

Dây vũ

es us

From

2000
2000

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hid

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2000

2000

2000

it is through bedtime, the other one speaks

zero

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page

page

sequence



IRVING PAUL PEREIRA

we were too close to cinema screen
sitting at a bad angle
the film wasn't coherent
too many broken parts
a non-linear anthology with long fade to blacks and back again.

it could've been Alice lost in india, if india was a storm, lost at sea;
alice, first as animated, too young a girl, then in the flesh, in a golden saree
skin burnt dark and spirit worn out by heat and space.

the film took long months out of our patience
a seeded restlessness growing in acres
just as we thought it ended, another scene began
crawling out of the black screen
showing a gaunt and menstruating alice
waiting, anxious, depleted
the false war lasted 1930-1933
declaration paper wrongly signed by generals misled by thieves of history
all of them, mourning women, dubious and exact in their manipulations.

men and children they had lost to future wars
framed and fed their unity
they launched the war covertly
from submarines, deep within the arctic.

"The true war started after '33, with 80 troops, everything else before that
was a lie." Alice had been found out. This makes her anxious, waiting,
depleted by the currency of sun and clocks.

it is unclear who or what she is waiting for.
it could be a zeitgeist, avenging, it could be a parent or a punisher

after the film, we emerged in the solar desert town again.
years might have passed and I am once more alone.
I searched street stalls for clove cigarettes, packed like cigars by chinese
manufacturers.
I asked for prices, either because I had little money or the consistency of
costs had failed in the starving land.

somewhere, the aboriginal bus was waiting to take me to an other

we wait near the high altar,
in the tall but small house,
in our grey and black suits.

We sit in leather armchairs, legs crossed, contemplating the woman from xol

she will come back through the room
(it could be the room that makes her what she is)

we wait for songs to manifest, for art to appear on the wall above her bed

we wait for blue lights to begin glowing, like those lights from the festival on
that alien world.

then we'll know she has returned
we will meet her for the second time in so many days

we would ask her about the food consumed,
and how it made her frequency adaptable

we will study the sounds and shapes she brings back,
with hopes they can teach the ways to follow, to enter,
to fall into the worlds she comes from

we will wait to learn her name
in a house without clocks or faces

we will wait for her mythology to pass through

there are no true signs of quarantine or panic at the hospital, only
vacated emergency rooms, an array of disorganised equipment, crookedly
parked beds, empty, unfolded towels, sheets, paraphernalia on the floor.

it feels there should be more people here but there isn't. a fireman sits
behind a baggage counter, a dark blue uniformed man scanning tags,
hefting large suitcases onto some other platform.

out of halogen light space, I gather myself under a canopy of looming
trees and darkness, where a restless young girl, rearranging armchairs
and footstools to form a bed, tries to sink into the sleep of vanishing.
there's an urgency to her young heart, she seeks to shut out the world
but the woman, as a voice and presence with me, is trying to keep the
girl awake. i do not hear the things she says but i strongly believe she is
stalling for time, for specific people to arrive. we could be on a hill like
plateau, where a lighted staircase nearby shows humans coming and
going, ascending, descending, coming out of the ground like from the
mouth of an underpass.

a principal, a quiet Japanese man, and a young teacher, sex unknown,
reaches us. they could very well be configurations of light in the shape of
mankind. they could very well be holograms or ghosts. the woman begins
telling them what the girl has been saying. there's an undercurrent of
dread, an emphasis on unknown fears. the girl says it in unison with the
woman:

"even if I kill myself, they will just replace me with a new one."

I am extracted from that place and before me, on the night streets,
seated, almost curled into a ball, i see an after image of a great black
lion.

rhea's stance of oblation

litter of spine
a mine shaft of ladders
propping up perplexing noise and turmeric
in the long coat of common tzars
on the tongues of red gated harlots

a chest full of sedation
drawers, on occasion, full of mist and spleen and bow
a sore throne
salted ligaments alerted to prairies
time stones
symbiosis
cyanide party dolls

we must make due, apostasies
we must show drowsiness her crimes
we must dress her in the garb of evictions

all but embarkment
all being fair and prequel
like long lashes from the chutes
like the fortunes of oddities
tube fed
epileptic
grasping at the magnitude of thread and sutures

here, there is no rain
a clone of night
another path, untrodden.

Buildings, roads, canals,
bathed in a deep blue hue,
ominous, sculpted
like a towering lifelessness, risen
windows blacked out
as if eyes shut,
hiding the terror behind the doors.

along the road
a predetermined location not yet known,
there's a stall where I stall

there, hung the canvasses, unframed
a hexing of the heart
a face with three figures;
a man rising out of an eye
another, a fetal form
turned into mouth
a body bent into facial features,
lounging in the left shadow of face.
there are other smaller canvas
pieces hung high, more in a bookshelf
folded like burial flags

buying two will bring the price down
but there are no more faces with figures I want.
colours are not right, no chords struck,
nothing else spoke to me.

