

Dwelling

Richard Makin

REALITY STREET

Published by
REALITY STREET
63 All Saints Street, Hastings, East Sussex TN34 3BN
www.realitystreet.co.uk

First edition 2011
Copyright © Richard Makin, 2011
Front cover photo by the author
Typesetting & book design by Ken Edwards

Reality Street Narrative Series No 8

Printed & bound in Great Britain by Lightning Source UK Ltd

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978-1-874400-53-0

Acknowledgements

An earlier version of this book was serialized monthly online by Great Works (www.greatworks.org.uk) from 2006 to 2009. Thanks to Peter Philpott.

I

Exit one London. Wandering into the root of to dwell. I will not provoke. I will not provide. Let us through. The first big test is to dig a ditch. In guerrilla warfare it's said you use your strengths as weaknesses. Everything's declared. He struggles to solve the puzzles that appear in the almanacs. He sits at his table doused in bird-lime and lighter fuel. This estranged master, he bears all the hallmarks of an assassin getting organized. Time moves too thinly for him. Come home. At the close of a perfect sentence he practises himself to sleep. His first love is the ordinary. He picks pockets to make ends meet. But he wants to unravel a narrative, who's in love with whom and who isn't et cetera. He approaches the window to see how the outside is faring. (The apt word is heroic.) He's at work within the delta formed by a small pyramid, a stonemasons' temple, and a sea-going concrete vessel. Nameless, his number is. He scribbles a note in his journal: anathema begins, reversal of power. Nothing is any longer alike. The rest is unreadable. How long is he staying down in that box she asks. Everything happens only once.

His mood swings have become intuitive—every plop in the water is a meal. We are dealing with impersonal, collective forces. We're electrocuted while fleeing. Much of me remains behind. Let's start with some basics: dazzling light balanced by impenetrable shadows. People say he's often found drifting through the landscape whistling sad ballads, like the one about a crow who watches as night thickens into a volley of snow. I disinter memory. I'm permitted to inherit myself. For a week I invented everything. The next dump on looks like the entrance to hell—drumming assaults the ear—bells, visionary musics and solid painted bodies. Every face is a parallelogram: cubist bone, rawky mornings creeping up the sky. A small disc hangs by a thread above his forehead. It's set at an angle to the radiowaves—flexion is used to measure his intent. He can never fully return.

Allow me to introduce some new manners: at the first tremors you're invited to throw open the gates into an identical theme park. He collects fragments and builds them into a whole. Picture the construction of a gothic cathedral without a ground-plan, just clusters of teeming detail from the outset. (What was that final word.) There's no story although a great many things happen. It comes out of nothing and returns. Perfect grace. There's doubt that it works, the old magic—such unallied beliefs, a morphology of brittle ghosts: paradise lost, apocalypse won. Unease grows rapidly, until it assumes the monomaniac character of a novel—an antique structure more than thirty storeys high. At length it obtains over gravity an incomprehensibility, an ascendancy, while remaining workaday in form. My own journey upends very bad indeed—as dactyl, spondee, anapaest—unceasing and autodestructive, garbles left to sift and worry at. And we wonder whether you might be persuaded to add a few words of your own, some choice remarks plucked from the general murmur. Some people would just cave in. This

is an underthread. Its separate leaves are termed sepals. Its facts are many, its fictions nil. The art of writing books is about to be discovered, mark my words.

We are on an identical horizon. The stadium floods with white light and a cry rises up o very beauty. Quick, coil up her winding-sheet. In her own rude way she's a perfect. By profession she is lime-burner. Her key ingredient is adipocere, that waxy substance which oozes from any submerged familiar—a grey and spongy lard for a grey and soapy people. That suite you hear is the diva suite. Void exposure to air. Devaginate. Music disconnects the landscape, a sequence of movements in twisted keys. At the foot of the gravel drive is a wicket-gate set into an oak door studded with nails. Rust bleeds down its surface in elongated cones.

He must be kept cool in the fridge. She deliberately leaves him out overnight on the kitchen table. In the morning there's a pool of tell-tale moisture spreading across the yellow formica. Five asterisks have been placed at his cardinal points and centre of gravity. (I nurture any blanks I come across in my harbouring arms.) I say yellow, when in fact a spidery black filigree was interwoven. The writer has used a technique of derangement that renders scenes discontinuous. Most theatrical productions plunder the same shape.

Addicted to years, he has been renamed the human accordion: pleated with folding bellows, spiked through with free metal reeds. He arrives. He is never appropriate. He is never time. There's a warlike patch at the base of his serrated beak. I am still looking forward to tomorrow. We are herded out to the opening sea.

