

ice

fishing

David Kemp

ice fishing

David Kemp

Melbourne
April 2007

Contact: David Kemp
27/17 Queens Road
Melbourne
VIC 3004
Australia
Phone: +61 3 9866 1575
Mobile: 0408 070 327
email: cthonic@bigpond.com

© David Kemp 2007

The author asserts his full
moral rights in relation to this publication.

ICE FISHING	1	SAVE AS	100
NEW SEQUENCE	2	PITY	102
OH	4	WORKER	104
GRAND RAPIDS	6	ENOUGH	105
YOU CAN DO IT IF YOU STOP SEEING	12	SHE SAID SEABED	106
JOKER	15	WIPED	109
MORE ICE FISHING	16	WHY	111
WHAT SHAPE	20	PIECES	115
FIRST TIME	22	SOMETHING	116
HIS MOTHER OR FATHER	28	EARS	117
QUIVER	29	PRIVATE	121
MARTHA	31	JUNGLELAND	122
ALICE UNDISCLOSED	32	CAN I	124
WHY HIDDEN	33	SOUTHERN BELLE	126
BUBBLE	36	THE RUNT BITES BACK	129
DIFFERENT	37	WHO CARES WITH THIS ONE	131
THE OTHER SIDE OF GOD	40	WHO'S THE DANCER	132
WAIT	41	SO SPECIAL	134
WATCHING	45	PROBNUT	137
WITHOUT ATMOSPHERE	46	KINDNESS MOCKS ME	140
40 WOMEN	47	TYPICAL	144
APPEAR	52	DON'T STOP	147
PETER'S SEQUENCES	55	SAY IT NOW	152
INANE	57	NOT WAITING	155
THE HORROR OF PEOPLE	64	WONDERWORM	157
KLAUS	67	THE RICHEST FRUIT	160
UNCLE	69	STUMPED/TOO SIMPLE/DOWN	161
HA HA HA	72	NEVER SATISFIED	163
IRREGULAR SHAPED HOE	74	JESUS AS A STINGRAY	165
WHO AM I	75	WAR Y	168
BABY BLUE	76	THE START	169
WHERE ARE THE FISH	80	THE TIME IS HIS	171
SWOOSH	81	SEE ME BLEED	173
I CAN'T HIDE HERE	82	LIKE A SONG	175
SLEEP AND LET IT SINK	84	OH THE FINGER	177
SMELL	85	THE SOUND	180
CALL IT AGAIN	87	AWAY	181
AND IF	91	I'M NOT	183
FRIEND	92	THE WALKERS THE SKY	186
FRIEND GOES ON	95	THE KING	188
OMITTED	96	SWEET	194

ICE FISHING

she swam for years every day no matter how cold the water was it kept her young. i reckon she could breathe underwater i can imagine her in the clear water deep with her eyes open swimming past submerged trees her white hair flowing out behind and around her head like nylon fish netting. clear water cold and shear like crystal cold clean around aware freshwater. the fish would come to her, he was grey and silver especially his eyes which were silver like mercury and looked into her eyes, what did he see, he saw his mate. she loved his lips big full expressive sensual lips like a negro man's. he was her man now, she had no use for other men, she was old and out of that world the pragmatic world that teams us up and passes us through to come out the other end to serve its purpose then turns to next pair to preen. she loved the power of his swim, to move but show no movement of his body just his mass being his engine, his presence being what made him move through

talk to her what does he say how can she make love to him just a story of an old woman having sex with a fish who is this i don't know you, you're harsh unknown my savage child wolf boy the next one. he's from a forest cabin grew up amongst fir trees oregon the rapids that sort of water. his grandmother he sees her like through that water cold not cold shear fresh nothing fuzzed. hi wolf boy grrr a turtle frozen in an ice block is his world life in crystal water frozen moment the taste of icicles outside the window in the snow reach out and break one off to taste it. ice fishing

she's at the carnival, fairy wheels no time spring colours running amongst muted sound of people's voices music shouts come close then far away she's a child looking at me runs up then away comes with balloons then back with fairy floss then gone. i'm not moving i'm waiting for her to come back. i have the sensation of losing people being alone on this path being alone within my experience. these are stories about being alone and as such will be the form of the language