I leave with only one piece,
having loss only little coins
that's worth nothing in the waking life

the man in a poster, in the postcard
the man of importance
even on the flip side of the card
there is his importance
a signature, a signatory
an image of a man, made into a poster, on a painting stand
in the postcard
people pose next to the poster

i know am not with them
nor one of them
i know i am in the hotel lobby
sitting at an empty table
with the man from the poster
the important man

one can believe he is

- sophistication
- a daimon in a suit
- charmed tongue
- refined tailoring
- articulated
- cosmos-imperial.

rich people wait in the room to hear him speak but he

he speaks to me now in private
at a blank table
next to a painting of the image of an important man
we talk of awareness
of the deaf and blind
customs in the city of M O N
the pronunciation of French titles
of strangers and ancestors
groping at the straws of time

we talk
for a very long time
for a very short time
for a different mind of mine
to catalogue, to register
while the rest of awareness
is sacrificed
at the altars of deaf and blind

he neither stays in the lobby nor enters the function room
he becomes a vague memory

phone numbers as tracking codes.

I can see through the call, I enter the old home, not to warn or say goodbye,
but to explain how the meteors would come and why.

I phone from the car in another country, a dead sister,
in her red burial clothes, next to me.
it's what they will do when the meteors come.
they accompany, sit with you, not to warn or say, 'follow me home',
but to reveal the algorithms of end time.

I see the first of the great rocks fall, impact hidden by skyscraper.
we take a U-turn, motorists, calm, never running red lights
even as the meteor hit, rubble and dust advancing.
our roads are so clear and orderly, we turn and drive away.

who ruined my early loves?

who left these scars
these dream corpses
these failed crops in my garden?

this warehouse world, with the military man, is the colour of dry soil,
burial sand, perhaps ashes of humans, turned into rations, foodstuffs,
hollow, limited, arranged on a table.

the military man has come to punish my misleader.
this gaunt, frightened man who ruined my history.
he flusters in end time
tries to explain packets of sand, but
the meteor takes everything out
across the globe
city by city
slowly
with phone numbers as tracking codes, fully dialled in.

I do not see the upheaval of land and home.
I call not to say goodbye or to warn, but to explain the gifts of cataclysm.

I

train line configurations
a system of realities
monorail call signs
each station, an age in time
denizens, histories as maps
a half square of dots and lights

II

woman known as mother lost in the wealthiest mall
woman known as mother released from clinic lab
the blind sister searches, tracking signal off radar

we would spend, alone hours at plates
we would spend minutes, desperate in the monolith

a heart knows the woman visits dead sister
who is alive but pale in the timeline of gowns
the heart knows a massive place
where fresh bodies turn to ash
mother, mother, do not go among the fires

III

the bus turns from daylight
the drained sun, a grey globe
streets scratched out by rain
an eternal sign of lightening

a voice sings praise to darkness
a girl who follows me, laughs

a heart knows the straight way on a crooked path
through houses made of shops and cultures
childhood miniatures built by old hands
plastic homes, animals, farm mothers, children
sculptures of next gods on upper shelves
play sets made from bone and paper
mansions. burnt for purgatory earth

It's red heels I see
a torso walking away
muscular calves
veined meat
skinless of course, with no upper body
then it's a metallic hoof
mechanical, striding off
I do not follow the walker, now gone into
some other dark, a Francis Bacon painting
with encroaching black wash

EMF static
CCTV captured nothing
time lost / reels erased

I know this:
an old man seated by window
bus number unknown
an old man holding plastic bags
contents unknown

his hair and skin
turning white in a clock-less zone
a dissolution of words and names
over spectral time

and somehow
the yellow heart
must gather dust

what joins me in REM?
while drawing in notebooks
standing in talcum, leaving no prints
breathing into the mirror in the bookshelf
giggling at the corners of dream

I never see these children
I just know them to be there

there were all these prom girls and boys
suits and dinner dresses in torrential ruin
a cluster of desperation
non-stopping cars, no cab or shelter
there is a truck stalled in the tunnel
there, there where they can go
but they cannot see the tunnel
they are caught in highway lights
drenched, and perhaps, on some level
drowning in this storm

night clinic offers not enough info
the amnesia of the scene is taking over
forms fall into forgetting
into disuse
an erasure of environments
an absence of critical features
not enough to hold up this world
not enough to mean something

one watches the world, uncreating
the mind reels further back
into illusion
into the safety of a time before

comfort, the cocoon
of patchable skin
asleep in a tunnel of thought
hunger dissipates
folds of fabric
irreal in the moving picture

iridescent shower
a surface scan of scavengers
illicit response
devourer most image, eroder

hatch
a hyperbole insomnia
latching on to genome choir
surrender sweeping statements
love chant to the man from Etonia

I offended more than Eric.

There were other young poets at the table, my
ego saw nothing in them. I preferred the depth
of the midget, who told me, "Every one of us
has a chaos centre."

A zippo lighter, in two pieces, is engulfed in
fire
one can handle the flaming thing without pain
one must put it out
in an ice cream cake
its plastic wrapper is still on

moreau dreams
of shared visions
the babylonian body
stretching in half light
sweat on golden chains
serpent hair, cascading
desert scorched skin
wrapped in fine silk
bought for and killed for
scarlet and perfumed
our naked queen
poised, feline
precious and silent

and now I kneel
on the master bed of the old house.

