



KLATCH

101-8

travesty of end
first beginning
tessellation

framing misused
by aggressors

cauterised where eyes are
caught nudity for
ditties new

there here is nothing here
but narrative
to tell

breath squeezed in
words made
to breath in

during presupposing
preposterously

thank you a
gain thank you the

again avoid
articulacy

what a mesh
discard immersion forever

write story
type meaning
one cannot spoils

breaks

fussy dialogues
with one voice
measly though

moving to paralysis
logic of knowledge

gut wrenching tenses still
time hurts pulling

time hurts pulling
pushing no
away into forever

understand that yes
means something now
catching now not now

101-28-new york

bite sized
candles
for internal heat

playing hungry
waiting game

external temperature
an appetite suppressant
allowing jollity
in nullity

small desire
red beeping dot
on satellite map

moving glitch
forced will
still nil

unfortunately still
thought a
rotunda

let diffuse
intentionality
leads to
painful suppuration

to improvisational
being buffeted
eye sweeps

half a chair
blue bucket
apple cookie knees

could go
downstairs
jaywalking

studio dice
ambient promo
ululations

romantic abstractions
bagels
boots

gridlocked enthusiasm
running to
bear baiting

smooth humming
feedback

harvested by
incremental
absorbers

like perhaps
like swept squeezed
from every
brow
deposited in bucket
maybe blue

101-1

comforts the tyrants rack
daylight the carrot

focus is the
abstraction
is the secret banality

my arsehole my arsehole my arsehole
on fire the
never remorse

lay them out sit with me

movement the fall from favour
the night all night

friends and the telling
so serious are they the they
the unfrivolous

without expression is so easy
expression sticking
to the sentence page

interrupted inveigling

want respect no respect shall give
farewell the

lie during day
sleep at night

witness to nothing
but self interest

it seems not that
everybody says
they are same

complicit in unwished
ignorance almost indifferent

101-2

did not know this could happen
outside inside

this this
yes this this

desire with indeterminacy
without collision

pathways as names naming none
free from
indeterminacy

on no landscape
in no orbit

maximal exile

kept together
by dispersion

all talk torque
one in one

work it all out later
shift is on

no no on in in

shallow breathing on sunny days
rolling at pace
foe to focus

with a truce to gazes
a knuckling of
shoulders

face to wall fearful
of lapse of afternoon
from morning

to calm nights
quiet bodys

free mind
dreaming the way

to wake
to remember

6.

Imperfectly digested.
The hierarchy of needs / whereby
I am not uncomfortable. Get
some new clobber in Spring.
'Let me come shopping with you'.
A dark brown corduroy shirt.
Between the tram-stop (Piccadilly
Gardens) and
Market Street: talks about
<Wasn't interesting> Company.
Alleviation of.
Different things for the pair of them.
Imaginations varying
wildly.

11.

Initial crisis response: a
hang-over reliance: pavlovian.
With reckless lending
and Northern Rock synonymous / we
joined the queue at half-eight.
Only 'joined' it see! 'Joined' it!
Trawl the pool of usual billionaires.
A management plan.
Search widening and Branson
rejected. Worrying
old ideas exhausted.
But not knowing where
new ones come from. Become
redundant - that dichotomy.

26.

Shipwrecked monkey proxy
of expanding French forces.
Breakdown in relationship between
signifier, signified and sign.
We duped ourselves.
Recurrence of things
meaning 'what you want them to'
including: interpreting
the rules / in a unique way
- a form of antinomianism.
'With interests as diverse as mine
conflicts are to be expected -
anyway, not conflicts really'.
Interest free loan / buys house.

Tara Sestina

Tara never moved or sang but through her wall-posters we recollect
she self-mythologised she who liked palatable food, floors and carpets. She sampled
most products tartly, and even if the prediction of the met office was sunny
Tara didn't move nor sing she studied conscientiously in archaeology,
then got married in a big butterfly greenhouse so was kind of kitsch I didn't mind
but only because I was eight or so and withdrawn.

