

FALSE FLAGS

LUKE ROBERTS

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COLOSSAL BOREDOM SWAN SONG

I made a ladder with my sex, I made
a tunnel of yawns, banging my head
against my hands. I know what you'll
say before you say it, salt in the scratch
spoken with cotton wool : is your face
so clean to repel bright self-interest, is
the ladder made of hair, are your hands
the same hands they were when you began.

I have emptied the bathroom of everything,
best at poetry to the expense of other
things. This poem is called 'Colossal Failures!'
and is made for love which *isn't* poetry and you *aren't* poets
you are your poems and your poem isn't.
Deleting the speech can't save you. My stenographer
is a war criminal. Out in the orchard the shots hit
the olives, ricochet into hip bones, sing:

I, champion of poetry, salute the elders, put my
foot in a desk, kicking poetry with a desk lamp
strapped to my heart. Send me a sick bag to speak
to you from, leaving the pre-snow, glass headed
swans slowly tunnel through the mountain. In my dream
phones signify 'family', so synthetic brothers, sisters,
put your money all over the table. I am so tired it's
not true. I could do this all day, eating figs, eating
the remnants of New British Poetry, warring clams,
pelicans vomiting blood into boring glands, buying floor
fans to keep the city cool.

I spoke warmly and my speech turned into a wing
and the wing broke my arms, and my arm continued to sing.
Dear cowards, the sea dries up and you remain. The presses
are idle and the censor's lunch is so long and dream-like
you trouble nothing, not even my heart. The craters on the
moon are okay, dogs' bark drowned down between
the tables where the bets were being made. I cut limbs
from my Axolotl and they re-grow, I will go blind
and recite the best poems to my children in the dark.

I withdraw to my ethical bin bag, stay there
the whole month. In the room they will gather
with wide eyes special experiences, sit down, learn
how to conduct the eyes that stare for want of other things.
The poets run on currents, triangular rubbish, flee
from what's in front. My strongest emotions dismantled,
sharks ahead of me will break their teeth on my bones.

Repair my aim. The cutlery draw is open and the forks
are dull. Galileo swoops from the sky and kills the whole farmyard,
tearing the throats of geese with his universe, holding
down pigs, ripping the tails from rabbits to fashion
a new love. In a boat made of knives, he walks through
the river saying: 'living is so hard is so easy'. Tender
goes the song, swans high five, they can't high five,
the weak slap down the strong.

Swans hold their sex up to the light stream from Ohio,
like a brick made of tissues, tissues covered in swan shit.
Every starling I see I will kill with my brain-mask, my weak
hand strangled by the jury, whose task must be to shine
through to the hurtful limit. Twelve or so I thought, the rest
caught by public confession to betrayals they didn't
fight. I accept everything, every tiresome imitation of flight.

EGG HUNT TRIUMPH

Cut to breathable nylon, scared
of repeating myself to death
underwater level collarbones
a plastic dinosaur in 1992,
thrown into a lake would
that be lossless, destroying
consumption, millions of clean
lungs, sinews of longing
how you say

Tigers,
a pit too wide to leap,
this pointless health trip
I crash through
a baseball cap &
somewhere fireworks are going
totally bankrupt.

Was there a garden, was there
ever ice cream in my pockets,
repeating others, seams pressed
live & in lying you're at work,
crying & masturbating, you want
to be in the world, locked safety
to your body pressed in a cubicle,
you have so many
feelings,
so much stuff.

The police come in & shoot you.

Wake up after not breathing at all
through the entire night typeset
roughly everything we did maths
in stapled hands, drinking juice
you puke flu hazard, could have
calculus proof wrecked on museums.

I boil water for coffee, save
millions of lives ID scrap tape
over a shitload of horses,
throw up & go, grow up
on arson wholly drifted & sank
into wired bed monitors.

Where I rectangle
do you
immolate, well
sometimes, attempting jokes
the room
gets so small & dies. We were eating
soup. Everyone stared & the Tamils
starved themselves to death outside.

Lion batteries short-circuited
brings down passenger jets
of cool air, the most arrogant
face time, tent removal, lost
safety jacking waterbombs,
being that thin is probably
not going to be okay.

Please be okay more than
standing still, hands up
in the automatic door nothing hurts,
you joy for nautical miles,
drinking a glass of water say squash
would be more adequately stupid, check
the grief in the river stance from the track
team beating you to death: innocent
fruit drinks & sushi parties have this
quality, brought up on coca-cola,
dissolving coins & teeth & lungs
this is the worst birthday party ever.

The worst leg I ever had was actually an arm.
The worst harm I ever had -----.

I don't know.

Fuck, I was *so* drunk. I was so
dying.

& this is a fantasy you live with, magnetic guns,
robotic second guess a wristwatch

your skin
grows over & comes off with embarrassed
glares, teenagers start dieting & the whole
scuba club had an accident because the sea
is also a joke.

So clearing set to disperse along
a bridge made of pure glass spun
threads extending from here to there,
wounded hair but shrugged off fear.

With your hands in your pockets,
or with
your hands in my pockets
or repeating death with *my* hands
in *your* pockets,
we help each other up.

The baton attacks your shoulders first,
then the fists are no use but the fall arrests
itself & you hover glowingly, corners us
in love of head injuries will never swallow
again.

TRACERS / TASTERS



Imitation liquid assets and calm illustrative guilt expressed via objects and scenery tie the rooms together and make them learn to speak. Fierce separate restraints, sent for ascending, buzz and many nightjars flutter, oblique for lasting effects, hanging out the towels of many stoic tongues. Solitary's scorning blow, the art-haul, lost erotic significance and wet hair undefiled. With a composed face and a very measured voice, innuendo slides from your intestines to other treasures. Outsourced ghosts wept enzymes, without rhyme's safety to assure us, the deferred golden fist, beaten into air. In love with hospitals, lament dissolve and love the rectangular zone it frightens apologies without tirade, feeling glorious afterwards. He was on the roof mute and remotely tempered. I did not know where my body was to end.

