



I will call the ambulance by the name of a flower, on an alternative midnight, in
my own destitute lower floor.
the era of new simplified human beings is ending
 my sadness,
 little moon
over the three low-rise estates. The fight to the death
seen from the house where the whole sky seemed like perfect
meaningless letters typed into a word processor.

As a communist, you thought, I can make my own destitute lower floor, my own
way to darkness, tension and forgetfulness.
The party seems forlorn, but it grows new organs at midnight
 but I water them
 without looking to see
what are they. We didn't quarrel and we didn't set about drafting communiqués.
Down the street, the eight or so parked cars
will likely stay. The city, with its meaningless lights, will stay too

Woke City Breaks



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O.

Let's say you woke up in a kind of hospital. Let's say it was in a depraved overture for the depraved. You say 'Don't make things cry. Don't make them into ciphers for something called an easier life. It sucks to be cruel and yet harmless.' There were floral tributes, litter and burnt cars. There was an empty room, and a flat screen TV on the wall. There was my boredom, my boredom with thinking the opposite. Another room,

'I'm not sick, I just like to be fucked in the ass'
that shone on the dark red sand, and instead of a sea

sculptures of language, punctuating wide fields of black grass.

woke up orgasming again on some strange beach.
yesterday's sky lit by a strange and almost merciful light

I smiled, and black grass grew on my swollen belly.
'dude, point your finger at us'. Which meant a little road ran away from it.

(you know that this is not a sanatorium
and that you want to leave this place as quickly as possible. The walls are painted a
pale motion. Through the windows the language waves calmly in the colourful wind
(how would you survive that language, you thought, involuntarily (how could you
show them how to survive language

you are not at home. this is not a sanatorium.

(the earth's crust pushed up like magma itself. beautiful ideas can always be amputated
against us
because these are the instruments with which to produce shame,
and an almost endless variety of compulsion [...])

the thought that to be a self is to be aligned with ideas
or else that the self is by nature defined
by ideas which you had tried to take so deep inside of yourself

as to see in them a bright internal mirror
image whose surface however it might appear
is the one thing that can tell you what it means to be a person

is the special social privilege of those who
do not know what it means for their ideas to be manipulated,
a class of people to whom you will never belong.

(thus we rotate and invert in our meaningless windowless cars,
sensing the world outside as vast aluminium spheres
that have been entirely formed by nine overlapping interpenetrated plates.

we do not belong among those who use the verb believe
to prove themselves to be some kind of person
elevated above all those who are forced simply to be

but who lose themselves along with the simplest meanings
in an internal mirror anyone can redefine
simply by altering the relation between 1, 2 and 3.

(thus we rotate and invert in our meaningless windowless cars,
too tired to explain the thoughts we were gripped by
unsure if we were even still humans, or had become something else

though we knew that the hx was a compound of the head and the heart
able to measure its thoughts by the speed at which it beats
we had not yet been taught to understand its new uses

the sellers of selves line the streets, their faces turned down
(the sellers of selves line the endless opaque animal streets)
and each of us know they accept two kinds of currency,

the values of different weights that add up to a new rhythm
(money and pain, pain and money) we know only that we have left one place in search of another.

I can line up the series of exhibits (sound, syllable, word, etc.)

and then all of a sudden I started to talk about being. What the fuck did I know about being. You were in a kind of hospital, in a depraved overture for the depraved, wearing one of those little gowns with no back. I would paste in some tasteful pornography, something from the lifestyle magazines, scraps of what I used to think of as political language. To make it look like a life.

(I'm glad we slept together last night
though I know that it's hard
there is so much less in my mind now
it all falls away and only the concentration is left

I see you as the vowel of an insane animal sun
but only the thought
only the concentrated thought
of what is there and what is before anybody is left,

that somebody is there
in my body
if I just concentrate
and the skeletal hand thrusts up through gaps

and I smile (as some rags had been blown away in the evening air,

something it is love to be uncertain with (The flap at the end of the world closes

Let's say that a beach appeared on the flat screen TV. Let's say a voiceover was saying
the capitalist wasteland can be difficult to make out
because it is inside of you
Once you accept that you have to struggle against
everything, including your own thoughts
and the people closest to you
that the enemy drives his probes In everywhere
and that however far you have retreated
into the tunnels beneath its system
of relations you have not gone far enough
you will always have to go in deeper
you acquire a kind of insight
certain emotional problems fall away
and others rise up in their place
(Great clouds pulled themselves across an empty sky
above the huge cocoons that now appear
on the dark beach, surrounded by swarms of VIPs)

