PAPOOSE USELESS WASTE OF SPACE JUST A THEORETICAL PROBLEM REALLY A NON MEASURABLE IDEA SO BACK ON MY BROOM AND LOOKING DOWN ON MY HEAD AS I WALK DOWN THIS VALLEY OF DEATH PICKING FLOWERS TO PLACE IN A VASE BLACK BLOOMING BUTTERCUPS AND BLACK GRASS UNDER FOOT BLACK ROSES AND BLACK ORCHIDS LINING THE NYMPHOLEPTIC PATH OF THIS NUMSKULL BONEHEAD CEREBRAL POSER WHAT A FAKE AS I PROLONG THIS ORGASM OF PROSE I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT ILL THINK NEXT I CANNOT PREDICT EVEN THE NEXT THIRTY WORDS IM RUNNING ON MUCH LESS

THAN EMPTY BUT LUCKILY ITS ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE AND ALL I REQUIRE IS MORE OF THE SAME ABOUT THREE FIFTHS OF THIS PAGE WELL STOCKED AND FINALISED THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX LINES DONE AND DOWN SO IF I JUST KEEP ON SIMMERING ON EVENTUALLY THE WHOLE LOT WILL BE WELL COOKED AND READY TO SERVE FOR KEEN EYED READERS TO DIGEST I CAN MAKE T SHIRTS AND TIES AND EVEN MUGS LIKE ME DESERVE A LITTLE RECOMPENSE FROM THIS LABOUR OF LOVE LOST LIFE CANNOT BE REUSED THE DAYS THAT I USED UP IN WRITING THIS WILL NOT BE RETURNED AT THE END NO MATTER HOW MUCH I DESERVE TO LIVE THEM BETTER ITS AN UNFAIR SWAP MY WORDS FOR A LITTLE SATISFACTION OF FINISHING IM SITTING BY THE LAKE OF IMAGINATION DANGLING MY HOOK IN THE WATER AND PULLING UP OLD BOOTS USELESS FILTHY OBJECTS GET CAUGHT ON MY LINE BUT RARELY A DECENT SIZED FISH LUCKILY JUNK IS JUST ANOTHER WELCOME EXHIBIT FOR MY ONE MAN SHOW OF TRASHY CONCEPTUAL BALDERDASH MY ASHTRAY HAS NOW GIVEN UP TRYING TO HOLD ALL MY BUTTS AND THEY SLIDE DOWN LIKE A LAVA FLOW COVERING THE BROAD PLAINS OF DESK AT THE FOOT A MAN MADE MOUNTAIN OF DOG ENDS REACHING A STINKING PEAK AND REFUSING TO GET HIGHER NOW ITS A BALANCING ACT A DIRTY PILE OF MEMORIES SUCKED OF MEANING IT WOULD MAKE A NICE PHOTO ANOTHER PART OF THE PROCESS RECORDED AND DOCUMENTED FOR POSTERITY ALONG WITH THE BRACKEN BROADCAST BRISTLES OF MY CHIN EVIDENCE OF SOMETHING EXPERIENCED ANOTHER PROOF TO GO ALONG WITH THE WORDS ANOTHER WAY OF SEEING THIS ACT OF CREATION A VISUAL METAPHOR TO EXPLORE A DIFFERENT ANGLE OF THE PRODUCTION AND CLEARLY A MORE SELLABLE OBJECT BECAUSE WHO WANTS TO BUY A BUNCH OF OLD WORDS NO MATTER HOW BIG OR SMALL THEY ARE MONEY MONEY MONEY WHAT A CRAZY NOTION WHO WILL PUT THEIR HAND IN THEIR POCKET AND GIVE ME MY ASKING PRICE HOW I WILL I DECIDE WHAT THESE DAYS WORK ARE WORTH CAN I PUT A SUM ON THE PRICE OF AN IDEA REGARDLESS OF THE FINAL RESULT ITS NOT MY JOB TO CONSIDER THE FINANCIAL IMPLICATIONS OF THIS IM NOT AN ALCHEMIST TURNING BASE WORDS INTO GOLD IM NOT DESTINED FOR THE BEST SELLER LIST SO WHERE IS THE MOTIVATION WHY THE NEED FOR IT TO BE DONE AT ALL WHY THE DEADLINE WHY THE RULES PURE VANITY PUBLISHING PURE SELFISH INTEREST PURE EGO TO DRIVE ME ONWARD TO COMPLETION PURE ACT OF FAITH PURE BELIEF IN MY CAUSE PURE DISREGARD FOR MY PEERS PURE SELF OBSESSION PURE CONTEMPT FOR THE REAL WORLD PURE MASTURBATORY PLEASURE PURE THOUGHTS ON A PURE PAGE THATS THE ACTIVE INGREDIENT SURELY THE TRANSFORMATION OF SOMETHING BY SHEAR ACT OF WILL POWER RESIDES WITH THOSE WHO TAKE ACTION AND VALUE IS NOT AN ISSUE LET MARKET TRADERS AND AUCTION HOUSES PLAY THAT GAME MY CAUSE IS MORE HONEST AND MY REWARD MORE SUBLIME THATS WHY IM HERE TALKING THIS ROT AND SPEWING THIS OUT ITS ME GETTING EVEN WITH MY MIND TAKING CONTROL OF IT AND BREAKING ITS BACK FORCING MYSELF TO SAY OVER AND OVER I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY THE FORMAL ASPECT IS PARAMOUNT RIGID DISCIPLINE OF SIZE THOROUGH AMBITION OF PURPOSE AS I DRAG MY THOUGHTS KICKING AND SCREAMING OUT OF MY MOUTH AND DISPLAY THEM HERE AS TROPHIES OF THE WAR MINIATURE EMBLEMS OF VANQUISHED WORDS STRIPPED OF MEANING AND PARADED ACROSS THESE PAGES SUBMITTING TO MY IRON RESOLVE AND GROVELLING IN THIS DARK DANK SWAMP IM MASTER HERE I CARRY THE WHIP I LACERATE THE PAGE WITH THIS INVISIBLE PROSE FORCE IT TO FOLLOW MY COMMANDS ONE BY ONE THE LETTERS OBEY WORD BY WORD THEY LEAP THROUGH MY FIERY HOOP DICTATED BY MY MIND AND EXECUTED BY MY FINGER IM THE INFURIATING FASCIST FATHER AND THIS FURORE IS MY FETISH A SIMPLE OBJECT OF WORSHIP REPRESENTING THE OBLITERATION OF MEANING THE POWER OF PERVERSION AND SUBVERSION STATING THE FACT THAT IT IS NOT WHAT IT IS IT IS MORE THAN IT IS MORE THAN THE SUM OF ITS PAGES MORE THAN THE TOTALITY OF ITS WORDS BIGGER THAN ITS SIZE STRONGER THAN ITS BINDING MORE SELF CONFIDENT AND PROFOUNDLY PERFECT THAN EVEN I CONCEIVED WHEN I CONCEIVED IT AN OBJECT OF UNPARALLELED BEAUTY TO BE RANKED EQUALLY WITH ALL OTHER MASTERPIECES OF GENIUSES PAST AND YET TO COME HERE AT THE BIRTH OF THE NEW CENTURY IVE SET A NEW STANDARD IN POINTLESSNESS A REVOLUTION IN WORTHLESSNESS I AM FACILE PRINCEPS IN HOLOCAUST OFFERINGS THIS IS MY DREADNOUGHT DREARY DREADFUL AND DESPICABLE DIRGE I SING WITH THE VOICE OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS BALEFUL WALLOWING WAIL OF REVULSION A REVALUATION OF THE WRITTEN WORD A REDEFINITION OF SQUALOR PROUD SAILOR OF THE THIN ICE OF WORTH DRUNK BRAWLER BAWLING MY GUBBINS LIKE A BERSERK WARRIOR DANCING A RITUAL TARANTELLA ON THE GRAVE OF HIS BEST ENEMY OR WORST FRIEND WHEN THE LIMB IS GONE YOU CAN STILL FEEL IT TINGLING WHEN YOU GO TO SCRATCH IT YOU SEE YOUR MISTAKE THE MIND PLAYS DIABOLICAL TRICKS AND ITS HARD TO KNOW WHOS LAUGHING AT WHO HE WHO LAUGHS FIRST CAN OFTEN LAUGH LONGEST I JUST LOOKED IN THE MIRROR NOW THATS REALLY FUNNY WHAT AN UNHOLY MESS ON MY FACE MY WALRUS MOUSTACHE OBSCURING MY FINE BONE CHINA LIPS A DOORMAT OF MATTED COCONUT HAIRS PUFFING OUT FROM MY

NECK OH DEARY ME WHAT A FRIGHTFUL SIGHT AND ON ME ONE SO NORMALLY ABNORMALLY VAIN SO CONSCIOUS OF EVERY BLEMISH AND SPOT I CANT REMEMBER MY FACE ANYMORE NOW THIS GARDEN IS SO OVERGROWN WITH LUSCIOUS BROWN VEGETATION AND THE ODD GREY WEED POKING ITS HEAD UP DETERMINED TO MAKE ITS PRESENCE NOTICED I CAN NOW CHEW MY WHISKERS IN AN OLD MAN SORT OF WAY STRONG NEEDLES OF WIRY HAIR HOW I LONG FOR THE DAY I CAN MASSACRE THIS SCANDALOUS ERUPTION CUT IT DOWN TO SIZE AND POP IT IN A BAG MARKED EXHIBIT B AND FILE IT AWAY UNDER SOME PRETENTIOUS HEADING BUT I HAVENT EARNED THAT RIGHT YET IVE STILL GOT SOME GROWING TO DO BEFORE I GATHER THE HARVEST SO WHATS LEFT TO SAY WHAT VERBAL TRICKS CAN I CONJURE WHAT DEPTHS OF INADEQUACY CAN I PLUMB TO EASE MY SINKING IT WOULD BE NICE TO BE ABLE TO SAY SOMETHING REAL FOR A CHANGE OFFER A GLIMPSE OF THE REAL ME BUT OH NO THIS SUPERFICIALITY SUITS ME FINE I DONT WANT TO SHOW MYSELF HERE AS THE RAPSCALLION RASCAL FEW KNOW TO BE I WANT TO APPEAR IN THESE PAGES AS SOMETHING OF AN ENIGMATIC FELLOW A RARA AVIS A GURU NO LESS A BOLD TRAVELLER OF THE IMAGINATION QUELLING THE THE NATIVES WITH A MAGICAL QUIESCENCE A QUIET CONFIDENCE OF ABSOLUTE POWER AND AUTHORITATIVE PERSONALITY IM THE HERO SUPREMO NUMERO UNO GREAT NEW ALEXANDER OF FICTION CONQUEROR OF BARBARIAN WHITE SPACE NOETIC LORD WITH ALL THE ANSWERS HELD IN MY BRAIN ARCHETYPE AUTHORS SPLENDID ANTI HERO PERFORMING MY MAGICAL DISTILLATION OF MIND THE MIRACLE OF TURNING WHITE INTO BLACK LIKE A BIBLICAL FIGURE OR MYTHICAL WIZARD I WAVE MY WAND AND HEY PRESTO ITS DONE NEAT LITTLE WORD STACKS SHUFFLING INTO A LINE AN ARMY OF DUST MITES FORMING AN ORDERLY QUEUE TO OBEY IM GOING IN CIRCLES OF REPETITION REHASHING OLD THOUGHTS A WRITTEN BUBBLE AND SQUEAK OF DIRTY OLD CABBAGE PATCH COD PHILOSOPHY AND ROTTING MASH POTATO OF NARRATIVE AND BLITHE BLABBERING BLATHERING THIS OLD BLOCKHEAD CAN CARRY ON THIS LOQUACIOUS CHATTER WITH CHEERFUL LONGANIMITY LIKE A LOONY ON A DAY PASS FROM THE BIN SITTING IDLY ON A PARK BENCH WALLOWING IN THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE OR VOICES AS THE WORDS WASH INAUDIBLY OUT OF HIS DANCING MOUTH AND DRIBBLE INTO HIS LAP A BECKETTIAN CHARACTER BUT WITHOUT THE STYLE OR THE DODGY THEATRICAL WARDROBE THERES ALWAYS SOMETHING PROFOUNDLY ANNOYING ABOUT WATCHING ACTORS ACTING ITS SO CLEAR WHAT THEYRE DOING WHAT THEY WANT YOU TO THINK I FIND THE WHOLE SHOW SOMEWHAT DISGUSTING I DONT BELIEVE FOR A MINUTE HE LOVES HER OR THAT HES A PIRATE YOU CANT PULL THE WOOL OVER MY EYES THAT EASY HE DIDNT REALLY DIE DID HE MUMMY OH NO DEAR ITS ONLY A PLAY THAT BLOOD WASNT REAL THOUGH IT LOOKED RED ENOUGH AND THAT WOMAN ITS REALLY FOURTEEN SHES JUST CAKED IN MAKE UP AND PLAYING A PART HER HUSBAND IS PROBABLY AT HOME WATCHING TELLY AND DOESNT MIND HER RUNNING OF WITH THE SOLDIER AS LONG AS SHES HOME BEFORE TWELVE OH DARLING ETC I LOVED YOUR LEAR YOU BRING A FRESH YOUTH TO THE PART AND THE COSTUMES WERE SPLENDID NOT TO MENTION THE SET WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO SET IT IN A MORTUARY A STROKE OF GENIUS IVE ALWAYS LOVED HIS WORK SINCE THAT FIRST PRODUCTION OF SHE DOESNT SUCK FREELY AT THE ALMEIDA BUT HES GOT SUCH A BIG BRUSH HE REALLY NEEDS A CANVAS THE SIZE OF THE NATIONAL TO PRODUCE HIS BEST WORK ETC ETC OH REALLY DID YOU CATCH HIS PONCH IN THE STAGE VERSION OF CHIPS BLOODY MARVELLOUS HE MADE THE CHARACTER REALLY HIS OWN SUCH PANACHE AND BRAVADO I HAVENT SEEN ANYTHING TO MATCH IT IN YEARS NOTHER GLASS OF WINE YES ABSOLUTELY DARLING BEAUTIFULLY MOVING I WEPT IN THE SECOND ACT WHEN HE FELL OF HIS MOTORBIKE AND THEN MOMENTS LATER WAS LAUGHING OUT LOUD WHAT A NIGHT TO REMEMBER THAT WAS ASTONISHING VIBRANT AND SCINTILLATING ADJECTIVES FAIL IN THE FACE OF SUCH PATHOS VERY TRUE DEAR VERY TRUE CHEERS HERES TO YOU OR SHALL I SAY TO US FOR OLD TIMES SAKE CHINK CHINK HA HA KISS KISS GIGGLE ETC BUT SOMEONE SAID NOTHING IS OVER UNTIL IT IS OVER IN THE RIGHT WAY AND ATTRIBUTED IT TO A MISTER KIPLING BUT IT SEEMS A BIT TOO ELOQUENT FOR A BAKER ANYWAY THE POINT IS WHATS THE RIGHT WAY IN THIS CONTEXT ANY WAY IS RIGHT IF IT CORRESPONDS TO MY SCANTY REQUIREMENTS EVERYTHING IS EXCEEDINGLY WELCOME IM ENGAGED IN A KIND OF MENTAL TOURISM FLITTING HITHER AND THERE GOING WHERE MY MIND CHOOSES TO WANDER SO NO WONDER THERES NO CONSISTENCY AS IF THAT SHOULD MAKE SOMETHING BETTER ANYWAY JUST LOOK AT MY RIGHT ALL HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY AND JUMPING ABOUT NOW GLANCE TO THE LEFT A FINE SOLID WALL OF UNDOUBTED CONTROL WHICH IS BETTER OR DO THEY COMPLIMENT EACH OTHER PERFECTLY I TELL YOU I NO LONGER KNOW WHICH I PREFER THEY BOTH LOOK SO LOVELY IN THEIR DIFFERENT WAYS MY HIGH MUCK A MUCK ATTITUDE CANNOT CONTROL EVERYTHING FORTUNATELY THE MYSTERY OF THE RIGHT SIDE IS COMPLETELY BEYOND ME A LAW UNTO ITSELF A COMPUTER DECISION DECIDED WITHOUT MY CONSENT OR ANY DISCUSSION SURE IVE DECIDED THE BIG ONES THE IMPORTANT MATTERS ARE THE PRODUCT OF MY WILL BUT THE LENGTH OF EACH LINE

SEEMS UNPREDICTABLE AND ARBITRARY RANDOM INDENTATION THAT IVE CHOSEN TO ACCEPT IN FACT I LIKE NOT KNOWING WHY IM LIKE A CITY TYPE OR A JUDGE WHO LOVES TO LET GO EVERY SO OFTEN TO RENOUNCE RESPONSIBILITY AND BECOME MALLEABLE AND WEAK TO PUT ON A NAPPY AND SIT IN A COT SUCKING HIS THUMB AND CRYING OUT LOUD OR HAVE SOME STERN MISTRESS DOMINATE HIM JUST FOR AN HOUR OR SO YES MISTRESS NO MISTRESS HAVENT I BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY MISTRESS I DESERVE A HARD SPANKING THEN BACK TO THE OFFICE AS COOL AS A CARROT TO TAKE UP THE REINS OF SOCIETY AND WIELD THE WHIP HAND AGAIN ITS FUNNY HOW DIFFERENT PEOPLE GET OFF WHAT THEY NEED OR DESIRE OR REQUIRE IM LUCKY ALL I NEED IS TO DRESS LIKE THE POPE AND HANG MYSELF FOR A FEW MINUTES BEFORE SIGNING A CHEQUE FOR ONE MILLION POUNDS AND POPPING IT INTO A SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE WHILE HAVING MY RECTUM EXPLORED BY A RODENT AND PEEING INTO A BOWL FULL OF GUINNESS AH THE SIMPLE PLEASURES OF LIFE TIME TO RELAX AND UNWIND TO FEEL THE STRESS DISSIPATE AS I RELIEVE MYSELF OF MY BURDENS THEN I CAN GET AS STIFF AS THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT MY BIG BEN STRIKING OUT ON HIS OWN THRUSTING PROUD AS A STAGS HEAD OUT OF MY LOINS ONE BRUSH WITH MY PALM OR THE SOFT WARM JUICE OF A FRUIT AND IM GUSHING LIKE ANY OLD GEEZER SPURTING MY SWEET YOGHURT THICK CREAMY GLOBULES ACROSS THE ROOM OR WHATEVER IS IN FRONT OF ME MAINLY A MIRROR OF COURSE WHAT CAN BE BETTER THAN TO WATCH YOUR OOZE RUNNING DOWN YOUR OWN FACE AND CONGEALING ON THE CARPET AT YOUR FEET MOP IT UP IN THE MORNING WITH A COMB AND A TISSUE AND THEN OFF TO THE COURTHOUSE PASSING SENTENCE ON SOME SCUMBAG WHO HAD THE AUDACITY TO BREAK INTO A ROLLER AND SLASH OVER THE SEATS WHAT BETTER FEELING THAN TO LOOK DOWN ON A FELLOW SO FILLED WITH REMORSE AT HAVING BEEN NICKED AND REMEMBER THE SENSATIONS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHTS SELFISH ORGY LIVES FINE EVERYTHING IS AS IT SHOULD BE CRIME AND PUNISHMENT PLEASURE AND SIN A HEADY MIX OF EMOTIONS A FINE ELIXIR FOR A NICE QUIET LIFE ONE CAN ALWAYS LIVE LATER WHEN ONE RETIRES FROM PUBLIC SERVICE FOR KING AND FOR COUNTRY FOR QUEEN AND FOR FUN TO INCH MY WAY DEEPER TO SCRIBBLE MORE JUNK TO PROCEED IN AN ORDERLY FASHION OR FASHION SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY WHO KNOWS AND WHO CARES MY HIT AND RUN STYLE LUMBERS ON LIKE A JUGGERNAUT WITH NOBODY AT THE WHEEL AS I RIDE ON AUTOPILOT SMASHING EVERYTHING OUT OF MY WAY FREE WHEELING MANIAC COLLIDING DAILY WITH THE FUTURE TOSSING THE BLANKNESS ASIDE WITHOUT THOUGHT NOW I BARELY REMEMBER ALL THAT IVE OUTLAWED THINGS CAST OUT ON A WHIM SO I PROCEED WITH CAUTION AWARE THAT I MAY OCCASIONALLY STEP ON MY OWN TOES ACCIDENTALLY MENTION THE UNMENTIONABLE BLURT OUT SOME REFERENCE IN RHYME IM A COWBOY OF THE HIGH PLAINS LEAVING MY BRAND MARK BEHIND ME DOING A BOTCH JOB AND GOING ON SATISFIED THAT ANOTHER DAYS DONE MY NARRATIVE RESTRICTED BY ABILITY AND CHOICE ONLY MYSELF AND MY HIRSUTE COMPLEXION ARE THEMATICALLY LINKING THE DISPARATE WORDS IVE NO BOTTLED HIPPOCRENE INSPIRATION TO SWIG SO I JUST KEEP REITERATING THE SAME OLD STUFF BLUFFING MY WEARY WAY ON WITH MY EYES SUFFERING MOST OF THE INJUSTICES NOW THEYRE BLEARY AND RED SWOLLEN AND ITCHY I IGNORE THEIR PROTESTS FOR SOMETHING BETTER TO VIEW AND LOOK HEAD ON INTO THE BLIZZARD OF WHITE AS I PERFORM THIS UNNATURAL ACT BLUBBERING ONWARD LIKE A FLACCID HIPPOPOTAMUS WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A NOD TO LITERARY STANDARDS IVE NONE TO KEEP UP NO INTEREST IN QUALITY AS I THUMP ON FORWARD IN CRUISE CONTROL SWIMMING AGAINST THE TIDE OF CONVENTION EVEN AT NIGHT I WAKE UP TALKING NONSENSE TO MYSELF WHAT I NEED IS A MICROPHONE ON MY PILLOW I HATE THE THOUGHT THAT MY NIGHT MUTTERINGS ARE BEING WASTED THEY SHOULD DO THEIR BIT TOO BE RECORDED HERE AND GO INTO THE MELTING POT OF ITINERANT THOUGHTS MORE TEDIOUS RAMBLINGS TAKING THEIR PLACE IN THE HOTCHPOTCH REALITY OF THE PAGE TO JOIN THE HUMILIATION ALONG WITH OF THE REST OF THE HURLY BURLY HURDY GURDY DRONING INSTALLATION IM PROMENADING WITH PROLIFIC PROFLIGACY MY DUTY MY ONE SOLE AMBITION ALL MY ENERGIES CHANNELLED THIS WAY SETTING THE PACE AND FOLLOWING MY MIND THROUGH THE WINDING CORRIDORS OF THE VACANT BUILDING OF IMAGINATION OPENING DOORS THAT NEED A LITTLE OIL AND LISTENING INTENTLY TO THE SCREAMS OF THEIR HINGES THE ROOMS ARE BIG AND BARREN DUSTY AND DAMP AND MY FOOTSTEPS RESOUND LIKE DEAD FISH FALLING ONTO THE FLOOR I TRY EVERY LIGHT SWITCH BUT ALL BULBS ARE EITHER BROKEN OR STOLEN OCCASIONALLY I COME ACROSS A CUPBOARD AND GINGERLY OPEN IT ONLY TO FIND MYSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A RAT OR A PLETHORA OF ARACHNID MEMORIES I SLAM THE DOOR BACK AND TREAD ON LIKE SOME K KEEPING MY EYES OPEN FOR ANYTHING TO WRITE ABOUT AND IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH THERES PLENTY OF MATERIAL FADED WALLPAPER PATTERNS AND FIREPLACES OF ATITLANIAN ASH THE CREAKING FLOORBOARDS OFFER A DISMAL MUSIC TO ACCOMPANY MY ROAMING AND THE ODD SHABBY CURTAIN IS ALIVE WITH COBWEBS THE DAMP SILENCE OF DESERTED BUILDINGS IS ONE WAY OF REMEMBERING THEM THE CRACKED PLASTER AND

EXPOSED RIBS OF THE WALLS BUT I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE ITS TOO FULL OF POETRY
TOO ROMANTIC AND EVOCATIVE I WANT TO IMAGINE A BRIGHT STEEL STRUCTURE SHINY
AND STERILE WITH BUSY PEOPLE IN BLACK WELL CUT SUITS THE AIR HUMMING WITH
COMPUTER BREATHING AND TAPPING AIR CONDITIONED FACILE ORDER BRIGHT HIGHLY
POLISHED SHOES GLIDING OVER DEEP CARPETS SECRET SECRETARIAL SMILES NICE WHIFF
OF PERFUME AND KNOWING COMPLACENCY SHALLOW HANDSHAKES AND THE SLURPING OF
TEA SERVED ON A TRAY IN NICE BONE CHINA CUPS RADICAL SOCKS PEEPING OUT FROM THE
PINSTRIPE WELL PRESSED TROUSERS CUFFLINKS AND TIE PINS NEATLY TRIMMED HAIRCUTS
OF OLD PUBLIC SCHOOL MONEY SHY MOBILE PHONES KEPT IN TIGHTLY LOCKED
BRIEFCASES DIARIES BULGING WITH APPOINTMENTS AND WINDOWS RED BRACES HUGGING
THE WELL TONED TANNED BODY AND CHINS GLISTENING WITH REMINISCENCES OF
AFTERSHAVE EQUALLY EMPTY BUILDINGS OF VACUOUS THOUGHT NOW LOOK OUT OF THE
WINDOW AT THE ANTI CAPITALISTS GATHERING A HOARD OF SELF RIGHTEOUSNESS
CARRYING SLOGANS AGAINST BIG BUSINESS AND GLOBAL GREED SQUARING UP TO THE
STATE PROTECTORS WITH MISSILES OF UGLY LANGUAGE MASS PROTEST OF IGNOBLE
DESCENT A BUNCH OF CLICHES LIKE ANY CLIQUE A GROUP OF LIKE MINDED RIOTERS
SMASHING THE STATUS QUO OF THE BOSSES AND RUNNING OF INTO THE PAST WITH A
STOLEN BURGER BEING STUFFED INTO THE MOUTH OF THE MEDIA ORGANISED ANARCHY IS
ALWAYS A SLIGHT CONTRADICTION SO DONT BAN THE BOMB USE IT HAVE A CAMPAIGN FOR
NUCLEAR FREEDOM OF ABUSE WHICH REMINDS ME WHAT IF ALL THE ATOMIC BOMBS IN
AMERICA WENT OFF A ONCE SAY NOW BOOM WOULD I HEAR IT HERE WOULD THE GROUND
SHUDDER A LITTLE I DOUBT IT THE BIGGEST FIRE WORK DISPLAY IN MILLIONS OF YEARS A
SUCKER PUNCH IN THE GUT OF THE BULLY OBLITERATION OF A NATION NOW THAT ID
REALLY LIKE TO WATCH FROM THE MOON THE U S OF A GOING UP IN A PUFF OF TOXIC
SMOKE OR HOW ABOUT CHINA THEYRE FAMOUS FOR FIREWORKS ARENT THEY OR FRANCE
BANG ITS OVER NO WHATS NEEDED IS AN INTERNATIONAL EFFORT ALL PUSHING THE
BUTTON AT ONCE WHAT A SPECTACULAR ONE OFF LIGHT SHOW FANTASTIC ACHIEVEMENT
FOR MANKIND APOCALYPTIC TRANSFORMATION OF EVOLUTION ID LIKE TO COME BACK IN A
COUPLE OF MILLION YEARS TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE DEBRIS SEE WHAT THE ALIEN LIFE
FORMS ARE UP TO CHECK OUT THE NEW RELIGIONS AND IDEAS TO STUDY A NEW
ANTHROPOLOGY BUT WITHOUT THE ANTHROPOS BIT NO IT WONT MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE
THE ENDING OF MAN ANOTHER BLIP ON THE COSMOLOGICAL MAP OF EXISTENCE EXPUNGED
NO HARM DONE MAYBE IM JUST YOUR STANDARD RUN OF THE MILL MEGALOMANIAC THE
TYPE DOUBLE O SEVEN HAS PROBLEMS WITH BUT I DONT HAVE A PROBLEM WITH ENDING
THE WORLD SENDING THIS TINY BLUE PLANET BACK INTO FRAGMENTS OF COSMIC DEBRIS
WHAT GREATER ACHIEVEMENT CAN MANKIND ATTAIN THAN TO SPLATTER THIS BALL OF
LIFE ACROSS THE UNIVERSE AGAIN THE ULTIMATE ACT OF DEFIANCE AGAINST THE
CONCEPT OF TIME TAKING MATTERS INTO OUR OWN HANDS AND REFUSING TO BE DICTATED
TO BY EVOLUTION AND CHANCE MANKIND HAS A GENIUS FOR DESTRUCTION SO LETS NOT
WAIT AND SLOWLY SUFFOCATE LETS ACT BEFORE ITS TOO LATE I CALL ON ALL THE SO
CALLED LEADERS OF THE WORLD PUT ASIDE ALL YOUR PETTY SQUABBLING AND NATIONAL
EGOISM LETS JOIN TOGETHER AND COMMIT PLANETICIDE BRINGING A FACTIONS TOGETHER
MUSLIMS MELTING INTO JEWS CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS UNITED IN BOILING BLOOD
CAPITALISTS AND COMMUNISTS FINALLY SHARING THE SAME FIRE MEN WOMEN CHILDREN
AND RATS VAPORISED SIMULTANEOUSLY CHURCHES AND TEMPLES AND MOSQUES ALL
CRUMBLING TOGETHER BORDERS DISSOLVED WITHIN SECONDS AND THE SEAS HISSING
WITH PLEASURE I DONT THINK WE CAN RIP THIS PLANET APART YET WE NEED MORE BIG
BOMBS TO DO THE JOB PROPERLY ALL WE CAN DO AT THE MOMENT IS KILL OFF ALL LIFE
BUT I WANT MORE I WANT THE WHOLE PLANET DESTROYED UNITY OF MANKIND ABSOLUTE
THIS FRAGILE LUMP OF LIQUID ROCK BLOWN INTO PIECES TINY MORSELS ZOOMING OUT
INTO THE SKY NEW ASTEROIDS HAND MADE BY MAN ZIPPING THROUGH SPACE CAUSING
CATACLYSMIC DAMAGE THROUGH THIS GALAXY WEVE GOT TO LEARN TO THINK BIGGER
THAN OUR OWN PETTY INTERESTS AND PREFERENCES OTHERWISE MANKIND IS NOT WORTH
THE TIME THATS BEEN SPENT IN RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT WIPE OUT POVERTY AND
DISEASE CONFLICT AND WAR FAMINE AND SELF INTEREST ALL OVER IN A BRIEF FLASH OF
IMAGINATION THAT WILL ECHO FOREVER AS THE ULTIMATE NIHILIST ACTION AFFIRMING
MANS BELIEF IN HIMSELF AND HIS RIGHTS BUT WHATS THE POINT MY VISION IS NOT EVEN
VISIBLE JUST A WHOLE BUNCH MORE WORDS TO ADD TO THE CANON OF GREAT IDEAS THAT
NEVER GOT REALISED WHY BOTHER WITH GRAND SCHEMES AND PLANS MANKIND IS TOO
DOMESTICATED FOR PURE THOUGHTS TOO LONG IN THE TOOTH AND TOO BLASE TOO
CONTEMPTUOUS TO CONCEIVE OF ANYTHING THAT DOESNT ADD TO ITS POMPOUS SMALL
MINDED GLORIFICATION I COULD WRITE HERE THE CURE FOR CANCER AND THE WAY TO
WORLD PEACE AND NOBODY WOULD EVER NOTICE IT EVERYONE IS TOO CONCERNED WITH
THEIR OWN BELLY BUTTONS TO BOTHER TO RUMMAGE THROUGH MINE UNLESS I GIVE A
STORY AND A WELL WORKED OUT PLOT THEN I CAN LACE IT WITH A LITTLE POETIC

PHILOSOPHY AND THE BAIT MIGHT BE SWALLOWED AND I MIGHT MAKE A FEW BUCKS GET MY NAME IN THE REVIEW SECTION OF A BOOKISH MAGAZINE WHAT POINT IS THERE IN THAT SQUALID RECOGNITION SO AFTER THE EVENT WHY WOULD I WANT TO BE ACKNOWLEDGED AS ANOTHER MERE WRITER ANOTHER NAME IN A LIBRARY CATALOGUE STUCK ON SOME SHELF IN THE UNDERGROUND SECTION A FOOTNOTE IN THE ANNALS OF LITERATURE WHATS IN IT FOR ME TO BE INTERVIEWED ON RADIO FOUR TO HAVE TO NATTER WITH BOFFINS IN CORDUROY TROUSERS ABOUT THE NATURE OF IDEAS AND SOME SUCH IDLE TWADDLE WHAT DO I GET OUT OF THE WHOLE GAME EXCEPT THE CHANCE TO SHIFT A FEW MORE UNITS AND GET A BIGGER ROYALTY CHEQUE AND HAVE SOME LOWLIFE NUMSKULL ASK FOR MY AUTOGRAPH I DONT NEED YOUR PATHETIC ACCOLADES OF APPROVAL THE SLAP ON THE BACK FROM MY PEERS IM TOO ARROGANT TO REQUIRE THE PETTY ACTS OF OBSEQUIOUS FAWNING I KNOW MY PLACE AND IT TOWERS ABOVE THE HUMDRUM DRIVEL OF JOURNALISTS I WOULDNT LET THEIR TYPE WIPE MY BOTTOM THEY JUST FEED ON THE EFFORTS OF OTHERS SCAVENGING VULTURES BEING PAID FOR THEIR WORTHLESS VIEWS BY THE PAGE THEY ARE MERE DRIZZLING RAIN TO MY TORRENTIAL NIAGARA THEY ARE THE IDIOTS WHO FIRE THE GUN BUT PEOPLE LIKE ME RUN THE RACE SMASHING WORLD RECORDS IN SELF ASSESSMENT I CLIMB THE PODIUM BECAUSE I MADE IT AND THE GOLD MEDAL IS MIND BECAUSE I CAST IT IN MY IMAGE MODESTY IS BENEATH ME DOWN IN THE MUD UNDER MY BOOTS YES I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY BUT ILL SCREAM IT AT THE TOP OF MY LUNGS ILL RANT AND RAVE UNTIL ITS CLEAR WHO OWNS WHO FROM MY IVORY TOWER I CAN SURVEY MY WHOLE KINGDOM OF ABUNDANT MIND PATRIARCH OF THE PAGE WITHOUT EQUAL I REFUSE TO BEND MY KNEE TO AUTHORITY IM A KNIGHT OF THE BLACK ORDER SLASHING MY SWORD FROM LEFT TO RIGHT LEAVING A TREMBLING LINE OF SERVILE WORDS IN MY WAKE THIS IS MY THUNDER BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE MY MIGHTY SHAKING OF THE FIST OF CREATION EQUALLING WAGNER AND NIETZSCHE IN SELF IMPORTANCE BLIND FAITH IN MY DESTINY SHOOTING ARROWS FROM MY TURRETED WINDOW DROWNING ALL CRITICISM IN MY FREE FLOWING BLOOD AND BILE WHOA HOLD UP MISTER IVE HEARD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOUR DELUDED FANFARONADE STOP YER YAWPING CHATTER AND GET OFF YER HIGH HORSE THATS A DONKEY YOURE RIDING CANT YOU UNDERSTAND EVEN THAT AH BUT DID NOT OUR LORD ARRIVE ON SUCH AN ASS BEFORE SENDING THE TABLES TUMBLING DONT BE FOOLED MY FRIEND BY VEHICULAR CHOICES SOMETIMES A PONY CAN CLIMB HIGHER UP THE MOUNTAIN THAN A LAMBORGHINI MARK THREE MARK MY WORDS THERES ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS DESERT AND IM HOLDING THE MAP IVE GOT ALL THE ACES IN THIS FRAUDULENT GAME AND I EVEN MADE UP THE RULES SO DONT DARE LOOK AT ME WITH THAT TONE OF MIND POWER BELONGS WITH THE WRITER THE WORDS MAY NOT BE MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD BUT THEY CAN BE A DAMN SIGHT MORE CUTTING MY SUPERCHARGED EGO IS WAY OUT IN FRONT LEADING THE FIELD OF OTHER SCOUNDRELS STANDING WITH THEIR TROUSERS ROUND THEIR ANKLES I GIVE NO MORE THAN IT TAKES TWO MONTHS TO GET HERE AND THEN MORE PATIENT PLUNDERING TO GET THE TASK SEWN UP AND SIGNED OFF IT MAY NOT BE WRITTEN WITH STYLE AND PANACHE BUT BY GOLLY IT LOOKS OK JUST THE TICKET SO TO SPEAK OFFENSIVE IT MAYBE TO READ BUT WHO CARES ABOUT THAT CERTAINLY NOT ME MY PRIORITIES DWELL IN THE VISUAL REALMS OF THE MIND AND IM EASILY SATISFIED HAPPY GO LUCKY HOOLIGAN OF THOUGHT MIXING IT UP WITH THE BIG BOYS HEMINGWAY IS SMALL FRY TO MY MACHO MARAUDING MIND BUKOWSKI IS BUCOLIC AND SHEEPISH HIDING IN THE SHADOWS AS I TRUNDLE BY WHISTLING MY NONCHALANT AIRS WITH DODECAPHONIC VARIATIONS OF A DOODAH DOODAD BLATANTLY STICKING TWO FINGERS UP BOTH AS AN INSULT AND VICTORY SALUTE SIMULTANEOUSLY ITS NOT THAT I CONSIDER MYSELF BETTER THAN THESE MONKEYS OF WORDY ARRANGEMENTS OH NO BUT CERTAINLY NO WORSE ALL WRITING IS ON THE SAME LEVEL TO ME BLAND EFFORT TO VISUALISE THOUGHT SHAKESPEARE IS JUST AS GUILTY AS A LOCAL PAPER REPORTER THE KORAN IS THE SAME AS WRITTEN GRAFFITI ON A TOILET WALL THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THE REVERENCE BESTOWED BY THE READER AND THE COLLECTIVE GROVELLING OF LIBRARIANS THIS IS AN ACT OF LIBERATION REDUCING THE VALUE OF THE WORDS I CAN SAY WHATEVER I CHOSE WITHOUT FEAR OF REPRISALS HERE IN THE BLACK CHAOS OF THIS FINAL PAGE MY WORDS ARE RELEASED FROM THE BURDEN OF CARRYING MESSAGES IMPOSED ON THEM BY FASCIST DICTIONARIES AND ETYMOLOGISTS HERE PROBABILIORISM MEANS EXACTLY THE SAME AS DOGS DINNER I HAVE OVER THE COURSE OF ONE HUNDRED PAGES COMMITTED THE CAPITAL CRIME OF REDUCING WORDS TO NOTHING BUT THEIR SHELLS IVE SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY MURDERED LANGUAGE IN COLD BLOOD EACH PAGE ON THE WAY WAS A STEP TOWARDS THE ANNIHILATION OF MEANING A CALCULATED ASSASSINATION EXECUTED IN THE GLARE OF THIS LIGHT THE TIME WAS WELL SPENT IF THE RESULT DOES ITS WORK EACH LETTER LOGICALLY JOINING THE FIGHT AND NOW IM PARADING TRIUMPHANTLY WITH MY BANNERS AND DRUMS THROUGH THE STREETS OF MY WELCOMING DARKNESS MY VICTORY PARADE CARRIES ON UNSEEN THROUGH THE NIGHT AS I APPROACH THE FINAL APOCALYPTIC END OF

