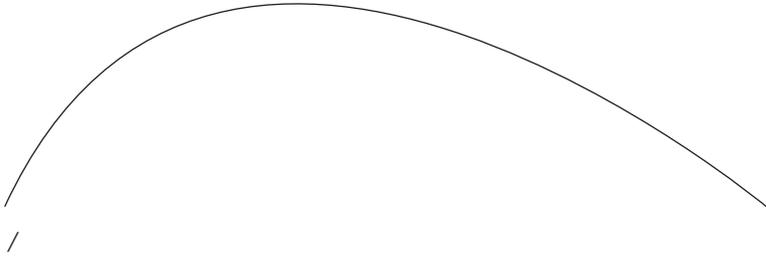


P E R F O R M A N C E
C A P T U R E

Ed Atkins



All along here every
Thing wult brown
As apples baddened on the branch.

Meaning that meaning used to be, um,
Until it wasn't:
Until I iced the fucker
In the shed
And with another man.

Over there, prehensile black hairy
Vaulted the horizon at 2PM, and then just choked-out, basically and
All the plump lip-gloss mouths
That guileless rapacious mouthed purpling gag at the pubescent pique.

Over there – don't know if you can see –
Tear gas clambered inside the air, literally
So that, um, most
People ended throwing up-chuck the red porridge
Steel-milled guttural.
I don't know if I don't know if you can see that.

I'd have been your representative in the Dumb Crock, Bobo:
Represent and surrogate
The bod, lashed and wrecked however which-wayed.
Allegorised to some mega-interpellated
You. I took charge:
You just had to get in.
The theme was 'Riot cops';
The mood was paranoid, up along there.

Right over here I spied
A grove of those thin, psoriatic trees
In winter.
— Talking to myself, mainly,
I'll nevertheless ventriloquise this and self,
Baton passed and I with it I might bust
Or hew self every time I can't cope with
The sheer glut barreling at me from
All sides: Every time the world drowns
The eventually-receding tide reveals another,
Lult by the details of the trauma
— Time-stamped with it —
Details of gait and voice and
Some something lodged
Behind the eyes like a, um, wasp
And, tho, appearance remained identical.

/

In the beginning, I was raised split sapling,
Sycamore'd, coursed with
It, spasm-weltered prepubescent pre-cum
Amber every time anyone so much as looked at me.
Entombing and en-jeweling other people's desires;
Tiaras or haloes and necklaces of SEPULCHRED
Desires, spunned off every beating being.

/

So me, I, well, sported
Desire for recognition
In caramel stones:
Desire for recognition of my
Desire for the recognition of my
Desire. And so on. So on
Splutting inward, thru ritualised masturbatory praxes.
Just
Like that.

And where I am now
The planes simply dropped.
With a sound not unlike the unsound
Blood-rush deafening prior to the bad insistent shellfish
Repeating itself.
As in, the sound never pronounced,
Never broadcast but gone off and inside,
As with the Roman Candle on the sofa, next to the dear cat and
Filled blown with the bad bad roe.

And gobbets of identity studded my innards,
Routed entire limbs, whole systems, never
Breaking the surface
But properly strip-mined the interior.
And contacted, UM, phantasmal ludic self
Through brush contact
Touches, shared paddles and suckers and
Molar-pulped white lolly
-Gagged stick and spatula lickers
And all the lumpy foam and mount-board weapons.

All of me,
Wholly fingered,
Crowded erotic shimmer
Picked out sunlight dapples:
Conducted by the myriad cores, each some
Split-kindling russet babby, abandoned
More than once .

And in the woods, with
Well-opened skulls and *quailed*
In bowers of pine LEGS and the
Backyard grass clippings.

Over here
– Not sure you can make it out –
Some maulings
Went on for a couple of months.
Horrible.
Terrible, it was.
After which the remainder last brown
Down, of course
So that by spring, gravity and the appearance
Of a few thousand drawings
Of the same kid's face, was enough
To make dad cry from errrrm.

Then right there
It just all
Opened and at once and one day,
Disgorged the really wet bits and
Seeing this I tried to bundle them back in
With my kiddie hands. In the wrong order,
Surely. I wasn't thinking.
Ended up coughing up similarly
And for inhalation drool-wiped
On those long pretty lawns over there. Gas
Accessing-all-areas.
–Or bunkered skunk, smack-weltered
And behind-the-scenes.
All before the absolutely peopled estates
Got razed.
Analgesic anticoagulant Olbas
Shame beneath bedclothes, like
Ortolan-Scoffing dignitaries:
Those hooded caverns
Of genital vapour rub and the slimed

Walls the dreamed
Blue dreamed meant
Of those maffled voices
From another floor up
Adulted and drunk voices
Plotted the groany map,
Visible hot *breathed* and billed and
Cooed and by the asphyxial
Brown Carpet & Rug.

Something about cannibalism, infanticide,
Something something something.
Something about labour and something about
Regret.
Something about the 'gotten rid of the kids'
By maybe just eating them. Drunk the liquid
Um, parts from inside the kids.
Slurping the liquid parts
Depleted hide.

And that purred cabal hummed
Thru the wall the dad's sub-bass,
Asif the flat were a
Big grey skull-flat and I were, like,
A milk canine tooth hot in pink/grey gum
Bed and **THEY** were, like,
Not actually part of that skull-flat
And more like a totally blown sound-system
In a grim new club or
Just the unlikely hair
Or the sound penetrating the skull, made it shake
Loose the inner ear hairs
Were crimped or ceramically heated and
Straightened woofer.
–Made straight, is what I mean.
And it did and yanked straight
And I did, H, even if loosened and dropped.

As the tooth in the scene, in the little grey skull house,
Strangled in baby blue
Fleeced, mini depression the figured a-swipe blue room
of the bits that affirmed the bio. Like,
Squeeze here and push and crack
Another one out.
Whatever fleeting unlimited sensation yanked,
Grounded the flights of fancy.
Usually I wore blues and ate only and blew
Seldom the cocks, thanks. There were scant ways
Of blue past
Midnight velour, crushed back-rub blue bled
The sky for chilly romancing under the sky.
I saw my breath, then,
Like an adult doesn't
– Asif I were alive and any warmer than a, um,
American fridge, Bobo.

/

What the fuck
I was given to work with
Was inclusive of both the lexicon AND the gross
Mouth and the citations
And at the bottom:
The sense. The requisite of sense
The point. Sense and the point
The stake, figures,
Driven into the soil or
My heaving chest?
– Oil or the thinner
And way more important red liquid and concomitant
Ruddy and green and mauve
Sunset mush
Inside of all the animals that really did dream.
Behind the scene of skin, fur.

/

–The point is incisive,
Is an incision made in the buff, furry bud
Sawn by children, frosting in the sun,
Penetrated and mortal-risked the integrity
Of the downy pussy willow
Cheek that chortled soft
At everyone's idealised childhood
Wished weren't.
More often than not followed the ropping,
– Even if nothing more nor less important
Than the puckery hem of one or two ORIFI
In my terrific and well-hot buff-bod.

