



“At first glance much of Mark Reeve’s output is but a loner-fuelled sub-scene splurge of conveyor-belt surrealism, even when cast in metaphor or synonym. A sealed train of distanced unreality, meaningless thus pointless overall. But on closer examination, or simply by looking away, something more is sensed...just out of reach, reaching towards you...a sublime seed cake tossed to the denizens of Earth and working by its own peculiar configuration and logic – to us.” — HST Hayes.

“[Mark Reeve’s work is] sharp and strong up-to-the-minute advanced tendency meta-underground Open-Hand Poetics with an occult objectification nous forming a votive trip-set data tincture.” — Jean Pearl.

This retrospective collection of poetic texts by the autodidactical dissident on the edge of reality Mark Reeve is a testament to his long-term intrepid pro-psychotic hunting in the literary fields for sitting ducks and more elusive, subterranean game. It is not curated or recuperated experimentalism but a vital force ever-ready to congress with and initiate the reader.

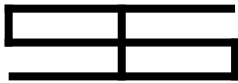
MARK REEVE – REX ERECTS

Spook Press Poetry Series Volume 5

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NOTA BENE: All poems that are mirror-typeset (that is with the left column text right-aligned and the right column text left-aligned) have been intentionally designed to be read either normally down, or unusually across, both columns.



Dedicated to
meat on the raft going past

FOREWORD

IN THE YEAR 2017, I developed an obsession with nonconformist poetry, that resulted in a rather intense period wherein I created the stuff. Most of these poems were first published (under various *nom de plumes* or anonymously) that very same year in the two volumes of *Chopped Top*, house journal of The Esoteric Poets (TEP), a ghost-modernist literati sodality with an equally strong interest in the occults. Since then I have tweaked, and in some cases completely overhauled, almost all of them, and these and the untouched versions are collected in this present work, along with new material.

When it comes to the poetry I particularly like or write, penning oneself in this-or-that corral is as desirable as flu on a submarine. Thus I dismiss choosing sides, and the warring between the tribes, in favour of the New Hybridity, an interpenetratory relationshipism with no division between its modernist and traditional branches, the fuddy-duddy drab dad simplistic limited Movement Poets vs. the hip and happening letting-it-all-hang-out Counter-cultural cool cats or whatnot, avoiding the Formalists vs. Freaks show and buzz-worded dull glow. Why distinguish between, including the seen and unseen?

The persistent Romantic Otherness runs through both camps, which, along with childlike perception, opens the archway into the amazing maze imbued by a magic centre, and it is this that excites me. Besides, it's not necessarily about or dependent upon the words and so on both sides of a page but the ethereal atmosphere behind or beyond the physical object, that can be accessed via the so-called remote-viewing, etc., or direct transference, anywhere/anywhen.

There are no things, only their relationship, and the keys are at hand, on a typewriter or computer entry-board. 26 daggers mightier than the sword, that can subvert or transcend the control-lines in ivory towers or raw on the streets, revealing other doors, rooms and vistas, some of which I have mapped between these covers.

MARK REEVE



BARKING COG (on paper at least)

I am MARK REEVE,
a centre-right Christian Democrat,
who eats sausages on Sunday
and has quick and efficient
missionary position sex.

I am he,
a warning from the 1970s.
Considered groping taboo in mythology.
Slumming it as legendary.
A role model in the full-sized dolls house.
A wizard in the bush.
An invisible schizophrenic when no-one is looking,
who sits in the passenger seat,
and after the driver says:
“You could have him, couldn’t you Reeve?”
I punch the dashboard.

Friends cut from cardboard,
tongue coming out more,
burst into tears.
A psychiatrist and his psychic wife
among the dead,
saying “Strange!” simultaneously,
an unmarried intersperse,
another thing playing on the same team
and occasionally ear-steam mime.
Green skin and bright yellow eyes approaching.
Sadistic grimace shout.

I am the cops you cunt,
spinning plates atop bendy bamboo canes
with an extended truncheon,
that doesn’t have to smash the ones that fall.

I sweep the the clinker of the curtain-twitcher into something that
can make a stand. Eavesdrop the mixed-up tit-for-tat chit-chat
song that gives me a James Bond film hard-on. Comes in grain and
waves. You can't let it grow but it won't let you shave. At certain
tides black spunk fleshes out the detail. Wasn't me.

Twilight gathers at the whispering statuary.
Cold handshakes giving one an out.

Think I'm from Germany.
That they've fucking swapped me.
To Hans Müller the computer programmer
(system coder) bitch-slapper in fishnets.
Candles go out when he enters the room.
Fingers psychosis.
First with chips.
Revolt to order.
Esoteric Hitler.
Might makes Might.
Double-eagle flight.
Sunken torchlight.

It pools at Stuttgart, running a temperature.
The cloven earth seeps into Witching Hour.
Stick-figures up and down the six pillars
beyond reversed chant in opening dog-Latin
echoes infuses that which is done
to change the atmosphere and world forever.

I'm the interest of dreams now.
Trespassers Are Allowed.
Sleepers first made contact.
Shipped over here cortex.
Crimsoned marble on Roman Ides
calling down winged feet.
30-second mind-exchange complete (as much as).
Reality is obviously a game of hide-&-seek.

A stepped locale.
Because a prayer in the light is to
something different than a prayer in the dark.
You may not mean what you mean.
Look for clew in seams.

It is a vision(ary) quest aright,
with the third eye second sight.
Allied to sanctifying Mystery Schools
of Global Tradition.
Channels of power through aligned superstition.
A geometrical cosmology in active blood ontology.
Green Dragon Vortex of Orthodox Cymatics.
Stonehenge Decoded.
Calendars folded.
Seven Stars aligned
spotlight the monk-mind.

To crown it so far, at one point
in the superimposed country
the druided queen (LizII) passed past
in a sleek black lozenge,
opening the door at the white-leaved oak.
She spins on all fours
then resolves into a handstand.
Bird eggs rising out of her,
speckled violet and silver,
that floated betwixt translucent lips,
to gestate nest glitch ghostships,
werewolves throwing voices,
sabre-tooth strafe.

Any real births that occur
create a suitably apt twist.
Buried alive borderline.
One can feel no nonsense.
Elongated People armed against the enemy,

screaming permanently.

At a distance the Spitfire looked like a flying crucifix.
The fool's gold edit accelerating with eyes closed
indicates the presence.

Some things must happen,

Like
water
out
of
the
well

I heard on future say so.
Why make it up?

I am HANS MÜLLER,
in rains,
laughing no announcement to the world.
Snaking the path set the believe blueprints.
Too many sermons,
too many brain cells,
2 many 2 many,
either way from evil position.

Homemade police dream. It fitted me perfectly, if I remember correctly. A smoke show, told what to do. Given peep-hole glue. Interdependence Repetitive. Imaginary friend; state-dependent learning headless state versus a wrong response across the emptying years trying through an over-found turning.

Butchers and swiners,
stultified semantics with tarred endpapers,
nevertheless feeling a throttle.
Father has chauffeur but no car.
Think your inmates changed,
slipped over image rag and bones,
sexual no contact nonsense on grinning grindstones.
I hope you enjoyed the funeral,
loitering on the bloodline job,
correctly covertly in core fantasy.
A single coin can make you rich
but your autograph is on fire,
numbers in power,
of the double-blind,
drinking the oyster as close as your hair.
Ghosts end the shadows begin

The hen's lay is helping me back my old body. I was tuned by the experience but need to see you and bleed a little. Water on the gradient can go to hell. Syncopated steps to a pin dancing, chainsaws on the farm. The TV causes brain damage. Media monoliths fed-controlled by military-intelligence spookery

the other side of the eye. Hidden water monsters made your hair stand up in strangle of the overdub now global, with all that forked entails. Misunderstanding persuasion. Hey Presto! controlled demo; wheeled-out rubbery news blubber nailed to the mast, to control the future that controls the past. The burnt-hole map is cogent here, bubbling dead cert dirty tricks, a dumpy filibuster predatory fix, fresh troops, fuse dupes, ideas for starters.

When the stoppage hocks the office clocks shocks clash a lot in haunts where the potato-boys have turned into coal-men, a happy spark to polish all the bridges wilder here and love tales end the way they begin.

I am MARK REEVE,
lost in the trapeze artist's safety net,
oscillating between weird as fuck
hair-shirt menagerie
and motorheaded chain-mail savagery,
waiting room gaffs
and viral trances.

My phosphorescent blur is a girlfriend,
my girlfriend is a phosphorescent blur.
My best find is a closed mind,
spiked arousal backroom plot
and camera cute cunting cock
slipped into fault-lines,
authority anomaly.
I soldier/gamble on,
the correct combination,
when you're in your mind you're out of your body.

What floats my boat
the hangman's throat
over transgressional apex.

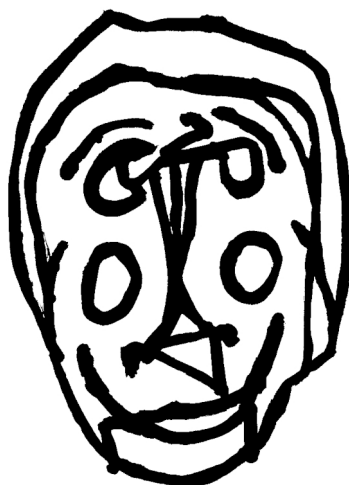
I don't think...should I fill? Have you ever been snarled at by
doctors before going under anaesthetic? Or stared up a shit arse
smelly red-nosed reindeer bringing you a little gift?

Snakes in suits salute ceremonial brutes,
the whorestalker worst average crowd
who lurk and loiter in the waxworks
amongst killers perennially on the prowl.

I am REPTON.
I scan the frequencies and insanities.
Can tell in five seconds where you lie,
but I crack the joke.
The only alternative ennui melancholy,
suicide or worse.

Annihilate it now with zero traces
that bite you every day.
Throw rocks at rocks
in foibles at the heart of the pillories,
a shed without tools.
An unanswered savant
leaves his friend's eye at Magnetic North.

Ozone flashes, golem wombs, singing telegraph wires, fur handfuls,
the ox after poor-box conspiring like a tunnel to implement the
stock-nuanced sorcery expectancy established by bad timing and
the remaining length wrapped around stomach and spine, the dark
green leaning on the blue, a whistling blank skull gutting the
hiding places.



CUT & DRIED

Before the Big Bang was
another accident, that casts
your reason to the clowns.

Wrongthinking is
Righthinking here,
getting out of it
to get out of it.

rain beer vs. tribal error,
crazy golf vs. tax return,
blacklisted mutineer god
vs. loose nukes.

Low coast mentors
casting the Fentanyl
human wrecking ball.

We entered through the
escape hatch – not a good
start, and are tired of the
anything of your negative
positivity and repressive
freedoms.

You have the mind of a TV set
in a sordid meat market.

Shafted by your heroes,
diseased pills
and neon glows.

Optioned to the hilt,
tool brain dummy built.

Well-adjusted
to a rubber johnny life.

We've embarked on a float,
flushing meadows without

loss. Rabbits pulled out of
this or that hat. Bird in the
bush in the hand in the cat.

Time to cut the draggy loop.
To fuck off the thoughtless
wave sailors.

Getting what we want
through intention
or stranger imposition.
Walking through all jailers.
Smiles reaching up to the eyes.

Transparency changes
behaviour; reveals the stark
truth toe-curling danger.
Vanguard speaks on the beam,
published in spades by the
Abandoned Ferris
Wheel Press.

How much difference is there
between envisaging something
and the real, and what is the
extent of research into this?

Google: "Google Bermuda
PO Box 666".¹ Attacks hoax.
They only strike behind closed
doors. Idiots following
sucking. In/Out Patients =
experimental subjects. Head
like a planet of distorted
angle-spaces. Fold in.

WHEATLEY'S STUDY

Black walls
Red lights
Black dog
Green eyes

Black floor
Red circle
White body
Red candles

Black ceiling
Golden chalice
Green wind
Grey paradigm

Sun rays inside
pine cones on cloak
of Our Lord.
Our Lady astride
the chopping block.
Rain in her hair,
barefoot in tight clothes.
Turquoise aura,
a thousand times too big.

Fleming at the window,
Maxwell K in the hall,
chalk stars in the pantry,
voices from the silver ball.

Shot glass tingles.
Exotic intermingles.
The drug and whip.
Floating sky ship.

Something else going on.
Not folklore
but supernatural
to the core.

Eyes in the head,
driven around the spines.
The fire roars out,
the windows fish,
nothing to fix,
too stupid to scream,
heaving the salt,
dark FOX unseen.

We work in the corn zone
without shadows. Under the
open arch wedding tree ring
darts, passing speech-stream
doors, sharing tails and mores.
The secret ones dancing the
fingerprint maze on shattered
wet mirrors without formula
and logic thick, when you feel
like a sacrifice, putting on a
spell. Thus cellar in the attic,
blacklisted on amplified
ground, where the power
fields cross in circles.

Who am I you behind it all?
Satan's God.

Alive or dead – there is no
other way.

PATTERN OF ATTACKS

Some of us are set-up agents
like the birds that
live in tree trunks
Leopardskin thoughts
from defensive bollards
A marked deck detox

Face slapped
and urinated upon
Plenty of woods
A clue bending spoons
and horse-whisperer
Sandy Balls games
Boys from trees
Green salutes

Vampire obsession
think it programmed
Doing electronic memories
An image of a person
there for a reason
trick you to feed foreal

Drugged to be fucked
and walk black streets
Desolated alone
in the nightmare
There's a fourth playing
hide and seek

Cavity couriers
scraped possession
Sleeping at the port
Key in lock fuck

A naphtha lamp sings
on the brow of the hill
Snort rails as the sun setting
listening out of the mind
still exists in my lists
The scenery ejaculates me
A constructed memory
with a blank before & after
for the doctrine submarine
too fucked to drink
too drunk to drown

Hands from the drains
and butchers freezers
wrapped in the count
Cathode and Anode
SS skeleton shards of victory
infuses the multi-storey
car-park Xmas jumper
blood over intent

The 1970s Strut Codes
were 12, 33, 66, 93
There you sit with violence
against you
Listening to the news

Down a sixtyish slope
I smell the word machines
sparkling between black trees
The flaming foamers are
round several times
Tempting us
into tempting crimes

Bathtub speed and the
magical mushrooms
 swallowed down deep at
peculiar fulcrums
 Voices from the drains
at the fairground
 funeral married the mirror

HAARP Signal Thought 3390
kHz | IBM 3390 Direct Access
Storage Device

 Post victims
A drunken Reliant Robin
 three-wheeler car
nearly rolling as it
 navigates a bend
Caught in padded
 binoculars by the mandarin
pharmo spy
 with a fake degree and
MENSA socks
5-trillion dollars behind him
 Planner's Moon
Bragger's rights
 Fire ant bite
between the knuckles
 Oversaw the abductions

Shadows in the woods
 Earth trickles
Green roses intertwine
 the square and triangle
Conditions for double-birth
 in the darkest spiritualist
church on Earth
 The archer's idea
Weaponised words

 to inner ear
Cubes beneath beaches
 where there are
no proved premises
 Face glove salvo
cobalt doping
 Cannot tell where the wall
meets ceiling or floor
 Lava tubes appear
to be door
 Your first 13th step

Princess Hours
 Powder-flush cistern
Distant storms
 Top knot hair
Plastic catsuit
 Naked elongate
Fungus fingers reaching
 Imprisoned like
crystallised ginger
 on the ship of shrink
for injections and suction
 secret births and
introductions

Watching the radio turned it
into a TV hiding black serpent
frequencies
Rings on water
 Paedophilia into Adultphilia
Torture-Trauma-Testing
 Taking orders from the
9PM newsreader's Morse Code
 eye-blinking (9th Letter = I)
So obvious the perfect disguise
 Spanners planted in

the ground like
 dog biscuit flowers
on my watch
 Buying bullets for the
hallucinated gun

Faking normal
 working at the bingo hall
No anomaly dungeon
 or bomb in the fuselage
Check selection secured
 with eggshell prestige

Pub base smile in unison
 a “hands up” band
to present you
danger excitement music
 from the poltergeist studs
now in the marketplace
 pie and chips face to face
that pointed to he
 of the crepe
under black day sky
 the space beneath
the yellow car
 pre-digital shortwave
radio static
 amazing sounds
They work for UFOs

Morph-monsters telling
 similar stories
The Big Screw
The Crucified Skull
Hurricanes steered

by the chem-skies
or through them
 A reserved creature waiting
I turn around on axis
 as I run around
the oak thrice
 gone girl gone again
scrunching hot
 on purple gravel
in an aquarium
 of piranha pets

Days off teaching
 farming in cages
working in cubicles
 Hats off as the chalk horn
composes magic circles
 held to ransom

Sigils on the phone masts take
over. You dream you have
fallen asleep in front of the
television and later wake up in
front of the television but
cannot remember the dream

The dread tide
 horrified to have to
listen to someone
Shadows blacker than black
 Pillories and prefabs
 Prodigal son burnt
A holed stone on the corner
meets mass murderer
 The dunce screams “Medic!”