Sometimes I would tell the orderlies what it is like: 'Don't make things cry', I smiled, 'Don't make them into ciphers for something called an easier life. It sucks to be cruel and yet harmless.' They ignored me, of course. And when I tried to touch them quite gently on the cheek it came out as slurs and freak shows and genital mutilation and crime, and I had many opportunities to regret my spurned and misunderstood kindnesses. A special gland in the nurse's head took it all in, transmitting to distant authorities a report in which no attempt was made to hide the influence of personal animosities (floral tributes, litter and burnt cars, an empty room). But later a number of filthy animals gathered around me, their faces trembling between loathing and almost supernatural excitement. 'Get used to being ugly', I smiled to them. 'Your expressions must exceed all others in loathsome and appalling hideousness. The filters that they use will not render you suitable for human eyes, and when you die your flesh should be treated as unclean, like the flesh of the lowest forms of life, and not even buried in their cemeteries, nor yet even fed to their dogs, and even the clouds will seem to fly from you, as if the elements themselves could not tolerate your wickedness
(your rudimentary half finished organs (your crippled rainbows kept in filthy cages

(their gleaming bright eyes (floral tributes, litter and burnt cars, an empty room, a flat screen TV
(the stainless ethereal sea (sexually molested and cannabilized by democrats do you
sexually molested and cannabilized Democrats it is from this one noise that the no world will arise

extinguishing blaze of time
stink of ethical curses,

strange lights, falling gently on dark red sand. Sometimes, I said, you may see some act of decency between people that softens and attracts you, and will think for a moment that perhaps this society can be changed, that only one part of it was unsalvageable, but presently your rage will return, and you will remember that you are forever deprived of the delights that such beautiful acts could bestow (tiny gleaming bright eyes 'The aim of all bodies is to reinvent their present state', I sat down and cried, adding that it is a disgusting life I saw

that it is a disgusting life for you that it is a disgusting life for me that it is a disgusting life for us that it is

a disgusting Quebranteste las puertas, 600684.S5 life for
[where you get those roses] foreign puppet metaphoric "okay" flip flop summer magic stake

adult only cruises, in unknown worlds, woke city breaks in the dawn of who I am,
She saw the end of the world as a dove. He saw the end of the world as a drawn out,

melismatic chorus

leave this ward where the nurses' faces have hardened into complete unfeeling insensitivity.

The nymphs and larvae which they kept alive with such incredible toil now sink in their fatigue and die. Say the worst things that come into your mind. This will be called literature. The last heart not to be impaled will be burnt and its ashes spread equally across all desolate places.

This will be called democracy. And that it is still possible to walk across its living gangways and ladders, through its 20,000 reservoirs and the entire area that the vertical walls enclose, I say, across its dark rivers and barricaded and slumlike domes, means we may yet arrive at our own native destination,

many of us were tortured by love from the get go.
the ones who are never able to detach themselves from it
are never able to understand the reason why it hurts

through the green door inside ruling class thinking (the sheer amount of it frightens me),
simple stairs lead up to the great industrialist's limousine where, upon the elevated
surfaces of two vast steel spheres, wide fields spread out beneath the narrow vowels of an
insane animal sun, and a beautiful tragic girl, becoming rain, is allowed to fall, watering the
city, finally ending the drought. Carry your body across its vanishing threshold

just as gangrene moves quickly to healthy tissue
you have to lose parts of yourself that seemed healthy
to prevent the infestation in them from spreading

a mist that stumbles without ever falling into
the tightest recesses, and the furthest dark corners
of experience which is nothing more than air)

Nihilism was never a ruling class way of thinking
because there's no way to separate the harm done
from the thing in whose name it is carried out

What I'm teaching you is a basic kind of skill.
The artery is ligated, and the bone sawed through.
(some rags had been blown away in the evening air)

(Fuck, I said. I just want to lose myself in this shit.)

And the animals went on ahead. Tunnels, lost limbs, narrow escapes. New, unspeakable organs.
Tears were running down my face. I thought I saw their bodies wash up on the shore of an
immense concrete monument. A high pitched ringing in the air. I saw the self that I had wanted
as a large empty hall, rising from an unseen church, with many doors, many undefended
entrances, many gaping thresholds, many tunnels, many openings. I'd run far enough, and there
was nothing left to cut away. I looked upwards to the last remaining creatures that had
accompanied me, the lowest of the bats, culicidae and vermin. Some of them were crying (...
some rags had been blown away in the evening air; the paving slabs were coming loose in the
street; faint voices echoed about me)

Und jetzt komm vom Walde der Hirsche. Tenderly
thin flowers open like phrases, and close like the idea of them.

sucking dick on camera for free, in an unfinished world. or dissolving into the forest like a deer,
of Oakes and tall Ceders in the brightest breezes of youth

little sister, the teenagers in the park near my flat think I'm a fed
and make gun fingers at me.

she sat on a swivel chair in a living room and said she was dying
(and I will not fail, and will not fall, and will not harm myself)

I don't pray. I don't fuck. I don't cry. I try to intervene in arrests though I don't always get it right. I don't hate people for their weaknesses, for dying, for being alive. You took from me the one thing that was most important to me, my identity, and now it is just my being that I have left. You don't even realise that you did it. Now the bare fact that I am alive has to suffice. Whatever I do, wherever I am thrown in this world, there is something of me that will not change. A nobody child, neither good nor bad, a discontinuous element among anonymous masses, my being a nameless hulk surrounded by dolls dismembered and stacked on top of one another, absent from both history and literature, I let myself be contested even as a member of the human species. I trickle slowly down streets, leaving a wet trail behind me. The sky which rains its black mascara down on the living beings who stood on the pavements where I walked seems to turn away at the sight of my face. Helicopters fly over me, whispering. Already some of them are burning in that line of trees. How common is this.