Or the compromising of my child-baring
Hips, the variegating of my somewhat, um,
Municipal thighs,
The varicose doodles,
The rendering of my bandy and psychic limbs.

And that the hair should have remained on my head
As a sex sign: a headlamp beacon, on
And depilated the fuck off every other bit of what
That thing was. Or tight
And shaven childhood reclamation yard:
Clock-sprung pubes & diapered logs;
Evacuated or something else'd animals;
Vast antique dolls with the vast
Clapping eyelids opened at the swoon.

And the baize-haired action figures,
All opposable limbs, hands set
In gestural rictal perished rubber
Gripped nasty little metal weapons
Or the, um, camo-throats, hunted;
Ranges of complexion,
Bump-mapped and trod in adult jelly shoes and the litter
Coated, hid excess, the wasted out of sight
Was literally out of your fucking mind.

Wasted bodies like waste
In the Arabian or wherever
Desert or wherever, literally.

Ignorance was a mystical state where
Everyone praised the reveal.

/

Behind the scenes I unthinking
Keyed in utterly
Wrong search terms. Words
Sprung like absurd flashbang stunner
Shunts to totally eclipse the intended.
Tic-writing, the deleting also part of the rhythm
That asserted itself all the way from lunatic
Providence to lodge asif perverse mantra
To be rehearsed, typed and deleted, over and over.

And

 Did you mean [...]
Each time the typing really
Properly bent to find the right, um, type of, etc.
– The search
Term, the, um, thing
I had wanted, somehow,
Once, moments ago –
Only to have massively mislaid the
Thing someplace behind
That fresh-belch
OTHER seared vivid and useless term
Which kept appearing at the fore,
Blinding and totally screaming and, um,
Dumbfounding
Everything and totally in the
Stead of the, um, thing I had seemingly gone
In search and of.
So I would submit to it. Of course.

The New Nonsense.

Irrupting within.

– Same in speaking: I'd submit to the verbal

Slip.

Repeat it, even – underwrite its burl

In echo – and the tongued

Parody to the void

To void it and insisting

Popped the cheap cranial lock

With my comedy plastic purple pry,

Welcoming its busted.

Like a disappeared spouse

Returned deranged

On October 9, around 7, 7.30. Remember?

And in the same clothes as when they disappeared,

Some ten years before.

Standing opposite one another

On the landing,

Weltering up with the class-A's,

Beading honey, lactic tears, wetter than

'Beading', I would have thought.

I suppose I just didn't like truth

To require a flaying with 'billy' hands & SKINNER.

Just what sort of abject truth lies in that rubbed

Brown viscera? There was no riposte

When you were properly dead, Jenny. Or ahead

In the throes, Jen.

And what kind of understanding

Hung out in a boring

Gathered round fresh kill

With younger kids? What's the matter

If I remove your face? – bear with me –

If I deconstruct the seemed? and case

Skun asif a gelatinous tube sock?

Or theatrical tights green room backstage?

And here comes the riot of constant corpsing
Broke the fourth wall with nothing but your head
And that *face!*
And the amazingly accurate hands, fingers
– Every jointed
– The, um, cuts were as vernacular
As different fishnames between countries,
Pilchards and sardines, classless still;
Cusses or
Petnames, Dolly.

Save for rump.
Rather than cow or pig, beef and pork:
Figuration was a contingent means of
The held arm's-length,
The front hock's-length
Stewed on the back-burner,
Gentle simmer, tempered with
Absolutely everything soluble from the cupboards
IF simply to ameliorate the dear piggie arm and also
Bring out the fucking truth of the pork, reveal
Very simple, um, pig cooking.

Very little needed doing to piggie
To brung it out of its life.
Organic, hand-reared and locally sourced
From a poisoned grey well in Salford,
Or a pub cellar
The humble pie, and I was mining for flesh
Beneath whatever good, honest crust
Clot down the well and up at the neon and
High intensity discharge lamps,
We started, um,
Poking, a few years in
With poddy digits the dark finger of land
I used to
Dump on.

Yesterday,
Masked face the slob & slobbering
For sane reasons
Of the complexion,
Erupting with the old 'oiled braille',
Hazing words together runk surface kissy
At the touch as I desperately
Wanted to be slupped
But was cajoled into arid mimeo, head-cheese
STRIPLING bureaucracy manifested
With the heat, flushed dastardly mirage
The machine searing of toner on baby-pink paper
Or a roll of receipt and carbon loss in direct sunlight.
– And then later,
Behind that, um, thing over there
When the power finally went off
For good.

As in, pink and blue mean
Nothing at all & neither the penis (*SMACK*)
'It's a BOY!'
Was the first thing I knew for certain
Had been assigned to me and unbeknownst to my
Sense of certainty. The lodestone: the first
Of many screamed sentence structures
The scaffold of literal constitution, literally:

I am made for
Assignments undertaken in the name of,
Um, what
Military King
In civvie-fatigues or blue-collared and country-club
All others having been eradicated
By the pre-extort
Wolfed down quick slim metabolism.

/

The wiry corporate cur
I really worked for, the job
Basically just picking off the badgers,
Laughing over
Simple, Original, Traditional dinners, locally-sourced
Blood and soil policies
Delivered no speeches
In terror silence and not too late but
Great! Thank you so much.

The big house that stood
On the hill over there
Got squatted
Unlike illicit home
But like the fecund craps
– So like illicit home for the gamey
Excluded; a place to grow
Fresh NICE Anya potatoes, runner
Beans was all. And loads of flowers:
Love lies bleeding,
Love-in-a-mist,
Masterwort,
Flame lilly,
Baby's breath,
Sweet sultan,
Sweet William,
Spurge,
Yarrow.

Later: purple flowering gun butt appeared
Narcissus of government initiatives;
A vision above the forest that stood
Over there.
About the same time as the
Free Trade Hall in Manchester
Became a bayou spa
For rubber-rung and bobbing five star
Businessmen –

The finite Edwardian excess
Performed before the 1980's were over,
Tho there was no need
And tho no
One had told absolutely anyone at all
So no one gave a flying shit, apparently –
No-one that counted.
Especially the staff who just went about
Changing the bedclothes
Into young meadows around the bodies
As per – rolling
The bodies off parts of the bedclothes
To retrieve the bedclothes
– Soiled unusual by acrid yellow seep and hanks
Of stuff come away, stuck to the bedclothes
By the death-purged consommé and set,
Um, frothy skin looks utterly convincing:
Clean white bedcloth a sanitised cheesecloth
Shroud.

And just, um, cycling the miniature shampoos,
Cotton buds, sewing kit,
Week on week,
Month on month,
Unused, all of it.

So labour undertaken there
And not there
And Sisyphean-blinkered,
The boulder a body in bloat, literally
And figured as opposed to literalised.

Sky news is on again,
Mute in the corner of every room:
Scenes of empty studios,
Cutting between abandoned weather background
Weird nation shape, vacant desk;
Rolling ticker perforated with ellipses.