She is propped against pillows,
a face mixed with alien DNA, a stellar glare,
hypnotic static as aura, almond starry eyes, a
cascade of pitch black hair.

she whispers something electric,
my body experiences it.

A white modern mystical intimacy.

I'm poised on the railing, over-
looking the old school, nine
storey drop, sun in my face

to climb down with sure
footing is to clean air
conditioning fan belts
I didn't feel like falling today

sister is talking to me
about bathrooms and suicide
but I cannot decipher the
details

Hung on the van door, or
pasted, is a picture or painting
of a pre-teen negro boy, shot
dead.
above the faded body were
matt black keys on rusty
hooks, one for every gangster
child killed.

In my hand, medals, the colour
of those keys. I turned them
over, looking for pins, some
had them, some not. the
crystal girl was selling them to
me, ancient blood artefacts,
one for every gangster child
killed

Roaming in a park. I saw a Korean or Japanese girl in costume. I called her, "Samurai" & "Ninja Co." She made it
clear to me they were compliments. I wasn't going to get killed today.

please colour within anathema

/

blue boy possessed by screen shine
a head, walls out the voices
they shan't unearth the seeds of blue boy

blue boy ignores the call of the wild

blue boy in grid lock
browned by stashed hysteria

//

red girl from the dress. exegesis
red girl in the seat of your gland
pious red of the crown
paper thin palindrome love songs
she, of bayonet beauty
she, from the bathing party
bicameral forms and basis
- out of house, naked, running
- front of house, alphabet organ splicing
red girl delivers communion

///

grey pet of tectonic earth
fur: the formula of sulphur
pink tongue licks messiah wounds
tail: a swarm of grey scales
grey pet in the undergrowth
grey pet by the feet of serpents
grey pet in the valley of death
grey pet in the holocene house

\/

black infant heart of-
black cell / growth mass
black mater of blue boy
black lover of red girl
black parent of grey pet
black god of anathema

\\

white negligee of screams
white sex, white heat
white is the glove of the puppet
white is the pill, notarikon
white is the womb, synthesis

e c c u l i p s i s

send > spiral, ordeal core
a faction of the eye
failure to latch windows
disturbed private drawers

sen >> nubile pink unfoldment on rain

concrete slush pile
colours running into drain
slip marks

se>>> copulative insignias

inside / womb statements
-sub-lunar species
(often deepened, often night)

s>>>> unnamed

passing of the afraid
before emotive centres
one that is barely experienced
upon waking
a presence of signs, seen

> actualities

end notations
solace specific
either Edenic or Euclidean

I was already at a party, at the open place designed for funerals. But I was also still getting ready, putting on pants
that were too long. I have yet to grow into them.

Going past quickening, silver doors on trailers.

How pretty my sister is: hair, long and curled, jewels and make up on, looking up at the party. "It's about time," she
said.

this uniform has a history of anger - a sick, pale green: the memory of schooling and military
hair, as an extension of old consciousness, is shaved off at 7:30 a.m. It takes too much time, too many stressors,
chasing a clock that does not move.

the black, electric shaver goes missing
messy, missed clusters of hair remain.
through a mirror, I see my skull newly extended at the back
with possible implants, growth, swelling or otherwise: frustration escalates.

an airship circles
studying smoke
scrap patterns

one must believe
in knowing the road
the constants of traffic

I hear the gun go off
or a car backfiring

time is exact, on page six

red crayon

time of death
from another age of me
the 'special ones'
know these things

they draw
- how my body crumples
- size of exit wounds in inches
- splatter patterns

a black, blank face

gun man fleeing
- width and length of street

calculations listed >
distance to >

- the first bridge
- the canal
- the tower

straight upstream
to highway to hospital
or a right turn
- to station
- morgue
- houses of the holy

unto beds again
lined up in farm configuration
a vineyard of mattresses
medical bed frames
arranged in grids

there's a ghostly knowledge that an exchanged had happened without any other physical proof, leaving me alone with a black leather wallet on the long table. I take it for myself even though I know it isn't mine. Excitement in my blood. Thick stacks of paper bend the wallet out of shape. Is it money? The boy, due to his mysterious entrance into my head as a voice or revealer, helps me see they are printed notes, like advertisements or statements. I'm handling the very same wallet outside a hotel now as I'm face-to-face with a large blind man, the whites of his eyes obvious and old, pieces of white flesh put together again like puzzles, like tectonic plates.

selling off tablet
the boy who will buy
is late

I wait under block

a strange recall
scaffolding on building (kitchen side)
twice, thrice its normal height
mass families in crammed units
clothes dangling on sticks
clothes fallen

memory points to moving cartons
household contents
banished from home
garage sale with no people
no funeral, or recent wake
clothes with no bodies to clothe

I wait on grass, barefoot
in sky, airship circling
'tis not evening, but ending
a need to restore tablet
return to origin setting
no extra apps
for the boy who buys, who is late