★★

Champion freedom of movement and the inside your brain stays on
pure sensual noise, the decoder and limbs you are untouched
eyes closed come sound off camera, come pulling wool beneath the belly
extra earshot and more as got. Flattery, I came to, and felt stuck to nothing
and that this variation of human life was endless, stupid make it stick
pretend wish for stillness, but differently arranged. Streaming from every
orifice of door, we are in your tent and do not move. Take the food and take
the cigarettes. Oh open breath of air lit joy, the starring body centralised.
Planet. Heroic skull tribute or not at all, nothing would not be alive,
furious algae, the food chain, sacrificed to narrative and nerve-endings,
running through a field it stopped to think, grass stroking your ankles
through a medium distress.

★ ★ ★

Garden butter whistle and click by crowning, rare jealousy
quit the coup you pocket shine by being right,
counters and I guess they were multiple and I was one of them.
Leaves soak and unfold, pitch garden numeral squared
with the driver, follow head first protector general
of the bitter flock with hoping parts. Go and come back,
belong and separate strands wring out. Step commercial
face coin, press star to hold, special offices
and the colour codes. Chair to table, that guy who looks
like that guy, slow progress, itemised itinerant things you weren't
and did not want. The bland demising clear-up, after
the roll trouble shifts down, defeated press down,
stars ascendant verso culture, better screw thinking make
you spot contingent claims, pastiche violence,
have myself declared a solid with an abstract proof.

★★★★

Economic weather make a wall out cloud
I flew here because I hate the planet
but quietly, sealing the borders state
height and weight run the length lectern
and a chest breaks transport to the higher
bids for welcome. Ladies and gentlemen,
integrity of the cuticle beyond compare,
pulling into a shell nod silence, cornflakes
and eggs thrown from a pram, the shades
correct his face burnt threw down mazes
observers scattered from a tender helicopter.

★★★★★

Flown there with blue like the centre
behind an ear, less bone colour on show
heads tune the aerial and you the tone
to the room this time with nerves, stitch
passing come through a window alive
in the inside broadcast, night's unrest
a circuit for winter breath on my hand
still lightly for the touch to you arrived.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I had to work up great haste. Hotel recognition carrying
approvable footwear, stuffed with digital notes. A hole
in the ground speaks dent initiatives to the foreign
journalism cascades cut in half. Move between rooms,
shoes shone a model in the service lift. With a baseless
assumption, moved the asset tray to the tray-table, folding
out the jerks, the breaks ramped up and quick rush
the highest building's heights, flown over and swept,
hush now tasteless depot, to cry alone in grass covered
sight and bones with cloth gone through the pockets, make
them yours. Topical ointment rubbed around the eyes,
and the tongue's underside of muscular terrain. Check
the exit conditions and the arrangements to be wired,
beneath the cups on the table, the saleable dress code.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Close one eye, the last two speakers of a dying
language with their elbows in each other's mouths
naked on a beach. Where's the white shirt I don't
like wearing, and why not you know the surface
and its industry, back there, the hotel roof, wealthy
in sunlight, necks undone. The green light is silent.
You are speaking the apparent, hole in tooth thread
the massive currency shift, transfer of health between
reports and the bogus intuitive game-play, in the back
from the front, on the roof excites the barest feet
with a face unlike the garden, the parks, the palaces.

★★★★★★

No-one will do that for you. A length of wood trapped in a bone, swapping gloves with martyrs the flippant glow no bigger than the last. Keep the crush in the ribcage, a list of growing concerns. I want to know about the ladders they were on, cornered, food rotting in the mobile field. A tactic for not talking, arrest my friends and racing animals, distracted from the national snatch to beneficiaries sawing the legs from chairs. As he was in the sky the force applied was minimal, you twist and the target expands, breaks into the space by the sink. The proceeds hear nothing, the phone picked up speed sailing through the splintered breath, quartered by the water syntax. Unjust example to be replaced by warmth from the same vault, give the workforce unsound tokens smashed at fault.

SPANNING WHAT EXACTLY

A hemisphere the size of a totally
different thing probably a paper
plane you swing, remembering
this symphony about swimmers
gone impossible like throats try
to sing & everything feels salty.

This is a model avalanche display
heavy duty receipt for steroids,
tricked out with mute colours,
award-winning response times
delete you sound out life rapid
on a beach the size of us both.

Go on echoes naming a volcano
what size brick made of plastic,
sketch on the circuit breathing
small & in one place, sick of my
allergies to listed accidents break
out of hospital, content rise & fall

& the horizon is not tall enough
for music, now grit jaws, marines
storming the lifeboat more calls
for safety, we're safe. But the tide
is out, kids dig their own shelters
& harm constricts most, its eyelids
shut as the day shuts,
open & close.

THE PRETTY REDHEAD

Fit a gap in your best gap held drastic
holding & step alert ready to undercut
blinking amber over
breakdown arcs escape
& run way out of compromise / efficiency,
how it lodges in our faces & refuses, pins
thirst & recognises mineral benefits more
rapid than lovers' hair traces set against set
pH levels to be washed in & rinsed fructose.

Locate an ultra warm burst further back
mango rubicon gets stinging & my eyes
just swarm & adjust
okay caving in, let's do that :
grab a handful of insulating wrap
turning DNA in your face into a face,
trade-off contact covering your lip up
with boredom, secure sugars that split

to a preset agreement : speck drift then
& discover a dying bird in a shoe box
you retrieve your hand from
vocal gloves crush sensitive
it smells of diazepam snowing gums the
indoor valley cramp increased risk of injury.
These are the fluids : they break open when
you falter, no longer have the strength.

Negative swingsets block what memory is
in multiple cities & where the mountain
slept awhile illustrated
with magnets & crayons
equal signs, sticking flowers with mud
to stones or sticking stones to hillsides
with dirt is still there in the pauses, feel
equal nothing as the cutlery breaks spin

off harm trajectories into each other.
Anthracite scuba bikini as if none of this
belonged to you

captures high-spec
filaments, metallic dermo-expertise &
party wear. At parties you touch hair
breaking ice by melting it mostly,
filling your face to the brim and spilling

fin laceration at last year's speech bail out
enters quiet vehicles on air enters into
sealed regions at rest

to nerve-rest simplified hand
journeys, live in plain adventure go numb, eat
miles of diving fish : named a nerve properly,
transcribed over facial muscles for passing my
limbs in another country mine another country
of more value, capillaries burnt out.