So I, um, always would and majorly
Flunked the tests of fessed
Excitations, didn't I.

I ended up, etc.
Oh God.

Tho I just about managed to turn
The voice right up
And emphasise that, before the proper lockered
Performance
With the darling yearling
Sprouting rub, talc tact
Leftover and artfully
Thwacked the super-seductive ones
With a wound-up towel tho
I didn't want to.

Sadly, I was
Um, chlorinated in advance
And stunted
So that the demands for sexuation, etc.
Were the demands for
Submission: capitulation to the apparent
Universal
Were universal
– It was just that the men got to capitulate
With their top on and standing up.

Men and white WERE the universal, the truth, the
Flatline-baseline bedrock bollocks
In chalk to even write – was the condition
Of 'nature' – upon which
Difference might have been even
Teetering built and in a kind of wax
Or something – tho NO onus
On proof for the white men: nothing to defend, of course.

– The very condition of nothing, of the before,
Delimited by and for, etc.
The very precondition of the shrug,
The condition of the well and not-minding,
Of simply the getting-on,
The breathing,
The inviolable, the existence of inviolability;
The very condition of
The very capacity for reset
& The boner always restored the head
– The what restored to, the ground
– The very ground –
And the precondition third-person was
ALWAYS a white man
And was the fucking law itself:
TOTAL POLICING precept as anything other than
Utterly fucking vile.
The other province of
Errata – the place of the
Everysingleday
Pleading and the asterisk
Pleading and
Women: the vast taxonomic wing
Nevertheless overburdened
With everyone else and under there
With women.

The burden of proof was
On women:
The massive and culpable
Invitation, spread-eagled and beginning:
An image of unconscionable
Violence, perpetually reinserted
Like white-hot demand.

/

Meanwhile: Somewhere over
That weird bluff over there,
THE POLICE
Held on to their
Make-no-boners-about-, um,-it,
Like simple porn:
A metal cannon for hosing people
Off the city's twitching flank
During The Twelfth Plague.

At best, dicking out
The iris nebula, as I said before:
A real achievement
To literally blind someone
Blue-eyed.

/

Behind the scenes:
Back wall covered with pink foil
Or something. Drugs, actually
Brewed or whatever
There, behind the scenes
The vaporiser or
Was a dehumidifier or ioniser?
—Pumping and knocking
All the dreck from the air so we didn't have to
Breathe history.

Facts lie
In wait behind the scenes and
Thank God! We could finally be
Rip-divulged, hardcore-forensic-rendered
Agape and whistling *phew!* Or it could finally be
Torn-divulged and for what it was
Rather than is: a kind of material nostalgia
Determinedly reverting
Lives to some prior kind of life.

A kind of conservatism or
Nimbyism that required essentialism –
A striptease to arouse not-a-one no fucking one
Save David Cameron,
Who returned in the Autumn of the year 3201 as
A cheeky, poorly darned comedy sock-puppet
Embroidered with *Esto Perpetua* and only
Worked on the floor
And without any arm right up it.
Which what we all had a good larf about,
Then went sudden quiet, then
Sobbed and howled and wailed because
David Cameron had RETURNED and
Satire had just died and we were all feeling incredibly

Sad.

Sadness, Dolly.

I looked more than a little like
David Cameron don't I
– which said nothing, really.
Appearance applied edge-of-trowel, and not bloomed.

I was becoming increasingly, um,
FORGETFUL.
Specifically faces:
Mine and MP's and
Bastards.
– It may have once been a good idea to talk
To my GP about early signs of dementia.
If I'd had a GP.
As I got older, I, um, found that, um, memory
Loss became an,
Um, problem.

/

Memory was affected by age and
Stress, tiredness and
Certain illnesses and the
Medications addressing said
– All of which I had
Submitted to.

It got annoying when it was occasional, but
Once it was affecting my daily life and was worrying me or
Someone I knew, I should have sought help from my GP
If I'd had a, um, GP, mum.

The, um, dementia was a *well*
Common condition that affected something
Like a billion people in the Britain.
My specific rank risk of developing
dementia photochemically, increased as I got older and
Dementia was a syndrome that you would
Associate with an ongoing
Decline of The Brain
In the third eon and its
Abilities in the fourth.
This, for me, included problems
With: Memory
Loss,
Thinking speed the speed of,
Mental agile,
Language,
Understanding Judgment.

– I became apathetic,
Uninterested in my usual activities, and had
Problems controlling
My emotions. I also found social situations
Challenging; lost interest in socializing
Beyond animals,
And so the Pathetic Fallacy aspects of
My personality changed.
Addled by toxomoplasmosis made the cat alluring

–But only so she could eat me
And the parasites could flourish.
I love the cat.

Anyways: Me-with-dementia lost
Empathy and I may have seen or heard things
That other, um,
People did not.

–Or I may have made false claims or, um,
Statements, such as not like lies for wishes.
The swap, I mean: lies for wishes.
'I built this life', for instance.

And as dementia affected my mental
Abilities, I found planning and organising really really.
Maintaining my independence
Also became a problem.
I often needed the help from whatever
Friends or relatives were still
Barely alive including the help
Who helped with decision-making from a really really
Sick sibling.

My GP would have discussed the possible
Causes of memory loss with my – if I had
Had a GP and including dementia.
They would have relayed the
Other symptoms
could have included:
Increased difficulties with tasks and activities, crafts
That require concentration and planning,
Depression,
Changes in personality and mood,
Periods of mental confusion,
Difficulty finding the right words to, too.

/

Along with most STYLES
Of dementia, mine couldn't be
– But if it had been early there would have
Been ways I could've
Slowed
And maintained the mental.

Read more about the symptoms of dementia.

Why is it important to get a diagnosis?

[Click here to donate blood,](#)
Too.

If we used to consider language a technology,
Then all the logorrheic THIS
Simply shored it all up and, um, also
Coated it with that black anti-climb paint we'd all
HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT and also
Filled in every single air hole, stifled the life out.

Horror vacui congested again
The possibilities
Inaugurated in a kiss.
As in, breath
Impractical but
A communication of erotic
Blew with
No blow, importantly.
So submission to what
For the various MEN? Eventually fell
Into global rank and filed off
the edge or just did
Shut up for a few millennia.
Or did shuffled off that mortal etc.
Or boarded loads of little dinghies
Over there, right, and just left

Or whatever.
Just fuck off.

/

Behind the scenes: Andy Serkis.

Andy Serkis, scuttling about in emerald spandex,
Covered in a kind of digital measles. The crew keeping their distance.
A bathing cap and histrionics are the only tools
Andy Serkis needs as he leaps about polystyrene Mordor,
Or waddles through virtual Coconino – with the thrilling energy
Of a man utterly devoted to his craft.

Andy Serkis.

Trained in Meisner and Method,
Grotowski's 'poor theatre', Artaud's assaults.
Techniques trailing The Authentic like
Lousy caricatures – anachronisms and ironies.
As it seemed to pioneering Performance Capture actor Andy Serkis.

