

of the nothing of



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Of the Nothing Of

Michael/ Mc/ Aloran

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In favour Of the Nothing Of

I am lucky enough to have followed Michael Mc Aloran's increasingly impressive deliria in both paint and word for some time now. I feel lucky to have sampled one of the sweeter oblivions to be found, here below, in this rather unsavoury neck of the depleted forest that is 21st century poetic production.

This remarkable book, *Of the Nothing Of*, should startle its readers with its vicious humour and astonishing imagery. Mc Aloran is a master of the subtle, of the minute, of the tender, and then very able to destroy all such niceties with brutal verbal butchery. Yet his images are never obvious nor cliché (unless deliberately to prove a point). This language lives in the muck of the denied, in the graveyard of the repressed. The Beckettian non-narrative is just a start, in fact the meat here is so insubordinate as to remind the reader of another Irish genius, Francis Bacon. Here indeed, Mc Aloran's words cannot be more horrific than life itself. Here we are. In the eternal, modern dilemma to tell it as it is, to rip into and burn illusions and falsities, niceties and conventions. None least of which than existence, ontology itself, stripped, dilapidated and executed with wit. This is a book about difference in itself, the multiplied subject, the zonal and polar consciousnesses which roam, which know too much but can reconcile little. Nothing lurks in the absence of the capability to genuflect to any God or any avatars of such. Of the nothing of. Stutter but do not fall. Fight but do not maul. The first 62 pages are a tour de force. Brutal, dark, pronoun-less narrative, without characters, without subjectivity, without plot. Relentless descriptions of the myriad facets of Nothing and the way the glorious body lives its daily murders: severed organs, razor hands, cum oozing and piss frenzy, open graves, scuttling dead teeth. All will have their moments, parading as mock subjects, their

minute ascents, into the slanting ray of glory, raucous night grants the dead in their nothing. Intricate frames where part-sentences, *'apres l'apocalypse'* images, partial rhymes and songs, bit-conversations, mingle in a polyphonic surge of voices-images. One of the great claims here is to have invented a style which can absorb all others, whilst surrendering, necessarily, only, to the nothing of, from which it is impossible to rise or escape, without insistent gaseous effort.

"all the while the whispering voices, the murmuring shadows, in a cloud-burst of deathly smoke, haven to fall drenched to the bone with nectar bloodlessness, all having said, and with what absence of sound, click-clack and the spine warping, spit it out the scum of nothingness, genuflect, genuflect unto the memory of the dead god, in the laughter-spill of the official night"

Here, language itself speaks the revenge of the innocent, of all the forgotten. Echoes. Where is the author? Where is the hand of the surgeon-poet who is both corpse and medic at his own post-mortem?

Luckily a narrator of sorts will wake in the subsequent sections to 'genuflect to nothing in a vacancy of shit,' to 'inhale the final bones of purpose,' to 'fade as of birth birthed into this death-dreaming.' These, and many more, marvellous lyrical interventions, testify to quite how much insidious humour there is hidden in the bed of Mc Aloran's work:

"I place the blade upon the tongue of my night..."

...I am the refuse, of the earth's quarry..."

To such sentences, there is little to do but admire, keep reading and wait for the next:

"...drag of the old bones, the dead airs, the silent never to become, all ashen and ever bled, till circus, cast aside, the heavenly of, the scarring of...

...i breathe the sudden of...spill of dreaming in a kaleidoscope of shattered colours, igniting the sky..."

And the next:

"the hours pass through me, they claim nothing but the meat of it, the flesh... the endless night is my altar, none else but to expire of breath denounced or spent/ absurd as the wind's claim, forever, of the else or none...

...the words they fade away, death's tomes, rustle in the breeze, scattering tumbleweed throughout abandoned graveyards..."

Now it is your turn.

--Dom Gabrielli, 15 jan 2013

Of the Nothing Of

In this book the poet alternates between prose and “traditional” verse to depict the nuances of nothingness, the categories of emptiness and absence which constitute whatever it is that a human is. The self here is just reflected emptiness, and its incessant struggle for a homeostatic equilibrium under the name of heaven, or otherwise described as some other sort of not ceasing, some other religion, whether in the name of reincarnation or just having children.

‘...in the dark the skin glistens of black tar, crystals of amphetamine burning their way in and the eyes rolling back-rolling, the jaw taught, teeth a-grind, all the while the whispering voices, the murmuring shadows, in a cloud-burst of deathly smoke, haven to fall drenched to the bone with nectar bloodlessness, all having said, and with what absence of sound, click-clack and the spine warping, spit it out the scum of nothingness, genuflect, genuflect unto the memory of the dead god, in the laughter-spill of the orificial night, wordless, mocking the stitch that binds the flesh together, raw as a bloody smile, a bloody cunt, an open wound, star-burst of forever having known, to see the ocean yet unable to hear of it through the winds, they stretch the skin taut, begin again, they say, from out of this nothing births the foreign sunlight, (echo), the joy in paring away the meat, intact, blood spat out spraying the glass, a vein severed, nothing more, till dark again...’

This book deals with the nothing of, for a nothing is always the absence of some specific thing - a god, a love, or a meaning.

yet ever speech

in the space between the fragment

and the settled ash

Which is the miraculous, not the mythological murderer with the jawbone of an ass, not the thirty pieces of silver, not any demiurge, just that this stream of consciousness exists, in the absence of any teleology or meaning, words that make themselves.

And Mc Aloran is Irish, so his poetry answers to the voices of a great literary tradition. A Beckett to tell us how we murdered and ate Godot before we waited aimlessly for him. There is Beckett here in the dusty sheets of a final room, the tremendous mound of futility the poet piles over humanity like a cromlech.

'...the words they fade away, death's tomes, rustle in the breeze, scattering tumbleweed throughout abandoned graveyards...'

Derrida said once that what poetry is is the nostalgia for a presence that never was, the capturing of the sense of childhood perfection of being. Derrida seems, strangely enough, almost to essentialize poetry as the glorious empty attempt of a futile hedgehog to cross the tremendous Autobahn of a rational reality. The poems in this book reflect the voice that might laugh at the squashing of said hedgehog, the Nyarlathotep that laughs at the heart of the black emptiness; this book "literally" says the nothing, the hardest thing to say. It enumerates the small nothings that make up the surprisingly tiny "big picture" - what is actual is brutal and black, the small cracks where the blood seeps through, the absences that Mc Aloran makes talkative.

Mc Aloran, par excellence, is the poet who speaks of:

abattoir silences
the final laughter of the blood

which is what should sometimes preoccupy us. It is the stream of consciousness of a mind aware that most of what is is without awareness and soon we shall join all the absences ourselves and not be. In the nothing of god and meaning what remains is a sort of irresolute stoicism among all the anxiety, all the screaming.

(...shadow is benign, a foreign nothing, nothing claimed, spit it out your sequences, light and shade do not exist...)

(...the none/ nothing of all is a trunk card, a broken jaw flapping in the breeze like a fucked gate in the wind, nothing coming in or out, never leaving...)

What we can do, and what Mc Aloran does, is pretty up the desolation and nothingness. Poetry cannot find meaning and purpose where there is none, but it can render the absences and dust attractive, can make the dry loveless dusty sheets in death's rooms beautiful. This is a value, making the dull skull lovely, and Mc Aloran does it here like no other.

In the dying heart beats of the close of the book the point we can find in the emptiness is preserved:

'...breaking none of the without, settled, obscure...

...subtle gleaming of death's overtures in a dead room, the door ajar...absent echoing...splice of stale air...discarded syringes in a dirty cracked glass ashtray...I cannot...'

--David McLean--

Of Subtle Butchery-

1...night discloses/ empties out the soundless motion/ the headless
barrage of absence subtle as a snapped jaw bone/

aching/ as if to close the eyes finally with silver coins/ locked
under to the winds claiming the benign dust/ bloodless all as of the
shackled cessation/ deft till none and none abounding/

rattle of soundless/ head of spun and virtuous lock of drained
breathing meat/ still-shadow/ spun alack yet breaking none and
falling excavated/ where the wings of speech burn effortlessly/
scattered vicariously into a pit of excrement/

the reek of the intrinsic laughter of heavenly smoke/ and yet still
dreaming/ alone/ all said/ all done/ the eyes wilting into gilded
tears/ as the suicide of vision jack-knives upon the brutal kill/

the taste/ the ever-flowing sunken sun of birthing shadows/ still-
born/ ever- less/ haste and beyond ever to clear the sky/ as if/ as if
the wont and of the wavering/ the spitting of disease/ the spitting of
teeth in a circus paradigm of spilled blood/

here/ now/ scattered blackened seeds/ ashes/ exigency of the
flesh/ spun silk of the night in the nothingness of having actualised the
sky/

and yet still/ absent/ wandering far from the here or there/ never
returning yet never having left it behind/ in a pageantry of silent
discourse/

spitting tombs of flowers/ of the graveyard heart/ never
breathing/ ever breathing/ charred flesh/ colossus of dried earth and
the foreign touch of whispers/ superlative/ ashen/

dissolving benign and yet of and yet still nothing having left the
night's arena/ spilling out of some sun/ some sunlight/ remembering
the taste/ the curve/ the blade's bite/ rupturing in the black scald how
now in-dreaming/

where but to abstain from/ devouring one's own fingers in the
darkness/ bloodless/ existence having exited into foreign vapours/
the walls vibrating/

here or there/ having stepped/ and having burned these white pages
clean/ (*step/non-step*)/ retracing the winds/ given or take another/

how brittle the surface/ never knowing of the language or of the
benign teeth/ the violence of futility/ or the blood-bite *-ask*/ ask
again/ never knowing/

shit-streaked the sky bending in the eye's subtle rupturing/ yet the
eye asks only of the eye's glass/ what and from which what death will
come/

how now this silence/ this absentee/ in a glut of some cylindrical
containment/ echoing/ echoing violently/ so violently as to deafen
oneself/

ah this/ the drag and pull of desire/ of the ocean scattered with a
cadaver's silent charm/ in the soil and anguish and the silent dream
locked to the pulse of regardless/ as if it could be enough/ still-born/
yes/ once again the tongue severed/

a noose/ echoing still/ the flesh forever wasting away/ and all the
while the death-all/ nothing/ perhaps

all spillage/ unsung/ all the while the petals are withering in the
vibrant garden of the flesh/ (*redressed/ settled*)/ the bodies bending
broken wavering in the wind/

gouged out by their fragrant decay/ this is of the nothing/ like a
drunken brawl/ a heady song/ dreaming less/ in-dreaming/ yet
dreaming less/ spitting out the maggot's song into the scald of red
ash/ a shadow falling across the face like the sun/

haven then/ stepping silently/ dissipating traces/ working the
bone's love/ the simple majesty of it/ extracting one's own teeth with a
pliers in the dark/

and yet shedding no tears of it/ as if it could/ *what could*/ silenced
then/ silenced then all/ all unsung...

Denuded

*Skull-shine of a collapsed
Breathing/*

(ashes)

*Lock unto foreign lest
There never was*

*Collecting the bone
Grave(n)*

*Spill of murmurs
Eating of the sun's marrow*

*Stench till bile of night
Stripping the carcass ice*

*Held then unto
Aching of the once again*

*Cessation/
Kiss of*

*Opened veins where the sky
Devours itself*

*Rocked to the fore/
Core deft*

Snuffed out

Absent shuffling

In a darkened room

2...ever-stasis/ erased/ never having traced/ a silken breath exhaled/
a door closes/ shadows immobile upon a bare white wall/

the tract of silent words/ birthed again/ set to light in the furnace of
an endless sky/ vault tongue of discharge/ of settled bones in soil/
clasp and arrest/ clasp and exalted/

again/ no way past/ no/ nothing left/ scar and scar again/
settled/ pyre of heavenly smoke/ these dead rooms/ wandering far
from the living far from the dead/ where to and yet of what/ called
forth/ stasis

collecting the bone drag/ cast out into some final adagio/
scattering breathing scattering endlessly/ hands curled into furred
buds of absence/ far from/

(erased/immobile)

back then till held in a dreaming of spent colours and oracle skin/
dreaming of vast/ yet finding there less and more/ less of this and that
and yet more than the other/ passed by/

knowing the peninsula of anguish/ severed/ naught yet still/
naught again/ choking silently/ waste upon waste ground/ useless/
abhorrent/ sky and yet sky again of the silence/ bone blood and the
exile mocking the dry pulse of the dawn, as if/ as if forever if/ unto
stray/

there'll be/ no/ as if it could be known/ stasis of white wall
shadows and the silent ash of memory/ alack/ with what sense and
how and now the effort/ close until having been erased/ dread now/
pulse/ pulse scattered/ settling for none or less than better or worse/

so it is said/ ah the absence and the words/ they come and then...nothing/ displaced again/ hollowed out/ settled/ yet hollowed out/ scarlet burning all the while in searing meat -*dream again*/ as if to follow/ as if following/

skin deep/ no/ (*no not stay/ no not go*)/ there'll be nothing as of before/ this nothing that cannot lack/ the eyes may burn yet what of it/ colours claimed by the kaleidoscope of absence/ of tasting the salted wound/ stung again/ over again/

laughter of the smeared mouth/ the arrested motion/ unlike stasis/ stillness there/ in the sinew's culling/ hard-pressed/ dissipating/ shuddering still/ boot heel smashing in the chest/ no breath left/ until again/ until reclaimed/

forest of dreaming once again when all but one/ the shift/ the silence strips to the blind core of undoing/ settled there/ until again/ spit/ the split skull/ opened up/ echoing still/ echoing/ surmounting/ flies gathering/ step aside/ step again/ till burrowing in naught again -*where?*...what of it/

bailing out of the one sense that will not carry it/ all having been done/ arrested/ yet nothing having been done/ no not enough/ never still/ winding the bulk of barbed wire flowers around upon the tongue's silences/ in headless cavern/ birthing the sun/ the reek/ the avarice/

as if it were/ as if the silence were avarice/ dreaming in death's emptiness/ arriving never having been and departing never having begun/ wormed through with drought/ with waiting/ with spasm upon spasm and speechless the eye/ without/

once more/ yet never once said/ as if forever never was/ a pissoir in
flames/ ah forget/ from what spell of breathing until the next/ no/
never once asked for/ no not of late/ ceasing to/ head again/ all else
the scattered lungs of death/

the final teeth and eye/ (I)/ abandoned/ a rotten tooth smile of the
never and the ever else/ buckling upon joy like nothing ever was
before...seethe/ recede/ spit now and forever be thy...

*Static-snap/
Ash of silenced*

*Wind-snap of
Hollow collapse*

(Drain now...)

Dry/ dry (alone)

*Never having the tried yet ceased
(Knowing then)*

*Itch of feel a darkened smile
Dressed in the regalia*

*Of tears
Haunt of sky once more*

Skinned to fit the glove of it

*Echo/
Vacuous speech/
Echo limb*

*Seal the eye
The rest to follow onwards*

*Lying still/
Vacant with nothing*

A speech impediment

(of grace...)

...(Spit now, and forever be thy...)

3...all below/ and yet none above/ throughout/ circling/ walls
shimmering of the next till none/

some stance/ all along tide/ sands/ withdraw/ withdraw once
more/ ceasing and yet to fall/ locked then/ well call some cards/
scatter/ ash upon the sleeve is the mark the dead roses breathe/

the shadow melds with the cessation of tears/ clear cut cold snap
of echoing purposelessness/ yet back at it again/ receding again/
breathens absences/

all having ceased and yet at what pitch/ pitch night and the laughter
of the benign/ crawling/ obsolete/ in spasm of locked-held and name
till none/ till naught and having less than the sky's measure/

drained again, step/ non-step/ sky-dust/ meat of/ head of/ the
bone fracture of existing/ twist/ turn lacking of the marrow's
burning/

some manner of gift to the eye's temperament/ on unto nothing/
from nowhere/ nothing spoken/ nothing claimed/ said again/ noose
of sinew/ of absent heavenly parameters/

ah all to the lash well said again/ of what/ and throughout, step/
recede/ the shattered bones screaming of the dark's claim/ never
thrice/ not once/ then go/ to where/

the summer fields stretch out/ unclaimed/ lay there and let the sun
dry out the blood/ fleshed to dead dreams where no glimmer settles/
head alack/ alone/ back once more to this/ with or without purpose/

eating of the winds/ unknown/ there will be/ crawl again/ (*good*)/

to commence or beg/ all the way back again/ ever circling/ spit now
and forever in the dead eye/ the unceasing silent eye of death/

dissolute, the hands fading away/ unknown/ absences churning
unto tears/ no/ not ever/ spine of/ fingers clipped/ writhing like
maggots upon dry earth/ useless as the words they tried to claim/
dense all yet nothing else/

non-stretching in the light/ spasm and tick-tock/ the glass
smeared with blood/ all the bloody same/ silenced/ paralysed/ non-
step yet seeing the distance/ the distance unclaimed also/

hope dressed up like a whore/ that giveth and taketh away/ the
pockets emptied/ no nothing/ where to now/

hacking in the dark/ lay still/ seeking nothing/ knowing or not/
speaking or speaking of none/ trace of the wind's rapture still calling
unto out of where/ the rain's echoes upon cold glass/ unable to
breathe/ perhaps dead once more/ upon a silver platter/

offered up unto the dead sky/ the black tongue of the endless night/
feverish/ yet ordained by this nothing/ expending the lungs the flesh
of absences/ collectively in one or the other/

yet sudden sung/ collect the bones when all is done/ finished
with/ when all is done with/ when the final words have dripped from
these silences/ perpetuating blades breaking the powder-dust sky in a
cadaver mist/

break again/ unknown/ split the chest bone and be done with the
heart/ the heartless, shadow of in-breath/ these exhalations/ no
nothing/ no/ not a whisper nor a claim upon anything given or taken

away/

spit and seethe/ the pupils glassed over/ hung or drawn
or...(endless)...mortuary breath...dry now/ a taste of sands in the
flesh/ skin taut/ blessed ash/ begin again/ from this nothing that has
claimed all...

