

**For responsible
adults over 33
years of age only**

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That over-the-horizon radar commanded at Battlespace Surveillance Centre gearing up for the final burger. New laws in vicious force, share or suffocate, mulling in scrumpled wire, the Twin Towers plasma photosphere corona, in other words our corporate tormentor, the coming reptilian (martial law). They don't want peace they'd rather eat geese, greasy for bad agitators abnormally. They've got my fingerprints but not my DNA (DNA AND...). There are too many weapons within easy reach crazy really even a plastic pen, tantalising and warping the peoples. Ergo strange every day stories... indignity impropers...interference with the con/jurors...false plates caught Ripper...a directed evolution stickler with Charles Manson eye explains the "sinking root." Born-again swastika on the second floor; blood in the vodka. "If you're not a whore you're a client," a work camp welcome to war.



Master Manipulator calling me a liar, imprisoned with a time bomb, gun and dagger, the inventors of film noir, phonebooth drug paraphernalia, riffing on “awesome Barbie hacks” until he was prayer for junk ephemera. His Holiness grovels, changed his name to photographed missing persons, with red feathers thrown from each corner. Who’s who of who...and who? We play hide-and-seek, I go to sleep, the others must have died. The cemetery gun not connected to any shootings, cognate with the Hooded Man Paradox that sunset the laws something vice-versa, hanging on my every word, the cut-half reanimating worm in the bird. The world is under an elaborate spell where the unthinkable becomes acceptable, the screaming shadows not dead anymore. All eyes on the prize not political, not religious, not thing. Avoid rubbish they are. Most same nights guard shift.



Every male axe attack because of orifice lack. Doesn't help paying for it in Delulu Land, fucking the streets they belong to, intimacy ridicule, dogs wouldn't bother bit her, stigma of the beater. When you stop talking he is listening to what you're not saying. It was dropping dark, the temperature colding, sixty-nine sex offenders working in haunted house attractions, roped and raped by the CIA shitfinger, glowing articles of induction MK-ULTRA. Unstable carrier, no fading. Could be local emission; disturbing if not labelled to avoid it. My ears in mind spirals. Morse Code and possible voice. A ghost ship slipped my mind. Cock in an eel trap fishing on a pebble beach. I salute disco antibiotics, hear the gooseteps growl, the aftermarket terror courting the funnel drunkard, a peak of codes, champion bells, sewer killer.



Point a spear at the clock, wave an ink eraser in the air, loved by fuck-all, a pineapple handshake. It took three hours to reposition an electrical socket, like we went into another dimension of here. The new unlimited with a foursquare wobble, an end of rainbow, a friendly weirdo asking you to date his shilling provoking gawping rubberneckers, royal ambulance chasers, frozen in the mud with buttercups in his mouth. Loud Americans in an empty room punching placentas, the gracious incumbent spinning a web of filth, lips enmeshed in straw. She smelled of popcorn, fell off her knees, sounds a gun, standard transmitting, consent idiotic. Her body moved like bad interpretative dance, the carved retard relevant. The clues are everywhere...fireworks are recreational explosives...psychic machinery blooming morality behind moth-bang slut gargles...Triffid Wand nano-IMPlants... the 'k' in monkeypox is silent. BBC kill by numbers / BT kill by third party, changed to an open verdict act, wild puzzle.



That ABBA (Father) woman. The other one's a spawn of the Nazi breeding program. Both are in a rather compromising position, as are KISS (Knights In Satanic Service), who faked their bright pink suit in the blind spot. "Ignorance is bliss" but abolitionists are reading this, the wavy sea lambasting dubbed buckled walls oddball on speed-dial where all holes are the same. Run past them with a knife out. Go into the spirit voices conducted by trees. Milton Keynes was a reveal I could be evil. Girl used to "play dead" a lot, as stiff as a Fish Finger. Later outré drugs involved for pseudo-necrophilia. Guest ghouls line up, telling her deadtime stories under the counter, uncut open legs more. The secret of rubber gloves and blindfolds. She almost death and wound everywhere, dancing with the gallows on up an endless spiral staircase to fail more than a fairground shotgun. All transgenders the key. I'm running away and you will see me in the sky.