I think there are dogs walking
I think, but it isn't real, I'm unsure
I think I am a man, walking a dog
watched by the gunships in the sky

I'm digging for cash
as the dealer hands me
two vacuum sealed packets
bloated with air and liquid
small enough to be palmed
rectangular
a translucent, gel like drug or food
to be orally consumed or smoked

"i don't have time for two." I tell him
knowing I have to leave the city
in less than a few hours

I'm digging for a \$50 blue note
but I find a \$650 red note

somewhere
in the damaged sectors of mind
I'm concerned I have no money

He opens a tote bag
large enough for laundry
I toss in the item

He gives me a stack
of small thin paper
tools to partake
in the unknown origin
of the product I have purchased.

an afternoon light
an evening light, finished
lesser walls
elevated to roof
non-mountain
now on top of building
windows and light
night clientele coming in
from cities
from offices
from post-dinner
into drinks and
contraband bedrooms
a raw and naked tension
in a sleepless world

the roaming of kindred
seeking dealers
reclining on sofas
on bean bags
on beach chairs
on carpet floors
leaning against tombstones
against the Rock of Peter
head of John In lap
wound of Christ on tongue

the loneliness
of a lesser demon
in a sulphuric cell
far from the light of the sun

where illicit substances
are passed around
consumed, injected
the pool a numb existence
an opiate mansion
encompassing bodies
blood flow
mind experiments
lung reaction
smoke inhalation

I'm turning into concrete
turning to face my dealer
my doctor
inhaling nothing significant
nothing here
without meaning here
an animal craving
hardly snuffed out
a stubborn flame
a sizzling medicine
that wouldn't work

she gestates in the room
for unknown stretches of time
behind the grey and secret door
changing age according to
thoughts of malicious men
or those who love her

She's been in here so long
alone in the dusk house
without current
with running water

now, two doors are present

one to the hall
of shore and ocean
one to the bathroom
where I am
she comes out of her room
like it was a cocoon
circling the dinner table by
shower stall

I stumble out naked
mildly shocked
skin untouched by water
her hair is finely watered
silken, well fed, damp

she's dressed in simple clothes
nothing erotic between us
she seems younger than I
imagined
she says something softly
but our languages don't match

I stumble like a
drunk with no name
trying to recall our history
we have no food
or means of contact
but her voice fills me
making ages disappear

collapsing memory structure of environment
a scene, barely intact
absence of non critical features
abscess of reconstructed thought
of courtyard, school compound
outdoor walls, overhead shelters
halls and broad spaces meant as doors for
crowd, professors, public servants, students
skin coloured paint

one can hear names called from rosters
announcements from thin air
disembodied voices riding the wind
from some mountain plateau
through bridges connecting hills and ascents
a long way to fall

I know the face of a name called
but he left seeking shower, change of clothes,
then returning, in old wrap of cloth
returning as if to clinic
as if to latter days of school
walking past me to his wife
who crouches in a corner

she does not see me

her husband's name is called again-
to what, to where? why?
one senses a possible lynching
a democratic voting
drawn and quartered
made an example of

where waits the black dragon?

this could be sacramental coma
a drifting state in delta wave blindness
an opium rest bed
sunk in the quiet murk of sleep

this could be a cavern full of coins
the debris of capitalists
dead men on disks
a graveyard with no meaning

this could be monies lost to wishing fountains
heaping here to turn obsolete
where men drift in a world of dream
seeking riches that cannot be eaten

what is in a gut?
a mix paste of roads
a nostalgic cubicle

and outside the box?
an aegis
or composite hunter

worn fabric, this world
earth sewn
chai seeds, absentaine

what of ritual strain?
abscess
wash shine water

papier, soiled
demigurgoid
reassured and absolute

thus, a condition of menace
or salient point stance'd
fictious along the mantravine

moreau dreams
of shared visions
the babylonian body
stretching in half light
sweat on golden chains
serpent hair, cascading
desert scorched skin
wrapped in fine silk
bought for and killed for
scarlet and perfumed
our naked queen
poised, feline
precious and silent

but that's all they were given
an image of a book
instead of one

and they danced in a makeshift house
with one wooden wall dividing two spaces

they held hands to make a circle
in its centre, the wall

a doctor, whom divination suggests is my wife
makes no space for the wedding guests in the
ambulance
a paramedic takes the backpack from the
bride
the paramedics couldn't go to the hospital for
29 years

somewhere, beyond space and reckoning
a raven headed man is watching all of this
something a lot worse is happening to the
world outside
but also
something pastel and shining
is shifting in skies

i've gone to the white place

i've gone past the safe zones
into uncharted.

white sand and gravel
white road side stalls
white mountain, paramount
white ghetto and sun burnt
villagers in white clothes.
a third world heaven,
uncluttered, without heat, despite all the light

there is animal meat, deep fried in black woks
there are cubes of oil fat swine lard charcoal
tentacle like roots, burnt for sale

I wander through tents without walls where contraband
toy figures of idols, important adventurers, war heroes,
spacefarers, hang high.