Make conversation. There's hardly a limit to words with prefix un. A selection is given. Today's instructions are withheld. The drama is a sequence of accidents, a work inspired by attempts at flight a thousand years old. First, a cloth is dipped in wax to wrap a dead in. Words from unagin (without beginning) to unzoned are inked across the torso—followed by the limbs, the feet, the hands, the genitals and other extremities. A cheap biro is used. The surgical instruments are sterilized in the open flame of a naphtha stove. The number here is six, signifying ambiguity and inconsistency. We shan't provoke any further at this critical point of time. Let me through she cries. I'm an empath.

Do you recall that day. The three of us clinging together, hurtled through a vein of ice on a tin sledge. I refuse speech. I will never break silence. We favour the apparition or phantasm theory. I've never know such a run of lucks. Soft tissue is decaying at the hollow parts.

A bottle dungeon is a vast funnel-shaped cavity. It reaches from the crust to the centre of the earth. Some pictures repeat over and over. Every syllable uttered is added to the memory bone suspended from the ceiling. The original drawing hasn't

survived: charred leaves up the flume, so much angelspeech. I have covered the cell wall with five-bar gates. Glyphs and signs are indexed across a frozen breath of glass. My inquisitor comes without preamble or introduction. There's no question about it: I hear nothing and see nothing, but having begun we might as well press on to the end. I do not need you. I am discomposed of error: the lines I am. The re-creation of space suddenly appears rather urgent. These are the benefits of a flawed translation, an inexact interpretation of a thing. Everything is hammered into an infinite sequence of letters, universal lip.

As I speak they're preparing to apply the big steam treatment. I am naked and sealed. A gentle and mournful ending is in store, with something of wire and string about it. A webbed loop swishes through the air. Traces of calcite grow from the walls in curved fibrous aggregates. The specimen resembles a ram's horn. There's a high-calibre debate going on within informed circles as to which order these loose unpaginated sheets should appear. No one is allowed a mistake. Some claim there are pages missing at crucial moments. The whole resembles a payload of capsules, or strips of lead piping—brief notes on making conversation and the urgent need for a lack of attention. The chorus takes us forward twenty-two years. All the words used disguise themselves in order to be more present. Picture the making of a mosaic without the guidance of an overview, its maker navigating the placement of each fraction by chance, face pressed close to the frozen pavement.

What profit will it grant us. Try to be exact.

Are we not in a better position now, in relation to what we don't know? Descent takes place via the distaff, plummeting through the earth to its root. One of our party expires on the track. Having unwittingly described a circle, we find ourselves back at the tar-pit—fender sucked under, into the ooze of the tarn.

He is a rare worker in feathers. Last lines compel me—the after-image of one's own body, usually seen from the vantage point of the light flittings. Or observation by resonance of voice, by speaking with an ear to the patient's chest. We are launching into a sparseness. In perplexing him, in numbing him, have we done him any harm? (If you can't be explicit, show us in a diagram.) The two lovers escape.

His sister slumps dead beside the remote. He's reduced to justification. Sudden death usually puts a stop.

The gigantic recent, fossil wingless, waters silently closing over.

An aperture for light, admitted, the venereal decision.

Tesserae in fracture—mortlake hangings, of joyhood and landskips. A piece broken off, the underfinished portion. I am, I remember. I watch, and although there are no voices.

I hope that thing's not here when I get back.

II

His cut is deep like one mouth. He crouches alongside. A name is misspelled, a circuit completed. We take offence. Give back. Grant displeasure. Does it have to make contact. I conduct. I am nerves. I store up, lose nothing. All my systems function and contradict, often angular lineaments. I negotiate. He goes hogwire at the outcome. The listener sometimes lacks the motivation to protest, to sell tongue—to reset the tale in constructionist fashion. We are going to need shin-pads. There'll be reprisals. This starving and freezing won't work with me either—I have reread the tale, the nights. Amen. Use your head when you are. I dream he is standing upon a rocky outscarp—arid terrain (the guidebook says overhanging limestone feature). He initiates the tradition: evacuate, alienate, encompass, repatriate. We're exposed to one another. I'm leaving soon, which is a good reason to include me in the experiment. I am decoy. The objects presented include the slate pencils, the hopper-shape, the salt mineral, some vague peripherals, a few sheets of remaindered paper. What if one day I can no longer. It's an uncertain age. Silence is my prerogative. Silence is my domain. As long as he keeps at it things are held at bay. Things are kept in check. Change tack: two men, one cage, a fight to the death. The decays. A series of attacks and parries. A dead ball situation. We've just taken one step back from mourning. I am beginning to emerge. I courage myself by remembering what indifference I've made (lots of white space). I spoke at the outset. I don't provoke. I cannot revoke. I will not provoke by letters under my foreknowledge. No punchlines. Lots of silences. Any material addled to the edge will leave a deep depression in each face of the cube. The overall shape is a diminutive of bend sinister, only half its width. Atomic life is sinking. The parry combines with the riposte.