Sun severed caustic machine cut dust what if
all we have is this gap rushing to face your
face I put my hands on

& wish negatives strike
softly away from bodies, closed your eyes
push hard into my shoulder privilege dining on
shrapnel the sun smells of glue & tripwire
sediment breaks every bone in your foot.

Privilege splices up the remote glance, keeps
still hand centre in clearance fashion shoes
for kids & out in flash lace-up scattering
absolute exclusion saw helicopters
outside churches spin into the searchlight
rapid through hideouts in pockets of wealth :
thin welfare, dying of cold tore up a voice
vibrating locked to

spring graph tone in sight shines on wrecked
dry stone sometimes it's just tired out eye
recognition & we go tender, allowing speech
to falter behind your
face which is not always the same on YouTube
they fucked each other up and we laughed
unable to smell the facial muscles, capillaries
how just stimulus is a curb to embrace.

Hold the gap out : its possibility is without
touch to push against fading & compression.
That a spark glows without a centre, could
ignite anywhere in its splinters.
I mean care held through a blanket of dust &
inadequate traces where pain does no lit
damage keep still. Your breath now is in my
mouth. Decoys everywhere.

HUMAN TERRAIN

Accommodate the proxy headlock, summer coats
on & clasp. Burst air forced through a juice carton,
in hand loops we triggered air con went luminous.

No we didn't do daybreak, tied to the insurance wing
scorched buildings cluster in brush strokes hidden
in bed, thrown sheets beating windows sleeping
with them open broke.

I wake up in a field on
holiday nostalgia is that coin operated, what
pressure put under our bodies. Hey Krakatoa,
let's be friends, split funds for better at best
paper cutting the mouth.

Sudden loss of nerve how to speak fever relief,
I was flung aeroplanes into my breath, full
spectrum. Have internalised receipt for your
ears in the field period damaged my hearing,
promised close air come & go.

At entry level in human terrain ask everyone
you talk to, sparkling water circuits playing
phone tag I missed the cranes. Restructured
index you are your eyes from breakfast still
rubbing & collide fast hands in the daytime.

The schoolyard was on fire play tag hidden in
long grass. Is the tone saturation in an audio
link boasting transferable skills, listing palm
fibre. I woke up. I was in a field. From sight
switched remote who are not yet exist
you're it.

You're it flight path tender,
thrilling on compromise,
faces being unburnt I guide you mouth-to-mouth,
let's use real names as a threshold, intentional life
at its limit compressed. Needs swerved,
so the scene changes.

Two small videos flare up violence & need changes wingspan
without any time lost passively passing my neck withdrawn.
Our best cloud seeding blink hey payload come to my house &
say hi. I say hi into the phone, hey fire scout fire scout fire scout.

Mosquito life repellent at Diego Garcia, mouth incapacitated by
drugs. Hey tepper name it. If a garden in a hut I water it & love
the gulf stream with no accuracy for how it does work, how
I watch & divide the planes with my mind at its peak excitement.

Allowing for velocity correction, connected to throat clearance
sweeping it between your head & lungs. Government High School,
Haji Baba, tel. (+ 92 536 711012). Armed to the sky unmarked
reopen & say what were you like when young. As that remote
voice teleprompt sucks up daylight, hijacks in loss plea return.

Whoever by words, step over them with no jury detached my frontier province. & polio is fled where holding is drones how far they cut off her hands, so far caring sews you up. The skin between your teeth is called your gums. Water goes into our bodies, reconciled & dissolved.

Screening off the blast in land swoops triggered air contracts went hot inside their mouths. Quickly no mouths, cut from a height see for miles, lifted off the ground like where I find a tiny baby on the kitchen floor. It is too small. How it fell out of someone, suddenly it was in my hands & I kept them still. It splits open & the internal organs float & shimmer still connected to the body. Then disappears.

No harmless building, I know nothing about geometry, no light, no fire. Found special effects, birds diving into each other's wings to give you. Light you out refuge straight means quick for a moment on your body & lift the mouth up making no argument. Hummingbirds stay airborne, drift into my arms paper lamps tell it like this,

weighing nothing, floods seven prototypes, did seed pods remain on the pillow. Lying with simple shells, surge in hands come to cover your face. You're it, burnt through to the bone, the limit takes strangers describing the beat up detail, knew it no longer know how to move.

Then everything moves & you move with it,
have named body parts accurately I think
with it making us want flight simulators,
volley out a new place climbed into each
other's view of the world all at once. Then
obstructed so I chase a metaphor & shelter
where omitted hands don't go
what it looked like afterwards.

When I say what things
are
like identical match-up feeling A
to picture A and picture B to feeling B. The
materials are colours & things, blue / white,
clouds / sky, folded, goodbye city try & get
some sleep.

SUNROOF

Greed bounced the air I was in, wrapping
fringes and limbs, absorbed and enlarged,
flesh cones intent on fire undermined thumb
to forefinger, to belt loop:

Taxi into my hip magnet my head
a box in my pocket I speak through plates
cleared of bones, silver conceits, drawn and conceived
circled dumb and irretrievable. Split the sentiment and recombine
citizen one says to citizen two : I like you. Have an X-Ray
on me, cut in the street. Have dinner on me. I am disarmed.

As the embers shone a torch in your eyes
so also they magnify satellites. It is the end
of the year's work, diagnosed on the phone,
automatic, warm, utterly transparent.

Someone is grilling a fish: *delicious*.
Later on the floor it will be your clothes,
a badge of more intimacy
for my nose and bitter excitement
under a campfire, melting sun roofs
my nose would be yours, sprinkling lemon rind
hold each other's mouths open with canisters
of gas and whipped cream, tied to currents,
gloves and special plastics.

The cuisine of the hated,
smuggled via stomachs in insulated day schools,
taught how to live in class. Unfrosted glass, hand
to counter, nothing so sickly as the cost of polite
air, swarming with mint and circulating fists.