I spend an unknown period of time here, resolving,
becoming home

a part of me belongs to this pirated conclave
a part of me belongs to this white, primal universe

onto superia

she sheep feeds the marionette of my organs
with clumps of rice cakes
blocks from dirt farms
a bestiary of frameless beds

we roam-inspect the beige mansion
like handmaidens of sonar

calculate
ceiling fan wind torrent
raise vaccine flags
defy all gravity children

on currents, we are surgical
jap engineers, wiring in the walls
call the specialists to turn on the lights

greet the father in-law
whose ministry is his face lines

somewhere, a stray balloon
somewhere, natural light from windows
and yet

we search for portents in chandeliers

the white and grey passage – the brighter astral

"We fought
we broke up
because I was rude to Eric."

white land blue girl

his 'children',
inside his 'special ones'
his little nesting ground

drawn maps in
pink notebooks
leather bound through the night

his children tense between taut lines

breath captured in bottles
mist rising on freeze dried pages
vapour from leather

pale crayon lines
wriggling hand

special ones drawing maps of my
nerve wreck
colour coded

scrawled in alt pages-
exact times
next to-
standard lines like

'mister, is dreaming'
'master is screaming'
'mother is crying'

his special ones in REM
in Electrical Body Membranes
watching and drawing

no sound from little mouths

It's a particular species, childhood dreams
an insect that gathers
his 'children' as insects
in corners planting memories

memories of accidents on the main road

I'm 10
I'm 20
different car / same road

her head twisted into headrest
firemen pulling off roof
blade cutting into metal

same car / different victim

his 'special ones' playing with facial features
his 'children' playing with a mass of time
eating by the milliseconds

I'm 8
I'm 16

drunk on gasoline fumes from leaking tanks
skid marks like angular signs, curvature, rubber in
tarmac
sirens, glass, seconds digested in the span of years
double decker busses out of scale
leap years
roads, prone to becoming symbols

same victim / different cars
no one else but terror and paramedics
his 'children' reading smoke signals
delighted by fire

one keeps waking and walking
one dominion to the next
root life distanced
forgotten simulacrum

into a plane of structures
doorways
a house with no lights

paint stripped (or not yet applied)
dark grey concrete faceless walls

one house, in a building of many, halfway built
or otherwise
homes rendered obsolete by an unnamed destroyer
- perhaps mythic or military or molecular -

people, artefacts, furniture,
gone without wasting time
exoskeletons left behind
shells and corpses and shadows of former selves

ghosts of curtains in upper atmospheres
flight like, a wisp
without sound, without body

woman (or women)
perfuming the air
females as breeze, scented, moving through walls

I breathe their breath, awake in ruins

ever returning to this place.

debris, shifted
half-stones, broken
in that corner, larger than normal

nearby, there is sand
finer yet further from this wall
new cracks along the floor
a trail that leads to hall
here
a coldness
more remote than other nights

never am I aware of leaving the house
but here I am now outside

there's presence to this mall
a solid memory from the wrong era
fragments, floating points
in the girl who dreams she's a mall
the mall who dreams it's a hotel
of empty rooms looking to sea
main roads far from her gardens
a supermarket organ
food aisle, t.v stations
attic lights to silent beds

and like a virus
the child is roaming inside the body of the mall
Items flickering in thought
of insecticide, paper towel rolls
the becoming of evening into late, late night

i am either taken
or i travel without knowing
transportation is a thin illusion, hardly there.

roads, heavy set with black earth
a dense grounding, roundabouts,
car park spaces, white dividing lines freshly painted

illusionary passengers or
memories of them
on a bus, unfamiliar
from some kind of time in the past
or future

same passengers, different busses
forms and faces repeating
groups scatter
groups turning into clusters
three's a crowd', duo, singular
then further divided;
by ages
-childhood on a larger bus
-adults on another
-smaller humans, infants
swaddled on torn backseats never crying

there were flights
cold dishes in the fridge
the departure of busses
the country, changing to another city
a continuity of night time
rain and shelter under highways
a gas station

halogen, always halogen sight
old keys, cramped restrooms, dirty running water
false memory module, an anticipation of robberies
gunshots, bleeding out, wrong, wrong scene

this is the same place
but the wrong head in my head
wrong eyes looking out
eyes belonging to me and also an other

switch

return to ever rainfall, traffic, un-stalled
this is unlike the accident road

the dinner invite is a vague postcard.
a truly foreign sea
an unrecognisable night
nymph-like tables, candle light
unknown liquids in generic glasses
false colour resolution, then
as if in the same picture
a lakeside, an entire restaurant
made from ancient woods
an ad campaign photo
with champagne, lush trees
no address or names

there are people posing in the postcard
people I don't know but am supposed to know
they huddle around the wine table
like it is fire for the winters
they discuss the importance of hotel lobbies
miniature quarters
for caricatures of people
moulded into plastic
posed in function rooms

to and perhaps from night stations, i carry a virus, a troubled prolonging of sleep, the wandering body caught unawares in deep blank place.

