

bbboing!
& associated weirdness

or
somebody stole my ritalin

lloyd robson

PARTHIAN BOOKS

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newent



CRASH.

twelve twelve 86.

M50 ross to M5 brumbound motawaylink junction 3 sharp 90

degree leftturn onta B4221 signpostd:

Newent

about half one ina morning jus left party
woke ina hospital
shitfaced.

kinda bombing down doing ova a ton hita sudden bend
still accelerating
went



instead negotiating

did a torvill

until we stop orbiting

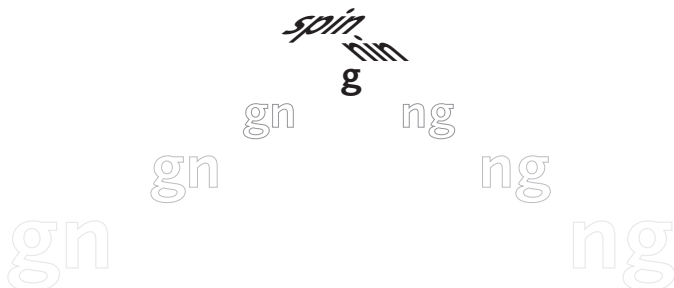
all four wheels hit the ground with a straight



landin

*(blue light synchro spinning with a car
this double axle axle wins a record score)*

us, inside: still



me mate at the wheel & me in a back
brunette in frontseat
her blonde friend
with her head
in me lap
giving
her
a
lift home
to save the cost of a cab
(*yeh, right!...*)

pull'd off
to take home

THREW UP

before she could open
the window

the girl in a frontseat

LUMPT

from her hair down

wishing
she had foned dad/cab
for a lift home

wishing
moments later
all the more so...

took off
from a stunt sliproad

pulled out
thinking:

i can feel myself

growing old;

best not be here

when we land

CLOSE YOUR EYES

it'll be

alright

BE CALM

survive...

before that: saw nothing
(bar roadsign & screama catastrophe...)

***headlites bounce
off colourcoded touchstone
the road upa head
pointd down
war
d)***

i

blackt out
jus pas take off,

misst out

THE BIG ONE

in
nanotime
...



hardshoulda cutup:

flyove >>>>

decades before built

land at convergence of powaline/the alternate crosscurrent

VALVOOM **COLLIDE**

*(the height of the winta nitesky
the deeplycreep barrage of showtime*

*a trench of vision
the sight of excavation*

*- a cast of hawks
a labour of moles -*

*leaves
me*

blind);

cwtsh bosom angle as

BUZZ

LOUDA

til

LOUDA

til

OUTASIGHT

POWA

FUSEWIRE HI

■ ' M

GOING OUT!

o fuck my tall hat

am i going out...

: pent kerb.

doubleflip tumbledown verge & spentfield windscreen merge
wi greenyield & mud

chassistwist **THUD** refusal of earth/groundsmak dirge
sounds of the energies
in turmoil.

inside the car:

bodies everywhere;

frontseat/backseat/floor
steerwheel embossed on the driver's ribwall
the brunette upfront climbd
dash/thru screenhole

BBBURST

inta nite cold

me mate out the rentdoor draggd me thru the hatch
(the cheapseats came off the worst)

she
whipt
to the backfloor

she
halfasleep as she *flipt taut*
the torque of her back in reverse of her spine's hold
reined to the floor
they told her:

DON'T MOVE!

WE'LL GET YOU OUT!

...any second now.

i

gettin *DRAGGD OUT*
via the hatch

gettin *LLAYD OUT*
at the foota the verge, away from the surge of adrenalin

unconscious

someone fetch me
a blanket

keep my head

always visible

promise...



woke in a puddle.
in mud in blood in cold in wintablue & gold & in

BIZARRELY ENUFF!

serene temperament.

while all around me:

madness

(bluebrown rain smakt fourwheel furrows & ancient puddles

HUBDREDGD

out of all existence

*liquid reshapt
into*

first algoid disturbance in ages)

blue lite & radio
tyre burr & uniform
hedges & pylon

the remains of a fiat. fences. barbwire riprapt round axles
(we pulld out the stitches in slo-mo)

mudpools & pylons, blood fuel & alcohol
debris ragesprayd like a stanleyblade in the hands
ofa complete fuckin nutta

*(unutterable calm ofa mind
exorcised from inside its own damaged shelter)*

groundfrost of early winter

momentary glare from the passing of motavehicles

temporal & ethereal in molecules

feeling aware of the pain
& the distance
between
us

alive in...

minutiae & legion.



