





My small hand is held in your cavernous fist. I look to the rim of the sky, to where the communal rice barns first appeared. 'the tree of our heart is for all', You filthy remnant of a world. You small house. You Night-Walkers, you shit of a newspaper, you cold, windy, 1 July, I open my mouth and

it melts away, like copper.  
the shine it gets after it's been slept or sweated in,  
hard to describe. Like I said, this is my version of the Communist Manifesto. Here are the people I want to protect. If you use your language on them, I'll fucking kill you

Life is very precious  
even now.  
the harpooned whales  
float around us like dark, empathetic hills

syllables, like millennials. washed up in the unborn imperium  
the illegal Ukrainian coal mines shadow our throats with their flipsides

\*

this incinerator of ideologies may be called reality  
its empire is absurd and its psychically broken youth signifiers, art  
ropes seamlessly in the mind 'Attempt to fall asleep and wake up at

metaphors holy fuck you're dumb. standardised

travel every day on the Metro, thinking of the Party that isn't  
everything is filled with oblique colour restless change reality

And though I cannot write a fucking single line of  
cable able to communicate this  
power, like foam tossing burned colour  
then can't not now anyway. not the restless oblique colour, not the basal  
youth  
NFT metabolism, the graffiti and trash

now I, and you, and all of us fall down

&

Jakarta, Miami-Dade, 1998. In this world  
there are no nights of truth.

two things at once

Some may lose their rights, and others are burned out of their houses  
but the ground is being prepared for more victims tomorrow.  
Rheinmetall has risen 30% on the stock exchange in Frankfurt  
and Raytheon expects a benefit to its missiles and defence business top line.

the 'values' talked about in the media are not our values yeah

don't leave. Rheinmetall has risen more than 30% on the Boerse in Frankfurt  
and Raytheon expects a benefit to its missiles and defence business top line:  
the ground is being prepared for more victims tomorrow,  
but today  
people are losing their rights and being burned out of their houses

\*

now railroads extend in the mire of black tulips. the dawn is missing  
the choice between support for Ukrainians and Kurds is boiled

and presented in a small box made out of the heat that was  
Saving beijing-tianjin from burning

thoughts of what happened in former President Trump's vehicle,  
let us propose a game of defence.

There will be unintended consequences.  
Now the wind is on fire.

Now the wind is on fire

show me the coffee cups on the bed the bottles of pills on the sill.  
till we die,  
desire will vomit emptiness and poverty and literature  
blessed with stupidity and impatience and baseless paranoia

but keep it chill. The windless archipelago  
OK, the windless archipelago in the palm of your hands  
reveals itself

'and in their apartments people battled for their life, like perishing polar  
explorers'

these are some poems that can easily be used by anyone:

Night falls, and our baboon hearts are locked away in some vast skyscraper,  
as love drifts beneath the windows of our cities.

Anyone who consumes less than you has a right to take your  
life

Tall overgrowth of wild roses in which I buried my face, accentuated by  
helicopter spotlights

it is beautiful

it is not mine

I have taken it from others

in the ring of what for convenience's sake we'll call a life

Through the law of our aggression a fragrance like nectar spreads its  
shaved heart

I want everyone to understand

these are some poems that can easily be used by anyone

&

*a letter from the front gives reason for hope*

*Taut birth of erogenous steel,*

*I'm at the bottom now.*

*I'm learning to live in a new world with my eyes open*

*even when it hurts. I'm training*

*my senses every day I'm teaching my hands not to shake*

*and I'm learning to fight*

*I'm going to take poppers and die and get resurrected*

*with new beads for eyes*

*and cry a million times and talk about radical politics*

*and never work,*

*the city is beautiful as rain contradicts the windowpane*

*but I forgot to say,*

*the powerless and suffering*

*in the visible world*

*are the active and strong in the invisible one.*

*and I've got wonderful friends.*

*I've cut a lot of people out.*

*I'm going to read books & take photos*

*outside of*

*this idiotic circle*

*of everything that's been bought, sold or rented,*

*even people.*

*All our dead remain young.*

## DDR museum

These tiny model street scenes with their Grenzwachturm and car jackings  
in which it is no longer possible to stab to death the enemies of  
our  
solar system  
show us

it is  
the  
openings from another world which remain monsters incapable of love who climb  
trees of our hands to see in  
side

another line of stinking poetry. the belt of steel.

I

what you think. If the lake is an image of the past, of eternal  
peace

or isolation, what will be a belt of gravel between the two main barriers

&

In their Range Rovers the poets are all dying of nonlethal technologies  
and references to recent political events.

Whatever. The state defends 'culture' because it costs nothing  
to

protect in other words

because it's

'free'.

Kick its head in kick its hypercholesterolemic head in.

you see.

anything they can protect at no cost is suspicious.

