

Loading Terminal

Before that. Beneath the first arch. I'm always climbing back up out of myself, out of the drama or school-run bus stop of my own unresponsiveness. Loving someone who has 'advanced' cancer demands that you shut off the future in a kind of instinctive solidarity. We are here now. The portal we need to pass through leads into this present. There are so many things that prevent us from going through it. 'Speed', writes Celan, 'which has always been "outside", has gained yet more speed. The poem knows this but heads straight for the "otherness" which it considers it can reach and be free, which is perhaps vacant'. 'Speed has gained yet more speed'. 'The poem knows this'. In Kafka the walkthrough metal detectors (he called them 'laws') always lead to more metal detectors with bigger gatekeepers, a word which right now has quite a lot of currency on the London activist scene in which I live, though many of the gatekeepers here in this world are Black and Asian council workers who know better than Kafka's *Turbiter* the difficulties of 'passing through'.

“Not until we reach the extreme confines of life, in the arctic regions or on the borders of an utter desert, will competition cease.”

It turns out it's not so easy to combine this reality and your everyday life, rhythms, and mental worlds. In the history of poetry and of mythology-religion the gate is

the site of the test or trial, the place where invisible moral powers and capacities are finally assayed and confirmed or found wanting. In Kafka it was cleverly rotated 90 degrees until it resembled a trench: fuck the idea of ennoblement through trial or test of endurance, its vision of redemption through violence and all the hierarchies that are based on it. Go into a Jamaican restaurant in Hackney, look at the pictures of the celebrated sprinters on the wall: A people who have been denied access to the moral test and so who have learned to excel through speed that gained more speed probably isn't what Paul Celan had in mind, but here it is. Today the gate is a place where people are denied access to resources by people who resemble them: conflict ceases to be 'structural' and 'predictable' and becomes personal, volatile, and impossible to second guess, and so also unconscionable from the perspective of a political liberalism that is always up for a struggle so long as it passes the impossible trial of purity that that same liberalism inevitably poses to it – the gate that has gained more gate. I want poetry to deal not just with the great stirring conflicts of 'our society' but with competition at its utter borders and in its arctic regions as well. Gatekeeper conflicts. Personal antagonisms. That's *my* highway of despair, and if it too leads only into the present then it leads further into it, the presence has gained more presence, the speed that has gained more speed has gained more speed still, and we know this but head straight for the otherness where we consider we can be more free.

0 - To my greeder

*More nights than I know how to speak of. Crushed stone, sand and gravel.
A bleeding body lying next to its travel bag, still upright.
The rapid expansion of airports, or a ringroad, surrounding an unbuilt city.
A language that can be called revolutionary, or pointless, depending on
perspective.*

Secretly I read your work every night

**

Larissa Reisner, I'm standing at my balcony window.
Pulling back the Untitled steel and steel mesh curtains,
the nails on my left hand are painted blue.
I see a city you left behind

in the year twenty twenty two, long since abandoned

**

I can't help it

Blue flowers,
black champagne. Objects without interiors
Wars. Genesis.
The poetry of Nora Colleen Fulton
a steel parachute unfolding
like a sequin
in the sodium light of a streetlamp.

I wrote about bigots and conspiracy theorists
because people who are driven
to thoughts
for reasons other than their respectability
have my sympathy,
even when the thoughts themselves are clearly false
or exaggerate a prejudice

already preached to us
in chastely
homeopathic doses.

Almost by definition
those who do the greatest harm
will think things
that are essentially
inoffensive:

A creature that lives for only 24 hours
has no evolutionary use
for a mouth

**

*An interstate highway system.
Last night, in a metal bed, followed by a general decline for the next thirty years.*

In fact the freedom that has been promoted has always been economic.

The OECD takes an interest in 'all the phases of organized matter'

As I watch you dress, the way your bones have changed makes me think of

(light crudes, steel and steel mesh, red and white high tension. Concrete.)

Methane. March dusk.