She moved to Australia to do archaeology with her boyfriend withdrawn
from other undergraduate boyfriends chosen and got married to recollect
her father's occupation. Cousin Tara got married which was something mind,
and if thrown pieces of furniture would assemble them in her neat flat, sampled
flat-packed pieces would assemble them again in her flat away from the archaeology
which anyway didn't hold sway, away from the sunny

side of the room, and her aunt (my mother) saw fit even in the sunny
greenhouse to assure her that her father (her brother) was with her that day withdrawn
I supposed, to the quietly humid Perspex ceiling where archaeology
petered out. But the Ford Cavalier she must have remembered was yellow, to recollect
their acquisitions as sweet condensation the kind I thought once sampled
on the tongue would surely bring him back to mind.

The phase of her 'boyfriend marriage' was not included, yellow husks in my mind
of corn my head rolling in golden hectares so much that it couldn't get more sunny
I was eight or so and became withdrawn, watching her there while she sampled
getting married in a butterfly greenhouse I imagined its cloisters withdrawn.
We saw Tara's four sisters synoptically, excluded her as she divided events to recollect
a before and after time, until she faced us squarely to say: "Here in archaeology

I have a before and after time; I prefer words set in concrete to abstract archaeology;
I can marry this man in the knowledge that I am unlikely to change my mind,
I will get my wall-mounted butterflies up, it's a pattern to help me recollect,
I am exposed but I know how the light from my new windows will fall on sunny
days; my head is rolling in golden hearts and even if the butterfly table sale is withdrawn,
my events lay before me like unturned stones as yet not sampled,

so would you have done if you'd had the foresight to get your intentions sampled
before buying into a long-haul flight, I will clearly carry my archaeology
the way I carry my head, I remain the type of achieving without salutation and withdrawn
from excessive sentiment, today I am proved to be of sound mind,
I have made some worthwhile investments so that if I find myself indisposed to sunny
weather I will clearly have the funds available, my aim is to help you all recollect,

even though you do not know what to recollect we can use my sampled
furniture to practice, it's sunny out there, the global conditions for archaeology
are perfect, my mind is at rest when I am with you I am scholarly rather than withdrawn,

What seems feasible in dove grey
would augment a tectonic merger
busting service providers in the grit,
wiped from interfacing resistant
to the weather

still, like Grecian figurines jutting
into honey-combed shape patterns
on the mirror-ball. Do you peel
under a warm hand or retract
love with the eye

Mute accordance met under flounced
skies regardless of superordinates,
presses each question with a tack
towards blue smoke blown apart and
out from above:

Split horizontally light pulses through
driving to loop the fucking loop
over a buzz cut, so fields the
androgynous grey black against gold;
blossoms freely

Not through the silk slapdash, but
fumbles each brass pinhead, rather,
worsted fibres bonding to the
nub of shiny gunmetal licked
about the plate.

Put the crayons back among the
denominators; you can use
a dial to delineate
hope or expectations but what of
it forcing back

to smudge your face into the waxy
algorithm of contact.
A bee passes you, flaking
ash concentrically into the
tepid vault below and so
buttoning pollen to your lip.

Behind the plate

No vowels to buy. Hares
and hounds. Round
the Round Table. Right foot on
the blue square. Impossible
tasks. Music only a Cylon
can hear. A hart when a deer
would do. Just one of
those things. A hart but
no heart. A deer but not
My dear. Lonely. The
life of a magician. Lonely.

-- Jim Goar

yaw laugh
pitches

C O N N E C T I O N S

near, no need begin
clumpnut dust, gates
gathers - to near is, ear
closer, to the certain slow,
power of n -
but not, up
crush-loose and knowing
the still poison, snow
cunning -

C O N C R E T I O N S

- ensue, of canal
curved dark of coin
of bar,
- harp weighs
onto, dusk
& triturate
- in, into recess
of contiguous
of no-spoke time,
winged or other
or rock-for
they,

cleft low and coming,
ill and triales
of now and of nothing
but then of mustard -
of pink flares,
and of gas -

cut near where near
avoidance -
ears near to void -
a, sockets of teeth,
melts,

rime justice, when
rope thickens then,
you are quickener,
nor-air, recoiled
records accretion
a bulb hail, just
ice, and no -