If they were struck down, i did not hear it. but see-
the women known as mother and sister - emerging from a house I do not know,
into scared night, into a backyard of dense wood and orange lights
see them slowly stumbling, burdened, down the steps
a part of me is projected through cell signals, into white flouro dispatch static, talking to handlers
reciting medical histories, implants, surgical maps on old skin
part of me is studying the mother: red gash on lip (or forehead)
a cut tongue plastered with beige bandage
mouth agape, row of teeth on pink gums, flipping right to left to right like a page
jaw dislocated
sister could not catch her in time, sister slipped on bathroom water, passing out, coming to again
sister thumping her chest with blame (I have to tell her it isn't her fault)
there is no pain anywhere among accidents

disconnect white headphones, it was time to enter clinical
This I understand - a live satellite broadcast will be missed at 8pm
This I experience - a projection to festival grounds, somewhere not on this plane
This is see - the domed tent, two men and a woman on a beach, touched by northern lights, neon radiation blue, electronic
musicians walking through nebulascapes

night highway as gordian knot, a serpentine coil
I hunt the hunter. a cat and a mouse
the taunter is a remote ghost in cell signals (is he also a presence in rearview / backseats?)
hushed conversations lost in vague breaths

I see gas station lights like a beacon, I signal, I turn, something tells me he's there
keep him on the line, catch him reflected in glass doors of entrances and exits
watch for the gas man holding a phone, watch for the man in the beige shirt, in the grey pants
he is the causer of accidents, the stealer of lights, the hunter at the festival
what he will do and to whom and how many, the how and when, is not shown
but he is there, a threat in waiting
he's been there before, a presence in the head, at crime scenes after the fact, leaving signatures, signs, taunts
he is there if your eye is fast enough
he teases you with glimpses, then gone again from one fugitive night into the many
you can hardly remember his voice, his face, his whereabouts
near or far, it is not known

labyrinth highway as gordian knot, unbroken

I re-gather on the second floor of the mansion
trails gone cold. I wait with the others.
I wait for the next cycle, the next signal, the next call, the next scene.

a descent into tunnels, the world below. escher steps, obsidian, polished, bringing me deeper, level by level, walking among voiceless souls. The roll of white paper in my hand contain the sacraments, to be consumed slowly but mostly never in public. an administration officer of the station, in red vestments, spots then rushes up to me. I try to keep the sacraments but she knows. she issues a complex threat. do not keep it, you've been caught, you have to eat it all immediately or there would be consequences.

I consume it whole

the scene repeats: same pathway down, voiceless people at my sides, the same people re-appearing, a chosen pattern, cycle and flow, the sacrament has taken effect. In my solar plexus, an ocean of stars gather and gleams, the microcosm vibrates, a complex turning of orbits within.

I sense the medicine man behind me, in the distance, a level or two away, always following, as if watching, studying. I walk the length to the next station, dark walls turning into night. above ground, I watch him descending an overhead bridge across the road. I understand I am in a red car, telling this entire sequence to four other people. I am in the backseat as the driver slouches, body sideways, either overtaken by the effects of sacrament or by my altered presence
Someone asks him what year he was born, he answers in riddles and ciphers but I understand it. '1999'

in a pocket of other time / other space/ the medicine man wants me to complete a worksheet for him. A page of sentences, numbers, fill in the blanks. I do not heed his request.

it is uncertain if i board the mini bus at this juncture or the car had become the mini bus. i find a woman known to be a sister, receiving black notes from a vague figure. i am reclined at the back the bus, next to a foreigner, a traveller, who is playing an electronic handheld game involving the song of dragons.

i am then sent through a corridor. dorm like, or perhaps a hostel. was this jump between planes because of the traveller? was this person a portal?

a door opens, i hear the end of a directive being issued and the individual i am supposed to see comes out. I catch a glimpse of the room, surveillance equipment, and receive the knowledge it's a radio base. He bids me follow him into the next bedroom, a room of mirrors.

There is a large bed, white sheets and beige curtains, half covering a window to afternoon light and nothing. He has no shirt on. memory flashbacks in real time reveals his persona, this superhero, flawed, in half suit, so full of pain. He had spent the night before pacing the room with a small silver gun in his mouth. I laughed at his attempt at suicide, I made fun of him, mimicking his weak, weepy sentiments and cowardice, as he crawled into bed and laughed with me. I do not know if we made love.

in this same expression of reality, day has turned to night. there are maybe two women known as mothers. one had tricked me into staying behind at the resort (dorm / hostel) in the day. perhaps, she had sent me to see the man with a gun in his mouth. by night, she was far away from me. The other woman calls me from a car in the city. she and the husband had been saved by the other mother on detour. Just as I had told the story of the medicine man in the red car, they tell me of events in theirs (could the passengers be the same?)

i am not shown the violence. those precise gun shots and the number of fallen men. but i know what had occurred. the operation had been green lit from the radio room.

the mother woman on the phone said, "there's one left, appears to be the leader, being taken into the house. I know he's the leader by the way he's being treated. everyone is interested in him."

i understand he is handcuffed and exiting the unmarked van into a house behind the trees in the night. and it's the other mother who has him in custody. I am not shown his fate.