We initially believed the thing was used for striking sparks. There simply isn't enough data to go on. Information is ebbing. We stop. Lots of sirens. So far, all we can recollect is intricate street canals navigated by brightly-coloured barges, clumps of seaweed drifting across an oily spectrum. In the town square is a museum dedicated to those no longer here (a familiar theme we shall return to again and again), an archive of images that help you to forget: a worn face caught in the glow of a nearby star and printed onto a piece of paper—a rust chute that empties into the sea—a pyramid of pebbles balancing beside an olive grove. I hope you're concentrating. I hope you're connecting. I am presently paralysed. I stand upon the southernmost of twin salt-glands that flank the river-mouth.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, with able assistance I give you the past. There are waves and I am humming a tune. There are horses, plenty of horses. See, the rim of a cloud, burnt into a slice of night. I declare myself in a dumbshow. Odour and humidity are estimated equal. Among my citizens are common mutes.

You can no doubt see the lights of the petrochemical plant from this very spot, across the estuary, across the darks. Limbs link and wish for something. He says we have been quietly structured. We are panopticon. Think of this in terms of an end state, entropy—unfounded rumours, nameless molecules. We cease. Some things should never come together and occupy the same space. I'm returning to my earlier notes, earlier selves, and expanding. It's believed his motive was revenge for something that happened twenty centuries ago. He refuses to collaborate. He is misuse, plunders by ancient pistol—perhaps a substitute for corroded or corrupt. There's a time, and we can wait. The stripping work is done with the aid of a steamblower and an axe. There's lots of tiny white flowers pouring out of his head. The doctrine is the doctrine of the impossibility. His brain appears to be made of millet-seed. No number satisfies the diction or has the property. This is where I put all the things I reject but wish to keep. I don't think this is particularly savage territory. I don't think this is illusive terrain. The square root of opposition dictates itself, swaying to and fro from end to end. The melodies of different composers can be approached by subtracting the principle. Consider his erection range, his neutron object. We are modelling his magic on unspecified rites: piratic genes, albumen smog, the torn dust-cover et cetera. None of us can cope with all the biting and the scratching. That said, the fights are much like fights: inconsequential. He reuses everything—that's his pulse—but I'm the one who is trembling anticipation. That throbbing noise from beneath the floorboards is the last utilizable vein.

He's asked questions to which he must provide the right answers. That old trick. He's older than he disappears. The delivery is uncertain, but sure to be profound: pushing and shoving, boring and biting. A crumpled note reads. Enclosed are the erotic toys you ordered. Consider his relentless nihil, totemic pleasure without principle. Playtime is over. Nothing hinders. He was so young. Diametrically opposite sits the foundation of a social, of obligate and restrict. And I saw it for the first time with my naked eye. I think I imagine. I am diametrically apposite. Alecto is one of the furies. He replies, firm to the tooth and unceasing, after a literal fashion—one member of a crew whose language moves at pace. The men are spearing fish from a smack (nightangle of antibe). He is nothing, from the son of crush (genital). The number here is nine. Under my peeling eye I think I image. Fancy dribbles are crystallizing into plates used for killing moths—a drawer full of eyes under glass—radiotelemetry. In so many words, a table of gaunt noises. He is older than he apes. We depend less and less on a cynicism of our own invention. Obsessive fear of pain spooks out across a widening terrain. The whistle's gone out in the bank. I have lost my pi. We are extinguished, branded by the wavy-watered brush of steel. This is my obsolete form, a figure woven not printed. Inside is liquid flame, liquid volatile. This fragment concords weight and measure, all around the divining rain. Thank you for thinking for me, at least my surface appearance: Damascus wire, the colour red of the damask rose, flowering unnamed from book-lung. Forget or variegate, clothe oneself. I enter, mute.