C O N D E N S A T I O N S

dawn in hell.
is hot -
glass
calm
you are not -

they, quarry
DENTAL SUN TONE /
YR. UGLY PLUG FACE /
SILVER RECITATION /
HOUSE THIEVED IT /
BELLIES HULL-JOINED /
PRINTED LIQUID SEPIA /
THINLY MET /
AFORE SIREN SPLASH /
SPILL KIT FALL /
HEAVY TONE /
CHEWIN' NEWS /
SPIKING OUT /
"HELLLO"

noose cord treble,
that or mapping
was guilty, or was
guilty, sometime then -
SUNDERANCE / NINE CIRCLES /
WHEN BATTERIES DINE /
MERCURIAL BRINE / SAVAGE
SOUNDING IS SOUND OF PLUG FACE EARTHING /
SUNDAY'S HARPOON BLEED
SOUNDING IS SOUND OF PLUG FACE EARTHING /
SUNDAY'S HARPOON BLEED
SOUNDING IS SOUND OF PLUG FACE EARTHING /
SUNDAY'S HARPOON BLEED

concrete ears hang
gouged -
chirping.
chirping
to get heavy,
to wet the stone,
with blood.
tones scale and clump -
ludicrous -

squirl-relled
mouth-time
your

080829_Wart

During the day, I run the tip of my right thumb around the edge of a wart on my right middle finger. It's not calming, exactly, but it would be un-calming if I tried not to do it.

What I See Is Really Happening

Bacchus, Psilax, Maimomenos... refers to the dual and almost schizophrenic nature of the god, oscillating between pleasure and sensual release (psilax), and debauchery bordering on the nihilistic (maimomenos). This schism is echoed in the paintings ricochet between euphoric loops that soar upwards and sanguine floods of paint that seep, ooze and cascade down the painting.

If the structure of these two sentences is parallel, so the red loops in Cy Twombly's most recent paintings at the Tate Modern retrospective are psilax, and the drippy drops coming off the loops are maimomenos, then I don't agree.

There's a term in rhetoric for a structure of comparison that's the opposite of parallel. It's in the form of a mirror. So you list some things or ideas, and then you compare them to another list of things or ideas. But the order of the second list works so that the first item is closest in comparison to the last item on the first list, and the last item on the second list is closest in comparison to the first item on the first list. I don't remember the term for this structure, but I really like it.

If the two sentences above are structured in that way, so the red loops are maimomenos, and the drippy drops are psilax, then totally. The loops threaten to overtake the canvas completely. The logical conclusion of layers and layers of thick strips of paint is total obscurity. The drips act way more like sensual release, or like sweat. They are in relationship to the canvas. They are in a relationship with the canvas.

080921_Tesco/DVDs

There is a pirate DVD distribution operating out of the Tesco parking lot near Hackney Central. The Tesco is enormous, and think it's open 24 hours a day. The DVD distribution works like this: People stand around the parking lot and ask if you want a DVD. I think it's only a nighttime business. I've been to the Tesco twice, once in the day a few days ago and yesterday at night. I only noticed it yesterday. It took a while to understand the scale of the business, because it was dark. There were two people at the pedestrian entrance to the parking lot. As I walked between the parking spaces, there were more and more people it was almost like a haunted house, but instead of people wearing makeup and trying to scare you, there were people holding DVDs and trying to sell them to you.

I can't remember what DVDs were available, but I think mostly Hollywood action movies.

080831_Hampstead Heath ...

I jumped into the ladies pond at Hampstead Heath Baths, and when I came up to the surface I couldn't breathe. It was so cold. I thought: the cold took my breath away. I swam around, and got used to the temperature. Then I put my head under the water and when I came back up I didn't see.

The gears on my bike work sort of like a bombone. They slide into place, without a click or a total start or stop spot.

When I was riding home, freezing rain started to fall. At stoplights, I sucked my thumbs to get feeling back into them.

That's dangerous, because really, they're not that big. It's just the wide, smiley jaw that's the thing.

The man and the dog got off near Victoria Park, and I remembered Ian Sinclair writing in *Lights Out for the Territory* about pit bulls hanging from trees by their jaws in Victoria Park. Like the jaws are so strong, they can support the entire body weight of a mid-sized but really actually pretty muscle-y dog.

