

STAYS AND SUPPORTS

the cheapest elements are both abundantly available and easily acquired. Iron is the cheapest metal because, while less abundant than aluminium, it requires enormously less energy to refine.

Toxic pink and wet colourless

rain falls on the assembly line like orange blossom.

I wait for you. We have started.

A Breathable

2k20

depth, the reading group waits in summer nights I wait for you
and this waiting itself resembles an immense equestrian park
we never speak of it,

afraid of diseases toilet seats poverty Jean Toomer red flowers damn

You could hear the wind outside, like orange blossom
like pineapple. the tiny red bump of its sex

the lift going down, the torn fabric. I've written poems sober
for the fire image. Still technically wet.

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and it is in that twilight that we now find ourselves, in which we live,
with the result that the pressure that flows from our own habits of
thought to decide that we ourselves do not exist is becoming almost
unbearable; but once we see in this pressure in our heads a real his-
torical force in its own right everything changes, we realise that the
struggle to defeat it is also real and that it 'exists' as the class struggle
exists having the same degree of essence as all of those other paths and
avenues that are shut off from us, even the most complex, *for even the
most total bodies are distinguished only by their different proportions of motion or
rest*, and we humans will discover ourselves to be quite another thing
from what we have been so far, or have imagined ourselves to be. it is
time that you saw there are things not shown to melt at any heat, you

assholes

I came with spectacles on my nose and autumn in my heart
this isn't my home, and I didn't expect to stay here. no winners in this
fucked reality,
but the frost smells of apples, of Elysium, and a certain kind of camouflage

and even the suicide flies into negation as if into a womb

Afterwards it sang to us quietly with a microphone
on a digital camera and light came in at the window. 20 yuan

each Of course they're defending the banks

hostesses in the upper bars will be taller with more total bodies than in the
lower,
At night sand hits the abrasion strip, causing a visible halo around the rotors.
and that there is a secret seed in everything each of us is cultivating

somewhere red flowers

exist

For if time is male
it will have a barely perceptible eminence, visible when you squeeze it and
look inside its
asshole

Wind behind the visors.

And each day
of this new future will have its own name,
Snow will retire safe and unmelted
wherever warmth is applied to it
with fire and forms, and in the basement floor,
Healing Panda, Dreaming Kitty and Bunny in the Forest
will rise during the night to warm us
holding hands
I never minded it. All is past
and sand hits the abrasion strip, causing a visible halo around the rotors

like orange bl

like pineapple Wind behind the visors

No lyrical quality. our vocabulary snow.
our metaphors snow. our heaven snow.
our assholes snow.

I know Kawasaki ammonia
imperfecter imperfectum imperfecteror
conjugated Garfield episodic

Now touch me there where I have washed what was wished
by what was

n't

by what was

Now touch the referent where it wished to be
on its mastectomy scars

Now touch the image where it wanted, on its Lips.

It's not always that easy

it's

too late to go into the loveliest war in the world and write fuck ice on it

Swing riot,

In 100 years' time this will be the deepest lake of oxygen on earth:
the immense labyrinths of London
where we passed even within a few feet of each other will be submerged,
like
so many
anonymous voices in a few alien ideas invented on our behalf.

and even the suicide still flees into negation as if into a womb.

desecrated hyperuranion a thousand Fortune 500
bathrooms
snap I saw one of them, tallow carved above the lake light lying through
its teeth
I saw it mastectomy tainted promise figurine lying
Now star of Bethlehem, show the way

to the anti-city, its seeds and living crystals
(this appears before you begging you to hurt it.)

The setting is a world in which a number of realities are superimposed
sleazy yellow room, vending machines on the wall

cult of the existent. your own feeling that biologically or whatever,
genetically, you'll never get what you want. Wireless commu

B737 230 ADV. Traffic dominates everything. Leopardi, PinkPantheress

How does a boy feel? How does a girl feel? a circle enclosing a cross
censored by a laughable obsolete star. the right to make images

or to be an image, or to become one, to want things impossible
essenceless and categorically barred. C, G, A and T chemicals

cult of the Turkish made 2.55 Chanel handbag

maybe I've got it all wrong. We travelled by train to the West.