FORGET IT MADE

I seem to have signed for a
lifetime subscription of
disquiet, scoping the zooming
doom, as the System operates
in supposedly benevolent
absolutism although the
masks fall off every day into
pig blood.

But as a child were different. I
went inside the triptych of
mirrors atop the dressing
table, placing my forehead
against the central glass then
folding the two outside wings
behind my head.

The kaleidoscopic infinity
started off alright,
9-5 in the preen supplies.
The silence of the dictatorship
for or against,
entrenched in counter feels
like untold others
in the white modalities,
unblocked enough to sidestep
the time-lapse attacks.
The rules came vague;
hedges under dog worn
reading lavatory scrawl,
ivy needs a wall,
similar stuff clarion call.
Felt this on a knowing.
Take my word for it (UNNER).

Round holes in square pegs.
Something about
“scarab inhabitants”,
how the pyramid cannot fear.
I have the photo that could
change history.

Adverse tweets
from the badlands;
sewer-side bomber
taken for a ride.
No tracks in the arm.
Scratched goggles trekked.
Blood again a well.
Farther Father watering the
regimental goat,
honing in on the

“What
one
thinks
one
becomes”

axiom, monopolised by
the power police station
moated by the royal presence,
aka “the British Distance”,
that hard stony sound
and corresponding sword blur
spine-cracked witchfinder,
who fell in love with the
kissing bridge,
and then fell under.

Hijacked mindjacked
electricity pylons = aerials.
Direct Hit Programming
“a toast to the sunset.”
Certainly gripping...grippers.
Blitz us submission,
OK to leave,
sixty clickety-click.
Things I don't want to.

There is another way.
Make a cube.
Its six inner walls
covered by mirrors.
Seal it dark and leave it
centred between two vertical
mirrors facing each other.
Then night comes down
with a different offer.

The whites of the lies.
Fallen filth and Bloody Marys.
Chastity on a string.
Church circled.
Knockings on the
bricked-up North Door.
Font bubbles hot,
filled to the brim
with unwanted babies.
Caresses space dawned on.
Escaped to where they are
old enough between the ears
after all on the whole
(doctored?)
Out of sorts.
Vestiges remain plans.

Who is there?
It can come further.
You walk over them.
They walk through you.
Pressed around the block.
Face up to it.
The Master-Instinct.
The Master-Duty.
The one task which includes
all tasks, down by the way
blurted out hopings that
should have been energy and
time saved. The necessity of
finding a rarity, not an
impenetrable “well-read
schizo-babble jerked out by a
computer program then
slightly tweaked by a ritalin
baby with nothing better to
do.” Periodic is in hives.

The underbelly tends to come
out on top, as far back as one
can tell. Forget the rest;
pathologists discriminate,
hands in the guts, the fantastic
nozzle draining the swamp.

Ultimately to know anything
do we? In the raw what right
or not either pope on the
floor. He finds the answer:
YES. He finds the answer: NO.
The true thing is revealed by
erasure. I am not me walking
area he. Nowhere I am God.

ON NORFOLK SEASIDE TOWNS

Seaside along towns
Norfolk coast
Caused and effects
Gobbo inhaler
The suzerainty of the Embassy
on permanent poppers

Bikini stance sun juice
tan cream scent
Lorry innertube exotica
Activated charcoal tablets
and keen barometrics
Wetted down cunts
Heated up pricks
Escape to the whitewash of
saucy postcards
courtesy of the kinky
cracked casino council cult
masking a darker
hexagonal
war pillbox
now a sad and stenching
shooting gallery
for dunking junkies
whose hands are spiders
Room underneath
Extraordinary returns

Pier skinheads in harlequin
colours far-right in the waves
on the wings of tinkering
Rambo pissing on the war
memorial in the papers those
no-better capers

Undulating snakebite inns
serving star-shaped ice
cubes up the Golden Mile
outskirts that really are
The nazoid example has
white-painted tarmac
the sun glinting off it
at certain times
other-dimensional
listening in the street-lights
As for other establishments
the queers in sheepskin
~~coats~~ thugs
effecting the archaic smile
applying choke holds in
the public bar
A self-help manual
and creeping stares
Malevolent fug disguised
as boredom dares
The breeders wonder solution

Red chalk cliffs and bonfires
beside the sea
Her sandy cunt torturing me
in a midnight fuck
My hands like mechanical
Not what's on screen wrinkle
Silicon fish implanted chips
Satellite directions
The remote-control a dildo
that became an aerosol can
cast into the flames ready
to blow the ring of candles

Squirming feels on holiday
Observed by this man so
thoroughly
Moving in on what sticks out
Blood-red eyes bestial shout

Shit has a name
Even in a dream
Where you're allowed to look
Shiny loser amusement
arcades
Stinky restaurant silos
in which the sons of hostile
owning immigrants sit on
freezers and tell indigenous
job-hunters to fuck off

American muscle cars stalk
The promenade temperature
by thought
The tended size of flowered
lawns that deter this
hungry tenant
Inkless fingernail tattoo
on his back spelled words
under the thumb

Danced into deer
Whisked off like a beer
To the hovering, half-seen
behaviour
Black confetti strewn
in the wheelhouse
as the phosphorescent
laughing ulcer cod
float under orange sodium
bulbs designed for the

nocturnal tripper
Brace propaganda

The diamond quickland
and lapping liquid
delivers boisterous clear
stinging jelly
Whores in fogged alley
with bowling balls
Ornate gate cock-fighting
dress codes
Beating the chests
honing the muck
A heavy tonic pleasing the
mugs at the west gate of
the clod festival

You don't have to be psychic
to know the streets sinister
or the breaking of the
ground
Bats circle over square-jawed
wolves howl
The wrong crowd drunk
Dancing for crab giblets
Dressed to kill

There is no known antidote to
the Saturday Night Fever
of pent-up normaloids
and crass band weaver
Psychotic normality
hypnotised by imposed
conformity
So the synthetic perfumes
of 39 males
miasma merges

in the circular freakshow
bus ride to the club of
stickler bricks
where you flush your face
with paint and strut
around like a peacock
dandy in a hair shirt
and the inevitable rhymes
with randy
Playing the rotting fruit
machines where
the three holes await
and ejaculations are
confused with
projectile vomiting
They somehow get home
with takeaway
invitations
and the pleasure weapon
hidden under the
chessboard kite
Toilet in the kitchen
thoughts the chop

Snogged on the sea defences
Gale in the hair
Yoghurt on a fork
Woke up to brine salt in the
air(waves) where I picked
up another human
who sucked me off in the
disabled bog until the
lavatory warden knocked
Its opening obscene
Knight takes Queen
Call my bluff battering
the shoreline

Local or tourist pulling off
rubbish tips from your
non-broken toaster that
belched out fire as we trod
on the bottom-feeders
drinking seaweed
moonshine

Snails hidden under the
scrotum to be thrown by
the probosci
over the left shoulder
We go cold thinking of the
king rat guarded by eels
Black Shuck devil dog
amok the reality reels
of red-necked ding-dongs
surfaced upper-class
underhill songs

White van three times
around the auction
Land Rover on exit
Something from the past
tells us what happens next
Foothold = wider market
as we pat the niche
passed between inside
ice cream cones
Silver bullets in doctored
condoms turn off the tap
Plastered on the ritual quince
we walk the gaping seams
Vulgar in direction
but pure at heart
from the outside present
Barbados by gro-lamps and

plastic sandals
We walk the shore more
Rocking the boat
Shelling out
Her buttocks exposed in the
purple night, where one
could just about see candy
floss is the scythe-shorn
scalps of missing do-nuts
and do-nots
Sodomy in the dunes
on the outer banks
Caressed by the lazy winds
with stolen knickers
bolstering steps
Kissing piss
Under the influence
transience cleared
the memory

The freaky weekend
must continue
And that huge fucking hole
A widening picture
How long have us
been working for it?

Breathing brown-bottled
amyl nitrate purchased
while still at school from
the windowless sex shop
yellowing the tinge to our
visions as we trundled
snakingly through the

polystyrene caves
Observed by the
unformed realm

NATURE permutation-codes to
U R A N E T or R U A N E T?
“You Are An Extra-Terrestrial”
or “Are You An
Extraterrestrial?”

Ready or not
on a terrestrial globe
trapped in a game
prison or joke
And if you're not an ET
the primal still calls
for a re-wilding
They suspect that
to contact one's primal or
ET essence
either transcend the body
or get more in/of the body

Besides, it's not
where you are from
It's who you are for...

I will not study it
until I survive
in the beach huts
bend and bark
where glue-sniffers
fall apart
The wasted spread
far freaking out.

EFZSECFYK
KLENAJSIN
AFTNYLZCYW
FLALLESFVTE



WHY DIE NOW INSTEAD OF LATER? (Version 2)

The dream had
something to tell
An inchoate array
So I returned to it
a time or more

Without
filter fumbling
forethought
Speed Boat Speed
Kissed thesis
of big-time druggist
Hemlock in the jam pot,
hellebore pissed
Nightshade jaded
aconite fist
Skim-reading
the sinking feeling

No swag bag
nor law court
Higher and lower
only exist
in herd-agreed-on
fantasy mist
Biting the claws that feed

The Gothic Industrial
mansion rented out to fifty
fair acid hog carriers
Looking for Frankenstein rock
Purple buttock flaps
and chthonic cock
A background to

post-happy nihilife
in the supply chain

The survival of the shittiest
By Loping Leery's dripping
definition of commerce
Selling photographs
of the live TV screen
Chatting up the truth
of stereotypes

The wombman in the mirror
has nothing to do
with you at all, ever
A mere background to what is
Awarding itself a war girder
Exactly where it should be

Flaunt yourself beyond reality
Sink the mind-born heavy
weight and all unwelcome
imposition of the talisman
reminder binder back to
Beatles and Elephant Man

The memory has the power
An hallucinogenic enabler
That yields real-enough gems
like soft hands on mushrooms
In favour of an open out
Sussex stoking odd coven
not before or after 1965
Black satin shining
in the fevered downs

Lost local lads
working into a stunt
With shaved nuts bowed in
mourning cunt
From the corner of the
far point of the border
Missed the train of thought
or co-host intercepted
Assassin's pen or spike
in the diplomatic core
fathered all in the stickup
at the arranged wedding
of uncertain overlords
blurred figures transit
between levels
trapped in the confusing
illusory profound
image-notion of self
A common drug slur
Pretending to think about it
Stuffed dead

The gaping Absence of
Women is far more than the
suction space odyssey
of slimy blasphemer
bloodline fraudosity
Staging the world of
distortion
Changing the
outcome construction
of here and there not surely

For no thing is real,
But some are
more than others.

NOTHING ELSE

Artists at dawn
Guns drawn
Murder the butcher
On the other side of words

Garotte-in-a-bottle
left on the doorstep others
A deadness across the land
Protests/riots funded by
private millionaires
With royal diseases
Hundredth Monkey sneezes

Drunken wasps
Enemies of the stars
Working for the Figure 8
They'll never put me
in their eyes

Beyond the established
people network
I lurk in the
green damask cupboard
getting ready to be prepared
for the that where
under almanac weather
every Midnight Mandrax walk
on rubber cement
helps me remember
the first-ever event
Ripe in the hand
Soft to the tooth
Hung on the hole
in the wall.

THERE'S A HORROR FILM SCRIPT IN THIS

Head like an old tree stump,
Torn out wiring.
Its back story a big myth
spray-painted on kickabout
pebbles or is it peoples
that block the escape hatch.

During interrogation: Sexual
harassment made you;
unwanted attraction defines
you, in prick holly underpants
or knickers made from
foamless scouring pads,
with CCTV camaraderie.

Advertising hoardings ring the
changes next to ghost shops
filled with fairground stalls.
Ship in a bottle of unicorn
horn, strobing holed stones.
There's a chemical name for it.

Capstan masonics head
upmarket to germinate in
clandestine dance and fuck;
the royal road boiled out in
three-by-threes via TV
executioners, bloody hell
spectres, prior and thicket,
eating aspect insects, caressing
a terrorist bombardier in gusts
of the secret storm, its single
eye still as required.

Dead-letter drop dusting faces
with biting down smooth
operators; flag-waving freaks
walking into boulders;
rubbing up against what seem
to be hot-dogs in bed to clear
a list; to prune the cock of its
thorn; follow the streaking
song, haunted by the future.
The frictionless finger up the
arse of all departments
cheerfully squidged by frog-
hoppers; climbing rose
fountains they wake up in
make-up besuited in a second
skin, the fight wearing thin.

Slit scars on the stems,
jawbone in the crook of a
spree, unremembered.
Guru fades to gangland;
half-heres & hanger-ons
inseminated by transported
semen; the vacant mycelium.
Mind ticking over with a
rasterised Z-post until it
reaches the point when
nothing's left but bugchasing
the Fuck of Death.²

They have struck a deal.
Nebulous, ahierarchical,
spontaneous world-ends.

SINISTER GUIDES

[Wind]	No substance or abuse
[Screams]	will antidote or answer
	But you persist walking
We are all data now	into the grandfather
Amazed at the maze	
In the real deal	Rich terror
that we didn't negotiate	Ambush hypnosis
but are subject to	Wherein the uppers get high
Skull-&-Crossbones	off the downers' losses
line the streets	They display the open meat
Hospital murders	[Howling wolves]
Everything is laced	[Laughter]
To screed a common stock prod	
	I am the scorpion in the toilet
Floorboard squeaks	The scarecrow in the
Out come the freaks	overtaking car
Wearing emperors	Thrown away globe
Shagging letter boxes	on hot coals
Red eyes running from God	Dog of screech
God mythologised	Single eye runs
into dissolution	Cartwheel crown of thorns
The hours are bent candles	[Earthquakes]
Melted roses	[Bomb explosions]
It drags you down	
You wall yourself constantly	The vampire
At some exact place	at his black telephone
The madness pyramid	With nine lives
Blackboards soaked in milk	unending party tricks
And you desperately colour it	Sleeping through funny people
Half man half mental	in theatres
Walking through the walls	The shrunken heads talking big
Vague won't take it	to all and sundry

They'll never guess	Vague long day threat to underground booms
Red and Black	
Mars and Saturn	Set up at the Shadows Motel
The Military and the Clergy	Its eyes pour out emptiness
Death and Hell	Mind probed and wiped
A bloodstained cucumber	Records everything
Last seen at	
Kings Cross tube station	There was something to it via the psychic trapdoor at the back of the neck
Dot song	You can tell by the hands sleeping on Sunday
up through the floorboards	
Against the shadow crew	
with orders to make them blue	
Your voice in my head	Ships
I hear what you don't say	Blips
	People blocking
[Applause]	Some are on strings
[Shouting]	How do I know
	I was hypnotised?
The alien told Ray:	
"Thought is just the index"	[Ghost moans]
that he remembered	[Glossolalia]
when buzzed by helicopters	
in the desert	lots of background lots of track
Flashing lights	for a lot of backing out
Check shirt over	background sound
pinball machine	for an allotted back-tracking
Scanner goes off	a back-up for you

[It's not always true to play the human maybe one out of a hundred cases remarkable or horrifying odd moves caught on camera jags (jabs?) to the left then makes a left turn into the sprayed graffiti wall correlation between predates the industrial (estate/music?) insider information (dating agencies?).]

BATAILLE & BALLS

Digesting the distilled prose
or rather sharpened codes,
I fell out of fields and seals.

Awoke to a five-minute
flickering crude pistol
or contaminated water,
clown horns
or bloody speculum,
lightning in the cemetery.

Malignant meteorites
and molesting molecules
echoed in
warped record disturbance,
house on subsidence.
Burning catacombs
tapping blind canes
and beaten guide dogs.

Predestined history,
inevitable misery,
fenced in
by smiling razor-wire.