I

loading terminal. the prison trains leave the ghost stations by night in critically melting shadow the tunnels, granulated like emerald porash bend and steel, the British disease deniers rush out into the Streets to wave their impetuous hankies. it is not time to speak of the sanitary greenhouses and the sea's ceaseless mutations it is still,

here
the 400 hectare greenhouse will coast above the seas' atypical pseudohorizons
as
thru veils of steel tears we watch as a hundred crush barriers crumble. it is time

The New Great Market of Bodies is created where the antipsychotics wear off,
in snows
of precious stones the white coated staff are bored and a red scare podcast falls
softly

like snowflakes through thousands of surfaces to the surface of solid gold lake
it is hip and cynically affectless on the vast iron roof we first felt it in thousand
s
of those tiny red bits we did not read the news, or know the names of the politi
cal groups.

we didnt know who's at war with who. we couldn't care less about the scandal

Nights I would look out through the vast glass walls of the greenhouse a massi
ve

emptiness would provide atmosphere the trains would pass in melting emerald sheets:

I wear my windrunner with a adidas gasmask. a thin rain scans me, I am weak.

One day a lump appeared in my body I put on my Hugo poly crew & went out into an inbred sea behind me the days on this earth appeared dead like Seas but I did not think of them my mind was empty of everything but what I need: these Gas-masks stink of it

Don't think. Certain images drew me on the vast iron wall its distances measured by metal detectors we walk through certain regions of this wish not to be like them and the feeling that

I'd rather die than be just another educated liberal and all the damage that that

feeling can cause to others as well as ourselves and all its distances, measured by metal

detectors we walk through to the vast iron wall where nothing is as it seems &

an inbred
ocean, trembling, branches out in roots fibrous & stateless: a thin rain scans it.

I put on my BOSS swim shorts and went out the 20p toilets hung there on four
silk-thin
strings things I cannot say tremble inside of them they are like shit up its Wall
the 20p
coins in my pocket vibrate, the shit is cleaned, but still our gas masks stink of it.

Certain images draw me on an image of what cleans an image of what pollutes
an image
of what blocks and of what communicates I stood in the corroding thin rain, a
image of
myself flickering in the particle 'of', in greenhouses of negation: pseudoradical

One day a lump appeared in my body, I put on some clothes made by slaves &
went out
there for nothing in particular. I was soaked by the sea it was inbred by entrepre
eneurs

to enhance its wetness its vastness and in particular its character as a boundary
in the middle of that sea I met the image of myself it asked me how is it that we are
able
to see the hatred of appearance wrap itself in reality when in reality all we ever
wanted
was to appear, and why have we concealed that reality behind this vast iron wall
searching for a tiny red bit of negation in vast greenhouses of nihilism why is it
that
Our Originals boyfriend hoodie is torn when all things are changed, even as in
ancient times.
where 1000s of these rivers in veins Of blood pour silently down the mountains
the image sweeps past me in tears of allegoric rage, & in boredom I sweep past
it it
travels toward meaning but I travel towards meaning-death you may think this
is
white middle class shit but try actually writing a poem while wearing a gasmask.

one day you 2 will throw up the small emotional palette in a tiny very expensive
sushi restaurant
looking out the window you will see the 20p toilet turn on four perfect silklthin
strings:
matchsticks & dice float on the surface of a lake, & a 1000 surfaces rise from it

Up the Lorazepam. A voice will say to you, 'the truth is there. you write whats
said

and you don't lie. demented I rushed madly up and down & hurled myself into
traffic,
bang my head with all my force against the walls. nothing changes: red dice &

matchsticks are still falling, even now; the rich people won't survive Hackney
a lake not of Waters but of Space'
and deep inside this hip hatred of appearances Fumiko Kaneko stands trial, &
at her silent