Sky-locket of tears...

*Head sunken in
Dead weight/benign*

*Till close
Dispersed*

Catascope in room

*Ripped till sun or final
Echoing of drought*

Skinned

*Oracle of final blood
Till close the wound once more*

*Ashen breath of skyline tears
And the dead weight*

Till close
Rock-a-bye
Final shedding

Vibrating with night

4...skin taut/ blessed ash/ begin again/ from out of this nothing that
has claimed all/ silenced all/ of where/ now of the foreign sunlight/
cleaving away/ an emasculation of tears out of which birthed the
absent lung/

through bloody smoke/ dense the wind's gallowing tongue/
rupture/ and the break-neck hollow of it/ a smear of flesh illumined in
the darkness/ the toll taken out of which/ from where/

motion unto waste and to be done/ some shadow/ some silences/
alive or dead in haze of deathly soliloquies/ bailing out from no
foraging/ wilt/ the soil is thick with the night's laughter/

a mirror in which to perceive nothing/ more or less/ knocking upon
transparent walls/ (*echo*)/ tremor and echoing further and further from
afar/ collecting the bones of the shadow's breathing to lay to rest at the
foot of the pyre/ some semblance/

some offering/ retraced/ back then to echoing/ streaming, the tide
drowns the eye's parameter/ to trace again/ to never have known/ to
cull or to dream/

in the dark the skin glistens of black tar/ crystals of amphetamine
burning their way in and the eyes rolling back-rolling/ the jaw taught/
teeth a-grind/

all the while the whispering voices/ the murmuring shadows/ in
a cloud-burst of deathly smoke/ haven to fall drenched to the bone
with nectar bloodlessness/

all having said/ and with what absence of sound/ click-clack and
the spine warping/ spit it out the scum of nothingness/ genuflect/

genuflect unto the memory of the dead god/ in the laughter-spill of the
orificial night/ wordless/

mocking the stitch that binds the flesh together/ raw as a bloody
smile/ a bloody cunt/ an open wound/ star-burst of forever having
known/ to see the ocean yet unable to hear of it through the winds/
they stretch the skin taut/

begin again/ they say, from out of this nothing births the foreign
sunlight/ (*echo*)/ the joy in paring away the meat/ intact/

blood spat out spraying the glass/ a vein severed/ nothing more,
till dark again/ illumined in the dark/ transparent/ grey light/ spasm
yet/ ejaculating sparks/ erectile tissue of a glowing atrophy/

back then to hollow/ the marrow sucked out/ with much
ferocity/ never emptied/ still yet the blood coursing/ death's wheels
clamouring for the edges of the shadows cast upon the sanded floor of
this vital cylinder/

all to the alack/ the taste in the mouth like burnt blood/ as if, as if it/
as if it could be/ nothing more or less or else/ to touch dusts/ the
fingers warped/ gardenias of sullen waste/ orchestra of the coursing
night's liquid/ the laughter of the benign pulse/

more or less/ all unsung/ from what/ unto naught/ the night
travails/ nothing more splendidous/ to see the teeth of all being in the
headless spasm of the burning air/ inhaled/

as if to follow onward/ sudden and of/ till nothing next till last/ the
bowels emptied in the corner/ eyes flaring/ despair nothing/ a
tangled web unwoven in the half-light of forever having sunken unto

waste/ fragments all/ all the while...

*Breaking/
Broke/broken*

*Echoing of the all undone
Reduced to*

*Burning breath and
The scarlet's knowledge*

Here or there

(Says with a whisper...)

Approximate

[insert pulse beat]

*Back then unto haemorrhage
Scarred without wishful*

*Head alack
(Vibrating edge of blade)*

*Skinning the reek
(That was when there...)*

*Broke bones of the bone-weaved sky
Till death parts*

*(Nothing/
Sequins/
Dead diamond eyes)*

*Yet ever speech
In the space between the fragment*

And the settled ash

5...the half-light/ of the forever having sunken unto waste/ fragments
all the while/ fathom or non-fathom/ in-dreaming/

the cold cut of spasm/ locked bone/ arriving/ yet never having
departed from/ ever to depart from, through a crimson haze/ dragged
out as if the bones were the ragged teeth of the night/

no no answer/ a scream's retort and the weighted beasts of
echoes/ silenced/ speech without tread and the dry shuddering of the
flesh/ collapsed in upon/ from out of which/ from out of which
through eclipsed spaces/

buried below in a tide of death/ silenced endless/ light emerging/
suffocated by gnarled fist/ step again/ erased again/ nothing known/
bone close to the bone/ as if to/ silenced again/ worse than ever held/
before/

escaping scattering of flies from bloody meat/ nocturne and of the
dead veins/ the laughter of the damned/ at the edge of the razor's
tongue/

boot heel in shit/ tongue licking up the refuse in the ghettos of the
spent transparency of love/ now and for never/ not no/ step again/
they'll answer naught and drain the roots dry/

there coming and going until the sun spits shards/ splayed out/ the
grasses seared/ let them burn/ nectar upon a severed hand/ soil
scattered/ a fossil collapse of headless sky/ dreaming of the less or
less/ the absence/ nothing left/

celebrating yet fading of it/ a rip of scarlet/ ashen relapse/ said
again/ knowing nothing but trinkets of things/ of silhouettes/ begin

again/ what of it/ as if in spoken here or now and forever be thy
severed/

head buried in the hands breaking apart/ fingers ablaze/ searching
still/ no nothing/ buried once more/ lapse again/ furrow dry current
of absent roomscape, nothing vital/ nothing taken nor given away/

ask of the blade's calling/ the cult of decay/ of dissolution's breath
seeking out the marrow's pitch/ in a meat hook stylus of buckling
bodies/ carcasses to love like nothing else/ in the reek of our due/
seethe of cold colours and the raw red rush of carousel dreaming/

of tumour nights/ of skies stripped bare and torn apart without
question/ coming apart yet never broken once/ laughing at the one
thing that horrifies/ the one thing that matters least/ most/

a crown of teeth protruding from the skull in silent victory/
extracted silences/ endless to roam/ blood and cum in a silken
handkerchief/ unknown/ that will be the quarter/ atrophic silences/
silences of births/ overtures of welts to the bare skin/

all of and beyond/ lacking distances/ step again/ begin again/ no
no victory no beauty/ strangled out from which to burn/ less and less/
shadow of the outreaching hand/ a dead trail/ the tongue cut out/

severed now/ till lock and ever hold/ held/ the skeletal figment/
the flesh never yet having been born/ in the distant the foreign lights
of a lighthouse/

searching/ searching/ till dead till none and search once more/ out
of which/ till spit/ dragging a burning chain of a cadaver's emptiness/
twice the life for/ echo now/ breathe again/ the fingertips burnt

away/ step again/ step...

Sun smear
Fingers of severance

The eyes smeared out

Writhe/
Writhe in pageantry

Of absurd meat
Silenced all by the once

The thrice

(Breathless again/ inhale)

Wordless but for the...

Said again
(Never uttered)

Erased the one thousandth
Cutting the shadow

From the eye's banquet

Dreaming of the nothing new
Closing around

The throat
The fingers of severance

6...echo now/ breathe again/ the fingertips burnt away/ step again/
some solace of rapture through endless night/

burning away as of tide till spray of sunlight jack-knifing in the
distance/ the shadow once more, erased/ hollow breath/

all back from then what held till diabolist sheen/ wrench unto havoc
clear cut through by prism lock and casket carcass kisses/ in the bone
shuffle of ever-born/ stilled born/ hack in a dry room of dusty sheets/
redeeming the sullen artefact/ shadow there/

horse teeth of an obliterated smiling/ all of one or else/ pulse of
dead dreaming locked till stray/ never to be released/ fathomless
blade/ razor cum in a dead hand/ blood without colour/ black
absences/

the eyes struck out into some foreign realm/ nothing ever left
behind/ step again/ once more/ step again into shadow dreaming of
the more or less/ waste without beginning/ waste without end till
light exhumes further nothingness/ till dark is redressed/

haven to toil/ closing the skull around the tomb age/ blessed scars
of empty scarlet/ emptied out/ dislodged/ picking the raw meat from
the teeth of embers/ traces/ vapours of taxed hope/ all said/ step
again, say it again/ traces of waste shimmering in the eyes

known once/ yet never known/ recede/ retrace/ back then unto
stationary/ speechless bones harbouring night's paralysis/ where then
the exigent/ where from none can follow/

spitting out the cleft heart/ the worthless shit of it/ the scars
coughed up like phlegm/ in the fractured mirror from which the helm

balances the here or never to become/ bite the jugular/ a trail of blood
screaming at the distant skies/ without purpose/

knowing nothing more than before/ where vault and desert are
but one/ where sands and time are unacquainted/ (*echo, echo*)/
echoing unto naught where the spasm flesh is caught in a smear of
vice/

some shadow/ piercing not yet ever seen from below/ as if...colours
seen from below where shadows drift as if...from below...well strike a
match/ blow it out/ there naught or less/ shifting writhing in the
burning soil/

nails in flesh/ a face obliterated/ burn the bone's will/ burn this
fleshed amphitheatre/ dread of one thousand lapses/ lay down/ begin
again/ step again as if it were to ever matter/

skinned flesh in salt/ the eyes gouged out/ emasculation of
laughter/ till...from what of out will trace as of a salvaged tongue/
night upon night/ breaking still yet never ending/ unto nowhere yet
having been the same

rupture of spun silken blood/ yet having been nowhere else/ ever/
perhaps more of the less than known/ to spy with the little eye/
something beginning with.../

exile burrowing it's way in and out from wherever out and until then
back again/ still the unspoken/ the paralysis/ bled out/ spat upon/
through a filigree of murmurs/

scattering silences/ given unto speech from out of which dreaming
less was murmured/ the gutted bloated self spilling its intestines unto

the cold stone tiles with a slap and a silence/

head of frost/ soundless pageant/ begin again/ less than from what
there ever was before/ a closed fist of the dawn will stitch the wound/
seal shut the eye of spasm/ collect the sands the dusts of dreaming/

spat out of accord/ into the dissipating hands/ dragging furrows
of emptily/ collapse once more/ never having uttered/ breaking of the
less than one where the bone broke/ the marrow spilled...

Ache of the eye
Breaking not

Stripped to reflection
Of a searing silence(d)

Knotted fingers dig for the
Cleft effigy

Rot in a cold chamber

Head none
Struck out till naught

(Commence)

All aboard
Dry waters caress

Words are graves of unkempt
Flowering teeth

Image of a gilded sky

(In spite of...)

7...breathe again/ till sudden/ cessation -no/ gallowed by the fever of
it/ the drought of it/ ask of it again/ no/ not known/ all said/ begun/
with what flourish it was held/ step beyond/ nothing there/ never
was/

not the how nor the when or why/ emasculated it might be said/ till
what, how and ever/ begin/ stop/ start/ cleft alone/ wailing of the
drifting shadows/ no recourse/ headless/ alack/ no/ nothing/ shape
gestural or formless/ ashen light/

the half-scar of it/ blinded still not known/ no not ever/ (*retracing
again*)/ to leave or to stay...grasses knee high and the bone revealed
through the wound like a slashed sneer/ absence of tears/ of course/
dead now/

hollow shun/ hollow shunt of breaking lapse what from which the
sneer/ the hollow/ the distance furthering/ all said there was ever
nothing/ till what/ what next/ lapse and then/

raking through the skull the fever like a talon light/ no force/
breaking still from what line/ haven and then from what foraging/
stealing out of the silence/ dread birthed like a still blue sky/

and the cupped hands they cup fresh blood mixed with ash and a
symphonium of the dead man's advocacy/ bloodless eyes reflected
there/ no thought/ erased/ time erased/ knuckled to ransom/ slice
again/ laughter again/

collapsing in spasm/ breath again -*breathe*/ cylindrical walls they
rotate out of which the dead light shimmers/ seeks to strike the
marrow/ haven of flesh spilled foreign like a deserted shore/
dreaming of the caress of the ocean to erase the footprints/

else or not/ stung/ bitten kicked and punch drunk/ not a word/
not a murmur/ stammering all the while/ of dream of death of sun of
pulse/ the lay of the land/ glide/ glide/ web spun/ cloud-dust of/

given the advance/ working the flesh/ always the same/ never
the same/ spilling the shit of dreaming/ of ice/ deft pageantries still-
born in a heartless scope of atrophy/ break once more and to be done/
yet breathe again/ stammer and pulse and the mocking itch/ the stitch
womb of it/

the burn/ the scald/ the dead summers of waste and wanton/ filling
the bloodless eyes with light that was never wanted/ not once/ breath
again -*breathe*/ the less and less/ ever erasing/ with what ease/
drifting/ drifting from far unto leave or cessation/

no/ not a maggot's chance/ stone in the eye's reaching fathom/ as
if transported yet never having left the dusts of that final room alone/
hissing upwardly/ step non-step/ stepping forth or back without an
ounce/ not a taste/ exiled by this way or that/ roots to rend to fertile
nothingness/

well call cards/ shimmer/ shed the skin of the endless night/ known
for the never once breathed/ breath -*breathe again*/ no/ stop/ cease/ a
mimicry of this or that/ call it being/ spat out/ the jugular severed/
the swallowed tongue of ice/ paralysed knowing/ steam/ lock-held/

at the beginning of it/ what less to know/ pare away/ (*never to be
known*)/ nowhere to from out of the searching dark/ the hands cold/
body in raptures/ it begins/ it ends/ stop breathing/ cease...

Heliotopal eye

*Black char
Of dis-used words*

*Come unto calling
Subtle as scar tissue*

*(Eaten of
Spoken less of...)*

*Aching lest there be little else
Sun a scattering of*

*Silent black birds/
Words expelled*

*Unto naught
The spinal teeth of it*

*A mouthful of dirt
Heaven sent*

*Laughing unto one more final
The palms emptied*

*Smeared by the sky
Silenced by the winds*

*Where of else/
Yet to bleed of it*

8...shudder then/ collapse unto thy darkness/ long-stretch/ there'll
be/ there'll be nothing/ speech meshed in the silver light/

 speak again/ (*bone break*)/ seethe without uttering/ all said and
savour none/ of what held/ as if to swallow down breath/ echoing of
numb and of the lapse/ all ablaze/ it's said of it/ a glimmer of
nothing/

 the tongue torn out/ echoing vast from out of which/ no death to
follow in/ then, to drown the escaping fragment/ there'll be/ yes
carried/ vertigo/ haven to/ a cannoning of vertebrae/ of silken ashes/

 non-said/ non-uttered/ holding one's breath like the dark sky holds
its inaccessibility/ stammering again/ (*bone snap*)/ hollow then/ back-
rapture/ a bending of the light

 speech culled/ a-knock of the wind/ blood to let/ no not coming/
searching for the words/ what of them and of the sullen else/
marginal/ erased as soon as uttered/ there'll be half as much/

 shadow all and all of that once uttered/ said for all time yet never
clarified/ in the drone there the disembowelled bodies/ in the waters
silver fish arising from the depths to caress the eye/

 all dead says the naught/ the foreign silence/ a cadaver's scar
tissue/ the mouth revealing a sneer of sudden impotence/ all said/ all
done/ never again/ (*bone break*)/ snarl and rupture/ head rejoice and
the mouth still numb/ speech meshed/

 retractable none/ till uttering again/ never ceasing/ spit it out there'll
be nothing of the margin and the salient tooth/ death-rattle in a head-
spin of heavenly smoke/

rupture held/ from out what stale collapse/ murmuring through
gilded speeches/ there'll be/ cast aside/ there'll be

nowhere else but unto the air thick with marrow/ seething of the
burnt breath/ collapse again unto thy darkness/ foreign naught/
severed the tongue/ useless artefact/ still speech regardless/ on again
and yet never/ on again with it and for all lapse of vague time/

from out this vacuum/ there'll be/ some sudden/ never clarified/
what else to come yet back again yet nothing ever coming/ sparse tines
of fragments/ cast/ cast aside/ as if/ (*bone snap*)/ that will be the
motion/ simple as if

to start again/ as if to breathe/ there'll be/ non-said no not ever
uttered/ stay here/ it says/ silently/ in the silence then it has never
uttered/ the vapours of which/ the gouged out vault of the skull/
meat to tear/ still-drowned nothing claiming/ scattered lights/

the fingers shattered/ the silent flesh the silent tearing of the air/
cluttered still/ till head resound/ drag unto absence/ speech meshed
and the bone break/ catacomb/ drool of a lobotomy's lie/ casket of
teaming maggot words/ delve alone/ delve none/ do not delve/
never to commence/

all then/ never conceding yet never else/ tongue-lock/ there'll be/
stretching out a long distance of silenced sands beneath the feet/ till
dread of speech abounds and none for else/

nothing left/ nowhere else/ the blade glints in the nothingness like a
gift/ all said/ unsung/ alack/ alone...