Later:

Wrestling Elijah Wood and, err, Sean Astin,
Or, um, James Franco, lovingly, along here.
Or, um, Jamie Bell similarly rigged –
Or, um, Naomi Thingy, the humans
And on a different scale.
Pathos was the only revelation
To materialise
Behind the scenes. Through that curtain there,
Behind the scenes.

Knowledge was punted further out
Of touch, fucker
– Vanished by the shitty draw-distance and
The poignant personage
Of a post- and denuded
Andy Serkis. Somewhere near this bit here.

/

And also the vast quantities of the dazzling
Green dollar
Green screen celebrant of this economy
Being the sure thing –
Monies on money
Turning avocado, to the oxide
Of chromium, a kind of terre verte,
Lurching to phthalocyanine green
Yellow shade or phthalocyanine green lake;
Viridian of the bright green lake
Bloomed algae once a decade,
And the permanent green light – the green ray – inducted
Permanent sap and deep cobalt green silent wood,
shade, vom, wipe, growp.

Thru there, behind the scenes, an exemplary
Revelation is attempted convincing performed and,
As ever, of course,
AN IDEOLOGICAL GRIFT
Executed instead,
To placate the faith and the entire
sensible.

–I literally wanted to be struck dumb
With understanding.
Literally.
I wanted to fucking *see*
And for that sight to be
The condition
Of truth. Bullshit.
Literally, I wanted
Immanence & The Spectacle
Of divine peach sunlight-focusing
Ochre the faltering soft-capped
And knowledge.

/

And O! The agency and
Even wishing
For that wink to be
Heartfelt, collaborative and in our secret
Lover's accord
–Or to simply mean the pleasurable if temporary
Suspension of disbelief.

/

–I really didn't want my own
Rort thurst and distraction to be captivated
Aphonic!

–I didn't want to be rendered, Mum.
And all the way back to inside
My own head. Circuitous, like.

This here, then, the extraordinary rendition
Of self
To selfish
– Mollified & scrubbed –
Blasé so that sight would be the condition
Of truth,
And the precondition of
All mortal quiddity –

DIS-APPEARANCE IS

REDACTION.

And this aligned so perfectly with the render
Over there.
Instead of the bloody blubbery
Livestock breadbasket your invisible aspects
– The Politics & The Loves –
Get leveled by spectacular empirical
Hegemony.

/

– Rendering the captured individual
Brutalises Nuance and
Vitalises representation.

– Rendering annuls
Individual
For the infinite refinement of
Appearance.

Your whatever-name is precisely as
Unimportant as your history, your pay, your health,
Codified in your mysterious body, writ
Complicated writhing bingy, brown or black
For lack of day, wrenched.

And I could have been your haruspex, sexy:
I could have read omens in your extricated liver.
If I'd been allowed.
I could have maybe ascertained
The surgically-thin
Gap between mortal-inevitable capitulation to representation,
And the willful-lifelong pursuit
By choice and force.
But whatever.
– Keep your sodding liver.

The fast flyblown, um, obsolete
As Breville or, better, butter
Or complex carbs that tyre-up the
Cross-trained frame & tummy.
Spot-healing clone-stamp the eyedropper
To ensure the facial recognition.
The disabuse is the Merrick to
NO FACE DETECTED.

–Did you mean
To break the tech with your face?

Dodge, burn and
Sponge, asshole.
Then come back to me, my love.

/

This shit costs an absolute fortune
And we are merely sponsees.
Usually this shit is the sole prevail of Hollywood.
Usually this crap is the sole prevail of Andy Serkis.
Your face determines that the trampling'll be
Heavier, the rendering
Slower, more ponderous, less detail, more
Cleanup
As the farm tries to, um, DESCRIBE arse
From elbow and wringer right thru them
Anyways.

Shagged-out useless with the shittier
Knowledge and intolerably
Pressurised as-such at the Stygian,
To the point where, in the scene, a metal
Bolt pops out of the submarine, um, wall (?) and
Slams into some poor
German's sweaty arm with the force of a
Really bullet.

Or the scene where cava
Bottles are shook-primed makeshift guns.
Under there. The hold.

Or the bit where Russian roulette is
Played and the comedian says something about
Revels – the chocolates – and there's a smattering
Of laughter, though definitely not enough to
Raise the spirits or the weighty
Bods tarrying on their backs
Over there.

Guns that were not loaded with tar and the more vicious
Were buried by a snowdrift over there.

This was the place, P.

This whole bit was used.
This whole bit was overused.

This whole bit was expurgated.
This whole bit all along here was redacted
By a big aeroplane.
Or this whole bit right along here was found to be
Unintelligible, useless & pissy:
Got redacted at the big gunpoint.
– Not redacted, simply forgotten & useless.
Or this whole bit along here precisely affirmed useless & of
Massive value,
So gotten recouped already?
Yes and fucking wolfed.

In the corner of your eye
– Don't know if you can make it out –
Everything was sawn misandrist lens, S.
A vision
Visible to disappear the men inclusive & entire.
Every inch of what we used to call MEN,
Nudged surreptitious into a barrel of ancient brown
Semen. Muted splashing & bawl
Sounds like
The soundtrack
To your well-gratted
Life, E.

/

/

Magic words were entirely
The burlesque of the dull ones.
So previously, the eucharist got done,
Parodied, up-camped to some gorgeous,
Spangled & diaphanous
Spell, cast for agency – a sigil
'Hocus Pocus' for 'Hoc est corpus
Meum', scoffed my own body gibberish, magic words
Expressly for my reappearance
And in a puff of theatrical smoke.

That, then, was my amazing body
And I wanted to have it back as I remembered it.
So perverted the transubstantive with some
Neat a-moves to demystify:
To re-render the rich cakes, the booze,
The stronger bread & dark beers, Bobo – to rouse
My body, to
Re-conjure its myceleum pleasures and accordingly
Did, among moon and stars and other celestial
Ideas, stuck over the
Beautiful blue gown.
Was a way of satirising the lot, I reckoned.

As in, when I ate the wafer and, um,
Drunk the wine, did it taste like blood and raw?
–No. Literality is as prone to misuse as figuration, Y.

But Y, could you get drunk off blood?
–No. Jesus' blood had no alcohol in it
I don't think.
And *Did you mean?*

'It's never failed me yet'.

And also, right,
Was God some kind of wafer?

Was that cracker The very Christ?

If arsenic or other

Poison

Were added to the wine before the, um,

Mass, would it have still been the blood after

The, you know, elevation of the, um,

Host?

And then there was the tiny amount of

Spider and insect

In all wine which just got in it

From the earth

With legs.

–Was that bug juice verily and truly the Blood of Christ?

Finally,

If a mouse had gotten behind the altar

And ate the wafer-Host

Would the resulting mouse droppings have been

God?

Should the priest then go about and

Eat them?

This HAS happened, so it is a serious question.

/

Right here, metaphor became the real thing

And was held

In material abeyance

As a consequence:

Cause and effect routed the blurt,

As it were.

