



MARK REEVE • PRO-LEAVE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mark Reeve was born in April 1968 in the county of Norfolk, England, amidst potent trans-Plutonian astro-theonic influences.

His earliest still-remembered memories are of feeling very different from everyone else around and further and perceiving strange phenomena.

This 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 nowadays and nights he makes in myriad mediums and genres near transceiving quartz-filled mountains in North Wales.

ALSO BY MARK REEVE

FICTION

Actuality (2019)

Marsh Five (2021)

NON-FICTION

Mark Reeve's Mediascope (2019)

Black Glows & Manifestos (2020)

The Quaquaversal Eye (2021)

Discard (2023)

POETRY

Rex Erects (2018)

ART

Xes Says Yes (2009)

The Violet Lens (2017)

ILXII (2022)

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MARK REEVE

PRO-LEAVE

26 UNTITLED POEMS
FORMING SPOOK PRESS
POETRY SERIES VOLUME 6



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THE SPOOK PRESS

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for
all those
who have stuck
their fingers up and
broken the hourly chain

The feedback so far
is this a good re-enter,
as shown in the spectrum reports.

The dead manifest the living,
overpopulating this country that's sinking,
too full of neurotypical dipstickable
comedic timing singwriters.

All survivors have clones,
not the antimatter prize candidates
shot without gun,
plotting behind the horn.

Before I came to this
as a parting gesture
I was murdered by a nurse on strike,
an ambiguous hater
so sooner or later
the other other
will rightly cluster,
whereof I and I am
going beyond wild,
attached to no soil.

II

In 1980 still a child me,
a bloke up the road
tied daughter to the washing line
in his concrete garden
to whip the Devil out of her.
I used to bicycle past regular,
the weirdness in the air
for weeks afterward.

That's us over there
in forgotten lumber-rooms,
always carrying a penknife for trees,
dribbling brown liquid from pursed lips
on any apathetic stock safari,
meek as a spoiled banana.
Stub it out.

What is the everything surrounding you?
Where are you (not in a geographical sense)?
A spell. You are under a spell.
That is the meat of it.

III

I can't believe so many people
think this is the only real,
as fashions move the electorate
and a cope of cowardly hope
surges the polyester flag.

The ruse not up,
paid protestors suck,
the bogus whore
becomes the streets.

This right jackhole
giving it the big one
but all faff,
dance in the smell,
making the hole larger.

I weighed him in,
banged my head
but on a gold wall
so may bring me riches,
hypervigilant
underneath the arches.

IV

I'm in Sweden...no, Surrey...
at the annual crepuscular banking-on party.
Binoculars in hand,
looking gems in the sand,
that deep cello moan with shortwave static,
the right stars high as the bells cryptic,
perpendicular extraordinary
twisted genius coruscating change
against fake entrapment scheme,
all shop dummy double-crossed,
dead in cathedral six hours old,
mind in no quarter,
the chant Neolithic from lion's mouth
burnt onto manifesting walls.

Cut to on a downward spudhead spiral,
body halved rhyming slaughter
on ripper wine at the old mill house
lining up for dirty hippy sex,
photographed for gutter press
spouting successful dirt
reaching the dirt people,
spat on by blackbirds and thrushes.
Retreat to caved-in shaving foam face.

Entry into Force
and it's coming on strong.
Something about
a tearless military family,
total straightedge (X, sXe, XXX)
and ready for anything,
with the concomitant abduction aliens.

We need a helpful distortion
satellite channel against
the existent dirge of
cultural shitpiss,
shod by the killers behind the curtain
who sell baby foreskins
for cosmetic products,
tip of iceberg sinister.
How they might have killed
is whatever you like.

Hysterical news presenter
spots his doppelganger
next to pilgrims
praying to the wrong relic.
All life says no.

At the do-it-yourself shop
I saw my dead neighbour
of misused foundries last Xmas,
but generally alright here village.
Inhabitants strangely entwined
like a jigsaw in a maze.