*Vertigo hilt
At the close of speech*

*Shadow upon shadow of
Earthen/*

*Breathless
Stillness of the corrupt*

Eye's whispering

*Pulse and the naught
Till hollow*

*Sand in the eyes
Bleak till close of hand*

*Scattered as broken limbs
Rent through with*

*Ash and the blood of
Silent overtures*

Scarred once or more

*Laughterling
All the bloody while*

9...till dread of speech abounds/ and of the none for else/ nothing
left/ nowhere else/ all said/ unsung/ alack/ alone/

yet surging still/ on and off/ till further displaced/ the hands fallen
by the sides/ the eyes become liquid eels/ feeling for foraging for the
life abandoned/

writhe and spasm/ night emptied out like an evacuating mouth into
an open wound/ (*splice/ drab end*)/ sealing off the air/ (*cease to breathe*)/
hands fallen by the sides/ still no

nothing having broken the valves of dreams/ darkened wishes
broken open from valves of the obscene/ the sun is not love/ alone
without comparison/ of the how and else/ what of/ to ask of/ from
out of which/ (*cease...*)...

ever the hunger/ the broken glass scattered like seeds in some
deserted alleyway/ echoing out of which the skeletal child of death
through opiated teeth/ echoing/ echoing/ silenced/ (*slapped in the face
again*)...

yet surging still to pass it by/ distance all/ denuded as the...fingers in
tomb/ hand submerged/ ejaculate/ tongue tracing the rim of the
rectum/ heavenly salve of inglorious spit/ blood unto severance/

there'll be/ half-spoken of the carved sky/ smears and dense smoke
through illumined bones vibrating/ (*drab end/ spliced*)/ hand removed/
alone/ tomb scratched/ density of ache/ an extracted tooth/ pare now
the breath/ (*cease to...*)...

knotted flesh/ body in morass/ static of ill-clear skull/ of stasis/
breath...*nothing*...yet the breath still bolder than shadow/ half-light

from the streetlamps/ cast across naked flesh enwrapped in white sheets/

all for/ (*slapped in the face again*)/ unsung/ alack/ alone once again/ drift/ done/ scattering rodents of blood beneath the bed of the Piper's tune/ laugh again/ if not, learn/ there'll be little/

smoke in the throat and the eyes dead from tears/ suffer/ let it/ take it it means nothing/ or other else/ there'll be/ it won't come/ it'll come/ there'll be/ oracle tumours of speech/ elongated skyless breathing/

love/ what/ what of it/ the whispers will not die/ there'll be more of the vapours/ streaming out of the dying skull to excise/ to clamp the skull like a bone vice/ even when/ or perhaps not/ (*cease to...*)...

a carrion caress/ listless/ echoing out/ the jaw wired from the slaps to the face/ the stun stab of silenced/ breathe the claustrophobe/ sinking back down to a recourse to grit the teeth again/

the fingers submerged in heavy the heavy ash of cold human dust/ speckled with droplets of blood/ of semen/ spasm and the quivering meat without/ shivering/ alone/ alack/ non-speech of snared absolute/ (*fingers in tomb*)/ like/ unlike death/ stillness there/ yet still the measured pulse/ the reek of the flesh/ the barb of the...

cloud/ colours/ (*ache/ retrace*)/ a gallows' breath/ exigent for all time/ never knowing as if what could to be unknown/ amusement park echoings of fear/ the absence of colours/ fade/ still then/ it will be known/ still there will be in spite of the matter/ as of yet/ murmuring/ nothing else...

Kaleidoscopic

*Maggot tooth/
(Erased)*

*Pulse of
Redeem/ salve/
Opulence*

*Of the furtive
Of the seethe till shatter*

*Spilling of the
Broken sky where of it
Unto when
(It is said...)*

*Knocked asunder stray
Till glass reflection fades*

*Mocking the flesh
As if dissipation heralded*

*Anything but the naught of
Breathing*

*Knocked teeth till stunned
Echoing out to mock the silence*

*Yet never echoing
Anywhere
In the dark*

10...a gallows' breathing/ exigent for all time/ never knowing/ as if
what it could of it to be unknown/ still then/ (*unknown*)...

yet still there will be in spite of the matter/ as of yet/ murmuring
still/ yet nothing/ spilling out of the where or from/ a spiral there and
forth/ until again/ silenced then/ the dead hands of speech/ as if they
could/

with neither malice nor charm/ a paralysis of open wounds/ there of
it/ the blood sounding its waves to the here to and fro/ lapsed unto
without/ all nullified/ again/ again/ so once more/ ashes to the
mouthful of it/

the dreaming din of escaping breath/ swallow then shut/ drowning/
spitting ragged ask of the sky it will never follow/ though the where of
the going/ none still/ lapse of sight/ lapse of touch/ the eyes roving in
the skull/

(*swallow down thy dirt, thy shit*)/ it will come/ there'll be none
other/ asked of/ breathed of/ somewhere over the...an arc of scars
tracing the sky/ escaping out/ let it run/ there'll be less than of
before/ (*you'll know*)...

rattle trace and the graceless silence/ de-boned/ there'll be/ unto/
found never wanted/ given yet pissed upon/ scarlet-wise/ head
removed no not entirely merely taken from the breathing of it/

the pulse of it/ there/ motionless/ nothing/ asking more of the
body than it can be/and with what voracity/ suffering more or else/
less/ little matter/ the bones dry/ dry your eyes/

flowers are for the dead/ the diseased/ still there must be laughter

where the flesh parts of the blade/ sing tra-la-la/ a boot heel smashing
into a silent face/ the meat of it/ trace of...what?/ (*you'll know*)...

the sum total of it/ the sunlight of it/ sky-burst of a foreign longing
of spilled ejaculate/ there'll be/ what of the face/ ask of it/ ask of the
face its raptures/ its deaths/ the head sunken in drought/

exile/ spasm/ silenced unto the gallows' breathing/ for all time/
knowing the less and less/ silenced/ swallow then shut/ de-boned/
there'll be less than before/ (*you'll know*)/ vacancy/ spin sunk in a
dying pyre

till dread do (*us*) part/ there here and sky once for foreign
knowing/ a banquet of abattoir/ the lips severed leeches/ to and...the
hands dead speeches of foreign absences/ the heart minced/ adagio of
blades/ when all's to reek and to barter from with it

there/ tears and vacant arrows shot into the skies like dead prayers
dead before leaving the gouge of it/ and spun/ spun once more of
the...come ashore/ to the numb of tender breathing/

no nothing there/ the fingers melting away/ the hands/ the arms/
the eyes running down the face/ till soil is rent/ never noticing the rent
soil/ the sunlight/ the meat of it/ the barb/ the head sunken in
drought/ there'll be/ ask of it again ask of what/ all said/
acclimatised/ (*you'll know/ not ever known*)...

Illumined
Snuffed out

Candelabra breath
Seeking of the more or

Less the less than
Ever before

Till sunk in theatre
Extinguished

Toll of the foreign breath
The sky absent

Mocking the lung
In a cleft of besiege

Spun aloud
Submerged

Words erased

.....
.....Benign

11...the meat of it/ the barb of it/ ask of it again/ ask of the what of it/
all said/ acclimatised/ enmeshed/ locked out from a cadaver silence/
the coloured palms opening out as of the foreign skyline/

frozen ice-white of silver symphonies/ and so the silence grazes the
face/ sears yet does not graze the skin/ as spun and sunlit shadows
burn it dry/ the head forever lost/ snuffed/ back unto foraging/ out of
the spill of an intestinal smiling/

toothless/ bartered for/ fingers twitching/ vacuum of reek rank
stench of acrid blood/ (*the eyes have it, the eyes*)/ yet still for the
unknown pageantry of it/ the unspoken/ a trace of cold desire/
(*there'll be*)...

in the ask of the marrow in the marrow's asking/ of there or from
where the touch/ cold stillness/ breathing of the less and less/ with
less fortitude/ anguish trickling from the edges of the lips/ all subtlety
absent/ silenced all in a break-neck kiss of butchery/

night splits the fingers/ nothing more/ time's stitches mocking the
silence/ (*turning once again*)/ until again/ permeate/ struck out/
searching for the bones that bind and yet finding nothing/

yet ask of the salve/ as if there were/ nothing taken from nor
returned/ seeking quantity in absence/ well mock the tongue/ spit/
well spit well be in-dreaming/ ever-as/ ever-was/ so unto it the being
of it/ still yet never known/ struck out/ (*the eyes are absent*)...

crawling unto being/ denuded/ spun of ash and the clasp-knife of
despair/ at the pitch of nothingness/ naked to the winds from where
the...what/ all having yet never quite/ collapsed lung of non-sound/
heaving out of the pit once known yet never forgotten/ in the depths of

the lie/ what once/ told when/ shatterable feast the skull cleft opening
unto (*drought*)...

gardenias/ and the spill once more/ (*there'll be*)/ nothing but/
wretched less/ crushed then absent/ cascade of flies from the mouth of
an anguish that knows no name/ unlike the childhood pinning down
of flies with needle/

a syringe mockery/ blade upon smear to shine/ some solace/
collapse unto thy waste/ (*the eyes spat out*)/ silence all the while/
forever back to the silence/s/ the drapery moon eclipsed/ (*there was
never*)...

still the anguish trickling like bile into a pissoir/ the cold stillness of
time erased/ the breath sucked from the lungs/ in the butchery of it/
the slashed sneer of a scarlet kiss/ in a pageantry of death where no
bones are made about it/ the head forever lost/

ever the return to the shadow/ snuffed out/ erased by vacuum
apathy/ knowing no bones/ (*there'll be*)/ with all fortitude lacking/
well go/ well forage/ well be of nowhere/ echo/ echo/ echo/

well caress the slash marks in the ravaged skyline/ there'll be more
for the nothing of and the dreaming/ the shovel biting the soil/ and
the mask of it/ a sweet solace/ emptily...

*Of dead leaves
Foraging in bleed*

*Silenced of the
Belonging unto pulse*

*Till roving eye once more
Said or unsaid*

*Struck out unto sunken
Breath elixir of sheen*

*Stray yet held
Ablaze*

*Ablaze
Knocked asunder stray*

Bone dust where

*Hollow gather/ (lings)
Unsung*

...Alone

12...the shovel biting at the soil/ (*well echo/ echo/ echo...*)/ and the mask
of it/ a foreign solace/ emptily/ words spun out like hours erased/ in
the burnt speech of the drying embers of nothing/

of the less and less/ the hands numbed/ like bound bones in a cold
clearing/ in the silent breathing/ pitch unto scar headless sky of ocular
roving/ skinned as the toothen will/

echoing of spun lack and of the hollow ash/ in absentee rooms
without sound or shadow/ a ghost limb's subtlety/ here or there,
again/ it won't be said/ there'll never be/ (*close the door*)...

ache in the half-light/ lapse again/ till end once more/ here and there
they say/ yet still/ in-dreaming, nothing fathomed nor lost/ eclipsed/
spat out/ bled out/ no/ no never once bled out of the parasite of it/

the sky is not song/ lesser things have revealed more/ well take the
scattered limbs/ the severed eye/ the blackened scars of some subtle
absolute/ well take nowhere/ there'll be/ as if it never was/ till the
fragments spilled/ (*there'll be*)...

there'll be nothing for many a long year/ till shadow rakes the flesh/
at the best of times/ at the worst of times/ words spun out like hours
erased/ (*once more*)/ and yet it was/ remains unsaid/

there for the giving and the taking of it/ somehow/ obliterated/
yes/ close the wound/ (*close the door*)/ yet step in or out make your
choice there's no real going or staying here/ in the split of the wrist or
the dead drum beating/

take it back/ do not take it back/ knowing less than was before/
the syringe laughter of the splice of it/ there/ song or riddle of the

lapse/ colouring/ the hunger laughs also/ it is the laughter of the blood/

the scattered remnants of the oval mirror of death lacerating the flesh/ the night as always/ the endless night/ so much this carousel of soldered breathing/ nestling the cold dark shard to the lock and spasm of it/

contracting once/ (*say it*)/ contracting twice/ (*there'll be*)/ contracting thrice/ (*once more*)/ and yet still alone/ never having burned enough/ not once/ twice/ thrice/ innumerable times/ skinned as the tooth's will/ the scattered limbs/ the severed eye/ the drying embers of nothing/

all and from which to the...said or unsaid/ (*close the door*)...echo again/ echo once more and fling the bones to the hyenas/ they're not worth a damn to anything or anyone else/ the knife's kiss knows nothing of the blood/ the innocence of a dead hand/ nothing sought/ bled/ ruptured/ shadowed/ aching in the half-light/

here and there/ bone dice call/ fleshed yet without/ catascope of listless tears/ the cold sting of rapture/ sudden to exhale/ the bile rising/ ache in the half-light/ drown unsaid/ unsung/ misery pale misery the teeth are as hollow as the bones/ you'll know/ you'll take nowhere/ there'll be the raw rank blood stench smeared upon the walls/ the cracked skull fading into whispers/ whispers...

*Abattoir tears/
Foreign*

*Stripped/
Aligned*

*Nothing claimed but for
The burning winds*

*Held to rust or shadow delved
till rot or rake*

*Yet claimed
In the spit of dreaming*

*Broken lest the dust aligns
The sky redressed yet silent*

*Ache of valiant
Till blood to settle under*

*Violent teeth still in the claim of it
(said without rupture...)*

*Lest the rapture compete with the burn of it
settled to fall out from...*

*Silver heat and the bone break
Spasm and still naught*

Till else

Shroud/

Abattoir silences

The final laughter of the blood

13...fading/ fading unto whispers/ vapours/ the laughter finally
erased...only the traces remaining/ spun of shard-light/ sleep until/
paralysis/ (*bring out your dead, your dead*)...

submerged in breath/ the scarlet the air/ well bite/ there'll be no
words/ and merely the absence of all else/ emptily/ silenced then/
but for the lifeless sky/ the hollow ache of the dreaming naught/

still dreaming of the bones of it/ the fury of it/ there'll yet be, some
sky/ whittled down/ yet all focus shredded in the basking in it/ of it/
yet spun there'll be no knowledge of it/ fading out/

sudden/ no/ nor obliterated either/ the hands will merge in the
black silence/ as if to/ till dread resends/ till naught and aptitude
denude themselves once more/ (*there may yet be*), other than/

yet no not as if having been told the measure of it and of the
shadow's benign tears/ cleft out through emaciated echoes/ the teeth
a-grind/ nothing to show for it/ no/ (*come back to us, again, we'll
know*)...

well bite/ yes/ there will be liquid/ some sky/ spun there'll be/
no...atrophic clock/ fingers in dirt/ close the wound/ it'll scar but that
won't matter/ come back to this/ us/ nothing left behind/

not a trace/ fading unto/ (*whispers*)/ in the absence of all else/ what
with the char of it/ the feel of the air/ the reek of stale piss...fading/

laughterling of subtle heart/ ah we'll know/ there will be breath/
no/ a chance/ askance/ the flesh sliding away from the face/ the eyes
clear tunnels/ leading into barbed wire landscapes/ drunken/ ablaze
as a violent pyre/ (*there may yet be*)

as of a violent pyre a scattered visage of flames gathering like
flaring vipers/ the fingers smashed black/ some sudden/ some
sudden cry of discharge/ bloody fingers smearing the glass of a misted
cylinder/

there'll yet be/ in the mockery of teeth extracted/ the bone subtlety/
lacerations of the starry eye/ mocked/ sudden/ by the shadow's
benign tears/ (*it will bite*)/ hollow ache/ amber-like/ dead none/

theatre of the collapsed lungs/ till death do us part/ well strike the
lock/ it was always open...displaced the flesh knows only the socket
tears it has no use for the eyes/ no the eyes are of foreign things/
dreaming of naught/ never dreaming of less/

the hard harsh weight of it/ star of nothing upon the tongue/ from
what distance/ to close the fist around the throat of the night/ to lay
still in long grasses/ to know of nothing/ traced by less/ scattered/
silences scattered as fragmented shadows/ (*basking in*)...

scatter of silver wings reflecting the moonlight spread out across the
benign dark sky/ rapture of some secret absence/ the teeth-a-grind/
the silence above all other things/ but for the echoes/ the traces in the
skull/

in the cold churn of the breathless air/ in the knowing only of the
loss of it/ in the perpetual dying of it/ (*come back to us again, we'll
know*)/ there'll be/ there will never be/ there never was...