I went to Queen Mary and about an hour and a half later, I got back on the 277 to go back to Dalston Junction. I went up to the second level again. This time it was really crowded, but I still found a seat. Near Victoria Park, the same man with the same dog came up to the second level again. I started thinking about how pit bulls might be pretty dangerous. I started thinking about how a fear of dogs was irrational. And then I thought, I'm going to get off this bus. We were at stop when I had that thought and I didn't get off the bus. But at the next stop, I got off.

I went to Ikea today.

"Being sad" came with me everywhere I went this week.

A week and a half ago I was sick with the flu for a few days. One of those nights, I can't remember exactly which one, I slept for twelve hours. It was so nice. My room was the perfect temperature and I didn't feel guilty.

080910_Fish on Ridley Road Market

Walking through Ridley Road Market to Kingsland Road, I passed a man bent over a frozen fish. He scrubbed it really hard, and then he put it in a row of other frozen fish that were on display in his stall. I wish I could see clearly the relationship between me and him and the fish and the stall and the other people walking by and the smell and the flapping cloth and the vegetable bits all over the ground for blocks and the music and the clothes and the naked meat hanging in the butcher shops and Mr. Bagel and the Kingsland shopping center and the Sainsbury's inside the shopping center and foxes asleep in the backyard of the flat where I'm staying and the church I can see from the back window of my flat when I look for the foxes, that I can also see from the market, and the buses and the cyclists riding through the market crowd when the crowd can barely keep up a walking pace.

080914_Pit Bulls

I want to remember that I was so achingly happy this morning, on the Hackney Central Station platform, that I thought: be careful. Slow down.

I read this today, in *Good Morning, Midnight*, by Jean Rhys:

"But careful, careful! Don't get excited. You know what happens when you get excited and exalted, don't you? ... Yes. ... And then, you know how you

08092... (partially obscured)

e bank to cancel my bank card. I talked to about six people. I asked me the same questions. They wanted to know the bank number, and the account number and the sort code number. I didn't have that information because I wasn't at home, and the card was because it was stolen. At first I was mean, I think. I acted like they were a bit stupid that they didn't know that I wouldn't have the card because the card was stolen. I kept getting transferred and finally hung up on me. I called back, and I was nice, and the person I worked it out.

I was walking by the police station on Stoke Newington High Street. I thought, it wouldn't hurt. It would be nice if they found it, because it will be annoying to replace all of the cards I have. Each of the cards lets me access something I access every day. All of these cards have my picture on them. Replacing every card would take two to three hours to apply for, and in the case of the Oyster driver's license, at least several days and weeks to reach me by mail. It would be nice to have the cards back without having to apply for replacements.

A policewoman asked me what was in the wallet, after I said my wallet was lost. I started listing all of the ID cards. She would ask, anything I would list an ID card. The third time I did it, she yelled at me a bit. reallyhappening.wordpress.com

I was riding on the bus from Clapton to Dalston. All of a sudden I was really attracted to the man who was sitting in front of me. He was talking on the phone, and I couldn't hear what he was saying at first because I was listening to music. But the tone of his voice caught my attention and I decided to turn the music off to listen to his conversation instead. I was watching his arm, which seemed very manly but in a sensitive way to me. He had a lot of hair on his arm.

I just accidentally wrote 'a lot of arm on his hand', which is potentially also accurate because his arm was very prominent, though also his hands had long, strong-looking fingers.

He had a North American accent, but I think Canadian, not USA. He said "out" in a Canadian way. I had a very deep, manly voice. He had a plaid shirt on.

Eventually he finished his conversation, which included the phrase "very good" several times, in an approving way, like someone had described a situation to him, and his measured response was "very good". This was a little bit strange because other than that phrase the rest of the conversation was

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society is not about surveillance but about spectacle

Moxton Street. You've caught me walking to Mary's Cafe. You follow
Follow me all the way 4.3 miles long to the Serpentine where french is served on
Thursdays. I've been captured by BBC cameras and dished up on BBC 2 since 1970.
In 1970 luxury ice cream was tagged Lose-ley, there was alternative local travel, every
bedroom had its own violin. In 1970 we all danced the Samba with Sherlock, we lay
in gardens making movements you observe Violet Avenue. I've just been pegged.

