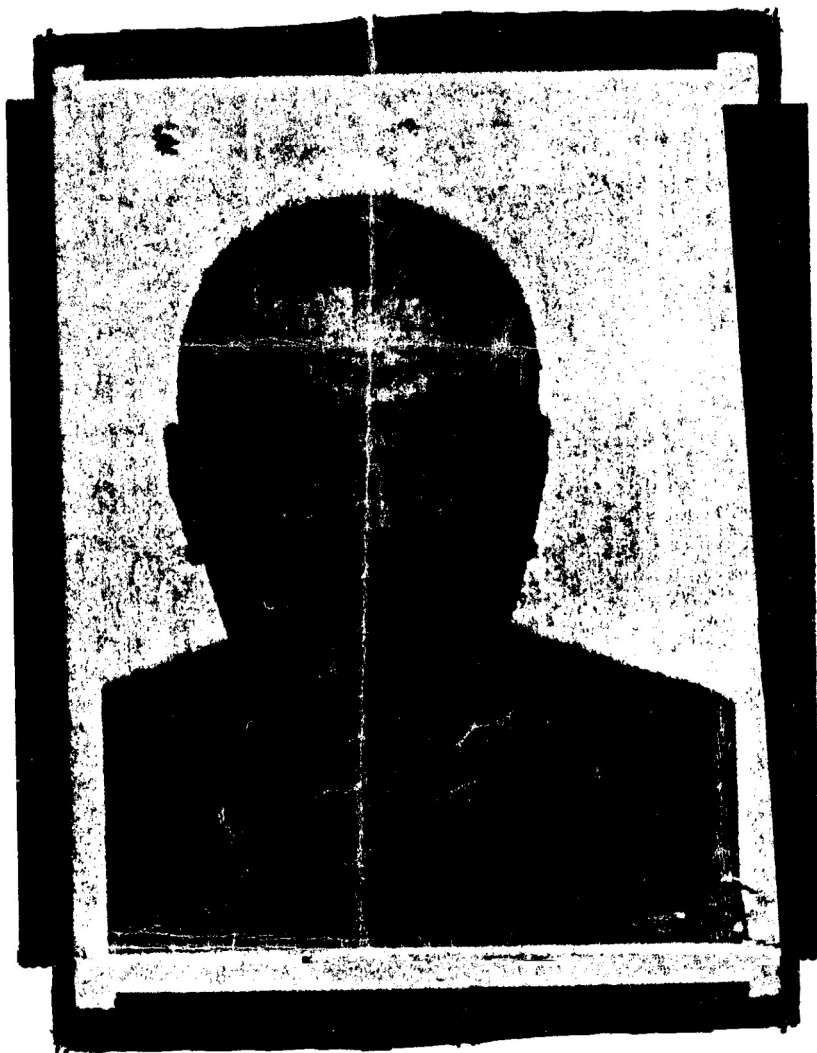




TASTE

THE THOUGHTS OF DAVID THOMAS

DAVID THOMAS



SPOOK PRESS

DAVID THOMAS – TASTE: THE THOUGHTS OF DAVID THOMAS.
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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	I
TASTE.....	1
COFFEE IN HELL.....	2
LET'S NOT.....	3
SEXUS (SLAVE'S PARADISE).....	4
FACING SPIRE.....	5
WHITE THIS.....	6
ROCK IN TIME.....	7
THE EVER NOISES.....	8
AT A SUPRA.....	9
MATCH OF THE DAY.....	10
SHIFTING PROPHECY.....	11
IT'S NOT 2 LATE 2.....	12
NO ORDERS.....	13
THERE ON THE TEAR.....	14

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

THERE WERE CERTAINLY no jolly-type allusions in the air on the occasion of my first meeting with David Thomas, when I found him one dreary normal afternoon in January 20(0)07, sprawled like some semi-conscious shamanic role model across the pathway leading to the entrance of Bangor Cathedral in North Wales.

As I knelt over him to see if he needed any medical or other assistance, a strong, clear and accentless voice whispered: “Fuck off you interfering cunt...unless you’re *really* here to help...”

Intrigued, I engaged him further, and over the next few months—whilst we sat during the day in grimy cafes, or some nights in the moon-drenched gothic niche in a neglected area of the University—I managed to coax my ancient Dictaphone to tape-record most of what he had to say to the world.

After some initial, rather paranoid, suspicions, and a resulting reticence to speak from the deep, he began to trust my sincerity and eventually spilled his guts. I learnt that this man was an ex-British soldier, a veteran of three tours in Northern Ireland during the troubled 1980s. He spoke of “slanted goings on” attached to the nightmare; of “amnesia, no-sleep and bloody violence drugs”; the unexplained presence of “strangely strange advisors,” and their stranger actions...