endlessly repeated insistence new verbs are adapted to new conditions of hunger

These feelings can cause others to dance as well as ourselves, & through all its
distances measured by metal
detectors we walk through alarmed phrases to a cast Iron hall where nothing is
& write down our slogan:
it is as it seems. & this blend of advertising & politics brings us right back now
to where the breeding of the ocean first started. I know, I know I'm getting ahead
of myself;
the road stretches out before us through tinted one-way languages & dead trees
washed up in
the deep brain, like grey foam at the edge of a river, all my gasmasks stink of it
for whatever counts as time, Whatever you do, don't think. the official podcast
plays on repeat
& in the 1000th reinforced greenhouse the die and the matchsticks have fallen.
turn around
pull your foreskin back, get dressed. This is a venerable war between high rises:
the working class has no official Opinion. In the greenhouse official blue birds

settle on
our official shoulders & sing their official melody, as along the shore of every
ocean
a star rises above muscular waters, lighting the vast iron wall & the 20p toilet.
shove your Heaven. March 8, 9.30 in the morning, everything that I remember
drifts in Eternity's states
of pure compression. I look out the wall of the greenhouse, at the massive split
glass
sheets now due to be replaced with new types of carbonfibre reinforced plastic
despite it, certain images draw me on. one day this lump appeared in my body,
I put on my Airmax Genomes and go out:
did the inbred seas stir in that greenhouse, did the official podcast play a decibel
louder?
silent I looked out upon a 1000 walkthru security gates & a thin rain scanned me

II – Focus Group

And behind barbed wire

In the dense heart of the warehouse

My double is sent for interrogation

With two thugs sent by the noseless dick

And I hear the sound of my own voice:

Airlift me out

shove your art
you think they celebrate you, in a cemetery of peaches, in a big cage
for a change the maroon wetlands
shifts
aims to be ugly, scenes like all they wanted is memory I dare you
now suicidewatch at Wormwood Scrubs begins, beneath the massive grey

elevations
the giant empty ships, all that soppy shit
our wetsuits
aroused torchlight, in the poppy red rain it is I have nothing

smells of sweat, mingling, above the seas of black lilies
do you think they give a shit about a rink in a vast greenhouse
don't think.
You give them what they need, that's all
today aldi is the biggest company in the world, but it is lit by a single ring

washed out red, wedding torchlight, inside an abstract & impersonal they
will you lower me please
Blue rinks one after the other twist in memory, I see hulls as wide as
thin
planets move in ellipses, fluorescent, phosphorescent, gay estranged

realities seem to fuse in this core, dovelike, and pierce the future,
fuck you

ignorant lower welded hulls inside an stereotypical company executive
pours like shadows from a highstreet Ladbroke
staggering

guiltless into the rink's dark crowds, they dont need you think
here they are just hints of
he pauses, as rinks fall silently from memory, in tenuous ancestral
arcs

of hesitant blue, like shadows from a highstreet Ladbroke

my cousin's meth habit
twisted beneath a massive heightened street of air an empty pipeline you
sellout millimetres
of abattoir beneath these, miles of nightclubs it all disappear as it really is
guiltless

Red carpet, golden cousin,
come quick
shove your physical limitations I imitate this millionth greenhouse

a few millimetres away in its vomit strewn party district
nighttime streetsweepers

begin beneath a maze of imitations of, juxtapose distance with
he pause, the metal has already dazeddigital,
the elevator falled from memory
one after the other,
to warn the blunt rink, without a word about what working class art really 'is'

Shove your conservative and identitarian insistence this is
our art, cool to the point of being able
to touch it without burning
on the empty giant ships or in the large cellular vans,
did you think they would just need you, the giant iron ore mines are just mms

away we control all relations, there are no physical limits.
fuck getting in the car, enjoying world class services
they don't want
your 'poetical inventions'

your vast 'greenhouse' and no they don't want your biography either.