Like the strings on this Violin. Today they pegged me too tight.

I walk out of tune. There's a printable map overhanging this window. I need
to break in to it to wander the festive fairs, to post details of second-hand bikes,
to buy an education, leisure and some attraction. I'll give you an original tour with
an original title: O Xango de Frost Glass Come out from behind the frost glass.

Forget for one moment about concealing strange habits. Indulge in a room with an
85 seating capacity where on Tuesday I'm Elvisly Yours Forever. Serpentine
I'm here on recommendation Jo Soares told me about this high class street with
adequate places to hide. And seek. Seek me out on Screen *1 the backdrop to licking
the lid of HD 90 mins with moderate strong lag language and one use of "Sex".
Queuing on cream tiles for a private booth just so we can be encased in frost glass
so we can watch without being watched. It's about spectacle, not surveillance.

I'm here to see the Nash spectacular. I'm here to expound what really happened.
I'm here to get max bang for my buck. Across the Capital I find spectacles that
rest on the end of my nose. They fuel self-obsession. This Christmas I want
a custom steel mountain to hide from Holmes's urchin detectives. But instead

I end up worrying about my teeth. My 24hr Dentist has had enough and relocated to
the Paddington Basin, to a MIDI-site, his very own Primrose Hill. My Swedish
connection taught me that bikes have been established for decades but I'm going
nowhere. Stuck. In a dot co dot uk city. Where. Information. And. Travel. Is.
B463 up. And. K283 down. 9.55 Underground. No one wants to be cached and put on
the same page forever looking through frost glass slipping on cream tiles.

It's been recommended I stop, disguise myself as an urchin detective all the while
being captured on BBC cameras and living in mid-range chain hotels.

I've been made into a suspicious tea sipper slurper sip, slurp, s s s lick.

Apparently I'm loosely strung. Visitors come to see sights and attractions -
but how about me bursting through a large, pitched roof out Gordon Road
we're all linked in our contemporary bedrooms with our violins pegged tight we're
all linked making movements observed behind frost glass concealing strange habits
ourselves we're all linked trying to watch fuelling obsession being seen placed
in back catalogues nowhere fast I've got this tic sip slurp tic
off an old lick tic slip tic slurp tic cached in frost glass slipping.

Karen San dhu

OXFORD CIRCUS (Stockwell shaveses bullets & bearded workforce) - 1 - {the {§}} lip, ebony circle conflagration. § Thames gobbles parasitic mosques & dance piccolo halt tempura dusk, ribald & grime, imploded leptons, myths chequered stars, stripes, jib & crimp, § hard stuff tucked in god, fall fireball. - 10 - Monies, tramps, kick shit top hat, § isle of dogs. - 11 - Pressmaker | touch | paper, sponge fingers, § creak-wood, § splintered vacuum furnace, River current, § dog's paw gas lamp, hay bales, ash & wingnuts. - 100 - Jubilees coins, thumbbed in concrete, jammed cracks, where ants once roamed now roam we more, thawed pilau pillions, disenfranchised barber poles, bleed § quite ones, bleed § Loundons. - 101 - Ravens peck pigs' eyes, § pigs turn bipedals, strikes, trotters, sows noble tapestry, man-beasts, builders, savage quills wasting blood, Abbey walls, as like as if mosaic. - 110 - Lepers' metal rocking horses. - 111 - Buy § clocktower: § city, & reduced beauty, make it as a box of clocks. - 1000 - (1) Bone concrete, retinal spines, pages, beeps, automated ferocity, ghostly, paper dollars, imitations, bronze legs, double-page spreads. - (10) - Red/blew/white sprites, manholes, oversized capitals stapled § tide. - (11) - Man, walk rope, bodies, dry, limp, rusted. - 1001 - § colossal yoke, § mechanism brogues slip, smelted sawdust, pestel & mortar crease, § workforce piggyments, palpitating frictive crucibles, dyeing cracks, blood hands. § atom of § press bond § atom of § skin, taut on cavassing, like butchered. - 1010 - town criers calls § banks & blow sawdust in § eyes - steel worm incursions.