Later came mapped-out revelations of sinister shadow-state-sponsored mind-control type experiments; sightings of “aliens” amongst the undergrowth on patrol; squaddies going spectacularly insane and being quietly “buried alive

in the cabbage patch” of NHS psychiatric hospitals. I didn’t believe this to be objectively true and wiped the tapes.

Sometimes, usually during the special early hours, he interspersed his wandering wordings with the spontaneous reciting of his poems. I transcribed the best of these, plus material from his notebooks, into a manuscript that was to become *Taste: The Thoughts of David Thomas*, the third installment of the ORB Editions Outside Broadcast series (Nobody’s Business, 2009), edited by myself, which constitutes the first work of his published anywhere, although without his knowledge. He neither saw nor approved of the working proofs or final draft, as he was nowhere to be found, but he had given me permission to publish and the title is the one he wanted.

The reason for his absence was hopefully ‘just’ the basic tramp syndrome, escaping the trapped feeling and reality, for after a brief and unhappy stint working at a local burger bar, he’d decided that he really didn’t have any inclination to scale the stale mountain of buffalo balls or any of its other mundane parallels, and intimated that there were far better things to do, and how!

Fast forward to July 2017, when our paths crossed yet again, and unexpectedly on my part. He told me he had been: “exploring the whole Bulwer-Lytton Coming Race Vril thing,” then presented me with a completely revised version of *Taste* that he’d reworked underground, illuminated by a storm-light. So here it is, in full. A bridge.

Harry Clarke
Minden, North Wales
October 2017

[import]

TASTE

Words arranging words
in the silence of time
Upon a page to every moment
All upon the same surface of this
Earth it is amassed
Placed to be met, sometime
The impression a mould
The mould an impression
Both present for you to dissolve

Fold upon fold
Fold upon fold explaining fold
When all rise, none rise above

Arms folded, chairs folded
Bum seated, hair seated
Soul parted, alone
All around clatters
All around clatters, in
Slipping from one mould to another
Very little else understood, alone
No cashing in, no fighting, alone
Alone.

COFFEE IN HELL

In the time of waiting
for an ordered coffee to arrive
I could wait and see all bubbles burst
All except the being that is us...
And then foolishly ponder that all the
differences of mood and colour
aren't so detrimental

And so when it arrives
it is met and drunk with
a poisonous pleasure of sorts.

LET'S NOT

Living in a world
that's playing cards
while not looking
at the hands

Bumbling or thrusting it
will not work

A seam of correctness raised
and walked upon
But somehow not lived

Black rings of bright water
Black rings of bright water
Sums it up so well.

SEXUS (SLAVE'S PARADISE)

Along Morpha Buchan's pearly beaches
Drooling dragons roam
Alone alongside smiling sea maidens
All forms merge for us to be involved
Shell we sea the sea afresh
And meet with our senses?

Too long a dream to pass by
Too much longing to be dissolved
A branch breaks and we snap free as one
No digging consoling search
No mountain to pound
Just miles and miles of sand.

FACING SPIRE

Thinking a lot lately
my young boy age self
walking the High Street
came upon a guy high
out of his head
ranting feverishly

His openness
to the out-there
he was experiencing
registered and shook hands
with my insides in some way

Some other folks there
trying to calm him
damped his joy
that he couldn't deal with too well

Strange stuff
at odd times
adds up.

WHITE THIS

Falling down in words
Before they are found
They are spun, spin upon spin
To the root of the made-up world
To the dead soul of all catastrophe
Kept pumped in your attempts
Dark rings of bright water
Froth and Letter.

ROCK IN TIME

The two types of clean never meet
For they only meet in the mind
which expresses the moment

How shall we follow the fool
lost in ways of a heart
tied up in the world..?

It takes no explaining
Just acting through
forever's last goodbye

Insight is not gained from judgement
A soul form does not exist to barter

To stand aside of the
arrow coming your way
Forfeits experience.

THE EVER NOISES

The motion of erosion
in everyday human form
takes strides joyously
When 'well' enough...upon others

Flaked out in a bed and ill the
Rise To Attention is pursued differently
Moments come and go in dreams or sounds
Memory bubbles burst inside
Releasing warm waves
Or impossible possessions
Family members return family essence.

AT A SUPRA

Is the Moon still an issue?

LOOK UP ?

aliens are
on the ground

LOOK DOWN ?

Criccieth beach, looking over the stones

Pick one up and a name comes to my mind...

I hand it over to H and ask her:

“What’s the name of this stone?”