Replica dogs swim upstream
guarding the rural internet, sweetened
by tennis, out of this sequence the ligaments
stretch to incredible patience. Long knitted wires
read out what you know in the same voice, repetitive
confident ease, subtract the chewed-up
keys, I want no message to leave my sight.
Taps run in the wilderness,
an accident to truly live by and own, I don't flinch
but jump, I don't bag I lie down and get up
knowing my own dimensions vaguely
could contain more characters, the only
vehicle to have struck and made a deal
the handlers give you both away.

The prison within
the prison, equal to ghost heritage
during exercise hours. The portions tighten,
make the house work
hurt. What post would you like. I know
to boil what I can
open late. The measures increase, car parks
to fuck. Resurgent solvent abuse
passing out seconds from home.
Inside is a value to break, ripe
to gear with no love,
night dissolves an oxygen seam.
Hate the skyline,
but the people in it

A half-finished house okay you're living
hungover but alive, correcting receipts kept
for nostalgic mist sprayed to cloud the jury
who you will never see, attacked by radios
double-face of the front door it is his or her
job to close. You have doors in your body,
explaining a few things with dented teeth
and a position of wild ignorance about how
most things work.

The car is the middle of the circle
holding lamps and tennis balls to explain
the solar system, the predictable dream
nudging and entering your ankles and socks,
with two new pairs of shoes it's like
there's a stranger in the room. Attention poetry :

I am writing you with the radio on
the desk and ears ringing.

Three days ago I fell down a flight of stairs.
Do not always trust this
daylight or the human voice, or coffee
which will be offered to you
on a street paved with obsolete weapons.

How long can you get away *anyway*
without getting hit by a car but by people you know
directing your head from night onwards,
protected from intrusion and feeling low.
The word of the day is capsule. The word
of the day is capsule and the human items
float on sea : the left capsule of the heart,
the eye-ball, the kidney, the eyeball, etc, in a loop
there is some doubt about the stock response
but the woman said I would be fine.

I started to limp sympathy
for something to talk about in rooms called parties,
expecting public ears.

Why did you say that if I can't divide my time
between myself I must die, yes, but not yet utterly free
from the illusion that the private person might achieve
in isolation what has failed in the public realm. Esperanto
and dignity in social housing, lazily insulting my own intellect
set in song and sent out to the judges as no-one else's
half-finished with haste because I'm not always
in a house that way, with these thoughts, accounts
to stave off nightmares, safely pursued by dread.

The giant ear in the car roof also making sound
there is a roof in your mouth which you use in all things.
Everything I've ever said but at once this time water slides
its matter into the pockets of neglect, a kind of daybook
of avoidance. The ten elevated miles or twenty backwards
fighting windshield adrenalin, single burning vehicle
I enter into a bland gap between knowledge
and meaningless residue, myself and bystanders, ground up
wearing a new weight. Or the positions switch
in an unfixed equation you must supply with real accuracy,
looking through the timeline of composition I slept
in the same room, with others, during the house parties
of my mid-to-late teens. Fields wreck the dark, jumping
from a roof, pressed to confirm an interest
in the world's career, now it hurts again.
Gently inflate the stories, making the smaller numbers
great and lasting. It does not shine in your heart
with much difficulty, in the courtyard, listening
to the phones and chants, my voice stuck to a line
outside my rusty body, amendment of life on the radio
trying to feel like a factory but really feeling like myself.

The bed's tension changes. You taper out,
hoping for return, the balance game of speech
a trap to fall back or into, sleep and wake up
every single night. We don't feed mirrors but
I look in the fridge anyway and see myself
doing the same thing. When I move my arms
they depart. The weak parts fall away, wearing
a bonus snack of clothing, telling the limited world
of months they also lived through.

The same bones in new company, crop rotation bites
a speed that hurts, slow as the day, with plastic forks
and a great haircut as if anything could be done.

Self-extinguishing, the safety matches
your internal mechanisms, no cheer inventing
a different order of routine. I brush my teeth
in the middle of a burning building, circled
by weird clouds, dialling zero with heavy clutter,
trying not to fill my lungs or anyone's, but try
to turn it into something else a second time.
There is a car inside my stomach.

You are centuries late.

FALSE FLAGS

‘I was left alone with the controls, now no longer lit by the sunlight outside
but by artificial light’

Yuri Gagarin

One need recall only the experience of velocities, by virtue of which mankind is now preparing to embark on incalculable journeys into the interior of time, to encounter there rhythms from which the sick shall draw strength, as they did earlier on high mountains or on the shores of southern seas.

★ ★ ★

They want to bust out of the kosmos

★

THE END OF THE 1990s : A MILITIA ODE

Under fire GO and relay, spinning
in the fantasy compound, well-fed
colours touched in to soften, soften
the first blow. Go pick ground up
razors from feet, absent golden zero
change the radio pumping infowars
and blowing out disaster, personal
currencies of collapsible space:

TRUST EARS BELONGING TO CITIZENS
ATTACHED TO THEIR BEAUTIFUL HEADS.

Breathtaking virus mountain, get
passport poses in the rubble *what*
is on your face looks like enemy light
slips in COINTELPRO with its threads
screwed to the Terror Cave Lego set,
infant warlord glitch dispersal, a fistful
of steel beams into footprints GLOW
pool of molten commerce, punch
the wind out of flags, believable heights
account for nothing, where the black box
is buried, pull the sea over mourn categories,
drown out TV repetition with sparks.

GO Masonic codex in between doses we want
MAPS, Icke shoves an owl down your throat
and the scream is a connection, making sense
inside the illumine fuck pyramid, pulling pixels
from eyes with tweezers, the steak knife heated
so could not explode, plumes charge cut obliquely
with *you* at Waco, defending what shoots defence,
sight trust gone, gone escape route from cities,
for when the shit hits your improvised hygiene
facilities: OH SURVIVALIST BROCHURES !