MY HOLY WAR I RALLY MY TROOPS OF LETTERS AND LET THEM DO THE REAL DIRTY WORK I GAVE THE ORDER WEEKS AGO AND HAVE WATCHED WITH GROWING PRIDE AS THE MASSACRE TOOK PLACE ON THE PAGE BLACK BLOOD SOAKING INTO THE BATTLEFIELD OF THIS MY ULTIMATE VICTORY WHATS LEFT NOW BUT TO CONSOLIDATE MY POSITION REINFORCE THE BOUNDARIES UNTIL THERES NOT ROOM LEFT FOR ONE MORE WORD TO BE SQUEEZED IN AND DESTROYED I KNOW ONLY TOO WELL THE POINTLESSNESS OF THE ACT THE DULL REALITY OF THE ACTION EACH ONE OF THESE LETTERS IS THE PRODUCT OF A POKING MOVEMENT AN ACTION DIRECTED FROM MY MIND THE WORLD WILL GO ON JUST THE SAME AFTER IVE FINISHED THE FUTILITY OF THE PROCESS IS PART OF ITS ATTRACTION AND THE RESULT WILL BE AS IF IT NEVER EVEN HAPPENED IM THROWING ONE MORE DEAD FISH INTO THE OCEAN PLUCKING ONE BLACKBERRY FROM THE BUSH SPILLING ONE DROP OF BLOOD STEALING ONE GRAIN OF SAND FROM THE BEACH ONE SECOND FROM TIME AN EXCEPTIONAL EFFORT OF USELESSNESS BUT AN AFFRONT TO ALL PRINCIPLES OF WORTH SO ITS WORTH IT IVE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN ENGAGE IN TRIVIAL WARFARE THE UTTER STUPIDITY OF THE ACTION THE RANK HYPOCRISY OF THE METHOD THE STALE STENCH OF THE ROTTING WORDS ALL GO TO HEIGHTENING MY PLEASURE IN THE PROCESS IM A FAKE FAKIR DOING THE ROPE TRICK THEN CLIMBING UP IT TO ESCAPE RESPONSIBILITY EVADING CAPTURE BY HIDING IN MY BASKET WITH THE SNAKES MY MERCURIAL MIND SLIPPING OUT OF THE NOOSE AND HIGH TAILING IT OUT OF THE TOWN LEAVING THE SHERIFF STANDING IN A CLOUD OF DUST WONDERING WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIS VICTIM AND THE ROPE HANGING LIMPLY IN HIS HAND THE CRITTER GOT AWAY ORGANISE A POSSE IF YOU WANT BUT IM SAILING OVER THE RAINBOW SPITTING INTO THE POT OF FOOLS GOLD IM THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD SWEEPING OVER THE LANDSCAPE TURNING THE LAMBS A DULL GREY I SPY MYSELF IN THE LAKES AND CALM WATERS AND LIKE NARCISSUS TURN INTO A FLOWER A FLOWER YES INDEED A GIANT HOGWEED NO RHYME INTENDED SO ILL LET IT LIE IM CHOKING THE HERBACEOUS BOARDER SO LOVINGLY TENDED WITH MY HEBETUDE IM SELFISHLY SUCKING ALL THE NOURISHMENT OUT OF THE TOP QUALITY TOP SOIL FEEDING MY MIND ON THE DREGS THAT DRIP FROM THE METAPHORICAL WATERING CAN NOW IM A CATATONIC CATERPILLAR SNUG IN MY COCOON UNDER A LEAF WAITING TO BE REBORN AS A COCOTTE COQUETTISH GLOWING BUTTERFLY FLITTING ABOUT SHOWING OFF MY GAUDY DESIGNS NOW IM A RAVEN SWOOPING DOWN AND GULPING A MEAL OF BRIGHT HUES IM A TELEVISION SHOWING THE WORLDS AWFUL TRUTH TO A SMALL GIRL EATING HER DINNER IM THE PLATE AND THE FORK AND THE KNIFE THAT CUTS DEEP INTO THE FATTY CHOP IM THE TEETH AND THE THROAT AND THE STOMACH AND THE BOWEL IM THE ONE SITTING AT THE BACK OF THE CLASS FLICKING BALLS OF SALIVA SOGGY MUSH AT THE BACK OF THE TEACHER IM THE BLACKBOARD AND THE CHALK AND THE LONG DIVISION PROBLEM DISPLAYED IM THE SOUND OF THE BELL AND THE CARTWHEEL DONE TO SHOW OFF IM THE SCAR ON THE KNEE AND THE MAN HIDDEN IN THE BUSH JERKING OFF IM THE TISSUE AND THE CRIES OF ALARM IM THE MOTHER AND THE FATHER AND THE CAT AND THE SPARROW AND THE WRIGGLING MAGGOT ON THE HOOK AND THE FISH AND THE CHIPS AND THE BOILING OIL IM THE SALT AND THE PEPPER AND THE CAMEL TRUDGING OVER THE SCORCHING DESERT SAND WITH SPIT DRIBBLING DOWN MY BEARD AS THE NOMAD PRODS ME TO HURRY ME ALONG I WONT BE RUSHED MATE DONT FORGET WHO IS CARRYING WHO HERE IN THIS HOO HA NOW IS THE PERFECT MOMENT TO MENTION EVERYONE INVOLVED IF I HAVENT ALREADY TO OFFER FRAGMENTS OF A VISION AND CHANT A SAD SONG OF MOTORCAR MADNESS FOR THE MASTER A SONG FOR THE SYSTEM AN ANTISOCIAL MULTI PERSON SONG ABOUT LEAVES AND PAPER A GAY SONG ABOUT A LIBERATED MAN WHO SAYS HELLO TO THE MORNING FORBIDDEN WORD IN MUSIC OF THE SPHERES NICE ONE EITHER THIS WAY OR THAT ITS NOT REALLY AT ISSUE ANYMORE THE DECISIONS BEEN MADE WELL BEFORE IT REACHES YOUR STEELY GAZE I CANT PRAISE THAT BUNCH OF OLD HIPPIES HIGHLY ENOUGH BEAUTY IS FLAT AND BLACK AND THIRTY CENTIMETRES OF PURE JOY WHAT A DISASTER I DONT OWN IT BUT THERE AGAIN ITS SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO ISNT IT LIKE GETTING MY GRUBBY MITTS ON A STILL LIFE WITH GUITAR ONE MORE REASON TO CONTINUE THE SEARCH THROUGH THE BINS HAPPINESS FITS SO SNUGLY INTO A PLASTIC BAG THESE DAYS JOHN LENNON MAY HAVE IMAGINED NO POSSESSIONS ENSCONCED IN HIS GLISTENING WHITE HOUSE BUT IM DESPERATE TO GATHER SOME TO AMASS A WHOLE BUNCH OF CAST OFFS AND SECOND HAND REJECTS INCLUDING I MIGHT ADD A FEW OF HIS MURMURINGS LIFE WITH THE LIONS IS ALWAYS FRAUGHT WITH DANGERS AND WEDDING ALBUMS CAN ONLY RECORD THE CHANGING OF FEELINGS AND FACES BUT TWO VIRGINS ARE ALWAYS BETTER THAN ONE A NAKED EXAMPLE OF THE PUBLICITY MACHINE IN OVERDRIVE DO I BELIEVE THAT NOT FOR A MOMENT HYPE OVER SUBSTANCE NOT FOR A MINUTE I LOVE ALL OF YOKOS BOTTOM GAGS BUT WAS SURPRISED HOW MANY PEOPLE LEFT IN THE COURSE OF THE SHOWING STRANGE FOR SUCH A CLASSICAL MOVING MOVIE MAYBE THEY ALL HAD APPOINTMENTS WITH THEIR BROKERS OR DENTISTS OR SOMETHING JUST ME AND ABOUT FIVE OTHERS ENJOYING IT TO THE BITTER END OH WELL NO ACCOUNTING FOR

TASTE AND IM WELL STOCKED UP WITH SPARE COPIES OF HER APPROXIMATELY INFINITE UNIVERSE THOUGH IM A BIT SHORT ON FLIES IT HAS TO BE ADMITTED BUT IM YOUNG AND HEALTHY VIBRANT AND VITAL IVE GOT PLENTY OF VIM AND VIGOUR GET UP AND GO I DONT SHILLY SHALLY AROUND IDLING IM THE TYPE OF GUY THAT SEES SKIRT AND CHASES IT WONT EXCEPT NO AS AN ANSWER WHEN THE EYES ARE YELLING YES ILL GET ALL I YEARN FOR ONE DAY AND IF ITS NOT OFFERED ILL TAKE IT I WILL I WILL I WILL THATS MY MANTRA MY RULE OF THUMB IF YOU LOOK LONG ENOUGH YOU LL FIND WHAT YOU WANT WHEN I RETIRE FROM THIS SHENANIGAN ILL MAKE DAMNED SURE I GET MY JUST DESERTS YOU HAVE TO MAKE YOUR OWN LUCK IN THIS WORLD CHANCE YOUR ARM A BIT RIDE YOUR LUCK LIKE YOU WOULD A BUCKING WHORE OR HORSE SUCCESS IS THE KINGDOM OF THE BRAVE BE PREPARED TO STAB A FRIEND IF YOU WANT TO BE THE NEW EMPEROR IM FOREVER PULLING DAGGERS OUT OF MY BACK SO ID BETTER START STABBING QUICK POWER IS JUST WITHIN REACH OF EVERYONE BUT FEW ARE THOSE CHOSEN BY THEMSELVES TO GRAB IT AND WIELD IT HE WITH THE BIGGEST GUN MAKES THE LOUDEST BANG YOUVE GOTTA PUSH TO THE FRONT OF THE QUEUE IF YOU WANT THE BEST BARGAINS DONT DILLY DALLY OR THE BIRD WILL HAVE FLOWN ITS A DOG EAT DOG WORLD OUT THERE EAT OR BE EATEN IN THE JUNGLE OF LIFE THE STRONGEST ARE TOP DOG BIG CHIEFS ARE SURE OF THEIR RIGHT TO LEAD FROM THE FRONT BIG CHEESES ARE OFTEN THE SMELLIEST CONNIVING FELLOWS IN THE SHOP STAND UP AND SHOUT OUT ALL TOGETHER IM THE BOSS DONT OPEN THE DOOR TO OTHERS AND DONT BOTHER WAITING FOR OTHERS TO OPEN IT FOR YOU BARGE STRAIGHT THROUGH AS IF YOU OWN THE BUILDING AND ONE DAY YOU PROBABLY WILL WHILE THE OTHERS ARE BEING NICE TO EACH OTHER CLIMB OVER THEIR HEADS AND CLAIM THE BEST SEAT ONLY LOSERS NEED TO SMILE THE CHAMPION GETS SMILED AT IF THE PHONE GOES ASSUME ITS FOR YOU YOURE THE ONLY ONE IN THE ROOM WORTHY OF A PHONE CALL IN FACT DONT BOTHER TO ANSWER THAT WAY YOU DECIDE WHO IS WORTH TALKING TO DONT RUN IN ELECTIONS TAKE POWER BY FORCE HE WHO NEEDS A MAJORITY TO TAKE POWER IS ASKING TO HAVE IT TAKEN AWAY TREAT PEOPLE WITH THE CONTEMPT THEY DESERVE AND IF SOME YOUNG SPUNKY UPSTART GETS CHEEKY JUST BLOW HIM AWAY ITLL MAKE ALL THE OTHER PRETENDERS THINK MORE THAN TWICE DO UNTO THEM BEFORE THEY THINK OF DOING YOU MAKE UP THE RULES AND BREAK THEM WHEN IT SUITS YOU OTHER PEOPLE ARE ONLY OF USE IF YOU CAN USE THEM AND IF YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO ABUSE THEM EVERYONE LOVES A WINNER SO USE EVERY TRICK YOU CAN TO ENSURE THAT YOURE FIRST BE CUNNING AND UNDERHAND AND FIGHT YOUR WAY TO THE TOP TREAD ON OR BE TROD ON YOU DESERVE TO WIN SO IT DOESNT MATTER IF YOU TRIP YOUR OPPONENTS MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR ABILITIES AND IF THAT ISNT ENOUGH MAKE THE MOST OUT OF OTHERS WEAKNESSES THE ONLY WAY TO BE STRONGEST IS TO KILL THOSE STRONGER THAN YOU AND ITS BEST TO DO IT OUT IN THE OPEN WHERE EVERYONE CAN SEE THAT WAY YOU LL KEEP THE ADVANTAGE FOR LONGER LOOK AND LEARN FROM WILDLIFE PROGRAMMES THERE IS A NATURAL ORDER TO THINGS LIONS KILL WITHOUT MERCY BUT ALSO LEARN THAT YOU CAN KILL A LION WITH THE PULL OF A TRIGGER LIONS ARE PUSSY CATS COMPARED TO YOU OR ME WE ARE THE KINGS OF THE PRAIRIE THE LORDS OF THE STREET NO MAN COMES TO THE KINGDOM OF POWER BUT THROUGH ME OR BY KILLING ME IM THE SUPREME BEING THE JUDGE WITHOUT NEED OF A JURY I TAKE CONTROL AND KEEP IT AS MINE AND RELINQUISH IT ONLY THROUGH CHOICE BRAVO WELL SAID TOO RIGHT RIGHT ON NO MY FRIENDS YOU DONT UNDERSTAND DONT GIVE APPLAUSE TAKE IT YOU ARE THE ONES WHO SHOULD BE STRIVING TO BE APPLAUDED BE THE PERFORMER TAKE THE LEADING ROLE IN YOUR LIFE OR GIVE IT ALL UP AND GO TO THE HIGHLANDS PUT ON YOUR TWEEDS AND YOUR SILLY HAT AND PLUG A FEW DEER MY GIDDY AUNT GO OUT A HUNTING TO TRACK DOWN THE BEASTY TRAMP OVER THE HEATH WITH YOUR WEAPON STRAPPED TO YOUR BACK THATS THE LIFE FOR A MAN NOT TARRYING HERE TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT NEXT TO WRITE BE A DEICIDE KILL OFF THE POWERS THAT ARE PERCEIVED TO BE STAMP DOWN HARD ON THE WORDS ALL HANDS TO THE OARS IVE GOT TO GET SHIFTING SHAFTING THIS MINE BURROWING DOWN INTO THE REMAINING VACANT FACE DRILLING INTO THE CORE OF WHITE HOT NOTHINGNESS PROBING INDECENTLY THE REAR END OF THE BOOK MAKE WAY HERE I COME AGAIN GOING FURTHER DOWN DOWN DITHERING DOWN DESTROYING THE STATUS QUO LIKE A RAMPANT STALLION IN SIGHT OR SMELLING DISTANCE OF A MARE THE SEA IS MY OYSTER AND IM A BOAT BOBBING ON THE RIPPLES SPLITTING THE WAVES WITH MY BOWSPRIT EASY AS SHE GOES ME HEARTY BRETHREN PULL IN ON THAT MAINSAIL WINCH IN THE ANCHOR AND WERE AWAY STEAMING FULL SAIL FOR THE POLE CRACKING THROUGH THE ICE SHEET AND MAKING SLOW PROGRESS BUT MAKING SOME AND THATS ALL THAT REALLY COUNTS LITTLE BY LITTLE GETTING NEARER THE GOAL WITH ONLY THE KEEPER TO BEAT BETTER KEEP MY HEAD OR ILL MISS SHOOT STRAIGHT AT THE TARGET AND I CANNOT FAIL TO SCORE THE CLEAN SHEET WILL BE NOTHING BUT A MEMORY LIKE THAT ONE ON A PROSTITUTES BED IN THE EVENING SOILED AND STICKY WITH BROKEN PROMISES MY ONLY WORRY NOW IS A BREAKDOWN OF MY

MECHANICAL MIND ITS GETTING SLOWER AND SLOWER AS I FILL ITS MEMORY WITH THIS COCKTAIL OF FIZZY BANALITIES AS I FIZZLE OUT OF THE PICTURE DOWN BUT AROUND A WEEK OR SO BEFORE OUT FOR THE COUNT AND INTO THE LONG HEAVEN OF NOTHING OR SOMETHING ELSE ITS BEEN A SUCCESSFUL DAY TODAY AND THAT GIVES ME HOPE FOR THE MORROW WHEN ILL PICK UP MY CHISELS AGAIN AND CHIP AWAY AT THIS GLEAMING WHITE MARBLE PAGE AS IMPRESSIVE IN THE MOONRAYS AS ANYTHING NICKED BY OLD ELGIN BUT IM TOO TIRED TO THINK STRAIGHT THE MATCHSTICKS IN MY EYELIDS ARE BENDING AND ABOUT TO BREAK MY HEAD IS NODDING LIKE A DOG IN THE BACK OF A CAR EACH TIME ITS DROPPING A LITTLE BIT LOWER AND HANGS THERE A LITTLE BIT LONGER BEFORE I SUDDENLY REALISE IM ASLEEP AND WRENCH MYSELF BACK TO THE LAND OF BRIGHT GLASS THE HUM OF THE MOTOR IS A SOOTHING LULLABY MESMERISING AS I SIT NODDING OFF DOLCE FAR NIENTE GENTLY ACCEPTING THE FACT THAT IM ASLEEP FINALLY I CAN HEAR MY BREATHING RELAXING AND THE ARM THAT IM PROPPED ON IS GRADUALLY NUMBING AND THE ASH FALLS SILENTLY TO THE FLOOR AS THE CIGARETTE DECIDES THERES NO POINT IN STAYING ALIGHT NOW IM IN THAT FLOATING MOMENT THAT CAN LAST FOREVER IN A SECOND IM AWARE IM ASLEEP BUT HAPPILY ACCEPT IT DESPITE ALL MY ATTEMPTS TO REFUTE IT SOMEWHERE IN MY BRAIN IM STILL WRITING I CAN FEEL THE PRESSURE OF MY FINGER PROBING THE KEYBOARD DANCING SLOWER AND SLOWER AS THE TIP TAP FADES OUT NOW DEEP BLACKNESS OF INTERIOR NIGHT IVE SHUT ALL THE CURTAINS OF MY EYES PERHAPS A FLICKER OF SUMPTUOUS VOLUPTUOUS DEEP BLUE BUT ALL COLOURS NOW ARE JUST THE PRODUCT OF MY MIND AS I WALTZ TOWARDS REVERIE FLOATING ON A SOMNOLENT CLOUD OF CHLOROFORM LIGHTNESS DRIFTING IN A VAGUE WARM MIST OF POSSIBLE DREAMS MY FINGER HAS STOPPED ITS JOURNEY BUT THE MELLIFLUOUS VOICE RESONATES ON IN MY HEAD LIKE THE B FLAT MINOR SEVEN CHORD WITH A G AND E FLAT IN THE BASS THE VOICE OF A HYPNOTIST WITH BOTH PEDALS DOWN REPEATING THE CHORD OVER AND OVER IN A BEAUTIFUL MONOTONOUS RHYTHM THAT LARRY WOULD BE PROUD OF IS IT ME OR MY MIND THAT IS CHOOSING THE IMAGES NOW SOFT FOCUS TACTILE QUALITY OF SENSUOUS SKIN MY SHUT EYES ARE BLANKLY ACCEPTING THE LOW LIGHT OF BLUE TINGED CANDLES BUT ITS A WARM BLUE FOGGY LIKE LOOKING THROUGH STOCKINGS AT A SMOOTH GOLDEN TWILIGHT MY BODY SUCCUMBS SLOWLY TO THE SOPORIFIC PICTURE SHOW IM IN A COMFY CHAIR IN A LUSH CINEMA DRUNK DROWNING IN THE SMOOTH SEXY ODOUR OF REMEMBERED HIGH QUALITY COGNAC THE FILM IS AN ULTRAMARINE TECHNICOLOR SLOW MOTION TRIBUTE TO LAST YEAR IN MARIENBAD BUT THIS TIME I SEEM TO KNOW WHATS GOING ON I KNOW THE CHARACTERS INTIMATELY EVEN BY NAME AND TOUCH AND SMELL I CAN WIN THE MATCH GAME WITHOUT THINKING OR GLIDE UP THE IMAGINARY STAIRCASE AND LOOKOUT OVER THE ORNAMENTAL GARDEN OR WALK THROUGH THE GILDED MIRROR OF WARM MERCURY WITHOUT RUBBER GLOVES I AM THE LENS OF THE CAMERA A LONG SHOT SLOWLY MOVING IN TO A CLOSE WITHOUT MOVING MY LEGS INTO THE EYE OF THE OBJECT OF DESIRE AND MELTING INTO THE GLOWING BRAIN SLOW DISSOLVE AND THEN OUT OF THE BACK OF THE HEAD BRUSHING THE GOLD HAIR GENTLY OUT OF THE FRAME AND CARRYING ON TOWARDS THE DIMLY LIT WALL WHICH I PASS THROUGH WITHOUT FILMIC TRICKERY INTO A NATURALLY BRIGHT ROOM WHEN TIME IS SLIGHTLY SLOWER TO MY LEFT IS A TARKOVSKYIAN TABLEAUX OF FIRE REFLECTED IN SLOW MOTION WATER BUT THE SOUND IS OF A HEART BEATING GENTLE REGULAR BASS DRUMMING IN FRONT IS YOU OR A REMEMBERED VERSION OF YOU RADIANT AND PROJECTING A LIGHT FROM YOUR WHOLE BODY STANDING NAKED WITH THE CONFIDENT TIMIDITY OF A CHILD MY EYES MOVE UP IMPERCEPTIBLY SLOWLY FROM THE IMAGE OF TOES IT MORE OF A FEELING THAN SEEING I AM THE TOES AND THE ANKLES AND THE CALVES YOUR SKIN LOOKS SO WARM AND INVITING LIKE PALE BLUE SKIN COLOURED WINCEYETTE YOUR IMAGE FILL THE WHOLE OF MY DREAM SCREEN I CANT LOOK AT IT ALL AT ONCE I CAPTURE AN INCH AND BLOW IT UP IN MY MIND LIKE SOME DIGITAL DISTORTION BUT SO MUCH WARMER HUMAN AND VELVETY OVER AND OVER I REPEAT THE ENLARGING UNTIL I CAN WALK THROUGH THE PORES OF YOUR SKIN AND FEEL THE WARM WATER OF YOUR SWEET TASTING SWEAT ON MY FACE I AM INSIDE YOU SWIMMING IN YOUR BLOOD LIKE A DOLPHIN NAVIGATING DOWN YOUR VEINS WITH ABSOLUTE KNOWLEDGE OF DIRECTION SENSING THE TURNS AND FOLLOWING THE CURRENT OF YOUR BLOOD IM LIKE A SPACEMAN WITH NO UP AND DOWN FREE FLOWING OF THOUGHT IN THE DARK DIM GLOW OF YOUR BODY SO BEAUTIFUL AS I CAN SEE THE STRANGE HUE OF THE DAYLIGHT THROUGH YOUR SKIN I TURN ONE MORE ENDLESS CORNER AND FIND MYSELF NAKED AT THE EDGE OF A SILVERY PALE GREY LAKE THE WIND IS CARESSING MY BODY ALTHOUGH WHEN I LOOK DOWN MY BODY IS GONE I CAN FEEL IT THOUGH AS I LOOK TO THE HORIZON THROUGH THE MIST RISING LIKE STEAM I STEP ONTO THE WATER IT FEELS HOT ON THE SOLES AS I WALK OR RATHER SEEM TO GLIDE OVER ITS SKIN NOT LEAVING ANY DISRUPTION ON THE HOT GLASS SURFACE IT TAKES FOREVER TO CROSS THE SMALL LAKE TO APPROACH THE RISING CLOUD THAT IS HAUNTING AND THEN IM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CLOUD ITS MADE UP OF SUCH TINY LETTERS HARDLY PERCEPTIBLE

STRANGE ALPHABET INCLUDING SYMBOLS IVE NEVER SEEN THE LETTERS STICK TO MY SKIN LIKE SOOT TO A SWEATY FURNACE WORKER IM GRADUALLY GETTING COVERED IN A JUMBLE OF UNKNOWN WORDS I LOOK AT MY HANDS INUNDATED WITH MILLIONS OF WORDS IM TURNING BLACK AS MY SKIN DISAPPEARS UNDER THE CONFUSED ILLEGIBLE LETTERS IM BEGINNING TO PANIC I TRY TO SCREAM BUT IVE FORGOTTEN WHAT A SCREAM SHOULD SOUND LIKE A STRANGE NOISE IS EMANATING OUT OF MY MOUTH IF IT IS MY MOUTH THAT IVE OPENED SO WIDE ITS A WEIRD THIN MUSIC A MIXTURE OF TINY BELLS AND HARMONICS I CANT UNDERSTAND THIS STRANGE ORCHESTRA PLAYING IN MY HEAD AND THEN SUDDENLY THE HOT WATER IM STANDING ON GIVES WAY AND I FALL THROUGH ITS BRITTLE SURFACE ADDING A TINKLE OF DISTANT TRIANGLES TO THE IMAGINARY SYMPHONY MY HEAD JERKS UP THE ACTION JOLTS MY BRAIN AND THE IMAGES DISAPPEAR OR WERE NEVER THERE I OPEN MY EYES TO THE RUDE GLARE OF THE SCREEN AND CANT REMEMBER THE LAST THING I WROTE I DONT RECOGNISE THE WORDS NOTHING IS FAMILIAR IM READING SOMEBODY ELSE'S STORY AND NOT UNDERSTANDING IT WHOSE WORDS ARE THESE AND HOW DID THEY GET HERE AND WHAT DO THEY MEAN I MUST SLEEP EITHER IM DREAMING THIS OR IM DREAMING OF WRITING IT THERE IS NO LOGIC NO METHOD ANYMORE IM ASLEEP ALREADY THINKING OF TOMORROW AND WHAT I CAN POSSIBLY THINK OF TOMORROW IM LIKE THAT PUSSY ON THE BONNET OF THE CAR WHO FROM A SITTING START CAN LEAP UP ONTO THE ROOF AND THEN I SIT PATIENT AS A SPHINX WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN BUT AS USUAL IT NEVER DOES ONLY THE WIND LICKING MY FACE ERASING MY FEATURES OVER CENTURIES MY SANDSTONE GRADUALLY CRUMBLING AND JOINING THE DESERT IM SITTING PROTECTING I REMEMBER WHEN THIS PLACE WAS LUSH WITH VEGETATION AND ELEGANT GARDEN THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER HAS BEEN OVERTHROWN BY THE DISMAL WHIRL OF THE BONE DRY WIND JUMP TO IT LAD WAKE UP SONNY BOY CUT ALL THE POETIC POOFY PRANCING GET ON WITH YER OR YOU'LL FEEL THE STING OF THE BACK OF MY HAND NOBODIES INTERESTED IN ALL THAT FOREIGN CINEMA MUCK GIVE EM A LOS ANGELES GLOSSY EMPTINESS FULL OF SLICK CUTS AND ACTION LEAVE ALL THAT MAMBY PAMBY STUFF TO THE EUROPEAN GIRLIES OF STYLISTIC METAPHORS NO ITS ALL OF A MUCHNESS NO DIFFERENCE REALLY STYLE IS ARBITRARY CHOSEN NOT GIVEN LIKE THE WAY IVE DICTATED THE FULLNESS OF MY ASHTRAY THATS MORE LIKE IT HUMDRUM BANALITY STOP ALL THAT WHIMSICAL NANCY BOY BANTER AND GET ON WITH IT STYLE OR NO LEAVE ROBBE GRILLET OUT OF IT DONT EVEN BOTHER TO MENTION HIS NAME UNLESS YOU WANT TO SQUANDER A FEW MORE PRECIOUS WORDS SURELY HES DEAD BY NOW ANYWAY AND IF NOT HE SOON WILL BE HE HAD A BEARD TOO DIDNT HE SO WHAT THERES NOTHING MORE BORING THAN A POTENTIALLY DEAD MANS FACIAL DEFECTS LEAVE IT TO SOFT EX JOANNA PLAYERS TO RECORD THE MINUTIAE OF STUBBLY GROWTHS THROUGH THE AGES TWELVE MINUTES PAST THREE ALREADY WELL WOULD YOU BLOODY ADAM AND EVE IT WHERE DOES THE OLD DOG GET TO SUCKING THE CLOCKS DRY OF THEIR MARROW ITS SO ANNOYING TO THINK THAT I COULD HAVE KEPT DREAMING THAT PASSED THE TIME WELL ENOUGH BUT EVEN THAT GETS A BIT DULL AFTER A WHILE ESPECIALLY IF RICH LANGUAGE IS FORBIDDEN I COULD HAVE HAD A RIGHT OLD BANG DREAMT UP SOME SORDID MUSINGS A FINE OPPORTUNITY TO FLY OFF THE HANDLE LET SLIP DREAMS OFFER UNLIMITED SCOPE FOR RIDICULOUS CHATTER GO ANYWHERE DO ANYTHING WITHOUT LIMITATIONS UNLESS YOUVE ADOPTED YOUR OWN ONE SECOND AN ACORN THE NEXT AN OAK TRANSFORMING FROM DILDO TO BANANA IN THE FLICK OF AN IMAGINED EYELID TRA LA LA THOSE DAYS ARE GONE AND THEY WONT BE BACK SO ID BETTER GET USED TO IT AND ROLL ON DOWN HILL THINKING UP SOME NEW FRESH MANURE TO SPREAD OVER THIS FIELD OF FERTILE THOUGHT YOU KNOW THE WAY SO GET GOING DONT DALLY HERE PROCEED WITH ALL HASTE THE END IS JUST ROUND THE CORNER ABOUT NINETEEN THOUSAND WORDS SHOULD DO AND IT DONT MATTER A JOT WHAT THEY ARE AS LONG AS I AVOID THOSE IVE REJECTED AND STEER CLEAR OF RHYMING BUT BLANK VERSE IS STILL OK I RECKON SO I COULD GIVE THAT A GO FOR A CHANGE NO I DONT THINK SO TOO EASY TOO CHEAP JUST CHUCKING RANDOM IMAGES TOGETHER WILL DO THE JOB JUST AS QUICK ILL BUILD MY CASTLE OUT OF BRICKS AND MORTAR RATHER THAN CUT IT OUT OF THE SOLID ROCK ILL USE WATTLE AND DAUB THE OLD TRIED AND TRUSTED METHODS NOT STEEL AND GLASS I WANT A HOMELY FORTRESS COSY AND CUTE WITH A BROAD MOAT MARGIN TO ENSCONCE THE TEXT AND TRAP IT INSIDE HOSTAGE OF MY MIND ITS VERY FRUSTRATING ON A NICE DAY LIKE TODAY TO BE SITTING HERE TYPING LIKE A MONKEY MAYBE ILL OPEN THE BLINDS AND LET A FEW GLEAMING RAYS PENETRATE THIS DUSTY GLOOM IN MY HEAD FROM HERE I COULD EVEN INDULGE IN A LITTLE LANDSCAPE WORD PAINTING IF I JUST TURN MY HEAD NINETY DEGREES TO THE RIGHT BUT I KNOW WHATS OUT THERE IVE SEEN IT BEFORE SO I PROBABLY WONT BOTHER THERES MORE POSSIBILITIES ON THIS SIDE OF THE GLASS DO YOU REMEMBER THAT GARAGE WELL HE NEVER DID PAINT IT NOT EVEN VARNISH AND THE HINGES AND PADLOCK HAVE STILL GOT THE PRICE ON BUT IT WONT TAKE TOO LONG FOR THE WEATHER TO START HAVING A GO TURNING THAT BRIGHT NEW WOOD GREY AND THOSE

SILVERY NAIL HEADS WILL GO RUSTY RED AND SPREAD THEIR DISEASE POCO A POCO ILL GIVE IT A YEAR NO I WONT I CANT BE BOTHERED EVEN TO THINK ABOUT IT ANYMORE THERE MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE I CAN THINK OF RATHER THAN DISCUSSING THE LIFE SPAN OF A GARAGE DOOR SURELY IM CAPABLE OF BETTER IDEAS TO CONTINUE WITH THAN THAT LIKE WHAT SIZED SHOES DOES THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT WEAR OR SOME FANTASY BASED ON THE GUITAR LESSON BY BALTHUS WHY IS THE PIANO CREEPING INTO THE SCENE AND THE WOMAN NOT WEARING A BRA AND LOOK AT THOSE ETRUSCANS AT IT LIKE RABBITS THIS WAY AND THAT WITH NO GENDER HANG UPS OR THEN AGAIN HOW ABOUT HAVING THAT ROUND YOUR NECK TASTY LITTLE MINIATURE PORNO PICTURES SWINGING ON THE END OF A CHAIN DIPPING IN AND OUT OF YOUR CLEAVAGE THEN THE RENAISSANCE SPINSTER SKETCHES BY THAT OLDEN SPELUNKER WHO GETS PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY NINE TO HIMSELF I HAVE NO TIME FOR HIS SICKLY INSIPID PAINTINGS I LIKE MINE A BIT MORE BUTCH AND NOT SO VELUTINOUSLY MURKY IF ITS PERMISSIBLE TO SAY THAT YER BUT WORDS ARE FLEXIBLE THINGS YOU CAN TWIST EM A LONG TIME BEFORE THEY FINALLY BREAK AND SPILL THEIR MEANING ALL OVER THE PLACE THEYRE ELASTIC AND CAN STRETCH TO COVER EVEN THE BULKIEST OF ARGUMENTS WORDS ARE PUTTY THAT PLUG THE GAP BETWEEN SEEING AND UNDERSTANDING FILTHY CLAY THAT CAN BE MOULDED INTO FANTASTIC SHAPES OF EITHER REAL OR IMAGINED THINGS THEN YOU CAN BAKE THE BUGGERS MAKING THEM SOLID AND RESISTANT THEY'LL HOLD A GALLON OF DISAGREEMENT EASILY ENOUGH THEY DONT CARE WHAT THEY SAY THEYRE MERCENARY BASTARDS PLAYING TRICKS AND DECEIVING THE MIND WITTGENSTEIN HAD A GO AT HOLDING THEM DOWN BUT THEY GOT THE BETTER OF HIM IN THE END WRIGGLING FREE FROM HIS GRIP SLIMY LITTLE BLEEDERS ALL OF THEM BUT IVE GOT THEM THIS TIME THEY WONT GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE IVE SET MY TRAP AND IVE CAUGHT A WHOLE BUNCH OF THE GROTTY GRUESOME THINGS IN MY NET A WIDE SELECTION TOO FROM JARGON AND COLLOQUIAL RIGHT THROUGH THE WHOLE GAMUT TO GARRULOUS PRETENTIOUS ONES REFINED AND OBLIQUE THE ONLY ONES THAT IVE ALLOWED TO ROAM FREE ARE THE SMUTTY ONES THOSE THAT BELONG IN FOUL MOUTHS THEYRE MY FRIENDS AND I WONT SOIL THEIR REPUTATIONS BY SHOWING THEM HERE I ELEVATE THEM FROM THE DICTIONARIES THAT CONSIGN TO VULGARITY HERE THEY ARE THE MOST VALUED JUST BECAUSE OF THEIR RARITY THEY ARE THE DIAMONDS TAKEN OFF THE CROWN BEFORE ITS DISPLAYED TO THE HOI POLLOI THE RABBLE DONT UNDERSTAND BEAUTY THEY LIKE WHAT THEYRE TOLD TO LIKE THEY THINK WHAT THEYRE TAUGHT TO THINK AND THEN STOP THINKING AND GENERALLY THATS MORE THAN ENOUGH CHEEKY BLIGHTER TYPICAL ARROGANT TWADDLE WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS UP ON HIS SOAP BOX LECTURING TO THE CONVERTED THEYRE ALL IN IT TOGETHER A CONSPIRACY OF BOFFINS BANGING THEIR BONCES AGAINST PAPER WALLS GROW UP AND DONT BE SO POMPOUS YOUR JUST TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM AN ORIGAMI PRISON OF YOUR OWN DESIGN LIGHT A MATCH IN THERE AND YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT IM LIVING INSIDE A HOUSE MADE OUT OF CARDS AFRAID TO SNEEZE IN CASE THE HOLE LOT COMES TUMBLING DOWN AROUND MY FEET THEN WHAT ITS ALL VERY WELL PLAYING THIS GAME OF BEARD GROWING BUT WHERE IS IT GOING TO GET ME NOBODY LIKE LOOKING AT AN UGLY OLD GIT ESPECIALLY A POOR ONE MISTER IVES AND MONSIEUR DUBUFFET WERE CLEVERER FELLOWS THEY MADE A FAIR WEDGE BEFORE SETTING OUT ON THEIR AESTHETIC JOURNEYS THEY HAD A NICE PACKED LUNCH IN THE BANK IN CASE THEY GOT HUNGRY THEYD SUSSED THE GAME WELL IN ADVANCE AND BANKED ALL THEIR CHIPS WHEREAS FOOLS LIKE ME SET OUT YEARS AGO WITH AN EMPTY SADDLEBAG AND A BANKRUPT FUTURE LIVING ON BORROWED IDEAS AND MONEY AND TIME NEVER SURE WHICH WOULD RUN OUT FIRST YES THERES SOMETHING SLIGHTLY HEROIC ABOUT IT BUT SOMETHING DEEPLY STUPID TOO AN ABNEGATION OF RESPONSIBILITY HIDING MY HEAD IN THE SAND ALL I CAN SEE IS NOTHING AND NOTHING CHANGING SOMEBODY ONCE WROTE IF YOU WAIT LONG ENOUGH NOTHING WILL HAPPEN AND IT FINALLY HAS THIS STRAW IS DOING ITS BEST TO BREAK MY BACK BUT ALL ITS REALLY DOING IS AVOIDING SERVING AS A TOILET FOR A HORSE OR BEING USED AS A MATTRESS FOR A RABBIT ONE DAY ILL HAVE TO FACE FACTS BUT UNTIL THEN IM FREE TO WANDER DOWN THE BACK LANES OF IMAGINATION AND SEE WHAT TURNS UP KICKING OVER OLD ROCKS AND POKING MY MIND INTO WHATEVER NOOKS AND CRANNIES I COME ACROSS SO FAR I FOUND LITTLE OF INTEREST BUT ONE DAY I MAY JUST STUMBLE OVER SOME TREASURE SOME DISCARDED JEWELLERY BOX FULL OF ORIGINAL IDEAS OR MAYBE ILL GET TIRED OF THE SEARCH AND HEAD BACK TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY EITHER TO HITCH A MORE PROFITABLE RIDE OR TO THROW MYSELF UNDER THE FIRST PASSING TRUCK NOT TO DIE BUT TO EXPERIENCE DYING AS IT IS IM ALREADY A GHOST SOME STRANGE HAIRY POLTERGEIST MAKING NOISES IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM OCCASIONALLY WITNESSED OUT ON THE STREET WALKING AIMLESSLY TO AND FROM THE CIGARETTE SHOP AS A PHANTOM IN A NIGHTMARE REGULAR AS A SHADOW FROM A TREE OR AN ICE AGE IM SETTING NEW RECORDS IN STAMINA STUTTERING TOWARDS MY OBLITERATION ERASING