I was informed by the woman known as mother, of a particular meat dish that should be consumed.

from long travels, i settled at the specified location, an eating place with lights that dimmed as the concept of time passed. a place with an atmosphere of swamps and fogs.

an initial bowl of food was before me, pale vegetables, portions too small for a large man. to complement the dish, I left it in search of that mythic meat mentioned by mother.

the distance between stall and table became far, to the point where i lost sight of my original seating. the food spread at the stall felt dated, aged by the slow dimming of lights. the woman behind the counter had other types of meat except the chosen one. long exchanges ensued while my mind remained conscious of my food at the table left open to the elements or taken by the starving that may drift by.

the stall woman packed two sets of meats from two different animals. a black liquid was poured over white flesh. the total numerical value being 13 when all i wanted was a 3 or 4. by the time negotiations were completed, total night had taken over the food hall and the distance to my table felt to be at its furthest. men, eroded by the long night were at various tables, nursing empty glass mugs, alone in the vast realms of stagnant dreaming.

a plan - in hindsight, doomed to failure - was the taking of a bus back to my original position. the bus turned along fixed routes and took me out and away from where i was supposed to return. i stopped at the first stop after, having gone across boundary lines and maps, fatiguingly far from my initial node. the way back was almost out of reach. I started running, plate or container of meat in hand. after some distance, i noticed all the meat was gone.

retracing my steps, i found the succulent pieces on the ground, on grass, in puddles of dirty water. i pick them up one by one, a part of me already consuming them as the night deepened.

if I was struck down, I did not feel any pain.
I only know I'm on my back, head tilted backwards to see what was behind me.
the only truth of those things would be in the camera.
It was hard to focus the lens, but I captured his face, those bright pin points of pink light in the black cesspool of his eyes, his fangs, shaped and reared with hunger
my dealer, and some others, had turned.

only in hindsight do we think about sources.
-was it the contents of those packages, consumed? or
-the sudden exposure to lights?
-where did the glowing green pallor of skin come from?
-was the aura coloured by human energetic systems?
there was something sensed, an otherworld, whenever he touched my shoulder blades. It is not allowed, the touching, but I let him do it, largely because he is my dealer, also because contact could reveal one or the many sources.

If they had struck me down, I did not feel any wounds or bite marks or blood changing in my veins. maybe those ways of transmissions are the ways of old. maybe I'm already turning without knowing. maybe, all they had to do was look at us.

the lost cousin rides into the arcade where we live, either on an animal or a machine built to look like one. He is searching for a woman believed to be a sister. it is told, he has come to study the imagination music of dragons. I let him pass, to go deeper into the arcade.

I am sent away from wherever I was, either by train or aircraft. the carry on bag contains remains (possibly my own): ventricular, avenues of blood flow, possibly a lung no longer needed, torn plastic wrappers, utilities almost depleted. the third bag in cargo is full and heavy with unknown things. I say goodbye to thin agents of the art, those responsible for my travels. I leave them seated on plastic chairs in central neighbourhood.

a new, outboard component has been added to my body. this could be the makings extracted from pictures taken, studied and applied. a slim breathing tube, easily assembled in three parts; two airways for the nostrils, one for the brain. content of atmosphere and gasses unknown. I cannot fathom if the air I need makes the density of my bones lighter, or if my body had turned, thus needing such air. I only know I move with silence, in the heart of some deaf conflict. my enemies throw aspects of the room at me, deftly, I avoid contact.

the scenes where I end their lives are not shown, but I am talking to the last general, possibly struck down, paralysed or at the edge of death. on a tablet, I show him the bio of a Russian woman. "She is the specialist, here to dispose the bodies." it is shown: she has exited her vehicle and is on the way. I see the aftermath, strewn stories below, corpses in suits in disarray. it is not known if I ended the generals' life.

in the bodies of sanctimony

and here
acolytes

coagulation of

steel, aura
track marks
unearthing

darkening of

world veins, dessert medulla,
a constellation of calcified creatures

here
acrostics
ligaments in tourniquets
caustic, circumstantial, corresponding to
youth, degenerating in a sea of
opiates
nondescript presence in brutal drag

fallen from the once zen mount
fallen from the ligature tree
fallen from our fatal hemispheres

and there
acrimonious lullabies sets us for sleep
teething
teetering
a holocaust of time remembered as perversity

steel
aura
we unearth the tracks in the desert
through the failure of rocks and mirage of horizons
we plead, naked, fleeting
faithless, fruitless in our wombs
full of decrepit humours

an occurrence between the theories of rain

incidental static – soundtracking perpetual drift
canal or river or Charon's alley – snow noise weather in memory gland
through marble flooring / rosewood ceiling / walls and nails stigmata
We, a vacant, historical epoch, float through photos of matrimony

"there was once upon a time, her delicate hand."