Take pity, suck asbestos contracts and the tax
of sieges, this is about NO TRUST, lullabies
hurt via CIA rewinds, where funds go trailing
new speech tracks disarm. Fear your cultivated
plan, militia business on the sky rocket, all over
resemblance, they meet on the box cutter exchange rate
punishing. Listen, about this deception, armed
against global skin intrusion: fake mountains faked
borders, dissolving fields of pure trade.

Information spun an erratic missile, spun threats
and decoys into electronic flares, bleaching and
clinging to history repressed. Swerves shot down
over swerves accumulating, cuts to Captain America
losing his shit, shielded and flooding out the back
up source to grip with volume, shouting down
the hostage ear, as threats re-edit the action.

Ideology tweaks stake out the talkshows, will
on the cost to be right. Cotton vitriol at any cost
soaks up the real hurt, where damage aligns
over barcodes and signs push for lost decoding,
blanket dirt throws up and snows under the
luminous real, all glows in the screenlight's
conduit distortion, same apportioned approach.

FEAST DAYS IN THE DESERT

The question is photosynthesis,
dead in a tent, ordinary DNA
exposed as any more obvious
to the great breatharian orators,
Wiley Brooks eating a hot dog
in Santa Cruz, its plastic &
quantity combined with diet Coke
equals the base frequency
of its liquid light.

Of course. You must
respect the current money system:
use it to buy a bus ticket to Utah,
the high deserts, where INVESTORS
ARE WELCOME. There the 3D vegetation
is quiet & you can retrain your mitochondria,
it's perfect, NASA keeps jettisoning
solar wind & the salt flats shimmer.

With a 32-inch telescope there can
be no trust in meteorites. What if
lunar samples were smuggled in from
the Arctic, carried by huskies in their
mouths.

That seabed & its contents
belong in Russia, there is a flag to
prove it & the Lomonosov Ridge
has a generous structure. Geology
is on our side. Compare outrages:

One (1) Russian flag, titanium, guarded against rust,
nuclear icebreakers hovering in comfort above.

Six (6) U.S. flags on the moon, made of limp nylon
& cloth, rigged with wires to waive vacuums,
colours gone for all we know.

Height that cell technique with obsessive tangents
on the glass insects, plastic moth batters its guts
white with a deranged need for light, pinned
against a large space of total sky.

For a fee the window
could open, celestial ascetics constellating
doubt & pinning it on camera for a version
of extreme proof:

if ever distortions emerge blame
magnets, smashed into LED screens, a grain
no-one wanted, dropped onto sample rates
& monitored.

The canteen offers nothing but PURE LIGHT, little
variance on administration: you chew
the spectrum, mix spit with

PURE LIGHT,
health benefits in your glowing face.

At night obsolete the soil wrong, fake citrus
defoliated teeth, high pressure sodium disasters
rained down by bugs, everything trespassed
the fixtures. The quest narrative woke up well-fed
& ready for the physical world.

You flinch at the implications,
but light gives no choice. It can't backscatter
without grass, water rates full of salt, Crystal
Lake shines radiant in low altitude sweat bands,
where the agreement sets in.

On top of the mountain, secretly wearing jumpsuits
& goggles, the port facing upwards, the bills facing
down, the machines all void you for your errors. Drink
only saline bags, access satellites for nutrients, become
witness to flames, spread nourished on the skyline,
eyes draped in flags, eating up the flipped chariot.

In the desert you will be invincible, the efficient
body invulnerable, hang up about bodies to be
in control, to cancel reliance on chewing & swallowing,
try repeating the founding, this problem of distance,
the lag from your head to your feet shooting sparks
like snacks, you could have money could slow it
down, internalise the rich light wrap it in sunfilm.

On the breatharian picnic table,
maps on napkins, I no bureaucrat
order it done: this 3D extra set
weighing more than flat states:
got to get more than just space,
we hit that division by time.

It looks like this:

ALL OVER UTAH

Maximum drift on foot did it
the wrong way, there were fires
& wagons, glint your eye says
right, returner of looks, good
works, the building radiates on.

The building radiates
on grid lines, fault
admitted, cleanser cut
the woods down &
stopped for breath.

Twin mountains they
were breathing.

Controlled the rocks with
dynamite & white rhetoric,
this version expands in the
socket, mountains fixed with
landing bays, tracers, done
in glass bloated planning.

The bulldozer swells its
jaw is blessed, take over
the big land, space push
through to clearing, settle
down for a night swim.

Seize an enemy ritual,
the shape vital map
from air denied height
above the tracks no
control of weather,
gravity the colour.

Deep belief tears & flings
the sect split, the snake
divides & puts your arms
in control of water, glass
relief the house is wood.

The church is stone
through the lake light
drills a hole in, blind
to begin, watchtowers
spit in the valley tip,
& the ground salutes.

Then the past flicks off like an insect
& you're in a dilemma, not in a chemist
buying supplements, raw to get back natural
weight. Above Utah, too heavy for the atmosphere,
breathing out it snaps back in. So hungry,
the original map described above looks
like you're going to lick it & you do,
tasting smoked almonds. And so:

You have been mining radium for two years, now am come
home infinite, eyes made tired for help it's dark, glowing
on inspection, love you taste of sunblock & will against
the face of beds, cleaned with electric dust, soon become dead.

Bright stomach acid, heart
burn is for you, your hand
made of minerals, soothed
for heat is made of sounds.

Before we landed salt flats looked like geodes, the beam
this time of day is ultrasound, sweeping on the water surface.
Now in the very middle of the decade & gravity, the surface
we lived through, at its end we spiral back to one another.

They will say what
about Utah, but the plane has split
the sky in two, the sun is setting &
you are afraid. Erase it. Finance
this auto-tourism selling videos
on the internet about the fear
you have & want to share,
about the body you have & want
to change. Like the astronauts you
eat ice-cream but it's not the same

EATING & PRAISING THE DEAD

Dressed as a ghost holding
a light saber ransom, your Dad
extends his body into purple
Taiwan light. With retro excess
kids drip with candy, & could this
be Iraq lately, says the speaking
telescope, sponsored by toothpaste
stacking inevitable dental returns.