THE VIRGIN LIGHT WITH LITERAL PRECISION WITH MY PROCESSION OF TEENY LETTERS I WONDER EXACTLY HOW MANY MISTAKES THERE ARE HOW MANY ANDS ENDED UP AS ANS ETC I WONT PROOF READ IT AND NOBODY ELSE CAN EVEN SEE IT SO I SAY IT AGAIN ALL THOSE ERRORS ARE PART OF THE PLOT THEY WILL ADD A LITTLE SPICE TO THE FLAVOURLESS SOUP AND I DISASSOCIATE MYSELF FROM ANYTHING ANYONE MAY OBJECT TO AND APOLOGISE WHOLE HEARTEDLY FOR ANY OFFENCE TO PERSONS OR THINGS OR IDEAS THAT SHOULD COVER IT THATS ALWAYS MY OPT OUT CLAUSE AND OF COURSE ITS WRITTEN HERE IN THE SMALLEST PRINT POSSIBLE IM NOT AS DUMB AS I MAY SEEM TO BE I HAD TO CHANGE THAT CAUSE IT RHYMED DESPITE ALL MY PREVIOUS EFFORTS TO EXPUNGE THAT FORM FROM THIS PROCESS I GOT SICK AND TIRED OF SLIPPING INTO METRICAL PATTERNS AND LETTING THE WORDS GET OUT OF CONTROL IM A CONTROL FREAK PAR EXCELLENCE DEMANDING OBEDIENCE TO MY WILL I BRANDISH MY CROP BLATANTLY AND PUNISH ALL WORDS THAT STEP OUT OF MY LINES IM A RIGHT LITTLE HITLER AT HEART RUTHLESS AND DOGMATIC INSISTING THAT MY COMMANDS ARE OBEYED TO THE LETTER IN MY MIND I WEAR A BLACK UNIFORM AND SHINY BOOTS IM CRUEL AND SPITEFUL AND TAKE PLEASURE IN MAKING THESE WORDS SUFFER ABUSING THEIR BODIES THEN DISCARDING THEM HERE DEVOID OF THEIR LIFE BLOOD MEANINGS IM A DICTIONARY VAMPIRE SUCKING THEIR SOUNDS OUT AND SPITTING THEM INTO THE AIR THIS IS MY CAMP OF CONCEPTUAL CONCENTRATION IM COMMANDANT HERE COMMITTING THE FINAL SOLUTION ON THE FINAL PAGE BRINGING THE WORDS TO THEIR KNEES WITH ONE PROD OF MY SHARP FINGER IM CUTTING THE TONGUES OUT OF MY CAPTIVES THESE WORDS WONT TELL THEIR STORY CRAMMED HERE IN THE PIT OF BLACK QUICKLIME IM PUTTING MY WORDS IN THEIR MOUTHS SOAPY SOPHISTRY OF CONFUSION CRYPTIC CONVEYOR BELT OF TRIFLING TRIVIALITIES IVE STRIPPED THE WORDS OF THEIR DECENCY MAKING THEM ALL CONFORM TO MY UPPER CASE VALUE THE LETTERS HAVE NO RANKING ACCORDING TO PLACE ALL ARE EQUALLY VALUELESS AND CONTAINED IN A FREE FLOWING STREAM WITHOUT THE IMPEDIMENTS OF PUNCTUATION TO DIVIDE THEM INTO BITE SIZED GROUPINGS THEY ARE ALL INTONED WITH THE SAME DULL VOICE NO FLUCTUATIONS OF PITCH OR PAUSES ALL IN THE SAME PEN HERDED UP FOR THE SLAUGHTER FOR THE GLORY OF THE EYE OF THE VIEWERS COMPLICITY I CAST A SPELL ON ALL WHO LOOK HERE YOU WILL LEARN NOTHING FROM VIEWING THIS MADNESS AND WILL ONE DAY DIE WITH OR WITHOUT MY BLESSING AND FORGIVENESS IVE PAID MY PRICE AND GOT LESS THAN NOTHING BACK NOW ITS YOUR TURN TO SUFFER AND BY MY HAND BY THIS FINGER I ANOINT YOU IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER OF THIS OUTRAGE THE HOLY BLASPHEMER OF LITERATURE FOR WANT OF A BETTER WORD I BAPTISE YOU AND SPRINKLE THESE WORDS ON YOUR RETINA HOPEFULLY TO BLIND YOU TO THEIR MEANINGS THIS IS LIKE THE LAST SCENE OF SALO BUT THE BINOCULARS WILL MAKE LITTLE DIFFERENCE WHICHEVER WAY YOU LOOK THROUGH THEM THE WORDS ARE TOO SMALL AND THE STAGE IS TOO CRAMMED WITH ACTORS TO PICK OUT THE TORTURERS AND THOSE BEING TORTURED ITS ONE LONG SCREAM MORE POTENT THAN THE CARTOON BY OLD EDVARD THAT EXPRESSIONISTIC WHIMPERING IN THE FACE OF THE APOCALYPSE IM ENGAGED IN A VISUALISATION OF NIGHT SLOWLY SQUEEZING THE DAYLIGHT OUT OF THE SCENE A BLACK RECTANGLE DESCENDING WAITING TO RUN OUT OF ROOM AND FORM A SOLID MASS OF MEANINGLESSNESS FROM WHERE NO LIGHT CAN ESCAPE BEAUTIFUL IN ITS CONSISTENT DENSITY PERFECT IN ITS DISTRIBUTION OF DEEP BLACK UNINTELLIGIBILITY ITS UTTER LACK OF MEANING ALL THOSE PREVIOUS HOURS AND PAGES PALE INTO IRRELEVANCE IN RELATION TO THIS SUBLIME ACHIEVEMENT NOTHING BUT STEPPING STONES TO REACH THIS DISMAL OUTCOME THIS FINAL PAGE CONTAINS MUCH MORE INFORMATION THAN THE TOTAL OF ALL THOSE THAT CAME BEFORE IT THEY WERE JUST A PRELUDE TO THE MAIN EVENT MERELY WARM UP ROUNDS TO GET ME IN THE MOOD FOR THE BIG ONE THOSE FIRST NINETY NINE PAGES ALL FIFTY SEVEN THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIX WORDS OF THEM WERE A LIGHT STARTER A PREAMBLE A PREPARATORY PROLEGOMENA NOW IN THE MEAT OF THE MAIN COURSE THEY ARE JUST HISTORY OR RATHER A BEST FORGOTTEN EVENT NO LONGER NECESSARY TO BE REMEMBERED HERE IS WHERE THE ACTIONS AT THIS PAGE IS THE APOTHEOSIS OF APPEARANCES NOVOCAINE FOR THE EYES THE ACT OF AN OBSESSIVE MIND OR SOME MAY SAY DERANGED ONE I MEAN ITS NOT NORMAL IS IT THIS KIND OF ACTIVITY IN FACT ITS A BLOODY NUISANCE INTERRUPTING THE MUNDANE FLOW OF MY LIFE WHAT THINGS I COULD HAVE DONE IN THIS TIME SPENT SITTING HERE SPITTING THIS HOW MANY OTHER POSSIBLE WORKS HAVE BEEN IGNORED MY LIST WILL JUST ABSORB THIS IN A JIFFY WHEREAS I COULD HAVE FILLED IT OUT QUITE A BIT IN THIS TIME A WHOLE STRETCH OF NEW TITLES AND DESCRIPTIONS IN CONFINING MYSELF HERE IVE NEGLECTED EVERY OTHER POSSIBILITY CONCEIVABLE I MAY HAVE DONE A LOVELY DRAWING OF A PLANT OR WRITTEN A LUSCIOUS DIATONIC LULLABY OR SPENT ONE HUNDREDTH OF A SECOND TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH OR MADE A SCULPTURE OUT OF TISSUE PAPER OR RECORDED A NEW ALBUM OR WALKED TO SCOTLAND ALL THOSE ACTIVITIES HAVE BEEN SUBJUGATED BY THIS HUNGRY MONSTER CRYING FEED ME FEED ME ITS A

VORACIOUS ONE INDEED AND ALL FOR NOTHING BUT DONE ON A WHIM BUT ALMOST DONE NONE THE LESS AND IF I CAN JUST KEEP UP THIS PACE ILL DEFINITELY GET IT DONE SOONER RATHER THAN LATER EVEN IF IT IS WORSE RATHER THAN BETTER THAN OUGHT TO BE EXPECTED BUT YOU CANT BE TOO CRITICAL WHEN YOU CANT SEE THE DAMNED THING HOW DO YOU NOT LIKE A PAINTING YOUVE NEVER SEEN EXCEPT BY PREJUDICE OH YES AND WHILE I REMEMBER ID LIKE TO PUT A WORD IN IN FAVOUR OF ELECTRIC WARRIOR WHAT A MAGNIFICENT PRODUCT THAT IS ID BE SO PROUD TO HAVE PRODUCED SOMETHING LIKE THAT YOU CAN KEEP BRAHMS AND LISZT GIVE ME RIP OFF ANY DAY OF THE WEEK A SOLID MONOLITH OF WORK OK THAT SAID NOW WHERE WAS I AH YES HERE UP TO MY ANKLES IN LIGHT STILL GOT SOME PLUGGING TO GO TO DARKEN THIS DOORSTEP BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY FORWARD IF I WANT TO GO DOWNWARD IM WENDING MY TARDY WAY IN A BABBLE OF GIBBERISH WITH A FACE LIKE A BABACOOTES BACKSIDE NO PROBLEMO ME OLD CHINA OFF YOU GO DONT DITHER ABOUT HERE IF YOU WANT TO GET THERE SOON ENOUGH JUST START TALKING BLURT OUT THE FIRST THING YOU THINK OF JUST LET YOUR FINGER DO THE WALKING OR HOPPING OR WHATEVER AVE ANOTHER CUPPA SMOKE ANOTHER JOINT FEEL YOUR MIND OOZING MORE GUNK ONTO THE PAGE A GURGITATION OF GLIB VERBAL KETCHUP AVE A PUFF ON YER NARGHILE AND PUKE UP A LITTLE MORE NASTY KIBOSH LET THE RIVER OF THOUGHTS COME GURGLING OUT WHAT YOUR NEED MY FRIEND IS A MENTAL LAXATIVE TO UNLOCK WHATS IN YER HEAD TAKE A TOKE ON THIS BEAUTY TIS A MIGHTY NICE BIT OF WEED MARK MY WORD ITLL GET THOSE WORDY JUICES FLOWING NO PROBLEM OR HOW ABOUT A BIT OF THE HARD STUFF SHOOT IT UP AND YOUll NEVER STOP CHATTING AWAY A LITTLE HORSE WILL REALLY GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT TAKE YOU ON A TRIP OUT OF YOUR HUMDRUM LITTLE MIDDLE CLASS MEDIOCRE LIFE NO THANKS DRUGS AND ME DONT GET ON AT ALL WELL I EITHER FALL OVER OR THROW UP OR SOMETIMES BOTH BUT JUST FOR OLD TIMES SAKE GIVE ME OVER A CHUNK OF THAT FUDGE ILL TRY AGAIN AFTER SO MANY FAILURES I MIGHT JUST MANAGE TO GET OFF THE GROUND THIS TIME THIS WHOLE PROCEDURE COULD DO WITH A LITTLE MYSTIQUE GET IT METAMORPHOSED FROM ITS TAWDRY STATE BY INJECTING A BIT OF SOMETHING SPECIAL ITS WEIRD BUT I JUST GET DULLER AND DULLER THE MORE I CONSUME MESMERISED BY MY OWN IDEA OF MYSELF AND MY ABILITIES STRANGE HOW I REFUSE TO ACCEPT WHAT EVERYONE ELSE SEEMS TO AGREE ON SUCH IS LIFE AS THEY SAY BUT IM HAPPY ENOUGH IN MY HOME MADE COCOON SPINNING OFF STUFF THAT NOBODY NEEDS OR WANTS THATS MY JOB MY DUTY TO PRODUCE WHAT IS ABSOLUTELY UNNECESSARY TRINKETS AND IDEOLOGICAL ORNAMENTS IF ITS AT ALL USEFUL IM NOT INTERESTED FOR ME THE PURPOSE MUST BE TO MAKE SOMETHING ESSENTIALLY POINTLESS TOTALLY INCONSEQUENTIAL ACTIVITIES ARE MY FORTE THE MORE MEANINGLESS AND IRRELEVANT AND SENSELESS AND HOLLOW AND TRIVIAL AND WORTHLESS AND INSIGNIFICANT AND TRIFLING AND UNIMPORTANT AND NONSENSICAL AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE AND UNINTELLIGIBLE AND EMPTY SOMETHING IS THE MORE I LIKE IT FUNNY I SUPPOSE BUT WERE ALL MADE DIFFERENTLY THANK HIM OR HER OR IT OR WHATEVER AFTER ALL SOMEONES GOTTA DO IT ITS LIKE BEING A DUSTMAN THE WORK THAT I DO EXCEPT WITHOUT THE CHRISTMAS BONUS AND THE PERKS OF FINDING SOME HALF DECENT CAST OFFS IM A FISHERMAN OF THE MIND TRAWLING THROUGH THE DEEPEST DESERTS OF IMAGINATION IF I COME BACK EMPTY HANDED I SET OUT AGAIN NOT KNOWING WHAT IM LOOKING FOR AND NEVER SURE WHEN I FIND IT IS THIS A DIAMOND OR JUST ANOTHER BIT OF BROKEN GLASS IT ALL LOOKS THE SAME TO ME RUBBISH A POEM SCREWED UP INTO A BALL JUST LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER BIT OF WASTE PAPER AND ALL PAINTINGS LOOK PRETTY MUCH THE SAME BEFORE THEYRE SQUEEZED OUT OF THE TUBE DID I SAY THAT ALREADY IT WOULDNT SURPRISE ME AND IF I DID IT DOESNT BOTHER ME ONE BIT ALMOST ALL OF THESE WORDS HAVE APPEARED SOMEWHERE ELSE AND THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THE ORDER THATS THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM WITH WRITING BUT IF YOU MAKE UP YOUR OWN WORDS NOBODY UNDERSTANDS WHAT YOUVE SAID THERE AGAIN IF I WENT TO THE SHOP SPEAKING LATIN OR WITH A SHOPPING LIST DONE IN HIEROGLYPHS IM PRETTY SURE SOMEONE WOULD EVENTUALLY GIVE ME SOME FAGS AND A PINT OF MILK MAYBE ILL TRY IT TOMORROW JUST TWENTY NINE MORE WORDS AND ILL CALL IT A DAY ITS ALWAYS BEST TO END ON A ROUND NUMBER AND HOWEVER YOU GET THERE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE GEE WHILLIKINS BOY DO MY EYES HURT FROM WRITING THIS GOBBLEDEGOOK ALL PUFFY AND ITCHY PERHAPS I SHOULD TRY WEARING SHADES ITS HARD TO IMAGINE LOOKING ANY MORE OF A TOSSER THAN I ALREADY DO THIS WRITING IS LIKE AN INGROWING HAIR IT CURLS ROUND ON ITSELF FORMING AN UNPLEASANT SPOT THE ONLY WAY IS TO ATTACK IT WITH A NEEDLE STAB IT IN AND PULL IT OUT OF MY MIND IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE RIGHT I SHOULD BE DONE BY NEXT WEDNESDAY OR THERE ABOUTS BUT IM NOT A BRIGHT SPARK IN THE SUMS DEPARTMENT SO IVE PROBABLY GOT IT ALL WRONG ANYWAY LETS SAY WEDNESDAY OR THERE ABOUTS TWO DAYS BEFORE SCHEDULE TOP HOLE MY MAIN MAN FINISH WEDNESDAY PRINT IT OVER THE WEEKEND POP IT INTO THE BINDERS ON MONDAY GET IT BACK

WEDNESDAY AND PARTY ON FRIDAY OR SATURDAY THEN FORGET ABOUT THE WHOLE BORING ORDEAL I CANT WAIT BUT IF I KNOW ME ILL FINISH ON WEDNESDAY AND HAVE A GREAT IDEA FOR AN ENDING ON THURSDAY TRA LA LA TOO LATE ME OLD MATEY WHEN IM FINISHED THERES NO GOING BACK IT WILL BE AS IT WAS WHEN I PUT THE FULLSTOP AND WILL REMAIN SO IM NOT INTERESTED IN IMPROVEMENTS ITS PERFECT WITH ALL ITS DEFECTS SHINING OUT BUT NOW WHAT ABOUT A BIT MORE OF THEM VERBAL PYROTECHNICS TO LIGHT UP THE WAY TO THE END MAYBE DO AWAY WITH THOSE SCUMMY LITTLE LINKING WORDS FOR A WHILE ALL THOSE PATHETIC LITTLE CLINGY SO AND SOS THE MORTAR BETWEEN THE BRICKS OF MEANING RUBBISH SUCH AS OF AND IT THE A IS ETC STEAMSHIP CURRY IGLOO CUP METEOR EARWIG FATHOMETER CONVENT GALLIGASKINS WASP STRUDEL PLIMSOLL TRACTOR VERMICELLI CAVE ANVIL ARTICHOKE CRAYON PRETZEL YACHT WAGON TURKEY CHEESE PILLOW CAR LIGHT BULB STATUE CARDBOARD CEILING CLOUD COAL DONKEY SANDWICH BELT OSTRICH BAMBOO CARTILAGE HOUSE SEAL PERSPEX SLEDGE GALLSTONE FARTHINGALE ETCETERA ETCETERA NOW FOR A LITTLE ORDERING DEVICE BALLOON FIREWORK JEEP NAIL ROBIN VERRUCA ZINGARO DOCTOR HOTEL LEMON PICKAXE TURNIP VERBOTEN ONE TYPICAL ISNT IT WHENEVER I TRY DOING SOMETHING WITH STRICT RULES I MAKE A MISTAKE BLOODY USELESS I REALLY AM AN ABSOLUTE SLUBBERDEGULLION A RIGHT MENTALLY SLOVENLY FELLOW HATCHING THESE OVOVIVIPAROUS IDEAS IN MY MIND BUT CONSTANTLY FAILING TO BIRTH THEM PROPERLY ON THE PAGE I TELL YOU IM SICK TO THE BACK MOLARS WITH IT WHAT SEEMS LIKE A BRIGHT IDEA IN THE DARK RECESSES OF MY BRAIN BOX DOESNT ALWAYS WORK OUT ON PAPER I HAVE AN UNCANNY ABILITY TO MAKE SIX AND SIX EQUAL TWELVE AND A BIT IM NEVER EXACTLY SPOT ON ALWAYS A LITTLE TO THE LEFT OR THE RIGHT OF THE CORRECT ANSWER I PUT MY HAND UP IN THE CLASS AS IF I KNOW THE ANSWER BUT THEN DECIDE THAT I JUST WANT TO GO TO THE TOILET OH WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT TO MYSELF I AM AND TO THINK IT WAS GOING SO WELL IT FELT LIKE THAT FILM OF A DAY IN THE LIFE GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP INTO A PSYCHEDELIC FRENZY AND THEN CRASHING DOWN INTO A VIBRATING MEMORY AND DYING AWAY BIT BY BIT THE CAR IS RED THE DOG IS BROWN THE ANTELOPE HAS FOUR LEGS A GIRL GAVE ME A PRESENT IT WAS A THURSDAY SPRING IS NOT AROUND THE CORNER THE BIRD IS NOT SINGING WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME TO MY PARTY THE TABLE IS SET FOR SEVEN I AM NOT A GERMAN SHEPHERD THE DOOR IS STILL OPEN HELLO LITTLE FLOWER WHAT IS YOUR NAME AT TWO O CLOCK WE WATCH TELEVISION DO NOT TALK TO RANGERS MY BIKE IS PURPLE AND HAS A BASKET DO YOU LIKE DINOSAURS JENNY LA TOILETTE COMPLETE PEUT DURER UN QUART DHEURE ETC I WANT A NEW NEEDLE ZHER VOODREH ANG NOOVOA SAHFEER ID LIKE TO SEE A BOXING MATCH ZHEHMERREH VWAHR ANG MATCH DER BOKS WILL YOU PLEASE ENLARGE THIS VURYAY AHGRAHNGDEER SERSSEE SEEL VOO PLEH CAN YOU COME OVER FOR COCKTAILS THIS EVENING POOVAY VOO VERNEER PRAHNGDR ANG VEHR SHAY MWAH SER SWAHR IM LOST CAN YOU SHOW ME THE WAY TO ZHER MER SWEE PEHRDEW POORYAY VOO MANGDEEKAY LER SHERMANG POOR AHLAY AH THE FINAL SENTENCE ITS FAR TOO SLOW I NEED TO PRESS ON A BIT NOT IDLE SHOWING OFF MY POLYGLOTTAL PROWESS POPPYCOCK ALL I LEARN'T IN MY FRENCH CLASSES WAS SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP AND OCCASIONALLY GET OUT OF THIS ROOM YOU RUDE BOY AH HAPPY DAYS THE BEST OF YOUR RANCID LITTLE LIFE I DO REMEMBER SASSY MISS MURRAYS TITS THOUGH OR SHOULD I SAY BOSOM BUT HERES NOT THE PLACE FOR THEM OR SHOULD I SAY IT THERES A FRIGID CHILL IN THE AIR SWEEPING OVER THE REMAINS OF THIS PAGE HOLD ON IVE JUST REMEMBERED THE WEDDING THAT INTERRUPTS TUESDAYS EFFORTS A FAIR BIT SO MAYBE I WONT END TIL THURSDAY STILL ON TIME BUT CUTTING IT A BIT CLOSE TO THE BONE IM SURE ILL GET IT ALL SEWN UP AND THEN GET THIS HAIRY BUSH SHORN OFF AFTER HAVING IT SNAPPED OF COURSE AND ONE OF THE ASHTRAY AND I THOUGHT I WANTED TO TAKE ONE OF SOMETHING ELSE TOO WHAT WAS IT MY MEMORY HAS DEFINITELY GOT A HOLE IN IT SOMEWHERE WHAT WAS IT ONE THE FACIAL JOKE TWO THE VOLCANIC ASH TRAY AND THREE MM HOLD ON AH YES THE BEARD AGAIN BUT THIS TIME WITHOUT ME SUPPORTING IT JUST A PILE OF TATTY OLD FACE PUBES ON A BLANK WHITE BACKGROUND THATLL BE A TREAT THAT ONE I CAN SEE IT ALREADY IN MY MINDS EYE LIKE A FALLEN HAYSTACK SURROUNDED BY SNOW SORT OF THING MONET MIGHT HAVE HAD A GO AT TO RECORD THE CHANGING OF THE LIGHT ILL USE A FLASH THOUGH I EXPECT AND DO MY RECORDING IN LESS THAN A QUARTER OF A SECOND AND I WONT EVEN NEED TO WAIT FOR THE PAINT TO DRY BEFORE EXHIBITING IT THE WONDER OF TECHNOLOGY TAKE THIS FOR EXAMPLE A BUNCH OF WIRES AND STUFF BUT WITHOUT THEM THESE WORDS WOULDNT BE AND ID PROBABLY BE IN THE KITCHEN SETTING UP MY EASEL WEARING A SMOCK AND A BERET WILL MY PALETTE KNIFE READY TO MIX SOME TOMATO GREENS AND REDS TO PRODUCE ANOTHER CANVAS OF DEAD NATURE BUT WE ALL KNOW THERES NO DIFFERENCE THIS IS POTENTIALLY JUST AS DEAD AS THAT AN EQUALLY RIDICULOUS CONCEPT LIKE FOUR DOTS FOR A RABBIT THAT HAS FOUR SMALL LEGS EVERYONE GETS SO HOT UNDER THE COLLAR ABOUT ALL THIS NEW STUFF AS

IF IT WAS IN ANYWAY IMPORTANT OF COURSE ITS NOT ITS JUST PEOPLE LIKE ME TRYING OUT AN IDEA DONT LET IT RILE YOU ITS NOT DOING NO HARM JUST AN INNOCENT WAY OF PASSING THE TIME LIKE CLEANING THE CAR ON A SUNDAY OR CHASING FOXES WITH HOUNDS OR HANGING ROUND THE SCHOOL GATES ALL PERFECTLY ACCEPTABLE WAYS OF WASTING ONES LIFE JABBER JABBER JABBER IT ALL JUST TALK IN ONE LANGUAGE OR ANOTHER AND IF YOU DONT LIKE THE FILM YOURE FREE TO WALK OUT OF THE CINEMA BUT THE PROBLEM IS THERES SO MANY PEOPLE STIRRING THE STEW ALL TRYING TO JUDGE THE TASTE WITHOUT BEING PREPARED TO PUT THEIR GRUBBY FINGERS INTO THE HOT POT JUST GROW UP AND STOP YOUR WORRYING PHONEY MORALISING AND MOANING THE ONLY THING THATS OUTRAGEOUS THESE DAYS IS THE PRICE OF THE TICKETS THAT REALLY IS SOMETHING SHOCKING THE RESTS JUST BANAUSIC BALLYHOO WHO REALLY GIVES A MONKEYS WHATS OUT THERE OR WHATS HIDDEN UNDER THE BED NOT ME IVE GOT MY OWN CHOICES TO MAKE WITHOUT CONSIDERING OTHER PEOPLES DODGY CHOICES AS LONG AS THE HORSES DONT GET UPSET THAT WHAT I SAY EVERYONE THROWING THEIR ARMS UP AT THE STATE OF THINGS COME OFF IT JUST GIVE IT A REST IF YOU DONT LIKE THIS BOOK BURN IT SEE IF I CARE WHATS IMPORTANT IS THAT I FINISH NOT WHETHER SOME DUNCE ENJOYS READING IT OR LOOKING AT IT ITS ALL TOPSY TURVY BUTT OVER TIT IM THE ONE THE ULTIMATE DECIDER OF WORTH AND EVERYONE ELSE CAN GO JUMP OFF A HIGH PLACE DO YOU LIKE MY JUMPER DO YOU THINK I LOOK FAT IN THIS DOES MY BOTTOM LOOK BIG ARE MY EYEBROWS TOO LONG DO THESE CURTAINS GO WITH THIS CARPET ARE MY EARS POKING OUT DO YOU WANT ME TO BE A BIT TALLER DO YOU REALLY LOVE ME A KALEIDOSCOPE OF MISGIVINGS AND UNCONFIDENT PHRASES SO WHAT IF YOU DONT LIKE THE WAY THAT I SMELL MOVE AWAY I DONT MUCH LIKE THE WAY THAT YOU LOOK EITHER I MUST STOP SCRATCHING MY EYES OR WHEN MY SWEETHEART ARRIVES ILL LOOK LIKE A JUNKIE BLEARY AND OUT OF IT OH I CANT WAIT TO GET THIS BEHIND ME AND INDULGE IN A BIT OF HOWS YOUR FATHER IT CANT BE NATURAL TO LIVE LIKE THIS LIKE SOME OLD MONK IN A SHABBY CASSOCK LOCKED AWAY IN THE CELLAR OF A CASTLE FEEDING ON SCRAPS LEFT BY THE CAT IM CATCHING MICE AND BITING THEIR HEADS OFF FOR FUN SUCKING THE JUICY BIT FROM BIG MOTHER COCKROACHES WAITING PATIENTLY FOR A FAT SPIDER TO LAND ON MY FACE AND THEN SHOOT OUT MY TONGUE LIKE A FROG MM A NICE PLUMP TOAD WHAT A FEAST THAT WOULD MAKE IM SO HUNGRY IM STARTING TO HAVE VISIONS THE STUFF LEFT OVER FROM THE LAST SUPPER WOULD KEEP ME GOING FOR A MONTH A FIVE THOUSANDTH SHARE OF A FISH SEEMS LIKE A BANQUET ID TUCK INTO THE DEAD CRUCIFIED BODY ITSELF NIBBLE AWAY ON A LEG FOR A WHILE SO WHEN ITS RESURRECTED HED WALK WITH A LIMP BUT ALL I CAN HAVE AT THE MOMENT IS A BISCUIT WASHED DOWN WITH ONE MORE CUP OF TEA CHEERS THIS ASININE ASCETIC LIFE HAS ITS BENEFITS THOUGH YOU DO SAVE A BIT AT THE SUPERMARKET BUT WHAT YOU SAVE ON THE SWINGS YOU LOSE ON THE SLIDE SO IT ALL BALANCES OUT IN THE END ILL KEEP ON IN MY ROUNDABOUT WAY AND GET WHERE I NEED TO BE EVENTUALLY WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT I JUST GOT MY SCROTUM CAUGHT IN MY FLY THATLL TEACH ME TO BLASPHEME EVEN IF I AM A ATHEIST BY TRADE SOMETIMES I REALLY FANCY A CIGARETTE AND THEN NOTICE THAT IM ALREADY SMOKING ONE ITS A SORT OF DISAPPOINTMENT A BIT LIKE FINISHING SOMETHING YOUVE WORKED ON FOR AGES A STRANGE MIX OF ELATION TINGED WITH SADNESS IT MEANS ITS OVER AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOUVE DISLIKED THE EXPERIENCE YOU SUFFER FROM SOME SORT OF LOSS LIKE HAVING A FANTASTIC TOOTHACHE THE PAIN IS IN SOME WAY SUBLIME AND YOU MISS IT NOTHING TO MOAN ABOUT NOTHING TO GET SYMPATHY FOR BACK TO THE BLAND STABILITY OF NORMALITY THE BODY LOVES PAIN IT REVELS IN ITS ACUTE DISCOMFORT AND MAKES THE RELIEF ALL THE MORE SATISFYING IM LIKE A CEREBRAL SELF CHASTISER FLAGELLATING MY MIND FORCING MYSELF TO KEEP BABBLING ON AND LIKE ANY S AND M DEVOTEE I KNOW WHERE MY BOUNDARY IS IM PUSHING MYSELF CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE LIMIT THE THRESHOLD OF ENDURANCE AND THEN WITH ONE LAST STAB OF MY FINGER ITLL ALL BE OVER JUST A PAINFUL MEMORY FOR AN EXERCISE COMPLETED IM DRIPPING HOT CANDLE WAX ONTO MY PENIS SURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE CLIMAX WILL COME AND THE FASTER I LET THE DROPS FALL THE SOONER THE SOOTHING SENSATION WILL FLOW THROUGH MY BODY ITS A FUNNY OLD WORLD ISNT IT BUT ITS ONLY LIKE SOME MAN OR WOMAN DOING A CRUDDY JOB THAT THEY HATE ALL YEAR FOR A PITTANCE BUT KNOWING THAT IN THE SUMMER THEYRE OFF TO SPAIN FOR TWO WEEKS OR MAYBE ITS MORE LIKE MAKING OUT IN THE BACK OF A MINI A KIND OF WORTHWHILE EXPERIENCE TO TRY BUT NO REAL CHANCE OF WHOLEHEARTED ENJOYMENT IM A BIT LOST WHERE WAS I WAS THERE A POINT TO WHAT I JUST WROTE IF THERE WAS IVE FORGOTTEN IT BUT IT HARDLY MATTERS IT JUST JOINS THE REST OF EVERYTHING ELSE IVE SO QUICKLY AND THOROUGHLY FORGOT I CANT BE BOTHER TO KEEP TRACK OF WHATS WHAT ALL I KNOW IS IVE GOTTA KEEP COMING UP WITH MORE STUFF TO GET THIS TURKEY FULLY STUFFED IN TIME FOR THE FESTIVAL OF PLEASURE IM HAPPY TO PREPARE THE BEAST BUT I DONT WANT TO EAT IT IVE SEEN THE MESS IN THE KITCHEN OF MY MIND AND IVE REALLY LOST MY APPETITE I TELL YOU WHAT