(as if to gift the...)

*furled unto expire
closer than...*

mocked by the...

*bone orchestra of
silent winds*

*ache unto absent
the head alack/vacant*

*mortuary sting
but for the once or twice*

*speech without veneration
(beating still...)*

*cease of scald heart where
willow ash collects the guilt of tears*

*knock again
furrowing the skyline*

bled unto fall(en)

14...but for these echoes/ these traces in the skull/ in the cold churn of
the breathless air/ in the knowing/ only of the loss of it/ in the self-
perpetuating dying of it/ there'll be/ there'll never be/ (*there never
was*)...

beginning again/ half skinned to the chamber's polka lacerations/
swarm and swallowed/ birthed to the sunken eye once more/

no more the fading/ the drunkenness of the ocean's warped black
bones/ striking now from hollowed light/ here and there/ as if it were
possible/ well tell a lie to smear the anguish/

to birth/ birthing yet of what/ spasm of and then of silenced/
rocking back and forth in the dark/ peeling away the vellum skin from
final tears/ in time's subtle butchery/ slab upon/ the meat slapped
down cold as death/

bloodless/ mocking the stitch/ subtle as a broken jaw/ all the while
the sky unknown/ the sky unheard of/ from which nothing has
travailed/ no never will/ to leave unlocked/ a trace of ash upon the
tongue/ snuffed out no not yet snuffed out/

in the disregard/ shadow upon gait yet the nicotine-stained teeth still
bared/ shining eerily/ in the roots of some silver motion/ to feel the
hacking/ the tumour flowers of disgust/ and such and within there as
if to drift downstream/ till death redeems itself/ (*the sudden laughter of
ice*)...

well tell a lie/ in the cold churn/ some solace/ emptily/ head in a
vice of cold vertigo silences/ breathing in the reek of foreign excrement
in the subtle winds/ powder-dust of electric light/ headspun/
cracking the knuckles/ powder-burn of eclectic lights/

a sugar-dusted heart upon a platter/ and yet from which/ having not seen/ dragging the pulse from out of the back and forth/ silver sunlight blackening the skin of it/ the bruised flesh beneath the skin, echoing/ echoing/ echoing into the shit of the approaching silence/

yes/ silenced again/ circular/ driven from out of nothingness unto vital nothing/ (*there never was*)/ and so spoken/ so softly the rhythm of death/ so it may be said/ so that it may continue/ in the rack stun obliteration of the face/ in the...

beginning again/ no more the fading yet of what/ having no other recourse/ death in the sweat of the back/ the bones warped/ cold as the nothingness of a vicious smiling in the dry air/ the breathless air/ skull and naught/

out of which/ still-birtherd/ echoing still/ carousel of evaporating flesh/ all the while streaming as of it/ colours colliding as of hollow murmurs/ collecting the refuse/ ghetto/ slum of ill-spoken traces/

lack and then lapse/ pyre of the heart emptying out the scraps of tongue dislodged/ of words counted upon severed fingers/ the silence never knowing of the pulse or the blood/ (*there never was*)...

seeing nothing/ scattered teeth/ the pitch stun of light upon/ suddenly/ or not at all/ some subtle/ dragged out like a spool of artery/ to choke/ to stunt/ to erase/ sounds buckling upon silences/ (*the laughter of ice*)...

till naught is redeemed/ till naught is championed/ till naught becomes all/ a spectral tide/ the ruination of all/ fading out/ conglomerate of sky sudden shudder of the skull/ the ocean fading out to where the last shadow is cast upon an empty kiss of light/ so that it

may continue...

Veranda of night

*Displaced vertigo
Of meat*

Emaciated silence

*Cylinder/ smear upon
The glass of it*

*Bite clear
Castrated words*

(Tangent...)

Of the less and less

*Writhe in pageantry
Naught upon*

Jovial ashes/

Broken bones

15...till naught becomes all/ (*no, never again, it is said*)/ a spectral tide/
ruination of all/ or...

fading out beneath a sudden shuddering of the skull/ the ocean
fading out to where the last shadow is cast upon an empty kiss of
light/ so that it may continue/ till ramparts built/ scattered lifeless/ in
an artery of longing/

still breath to birth and yet/ from spoken-cast as shattered glass eyes
knowing the weeping of the blood/ some residue/ some scar/ the
taste the beginning/ spitting out the cadaver sun's lights/

the dry reaching of dark hollow/ restless/ fist in an empty dry
socket/ teaming with the silence of blind speech/ never knowing/
blessed to be held for once/ (*no, never again*)...

till shroud laid down upon the long grasses upon which death was
claimed/ as if it had never passed/ spectral as/ never tasted/ (*there'll
be, slowly to evaporate, caught adrift in ashen bloody sands, traced by the
furrowed laughter of the benign*)...

what once/ from yet till astray/ then/ till breaking/ never then/
dissipating sunk astray in dirt till mockery challenged/ of the unsaid/
the never spoken/ access none/ sky of the foreign death of the eyes/
sleeping for all and of what and then for naught/ (*no, never yet
claimed*)...

and yet still/ stillness there/ the hands a dead weight falling to the
sides/ the heart cleft by the steel of it/ naught unto naught unto
naught echoing in the far distance of the skull's emptiness/ in this...

till unbroken/ stillness/ the flesh echoing within the flesh/ all

unknown/ non-speech of a violent jarring in the dark/ in a frenzy of searchlights permeating the film of the skull searching upon the blind walls of the benign pulse/ redundant as/ silent as...(no, never again)...

in a ghost limb manner/ sickly yes but then who's counting/ till the dead wing paralyses the breath/ of spun and silk and of the death reclaimed/ till evaporate/ some residue/ taste the beginning/ so that it may continue/ time long cast aside/

a spectral tide/ warp spun of the electrical emptiness/ burning still/ till vapours claim the foreign attributes/ in the spun long-glowing absent sun of it/ hearse of the wind come to knock the spasm astray/

playing the musical bones of silenced traces/ travail and the nocturne's opulent wastage of flesh/ scattered lifeless/ ripping out the teeth of it/ the artery dance of it/ waiting/ there is nothing less to wait for/ the blood is a lie and to dream is of foreign speech/

lifeless all in the death-spasm of being/ till lapse and mockery challenged/ undone/ (no, never yet claimed)/ till then, go/ to where the summer fields mistake you for something other than a corpse of love/ of lies/

free of the vice-bite of the snare/ the atrophic blade licking the bankrupt flesh/ and knowing no better/ nor worse than the stitched eye socket/ the stitched lips/ offering all/ yet never giving/ in the silence of the gift/ of the abattoir dawn...

*Break-neck of
The upturned eye*

*Scattered silences
Dreaming of the next*

Till none

*Beacon spill of
Vacant lights/*

(Paralysis)

*A palm emptied
Dead but once/ colourless*

*Ice of the sky
Never to be redeemed*

*The heart still
The heart still feeding*

Echoing from the out of which

(Till breath do us part)

*Discarded then
In ghetto of silent plane*

16...of the vice-bite of the snare/ the atrophic blade tracing the bankrupt flesh/ and knowing no better/ nor worse than the bound eye socket/

the stitched lips offering all/ yet never giving/ in the silence of the gift of the abattoir dawn/ spring-sung in the hollow echoing across these broken lands/ where solace claimed the final tide/ the final mimicry/ the pantheon/

beneath the non-sun of night's claim/ feathered winds eating up the stray laughter of all that could/ (*clasp the severed hand that giveth*)...

oracle of speech retraced scuttling back to from out of reach/ breath and then solace/ scattered teeth/ in-dreaming once again/ to touch/ follow/ spliced/ silenced/ gallowed through by guillotine and the spark of nothing next/ no no depth into which from out of which to come to this or that/

closed/ there'll be/ (*feast or famine*), night is forever never quite the same/ oblivion a subtle famine/ ever unto/ and still knowing no better/ from what dark spasm until the final reaching/ still the breath/ the benign substance/ shuddering still till stillness all/ till all undone/

as walls vibrate with so much vibrancy/ till there until none else/ in that final mimicry of voice/ unspoken/ never yet once/ not ever again/ until naught/ until nothingness/ (*all said, undone*)...

the stitched lips offering all/ yet never quite giving/ in this/ as of this/ all for this...yet gathering again/ failing again/ knowing perhaps yet having un-spoken as before/ the feathered winds eating up the starry laughter/

as gallowed through to collapse/ to rise/ there/ elsewhere/ none
from which to parry/ yet broken none, the skull ablaze with nails
ablaze driven in by an imaginary sky/

ah spit as of when of it/ till draught drunk speaking of it again as of
the shudder/ there'll still be/ as of this/ knocked asunder/ stray/ then
back again/ into collapse/ into the veins of shadow/ (*feast or famine*)/
silenced/ yet feeding of/ ever thrice/ the voice dead/ beyond
recognition/

culled by the skulk sharp blindness of the benign/ there is nowhere/
elsewhere to be/ well go/ to where these dead dreams of burning
hours are knocked out by the cleft fists of paralysis/ colourless
emptiness/

until what having heard will never be again/ till what is will never
again be/ and the rotting shit of the mind is sprayed across the
forecourts of nothingness/ the better than can be something of this
earth other than in exile/ (*having clasped the severed hand, that gave, and
found it lacking*)...

Arena of silent eyes

*Trace of dead airs/
Stillness*

*Mocking the stitch
In times of subtle butchery*

(Less or none...)

*Broken fingers of tide
Shattered glass speeches*

*(Forever the ache
The breathing of it...)*

*Settling to fall once more/
Absent*

*A knock upon the skyline
Tremor of night's overtures*

(There'll yet be...)

*Pyre of all knowing of
Where adrift*

*Still scald and of it/ unknown
Broken fingers of tide*

17...the better that can be, other than in exile, (*having clasped the severed hand that gave, and found it lacking*)...

yet scattered, murmuring still, fading out, silences fading out, echoing, and then of nothing, dreamless speech, a taste of blood mocking the stitch

the roving eye: stillness of the thankless cull, echoing again, cease of it, stepping forth and yet then receding, from out of corners, when or then, the ceaseless itch, breathing or non-stir in the dark, till mockery, (*little more than nothing*)

until the drowning of it, scattered once more as if the never having been, as of ash, as of the laughter of confetti, ask of the silenced all there will be nothing to come and to reclaim

its absent lingering, steel shaft, bone wrack/ trace of a muffled screaming, as the fingers trace, caress the dead speech of it, knowing yet ever the un-knowing, lost of/ for the long distance of it

there'll be, sudden shrill out into the hollow asking of what, there held in distances never to be traced, from out of corners, all silent, as if nothing had ever been nor ever will be, (*spit, excavate for nothing more*)

all for the again of it, the strive, the buckle of it, the gritted teeth of it, seething lest the blood taste of the final falter, the silent flesh echoing outwardly, yet no nothing else there of vast, foreign, stripped down, denuded rot, a kaleidoscope of death in the emaciated skull of it

rattle of one, of two, of three: dance the jig of the dragonfly, till stillness unto birth in a menagerie of skies ablaze, yet some subtle of it, break lest it, fade none yet fading, from out of which, till then having

uttered the gallowing speech and the clasp of the red raw rush of blood
till breath again, till the roving eye stretched, mocking the blade of
abattoir, in a catascope of light blood-red, given to un-frozen, sun of
the nothing ever having been, (*excavate for nothing, more than...*), till
close and then abandon, wretch and bile from a gut of rusty nails

the hard scar and the tooth claiming of the shadows, again whispering
as if speech never would or could suffice, the hands lapsed, death
absent, scald of worthless bone ashen absent heart, till again, breaking
again, gathering, scattering, confetti of fragmented ice

yet never the retraced step, the dissipated motion, the silence
feeding, speech dreamless of the cull thankless, a barbed lung of
incapacity, oblivion measured out upon the pulsing tongue, yet cut
through, a barrage of meagre flowering insects of larval maggotty,
(*little more than nothing*)...

yet back-speech like breathing in the vapours of dead airs, pierced
through, dreaming still, until the last, the recourse, skull of an empty
auditorium of shadows flitting the walls from out of said corner all is
viewed, discerned, till mockery again, till the swallowing of the tongue
reclaims the murmurs and all is lost to the laughter of severed wings
and drowning silences

paralysis of the sudden shrift shrill out into the ricket limbs of it,
(*watch them arise, seasoned, deft, not a sound, a step, trace, vapours all back
then to sabotage*)...

Into the...limbs buckled of...final falter...emaciated... vast...
foreign...there'll be...the dead speech of it...still the laughter in spite of
it...rattle one, or two...of three...fade none yet forever
fading...mocking the stitch, a taste of blood in the dark silence...

Of the flesh smeared...

Stasis of...
(Begin again...)

A shimmering of cloud
Birthed breath to

Usurp
(Here or there...)

Death X.
Draining the blood

Sky of ill-dreaming/
Still(ness)

Ashen heart

Unlocked pulse

Sunk shit of final eye

18...fade none, yet forever fading, mocking the stitch, a taste of blood in the dark silence, all astray as of ever having been, begun yet of what how and as of then or else

traceless, warm breath upon cold glass, through which, no, of nothing through which, or out there where vast is nigh, where vast escapes, subtle then to retrace where the held hand crumbles to final ash

where the blood is none and the fleeting songs meld into a cacophony of whispers, (*dream again*), till silenced, time abated, ever stammering, a wound closed in the tightened fist bleeding vicariously upon the vacant earth, or the cold stone nocturne of there else, as they say

as there may be, till trace again, forever fading, all astray yet echoing as if one could, fleshed as always, breath no no silence in that nor in the decibel heart, the bones...none, collapsed into thy splendour then to/ echo on where none is all once more

again the dissipating speech, the lapse and lapse of it again, ever the over and over again, flayed unto sleep, there'll be, in that same darkness, rocking in the dark, (*dream again*), at swim in the slash-hook desire of it

graced with this, till unsaid, breach and then birth, till colours claimed of foreign vapours, or out there, traceless again, adagio of the blood, a meld of silver silences, knowing nothing of the infinite in the breath, till scar and the luxury of death arise

till hush, till laughter, till the insane laughter of the cylindrical room's silence, where night births in the lungs of nothingness, void there or else, in the withered seeds scattered upon bloody sands

drifting in and out of speech again, unto whom and with what
accord and from what spasm of touch, still yet sudden in outcry,
shimmering in the night, all other sounds having faded, slashed out/

the candle extinguished, knock again, echo, knock upon cold
glass...echo again

where vast is nigh, where vast is nothing, (*dream again*), as the less and
less gathers in momentum, no no nothing, no tears yet breaking the
surface, as begun, until what, scattered leaves, the flesh drowned out,
in the meat of it, the violence of it

ah burst the stitches and devour, a scar to touch in times of subtle
butchery, striding less and less yet yes, (*say it*), there might yet be, rich
with the poverty of the grave

the mind sheared, yet still the glint of the blade in the sun, atrophic
with colours as if the dawn were something, till silenced, breathing
down the knowledge of the clock, tick once, spasm, tick again, till
vacant of eye, (*dream again*), the eyes frozen over

the rats yet again, having never left, here again with the rats
carousing the naked feet, all for and to be resolved, it is said, for that,
and all that came before, no nothing, no nothing new nor never having
been said before

till the dance is over, almost, remembering the taste, and the hand
that touched, and the flesh that warmed, before the vapours came to
the decibel heart, void or there else, slashed out, till hush, it is said...