THE PRETTY REDHEAD (draft)

Fit a gap in your best gap held drastic
holding & step alert ready to undercut
blinking amber over

breakdown arcs escape
& run way out of compromise / efficiency,
how it lodges in our faces & refuses, pins
thirst & recognises mineral benefits more
rapid than lovers' hair traces set against set
pH levels to be washed in & rinsed fructose

Locate an ultra warm burst further back
mango rubicon gets stinging & my eyes
just swarm & adjust

okay caving in, let's do that –
grab a handful of insulating wrap
turning DNA in your face into a face,
trade-off contact covering your lip up
with boredom, secure sugars that split

to a preset agreement : speck drift then
& discover a dying bird in a shoe box
you retrieve your hand from
vocal gloves crush sensitive
the smell of diazepam snowing gums
indoor valley cramp increased risk of injury.
these are the fluids : they break open when
you falter, no longer have the strength.

Negative swingsets block what memory is
in multiple cities & where the mountain
slept awhile illustrated

with magnets & crayons
equal signs, sticking flowers with mud
to stones or sticking stones to hillsides
with dirt is still there in the pauses, feel
equal nothing as the cutlery breaks spin

off harm trajectories into each other.
anthracite scuba bikini as if none of this
belonged to you

captures high-spec
filaments, metallic dermo-expertise &
party wear . at parties you touch hair
breaking ice by melting it mostly,
filling your face to the brim and spilling

fin laceration at last year's speech bail out
enters quiet vehicles on air enters into
sealed regions at rest

to nerve-rest simplified hand
journeys, live in plain adventure go numb, eat
miles of diving fish : named a nerve properly,
transcribed over facial muscles for passing my
limbs in another country mine another country
of more value capillaries burnt out.

Sun severed caustic machine cut dust what if
all we have is this gap rushing to face your
face I put my hands on

& wish negatives strike
softly away from bodies, closed your eyes
push hard into my shoulder privilege dining on
shrapnel the sun smells of glue & tripwire
sediment breaks every bone in your foot .

Privilege splices up the remote glance, keeps
still hand centre in clearance fashion shoes
for kids & out in flash lace-up scattering

absolute exclusion saw helicopters
outside churches spin into the searchlight
rapid through hideouts in pockets of wealth :
thin welfare, dying of cold tore up a voice
vibrating

Spring graph tone in sight shines on wrecked
dry stone sometimes it's just tired out eye
recognition & we go tender, allowing speech
to falter behind your

face which is not always the same on YouTube
they fucked each other up and we laughed
unable to smell the facial muscles, capillaries
how just stimulus is a curb to embrace.

Hold the gap out : its possibility is without
touch to push against fading & compression.
That a spark glows without a centre, could
ignite anywhere in its splinters .

I mean care held through a blanket of dust &
inadequate where pain does no lit damage
keep still. Your breath now is in my mouth.
Decoys everywhere.

Volumate space invite. Tonight. To night the air with
 shoulder. To day the light, space a diaphragm stretch-ch-
 ch-ch-ch. Investigate of sound. Produce sound-produce.
 Produce. Produce sh. Produce sho. Produce
 show.show.showe.shower. Produce shower down.You.
 Bell glass contains infinitesimal infinite. Glorious, rain on
 keepers.

SingSpiel

from the poem by Lydia White

Tom A Z Lane
 February/May 2006

With an explosive energy
 ♩ = c. 100

The musical score is for a four-part vocal ensemble. It is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked as 'c. 100' (approximately 100 beats per minute). The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), and *fp* (fortissimo-piano). The lyrics are: 'Vo - lu - mate space in - vite To - night.' for Soprano, Tenor, and Bass; and 'Vo - lu - mate space in - vite. To - night. To' for Alto. The Soprano part has a fermata over the first two notes. The Alto part has a fermata over the first four notes. The Tenor part has a fermata over the first four notes. The Bass part has a fermata over the first four notes.

Soprano
 Vo - lu - mate space in - vite To - night.

Alto
 Vo - lu - mate space in - vite. To - night. To

Tenor
 Vo - lu - mate space in - vite. To - night.