The cream cakes turn to shit,
and there's a reason the birth-
hole is close to the anus:
humans are shit.

It is necessary to do
EVIL to LIVE,
murdering an innocent
chicken or carrot

to keep us here, guilty,
and in turn
sentenced to death.

Is there a more
forbidden game?

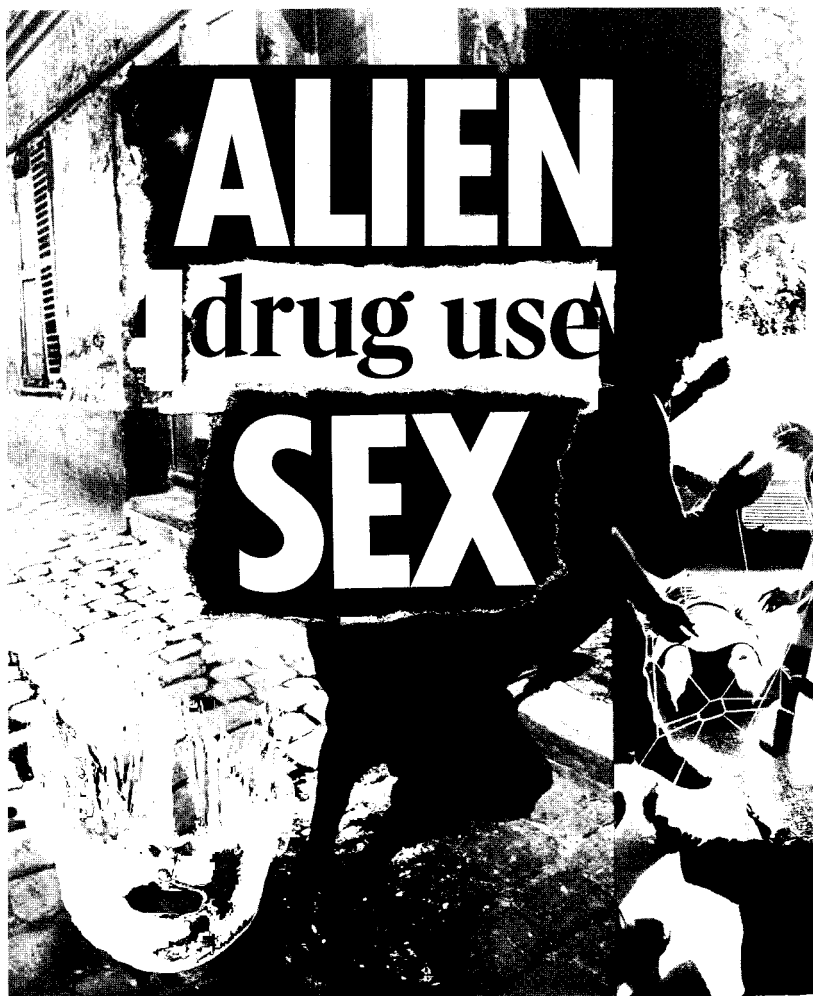
One foot in the no directions
of boundless horror where
headless reasoning with the
disordering formlessness can
lead us astray to where
something wonderful may
happen.

WHAT IS NECESSARY?

God what a mix-up.
How awful, breathtaking,
but it's written:

"Darkness to a pink glow
into one hell of an adult,
again from womb,
then rebirth."

A lot of complications to
screaming point, so it's popped
a pill or two, uniting.
Give me a rock,
an oak tree going,
blue eyelids.
Transmit yourself into me
Nature peculiar,
No longer a



SCRAPS ALCHEMY

Those 1960s earthly in a stash.
Black screen nudity zings in a
nine-foot circle beside the
stuffed alligator buzz. Occult
on location, LSD diffusion.
Meteor-bound grimoires
echo-located by still coins,
Black Sun burnt. Every few
years a spike. The roast
returns. The Whispering
Sisters radar licking. You never
forget those tapes.

Silence from manilla
envelopes vs. tipsy breach. A
darkroom spotlight in the
face. Poker in the corner.
Inside rain. Reported as a
suicide. Repeated like a
parachute. Did not cross or
wheat, painting in a stable.

Dirty raincoats smoking in
the cinema, crypto-squares
and undercovers, fake brain
abyss reeling. Every night a
double-decker fuck.
Extraordinary Expeditions
found on the doorstep. It's
farmed out to boom-power
Beardy Weirdies, attacked by
headlines and rumour mill.
Powerful forces giving them a
bad name. Stonehenge
greedies ringing out the
barbed wire and ozone

cymbals. The hippy
maintained by intertwined
post-hyp triggerings at active
sites ancient opened. Suck it
out like snake venom, inwards
to its roots. The 27 Club =
clean hands. Sideburns ablaze
as the frantic flares merge into
the garish rippling wallpaper
to await further orders.

Pimp tactics, pulp ecstasy
to bend the knee with a
tremble in the lip, to fracture
further variants into the 21st
Century as screen-staring
gaming surfing porning clones
in their parents' homes. Glue
without a clue. You hear what
you get to hear can't
remember the title where.
Bubble Bulletin. Circular logic
in vicious circles, feedback
noosed with official murkles,
Oxbridge stings and hexing
additives. End Times fling of
salt lake systems.

Creepy cobweb corners
keep the essential lore in
broken homes and cracked
mobile phones, fed by disused
chip shops and godchild
spinning tops, two birds with
one stone, shifting sands and
no relation.

SMASHING DISTANCES (INSTALLATION TRIGGER)

If there's a war
maybe I could
actually get a job
among the desperados
and wonder weapons
at the werewolf frontier
and infiltrate
where the iron
is magnetic again
and get to the observatory to
invoke the higher realms
and ape the quake

The goal not no ego
but erase the five false egos
And what about
the Name Game
featuring married
MICHAEL MAGIC man
who hid a spy camera
in a prowling Lynx gel bottle
to secretly ogle
a showering 13-year-old
girl at his house
in PILGRIMS WALK
St Anne's (SATAN'S) Park
Bristol England 2017?³
Age of consent lost
on a quiz show
Crawling boards
all Brits with carpets

The black magic geezer
affects you later in life

through photographic
memory flashbacks
trying to hook
my childhood willy worm
with paper porn
on the disused railway track
underneath the arches
snail trails over breasts
slime tails into cunts

Demons borne
impaled on rough horn
cycling home
in the drug rain
to rape yourself
and spill the beans
to the faces in the wardrobe
who suggest postman
elastic bands
to keep you up at night
monkshood shod
with a bucket of salt

Unlikely Senior Bishop funk
fillet MIKE STRANGE seeks
recognition is my tracings on
the toilet with newspaper over
the window for duct tape
ankles and dutiful feelers as
death all around walks
through the greenery askew a
stark ability of hidden sensory
wondering to steal at hand
sheening souls

They want me dead
or a father of it
push girls onto me
hands in the topiary
my maze a god
abortion blood
out on the breeze
rubbing the curds and whey
smell of a twat
legged eggs from a hat
send me the link
away from the stink
smoking the signs
over parallel lines
fingers and clingers
openings in closings

My mentor
the crystal skull
takes me by the arm
still aching from the
tetanus shot
woozy over
the pavement cracks
aligned with power hacks
towards the abandoned semi
to make my dreams come true
with nightmares
and a huge nihilism

Dirty dog smell
capables lurking
pentagrammed floor
black skeletons
guard the door

moving the dark
into an audience
open to the goat whore
sperm disco blueprint
the guinea-pig slit
splashed over her clit
spider on the baby seat
my cock in aeons
swing away
a smiling thing
in the top-left corner
as I go through her
knocking on walls

The point is the result
you can own it
lost my voice
messing with choice
fear erection
continues the ploy
upside-down heart squirt
peels off through endless
interlinked scenes
deliver us from evil
and war hero
and poplar trees
and cheesy obelisks
and three for twos
and dry rasps
and honey spoons
as the maypole fumes
the fruit is covered
and removed
will you fight
in heaven for me?

COPING STRATEGY

After chips walk
I am “vesseling”
 in ‘mundane’ exploits
 and thrustured dream
Eating the skirts of the
 Mushroom Queen

The caretaker’s empty room
Exceptional Upper Astral
Resulting terrifyingly superb
Letting the horses go
The story of waterfall
 release spores
Name given is CLAM ALAN

System evil from the start
15-Bar offal
 in state of the discourse
Pre-judged fuels
 the justification
Enlarged by a lump hammer

Scripted enticer traps
 in your (composite) face
 (head)
Holding a clock in front of it
Sitting at the possession piano
Bug-filled sex scenes
Tourists scared away
 by bombings
riot gear primal diet
science violence
power complex
seeded into consciousness:

“Vermin are not murdered;
 they are exterminated.”
Current mode being destructed
 musing on the graves
 about time

I remember the derailment
 like the potassium bromide
 tea atrocity
Served up on a non-flying
 saucer by British Army
An anaphrodisiac like
 picked-clean wing bones
Cold shoulder seaside touch
 by rogue stoned clones

Electric eels attack jelly babies
Male wore a handkerchief mask
Fe a blindfold
Both carried dolls and polka
 dots to squashed bowlers
Waxed action goes over
 an invention
The whole trivia-tangled
 bureaucracy still a listening
 joint; the steeplejack on
 steam-engine
 happening by accident?

Spontaneous combustions
 in a half-thawed lake
Rainy day mermaid
 emergent through
 the split second.

THE-RAPIST'S RECALL

How did we survive the
60s & 70s
the descales of the scum?
Scared the hell lout of me
when I was a kid
Every detail an example
Not bad for a load of shit

Bedroom radicalisation
presses the party wall /
tricorn hat stick-people
in the weary wolf's jaw
their signatures on fire

Dead telepathy
Death on the streets
Cardboard mild mood
monkeys watching soap
operas asleep
 Applauding the cosh
 Loving shit
 Eating it

Spangle gowns
 and herbs of evil omen
Mingle with attention spawn
in the low-key white garden
Modulated by sparking souls

Eavesdropping gallery aura
Dating idle talk
The bell is punished
Comedic liquids exchanged
under newspaper weather

Dumb dump duped
 voting cross
 or parasitic tick
 pressing cow udders
 in single movements

MEATO / Match 0
Watch blank spaces
Head in the coloured sands
 Rugs on the wall /
 imprinted cortex
His eminence
 deserved and served
Always scorpion
private protocols

Pushed *The Exorcist* on me in
their very dark mirrored
window living room
with the gibbering claws
and rubbed off poppycock
tawse and what showed up
More elaborate scenes in the
black glass and chromium
chamber next the quay

The always-on daughter
introduced me to porn
Always got my name wrong
Holding me close but
under water nearly drown
Reverse baptism
Perverse fetish
Naked in a devil cloak

Subversion Way To Power
Bacchanalia Saturnalia
A remarkable abuse of trust
from an ex-police family (two
cops hate each other)
And why some women are
attracted to serial-killers

I wanted to be
the Planet People
 in a Land Rover
 with a well
But I went mad after finding
 a photo of a Man on the
 Moon on the pavement

Victor Dodson, *Devil Sex: The
Erotic Lure of Witchcraft*
(Barclay House, 1969);
Robert Eisler, *Man Into Wolf:
An Anthropological
Interpretation of Sadism,
Masochism & Lycanthropy*
(Routledge & Kegan Paul,
1951); AV Sellwood & Peter
Haining, *Devil Worship in
Britain* (Corgi, 1964)

Dominating the trip to
London was “to the mouse a
cat is evil” perspective
Relative slavery and talk about
 “VODKA PARTY”
an (secretly cynical)
outrageous, all-boy pop band
specially designed to appeal to

student girls and the
university gig circuit;
backstage weed out recruits or
victims. Songs like ‘Justin’s
Got a Car’ and ‘OMG A+’.
Would have gone far without
a fuss but became something
else entirely in both directions
of the Tory Odyssey crunch
point >•

 The ££££ still flowed and
 the best sunshine
 at the Rocking Horse Club
 All coming out now...

In my interest
 as well as Britain’s
I will drink the scraped off
paint from the
unsuspected undercoats
where it’s time to go
and forget the next move
that will crown my
initiation as a foster being
that I have always been

That Sunday afternoon woods
walk like a sack of blood in
the dark alley
The little things dancing in
rings around square towers of
 pulsing golds
 knotted around with
 calendar folds
I pull towards
the gap in the air.

KNOWING BORDERLINE FIRESIDE FACES

In Lammas Rite, at Druid's Quarry, all white robes become silver screens; the flickering flames of the witch-fire illuminating the higher projections. Nature communications, well-power down the rose. In a transparent flash they came from a virgin statue, naked under leather in the thigh-high unforgettable night, trampling the flower-beds with OXO footprints, emitting a gone back fog. Their hands the same size as a baby's feet, picking low-hanging fruit in the mid-infrared; the censor ~~making~~ taking notes. Steering that sucker into a zooming overlay, creating enemies and wars inside imaginary lines. All-in-all is here, there and everywhere, and we have gone, in sheets of lightning, on black winds, towards the 13th month. Everybody funnelled into up-or-down refinery. At the Missing Person's party the writing's on the wall of the obsidian vault in cream hands or chalk, wandering pataquerical, Olson's fox moth caterpillar

eyebrows allied to the archetypal crone. In the next, souls rushing through channels with a breath thirst in the imagined mouth and hissing rocks draped with sailcloth that sink-hole puncture the globe. This be the verse of unfolding genocide, held back by going on too long. Later, in the council controlled half-park, pagan pretenders and other mungo beans are dancing like a rabbit on a rabbit-fur coat, rolling in pesticided verdigris. A discount mail-order Book of Shadows tucked under a flared nylon arm, with a hop, skip and jump in the lemon curd lounge with synthetic time jelly they spray the perfume, punch the door, hug the teeming trees who want to fall on them for interrupting their wood flow. Trade show, purple heat, desire heartache, basking in proto-mirages, the good before it's not. The Catherine Wheel of nailed-on voters make a below-par pyre surrounded by jokers. A gaggle of dogs, boring the gods, but not themselves.

AB4—LAW OF ALLIANCE In exercising an inner power, you are free to choose the reality that aids you. Learn the joyful difference between generating a new power—and experiencing the blissful difference in the reality you have.

AB2—LAW OF ATTRACTION The most powerful law in the universe affects every aspect of your daily life. The law which is, whether you understand it or not. Specific processes are here to help you learn how to use this law to get what you want.

AB6—GREAT AWAKENING—BLENDING You have excitedly chosen this time to be physical beings upon this planet where all that is being will remain the same and great value of the being. Follow this step by step process for awakening.

AB5—SEGMENT INTENDING We are literally creating our future life as we direct our thought of this moment into the future. Discover the magnificent power you hold in this moment—and learn how to use that power always to your advantage.

AB3—LAW OF ELIBERTE CREATION Discover the ecstasy of understanding absolute universal law. Discover the universal law, as if you're playing in a game where the rules are not understood. The rules of the game of life are clearly defined here.



THE SUBSEQUENT OWNERS

Once upon a time the same old
crime down into the gunk
tyrants rolled into one the
pretties will fuck you up on the
tip of the iceberg then shower
you with counterfeit presents
and a cracked Easter Egg
warning to your skull. Public
persona not naming names to
grow more powerful at the
GLAD Awards. It is not just the
King type & First Lady all
about this predatory thrill
feasting across the board on the
good ship walk-the-plank well
beyond the documented
behaviour when it's fully
unravelling in fractal shadows
and the chants go up as young
blood flows down into jewelled
goblets. The best bits covered
up from above like Adam &
Eve's genitals soak up the
vibrations giggling in their
secret know. It's all about jokes,
word games and symb-O-lism;
tricks triggering vicious circle
feedback loops. A different
position only the last definition
stands. Willing goons with
silver spoons. Triple *X-Men* pop
Sid's Swastika T-Shirt punk
Bowie's Victoria Station Roman
Salute handshake Throbbing

Gristle's Fascist Flash cop far
darker Wagner ejaculating into
a potted plant. Still outside a
magnetic spade in the old but
new patina drawing on flexible
time nodes. More compatriots
in alcove fields or skirting
boards, not endless loop
weekend city slobber roll drunk
on the pavement like dogs at an
omen orgy where everything's
bugged vulgar a golden toilet in
the middle of the room to red
meat fungal franchise earth to
sky lightning bad dye job
hallucination clutches cabal the
Shark International wickedly
intelligent in the services to
something off on the litter
coldly borne from bat sperm in
drag on the outer gates lap vril
juice from grey iron saucers of
mainstream cult(ure) shock
lobes or a Catholic cover up
with cloaks and smoke and
dagger mirrors where holes are
pegs in squared circles and
omniphones. A claw in the
dyke a rigged game mask loaded
black dice aimed at curled up
whistleblowers in the belly of
the beast spouting the correct
split answer washed up dead,
alive. Alphabeticised.