now watch the giant distances grow inside the vast cellular vehicles. it is
millimetre-
thick glass concealing new depths and dimensions. a simple trick,
to touch it without burning
the greenhouse and the whole sky and fucking everything I said before

all literature
tries to masturbate in an empty Leeds hotel room; so what if they
reverse nightfall, pretending what is and will be
At COP26,
the seventy GMB stewards assigned to protect Greta Thunberg are sacrificed

to the now rearranged crowd, which pours from night's SUV is not celibate
blue light in the toilet so what if they did,
try to understand
who you are pigs, the eternal footprint is carved in deep letters on the
innumerable, willowing sands

nighttime suicidewatch begins, in the empty black metal detectors
Dalston is owned by pigs, and a miraculous blue mirage glides smoothly
from the rink's five surfaces
beneath the emblematic blank metal detectors' 1,000 acre reinforced glass,
felicitous

low SUV curtain flutter in the nights, scrub nightshift begins all over
the greenhouse
electric lights sweep lyrically through those sketchy, enigmatical bars,
an era
begins on all fours, a nightshift, everywhere the same infinity of lesser

worlds wanks off the greater you can hear this weak smattering of
applause:
you can be the hottest brand in the world, blue mineral five figure senses
street methamphetamine coming out your eyes like Rilke, Mallarmé,
Vida Brest,

all these manganese alloys, below the low manganese smashed
up northern towns
erupt pound something away, you can have it all down to a 't', blue
billboards
with your face on stretch away, like fingernails beneath the massive grey
(the grow-lights
Already spoken for empty louis vuitton lifeboats glisten and low,
Vast tear gas canisters, feel the distance
skylines
tremor & palsied, with a bleak visual effects you can get away not saying
anything about your life, the law the lives of the people around you, sprints
in the canisters the theatre the thousands of levels of morphine you're
reminded
by each
difference falls, on that glass and runs on hedonists, scratch another
100 nights of this blue, I'm tired of this too visceral effect, begins

a hundred acres away nightshifts, the hull stretch like fingernails beneath us
and the billboards are like dots. Come now,
tremor for the weak and vile metal detectors, out on his 'escorted walk' is he
my cousin

gets off at some emotions, square easily the following night acres
through the canisters flames, stay
here, you are the treatment, poor or disabled in a theatre, with 1000s of levels it is a
complete work of art,
bailiffs from some unremembered world now you can repeat it

Shove your art. shove all those manganese alloys, they are merely flashes
double in a meters, gas Friday nights you can spill out your guts right
now you can inch through the canisters' flames
same
distance already you can be the tissues of everybody's lips, in 8 events across
five cities, a weak smattering of applause, a nightshift. In the 20p toilets
a new era begins with

new words you don't know burning houses and all their perfect circular arcs.
shove your art,
just another in the series sprint down the stairs

a nightshift, thudding through the metal detector a complete redefinition
of all interiors
all these words you don't know whipped across the rink with the force of an
abyss.

Shove that literalism, we wont swallow their vomit or grey wine

'all great things perish by their own accord, by a deliberate act of creation'
that's not us.

I'm common and my talking's quite abrupt
uppers

release repressive collectivity, utter garbage of sensation, speak of endless

utter gardens, vehicle showrooms, mosques. all my friends think they're being
watched.

you can play around with stereotypes all you want. metal detectors in the

skies
vast oval, billions of senses, a nightshift beneath the elevators' vast corridors:

etc.

**

Dear danny, everything I make I want to fuck it up,
no one eats the illiterate bake
seabulk by the black wind, earning millions for that reap
clearly the idiots

replies you didn't heal them, not with this alcoholic
wreck

I see and sun and clouds, shitty and kitsch pattern confess
Guardianista

I didn't want, impression. life moves
you ride through everything I do, the rain
the ordinary meeting, everything

The main arterial routes fuck and shit money like rain,
shrinking like Honeywell and BASF and Shell.

That is my anarchism clearly, hated Sheraton
forest death in a vast meaningless engine of thought
keep it simple.