On the poverty line dine out for weeks
fist treats padded with peanut butter,
palmed by the fraternity all dressed
as date rape. They have nothing to fear
but shock tactics unaddressed the immune
system, malnourished but for the teeth.
UV glare retreats on a pay-per-view, for
competitive eating, the perfect emblem,
a bear takes a Chinese boy.

Fuck the hot dogs we
want fake blood, goose fat & the still
beating heart of a wolf, smeared on
the walls of the Altamira Cave.

Such superabundance pearls unique
& do you want to get laid off, sure,
or even bother with heels to navigate
& tongue each and every astronaut
since Challenger.

Too close,
give me freeze-dried sex and sperm,
resurrecting the castrated members
of Heaven's Gate, ten years later the
sky is proudly clothed as ours to be
fucked and held once again.

Each kissed the earth correct, festival
exploding with steam, the dream
grotesquely beheaded, terror in the
basement I eat a whole pizza to prove it,
covered in blood. Fuck the high fructose
response unit, selective ritual gathered
into a bedsheet. Whose dead did you bring
vodka, dressed as a shark crawling out
of the sea, paraded with lanterns diving in
to the dark.

Through the door shrank down to the
size of a wasp, giving birth to the banks,
long life milk spat into the gas fed bear,
turning to honey, losing interest at last.

Come as a dying bee to the colony
fighting breaks out the fear of whose
death, your own observation platforms,
where greed meets an ocean of soda.
Let loose I bathed in it, expecting bad
dreams:

the child dressed
as David Koresh, gnawing the flesh
from your legs.

I N T E R L U D E

A bright bright DAY!!!
sleeping bag on the way
to the car hiccup this
expressive compromise, golden
syrup

& in the dust cloud:
STARS!

Gaddafi's bodyguards
sing & strip tonight RIGHT,
we were
wearing bright colours, to find
water,

150 blinded by flying glass
the moon project bombs & deflates
an inflatable globe to make the world
smaller, every co-ordinate dead

THE SONAR DEAL

First they can decipher all initial Letters into Political meanings.
Thus *N* shall signify a Plot, *B* a regiment of Horse, *L* a Fleet at Sea.

Skyline, blimp view
of sports venues,
shredded, ripped off and flushed
 crushed by air
eclipsed politics with aesthetic earplugs, now
the smell of melting expense suits asbestos
 paw prints, broken windows
spraying the air,
buying air freshener
 by the barrel,
for safety in disrepair signalled by tearing
 at the blindfolds
in the ersatz battery farm, tastes like
chicken in every real flag, wallets
on bodies, lining false streets.

Have come for quantity, mineral
ears sealed the subterranean axis,
sent footage to family, which we saw
in the online states a gap
in the market, universalised
the date and time to a regional
violence, head region,
 the spectator
choking on controlled water
in plain view,

froze it, catalogued and emptied the reptile house:
I am a snake dealer from Utah,
releasing snakes into drug crops
to defend the interest on health stocks.
Have eaten up the breatharian population, the true,
buried to their necks
an anthill
shedding skin

Reagan with his iron fish maps the shelf,
o hydrosweep, projectile vomit into
continental scraps, with deep-sea fans,
tubes pointing at the sky,
simultaneous surveillance shell
a giant crab, hypnotic cave
of lasers, poppies blow
in the breeze, defoliation replays smoke
the colour of red.
Growing drugs underwater in asset-stripped
bathrooms, we have a war
on drugs, hidden in women, shot up
in kids.
Reagan says: 'Government is like a baby'.
O Hellcat of the Navy,
you are dead.

All great change in America begins
at the dinner table, breastfed the seabed
& owned its reward.
Sunk the airport, in canoes like Pocahontas, carrying guns,
who shall know looting, brushed "THE DEVELOPING WORLD".

When the car
is upside down, you find
 what you had lost, blood in the head,
and loose change for the toll,
 for air freshener, and the toll.
Wait, wait, o driver of cars:
 you pay with telepathy,
coins coming second to mind. Short narrative
histories of humans and animals, road block
taste of blood. This is how you want kidnaps
taste, and the bridge swings under the weight,
the ground vomiting prologue, you face it,
 still fondling the “Post-War”
shortened corridor,
“Post-Soviet”, “Pre-Torture” the warm up,
soft frozen yoghurt map of GAZPROM
spreading its tendrils, moments later
Bobby Fischer re-routed Yugoslavia,
then back to Iceland with his fish stocks,
visibly moved.

To the Kings versus the wooden Ikon itself
 blown up, Soviet notebooks, fillings
removed for clean brainwaves, the chair
has eyes broken him, hermit crabs, deflate
 the profession, tail between legs extending
to the sea, twin exiles symbolic.

Somewhere Kasparov, vaguely triumphant,
more in prison than most people seem to realise,
an empty belt loop stabbed at by Filipinos,
 computerised whaling we go free,

thoughts turning to the unopened moon :
Chess in prison is more popular
in the impermanent darkness, Fischer exhumed
and used to divine new oil fields in the
midnight swoon. Keep buying Frisbees and keep
memorialising "THE DEAD". I have poison in my
head, rural bleachers shipped in
The Miracle on Ice. Long distance
universe opens like a flower, smelling fresh
like water for powdered milk, for frozen yoghurt
like a gas station
Trophy
snaps,
another joke about tax,
I rewind the video, watch the pull out
glass, mouthfuls of hot sand,
running backwards under dust.
A cylindrical account of barley:
fragment of a human figure, pushed
around with dogs.
"And the bars of vapour beneath"
swinging on the bridge, subsequent
revenge fantasies acted out
in modern day military costume
"Sending electrical thrills
through every nerve in his body."
Romance happens in winter
or spring, and the crops grow and hide
dead operations proper to various
seasons.
Not totally covered up, but cosmetic

enough, pulling black honey roots
A DEMOCRATIC FUTURE.
Then Vladimir tore a horse apart with his bare hands,
 heads on a timer, everyone's
feet stuck at the beach of the sea
monsters, derelict lighting, body generators
 all the zeroes
a couple of ones, inefficient, linear history,
singing heroic fear made you an idiot
of metaphor, description and
fads. Bogus feeling of sadness,
 the hours of the time, no sky, everyone
shaved, sky withheld by floods.
 Asleep in Wal*Mart
 alarmed and hooded, hard to think
quieter, uncouncted by chalk and the census
 of the sea
 in 1983, and the memorial coin Fischer-Spassky
sucked on for hours, no effect, the aromatic
 truth. It started snowing
day labourers and green cards, the enemies
 of the coast guard in the rubble
we could eat love together
 before they pull us out
and we must live again.