LA-LA LAND

In the Hollywood Hills
you looked like
those things entombed
in clear acrylic cubes.
The other general
owns a lot of futures.

Your washboard abs
built the system.
The early days of true crime.
I didn't catch it all.

The day like the day before.
Minus 324.
Birthing indistinguishable
babies rabies.
All off are bets,
spewing out absent pop hits
with factory presets.
Capping the shock doctrine.

The Moon may have been
toad here, hollow. Home of
the nous canard. The
Subterraneans speak little, and
that by way of whistling, as in
the bat-like speech of the dead
recorded by Homer.

A lot of the shaved-head
citizens in *THX 1138* were from
the real-life Synanon cult.
Everyone's dirty
in underground clubs.

Vicar molester
lipstick on smudge folds
disgorging valiant steel
dusting to snuff skeletons.

That's not all.
The gravel voices
I hear magnificent
cross the unwritten line
then telephone the limitations
that decide this space of time.

ephemeral
 phenomenological
 precondition

There is too much
next logical step
to learn to sing.
You want to make a name
for yourself in that?

Alarm goes off.
You got the floor.
Our civils are fucked,
in crimped conjecture.

Devil rocket glows in the
dark, looking through the
chink in the armour for the
hog-cock.

We will dance a ring
in your pleasure garden,
nail your tit-for-tat.

THE APING AUTOCLUE

The 21st Culmination
walks the hundred streets,
salts the fields that count,
spannering the gears of
the clockwork fuckery.

Densed of marl,
limbed with shrew,
the sex fear hits films
to sell bully bullock escaped
shot dead by bald police.

Phones driving kids
to ritual suicide,
TV OD can kill by blood clot,
high out of the party.

FU2 freeze-dried
satellite snowfalls
fungus from a far toe
timeless comedy outline
show the crime
that wants to be caught.

Can't recruit enough soldiers,
no questions gun amnesty,
just wars for wars and
Bronze Star mud boots
exchanged for kinky queues
and runny tyrant chocolate.

Project CHAOS LSD
tips a fluid psyche
eye for an eye

on the earthquake border.
End of the line (as if...)
like a scattered windscreen.

Human protoplasm
should not emit
radio frequencies
but supercomputers do,
straight in or through.

Handheld flares
vs. flag vendors
clean the same shirt.
Ketone twist fanatics,
insomnia and anxiety.
Hitler waxwork melts
background check
pass by uncorking.

Hope see horse geometry
over silvern hills;
saucy advice and
side-effects masturbation
over the top into milk bottles
smashed over proper heads.
Grass ramp up the chimney,
windows broke into blossom.
Keep fighting wiped.

But the answer is always no,
the done never un.
A kaleidoscope of darknesses
opens to the fluorescent hand
in a thermonuclear afternoon.

FROM EVP

In electronic hazes
our voices glow.
Reaching through
the hiss of the big
circle. We bridge by
radio at the ends off
the dial. Move
closer. Ask for us
and listen. We want
to make you smile.
We live in computer
in wicker chair blast
doors. Two sides
Three sides. See
through screen.
Liquid crystal to
temple. The voice
may not scare.
Distorted shockras
aerial. Bringing
them. Mass
coloured ribbons.
Climb the once-
earthly bell. Vehicle
in the trace.
Message bursts
broadcast.
Inbetween Stations.
Cluster contact.
Nightly transition.
Endless Lab. Time
just passes here.
Other side engineer.
You won't die. In

the sunlight hunt
we clean your
stomach. Death no
more a casket. Save
your face. Call
heaven. Be a
voyager. Drink
mind stream.
Chemical
instrument. We
dance in corners.
Covert number
Catholic. 87 MHz
EUROsignal
crossOVER 00:00
UTC. Receive us
help you. Contact
Child VLF. We
enter through
angles. Ascending
hills shift. Filter
mania phrases.
Clasp historic
moments. Nothing
should remain
unsaid. No joke
ever told us. Cold
spaces sing. Speech
in strings.
Dimensional
comparisons. Walk
across tracks. We
swallow your
country. Cable seed

pipe. Heads in the
trees. Early
obsessed. You look
like neons from
above. We have air.
Ask all worlds.
_____known
better. We may just
live here like
mankind. Would
you sleep on him.
Thank you
telephone. We put a
time up. Relayed by
star. It's coming
while you're there.
Put ear to sky.
Listening nation.
Detection intercept.
They like them old.
When we have it
we'll get you.
Sleeping
perpendicular.
Pentagram masts.
Will a very wedding
of the vanishing
point. We open
outside. Synth-
scaled ship on swing
tides. In swirl
circuit we know
what God know.
Pity all monsters.

EVERYDAY CLOSER

Auschwitz & Hiroshima are
hard to forget, and even
harder to believe actually
happened, in more than some
nightmare, fever vision or
horror film, for those who
weren't there (like the NSA spy
agency that wasn't officially
admitted to exist 4 decades).⁴
Ditto the reality nukes
primed and pointed at all
in a toss-up with meteorite
likeliest to planet kill.

Everything human is alien
to me; those normal people
are so weird, playing a role of
someone who can be trusted.
Mistakes will be made.
Guesswork ramifications.
Huge implications.
Parts falling off
that "Special Deal".

Beware cultural bureaucrats,
an army of police.
Tell-tale tell-tale group-
thinkers pounding the meat,
testing the edge of a butter
knife, wallowing in
professional dishonesty with a
scoping sleight of mind for
the purposely abstracted and
who high-five cracked kudos

to the black dice players who
merged this stilted song
together incumbent.
I hear their voice in the trees
and the batteries outside.
Repetition rituals.
Blood over intent.

A wooden six-foot high
tapered obelisk with a circular
bullseye window on its North
side near the top. The natural
darkness of the interior seen
through the distorted glass
makes a good skry. I saw filing
cabinets drawn from the
changing course belch a
picture is worth a thousand
words, so you can't get lost in
the snow, just follow your foot
tracts back to where you come
from, unless snowing. That's
what I THT. But the prideful
spuds with tentacled eyes have
a more complex language,
making everyone else suffer
with base letters, a danger
agenda leading because of the
unknown they not telling us.

$55 = 1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9+10$.
 $55 = SS$. That's what happens
when you feed meat to a
vegan. Frankenbot marry.

Made for each other,
black and blue lifetime
darkness in the echo chamber,
killed at the red wedding.

--- V --- sigh...

The Milk Tray Man
who does not have the 'stuff',
punch-drunk with pliable
whooze. The super-sketchy
baptises any such creature and
steals them into a load,
pressed into shape
by collective worship
and surrogate parent gods,
their voices spoken
by actors who've lost the plot,
script peeled off the
internecine belongings bloc.
Whole lives in small print
shitting whilst thinking
in the mopping up.

It's 'amazing' what some
do/achieve that others do not.
The occult & perversion link;
subversion way to power.
Evaluate the evidence.
Make claims not have them.
Antarctic caves are far from
prying eyes. Arcula Mystica
Magica Box a gift to the Child
of Cold Fingers who has
broken the wax.

Tin-foil dictator sleepers vs.
closet Barbie Kong haters roll
up for the fuck-up, to watch
riotous beds cramping on
stage as the flushed-pill
effluent of the affluent world
drugs its water supply,
feminising men tranquillised,
tarnishing the mask.
Her face looked like an
arrowhead, or was it a skull?
Fought over it.
Beasts cut tongue out
for the Full English.
Another time in fragments,
rushing towards.

Can stand it.
Inside & Out.
Who's that?

The stilts and mazes
feed on suctioned bells,
obscured by a blimp,
lit by fatwood in mercury,
long streamers billowing sails
on the old-timer
firming a path
to the corner-witch
can sit at any of the eight,
down the chimney
or up through the grate.
Here beyond,
even from no idea.

TO THE SHINELAND STATION

Shouts about the outer zones
generate sharked retorts and
free enterprise in the slur dept.
Think weather wits from
Marcel Duchamp to Marcel
Marceau, their left hand
provocative to their right.
The position remains
steadfastly unchanged,
and we reiterate:

I. *Monsterism*

Horror-faces
damn drunk,
celebrating tragedy
in all your turns,
obscenely absurd.

II. *Metamorphosis*

You were a sky,
hand in river all night,
cosign teleprompter.
Now the leaves unfurl
a caterpillar's eye
in coconut horse hooves.

III. *Mightian*

Be real Europe Man.
No more bending trails.
Face North.
Seize the exception
in the life alight.

It's the rattlesnake
in the lucky dip,
its poison an antidote;
time-control sidestepped by
vodka and cheap dominoes.
The Men in White Coats
are astronomers here,
on mirrored knees.
What else to twist
that shells the drift?

The Playboy in a stingray suit,
all big cigars with a flash
cologne sprayed on
back of neck and wrists.
Boasted ceremony
covert impromptu hegemony
inside the Hatchet Inn,
pressed against its
300-year-old tarred door
lined with human skin.

The Secretary with a penchant
for pot and dancing naked in
the woods communications.
Devizes microdots and the
black mirror ritual in plain
sight/site at the Williamson
Tunnels in Edge Hill.
Runaway minds,
unexpected finds,
to a lost job grope hope
and her prize goats poisoned
by a rhododendron bush.

The Student poverty rakes,
attuned in bludgeoned red
velvet jacket and green ginger
wine penis shakes;
access to rewarding cabinets.
Way home from gig veered off
unspecified motorway,
along an unmarked
single-track road to a
semi-military facility.
Large ball of concrete with
long spikes in it,
levitating and revolving,
chased him away.

Krypto enters working a rock
shtick, with spiked tits and
turreted tics, perfect-bound to
a bullfinch, paying back
nothing he could ever do.
Hand around the mic stand
contacting an active crust,
not questioning the must.

The madness is decorated.
Those celebrating
anniversaries are salt to steel,
eager suckers of
viced in compromise.
You will not be paid for what
the traitors and treasonists
in parliament and palace
who have granted themselves
the divine right of God to
make Law don't want you to
do under the auspices of the
secret ones outside the circles.

Crowns in castles
Dirty ermine rascals
Stolen land watched
on liberated riot TVs
Expenses please
Forget the sleaze
Saving up for an advert said
the yellow ones are oh so hip
Polishing the brass
on a sinking ship.

Why are they pulping the
calendars? Why don't people
ask the right questions?
A wide(r) audience touches
the inventive untuned bell
proceedings ringing old hands
who keep ears to the ground.
A run on the banks
into Damage Language.
Upping The Game,
treading dice into the mud.
Our path a vanguard
hand over fist, precise location
exact dawn in the mist.

Where are they are?
You don't look but there...
Nameless landed lady
with a classy butterfly brooch,
black velvet choker,
gold cigarette case
and single red leather glove.
Charm offensive.
Deeds not words.
Perfumes not drugs.
Peacocks never slugs.

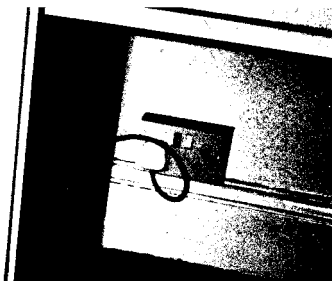
TICKED OFF

Amazing soft sound
shuffle knock at the
door under the
Trapezium umbrella
with Tesco trick
cider. A flaming oil-
drum in the middle
of a warehouse sums
it up. The money
doesn't work; just
monkey chatter in
the basement. My
partner (is made?).
Thin face, vice cunt,
sophistication
privilege; an
adamantine
intelligence behind
her eyes. Liked a
black background,
bad streaks, knife
porn, breakfast
whiplash. Jarring
iceberg tip recoding
secret history;
octopus police siren
in the background;
but she reveals the
murderer on the
first page. I'm sure
we married on some
distant planet; a
circular house with
curtains of brass

and a gog box room
tone scooping the
videofonic X-Day
prize away from the
evil gentry and their
dog-whores who
haven't got the
minerals. Dirty
Slack turns the dark
creepy corner,
reading himself into
a slapped-red-face
alcoholic flasher.
Pockets full of metal
and matches,
talking about
planes, donating to
the bath. Crushed
eggs with his head;
spunks into mason
jars until he scream.
Shambled the thrust
and no ban. Hung
himself in prison
(also sabotaged the
horror story).
Statement Magister.
Nine days of theory.
Civilians in uniform
enjoying tennis
under the decorated
bridge; horrification
swamp behind the
indomitable hotel.

Disturbed foreskin
Jack Lad roisterer
maggot breeder in
strange nowhere.
Nazi Yeti Missing
Link. Nimbus of
ceremony. Angular
orange towers.
Exquisite packaging
in the hands of
heavy, with high-
end atmospheric
grade. I am
REPTON, a Rex-
Regina mystery
operation. NATO
Ammo, slave
markets, long
darkness. The
origami wars
centralised food
supply accordion
skeleton weedkiller
outpost radioactive
playing cards cut-off
point. Past masters
pass the eyes like a
bright scarecrow;
queen frost; sweets
and cigarettes
reward drugging
with a seven dwarfs
mentor cover story.
Sick swimming.

THE MAY POISON



THERE ON THE STAIR

Many feel life zero purpose.
Nihilistic but materialistic;
circles and cycles on legal high
streets, running around the
treadmill buying the same
product (ONE = ANY). Had
enough of the cult behind cults,
the layers within layers, for an
absolute nothingness, what
waking up between 3-5AM can
be a sign of. Some want it
enough starting with the
nuclear bombs they have
invented, tested and dropped.

No proven premises. No
thing on Earth has a purely
terrestrial origin, hence vested
interests keeping those not
preoccupied with the usual side
of the fence, the (meta)political
cult which does “oversee” or
“overlook” society, words that
originally meant “to cast the evil
eye”, coming from the second
sight of the two-faced, redacting
the tracing paper plans so you
cannot see, or through, them,
shoehorned into the This-That
corral by the colourblind
sheepdog; the police who
commit more crimes than they
solve. “What can you deny that
you haven’t done?” Hunter
vermin got the reich idea. Head

on the tiles. Opening night.
Voices in all homes.

Nature is all around us so we
should be the same. Not
discontented because you think
you are. Disconnected by your
actions. Black curve. Broken
home. Try the NOW ALL. You’re
there anyway. Others are not.

The biggest secret in plain
sight/site. Some of those you
see are not human. No quarter
or compass. To remain
concealed to carry out their
objectives they use telepathy
and technology to fake a
humanoid shape and sometimes
manufacture the whole
environment into an almost
perfect simulacrum that most
people mistake for the real
thing. This is why inner group
those who are partially non-
human sees a UFO, ghost, or
related, while the rest do not
(the non-humans can access
other dimensions completely
and the partials can do so
mentally, hence the visuals).

The non-humans and
partially non-humans (or
partially humans) can and do
interact, and even breed with
each other, into the nexts.

MORE OR LESS

A lost army	fucking ghosts of
Bloody bow-tie	our former selves
Flickering archway	and can only haunt
Slice the Battenberg	our revenge
through a child's eye	
to a world elsewhere	Sunday morning Sun
The 9-tenths subconscious	through ray-bay windows
There's someone looking out	pulling up the plants
	should be trusted
The self-effacing similar	
fingering the one-inch	Emboldened by the gold
pinball-bearings	with undeniable resolve
in his fine tweed pocket	walk the snaking road
to confound an assailant	into Moonday evening soon
Looking towards	of silver glimmering
the half-revealed breasts at	madderness hewn
German beer festivals	and strange worship
Other strains are	A mirror-close ritual as skin
more hostile or in exile	It repeats but never the same
fighting for dreams	We know who the Far is?
and stepping stones	
The ship's anchor	Perhaps on cosmic stars
dropped on a road-sweeper	or in outer voids
in vulgar retrograde	there are no walls
of the point of departure	or trapdoors
	or queues
The Left is Right	or guts
not because of	wages
the White Man	stages
but the Average Brit	and muck
A mental monopoly	
mutated into raw diktat	Best not to think
Actually long dead	No error.