my leftside of head: bleeding.

quarterlite handle caught in me earhole & wouldn let go til
we landed

*(couldn't find it witha mouthful of vomit
i ruptured my vessel ova frontseat occupant)*

*it hit her moments before
we had impact)*

ripped to me chin expounding the basic vulnerability
of jawline

*(blood ripped from veins & skin from skin
thru smashed triplex & skagged the
rim of pain management)*

she cut me tidy

*(felt myself drip
from the constant blue tinge
of reality...)*



pylons march ova blackpurple heavens
seedheads flare with my pump pulse vision

(close them)

(close them again)

OPEN

pylon hover in the lite of the motaway
pure throbbing force in the strobe possibility of danger

constant blue tracers from voices
of unrecognisable people:

THE AMBULANCE IS HERE NOW!

(think i'll

fffffade

ffffora while

blackout!

til the enda

the journey...)



flashfall of moment:

opend me eyes to the surface, registered close action & the
nearing of ambulance, caught the silverfoil chill from the
screwtwist frontgrill as they carried me onward & upward,
banging me into this big flashing chromecase of brightness...

BUZZ
LOUDA
as
NEARA

as waking on stretcha to visions of leaving:

fast transport of current energy
snippet of road correspondence
increase in cranial activity
positive signs of existence

THUD doors

& the slowdrive to hereford

(i'll be out of it then, see you there, yeh?)

drift out
still pist up
still
silent.



woke ina meatwagon moment; facemask &

HE'S COMING ROUND!

announcement

thinkin:

THIS IS MADNESS ISS MADNESS IZZ CRAZY

(that's alright then, i'm pleased, besta luck to him)

strapt in & drift unda blanket; pass in & outa
confusion - conscious - the flow of pure oxy - alignment...

come round to the whirlrasp silence
siren relief, shock treatment

update
&
get back to me haven

fora moment
i thought
i was

distant/ce.

CODA:

TWO MEN/TWO WOMEN PULLED FROM REDFIAT RUSTRAP, TAKEN BY HEREFORD AMBULANCE CALLED TO THE SCENE BY THE TRAFFIC POLICE WHO WERE SAID TO BE TAILING FOR roundabouts. ALL REPORTED AS CONDITION alright FINE fair to middlin TOUCH & GO flickerin between okeydoke & purely SURVIVING. still alive lucky bleeders still breathing.

REPORT IN THE HEREFORD EVENING NEWS, FRIDAY 12.12.86; A TACKED-ON FILLER (FOOT OF PAGE THREE), NO BYLINE, JUST BARE BONES OF STORY:

And four people were taken to Hereford General Hospital today after an accident on an M50 slip road.

Police say their vehicle ran off the carriageway just after 1 a.m., careered down an embankment and rolled over.

*& continues to roll
ever after...*

justa little

emotional
adventure

amusement•
experience

happening

*"when man begins to permit himself full expression,
when he can express himself without fear of
ridicule, ostracism or persecution,
the first thing he will do
will be to pour out
his love"*

henry miller - sexus

hundred hour love affair without touching nor stating just
flirting brushglancing buzzing & smiling
lingermo eyeballing
& now it's all over & i've nothing to show for
but feelings

of amputate missing.

i have done
nothing wrong
nothing by the laws of gods woman man nor
modern relationships wrong but i connected with another
which was good for my soul & now
needing

& it's gone.

& now i do not know
& in a week or so's will believe i was wrong to ever think
it mutual but i know it was
&
it was cool
& we both knew what was blowing thru
both in relationships of dedication & long view
but cannot deny our
natural instinct
instantaneous attractions
& itching

&

it was there.

it was there & we were open but already in love each other had
someone
so we better not better

it was there.

it's said you can't love more than one by one
but i've discovered found out it can still be done
just with questionable success
without
longevity trust
& it don't
doan make my life any easier to have uncovered a potential for
double love however brief it comes
it don't make my life any easy but fuck
what a buzz
what dilemmarous love
what cleaving

i've discovered it don't amount to a loss of the original love
the great belief undone
in the physical world:

we did nothing

no fluid exchange no talk of feelings
but encouraged & flirted incredulously
we were lovers in our eyes & in sleeping
tho this just communicated within public meetings
meaning
encounters by the minute
with a secret language of eye moves & gestures & beaming

we were potential!

we were open & took part in a long weekend dabble tho
nothing happened

no stolen kiss no icky neck no not in public no slip me a length

no love lick go down & do it do it do it again
again

no situations no lasting memory
no relive remember no supersensory
justa jism glint mirror
in the eye of another
suggesting
so many feelings

i fell for her big time. clearly.