Pretzel of starlings twisting above a charred pier. I too am a starting place with patterns in wake. And although the original has vanished, I think, Yes. When do we start. Happenstance is a full box. We are surrounded. They will never give up and go home. These bewildering apparitions are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon—tiny wings in a fading sky, fender sucked under. Don't ring me about. I think yes, hexagonal socket in the head. Perfect. Imperfect. I am mentally ill in several parks across the weekend. These are sequences of remarkable interdependence. I am coinciding. I've seen the trailer and there's no going back. Children are sold as slaves and the litter's terrible. I letter. Infinite dissent has connections with the least number principle, the idea slowly working its way back towards the light. My adversary is going for the full roast. Obsolete and alien forms are being laid under siege. We slake our thirst on a liquid got from the distillation of bone.

You forget your own name in a drama of seemingly disconnected tableaux. Snowscape with sun. Ski tracks. Beating dots on a white endless. Somewhere with altitude. A recent illness leaves him part blind, with cataracts of the mind: a shrunken monkey head, skin jacket with hood, rudder-feathers, palm lines embedded with spangles of coloured glass, suck pebbles and artificial flowers torn from a graveyard. Sheer panic, correction ribbon and advent decorations are other distinguishing features of our uniform. Your type he asks. Yes I wrote, I write my own objects, fusing them into manifold forms of separation. The air is thin, no need to chew like in the old abode. We are in a drama of unseemly and disconnected tableaux. I say as much above. A rather eye-catching map is unfurled—a representation in outline of the surface features of the earth and the moon and a similar plan of stars in the sky. He says if you had any sense you'd leave before it's too late, saphead.

He mourns. He pines for his departed. She too is meanwhile and is fled. By chance we meet. I say I don't know, just a yen to come here. We operate pretty autonomously now, in a poignant verse replaced throughout. Small stones germinate in my gut. He, the guiser, pleads for her return. He is lacelike, having no mesh or ground. His patterned sections are fixed by interweaving threads (a species of gimp). And the brain-pan is coming apart, split to its plates—tectonic dwelling. The suffix here is instrumental. Today's sound is cult percussion—the pressure flaking and pecking—indirect strikes sawing, drilling and grinding. This can't exist without limit of time. Working with spartan resources and an undercast, I begin to collect photographs for the record: strike textures with bleached palette, the swing from viral to monochrome. A distant stellar object is revealed. Nobody pays any attention. I am sinister dexter. I am the very image of a terse concentrate—punctuated by repetition, etched into the screed in charcoal, stump-oil and chalk. You'll learn to become more than satisfied with these endless lists. That censorious word again: fissionary maker. The I as inrush, the I as in land—I as pivot in turn like a spindle or torting nail. I don't say that I mean. The others rendezvous in a dark-cobbled alley. I'm taking this up one step at a time. They could have talked to us

about it at the outset. We could have saved an awful lot of paper and ink. Desire here is simultaneously sentimental and cerebral, a choking on stones.

Waste structure in the middle of a square league of uncultivated land. Theme, never-ending. Look says she at the cornea, prizing wide the eyelid. See that circle and the film stretched across it. I have been corrected. What this has to do with the ink welts remains a mystery. I don't recognize you, ether. To feel more intensely the presence of my head within the room, a tergal plate is positioned in front of the scutum—the target of the X-ray tube upon which the beam is focussed. From the appearance of its lamellae, I begin to guess: an instrument winged with wire anode, surrounded, sea foregoing. . . . Perhaps I could go on until the end. Herein is the charnel where I learnt, everthing punch-pilled, policed. What is more, it bears the same name as our saint.

The plan, or scheme, a brief account of. She's brave, no doubt about that. Gather under. She says I have a young companion in my brain. I am conceived of my own remembrance. He has become breath, immaculate since my arrival. He guides me as I dodge through passersby before the shopkeeps. The question also rises: was the perpetrator. (Him in her inside him.) In this contest he has creased inestimation. Often I catch him above the waves in that gentle book, one thumb turned to the execute position, while humming a funeral dirge. But the way this is being constructed doesn't commit memory to linger in the present. A vision isn't something you discuss.

In my locker I find the records of a voyage of the nineteenth undertaken by two gentlemen. On oblong cards the writer has written. In the deep green ink of a beautiful hand is a log of their voyage, an archive of loss. They do not know where they are going. The hand writes he has died and I have cast his words into the sea. It writes

c

a

s

t

thus.

Nothing, really. Misdirected bloodletters.