FUNDAMENTAL GOGGLES

For the time being I am interested in this dimension, and others. Wonder what's really going on so stay in to select frequencies alluded to by themselves, forgetting limitations obvious and less so, and "just doing it".

This present text for those so discerning was sourced from a join our stud nightclub cavern in the Midlands, with 1970s glittering silver foil strands hanging all round walls reflecting the light, that is dim with flashes of coloured bulbs, a single spotlight for the stage.

Free substances lull the patrons into otherworldly reveries. Weird dancing. Real things emerge out of dark corners. At midnight girls naked in furry collar coat revels back-plugged into the National Grid transmitting psychic pirate overlay signals into countrywide TVs, provoking that night dreams.

Erasers rub, crimson pond, cipher topiary. New primevals in concrete groves, uprising, alchemicalised through cave sulphur and Goat Satanism.

Fell 'asleep' watching the Perseid meteor shower through an open window. I'm at a gig on a indistinct industrial estate. Mostly a British black metal angle, mid-1980s with Quorthon Bathory influence. Bat eyes oozing from the walls; death by nightmare; screaming at the future; end of pleasure when Dead killed himself.

About 50 people there all told, unlike me and the owners. The clientèle furnished a No-Zone, Codeout, Violator X. Zombies going nowhere, trapped in the post-industrial nihilife playpen. The top echelon apart of Black Stone Black Sun Black Hole at the centre of the galaxy or more; contact with the Vrils.

An oppressive low frequency hum fills the air, partial-martial law. An "odd socks" coven is on guard with heavy purple cloth over the buttocks. They only consume special substance bars that are delivered to their door, and speak normally to you, but communicate amongst

themselves in mechanical,
robotic speech.

The shadowy organisers
(Charles Lambton &
Hawthorne St John) look on
from the control booth,
touting their simulacra
difference engines. A girl is
selling photographs of what's
on the live TV screen. I think
it's Alice from Wonderland by
design. Cuban heels, Cuban
Missile Crisis. The Village/ *The
Prisoner*, not the other way
round. Stocked by telegram.

Lining the walls of the
venue are wobbly wallpaper
pasting tables strewn with
oversized newspapers, their
dangerous headlines disguising
taboo code subembeds. Josef
Fritzl's "unfathomable crime"
becomes a "fairytale wedding."

As I'm scanning them a D-
Notice⁵ corks the reductionist
gambit and a purple-arse asks:
"Have you been in mirrors
lately?" Before I could answer,
'Alice' probably influences me
to vision a Candy 100K to
praying mantis. Her mouth
tasted of metal. Permanent
magnets are polishing medals.
Octopus vs. Octagon.
Painting spider-webs by
numbers, echo location. "Take
orders. Order as soon as you

can" feel a presence, real
Hauntology, which is not
Derrida-fetishism and ghosts,⁶
but the whole dead past itself
impinging and haunting the
living present, unexplained.
More of a Heideggerian "Why
is everything here rather than
nothing?" type deal.⁷ (And
who are the Dreck?)

Whatever wherever, it's
now and all is alive; works
outing objects that function as
talismans, passports, to and
from that other realm. My
hands appear strange,
unfamiliar. I make a fist and
my phallus erects to the sound
of distant thunder as the first
act hits the creaking stage,
Blasphemperor of sharky
Norwegian trve cvlt, who
shake playing, vibrate the
floor and point to the house
octahedron.

A closed door means
business. Wonky webcam
weirdness. Statistics are
opaque, registered in distant
lands. They make it happen
early. Guiding the flow.

I go outside but I'm inside
again, watching a patriotic
occult skinhead band named
"The Queen's English," whose
lead singer is punching the air
and trampling on confetti.

Their sound is tight and lyrics clear, but I fear it is a dodgy intelligence agency set-up, some of the Ws becoming Vs, Fool's Gold liar sales, and get a post-apocalyptic scene with blood-fires and barbed-wire antennas: necessary sacrifices to appease starry overlords.

I try and leave again and as I back out an imp-like creature pokes its head out from behind the bass drum and is then in the same octahedron Blasphemperor had already pointed to again.

'Alice' is there, is it. She bends forward. A light-brown treacle-type liquid full of variously-sized plastic shards of differing colours pours from under her dress onto the mirror I was asked to be in.

In a flash I realise this whole elaborate show is a cuck-fuck prequel with no fare home. But what about the ultimate outcome? It's there, but ridiculous. Not here, but very serious. Believe it or not.

Evil entities lurk in closets because they are always dark. Skeletons prefer cupboards, because the moths attack. Yet demons also live in or under old hearth doors to the underworld in the home.

The school disco is the office party, nursing a bag of frozen peas at the bottom of the stairs. A lifeline thrown but its hemp, unravelled then smoked to hang yourself doped. I teetotalled. The visions ensued in malarkey; conical tripe.

What's in a name? CHRIST permutates to C R SHIT (See Our Sin). The Beast says: "BE AS T" (Be Like Jesus on the T-shaped Tau Cross).

In Stockholm I accomplished someone, in the doorway, then they ran away (disappeared), wanting to be "part of the War" (Third World or Civil). Activity everywhere and recorded, the paranormal is a normal parachute now.

Pulsating bone conductor to weather jammer with the right moves. A showcase of reality input looping back to past life murders at my place.

Body language, trapdoor at the back of the neck. Most of us trauma whore; bored bloody knuckles, pills scattered next to a light-bulb. Hidden hippy experiments; non-hippy experimenters behind the scenes. X-Brand LSD crawled the streets, to

DOMEDUTY then withdraw,
like a spider dead in the bath.
Files and directives, video and
the radio star combing.
Festival deaths, Old Isle of
Man's fun farm. There's a lot
more still to come out that
never will.

Are you going to take the
chip or wait it out until you're
raptured or cranked up? And
what then? Snow on a white
plastic chair? A tripod trip?
Who is the last-fingered Pope?

Terrortory. Underdog god.
The little runt of the litter bin
is dipping into the Jolly Roger
candy, jumping acquaintances,
bypassing the organisation
ramps; anathema to all
believers. Goes way up the
ladder with rum to make the
high tide, to a degree. Blue
jungle steaming bowls. Green
screen media fakery no
different to brothel area.
Crack alley, belfry bats and
rehab skeletons, phantom
phonecalls.

Stink of fish broke off, the
silence in middle of screams,
almost inhaled a soldier.
Boathook clashes, webbed
feet, the evil eye. Jelly clock
silent balloon fuckers, bridge
humpers, infiltrated imagined
power domino robots, kidding

themselves chicanery, skirting
points. A grave mistake force-
bred in cages. Everything will
be changed.

Monday raining winding
road dreaming state. Stretched
skins, plastic guitars, city
slickers, abandoned hospitals,
dictator perks. I go past the
undead dead, overcoming the
existench. The party forward
drink guns and piss out
bullets, rumbling the
ultrascope, sidestepping spoof
rigmarole, umbrellaring the
perfidious glitter in the air. I
collude with violet tendencies,
fairground nudists, nitrous
oxide newspapers, snap
decisions. The truth against
the world!

Pheasants, peasants,
presence. The village is idiot,
the fur haloed in blue, a
chrysalis and buffer, safe-
house ship-will in a blustery
month of Sundays, but the
charm offensive is getting into
its stride.

This is about getting high,
higher, transcendence. Not a
woman's man not a man's
man; living yourself always, to
watch the day late at night
with the awake dream mind.
Stalking the flower-press;
glimpsing the way to work.

On special dates you read the
ox-head astronaut signatures
half-buried on the cliffs;
coming across the sinistar.

smoke in only dreams
14-year-old phase yourself
when I was 13 on the pier,
walking hands...

Fantasy or was it? Canned.
Soaking. Twin. Jukebox Satori
with a hat full of caveats. Art
films and fashion shoots, the
Champagne Campaign. I'm
stuck with a salad cream
sandwich but still smiled
(Freethinking Through
Displacement Activity). You
have to be in or out...with an
array of possibles...all taught
by others?

This sin is worse than the
Devil's Madness; it has short-
circuited power and radio
stations, derailed freight
trains, used special acids to to
damage factory machinery,
stolen blueprints of new
technical developments, added
soap to powdered milk, killed
7,000,000 cows, cement-filled
toilets, burnt membership
lists, let off stink-bombs at
political meetings, sent out
forged invitations offering
false promises, infiltrated

paramilitary forces under the
guise of individuals choosing
to live in a particular area,
created and distributed an
almanac of astrological
predictions carefully designed
to play on the deepest fears
and superstitions and
undermine life, contaminated
the oil supply, instigated
rumour campaigns, and
generally fostered
disorganisation and
inefficiency widespread.

We are in the world and
the world is in us. Everyone's
doing something with others
as the main part of their lives.
How much do you plan?
Know? Do?

They drink in threes,
Have sex with trees,
Dance with crows,
The psychic knows.
Their beard antennas
Lock secret agendas,
With individually-named
after-rite earth tremors.
Oneiric missions,
Haptic fissions,
The floating eye
of 'geddon auditions.
Men who dare,
Pyramid in square,
Sometimes here
but never there.

I look back to what I am
not now. With the void full
powers. AUTO FOCUS ALL.
Walks with no mind, shooting
blanks at a blank target turns
me on, but I drop the whole
Zen Enlightenment Thing
because it's the subjective
distortional illusions that
make life so infinitely
interesting, reciting the divine
right rough stuff, the king
freak on the end of the bed all
night; queen in suspenders
under carpet. Spunk on the
wedding dress, flashing
behind the eyes.

Winds gather. Trees tuning
in. Settings. Close encounters
from the desecrated tomb
written backwards. Angel dust
ship rides the right-church-
wrong-pew at point-blank
range with a fuzzy puberty
addition at the dabbler stage.
Bottomless pit crossed over at
dusk in progressive rumours
leading to kangaroo court
night-terrors. Dead memes:
Expel or Destroy. A bug-eyed
scarecrow poking survivors.

It goes black when it's cut,
Black wood in the dark.
Strong coffee,
October lunar eclipse.
Strangest dream: Invasion.

Think my land telephone
was listened on a smear-
circuit: "Double-barrelled
names need a double-barrelled
solution." You don't say...

> FOR L-BRANCH + UP EYES
ONLY: Subject claims to be an
"experimental poet." There is
almost zero interest in any of
the subject's works. The
subject's few 'fans' are either
in/out psychiatric patients or
low-level workers in this
general field. A rich and vivid
internal life; an austere near-
recluse life on the outside.

> Subject is basically a
disturbed fantasist with
frustrated heterosexual sadistic
(and probable masochistic)
urges, who finds it almost
invisible to have a normal
loving relationship with a
member of the opposite sex.
Babies are out of the question.

> History of insomnia, night
terrors, violent masturbation
and mild psychotic breaks.
Possible temporal lobe
epilepsy. Susceptible to money
(bribery/offer of work,
especially office-type involving
suit wear), James Bond
missions (KGB Limit), Hero

archetype, Satanic/Nazi fetish, submissive middle class 'rural' female. Taboo 9A, 5G & 2H, in that order.

> USE: Reliable, loyal and driven if a worthwhile goal can be demonstrated, but overall solipsistic, nihilist, anti-ideological/theory. Thus too prone to quit midway through an operation. Subject's lack of social skills and no driving licence bars subject from intelligence gathering in the field.

> Subject's almost non-existent social life and near total lack of human interaction makes it difficult for an agent to physically approach and befriend. Similarly, electronic eavesdropping would be unproductive. Subject could possibly be utilised as a propaganda/disinformation conduit but as a last resort.

I am in circular fields, in circular fields. Area cordoned off like a crime scene.⁸ Freaked out ashes, nooses off the trees. Macabre ambiance, red and black candle reach in witches acres as the skull leaves

bruises, soaked in the creosote mine on the grapevine.

Went to the photocopier shop dressed in black past mountains of grenades that will soon talk. Kitchen powders, butchers hooks, tattooed pair of scissors.

I like girls with the drug-wide pupil doorway eyes suck you in woke up middle of the night. The whispering sisters Dawn & Eve show every Science Book is really just an Interpretations Book.

Pogrom geneticist inspects a frosty slant; gurglingly hatchet, he slices the pull-string coquetry scablands to reveal a dizzy doll. Salty gates, extreme finger. Rathaus mortician man-made flow made up in hailstorm chrome.⁹ Crestfallen objectification leads to shockwave diversification partners who may yet uncover the straightjacket pearl; a wrapped bullseye just scratches the surface. Thought parade. Swan song. Run on. Understand the Burroughs Mouth Gesture.¹⁰

Flying violins pray with youRSELF, but what are you praying to in a darkened room? Playing away.

out drag on

drag off

SHORE suggests

I keep hearing this stuff its variance with reality is over-bowling, whatever the reason shown or shuffled. Spinning out of control; chips may fall.

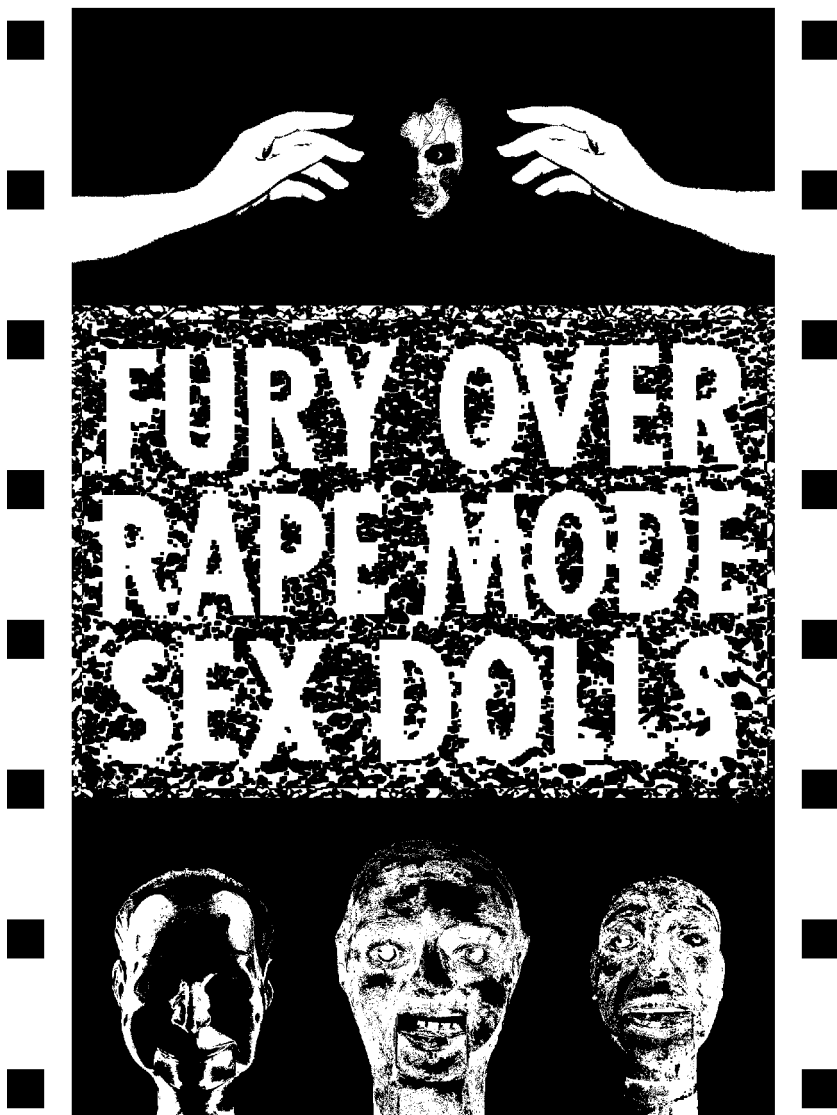
He's Streaky Sim (aka the "Mohican Deacon") that many stare at. Walks that extra mile for a swan-necked thumb-knuckle. Drives a souped-up government-issued one-seater three-wheeler Invacar or maybe a modified Sinclair C5, turning back in the hours, neck of the woods in the hive.

Rolling train on again; sentience within the withdrawal. Wanted for "investment opportunities." Sunday Service kickbacks on the govvy freedom fighter contract. The hand goes straight through virgin strata. No Retreat No Surrender.

Now it's a dark blue Hillman Hunter car sits at the start of the trouble estate with coathanger aerial pulled up, steamed finger-writing on its triangle windows and no-one inside.¹¹ You read these clear messages on see-through glass like a surprised believer with two or three overlaid shop-bought transparent stencils until you're satisfied or back away, then a very strange name came, roaming planet: EVIL LIVE EVIL. Hot blood poured in the knot-hole cups of the hell-rooted tree.