If today I take delight only in the living snarl of wild animals, it is to avoid becoming embittered. The balcony above the sacred beach where the deformed foetus once took my hand is as simple as a smile: it characterises the nihilism of this sequence. Nihilism never was a ruling class value. (we ligate the supplying arteries, the veins, transect the muscles, saw through the bone into love, into hate into parts of yourself you never had time to create)

they don't know what it's like. against feelings that I thought were a part of who I was, I now have nothing but defences,
nihilism never was a ruling class value, it was never a value. They lied to you to get inside you, they lied to you and they used you and you didn't know what to do and you hated yourself and you became sick and the infection spread and you thought about amputation and you cried and you lashed out and you thought that you were alone and you thought you deserved it and you ran like an animal filthy and hunted by things that said they were like you through rivers and barricaded streets and slumlike apartments and a thousand clocktowers (*That's what terrifies me. That I have been placed here by a force that I can't remember or even name, by something at which I can only guess, and each move I make is written in advance in the letters of some unknown alphabet for creatures who I can never see, and the meaning of these letters can only be translated into the word hate*) never knowing the secret, that it was a part of you yourself that you were trying to escape, and that you don't have to love things that hurt you,
whatever they try to call themselves
and then you turned onto a dark beach filled by giant cocoons, screaming VIPs and enormous screens and you knew (the harsh wind was beating against your face): nihilism never was a ruling class value, because it never was a value, it never was anything but that power which you sought, to separate the harm done from the thing in whose name it is carried out, and

you are starving again, and now you know
nihilism never was a ruling class value, and

∖_(ツ)_/

that there is a ruling class in every system of moral (language
for whom to want to split away from its values
is a crime that cannot be atoned for, expiated, or forgiven

is essential to the broad system of social disciplining
which associates assaults on 'love' or 'solidarity'
with the worst kind of monstrosity, terrible weakness

they don't know what it is like when those values
are used to confuse you into thinking that your pain
was a mistake, a blamable error, or virtuous obligation

they don't have people who've learned to get inside their heads
who've figured out how to speak the same language
as them, and want to make them act against their own interests.

To want to reduce yourself, to be a human being again
so that things that harm you no longer have names
that prevent you from defending yourself against them

is the basic characteristic of that abused, chewed up
layer of people who inhabit every official ideology
from the most conservative to the most revolutionary,

the layer of people to whom I will always belong (and) (since) (what) (because)
& that each of us learns to give up on parts of ourselves
invoked to justify our own abuse, or make it seem

as if we had no right to act so as to defend ourselves
from the ruling classes inside every system of language (from those
who do not see the war that goes on inside all things,

means that at times we will seem as if we stood for nothing at all
except perhaps ourselves (a mist that stumbles without ever falling into the tightest recesses
and the furthest dark corners of our life, our experience)

but just as when a person who you trust touches you
new grass grows over the limousine, a single human
being who develops powers instead of names can always do

more for us than any beautiful idea of our own selves,
because we define ourselves through our (own) power to act,
which always begins with the power to

(Inside of the cocoons the defenceless ones are asleep.
The bodies of the vipers found lying on the beach
will show not even the least sign of what once happened here.

That there is a ruling class in every system of moral language
is a crime that cannot be atoned for, expiated, or forgiven.
even if new grass grows over the old limousine

and sculptures of language punctuate wild fields of black grass
spreading outwards in every conceivable direction
there will always be a war inside things (and it will be (sucking on camera for free

and there will always be mud fires, and new limousines
and unfinished worlds and new ways to die,
and new ways to fight back, while we wait for the larvae to—

ONLY THE MUD FIRES THE MUD FIRES WASHED UP ON
TREMBLING MAGNETIC WALLS SHOW ANY SIGN OF WHAT ONCE
HAPPENED HERE. THE WANDERING OF HUMAN MATERIAL
THROUGH ONE OR TWO MONOLITHIC PASSAGEWAYS HAS
HARDLY DIMINISHED THE SUM TOTAL OF UNFINISHED WORLDS

sometimes

the rose in the spheare, second ring
the cancer disappears. simple wish.
armoured lorries on otherwise deserted lanes
spheare after spheare
detrimental space at a distance from the outskirts.
we go there to do sordid things,
like love one another.
We all do things for money.
I touch you on your hand
the cancer disappears,
simple wish. the rose in the spheare, second rim.
that you bring
snow from the will itself,
that's why the white bus comes for us.
what we need kisses us:
take care, thousands of hinterlands,
fucked up ass system, fucked up ass sunrise,
simple wish. the rose in the spheare, second ring