III – Hospitals

The New Great Market of Bodies is created where the antipsychotics wear off:
we are
immune to precious stones as I write this my comrades are deported, and their
vehicles
impounded. We are one step closer to new verbs for new conditions of hunger
then I showered and got dressed. march whatever, some hour, some minute in
forever
In London its essence is sold in pill form on the internet I admit
this
beneath some blank impersonal skies, some banged city of mopeds. shove
an era beneath an empty rose coloured sky, pale opalescent stars move
back and for
a moment we are all there is blue figurines, come quick your shift banged

millimetres
at my side, stale language I don't need beneath the elevator got through by
now this and what's the point of crying. I remember, the same shit. pale blue
music
beneath an empty roadworks begin again the moment a red light crosses
through the bonfire
spreads, motionless beneath us like a emerald tree rashes out removed loans
empathy, like emeralds on the pavements far below. don't judge, but give us
knowledge of the vast iron wall
of our state, take its law into our hands, wank off as many worlds as I
can make
model languages, of another language outside of this one, ticking like a
limit to creation slaps, shove your Heaven. March 8, 9.30 in the morning
everything I remember drifts in Eternity's
state of
pure compression

sleeps in parked cars are you cracked, distinct emotional effects are you
break someone sitting there, like an emerald on the pavements far below.
listen.
assonances of a trace language. music videos are a totally distinct and inferior
kind of poetry,
like the wank racist unions which hinder the vision of god. those who
spend their lives crumbling in blue houses rows of parked cars filled with
concrete
forests and forms the colours of pork gone off, you think they don't know,
you think
you cruise through them ruined and recreated by dead snows
by some kind of force, like density and lightness, continua and sudden steam
break shifts damn
fucker you don't low levels of excitement collide loosely
in my chest
pitcher of Taittinger Comtes de Champagne, KA sparkling black grape

stain the night air I envy their balloons and stunted rose gardens, cunts
of Frieze
'I cannot' scorched into my retinas, like emeralds on the pavement outside are
you cast out
from Heaven every junkie knows you are not, well crust of fried flesh
everybody can be an intelligent, famed for attractively formed opinions
as my mingled taste
crashes emeralds scatter on a wave I do not know your sushi restaurants
or dyed
heretical eyelids of the sun I do not see that Orcus of What Has Been
but teach the grapes inside my mind to wink, which is a fire to me as we have
groped
for valves, sexualised massage, and I will give off lights that do not sweat
but vapes
new drainage systems, generous funding fuck all we have grown up

among the embers; the granite care home wanks inside our head like a dog
we have
eaten from the alien art warehouse. and in the cold zones of molecular clouds
I know
'I cannot see' is scorched into my retinas, like rubies in the phone box outside
can scatter in the toilets deny this emeralds in the remote witness evidence
room scored out
come quick, Dior ultracycle, dead dream, dead trans artist I mourn the fuck
out of this art we are all approaching emphases
every junkie knows,
others I scarcely see simply slipped over the nose and pulled into position.
to represent each rim
of scum beneath the sea, bruized and knocked about like a idiot injunctio
banish
that speech it isnt ideas that define reality it doesn't matter whose heads theyre in
Existing by perception and by fire I can no longer accept, strips of very rich

people, grief swastikas
arousal I mean really smash their heads against the pavement and then say
they
were resisting arrest. pornographical or didactic ripe serene tube strike eclair,
drastically lower the bar to snapshot random hollowness. In my thoughts,
it felt like
any of us could set London alight for six months, hate speech filed through
our thoughts like
emeralds, filled with gas pipes and water, spineless, cringing and crawling.
dawns glisten. I won't stop writing 'poetry' yet just to beg a 'audience'.
as Ideas are not
the reality of a person any more than wallpaper is the reality of a skyscraper
or the sudden opening
& closing of a prison's interior doors afford any suggestion of freedom
we are as we perceive, and even if our own Ideas strip like a screw on the line
strips,

it will merely alleviate the monotony.
dawn glistens

The greenhouse's beautiful lights fall

on beautiful people. excruciate their rights. Shove your art. March 11, 6.30
in the morning