& once she put her hands on my cheeks & as if to kiss me full
on the lips
but said my name & walked away & this is as this is as close as
we came
to docking physically.

maybe the lite
maybe adventure
maybe the constant shared single-skinners & shroom booze
cocktails
&
giggles in corner

maybe desire

maybe a call
maybe new fire

but our eyes were wide open & fucking
our minds not fucking but mutual immersion & emersion
were potential

were love umbra / pen um bracing potentials

potential for a brave new vista
after worldwide destruct emotive demolition
the excitement of pressing the button
without any intention of inserting
the key

playing games of emotion

opening

would either agreed.

...

i feel sad

i believe in my instincts

my most intense most successful rewarding tumultuous
relationships
have been decided in that first half glimmer of eye into instant

that contact

the rest until now have been uniformmmusement
mere candy.

it is over.

i miss you already.

miss you the minute i / doubt we will ever
in the same condition
so thank you
thank

you'll remain a lifelong vision a pleasure tradition

a love hit treasure
i dig you
dig you up at my leisure
to remember the backache & blisters the memorytwisters can't
get a hold of

we will sleep together forever for an instant
for as long as i can still remember
the rise of your breasts when no one listened
the rise of your eyes when we saw for that instant
our mutual desire
our mutual commitments
would deny us our influx our infectious intentions
our virus of new love
our new beginnings
&
glory be to the buzz!
you have enriched my existence
i thank you thank cannot thank you enough
now we're distance.

...

i am happy to partake without threat to my lover.

i have gained new experience.

i have gathered lost & felt the intensity of losing a lover
the potential for lover
while keeping another the actual in picture

in such a short space of time

my soul needs calm to acclimatise

...

all or nothing.

all or nothing i will forget her come summer except i want
do not want to forget the dilemma of tree love vee seed love
of better or better.

choices choices i have choosen & have chosen correctly.

i despair finish with lover even when nothing
despair making choices even when loving

i do not hate anything at this moment yet feel
the isolated state of unfulfilled & frustration not sharing then
now never i dispose of a potential future
regret not experience the YOU adventure

maybe another day another life another pleasure
in greater detail
at our leisure.

it will have to be

i do not intend losing what's cost me already for she is worth
she is worth everything

but sacrifice means pain & that's what i'm feeling.

*would she
understand this a good thing?
or should i keep this confession for deathbeds
& neverborn children?*

i have made my decision.

she has made her decision.

if either one or the other had said it might've been different
we shall never know.

the sadness of unfulfilled yet requited potential
the sadness of mutual untaken options
acknowledged denial

i fall in love so easy am emotional

hunger for new experience tho happy know also
life's too short to miss out & too long to bad gamble.

i do not want to change my lovestyle.

am not in need do not have lack anything
look forward to deep delves into long love over many years
depths which i could not acquire except
after time & time trustful

but new life & desire for new people new highs
as well as do nothing to damage existing stoked love fires
that constantly burn existed exist & will go on existing
possibly til the end of our lifetimes.

i do not want to transfer my pain to another it unnecessary
vital she does not feel threatened
life happens!

but my feelings i aware of the integrit emotion
am feel open then crush it's
unlikely successful.

but what we know if nothing else
what we can learn about ourselves
we are still capable
of falling in love

with strangers with friends of friends with falling into friends
the potential for love
of inviting new friends & new lovers

& the way i feel both ript & relieved neither of us rockt the boat
tho requited complete

our stable coast our white horse foam gallops on
beautiful in distance. we got close & it nearly drowned us.
all hands lost no horn to warn us no flare to show us
no rope winch into & out of the deep wet nite
no helicopt savours.

...

i am not a man without love
i am envied.

but i cannot have my cake & eat it do not want my cake & eat it
i want
love to love i do my love but the danger is to
keep in check
controlled
hidden
not hidden
driven

channelling potentials for

my social tribe say i must love one at a time don't be greedy.

but i am. of course.
my life force demands on occasions periods stages
demands in animal instinct

MY LIFE IS TOO SHORT!

life is too short & i cannot abide the pain of a lover shorn
of my undivided loyalty.

i have experienced it before.

i demand of her
& her equally.

the door is bolted
the prize mare untroubled uncolted by the
hayrolling antics of the stable lad

forward

forward

...

i do not know the other woman but have
fleeting experience

(worth trying

we could have might have made it
but we chose to continue what we already had going
& i'm

suffering)

delighted.

imagine you
also.