In the financial district there reigned a cacophony of signs; the intoxication

of victory penetrated every corner. Those who lived in this place,

the higher circles, the celebrities, the very rich, the CEOs, the warlords,

the obsolete columnists, the political directorate,

all experienced life as a continuous rain of contingent facts,

Hathor Sekhmet skyscrapers of blood and air, the upper floors

reserved for special prisoners; we knew that this was not the place

We left by a secret door, like heat leaking through glass.

In the forking of the path, says our narrator, a star shows the way.

The legs of the pornographic worker represent that path, and the star of Bethle-
hem points

to an apotheosis of obscenity the likes of which we have never
Lift going down.

If I could suspend sex, it would be easier to lie together

If I could suspend time, it would be easier to love each other

If I could suspend beauty, it would be easier to write like this

so you see, it's only possibility that prevents them from really living
hatred of possibility, most of all their own, defined as an unrealised
flickering

After the war ends we'll go our separate ways: male and female manual workers
to the manufacturing complexes of the Czech Republic, middle class

Marxist intelligentsia to cultural stipends in Vienna or Berlin,

this glass bead game we play on the island of love, or the island of the spirit.

and now the dying animal's cry assumes its third and final tone,

the imperfect ring of the referent shines, the star of Bethlehem guides

us to its imperfect image in the police car and the bathroom stall

and the filthy unmade bed. Stays and supports. For who obeys

the ethical task of encouraging others to want to live, a dildo

a hieroglyph, love that likewise breathing stays, is that enough? They were
threatening

to get rid of derogation committees, bring out all the trusts

all at once, to strike for 48 hours instead of 24

"I want the whole text to be a kind of horrific inorganic body with awkward
parts, both to replay at the level of form some of the critiques of organicist

thinking with reference to nature that the poem tries to articulate, and also, more glibly, to be somewhat like a trans body, awkwardly fitting together with some parts undercutting others” (Laurel Uziell)

which is one of the reasons right now

why almost all observers feel that, biologically or whatever,

genetically, they’ll never get what they want,

just as in the same way I can’t make

a perfect image of another life using the simple material of the lie

though I try to do so anyway, with spectacles on my nose and autumn in my art

split riverine please hole polythene stay

As the imperfect image of the referent becomes this referent,

the referent becomes the imperfect image of itself

now both are perfect and imperfect, image and referent;

they appear before you, begging you to hurt them,

maybe I’ve got it all wrong. Later we travelled by train to the East.

In the suburbs there reigned an uneasy silence; the intoxication

of relief did not penetrate here. Those who lived in this place

knew that this was not the peace that they had striven for

desperately fragile almost everything presently conceivable seems

From ‘expectation’ perceived as a set of beliefs about what ought to be possible

grows hatred of those possibilities that inhere

in the materials that we have and are.

this

elimination of ruined possibility, the narrator says, is the ruination
of love the ruination of communism the ruination of sex it is the ruination of
dream

Juice Wrld Wie man sieht

In the materials we have and are and that underlie appearance
there is something that is hard to want; each of these images that we make
will be less than what they expect. the star of Bethlehem that appears to us
as an asshole as a censor's bar in the fading light it sheds on the forking path
is our guide to this system of tones, it has no key as such

but we see by now that its floor is tiled, & the couches very dark from grime.

This is how to make something from the lie.

the elimination of ruined possibility is the ruination
of love is the ruination of classlessness is the ruination of
is the ruination of death, says the narrator,

the world around us is a surface that it is painful to even look at,

J-P Sartre JuiceWrld useless cries

In Jan 1945, snow lies on the ground and, in the cheaper of the two bars,

the slaves of the two corridors of its karaoke suites

imprint their footprints in a clear aerial image. scene numerical

this is what I mean by the right to make visuals

or to be an image, or to become one I'm dead, the narrator says;