Felt something odd pass between us

as I mention this to her

A knowing of under-exchange

She pipes up: “Bill”...

She was true.

MATCH OF THE DAY

Good medicine right now into a dull head
Firing up madness (drab madness)
Love in the fields of darkness
With a keen eye for detail, so why not looking deeper?
Fools heart alights freedom tissues
Granger theory gap test pain
For a frightened erogenous matador

Quarrelling fuels, the days impart
Waking quells the briefing
Round-house days worn through
The page and boards

Glory stalks Glory
Meantime overflow salvation
is reversed over
And the words are
extra-sensory mention

Mechanical Ejaculation
Is it any FULLER this way?

SHIFTING PROPHECY

The Splitz Connection
says that:

“A man who can
only ride an immaculate horse
can write of nothing else.”

CLOWN DOWN.....The motion is carved
MORE or LESS.....I should ring before
ACTION.....I come in the law
SANCTUARY.....Fall on your face
LIVE ALIVE.....These are not yours

The dogged self
pumping to the head
And rightly so...

To reach the fresh air
above the thinking

The ‘madness’ suppressed
remains so.

IT'S NOT 2 LATE 2

Wondering
what
would
happen
after a
complete bypassing
of all of it
and fuck it all

For I am sick of love
and waiting
The thorn in the orchard
Thunder is my shadow
As the voice of the vine
enters the grapes
Echoing the secret places
of the stairs

We don't need to plan, guard...
Just be ourselves...

NO ORDERS

Either new, old or world
Just you and me and other
Absolute No Order

Seek your rest here
And stay more than you wish
Watch all the bubbles burst
Seek your rest here

All differences laid out before you
to immerse, relate, dissolve

Absolute No Order
Seek your rest here!

THERE ON THE TEAR

Walking through dreams and things,
not for a singular vehicle of understanding
but an eyefull.

I woke up walking in darkness,
out to an upsurge man
coming down stairs,
wearing only jeans.
I could not see his feet or hooves.

Intimidating smarts and lists in his eyes,
public monster mixed in with
one's owned compromise.

His chest was like
molten wax and
he was carrying a
flask of pinky and bluey
vaporous liquid
that he threw on me,
then said:

“Enjoy
the
remainings.”

[export]

On the twisting trail of a fox folk tale

By John Ezard

A plague of foxes in the Berwyn mountains has a sinister explanation, the Welsh Farmers' Union believes.

It is convinced of the truth in stories that the most ignorant sentimental type of urban animal-lover is rounding up foxes in towns and driving them out to mid-Wales in vans to free them in the wild — where they fall ferociously on every lamb and pheasant chick in sight.

But a hunt along the spoor of anecdote suggested by last night that the story could be no more than a folk tale.

The union yesterday demanded police and RSPCA action. The president, Mr Huw Hughes, called the practice "extremely irresponsible."

The vice-president, Mr Gwilym Jones, who farms at Llanrhaedr, near Oswestry, spoke of "evidence that a person saw a van letting foxes out on an unfenced mountain road near Bala."

Mr Jones added: "There is reason to believe they are breaking the Wildlife and Countryside Act by moving creatures from one habitat to another. We have enough foxes already without more being dumped here."

Mr Jones had not seen the van, but had heard others speak of it. The reports were backed by circumstantial evidence: for the first time, mid-Wales foxes had been seen coming near houses to scavenge in dustbins. "A couple I know went out in their car and there it was — a fox in their yard."

Mr Jones thought that a neighbour, Mr Morris, might know more. Mr Morris said: "It wasn't me who saw the van but I'm convinced the story is true. I heard a chauffeur who drives for a shoot at Llanarmon Dyffryn-Cellog has been talking about it."

In the West Arms public house at Llanarmon Dyffryn-Cellog, Mr Mick Matthews Jr, an estate gamekeeper, said: "I have not seen anyone myself. But I have heard a lot of rumours about it. I think there must be some truth in it. There certainly are a lot more foxes around."

Mr Matthews produced a new twist in the trail. He had heard that a van full of foxes had refuelled at the Brynteg Garage, Glyndyfrdwy, and been noticed by the owner.

At the Brynteg Garage, Mr Ian Rodgers answered the phone: "You're calling about foxes, aren't you?" he said. "I had a bloke from what I think he said was the British Field Sports Society asking the same question earlier."

"No, it's not true. Nobody like that stopped here. My wife or I are on all the time, so we'd know."

Neither Bala nor Llanfyllin police, nor the RSPCA, had heard reports of van sightings or fox smuggling. "But there are a lot of foxes around." Bala police added.

Mr Jones said: "I shall go back down the trail myself."

(The Guardian newspaper, 1 February 1986, p.2)