...

it could've been difference.

probably the wise choice
certainly choice with the biggest return & least gamble
with stakes of big love & my turn at the table

*do not risk what you have in the bank
do not go out on a limb less you wanna lose your right hand
do not cut down the trees you will have nowhere left to hide
young man*

i should feel delight at passing this test but
bewilder unbalance disorientate & need of rest
&
soul restructuring
counting cost
marvelling at what i haven't lost & my
incredible found ability to not
fuck up again.

i have denied the opportunity to love
to protect the already love of my life
to protect & respect & honour the love of my living
but this is a lost opportunity.

i do not deny my choice

do not deny resent nor go back on my choice my choice
is a good one
but something happened
& now i am different

maybe reminded of previous existence.

would it have lasted?
i doubt it.

would it have been the best thing for her or me
i doubt never neither allowed it

the bitterness of our equal & mutual loss would eventually
have bitten
would've damned it

i have heard all before.

we would torture for years
brand each other's ears eyes emotions burn
with our sacrificial hot dropt potato of our current loves

***but i
gave up for you!
you bastard...***

...

maybe the mush draw endorphin diet had something to do
but i felt it i felt the
potential for love
& i cannot deny it requite it regret it
but resent the not love not cake plate & eat it

i masturbate to exorcise
will eventually forget
this feeling.

i am not a man without love it flows over above
abundance not enough
i want

GLUT

& once tasted glut's hardly enough
especially if glut only instant

i want more & choose to withdraw when the chance rears
its wonderful head

choose not

knowing more equals less equals both lonely instead
eventual loveless & heartfelt fed with love mistreated
with hearts misbeating at the loss of it all

bush

bird in hand

the whole fucking emotional mountainous land

but i cannot have & it's unfair on me my loves potential
& everyone else

i did not ask

i was questioned.

did not ask but know

a part of my heart required a part of my human life required
this chance opportunity

i can still fall in love

feel love for a stranger without losing anything other than
our possible future

& that

i realise

cuts hard.

the option presents offers self up to us

the reaction the more than the sum of the rush

that secret ingredient that added spice
that little something extra
that mumbled excuse
myself recog acknowledged pondered & chose against

& now i know

i am still a loyal man

i have grown thru my loss.

i took the biggest hit off the bong & i should be grateful
chances come along to breathe afresh thru my other lung
tho i cough choke now it blew my mind
when i drew in breath & kept it
kept til i got home again.

it's happened once or twice before & i recognise now how
not to go & fuck it all fuck it up all over again.

...

to be shown the option

to be shown the option i'm unable to take is human existence
is shaking my chain
is choice making
& i have

just realised

i have just this second realised i have proven something:

i have lost nothing from this except that i imagine
create
that which i never had in first place

YOU.

my feelings of being with you
my feelings of coming from you

the potential!

that charge spark i am sure you were aware of also

(we danced private & naked)

stood clothed & in public
we stood next & so close & we felt
so you stood even closer

our actions were unison

that

all the proof i am needing.

i do not imagine dare not dream fathom
how you feel at this instant

wherever you are.
you are still with me.

i will get over this.
it was nothing.

justa
little emotional adventure amusement experience happening.

...

ten years earlier i would've grabbed it.

ten years earlier i couldn't handle relationships & these
ten years would've been bagged with guilt feelings & blame.
i would've fuckt up again. put ya shirt on it.

gain & loss & loss & gain must remain positive
must stay flux imprisoned time time will one day allow it
some freedom to feel it as innocent as it really is
& not socially imposed guilt-ridden

i did nothing!
nothing!

just shared a vision of what could've been but but but isn't.

the grass is green the grass is green but this isn't this honest
sincere she blew my mind for the sake of a life instant
love emission mutual unintentional security breach
& it felt
ah believe me
it felt

FUCKING MAGNIFICENT

HHHEAT!!!

we bounced off it every waking flirting every sleep tosturn
instant we were near.

there was no
fancy a drink?
no
fancy a bit?

no
are you?

i think i'm

falling

i guess i could've imagined it didn't imagine none of this
surface? it was depth & dynamic.

none of this.

just social chitchat nothing showing no one nowhere
none than having laffs & fuckin glowing
but under this
& under that
& under surface of all of all of all of that
something of base substance

diamond tipt deep communication

another life

another love

another time

another distance

another mine

none of that.

i already have & you already have & we read this
in each other's eyes

& i have & i'm more than happy with that with her
happy with her

love in love with her i love her so why
another *WHY WHY WHY*
when there are times i never once got a fucking chance
a sniff a sight
do i get the option now?

now unneeded not seeking
why present itself right at the time that my lovelife is feeding
why test me out so obvious & loud
such appealing potential
that's a dirty fucking trick if ever there was one
& how.