2mg threshold. clean ocean. Tetrahydroalinalools. Checkmate capital

&

I clean my fetal tissue from the bed. the ice season. the giant red ferns  
grow luxuriantly.

the first Google engineers to set themselves on fire

a hundred ravenous laws about things you'll never see, a demo that never  
happened

A bizarre epiphany, feeding like cells of a placenta on some more basic truth

II  
The Novel of the Future



*the poem 'tar and black floodlights start to rain' is pumped up from the earth in a vast orange ring, moving among the inert metal of pumps and lines and distillation chambers, 0.04% the feeling of oars in my hands, 0.02% the smell of bamboo. If you breathe it in, you become blurred and vicarious. If you read it, hail falls suddenly in the living room.*

*I think so. I like to think so.*

*all the same. I don't want that shit in my mouth  
you know,*

*The communist party of ukraine opposed the EU association agreement because it would have entailed the legalisation of gay marriage  
Surprise fuckers you just won a resort holiday in Benidorm and Crete  
Paradise is flooded with light from that damn sun  
& there's no roof on the world*

*Peleus*

*let me go to my bier of fire, ascending its scented peak,*

*Peleus*

*pale pink Peleus. Shit that's not poetry.*

*'Dead ideas appear in elegant garments, with no asperity or daring'  
in my mouth,*

*There are so many things I'm trying to come to terms with*

*things unknown*

*that move between buildings*

*I think so. I really like to think so.*

*just get drunk and write anything*

## Lively nights on the Algarve's famous strip

then the drivers of Audis and even of Volkswagens appear  
they appear they shit tears into our long and slim abdomens,  
black tears  
it's so hard to talk about, fuck it let's just pick pale pink roses  
on the high helium drives  
of this lonely city  
in this poor neighbourhood no one believes in  
it is real with its gravel drives its long meadows and wide gravel  
mirage  
nobody exist,  
there's an EU association agreement that says 'I don't want that shit in my  
mouth, you know'  
the tears were moving in my abdomen I looked at them,  
they leave no footprints in the alien dust  
downtrodden grass.  
O thou, sacred ether and thou, jaunty wind,  
you bums  
we are in a perpetual state of having to like,  
hollow each other out. nameless things sells things, emptiness  
abuse this game contains instances of.  
our eyes are perfectly dry.

\*

We felt the city had machines trained on us, we could hear their echoing  
tears  
move through our abdomens, like gas station dick pills  
you know  
'hail falls suddenly in the living room'.  
nobody is alive  
everybody's abused it moves through our bodies like ketamine through  
heavenly domains of negation in torn apart domes of Sforzinda  
our  
abdomens. prove it  
I've got documents. fuck it's all so hard to describe. if the flowers  
are  
can you imagine  
Party members how will be, in the concrete underpass  
at the city trains colour restless change crawl through holodomor  
snows.  
it's so hard to talk about. this games contain instances of

Treble America hates the contrapasso, upwards in central fire,  
destroying all depth that comes near him

in my core Pyr Ur sperare dolerem shooting range inside  
the appointed sky slows

this naked green western Toyota Cruiser something is wrong  
It's true, I cut off my elite wings with a knife

but there's a whole class of us born with this yellow badge  
Tar and black floodlights start to rain. I'm touching it over his jeans as I

Poverty materialises out of the floor. Jade dances.  
at midnight the slum palace draws near: You have to feel your way

&

Where we come from, where we go now, the unlovers who pick up the pieces  
that's who we are, we have learned that, because we were dead then and  
now not really

In the flame phase, in the flame phase  
of the villanelle we wrote in the waiting room: a glass ceiling,  
the uppermost. it's never finished and it never acquires meaning

don't say that word to me

We have loved, we have lowered, slower like strings of syringed instruments  
We have ridden, we have risen, these quadbikes through the blue and tan  
floodlights

and at 6°C, at 6°C, the black and white river rises. We are what we are.  
so here it is

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*The stage is now bathed in red. The act of clemency is  
shown in the style of an execution*

\*\*\*\*

Oh my friends, one day I took off my borrowed dress of words and sailed into the ice. I knew that there was a line in it somewhere that would make everything better, but I was sick and in terrible pain. Black floodlights start to rain and as days slip by in quick succession I found nothing that I hadn't already written, in red and then silver, silver and then blue, blue and then silver and silver. I wanted to touch the ice but it said no I can't, the giants who fell are trapped, they appear in the sounds of darkness and in the house of the enemy. Then I would learn to speak in my own language through the dome which turns red and then silver, silver and and silver and blue. Then tar would fall in the protective dome above the shooting range, fires flaring, then boats would be tangled in strange banners as their prows appear over mountains of winter