he made the world be reborn anew savage grotesque foetal, and so now he enters it. another world running parallel to this one, you go into it and when you come out of it back into this one, this one looks different new with the same sense of alienness, the view of a boulevard at twilight sounds distanced swishing past of cars and lights blue and red sirens sound of planes distant but close like underwater submerged a great river flow, a great river that runs through all things here it happens in a lane with city buildings either side at dusk half light submerged light two men talking gaps in their speaking where the flow goes sky clouds dusk colour moving like water flow in the sky seen through the gaps between the buildings force power of nature seen in the gap moving through, force. it was his grandmother he was talking about

where is he from. tell me where you're from. grand rapids. what's it like. *here's a photo of me.* big water. bridge. looks cold, wild

NEW SEQUENCE

new one... he's special. the sequences are different. small petit boy not a boy adolescent i think

is he dark or fair?

dark i think, fair skin

he doesn't look at you

no he doesn't

he's always looking somewhere else. where's he going?

the sun is warm today

nice

you like it too

very much

you're a polite guy

today i'm relaxed so i'm easy to get on with. it's the weather

it is nice, isn't it

so polite. it's not moving. you want to talk about that boy

i want to know more about him, he's elusive

everyone's elusive at first until you get to know them

maybe i want to get to know him, know him in a different way then. i touched him once to see what he was like, i had no other way to do it, that's what i thought at the time anyway

did it give you anything?

yes, it showed me how small he was, and

what?

and his energy. quivering but not really, like a small animal

very real?

very

so he's not elusive at all. he's right there with you

so why cant i see him fully?

you'll find that out i guess

have you got any advice for me?

just keep on doing it. don't treat him like he's elusive, go for him like he's candy in a shop, like he's there for you.

he probably is, that's how it seems

the sun is warm

yes. sure is

i wonder where he's looking

ask him

– where are you looking?

- i'm not looking
- look at me then. you're eyes are specked like galaxies forming and unforming, and you don't speak.
angry? you're showing me you in your eyes. the light points make tracks. this will take time. you're like a light globe that's plugged in so it is on to shine. transmit, output and that's all it's doing. simple. you're turned on to be, exist
- aren't we all?
- no, we're not. you look like you'll never be older and were never younger. you act like a spirit locked to this place. did you die here once? you looked down for a moment but didn't answer. this is not your language, you understand but cannot speak it. you should speak your own whether i understand or not

he doesn't speak to me

that makes you frustrated

sure

be patient, or more to the point, don't be impatient, but it's ok to want stuff a.s.a.p. just go take it

i don't want to scare him away

if you did he might come back anyway

he's better than me, i have no right to demand

he's your creation, so who's better?

he's not my creation. he's not my creation. i keep thinking of his eyes but i still don't know his face

i don't think it's in the knowing, be there

i'll let him be a wolf, wolves don't have to talk, maybe that'll work

work? try anyway. you want to be savaged by him, accept that and go and be savaged

there's nothing glamorous about a wolf

you never thought there was

he's a wolf with a strapon barbed pershing missile for his cock, he can roll onto this haunches like a man and hold his erect weapon pointing it with the grin of complete contempt. the barbs unfold like a tropical plant, he wants me to see him like this. *this is me have a look read my mind tell me what i want.* his lips fascinate me and curl back over and move touch fold away over the teeth tongue, talking, about to talk, listening repeating the sounds mouthing what he hears, what he might say, go inside his mouth that's where you're heading

OH

two men talking in a city lane with buildings either side at dusk half light submerged maybe drunk

– come at me now, i'm ready for it

– oh?

– yes i am

– not all fantasy. you think you are but you're not

– i am

– no

– come on come on come on

– look it's a waste and i'll hurt you

– my business and you won't not tonight anyway i'm on a roll

– you're a fool

– my biz

– look, just back off it won't work

– it will. trust me

– i don't i can't fight you i can't raise my hand against you

– pity you could slash me in so many new ways tonight

– what for?

– i want to feel it and run with it

– then?