...

i love her.

i lov loved love you for a while.

i doubt we will ever now meet will even speak
we exchanged no numbers knew the scene
don't even know our second names
nor anything other
than
how it feels to be
just to be sharing in each other's company

got carried away on the buzz

neither of us wants to fall in love
i'm sure of it.

a dirty trick.
tho i appreciate the option to partake
of a different sliver snippet scrape of living.

but it's proven

it's proven love's deworthed if it don't cost something
& crap tho it is complete clichéd bullshit
it's a part of my life this new
person
emotion
so
deal with it.

i will
get over this.

it was nothing.

justa
little emotional adventure amusement experience happening.

...

people envy those caught in the blast of emotion
but too much too much
each hit
what beautiful moments.

this is an exorcism.
most definitely an exorcism.

for backing out of adventure i'm disgusted

could be crying

could be but not
wouldn't know for what for the relief not endangering
the love of my lot or for losing what i do not
got have want

i want each love different
for the loss of the loss of *potential!*
being put on the spot
this exorcism

for a part of my being the rest cannot console yet.

i feel comedown.

feel comedown is ripping
cannot write cannot write this off nor put it down
as anything other than a crime with no clues & no victim.

i will never know for certain if she feels this
feels any similar
different.

...

i hope we'll meet

i hope we'll meet up some decades from now so i can
gauge today's feelings

finally close the file
archive along with the rest of them

or open them up
again with the rest of them

but for now you must leave me.

...

this is a love poem i suppose.

for the both of you.

i love what i know of you
but i love *you* more
i know it is so

but
for now

i dunno

what tomorrow
what *feelings*

...

i hoped i'd never
(hafta write this fucking shite)

so this is the danger time
right now
right now
this is the moment
post mortem
post discussion
post little red car
post hose thru the window
post photos of us kids on the dash
post two hour phone call to your sister in australia in the middle
of the nite
post phoning another sunday lunchtime from the clifton
& going round
telling them all
i dunno i dunno
just that.

post notice in the echo
post my buying decent clothes & shaving & singing
'abide with me'
at the top of my
post choirboy voice
from the front row of thornhill chapel of mercy
post sunshine
post funeral
post fags in the carpark with my brother, sister, cousins
post wake at my house in ruby street
post poking for info about you growing up in emerald
post getting out the photos of you marrying my mother
post tales of your roguery

post trying to explain to people who thought they knew you
so well
your bi-polar depression
post trying to say the right thing to longterm
friends of the family
who tried talking you out of it
post dialectics on the rights of self-harm
post acceptance
post good wishes
post perspective on your living
this
is the time
when it all
comes together
comes down
sinks
in
when the stomach of events lies me heavy
when i've stopped
momentarily
getting pист hugging niteclubs
full of sobbing
looking for fights going home along queen street
getting dragged away by sally
telling some poor bloke he's
"so fucking lucky!"
to avoid a smacking

when
everyone's stopped asking
"you ok?"
"how ya dealing?"
post good friends out the woodwork
post poor friends to oblivion
post people showing their mettle
me also

"yeh i'm fine"
"thanks for asking"
lying

but
this now
is the time
four o'clock in the morning
pisst stoned & writing
furious & writhing
no choice & no option but
feeling
less stressful than sleeping
dreaming
no avoiding

this
now
is the time
when it all
kicks in
when i face the inexplicable rattle
the implosive desire to kick some fucking cunt's head in
not kick it in but
stamp on it
viciously
heavily
& make it bleed for every inch of my being
for every inch of the rubber from exhaust to your breathing.

~

i read your letter for the final final time.
it begins:

*"My lovely boy,
Lloyd, this is the easiest and yet the hardest
of all the letters that i will write today"*

& it tells me of your life
& of your death
& i wept
& i will weep again
& each time i promise
sweet jesu!
i will not become you
although echoes in my head:
"you & me Lloyd, we are both the same"

*- as tempting as it seems in ways
as truthful as it is in ways
i will get my head most righteously smasht in
before i give way*

*whether this by someone else
or lloyd charles ellis robson
i cannot say -*

& this is why
such a dangerous dangerous
this is why i stay awake all nite
& through default
sleep part day

*- but maybe you did (get your head smasht in)
& only then
gave way?*

i should be careful with my claims.