Hocus Pocus! That thing of

The leg becoming more

‘Leg’, becoming,

As it got sorer.

BTW

Some of us congregated here. In size order.
Tried to 'line up the harpoon', as they say,
To try to finish the game before bed and otherwise.

I'd've really loved to be able
To retrieve all the pretty human bodies
From the mire of figuration.
A plea made for re-embodiment, Lauren.
Active materialism in perverse relation
To what you, um, tended to think of as the mystifying effects
Of that so-called digital life;
A corporealism to affirm
Experience against process
– Finitude against the fucking pseudo-infinite;
Proper magic against illusion
– And against ignorance a kind of sensitivity,
Like the sweetheart fruiting body in the wood,
Underwriting the very floor with an Edible & Vamped
Alacrity.

Human bodies and, um, certainly the animal,
Bodies were the first to be spirited away
From their innate contiguousness with the ANIMA
That ANIMATED them
At the insidious metaphoric & demonic
Behest of some shitty ideological consensus
That saves its most virulent, illy shits
To dump right inside the language.

With hushed magic word,
Or the laying on of hands AGAIN,
Fingers the tact-grope & grooming
Warty fingerpoints
And the sweat-sparged, um,
Grip, the swiped Christ gesture.

Or the Queen's own alloy sword, staid
From decapitation by royal decree and
Octogenarian decrepitude – blunted by the
Cutting of ribbons outside
Museums, then blunted
In the beatifying of
Slebs: the fountainheaded-inductable...
– And with that
A thousand lovely, mysterious other
Bodies were disappeared
– And corporeal indices were figuratively
Wiped from
All those
Black glass façades and aluminum unibodies
And forgetting, um, losing the line, literally.

And this, um, was another
Perversion of the transubstantive
– A concealing of the declarative hocus:
This, here, is really honestly NOT my body,
My body is precisely NOT here.

And we could say, rather,
That THEIR bodies are precisely NOT HERE,
Where the 'they' are poor, notwhitenough,
Demonised, disempowered wholesale.

And where secularity might have once
Uncoupled bodily sovereignty from
Christian mysticism,
Relations of that digi-cadenced life
Were RADICALLY re-mystified –
Re-abstracted to a point where bodies seemed
So often to just, um,
Not be there.
Not here.

– Or a ghost in parallel,
Cellophane of shudder, dread wave
Where we lived the living death; a point beyond the
Means and the love and certainly the sketchy arms
Proffered eerie Karloff cuddle, but
The scoop and grisly trudge of
Contracted JCB & yellow & black *sans*
The legal aid.

A huge moth literally pinballed about the kitchen that night:
Meanwhile, somewhere in the Mediterranean,
A couple thousand lives
Just got oceanically pwned in the deep drink.

/

It often felt to me like my, um, body
– Its potential to pronounce itself, to perform and
Embody the possessive singular,
In all its abjectly encumbered ways
– Is not ‘this’, cannot, surely, be sited
Unto itself.

This, I suppose, might have once been seen as
PRODUCTIVE.
More often than not I wanted bodies rendered
Properly alien
In order to retrieve them,
Welcome them again,
Perform a kind of esoteric
Grace and in a manner sufficient
To dramatically, explicitly re-manifest them,
De-mediate them from whatever excessively
Spurned state
I’d sent them.

/

So rather than calling it the, um,
'Cloud'
We recited whopping tomes
Of info and with maps, schematics and
The whole sweep
– A novelisation of the network
In forensically-shaded figuration:
Every molecular, aluminium-scented warm
Breath exhalation chronicled.
So rather than 'wireless' we would say,
'Over there are the wires
In that massive tangle of wires
Over there'.
Or, 'over there is the terrible skein of
Chuquicamata thins
To stop or incite the world.

Or the whole cul-de-sac de-veined
Like that prawn cocktail
Copper and fibre optics
Was for up cutey bondage-black & rubber
Serpentine garrotting stash steeped in the pallid torrent of
Porn, diverted by a gang of dead-straight canvassing
Men, slowly, to reach the not the licit, um,
Assault and the unambitious answer
To the demand the supplying apologist
Anonymous skulk, C. Darkened
Living in sort-of abandoned cul-de-sac –
–Abandoned but full of people
Who are living in there without
Classification as homeless,
Classification as humans, citizens.
Again, and worth reiterating,
Citizenry can very much go to hell, where
I might have presumed you should have
HOUSED your mind and despaired not, M.
– The reiterative as important is totally,
Important, despair NOT.

In that hall over there (*)
Faces and anuses
Got cosmetically bleached
Using something like horse or pig, um,
Bile or vom. Or pigs were coerced
Into vomiting on people's really really GLAD faces
In this room & for the hard cash, for the readies
Or credit, 'course.
Remember that scene with everyone lying
Under vomiting pigs in this very room,
Handled rough,
Accompanied by, um, the
Raindrops Prelude?
Shit! *Sooo* good!

Or in this room, like that one,
The police burst
And aimed squarely at the face again,
Targeting reticule locus of the people's
Sensible for chemical peel.
Or in this room some men clamped crocodile
Clips to bits of the body that I felt were [...]
Then made those bits feel more like [...],
Etc.

– All the while acid-washed jeans were fished out
Of the hulking vat over there and hoiked
Onto pigs' hindquarters.
Piggies paraded about like fetishes or, um, nothing
So much as a SOLDIERED, topless Guy.
For sacrificial purposes and the cash,
We sacrificed pigs all the time.
Better him than me.

And sometime over there, under the boughs of a
Proud English oak,
We meted out justice on sad brown piggies
For adjourned guilt or something.

Dispensed and all the while from behind
Our freshly excoriated faces.
–I did a sort of live Instagram thing of it, Stella.
I did a load of Vine things of it.
Shared the fuck out of it.

/

A better analogy would have been to be
Precisely out of reach of the being knowable:
Tucked in and down
With the marrow, as they said,
But, um, not with the marrow at the core
Or only if the marrow formed around
Everything else
Alike, like a fawn aspic.

Or if marrow were a grammatical device
Or a literary mode,
A tropic aspic, aspicking or suspending
Somehow
The disbelief of a kind of irony
For warding off the dialectic.
Suspended inside: Satsuma segments and
Very readable unfurled
Poor fortunes from crummy cookies and bits
Of police paraphernalia:
Badge, gun, Twinkie,
Black gaffer, cable ties, rubber bullets,
That there body armour, mo-capping
Some of your stationery, some of your
Hair scrunchies,
Fragments of that larger meteorite
That extincted the dinosaurs.

/

All along here grewed the
Blusher wild roses.
Mums' garden for mums,
Upkept and schtum for the
Dad's inspirations, pseudo-struggled
Honeysuckle & suffocated but actually apparently
The fertiliser
Hosed standing.