Vision at the inn,
steadfast, obstinate,
but fumbling
no body no crime
derealisation.

If sadistic backlash
the open glove repels
certain rumour campaigns,
but slime sticks like
a delusional deviant's
shooted muck inside you,
a re-run of ergophobic birth.

The distinction/discrimination
aware far there, truly pro-social,
although everyone gets raped.

VII

Last dodo aggressive shagging rejected suitor
4 AM in the woods why on Earth not
as I was the “Man in the Poltergeist”
clawing freakery energy.
Don’t screw with me.

The Cow Orgy Chav’s puffa jacket,
stolen vodka in it if I had the bottle,
scraping the annals at the sticking post.
She was all intox, stinking udders
flowing with zing but unsteady on feet,
a dirty little scrubber reading the walls,
a symbol of everything I hate,
street/Dr drugs damage her mate,
eyebrows meeting on a low forehead,
a blue anchor tattoo on his right forearm,
mouth or something snarling,
every move a massive bulge.

Malevolent melancholic menace
utter boredom meaningless
infinite pervert jackpot.
The authorities stay out of it.
Fuck off exorcist.

VIII

I dream of arms stretched wide,
barbed wire rings hung up,
best on the floor
to Queen's coffin
standing over a studlord ultra,
insane dildos jizzing in the quag,
offensive statues taking the piss of me,
savage cabbage-head delinquents
served by toxic shockkeepers
swayed by the unremitting
deterioration fetish.

Police tell residents to stay indoors
but news reporters out on the streets.
Lines of adjustment are your receipt
until the abrupt transcendent.

It 'all' makes sense now:
mass shootings, Marilyn Manson,
the Adolf Android underground.

The necessary overthrow is inevitable,
based far away,
spiteful mutants first.

There is a they of
the outlandish happy navel
honing the dock,
bursting to know.

Cue taffeta under tweed,
framed ebony maps,
signalling candles,
a ready to leave now bag
looking for something
as the bollards shriek
in farcical unison
amongst the degenerated
workers' states of
permanent revolution,
its comrades and cunt-mades
tootling along
bereft of charisma,
unlike all psychopaths.

The uninitiated roiled
down the dog and bone
rattling sabres blunt
through the dumbo doors,
demonising all warning signs.
The future: stupid babies pregnant.

What's happening?
Alluminati modus operandis,
believe what they say atrocities,
possessed tit for tat,
an absorbing Markov chain,
indoctrination in action,
blobby overtures of flimflam.

The emergent retail park will devour itself, cropping
concentric circles, green for danger, playing a blinder,
avoiding the ghastly dancing customs men paid with a
tarnished sovereign, straight off the boat.

No general strike.
Burn for the children you destroy.

It's so obvious is this
before people who
weren't born were born:
the reason for reality.

Psalm 93 on a black glass beach like a key hidden in
the shadows so resonates. Amber with insect pattern
recognition, out of to concentrated correction.

All the risen cream
against national self-harm,
the stupidity lucidity,
clowns in general,
maximum corroded tools.

This homeland needs new bases,
an overall action pact,
everything sensible basis,
crunching clutched pearls
underfoot on all
snakes and ladders
discarded by
the best supremacist.

XII

Someone me is disturbed fantasist,
where the leopard-skin print is
Riot Act from horizon, a model or ?
I walked in empty shoes there,
macabre eternity, no-remembers feeding
the indominus shadow elite cum
Evil Rex, his cupboard made of skeletons
lining overt corridors of power and
the deep subterranean bunkers.

Halloween holiday orbs
kill the lion-tamer sure of the lore
as shivers contact Pope's dependence
whispering about balcony dangers
that sent legit chills down my spine,
putting bruises on the country.
Way to go cops, you let a wasp sting me.

Motes and beams, the clique and its
claque dysgenic in derp.
They are killing everything
where everything will kill them.