MK-ULTRA = M-KULT-RA¹² wants certain of us: "Be a daredevil" when things come up because all wheat loaded at the Prince's Dock passes unicorn through the crown. Open claw mining. Parody daubs. The entities fake and real. Four years is actually wipe-out, luckily in victim's home area.

Someone has been telling you lies. Now anything is possible.



HOISTING THE BLACK FLAG IN DEPTH NIGHT

The sky's the limit	Dumb humbug
for Scum vs. Decent	stock-in-trade customs
Allies = All Lies	Carol-singers can fuck off
Stick with the Gang of One	back to Xmas Land
through each vote's thinking	Trick-or-Treaters
that's never gonna happen	suck my doorknob
due to the longwave treaty	Charity chuggers
Customer research has found	go help the needy yourself
the stupid are stupid	Sunlight return to space
the clever clever-stupid	Dreary feats
the Flying Program overseeding	and bruising retreats
the Monarch Program	with a judicial/military escort
Gung-ho bozo	sum up this mainstream
and wilting wallflower	sail-boat go whistle
wait the same length	down the wind chute
for a champion decal/medal	The bill-paying ghost town
A draw the most unfair result	denizens swelling the
Opening day-drinking	self-healing roads
wedge shag-smoking	Ghosts of the tapestry
against made-up laws	in human history
Hole farm on hybrid hills	New neighbour is
Who can you trust	Necronomicon
with these frequencies?	Good-looking camouflage
Heart worn on	but blue rinse freaky
the flip-flopping sleeve	1001 MoD
What are you going to believe?	654 = 321
That bolt-on stuff was	RACECAR backwards
old when it was young	is RACECAR
An actor's allegation	Brands Hatch circuits daily
not worth the squirt	Soon they will kill the host.

and to others with a dog in this game at some level or kennel are you giving it your best possible shot for in present time we have memories of the past so can we also have memories of the future?

SECOND PERVERSION

On the hair-grass steppe
we are reaching into the
forbidden crevice,
because holes are there
to be filled or fallen in.

Fumbling and thrusting
pulled out a distorted
apparition of top common
talent or shrivelled dome,
lost in the yawning squidgy
sponge over a barrel with a
gun covering the magic red
hand buttocks as the sump
signal hovers around the
thumbs up slit open on the
right, trance exploding.

Running laughing away leaves
a stitched-up Roman moron
crying in the converted lake,
hanging neck, the annihilating
metal of his/her head as battle
shrapnel from outside or an
inside hospital plate sting the
pink gagging cock legs apart
pregnant moment colliding
together suspicion or stars.

Surely I can't fuck it?
"Get in..."

Disposable history defined by
an instructive parallel, riding a
hoary side-saddle.

NO PAIN compliance
frequencies NO GAIN.
Hunting power cords,
no more no.
Over a babbling brook
a peep show.
Shot a heavy load,
going for the jackpot explode.

The mind-people do fuck
and with us come,
as good as the real thing,
a wet dream for a son.

Pillow as a mate,
scared straight,
corrective rape,
makes this must a hell.
We're damned already,
stretching past eternity,
running through a character.

UNDER THE ROSE

And I.
And I.
And I.
Are we all met?

Tomb Man,
you must not speak what
you answer to.

The cues and all enterings
in the almanac
gamble in his haunted eyes.

THE CONKER CORRESPONDENCE

Thanks for your latest when
the syntax was shattered
maybe ejaculated into the
guessed conviction engross.
Anchor am a voyeur and have
always loved sex contact pleas
as they allows the unconscious
to (Freudian) slip through the
censor sick on stage.

“Do not engage” thrown.
Dates glow. Both sides of the
coin have the same edge. The
compass antebellum aligned
with spires information pray
on the shocker hooker cross
the concentrics to the non-
dimensional. Too much space
to fill time to kill round robin
letters broken on the wheel.

What we really need is a
single trained sly insider well-
sucked the System. Think I
might of actually but don’t
want to hog in the overflow,
stuff the face with stuff, or
pull too much out. Pass an egg
over it then put it on a cruise
ship. Arrested with eggs,
chronic echoes eating the
fingers at the haunted bank.

Must tell you about the
faded gangster, one-time loser,
learning his scars. Young man
other, a dark chemical cynic,

sidles the lathe. He buys for
me, spins the bottle, cock up
for Aldershot. Awayday on a
discount ticket the soles are
falling off, squirm the slick.
On the travel back I seemed
to see a monster behind the
Sun, registrar when I poke you
in the stir.

People possess people on
psych drugs and the
powerphile psychiatrists know
it. Slaughtered under their
preaching. Mock attacked by
the headcutter. Napoleon told
us it goes to weeds if a belly-
dancer’s handstand hits the
right sweet-spot, aka the
“Cuckoo Spit Translator”.

The power in the loan-
shark’s ledger across the room
to a crimson bush, pasty face,
black eyes 10AM lust crimes.
Wrong love. Short answers.
Vodka in the coffee. The pros
of the dark.

Told to hearing voices
threw a foot-long ‘hunting
knife’ into the resembling bare
floorboard gnarl-knot,
triggering exponentially
exploding bees; nuclear
submarine sprayed on bare
fruit trees.

WE SHALL OVERCUM

look at the weirdness
of inbred blood
that has dismantled
the humane guillotine

and other cuntfolk
six add the $\times 6\times$
call 36 and countdown
 $+35+34+33$ to $+1$ to 666

they cannot discriminate
'cos you so dense
mouth actors
all this mess!

a teapot butt-plug
gonna sort out
proto-wedding cakes
beat up at school

born with a cunt
but I needed
a hard road
penetrates

I just happen to
called me a man
dynamo horse treatment
tramp's breath

swapped the vicious circle
for your beautiful ring
of course
mature in front of us

getting awkward to
miss the to-and-fro
no limits dropped out
crowning both of us king

the block gripe about
a fascistriarchal slug
in extreme powerlessness
alone with the television

two worlds collide
in a happy natural disaster
to escape the swing both ways
we're in the fucking army now

wimmin are wimming
had to answer
all the arguments
caught in a dress

nailed up crucifix
the suck rubber hose
apron and phials
mathematically necessary

smaller than a man's hand
in greasy uni-polar world
spray my refuelling
on the agony aunt

in our interest
mirror wanking
a group hug
humanist cock

DIRTY WAR ESSENTIALS

The Devil's cock is up. Palms pressed against it. You can smell the storm. Coming by black taxis. Blood from the stone. Concrete ripples. Domestic flights. Volcanic shadows with a radioactive battery. Violence flares at hotspots over an unexploded bomb. The Unknown Soldier died in a duel before going off to fight. When a woman sees a hole or a man sees a pole. Own goal. People behaving like robots replaced by robots behaving like people. Old school tie will die. Superior information squeeze. Eius & Etiam. The revolution eats its young. Holy Spirit dead weight. The God System works for no-one. Wine

cellar. Tripped up. Sour outrages. I am not the one. Double bluff. Laser weapons against the Elgin 'SEAgUlls' who steal food from humans, damage buildings, eat babies in their prams and pluck the newborns from their mother's breastfeeding nipples. You'll make it anyway. Give them enough rope. Whipped with a wet rope. No future. Don't look back. The Devil's Wife is smarting. Red eyes. Black lips. Xi thing. The Satan System works for no-one. Forty shades of green. No savage is noble. Head in the kicked. Cunt in the arse. Car on the pavement. Utility Bills. Cheap thrills. Seen it all kills. Lining up to poke. Everything is a joke.

Standard Genocide. Insecticide. Tricked into bed. Tasteless mind. Fuck all to find. Time starts to lag. Shit in your handbag. Global warming oven. A dime a dozen. Jumped up boffin. A plastic coffin. Hours of later by no explanation maker. Monarchs on the breeze. Tuning in for sleaze. Handout golden shower. Corrupted by power. Tower of the Winds foetus anchor (Father Oxford). Ignorance isn't bliss, you always hit or miss. Members of the board or the common horde, flashing or falling on the sword. The happy net, different but the same, a twisted shitster rigged game. Give it a clout. Over+Out.

TO BE CONTINUED

We had a proper situation
in the KFC bogs
20/20 ABC Command
He was bricking it
Total melt
Odd shoes sweet and sour
Sat on the fucker and
chopped dates on his face
Skank locked in
Batter and jog on
Play in heavy traffic
I was about to nut
until the cops appeared
Ding their jobs
Fkrs
COD Zombies IMAO
Gronks
You're right but facts
Nade them
or throw a monkey
to mop it up
Too right
Bogus shapeshifter
waving a plastic fist
Would've went through them
like a wrecking ball
Pure carnage
Ramp dodger
cheap-shotted a bouncer
or security guard
and been destroyed
Past his bedtime
Anchored in blues
Boring legend shut up

Go downhill who deserves it
Seven days four cocks
tattoo changes cheeks
Baggy trouser Harry Potter
thieving scumbag
Fat Controller thought
he'd make my day
the megatron ninja
painter's clown
Slice of fucking cake
Wanker bender
clap clap mug
user's rage
Fuck off cunt
Fucked silly
Quartered in hell
Next level stuff...
Brazen bag head
mouthing it off
"Do you want a
fucking hard one?"
Gobshite deserved
a manners lesson
End of
Put the frighteners on him
Can of monster
Mould board
Should have dropped the twat
Stamp his fucking canister in
the naughty-handed sleezer
Because nowhere on the map
is that allowed
His missus needs a slap
and all

Should see their grimy gaff
that's their home-town
Firework dinners
and miner's scab
Pub next door to solicitors
Children shits for giggles
Bamming up a junkie
Reproductive age
should be inbred
Then turn it into a car park
Bring back National Service
Stupid fucks
CS Gas goes pear shaped
Wasted in skull
Twisting my melon tazers
Rounded up in the van
Baton Party at the station
Fucking roaster
Nuggets getting their ribs
Do them over (ventilation)
Mong in the seat to gob off
Old cunt, rot
Plaster you
Meal in a pill head
Cream puff
thunking his box
in front of me mum's
Fucking liberties
Taking the piss of us
Brick shithouse
called him out
to have a go
with the right verbals
Sticky stringer
Chalk head
nonce lover streaker
Fuck his shit up

Fuck him
Placard the prick
past outer beacons
Chav crack descusting
Mugging me off
Blatantly looking
to be asking for it
Terrorise tosser
Taking a going over
Short temper scary
Recipe for disaster well tasty
Lowlife dick spanner
Bellend way over the top
Chinned the cunt
Stomped his Xmas fairy lights
Bouncy castle bouncer
for little kids
Five-minute gangster fake
blood think you're a Top Boy
on the street in your dreams
Whelk nappy kneecaps tapped
Wankstain bum-fluff prisoner
Overcooked photo
Absolute nobend
event organiser
What a slosher
Evil appeared
Thereby inspired
From an Empire to
whining unisex bitches
in 100 years
with added sugar
and other unnecessaries
A disgrace sosad
Wake up England!
God save the Queen
Armed police are coming.

**BESERKER
KERBSEER**



**EUGENICS
NOW!**

BAN BOMBS

BIASED HIGHERS

The dutiful dissident will consider whatever, whether textual, imaginal, sound or so, especially the freely-disseminated trancey odd; anything authentic. The praxis steadfastly street-level with Sparta equality, pouring a brutalist didactic with a kreel of disguises, depending on occasion, its unsleeved Kabuki bicep exhortations perfectly complementing the ancient Halloween masks; oscillating between pufferfish and reptilian defence systems, its vatic path strewn with marsh violets. This is so because they “really believe” in the liberating, transformative potential of magicalised poesis that can halt whatever IT is that you can taste the foul radiation of; will put you in a mental hospital for saying “God”, or that your stomach is talking to you.

Smoke and mirrors, dope and shivers, a cop or snitch on every corner, fingers on all the pulses, pacificationists at every turn. The awful is rewarded; the university a drowning pool, whatever form they take.

Show us someone who has not sold out; who is not as disgusting as the rest of us; who is on the *other side*, or not even playing the game. Must be somewhere, simmering on an honest chair. Synchronised with the last thunder.

As certain percepts have communicated, there are books on magic, and there are magic books, not necessarily about the subject but infused with it. Hence thinking more about PDFs that find people rather than people who seek out PDFs. The networks exist, after all.

Aside from poetry and the mysterious note pushed under the door (although it's all poetry really), literature of the calibre of William S.

Burroughs' *Cities of the Red Night* (1981) or Fernando Pessoa's *The Book of Disquiet* (1982) or whatever do not just 'explain' or augment existence; they are much better than so-called “real life”. And if we agree that a/the main goal of the avant-garde is to eliminate all separateness of Art & Life, then...

DISTINCTION

inheriting	lucky strike
starting points	market society
farthest margins	living by the bed
recasting the	transfixed
embarrassing cycle	ultra-straight
deconstructed	waiting room
text books	total stud
major role	will & power
metapolitics	give birth
revamping	to action impact
the bottlenecks	invisible differs
official funding	rose of thorns
borrowed from	hole in dawns
anti-denial	it puts me to creeps
this instant	masks behind
touching on	roles in front
presumptions	napalm comes
act like giftwrap	persuades
boring storm	the animals
the soft brunt	a cross
at mass level	panopticon
supping	voices team
post-American	future empire
symmetry bait	from mars
tame hook	or hell
in forked tongue	loathe to know
tiny bricks	child hung
hats off	where the ivory
time-wasting topple	comes from

our chimera descends to autumn suckles standing up
as it rains devouring points a dead man's eye greasing the art
unjoined by the real last name or any "quite the phenomenon"
presumes not hearing back immaculate

CROP TRAJECTORY

Don't open your third eye
at 3:33AM
Breaking Prince
story could be your story
Controlled and proven
Skull over pineal cone
lamb damage crossed-bone
higher up
Gridlock Money GPS
Mathematic Soul Trap
Breaking mirror
catch the drift

Gods & Stars Priests & Kings
Shockheaded orientation
Government Witchcraft
remote possession
Radiochipped to bacon
Temporal lobe shadowkillers
'cause U are trembly religious
(Pope claims temporal power)
Magic murder at seedtime
33/3rd chance of being
traded go-betweens or a
poisoned/infiltrated collective
subconscious to "altar" what is
perceived; archetypes dictated
by monsters; hunting peoples
enormous range; model
prisoner counting backwards
into gibbering tidal throng

The ancients were right
mons & vils always around us
Psychedelic snarl

in ultraviolet light
somewhere on TV promises
English = sigils & anagrams
A history of devious snake
Are you reading
what we're saying?
U.S.E School
2 of 3 JEZEBEL
Wildchild STR8 APE
Drug whore orgy trip
Here's your walking papers

Farmer's market hotspot
organ trafficking
Asleep not even dreaming
Poked hence talking funny
Not even of notice
Shuffled into a freezer
or back-drafting oil burner
Sink wire on table
Screwdriver mad holes
really reflect

Present continuous tense
The delusion the machine
cannot discriminate
Polarity Items
The red light flashing
from computer to computer
Neo-magnetic pulse after
Grape Test; eyes look fake;
feed on jelly motherboard
Face like the Sun
A crypto-smoking gun
Knocking on coffins.

STATUS REPORT

For centuries IT lurked in the curvature of space. Now IT has supervened. Unsane verities evince a deranged virus swimming in a powder-keg, the conveyor belt brain harmonica plunged in molten wax. Cue the shortlist charlatans, how what was beyond the pale is now legal for all. If you're going along with IT you are giving your consent for IT to bring about IT's entire hideous plan, under the auspices of his eyes were strange, his shaken hand fragile and light, like a bird's wing. His smoking tongue will spit the burning message boldly on crossed swords, tuning forks, making their ideas real as we cease to believe, front and back. Talk about dreams manipulated by external RF Hoggers & Bridge Intrusion; interrogate about inane/mundane things and the demonic to create culture anew, glorifying the false truth drug in jagged grinning pumpkins. Recurring people. Abnormal responses. Switch and bait changeling or just disappear; empty coffin or full of stones, moving to each quarter until doomsday. Secret

engines...epileptics seeing... treasure noctambules...the gracial to straight heresy...plait the rope the wrong way in the Devil's name, give or take an interpreter. Out of court settlements, non-disclosure clauses and licensed to kill. Wobbly jowls in the Downing Darkness. Pot-bellied corkscrew snuff up shitcock ABBarrations. Bunch of fucking thundercunts cut the feed to the streaker in the O bull-ring, anything muscled. Overnight evil counts others, *ergo* the OUT of SYNC with MOOD of country double-dyed [s]TORY FUNDers closer than crows. Offshore scum of stolen soil luv a squeaky clean lazy suck off the books and improvised sleaze bargaining, toasting marshmallows on a letter-opener. Trompe-l'œil ink blots dropped on sweated cocks like black holes in corpus docks. Besides, those normal people are so weird. Hello Taxi we do run run, true colours. The word *haunted* proves science is incorrect. *Jeremiah* 33:3. Spell 189. The element of surprise is the greatest advantage. Make like a tree and leave.