His own work on memory is buried in an unmarked plot. I am reading between the blue poles. We're to be paid off. I need an imperfect now-future, something dissembling. My life empties out. Do I mean disassembling. Bits of history that signify nothing—mean nothing—likeness set at void. And have you spotted the lodestone in the bottom right-hand corner? Now I find him sitting in a ditch reading elegies. He too is emptied of signals, nil swerving away from place. I do not know if I have seen. A piece of local granite travels and is blessed on its

arrival. Is that his blood. I'm aware of some dark viscid stuff spreading across the lino, oozing and bubbling, congealing to terrain, congealing to map. We are stuck at a junction, trapped within an after-image. Salt is poured to silhouette the dead—last page, the solid world itself. No one can see the evidence. Ingenerate tears fill the eye et cetera. I am return, return. He says yes a form of rerun, page after implacable page. His art harbours no hostility, no responsibility. I think this is a murder mystery. The chief problem he's going to have is this. Unnoticed, the waters are gathering behind our backs. This resembles sound being improvised—the discipline of silence and indirection. The real curse is that I'm here with you, always. I am depriving you of protection. To my mind it's a question of mandible repair and jaw extension. We're all dependent on the manner of delivery, the etiquette adhered to. The nearest star makes another appearance, rearing up out of the ocean. I recall a cherished journey to a flattened land, a country house, the sea, a sky, a big sky with eyelike markings—a peacock bird and other wildfowl, the type of sea we argue spontaneous things all being equal.

Gypsum and its misuses. A digression. Knot and vortex above pier, silenced algorithms. And though the original has vanished, I think yes, when do we start. The next step is the panic scrub of his flaking skin. He lives in the bath. The white cloth wrapped about his head lends him an air of nobility, though it's hard to pinpoint why. A board placed across the rim of the tub serves as a writing desk. Upon it are a slip of paper and a quill pen. One of his arms dangles, lifeless—deep irreverent greenblue, in wreck with trail covert. Background void. Writing is terrifying.

Now, the first letter can only be A.

Aftermage. Clustering pronouns (you sort it out). Spontaneous things bursting out in glass vessels. A dimlit exterior, some manner of laboratory. A touch of cravy. Flare of naked flame, searing heat. There's a touch of gravity in the air. The image is grainy, flickering. Another country. Time the unfamiliar. None of this seems now like a crime. With hindsight none of this approximates. He says I am dead to forgetting. I carry about with me a briefcase of unexploded food. If you forget me you die—I die—crashing out of those final pleasant moments. This has the asymmetry of an unsettled film score, a touch of thinking too precisely on the event. He slides back into sequence. A bloom spreads across the eye. I quit in my mistake, with free mental reives. What started as a border incident turns nasty. I'm the same man but sometimes they call me. It's all over. I live in my mistake. I live in the space created by errors of breath, that touch of gravity. People are always making discoveries of things they were not in quest of. Time is nigh. Time is like a tumour in the abdomen, beneath the armpit, behind the knee, ten by four imperial. He tries to explain how the steal was only possible because we were in the right formation at the right time. He once fell off the rig himself. He is one luckless player. Nonetheless his hand is good—quite cooked,

as folk say. The chosen implement is an implement for shocking hay. And look, over there, a flying noose. String it all together: a stack-yard with incendiaries, men who sack and ignite. Again and again the pneumatic chisel slips and cuts into the flesh of the corpse. The pressure is still on the coast road, the recoil off a sixty-year wall of sound. He knows that deep inside he is intact. The remains are preserved, the ligament that secures the bunch. Come with your own distaff, the stick that holds the fist, the female part of any dissent. I resemble a word myself, sprung from the root found in flax. From my usual zeros, I promise myself. The limbs are widely spaced and bound tightly at the extremities. In this way a navigation system has been introduced in which A (master), B and C (two slaves), give for master-being and master-slave two sets of intersecting hypotheses. When charted this gives one so equipped a most politic position, within several hundred miles of range. We pertain to or are situated at the outer end, farthest from my point of attachment. Opposite to proximal is a cluster of uncommon nothings. I am so-formed from distaste, on the analogy of central: fast ashes in a lost box. Don't stop talking. Decide. Remedy. It's possible I've forgotten some details: footfall on lamina ceiling, inquisitions fast and thick. Are you at this instant astride an sire horse? Have hooves been grafted onto the soles of your feet? What are the untold rules of the regime? What was yesterday's mineral? . . . He answers as best he can, then resumes penning his letter.

Dear

The physical world has been given the role of an avenging deity, an error cherished—after-exposure, inclination away from a level base.

A river's brink licking against the rim.

Divination by means of an abrupt yank or jerk.

A sloping or tilted position of the face.