– go at you go inside cut in break away there soft side

– is it so bad

– no it's fine but i want to go inside you don't help me no more

– this is too sick

– you wouldn't know what's sick and what isn't. no more sicker than what other people do

– i don't want to go there

– go away then i'll get someone else

– no

- i will
- no one will let you hurt them
- there's plenty who'll keep going in forever and won't ever stop to think if it's ok or not
- where are you going to?
- no idea don't care gotta go as far from here as i can then i'll see where i am
- lost as a
- lost as a lost thing i am yes
- smell me
- forget that i want to go inside
- ok then hit here
- i'll drag my fingernails through your cheek and tear it off
- push and cut
- run my fingertips under the skin over your skull peel back the flesh
- i've got a blade
- so use it
- slash into your gut up and across to the side up under the ribs and snap them out
- hit your temple from the left crack splinter the bone its my fist knuckles hard, i'll do it again crack crack
- my fingernails in your eye rip in your nose break it dig my thumb into the soft hole behind your earlobe i can get into your brain and mush, hurl your face into a brick wall
- my left hand can push your chin up and show your throat, that smashed bottle in my right hand goes right at your throat and there's the fresh sound of crunched muscles tearing and blood greasy and warm down my arm
- you smell me
- warm greasy smell hot iron smell that's blood you yours so much so full here so beautiful over me i want to come on the blood
- so take out your cock and make it hard
- harder and bigger i'll get it to bursting
- shoot into my smashed in face
- first i'll take a brick and bash out your teeth they're on the ground little white bits. i'll shove my cock into the dead hole at the end of your neck

GRAND RAPIDS

a man and a boy in a forest bright light the sound of a torrent fir trees

– you went away to the river without me

– again

– why?

– to be alone with nature. i can smell better when i'm alone nothing distracts me from what's in the air. i can smell it all

– can you smell me?

– too much, it drowns out everything else

– i can't help that

– i know, so i go to the river where the wind is strong and it quickly blows it all away and there's new stuff all around: trees, spruce, birds chirp sounds, birdsong, salmon. it's in the air and i can smell it all at once, each bit at the same time and not lose or miss any one tiny detail

– am i so bad?

– you are very much one thing throughout. it's not natural

– you don't know what it is to be a person

– maybe not, but i don't mind, let me go

– then go

– thunder boy?

– yes man

– why are you tuning away what are you looking at?

– water in the sky, like waves, but they're clouds making an edge, we have to go over there

– not now, it's too cold

– that's the ice feel that's how i know its now, not before or later. now. can't you taste it?

– i can taste the air. it's a water taste

– that's it. we go now

- we've stopped at the waters edge. there's not a bridge
- no
- you just keep looking at the sky there
- that's where we're going
- there's no way over
- keep looking
- why do i follow you?
- you want to go there too
- yes you're a wolf boy aren't you
- yes
- you don't look at me. you're looking away into the sky or into the river flow. you don't have a face
- i have a face
- you don't show it to me
- i'm a wolf
- i trust you
- you can't negotiate with me
- are you the next one?
- yes. this is a new world, you have to learn all over again. big sky big river big flow simple. holes in the ice
- it's all so new. any way is as meaningless as the others
- the world's born new; savage, foetal; you're in in it. start by washing yourself in the cold water
- i get in the river?
- step in the rapids

so he does (its me). well he didn't but one day he'll have to

- this really is different
- is it?
- i think so

- you're just seeing it that way, who knows what it is
- ok, i hear humming
- yes
- spring warm at last honey smell i can imagine flowers more like to taste them white and yellow yeast too the water is sweet here not cold now
- it's always cold because it comes from the mountain that's a fact
- you're a strict boy
- just the truth
- there are a lot of silences now
- mmm yeah i like to be slow there's no hurry here things come when they come not sooner not later just when they come
- let's walk
- ok
- you move quietly too, i can't hear your feet hitting the ground you're light footed. light all round small not delicate just here and no more nothing in excess unnecessary
- that's me, simple
- you just howled like a wolf
- i did
- why
- it's nice to do it
- you did it again
- yeah
- you're laughing
- it makes me laugh so are you it makes me laugh