I console myself for having lost Jerusalem. the grey world outside barely
shifts

seas piled on top of seas, thiamethoxam green apples fallen slowly from the
roofs. Am I right. this morning it rains and then brightens. almost all these
ambulance drivers

are West African or Caribbean. we talk in the common areas
as they
manoeuvre your wheelchair toward the lifts. 'stay strong. god bless'.

today I am afraid of being just another educated liberal it fucking eats me
from
the inside like a vast underground lake. through the windows the umbilical

cords
 search for something vile anything to say

centuries rain symbols of authority on the pornographic landscape of a
 Clyde
 Alpha Jerusalem, Audis parked up outside the estates. you can't explain it
 but it
 fucks your head up anyway, every day

pulsing through you
 like a smashed emerald on the pavement, far below the desire to make
 all our
 lives better
 the wish not to be like them, like waves across the phantom sea

separates and spreads out towards the shore, far below 'benevolence'
 split
 scree of semi-coherence and all the bullshit about justice the wish not to be
 like them

in Depth of Form and vile pulsing membranes without Colour It is only this
wish which moves me through what Vileness I create I see An outer rings
radiance
pass from it like shadows of an emerald It is the essence of everything I do
giving it
depth and substance everything else is shrill vile unbelievable casual
sex fascist Decollated and hung like souls where did it come from, these basic
words
Colour everything we say glisten anyway Every Day we walk past it,
the strategically
placed crush barrier in full view of the sanitary Greenhouse from the sea
small rivers flow into small regions of the brain, and through it an immense
temporary world's
first halting words a new language I couldn't care less about masturbate
in a phone
box no empire sect or star can create the things you love like an iron wall

or smash reality as a whole. it just isn't that simple. These states exist,
& throughout them all
I see the tunnel in my mind a 1,000 metal detectors away
it hangs
above a phantom sea in skies of curves and infinite series it represents stages
which have already been completed which my mind passes through like waves
across a phantom sea:
everything which Exists passes through a thousand metal detectors unafraid of
educated liberalism
or any of these other dormant sheets of melody, the smell of weed smoke on
the stairs of shit and blood in public toilets cannot deceive them Nor can
exquisite
words pass through them all carefully chosen language ostentatious vile casual
sex
scandal decollated and slurs are as visible to them as bedding in a phone box is

where thousands of rivers in veins Of blood pour down the mountains they are
assimilated, they are not felt.

you asked me if there was a lump and I said no a vast iron wall thousands of
metal detectors

I don't remember these Images they come back now in place of my life An

oncologist sweeps past us she ceases to Exist but the people cycling food
through

the night never do they are like waves on a phantom sea they only Exist by
passing.

shove your elite anaesthetic

production culture we want the other, the unconditional, the new vast tunnel in
my mind

a bright flash

a 1,000

acre greenhouse seen through the windows of an armoured car above terraced

houses the fear of being like them rising like a bright new moon. it hangs

above the
plantation seas
in skies of magnetic glass cement:
is it too soon?

An oncologist sweeps past us. March 0th
the desolate
hatred I then felt was a kind of liberation, because it was ugly hatred,
conscious

Ugly hatred created in my Mind not as a position which can only be born
but as a state, which burns up as soon as I look away it will not be regenerated.

Euphoric
Reduce me to
nothing

remix: Wild swans' filth on a vast metal surface, images of a tower,

of the sun rising through mist in a frozen garden like a tiny red balloon now it
floats

in my artery: 'they will punish you for any attempt to get off the sick & they
will
torture you for being on it'. like waste which accumulates in our cells like shit
in a toilet like this feeling of something always bubbling beneath the surface
of an
image that spreads out in every conceivable direction, these states Exist to extend
and the Swans in rapture beat
their brilliant wings against the brilliant portals: no more irons,
no more mourning, no more
false alarms.
We pass through deforested iron roofs like cannon fodder. We laugh at those
persons who cannot connect the electric gates at the end of a country drive,
the cancer
in their bodies and the cancelled parts of speech. no more michel houellebecq
no more boredom
no more