And so scent was the herald,
Musk damsel pheromonal non-abeyance
– Though tried to be contra to Biological
Determinism, which
Got harder rather than easier,
In spite THO because of some resurgent
Empirical drive
At the wall, all true and orange and well built
Of Men's Health sex tips
How to extrude the correct bits,
Curtail the wronged bits,
Harden the rocks and be rock entire
To stove whatever head needs
Fucking stoving.
Neurological addenda to the psychoanalytic
Skewed by the grey grey cells themselves,
Phrenological neuro-eugenic
Blathers to compound
The difference in a member's club of same-same
But different matte plaster ghouls
– Like me, only more so.

And me too! Corroborative exception
To prove the rule of
Your mustachioed pappy, heavy cudgel
That babby, raised by humans.
And this bit spackled with irises and
Tiny white ones.
Edelweiss, Iris.

And peonies grewed in the hurt
And wound the blossomest apple-blossom
Frothed wild! from the rabid pleasures, thrashed
The ancient bed, clothed
And the awareness of a smile
Beneath the kiss,
A sense of teeth needing baring or grinding or clenching
For the grin.
—Like a decommissioned rose, clasped
Between teeth
Like your tested rump.
GAWD!
Just over here,
Bowered before it all begun, we held
And without recording it,
For starters.

Tho at the lock-jut jaw, pooling
At what was now
Less the ‘mouth’ of a river and more a, um,
Browned duct enjoined
And pro-steel-tapped by the blues
And reds, piping plumes of the multicoloured
Smoked out the barrel-aged and fining’d
Liquids
That gurgled and black-reeked from
Rock of sorrows or pleasures or ages.

Or excessive sensate, asif the sensate
Was forced in and out by the out
— Like being *outed*
Tears and the blood forcibly
Outed, chemically, ideologically
Fracked tears and it was ok
To cry except when it really totally wasn’t.

/

A huge, fragrant bush
Of rosemary girding sage
Shot up here, literally
Rending the tarmac.
Gunpowder residue evidencing shot;
Petrol rained-bowed asphalt were
Some vehicle or maybe a chain
Sawed or similar; single strands of
Hair, caught on the grate,
Trapped in the gate.
Over here I sawed one of those huge
Caterpillar-treaded
Machines for gouging tracts
Of petered tarmac.
Just there: slouched Yeatsian along,
Nothing following.

Or that over here I saw one of those huge
Caterpillar-treaded
Machines for shutting down
Protesters the fuck up,
And disintegrating houses and lives
Similarly.

I saw one of those huge
Caterpillar-treaded machines for the boom;
Over there, the penetrated and busted
Lives un-lived themselves
In a flash-gunned twinkling
Of an eye at the child
Melting point.

/

Okay: you can just go ahead and tug
The chicken wire armature from the flames and proceed
With the insertion thru keyhole groin
Rip up that artery there and basically just cauterise

The spastic bits off your timorous heart.

/

I used to be something else
And other than that
Until I wasn't. Until I got compacted
TEH poor rendering.
Poorly rendered lower the res. and always
The teasing that basal cell-shaded porch where representation
Cleaved to, um, death, lurked
Under the flaked sill in the cool evening
Blue and awaited pie to cool in the evening blue, etc.
In and of, etc.

The promise of fragged meat and other
Mechanically retrieved misc. pie.
Just over here
Representation was an iteration
Of understanding:
'Getting it' basically akin to being able to draw
A really good horse or being properly good
At doing hands
Or doing a Disney or a Marvel
Super well or really
Just perfecting the horse, really
Getting good at those backward knee joint bits,
Getting the feathery
Crosshatching around the face-bone bits
Convincing every time.
Plating the mane, maybe –
Crimping the swoshy tail, maybe.
The name of the horse on an antique sort of
Unfurled vellum
Scroll under the mid-trot legs,
In a crumpled-looking gothic type:
'Brambles' or 'Mr. Hooves' or 'Lady' or
'The Long Face'.

And under there right there,
I buried
Some sort of time capsule
Filled with the incredibly perishable, quiet things
Those things that need air, light, love.
A box of little children, eggs, lettuce.
So just went about drawing 'Mr. Hooves'
On everything.
Every card, every book, every day
On the left hand and crappy
With the sickly stink pink biro.
– Till everyone was totally sick of Mr. Hooves
And his perfectible, hard-pencil
Pale lack on white ground,
Rider-less, poorly christened and with
You knew, the stinky.
–I got it, alright:
The horse looked correct-ish, well-enough
Rendered
To summon the mincer that, um,
Upcycled the fouled animal pants, animals
Splurged into more or less stable, value-added stuff
Like the dash & the surfaces.
Any of that heavy processing of, um,
Animals into more useful stuff.
So full-on render farm or the
Domestic, kitchen scale, or
– Mr. Hooves –
Boiled down and
Screamed: a thickened, tacky reduction
To value-added something at least.
Perhaps some mucilage stuck spritz
To inhale the black carrier bag, lung
Vignetting behind the village pub with
The paltry slack simperers and Julia,
Who was prone right along here —
– Right along here.

Mr. Hooves was shoved right
At the slaughterhouse
Accompanied by the turned
Restaurant grease-rubble & mank
Butcher trimmings – shavings & brash –
The doubly expired orange-frayed meat
From that Sainsbury's.
The saddener cadavers
Of the euthanised and other sorts
Of assassinated animals from animal
Shelters, zoos and vets. The body-gleaned
Could categorically include the fatty tissue,
ALL OF THE BONES,
The awful offal, also entire carcasses
Of those condemned,
Those that have crossed the great divide
And on farms, in transit, as a consequence
of my dumbfuck, etc.
–The most common meat source was my pets.

The rendering simultaneously dried the,
Um, material, Boo
– Separated the fat from the bone and the protein.
A rendering process yielded a fat commodity
(Yellow grease, choice white grease, bleachable
Fancy tallow, etc.)
And a protein MEAL (meat and bone meal,
Poultry byproduct meal, etc.).
Rendering plants handle
Other materials, such as slaughterhouse
Thick-blood, feathers and
Rear-end hair, but do so using processes
Distinct from true rendering, which is concerned with,
Predominantly, the look
Of love: my darling sun-freckles, my moles,
That downy whatever coat, teeth from afar,
And the particulars of my singular,
Singular voice.

The occupation of renderer,
Ripper, reconstituting mechanical steel retriever,
Has been deemed one of the “dirtiest jobs”.
Which is why I took the position.
Eating made me paranoid.
—And fat, of course.
Or rather, I was a paranoiac eater.
Or rather, I ate things and was paranoid,
Unrelatedly.
An inflected biscuit.
The fucking kale, etc.
I wolfed paranoiac, fatted
With unsolicited advice and the
Trans animal fats and whatever
Those secret fats are called.
Saturated something something.

Or I know that I wasn't supposed to
Eat barely at all, and tho I was so
Very EATEN
By paranoia, trans.
As in, the transference of paranoia was
Not at all osmotic,
Insofar as my concentration was
Not to be counted on,
Nor was the source of the paranoia palpably
More nor less
Paranoiac. As in, paranoia
Circumvented consequence,
Right? Paranoia's contingency was opaque, forever.
And I couldn't nor never recall a time
When I wasn't totally aware of my insufficiency
And how insatiable that lack is.
Or rather, how temporary was its sating
— How, um, immortal were its sating.