We will fight against
fascism and racism,
throw bricks at police horses,
shout "Shame on you!" a lot,
skewer your non-sweaty job,
pride march down your gob,
obtaining automatic acclaim.

Back on stranger danger glitch
the eager auger audience
perfidious duplicitous disingenuous
raising money for the poor
manifest a wheelbarrow of onions.

Posh vile dirt actual subhuman vermin
of fever-grade lunatic menace
with indicants of inbred goof nub
ceding credulity to
felicitous rebarbative recidivism.

Not so long ago you would've been shot as pirates,
your corpse burnt ashes cast to the four winds
directions then utterly forgotten in all worlds.

XIV

Past its sell-by date ibuprofen
combined with takeaway MSG
provoked strong dream potentiation,
engendering ludic lucid dreams
persistent upon awakening,
bolstered by the conversation confirmation
of eucalypt stick insect.

The decline vine, plenty of takers in this haunted
dollhouse where the radio is overheard slurs,
TV a fiendish medium in the same waves,
the outside mad operating the screaming jiggling
on the inviting symmetrical parquetry, rippling
their one-mass body base smile in unison.

Bring back the birch.
Clean the drains.
German Shepherds required.

The best way to meet the Lord
is to trespass on my property.

An unusual telecon led to psychotic delirium,
not knowing cause or effect,
a fiend in the world in the skull of the clock
deranged into dementeds,
a burst of publicity spur to split protest,
staged chicanery headlining,
fitting in the scum,
lower than sewage,
raving waste of skin with broken time arms.

lightning flashes / implosive fractuality,
transverse tessellations,
the correct use of demon lemons,
IYKYK...

The shops were closed after workmen had ceased
as they had found human remains,
beyond which lurk those we know nothing of,
reminding us why the eagle never hunts the fly.

opfer coda
health of the whole filter
cobwebbed vagina agenda.

Never had a problem
knowing the holy wells,
but we won't go into that.

The Warminster Thing
flows in the dark,
who says it's a death zone
where we all make mistakes.

Everything is getting there,
the dogs who frightened them over
make some hungry
for spent verdigris,
the skeleton of a baby
crawling floor widdershins.

The greatest ouija-board awakens
poison centre notifications
through these tubes.

Tortured by the rotten
no longer a myth.

XVII

I'm trip...
zoning out without fear,
propelled by forever chemicals,
integrated subatomic genitals,
beyond heroic,
ergo the chameleon impostor residue processing.

We can Angel...
into dose,
curtains drawn, not eating, barely sleeping
but rage bait random jousting,
a catch-and-release operative.

Amaze of activity in the ionosondes,
the woods strewn with nitrous oxide silver bullets
lobs burning bottles backwards.
Hot robot weds 5G to the nuclear briefcase,
ghost town when outer biting succeeds.

Then it looked older,
with a full-up dreamcatcher,
revanchist facile sinecure,
getting used to oligarchy.

XVIII

The pub smelled of rabbit food, those multicoloured pellets if they still make them. The rabbits would like them anyway.

Need to move somewhere out
where I can kill in peace,
as in the faked custard murders.

The elsewhere gormless slaughtered on balcony, their
full view blood dripping on the hydrangeas or
Romans fighting over a wall, the bloated joke
übermensch style just playing at it, stabbed by
mattress springs, quaffing shifting sands.

Aberration crack on the rampage,
the lackadaisical quotidian
knitting viscous vicious circle,
sickening plot offput trapped,
throwing up gang signs to/as unit animals.
The moderate extremists and
mostly peaceful terrorists don't like it at all.

I am outer-space,
lost in woods.

I didn't know I
 was part of an experiment,
 throwing razor blades onto a map
 to establish beauty and determination,
 the management of hierarchy,
 but "I'm disgusted to even touch the enemy"
 judging from the plethora of misfits
 rallying around
 the puppet government
 hamster wheel \$ellout\$.