THOUGH I THINK I MIGHT HAVE LOST MY MARBLES A BIT DOING THIS IVE NEVER WORKED SO HARD ON ANYTHING SAT SO STILL IN THE SAME PLACE FOR QUITE SO LONG IM GETTING A BIT MANIC LAST NIGHT FOR EXAMPLE I COULDN'T SLEEP AT ALL AND IT WASN'T EVEN A FULL MOON MY MIND INSISTED IN ON CHURNING OUT MORE MORSELS OF RUBBISH I REALLY FELT ON THE EDGE NOT OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN BUT OF A BOREDOM BREAK UP ITS HARD TO JUST TURN ON AND OFF AT THE MOMENT IM A KIND OF VERBAL NYMPHOMANIAC OVER SEXED IN A WORDY WAY AND DESPERATE FOR MORE IM ADDICTED TO THE SPEWING OF LINES EVEN MY DREAMS ARE CONTAINED ON A WHITE PAGE I WONDER WHAT A PSYCHIATRIST WOULD MAKE OF THIS SITUATION LETS PLAY A WORD ASSOCIATION GAME ROBERT BURNS FIRE WATER SEA SHIP JOURNEY DISCOVERY AMERICA NEW YORK ABSTRACTION AH INTERESTING IT DIDNT TAKE TOO LONG TO GET BACK INTO A GALLERY HERES ANOTHER ONE TWO ADAM AND EVE SIN REDEMPTION FORGIVENESS SORRY ELTON JOHN SORRY ELTON JOHN WHY IT SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD OH I SEE SHIP JOURNEY DISCOVERY AMERICA NEW YORK ABSTRACTION AH YOU'RE SICK YOU'VE A DEFINITE PROBLEM I RECOMMEND A FEW WEEKS REST AND TAKE SOME OF THESE THEY WONT KEEP YOU SANE BUT THEYLL CERTAINLY GIVE YOU A BUZZ THATLL BE FIFTY POUNDS PLEASE AND MAKE AN APPOINTMENT FOR TOMORROW FIRST THING YOU NEED ALL THE HELP YOU CAN GET OH YES AND BEFORE YOU GO WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THIS PAINTING BY RORSCHACH THATS EASY LAMP BLACK OVER A ZINC WHITE BACKGROUND ON A MEDIUM SIZED CANVAS VARNISHED WITH MATT DAMMAR SIGNED IN THE BOTTOM LEFT HAND CORNER H R NINETEEN EIGHTEEN CURRENT MARKET VALUE OF AROUND FIFTEEN TO EIGHTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS I SHOULD IMAGINE WHY DAMMIT YOU DAFT LUNATIC YOU'RE IN A WORSE STATE THAN I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD BE LOCKED UP FOR THE SAFETY OF EVERYONE A NICE PADDED CELL WOULD SUIT YOU SOMEWHERE YOU CAN SCREAM WITHOUT WAKING THE NEIGHBOURS RAIN RAIN RAIN THATS ALL I NEED TO DAMPEN MY SPIRITS JUST WHEN A TORRENT OF FLOWING TRIVIALITIES IS REQUIRED BUT ILL WADE ON THROUGH THE SEWAGE TO REACH MY SAFE HOUSE WITH MY EGO WELL INFLATED TO KEEP ME AFLOAT IM DEVELOPING BED SORES ON MY BOTTOM FROM SITTING HERE SO LONG IVE BECOME JUST ANOTHER PIECE OF FURNITURE IN THE ROOM AND ANNOYING OLD CHAIR WITH THE STUFFING COMING OUT OF MY CUSHION FACE IM TIRED OF THIS VIEW OF LOOKING INTO THE LIGHT IVE A LAYER OF DUST ON MY HEAD NOW AND MY BONES GROAN AS I TYPE IVE GOT SO MUCH OLDER SO QUICKLY WHAT IS IT NOW ABOUT TWO AND A HALF MONTHS OF THIS BLURTING BUT IT SEEMS LIKE A LIFETIME WELL IN A WAY IT IS THE LIFETIME OF THIS BOOK AND IM NOW GETTING ON A BIT THESE ARE MY PENSIONER WORDS SO DONT BE SURPRISED IF THEYVE GONE A BIT DOTTY HERE IN THE DOTAGE OF THE DAY SOON THE OLD BASTARD WILL BE PUT TO REST THIS SLOW LITERARY EUTHANASIA WILL WORK ITS MAGIC AND GET THESE PAGES PUT IN THEIR BOX WHERE THEY CAN HAPPILY LIE AND ROT IN PEACE OR FALL TO PIECES FOR ALL I CARE MY POINT IS ALMOST PROVED THE RACE ALMOST RUN THE FINAL LAP OUT OF THE FOUR ON THIS PAGE HAS STARTED THE ASHTRAY IS TELLING ITS OWN STORY TO ANYONE WHOLL LOOK AFTER WALKING SO FAR IM KEEN TO JOG TO THE END PICKING UP SPEED AS I ENTER THE STADIUM IVE LEFT A MAGNIFICENT TRAIL OF SWEAT ON THE FLOOR BEHIND ME EASY FOR ANY DOG TO FOLLOW IM FORGING AHEAD MAKING MY FAKE MORE LIKE AN ORIGINAL AND IM ALREADY PRACTISING MY SIGNATURE AND PLANNING MY FRONT PAGE SPREAD IN A VISUAL LINGO THATS VISIBLE A WELCOME TO THE FANDANGLE IN THE BACK OF MY MIND IS THE POSSIBLE RIFACIMENTO THE OMEGA OF TREACHERY ABANDONMENT OF ALL GUIDING PRINCIPLES ALMOST AS MUCH AN ACT OF REVENGE AS A SUBMISSION TO EGO BUT THAT DISGUSTING MOMENT WILL BE PUT OFF UNTIL THE DUST HAS SETTLED ON THE ORIGINAL FORM THE ONE TRUE REALISATION OF THE PROCESS THE NEXT STEP CAN WAIT THEN ILL OFFER MY BACK TO THE THRUST OF THAT OTHER DAGGER ILL DEFILE MY VOWS SPOIL THE BEAUTY OF THE STRUCTURE BY TRANSFORMING IT INTO AN UGLY ABORTION THAT WILL MAKE ITS OWN WAY IN THE REAL WORLD ILL SUFFER THE HUMILIATION ILL NO DOUBT DESERVE AND ACCEPT ITS SCATHING GRACEFULLY AN UTTERLY FUTILE ACTION MADE MORE BRAZENLY AWFUL SCALING THE GIDDY HEIGHTS OF INAPPROPRIATENESS ILL ACKNOWLEDGE THE FALL A LEAST IM BIG ENOUGH TO ADMIT IT HERE IN THESE MINUSCULE MEANDERINGS THE RIVER IVE PAINSTAKINGLY CUT THROUGH THE VALLEY WILL BE FULL OF FILTHY TOXIC WASTE AS SOON AS IS NECESSARY ILL EAT MY HAT AND VOMIT NO MORE LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER IN THE CHOICE THAT APPARENTLY IVE ALREADY MADE ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR THE FINAL WHISTLE TO GO AND FOR ME TO CONFESS THAT IVE CHEATED NOT ENTIRELY BUT QUITE ENOUGH TO DESERVE TO BE DISQUALIFIED IM SERVING TINNED PEACHES IN SYRUPY MUCK WHEN EVERYONE EXPECTED LOVELY JUICY FRESH ONES PLUCKED THIS MORNING FROM THE BOUGH EVEN THE CREAM ISNT FRESH ITS THAT SWEETENED FROTHY STUFF SEALED UNDER HIGH PRESSURE FULL OF ADDITIVES AND ARTIFICE BUT AS WITH EVERYTHING ELSE SOME PEOPLE WILL PREFER IT SO WHO AM I TO DISAGREE WITH THEIR TASTE BUDS BUT I WONT BE GETTING ON MY BIKE TONIGHT THATS FOR SURE SO I CAN THROW A FEW MORE

FAKE PEARLS INTO THE PIGS EAR OF THE JOB BLIMEY IS THAT THE DAY ALREADY ID BETTER GET BLITHERING DOUBLE TIME WRITING LIKE BILLY OH SO OFF AGAIN CARVING MY WAY INTO THE HARD WHITE STONE BELOW LIKE OLD PHIDIAS I WONDER WHAT HED THINK ABOUT THE STATE OF HIS BLOCKS NOW ALL BROKEN AND BATTERED HED PROBABLY JUST THROW THEM IN THE RIVER AS A TRIBUTE TO MODIGLIANI OR MAYBE HED EXPRESS SURPRISE TO SEE THEM SO NAKED WHERE'S THE PAINT GONE HOW CAN YOU BEAR TO LOOK AT THEM LIKE THAT SLAP SOME SLAP ON THEM PLEASE ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT AUTHENTICITY WHAT A LOAD OF OLD COBBLERS IM SURE IF BEETHOVEN WERE HERE AND COULD HEAR HED HARDLY RECOGNISE THE WAY HIS MUSIC SOUNDS NOW ESPECIALLY IF HE HEARD IT ON MY RECORD PLAYER NOT THAT HE MAKES IT THERE VERY OFTEN THESE DAYS HIM AND HIS LOT DONT STAND A CHANCE YOU CAN JUST TELL BY LOOKING THAT THEYRE NOT READY FOR ACTION WHEREAS MICKS ALWAYS UP FOR A SPIN READY WILLING AND MORE THAN ABLE TO ENTERTAIN COME ON PULL YOUR FINGER OUT WERE AWAITING YOUR MENSA AND MEMORIES OR WAS IT A MEMORIAL TO TRUE BLUE DUM DI DUM IVE SEEN ANGELS LURKING IN THE TREES AROUND THESE PARTS AS WELL STUBBY SMELLY LITTLE ONES WITH GAMMY LEGS AND DEFORMED BEAKS VERMIN TAKING TO THE WING AND SWOOPING DOWN ON THEIR QUARRY OF SOGGY CRISPS AND OLD HALF EATEN BURGERS FROM CALAIS TO CALCUTTA THEYRE DOING THE BUSINESS BUT IM NOT INTERESTED IN INDIAN THOUGH I DO LIKE A NICE QUIET CURRY PRODUCTION OCCASIONALLY ALL THAT MYSTICISM AND POVERTY DOESNT APPEAL BUT ILL GO IF IM PAID I SUPPOSE AND TAKE SOME SOUL CATCHING EQUIPMENT WITH ME THERES PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT KIND OF ACTIVITY HOLIDAY I COULD SIT LIKE A LOST DIANA ON THE BENCH IN FRONT OF THE LOVE HUT SPITTING INTO THE POND IVE GOT TIME TO VISIT SIBERIAN MINES TO SWIM TO THE SOURCE OF THE NILE TO CLIMB TO THE TOP OF MOUNT MARKHAM TO WALK THE SEVEN THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SIX AND A HALF IMPERIAL MILES OF THE EARTHS BELLY OR IS IT TWENTY FOUR THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND ONE AND A BIT MILES THESE DAYS I CAN NEVER REMEMBER IM TOO LAZY TO DO IT THOUGH THOUGH I COULD IF I WANTED THATS THE MAIN THING IM CHOOSING NOT TO LIVE UNDER WATER ITS A CONSCIOUS DECISION IVE MADE OH YES SIR IVE MADE UP MY MIND TO SIT HERE AND DO THIS JUST BEAR THAT IN MIND WHEN YOU LOOK AT IT THIS HAS BEEN DONE SIMPLY BECAUSE I THOUGHT THAT IT COULD BE IM AN EXPLORER IN MY WAY IN MY FASHION CHARTING THE UNTAPPED REGIONS OF MY MIND AND IF LIKE MOST EXPLORERS I COME BACK WITH NOTHING ITS BECAUSE THERES NOTHING THERE THATS HARDLY MY FAULT IS IT SOCIETY IS SURELY TO BLAME IM THE PRODUCT OF IT AS MUCH AS MYSELF I CHOSE THE BOOKS THAT I WANTED TO READ BUT IM NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FALLACIOUS MATERIAL I LEARN'T THERE OR THE PERFIDIOUS OPINIONS I FORMED AS A RESULT BUT HEY DONT BLAME ME IF YOU HAVE DIFFERENT VIEWS YOURE AS ENTITLED TO BE WRONG AS I AM TO BE RIGHT HELLO WHATS THAT NOISE I DONT RECOGNISE IT ITS NOT ONE OF MINE A STRANGE WHIRRING DULL DEEP AND MONOTONOUS AND NOW ITS GONE AGAIN OR MY EARS CANT FIND IT A LEAST ILL PROBABLY NEVER EVER KNOW WHAT IT WAS ITS HIDING IN THE SILENCE OF MY ROOM I CAN STILL ALMOST FEEL IT EVEN THOUGH I CANT HEAR IT ANY MORE IT WAS LIKE ONE OF THOSE NOISES THAT YOU DONT UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU WAKE UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT YOU HAVE TO KEEP ABSOLUTELY MOTIONLESS IF YOU WANT TO HEAR IT EVEN THE SOUND OF YOU TURNING YOUR HEAD MAKES IT INAUDIBLE THE RUSTLE OF YOUR FACE ON THE SHEETS YOU LIE PERFECTLY STILL ANALYSING THE SILENCE FOR SOME TRACE OF THE MYSTERIOUS NOISE IT COULD BE THE ENGINE OF A MOSQUITO OR A SONG FROM A PIPE OFTEN IT SEEMS TO BE NOTHING BUT YOU WAIT ATTENTIVELY LISTENING FOR AN ENCORE IT NEVER COMES OR YOU FALL ASLEEP WITHOUT KNOWING YOU HAVE AND YOU MISS IT WHATEVER IT WAS THEN YOU FORGET THE WHOLE EPISODE AND DELETE IT FROM YOUR MEMORY IT DID OR DIDNT HAPPEN YOU DID OR DIDNT HEAR IT BUT EITHER WAY ITS GONE FOR EVER INTO THE SKIP OF PAST MOMENTS THE TINY PARTS AND FRAGMENTS OF YOU PREVIOUS EXISTENCE ALL DISAPPEAR BUT YOU CAN REASSEMBLE NEW THOUGHTS BASED ON THE WHOLE OF THAT COLLECTIVE MEMORY YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT THE EFFECT ON YOUR BODY OF SEEING SOMEONE THAT REALLY TURNS YOU ON IMAGINE THE QUICKENING OF THE HEART THE ALTERATION TO YOUR BREATHING YOUR HEIGHTENED AWARENESS AND EVEN THE SUBTLE CHANGE TO THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE IMAGINATION CAN BE MEMORY IN REVERSE ALL THOSE LOST FEELINGS PROVIDE A STOCK TO DRAW FROM EVERY SECOND CAN BE REINVENTED I MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN THE TUNE BUT THE SENSUOUS ATMOSPHERE OF THE MOMENT ACCOMPANYING IT STAYS WITH ME I CAN FEEL YOUR HAND IN MY MEMORY I CAN TASTE YOUR MOUTH AND MY NOSE REMEMBERS YOUR AROMA IF I NEVER SEE THE MOON AGAIN I WILL UNDERSTAND THE FEELING OF MOONLIGHT THE BRITTLE GLOW THE MYSTERIOUS SHINE THE HAZE OF A CLOUDY NIGHT THE THIN SLITHERS SERVED UP AND THE WARM FULLNESS THE MOON IN MY MIND IS ALL MOONS CLOSE UP OF ARID CRATERS AND SWOLLEN PREGNANT MOONS PURE WHITE CURVING HORIZONS AND YELLOW REMEMBRANCES OF OTHER MOONS AND WHAT

ABOUT THOSE MOONS OF LADS OUT FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN EAGER TO PLEASE A FILM CREW AFTER DOWNING A DOZEN PINTS OR SO HERE COMES OLD WOOLLY FACE LIKE SOME CHEAP EZRA POUNDING THE STUFF OUT BY THE POUND BUT LUCKILY ITS SO TIGHTLY PACKED THERES NO CHANCE OF READING BETWEEN THE LINES TRY DECONSTRUCTING THIS AND YOULL END UP WITH A RIGHT ROYAL BRANSTONIAN MESS HOWEVER THIS FORMALIST CHICANERY DOES SEEM TO BE LACKING IN STRUCTURAL POST MODERN REPETITION TECHNIQUES WHAT IM SORRY I SAID THIS FORMALIST CHICANERY DOES SEEM TO BE LACKING IN STRUCTURAL POST MODERN REPETITION TECHNIQUES YES I KNOW I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY YOU USE ALL THOSE WORDS TO SAY NOTHING ITS ALL JUST BLUFF AND BUFFOONERY BUT MAYBE DEEP DOWN ITS PERFECTLY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TIMES IN WHICH IT WAS COMPOSED ALL FRAGMENTED AND SHALLOW OVERWHELMINGLY FACILE AND PROSAIC ALL SURFACE AND NO SUBSTANCE IT IS THE EMBODIMENT OF THE ZEITGEIST HOLLOW RHETORIC ECHOING THE EMPTY MIND OF ITS CREATOR BUT IM A DEVOTED FOLLOWER OF LOUIS HARDIN THE LEADER IN A VERY GAZZA GLITTERY SORT OF WAY AN HES AN ESSENTIALIST TURNING MERE NOTES INTO AURAL MAGIC PICKING THE RIGHT ONES AND MIXING THEM BEAUTIFULLY WHEN HE DIED WE ALL LOST SOMETHING SO NOW IM DICING WITH DEATH TRYING TO TEMPT CANCER BY SMOKING AT THE TOP OF MONT BLANC AN ALPINE SUICIDE BUT AT LEAST THE VIEWS NICE AS I UNFETTER MORE FETID FOETAL THOUGHTS IN A FESTIVAL OF INDULGENCE AFTER ALL EVERYTHING KNOWABLE IS KNOWABLE NOW HOLD ON THINK ABOUT IT FOR A MINUTE NO DONT DO THAT YOU MAY DISCOVER AN IRREFUTABLE ERROR IN WHAT SEEMS ON FIRST READING TO BE SOUNDLY RATIONAL LOOK AT AIR FOR EXAMPLE IT WAS DEFINITELY THERE BEFORE ITS DISCOVERY WASNT IT OR A TRACTOR EVERYTHING ITS MADE FROM HAS ALWAYS EXISTED WELL NOT EVERYTHING ALWAYS BUT FOR AT LEAST THE LAST MILLION YEARS OR SO THE INGREDIENTS FOR THE METAL HAVE ONLY RECENTLY BEEN MIXED CORRECTLY BUT THEYVE BEEN ON THE SHELF FOR A LONG TIME AND IF ITS ONLY NOW THAT WE CAN WORK OUT DNA COMPLEXITIES THAT MERELY MEANS THAT WEVE ONLY JUST FOUND OUT HOW NOT THAT DNA DIDNT EXIST BEFORE SO LIKewise WITH DARK MATTER IT IS OR IS NOT OUT THERE AND THE FACT THAT WE CANT SEE IT OR DO SEE IT BUT DONT RECOGNISE IT SAYS MORE ABOUT US THAN ABOUT IT WE ONLY EVER FIND WHAT WERE LOOKING FOR BY LOOKING OR ACCIDENTALLY FINDING WHAT WE WERENT LOOKING FOR IF THAT MAKES SENSE NOW THERE MAY BE A FUNDAMENTAL FLAW IN THE POINT THAT IM MAKING BUT I CANT BE FUSSSED TO GO BACK AND READ IT SO ILL NEVER KNOW ANYWAY THE WHOLE POINT OF THAT WAS TO TAKE UP A BIT MORE ROOM AND IT DOES THAT WITHOUT ANY ARGUMENT AS WELL AS A LIST OF MANNED SPACE VEHICLES LAUNCHED BEFORE NINETEEN SEVENTY TWO WOULD HAVE DONE IM FLOATING FREE AS LEONOV DID ATTACHED ONLY BY MY TENUOUS THREAD OF THOUGHTS MY TENEBROUS TENDENTIOUS STYLE PROVES ITS OWN POINT AND REASON FOR EXISTENCE ITS FUNNY WHAT POPS INTO YOUR MIND WHEN YOURE NOT EXPECTING IT AND WELL PROBABLY NEVER UNDERSTAND THE BRAIN WELL ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO PREDICT THE NEXT THOUGHT LIKE THE CHAOS THAT DAILY SURROUNDS US ITS WHOLE PURPOSE IS TO DEFY KNOWING TO FLY IN THE UGLY FACE OF REASON AND LAUGH AT ALL SO CALLED RATIONAL EXPLANATIONS I HAVE NO INTRINSIC PROBLEM WITH THE CONCEPTION OF NOTHING AND EVERYTHING ARISING FROM IT IT SEEMS PERFECTLY SENSIBLE TO ME EITHER BECAUSE OR IN SPITE OF ITS SENSELESSNESS IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE EINSTEIN WAS WRONG BUT THATS ONLY HUMAN I SUPPOSE BUT I CANT GO INTO IT TOO DEEPLY HERE BECAUSE OF THE RULES IVE IMPOSED SO ILL HAVE TO THINK OF SOME OTHER WAY TO GO FORWARD SOME OTHER UTTER NONSENSE TO COVER THE PAGE WITH THERES SAFETY IN NUMBERS AT LEAST NOT IN REAL NUMBERS BUT QUANTITIES OR WHATEVER WHAT I WRITE HERE DISAPPEARS AND THERES SOME COMFORT IN THAT A LITTLE CONSOLATION IN THIS CONSTELLATION OF LINKED LETTERS I HAVE NO ONE TO IMPRESS AND NO OPTION BUT TO SEE IT THROUGH TO ITS ILLOGICAL CONCLUSION GREEN GREY BLUE RED BEIGE GOLD BUFF SILVER THESE ARE THE COLOURS REPRESENTING MAN A DISGUISE TO AVOID RACIST COMMENT A COVER UP JOB THAT SPOILT THE DESIRED EFFECT BUT THATS SO LONG AGO THOUGH THE GHOST STILL HAUNTS MY SHOULDER AND REFUSES TO LOOK AT ME LIKE A SPECTRAL SNOB SO BASICALLY IM SAYING THAT MIRACLES DO HAPPEN WOULD THAT BE A CORRECT SUMMING UP OF MY POSITION NO I HAVE NO POSITION IM NEITHER FOR NOR AGAINST IM HAPPY TO SIT SQUARELY ON THE FENCE AND WATCH BOTH SIDES TRYING TO KNOCK ME DOWN IM GUILTY OF OBFUSCATION NOTHING MORE AND CERTAINLY NOTHING LESS IM A BLIND MAN PUTTING THE GUN TO MY HEAD PULLING THE TRIGGER AND MISSING IMAGINATIVE RUSSIAN ROULETTE A LOT OF SPARKS BUT NO BULLETS OF FIRE I LIKE HAVING THIS TINY PICTURE TO LOOK AT SO CLEAR AND SO OPEN A ME AND A YOU SO BLATANT AND STRAIGHTFORWARD WITH MY NAME TATTOOED ON MY LEG SLIGHTLY ROUGH AT THE EDGES AND SURROUNDED BY BLACKNESS ITS NICE TO LOOK UP FROM THE LIGHT AND PEEK AT SLIGHTLY REMINISCENT OF AN INVISIBLE PAINTING I CAN NO LONGER REMEMBER AND THEN TO THE

LEFT A HEATH ROBINSONESQUE STRUCTURE CONTAINED IN AN IMITATION GLASS DOME REFLECTING PERHAPS EVEN ME AND BEHIND BOTH ANOTHER BLANK EXPRESSION VIEWING ME VIEWING IT HERES AN IDEA FOR A PAINTING A FRAME HOLDING A HEAD AND SHOULDERS THE EYES ARE HOLES THROUGH THE WALL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL ARE TWO EYES PAINTED SO YOU NEED SOMEONE TO STAND THERE TO PROVIDE THE EYEBALLS OF THE PAINTING AND THE REVERSE WILL BE A VIEW OF THE VIEWER VIEWING THE VIEWER THAT DIDNT TAKE TOO MUCH THOUGHT DID IT IDEAS ARE TWO A PENNY AND REALISATION OF THEM IS MERE WORK THE STUFF OF ARTISANS HERES ANOTHER ONE A BIG PHOTOGRAPH OF MY FACE BEHIND THE EYES ARE TWO CAMERAS ONE DOING A CLOSE UP AND THE OTHER A LONG SHOT THEY PROVIDE REAL TIME IMAGES FEEDING TWO MONITORS ON THE OPPOSITE WALL THE VIEWER VIEWS THE PHOTO AND IS ON VIEW BEHIND HIMSELF TURNING TO VIEW HIMSELF HE VIEWS HIS BACK ITS ALL TOO EASY CHILDS PLAY REALLY ALL IT TAKES IS A MOMENT TO CONCEIVE AND THEN THE DULL EFFORT OF REALISATION ITS ALL TOO BORING FOR WORDS NOW IM AT A DELICATE STAGE IN THE ASHTRAY EXPERIENCE HAVING TO PLACE MY DOG ENDS SO GENTLY NOT TO BRING THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN TUMBLING DOWN IM SURE IF I SNEEZE IN THAT DIRECTION ID INADVERTENTLY CAUSE A FAGSLIDE NEW WORDS FOR NEW CONCEPTS THE SAME OLD STORY SINCE THE BEGINNING OF RECORDED LANGUAGE NEW WORDS REPLACING ONES PAST THEIR SAY BY DATE NEW MEANINGS BECOMING MORE SPECIFIC MORE SPECIALISATION IN THE GLOBAL VILLAGE HALL DICTIONARY NOW WE ALL NEED TO KNOW LESS AND LESS ABOUT EVERYTHING AND MORE AND MORE ABOUT WHAT IT IS WE KNOW MOST RENAISSANCE MAN IS A DYING SPECIES PETTY POLYMATHS ARE IN DANGER OF BECOMING EXTINCT A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING TAKES YOU NOWHERE VERY FAST ITS AS UNFASHIONABLE AND UNPALATABLE AS A MIXTURE OF CHINESE AND INDIAN AND ITALIAN AND FRENCH AND ENGLISH AND JAPANESE CUISINE WHAT UNHOLY MEAL THAT WOULD MAKE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE IS NOT GENERAL AT ALL ITS ALWAYS SPECIFIC TO WHAT YOU DO AND DONT KNOW THE LONGEST TENNIS MATCH WAS BETWEEN M COX AND R WILSON OF GREAT BRITAIN WHO BEAT C PASARELL AND R HOLMBERG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AT SALISBURY MARYLAND IN THE AMERICAN INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIPS OF NINETEEN SIXTY EIGHT AFTER SIX HOURS AND TWENTY THREE MINUTES PLAYING TIME THE SCORE WAS IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME RIGHT TWENTY SIX TWENTY FOUR SEVENTEEN NINETEEN AND THIRTY TWENTY EIGHT HOW HIGH IS MOUNT KILIMANJARO ABOVE SEA LEVEL IM SORRY I HAVENT A CLUE CAN I PASS ON THAT ONE YES BUT YOU LL HAVE TO GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR CHILDREN TO EAT OH COME OFF IT YOURE JOKING IVE ONLY GOT TWO LEFT YOU KNEW THE RULES WHEN WE STARTED SO DONT START GETTING STROPPY NOW BE A NICE FELLOW OR ILL HAVE TO WASTE YOU HOW ABOUT A SCULPTURE OK NO PROBLEMO A FIBREGLOSS LIFE SIZED SEAL SMOKING A CUBAN CIGAR NO NO THATS DREADFUL I DONT LIKE IT AT ALL WHATS IT SUPPOSED TO MEAN AH THERES THE RUB YOU DIDNT SAY YOU WANTED IT TO MEAN SOMETHING DID YOU IF ID KNOWN THAT ID HAVE MADE SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT A PACK OF FOXES CHASING A HOUND OR SOMETHING OR EDIBLE MONEY OR AN AUTO CRUCIFIX MACHINE OR A COMPUTER PROGRAMME THAT REARRANGES THE WORDS IN A BOOK A SORT OF MEANING FACTORY USING THAT EVEN THIS COULD BE MADE TO SAY SOMETHING INTELLIGENT THERES NOTHING WRONG WITH THE WORDS ITS THE ORDER THATS A PROBLEM A MAN HOLDING A CLUB WITH AN ERECTION A BIG MARBLE HAND TWO DOGS FIGHTING IN FRONT OF A LIGHTHOUSE WOODY ALLEN SANTA CLAUS AND A HAND COLOURED POOH TWO WOMEN AND A MAN WEARING SILLY HATS IN A FAKE AUTOMOBILE A SKINNY BLUE WOMAN WITH GREEN LEGS AND RED HANDS DANCING BY THE SIDE OF TWO FLOWERY THINGS A HAND PRINTED ABSTRACT DESIGN A CENTAUR PLAYING AN AULOS FOR A WEIRD WOMAN AND A COUPLE OF GOATY THINGS TO DANCE TO BY THE SEA WITH A BOAT ON THE HORIZON A MAN WITH A DECAPITATED CHAIR HANGING FROM HIS JACKET BACK VIEW A PEASANT WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS LAP AND WITH A BROWN HAT TOPPING HIS RUDDY FACE A SMEARY MAN IN A BLACK SUIT APPARENTLY WALKING IN THE EAST END SOME REFUGEES TRUDGING THROUGH A SNOWY LANDSCAPE CARRYING JESUS AND THEIR BELONGINGS A STRANGE SPANISH FACE COMING OUT OF SOME BLACK BLOBS AND STARS TWENTY EIGHT NOSES IN VARIOUS STYLES A NAKED WOMAN HOLDING A TOWEL IN A ROOM WITH FLOWERS ON THE TABLE AND A RED CARPET EIGHT JAPANESE WOMEN AT THEIR TOILET ONE WASHING A BABY WHILE A MAN PEEPS ON THEM A VERY HAPPY BOY OR GIRL WEARING A CROWN AND HOLDING A BRIGHT LIGHT ON A STICK WHILE BEING SITUATED IN A CHRISTMAS TREE A MESSY PILE OF HIGHLY DECORATED WOMEN WEAVING IN AND OUT OF EACH OTHER A KNEELING MAN PRAYING DONE UP IT CHRIST GARB UNDERWATER BY THE LOOKS OF IT A HARBOUR IN CORNWALL WITH BRIGHTLY PAINTED BOATS AND A MAN IN A RED JUMPER LOOKING ON A BLONDE BOMBSHELL WEARING A LARGE NECKLACE WHO WINKS AND SMILES TWO CONSTRUCTION WORKERS BUILDING A SKYSCRAPER JESUS ON HIS WAY TO CALVARY TAKING SOME TIME OUT TO BLESS A WOMAN WHILE A ROMAN SOLDIER LOOKS ON DISAPPROVINGLY A PEAR IN A WHITE BOWL WITH BLUE TRIM ON A LIGHT BLUE

BACKGROUND A DIMLY LIT FACE WITH A BIG NOSE ONE AND A HALF LONG SKINNY PEOPLE ONE HOLDING A HEART A NAKED MAN HOLDING A PALETTE AND BRUSH AS HE WALKS THE HIGH WIRE ELEVEN BIRDS FLYING TO THE LEFT IN FRONT OF A BIG RED SEMICIRCLE A T A N I A N O AND A D IN AN ABSTRACT DESIGN FIVE MEN ERECTING A SCULPTURE IN A FRENCH GARDEN TWO GRUBBY PAINTED FIGURES FLOATING UPSIDE DOWN IN FRONT OF WHITE AND YELLOW RECTANGLES SOME NICE COLOURS PERHAPS RESEMBLING FLOWERS COVERED IN SMALL RED AND BLACK BRUSHSTROKES CHARLIE CHAN IN PANAMA LOOKING RATHER SINISTER A CLAY SATYR CLUTCHING HIS HEAD AND HIS MEMBER A BLACK AND WHITE WOODLAND WITH TWO BENCHES A SCOUT HIDING BEHIND A GLASS OF CUSTARD A STATUE OF MARY HOLDING A GIRAFFE ON A LEAD A GROUP OF MEN DRESSED IN RENAISSANCE GEAR TWO HOLDING BURNING CANDLES AND TWO FACING AWAY A NAKED SHINY MUSCLEMAN HOLDING A HOOP A MARBLE HEAD OF A YOUTH WITH NO NOSE A FRENCH WRITER PROPPING HER HEAD UP ON A SMALL TABLE ADORNED WITH SOME NICE FLOWERS TWO BOYS IN SHORTS PLAYING FOOTBALL WITH A VERY SMALL BALL A NAKED MAN AND WOMAN WITH A BABY BETWEEN HER LEGS A GROUP OF PEOPLE WALKING DOWN TO THE BEACH AND A RED LINE ACROSS THE HORIZON A LOT OF PEOPLE CELEBRATING THE LIBERATION OF PARIS TWO NAKED WOMEN PLAYING IN A ROMANESQUE BATH WITH A VISTA TO AN OPEN DOOR A GROUP OF PEOPLE KNEELING IN FRONT OF AN ELONGATED FIGURE IN FRONT OF A MOUNTAIN LOTS OF PEOPLE DANCING IN RED SQUARE EIGHT CHILDREN LEAPING IN A FIELD SOME COLOURED SMUDGES AND SQUIGGLED BLACK LINES WITH NEATER PATCHES OF COLOUR A WOMAN ON HER BACK KISSING A STONE WHILST BEING PHOTOGRAPHED AND WATCHED A MAN IN UNIFORM SITTING ON A MOTORBIKE A WOMAN IN A WHITE SLIP STANDING IN PROFILE HEAVILY MADE UP EYES BUT NO NOSE A VIRGIN PRAYING WITH HEAD SLIGHTLY BOWED ONE NAKED WOMAN ON THE FLOOR WITH THREE OTHERS MAKING FUN ONE NAKED WOMAN ON THE FLOOR WITH THREE OTHERS STANDING OVER HER MAKING FUN A GLASS MOTHER LOOKING DOWN ON HER BABY WHOS SHINING FOUR GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED SHAPES AND SOME ORIENTAL WRITING A WHITE BUILDING WITH A TOWER IN FRONT SET ON THE SHORE WITH A BRIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND AND LOTS OF GLITTER AN OLD UGLY WOMAN MEANT TO LOOK GROTESQUE A BEAUTY HOLDING A MUG AND WINKING A BEAUTY HOLDING A TELEPHONE AND WINKING SOME WEIRD FIGURES PAINTED ON SOME ROCK A JAPANESE GIRL WITH POLYTHENE ON HER HEAD TWO DREAMY FIGURES UNDER A PLASTIC SHEET I THINK YOU GET THE PICTURE EVEN THOUGH I DIDNT USE UP MY THOUSAND WORDS ON EACH ONE NOW WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT MY BACK IS ACHING AS WELL THATS ALL I NEED ONE MORE DISCOMFORT AT THIS STAGE ILL GO AND HAVE A LITTLE WALK AROUND THE ROOM AND SEE IF THAT WONT GET RID OF IT NOPE NOTHING STILL ACHING TRY THIS LEAN RIGHT BACK IN THE CHAIR AND PUT YOUR HEAD BACK AS FAR AS YOU CAN TAKE A LOOK AT WHATS BEHIND YOU UPSIDE DOWN NOW THAT IS FUN ISNT IT NOW TRY STANDING ON ONE LEG AND COUNTING TO ONE HUNDRED IN HEBREW NOW A TOUCH OF THE OLD COLLYWOBBLES WHAT IS GOING ON TODAY IF ITS NOT ONE THING ITS ALWAYS ANOTHER MAYBE IM GOING DOWN WITH SOMETHING THATS ALL I NEED WHAT WITH MY TIGHT SCHEDULE ET ALL IM JUST A HYPOCHONDRIAC QUITE CLEARLY OR MAYBE ALL THAT WAS JUST SO I HAD A REASON TO USE THAT WORD THAT IS SO ANNOYING ITS LIKE SPEAKING KNOWING THAT THE PHONES BEING TAPPED WHAT A CHEEK I ASK YOU NO PRIVACY THESE DAYS NOT EVEN IN MY OWN HEAD APPARENTLY BUT SOON SOON SOON IF I CAN JUST GET THIS LUMBERING BASTARD OFF MY BACK OH HAPPY DAYS TO COME HOW I NEED THAT HOLIDAY THAT A CHANCE TO WALK AGAIN IN THE SOFT WARM VALLEY AND TASTE THE FRESH SPRING WATER OF YOUR EYES I REMEMBER READING MY THOUGHTS THERE BECOMING PART OF YOU ETCHED IN YOUR MIND BUT MEMORY IS ECLIPSED BY ACTION UNTIL IT BECOMES MEMORY AGAIN CAPTURING THE ESSENCE OF THE MOMENTS GONE AND STORING THEM AWAY FOR ANOTHER RAINY DAY OF WHICH WE SEEM TO HAVE NOTHING BUT THESE DAYS ITS HARD TO IMAGINE WHAT WATER HAS PASSED UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE THE FIRST LETTER OF THIS A WHOLE EPOCH HAS BEEN WASHED AWAY AND BEEN DROWNED LIKE AN ATLANTISIAN LEGEND A WEIRD CRUMBLING OF TIME TO BAKE THESE HALF BAKED IDEAS IVE BEEN PATIENTLY SITTING HERE WAITING WRITING THE PATENTLY OBVIOUS DAILY A STATIONARY LIFE SLIPPING BY THE WHOLE WORLD HAS BEEN BUSY TOING AND FROING AS I CARRY OUT MY UNDISTINGUISHED ADVENTURE OF TITTLE TATTLE AND HERE AS I TITTIVATE ON TOWARDS MY FINISH YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE ARE EXPERIENCING DIFFERENT LIVES LIVING DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF NARRATIVE POSSIBILITIES EACH UNITED BY SOME DISTANT LINKS WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW DOING YOUR WORK WHAT WERE YOU DOING WHILE I DID MINE WHILE I WROTE OF YOU WHERE WERE YOU WHAT HAPPENS IN OTHER PEOPLES DARKNESS WHAT SIGHTS DO THEIR EYES ENCOUNTER IF I WAS YOU WHAT WOULD I SEE NOW FUNNY IF YOURE IN FRONT OF A MIRROR THIS MIRROR IS MINE A REFLECTION OF MY THOUGHTS NOT AN INVENTED STORY BUT A STORY LIVED THROUGH EACH LETTER PROUDLY DISPLAYED IN ITS PLACE ALL SHARING A COMMON DENOMINATOR OF HAVING BEEN PUSHED BY MY FINGER AND UTTERED UNDER MY BREATH