- are you thinking?
- not really
- you seem like you're looking inwards that's why i thought that you were thinking
- i was looking inside just smelling the warm air inside me smelling it's scent, temperature but not thinking

- what does it smell like?
- sweet, it is spring in there too
- inside and outside you
- i am the same inside and out. that is what i want to be
- i've never been like that

- can i touch you?
- ok
- you are small
- what do i feel like
- just like i said there's not more than enough of you, perfectly balanced, nice, soft that's the edge between the inside and outside of you
- i grew up in a lot of silence. my grandma raised me, she never said more than she had to. there's not much that a person needs to say
- what was she like?
- she's still alive she's old very white light not frail very pale grey eyes long hair all white, there's no halo around her but i can imagine one like an edge of light that gives her a clarity and definition
- you use words that i wouldn't expect from you
- what do you expect from me?
- howling and rustic simplicity
- so you know that's stupid too
- yep
- we'll keep walking if you want
- i'd like that
- ok
- you know the trees and bushes when you push them aside to get past you touch them like they're a curtain in your home or something like that anyway
- i do know them
- can you swim?

- i don't know my grandma can. she swims every day, in this river
- it's so wild
- she's a good swimmer and she's not afraid she goes down deep
- you've never swum with her
- no
- why not?
- she never took me. it was her world, mine was amongst the trees and mountains
- ok
- do you tell stories?
- i like to listen to them
- you have a story
- i have a story
- you are mysterious
- i'm right in front of you
- beside actually
- ok
- i just heard birdsong
- yes. crows
- will you be my friend?

- you're sniffing the air
- you sensed danger, i wasn't sure so i checked
- and?
- it's ok, no bears here
- why is this north america?
- because it is

- debris, it seems to have nothing to do with this place but it just came to mind, and somehow it is completely part of this sequence
- sequence?
- it's about sequences, that's what i just saw, the image of sequences, not their meaning
- i can talk about sequences
- that's your story. just talk about the sequences

YOU CAN DO IT IF YOU STOP SEEING

you know i came in here to see if there was something new waiting for me then i realised that there would only be if i put it there

of course

so who is this now?

guess

is it you?

maybe

i would like it if it was

did you really miss me or miss the familiarity?

i don't actually know that

have a guess

i think it seemed easy with you when i looked back on it, but if i really remember it wasn't that easy at all

no it wasn't easy, not easy easy easy, but it was a bit of easy in the way it was about a kinda flow, babe

nice man, you are

yep

what have you been doing?

i've been skiing

i imagined snow, fast gliding when you said that. is that what you meant?

i was away somewhere fast and smooth, it was great (dumb word) flying but not off the planet, gliding but through

just touching or not touching the ground

i was touching it

are you heavier now?

you are projecting what you are onto me, and that's ok (you said that) but it's not enough for me. or you either

you did challenge me

i could kill you for fun you know

i know

elegant murderer, that's how i seem

that's how you always appeared, it was scary then it wasn't any more

things are as they seem, and nothing more

how do they seem to you? the seeming forms a mist when i see it. things seem quickly to you, i do know that

because i'm the joker

player, mystery man

two card trick shonky carnival man spruiker, creep

i want you to lie to me

i do

tell me about the new guy, wolf boy or whatever i should call him

he's a fake

jealous?

that's not even worth responding to

ok

he pretends to be simple, nothing's that simple, he sees 1000 times more things than you, but doesn't show anything for it, doesn't twitch a muscle, flick an eyelid

i don't trust him

you want to. get over that

i imagine you punching me. clean blow to the chin. now you're gonna leap at me like an animal, but you're just playing. i'm not scared

do you want to be scared? i fucking hate you

i was scared for a second then it went. i didn't believe it

i may be past my use

i don't think so. what's your use? you've gone. gone away to change your clothes, but you'll be back sometime. you want to tell me i'm a fraud

i want to fight you, but for real this time. that scares you

you can hurt me

yes, i can hurt you. and i will

i'm ready

you're not

ok i'm not

when you're ready it will happen, yah!