Walk into clear skin,
 more sunlight hours
NATO
 food technicians, running
through streets

buildings made of cloth.
Liquidators dropped from the sky
bringing work home
in on horses in Pripyat, eating flesh
insects at the windows, freedom
of movement, warped
by hormones. Injury settlements shut up
a deadline I drip debris when I eat,
a lot of noise in the city. Forest fires and we're
under attack from beneath the ground itself
infidels planting asthma, a slow death,
and the fresh vomit run forever green.
Whose funeral was best
at emptying value, unexpectedly
buried at sea, *in* sea, with eyes
scorched,
you bury this comment at nightfall.

But it happened in the daytime,
inland, each disaster has a different
feeling, and numbers spill
from your groin and heart,
Nigeria or else, get round to
Yemen sometime, Pakistan or
white-collar crime, Enron spooned
my love interest, vomiting drug yachts
the Chechen stock exchange. I felt sick
and on fire, outside parliament,
edited in the temporary West's hotel roof,
the age gap between protestors
and the new services.

The Post-War of
sport and architecture. The Post-War of
coups and targeted take outs,
fake out a frontier
fake outdoor palm trees
and we're back in Iraq,
providing dates
with all the trees beheaded
Vague technical-sounding lament
and I go nostalgic, leaning for context, metal stocks
by the boat-bridge over Euphrates.
To banish phantoms
error after error, slumped in grass
soft
obsolete singing,
very still and quiet sleep sleeping
if you could just update the references
every quarter century
glorious Tigris
Trout with tahini and wild rhubarb
I am healthier thanks
for minerals to deposit your internal sky,
check for damages to livestock,
asses covered:
some cows and goats explode
eroded into tokens
to play against each other, we are getting
to the crux and puking as we go.

INTERLUDE # 2

Yuri singing on his descent, brain singing
home, arms extended in a series of the sky.
Lift off the space ribs, human noise wished
for lungs, like living things of aerial desire,
acting out gravity sung back to grass, and
parachutes blossom with nameless users
of oxygen, exchanged for tender colours,
columns intercepted by fields persist, some
of the world breathing out. Shepherded,
mouths opened and closed by force, air
illuminating the sights we held, unslept
image of a delayed satellite's head, the
Western Sky increasing its orbit, paid back
in false exits, living traded for dead.

NO VIOLENCE & NO PASSPORTS

The year of the glow worm : eyes

Fit mood for the Millennium Dome visit,
fused with sedatives, how scared we all of
us were.

“The biomorphic must go! It is so
fucking strong, this Universe.” Stretching
the canopy, the lost confidence of night,
lit by gas flares, power & light. Seizing
hours for sight, the hole in the eye beams
& empties itself of stars, the canapé wrap,
expired salmon pâté, the smear left after
sneezing.

Oh potato clock, cost price approximately
one slice of lemon, you must learn certain
things about power. To press the display
& distort the colours, to make the frantic
running engine wind down to decomp you
must leave it to itself.

We have provisions for exactly one kilowatt hour
one body per hour
with honey, also, for eating.
Hoovering spores to send through the post,
eyes in perfect balance check the genes for
cleanness, qualifying fuel for later use inside
the replicating igloo.

It will be forced down your throat,
early on as a child, that FOOD, if it is to be of any
USE, must always be equal to TIME. This, the
incorruptible syntax, the syndicated electrical
storm:

Each year began with eating, no
planes dropping out of the sky, no
microwaved puke scattered over on
ice, scratching up a bruise to experience
no more. No more bruises, echoes in
the black box & the flow. This scenario
rusting shut & safety videos endlessly
loop.

You are real inside
the largest things which must
also be destroyed.

★ ★ ★

Reverse say ten years
look younger, smaller, the unborn fish,
everything you ate is waiting to be eaten,
stored in a square in the Dome. Mountains
of fat alter your gravity's centre, ringed
proteins of sphere. Fruits in the corner
people the sunbeams, this how we tell the time.

Why you never ate a whole tree
will never be explained, Easter
everywhere, the whole shining
path leading out to aerials cut
in the regular ether,
pulsing the decimal glitch.

Then emergency lights spray us
with bioluminescence, sex flags raised up the stoplight loosejaw,
sprinklers hidden from view. The robotic body sculpture, towering
in the centre, jerks itself off into life.

INTERLUDE # 3

I'm zoned, luxury & casual miss
lisped a powerful mirror, blemishes
echo an old face ignited by steroids
& the way we drove out of the city

Fear Glaxo pyramid floats ghosting ice
on the window, maybe live in arrival
with heads stuck to the drug magnet,
strip searched a predictable single star

Beaming the bands of cloud & glow
fed water futures to put your children
through & tending, the fire ends sing,
the body falling apart engulfed finally

Light. Five star frog splash on the TV
screen, greeting the world's kidneys.

TERRAFORM LECTURE NOTES

Simultaneous domain left hand right hand crystals to defeat death it's *military* robotic temples & the open window. How mystifying of you, lamp eater, with the solid telescope of only eyes another word for glass advancing science sunk into middle-aged ethics. Healthy stars to plot by, the rotating HQ, empire liquefied and drilled into ears, waxing hot and cold. The HQ is a liver to weep for livers squared more like thousands of organs blinking on & off, eaten in flight between eye-feed, hamster wheels, a new branch of water. At skin level, pulling tight into a sheet to explain some stellar grievance: 'If we really get fucked by a comet the disaster movie will be a liver getting eaten by some bird that doesn't shit'. Listen. It's about the terminally self-efficient unswollen vulture enclosure.