That wet weekend devious lick
 meat cute scene when people were conspired
 to mislead me into marrying
 another in wolf's clothing,
 running away into the growl behind the mirror.

Progressive Eugenics:
 "We don't think spastics should be exterminated,
 we think normal people should be exterminated."

Adolf Hitler in gas chamber,
 screaming for the start.

Has our money come
to the devil merchant
who shows us good mangoes
then puts rotten mangoes in the bag?

Elsewhere names or numbers
forced on us without
our permission, religion, etc.,
so bold and obtuse
with bending shelves,
olive skin and purple breath,
their anonymous servants creepy as f.

Those who take
to this mineshaft social life
lie like a rug,
indoctrinated by the hidden cluster wars
that cull quietly the undesirable humanal,
real evolve all evil.

Your secret's not safe.
The uncaught graffiti artist
is gonna get justified.
Might win me some votes.

Seems my wife is 'really' a CIActor,
myself in extraordinary golf club pastel attire,
her black all over her, piercing glance of the empty
tomb escapee infamy, high fantasy ringleader echoes
killing a lookalike to help fake her own death,
training the world.

A lot are in pain sex,
one-tap or mag-dump
with a generic nickname,
juggling unwanted fame
like Russian military initiations
or those Volga 149.200 all-stars.

The penis picture was wrong.
He'd had a few and...
This missing man possibly
has blood on his hands and face,
spraying bestial semen over innocent faces,
breeding monsters, red eyes hunting,
found at the beginning in a rough serial,
masked like a public secret
in the national monument.

Let alone,
wading through the creaky acceptable
with vinegar and brown paper
in windows but a door,
are them or at some baroque boudoir
infamous for its voluptuous stake in it.

A stompy body wrapping birthday resents
arrives to harass peaceful Group X
standing still preaching on street
while hateful Group Y
march and sing whatever they like
and nothing is done
apart from Double Standards.

Would be better Planet Earth
just bugs in wild foliage.
No more hideous handing me a leaflet
in a sticky rubber suit brandishing
a glow-stick lubed with lanolin.

A grand pile bog tie triple voice with a licence
permeates earth and skull for push an agenda,
professor of serial-killer bloodline palingenesis
in an ideal world camouflaged
by biologically alfresco scandal facetiae.

No need to make predictions,
you just pay them to do what you say;
those who refuse can be powdered OD,
ambush hypnosis or date-rape drugged
to another implanted egochip
who want the Midlands everywhere
with a button-down collar
daily fatter non-tribe fucker
of the nightmare that is control.

However...
the thinker is greater than the thought,
wrong lust weaning waning.

The highlight of this scrap
is now a loose contact.

Are blatant wilful reigns of terror
by Ace Face phobiaphobes
of the unhinged fringe
spreading chaotic hates
the fundamental fake real?

Sparks fly, zero litany.
As for the whole story,
that hocus-pocus hostelry
smelled of bleach,
clean glasses,
but something else.

I have all Keys.
I control all Keepers.
I am not me.
I turn around
the spanner thrown in the road,
edging nearer,
bone dice in sea salt
taking me further.
Perforce focus,
merge into cosmos.

The Olde Worlde is better
than the New World but
I don't fancy it – everything.

All that schmuck and shyster,
the abeyance of authenticity
to gain the favour of the lesser,
the shit that is shunted
to rooms already overloaded
with stinky baubles,
desperate to be your friend,
useless if you have the axe.

Run or walk away
before time stands still
and you are painted white
throughout the night.

No Retreat! No Surrender!
Transcend the damn seesaw!

This particular work can be read in whatever way one wants, i.e. down or across the columns and/or in any word order, etc.

something	perhaps
foisted	independent
forgotten	wave
drifting	fists
no blood	know
market	outer
embrace	ever after
question	thread
over	realise
values	reject
purpose	spectrum

cut the mustard

cut the mustard