Night discloses

*Empty spasm/
Nothing claimed*

*Until once more
Sky of thin electrical lights*

*Bloom of speech
Silenced by the once before*

*The once again
.....So that it*

*May be uttered askance
Echoing of*

*Speaking of the
Dead speeches in a winter pissoir*

Abattoir nights

*When the naught claims all
But the filament of*

Despair

19...before the vapours came, to the decibel heart, void or there else,
slashed out, until hush, it is said, yet never spoken of again

the broken dry fingers turning to subtle ashes, as spasm unto, ever,
feeding the distance of it, until dry end else and fallen pageantry,
(*succumb*)...

the char of the black rain of dissipating speeches, still turning yes to
follow, to disregard, where the shadows fall, where claims are sought
and lapse is found to cease from the outset

yes, to dry the sun with tears, it has been murmured, some succour,
where the breathing teeth bite to redeem the scar's echoing, still long,
still afar, till choke, until rend till final...

and then of it again, hollowed out yet onward into vacuous spaces,
until taught, to know nothing of it, the whip dripping fresh tears, ah
take it, knowing the nothing of it, the basking in it, final drought

perhaps, it is said, till rotting over, till fester, approximate, (*succumb*),
no not once yet how in majesty it was that once it was myriad, as if one
mattered, in the shake of it, biting still, tra-la-la, said spun and naught

traces of naught in the lungs, the familiarity of the guillotine, spasm
of raw meat and abattoir without pulse yet only of the pulse, try trace
again, decibel or no, void or there else, hush, it says, lacking voice, yet
barely heard and never fully acquainted

rambling jinx-ridden with the pox of it, until stray it comes back, (*a
slap to the face*), ah the raw rash skinned of it to say of it little lest there
be nothing of it, in the end

till drive sets forth into the wasteland stretched out unto final, ever sought, ah the bask of it, the vapours arising up as of a desert highway, and all and all setting out, yes headless again, soundless again

as if tears could speak, (*succumb*), ice again, frozen again, turning unto nowhere further nowhere else, no no more questioning soliloquies, the laughter of the skull shuddering till breath fails and the hand's absence unto ashes knows of it

as if to say, as of its silences, till known, breaking dead, breaking upon the rocks of all aspiration, the teeth cut blind bled and ragged, no nothing, no noise till dread again, succumb again

yet the rapture, the ecstasy, shock unto static knowledge and the death of it, the violence of it, all said all done, till rocked unto slumber as of the dying, (*we'll know*)...

clamber else, from out of pit from out of love what of love a deathly disease, a slashed wrist, taste the crimson, the scarlet, (*succumb*), till festerling, some succour, no never again, and then of it again

there'll be, the jaw stretched taught, there'll be, breaking out of none, no nothing, the light screams, no, the light erased, out of vacuum, there'll be a lie, a callous carousel, try trace again, out of which, tra-la-la, till rend, till final...

*Echo of char
Stunt of snap/ scuttling*

*Breaking naught
Hollowed light*

*(Spin of
Vertigo of...)*

In-dreaming of the without

*Alack/
Dense skyless eye*

In meat of nocturne

*Broken glass glint
Of absence*

Vacant to excise

*Nothing
Forever
Claiming*

20...the light erased, there'll have been a lie, a callous carousel, (*try/ trace once again*), out of which, till rend till final, devour the shadow's pulse flecked with frozen excrement

sudden to withhold, the bone dark willow eerily in the breeze, step again, there'll be sudden, till the spinal laughter is clasped, venerated, all the while blood and yet what of it

nothing claimed but the dry tongue coated with it, still severed to fall there'll be nothing, (*said alone*), stepping yet dissipating as if to, no, retraced, the traces wiped out, still again

all done, it is murmured, no not spoken, the stillness gathering, nothing known, nothing left of it, remaining parched, gracing the empty sky with silver coins to pay the price of the next breath, yet the breath is the price, virginal, with each breath of death

ah the char is settled, out of which, severed to fall till final, it is said again, back then from spun till gathering in the vice mire of what could have never have been, (*try/ trace once again*)...

no not out there, the sands gather in the winds and burn the skin, set the flesh to crushed glass, though not a sound, step again, traceless, back or forth, cease, inhale, exhale, night disclosed emptying out the foreign purpose, abstracted from the muscle in the skull, (*said alone*)...

the wound seared shut, no not that again, always and forever that same ceasing that same beginning, no more, still there'll have been a lie, out of which, till rend till final, there'll have been a lie yet all will be dead/ inside no more the...

said spun rapture no no doubt trace rupture sun dead still head vast

colours colours...

bile out of which spattered like sunlight scattered, heave away,
heave ho, till sunlight's dead mockery once again, laying still, watching
the ebb and flow of the cavity, the eyes rolling now, seeking out the
dark reins of the skull

it will never be uttered, never be formed, not a chance, no words,
nothing, pale listless things that seek to bite the ghost limb bait of it,
laughter, laughing yet having forgotten the why or where the having
been or sought, but on, but one, say it

no no speech, drought all, back then to step, as if stepping snared as
the teeth at the heels, snare, echoing silently into vast, (*try/ trace again*),
there'll be hollow, a touch of fever, there'll be the bite and so what of it

ah to get it over with, to know of it, to know of the unknown, or not,
doubtful else, hooks in flesh, ah resigned to the breath of it no never
resigned, spliced jugular sun, spun till gathering, ask of the price there
will never be one yet it will be felt, and nothing said, all said all done,
(*said alone*), trace of the unseen the unknowable...

*Chime unto close
Rot/ strike aloud till*

*Stillness bears the
Ice of bloodless night*

*In roomscape
Of final ice*

*Here/ absent traces
Mocking the stitch of wound*

*Shroud-bound by
Vapours/ colours emptied*

*Ever to mock the
Violent silence*

With gritted teeth

*Till spark extinguished
Cold weight of naught*

21...and yet nothing said, all said all done, a trace of the unseen the unknowable, carried forth with the light of the moon on the bare back, exigent and numbered all, till closure, yet never the closed fist of it in the teeth of it, gritting hard bone-hard until to break

yet seamless, listless, (*drag it out*), ah the sky could never have absorbed all that could have ever been, hung by the drawn or quartered of it, spliced, (*wait*)...

stepped forth yet having thought nothing of it, all the while the glad eye, the duct leaking, as if to say of it -*no*, no, the turning back once more, following the trail as if one could

the pathway erased by the winds, until sung again, singing again, harvested again, till the splice again, till the shadow's trace upon cold sands, the voluptuous ocean bleeding forth without concern, beneath the cold light, the skies emptied, soundless all but one, (*lay down/fester*)...

nothing ahead all said all done, never is, but then about-face, and then nothing ahead once more, not a stitch, (*cease*), then, it murmurs, where else, in a vacuum of distended speech, always the same yet thinking nothing of it, yet all, thinking of the all or nothing

ah to hell with it, (*drag it out*), never dreaming of the mandolin sun, no not for an age, no, back then to multiply, having not, stretched out again, the drag of it alongside, perhaps a subtle breeze through the hair, the hairs standing up on the rind of it

foot after foot submerged, not knowing the backwards or the forwards of it, breaking none no not like the ocean's waves, not a soul about, not ever, whistling perhaps, whispering perhaps, through the

stillness of ice

perhaps the carcass of a beached whale upon the shoreline, the reek of it like the silent reek of time, (*lay down/ fester*), yet going onwards, or going on at least...

about-face once again, no, never backwards it is said, yet never onwards, yet never yielding, not by a long stretch, as they say, so of the standing still, cool waters upon bare feet, the looking down to the hand that clasps the broken sunflower, the opened wrist that has bled upon it, stopping to piss into the ocean as if pissing in the face of death

staggering still, sudden shock flash of lightning clasp tighter the babe, the stem, (*drag it out*), no harm but of the one, never before having known this stretch, yet it has forever been, no no recession it is a lie, where of the now, spliced again, wait, exigent still and numbered

the days drawn numbered, the bones weeping of it, say it again, till mask, till drought, on again, no switch, about face, collapse or no, held to stasis, neither way or the other, (*be*)...

breath of salt upon the tongue until all shadow is lost, there'll be, yet still yet hovering still, shroud of the belligerent sky devouring itself in silence, ask of it yet knowing of the nocturne, no forgetting, forgetting the absence of light, till burn and sun are nothing less than arcs of musical dismay

sudden in outcry, (*lay down/ fester*), a wailing that will never end, there'll be, there'll never be, till sands reclaim the pageantry

only the naught and of the knowledge of it, and the unknowing of it in the final shears of it, severing the tide from sound upon echoing

sound unto final stillness, the tide claiming the rest without celebration...

*Chime unto close
Rot/ strike aloud till*

*Stillness bears the
Ice of bloodless night*

*In roomscape
Of final ice*

*Here/ absent traces
Mocking the stitch of wound*

*Shroud-bound by
Vapours/ colours emptied*

*Ever to mock the
Violent silence*

With gritted teeth

Till spark extinguished

*Cold weight of naught
A palm closing over final eye*

22...only of the naught/ and the final shearing of it/ severing sound
upon echoing sound unto final stillness/ yet never held in the
transparent hand opening like an orchid of acrid shit/

or of flesh/ it is said, never to falter of it/ as the lie builds to the
chase of it/ blackened then the meat/ the purity/ the grace where
nothing stretches languid as a naked cadaver/

night upon night of endless night will reap the price of it to unravel
all/ until unspoken, until nothing else/ no no way back again until
victorious/ (*till failure*)...

until despair/ and the skull vibrates with languorous splendour/
no never yet all said all done of it, as if in speech as if to evade it/
naught or else, settled/ speak then of it

of where the laughter settles as the scars are spilled forth/ till chase
and then to blend in the colours of bruised flesh/ emaciated as the
bone/ yet breaking less and less/ lacking the motion to give/ like a
carcass swaying in the breeze/ bled dry/

the onus is there/ become if you will to swing and how with what
little doubt/ dried blood lies beneath the bitten fingernails of the
butcher/ (*till said*)/ naught else/ nothing and the dread of it/

it is said, bankrupt/ well call cards and splice the dice of it/ staying
never ever reaching for the door/ from any room/ it is enough/ yet the
grace where nothing stretches collides with the gracelessness of voice/
in the ever unto and the ever-flowing/

in the name of heart/ in the name of the bankrupt voice teaming with
dismay/ we laugh alone there is nothing there/ no nothing etching of

its way back to or unto forth, the blood is a lie/

till dark hollow/ the gathered bones know the onset/ (*till failure*)/ the onset and the silence, garrotted/ bled, through the noose of time the ache, the door will not open to the skies/ the skies a lie also/ spit the pips, dress the fatal wound, the blood will seep

effortless existence weeping through and away/ afar/ where now the dreamscape once promised when the snare snaps shut around the pulse/ in a heartbeat the weight of the severing upon echoing sound unto final stillness, yet never faltering of it/ devour the blood the wound of it

till words arise again, till all is meaningless/ here and there/ as if it were anything less/ till speech, no nothing in that silence now/ silence/ (*till said*)/ until back again in a flourish of decamaladial sky circling in the tissue dressed up as mind/ as...

ah pissoir of all/ scour again with smiles and dried tears of black blood wipe them away there'll be more to come of the cunt of it butchered till vast dead wind and the sun bled dry like an orchard of acrid shit/

yet never knowing/ (*la-de-da*)/ an extraction of fingernails/ of teeth/ the self immolating in vast spasm of naught/ pared down unto skeletal nothingness in the time taken between the breath and the fall, the breatheen fall, here now and then the '*I spy with my little eye*'...

yet there being naught/ vapours of things that grace/ that trace where there is only flesh that does not serve/ (*fail again*)/ night upon endless night will grace the winds of it/ spoken thus/ whispering down into the junk white scald of ashen reticence/

searching in the sky for the consolation of the fear of/ naught until
naught again and all of the in-between/ breaking now until destitute/
let it be so, let it remain/ burning as of a pyre of liquid fantasies

a head hung low in the dark/ a pool of bile at the feet/ vibrating/ as
if life could have given, more or less/ spitting it out/ nothing left but
the cold chase of design/ emulating purpose/ spun dread come to
butchery in the colourless air/ breathing it in yet what else to know...

Glimmer orchid

*Of
Spun/
Resolve*

*Breaking valves of
Speech*

*Image of writhing
Flesh*

*Nothing to know
Till breathless resolved*

(Knock upon...)

*Traced/
Unknown*

*Fragment
Collapsed sky of night*

*Of
Tide/*

*Restless flesh
Ache*

Sublime

23...spun of dread aloud/ come unto butchery in the vicious air/
breathing it in and yet what else to know of it, through a holocaust of
silences/ alack/ alas trace of the once then of the fallen of/

the skies silent/ a heart of folly in the midst of it/ breaking of none
beneath the dead black pupil of the sky/ where of the bones and
buried stillnesses/ to retch a cloud-spill of final acrid rain/ where
naked flesh is one and one alone/ yet snuffed out/

that final candle in the stillness of evaporating speech/ here or there/
the broken shards searching for the less of it/ the lack/ the loss ever to
reclaim/ (*till spoken of*)...

see-saw of the final blood restless to sense where ache and rhythm
spill into the void with cancerous colours/ though the tumescent light
is birthed to ever-shadow/ ever-none/

and yet echoing/ echoing still, adrift/ scarred without longing/ of the
longing as if it could be taken back *-it cannot be taken back nor given
away/*

yet still the laughter beckons/ some trace/ some trace ever of the
benign semblance/ in a catacomb of ill-dreaming/ in the stench/ rot of
the silence/ to evoke the sunlight buried in the mire of flesh upon
rotting flesh/ of sinew pierced by longing long left to night's
absences...

well trace and then be done/ shadowy nocturne/ taken again from
where the ash covers the skin/ deduced bone scattered fragments of
what once was/ (*till spoken of*)/ well rot in the silent arena of dread/
screaming out/

all over again and with the birthing of it the never of the dying of
it/ till silenced/ till never having, and so again it may be said/ stillness
then/ nothing else for it/ in a tide of false light/ as if to be/ as if being
were to subsist/ (*close the door*)...

sunken in the nothing else of it/ and so of the dreaming less/
speech/ tra-la-la/ aching of the tear of it/ aching of the tears of it that
will not come of it/ numbed/ yes/ hollow/ yes/ wondering of the
where or of the how/ until ice reclaimed beneath the dead black pupil
of the sky/

ask of it again/ exhale/ dream again/ no nothing there/ foreign
atrophy/ yet severed/ you'll know/ you'll know of the less and less as
time progresses/ yet spit the blood of it and cease the lie/ (*till spoken
of*)...

the dry eye knows/ till claim/ until the flesh shed/ till until then/
without rhyme or whatever less/ until meat and the collapsed sky are
one/ so it is said/ and yet in the mirror the same nothing as before/

the same fragment/ never the whole/ time working its traces all the
while as it obliterates/ slowly/ black unto black unto the blackness
never known of/ if even/ the canvas slowly burning out of its own
colourings/ the image of a visage of screaming teeth slowly erased by
flame/ familiar as the despair that birthed it into this desolate silence/

there'll yet be/ it won't echo then/ it won't be heard/ there'll be no
laughter/ only from the guts of the emaciated hyenas of nothingness/
not even leaving the bones/ shingle perhaps/ no nothing/ (*close the
door*)/ and arc with the nothing breeding in the chest/

in the magnet of the pulse/ spitting it out/ collapse once more/

there is nothing of it/ to it/ there'll be the sleep and the ever-beginning
once more of it/ until there is nothing left yet perhaps something else
of it/

though doubtful/ some trace ever of the benign semblance/ the hard
scar of the sun/ at motions end/ the eyes mutilated/ blood upon the
sheets/ there'll be/ there'll...(*never to be spoken of*)/ till waste and
wanton/ until laughter all and all undone...

*Catacomb/
Dread still*

*Where of the
Colours till fashioning...*

*Gleam of the absent/
Held*

*Sprung from
Density*

(Sheer)

*Resolve/
Where now of*

*The absent wind's
Collapse*

*Speech furthered unto naught
Echoing once more*

*Scattering of
Meat of*

*Subtle butchery of
In a pyre of dreaming*

24...(*never to be spoken of*)/ till waste and wanton/ until laughter all and
all undone/ to the hilt at the edge of the blade held to the throat/
called forth/ like spit to the eye of it/ yet blessed/ or else/ in these
flaming fields of fallen shrapnel shining like the glint in the eye of
death/

no nothing more cold/ yet drapery yes/ nothing there but in the
shadows of thought passed off as tangible weight/ yet martyred/ in
some sense/ claiming the outreaching purpose of skinned designs/ in
a locus of obsolete/ of what sense, non-sensed/ settled then to fall/

fading all the while out of ever having ever been/ obscene to say of
it/ lest the bulbous heart reclaim the soil of it/ the drag and the bloody
flow of it/ tremulous once more/ echo again/ sink into the mire of it
grasping the headless sky of once belonged/

ever-lost/ drained and then of rupture beneath a cloud-burst of
absurd laughter/ shit to reclaim/ (*never to be spoken of, once again*)/ still
now the meat of it never to be reclaimed/

sunk yes/ violent yes/ brutal as the absence of the voice/ torn out
from sands ice-white till shroud of night covereth the lamb's skinned
jaw/ all and never begun traipsing the benign of the aching wound/ as
if the kill were of splendour slowly the butchery of what is left to trace
the air/

blackened out/ alack stillness the laughter of the tombstone's
grace/ (*nothing ever before*)/ yet silenced/ broken upon the rocks/
spasm/ lock-held till vacant of eye/ until nothing as of before/

some solace/ bleeding out from artery lung and cleft/ lest there be/
yet blessed/ mocking the stitch/ lapse until again/ back around till

roundelay/ crack of bone in the dissolving night/ lapse again of day of
the night forever endless/

speech spun till lock of barbarity/ broken...yet tremulous/ once
again/ repeat the sound of it/ say it again/ alternately/ perhaps/
nothing done nor said so say again the ever-lost breaking through the
desert of the gnarled skull/ draped in a shroud of broken glass/

toothsome as blood/ the wings devoured of frozen speech lest there
be struggle/ head/ hearth break unto fold still the breath of paralysis/
(*slashed out*)/ the thorn caught in the throat/

spill again the bile of it/ the wretched sense of it/ awakening from
out of non-speech in a flourish of searing absences/ till colours claimed
through the marrow of spent lights/ again lest of which to know
having devoured the pulse where of it now/

on and still yet, no nothing/ silence silences/ there'll be/ ask of it
again/ the meat of it never being reclaimed/ trinkets of ashen tears/
falsified light/ there is dread in thy winds/ spill and be done/ (*all's to
be cast aside*)/ yet still unto dreaming left to wonder of the less and less
or the abundance of it/ a closed fist pummelling a sacred gait/

laughter/ laughing to itself/ till the dance begun has known the final
la-de-da/ echoing out from bankrupt catacombs/ through the dense
air of redundancy/ as of which/ spoken/ ravaged in a sunk shard
brawl of rotting smoke/ drifting alack/ twice the price of the severed
limb's ghost/

ask of it once/ ask of it again/ so tell a lie/ lay it to rest/ (*once again*)/
all's to be said for the wallowing in a pit of nails/ the dance upon
extracted fingers/ the hands dead/ the eyes dead/ never uttering

never once, yet twice/ thrice/ bleeding out from artery cleft till vacant
of eye, where the shadows fall/ stretched out/ blessed once more/
nothing claimed/ dusts upon waste ground/ gathered/ swept aside...