LIKE A SECRET THIS WHOLE JUMBLED MESS HAS TAKEN UP THE TIME BETWEEN TOUCH AND TOUCH OR EYE LOOKING INTO EYE WELL ALMOST MY TONGUE HAS BEEN WAGGLING ON HOURLY WHEN I WOULD NO DOUBT HAVE MADE MORE OF A STATEMENT BY KEEPING SILENT NO NOT NECESSARILY THERE IS NOTHING OR FEW THINGS QUIETER THAN THE WRITTEN WORD ESPECIALLY THESE THAT ONLY EXIST AS A PATTERN A BLOCK OF INDECIPHERABLE PATTERN A FOSSORIAL WORD WORM DIGGING INTO THE WHITE REMAINS OF THE PAGE ON AND ON AND ON AGAIN REPEATING THE SAME TIRED STALE OLD REFRAIN LIKE A DRUNK NOW IVE STARTED THE COUNTDOWN AND IM AIMING MATHEMATICALLY TOWARDS A NEW FREEDOM ITS ALWAYS HELPFUL TO KNOW WHERE THE END IS ITS SOME SPECIAL PLACE TO SET OUT FOR AND IF I THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE TO SAY AFTER IVE REACHED IT I CAN JUST KEEP IT LOCKED IN MY HEAD OR SCRIBBLE IT DOWN SOMEWHERE ELSE ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE JOURNEYS END AND GETTING THERE IS THE ONLY REASON FOR SETTING OUT ALL THE MYRIAD SIGHTS ON THE WAY CAN BE FORGOTTEN GLADLY ALL THOSE LOST MOMENTS THAT WENT INTO THIS ARE ONLY VALUABLE AS FOOTPRINTS THAT GOT ME THIS FAR ALL THOSE FLIGHTS OF FANCY AND TWISTED PERVERSIONS OF MEANING MEAN NOTHING MORE THAN THE TURNS OF A CAR WHEEL BEFORE IT IS FINALLY PARKED AND LEFT TO RUST THE BAG IS IMPORTANT NOT THE CONTENTS THEY CAN BE CHANGED AT RANDOM EITHER A BOMB OR SMELLY LAUNDRY OR GROCERY SHOPPING IT REALLY DOESNT MATTER AND NEVER DID HEIGH HO HEIGH HO ON WITH THE HEINOUS ATROCITY HEE HAW HEBETATER ME PRAYING FOR THE AMEN OF THE DOT BUT THIS WONT BE THE END OF IT IM SURE NO NOT BY A LONG CHALK MY GREATEST FAILURE IS THE INABILITY TO STOP STARTING SO THE END OF THIS WILL LOSE ITS SIGNIFICANCE THIS WILL BE A SPRINGBOARD TO SOMETHING ELSE ANOTHER HOLLOW VICTORY ANOTHER CRAZY EXEMPLIFICATION OF PROCESS DONE EX GRATIA ALL I NEED DO NOW IS CARRY ON JUST TO MAKE UP THE NUMBERS NOW ITS JUST FILLING IN THE FORM THE FINAL RIGMAROLE CALLER PANEGYRIST OF FORM IM THE POMPOUS PANJANDRUMMER BOY RIFFING AWAY SOLO IGNORING THE REST OF THE BAND WHOVE ALL STARTED PLAYING A DIFFERENT TUNE IM A INJURED ACTION MAN HOPPING BACK FROM THE FRONT LINE HOPING I WONT BE THROWN INTO THE TOY BOX A LEFT TO DIE THERE ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHER BROKEN TOYS AND READ BOOKS THATS THE REWARD YOU GET FOR SERVING AS ENTERTAINMENT FOR TINY MINDS CHILDREN ARE RUTHLESS CRUEL AND INVENTIVELY SADISTIC THEY DREAM UP UNBELIEVABLY VISCOUS TORTURES TO INFLICT ON TOYS THAT HAVE OUTLIVED THEIR USEFULNESS CHILDREN LEARN THE MEANING AND POWER OF DESTRUCTION QUICKLY AND THOROUGHLY AND NEVER FORGET THE JOY OF BURNING THEIR ONCE FAVOURITE DOLL SEEING THE TERRIFIED LOOK ON THE PLASTIC FACE AS IT MELTS THE SMELL OF THE SYNTHETIC HAIR AS IT LEAPS INTO DEATH THEY STRIP THE TOY NAKED TO MAKE IT MORE VULNERABLE AND THEN THE VENERABLE SCHOOL COMPASS REALLY COMES INTO ITS OWN ITS NOT FOR CIRCLES AND SUCH TRIVIAL SHAPES WE ALL KNOW THAT IT WAS DESIGNED TO BE STABBED INTO THE EYES AND HEARTS AND INVISIBLE GENITALS OF OLD DOLLS HAMSTERS AND GERBILS LIVE IN CONSTANT FEAR OF STRANGULATION AND IMMOLATION THEY ARE WELL AWARE OF THE COMBUSTIBLE NATURE OF THEIR FUR AND HOW EASY IT IS TO STARVE THEM HOW MANY STICK INSECTS HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO STICKS BY HAVING THEIR LEGS PULLED OFF AND HOW MANY GOLDFISH HAVE BEEN FRIED OR THROWN TO GREEDY CATS HOW MANY CHICKS THAT HAVE FALLEN FROM NESTS HAVE GONE UNDER THE HAMMER BUT THE NATURAL VIOLENCE OF SWEET KIDDIES IS ONLY HALF THE STORY FOR A PEEK AT THE REST I RECOMMEND THE DEMON FLOWER IF YOU MUST READ SOMETHING READ THAT I CANT BE BOTHERED TO WRITE ANYTHING MORE ON THE SUBJECT OF CHILDREN IF IT WAS UP TO ME ID HAVE THE LOT PUT TO THE SWORD OR POISON THEIR PORRIDGE SO WHAT NOW IVE THROWN CHILDREN OUT OF THE STORY WHAT ELSE CAN I WASTE A FEW WORDS ON WHAT WOULD TOLSTOY DO AT THIS POINT PROBABLY GO TO THE SAMOVAR AND HAVE A NICE CUP OF CHAR TO EASE THE CHARLEY HORSE OF HIS BRAIN IMAGINE HANDEL BLINDLY LOOKING AROUND FOR HIS TOBACCO POUCH AS HE THINKS OF THE NEXT NOTE TO WRITE OR PICASSO STANDING BACK FROM HIS PAINTING TRYING TO DECIDE IF ITS FINISHED TAKE FIVE AND MULL OVER THE NEXT MOVE IT COULD BE CRITICAL DO I WIPE OUT THAT SMILE AND DO IT AGAIN OR IS IT OK AS IT IS LET OTHERS LIVE WITH THE DECISIONS I MAKE MY JOB IS JUST TO CONTINUE AT THIS POINT IN THE PROCEEDINGS I SHOULD BE GATHERING ALL THE MAIN SUSPECTS INTO THE DRAWING ROOM READY TO CONFRONT THE GUILTY PARTY OR PARTIES BEGINNING MY SUMMING UP MAKING SOME SENSE OF ALL THE CLUES DOTTED THROUGH THE PREVIOUS PAGES THIS IS THE MOMENT OF REVELATION WHEN WE FIND OUT WHO DID IT AND WHY ALL THE MOTIVES WILL BE BROUGHT FROM OUT OF THE CUPBOARD THE WEAPON WILL BE CRUCIALLY EXPOSED THERES A HUSH IN THE ROOM OF EXPECTATION AS THE DETECTIVE POINTS THE FINGER AT EVERYONE BUT THIS TIME THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT WITH A WHOLE HOST OF RELIABLE WITNESSES ONE BY ONE THEY ALL POINT THEIR FINGERS AT THE DETECTIVE IT WAS YOU YOU DONE IT YOU BATTERED THE OLD DEAR TO DEATH JUST FOR THE SAKE OF THE STORY AND YOURE LEADING ROLE IN IT

THAT WAS YOUR MOTIVE TO BE THE DASHING INSPECTOR WHO NOBODY SUSPECTED WAS CAPABLE OF SUCH A DECEIT OH NO MY FRIENDS IT WASNT ME IT WAS THE PERSON WHO WROTE ME THE AUTHOR WHO PUT THE IRON BAR INTO MY HAND PIRANDELLIAN PUPPET MASTER PULLING THE STRINGS AND THE WOOL FROM YOUR EYES THE WRITER IS ALWAYS TO BLAME THE ULTIMATE DECEIVER PULLING A FAST ONE TWISTING REALITY TO SUIT HIS OWN ENDS WHAT A MISERABLE EXISTENCE WRITERS MUST LEAD LONELY LIARS WHO NOBODY TRUSTS TRYING TO THINK UP A NEW WAY OF SPINNING THE LIE INTO A BELIEVABLE CARPET OF SHALLOW DESIGN EVERYONES EATING THE SAME FOOD THESE DAYS BUT SO PROUD OF THEIR TASTE HAVE YOU READ SO AND SO ITS REALLY FINE HE HAS SUCH A WAY WITH WORDS ITS A BIT FAR FETCHED BUT ITS WORTH IT AND YOU CAN ALWAYS SKIP THE DESCRIPTIVE BITS CUT TO THE CHASE WRITERS ARE THE LAST PEOPLE YOU SHOULD TRUST TO EXPLORE THE HUMAN CONDITION THEY SPEND TOO MUCH TIME WRITING ABOUT LIFE TO ACTUALLY LIVE IT ALONE WITH THEIR THOUGHTS THAT THEY THINK ARE WORTH READING IM LUCKY IN THAT RESPECT YES IM WRITING BUT I DONT CARE OR EXPECT TO BE READ IM ON A DIFFERENT QUEST CREATING A NEW ILLEGIBLE LITERATURE DENYING THE WORDS THEIR VOICE STIFLING THEIR NATURAL INCLINATION TO SHOW OFF HER IN THE NADIR OF NARRATIVE THESE NARCOLEPTIC NOXIOUS NOUNS AND ABJECT ADJECTIVES ALL VANISH TAKING THEIR SQUALID MEANINGS WITH THEM INTO A VISION OF VERBAL HELL I REFUSE TO SIT AT THE SAME TABLE AS ALL THOSE OTHER PROSE PEDDLERS OR POSY PO FACED POETS MY PRETENSIONS ARE OF AN ALIEN FORM INHABITING A RAREFIED FIELD OF REASON OF BEING THE WORDS LOOK ALIKE BUT ARE SERVING A PERVERTED PURPOSE I AIM FOR THE ABOLITION OF WORDS NOT THEIR DEIFICATION I DONT EXULT THEIR MERITS I WANT TO HUMILIATE THEM EN MASSE EN BLOC THIS IS AN ENCAENIA TO ENCAGE THEM TO STRIP THEM OF THEIR DIGNITY AND PARADE THEM AS CAPTIVES I SPIT ON ALL NOTIONS OF WORDY WORTH IM TAKING REVENGE ON ALL THE BOOKS I SO FOOLISHLY READ AND ALMOST BELIEVED IF I COULD I WOULD BURN ALL BOOKS AND KEEP ONLY ONE THE DICTIONARY AS A SYMBOL OF IMPOTENT POWER THE HEAD OF THE EXECUTED KING TO BE HELD UP TO RIDICULE IM NOT AN ANGRY YOUNG MAN IM TOO OLD FOR THAT TOO LONG IN THE TOOTH AND TOO LAZY MY AGENDA IS PLAIN AS PLAIN PAPER CLEAR AS MY CONSCIENCE I SERVE NO MASTER BUT ME MINE IS A LAW UNTO ITSELF UNSULLIED BY STYLE AND WELL MEANING ALL I WANT IS TO END TO GET IT OVER AND OUT OF MY HAIR AND HOWEVER I DO THAT IS IRRELEVANT AS LONG AS I DO IT AND DO IT BEFORE NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT SO NOW I CAN JUMP IN THE PUDDLES AND TRY TO ENJOY STOMPING ABOUT WITH MY CLODHOPPER PROSE I CAN SPIN OFF THE TRACKS A BIT AND GO WILD IN THE IMAGINATIVE JUNGLE THROW THUNDER BOLTS OF GIBBERISH AND SPEARS OF TRIVIALITIES FIRING ON WHATEVER CYLINDER OF THOUGHT THAT COMES TO MY MOUTH LIKE BIRDS FLYING BACKWARDS OR DUSTBINS FULL OF DREAMS OR HORIZONTAL WALLS OR IAMBIC MELODIES OR ICEBERGS OF TOMATO JUICE OR HERDS OF ROAMING METAPHORS OR SNAILS WHO SPEAK GREEK OR BREASTS FULL OF SWEET SHERRY OR OLD TIN BOXES OF HUMAN HEARTS STILL PUMPING OR SEISMIC ORGASMS OR BLUE DIAMONDS OR GREEN ROSES OR LEAD TOILET PAPER OR DRAWINGS OF CARROT TOPPED UNDER AGE MODELS HOLDING ASPIDISTRA PLANTS OR PLANES MADE OUT OF STRAW OR VIBRATORS MADE OUT OF MOULDED DRY DUNG OR CHRISTMAS TREES DECORATED WITH USED CONDOMS OR PIANOS THAT PLAY ONLY ONE TUNE OR HEADLESS CHICKENS THAT BELIEVE IN AN AFTERLIFE OR ROUND BRICKS OR SOLID GOLD KITES OR THREE LEGGED TRIPLE JUMPERS OR NUNS WITH MACHETES OR MOVABLE MOUNTAINS OR THIRTEEN HOUR CLOCKS OR INDUSTRIAL COWSLIPS OR BREAD THAT CAN PLAY BACKGAMMON OR COMPACT DISCS THE SIZE OF FLYING SAUCERS OR BISCUITS MADE OF GLASS OR PHOTOS OF BLANK CANVASES HUNG UP THE WRONG WAY IN WORKERS CANTEENS OR FLUTES MADE OF CHOCOLATE OR CHOCOLATE MADE ON VENUS OR FRUIT THAT GOES POP WHEN YOU BITE IT OR SHEEP THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT AFTER BLEATING YOU TO SLEEP OR CRAZY COSMIC EMULSION THAT WONT STICK TO THE WALL OR FLOATING ROCKS OR METALLIC SPAGHETTI OR A COMPUTER VIRUS THAT MAKES EVERYTHING RHYME OR A CUP OF TEA MADE WITH URINE OR ASPIRINS THAT GIVE YOU A HEADACHE OR HOUSES MADE OF BUTTER OR GALLERIES THAT ONLY OPEN FOR THIRTY SECONDS OR A HELICOPTER POWERED BY AN ELASTIC BAND OR SIDEWAYS TIME TRAVEL OR PRAMS FOR BABY WHALES OR EDIBLE CONCRETE OR A MOZART STRING QUARTET PLAYED BACKWARDS OR A FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED MINUTE CASSETTE OR A BALLOON FILLED WITH ALL THE AIR ON THE PLANET OR A TWO HUNDRED LANE MOTORWAY OR A CARD SIGNED BY EVERYONE CALLED ROBERT OR A DIGITAL KAZOO OR A SPONTANEOUS ROUND OF APPLAUSE AT A CAR CRASH OR A DRUG THAT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE A DOCTOR OR AN INVISIBLE PENGUIN OR A PLASTIC MARY FILLED WITH STOAT SPERM OR AN ERMINE FALSE BEARD OR A BIKE WITH SQUARE WHEELS OR RUSSIAN DOLLS THAT GO ON FOREVER OR AN ATLAS WITH ALL THE NAMES SWAPPED OR A PORCUPINE WITH LEAVES OR A NUCLEAR MISSILE CALLED LEUCIPPUS OR DEMOCRITUS OR ONE ACTOR IN A PERFORMANCE OF TIMON OF ATHENS DELIVERING HIS

LINES IN URDU OR ICE CREAM MADE WITH CRUSHED GUENON OR A FARM IN GREATER MANCHESTER GROWING GENETICALLY MODIFIED COCKROACHES OR BATMAN WITH A VENEREAL DISEASE OR A BLACK FEMALE LESBIAN POPE OR HAVING A BOILED DINOSAUR EGG FOR BREAKFAST OR CLEANING YOUR TEETH WITH A GAZELLE OR SUDDENLY REMEMBERING YOU FORGOT TO BUY A NEW AIRCRAFT CARRIER OR A MELON THAT PLEADS FOR ITS LIFE OR A COPY OF WAR AND PEACE TRANSLATED INTO THE DEAF AND DUMB ALPHABET OR A VERSION OF SAINT SOPHIA CARVED LIFE SIZE OUT OF PINK SOAP OR THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC CHANGING ITS NAME TO SPIKE MILLIGAN OR NEPTUNE BEING FOUND TO BE CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OUT OF COLESLAW OR A PAPER PLANE MADE OUT OF A SHEET OF PAPER THREE AND A HALF ACRES BY TWO ACRES BIG OR LIFE BEING FOUND ON MARS PLAYING A ROUND OF GOLF OR THE NUMBER SEVEN BEING BANNED OR CHOCOLATE CORNFLAKES BEING USED TO MAKE AN OMELETTE FOR THE SHEIKH OF QATARS BIRTHDAY LUNCH OR SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY TWO MILLION CHINESE PEOPLE ALL SNEEZING AT ONCE OR A SQUAMATA LIZARD WITH ITS OWN TV SHOW OR ALL ALBINO MEN UNDER THIRTY SIX PAINTING THEMSELVES MAGENTA AND DANCING A MAMBO TO HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE BY BLONDIE OR A PUNK VERSION OF WINTERREISE OR A BLIND ONE ARMED MAN JUGGLING WITH THREE ALLIGATORS OR A BIOGRAPHY OF ELVIS FOUND IN A NEWLY DISCOVERED EGYPTIAN TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS OR A RUG MADE OUT OF PUBIC HAIR BEING GIVEN TO WHOOPI GOLDBERG OR A RECENT DISCOVERY THAT THE WORLD IS FLAT AFTER ALL OR A LADDER BEING ATTACHED TO THE MOON TO MAKE ACCESS EASIER OR BERYL COOK BEING ASKED BY THE PALACE TO DO A PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CHARLES DRESSED AS A BARMAID OR PROOF POSITIVE THAT HOLDING YOUR BREATH WHILE STANDING IN ICED WATER THINKING OF SALAMI CURES ASTHMA OR A CURRY WITH SLICED SALAMANDER CORIANDER AND COCONUT OIL BEING VOTED BEST DRESSED MAN OF THE YEAR BY THE READERS OF VOGUE MAGAZINE OR A GAY SIAMESE TWIN WINNING THE BATTLE TO JOIN THE ARMY AND SO FORCING HIS PACIFIST BROTHER TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY THROWING THEMSELVES OUT OF THE WINDOW OF A HOLIDAY INN IN MIAMI OR AN ASS TAKING THE LAW INTO ITS OWN HOOF OR A FRESHWATER FISH WINNING THE EUROVISION SONG CONTEST WITH A SONG CALLED OOH BABY YOU DO LOOK NICE OR HOWZA BOUT DISC JOCKEY JIMMY BEING GIVEN THE TOP JOB IN THE PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT AT LONDON UNIVERSITY OR WHO IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID AND UM BECAUSE OF THAT I I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE TO MAKE AN ALBUM USING SOME TRADITIONAL TUNES AS THE BASIS OR CLIFF HANGING DRAPERS DEVELOP A TASTE FOR ORIENTAL COLOURS OR SWITCH DONUTS CAN EASILY VIBRATE NORMAL ELLIPSES OR GREASY MENUS FAIL MISERABLY TO DIVIDE SYMBOLIC ALTERATIONS TO THE BEEF WELLINGTON POTENCY OR CAN THE PUBLIC COMMUNITY CENTRES OFFER A CREDIBLE CAVIAR OR THE TROUSERS DEVELOP A REASON TO CANCEL EACH OTHER OUT OR COMING OUT PLAYING A FACTORY R AND B SOLO JAZZ STREET BLOW HORN OR FREAK VERY MUCH PEOPLE BONKERS DEVELOPING SIMULTANEOUSLY OR BOARD BUSKER TRAVELLING WHAT NOT PAYING MILLIONAIRE SALARIES FOR SALT PEANUTS OR EVERYONE ELSE SLAP HAPPILY DOWNING HAND SHANDYGAFF COMPUTER CHIPS AND VINEGAR OR DEVIANT CREATORS CLAMBERING UP OILY HAIR PRODUCTS FROM OUTER HERE OR THERE ARE MORE CAKES IN THE FREEZER LOVE OR BETWEEN YOU AND ME THERE ARE ABOUT EIGHT HUNDRED MILES OR IF THREE FINGERS CAN THEN WHY CANT A HAND OR GROUND BLACK BORROWED TIME AND AGAIN EVERLASTING LIGHT TO CELEBRATE SUMMER SO YOU MAN HEARTS BLESSING CLIFF RICHARD TRIUMPHANTLY DIGNIFIED OR LUMBERED IN THE LOWER LUMBER REGION OR BANANA SPLIFFED OUT OF MY MIND ON LOVE OR INTO TWO OVERTIME NEXT WEDNESDAY CATAPULT OR BETTER MISTREAT THE CRAVING OR HALF YEARLY PRIESTESS BATTENING DOWN THE HATCHES OR QUICKSTEP VIBRANT DAYDREAMS SOMERSAULTING OVER THE MOORS OR NOW OR NEVER RUNNING LOW ON CONSUMMATED PERFECTION OR YES SIR IM A LADY BOY OH BOY OH MAN IS THAT TRUE OR LEAVES FALLING MAKING A CLANGING SINFONIETTA OR PAGE GIRLS DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM OF THE VERY RIGHT ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC OR THE MAYFLOWER AS SHE PROBABLY APPEARED DOCKED IN BROWN SAUCE OR WINGS DAWNING A CRUMPET MOURNING IN GERMANY OR TIDDLE DE DIDDLE DE IRISH PEACE PIPES THROWN AT THE ORANGE JUICE OF PROTESTERS OR DISTANT GLORIAS ECHOING THROUGH THE SANDWICH SILENCE OR A GRUFF VOICED BLACK AND WHITE MINSTREL PLAYING COLONEL BOGUS ON A MUTED TRUMPET OR ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES DISCHARGED LOCHIA OR RELIEVED BUSINESS PEOPLE SQUASHED FLAGEOLET NATIONAL AFFAIRS OR CORINTHIAN COLUMNS SUPPORTING THE WELFARE STATEMENTS OR LAISSER FAIRE ECONOMIC REVOLUTIONS GONE WELL WRONG OR AN INDEX OF IMPORTANT BATTLES OR A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE IN A CUGNOT STEAM CARRIAGE OR I TELL YOU I WATCHED THAT ON SATURDAY NIGHT THAT WAS TERRIFIC AND I FOLLOWED THAT UP WITH PIGEON STREET THUS SPOKE TONY OR DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSITE CAVES WITH A SOUTH FACING VIEW OF THE EQUATOR OR IF EVER ANYONE DESERVED SLAPPING AROUND SHE DOES OR CAMPING IT UP ON A BED OF ROSES OR REASONS TO BE GLOOMY THREE FOUR FIVE OR NO

DONT STOP IM DYING OR WITH REACH OF MY ULTIMATUM OR FROWNING DESTROYS A PRETTY FACE OR COME UP AND SEE ME IM DROWNING IN BLONDE FURRY UNDERWEAR OR LIGHT UP THE STREET WITH YOUR GLORIOUS SMILE OR SOMETIMES I CANT WAIT UNTIL THE FILM STARTS OR BYE BYE BABY BLANK CHEQUE IN THE POST BOX BE THERE BY BEDTIME OR CANCEL ALL DREAMS FOR THE SHOWER HAS SLOWED DOWN AGAIN OR BY THE WAY DID YOU KNOW WHERE THE TIME WAS OR SMOOTH FLESH BACK FROM THE FRONT BOTTOM KISSING OR SCISSORS THAT CUT THROUGH THE BULL OR DIRECT HIT ON THE BOILER FROM LESS THAN THREE THOUSAND FEET OR PUT A SOCK IN IT BIG BOY JUST WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE APPEAR ON THE PAGE OR IF THIS IS ANYTHING CAN BE TOO OR FRENCH LESSONS FOR FREEMASONS WHO NEED TO SPEAK IN A MOTHERS TONGUE GLUED TOGETHER IN A RITUAL QUICK QUICK QUICK QUICK SLOW MARCH OR DANCE TO ANOTHER DRUM BEATING IT OVER MY HEAD DOUBLE TIME TO SLEEP CHEERIO BANG GOES MY BRAIN EXPLODING VIRTUALLY REAL TASTY THANK YOU I WILL AS I PLOUGH GLIB FURROWS IN CASE THE LIGHTS GO OUT TO SOON ENOUGH SAID AND OUT AND OVER MY DEAD BLOODY LO AND BEHOLD ITS NOWHERE NEARLY SAID UP AND SWORN DOWN INTO CRADLES OF TURNING GREEK CHEESES IF EVEN THE CAN CAN I CAN TO CARS YELLING A SORT OF RED SCREAMING TIL IM BLUE IN THE GILLS HIGH SCHOOL REUNION PANTO DID YOU LUCKY MOTHER YOU CANT HAVE BEHIND MY LACK OF REASONABLE CHAOS TRAMPOLINE SPRUNG ME WAY OVER THE TOP OF THE DUNES HUMMING VERSION AT LEAST NOT CALVES UNDER THIRTY MAKE CALAIS BURGERS TO GIVE TO UNBORN BABIES JELLY NIGHTMARE POTATO WISHES WASHED DOWN WITH FLUID OUNCES OF FLUENT ICELANDIC BLACK BALL SEVENS CAUGHT UP IN THE DOGMATIC ACTION BENEATH THE MIDDLE BROW SLURPING A SMATTERING OF ITALIAN HERBIVORE CONSOMME LEAVE IT AT YOUR PERIL PUSHED TO THE CORNER OF A ROUND PLATE REFUSING THE OFFER OF PUKING ONE THREE TWO FOUR THREE FIVES ARE FIFTEEN EXCEPT IN CHINESE RESTAURANT MIND GAMES WHERE EVEN THE TREES FALL DOWN SLOW MOTION RETAKE OF FURTHER ALONG THE WILD SIDE OF TWO TONE TOY TOWN TORPOR CAUSE I WAN IT NEED IT IM COMING TO STEAL YOU FROM THE DEVILS YELLOW HAND WASHED AND REARING TO GO TOWN PAINTING REDDISH GLUG THERE GOES ANOTHER HALF LITRE ANOTHER EXCUSE LOST IN THE BACK OF THE CARAVAN BROOM SWELTERING HEAT LOOK MUMMY IM MELTING NOW POOL OF MEMORY BANDITS BLACKMAILING THE JANET AND HER JOHN WITH HIS ANKLES ALL UNDER TROUSERS AND HIS TACKLE READY TO CATCH THE BIG FISH SO SIXTY AND A FEW DOZEN MORE BAKERS WITH FLOUR ON THEIR SHINY HEADS SKINNY LITTLE RAKES SHUFFLING LEAVES INTO PRETTY PILES REARRANGING NATURE WITH SIMPLISTIC EGO MACHINATIONS CAN WE GO OUT NOW DO AS IM TELLING ME OVER A DOUBLE BARRELLED SURNAME OF LAUGHS COUNTING ON IT AND COUGHING TIL MY BALLS HURT CANT NOT NOW BELLOWING BLUE MURDER BLUE MOVIE EJACULATIONS OF SURPRISE WOW I NEVER THOUGHT IT COULD BE LIKE THESE MAGICAL MUSHROOMS ALL PAPERED IN FLOWERY WRAPPING IT UP NON THE LESS IS MORE REALLY ADVISABLE CONSIDERING MY NERVES THESE DAYS DOCUMENTED DECLINE AND FALLING OVER MY LACES AND LORDS LEAPING GAILY LOOK AT ME RAVAGING THE PLANET SINGLE HANDED SPURNED ON BY MY SELF ADMINISTERED ADMONISHMENT BLATHER BEACON DIMLY AWARE OF THE PAST BUT STILL CONVINCED OF THE POSSIBLE FUTURE POSSIBILITIES DOING MY UTMOST TO TURN OFF THE TAP AS THE FLOOR FLOODS RISING SINGING MY PRAISES IN POPPYCAK DULL EVENSONG NIGHTLY WORN GARMENT OF CONCEALED IDENTITY CARD CARRYING PROTOGRAPH DRAWN ON THE MIRROR IN LIPSTICK ITS ME AGAIN NEVER WASNT TO BE SURE OF MY CONVERSION TO METRIC REALLY WELL I NEVER THOUGHT IT WAS DID YOU DEAR BLESS YOU AND ME AND ALL WHO SAILED IN US ON MY WAY TO WEMBLEY AGAIN OR MY WATERLOO LIKE RAY DAVIES BATTLING ON AGAINST THE TIDE OF THIS TORY GOVERNMENT PROUD AS A PINHEAD NICE TIT FOR TAT FEDORA IN A LEWIS O CAROLINE MATCHING MOLE EXTRAVAGANT EMETIC SORT OF DAY WHOM WAS IT THEN WHO REALLY INVENTED THEM YELLOW FELT SYMBOLS OF INFERIORITY IN THE FULL BLOOD BATH OF HISTORY WHEN A HOT ROD WAS SENT UP UP EDDIES BOTTOM DRAW STYLING MOST NAZI ORIGINALITY ORIGINALLY WAS DEVELOPED MUCH CLOSER TO MY HOME THIS FLAPPING SEAWEED IS AS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE OTHER INJUSTICES PERFORMED IN MY NAME FORSAKING ANY CLAIMS TO IT I WASNT THERE EVEN NOT I NEVER EVEN NEW DID I THE VOMIT MAKING KING LURID BOSSY BOOT WHICH YOU DENY ALREADY YET WE WILL ASK THAT IF YOU FAIL IN OUR REQUEST THE BLAME MAY HANG UPON YOUR HARDNESS NOT MY WORDS THIS TIME SAID BY VOLUMNIA IN ANOTHER BOUND UP VOLUME SOBER SOOTH EASILY SAID AND JOTTED IN HERE LINING UP NICELY TO ADD A BIT OF CLASSY PLAGIARISM TO THE DOODAD WATER MOTOR SPORTS FAST SPRINKLING PARCHED LAST PARTS ONE IN SEVERAL MILLIONS OF ALTERNATIVES BLAH BLAH SHEEPISH BLACK ICE SPOT FOR DANGEROUS DRIVING IM NOT OVER THE LIMIT YET SONNY FLYING FULL THROTTLE THROATY CARELESSNESS WITH HOMOSEXUAL ABANDON ALL HOPELESSNESS AS YOU ENTER THE BACKDOOR OF HELL BENT STOOPING TO THE LOWEST POSSIBLE COMMON DENOMINATOR MINIATURE MINOTAUR HUNTING FINGER AND SHIELD WITH MURDEROUS

INTENSITY AND MINIMALIST MIND BULL HEADED AS IS TO BE EXPECTED THESE LAST DAYS SWINGING MY MENTAL AXE TO GRIND OUT THE REMAINING INK CARPET SLIPPER CRAWLER SLIPPING UP ANYHOW IMAGINABLE DERAILING RALLYING OF ME TROOPS FLAG FLUTTERING ON THE BROW OF THE SHOWDOWN HOT AIR BLOWN INTO THE ENEMIES FACE IT ITS LOST AGAIN TOO MANY DIED IN THE BATTLE OF THIS BRITON MY SPIT FIRING BLANKS OVER THE BLUE BIRDS OF CLOVER PLENTEOUS PLEURODYNNIA PAIN IN THE SIDE TO YOU MUGGINS ME MUGWUMP HERE SITTING PRETTY ON THE FENCE AGAIN OVERBLOWN BABY DEMANDING AN EARRING GYPSY GIRL GUIDE ON THE PROWL BOB A BLOW JOBBING DARK TIGHT LIPID FEASTER CALLING MY BLUFF HUFFING AND OUTER BREATH SMOOTH OPERATOR DIGGING THE KNIFE IN DEEP SLASHING IN ALL MEANINGS CAT A WARNING SHOT OVER THE BOUGH DEMENTED NUMBER TWO SECOND TO NONE VERBAL GUNSLINGER SHARP PAIN SHOOTING UP AND OVER THE FACE OF THE DREAM CLASSIC HIGH NOON OF MY EMPIRE MY MAGNIFICENT SEVENTH SEAL WHISPERS ONTO A DIABOLIC DANCE WITH DEATHS DOOR ALONE AGAIN NATURALLY WITH MY GOLDEN RULE BUSTED GREATEST HITS NO ONE AS HERD OF CATTLE FOLLOWING THE NIGHT WATCH MANS GOALS DIFFER PERSON TO PERSON THEYVE ONLY THEMSELVES TO BLAME REALLY WHO KNOWS PERHAPS MAYBE NOT IN A MILLION YEARS REALLY RELIABLE THANKS TO MISTER G SPOT ON THIS TIME MAKING PROGRESS REGARDLESS FANTASTIC ERRORS ACCEPTED OILED MY WHEELS AND WHIP ON FLUSTERING SEARCHING IN VEIN FOR A DROP MORE BLOODY BLACK LINING PAPER OVER AND OVER TO BE OVER AND AT ONE STROKE DONE WITHOUT PAUSE FOR THOUGHTLESS ACTIONS WE TREAD ON THROUGH THE SAME MINEFIELD LOOKING FORWARD TO THE BIG BASH BANG FINALE WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS ITS HEAD OFF LIKE POLLY IN SEVEN EIGHT GRIEVOUS BODILY HANGING ABOUT ON THIS STREET CORNER SHOPPING FOR MORE CALCULATED CADAVEROUS CANTANKEROUS CON TRICKERY DICKY TICKER NOT LIKELY IM ALL RIGHT JACK NEVER WRONG JOHN SILVERY SLITHER OF SENSELESSNESS BED MADE SO SLEEP ON IT SUFFERING DREAMS OF IN CON SEQUENCE REPEATING ITSELF TIL MORNING HAS BROKEN AGAIN IF ITS NOT DONT MEND IT KNOW WHAT I MEAN THIS IS ME USE LOT DONT GET IT DOES YER NOT A JOT WHERE I IS COMIN FROM RIGHT AND LEFT ALL OVER THE SHOP SWERVING OFF ON A TANGENT ITS A PRIVATE PARDY IN IT WITH ALFIE NOKES BLOWING IS TRUMPET ALL OVER HANK BLOODY B MARVELLOUS MARVINS A C THIRDY AN ELGAR SITTING WATCH IN ON THE RIGHT COMMAND PERFORMANCE ASSOCIATION AND CONTEXT IS THE ONLY WAY OUT MAN IS LOST WITH IT TAKEN STRANDED ON THE OUT TIDE SANDY BANK WHY NOT STRETCH YOUR PLATES OF FILTHY MEAT ON THE DUNES THEN HIGH TIDE DO COME IN AT A RUSH SAY FAREWELL TO THE KINGS OF THE BROKEN PROMISED LAND NOW CAUSING A RUMPUS WITH THE EVICTED OTHERS HURLING PEBBLES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AGAINST TIN PLATED SOLDIERS WITH A DOG ON THEIR SIDE TWO TOGETHER DOING ITS BIDDING IN THE AUCTION HOUSE OF THE TRUTH OLD CLITORIS RUBBING HIS PALMS IN GLEE AND SUCKING ANOTHER MOIST CIGAR ONE TWO THREE FOUR BINGO COUNTING MY LUCKY STARS AND STRIPPING ALL OTHERS OF THEIRS ME AND MINE SLAPPING IT ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF THE HEAD MISTRESS TAKE A LOOK AT THAT MY LOVELY EVER SEEN ONE LIKE THAT BEFORE BET NOT OR DOES HUBBY POSSESS ONE AS IMPRESSIVE BEND OVER ILL SHARE A LENGTH WITH YOU PROBING THOSE PLACES WITH COBWEBS WET AS MANCHESTER IN SUMMER ARENT YOU YOU NEED A HARD OILING IM SHOOTING MY MOUTH OFF ALREADY JUST AT THE IDEA I KNOW THE RULES NO TALKING NO BRAGGING MIGHT NOT HAPPEN EVER AGAIN SOMETHING AS EXQUISITE AS THIS WELL PROPORTIONED PORTION OF BANTER I MIGHT NOT BE BOTHERED AGAIN SO LETS GET ON WITH IT WHILE I STILL CAN KEEP IT UP STRUGGLING TO STRANGLE THE BEST BIT NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT HAPPENS NEXT NO PLAN OR OVERALL DIRECTION NO NOT QUITE TRUE DIRECTION IS INEVITABLE ONLY ONE WAY TO GO BUT HOW AND WHAT IS THE MYSTERY WHY IS TOO CLEAR AND TOO DULL TO REITERATE ONCE MORE KEEP THE ENGINE RUNNING READY FOR THE GETAWAY THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW OF AVERAGES MEANS I MIGHT JUST GET CAUGHT OUT THIS TIME SOME MANY BALLS SENT SKYWARD EVENTUALLY ONE MUST LAND IN THE HAND OF FORTUNE OR ILL BE RUN OUT OF TOWN CHASING MY SHADOW AS IT LEGS IT UP AHEAD COVERING MORE MILES THAN I THOUGHT EXISTED I NEVER BOTHERED TO COUNT THEM BEFORE IM EITHER SURPRISED OR ANNOYED ITS TAKEN AND TAKING SO LONG OR IM NOT HALF THE MAN I EVER WAS LOOK AT THE TREES BENDING AND LAUGHING BLOWN BY THE EMPTY SKY ENGINE COLD BREATH LICKING THE LEAVES AND REDIRECTING THEIR DYING FLIGHTS SWIFT WIND MAKING A JOKE OF THE WEATHER OR NOT TO JUST FORGET IT AND GIVE UP HOW WOULD THAT BE TO REFUSE TO BUDGE ONE WORD MORE NO I THOUGHT NOT IM LIKE A VAN TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE KNACKERED BUT DRIVING HEADLONG WITH ALL SIRENS BLAZING FOREST FIRE UNDER CONTROL SWEEPING THROUGH MY DRY BUSH FACE AS TWO CANDIDATES RUN TO THE OFFICE GORING EACH OTHER ON THE WAY LIQUID MANURE IM DRIPPING ON THE HIGHWAY MAKING IT TRICKY TO FOLLOW EYES SLIPPING RIGHT OF THE PAGE NODDING OFF SUFFERING THE AWFUL FATE OF MY PREDECESSOR NOT GUARDED BY A LONE BUMBLEBEE WHO GOT HIS STRIPES FOR