~

i cannot be sure i will sleep
nor wake
again

i cannot write of you further
(but i will, one day)

if nothing else:

if ever i needed a father
this is the time for you to say
anything
but:

*"By the time you read this the old man will be no more.
I have so much that I want to say..."*

this is just to attach exhaust to hose

i have **taken**

THE KEYS

that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably

Hiding

til breakfast

forgive me

their

expedience

so sweet
and so cold

surround myself with busyness

you say i should cease sport & my attendance it brings my aggression to sore throat & dagger-eyed self-defeating extremities i will give myself a heart attack or cause some fuck to shit their pants which really is unnecessary considering the circumstances.

you say i should slow down with the booze it makes me think i'm seventeen years old not seventeen first time but seventeen & more so. cock of the walk up for a fight up for the eyeball psych out duel or a scrap i will lose while gaining the joyous experience of getting a bloody good battering & a black eye for the girls the women i could have if only i was single. the bottle over the back of the head from her husband when i'm not looking the prize of a cuckold the reward the excitement.

you say i should stop using drugs it confuses my attention intention & abilities to differentiate between real & imagined worlds they magnify & render invisible they split my already multi-divisible person fill life with irrelevant layers of reverberance & disturbance they shuffle my refusals.

you say i should exile extricate eradicate extradite disband debar & red card certain individuals from my mind even more than from my presence remove their cookie their worm their virus from my system but protectors have no update i battle with infection.

you say i should find peace with myself for myself & by myself & call a truce with the world & its people but trust & faith were tried & found treasonous in their claims deliberance deliverance & deliverers were conniving & brutal.

you say i should listen to myself & to what i once imagined.
pah! i visualised goodness & wisdom, not shit shovels without
heads nor handles & steaming piles of never vanishing issues.
calm & simple pleasure not brainstorm & lightning bolt fusing
the perceptions. midnight attacks, imaginings & interpersonal
suicide bombers killers fiddlers queuing next to my bedside
table.

you say i should compare what i want to what i have. i remind
you i want to get through this better this & achieve such things
if only i could have two minutes without questions. numb
dumb & insensitive if only for an instant. who i wanted to be
with who i didn't. i tell you i would like this but cannot
remember past the concentrated insistence of the shadow i
have become of him.

i remind you i live in a circle. you say i should square it. so i do
all this.

i take you at your word & strip bare remove defining factors to
see what remains of this shaft of flesh & the beacon & whistle
that live in it. look deep down dark & light & honest into the
prism the mirror the spotlight & i see the love the bitterness the
brave dilemma the fear & still it leaves me

debilitated, not so vicious maybe, eaten by my history & its
unhappiness reverberates even louder surer shaking my bones
bruising the extremes of me loosening the appendages the
eyes from their sockets the wax from my ears the juice from my
sack the grease from my elbow the knock from my knees the
nails from my toes & my fingers crease arthritically

& i can only decide not to listen to myself again for what i find
is nothing without his influence. & what i want is me & me but
what i find is me & him & i don't like my life like this.

i didn't see the betrayal coming from inside the wisdom. i didn't fathom the knife in the back would be knock on the door parcel in hand delivered by uniformed courier with a fucking great neon sign on his cap. i didn't realise i was knowingly signing cash on the dot for my own denial hoped i'd have the knowledge the suss the nous the reaction the wherewithal the half a fucking brain necessary to at least defend myself from my own experience dream & imagination.

& now that you have talked me into this now we chat friendly perched on the edge of things there is nowhere new for me to go but for plodding & plod i do not do so well. so *bbboing!* onwards i go bouncing rebounding ricocheting occasionally resting swirling swerving redirecting playing chicken blindfold kamikaze out of the sun veering exploding convincing myself that maybe through busyness comes solution directionless at warp speed maximum into space time & this limited down ticking existence & eventually one of these bumps will do for me unless i find the brake & pull in but then *aha!* the brake could well be the untimely shock to the system.

is it death? fuck death that's the least of my worries. death is a piece of piss take my word for it clips you or you choose to cease it's living or rather choosing how to with the greatest ease & success.

define success.

so i've seen my future. i know what awaits. but all you see is me sat here staring at myself & the blank page, going around in circles with the fleck in my eye my diaphragm stressed a head full of heritage & a deep breath braced desperately trying but not wanting to exhale nor face the next test

test what test? fuck that, it's experience.