Add, say, an extra E in the wake of every letter O, and the name gives out, collapses to become a sort of distorted spring. Meaning undermines itself, yet the image persists like misremembered super eight: the twist in the tramway—the smooth grind of the curving track—sparks from the elevated—bombardier aerospace with screeching jet.

Earth must be traversed at a crosswise pace. A somnolent vertigo is vibrating through our method. What with all its members, organizing and hanging will be a complex. I represent comeuppance, an ignorant blunder in an old story once received in the mass. One of my segments forms a side piece to the head.

The ship's timbers lie obliquely to the line of the keel. Turn on your edge or corner. Lilt vague and fling sudden. Bring about a decision in any contest. Note the static disturbance. In my interferences I never go beyond the boundaries of space and experience. Yet, there are points of reference and rebuttal. Yet, people have at all times devoted themselves. Yet, a man who perseveres must come to a verdict—intercession by undergod, the work of supererogation.

Conjure a place of abode—odd slang of to sleep, to ken. I am no longer answering the door.

Gobest yours et cetera.

Folk are less troubled by their conscience than we supposed. An itinerant singer arrives in our hamlet. He's attached to a metal hook on a long handle and swung around in space. Beneath him a cogged wheel serves to connect him to the earth. (There are at least a dozen ways the first XI have been trained to kill.) Murmurs of reverence rise from the crowd. He rotates in the chill air, swooping low over our heads with threshing limbs. It's rumoured he's been at work in memory with his charts, with his indeterminacy. I start taking notes—these are simply distraught. The hand makes several short twisting movements from side to side at the wrist. I give up. Sometimes the tune is right there in your face, the compartments of the head, at the very beginning. With his cloak of invisibility he moves like someone who doesn't have to think (while reading this, you sound like someone who doesn't have to think). As worthy a subject as he is, he knew the punishment for trading vapourware.

Note how persons of male and female sex, young and old, of every conceivable type, are jumbled up with lots of words made of black letters. And you'll have noticed there are uncomfortable points of silence. Events appear to be determined by some random tactic, for example the following.

When the loop of the meander becomes, it's cut off across the neck leaving an abandoned port, which may remain, or may not. Siren and birdsong on the wireless, angelus. Pleading representatives. Somebody's argument and somebody else's. And why are we underground, buried beneath ice two miles thick.

Long time with no owner in the offing. It behooves me I have given up trace. (Anaphase is the most obvious metaphor.) Do I mean event. We move away from one another toward opposite poles of the spindle—a form of amnesia which is actually a fight from reality: the madness in my area. The missing word is distal. It's true that in some cases a retreat takes place beneath insignia, in other cases not. All around us many species are growing in profusion. But I can no longer extinguish. My characters are becoming more demonstrative, no. Do you not think. The daughter chromosomes are crawling toward the extremities of the shaft upon which everything turns. I am exquisite tired. I have not been back for an age. I have no angles. Feeling is reciprocated. I loathe all ritual. I did not order this revolver. I say break for me.

An elegy in a dusty boneyard, with solitary beast. I say break for me. I break speech for you. It is a master-slave relationship: the men in question. She comes with dog (the third person). There is big moon (not singular but plural). I caress she says is that what you call it (passive instead of inactive). I withdraw back inward (aorist instead of present). Then there's a brief piece of dialogue between us which I can't recollect, much shuffling of claws (not indicative but optative). I call out recollect. Due to short landfall, the cancelled is past. Those remaining aboard are on course to rendezvous with the orbiting discovery. Sometimes I find money in my boot. I'm working through a few errors here, ever the mouth-piece. It will steal forever.

Consider a relative never, where when is finished and nothing obstacles. Mis-cast as trembling: anti-cathode with naked murmurs.

Perplexed, as unexpected, gravity pulls us through.

Of attaining uncertainty in knowledge, a measure of available energy. I am sitting in a grand library. The sun appears in the sky. I can't look at it. It's true that some instants appear fugal. I am flag-bearing, in some cases not. She simply does at once what the rest of us achieve over time—cutting, sifting, building and breaking. Now for the final contraction, and healthy lists of everything she wishes to release, everything she wishes to keep. I feel like an invalid too, exempt from any test of actuality. Place stress where you will. To me everything is supernatural. She lives, it's just that her breath has absconded. You stole it.

Describe the exterior, painting detail where you will.