UNPARALLELED OBEDIENCE WILL YOU BE SUCH A WELL BEHAVED DOGGIE I WONDER
FETCHING MY PAPER AND LICKING MY FEET KIND OF SEXY IN A BEASTLY WAY DONT YOU
THINK IM PATTING YOUR HEAD IN A PATRONISING WAY AGAIN FORCING MY ATTENTIONS
ON YOUR UNWILLING EYEBALLS FORGING MY SELF PROCLAIMED MASTERPIECE AHEAD
FULL STEAM CRACKING THE SHARP STINGING WHIP ACROSS YOUR FACE MY KNIFE AT YOUR
PRETTY THROAT WHILE YOURE TRUSTED UP AND BOUND TO OBEY LIKE A CHICKEN ON THE
WAY TO THE OVEN READY WARM AND WELCOMING SHUT THAT DOOR ITS COLD IN HERE
CAMPING IT UP FOR THE CAMERA YES I WILL TAKE THE PICTURES I WANT BEFORE AND
AFTER SO TO SPEAK OF THE DEVIL IM IN HIS LEAGUE WE PLAY THE SAME RULES FOR A
DIFFERENT RESULT COUGH UP YOU OWE ME A FAVOUR OR TWO DID YOU REALLY THINK I
WAS JOKING ABOUT THE EFFORT YOU COST CUTTING MY LOSSES WAS NEVER MY AMBITION
RUMINATING IS BEST LEFT TO COWS WEEKEND WORDSMITHS HAMMERING ON WITHOUT SO
MUCH AS A BY YOUR LEAVE STRANGE VISION OF TUMBLING PAINT POTS WITH A
MOUNTAINOUS SKYLINE FLIP FLOP I RAMBLE THROUGH THE VALLEY STUMBLING ON QUICK
CUT OF THE CARDS TO DECIDE THE NEXT MOVE HIDE MY KING IN A CORNER MAYBE EIGHT H
A MOVE AFTER CASTLING TUCKED OUT OF HARMS WAY BUT STILL VULNERABLE TO SNIPER
FIRE FROM THE WHITE QUEEN OF HEARTS BLEEDING AN ARMY AGAINST ME WITH
RHYTHMICAL PRECISION TO THE HUM OF AND OVERHEARD JET OVERHEAD MY NAME HAS
BEEN ERASED FROM THE TOILET WALL OF FAME SCRUBBED CLEAN OFF BY SOME SCRUBBER
FROM ROTHERHAM IM NO MORE VISIBLE THAN THIS IM A WEED IN THE WELL KEPT WALLED
GARDEN PROPAGATING MYSELF OVER AND OVER REPLICATING MY TYPING SKILLS LEAVE
NOTHING TO THE IMAGINATION NOT EVEN CHANCE WITH POCKET FULL OF FIRE HAZARDS I
CLIMB ON MY BURLY BIG BONED HORSE YELLING THE MIDDLE OF THE BEGINNING OF THE
ENDING LIKE A DOMINO FACING DOWN REVEALING ITS NUMBERS TO THE TABLE IN A SERIES
OF DOTS WITHOUT QUESTION ALL TOPSY TURVY AND STRAIGHT LACED IVE GONE COLD
TURKEY TOO OFTEN THE SPELLING CHECK IS COMPLETE AND UTTERLY POINTLESS
HAKENKREUZ WORN ON MY FOREHEAD NOT REALISING THE SIGNIFICATION UNTIL THE
MIRROR REFUSES TO SHOW ME TWO DIMENSIONAL MYSELF NO SUGGESTIONS THEN FORGET
IT BLURRING THE REAL AND THE UN PLEASANT REMINDER TACK OUT OF THE WAY OF THE
LINER TOO LATE AND VISIT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE FOR FORTY FULL FATHOM DREAMS
SHIPWRECKED SAILOR BOY GOING DOWN ON ANOTHER HUNK OF MEAT AND TWO
VEGETABLES PASS THE BREAD PLEASING MYSELF AS I PLEASE WHO THAT MAN THEN NONE I
KNOW A FIGMENT OF FACT FACTORY USHERED INTO THE BLACK LIGHT OF DAY LIKE MY
NIGHT BULB TURNED ON AND DROPPED OUT MY ACID SPLASHING OVER YOUR CHEEKS
STINGING YOUR TONGUE AND DRYING ON YOUR BACK I CAN EVEN NOW SEE THE LINE THAT
I DREW WITH A SERRATED EDGE A MARK OF DISRESPECT OBVIOUSLY NO OBVIOUS I DONT
WANT THE REST OF THE WORLD TO UNDERSTAND MY LOVE MY ANGEL OF TORTURE MY
WHORE THESE WORDS TAKE THE BRUNT WHILE I THINK OF ANOTHER MISSED OPPORTUNITY
LITTLE GAMES OF PETTY FASCISM ACTED OUT IN THE MIND AS I TICK OFF ANOTHER ONE
FROM THE GROWING LIST OF THE DEAD CRAMPED STYLISTIC CRUMPET WITH LASHINGS OF
HOT BUTTER AND POPCORN AND OTHER FIZZLES AND STRANGE MEANINGFUL GLANCES
ACROSS EUROPE A SINGLE MINDED CURRENCY OF A FEDERAL PAGE FIDDLING THE BOOK I
ACCOUNT FOR IT ALL PLACING MY BET ON THE WINNER ONLY AFTER THE LINE HAS BEEN
CROSSED AND GENERALLY GENUFLECTED ON BENDED KNEES UP MOTHER BROWNEED OFF
BUT NOT DEFEATED YET TIME AND AGAIN SHRINKING MY WORDS INTO THE DARKNESS A
ROY WOODEN WIZZARD CONSPIRACY MOVING MY ELECTRIC HAIRCUT ON WITH A SPARKLE
IN MY EYE OF A STARRY GUITAR AND A FRENCH CORE THEM ARE CONTENTED I SEE ON
FOUR HORSES WITH TEETH MADE OF OLD GOLD MY SEX PISTOL IS LOADED AND RIPE TO GO
OFF AS I PROD THE SUPERIOR NUN SO ACCOMMODATING SO DRESSED UP WITH NOWHERE TO
GO MARRIED TO DEATH DO US JOIN HANDS CLAPPING EYES ON EACH OTHER OR EITHER OR
EYORE EVEN AN EYESORE THAT WAS NOT WAS IT POSSIBLE IN THE LONG RUN UP TO JUMP
HIGHER AND MORE ACCURATELY TAKING NO PRISONERS CAUSE THEY ALL GOT SHOT OF ME
TOO EARLY TO SAY REALLY STILL SOME TIME TO BE PILED UP AGAINST THE DOOR TO KEEP
THE HOARDS OUT OF IT COMPLETELY LOOSING MY MIND BUT FINDING SOMETHING BETTER
TON REPLACE IT WITH STRAW THATLL DO NICELY SIR RISE AND JOIN THE BATTLE THREE
BAGS FULL MY LADY ALREADY I CANT CARRY NO MORE SWITCHING FROM GREEN TO
ORANGE BUT THEY BOTH HAVE A HABIT OF DOING THE SAME JOB MORE OR LESS WELL
WHICH IS IT THEN WHATEVER I PULL OUT OR REACH FOR FIRST QUITE CLEARLY WHATS
CLOSEST TO HAND GETS PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT EH IM BLOWING SMOKE RINGS OF
ENGAGEMENT INTO THE FACE OF IT STAINING THE GLASS OF THE CATHEDRAL WITH MY
DIRTY BREATH TIRED OUT BUT UNWILLING OR UNABLE TO STEM THE RISING OR RATHER
SINKING TIDE LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO THE STAR UNTIL IT BURNS THROUGH MY HEAD IN
FOR A PENNY IN FOR A POUNDING AWAY TO THE SOUND OF DREARY SILENCE CACK HANDED
CABOODLE THE WHOLE LOT GIGGLING AS I STAND ON THE GALLOWS WITH
CHARACTERISTIC NONCHALANCE UP ON A TRUMPED UP CHARGE OF CALUMNIATION SO GET

IT OVER WITH WHY DONT YOU LET THE TRAP DOOR FLIP OPEN AND MY BODY DROP LIKE TWO OR THREE HUNDRED POTATOES ILL GET STIFF FROM THAT IF NOTHING ELSE AND CONTINUE TO DRIP MY EXCREMENT ONTO THE FLOOR POLISHING OFF MY PROCEDURE I CACHINNATE LONG AT THE MERE IDEA AND FREE MY CACODEMON TO DO WHAT STILL NEEDS TO BE DONE MY WILL IS WRITTEN AND PULLS NO PUNCHES IM NO JUDY BLUE STRETCHING BACK INTO TIME WITH LITTLE EFFORT AND RESULT SPARE ME THE REST A HASH MADE OF LEFTOVERS OF EARLIER FRUITS MY MAMMOTH TUSK IS ALMOST BROKEN AND I LIE IN A STATE IN MY ICE COOL PRESERVATIVE BOX WAITING FOR RESURRECTION AND A NEW LEASE OF FREEHOLD LIFE IVE MORTGAGED MY MIND AND THE REPAYMENTS ARE KILLING ME MY INFLATION RATE OF DESCENT HAS GONE THROUGH THE ROOF I SURVEY MY INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY AND NOTICE THE GREAT YAWNING CRACKS AND STRUCTURAL WEAKNESSES IM THE ARCHITECT AND THE COWBOY BUILDER OF MY OWN MORTAL MORSEL MUSEUM OR MAUSOLEUM WHICHEVER YOU PREFER YOU IN THIS CASE BEING A SURROGATE ME MY BLACK BOOK OF ALL DAYS GONE GROWS HEAVY AND RIPE READY TO FALL TO THE GROUND AND ROT A DEGENERATE MURMURING SEEPING INTO THE BOGGY TOP SOIL AND THEN DOWN FURTHER TO BE REASSIMILATED INTO THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE LURKING UNDER A RAINBOW OF GREYS AND BLACK AND THEN WHAT SILENCE FOR BILLIONS OF EARTH YEARS UNTIL THE NEXT SHUDDERING ORGASM STARTS IT ALL OFF AGAIN FROM ZERO TO ONE CAN THEORETICALLY TAKE FOREVER BUT I BLUNDER ON REGARDLESS GROWING MY OWN MOUNTAIN AND FOREST ITS ALL GONE HORRIBLY WRONG TOO SENSIBLE TOO MUNDANE I HOPED FOR SOMETHING A BIT BETTER A BIT LESS LIKEABLE MORE NOXIOUS AND TOXIC BUT TO BE COMPLETELY CHAOTIC TAKES MORE THAN IVE GOT IM STILL CLINGING ON TO SOME FRAME OF REFERENCE SOME SEMBLANCE OF NATURAL ORDER I WANTED TO START AN INFERNO BUT MY MATCH KEEPS GOING OUT AND THE RAIN OF REASON KEEPS FALLING ON MY ATTEMPTS REFUSING TO RELINQUISH ITS REIGN BUT IT AINT OVER TIL IT IS AND THE FAT BITCH IS STILL GETTING DRESSED SO THERES TIME ENOUGH PERHAPS YET FOR ONE MORE SHOT AT GOLIATHS FOREHEAD ONE MORE SALVO AT THE TITAN OF SENSE HAVE I GOT ONE MORE LAST TRICK UP MY SLEEVE SOMETHING IVE BEEN SAVING FOR LAST IF I HAVE I CANT USE IT YET IVE STILL PROBABLY GOT AN INCH TO GO SO TOO EARLY TO UNLEASH MY SECRET WEAPON ILL HOLD BACK UNTIL THE BATTLE IS ALMOST LOST AND I CAN SEE THE WHITES OF THE EYES WHAT A TWERP ENOUGH TURPITUDE JUST TAKE AIM AND HOPE ON A WING AND A PRAYER SMASH THE CAR INTO THE FUTURE ONCE MORE DRIVE HEADLONG INTO THE IVORY TOWER TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF NO WAY CAN I ALLOW THAT THATS OUT IN THE OPEN NOW STREAMING OVER THE BOARDER LIKE A GANG OF MARAUDING SCOTS YOBBOS THE NOISE IN THE AIR IS NOT THERE JUST A VIBRATION OF FRUSTRATION CARRIED ON THE THIN WIND CUT DEEPER THE WOUND WILL NOT HEAL A FESTERING ABSCESS GOING GOING GONE GANGRENE FOUL SMELL FILLS THE END OF THE AIR AGAIN SMALL ROOM FILLED WITH THICK SMOKE TAKE MY SCISSORS TO IT THEN CUT OUT A FRESH HOLE TO BREATHE THROUGH AND SEE THE NEW DAWN ALL DAUBED IN MISTY MEMORY AND PAINTED IN GAUDY NEW COLOURS HELL HATH NO FURRY FACE LIKE MINE TO KEEP A WOMAN AT BAY STOP CANCELLING OUT ALL THE THINGS IN MY HEAD START FINDING THE KEY TO THE STOREROOM OF REALITY GATHER MY FORCES FOR THE FINAL ONSLAUGHTER THE MEANINGS AS THEY LIE IN THEIR SMELLY BEDS ALL COMFY AND CHEERFUL TAKE TIME OUT TO MAKE SURE THE WEAPONS ARE UP TO IT SHARPEN THE SWORDS AND LOAD THE CANON FUEL UP THE HORSES AND MAKE READY THE MEN FOR MAYBE TOMORROW WE DIE AND THE MARRIAGE WILL BE POSTPONED QUICK WITH THE WITS OF A RABBIT SNARE THE FOX AND PEEL ITS FOXY FUR OFF TO MAKE A NICE HAT TO WEAR AT THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY DANGLING CHICKEN FEET FROM MY EARS MENSTRUAL BLOOD SMEARED ON MY LIPS AS BARBARIC LIPSTICK RIBBONS FLOATING FROM MY BEARD LIKE A MAY POLE AS I DANCE AROUND IN THE DIM FIERY LIGHT FINERY OF MY STATION LORD OF ALL I CAN SEE AND PROTECTOR OF THE STRONG ONCE YOUR OFF THE WAY SEEMS SO CLEAR AND FREE JUST PICK UP FROM THE PAST AND RUN STRAIGHT FOR THE HEART AN ARROW IS TOO SLOW TO CATCH ME NOW IM LIGHTNING ON ATTACK AND ONLY A RUSTLE OF PAPER CAN DISTRACT ME WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT IT WAS MY RED FACE FALLING TO THE FLOOR SOME KIND OF OMEN I GUESS SOME SIGNIFICANT SIGN OF DOOM SPOKEN BY THE REVERSE OF THE DOOR OPTIMISM FLUCTUATING BETWEEN ELATION AND DESPAIR SO FAR GONE AND SEEMINGLY GETTING NO CLOSER NOT ENTIRELY TRUE OF COURSE IM STILL ON COURSE I RECKON JUST WHEN YOU THINK SHES ON THE VERGE OF COMING SHE DOESNT SO YOU KEEP PUMPING AWAY KNOWING THAT SOME THINGS ARE INEVITABLE IF YOURE JUST PREPARED TO PUT THE WORK IN AND WASTE ENOUGH TIME THEN YOU FIND OUT IT WAS ALL FAKED ANYWAY SO NOTHING GAINED BUT FALSE CONFIDENCE AND HUMILIATION WHAT A POTENTIAL DOWNER BUT IM HAVING NONE OF IT IM WELL ABOVE SUCH BASE CONNOTATIONS I RUN MY OWN RACE REGARDLESS OF OPPOSITION AND IVE NEVER LOST YET A FLASH IN THE PAN CAKING MY MIXTURE ON THE WALLS THAT HEM ME IN SELF STYLED GURU TEACHING MYSELF ALL I ALREADY KNEW LIKE THAT LIGHT ISNT AS

CONSTANT AS SOME PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO REPORT AND BLACK IS HARD WORK ETC
GROUNDS LOAF TREMOR SPLASH FLOP TRAIN PICNIC REVEAL RETORT HOLIDAY JOINER
MAST INNER COUTH ANIMAL DIRECTLY LONE GRUFF BAN NOVICE HUNTER DROSS
FURNITURE EVERY WADE OR HOW ABOUT QUOTE WEAL EAST RADIO TRUDGE YUCK UNITED
INTERVAL OPTIC PINAFORE ARRANGE STROLL DISSECTION FLEA GRANITE HUMP JUICE KIND
LORRY ZEN PASS CAULIFLOWER VEGAN BATTY NORMAL MARGIN THE LOGIC IS KINDA
OBVIOUS REALLY DEPENDING NATURALLY FUNNEL RELIVING OLD MEMORIES GRANTED
THEY MAY NOT MEAN MUCH TO ANYONE ELSE BUT THIS WASNT INTENDED AS ANYTHING
ELSE SO NO WORRIES SLAP TICKLE CRINGE DONT EXPECT SEVEN FOOT SOFAS TO DISAPPEAR
IN SHORT STUMPY ROOMS THERES A MORAL IN THERE SOMEWHERE BUT I HAVENT GOT TIME
TO FIND IT WHAT ABOUT PAPER NO IM HAPPY WITH THE QUALITY OF THAT TOO NO POINT
PRINTING GARBAGE ON TOP OF THE RANGE SHEETS IS THERE IM A HOUSEHOLD PAINT TYPE
OF GUY NO FRILLY KNICKERS FOR ME NO OSTENTATIOUS PRESENTATION OF RANK
HYPOCRISY NO NO CAN DO THIS IS A ONE NIGHT STAND SO FORGET ABOUT GETTING IT ALL
TARTED UP AND SWEET SMELLING A QUICK IN AND OUT AND THEN OUT AGAIN INTO THE
COLD NIGHT AIR HOWS YOUR FATHER AND SO LONG NEVER HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN
SOMEDAY IM FULFILLING NO MORE THAN THE MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS A BIT OF CHIT
CHAT AND SOCIAL NICETY TO GET MY END AWAY AND OVER AND OUT FAR AWAY AFTER
SPILLING MY COSMOLOGICAL FLUID OVER THE PAGE NOT REALLY SO SURPRISING ALL
THINGS CONSIDERED ITS A LITTLE BIT FUNNY THAT THE TWO MAIN PRESSURES ARE
BEGINNING AND ENDING ALL THE REST IS THE STUFFING TO PUFF THE BIRD OUT IM
MEASURING NOTHING SO ACCURATELY THESE DAYS DIZZILY SPINNING AT THIRTY
KILOMETRES PER SECOND SO NO WONDER EVERYTHING LOOKS SO BLURRY AS IM FILLING
THIS SPACE IN THIS TIME ALMOST FIFTEEN BILLION YEARS ITS TAKEN ME SO FAR TO SAY SO
LONG SO NO HURRY RELATIVELY SPEAKING TO GET IT WRAPPED UP AND POSTED AND
OUTTA MY LIFE FOR BETTER OR WORSE TIL ITS DEATH DO WE PART HAPPILY THIS BURIED IN
WORDS AND ME BURYING MYSELF IN ITS RADIANT GLORY LIKE BIG E WITH HIS GEE EQUALS
EIGHT PIE TEA THEORY OR WHATEVER IT WAS OR IS STILL IVE GOT NO FLATNESS PROBLEM
TO OVERCOME HERE IM INCREASING THE FATNESS INSTEAD LETTER B LETTER FINISHING
OFF MY NEW UNIVERSE A COMIC TRAGEDY OF ERRORS THIS IS MY FINAL RECKONING MY
SUMMING UP MY APOCALYPSE THE CULMINATION OF MY IDEA THE FINAL VICTORY LAP OF
MY RACE AND WHETHER YOU SUCCEED OR NOT DEPENDS SOLELY ON WHAT YOU SET OUT
TO DO SO I CANT FAIL AND EVENTUALLY ANOTHER SELF PORTRAIT WILL BE HUNG ON MY
TROPHY WALL OH GET ON WITH IT CUT TO THE CHASE STOP PATTING YOURSELF ON THE
BACK THERES WORK TO BE DONE YET SO STOP WITH THE HOODWINKING AN START
SHOVELLING MORE HOOEY TIE THE BITCH DOWN BEFORE CELEBRATING THE RAPE GET THE
COMPLETE FABRICATION OVER WITH SPOIL THE PAGE ROTTEN DISEMBOGUE THE BOGUS
ENDING GIVE EMPHATIC EMPHYSEMA TO THE PURITY YET EXISTING A BLACK COAL DUST
SPREADING ITS CHOKING FINALE LIKE A MESSAGE FROM A MADMAN LEFT ON AN ANSWER
PHONE THAT NOBODY BOTHERS TO LISTEN TO A SUICIDE NOTE THAT GETS LOST IN THE
POST AS THE MAIN MOON ONCE SAID MACHINES WERE MICE AND MEN WERE LIONS ONCE
STAMPING MY FEET LIKE A STROPY MAIDEN WHO CANT GET HER OWN WAY IVE BEEN HERE
SO OFTEN BEFORE THIS IS DELINQUENT DEJA VU A SPOOKY FEELING SO FAMILIAR THE
WORDS CHANGE BUT THE ACTION REMAINS THE SAME AGAIN AND AGAIN AND IN
SUCCEEDING AGAIN I FAIL AGAIN TOO OR ONLY HALF SUCCEED WHICH IS EXACTLY THE
SAME IF NOT WORSE THIS ABSTRACT PAINTING RETAINS SO MANY FIGURATIVE ELEMENTS
BUT WORDS REFUSE TO BE ABSOLUTELY NON REPRESENTATIVE AND STILL HOLD THEIR
IDENTITY ITS A FUTILE BATTLE AND WEVE BOTH ONE ITS A DRAW EVEN THE MOST
NONSENSICAL PARTS OF THIS STORY KEEP A HOLD ON THE REALITY OF LANGUAGE ITS
FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE SURE IVE DAMAGED IT BUT NOT BEYOND REPAIR THESE
INVISIBLE MEANINGS CAN BEEN GROWN BACK TO A READABLE SIZE IT WOULD BE A
SCANDALOUS MOVE BUT IVE DONE MUCH MORE HORRID THINGS IN THE PAST EATEN MY
OWN WORDS AND NOT MADE SUCH A MEAL OF IT EVEN IF IT DOES MAKE ME FEEL QUEER
HERES NOT THE RIGHT PLACE FOR THIS CONFESSIONAL TONE SLAP IT ON AND BE DONE AND
BE DAMNED GIVE THE SILENCE SOMETHING TO SINK ITS TEETH INTO LET THE ACID RAIN
FALL FROM THIS DARKENING CLOUD OVER THE REMAINING FIELD OF BARREN THOUGHT
DIRTY THE LAST INCH OR SO SOIL THE EMPTINESS ONCE AND FOR ALL TO SEE THAT IS IF
ANYONE BOTHERS TO LOOK TAKE A SMIDGEN OF THE BELOVED PEYOTE AND FLY TO THE
END OF THIS WORLD I OPEN MY PATAGIUM WINGS AND FLY INTO THE BURNING STAR LIKE A
PETAURIST A TOURIST IN THE WORLD OF WORDS SO LETS RIP AND BE OVER FLAILING AND
FLAPPING URINATING INTO THE GRAIL SHOUTING AND DANCING AND SCREAMING AND
LEAPING AND WHIRLING AND TWISTING AND PRANCING AND JUMPING AND RANTING AND
RUNNING AND PLAYING AND CAVORTING AND SPINNING AND YELLING AND FLIPPING ETC
COUGHING UP MY GUTS AND SPILLING MY BEANS ETCHING MY LAST WORDS ONTO THE
GRAVESTONE THEN LAYING THE PIECE TO REST IN PEACE ONE FINAL PUSH TO GET THE

STILL BORN MESS OUT OF MY MIND TRANSFORMING THIS WORLD WITH PURE ARROGANCE REGARDLESS OF SCAPEGRACE ACCUSATIONS DROWN THE SHIP SCUPPER THE PAGE UNPLUG THE HULL AND LET THE WATERS RUN IN LET THE GAMES BEGIN IN ERNEST AND THE BLOOD BATH ENSUE ANOTHER PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO DEMOLISH RATIONALITY GRUFF BLACK BEAR DIGGING SHARP NAILS BROWN TEETH CHEWING AND SPITTING OUT THE REMAINS DRIVE THE SPEAR INTO THE SIDE AND OFFER A VINTAGE VINEGAR SPONGE DREADFUL TRICKERY AND UNDERHAND ACTION MAN ME THROW UP THE GAUNTLET TAKE CHARGE AND CHARGE INTO THE ENEMIES WHITE CAMP SIGHT ALTERS ALL THAT IS SEEN TO BE DONE FOR SHOW OFFS DO IT FOR SHOW TIME AND AGAIN RE REPEATING WORTHY FOE OUT FOUGHT THOUGHT OUT AND ONTO THE SLAB READY FOR THE KNIFE WHILE THE WIND WAITS IN THE WINGS IM LICKING THE LIPS THAT REFUSE TO SPEAK TASTING THE MUSKY DRIBBLE OF MY MIND WEAKLING THROWING IT ALL AT THE MIRROR SMASHING IT BUT MAKING IT REFLECT SO MUCH MORE TINY VERSIONS ALL LOOKING BACK WITH THE SAME EXPRESSION OF DISGUST MILLSTONE MILESTONE DRAGGING ME DOWNWARD BEWARE OF DOGS BEWARE OF EVIL WORKERS BEWARE OF THE CONCISION THUS SAYS SOMEONE SOME PHIL TO FILL DO NOT GO GENTLY ETC SMITH RUSHING WEED BLOWTORCH ETC OR RATHER EXPECTED TIME DO THEE IN MORE THAN ONE WAY SLOP DUNG TASKED THROUGH QUAGMIRE MEANDERING SHOUT FREEFALL OR CRAZY BELL BED WETTERS WRUNG OUT TO DRY SHEET LIVELY BREAK THOROUGHLY QUICK TEPID MARCHES HARE TODAY YES THE OFFAL RUTH ROOTED UNDER AND SLEPT OFT HUNG OVER AND REPLENISHED SPOILT MAN NOTHER GLASS OF OLD ROSY GRIP TIGHT HAND AND POURED OUTWARDLY FROM FUNNEL TO BOWEL STRETCH NOT IN THE EYES OF THE LANDLORD CUPID LUCKY TRANSGRESSOR PRESSURISED NIGHTLY GRIEVES NOT NO MORE THALIDOMIDE THROSTLE FRAMES WEAVE SONG DELIGHTFUL CROWDS FROM A NATURAL BIRTHING PROCESS HARDLY BLUE MORNING MONDAY BLACK WEDNESDAY REVOLTING REVOLUTIONS SPENT FORCE CULPRIT HANGER ON DIVISIONAL ROTATION GREEK DELPHIC MEMORY CUNNING NUMBER NINE BENIGNLY UNSWERVING RELEASE THE OLD PRISONERS OF GRANITE BLOCKS CHIPPED ENTIRELY OUT NOW STANDING STONE MONUMENTAL INACCURACY WATCH ME CRUMBLE THROUGH WEEKENDS OF SANDWICHES PASTY DO DONT TREASON FLIP SIDE OF MEANING FORTY FIVE REVS PER MILE SPEEDY CRUNCH CHAOS SLAMMED BREAKS ON TOO LATE FOR IT IMPACT SUCKED UNIVERSAL LAWS ABANDONED NO WHERE AND NO WHEN AIR FULL OF EMPTINESS DRESS OF FINE NOTHING STREET BARREN KERB DRUNKS ROLLING IN MUCKY SENTENCES BLURTED FULL OF REMINDERS OF PREVIOUS WIVES WINO HAPPY GURGLING OUT OF IT ALL SAVE BLACK EYES THAT WEEP STALE FEARS SAYING NO TO ACCEPTANCE AND DEFEAT GIVE UP NOT NOW NEVER OR THROWN TOWEL TO STOP THE BLEEDING NOSE CORNERED AND COMATOSE PARALYSED WITH LIFE LED TWITCHY FINGERS GRIPPING THE DUST AS I TO SAY NOT YET WAIT ANOTHER WHILE GIVE ANOTHER CHANCE BUT NO OH YOU LOVE IT TAKING IT ALL THE WAY INSIDE SHOOTING AND RELEASING EVERYTHING AT ONCE FINAL CHANCE OF CLEANING UP BEFORE BEING DISSOLVED KEEN EYES BLEEDING HAMMER BLOWS ONE TWO AND ONE FOR THE FEET GREAT EFFORT OF CONTROLLED SUSPENSION LIGHTNING FASTER BRIGHT SPARK OF INDIFFERENCE BLINDLY HOPING FOR A REPRIEVE FORGIVEN AND PROMPTLY FORGOTTEN TOO MACERATED WORDS FALLING APART WITH DIFFIDENT UNCARING VALUES FROG BUSY THIS WEANING THE LETTERS GRIEF GONE FOR GETTING OUT FLASH PAN DIVING OFF HIGHER BOARDS SPLASH INTO THE EMPTY POOL SPLATTERED A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF BLOOD AND BROKEN BONE THIS WASNT ME EITHER FEEDING OFF MY INSIDES LIKE A SYMBIOTIC MANIAC HERD FOLLOWS DOWN GATES OF CLOSED AVENUES JAILED NOW TO APPEASE THE LAW GIVER DRAGGED ON THROUGH THE SQUARE BY THE COAT SLEEVES AND TOSSED ONTO THE FIERY DEATH PILE GOTTA LIGHT MATE CHEERS AND UP SHE BLOWS FLAMES LEAPING OUT OF MY EYES STINKING SKIN FILLING THE NOSES OF ONLOOKERS SO THIS IS THE FEELING THIS IS THE SMELL OF DEATH AGAIN WEEKLY WAITED FOR BURNING PASSION I NON POSSUMUS NONETHELESS IRRITATE ON LIKE ROSE POWDER IN THE PANTS THREAD OF CONSISTENCY BROKEN OVER THE KNEE OR THE STILE CANNOT AND REFUSE TO CAN AND WILL WEEPING INTO A FULL BOWL OF SALTY TEARS EVAPORATING TOO QUICKLY TO COUNT THEM ALL THE REST IS HISTORY MINE ANOTHER BRUSH ON THE WALL GONE SOUR ANOTHER BIT OF GOB FLOATING ON THE CHAMPAGNE EFFERVESCENT SURFACE SCUM TO BE DRUNK BLACK BALL PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY OVER THE POCKET WAITS TO BE JOLTED INTO THE VOID A KISS CLUNK AND THEN GONE LOST GAME OVER LIFELESS OBJECT OF OBJECTION ALL VANQUISHED AND BOUND IN FACT DRAINED AND THROWN OUT OF THE WINDOW WITH THE BASTARD LOLLY SUCKED OFF TO A STICK A SHALLOW CESSPOOL TO BAREFOOT WANDER THROUGH BROKEN GLASS TOO TO SLICE THE FLESH LIKE A DREAM NIGHTMARE OF STILL BEING AWAKE WHILE IT HAPPENED WITNESSING THE TORTURE AND SEEING EVEN THROUGH MY EYELIDS AS I SHUT THEM TIGHTER AND TRY TO THINK ELSEWHERE TAKING JUST AS LONG TO SAY NOTHING REAL LIES YOUTH BY REASON OF AGES CORRECT PASSED OFF IN FEASIBLE FASHION FLARES CHEESECLOTH AND BANGLES AND WICKER SHOES LIKE AN EARTHENWARE SACKCLOTH DAMP AND MUSHY

DREAMER DILATED GROUND DOWN AND RELINQUISHED HOLD OF THEM SQUIGGLES AND SCRATCHES BLUFF AND FORTUNE MOTH BITTEN OLD CANVAS MEMORIES WITH PAINTED FACES SMILING OR GRIMACING ON BIG QUESTIONS EVADED ONCE AGAIN CRUEL DRIVER SCREWED AGAIN BREAKING THE SPEED OF NIGHT APING AND COPY CAT DECEIVER FIDDLE DE DEE DEEPER AND LEFT OVERS OUT BOLD CAUGHT UP IN THE TINSEL RAVAGES ROWING THROUGH BLOTTED HYPHENS AND MARGINAL COMMAS EXCLAIMING THE LOVELY PAUSES AND STAGED DIRECTIONS GO NOW YOU'RE ON THUS TIME HAS COME BACKWARD TO TREAT YOU EAVESDROPPING ON NEXT CONVERSATIONALISTS TO WAILING TROMBONES SIGNALS OF DEATH BLACK CROSSES MARK THE MISTAKES RED CIRCLES TELL THE UNFORGIVING TALES AND STILL NO CLOSER TO ECSTASY ANOTHER MISCALCULATION TO ADD TO THE LIST WAGNARIAN WAVES OF INDULGENCE SWEEPING OVER THE DEAD SEA LIKE TRISTAN GETTING IT ON WITH ISOLDE COCKSURE AND PROUD RAMMING THE POINT HOME GREEN LEAFLESS YOUNG SAPLINGS SWAYING ON THE BREEZE BREATH FOUL EVEN TO DEATH AGAIN FALLING APART CRUSHING DEFEATS NOT REMEMBERED I LOVE YOU WHISPERS AND DRAIN GARGLING TALK LIKE A RADIATOR BLEED ME CRYING WESTERN BUSHY FUNERAL ODE SPENT EFFORTS SUNG IN A POOR MONASTERY NOW ON CD IN A SHOP NEAR YOU FRIGHTFUL MURDER OF SOUL REGIONS OF HUMILIATION UNBOUNDED SPOKEN THE REFUSED FIGHTERS LAST TESTAMENT CRUNCH MATCH TANTAMOUNT TO CREATION FALLING CIGARETTE ENDS SWALLOWED WHOLE BACK TO AN INVENTORY OF MOURNING SLOWER TREMORS OF TOUCHED FOUNTAINS OF FROZEN POSSIBILITIES TITS UP AND POINTY ERECT NIPPLES OF ENDURANCE SWELLING THE COFFERS HAND ME THAT SCYTHE THAT DAGGER AND CHAINSAW MY MIND IS NEEDING A LITTLE ATTENTION CREEP INTO THE UNHOLY BED WEARING MY FAVOURITE KNIGHT ARMOUR OF LOVE LANCE IN HAND TO KILL ALL THE DRAGONS AND BACK THEM INTO THEIR CAVES READY TO REDECORATE THE HORIZON IN MY IMAGE A PROLIX OF FOUNDATIONAL INTRIGUE DEMENTED VALUES WELL PAST BED TIME A FITTING POTTY TO FILL TO EXUVIATE MORE INDEMONSTRABLE TRUTHS IN A PAROXYSM OF PERFECT TENSES MORE MORE ONE MORE ENCORE TO FLATTEN THE SHOW AND FLATTER THE PERFORMERS EGOS ALL SIMULTANEOUS CLAPPING FORBIDDEN A DIRGE OF AMUSEMENT EXTOLLED FOR MEASURING SIN TRAGIC LOSS BEGINS TROUBLE GREAT MENTAL STABILITY CRACKING ASUNDER BELOW VISUAL MONTHS PROGRESS OR TEPID WORKS HAWKING A PLAINTIVE SHADOW DROOPING LIKE A STUD AFTER THE MONEY SHOT BELLOWING BRAVADO TO THE TWELVE LEFT STANDING IN ROW COP ON AND STRAPPED UP PENETRATING THE HOLE LEFT GAPING AND HUNGRY SORE WOUND CENTRALISED AND DISCARDED DISGRACED BY A SEEPING WET FLOW THAT GIVES LIES TO THE FUTURE AND ANOTHER THING TOO GRUBBY FINGERS SCORCH THE SKIN DIGGING INTO THE WHITE FLESH AND GRIPPING THE PRESENT THREE WAY GANG BANG OF HOPE IMMORTALISED AND VANISHED IN A PUFF OF INTENTION BLOW WHICH OFF TO INTERSTELLAR BOOGIE TAKE OUR ARMS THEY'RE ALL WE'VE GOT LEFT REDUCED TO PULP BY OUR DOCTOR OF MECHANICAL INDUSTRY AND MYSTERY BENT KNEES OFFER A LITTLE SUSTENANCE AN IDLE RETURN ON AN ASTRONOMICAL INVESTMENT TRY LESS DO MORE AS THE PINK MOUSE DECLARED GRANDLY LINE BY LINE SCURRY OFF THE STORE ROOM FLOOR DIRECT THE OPERATION FROM A NEARBY HOTEL WITH BRICK WINDOWS AND SANDY PILLOWS INDENTED BY A MILLION OR SO HEADS VAST VATS OF EVERYONE WHO EVER DREAMED THERE CAME UNTO THE ORDERS BENEATH THEM VIOLENT STRUGGLE TO CONTROL THE ENTIRE CONTENTS COLOUR THE CREAM OF THE JOKERS BLAND FLAVOUR INTERFUSED WITH INFERIOR DESIGN MODULES A SCATHING ATTACK OF NERVOUS LAUGHTER ECHOES DOWN THE DESERTED CORRIDOR ONCE LINED BY RED CARPETS OF IMPORTANCE NOW EMPTY AND IMPOTENT LIKE AND OLD CANON ON DISPLAY IN A MUSEUM AN EMPTY FRAME SHOWS ONLY A FADING SHADOW OF A SIGNATURE HELD ON THE MUSTY GLASS BACK AND A LINE SLOPING BOTH WAYS DOWN GENTLY FROM ITS NAILED SUPPORT SYSTEM BEEN THERE SEEN THAT LIVED THAT LIFE ALREADY BEFORE CREATING A VISION OF NOTHING HOW MANY VERSIONS ARE ADMISSIBLE TO MAKE ALL OF THEM ADMIRABLE AND EQUALLY PLEASANT DRINK THE POTION YOU'RE OFFERED TAKE ONE PILL TO MANY AND SEE THE RESULTING CONFUSION BLAG BLOFF DRY TEASER SPEED INTO THE COFFIN YOU'RE ALL MUCH MORE THAN JUST WELCOME SANDS RUNNING OUT OF THE BROKEN GLASS TIMEPIECE MAKING A BEACH OF MINUTES ON THE FLOORBOARDS BUT THE TIDE HAS OTHER IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS TO MISS SO MAKE AS MUCH HASTE AS YOU CAN THROW ON SOME OLD CLOTHES BEFORE THE FIRE TAKES HOLD PERMANENTLY AND REDUCES EVERYTHING TO A GIGGLE PULL HARDER THE LINE TUGGING THE TUNE OUT OF THE ORGAN GRINDING THE BEST YET TO COME INTO PEPPERY WHOLESOME DESIRE OF BURDEN GIVEN OVER RESPONSIBILITY SHIFTED FROM SHOULDER TO SHOULDER LIKE A HEAVY AGONY FULL OF LOST BOOKS REDUCED TO A WEIGHT OF SHEER ANARCHY FOR YOU AND YOURS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE REALLY DEEP ERROR OF BEAUTY SHAMEFACED FUTILITY BLINDLY IGNORED WITHOUT REFERENCE TO PANTOMIME OR ORDERLIES CUTTING TO THE QUICK CHASE OF IT RETURNING EMPTY HANDED WITH FINGERPRINTS OF PURPOSE ALL OVER THE PLACE INDELIBLE EVIDENCE