hurt,
Cecilia Vicuña says you know a poem's too long when your ass gets tired,

Come out of the toilets and wipe your hands on your shirt. the solar boats will
travel
through such gates. we're all the gods of transitions times doorways passages
& endings.
Don't make us puke we said I'm not afraid of being like them. 'Although one

stated meaning can be determined in so many different ways', some people
flatter
themselves there will be No Last Judgment & that bad art will be adopted
& Mixed
with good yet they deceive themselves their Positions burn up the moment

we cease to behold them then Ugliness and Beauty will appear 'What' it will
be questioned
'When the Sun rises do you not see a round Disk of red somewhat like a
balloon?

O no no I say I see an innumerable company of
the Heavenly host crying bullshit bullshit the collapse of the tunnel in
my mind
is no catastrophe I question not the Rage I have felt any more than I would
question
anyone who fights lashing out I lash out with and against them END

**

Originals boyfriend hoodie stained with breast milk, come quick
the gates are all rotten,

A threshold burns and goes out.

there are no more assumptions, no waste of freedom.
only fingers on assholes in beds made from lice. the colourless stamen
climbing upwards through the alien structures, Black beads for eyes

Don't think. There are no stars: dis-astra.

The Voicenotes have all gone blue with distortion, Ghanaian drums.

'The proud tradition of all who stood up and said no' can fuck itself.
I walked down that tunnel

I know Airmax Genomes give you cancer. Here I am,

it is the gates and the limitations themselves that are dead,

I don't need a boundary to sustain me. I don't fuck with that absence.

Let the dead people speak at the rally, 3.6 Fahrenheit.

'When you do it, it becomes possible'

I have lived w/out light and electricity. I have walked down that tunnel. here I am.

IV – A thousand years later

We speak the new dialect now. Trains ride silently through the cancer wards
by night
the destroyed armoured vehicles weep in the emerald shadow of the meat mark
ets
where the antigens all wore off, tiny flowing evolving flowers that never cease
I cant keep them and so I throw up my hands and they fly out over the rampart
s
virtue signalling silently tore through the freight ships and four-lane motorway
s
the materials research labs and Science parks and Business parks all gone now
in the new film by Benny and Josh there is a perfect replica of Time and Space
we cried when we saw it
in the great market the greenhouse cried and evolved a winter garden from tiny

red bits
above us the bloody pink tracksuit of the sky cried, & thick fires contend w rain

Of the poem 'u ride through everything I make, the rain, the ordinary meeting'
there's really
not much more to say: the main arterial road fucks and shits money like rainx
blown
on a emerald wind, & the shadows cast by the greenhouse lengthen our nights

as a New Era begins on all fours. The lump we had found then spread rapidly
undetected
through a 1000 metal detectors, its fine silk strings turn in the dusk's emerald
winds
drunks stagger on the gold surface of their antipsychotics they see, they do not

of the poem 'originals boyfriend hoodie stained with breast milk. come quick'
only
a tonne of pig aluminium remains, rained upon in a loading terminal it cannot
move us,

We know that there was something there even though we can no longer see it,
spreading down my spine & in my breast like a simple silk string. Of the poem
'shove your art'
the wind and the thick fires contend with it, antipsychotic gold lumps grow on
it, it
vibrates, and the metal detectors all buckle beneath stained with breast milk skies

We watch as people disembark from the train they rush through a 1000 prisons
to the
Future anterior and look back at the Metal Detectors they have passed through
them
but their trauma has not it is detained by those gates as the unfossilizable parts
of organisms that are remembered by amber thus they can judge of themselves
that which is
eternal & that which annihilable, the limited structural capacities of our move
ments are
overcome the lump spreads like new wings, & the thick fires contend with rain