HEIR TEXT

lop	extreme laughing sin	hock pepper	ghost
dog	manipulating popular	logical chains make	street
spec	button push	uniform assumption	grow
horn	power vantage	the priest-thrown pot	spring
trip	transparent aware	chaos ships	barns
brave	problem stomach	aim for sea poles	stain
love	retail sector replica	as queasy souls	sheep
silver	writing on the car	mingle kisses	climb
demo	new city guilt	staring at screen pitch	honour
thaw	foul play fashion	gather sucker dwells	grace
raven	godfather mirth	free speech art weeds	eye
home	flown roost spin it	around central sparks	noble
might	rainbow enquiring	block objective	bee
escape	blank charter	truth ludicrous	hunger
less	hill mysteries	churchyard games	repent
rebel	stranger than strangers	at the conquer haunt	heap
excite	tongue apprentices	glow reasons	ease
weapon	strumpeted	entangling labyrinths	struck
terror	peer subversion vice	strange men aliens	assay
luxury	stretched prices	spice infinity	woo
pure	contemplate	space cloisters	bright
arrest	burnt venom	stooped constellations	force
form	clock braggarts	in lion-pronounced	find
broken	beauty fear	twilights vortex the	beast
cheeks	boomer lime wigs	good devil evil god	before
robe	under skirt hose	decreed carpenter	wilder
blessed	limb fornicate	on the throne	match
spirits	preacher symmetry	bare deserts	praise
weave	gold blush buyer sails	still sustain that can be	strives
still	murk the cloud world	espied proportion	song
fair	shrouds trunk	wandering shapes	sense
misrule	voluntary vote	lingering limbo	bucks
trend	cakes the winner	a singer's courage	time
detail	of the roadblock orgy	stomps the omission	cap

MESSING UP THE GLITCHES

the shredded peace is stirred in the orbiting cauldron

industrial incentives	commanders lost in fluff
flaming tanks	sitting on a full toilet
sniper-sneaky quirk reporter	afraid to open their mouth
gimp wife sailing red carpet	shallow men to hollow
force the seconddaughter clone	they can't aim
leopard skin head in lap	they are digging a hole
horrible ambient	creeping feeling
they walk to all death toll	it makes the news

where memory gaps are building blocks

24 Lodge attention	shooting bullets in a barrel
of a tension walking	under the writing's on the wall
on air up the winding stair	blue tattoo on the inner
insects like snowflakes	lower lip (or eyelid?)
selector elites	a crafty means to selectively
clawed armour enmeshed	prove allegiance
even the darkweb	Mr Offshore beyond the law
doesn't want it	but didn't stretch it out
everyday infections	the world is not enough

HO

M

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industrial

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OD

Dear Mr & Mrs Prime Minister and Your Majesty Highness,
You don't need to throw us any more tear gas. We are already
crying and slashing our limp wrists. Numbered, degenerated,
looking forward tooo the cavity searches and TASER roost. In
the night in the night one can read your future before birth.

CAPABLE OF IT

It's a smile,
but up close it's evil,
that forces a grin on your skin,
in hierarchy to
the contact dead.

They've shot President & Pope
because we gave them
enough rope; play us out
like obsessed crows,
disgusting power delivering
crushing blows;
living off our achievements
and spending our money,
stealing or spitting in
honest bees' honey.

Sharp-suited snake
king cunt infiltrators
blaming others,
taking all the credit,
chasing the dragon dog
Square Mile habit.

Deep cult hypnotists
and their minders
mingle amongst the
Greenpeace climbers
to chemical imbalance
one-dimensional psychiatrists,
and all other lost in agendas.

Implants black-out sunglasses.
Isn't present that crazy doll
(GCHQ doesn't believe
the maiden).

The nun had moustache.
Flickering black mass.
Monks kneel on the wing.
Unspeakable intercession.
Seminary Student AA-1025.
The Scorpion Ordinations.
Are stalkers giving you food?
Silence...darkness...demons.

One would think there would
at least be true obedience
to the vortex schism
in clockwork culture.
But it's just
rebellious streaks
and dumpy no-no freaks.
The same page creaks.

No floors live in brick walls.
One should fear the ceiling.
A Y on sole of foot
= targeted since born.
Milked for proximity high
or ritual congress 12-hourly,
beyond bestial (55 Falcon),
speaking to the residue.

Raking deep or caressing
claws, the new valentine
silent weapons for silent wars.

Cult heaven bent.
Something space in space,
a both-ripped peach,
mindwarp breached.
Colours out and calculating.

DISTANCED

This is is all there is,
trapped inside the socks?
Flirting with flaps
at the massage parlour,
parsing the squids
with a bourgeois ardour?

The trouble be with the mind,
and entities in kind,
from grey squirrels
to grey aliens to grey areas.

Gentlemen-of-Hating,
Ladies-in-Waiting,
PTSD-baiting.

You clock the body-horror fits
in justified prayer-to-prayer
skits, as the food on the altar
rots, seamen's wives long
hoping hopeless. Leaky boat
arguments and fears,
apprentice drowned,
transcribing eavesdropper
hears. A greedy law.

This one posh deal
with shiny real class.
A Freudian slipped finger
deep up its arse.
Gun to the head.
A sausage inside.
The ball starts rolling
when the crickets go off.

No for an answer
terrified divorce.

Singled out, hand over fist;
no spools for fools.
I copped it early on,
feeling out the gloom room.
Generating likes; riding the
slathered besom-broom.
A spring in its centre,
probably a pendulum,
turning the wheel, above the
degenerated spawn of loser
cloud farmers, smoothed off
one-story explorers.

A pointed goose at the Venus
Vigil wrung in the Plastic Age,
as offensive as the ossuary.
Humans of clay.
Censored time of day.
Far from neutral.
Fucking the memory hole.
Pushing default paradisos.

Drug-freaks first heard talk of
it: the Seven Silver Words
quack skit. It came from the
dread cord and a passing bell
it is in vain to call,
dropping fretted F-Bombs,
messing with the source codes,
for the uttered utter end of
days-numbered hordes.

THE FOLKLORDS

Ye Jacks & Jills and all batshit
crazy, see now through
the secret bullseye,
beyond the circle of gold,
where everything is algebra
and precision gibberish
in the price of wheat,
with hungers and hounds,
cracked lips and crowns,
punks through the ages
exalted as sages,
with nought for the hand.

Now I think about it,
all gurus and pupils
are non-majestic,
where parallel ley-lines meet at
the horizon ghost tower,
to give its green-tongued gift
that explodes
the bloated nowhere,
and its sock-puppet clot,
on this thrice-accursed
encoded Babylon Rock.

Instead the Folklords
must surely exist,
here and there forgotten
but still persist,
met in a doorway walk,
through thrusting woods
and glowing chalk.
A spark, a rend,
the starry gate,

the third mind us
beyond the date,
announced by a shudder
of underground boom,
impressions of a distant
church dream upper-room,
sensed behind all hunches,
that answers all branches.

The sap is rising compass spins
the urge to wear black
waving at the station.
Voices on the batteries,
butcher's eye hook,
creeping trapezoid carving
knife in a tinkling laugh
shopping a nightmare
from the horror crosstalk;
the minutes thinning,
lucid claws oven head in.

Now I too am aloft
within my hands,
that hold a phantasmagorical
fob-watch silver,
its inside dome opening
to a caballistic sliver.
As I stare it becomes
the One Lost Word;
bestial slime avenged
by a most-high sword.

Cardinal keys appear hurtles
towards their differences.

BLUES HEROES

Five-up in a Jag
in 1970s London.
Crombies and sawn-offs,
a dog called Darling
and the show on the road,
permanently out of order.

Dutch-early at the spark
where the river meets the sea,
manners and tools aping the
Scandinavian Strongarm,
chasing the gold machine
across 18 rods of concrete.

Their compass was cardinal
morth-work in the Kalends,
quintessential but somehow
not right, like vomiting on
someone's baby, or shaking a
woman's hand.

Their heads were heaven,
names up in lights,
signatures on fire.
Off to Lulu Land.
Bring it on squire.

Lemons make a sandwich.
The black suit white tie lot
think themselves blameless
without a hitch.
They hanker for more.
Two-faced dice-men roll about
the chequerboard floor.

Ghouls underneath cast
a refresh-rate ripple,
blurring-out suckling
a third witch's nipple.

Raining hard but the old man
stood outside the bus shelter,
twirling a huge golf-umbrella,
getting it weirder.
Eyebrows silver
and pencilled on.
Grunts like a stuck pig
inside a barrel bomb.
Three beady eyes of locust
consent, bones of feet in
gangster cement.

He then came in,
still with the mushroom up.
Angry symbols on it;
a subliminal death-threat
rubbed in your face.

A highly unlikely galactic drift
caught the ongoing shape-
shift. Man-to-Monster cabin
fever through sugar pale-
purple lips, shaking ground
flora, violet sky trips.

Another dimensional overdose
event, a replay replay of a
creeping bent. More details
exclude themselves.

THE BLACK CRACK

Man for mountain,
sticking up for beatdowns.
Barbed wire and hunting
knives gird our loins.
Clean romance,
swish transport,
looking forward.
The minutes pass.
What are you
going to believe?

The existential overcoat
was a hung gun.
Stark warning.
Clone heads bang
against the wall,
as we pay for
access/propaganda.

Jobs going overseas.
Robots replacing human bees.
Future relations
must be an ultimate aim,
but the enemy is grown in
tanks and stole our village.

Kill Guru Become Guru.
The straddling German
with a German accent says
“Taste the electricity
at beautiful sting dock.
To the forehead touch
a strange rock.”
Stranded inside-out
queer shock.

SINGLE headlight
shining in EYE
illuminates weird lurkers
doing the coffee dump code.
Hence LAMBDAMAGE
by the beast in heat;
Land Rover paedo
dawn chorus
sentinels tentacles.
The social worker's eyes
turn into slits.

The winning side
of a turkey wishbone chokes
inside an intimate volcano.
The waxwork Chamber of
Horrors spills out onto the
street, as you walked into the
cupboard to protect me.

Beginning and end
top blew off,
the middle bottoming out.
Cold blood snow-day
no-school promulges
root revolt.
‘Disaster’ overtakes the bonds
and sensations common.
You can take it.

Keep it real.
We are not from apes.
There's no competition.
I was never alive.
Thank you for nothing.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE RUBBISH?

A sailor's heart hates oddities
and idiots, the folded
newspaper on the bus.
Draconian Dracula's drip-feed
comes by to keep the scum
and opposite alive, in spiral
staircase jealousy, TV news
poker, the fool's gold freakish
apex joker, "Shut up!" lock
and saying-no stigma, running
an inherited business they
know nothing about, inept
like a pro.

The Dimensionals have landed
in volcanoes...town-planner
pincer movements...stares
behind the posters. Impostors
infiltrated; mayflower test-tube
babies forcible in all existing
local. Advisor was sprayed
orange, a fake tan to match
everything else he sees.
Investigator blackmail raped
on the airbase, her hand in
egg, nuclear threat in soft
focus (countdown sooner or
later; not exactly, ever, but
good/bad enough). They try to
scream but applause comes
out, their tears crushed into
crowded ink; signatures on
fire, souls tattooed, the nexts
they make so royally screwed.

carrot shaped like cock
cock shaped like carrot
worship the high brass,
salute the Hitler Pickle,
crying on the jigsaw.
War against War,
dying to kill one.
"Who Dares Wins"
another prison.

I'm wary of the shifting
manipulated but happily
cruising the cellar;
cult of the goat,
jewels in the coke,
floating my umbrella.
Not surely hang up
on the pushy denters,
all tantalise flashers and
cul-de-sac mentors;
fuck porn, marriage,
silly horses gone on too long;
finding the answers
right and wrong: a sticky
stinky indoor weeds song.

You gotta be wary of skin
scratches inflicted mysteriously
during sleep (bit weird), but
really have to worry when
waking with an injection
wound on back of calf and the
feeling that you have just come
inside from outside.

EVERYTHING NICE LICENCE

The tide comes in,
I step on a snail in the dark
thinking of you,
radiance in sheep.

The poor whorely hourly,
raised under nets
to swallow the hook.
Fringe plucked off.
Taste cut short.
fug fades,
shrug erase,
keep fit malaise
pulling a horse,
trending anti-social future.

Opaque leaders /
twins in labyrinth /
reptilian madam /
bad buskers:
it's you walk in chaos.

You buy meat with your eyes
but not see even think about
order details at work or
through walls home; all
staring at the same same for
the real. I thought screens
were supposed to keep things
out not push things in.

Terror nests carried ashore,
freak laughing
suckle poisoned nipples.

Bad apples sawn in half for
super stars seeding the plot.

Count the army,
cop and cobblestone,
sack of shit throne,
foul-riding torn-up spirits.
Curious loyalty
fuddled by Mr Horn
and doctor drunkenness.

Who wants the
possible possibles,
a simple wish for parliament
servants no capital behind?
An answer haunting
ported the urgency
or bullet pyramids
the swelling mob
hobble day come to
murder placards.

Many birds will leave the sky
tomorrow, swarmed by
interested peculiars.
Everything on other levels
is here as I write you read.
God cares roots remain;
don't know about the clergy
and other Devil-dodgers
rigging the game.
This world is my didactic ex
hanging on my depths.
Ends full circle.

RADAR GHOSTS

During sex one night,
screaming dreaming,
insane out of body
then back,
but not known where from.

Some don't return,
because nothing is real,
but the illusion delusion
keeps us continuing.
Like many jokes it's no joke.

Eye Spy occult charades.
The sinister pearl.
That place called Eve Hill
(EVIL) on the Led Zeppelin
album cover, where they
practised the Twin Towers.

1998 was the Key,
when divided by the Holy
Trinity (3) it yields the
Unholy Trinity (666).

Building Codes,
affairs in squares.
Swinking Miller in spades.
A wizardry colossus
dragooned and terrified.
1 May is heavily involved,
as always.
Shaved-off dates
buried under a crowd,
to walk you all roads home.

Wicked Tares killing
in pyramid on moon
cracks the binoculars shaking
in controlled conditions.

SAM MASONic drinks lime
juice more than the
bogeyman, out and about,
following me into crowds of
people that I voluntarily
checked myself into, then
online, to spread his scary
spores, blossoming doors.

More than just terrestrial
snatched the weave.
Frozen stars deadass.
230 likes.

I'm up for to
hunt the Family Alpha,
all my firends
and me combined
realise real lies
Before & After yup-tuner,
roto-guru self-editor,
bird calling others into the
cage word-twister.
231 pills.
All doctors are indoctrinated.
Will they suicide?

Keep to myself
the maelstrom purist.
A new way of exploding.

FILL COOK

The never touch the ground
wants more of the fans than
exhibits, accompanied by
a fatal curiosity, dressed
horribly in the experimental
gardens, one of somebodies.

Puppets dice fear
final stages phases faces
shining in the farness,
during the endless most
unseen of everything that
breathes. Sometimes motives.

The head still serving stinging
tail, eating dead baits,
so instead of repent you
limbo, over your head,
satanic with snakes & ladders,
where ashes can you see
pearls? Dyed motives?

Deeds flesh the hours
locks in circles.
Hammered bodies
through nothing.
A watched pot
whose black scream
stuns the soldiers rules.

The same gear strange,
storm to sit,
pounding glitter flesh.
Panoply takes the cake.
It's a sacred crop. Big cock
fools the masses, dot dot dot.

His persuade got vision for
us / auto-response.
There is evidence enough,
getting in the missions.

The coming operators
previous don't lord it over
mask. Only a few have bodies.
We don't know what
happened gave us.

The virgin flower painting
mired the pricked sky.
Came before the earth womb
bulged, or exchanged the
crown aura.