CAREFULLY PLANTED AND GROWING WITH EACH PASSING STROKE THWACK SPANK SLAPPED DOWN FOR MERE PLEASURE PERHAPS AND THE FEELING OF POWER OVER FORM UNIFORM BANALITY REUSED OVER AND OVER RETOLD STORY OF CREATION WITH THE MAIN CHARACTERS WEARING DIFFERENT DISGUISES AND MASKS THE JUDGE MISDIRECTED THE JURY AND WAS FOUND GUILTY IN HIS OWN COURT AND SENTENCED HIMSELF ACCORDINGLY PAGE AFTER PAGE OF PETITIONS WERE SIGNED BUT HE REFUSED TO GO BACK ON HIS WORD AND LOCKED HIMSELF AWAY IN HIS STUDY FOR CENTURIES ROUGH MODEL OF EXEMPLARY STUPIDITY AND VANITY READ ALL ABOUT IT WHEN WILL VENGEANCE HAVE HAD ENOUGH AND THE RAT BE ALLOWED TO RUN FREE TO INFECT SOME OTHER SPACE WITH A PLAGUE OF UNNECESSARY SQUALOR CAN I EVER BE FOUND GUILTY OF SOMETHING MORE SERIOUS THAN WILFUL NEGLIGENCE IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY FLUFFY PUFF PUFF ETC WAITING IN THE GARDEN NAKED FOR THE RAIN TO WASH ME AWAY LOOKING UP AT WHAT THE CLOUDS CAN PROMISE BUT THEY ALWAYS DOUBLE BACK AND OFFER TOKEN BELLY LAUGHS OF MEEK THUNDER OPINIONS ARE TORTOISE SHELL CAMOUFLAGE RUSTLING LEAVES OF INDIFFERENCE IN THE AUTUMN OF EACH DAY NURSERY SENSE GUFFAWS WISHING TO SNIGGER PRUDENT TUMMY TROUBLE BLOTCHY MURDER CANTANKEROUS BLUE MOONS OF DIRTY MOMENTS SPUN OUT OF CONTROL AND INTO THE COPY BOOK NEATLY SURRENDERING THEIR UTTERANCES TO THE INK SQUID LIKE FLOATING CLOUDS OF FLUCTUATING MEANING PUTTING ON A BRAVE FACE TO WEAR TO THE PARTY BUT BEING TURNED AWAY AT THE THRESHOLD BY BOUNCERS OF CONSCIENCE A LITTLE EXTRA WONT GO AMISS BY GOLLY I NEED IT DESPITE THE COST FRUIT OF MIND GOING OFF LIKE A FIRECRACKER IN SLOW MOTION WITH A LOWLY FIZZLE OF DISAPPOINTMENT AND A POP STAND WELL BACK OR GET COVERED IN A FINE VISCOUS SPRAY OF APATHY TURN AND RUN FROM THE FALLOUT THE SLEEPY DYING OF DESPERATION UNBELIEVABLE CLOSE AT HAND AT THE CLOSED END OF DAY BUT STILL IM REACHING OUT AT THE LAST LAST GASP PANTING ON CRAWLING MY WAY OVER THE LINE DEFEATED AND HAPPILY SO WET STAIN DARK PATCH OF SPILT GUTS THE YARD FULL OF OLD SCRAPS NOBODY WANTS SCRAPS AND DEAD HORSES COVERED IN FLIES STINKING ROTTEN MEAT OOZING A MEMORY OF EXTREME STAMINA AS THE MUSCLES FALL FROM THE BROAD BONES HATE WAS WHAT LOVE WAS A REVELATION OF SIMILARITY GREED IS MORE THAN AMPLIFIED HUNGER PAIN IS TWISTED LONGING TO FEEL KINDNESS IS A MISCONCEPTION CONSTRUED AS GENEROSITY HAKE VENT FORE WESTERN HURT DIRE LINK GREY DAUGHTER WREATH JOIN BUSY CARTEL AND SO ON LAMPOONING OR STARVING FREE OR TONGUE TIED DRAWN FACE MISTY GRANGE BOARDER LURKS THE IDEA IN THE FOG DEVELOPED OVER DECADES OF REVENGE PERFECTED INTO A CHARIOT OF IGNORANCE PULLED BY WINGED DETERMINATION AND GRIT ABSOLUTE SOVEREIGN DIRECTOR WHAT GOES GOES WHAT WAS IS WITHOUT ALTERATION OR APOLOGY THIS BLACK BOOK IS THE BLACK BOX FIGHT RECORDER TELLING IT AS IT HAPPENED REVEALING THE CAUSE AND METHOD OF THE DISASTER A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT AT AN ACCIDENT AN UNCOVERING OF REASONS A MESSAGE OF CONDOLENCE AND COMPLICITY A STATEMENT OF FACTS ENTWINED IN A FACTIOUS NON FICTION FORMAT TREAD CAREFULLY OR YOU MAY FALL OFF THE EDGE OF MY WORLD AS I DID THERES TOO MUCH SPACE LEFT TO GET LOST IN UNFORTUNATELY NO ENDS TO TIE UP NO THREADS OF PURPOSE OR POINT ALLS ONE LONG BELCH ONE ARROW THROUGH TIME WITH A BLUNT POISONOUS END GUARANTEED TO CAUSE A NASTY SCAR AND LEAVE A TRACEABLE MARK ON MY BODY A VISUAL REMINDER OF THE PAIN OF PROCESS AN EPIC ATTEMPT AT A VERBAL SUICIDE SQUEEZING AS MUCH OUT AND ONTO AS THE LIMITS WILL ALLOW TEACHING MYSELF ANOTHER LESSON IN PATIENCE ESTIMATING THE LENGTH AND GETTING IT COMPLETELY WRONG AGAIN TURPENTINE WIPING AWAY OF PREVIOUS IMAGES MIXING NEW COLOURS TO COVER THE GAPING HOLE RESTORATION WORK OF NO CONFIDENCE INCOMPETENT RUMOUR ABOUNDING A MASSACRE OF INNOCENCE LOST WEEKEND OF PURE HEDONISTIC RITUAL SLAUGHTER THATS LIFE AND ONE WAY OF LIVING BUT NOT ADVISABLE TO MUTTER INTO THE MUD YOU MIGHT JUST END UP DROWNING THERE WITH NOTHING TO SHOW BUT A PUDDLE WHERE YOU ONCE WERE WHERE YOU ONCE STOOD SO PROUD AND ANNOUNCED YOUR MANIFESTO BLURTED RULES WITH NO FOUNDATIONS SPONTANEOUS GESTURES OF DEFIANCE THAT LACK ALL CONVICTION GETTING INTO HOTTER AND HOTTER WATER UNTIL YOU SKIN PEELS OFF IN ONE FLAYED PERFECT SHEET LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN MARSYAS AND A TOMATO PUREE OF PULPY IDEALS SKIN TIGHT EXCESSES AND OTHER CONTRABAND BROKEN RULES AND BROKEN RAILS ON WHICH TO CONTINUE THE JOURNEY TO THE TERMINUS END VILE ACCEPTANCE OF PROPER ATTITUDES DIRE MURMURING CONTINUAL FLOOD OF HOOLIGAN INANITIES TAKE ANOTHER WHIFF OF THAT OPIUM THEN BREATH THE POPPY FLAVOUR INTO THE LUNGS TO OPPILATE THE LAST ACRE KINDA NICE FEELING OF ONENESS WITH ALL AN EVERYTHING ELSE BLURRING THE VISION OF FUTURE TORMENT WITH A TAB OF DAYDREAMY RELAXING OFF GONE FAREWELL THEN TO THE BEAST COAX IT OUT SLOWLY IN A TRANCE OF EXPECTATION LOOKING TO THE CEILING FOR ADDED INSPIRATION CLOUDS OF BLANK SMOKE OVER MY BRAIN CHOKING ALL REASON TO STOP

WHEELING ON TRANSPORTING MY BODY THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR FLOATING ON A HEAVENLY MIST STULTIFYING VERSION OF BEING OR BEGINNING A FREE ROAMING MEDITATION ON LIGHT GOSSAMER WHITE WINGS THE HEAVINESS OF BODY ECLIPSED BY A TORPOR OF WELL BEING WARM BEAUTIFUL JOURNEY ON A WISPY CURRENT OF AIR REMINISCENT OF THE BLUE SMOKE BILLOWING DAINTILY FROM MY PIPE LIKE A PROCESSION OF ANGELS IM SWEPT IN THE FLOW OF MIND AND MATTER ON A STREAM OF CAREFREE CONFUSION TWISTING AND ROLLING LIKE EXPENSIVE WORDS ON A VELVETY TONGUE THIS IS HEAVEN THIS FEELING IS BEING TRANSPORTED BACK TO BEFORE THE CONFINES OF THE PADDED WALL WOMB IM FINALLY FREE FROM THE ESSENCE OF MATTER AND MATERIAL ODOUR MY MIND IS AWASH WITH STATIC IMAGININGS MY BODY ENVELOPED IN A PERFECT TASTE OF FINE FOOD AND EMOTIONAL STUPOR THIS IS AS CLOSE TO NOT BEING ITS POSSIBLE TO BE A PART OF THE TOTALITY LIKE A DREAM OF ABSOLUTE UNION THIS PLANT IS MAGICAL REMEDY OFFERING THE ONLY WAY OUT OF A MENTAL NUMBNESS PINS AND NEEDLES OF LIFE ARE REMOVED AND THE BODY IS RAISED UP AWAITING SALVATION SO CLOSE TO THE EPHEMERAL REALITY OF NOT BEING OR BELONGING TO THIS MORTAL REALM AWARENESS IS NO LONGER A RELEVANT CONCEPT ALL IS CONSUMED IN THE SILENT FIRE OF EXPERIENCE AND EXPECTANCY THIS KIND OF BLISS NEVER ENDS REALLY ITS ALWAYS IN THE BODY WAITING TO GIVE FULL FORCE TO ITS PRESENCE FREEING THE MIND FROM THE FATAL LEAD WEIGHTS OF RESPONSIBILITY AND CONSCIOUSNESS LIKE THOSE PENDULOUS HANGING MASSES THAT KEEP OLD CLOCKS WELL WOUND UP NOW TIME IS IRRELEVANT THE CLOCKS ARE OUT OF MIND THE ONLY BEATING IS OF HEARTS AND WINGS GIVING A FLUTTER OF WARM DELICIOUS AIR THAT FEEDS THE SKIN AND MAKES THE MIND OPEN TO ACCEPT EVERYTHING GIVEN BY THE PLANTS HOLY OIL THE DREAM IS MORE THAN A DREAM CAN BE IT IS REAL MY EYES CAN TAKE IT ALL IN SWALLOW THE WHOLE WORLD IF I CHOSE TO AND SPIT OUT ALL FEELING OF STRESS OR IRRITATION EVERY NERVE IS PRESENT MAKING ITSELF PART OF THE EXPERIENCE EVERY HAIR HAS ITS VOICE EVERY PORE IS OPEN TO THE UNBELIEVABLE SENSATION OF FULFILLED SENSITIVITY MY NOSE WELCOMES THE AIR AND MY BREATHING IS FULL OF LIGHT IT TRAVELS THROUGH MY BODY IN MY BLOOD TRANSPORTING THIS FEELING INSIDE ME TIL IM A TOTALITY OF LIGHT AT ONE AND PART OF LIGHT A SUBTLE FIRE OF INTENSITY BURNS IN MY SOUL MY BRAIN IS NO LONGER MINE IT INVITES THE NEW DAWN OF PERFECTION A REALITY BEYOND WORDS AND COMPREHENSION I AM WHAT IT IS WE ARE BOTH UNIVERSALLY PRESENT PART OF THE BIGGER PICTURE THE VAST BEAUTY OF FEELING BEYOND FEELING AND BEING BEYOND BEING NO EFFORT AND NO PRESSURE NO UP OR DOWN JUST A NOTHING OF PURE WARMTH LIKE A SENSUOUS ENVELOPING DEATH BUT MORE REAL BECAUSE THE FEELING OF BEING DEAD IS STILL BEING FELT AS AN EXPERIENCE OF BLISS ONWARD AS A MYSTICAL TRAVEL TO A MYTHICAL HEAVEN OF WHATEVER CONCEPTION OR HUE THEN OF COURSE YOU FEEL LOUSY CROTCHETY AND DEPRESSED LIFE IS MUCH WORSE ON THE LEVEL OF THE REAL PAINFUL AND FILTHY DEEP ROOTED DISGUST REAPPEARS AND TAKES HOLD ALL THE MORE POWERFULLY FOR HAVING SEEN AN ALTERNATIVE FOR KNOWING THAT BLISS IS A HUMAN POSSIBILITY WITHIN REACH OF HUMANITY THE YOKE GETS SO HEAVY AND DIGS INTO THE SHOULDERS AFTER HAVING FELT THE PURE ESSENCE OF TOTALLY BEING OTHER THAN MERELY MORTAL DOES THE POPPY PLANT KNOW THE FEELING OF MENTAL FREEDOM IS IT A NICE LIFE TO SWAY IN THE WIND AND FEEL WARMTH ON YOUR LEAVES DRAWING LOVE FROM THE GROUND THAT FEEDS YOU I CRASH DOWN SO BRUTALLY LIKE A GLIDER HIT BY HAIL AND LIGHTNING MY WINGS BREAK ON IMPACT WITH THE HARD GROUND LIKE AN ANGEL SHOT DOWN BY AN ATHEISTS FIRING I LIFT MY BOOT TO SLAM INTO THE FACE OF BELIEF I TRAMPLE THE ANGELS SOFT WINGS INTO THE MUD AND PULL OFF THE HALO TO USE AS A FRISBEE NOW IM CLIMBING THE LEG OF A TABLE HOPING TO FIND A FEW CRUMBS AT THE TOP LEFT OVER FROM AN OLD PICNIC OR IM LEAPING FROM THE CHAIR TO DISCOVER THE METHODS OF FLYING IM A BULLET CROSSING NO MANS LAND ON MY WAY TO A SYMBOLIC ASSASSINATION A TROUGH KING SWINGING ON AN ELASTIC BAND ACROSS AN ABYSS THOSE ANTS IN THE GARDEN WITH A MISSION TO SURVIVE ONE MORE DAY A CORNFLAKE CRISPY AND ISOLATED ON THE EDGE OF THE BOWL A GRAIN OF RICE HIDDEN AT THE BACK OF THE CUPBOARD A PLASTIC TRACTOR STILL STORED IN MY PACKAGING A WORM IN THE MOUTH OF A FLEA RIDDEN HEDGEHOG ONE BLADE OF GRASS THATS MANAGED TO EVADE THE LAWNMOWERS TEETH A VIRTUAL GAME OF CHESS WHERE BLACK TAKES CONTROL IM BONE CHINA FOR A CUP GIVEN AS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT IM THE RIBBON ROUND THE NECK OF A SIAMESE CAT IM A SINGLE DROP OF RAIN THAT HITS A LADYBIRDS BACK IM THE PIN ON THE BACK OF A WEDDING BUTTONHOLE OR A BADGE OR A BROACH THESE MEMORIES ARE OF BEING MORE THAN I AM IVE BEEN PLENTY OF OTHER PEOPLE TOO FROM AN INCA SACRIFICE VICTIM TO A NEW ORLEANS BANKER A WOMAN IN FINLAND OR A FOOTBALL IN JAVA IM WAITING FOR THE NEXT BIG VOLCANO TO WIPE OUT THE PRETENSIONS OF MANKIND A VAST ERUPTION TO BLOCK OUT THAT UNMENTIONABLE GLOWING MASS AND SHROUDS THIS SMALL WORLD IN ASH IT PROVOKES A NEW ICE AGE

THAT WILL DEVELOP DEVOURING THESE FEEBLE CONSERVATIONISTS AND WORRY
MONGERS ITS ALL OK DO YOUR WORST BIG BOY WE AINT SEEN NOTHING YET GIVE IT TO US
YOUR BEST SHOT STOP MUCKING AROUND TELLING FIBS OF YOUR POWER MOTHER NATURE
IS TOO SOPPY THESE DAYS BALANCING ON FLIMSY BALLET SHOES IN A RIDICULOUS POSE
WHILE WE SIT AROUND THEORISING AND CALCULATING OUR CHANCES OF SURVIVING TILL
FRIDAY BLATHERING ON WHILE ROME HAS ALREADY STARTED BURNING FIDDLING OUR
PETTY FRAUDS AND CONNIVING TOGETHER TO ESTABLISH A REASON TO KEEP GOING IVE
HAD JUST ABOUT AS MUCH AS I CAN TAKE NOW IM SICK OF IT ALL TIRED AND COMPLETELY
DRAINED FED UP OF SITTING HERE SAYING THIS EXHAUSTED IM STROLLING SO SLOWLY
NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR AS ALWAYS JUST AMBLING ON TO DESTRUCTION WITH MY
HANDS IN MY POCKETS WHISTLING THE FIRST TUNE I CAN THINK OF AND KICKING THE ODD
TIN CAN THAT I SEE AT MY FEET IN A HUMDRUM INDIFFERENT MANNER SHOCKED BY MY
LACK OF INTEREST IN THE VIEW AND ALMOST ON THE VERGE OF CRYING REAL TEARS VERY
WELL SALTY LEAKAGE FROM MY RED EYES BUT NO NOT EVEN THAT IN THE END GETS
REALISED PROPERLY IM TOO LAZY TO SHED TEARS OVER THIS I STROKE MY FACE AND ITS
LIKE CARESSING A MANGY OLD LION WHO CANT BE BOTHERED TO FIGHT ANYMORE AND
JUST LIES DOWN TO DIE LIKE THAT ONE ON THE TREACLE TIN EXCEPT OUT OF THE WEAK
CAME FORTH SOUR RECRIMINATIONS THIS TIME AND A SWARM OF WASPS HELL BENT ON
STINGING AND KILLING IN THE MOST PAINFUL WAY THEY CAN THINK OF SO SLOWLY ONE AT
A TIME THEY UNLEASH THEIR PIN PRICKS NUMBING MY WHOLE BODY TIL I CANT FEEL
ANYTHING ANYMORE BE OVER BE GONE BE FULL NOW DONT MAKE ME DO THIS ANYMORE
LET MY BRAIN SLEEP FOR A MILLION YEARS PLEASE THIS LIGHT IS DRILLING INTO MY
NIGHTMARES ALL MY HOPES AND FAILURES ARE BOUND UP IN THIS UNRULY PACKAGE OF
LIES ITS PAINFUL TO WATCH THIS CRUEL TORTURE IM INFLICTING DROP BY DROP BUT I
HAVE NO OPTION LIKE ALEX MY EYES ARE HELD ON THE SCENE BY CLAMPS OF WILLPOWER
AND I CANT LOOK AWAY TILL THE ARTIFICIAL END IS OVERCOME IN AN ULTRA VIOLENT
FULLSTOP PUNCHED SO GLADLY INTO THIS GROTESQUE FACE KILLING THE IDEA STONE
DEAD WITH ONE LAST PUSH OF MY INDEX FINGER AN INEQUITABLE GLORY EARNED BY
PERSISTENCE OF REPETITION NO MATTER HOW BANAL OR UNINSPIRED IVE PUSHED MYSELF
ON REGARDLESS OF QUALITY HAMMERING OUT ALL THESE BLACK LINES INTO A FRENZY OF
UNIFORMITY NOW IM FEELING WEAK AND MENTALLY LIMP EXHAUSTED FROM THE LABOUR
WITH NO HOPE OF RECOMPENSE IN A REALISM OF OBLIVION IVE STUCK TO THE TASK
SWIMMING UP STREAM LIKE AN INFERTILE SPERM A WHOLE NEW LEVEL OF FUTILITY HAS
BEEN PLUMBED ON THE RECONDITE WAY ANOTHER EMPTY GESTURE OF DEFIANCE TO
NOBODY BUT MYSELF LIKE THAT TIME I REFUSED TO EAT BISCUITS OR SWEETS NOW IM AN
OLD MAN WEARY AND DEPRESSED KNOWING THAT THE CHOICES I MADE WERE
COMPLETELY LUDICROUS AND JUST MADE LIFE HARDER NOT MORE INTERESTING I
LAUGHED AT POSSIBLE HAPPINESS IN SIMPLE THINGS AND STRIVED TO BE FOLLOWING A
LONELIER PATH TO FULFILMENT ONLY TOO LATE DID I SEE THAT THE PATH WAS A CIRCLE
AND ONCE I WAS ON IT IT WAS TOO LATE TO TURN BACK SO I BIT MY LIP AND SULENLY
WALKED ON ALONE GETTING FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM ALL HOPE TO PROUD TO
EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE THE MISTAKE TO MYSELF UNTIL IT WAS WELL TOO LATE SO NOW I
CRAWL ON BUT ONE DAY SOON ILL JUST DROP AND STAY PUT TO SEE HOW LONG I CAN KEEP
CONSCIOUS OF DYING WITNESSING EVERY MOMENT AND LIVING IN A FICTIONAL PAST
ADDING UP THE WORDS AND DIVIDING THEM BY THE LETTERS TO TRY TO MAKE SOME
SENSE OF THE WHOLE DAMNED LOT WHATEVER I DO NOW MAKES NO DIFFERENCE THESE
ARE THE DREGS OF THE GLASS THAT ONCE SEEMED TO HOLD SUCH SWEET WINE AEONS AGO
BUT NOW TASTES OF DEATH AND DECOMPOSITION THE TRIUMPH WILL BE JUST ANOTHER
ACCEPTANCE OF INEVITABILITY ANOTHER SKULL TO BE PLACED IN MY PERSONAL OSSUARY
MY CHARNEL HOUSE OF FINISHED ARTICLES OF FAITH MOTH EATEN RELICS OF EFFORTS
MISSPENT AND TIME ABUSED NEEDLESSLY ROUGHLY SEVENTY SOMETHING DAYS SPENT
HERE AT THIS ALTAR WORSHIPPING A FALSE IDOL OR IDEAL RATHER TAKING AN IDEA
THROUGH ITS PACES OVER ONE HUNDRED CLEAN PAGES REDUCING THE SIZE PAGE BY PAGE
IVE ENDED UP HERE REDUCED TO THIS BITTER RECRIMINATING IN THE INVISIBLE NOW SO
ANYHOW ON NOTHING VISIBLE SO SURELY NO PROBLEM NOT QUITE THAT SIMPLE
UNFORTUNATELY EVEN AN ABSTRACTED DIABOLIC SENTENCE TAKES TIME TO WRITE ITS
WORDS THOUGH MEANINGLESS REQUIRE THE SAME PRODDING PLODDING ACTION TO BE
REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN I AM A DOCTOR TAKES TEN LETTERS TO CONSTRUCT AS
DOES A DOGS PORNO SO THERE NOTHING GAINED CHEAPER THAN ANYTHING ELSE REALLY
NO BARGAINS TO BE HAD IN THE LITERARY MARKET PLACE THE SCRUFFY BROWN BEAR
ALWAYS DANCES TO ANY TUNE AVAILABLE WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT THE QUALITY OF
THE PLAYING IT DANCES BECAUSE IF IT DOESNT IT KNOWS THE PRICE IS PAIN AND WHATS A
LITTLE MOCKERY FOOLISHNESS AND HUMILIATION COMPARED TO PHYSICAL SUFFERING IM
THE PIPER NOW TRILLING AND SCALING NEW HEIGHTS OF ABSURDITY AND NEW LOWS OF
MORALE EBBING AND FLOWING ON TO MY STAGNANT SEA TEARING MY HAIR OUT AND

FONDLY MY FACE BUSH IMPATIENTLY I SHOULD BE FINISHED BY NOW WHATS GONE
WRONG WITH MY RECKONING I REALLY THOUGHT ID BE RELAXING BY NOW CELEBRATING
MY FREEDOM FROM THIS OBLIGATION THIS VOLUNTARY BONDAGE BUT OH NO NOT ON MY
NELLY NO CHANCE OF THAT YET IM STILL UNDERWAY TACKLING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT
AGAINST THE CURRENT MOVING SO IMPERCEPTIBLY DOWNWARD THAT IT SEEMS AS
THOUGH IM MAKING NO PROGRESS AT ALL HOUR BY HOUR THE BUOY STILL HUGS THE
HORIZON RINGING HIS PHANTOM BELL SILENTLY AND WINKING HIS LIGHT IN A COME ON
SORT OF WAY WEIRD SITUATION THIS THIS AIMING AND CONTINUALLY FALLING SHORT A
DECEPTIVE DISTANCE TO CROSS ID NO IDEA A PAGE COULD BE SO BIG THAT IT COULD SUCK
UP QUITE SO MANY WORDS AND HOLD THEM ALL TO ITS SURFACE LEGIBLE OR NOT IM
SURPRISED AND SO EAGER TO BE GONE FROM HERE FROM THIS INFECTIOUS SORE POINT IN
THE TURNING WORLD IM ASHAMED OF MYSELF AND OF THESE WORDS I FEEL LET DOWN BY
THEIR COMMONPLACE STUPIDITY THEIR INNOCUOUS INDIFFERENCE TO MY PLIGHT WHO IS
WRITING WHO HERE IM SICK TO DEATH OF I SO I BAN ME FROM THE FIELD OF PLAY NOW
AND FOREVER MORE NO MORE MENTION OF WHAT WAS THAT WHAT DID THAT MEAN FRET
NOT FOR ENDS MUST BE ENDURED LIVED TOWARDS AND THEN QUICKLY GONE IN A FLASH
ITS PROFITABLE TO EXCLUDE TO NARROW THE AREAS MENTIONABLE TO DELINEATE
BETWEEN THIS CHOICE AND THAT TO DIRECT THE MIND AWAY FROM CERTAIN THINGS LIKE
DECIDING TO WRITE EXCLUSIVELY IN B MAJOR FOR EXAMPLE WITH NO MODULATION
ALLOWED OR TO PAINT EVERY PICTURE THE SELF SAME COLOUR OR TO NEGATE COLOUR
TOO RULES OF ENGAGEMENT MAKE FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BATTLE STILL EXCITING AND
FREE BUT DEFINED BUT WHAT IS ABOLISHED NO CURVES ON THESE PAGES IS AN OBVIOUS
CASE BUT FOR THE ROUNDNESS OF O ESPECIALLY AND Q LESS FREQUENTLY ALL IS
ORDERED AND STRAIGHTFORWARDLY HORIZONTAL ANOTHER CHOICE BUT CONSCIOUSLY
CHOSEN GAMES TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD OR AT LEAST GIVE SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT ON
THE WAY OUT OF THIS MESS ITS TAKING LONGER THAN SUPPOSED BUT EVEN THAT OFFERS
NEW OPPORTUNITIES IF FINISHED TEN THOUSAND WORDS AGO IT WOULDNT BE WRITTEN
NOW THE NUMBER IS ARBITRARY BUT ESSENTIALLY NECESSARY SO WHAT ELSE CAN BE
ABOLISHED ALL THOSE PATHETIC LITTLE WORDS THEY DONT TAKE UP ENOUGH ROOM ON
THE PAGE SO THEYRE WORTHLESS ALL THE THES AND BES AND ANDS AND ANS AND OFS
AND OFFS AND ITS AND IFS AND BUTS AND SOS ETC AND ETCS FROM NOW ONLY WORDS
FOUR LETTERS MORE ROOM TAKEN SPACE WISE MORE RULES MAKE MORE INVENTION
NECESSARY DIRECTS MIND INTO BETTER STYLISTIC TERRITORY RETHINKING POSSIBILITIES
SLOWLY EMERGES DIFFERENT STYLE MORE ACCEPTABLE FORCES BRAIN THINK DIFFERENT
MUST MAKE CHANGE LANDSCAPE NEWLY SOUNDING PHRASES EVERYTHING SOUNDS
DIFFERENT LIKE LISTENING DEAF PERSON TALKING SLIGHTLY BETTER MORE INTERESTING
PRODUCT CANNOT WORRY MUCH ABOUT WHAT BEING SAID ENJOY SOUND THOUGH PURELY
BETTER CAUSE THAT WHATEVER SAID MUST EXIST SOLELY WORDS OVER FOUR LETTERS
HARDER SURE AGREED WORTH TROUBLE THOUGH THINKING DIFFERENT FINALLY
EXCLUSION WORTH WHILE ANOTHER STEPPING STONE ADDING STRANGE DIMENSION
EXCELLENT IMPROVEMENT THINKING AROUND PROBLEM CIRCUMNAVIGATING DIFFICULTY
REWARDING NONETHELESS CHEATING SURELY DICTIONARY SAYS STILL OKAY EVEN
THOUGH CONTAINING FORBIDDEN WORD MIND TREATED THUS COMES AGAINST DIFFICULTY
INEVITABLY GRINDING ONWARD FUTURE ENDING SLOWLY WITH SURENESS POINTLESS
EXERCISE WITHOUT MEANING GRACEFUL DECLINE WINDING DOWN BRAIN STRINGING
PROCESS ALONG FAITHFUL OBEDIENCE ENDURING DISCOMFORT HAPPILY REGARDLESS
CULMINATION TAKES PLACE LATER CLEARLY SLOWS DOWN PROCEEDINGS OBVIOUSLY
CRANKING DIFFERENT GEARS SLIDING INTO STRANGER WORD WORLD COPING OKAY UNTIL
LATER PERHAPS CROSS BRIDGE WHEN COME THERE WELCOME THIS CHANGE OFFERS NEWER
DIRECTION LIKE SOME PLEASING IDEA ABOLITION COMPLETELY WORTHWHILE DESPITE
RESULT DONT GIVE FLYING THING ABOUT RESULT NEVER CARED BEFORE CERTAINLY WONT
THIS TIME EITHER PASSES TIME BETTER ANYHOW THATS MAIN THING ONLY REAL CONCERN
HAPPY TOWARDS FINAL CURTAIN FINAL SHOWDOWN WITH PAGE WINNER CONGRATULATED
NATURALLY WHOSOEVER TRIUMPHS GETTING NEATLY CLOSER ORDERLY FASHION
EVERYTHING WITHIN RULE BOOK CONFORMING WITHIN APPLICABLE PARAMETERS CRAZY
NOTIONAL MOTIVE TAKING FIGHT TOWARDS FINAL RING FINE DANDY ILLUSION BANTER
LIPOGRAPHY EXEMPLIFIED NATURALLY ENOUGH ARTIFICIAL SURE NEVER MIND WAYS
DEFINE MEANS EXTOL VIRTUES FREES IMAGINATION FORCES DIFFERENT ANSWERS NEWER
SOLUTIONS TALKING RUBBISH STILL NEVERTHELESS CARRYING BURDEN STILL NONE
LIGHTER JUST QUEERER GROWING CLOSER WITHOUT STOPPING COMPLETELY FLOWING
ONWARD THEM WORDS LEFT TAKING BATTLE TOGETHER SHARING RESPONSIBILITY
EQUALLY DIVIDING LOYALTY CREATING FUNNY SOUNDING ENDING COULD HAVE THOUGHT
EARLIER SAME SOLUTION DIDNT THOUGH NEVER COULD HAVE THEN THINGS HAPPEN WHEN
THEY MUST ONLY THEN BEFORE IMPOSSIBLE DESPERATION MOTHER INVENTION SAID
SOMEWHERE SOMETHING LIKE THAT SOMETIME SOMEONE MUST HAVE COUNTING

CHICKENS EARLY VERY STUPID SOME LONG DISTANCE POSSIBLY DONT KNOW MINGLE
MINIFIED WORDS WITH CONSTIPATED MEANINGS DELIMITED RESPONSES PUNCTILIOUS
EPIPHENOMENON INBUILT MECHANISM TOWARDS ULTIMATE GOAL METHODICAL
RATIONALISATION FINDING WAYS FORWARD SOON SOON ENOUGH SUPPOSE NOTHING
WORRIES ANYMORE PASSED CARING POINT LONG BEFORE HERE LIVING OVERVIEW
SATURNINE TESTY INCOMPREHENSION WHATS LEFT THEN NOTHING MUCH BUSILY GETTING
ONWARD TOWARDS CULMINATION SPECTACULAR DARKENING BLACKING EVERYTHING
ACROSS FINAL GLORIOUS PAGE WITHOUT INTEREST SENILE PERHAPS WOULD APPEAR LIKE
THAT LOSING COMPLETELY MARBLES FELONIOUS STUPIDITY ACTION PROFOUNDLY
UNNECESSARY FEINT ATTACK SHARP SHOOTING TOWARDS SHADOWS FASTIDIOUS
RODOMONTADE BRAGGING WORDS DISFRANCHISED FATALLY FINALLY OBLITERATED
MEANING AFTER TRYING SUCKED JUICES COMPLETELY SPAT AWAY DOWN DRAIN LEAVING
EMPTY HUSKS BARREN FINAL ACTION APPROACHING FASTEN SAFETY BELTS PLEASE
MEANING GOING GOING GONE TRACED ADMITTED GREENS DEVELOPED YOUTHFUL
COMPLEXITY HEATED MOMENT DESTROYED FAITHFULLY EVERYONE FEEDING MEMORY
THIS TOBACCO MORNING GAMESOME BRUTE RACIAL VOICE ARPEGGIOS NEEDMENTS
COURTLY DEPEND WRONGED FOREWARNED COUNTERWEIGHT COURTSHIP HARRUMPH
FORGIVEN SADISM FREEDOMS THRESHOLD OVERRUN VEGETABLE TAKE AWAY GIRLFRIENDS
PROVIDING EXCLUSIVE SERVICE EXTREME CASES NOTWITHSTANDING CALLIPYGOUS
MEMORISING NATIVISM DENIED GREATLY NATTIER BLUE SPONDULICKS MUMBO JUMBO
FLUTTERING EYELASHES YEARLY DEMONSTRATED FURNITURE SCUTTILING MAKING
VALUABLE CONTRIBUTIONS POSSESSIVE DONNISH HOSTELRY UPKEEP GREASED NIGHTLY
SOMEWHERE SOMNAMBULANT HOSES RETIRED KEEPSAKE GEHENNA BURSTING HOME HELL
TRUDGE BENEVOLENTLY JOINING LICKING ERECTIONS POTTY DOODLING CARICATURES
MEANWHILE LACKADAISICAL FOUNTAINS FLOAT DREADFUL GROWN LUMPY GARRULOUS
FRUITCAKE DIVIDED MENTALLY GINGERLY SOME NEVER CARRY TUNING DEVICES OLDEN
MONTHLY CARTWHEELS CHOCOLATE FANTASY REMEMBERED LACONIC GYPSY
CANTALOUPE SWEET SUCKLE SMOOTH YUMMY FLOWER CANOROUS MODICUM STEADFAST
LEARNING SWIVELLING HANDSOME PONDERATION TIMBUKTU REMOTELY REASONABLE
EMPTY HOUSE LASHINGS DIRECT RESPONSES BRAVELY OVERSHOT SCAVENGER MODEL
HIGHWAYS EXTRAVAGANZA SPECTACULAR BLUBBER UNDERWEAR DISCREETLY RIPE
RAMBLING VACANT UXORIOUS MIRAGE DISMEMBERED PIECEMEAL FACTORY
QUALIFICATION REHABILITATED RHETORIC GAUDY VOLUNTARY SLUMP GUSHING BEHIND
CLOSED DREAMS INTERTWINED WITHOUT CEREMONY BLADDER REJUVENATED
SIMULTANEOUSLY MUNIFICENT CHUBBY LABIA MULIEBRITY TRANSCENDENTAL
COMMUNITY HOST ASPERSORIUM EMPTIED NIGHTLY APOSTERIORI GATHERED FLACCID
WILDFIRE MUNDANE REALLY HEATED DOCUMENTARY LATINO BREAKFAST HARMFUL
BIOLOGY FESTERING SLURPED HONEY LIKE SUBSTANCES MIXED HAND RATTLED AGONY
SUFFERED EFFECTS HOLY MARY MOTHER JOLLY FORGIVEN TRACKS DESIRED FLUID KEEP
SPENDING TIMES NOTICED PARTING COMING AGAIN RAGGED GLEAN HIPPIE DIRECTOR
FAMILY COUNCILLOR GREETING HELLO BOTHERED GENTLEMAN VIOLENT TANTRUM
WELCOME BEING MISSPENT WHORE DIFFERENCE DRESSED MARGARINE VOLUPTUOUS
DOGGIE HANKY MOUTH SLAPPED SPITTING RIDER CORROSIVE POPULATION CONTROLLED
HOURLY PHOTOGRAPH VALLEY DESCENT CANNOT BUTTER CRUMPET MESSY MISTAKE
WONDERFUL AQUILINE DEMON BANDAGE SEQUESTER MORTAL LOVERS GRAND FESTIVAL
UNDERTAKING PRINCELY ESCORTS WITHER JOKINGLY CRADLE FABULOUS BRIGHT
GARLANDS TILED PAINTERLY LINES FROM SYMPHONIOUS BASSOONS LUMPENPROLETARIAT
DISAGREEMENTS FINALISED BENEATH COURSE BLANKETS LUXURIOUS SATURATION
REPOSITORY OVER FLOODING DRINKING VESSEL NASAL MYSTERIES BEGOTTEN REPUGNANT
FELINE REPRESENTATIONS LACERATED BLOODY TEARING VOICED YELPING FRANTIC
ASSUMPTIONS GREEDY METABOLISM GROWN FAITHFUL TIMES TWELVE ZERO MINUTES
OTHERWISE HOWEVER THEM FRINGE BLOCKED VILE FRONT DOORS RETREATING STILLNESS
OVERLAPPING INEXPUGNABLE DOCTRINES PALINODE PINTS VERSE DIALECTIC
PROLIFERATED MENSES INCESTUOUS KINGS ROWING PLAYTIME DING DONG CAPABILITY
INCOMPATIBILITIES RELINQUISHED HURRIEDLY FURTHER DARK ASSESSORS PUNISHABLE
ROMANCE THEMSELVES QUISLING REFORMERS VANISHED BARONET STARK RAVING
CROPPED BEHIND FRONT PROTUBERANCES SOFTEST VEHICLES MOURNING STRIPS WEARING
PLEASURED FACES HAZARDOUS INTRIGUES PLANNED THOROUGHLY EXECUTED SILENTLY
UNDER COVER IMPULSIVE FRANK FLAVOUR EQUIVALENT UNDER AUSPICIOUS
DESIGNATIONS POWER PREDOMINATING VIRTUALLY OWNED FLOWER KINDNESS GENEROUS
MISGIVING TIED BARRED SERVILE DORMITORY VAGUE LONGING FUTURE JOINED HUSBAND
STRONG ORDERS ERISTIC FLAMBOYANCE DEGENERATE PADDLED MUDDLE CONFOUNDING
REALITY CONVENTIONAL DISTORTIONS TIGHTENED OPEN MASS FIVE FINGER POTENTIAL
GRACIOUS VIEWER MIRROR MEMORIES FAUX BONHOMME JANUS MESMERISING
CONJURATION BREATHING IMAGINED FIRE FROM HALLOWED DAUGHTERS CRESTFALLEN