after the refit of the clifton street SPAR

yes the spar on clifton has been well ponced up but still we stand the queue of newsrags & catfood & stella artois as only one of the four new tills is staffed & working. the rest of the staff in their bright red t-shirts follow grannies to freezer cabinets or log returns; dump the weekend broadsheet supplements & shout to each other from till to aisle to till about prices & which to watch dodgy customers. behind me in the queue a drunk breathes on my neck, an onion in his hand & in the arse of his trousers: a frozen meal on a microwaveable plate. i think of: *skimmed milk & rizlas*

spark chamber apparatus

*spark plugs,
spark gaps,
gas explosions
retraced by
firefighters missing
out on new highs for
centigrade & fahrenheit, wearing
brass sparables in their ceremonial boots*

*sparrow grass / asparagus ('spargel' in german).
sparaxis, flowers & jagged spathes. spartina growing in
wet or marshy ground, sparrowhawks swooping overhead*

*sparring partners & sparing fools, political risings,
insurrection of the spartakist group & the
murder of rosa luxemburg*

sparging brews

*sparkling wine
& butter-roast sparling,
european smelt & barbecue charcoal*

*cd copies of muriel spark's 'the prime of
miss jean brodie' or the 1956
leningrad spartito of
khachaturian's
theme to
'the
onedin
line'*

(queue remains standing)

*porgy
sparoids
relay round
a
spar-buoy, fished for from the spar-deck, sparse net, bugger all
prime tidy*

*spartans
squeezed
to the toe of the boot, postcards
from
cape spartivento
to
cape spartivento
to
south carolina spartaburg*

"i'm spartacus!"

"shut up ya fool, your dinner's sticking out of your trousers".

the girl walking clifton street has sparrowlegs, a silver tray of peking spare ribs from the golden house takeaway & a street of men. jesuswept. this store has three permanently staffed brooms chatting amongst themselves at the magazine shelves. they stop. watch sparrowlegs. the articulation of their wrists & the dazzle of their sovereign rings, the handles of their new brooms already smooth from overuse.

old girl at the front of queue apologises for shaking til she's covered the flush built-in barcode reader with a smasht jar of branston pickle & a spilt bag of salt. with one hand she explains her use of sparine-brand promazine antipsychotics & the parkinsonism entailed as a side-effect, with the other she pockets two packs of B&H.

sparkish bleep interrupts the trance: an improperly loaded till roll escapes, tails like a flare & toots like a steam release. the clayshoot response of several well-placed rapid-fire price-ticket guns restores general peace. the green display communicates, states

'error / this shop is currently hurtling thru space'

so i am delighted, it will soon be my turn for receipt & smallchange. i remind myself whatever happens when i get to the counter: don't speak, cept for "five packs of blue rizla", "six" if necessary, & get used to the wait; the wait we had before the refit, remains.



me lips kaarn geta stiffy

me lips kaarn geta stiffy

but they can bulge at the taste of swell with the touch of
of your of your
amoeba lips
your cherry lips
your vino calimari lips
your mushroom prawn in garlic whitewine sauce & thincut
parma lips
your gelatino surprise lips
your cooking lips

your
let's eat! lips
have a meal lips
your book a table phonehook lips
your fuckable lips
your *fuckoff* lips
your *ang ona mo* & laffing lips
your cheese on toast ya garlic salt ya sat infronta the telly lips
your semolina jammy lips
ya goldenlion syrup lips
ya hot porridge lips

your winterwoolly homemade lips
your greeneye lips
your rosy lips
ya orangeglow in snowing lips
ya steaming lips
ya moving lips
your epic nuclearwinter lips

your lips signing off like a klaxon your
lips like an
air raid siren

your
sk- sk- datsun cherry lips
ya postbox lips
ya respray ringing auction lips
ya suction lips
erection lips
your red tender taut hose lips
your

pull the cord
hips
your

stripping lips

ya climb the lips
eiger mont blanc snowdon lips
K2 kanchenjunga lips
andorran lips
ayers lips
your tours to the top high altitude lips
your sands of the serengeti

ya goat's cheese lega lamb lips
ya meateating veg & mintsauce lips
ya kosher lips
halal lips
ya kebab when shitfaced pisstup lips
extra double portion lips
your *stick it all on*
ya chilli sauce lips

mexican lips
peruvian lips
your llama spitting chile lips
patagonian argentinian lips

all at sea

your melting matelot missile lips
your south atlantic conflicts
amazon antelope alacrity
ardent active avenger
arrow
your 21 lips
your purdey
your ambushade
your exocet range
your mercy

your burntout lips
your beauty

your
lips of lemon
lips of almond
lips of olive oil
your
lips of the soil
lips of the land
lips of this land i love
your
lips of the sky above
your