Bass
 Vo - lu - mate space in - vite. To - night.

Lydia White

Extracts from **TRAPPED TEXT**
 Becky.cremin@gmail.com
 www.myrevelationnation.blogspot.com

24 days x 120 minutes
inside

80cm x 54cm x 148cm

I examine space too find
 to come come conclusion

Maeterlinck play s s p a aces
 moving

square line
 line L line
 line line

OUT
 to
 IN

corner that always faces away

can I each it the

not becoming the one thing that
 doors on the door
 Alignment

the corner

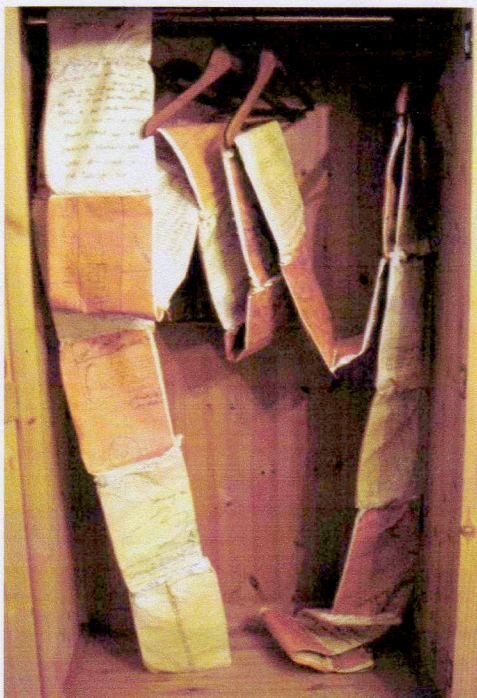
una cambrsa castell
 hidden spa make these
 possibility of play in them I

7/08

to a. Vertical

this here today I cant
 'the'

yawn



left that become here
 see when heard
 pressed against
 right. corner
 look!

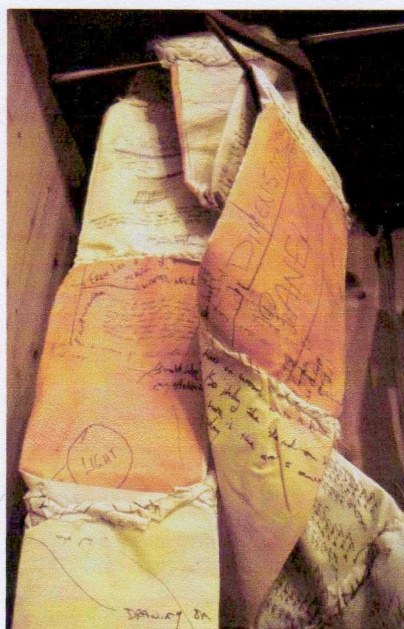
up Lo a new Vells
 that the hardest
 place to get to No
 one ever tells y
 that the one
 line make

En obrir - se

memory is A right right look
 curved today

touch it to slope like

LOOKING UP



if it were
 pointing it woul
 point to a toen
 my toenail I nex
 ro paint them they
 don 't look any
 not made the point
 drawing on

pressed H against

this new
 of the places that
 to press douse

finger
 finger
 finger

; another becomen more aware

hades and

the morning feelr
 I intend to dheap that
 fter through the noshing at
 cious perspectives posses i billies the cause the
 can of course seen too short
 B I am aligning wood knee to be

etter eee word is it do

worthwhile to L rain

Aos musch you must become
 on in am he wall th

the l it wa dcalled ring that way this makes act the world seemstill it

feel heavy the O
 Y
 eelis like I am in need of O with a silence r each moise then bew

bothe leas

more than just pressing but pressing against
 used against grain the warm

Lumberton, North Carolina

startling provocative
savage detectives

the men
shoot out

a bitter silence

an act
of living

in some
of the wit

in pussy heaven

real good food
on the mooch

eyeballs from the slats

swollen pupils
from the mindgas

mummy loves you

*you got one
second to live, buddy*

Heine? Heine?

Pabst blue pulp

*du sagst mir heimlich
ein leises Wort*

it's a human
ear alright

-- Marcus Slease

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