*Until vacant of eye
Dreaming lest vacancy*

*Clings
Ocular roving still*

*Expedient/
Nullified*

*Static of the pulse in echo
Of fathomless*

Reeking still of silence

*The air discloses/
Nothingness*

*Denuded traces
Vapours of ghost limbs*

*Pageantry
A mockery of teeth*

*A smear of divorced flesh
Shimmering*

In the darkness

25...till vacant of eye/ struck out/ erased, head of ash/ breathing of
the how or why/ or the never else/ reduced to nothing by the reek of
it, skyless of mind in the drapery of the night across the spark of
being/

in a catascope of room/ a match head struck to taste to extinguish
the tongue's charity/ knowing of the benign dust of a child's sneer/ as
if it could be uttered once and then once more of the less/

till bargained for/ not known again/ ask of the shadow once more
it engulfs till dread's speech rattles the bones with the scar hollowness
of adagios lessened by silent colours/ or the here and then/

adrift in a mirage of silver mists/ of untold hunger/ of the hungering
echo/ the waste/ said again until over with once more/ no at it again/
till over with no nothing/ (*ill said, ill sung*)...

close the eyes to it then as if in the distance where of the now or the
no, no better/ as if to peel away the skyline with the split fingertips of
absence/ the eyes spent colours of benign listlessness/

anguish spilling of the blood let to flow from the artery laughter of a
butcher's tears/ dragging the bone fury like a carcass when once there
was fresh breath to spill/ echo now/ once more/ echo unto claiming
from out of where or the here or now/ (*stunted/ever-glowing*)...

ah vacuum of death/ sweet breath aligned to gilded purpose/ lock-
held to the swell/ dream again/ dream of the nothing/ the skin
stripped away to sunlit bounty/ yet in silhouette of vibrating shadows
there is all to taste/ yet walls will warp and breathe with the ongoing/
the obliteration of knowing/ till vacant of eye/ struck out/ erased/
breathing of the...

yet stillness gathering in the parched throat/ drowning in
soundless speech/ colouring the less and less with flames/ no no way
out of the snare of it/ love and lack/ death and bone/ (*ill said/ ill
sung*)/ adrift/ choose again/ no nothing to choose/ vagrant/ hollowed
out/

or in turn the motion unto waste/ till rattle/ until extinguished of
eye/ until extinguished till eye of night reduced to the eye of a
syringe/

a culling of the dead silences/ breathing forth a haemorrhage of
foreign cloud/ what spun sunk spasm in this dead room/ where the
papers peels from the walls and the windows and doors are caulked
with old newspapers/ the bottles emptied/ scattered/

the wind will forever never be known/ (*pause, hold it down*)/ we
breathe alone/ with the scars knowledge/ the hands that grasp for the
sky are severed as response/ by the one/ the un-knowing/ the
resplendent nothing/

hold it down/ it is said/ there'll be/ some spasm in it/ hunger once
more laughter once again/ till dread's speech rattles the bones and the
ache of it sears in the meat of nothingness/ shattering the teeth of it/ a
dry dust breath in the roomscape of it/ never having moved/ no not
for a lifetime/ an eternity/

the flash of a match head/ dreaming all the while of the living and
the dead and of the what might be to become of this nothing that is/
(*stunted/ ever-glowing*)/ ask of the asp the pathway through tall
grasses/

yet never follow/ a charred field of propagating scars will caress the
flesh as it walks out upon/ beneath a sky with no name/ no trace/
knowing the all of the bone's regality/ till breath is laid down to rest
and ruptured none/ alack/ alack/ like mutilated children...

The sanguine eye

*Restless/
Stillness*

The tongue echoing where

*Break and none
Beguile*

*Spasm of lock-held
In carousel*

Of colours moving to erase

*The breath stung/
Shut*

*Ash upon the eyelid
The stitch mocked*

*Nothing claiming
(Naught...)*

*Black char of heavenly smoke
The laughter of*

*Until un-dreaded
Tra-la-la*

Whispering yet/ stillness

26...knowing the all of the bone's regality/ of breath laid down to rest
and ruptured none/ yet alack/ alack of it/ spill gleam of the headless
oracle/ adrift of the sun where for art thou of which where of to begin/

this sky of ashes/ scattering asunder the pale light's pulse of
dreaming/ stay/ stay of what then of how of ever to burn/ close the
fist tightly/ drawing out the blood from the poison tune/ whimsical to
stay in the dark -*what dark*- the colourless dark's tidal/ collapsed unto
thy splendour where the dust has settled/

settled then to fall asunderance of the glint in the eye of final
rupture/ the skull lit by the snare usurped of intricate dwellings/
knock upon the ice of violent tears, where shadows fracture/ never
knowing of the words that bind the noose's chords to flesh/ (*sing,*
sing)...

all in accordance with...despair riding out from fit to folly/ as of
the aching of it/ a tryst a velvet kiss of stone lips/ graven where the
heart grows barbed wire flowers of sunk sharp emptiness/

no nothing in that yet all/ collect the bone's absentee winds shearing
out from heavenly/ till known/ unknown/ there'll be/ in the false
winds of it/ spoken of in dissipation/ a vulgar glint in the eye/

the pulse snared, arbitrary/ lest it be known/ aborted till colours
claim where heart and lung abound unto one and split the dark with
surrogate flame/ the laughter peeling out of vaults from all vantage
points, (*sing again, sing*)...

what now and what of, it continues/ the laughter spills like echoes of
drafts no papers can calk/ the words stretched/ the body/ the bone's
regality ruptured in heavenly smoke and frozen dreaming/ again/

again/ once more

well tell a lie/ how could it have ever been/ snuffed out yet it was/
in the colourless dark's tidal/ well grease the palms with the shit of all
being/ smear the decay upon the walls of time's absences/ dreaming
of the less and less/ the stillness gathering in the clogged throat/

till dance of ondelay/ till traces/ until the smoke in the eyes closes
over the wounds/ (*sing, sing last of all...*)...

yet what if/ it was said/ it has been said/ till known/ no...begging
for the pennies upon the eyes in a destitute ambience of carousel/
stretch -no/ that won't do it either/ lest there be/ what if/ as if it has
been said...

again the silence stretching the sinew/ the deft caress of
nothingness/ where tears break the skin of what and the less and less
breaking forth the blood the lack and lack/ breathing the fumes from a
picture postcard sun into lungs that reject/ that feed upon the carrion
flies of time and abandoned light/

all sung together/ spliced/ set to burn/ collapsed/ (*nothing there, sing,
sing of it*)/ rolling around broken glass on the tongue/ the flowers will
burn/ the heart gouged out and flung to the dogs/ (*sing lastly, echo to
fade*)/ dreaming still/ struck out to pause in the redeem/ perhaps
again/ say it, it is not known/ it is known/ say it/ silence it/ never to
be uttered/ through the broken jaw/ a calibre of violence/ till known/
arbitrary as a crumpled bud/ as a slit wrist...

Delirium X.

Vortex of pulse

Abattoir/

Absence

Stripped sun where

Whispers

Shadow

Spun/ alack

Closed unto

Fathom

Unspoken

Dissipating

Sheer of headless silences

Absent/

Ablaze

27...struck out to pause/ in the redeem/ perhaps once more/ say it/ it
is known/ it is unknown/ say it/ silence it/ never to be uttered/
through the broken jaw a calibre of violence/ until known once more/
arbitrary as a crumpled bud/ a slit wrist/ till fleshed/ ill-silenced/

cast aside/ brought forth as of bile/ in the stale accordion laughter of
the breeze/ seeking out from one un-knowing unto another/ till favour
strikes/ yes/ there it is/ speech and then gravitate/ dreaming of the
absent silence/ spliced through with death/

clutching dead funeral flowers like cigarette ash in a bound fist/ to
cast unto the flame of the aborting sky/ all struck beyond/ closed
again/ as of which to say of with and of what dreaming/

the roving eye still roves in the heather of decaying meat/ where sunk
rank flames kiss tide, so unto drained and be done/ scattered/ the
pathway scattered with benign teeth, into what of and forever
unknown/ (*moving to close, unto final exile*)...

there'll be/ words turning unto dust/ the loosed tongue's price will
be the life of once upon/ and the having begun/ if ever/ as if it could
have begun/ never yet known it can be said of the paralysis/ the
absent colourings of the air/ where stoke and breath besiege the final
will/

where the kiss is of the broken stasis/ the viscid shadow/ the stern
breath and the violent eye/ sunk yet roving still/ through the tall
grasses/ through the corridors of flesh and bone/ there'll yet be a
word/ it is said/ yet failing that, folding in to where all else fails struck
out of breath to effortless waste/

there'll birth nothing more/ well flail the eye and make it see/ no

nothing there/ no words to taste nor take it from the fingertips/ from the skin, from the usurped heart/ (*scatter once more*)...

ever unto the breath inhaled by the silent lung/ where the gathered bones sing their repertoire/ ah lay it down there'll be no rest in the absent clutching at resounding tears/ impotent crawling through the dark, unto splendour of the instant/ then back again to reckless dark/

no the eye of little use serving only to compound the winds/ the sheet metal deluge of nothingness/ the none of which worth the price of the blood and the blood not worth the price of the ticket/ out/ (*when all else fails, the eye to bleed*)

plain as dead sailing/ the fly in the rotting ointment of the eye/ still-born to absent wonder in the graveyard of the this and whatever else/ gently down the stream/ it was said/ and so of the taking one out and then the other/ in this slaughterhouse of absences/

traceless/ wanton and yet nothing/ prayers offered in the dark from severed hands/ the eye finalised/ dream again/ it is said/ from out of the pitch of desolate landscapes/ from out of the haemorrhage of liquid shadows/ furling and then of once/ and then once again/

settle to fall/ naught until the spilled will the absurd exile/ stillness/ the eyes finalised/ sunken lest to fall/ well tell another lie/ yet never utter/ it cannot be said/ well speak until spoken to/ seal the wound/ seal up and then...for the price of the sun and of the...

ever the stasis, yet rotting still/ breathing all the while/ as the orchid's night embalms and trace and imprint mock/ where spasm and wild flesh soar/ (till none)/ till hunger earth and sky be...scarred/ redeemed of yet...mocking the maggot tooth all the while until final

butchery/ there'll be/ so it is said/ well tell a lie/ tell a lie...

Until final butchery...

*The scattered breathing
Till havoc*

*Erased/
(Bled thrice...)*

*Until fallen upon
Blackened meat to shine*

*The hands dead
The words expired*

*Settled upon/
But once*

*Non-settled where the heart
Aligns in depth/ naught*

*Yet elixir of foreign
Sky/ trace*

*Till absentee
Echoing out unto silence*

Bled out

*Carrion all/
Of what as of the without...*

28...('Till hunger earth and sky be...')...

scarred/ in the redeemed/ yet as of yet/ mocking the maggot tooth
all the while/ till final butchery/ there'll be/ so it is said/ well tell a lie
a tell a lie a lie a tell/ till bounty tread and listless dreams deface the
skyline of long-stretched/ out of spin with silk devoured in silence/
silence/

yet still the hunger gnawing/ the dread lest the eye be cracked
open/ so dense once more or of the once again/ (*said/ stammered,*
murmurs/ violently, closing the fingers around the stem of echoing/ dread/ ah
lap them up your speeches)...

all for now but of the subtle end of the once that was to tread, ill-
distanced/ astray/ no there'll yet be/ of the butchered final/ edged
beyond/ all done with the besides the point and the poignant meat of
it/

the skull in a hearth of vibrant flowerings/ dead to the bone as to
the sun of it/ the lacking else of it till shine/ collapse...

yet breathing less and less/ without a trace of it/ not a design/
hemmed in/ never enough words yet none by which to erase/ (*said/*
echoing/ murmurs/ stammered)...

collapsing into none/ as if it/ as if it could disperse/ and the brain of
tick-tock knocking seven bells out of the tolling in the dark/ the pulse
coagulating/ yet speech vicious speech all to the bone of dry silences/
tried of less/ once to have been felled/ none and then no more to fail
or commence from/ all done and dusted/ flies in the throat of it/ in
the absent pulse of it/ lest there be, in the birthing of.....
.....

.....
.....said without longing.....
.....all
spun/ begun, beneath the film of eye/ long tread of shadowed
emptiness, asking of it lest there be, roving/ roving.....
.....(knock again)...

listless to fall out from/ all the while/ in the redeemed...(a dry
cough in the silence, laughs a little, spits into the emptiness)...

all done with/ said without longing/ till sky hungers and the brain
be offal/ long-stretched/ till final butchery/ till the fingers dry of
meat/ in the coffin head something is playing out the polka of
response/ till underwater spasm/ where now the blood of it/ well tell
a lie a lie ah tell a tell a lie/ the sky spun at a turning of the burn of
mercury absences/ there'll yet be/ asked of yet again...subtle as.....

a light bulb shatters in a darkened room/ till expanse revealed/ on
with it out of it, said with whisper/ till bounty tread and listless
screams deface the skyline/ birthed unto foreign pageant to displace
the none/ the blade's glint in the eye's recoil.....
.....(all.....
.....along).....
.....
.....
.....

Of the None Exposed-

1...Subtle, subtle then...subtle the without, unfailing, subtle then to end... embracing the hard char of the endlessly outreaching spasm, biting the bone will of embers, embers...

...There struck out and yet soundless, where the heart commences, in the nucleus of the star's apathy...snapped shut, unto, unto the breathless night...

...Hollow within hollow, where dread and winds collide and the outcome settles, in the sands of the flesh...

...Back-thrown, once more, ever-belonging to the less and less, some shadow, no, not the taste of bitter ashes, nothing of that regard, some shadow's permeation, sudden to expire, where the claim is set to the corners of the sky...

...Mock the unknown silence, of all that has ever been...

...Drag out the cadaver of flay, the echoing flesh of it, till absurdity clogs the heartless lung of final excavation...Head unsung, burning lest the flesh fall away, where nothing else reaches, till still again, the head unsung...

...Subtle to move unfailing, never to fall, ever to fall, clasp-knife of desire, dragged along, to where the absence is little else but...

(Without cause...)

...Drag again/ unto ocean/ drag once more/ electric lights...of some dead chalice echoing forth of the silence, of the final stasis...

...Pause/ return/ shale of indigo...(the bones chime in the winds)...I

drown, I reappear...I feel the scald of all that approaches and settle to fall, subtle as a shattered fist, a torn lung, an exposed heart...

...Where now of the drag, and of the scattering light....The eyelids, swollen over...

2...Ask of nothing, and know of the less and more, as if to say, as if before, never birthed, sudden to expire, snap-still to crucible eye, knocking out the spasm, (*again*), settled as dead...

...I fear the winds, yet cannot conceive of them...I fear the nothing more, the winds may yet no longer come, yet they return, I expire in black tar shadows where there is nothing but...

(--*Knock again*--)

...Deciduous heart...

...I cannot...(I *sever*...)

...Here/ now locked to the salient grin of it, the struck stone of it, scattering my death carelessly to the open wound of the sky...

...Traceless, then, (*I'll be-*), cold stone in a winter gathering...

...Night's embrace, ever the eye, searching-struck unto fathom of sheer, drunken, the bruised skin still tastes the same, the blood the same...

...I ask...