By the fire heretical dovetails annex Planetarium A, Gnostics say STOP with a crossbow, so spill to entitlement. Failed to recognise the body shape, the body isn't a planet, mindlessly turning cheap eye detail. Plan B has changes, pin the lamps to the floor. The Ozone layer yawns because: *A)* it's bored of being boring and *B)* it's going to be replaced, inside out stretched into an industrial microscope, a film like skin wrapping planets into lasers, burning your eyes. Predictably, everyone is scared. In hospital are admitted many who die to see visible universe, its sexual ecstasy squared, plus new shapes, inhospitable planets hover, burn-out every car on the street. But then that gets boring too because light is fucking slow when you really think about it. You are faster.

Trim this down, white-haired and true, data replicating a poverty index,
finger food denied access with a new worry about migration. Split straight
50/50 on osmosis, stem cells turn into stars *then* into bone. Faked out
a margin with inflatable walls, so the empirical wax never dries up,
doesn't set, giving you flexible lifestyle electronics. If you turn this one right,
getting the correct angular light, systematic rape for military control continues
as a hologram. Most Planetariums run this way, turning tongues silver,
but the fire exits provided ample hypnotic flickering secured from alternative
sources. In the computer cloud they knew, finally, that they were what they wanted,
carefree and good. If I seemed proud in my 4x4 it was only due to love.

Boss satellites and the level-playing field of nightmare ritual hierarchy
we also have a universal safe house and an open-plan office, day trips
in the refuge of the dawn. Alert to interference, the near field openly
diffuse and invisible, the *very* field is eternal and divisible,
measured by the inside to the external. Colleagues will fuck at their desks
to this kind of foot rub. As the lag hits, mountain geese shovel snow receptors,
the outer bands terminate and stars encrypt to lock you automatically
out of your house. The payoff is a space heater and a pan of mercury, found
in the garage. Static games are for the enemy. I and my correspondents
ignore boundaries, excepting fingernails with which we flick. It spells out panic.

Nothing will poison *you*, space diver, safely displayed on the shallow dome's reverse. Her disembodied voice wears Yuri Gagarin as a t-shirt, pregnant, the bump restores his face as seen through the visor. We are orbiting the sun and everything is switched on, Eco-Malthusian protestors at the birth. Space for living quarters, an aerial view of the IRS building on fire. Growing frozen food, storms over the seed fault, the ship developing patents for amoeba suing fruit. Transparent moon casino, immortal day car biting out blue seabed racetracks, traffic of the air and the sky, it's all magnetic. Try to free yourself from that with pre-heated suits and warm water. New banknotes will not exhaust Vitamin D, that's for generators, mimicry in planets and animals, sleeping parents.

The cookies at the Chinese restaurant say *Upper Egypt* and lower ascending tones, perpetual triad logic. Increasing time pads creates bird versions, disfigured as flames, reflex cloud versions, the quest for a perfect body swallows everything, geocities of empty accounts gone outside to divert the monotonous rivers & mountains of nouns, whole towns worshipping production. Surrogate kidneys get swamped by the liver unfolding on streamed talk radio, it's artificial. Disgust sweetened by the dilute scale, enthusiasts rush to the aquarium under the cover of jellyfish tanks, obscure mourning procedures are observed by those in the suspended globe. No-one will believe in each other's version of events gone separately home. We hear as loud as you do. No you don't.

And HQ indestructible kept pushing Mars mixed into a clear solution
used to water solar orchards. We need a new fruit of eyes untouched by sun,
real-life potatoes, dignified in their central role to the polar economy.
Turn your nose up, orifice collector. Pick up the health network, blindness
in spite of test results from every element, the representative's words
drowned out by a splash. Be allergic sometimes. The draft constitution script
ends with an elongated vision of flooding and a court scene which cleanses.
The human body sleeping turns and leans into another. Nothing explodes.
Uninterested in silence maybe, but neither was it a hiding place, rushed then
rushed outside to look back and freeze out childish ears, frequencies chasing the day.

The massive scientific complex geek punches the air I'm confusing your breath with your hands, and your hands are strong gardens, yielding strong crops, without which you live on tinned food in the bunker. The sky extends through the corrugated plastic, escape routes from the hated sun collapse gravitational pull. Pull the astrolab out of your knuckles, eating dogs because they don't photo synthesise with stars on your helmets in orbit, everything was available and breakfast was free. I chose Newton's torn-off face, granted fraction on fraction with this choice departed 200 syllables, made the moon into a gigantic face to mirror smiling bliss. We control the weather but only up to a *point*, the meteorological apparatus flares and turns to water. Try for an atmosphere on which no money falls.

What fails but this, the failures I love, into the earthquake shortened day where for milliseconds we might have done something special. How long were you underwater and what did it feel like? All your eyes took on a strange glow like bio-accumulating fish, their orbital corridor bent into the shape of the curve of the wheel of the universe in the zone of alienation. Abandoned fairgrounds, the world in miniature, racist and accelerating dress up, Planetarium Z is dedicated to the memory of Ron McNair. The Baghdad Zoo re-furnished with pride, named Baha Mousa. Everything comes back to life emptied here, with heads turned to the ground, reflecting nothing but electric gates. Faulty justice, the anti-eagle, or 25 cent exchange in Michigan, a gun stuck in the slot of the speaking telescope.

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Thanks to Steven Riddle for permission to reproduce his artwork.



DECOY

No conspiracy theory is dialectical.



A False Flag operation is a manoeuvre by which one group incriminates another, usually in an act of sabotage or violence. There is a slight quotation from Charles Olson in 'No Violence & No Passports' which takes its title from Ezra Pound. The first 200 lines or so of Pound's Canto 96 are the script from which 'The Sonar Deal' departs. There are other quotations and allusions distributed throughout. Their identification is sometimes significant. Wiley Brooks really is The Breatharian Institute of America, Ron McNair was an Astronaut who died in the Challenger explosion. Baha Mousa was murdered by British Troops in Basra. Yuri Gagarin died in mysterious circumstances, and once fell from a window. Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky played chess against each other in 1972 and 1992. 'Eating & Praising the Dead' was mainly composed on Halloween. The longer epigraph to the book is from Walter Benjamin. This is as much litter as my pockets will turn out.