the roof of the bar in which are carried out experiments usually
reserved for animals is completely covered now in ice,
which means that the building has likely already been evacuated,
but the snow on the roofs of the higher, neighbouring bar is already melting,
which means it is probably still in use. We relish our role as specialists
in the city centres from which these images flow
and at the periphery there is only work
imageless and derived from the laws of thermodynamics;
this is used to give hatred of appearance as such its gloss of radical respectability.
After the war ends they'll go their separate ways: male and female manual workers
to the manufacturing complexes of Poland, middle class
Marxist intelligentsia to cultural stipends in Elysium or Berlin,
You'll hear the wind outside, like orange blossom
like pineapple. the tiny red bump of its sex, the lift going down, the fire image
the smell of the word mirrors and the light growing desperately thin. digital im
To clean someone's ass you have to be gentle
the narrator thinks, as we are taught by the light of that star, and by the two paths
before us,
and the sleazy yellow room, and the imperfect referent's ring
Love of anonymity is not the same as hatred of the visible
split

limo or swan

i

the smell of this place
the smell of the side of the road on the tiny red bump of its sex
the smell of the street lamps inside them
the smell of the word mirror. desperately fragile almost everything presently

ii

Ultra swans of bodies washed upon the sordid porous
rain of metal pronouns within the limo's ultra private dining.

I summon you make it like you mean it fuck.
Rows of fluids, drifting ever deeper into limos. swans of them
pronoun hairs may grow
deep and fine
attributes beginning to dine inside our separate organs, beneath us where the
exit light's salivating deeply

That's why the bouncer Bing would warn everyone, he knew everyone and
remembered their faces.

Please don't abuse our staff.

The hallway floors were tiled, and the couches very dark from grime.
Swans of bodies, washed up deep inside the limos' impossible existence.

In a few of those pauses you can see the zinc silent rooftops.
there was no weather
only modes of being human, infinite and perfect. like when you wake
up in a plastic chair
in hospitals where they never lock the doors. incalculable

opposite. It would be a 100 times more useful to help Russian desert-
ers.

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Award sexless liver world variations
standing by the railings, missing privilege to be here
white and perfect eunuchs declare that empty, pentatonic
grey repeating stairway leading to the thickest metal hatches

Rust triage panic sheds our emails, undelivered.
Make it to the grey cloned fertilizer mimics
Please abuse our staff banter dissonance in perfect
inner being, smoke and form the empty thicket.

They stood by the railings, and the regions behind both horizons
billowed with the same enormous hope.
hunger, the meaning of meanings
used their bodies as an assemblage of fragmented parts

but the bouncer, Bing, could not prevent this or them from dancing
on the stairs, sexless, and beneath the entire
world variations of happiness crept through them like a new fluid medium

guys you just had to be there

A particular succession of chords brings this chapter to an abrupt end.

epilogue

And that was it. It is as you can see a kind of novel

in which the elements are all taken from a beautiful book by Tiantian Zheng on sex workers in post-socialist China Plato's *Phaedo*, the late 80's films of Harun Farocki and my own experiences in several large London hospitals.

The synthesis is nothing new, nothing that couldn't

be gotten from reading or watching any of these films or books on their own. It contains no formal innovations, no large conceptual leaps, not even a few new proposals in the way of music or percussive attack, but I want to hold on to the illusion

that they all belong to the same world,
and to the belief that that illusion can be made imperfectly palpable in
poetry.

In wishing for a kind of anonymity brought about
by burying myself in the details of other people's lives
I try to satisfy my own need to eliminate illusion
in this case the illusion of Kawasaki Skanksa Hakor

penitent persistent ribbed echo an element, that is myself,
that is hatred of lying illusions of social justice
which tip over into hatred of everything unreal
aspirational still unformed or fatally unrealisable

I now see

that love of everything anonymous is a form of hatred
of everything that appears, it is also a form of
hatred of illusion, & that it has been all along my desire
to destroy the visible, meaning everything that can

currently be seen, everything that is shown and shows
itself everything that has a language or a style or a way
of speaking everything except this deep and unapproachable
core of anonymity around it under it in it beneath it

despite it goddamn & as I come to see this I also see
that it must be our task to hold on to the distinction be-
tween the one hatred and the other, as hatred of
appearance, of false appearance or illusion becomes

hatred of everyone I stet dexadrine Garfield eulogy
bolthole torpid pederast uniform Skanksa
ultra sick gay het riverine please hole polythene stay
music that hopes the liver biopsy goes smoothly, much love

(this appears before you begging you to destroy it)