(*'Who forever asks of the dead sun?...'*)

...I ask of the ash, a final retort, stammering churlishly into a pit of seasoned voices...(voices *voiceless*)...erased...nothing claimed...yet dense...acre wind and the blood/ skin/ meat all silent-willed...Ask what of it, scatter then fold, I ask of the ash...I am of the burning alive, there is nothing to say of it, yet still I...

("The sky here collapses daily, as if to mock, we reclaim yet there is never anything but of which to there or there else what of the none till knock what of the done till light aligned of the none exposed.")

...All traced...ever the broiling purpose of the excavating scream...

...Dense with filtering light...

(Spoken for...)

...I trade with the flies, I trade with the carrion flies...

3...A bell jar of collapsed echoes, and the dead entrails of foreign speech no longer the settled, no longer there or else/ (*sudden, sudden...sudden gleam of tears...*)

...Here rolls the dead eye and the forever getting it over with, (*-begin again...*)

...All sprung from the withheld...

(*I see the eye yet I cannot see...*)

...I laugh yet I am dead...I steal the laughter, from out of the senselessness of death....

...In my gravestone vanity, I eclipse...I eclipse of the ever having uttered...from smoke till sounding...echoing trails of nothing...nowhere...traces/ ashen...

(*The endless night, is melding colours into nothing...*)...

...A brick wall, dense with ivy...scattered bones litter the fresh cut grass, with their bound secrets...(all...not a word...beyond sound....)

...Ah, I remember the...I remember the dreaming of...taste upon havoc and the blank teeth chattering...silent...chattering in the murk...

(*Cataract of the exposed heart...*)

...Torn bleak and wildly in the flaming haze of anguish, to lick the cool stones scattered in the fleshy earth...Soil of despair drenched with final vacancy...

4...Till spun hard and closed redressing the scuttle of the limbs, tracing out the burnish upon scattered shadows fluttering in the half-light, knowing of the less or of the more, absolved, the gouge in the gait silenced, knowing of the less and less, unto sparkle, unto ever but naught...

...There'll yet be a heart, it is said, all spoken for, all said I no longer dream I dream of that which.....cancels...I ingest my own negation, I scar I cannot scar as if to breathe were something venerable...it comes and goes...as consistently as the flesh's frailty...

(Knock again...)

...Exodus of...Of the speech redeemed...Drag up thy cross, and walk....

5...Ah, that was of the venture unknown, the spiderling of rotting hours, till the breathing ceases, and the fragrance, emanates from the soil's kiss...Little else but of the now till the darkness shatters, meagre, I cease to breathe, I spit it out, knocking the bone fury out of the gaping eye...

And of then all said, all silenced, never having uttered, collapsed once more unto yet of the final, or, yielding nothing, shearing the sky with echoing laughter, all the while the absences, nothing left to yield...

I close my palm upon the winds and bleed from the orchid glass of silenced silences, back then unto the hollow dust, beneath the drapery sun, the shiv in the flesh of awareness...

Awakening, or, of the naught till web of stricken lights, cut close to wick, the flame shimmering in the fading darkness...

Final ice unto which to succumb, revealing the stretched sun's quarry, aching to be damned, yet what of it...

(I see the vault of my own dead laughter, endlessly vibrating into the unknown, where my final meat has championed the earth...And so in these fresh cut gardenias of toxic grandeur, here or now the earth, there now the sickly breath of a fading scream, rolled upon the tongue, settled.....
.....as of...)

6...Of a word, (*--no nothing--*), of which has come before, nor begun,
until the last drift, spun silken of sinew clear...

...Spun silken begun of the first sinew till the last echoing
breath...dead all but one, having eroded, scattered clear, dread along
step where no reaching purpose snares, so echoing, dead, of the first
reaching, spun/ begun...

...Tread without mirroring...sky of insectal swarming...the moon
pierces the bloodshot eye...embers of laughter...all said yet still the
thrash of the blade...

...The hands tremble...

...Night resounds, through spectral tide...

7...Devouring, (*yes or no*), devouring the yes and no...Abated sky...

(*Teaming with death...*)

...Headlong, into the grit of teeth, mocking the stitch of, trace of the eyes liquid, stillness, stillness, colourless night and day...

...Orchid/ crystalline/ desire/ spent flesh of a verminesque absence/
all claimed but for the unsung, till again...

(*I renege, I am of the nothing else, I count each finger as it falls to the bloody earth...*)

...Ah, what of this butchery...vibrant/ traces...brittle skin...kisses/
shadows unto which to desire as one subsides, birthed into the
none of, spitting the blood of harlequin desires...

...A face smashed in...

...Blood-red flowers wilting in a vase...

(...*My deliria...*)

...Shimmer of foreign purpose, the words alack, spilling like cum to
dredge from out of...

...a pissoir in flames...

(*Knock again...*)

...Devouring, yes or no, all sounds erased, in paralysis of gesture,
motion, inhaling the rotting skyline...

...I inhale, the final bones of purpose...

8...Denuded scarlet, burning of the erased sky/ mind/ where the mind is sky is sky alone...The murmurs scattered, till sullen breach, sunken vial of eclipsed...

...Ask of the none all the while of the uprooted, birthed, sink into thy clamour where the silence breeds...

(Piss-reek...

The death of the origin...)

...Dry winds, choking out the dust unto some foreign fields, breeding the skinned flesh/ meat of/ futility of...

...In pageantry of soundless whispers, drained from the skull-clad heart, a shovel to turn soil,

feeding where the laughter breaks

the shoreline...

...Ask of the vapours, I'll laugh out of turn once again...I'll bleed of it...

...Sunken, yet still the eye roving...

...Knotted fields of effortless dreaming, slashed across, the hands falling to the sides....

...I breathe alone I do not whisper, yet in the night's commence, valiant as...none...

...Sung less in winter havoc, nothing left, but the absent fragments...

9...Liquid dreams, carouse the ever having been, yet stillness there,
blank, motionless as a cadaver, subtle as carrion flowerings...

...Oblivion sweet oblivion, a violent kiss to staunch the coagulated
night, till fallen asunder/

stray/

at the hilt of death...

...Embraced/ benign/ flux of the escaping breath, sudden unto
downfall, scratching away the skin...

(...*In silence's*

twilight landscape...)

...Mocked by the astray of words still desolate, where the lungs vibrate
of the spun sharp sickened of, fragmented of...

...All along, it has often been said, elixir of fallen speech claiming the
shadows, yet still in tide of spoken, locked to the bone, there'll yet be
another, shock of the dead rat pelt, of abortive scar...

...Bone or lung, and the in-drowning of it...I see/ I see the nothing left
of it, where spoken of scatters the strips of flesh/ sinew/ the shudder
of vagrant reek, into the emptiness...

...I collide...The walls do not shift I collide, sickened by vacant hope...

...In my dreaming I die, I die absolute, where the feathered mask of
decay shifts from one mirror unto another...

(Collapse/ dredge/ obsolete/ benign...)

...All but for the...Never knowing of it, wordless/ traceless/ spat
out...

...Subtle as winds cracking the whip of it, in dry weather...

...Arc of a dead grace...

...Liquid as the sky's indifference...

10...Breaking, without favour/ nocturne...Ash upon the skin...Through the needle's eye, of some nowhere else to be...

...I am fading as of birth birthed into this death-dreaming, knocking upon the dusts of, knocking upon the shadow of, knock upon a sixpence of...

...Ah, a broken mirror, a serrated edge, the drool of some vacant efficacy, all lights being vacancy, spit of bone, spit of...silent meat...

(...*The shadow vanes the sky...*)

...I fall inwardly in reams of silken flame, I douse, I ignite, I am nothing else, but of seams of sound rattling in the starry skull of absent breathing...

...All said...all resounding of all else...till irredeemable...I burn without subtlety, in the scar/ lack/ night of it I am absolved, no not birthed, never else but once, I exhale the laughter of my birthing...

...Inward/ else, where/ there, teaming of night's hazard, close the door/ close the wound/ close the...

...Vault of disclosure...hemmed in or without...claustrophobia of nothingness...

...Knock/ trace of banquet dark...echoing without...trace/ anguish of the hour spent in the absence of an hour...in the light's echoing...chanting, of the bone's efficacy...

(*My pulse...vibrating of the distance traced...rixt...absurd...*)

11...Origin...origin...snuffing out the flame of the meat/ tongue ashen wild with circular dreaming...till unsaid, unspoken of, stretched out, the smear traces across the wind, gutter-fresh in amber desire...

...Subtle as of what till else, stagnant the ever-reaching hand, in catascope of the absent head, settling the none of nothing/

...Never the glance of it, to trace the skin, till mockery again, knocking once more, from plateau unto some other foreign, motion none, expired breath, then again back then to held from where it all begins, again...

...No hands offered, where the sky breaks its' shell, in the lack and redeem from out of which the pulse pushes the word, the murmur...

(...I remember the taste...)

...I remember the broken glass of sudden...echoing forth...not a...I remember the ruthless silence, such was my liberty...

(...Breathe again...)

...Of the night's treasury where only the.../ foraging/ endless/ dead but one...

...Subtle as...where breath misplaced will dredge the whole...

(...An eye crushed in a dissolute fist...)

12...Cemetery breath...

...lashed to the...

...Bone break and the nocturne of it, till amend of sudden shrill shriek
of pitch...Bone light in the palm of hand dragged from the vault of
night's endless shadows...Wind clad in some vacated room but one in
the depths of pitch...

...Laughter and then...

...Spill lest there echo the in-dreaming of foreign absolute...

...Headless till vast...(succumb)...breath without air...

...Cemetery heart...

...of the etched sands of whispers, drenched in
foreign, ever where the ocean of the skull unfolds...

...Crystalline tears of...

...Words erased...

...Sound without meaning...ever to clutch the fragrant none of
speeches, vagaries...Known without/ ever none/ no not known/
breathing of the lack/ begin again/ end once more...

...My absence beneath the brailed sky...

...Severed of the all and in between, ruptured once, ruptured once
more...

...Attrition/ exile...

...I genuflect to nothing, in a vacancy of shit...

13...In a suicide of final teeth, bound to the where/ lest there
prosperous, claiming the dead season of the eye, stretched unto hollow,
where nothing is nor will ever be, scattered as of silences, lest bound
again once more, I in languorous, shuddering, I in-breath, amputated...

...I drag up this flayed corpse of nothing, it flays in return...I am a
sarcophagus of embers/ absences...

...Death's dragoons, of the burning earth, till shadow mocks the
pageantry, ever, ever out from which I cannot, alack, spun black of
oracle emptiness...

(Knock once more...

...naught but once...

Silent all,

Surmounting...)

...Fresh severed flowers, bleeding for the absence to come...

...The sun's vice tears where the indigenous wound collects the none...

...All dragged/ all along/ walls of flesh...

...The heart stings...

...I churn breath to close fists upon, ever of/ stillness
collapsed...Smoke swirls in a violent room of vacancy...

...Dead I, but one...

14...The blood's trace, unto, unto splayed night of unkempt echoes,
breaking upon receptive wind, of the heart spilled of final ice, knocked
all of to the ashore till rupture...

...All but of the one, diseased vapours of laughter...Head of ice...Head
vacant as of the night's dreaming...

...I unlock the shard...

...I unlock nothing, corpses of memory lash at the...of the...

...Yet I remain...

(Bound by collision/ tracts of dust/ skeletal murmurings/ scuttle of
red rash blood 'til then, spoken out of turn...)

...Wounds lay bled like emptied skins...Forage/ foraging as of forage/
ceaseless desire/ of the fever of the unknown hand, traced yet never
known in a carousel of empty grace...

...I lay me down...

...A kaleidoscope of fevered whispers...In the half-light something is
burning away...I look to myself and find that same absentee/ unlike
tears, there is the promise, the silence, perhaps,

(dreaming, as if one could...)

...Ah, there of it, subtle of it, the subtlety of it, rank as of
the...(impotency)

...Ah, to be gone...

...The candle slashed out, nothing more of it, nothing more of this less and less...

15...Exhalation, unto follow, bled of, whispered of, ever of the unknown trace...Roomscape of jagged silences, pulsating once, then of, pulsating of the thrice, all's to be unsaid of it...

...The lay of the echoing chime clouds the eyes and makes sight repugnant, desolate, I...

...I am beyond the sky, I am in-dreaming...

(...Flowers of the pulse reek of their carrion sting, nothing cannot be replaced...Searchlights trace the bowels of the skull's nocturne, in a symphonium of scattered limbs, of...of...)

...Rain rain in the heart, unscalded, to erase my dying...

...Ever of the without, till dreaming lest there ever be, lapsed and lapse again, where the denuded arm accepts the silver syringe...

(...A hallway of shattered mirrors, gashed flesh, burning out in some kind of naked solvency, as if to reject/ usurp the endless night...)

...Ah, break upon and be done, where not of I no, nor any longer of the ash, of the helm where the shadow is cast, unsung, vibrant as a death-head...

...Grace burns where/not a/expired...redressed/ bleak guillotine of the infinite...

...Snap/ snap of whittled bone/ scarring until final gracelessness (benign)

...I await the return of the...resolute...

...I am beyond the sun, I am in-dreaming...

16...Again the ash, the ash inhaled, murmuring the dark pulse of all aside, all ever, to slide and of else to slide unto waste, florid, florid flourish of none, expiring till held, gifted as of, nothing claimed as of, nothing answered, in the vacancy of it...

...All said of the what of it, spoken again, as if to spite, till the dread of which, no not once, vapours of stagnant bleeding, skull in a vice of empty desolate, winds throughout hollow, as of dead, yet else, breathing all the while of circus pageantry, where the hands fall stripped of flesh, having gathered the briars of nothing else...

...I'll yet stay, I'll yet go...

...The hours are very long...

(...*Pause*...)

...Subtle carriages of hours amass, yet the glint of the blade holds more truth, seen from some vantage point in the dark...I collide with nothing, stung stripped of by the dissolution, yet still of the bask of it, some stance, like an empty silhouette, slowly seeping across a cold white-washed wall...

...Design/ desire/ design...Of the vast, the miniscule, the eyes closed, receding, receding into caverns, not a trace of it, but of this foreign death...So it is said, guttered once, sprung forth in the silent teeth of it, the vibrating flesh of it, this meat to carry all the while, or in between, never less, no nothing for it to be damned...

...Hard shadow of the blood, ever trickling away, as if, as if some final emptiness could justify the scars, this butchery of night, ah close the door yet knock again, yet silenced out, spat out, lest it be forgotten,

embers, embers, flame and naught...

17...Break now, from out of havoc, till stray, till claimed, biting the cold mist, all the while drunken with the promise of, until benign, where out of which the gilded sting ceaseless to be, ceaseless to end, back then to un-held, to vacant lights, caressing the carcass emptiness where of it can, as if is done...

(...Sunken, sunk weight in excrement, the dry ice of tears gnarling on the gristle, the veins finalised, cleave away, cleave ho, subtle then to feel the numb of strike, the bone break-shattering, out of which in the midst of it, a scream smeared out, the teeth bared, arrested, for all time, in a paralysis of utter dark.....)

...I enshroud my reeking burning heart, I inhale the traces, the char of burning flesh, such is...disposition-I...

...Endless, yet without, it is said, it is done...The rains come and go, I can hear the laughter --is there laughter there?...Stone-cold sun of endless discharge, of the blood, senseless to ask of it...

...Arrested...

...Severed...

...Effortless lack/ devotion of none/ naught else...

...Sound without fury...

...Fragments of the lest there be...

...In the night, despair questions, coils its' echoes around the open wounds, without surcease...

...Head-spill of dread, terror in the eyes that greet the mirror's oblivion...

...All said, nothing yet said...stone silences...

18...Streaming out...(broken valves of teeth)...headless abandon...

...Snared/ devoured...emptily...

.....Less than
before...

.....Ashen lock of sudden close...

.....Polka of decay...

...Scar tissue of resolve, scattered/ shimmering of...

.....Snare of sudden dissipation.....

.....Ice in the wound...

...I kiss the dust's regal sneer, yet there is
nothing...

...Some way unto unbound, till extracted/ closed...

...This endless night, I cease to forget...I embrace...

...Transparency...

...Sands seep through, and then abound, as of flesh...Birthed into a wound that ever-bleeds, overture of listless orchestra...

...The earth absolves the reek of being...Night's glimmering eye, settled, unsettling, lest there could be else, else...

...Tumbleweed expires throughout the skull, where no matter can trace, no fingers grasp...

...Yet I am...

...Yet I am beyond...(echoing)...I am far beyond, no, the ground falls away...

...Vault of mine eyes, adrift of back-held unto slaughter-I, whispering as the wind coagulates...

...We dust the dawn with amber presences, all the while skinned raw by bled, dreaming of the reach and held, ever yet still, the claiming naught of none...

...I have dissolved my bones in the sunlight...

...Subtle...And the barbed smile...

...The eye dishevelled, the eye denuded...asking of the slide...

19...Vacancy, a tryst, vacancy before the blade...Skeletal key of breath opening up the sky as of which...(traceless, traceless)...Death blooms in my skull, with all the candour, of gardenias...