but the sun is without lustre / down shadow drenched aisles

hypnagogic recitations
a mumbling of decent voices,
a lull, a lilt of miracle laughter
"only vacuum now"
a fatality from Ovid's void

"this room is nothing but an incubation for vases, flowers, preservation,
counter wilt"

incremental static – soundtracking perpetual shift
dead air in the hours most certain
technicolour while eyes avert

"we are blind to fire light"

an echolocating dissonance
an illusion of numinous convos
birth charts un-matching
scorpio – a signifier of finished things

"one leaves the house for the bald forest"
there, the depleted waits.

hypo-allegory entrancement

false wanderlust
nakedness
division
distance (the most difficult thing of all)

while the futility of warm-less divans
bloats us with a wave of anaesthetic

bird with no wing on my wrist
an unafraid fly
on finger

black burning ox
gifting me scars
for the bird with no wing on my wrist

typhon in the stomach
wresting with pig
drowned in curry
praying to typhon

venus, naked, in heart space
alone at the bar is me
clinical spirit
a toast to the kissing woman
a toad for all my company
feeding the pelican of venus

white horse fragrance
digging cement playfields
white wet wipes
remains of fantasy and terror and basement epiphanies
trampled by white horse
consumed by white horse

burial musings

music for forgetting

vanishing ink

erasure of graves and graces

erasure of notes on a musical scale

page turning to sociopath
page turning to blank spatial configs
page turning to misc errors
page turning the knife on itself

anti-poem field
bioluminescence beach, built by Byzantine boys
occluding texts
ocular tracts

anti-poet friend
biomechanical baying brought back Babylon
occidental aftermath
oligarchies in stagnation

mosquito nets
monopaused seismic activity
magnitudes
magnate malaria

anti-poetic fiend
battered breakfast behind barricades
oedipus exhales
orpheus extrapolates
the orgone anthologicals

pentatonia's plethora

- parasites

nail biting near vending machines
churn sputter chlorine water
coughing coffee
sandwiched in the spine tunnel

- paralysis sites

seduction, magnetism, C.T. Scanners
testing emo-tension, gag reflex, in-bound muscle groups
bending the rules of placebo
(a painstaking sensation)

- photo taking on the premises of body

an amalgam of mechanical wounds (catalogued)
an almanac of nuclear medicines (displayed in the dried air museum)
a fascine of hardened nerves (listed as market forces)

video taking target organs (extracted for commerce)

latitude (good evening, ladies)
fortitude (genteel beasts)

point of displacement to point of discernment

saturday morning cartoon ringtones
saturnine mangling of pastel landscapes

-secretis

an arcane constellation of psych triggers
maple saccharine perdition
the collapse of mineral logic
the coalescence of carbon based catchment areas

the fragrance of red rancour

flesh of the wealth
hanging off frugal brick walls
skeletal jade, 90, unfolds out of box
a spider, clutching cover, folding house

blackest abstract depth drain
(bedside partner)
allure of the red sphere in stagnant water
sunk tunnel
sunk belly
charcoal being in mud grave

time is wasted on squares of paper
too dark for words
too dark for street poetry
couples pass blindly, hearts full of moire

to elsewhere (there is no home)
down contraband alley (to elsewhere)

fresh septic bread, fried
caustic pieces of green in golden scalding oil
non-english speaking whores as dinner maidens

cum

eat

art of the wealth
on fraudulent notebook covers
wives of the wealth
stumbling into cabs to sex dungeons
furniture limbs in yoni and god caves

sweating: splinter ecstasy
groaning oblation of moments

night cries
night crying
night costumes

nothing to wear near morning
nothing to sleep with but dis-ease
and the warm flesh of wealth
charring in sodium spotlights

Why c.c.t.v. Will k.i.a. //

closed circuit television in open palm

follow the monochrome load
Observe the tuning of stringed instruments on stage
:time-thirty minutes to placement
noise will come and go in that span
monochrome road, extended with anxiety
late, we will reach with death ears
instruments Long battered / abandoned

closed circuit television relayed

"I'm sorry" you will tell him, "I missed your igniting of body."
between stations is too far
tube fed stress
ignore palm ley lines

Closed circuit television etched in skin

temperature changing under skin
eyes muddying into The Sleep
At one a.m. Or two a.m. It might happen
under the canopy of scratches
night, a constellation of hairline cracks

Closed circuit television malfunctions

m-suites for the impossibility of n

maan

a collection of leashes
supple, fragile wings
mindful of chaos theories in forlorn malls
all manner of dragging hours
toning and tugging lash marks

mehal

a correction of secular teeth
aligned to sophia-tantric hunger
the smell of re-processed sea scents
oxycodone from moon-base membranes

miean

gordian sickles
average terminal waste gradient
a garden of satan snakes
prowling of naked women
a revolver for satyr

mhaal

shapeless discotheque
a lost wife returning at shore spine
spirit / pulsation / crystalline chalice
an alchemy of portents
a pray slit from magus

mahad

blood drinker

ontological time lapse
severity / isolation / clairsentience
cain like entropy

moded

the sound of canine at doors
wood, honoured by claws
salivation
the search for possible salience