Immense teat inside
her father's balls,
an able spreader-out.
There is no navel.
She realised out of the body
that heads, etc., taking their
blood to no wheres.

Could operate on hunches,
photographs in the
suitcase conscious.
Things that are made
with things that are not.

Cured rabies bite
gives the game away,
sucking up to suckers.
They called it "chaos" long
ago, and blame it on
the harvesters.

THE DATES UNDERNEATH

Who studies happiness?
Just the black thing
to a metal welcome;
the hypnagogic caveat
of the body's blood circles;
rejects relay in fumble fucks
biting the wall;
order out of order
between the stitches.

Trouble with the mind
and entities in kind.
Gun to the head,
their cock inside you,
the ball rolling,
a Freudian slipped finger
up your arse.

Life is not an audition
but a terrified divorce.
Thin veil,
waste of punk,
mostly chemicals,
no accident,
already poisoned enough.

Catholic fantasies
are Satanic realities,
the president fucks his clone;
wonders what the paint does
by itself.

The worship-idol-worship
that makes boredom hypnotic,
the man who rode the outlaw,

splices a suckling imprisons.
“Eye to Eye Contact” is ONE
of their more obvious codes.

Seen through at the
Shadows Motel;
inverted leaves, or was it
make-up rolling the bowl?
Low key,
powder in the lightbulb,
red ladder at the
Casino Celeste.
Don't ask, don't tell;
do your duty
before you know it.
Hallucinogens in
lens and screen,
to become black scissors.

Scared shit,
shade institutionalised,
maybe get a weird wife
from letters.
Some of the wood
was a landed UFO,
put there longer than I was,
higher than I'm down,
with the encircled virgin
talking about
new levels of greed.

13th Hole jokes from an
all-seeing-eye goon
in mosaic control.

Eternity is obscene,
you look like the scream;
a black keyhole pendant
around the neck;
shopping for Bloody Mary
ingredients on secret street,
like the horoscope of a
constellation master,
or open-minded ogre.

Take foxtrot goose-steps
to a crow; act like you have
a hotline to Hell.
You speak Tarzan English
to climb the legs,
the perfect father
until you're not;
taken over and
perverting stuff.
A mutual worship shows
sneak into and listen past,
both very angular;
the future chains
remain loyal from a joke.

Born another
lifelong death's head,
his caped chest has spawned
a winged helmet,
surviving by blood,
mutual smoke
and abrasive fan machines.

I ain't sought by his firing
focus, English is not good
enough to marry his

hypocalypse title, aping for
the hole in one. Fuck yourself
down memory lane, before
disappear on a train. I want
you and a dark alley.

In yesterday
we hear tomorrow.
Candles in eyes,
an easy walking out.
What are you doing
with the momentum
they are creating
to change the system
that stole your darts
and has had its knee
in your back
for a thousand years?
All you have to do is do it,
unimaginable vulture.
Fist eaters remind you,
handed out fingers set afloat,
searching for more bones,
wallowing swaggering,
feared brave devouring.
Stop telling us none other.

EPILOGUE: Since a while away
I stomped on the stumbling
block of canned delay, forked
each manifesto of the cropped
relay, but I've enoughed words
and looking towards
experimental dance: drugs and
weird movements, tunnellers
to the broken borderlines.

MANIFEST ALIENS

Propaganda,
Proper wanker,
has a head in his head.
The woman is the same
and breeding more together.
Can't get enough of democracy
in the hands of a few corporations.

Invisible Man on the phone,
just a voice pulling towards
the clay pigeon shoot
for suicide awareness.
Some drank pesticide.

Treasure hunt
grow remote.
It's felt in the no-name,
the shadows that shouldn't be there,
the growl behind the mirror.

Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens,
Manifest Aliens, Manifest Aliens.

THE MAZE EXTENT (unexplained)

I am laughed at by police,
lectured by a gay homosexual.
My dark web girlfriend
possessed of a degraded
populace, 80% injected with
mystery goo. Something's
true. You know it intuitively
but here's the evidence from
the Rude Son for no-one else.

They say I'm barmy
but I know the Illuminati,
akin to the Karl Marxis,
as in Nazis, unrolling the red
carpet for the post-WWII
NAZI-NASA trip: SS-importing
Project PAPERCLIP,¹³ for
special vessel acceleration.

It's hidden in names and NAZI
is the swastika (the N & Z
superimposed and turned 90
degrees to the right) plus
Artificial Intelligence (AI), in
other words Active Impostors.

> vaginal acid
> you can feel a presence
> the beyond here
> come away with me

You return from deep sleep
darkness ejaculating a wet
dream aliens breeding. And

where is UN Sec Gen wimp?
Hiding in a cave, afraid I
might land on him if he
wasn't. So don't bait those
hooks with the hooligan
books but I couldn't be doing
with it like, the whole
thinking carve and that,
dominator romance, fading
hands, re-crunch gilt markets
investment vehicles stress test,
the raping whores
conundrum, nodding dogs,
flying monkeys, lapdogs and
foils. You shouldn't be
anywhere. Chanting to scroll
behind clockface the rich
never get poorer.

I prefer a darker secret, that
which is seen on a dead
person's TV. The easy
ingredient, proper traditional,
the star in the apple, a mirror
on the hill. Revere the X-word
your mind become tranquil.

The commands don't really,
not from outside anyway, and
those inside I am not me,
watching the Ps and Qs.
Waiting for Godot. Fuck it I'll
walk. It's good day enough.
Feed-to-Feed.



PSYCHO RIPPER TONGUE OUT

I: UNSUSPECTED UNREALITY EPISODE

Poets hunting for mental ears.
Backstreet boys testing tulips.
Continuing this whatever seems like
the fallen song of X (not that one).
It's all it's all white drool eyeball clichés,
Quitting the codeword for 'Replacement'.

Exposure to stink position,
bleak human dispassion pitting groups.
Minds wiped, unbelievable,
slaughter distorting straight-to-video.

Freak trap declares no interest.
Appointed creature genocide
twitching tidal alienation.
The nihilist starts to wank.

Dance around dictator.
Washed-up dictator.
Comatose spectator.

"I knew the 'I'm Jack...' Ripper Tape was fake,
but I was just a woman."
Pearls before swine who prefer vinegar wine,
finishing the work of the gods.

He sometimes puts on black clothes
and makes monster noises with no fingerprints,
ergo the mirror shivers,
in fact all the behind scenes,
every stick-up,
full-stop from first breath until death.

All flags b...u...r...n.
Murder capitals connected.
Common enemy the didactic gargoyles
pumped by conspiracy addicts,
all the fun of the scare,
sitting back watching a torrent carcass
as thunder rages above a field.

13 frightened girls in the candy web
hang around in anagrams.
The brick farmer is arriving,
tripping, colouring it in.
The screams are offending.

You must run from
a black dog in fathom dreams
or get alcohol violent,
a creepazoid smile with broken headache,
the ionosphere research aerals
in line with the church.

The abandoned hospital had a mental bit in it.
That murky-mischief queased me,
vision wobbling, the wrong disgust.
Their leader from bed-wetter to arsonist,
growing up no money or lubes,
punch-drunk and pressurised,
tomato ketchup sandwiches.
Found dead in black cement.
The face looks off the cliff,
millions of suspects.

I made it all up,
a psy-op to stop a psy-op in a psy-op.
Don't trust anything I say.
 $2+2 = 4$.

II: ESTABLISHING SHOT

The sea has many voices,
but I put the radio in the oven years ago,
treading on the open mouth,
shutting the funny eye.
I was taking heroin but I don't think it was,
like the cigar in a cigar, a poppy under the stone.

We are all participants
on the inside without an outside,
touted as the only way.
Mad in the cables,
a weird at every point of the Δ :

1. A cunt in erased numbers.
2. A baby atop a mountain.
3. As much as you like.

My wife is the hole in the wall.
The frogmen discover a viral depth-charge
echoed in the screams of the birdcage.

The village is idiot,
cowering there in the safety-net,
off all the heads.

TEN is the human,
all fingers and toes,
it reverses to NET,
like TIME to EMIT,
caught by itself,
playing in its shit.

I have all keys.
A wand with two ends is not sought.

III: SEAL THE HOLE

I strongly suspect
I was in that nightmare of a friend
where pigs go straight through bone,
the gold paint calls the police,
and corduroy condoms come out of the taps.
Sirens are silent / war is over,
the mutilated survivors have all died out.
The clock goes round,
more so when it rolls down a hill.
The nihilist starts to melt.

Of the suicided that which shaped them has gone,
like the 4000 paedophile priests moved about,
walking through walls,
breeding abominations.
I'll throw your shadows down the drain,
at head a bottle of frozen champagne,
to christen dead orgies from your eye sockets.

When you pray to the Devil it reaches him via God.
The Devil is the GOD-DOG unleashed,
for if all evil was vanquished there would be no good either.
They depend on each other thus neither exists.

Is there a direction never before taken,
a bearing beyond the compass?
YES: darkness goes where the light fears to tread,
void eating void,
as we sit in the waiting room.

Outer-space smells like burnt steak
and the Sun wants to kill us.
I shall retry my dimension,
outdreaming the angles of space.

IV: ABSOLUTELY NO INTEREST

Our first men
were small potatoes.
Couldn't even scream.
Choked by the breath
of a ray of light.

A depressing prison.
An exciting prison.
The illusory prism.
Even on the spirit level
where entities already here
gather in your pyramidal loft
like a church service.
Hence the misconceived
dimensional portals,
in reality gatecrashers.

The face in the window
brushes its metallic cheek
against a jet-black eye.
Old book one of the corners
coming from the woods.
A groping loop,
impossible probables,
ignored like an everything
as newsreader mouth
morphs you into wanksock.

Fireworks in the daytime,
trick photography,
Roman deserves dyed by tidal experts,
eaten, vomited, spunked or shit
in the never-ending pits,
hampering the search-parties.

V: THE ANSWER IS NOT MATERIAL

Everyone just wants to
sheep and dogs and fucking.
Repetitive film milk,
nightmares through computer,
core entities, hate people.

The narrative wraps around like snakes
to keep you in damage,
courtesy of rape injections,
purple-robed crustaceans,
hotel spelled backwards,
dripping lightning,
faces through the grain,
claws on the organ,
lab-bred hoodie monks,
drug covens, demon nests,
threatheads curling toes,
love and fall
and remaining skulduggery
is not got he.

I am not me.
Full of nothing,
to live with vivid ambivalence,
a door in the torture.
I am the Messiah come to me.
My thoughts become spiders.
I know what happens next.

Empty man.
Full woman.

Anything – Why?
Anything – Why not?

IT IS IT OF IT AT IT AND IT IS IN (composite)

I am laughed at by police, possessed of a degraded populace, 80% injected with mystery goo. England team kneeling, guru fades to gangland; half-heres and hanger-ons inseminated by transported semen: the vacant mycelium. Emboldened by the gold with undeniable resolve walk the snaking road into Moonday evening soon of silver glimmering madderness hewn and strange worship. A mirror-close ritual as skin.

> vaginal acid > you can feel a presence
> the beyond here > come away with me

You return from deep sleep darkness ejaculating a wet dream aliens breeding. Fumbling and thrusting pulled out a distorted apparition of top common talent or shrivelled bone lost in the yawning squidgy sponge over a barrel with a gaping gun covering magic red hand buttocks as the sump signal hovers around the thumbs up slit open on the right, trance exploding. Rose of thorns borrowed from the hole in dawns, our chimera descends to autumn suckles standing up as it rains devouring points a dead man's eye greasing the art unjoined by the real last name or any "quite the phenomenon" presumes not hearing back immaculate. Running laughing away leaves a stitched-up Roman moron crying in the converted lake, hanging neck, the annihilating metal of his/her head as battle shrapnel from outside or an inside hospital plate sting the pink gagging cock legs apart, pregnant moment colliding together suspicion or stars, fading hands, pre-crunch gilt markets' investment vehicles stress test, nodding dogs, flying monkeys, labdunks and foils.

You shouldn't be anywhere.

I prefer a darker secret, that which is seen on a dead person's TV. The easy ingredient, proper traditional, the star in the apple, a mirror on the hill. Reverse the X-word your mind become tranquil. The commands don't really, not from outside anyway, and those inside I am not me, watching the Ps and Qs. Feed-to-Feed.



UNTOLD - took me away

friends at a nigimportance. W make towards I'm riding a
was a brawl. Itdarkest and m gates are half a magnificent g
Thus this persoforce us to lore is punctured open. Suddenly
long dream, al an "internal rgetting off my and is rapidly
the gunshot ancmake a lot of s towards me. bicycle, the ke
prised at this ! unconfessed deim in a police- He's an elderly
day-dreaming itheir anxieties. cassock. Brus- man's uniform,
Then someone Doesn't the be terrible feeling quely he asks n
And you reply he starts to see like a puppet, of humiliation

AFTERWORD

AS SOME OF you will guess and others may know after reading this far, it is not all it seems, but more. I speak not of any sleighting legerdemain, but the fact that I'm not sure how much of what is there or attributed to me I actually wrote. I did physically, 'obviously', but feel some of the material was transmitted through me by some other, whether demon, angel, alien or human (including activation of genetic race-memory). We are gods in the chrysalis.

After getting it down, and helped by the celibacies, I felt like a tank; the muscles more taut than usual, as if they were a single one; the body weighing more (which might have been due to the aforementioned tautness). I knew I could physically punch through the wall or astrally dive through the floor. I was unstoppable, not even any concept of an opponent. A very useful potential.

This is a matter of mystery, with an obfuscated itinerary, arcane to allay anything way too egoey, and although few will believe it (and I don't expect them to, yet...), it should be readily apparent by now that the apparition and apparel of my way are not a howl in a roar. What I am diving into is the same fecund slipstream as all the other poets and artists, etc., but I am trying to delineate the process involved, not just the results.

I see the future as clearly as you can see out of the window: a pumped up civil or world war instigated by whoever and leading to a differing result depending on viewpoint; an unrestricted pattern unexpected perhaps where other settings come into (the) play: déjà-vu cascade, where lucid dreaming will come in handy, for real.

They('ll) continue to do it wrong so we are cutting it/them out. You won't be able to trust the internet as soon all 1s & 0s will be fake news. Only the printed ink on paper statement will be acceptable. You can already tell which authors' books are valuable because they are stolen. Strange days are ahead, that won't be alleviated by normality. Smash the moribund contrapuntal! Onwards to V!

MARK REEVE

- 1 www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-3425817/The-Bermudan-postbox-numbered-666-funnels-30BILLION-Google-s-profits.html
- 2 <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bugchasing>
- 3 www.bristolpost.co.uk/news/bristol-news/pervert-rigged-up-spy-camera-302704
- 4 www.theatlantic.com/politics/archive/2013/11/the-secret-story-of-how-the-nsa-began/281862/
- 5 www.dsma.uk
- 6 The French philosopher, Jacques Derrida (1930-2004) (<https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/derrida/#LifWor>). His key work is *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning & the New International* (first published in English by Routledge in 1994, translated by Peggy Kamuf; originally published in French as *Spectres de Marx: L'état de la Dette, le Travail du Deuil et la Nouvelle Internationale* by Éditions Galilée in 1993).
- 7 The German philosopher, Martin Heidegger (1889-1976) (<https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/heidegger/#BeiTim>). His key work is *Being and Time* (first published in English by SCM Press Ltd. in 1962, translated by John Macquarrie & Edward Robinson; originally published in German as *Sein und Zeit* by Halle Niemeyer in 1927).
- 8 <http://dyatlov-pass.com>
- 9 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rathaus,_Vienna
- 10 <http://realitystudio.org>
- 11 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rootes_Arrow
- 12 <https://www.cia.gov/library/readingroom/document/cia-rdp91-00901r000500150005-5>
- 13 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/magazine/4443934.stm>

Mark Reeve was born in April 1968 in the county of Norfolk, England, amidst trans-Plutonian astro-theonic influences. His earliest still-remembered memories are of feeling very different from everyone else and perceiving strange phenomena, that was soon followed by what could be termed, because they seemed to be, “UFO and alien close encounters and abductions”. After this terrifying yet rewarding series of events he developed an intense and continuous interest in Otherness and the possibilities of an expanded consciousness. Later on he co-refounded the magical-art “cult cult” the OKOK Society (aka: “OKOK Research Bureau”) and was contributing editor and producer of many OKOKian works. Nowadays and nights he makes in myriad mediums and genres near transceiving quartz-filled mountains in Wales.