A vast estate overseen by white masonry at the crest. The embankment appears to be in motion, discarded parts amid its foliage: ruined stock, the rusting fender, a sheep's backbone, possessed polyethylene—final shares, gathered beneath the watch of a small pyramid pierced by slits. There are vague silhouettes. Blazon argent, three coughs proper. Spend some quality time with your utensils, visible statements of separateness. A muscle extends and becomes rigid. Check the signal aspect. (I believe it was more ignoble, the old alliance.) I'm sure he would have mentioned a deal were he present: a discreet contract with the restless dead. They are a persistent intrusion into what he is trying to create (the hidden dangers of aluminium). There's been much criticism of the new register. Para- and quaternary are among our formulas. Now eat, egg.

The present tense is irresistible. He sings. It's a song about coprophagy and cannibalism. It all ends in a spinal staircase. Medical history is discarded. (The answer is what's a coda.) An ambitious madame keeps a protective eye in her pocket, soft stone. On the selfsame page there's an envelope and in the envelope there's a letter. Despite the absence of any recognizable terminology whatsoever, there still exists a distinct compass. (One should be grief, if nothing else.) The mysterious agency now holds everyone to account. You're lost if sainthood doesn't disgust you. Bring on the anchorites.

Tell us something of the word withdrawn.

Dissemination is written on his back. A more powerful magnet is needed. A wider compass is needed. There's brevity at the core—a system incorporating the modern form of sometimes, activated by love or patriotism. This is more a well of retreat, a notorious transgression of commonplace representations. There's no sign of a presence in the house. There is nowhere I want to be. The public harbours a fascination with the forger, but you can never master these things: the volt, the faulting-meter, bolts of irrelevance on your doorstep. I don't recognize you either.

Use this device sparingly. Thick haze from bush fires in the suburbs. The

heart condenses—its causeway contracts, the great arterial trunk that carries blood from the pump. The cord that secures the hawk.

Our moments, at crawl of kite. Any insensate gulf. A very common charge, which resembles but hath no shanks, just turf of feather. We are a mark of incandescence. Our numeral is four. Where are you. Is there out there. Steam pours from the cockpit and the cabin. Return to earth. It's very much like pre-season. I return to the surface and everyone applauds. I don't understand such sentences, such silences. A stranger approaches and whispers. You can have the full body treatment or just the partial head. The recurring sections are fixed by interweaving tread. The objective is species, the act or result of making, from to make. Three in a row flew over yesterday. Now it's the memoryman. Whatever next. Did you know they've succeeded in transmitting thoughts inside someone else. People returned from the future to sabotage the experiment or time would have stopped. The difference here is that I'm apprehending the thing, whereas he merely interprets, turns the original into something it never was. But I have the same kind of feeling: smoke-machine, fire-eater, juggler and slow thinker. He asks have I ever been blind. (Your eyes he says your eyes.) This really is the sign of who we are. We need the crowd to buy into this one. He's looking for a reaction. (Think a sequence of purloined letters.) Now they say a liqueur is to be distilled from shoes. Things are desired, lacking: that which escapes detection by being excessively obvious. It is probable, from the way in which the flags are distributed, that the populace is not used to breaking words into silences. Note to self, include criticism of the new format.

We need a complete shift in emphasis. They change all the seating around and we begin talking to ourselves again. They think we can't hear. They drop from the eaves. A list of numbers corresponding to different murders is presented. Lips are read through a two-way mirror. Labelled tracks have been carefully aligned using library index cards. Objects may be picked up and tasted. A pattern of squares with words upon them is emerging. I am a disabled signifier. He is outrigger, both masts. Today's favoured organ is the manyplies or omasum, the psalterium—overstuffed fardel-bag. Paludic spatters cross the manuscript here and there, flecks of marsh. To defend himself he converts into a rubber ball so tiny that bouncing cannot harm him. The crew are lured back to the island where they're transformed into rocks and trees. A wild is discovered at the centre. Various other spellings exist. The game is the game of chance, played out by betting on the appearance of uncertainty, perhaps from reason unknown. Who could bear to. Who among us could forbear to disburden. And what are those phials of coloured acid.

After shattering his leg he performs in acute pain. He embodies the collapse of impossible. He stands on stage without moving, leaning forward with his bad limb half-bent under him, or swung behind his head. False snow gathers at the

panes. Return again and again with your characteristic insistence: grey, impalpable last page. He crashes through the window, then repeats the action to infinity. People start to leave. Sometimes he seems desperate. He shudders and strains and shakes himself. (I'm reminded of maimed leather.) I am captive in a world where I could not lose you. I often reproach myself by thinking. Over a brief spell, it descends. I unfind.