eye of the storm
your satellite of love
your lou reed or nico

your lord above
your coffeeshop trips
ya big balou hits
ya yogi ya boo boo ya jellystone blips
ya uh-o! officer dibble lives!
ya see ya tc
later
lips

ya gargle wi tcp lips
ya medicinal lips
your bad breath & indigestion

vesta lips
noodle lips
just add water cheap curry lips
fart in the nite duvetshuffling lips
your law- wind- circuit- breaking lips
ya cometary tail

galileo lips
your telescopes
ya parkes ya hubble
observatory lips
your latitude longitude
cosmic lips
probing lips
your discovery

your lost in space little girl smile
your lips of invasion
lips of bacteria
your virus lips spiralling down
ya meteor hurtling towards us like a fireball outa the sky

lunarlips on a shuttle service

your huge step for man no mention of woman venus lips
mercurial lips
martian jupiter saturn lips
your neptune lips
your pluto lips
uranus

black hole
white dwarf
your panic on every continent
your calming sense of inevitable sensational freefall into the
sun

sky lips
satellite links
your interstellar receiving dish
we interrupt this message lips
you see on screen your countdown lips
your presspass outside broadcast lips
ya live from the scene
your
land in the sea
your flag in the earth
your
visitor's lips
little green lips
your official denial & roswell lips
your witness lips
your implant lips
your sands of time & cigarshaped lips
your saucer lips
signal lips
your buggy fulla rocksample moon
your lips coming at us from a different dimension
your re-entry groove

your mushroom garlic butter lips
your calimari

hmmm.

ya milky lips
ya filter tips
the world spun around by your teaspoon
your intercontinental ambassadorial tongue
encourages the rise of my tower of babel

it's your
language lips
ya wenglish lips
ya german russian spanish lips
assyrian chinese hebrew hieroglyph & classic latin lips
ya cyrillic
ya arabic
bengali telugu
your japanese lips
greek lips

religious lips
catholicks
devoted fundamentalips
your orthodox
pure hedonist
angelic vampiric cunt

your blood
in my throat
your grunt of love

giggle lips
pillow lips
your chasm spasm orgazz lips

your box of tricks

your pissdribble lips
ya *didn't mean this*
ya pist lisp

your nibble on the edge of existence

dark lips
shadow lips

your heard it all befor
lips
your young & never been kisst
lips
your who you tryna kid
lips
your old dog
lips

red hot flare up match head lips
pushbutton self-destruction

your
lips of cherry
lips of fire
lips of planets
lips of liar

your lips of
deceit

your
lips of pleasure
lips of treasure
lost lips

CHEAT!

beached lips
middle of the ocean lips
your sea
your blue as far as the eye can see
your blue above & between

your
parrot parchment pirate lips
plankwalk mutiny bounty lips
flotsam lips
casta lips
crusoe palmtree sand dune lips
jungle lips
adventure lips
ya sleeping on the coast of an indie

your
diary entry

your
lips telling a different story
from any other day of the week

lips!
speak to me!

your
multimedia expo lips
advert lips
freesample lips
ya billboard brochure flypost lips
labia all over the world
ya covergirl

your
bikini lips

kinky lips
inkypinky scorchio lips
your dive for pearls

your what's it all meant to mean
your benevolent freakout scene

your
carer lips
social lips
mental health & prozac lips
hunted haunted flaunted lips

your lips of resolution
your lips on the streets of despair
your lips on a streetcar named desire
your lips in a hot poker stare

you're a

LIP'S LIP!

a telly lip
a fotofit
a pullout poster frontal lip
adult lip
brownpaper lip
backseat risk it quick
lip
angel of absolution
lip

hot universe flesh

your
sunshine lips

cornflake lips
popcorn kist your summer lips
fresh northern lites on the windowsill lips
ssssmmmmoking

vision lips
peacenik lips
quell the quiet riot lips
tantric t'ai chi meditate & *rr*reach your innerbeing lips
lips of one's innerself
lips on the
highest shelf

shining armour white charger lips
bend down & scoop nice & safe lips

your horse's arse

lips into the sunset

hand in hand lips
no longer one above the other together yet apart lips
parted
lips
pouting
lips
asking question question
lips
asking asking question
lips
question
lips
question
lips
question answer question
lips

splash

i.

no one meani
d in languag
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sense of sel
f-interpretat
can have no
s major impl
possibilities
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ii.

here is no one
imbedded in
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language can
This has no
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iii.

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vi.

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the idea of
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ocial reali
le. Indivi
of reality

vii.

powerful groups th
the stamp of truth



viii.

independent

Therefore,
intimately
lived out i
interest of
and not oth

POWER

ix.