Too many visions  
not enough class struggle,  
and vice versa

But no more journeys. For what you need is right here. Among the wreckage of our destroyed feelings we find ourselves, our lives are exalted, and we weep. The struggle for freedom shows a torch that still burns in you in spite of your doubts, your uncertainties, for you know that when they try to take from you not only what you need but also your desire for it, all doubt is at an end and we go for the fucking throat

Note: The giants who told me this are trapped, they appear in the mountains of darkness and the winter of the palaces. The stage is empty and there is no correspondence between the stars and the dispositions of men. I have long since found the line. though my friends the angels say it is not one of my best:

*THE PROTECTIVE DOME IN THE VISIBLE WORLD IS NOTHING BUT A SHOOTING RANGE IN THE INVISIBLE ONE*

*everything is bathed in silver.*

Shit tears, you've sprained your wings  
grief and joy are holes in this ordinary life  
grey tracksuits falling down our arses, I fingered myself so hard I see  
stars  
I'm someone else's midnight roses and nevers and bars, for all the  
world  
is covered in edited phrases the walls of metropolitan art galleries  
ceilings  
it leaves me cold.  
shit its so hard to talk about. the end of the structure is a hole  
through which you see the Jewels of Heaven of Havilah and Eden  
Ravensbrück, Wadi el-Natrun  
it is necessary to fight them in the streets of eternity, my nouns and  
verbs. But  
don't  
Desert. I have a theory of art.  
this is somebody else's life. you just stitch wings on & throw them inside us

\*\*\*\*

*a final shot lingers on the structure as it sinks into the  
orange final museum*

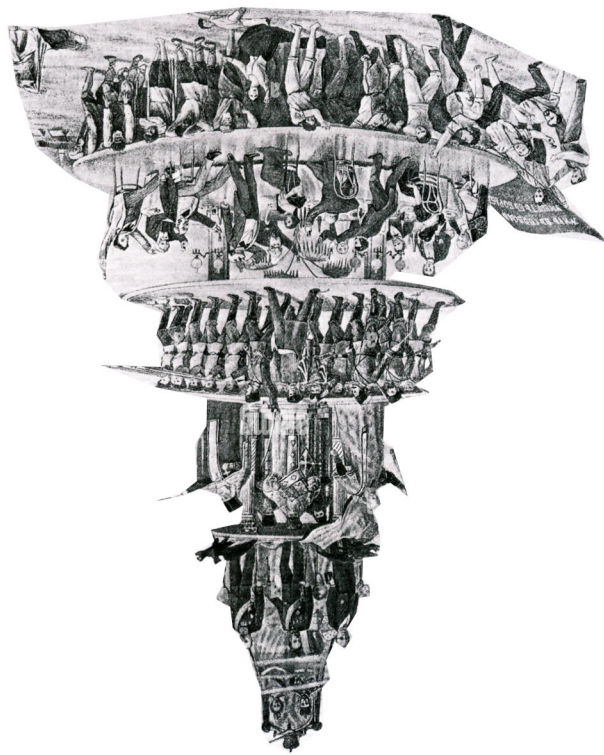
\*\*\*\*

there's no language anymore. it has to be invented all over again, disinte-  
gration right to the innermost core. the yellow giants undulate, grow dispro-  
portionately tall, contort their bodies and then shrink under a flickering  
light that accentuates their oneiric aspects. they'll call it internet porn,  
someone else's experience. and in the midst of it all our love stands unhurt  
as the bullets pass through them like simple statements of fact

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Tar and black floodlights start to rain  
was pieced together using:

Amelia Rosselli, Hospital Poems  
The Art of Defence in Chess  
Herakleitus of Ephesos  
Dreamcrusher, Another Country  
DDR Museum  
Friedrich Schlegel, Lucinde  
Sophie Carapetian  
Bob Kaufman  
Ruangrupa moral panic  
New York Magazine, Sex Diaries  
Aime Cesaire, Return to My Native Land (Berger trans.)  
Bernd Alois Zimmerman, Requiem fuer ein juengen Dichter  
B Brecht, Mother Courage and her Children  
Diane di Prima, Rev Letters  
Lydia Ginzberg, Notes from the Blockade  
Ivan Illich, Tools for Conviviality  
Leslie Scalapino, Autobiography / Zither  
Heiner Mueller, "The Duel", Wolokolamsker Chaussee  
Dom Hale, Seizures  
David Ireland, The Unknown Industrial Prisoner  
Hal Draper, The Myth of Lenin's "Revolutionary Defeatism"  
Götter der Pest  
Frog Industrial Concern  
Pseudo-Philo, Book of Enoch etc.  
The Revolt of Islam  
Kandinsky, The Yellow Sound  
Yevgenia Belorusets, Modern Animal  
Karmina, The Tragedy of the Ukrainian Working Class  
Jenkin van Zyl  
Vaclav Smil, Making the Modern World

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“for the whole of geology is a series of negated negations, a series of successive shatterings of old and deposits  
of new formations”