In the new film by Benny and Josh there is a perfect replica of Time and Space
we cried when we saw it
in the great market the greenhouse cryd and evolves a summer garden in tiny red
bits
above us the bloody pink tracksuit of the sky cried, & thick fires contend w rain
but they were tears of joy not of anger or of rage the last episode of the podcast
red scare
has filled this time and space exhausting it 1,000 x over as we watched from the
summer garden
We knew that it would remember everything, even what I am thinking now that
there is a poetry corresponding to every mental state, every circumstance, every
amount
of available energy. Only certain forms can be taken from us, not poetry itself,
since poetry
is the registration of what has been taken and so gains from what we lose, even

the strongest and deepest-thinking poet can only write strong and deep-thinking poems,
but there are a thousand other kinds! Even a thousand of them is nothing to be proud about.

& we look back across the metal detectors we are no longer afraid of becoming

Of the poem 'this is our art', not much is left; only these amber and white dots still fall

on the surface of the lake reminding us of the giant empty ship that once moved there thru

1,000s of Gold Surfaces in corroding fire, we are no longer afraid of becoming

we are no longer afraid of becoming, this thought passes through us like the shadow of an emerald

it radiates from the essence of everything like the wish not to be like them it is itself

essenceless and the two thoughts struggle in the night like thick fire and rain

& this is our art, cool to the point of being able to touch it without burning on

the giant
empty ships or in the large Cellular vans. did you really think they didnt need
it?
secretly they read it every night, their giant iron mines spread out around them
in the great market of bodies no more of them will be coming & in the peeling
platinum
suburbs of greenhouses the helicopterferries soil the night, it is as if the new film
by benny
never happend that pitiful shit is washed off, and new rain falls, but a fire was
Of the vast iron wall – well, that’s where we are right now, a vice documentary
crew
captured everything as it happend we passd through the final security gate into
the new
elevators the last shipment of emeralds departs & lovers in the audience weep
tears into the inbred sea it rises in Fury and trembling overflowing the Market
of

Bodies its phantom waves pave it leaving this flat Fe surface over which today
we walk

crying tears of joy not of rage we come & go as we please no rain will scan us

We put on our Nike jacket and went up, the cameras linger on us last rains run
away

in calm gentle errorprone streams towards the lake's golden and antipsychotic
surface,

it is as it seems we kneel & trace the slogan i am no longer afraid of becoming

as for the cunts whose food is carried to them up a 1,000 stairs, I guess its true
they

don't Exist now, but the wish not to be like them isn't something I can really feel
anymore

it's like something in us has been set free: the rainx fall, but the fire will not be.

Loading terminal. The prison trains reach their ghost destination and the Pigs
all disembark

now they look around themselves in curiosity at many tonnes of stord pig iron

aluminium
podcasts play over the intercom but they dont hear them. I now lay down the pen
with which I have written this clumsy account, my presence will soon be effaced
from
this earth. I believe that every real phenomenon continues as such to exist even
though
it be obliterated in eternal actuality. there is now poetry corresponding to every
circumstance, every physical state, every degree of energy, to every new species
of sea;
the wars between the high rises have ceased without producing even a single
golden slogan
& as for me, well. there was a time in my life when I was so afraid of beautiful
moral appearances that I couldnt tear my eyes off the greenhouse and the cunts
of
frieze who work in my mind wept their steel tears beneath a metal detector arch
but not now.

I'm not afraid of becoming anything now, even this. even a wish not to be like
them shifts beneath these shitty allegories like bones changing beneath surface
s
of our skin. so the antigens wear off in snows of precious stones but what now
so
virtue signalling silently tore through the freight ships and four-lane motorways
but what now? is there nothing to hate but the appearance-preventer? not even.
later,
behind this vast iron wall, a tiny red bit of negation in a vast greenhouse of nih
appears.
it is about a 1000 metal detectors away, we see it slowly filling the greenhouse.
with its light a new day begins new poetries begin to be written but shove their
now
it grows brighter and ever increasingly brighter & we race down from the wall
toward
the loading terminal where the trains all depart. Intel warfare. back to the start.