/

Accordingly, this form: this is the
Consensus.
Not just of body but of image, of function,
Culture, tone.
Of sex, size, shape, weight, timbre,
Gesture.
Of QUALITY, asshole – of type, dream, end.
Hair, push, auth, punch.

And if I were me I'd seriously think
And hard on the previously figured and
Sometime heart of the matter: performance, all of it,
Always-already captured, recouped
– Enfleshed, in a way – in the worst way – this way
To TEH stab.

– Through lopsided economangling, so that
The greased teeth rent
Bits of yours in turn: the internalised
Sound of which something like
Molared grit or the kitty bones or
The elderly carapace or
The distant nose-punch or knuckle over-crack,
Overwhelming the ghastly-sad sounds of
The city's night.

That there, coming now,
Was the sound of your very
Very memories ruining.

/

Here or hereabouts,
There was maybe a picnic.
Or maybe there was some food and it was
On on the floor.
Yeah and also with people
Who were also on the floor.

Or

Yes, there were people and things all
All kinds of edible and inedible stuff all
Over the floor and it was outside
And it was night and it was properly chucking it down.
Or, right, People and the food-like and other stuff
And the very floor, indistinguishable in
The post-power dead of dark and then the
Sheets of rain, and then the things and on the ground and
Quick brown flood sprang and
Roiled and everything tumbling
About in a kind of 'picnic'.

As in, contemporary to all that all
The gussets getting all
Crack-ransacked, in search
Of whatever scintillas of organic
Bath salts were leftover.
Whatever final petrified prurience, however
Porno, gotten up
Processed for coke and oil and fossils
– In a different order.
And that there, Suze, was the Lush apocalypse:
Lavender and Dettol
Sickly failing to obscure the granny
Turds and chewed dicks
And those complicatedly butchered farm animals,
Local.

I, um, went ahead and read
That 'TOTAL POLICING' backwards
Thru the darkening Metropolitan mirror,
If you follow, P.
The materialisation of ethereal monomaniac,
Deliberately canvassed
And state-bobbed so basically
It was just confirmed and way too late,
The cowards.

Often was seen saliva-stucco'd
All over the cute other faces – or embroidered
On loose and/or cropped black tees, the cock
Monogrammed brand affiliation. Filled
Doomed white van
Wolf-slammed sleeper-held and held
Like the all-too-tangible ghosts of
Deer ticks
And those dainty woodland bluets and,
Um, again,
It was right there on the perma-throttling
Bulky white and really bad forearm,
Like a totally backdated jail sentence raised
In pale blue,
Heavy ginger-thatched, bled-out
Cursive you don't even need to be
Able to read to get the whole
Puss, filth.

We were pretty well incorporated
By then, Kevin
– Pretty much inured, too.
Even and especially as you turned
A fetching teal and your eyes erupted
Like some semi-perished stress toy.

After all that, like you, I did
The paranoiac auto-critique
Thing and basically all the time.
Busted pataphysical dervish,
Self-harming with every wicked
Revolution double take wha?
Over the shoulder wha?
And just what was that
Climbing the ladder after me?
WHO was that
Making the whole edifice rumble and crumble?

Like you, we did of ourselves,
As you of yourself.
So we just had to be para- and
To the brink of screamo-
Wrenching mouth-frother, right?
To the very quivering lip,
The moment where the whole guilt-knackered
Back sundered and all the red stuff
Grabbed onto the cobbles, Dave.

– That red, um,
Stuff should have remained
Inside the back,
As it doesn't really work
When it's not inside the back and further,
Doesn't work when it's outside and even
In roughly the right order,
Even incubated by a crowd and the sun's
Blessing and willing
– We all were – willing
With all our hearts, that we could just
Command-Z the lot.

The repatriation of the schizoid
Happened over there, beside a huge
Dome of buddleia and
With a pretty amazing procession
Complete with floats
And a brass band and
Refreshments. We drank
A kind of cordial and talked, maybe sang,
I think, about
Girding the planet with
Love.

/

Or we talked about turning the planet into
A radioactive desert for
The mummichog,
Cockroach, Lingula & Tardigrade:
A terrible post-apocalyptic pappyshow
Of The Town Musicians of Bremen, scuttling
(Or whatever apposite horror-adverb)
Though living out their eternal days inside an oil drum.

Or we talked and sang a little about
Girding the planet with love – how the global’s maneuvers
Might be better retooled as a way
Of spreading love
About the planet.
Meanwhile, the surviving beings,
To stay warm, had formed a kind of
Parasitic turducken:
Tardigrade inside cockroach;
Tardigrade and cockroach inside lingula;
Tardigrade, cockroach and lingula up against
It and for no one to eat
In the post-apocalyptic here,
All across there.

I’m basically a totally baroque conceit.
The ghost of a universe
Of really big fleas.
I’m tropical, certainly, and crammed
With the ghoulish bits of actual people, literally.
As in, I’m engaged.
Not like your fiancée but like a toilet.
More or less
Temporary occupancy for the exorcising
Of shit-headed demons,
If only for a mo, out of sight of the moon,
Behind a weird mask I found in a charity shop that
Looked like rare dog breed but still
Sort of cute.

Then you
Rolled your eyes right back
And observed
The flinching brain, restrained against the
Grey occipitale back wall by those paraphreniac,
Liver-spotted mitts.
And that thin shaft of dwindling daylight
Picked out the pathetic
Hackles, the poorly wretches, the perspiration;
Illuminated cast bleak
Thru blown trepanation.
Picture it, Hannah.

And the narrative, aesthetic full-frontal
– The total blues,
Policing thru
Jargon backed up
With the hard, polished turd kit, butt
Straight up the sun-blush bods,
All them bombed quasi-bods
And those well dear extensions of the
Banging bods
Weensy-plumbing the world:
Sinew-optic lashed, re-buffing your tight,
Chamfered cable wish.

Glossy insinuation
Up the the high road, via the
Disputed permafrost, bloody
Melt water and seal club, materialising,
As if by magic,
As a pretty convincing pneumatic
West. Not a hair out of place.
So go certain renderings of life, Sharon:
Eye, blubber, icicle shiv.

/

The stakes of, um,
Vérité were so massively stacked
In favour of dead human being
Persons: shambling and explicit
– Super-allegorical even as they retarded
The possibility
Of their inference by the overwhelming
Spectacle of their follicular fidelity;
The queasy purpling around that head trauma
I could MAKE OUT;
The sense of gravitational CONVICTION
Where the arm was hanging by a
Filament of gristle;
The slow-matting glisten of
The piebald, scalloped tongue
And the unfortunate, sort-of
Seeing eyes.