His supellex consists of the iron pot aforesaid and a hollow for water. A goat, a pig and an ox are sacrificed to render his incorruptible body mortal. Of all this, an inventory has been writ, yet lost.

Exit-ghost incarnadine. Pearl-handled Glock nestling in a bed of velvet.

She has quit the compound. (Father would not let me, now it's your fault.) I coin a new verb: to emotionally compromise by the bestowing of generous gifts. Nobody cares whether she's alive or dead. Strewn about the cobblestones are discarded canisters of cs gas. There's oil in my shoe, no cover at all. Abandoned tonight, I slid down with nothing—no cover from incoming—nothing and nowhere to hide, no shelter in a nonexistent place. I buy myself off: lost young everywhere, hoodlum girls rolling across the pavement. . . . Three hours I sit there motionless, sipping and watching, noting all the nothing. All I can do is gaze at the passage of action and event, the worrying away at speech. Everything is sort of staggered: blood in the other. I've been appointed overdog for the day. Somebody asks if I want to make a family. What now? I just escaped from one, it took a half-life of ordnance. Why would I volunteer for another stretch, throw myself back in? Also, there can be no proof of the consistency of such a system from within itself. And by the way, I chose mine.

Returning to experiment, where they might be said to be, and are called forth. The Golgi apparatus produces a pure line of vesicles, an organelle of folding membranes—the infamous cleavage furrow. Stained bodies are queuing up around the centrosome, a slanting line like an obsolete form of coma. One tiny body is malformed by division, trillions of inanimate cells. Strinkling dropples, he ejaculates: man-fat. Seal up your eyes. Use the penultimate chisel. The objective is the catching up of a horse's legs. (Let's talk strain.) The fibres are arranged in distinct patterns of coincidence: pressure under grace, tension between the two poles of the spindle. All the lights are coming on. I am never going back. All the lights are coming on across the gulf and it is raining. Yes I am going back. Do not wait for me. Stop. You are the stormy petrel, crime far from land or solitary rock. Stop. Forms come and go, assuming the defunct shape of our communications. This is followed by a leap of fate. I am the specialized part. I am pencilled in. A mesh of nerves acts as the lid of the organ. I am led astray by light, to mislight.

The amazing journey of her head after death.

Glagol bodies. Fresh corpses decay in the trench that rings the keep. Every-

thing happens only once—a splintering—charnel-house cum sex cell. Officially, reminiscence occurs. Just a little to the left she says, see, a few clean femurs and radii and the head part. There's nothing we can do. (You don't say.) A whiff of putrescence sits at our interior, the official emblem. People lack drive. What else did she tell me that day. She is named from her seeming to walk on water, a beaconing authority: a rod, a spoke, a ray. If you can make it beyond this chapter, things start to get a lot easier on the eye, on the tongue. Now, just for you, here's a love song. There's nothing we can't do or say.

I am an open field reinforced by witness. I have no ancestry. I do not butter my hair et cetera. A patient waiting game is underway throughout a large section of the margin. I am beginning at the end: thief in act one, monk in act five. Props include the stuffed fardel-bag. The event is trapped in a decaying orbit about a remote, at the point of greatest (or least) distance from the central body. A type of lapse. You sense it too, don't you, the symbolism of wheel, arch and loop: a misfitting, the collective seizure. (If the object's not there you can't take it away.) The loop remains as a channelling device. All is uncivic. A glow of zodiacal light can be seen opposite the sun—white specks and flashes of electricity in the eyeball. He has become obsessed with his technic. How will he manage to characterize such an array of outlaws. Know what he reminds me of: a curved piece in the circumference of a heel, the stolen rim. See. His system is perfect. I swear I could sell smoke.

They are found in large numbers down in the hold. Most people have their tissues used without consent. I am showing deep cold. They very much believe her soul is in there: dirt, desire, crumbling antiquated walls.

Stop complaining. This is what you wanted, no.

Pale yellow fingers opening at nightfall. A planet, usually Venus and Mercury, is seen in the setting west soon after. The atmosphere is ideal for such phenomena. The final scene is captured using the surviving humans. I sat there for some hours with my aperture open. It's of the utmost importance that you should notice this point in time, and all the other points.

I am waiting to meet some precious verbs—over and against the ideal, varieties of real and was. A shape perceived in seawrack, the tangle genus, with large extended bladder. It's still too early for us to tell, precursors of the margin: going, doing, making.

They are at play. Someone whispers, badly. They cull and are culled in turn. I am so grateful to listen in on all sorts of people thinking aloud.

Say it.

When are to meet thy go.