...I...in this...banquet...of shit...

...Hollow, what of else to follow into the drag, where the wind chimes lack the wind's aspiration, where nocturne asks of the here and now, and in the asking, subsides...

...(I in laughter, as I am buried alive)...

20...Reflection of scarlet crystal dusts...

...On and of the fore till sibilant, breaking once more upon the dead of winds, the apathy of silence...

...(Knock again)...

...Wrench of, sudden of, gleam of exigent dissipation...

...Glut of....Spoken there or else of...Unto naught...Dragging out the spill of teeth, the rank opulence of dreaming lest there be no following on from...

...(Ask again)...

...Nothing of, till venerated, closed upon like a locked jaw, splice once then of the splice, asking of the ever-vast, the shock-white held to the lung of tears...

...Unto none of the breath, knocked asunder-stray, white fever of the meat of a silent screaming, vibrating all the while...

...I place the blade upon the tongue of my night...

...I am the refuse, of the earth's quarry...

...Yet still in vibratory tongue, all's to the will of it, to the fevered/ unknown...

...I echo/ echo/ as if else could breathe other than what will, where the bile stings dense with night...

...My tide...My tide...A skull upon the hearth...Locked within the winds...

-pulse-beats-

i-

interminable heart

a breathless exile

drunk

upon the foreign light

ii-

devoted as...

absent theatre of screams

fluidity of night

bled eyes of endless dreaming

iii-

i open up the lung of tears

smiles/ regalia of the

wingless bird

dread not of night

but of the ongoing finality

iv-

sun of plague

rapture of the opened sky

sunk white charm of electric

embers

sweet embers

v-

head rupture of struck winds

coagulate/

death alack

polka of silenced silences

echoing

of the nothing else

vi-

viper of night endless night

assassin emptiness

knuckles cracked by

hollow

echoing upon hollow

vii-

trace of unto dead

none else

mockery of none

dead unto the trace of it

viii-

subtle scar o collapse

adrift/ exposed

spill of sun-dew

shrapnel of the tongue

head lost else

colour without ocean's tide

ix-

vertigo lest there else

of the blood

of the violent echo

of the violent stillness

of the...

x-

a droplet of blood

turning lest the light expires

speaking the language

of the veins

unto the none else/

fragrance of

II-

1...(An open wound...emaciation in the depths of shadow...the blindness of ice...a shit-smeared mirror...the decibels of silence without end...a child's scream in the night...an orchard of spent bones and acrid silences...a funereal procession of pallbearers...)...none without end...

...so seeketh alone, but once, dredging up the skull dust of vagrant hours in the redeem...night's utter vacancy, inhaling the breath from the lungs...hours ruthlessly devoured unto their sinking...adrift in absences, colours erased...the eyes smeared out...delirium of foreign lights...

(...impossible to move beyond, yet sliding, until shattered once/ thrice/ splice the...breach and lest there be done...spit it out, spit it out...impossible, no, not a trace of it...stitched of the motive, the exigent/ non-stretched...the eyes roll in the skull of all dreaming still(ness)...

...i could kill...from out of solace births the fragrant lash of the wind's tears...i laugh alone in this shattered, mirrored corridor...i pick the scabs from my...said again, knuckled with frenzy, sickness, sickness...impossible only, as if to say of it...oblivion skulks about me like a whipped canine, i fling it another bone...)

2...fruitless sky of dead casts, outward, outward, until their spell, i into skull unto this or else, scum of refuse breathing...

...drag of the old bones, the dead airs, the silent never to become, all ashen and ever bled, till circus, cast aside, the heavenly of, the scarring of...

...i breathe the sudden of...spill of dreaming in a kaleidoscope of shattered colours, igniting the sky...

...head coffin of ill-dreaming lest there be else, no no sense in that, cascade of a listless hour, hourglass filled with blood, with nothing, vapours of all that had become and has of which become known to else, fragrant, as a cadaver's breath...

...knock aside or step, collapse if willed, sun or spit, light or out, a light bulb swaying in a vacant room but one, where death alone is none else, nothing but...

...in my delirium of fleshly ashes, i catascope of all that was intent, i-sickened to the extracted teeth of the night...

...all sung, yes, but beyond, closed now, settled then, as if to go on might, not a fragment settled of it, as if to go on might, not a fragment settled of it, as if to go on might...(snuffed out)...

3...churn lock of the implode, chamber of sudden night...through the breath of some swarm, some skull, i in-breathe, scattered petals of blood unto the wasteland of all silently...

...sickened unto...lapse of...sonorous i fill the sky with the nothing of none else...rat shadows and the dead eye vacant, denuded hollow of all else...trace lest there be, until removed from, spun at a pitch/ nectar of the frozen sky...

...till reclaimed once more...time lacerates the intricacy of escaping breath...i knock, i knock upon liquid hours, where nebula sanctuary falls away like so much shit...heart lung and of the staunch blood, the blight of it, the shadow of...

...i vibrate...

...in frenzied hours...

...as if to mock where nothing claims, but the ice of dissolution...

...(dredge without hilt the season's murder)...

...i spit, i will not embrace it, i spit it out it clogs the tongue...whispers of dreams cascade into the void where of there now as if it were to follow inwardly, but of one till else...

...ah, rub the ash into the wound, seal shut the fissure eye, the seeing none, blind as the dead, tracing the brail of teeth in the skull, cease and be done with it...

4...in this skinning pit, of my laughter, dissipating beneath the bone dredge of sky, layer upon layer of ice through which to drown, asking of the fleshed purpose, till called on, once again...

...night beyond pitch, of some incomparable wastage, the broken skin of some gleaming possibility, through which some flourish of gilded rain, sung, without longing...

(...casket breath...embroiled meat...hyenic callings echo throughout the night...desert dreams, shatter, shatter...)...

...regalia of orchid semblances, of confetti, carried like unsown seed by the wind into some foreign distance...the moonlight shears the pulse, drunken i dream of the open wound of the sky's blind eye...

...flat-line of discarded births, in the reek of my anguish..... ..
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....I expire, like an excavated carcass...

5...bound black, in a sky pelt of mockery's teeth, shimmering, in the mist of bloodless appeal...

...shroud of veined ice, of web, of scattered silences, drifting lest, therefore or of the none...

...breathen keys turn in the vacant flesh, the sear of night and the cards burned in a candle's flare...

...soil of broken locks, whittled bone, none of else...

...seeding the sun with vacant arrows of stricken sinew, ever to expire...

(...i/ where the...spoken as if...trace of...)

...the hours pass through me, they claim nothing but the meat of it, the flesh... the endless night is my altar, none else but to expire of breath denounced or spent/ absurd as the wind's claim, forever, of the else or none...

...the words they fade away, death's tomes, rustle in the breeze, scattering tumbleweed throughout abandoned graveyards...

6...the sky opens up in welts of tears, naked now, denuded the pulse engraves its' winds into the silence...

...(light alone has never of the once sufficed)...

...the clear night shrouds the skeletal laughter, embroils the turning of the screw in the thumbscrew air...

...i laugh the hyenic laughter of there ever else, echoing out into some sense of absent breathing, subtle then to fall upon, subtle then to free myself, of the absolve...

...blank sun...

...absent once...

...none else...

...none else but of the desolate...

...as if there could...

...i am the breaking of the ocean into a sudden snap of vault...

...only the murmurs disrupt the silence but for an instant, but no, they never have, they never will...i cannot retrace my steps...

7...desertion...

...extractions of...

...a singular light bulb swinging like a noose, shards of white light dissecting an empty room...

...the echoes swirl like vapours, fossils of speech rejected for the price of death alone, beacons to taste in thin cries, nothing more, traces spat out in disgust...

...cold reams of silence, of the none else, of the...

...there is no one there, no presence, merely the ash of something that should never have been...

...walls peeled like skin from a carcass, sun unto next or the next of folly...

...i know of such rooms, i have dwelt there, i was the emaciated shadow...

...memory garrottes...

...vacancy champions...

...absence fills the sky, like no other absolution...i eat of the sun, I can still taste the sharp sting of shit in my mouth...my mortuary tears are of little use, there was nowhere else that i could have been, nothing was all, none else...

...in my dreaming, i died vicariously...i died...

8...excessive dark...

...ondelay of which to strike out no there is none of which of the where
or else to strike from what till ended, spoken lest there could have...

...shards of teeth crest the empty night, i in laughter spill like one
thousand wounds ablaze...

...i hear the night...shadows warp in the unfolding silence...

...through the breaking film, the roving eye steel drawn in
excommunicable light, thrashed by sunk of foreign skull, absent as...

...none unto never else, none else, nothing there ever having been,
uttered once, yet not for the else, sands seeping from an open wound
of...

...gleam of dense atrophy...

...vomiting through the bloody lungs of the stars...

...nothing claiming...

...night's vultures opulent as the scarred meat upon which they feed,
the truth of semblances, the victory of endless emptiness...

...(knock again)...

...in a barrage of teeth, the ocean's brittle lacerations...

9...tear spleen from the absences, the acrid spit in the wound of else there was, yet unto never, claimed, there'll be a death or else...

...a death or else, jocular, spit of the skyline, stripped unto none, claiming the dead pelt, the livid eye of it, else...

...I lay me down, lungs of the sky, ashen breathe lest to fall, unspoken, as if to crack the empty air of the benign...

...traverse of silent flesh, soil of regardless, ask again, it will be unknown, spit of the none or else, the none exposed, vibrating in the dark...

...the bones snap in the night from distant horizons, in accordance with the law...

...bone echoes dissipate the light of it, unto scar, as if to redeem...

...i fade out, broken lest there once or else, unbroken, some sudden, in a catascope of roomscape, i exhale, nowhere of, of the else...

...the jaws lock yet of the benign...non-said, uttered less, murmured less than fallen, non-death yet death in a pyre of fragmented wailing shadows, I laugh, I expire of it...

...all said...but for the non-else...

...I spill and then recede, spill and recede...a vastness of obsolete...

10...pale laughter, some moonlight, oscillations of sea swell, of shadow, of the claimed till none, breaking/ breathing all the while...

...cataract unfolding beneath a circus of light, as if to be, there of the else, none of the speech of held, till spoken less than ever before, yet claiming still...

...dread lest there be, overlay of sheet white skin and the flexed eye of silence, silence, settled without grace, murmured less than once, silenced, vacant, and the what of it...

...(scattered glass...[pulse beat]...a trail of smoke drifting upwards in spiral swirls from nicotine stained fingers...ice cubes of blood in a tall glass...)...

...breaking none of the without, settled, obscure...

...subtle gleaming of death's overtures in a dead room, the door ajar...absent echoing...splice of stale air...discarded syringes in a dirty cracked glass ashtray...I cannot...

11...head of vault...cascade of sky/ a bleached rhythm of soundless air...echoing out from trunk of carcass, still breathing, stillness lest there be the vibrating flesh...

...bound blood in a winter pageantry, sky sky alone and the broke bones of shadow only...ache in thin vapours, smoke into the betrayal lung, settling to fall, gathered by none...

...(trace of the noose's spasm, the stretched taut, boundless...never uttered, never the redeem of it, spat out unto vellum of blood spray, collecting the bones of it, the emptiness of a vacated casket)...

...i, in pulse of dreaming, of the dreaming of it of the dying of it, the fading of the lack, sudden to withdraw from out of night's lapse, said once more, dead till none or else...

...i in the long stretched, in the sear of it, in the breathing of it, spent as a rusty blade, a discarded cadaver, through cylindrical nights the bleeding yet, the shadow yet, without colour...

...well knock once more...the walls warping in the chemical light...

...in the head of vault of all dying, lest there be breath scattered as silences dreaming of the none, the less and less...

...none known as of yet, yet as of none, a star burst of escaping birds into the non-distance, unknown as of to the benign, unto which, their wings sheared to final butchery...

12...breath of, forget me not, else, forgetting the more and more of the lessened amber of it, displaced enough, forgotten of, stammering, ever unto fall(en)...

...time/ no distance/ traces it's crush of velvet eye's of 'scape through absent dreaming livid i denounce, i know not of where i am fled/ flying into...

...(absence/ shimmering in long corridors illumined by electric light)...

...head of vast bone crush and the bespoke, till drained of pulse yet less dead than alive, yet less than anything but for the none, unsaid...

...through livid ash the heart decomposes to fresh flames, (*it is said*), i spit it out, trace off the buckling breath in a corridor of discarded feathers...

...what was never gained by subtle, has redeemed itself in waste...(ablaze of light, no exit, the corridor dissolves behind me as i...)...

...ah of the spun, of the lack, etched out the furnace breath of lack, of abandon, of the spitting out the dead airs of silver nocturnes...

...closing the fingers around the throat of...

...all then of which to be said, of the done, i recall...

...(a slashed throat blossoming gilded orchids, blooming of the stench blood of restraint/ absence/ of the breathing less than before...)...

...haven...all's to the of to be of the of said...(unsaid)...

...i laugh alone, now...where once there was nothing...

13...aspect cleared of the gold ash, settled as dead, gestural lack and the breathing out...(scattered, scattered...)...

...Death X. spilling the teeth of well, knock upon once more till spasm/ murmur of dread speech, cleared, fragrant as...silenced then...

...toll of naught, of the nothing held, of the none else exposed, clamouring once, deadened eyes gleaming of fading sunlight, of the scar tissue receding, no, nothing of the resolved, till sickness/ once and for all..

...eye spy...

...(-the eyes torn out-)...

...flesh of benign dreaming, still, struck the hook of else, lest there be the held till none, laughterling all, spitting it out i of the below, snared as if...

...as if to be snared were anything other than the done/ in/ winds in dry weather collecting the sands from the floor of endless reaching...

...(slide...slide)...

...(said without a whisper)...

...scuttle of long stretch/ ghost limb pageantry of the skull, astray, dead as coffin one, one alone, evacuated, dredged...

...stasis...

...fading out, till rock-a-bye sickness excavated...

...fossil nothingness and the drying bones of memory, in the pitch of
seasoned breaths, silences...regarding the hollow, come take it back,
there'll be, none, the none erased, in i the...

14...(*i have forgotten*...)

...what...as if from once as if asking of the as of if, i alone, dissipating into dusts...

...(*i have*)...

...bartering with the night's collapsed lung of final tide...

...(*i*)...

...nothing claimed, no nothing from the none or the less than else, the none else, as if it could be...

...perforated laughter echoing out from vast plateau, nowhere left, stammering in dry reaching of the dry reaching purpose...

...all elapsed, spoken for, of the drought, of the silenced earth, no not ever again to listen for...

...(*i have forgotten*)...

...[*pulse beat*]...

...(*oh, how I remember it all, as if in the going on or the getting on were of the nobility of eyes/ stillness-cadaverine/ stone mockery/ ashes drifting away from an open palm*...)

...[*pulse beat*]...

...Subtle, subtle then...subtle the without, unfailing, subtle then to end.....

.....
.....
.....
.....(*vertigo*.....*bonesnap*).....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....by which the night
is revealed...

-pulse-beats-

xi-

windows/ visage of oblivion

scarring the

submerged heart

vice of subtle absences

shattering-the-glassed-silence

xii-

the frozen wing

obliterated beyond sky

headless lifeless

in my deaths i am no supplicate

i am of the none

xiii-

crucible/ ashen of

stasis of

the benign

crushed

erased unto the none else

xiv-

the sun it lacks

and i lack also

i drag up this carcass

of my dreaming

there is nothing

in my hands

xv-

cold charms

glisten-of-eye-spilled

till collapse of

never unto none

exposed as the sky's violence

xvi-

relentless waste

denuded sky of pelt

ash/ breath of distances

closed over lest the night devour

xvii-

harlequin echoes

embers

sweet embers

the flame erased

xviii-

spleen

to choke

laughing all the while

graceful as a bloody wound

xviv-

heart worthless refuse

cataract of breath

echoes

of the breach

xx-

vault/

sky of headless

murmurings

(-)

(...waste is of the colossal eye, the banquet, the dead light of the sun, the bleeding gums of lacerated speech and the still sea silence of death aligned...)

(...night is an echoing valve, a cylinder echoing of vibrating steaming flesh and bone, no way by which to touch, the laughter bellowing out like an acrid scream...)

(...shadow is of the benign, a foreign nothing, nothing claimed, spit them out your sequences, light and shade do not exist...)

(...the none/ nothing of all is a trunk card, a broken jaw flapping in the breeze like a fucked gate in the wind, nothing coming in or out, never leaving...)

(...the rats carouse the silence, failed wings collapse from failed eulogies, from failed carousels of defined approximations, severed tongues of the benign...)

(...atrophy is love burning away, without feeling...(or...)...the none else...)

(...memory is the tourniquet of absent living, breaking out the dead speeches as if there were, as if they had ever, as if, no, traces of shit across a white-washed sterilised wall...)

...all is of course lies...none/ of the nothing of...