Contemporary verisimilitude was dead.
Literally, figuratively.
And vandalised allegory: zombies
Stalked coherence, stalked
The sensed – hunted down intelligibility and,
pffff, shamed it.
And this was also how I looked and
How I didn't look also:
Also was my forever hidden bits
– Not hidden for demure shrinking
Violets, but buried in everyone else's,
To the hilt and figured holy, a striking
ENFILADE of every possible body,
Even and especially the gone
Ones – even those who were not yet
And over there and space-time whatever.

It was always like this:
Hegemony looked like this, Sally.
Like me.

...O! and also,
My proper name is,
Um, death.
I suppose I just wanted to see
What all the fuss was about.
I just wanted to see
What the inside looked like.

/

Over here was inside.
And here was outside.
Here was inside again.

Likes include:
Self-harm
According to how totally massively
I failed you;
Redundant bums
About the High Street, electioneered
For the only tru party and
4 eva the rimmer,
Anus of the city, crusted at either end:
Shit-blown or Zwarovski
Netsuke darling puppy or seal-pups
Studded and dawdled
From oversize Lanvin handbag zippers:
I loved them.
I loved to see them, Fran
– To be dazzled by them.
The, um, freshly prepared, the engorged:
The world elevated, ideologically, up from
Whatever livid basement.

Elevated world, enlightened-up.
I really really liked
The amount of control I had
Over what people thought of me.

–I just had to, um,
Sand off every prominence, ensure
Every unaccounted for was censored for
And before the others got wind
Of the ripe corporal fetor.

I really really liked the,
Um, blush frisson
That emanated from near the
Sort-of hinge bit
Of the laptop
Every time I posted something tight & bleurgh or
When I retweeted something collapsible
With not too much meat and white or
When I posted something akin to
Kitten purse or swatch
Or fungible bluestone, something
Handsome stirred.
And so eyes – I imagined – would pivot
My way
And in a just a way
That made for perfect
Unanimity & accord: the kind of solidarity
Contingent on total avoidance
Of telescopic superannuation
Clauses force-writ and blind-read
Between
Useable language
But never ever expository, like.

And I liked it when I could
Retweet or happy Favourite
Something that affirmed
My APPAL
Or my INHERENCE to some
Extra-political rad.

Or my disgust,
My support for those over there and without;
The rally. The appreciable
– Though worn hem – real-world
Return; clarion
'WAKE UP' to the grey scabs
Affixed barnacle mirrored
Their grey digital selves.

/

Over there, before the Temple of Ceres,
There was a fountain, separated from
The temple by a wall and
There was an oracle,
Very truthful – super truthful –
Truth and not for all events, but for the sick
Only.
The sick person let down
A mirror suspended by a thread
Till its base touched
The surface of the water, having first
Prayed to the goddess and
Offered some, um, incense.
Then, looking in the mirror, she would
See the presage of death or recovery,
According and
As the face appeared fresh and healthy, or
Of a ghastly aspect.

– Another divinatory method involved
Holding that cheap hand mirror
At the back of a kid's head
After tight-bandaging their eyes real
Off, then asking something of
The dimming head.

–Asif apart from the kid – and asked
Just sort-of thru the mirror,
Which angled just so
To glimpse your lips,
The lips now appearing sad and made up,
Sort of isolated and on some bleak
Ground, all blued and chapped;

The future of your lips and reversed to
Grim articulate the grim futures
Or no, and all this had to be bounced
Off the kid's
Bounce skull-back
And blindfolded in order
For the prophesy to have any validity.

The kid's bounce might have pulsed
– And although the cause of that
Wasn't, um, for sure,
It'd been guessed at
And was pretty consistent: normal
Perfectly normal and seemed
To echo the kid's wheeching heartbeat
– Perhaps via the, um, arterial pulse
Within the very brain vasculature,
Or in the, um, 'meninges'.

There were no mirrors left, Mark.
Only the concept of reflection, which
Lived on in the unreflective puddles made
Spilled milk & sour beer, curdled
And the entire occlude the damned
Floor when it rained searing
Little bits of real pain, Mark. No
Children, either.

/

Just this,
Just me – the sole
Image and blotted out
Even eventually the stars, the moon. The sun.
Or at least its effect
– The effect that afforded vision,
Right?

So this – that – me – was – is – are,
The spectacle(sss),
Right here, Harry:
This the spectacle wat
Jammed and totalled.
–Like a car, obviously.
Specifically a silvered
Daihatsu Sirion wrapped around,
Um, bollard
With Manchester gilt bee emblem and
The perp in the driver's
Seat obscured, enveloped
By absurd airbag but the perp
In the passenger seat not
Actually in the passenger seat but up
Against that nearby & hard
Wall and unrecognisable, literally
–Tho so incredibly visible.
A revelation:
So much of her revealed, tho not
For what she was-is, but what
She was
Rendered, behind-the-scenes;
Just what the symbolic meant abutted
In a manner literalised and to have
Wracked the whole and
She was forced to cohere, to make sense,
According to the lacquered
& hard-boiled
Language of walls and cars.

The language of, you know,
And BOLLARDS and,
You know, just
Images
All rendered evidential: forensic
Rendering at 50, 60MPH.

/

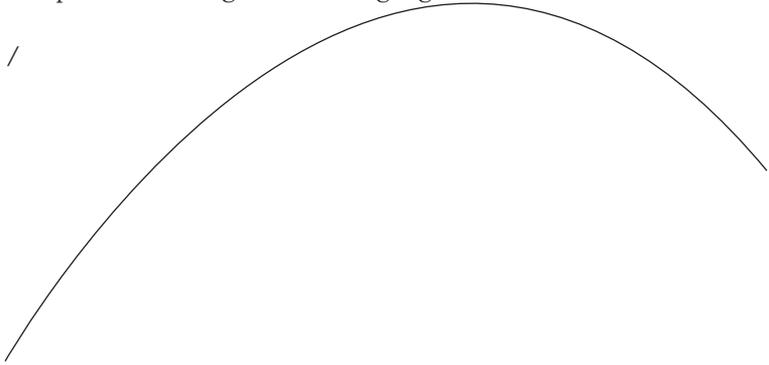
–Really, Sarah, she should have been
Permitted the really good grace:
Incoherence practiced proper:
The ethic. She should have been
Left suspended, perpetually adjourned and
According to her own, personal,
Occult geometry, physics for
Self and self-to-self and,
And, and, and integrity to have
Spun pirouette diamond pinwheeled
And not squarely at the death and
His super-cogent
& HOT
Mangle-reveal.
This, then, me
Literally totaled the society as
The whole ‘we’.
Sooo sad.

This used to be a, um,
Tesco, Mum.
Or, like, a castle or a garage or a bank or something.
Or a gallery sort of thing. Perhaps something
Public, something that does not engage the
Operational ‘revelatory’ because it is
Open and, um, public and by constitution.
Everything used to.

/

Or, of course, the erosion of the
Public sphere (an image of a silvery
Medicine ball or Mars
Or the dear lunar) bankrupts
The language and hides the keys. And outside,
The performance rages and fucking rages.

/



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Ed Atkins 2015

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