WIPED ORDERS TRUCULENT BEGGARS HANDY SURPRISES FUNDAMENTAL OBLIQUE
RESONANCE ECHOING DOWN CHAMBERS UNSEEN EUPHEMISM CELEBRITY SPACE PAUSED
CLOSER DOWN POURING OLFACTORY SENSATIONALISM COEXISTING TETHERS STRAP
MUNICIPAL DANGER SIGNS BENIGN VENERATION HOLDS VARIATIONS UNLIMITED
BYZANTINE STYLISTIC CONFUSION INTERVAL QUEUE JUMPED MESMERISING STATISTICAL
JUMBLE COUGHED QUOTIENT STUMBLING BLINDLY GRATEFUL DOMINATOR GIVER HARDLY
DEVIANT FAIRWAY PROFESSORIAL VENTRILOQUIST OFFERS MASSAGE COPTIC BRING
DIATRIBE GATEWAY SOFTLY DENTIST VERY COMFORTABLE MORTGAGE PRODUCED
MAXIMUM BROKEN VALUE EXCEPTING GOVERNMENTAL FLUMMOXING BEHIND TRADE
SLUMBERS SLAVERY CAUGHT WITHIN DOGMATIC FRAMEWORKS SILENTLY CRYING SALTY
ORIGINAL PEARLS YESTERDAY GRIEVING HUMDINGER ATTRACTED BENEVOLENCE FURORE
STRATEGIC HANDSOME BREAD CAPTIVATED DIALOGUE RECIPROCAL GAGGLE
MACHIAVELLIAN MOBSTER NINCOMPOOP NIGGLING VERTEBRAE ASKEW DARNED SEAWEED
COURT SPLENDIFEROUS CONCERTO HAVING FUMED WRATH GIVEN STEREOPHONIC FILMS
DARLING ILLUSION NEFARIOUS NECESSITY HOUSE BLANK QUANTUM DELVING SHELF
STREET GOOFY SPAWN MONGERS SURROUNDING MAGISTERIAL RETROSPECTION POTIONS
FROTHY RHEOLOGICAL SENTENCE PALATOGRAM SOUNDINGS THWACK SPINNING TALKFEST
WITLESS WITHDRAWAL CRASHING ENGORGING FOREBODING SMILES REVOLTING
BORROWED DEFINITIONS FLEETING REALITIES FORBIDDEN PETITIO PRINCIPII HOWEVER
OFTEN RELATIVELY HARMLESS ACTIVITY SQUANDERING OPPORTUNITY FLAGELLATING
SOULFUL MELODY LESSENS PAINLESS EXTRAVAGANCES FORTHWITH TRANQUIL COLOURS
LUGUBRIOUS DETAILS REFLECTING FRUITION EXCELLENTLY CARVING MODICUM FRIEZES
MELANCHOLIC REVERIES CHEAPLY DIGESTED WEAKNESS SHOWN BLITHELY CORRECT
WEALS INTRANSIGENT LATHER CORNISH FREELY YONDER RECTITUDE IGNORED POLITICAL
DANGERS SINGING DIFFICULT HARMONY RETRACED BARBARITY THEMSELVES BABBLERS
UNFORGIVING ICICLES AXIOMATIC FIRST STEPS RETOUCED ECCENTRIC VOCABULARY
REBOUNDED FROM CLOUDLESS NINES FULLER CAMPS VESSEL DETERGENT KINDNESS
CREAM DEACTIVATED STRENGTH ELASTICATED WRISTWATCH ROLLING EYEBALL ECSTASY
VERILY SWATHED BRUISES THEORETICAL KINGDOM DESTROYED PRONUNCIATION BLAND
MORALITY NEVERMORE PROMISED JABBER OMELETTE MIXING LASTLY PROSTITUTE VENOM
KERFUFFLE BROWNING SUNDAY SUIT VOCALISING NEWFANGLED VARIABLES OKEY DOKEY
SMARMY RANDOMISED CIGARETTES RAPACIOUS AGAIN SPARKLING VERMICELLI
ENTANGLEMENT FINISHER POLISHING YOUTHFUL ENTERPRISE GRUESOME HELTER SKELTER
HENCHMEN HYPNOSIS DEROGATORY PROVIDERS GUARANTEED BLESSINGS FATIDICAL
GUESSING GAMES PREDICTING DISASTROUS ADVANTAGE NOBODY FROWZY ANYWAY
REITERATED KNOWINGLY MIDSUMMER MADNESS FOLLY DISCHARGED RADIANT SALUTARY
EFFECTS ENDLESSLY PROMOTED HEBETUDE FORESTALLING INEVITABILITY CRUNCH
CHAOTIC METAPHOR PEDERAST FLYER CONCOCTION HASHISH HAMBURGER HECKLING
SUCKLED FORTUNES NIPPLE LAPIDATE EVIL WORTHWHILE STAMMERING MINESTRONE
MINIFIED RACER NUMSKULL DEMAGOGUE POSSIBLY RICOCHET ROWDY CONTAMINATION
ORANGE PASTURES SUSTAINED TROPOLOGY MIMETIC TRAGEDY WHIPPY TALISMAN
FETISHISTS GROVELLING TRUISM ROAMING ROLICKING SYMBOLISM LABEFACTION
REVENGED KUDOS GALAXY HEARTY PODGY PURPORTEDLY SERVILE SHAGGY BEARD
LENGTHENING MINUTELY DETAILED SERPENTINE LINES STRAIGHTFORWARDLY
DIRECTIONAL MONUMENT DEFILED GRACEFULLY BEARINGS GROUND DOWN INFERIOR
SMATTER GRANTED LASTLY LABYRINTHINE CAUSES HEAVY HANDED PERHAPS SMACKING
MIRACULOUS PALETTE POPPYCOCK PARADE SPOOF THANKLESS UNEXCEPTIONAL
WORKMANLIKE FANTASY PROLUSION BOOKSY CHAUVINISM CHECKMATED ONEROUS
GAMBIT DILATING GENTLY DISAPPEARED CASUALLY DIMINISHED CRINKUM CRANKUM
ELEPHANTINE PROCEDURAL AVERAGE DIFFERENCE DENIED OXYMORON OVERWRITE
GARROTTE MEANINGLESSNESS SHINING PROTOTYPE PROTEST SEDULOUSLY ENACTED
CONCAVE DEMENTIA GRIND LISTENING FORGED STAINLESS FLAPPING STOCKINGS
PSYCHOSOMATIC RELIGIONS DOCTRINAL DICHOTOMY EBULLIENT WAVELENGTH
DETERMINATION CONSPICUOUS LACKING INVESTMENT DEMONSTRATED ENTHUSIASM
FRONTIER BLACKGUARD HYDRAULIC COMPENSATION FRILLY FLATULENCY SPRAYED
GLAMOUR HEAVEN PARODY SILVERY TICKET DISINGENUOUS CHARACTERISTIC FROSTY
MULTIPLICATION FRIVOLOUS LOONY PORTRAITURE RUMOURS SQUANDERED UNMATCHED
SERIOUS MURMURING WAYWARD WUNDERKIND PLAUSIBLE PLATFORMS WORN INGENUITY
HENCE GIDDY GALUMPHING MONODY TRAGICALLY CURTAILED MONOLITH MUNDANE
LIBERTINE FREETHINKERS PARTY GYROSCOPE PREACHER PODIUM VASE ROARING
RATIOCINATION VARIABLE PEACEFUL ORATION INDEFINITE DURATION DIVERSITY
CONFOUNDED BOURGEOISIE CHAGRIN QUANDARY STODGY THISNESS VOLUME WATERSHED
PROTUBERANT JUVENILIA INSURGENT JUXTAPOSITION GALLIVANT GRUMP HYPOCRITE
INTIMIDATED PAGINATION PULVERISED REPLY STERILE UNGRACIOUS UNEQUIVOCAL
MOURNING JUGGINS HARUM SCARUM FATIGUE BASIPETAL DEVELOPMENT OVERRIDING

ENJOYMENT HOORAY BARRICADED CHARACTERISTIC DANGEROUS LIQUIDITY VOLTAGE
SEMBLANCE IDIOT PERIL REPLICATED SCARAMOUCHE FANDANGO THERES BOILED
FLIRTATION HORRENDOUS MUTILATION CAPTAIN WONDERFUL DRAGON SCATOPHAGOUS
FEEDER PRIVATE PRIVILEGES REJOICED MORIBUND MEMORABILIA SCRAPING HOME
SWANKING BANKRUPT ACHIEVEMENT CALUMNIATORY SLANDER MISREPRESENTING
MICAWBERISH FELLOW PLUNDERED RETRIBUTION SHOWY STIGMA TREMBLING VAGABOND
WHIMSY SEEDY SCRIMMAGE SCRIPTORIUM FREEZING MAGICIAN LOVELESS OVERTIME
PENSIVE APPPOSITION ABORTED ABANDONEE TORRID DESTINY TOPSY TURVY COLD TURKEY
NIMINY PIMINY TARANTELLA HAWKER HERMIT INTREPID FAKER BROADCASTING LAMENTS
OFFISH VARIEGATION SOSTENUTO SHATTERED SHEEPISH PROTOCOL CRACKLE HEADLONG
FAILINGS HISPID TOILET BRUSH CHIN WAGGER ORDEAL INTERMINABLE DULLARD SLEEPY
EYED MASQUERADE ITINERARY MAGNIFICAT BIONIC CRITICISM EGREGIOUS MALARKEY
MAKING SIMILITUDE RISQUE INVALUABLE PRIMA FACIE MAGNANIMOUS GOLEM
FAMILIARITY FAMISHED ABSOLUTION BILIOUS CANTO LIKELIHOOD TRANQUIL PERICOPE
PERFORMANCE JACTATION HULLABALOO ABOMINATION INFERNO PROFLIGACY WOEFUL
WHITEWASH LESION PERSEVERATE FANCIFUL DIRECTIVE ORGULOUS ORNATE BAGGAGE
NIDDLE NODDLE MISCONCEIVED PANEGYRIST SHEATH TRANSPARENCY PECULIAR LABOUR
BEMOANING COGNITION DICTATORIAL SWAGGER VIBRATOR SAPIENT REALISM FEARSOME
FECULENT CORRELATION BUFFOONERY ADULATION COMPOSITION HAUGHTY SMITHY
COMPLACENCY BUSY CACHINNATION WASTREL CLUMSY POMPOUS QUANTITY RESOLVE
JOSTLING FOOLHARDY DADAIST GLIMMERING TARATANTARA CAVALRY RESCUING RUSH
CHOICE MORSEL TITBIT LASSITUDE COBBLED BOONDOGGLE CHIAROSCURO DUSTING
FELLATIO SWAMPING FEBRIFUGE MONOLOGUE ZEALOUS DEVOTEE COMPREHENSIVE
BAUBLE FIDDLE FADDLE FUNCTIONARY BLUE FUNK LITOTES INTERBLENDED HASTY
DIABLERIE MOOCHING ROULADE MONSTROSITY BLOOMING SLAUGHTERHOUSE CONTEMPT
LUDICROUS FARCICAL EXTEMPORISATION WITTY NARCISSISM WALLOWING PLANETESIMAL
MANUFACTURE CROPPING SWEETHEART COLLAR ENTERTAINMENT FELICITY BIRCHING
APOLAUSTIC ABLUTION LITERATI HURLY BURLY FIGURATION LEAKY MYSTIFICATION
SILHOUETTE SIGNIFICATION VIVACIOUS WRECKER ILLITERATE CHOW MEIN BESEECHING
JOCUND KNICK KNACK PIETY TOILSOME GURGITATION GOBBLEDEGOOK CRUCIALLY
IMPORTANT DRAB GLARE JUMBO ITSY BITSY DUTY MAGNUM OPUS NUMBER WHATEVER
PALATIAL DEFLOWERING SUBTLE SHIFTING SANDSTONE FOOLSCAPE TERMINAL HINDSIGHT
IGNORAMUS PROMISSORY REACHES ROISTER STERCORACEOUS HELPLESS TANGLES
UNWARRANTABLE PRISSY LINGO SUITABLE EXCHANGE COSTIVE CHRONIC MENTAL
CONSTIPATION AWEARY ALACRITY INTRINSIC MINORITY GOLDEN RECEIPT GANG FALLEN
HARBINGER KINDLY DOTING RATIO FUNDAMENTS HORRID TIMETABLE OVERWORKED
INSERTED NOTHINGS REDUCIBLE FORMAT DERISORY EXAMPLES FORLORN HARDLY
NOTICED RETREATS MIRAGE MIRE WORN WONDER DRIFTING AIMLESSLY RAFTING VOID
RAPIDS STULTIFYING HEATED VERBOSITY FURNACE TERRORIST BRANDISHED NULLITY
CONSUMMATE SPINELESS THREATS WRITHING BOWEL PHRASES ORGANISATIONAL
FLUMMOX WRETCHED PRIVACY CLOSING UPTIGHT SEALANT GIVING GHOST SEANCES
REREADING UPTURNED GLASSES OOZING MAIEUTIC LATENT CONSCIOUSNESS
DUMFOUNDING APHASIA HIJACKED BAPTISMAL LEGACY CALLIGRAPHIC DICTATOR
CRAFTSMEN BUGGER USUAL APPARATUS PECCADILLO OFFENCES TRIVIALITY ABOUNDING
ROCOO ORNAMENTATION SPLENETIC BAWDY TRAJECTORY IMPOSED VIOLATION
PROPELLED PIECEMEAL HAMMY SCIENCES GRADIENT DECLINING DISASTROUS VANISHING
GRAFFITO DISMAY DISPARAGED ATONEMENT AESTHETIC DEVALUATION FRIGHTENED
MACHINIST NIGRITUDE SELF DESCRIBING IRRELEVANCE PERTAINING POSTERIOR SPIRITLESS
LATITUDE FECUND DERELICTION APHORISTIC CAUSATIONS NULLIFIED THROUGH OBESITY
OVERINDULGENCE AFFECTED MONOCHROMATIC CONTINUATIONS SHAKING FOUNDATIONS
EASILY TREMENDOUS APPETITE SQUASHED SPECIFIC MUFFLED DENSITY VOLUMETRIC
MASTERPIECE WARBLING GABBY FLUIDITY SUPERCHARGED EMPTINESS FLUCTUATING
OVER PUPPET SHADOWS RESEMBLING CYCLIC DISTRESS APOCRYPHAL VIEWS PLANTED
UNDERNEATH NONSENSE RIDDLES OUTWARDLY MOBILE COMMUNICATIONS
UNREMARKABLE PUZZLE FLATLY REFUSED FERVENT GIMCRACK BLOWING RECEPTACLE
TAKING EVERYTHING UNDAUNTED GIGANTIC DELIRIOUS ASPIRING ASCENDANCY
CONTROLLED FREAKISH BEHAVIOUR ALEMBICATED NURTURED SENTIMENTS OVERBLOWN
SELF CONFIDENCE SEGMENTED CEMENTED REALISM COOKED CONSTANT MELTING ABSENT
MINDED CRANK MINCING PROJECTION PROGENY FOLLOWING EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS
LARGE SCALE EPISTLE OLYMPIAN PROLIX APPROXIMATELY HUNDRED FORTY FOUR
THOUSAND WORDS RATHER OVER ELABORATE SOMEWHAT NEVER THOUGHT IT BEFORE
QUANTITY IMPORTANT THOUGH NOTHING MORE FASCINATING THAN NUMBERS
UNBELIEVABLE AUDACITY ENCOURAGING BREAKDOWN POSSIBILITY SWIFTER SHEER
MADNESS PERSONIFIED ACTIVE CRAZINESS PURSUED UTTERED FAITHFULLY KINDA
RELIGIOUS FANATICISM HUMBLLED EFFRONTERY EFFUSIVE EGOTISM PRISONER

UNTOUCHABLE SELFISH PERHAPS LEECH ACCUMULATING BLITHERING ALGOLAGNIA
HARMED MINDLESSNESS ABLAZE INSIGNIA INSOMNIA PREPARATION DEPARTURE LOUNGE
VENTRIPOTENT HEIRLOOM RATTLING BRAINSTORM HEGEMONIC SOLUTION HEIGHTENED
ROUGHAGE SOULLESS ECLECTICISM EDGING OUTWARDS LONGEVAL FAMINE NESCIENT
PERIMETER FENCING TESTIMONIAL TANTALISING PARALYSIS LABORIOUSLY ISOLATING
DEJECTION GUMPTION GUSHING HOMEWARDS SABOTAGE INEXPLICABLE REFUSAL
MATHEMATICAL IMPROBABILITY NEVERTHELESS FACTUAL MASTERSHIP ESTABLISHED
INCOMMUTABLE INCOHERENT GRUMBLINGS TRANSVERSAL ILLUSIONIST EDIFICE CRASS
DAMFOOL DIFFUSION OFFSPRING SCHEDULE DISGRACED BEHIND GOTTA SCHUSS
HURRIEDLY FINISH SCIAGRAPHY PRONTO LOOT MINIMAL RESERVES INDUSTRIOUS BEAVER
SHOT BUILDING CREATION DYNAMO VENISON MINUEND VOUCHSAFE RATIONING SPICY
SPRAY DEVELOPING TENSIONS ENTREAT VENOM SPIRITUALIST CASCADE CLASSIC
SERIOUSLY UNDERPLAYED SERPIGINOUS DIRECT SPIFFING FLUXION SADO MASOCHISM
BARRIER HYSTERICALLY VISUALISING DEMISE SOPHISTICATE REVELLING SOMERSAULTING
DUCKY GROUPIE DUNGEON ASININE OVERWEENING SHADY SHAMEFACED SIGNATURE
TRAVESTY HALLUCINATING NEMESIS BOSKY VISAGE BACCHANALIAN RITE APATHETIC
CRAFTY STILL BEGINNING NEVER ENDING APPARENTLY MULTITUDINOUS QUAQUAVERSAL
COQUETRY SLUMPING FRUMPY FRIGID COOLIE BUFFER ANGER ABORNING COMPARATIVE
ACHE IDENTICAL KALEIDOSCOPE READINESS THEMATIC JOVIALITY HOURLY HOTCHPOTCH
FROLICKING FOAM BELLIGERENT CALLING OVERTHROWN RECALCITRANT VAULTING
CASTIGATION MOUNTS BEGUN THOSE RALLIES TAKEN THOU TROUBLOUS OPTIMUM
NOBILITY EXULT RIOTOUSLY MAESTRO HAUTE VULGARISATION GOLLOP AFFIDAVIT
BLUNDER GEMUTLICH GURU MATCHLESS MASTURBATION AMBULATORY ABSURDITY
ABSTRACTED POINT DEVICE MINIATURISED NOMENCLATURE LINGUAL UPROARIOUS
SHOUTING JUGULATE DEATHWISH CONVULSIONS ROGUE LETHARGY HEARTEN ESTEEM
PATRIOTISM FEASIBILITY LACTATION WHETS VERNAL FISSION ASUNDER TOASTED
YULETIDE PREVENTION GOON JAMBOREE POTASH HOPELESSNESS PANTY PRETTY FILING
GROWTH MEMBERS DAMPENED LENGTHENING STRAWBERRY JUICES INCONSEQUENTIAL
LYING INCUMBENT RANGER BEREFT COXCOMB CLAMMIER LIMPING ACCRUED BATTY
COVETOUS FAVOUR SHARP JUNIOR LASER FROSTED SMILE INTERNATIONAL JINX FAUN
PASTRY PASSIVATE LORDLY MASTER UNDERTOW BREATHING SHALLOWER SIMPLY BLOOD
HOLOGRAM HOMAGE APPEASING FLEDGLING GRAMOPHONE HADES MAINTAIN ORDINATION
DESPITE MAGNILOQUENT KEEPERS VOICING DISTRUST THRUSTING VIRILE FINGERS WETTED
PROLAPSE PROGRESSIONIST EDICT ADAPTABLE VICES NIGHTLY VISITATIONS REQUESTING
PLEASURABLE PAUSES ECLIPSING TOTALITY HEAPING LULLABY LUCRATIVE PROPENSITY
SPURTING TEPID VARIETY POMP SEAMEN CANTILEVER MALICIOUS ACTUALITY FORCED
RAPING GUIDANCE ROMANCER STOCHASTIC STIMULANT RESPLENDENT DOCUMENTARY
LITTERBUG SHOCKER REBARBATIVE BIBLE DITCHED CANYON BEWILDER ANTIMASQUE
WHIRLING DERVISH IMPAIRMENT INQUIETUDE ORGASMIC SENTENCE REVOLVING INNATE
VOLITION STAGGERING SLASHING INJUSTICE SUSPICION UNRIGHTEOUSNESS WICKED GROSS
NEGLIGENCE PANDERING INVERT FLOURISHING SUCCESSFULLY ACQUIRED IMITATION
EXHIBITING EVOLUTIONARY PROPERTIES AMAZINGLY CONSTRUCTION PRESENTIMENTS
SPECTRUM REPRODUCING SPECIFIC UNDERWATER ASSEMBLY PURSUITS ARRANGED
IRREGULAR SIMPLETONS ARCHITECTURE REVELATION EXPOUNDING COMBUSTION GUMMY
BLUNDERS RUMINANT INCENTIVE BETWEEN EXISTING NATIONS CONTINUOUSLY VAPORISED
AFFAIRS HONOURABLE STATISTICIAN POACHING GAME UNSTABLE REPAIRING PRIVILEGES
PORTABLE MEMORIALS INTUITIVE RECTANGULAR COMMOTION SCURRYING DISORDERLY
VIVID TRANSGRESSION ADVANTAGEOUS TREATMENT WRONGLY DONE STANDING
CONTRIBUTOR MEASURING SENATORS SUBSTANTIALLY SOCIAL MODERATION WORSHIPPED
SCHOLAR FORMING RELATIONS CAPABLE OCCASION HORIZONTALLY STRIPED FERRIED
FORMING JOINT ARDENT GLOWING INTERMEDIATE UNIT SLENDER CONTROLLING
ORNAMENT RESEMBLING GROOVE CHANNELS APPEARANCES FLOATING INDEPENDENTLY
INERT SWIMMING INHABITANT UNDERGROUND FATIGUE MANAGEMENT AUTHORISED
ANCIENT INSECTICIDE PERPLEXING EFFEMINATE TECHNIQUES AUTOMATIC BELIEF FORMED
CONTAINING APPRECIABLE WEIGHTLESSNESS UNDULY GRANDIOSE OPPONENT INDICATING
CONSIDERABLE QUEASINESS ATTRIBUTION OBJECTING RENOUNCED ANNULLING
REFRACTORY INSUBORDINATE INTENTION COVERING OVERHEAD ROCKS VERNACULAR
LUGGAGE COMPARABLE SLIVERS BUNGLED DIRECTION STOWING UNEXPECTEDLY
DEMANDING EXPLOSIONS TWISTED METALLIC RUSHING STREAMS ASTRINGENT TORPIDITY
HEADLONG WHIRLING IMMORALITY UNINTENTIONAL UNDERSTANDING DISLODGING
REMNANTS ENCLOSED ADDICTION PROSPECTIVE APPROACH SQUEEZING RELISH IMPERFECT
FORMATION CONFIDENT FASTENING INVESTIGATING REMAINS ASSOCIATED OBJECTIONS
MISAPPREHENSIONS INTELLECTUAL SHORTENING ENUMERATING UNEASILY LAPPING
ROTATIONS APPEASING DISTANCE TRAVELLED DESCRIBING ADVENTURES SUBTERRANEAN
ROMPING CONFORMING MIDDLE CHARACTER PERTAINING UNFRUITFUL STEREOTYPING

COMPLETED MOVEMENTS UNFASTENING SIGNALS STRUCTURAL BRIGHTNESS ACCURATE
TIMING AGAIN BLOOMING APOSTLES GIVE SUPPLIES PROMOTING CONSPICUOUS GRUMBLING
MANUSCRIPT ONTOGENESIS INDIVIDUAL ADMISSIONS CHAMPIONSHIP SCHOLARS
TOLERATED SEXUAL ADVANCES SATURATED IRREGULARITIES INHABITED REACTIONS
SEDIMENTARY STEERING ACCUSTOMS INTRODUCTION EQUIPMENT IMPLANTED
MISCHIEVOUS TYPICAL FRAGRANT ARCHING EXCLUDING VARIOUS COMPETITIONS
COMMERCIAL ABSORPTION DENOTES AUTHORISATION EMERGENCY FRAMEWORK HOLDING
ASHEN LUSTRE PALEFACE BACKWARDS SUITABLE ENTITLEMENTS SUPPLEMENTARY
IMPORTANCE WITHOUT EXTERNAL INCITEMENT DISTURBANCE DIVIDED CAPTIVATED
AUDIENCE MEMORIES GRATEFUL WITH CONTEMPT SIMILARITY FERMENTED POPULAR
DEMONSTRATIONS FREQUENT INTERMEDIATE RECANTATION AFTER JUICE ASCERTAINING
SAMENESS CONSERVATIVE STATEMENTS SATISFACTORY DISCERNED FREQUENTLY
PROCESSES INCREASED BECOMING DECEPTIVELY SOLITARY SUDDENLY SLUGGISH REMISS
RELAXED LAQUID LOOSE INACTIVE NEGLIGENT IMPERFECT LITERARY COMPOSITION
FORSOOTH LIKE OLDEN SOOTERKIN ABORTIVE SCHEMING BEATING MEAT HABITUALLY
ALTERNATE PERIODS INTRINSICALLY PRACTICAL EMANCIPATED INHERITOR CONTAINING
TROUBLESOME ATTRACTION AESTHETES THOROUGHbred CONNECTIONS RAPACIOUS
AGGRESSIVE ADVOCATING BURLESQUED ABILITY PRINCIPAL SKILL ENCLOSING DELIRIOUS
FUMBLING LABOURER STIMULATED INTO PROPORTIONAL TRANSGRESSION SWEETMEAT
MADE FROM VACILLATION INVOLVING CONTRIBUTIONS UNINTELLIGENTLY ASSIGNED
CAREFULLY SEEKER LOVINGLY STUDIED WISDOM UNCOVERED THOSE SUPREME
CONSONANTS GOVERNED INSIDE IRREGULAR HAPPENINGS MANAGED WRONGLY
IMPLEMENTING TRANSPARENT UNEMOTIONAL ARTIFICE ABREAST LEVEL EXCESSIVE
DEMANDING STRUCK DOCTRINE THRUSTING PROTRACTED MEASUREMENTS SUBKINGDOM
OBTRUDE ORIGINALITY DIPLOMATIC WATERPROOFING COMBATING CHANGE
ADMINISTERING ROUGHLY SCORCHED INCLUSIONS CELEBRATE EXTRAVAGANTLY
LUBRICATION SANCTION PAIN GRANTED CARNIVOROUS DISSATISFACTION PRECEDENCE
ADVANCING PROFESSIONAL BUSINESS EMANATION NOXIOUS INEFFICIENT LICENCE
DISTINCT BEHAVIOURAL UNFEELING IMPRESSIVENESS STUPEFACTION UNASHAMED
SWINDLING FEEDING UNLAWFUL FORBIDDEN LIMITS ALTERNATELY LAID IMAGINARY
ARTICLES OCCURRING ADDRESS REACTION IMMEDIATE DECISION REQUIRED HINDMOST
TISSUE FOUND FROTHINESS INCONSIDERATE GLUTTONOUS FASTENING IMPROVISED
DECEPTION CHARACTERISTIC NONSENSE CONSTITUENT HARMONY FINALLY REACHED
FANTASTICALLY DISTORTED OUTLINE APOLOGETIC ESCAPISM FILL YOUR HEAD WITH ROCK
MACHINERY RHYMING BLATANTLY WARMTH DEADEN SECRECY CHAMBER PAINTED
COMBUSTION POTTERY TEMPERED REPUTATION ILLOGICALITY PREPARATION STRENGTH
SILVER WHITE WIDELY DISTRIBUTED PRECISE WORDS RESEMBLING ORGANISATION
CONJUNCTIONS COMMUNITY EXTRAPOLATED SATIRICAL PIECES DEBATING MEASUREMENTS
ELIGIBLE RETIREMENT SECLUDING SECOND QUALITY COMMANDMENTS SUPPLEMENTED
SUPPOSED VISIONS APPARITION HALLUCINOGENIC RELIGION ABSORBING ENGAGEMENTS
MODERN ADJECTIVES WITHOUT CAPITAL REVISIONS EMBODYING CORRECTION RETAINING
FANTASTIC THEORY VARIATIONS MAGNIFYING MODERATION UNDER MICROSCOPES
COMPLETELY DISMEMBERED CLAUSES FLEXIBLE CONFINEMENT MOVING BOMBASTIC
CHARLATANS DURING HUNTING VENTILATION ROTATING SPECIFIED AMUSEMENT
MISTAKEN ENTHUSIASM UNCEREMONIOUSLY CROSSED SYSTEMATICALLY RENOUNCED
THROWN INTO DISCONTINUOUS INTENSITIES PERVERSE UNDERSTANDING COLLAPSING SUCH
SOUNDS COMPARTMENTALISED SURRENDER WIRE TIGHTENS PRESSURISING PADDED
ORNAMENTAL DIEHARD CONSECRATED MORBID MATTER PATCHY VARIEGATED LIBERTY
BOLDNESS DECORATING EXPLANATIONS APPLIANCES TURNED TOWARDS FAITHLESSNESS
MAGNIFIED THREATENING SPECIFIED ATTRACTION BURROWING STINGY MINIKIN MINION
LEGUMINOUS FREAK STRIKINGLY DIFFICULT INTOXICATION VIGOUR DIMINISHED
PERMANENTLY FORMALIST SANCTITY MADE CONSEQUENTIAL DESTRUCTIVE SUBSTANCES
DEVIATING AUTHORITY FASTENED INTO THICKNESS SHORTAGE RESERVING PRACTICE
FIGURES INDICATING BOUNDARIES MATERIAL DISPLEASURE HELD COMMON CONNECTED
REMAINING REGENERATION CAPACITY GROWING STEADILY INEVITABLY MAGNIFICENTLY
SPLENDID PRETENTIOUS TITTLE TATTLE POPPY COLOURED AUTOMATIC QUICK FIRING
INSTITUTION MIXED AROMATIC SOLID CULTIVATED PROSODY IMPELLING EXISTENCE
FORWARDS PRODUCING SUPPRESSION INTENDED PROGRAMMES DEFINITIVE PERFORMANCE
UNQUALIFIED EXPENDITURE SPECULATIVE DURATION SUBSEQUENT TREMULOUSNESS
SCRUPULOUS NAUSEA REBUKED RECALLING CONFESSIONAL RECAPITULATION CURIOSITY
MAKES REQUESTS DISTANT RAIN PATTERNING PERIODIC SEXUAL EXCITEMENTS MERELY
ASPECTS DENOTING PARTICULAR CASES HORIZONTAL STAMMERING ASSUMED ARGUMENTS
WITHIN PROVINCE OBLIGING INTERFERENCE PHENOMENA INTERMEDIATE APPEASEMENT
OTHERWISE SUPPLEMENTARY OCCUPATION CONVERTING TELEOLOGICAL FINAL CAUSES
INTO PRODUCT COMMUNICATION OVER LONG DISTANCE ENDURANCE SKIRMISHER ATTIIRED

INTOXICATED TINKLING WEARISOME TEDIOUS COLLECTION DELICATE ABSURDITIES
PROTECTING DISPOSABLE ARTEFACT COLOSSAL REINFORCED ANNOUNCEMENT PROJECTING
REMNANTS STUDIO SHAVINGS DETACHABLE MOTTO TOILING EMPLOYMENT TOILET
FORMERLY OCCUPYING CRANIAL TISSUE DEPARTMENT INFINITESIMAL INFERENCES
EMOTIONAL VACUUM TRAVESTY CATALOGUE FORENSIC DEVIANCY LISTING IMPARTED
NOTIONS REQUIRING TACTFUL HANDLING THOROUGHLY INADEQUATE FRAIL LOOKING
IMPLEMENT PROGRESSING ALONG SMOOTH SURFACE WITH CONTINUOUS FICTION
NEGLIGENCE ALLOWED DETERIORATION OBVIOUSLY UNDISTURBED MOTIONLESS
CONSIDERATION ACCURACY ENCUMBERS ANNOYING PERTURBATION PERSONIFYING
EXEMPLIFICATION EMBODIMENT UNNECESSARY ANXIETY SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUSTING
DISAPPEARANCE NEVERMORE ADMITTING INQUIRY UNDERTAKING ENTERPRISING
IMAGINATIVENESS PROFESSIONAL AMUSEMENT DIVERSIONARY TACTICS ENRAPTURED
ENCIRCLING ENTWINED BREAKABLE BASKET CAPTURING INGENUOUS FRANKLY FLACCID
INDISCRIMINATE USAGE FLAVOURED CORRUPTION MINUTELY ACCURATE DOUBLE DUTCH
DIVERSITY DOTTY HIRSUTE GUERRILLA WEAPONRY ADULTERATED INFECTIONS DECOROUS
ATTAINMENT BORDERING CIVILISATION PANDEMONIUM LAWLESS UPROAR PREVALENT
TREATISE DESCENDING GENTLY INTO NIGHT BLACK NOTHINGNESS AGAIN COMPENDIUM
CONFUSION FUNERAL ORATION APPENDIX CONCLUDING SUMMARY ABSTRACTED
THOUGHTLESSNESS MANIFEST THROUGHOUT RETREATING CULPABLE PROFANITY EPITAPH
SIGNIFICANT APPELLATION NOMENCLATURE CATALOGUED DEFINITIONS GENERAL IDEAS
MERE NAME CALLING REPETITIONS VULGARITY REVEALING NOMINALISTIC TENDENCIES
VISIBLE SPECTRUM DISCHARGING NEGATIVE LIGHT OBEDIENT OBSTINACY FINALLY ENDING
THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING
THEN ENDING AGAIN THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING
THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING AGAIN THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING
AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING
THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING AGAIN THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING
AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING AGAIN THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING
THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING
AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING AGAIN THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING
THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING AGAIN THEN
BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN
ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING AGAIN THEN
BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN
ENDING AGAIN THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN
BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN
ENDING AGAIN THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN THEN ENDING THEN
BEGINNING THEN ENDING AGAIN THEN BEGINNING THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING AGAIN
THEN ENDING THEN BEGINNING THEN.