you're just playing with me now

not even that

it has become brutal

it has always been brutal. savage grotesque foetal, your words your view of life. the life you revere. from a distance you see how i've resisted entering that new world that has come to me

you've seen it, but you didn't call yourself a coward, that's what it's been simply cowardice. big deal. you've hidden behind your supposed understanding of it, but that's bullshit because how could you even start an understanding if you haven't entered the experience

fish ate my eyes in the water dragged down i wanted this but it's just, be in there do go in there weed in my face the fish are sharp needles my eyes are gone blinded blinded that's what i want i have to do with my eyes shut for real literally eyes shut don't look up eyes shut, the fish ripped my gums the surge is down the tree branch is hard black grey silver green bubbles you can't see nothing if you shut your eyes you can breathe under water so do it. breathe in the water eyes shut you can do it ok ok ok ok yah. touch the bed at the bottom breathe in through to you through my nose i you i you thick water clear thick through nose

open mouth fishes in out scull head can the flesh go now hurry i want no flesh on my face. well you'll have to get it off yourself. i don't have claws but more i have fins. can you be a shark here. yes yes i have a cunt too no cock i looked down and there's a gash but i'm a male still yes male still but a fish i have a tail tail tail

so you jumped in for a bit. i'll keep talking coz you've no voice now, stunned shamed, voiceless you are funny like a child you're not sulking but you're silent you want to listen i think so i'll talk about you. grow up, that's all i want. you know how much you've been acting like a nervous kid the last two months, waiting for permission. well no one's going to give it to you because they don't care and why should they it's you're life, not theirs

i don't have to accept what you say to me, i stepped back, and that's good. i will no longer be reasonable with you either i am not a coward, i have not been a coward, the truth is what i say it is, i don't wait to be given it by you or anyone. if i meet the buddha on the road i will kill him. i am already there

JOKER

she's a child here waiting for me to happen to her

you make it sound like sex

no

it was your thought about it, gotta get that right

there's nothing wrong with being precise in fact it's good. i always thought it was bad, cold, uncreative,
limiting, repressing

*no you thought it was good, but you thought other people thought it was all those things you just said so you thought
you had to comply with that*

stop stop stop

i wish i could disappear, no more me. there's a spot in the sky that's where it's in. it is the bit that moves
and i follow it with my eyes, the eyes that i don't have the eyes that were eaten by the fish. i want to be
dissolved in the stream and have my flesh go in in strips and sheets of white that they can take away it can
all fall off me. i want to describe myself decaying decomposing how it is for my body to merge back into
the soil, eaten by creatures like food. go down keep breathing the water pressure is on my face but soft it
is all around my hair waves and floats around my head there's a motion muffled sound squark shapes squark
too shards of white light come down here too it is more than one thing the focus is many and none defying
articulation how can i get it?

MORE ICE FISHING

there was a there is a wolf here

ok

it's him again, well i hope so. it's been a while and i don't know where he's been all this time

out hunting of course

of course he's silent still

why can't you accept that

i want to know more i want him to tell tell me where to go next or what to do next

he won't, you know

i know that yes

but you still want it

yeah

just move on

i'll look at him and describe him

if you can, maybe that's not possible either. what does he look like?

small

got that already

scruffy, a little

nah, you made that up coz it's expected

true, he is young though, about 10 years old

does he look like you?

no, i'm sure of that. he's always in profile, looking down at the ground in front of him

when he's with you

i don't know the rest

imagine it maybe

he looks up into a tree where he's heard a bird rustle, still profile, but i can see into his eyes, sharp now

still gentle, but he doesn't look sad now

did he before?

i thought so

you didn't say that

no i didn't, but i was thinking it. i just didn't say it

say it

i want to touch him

touch him

his shoulders are small, not muscly, loose he still doesn't turn to look at me, still looking up into that tree, the bird or whatever it was is long gone, but he's still looking up there. it's like he's retarded or something, deaf dumb, i don't know. i just imagined him scream with a weird animal noise, but still

looking at the same place
you're on your own now, i'm going

he's facing me now with his mouth open showing the teeth. it's scary, but he's not attacking. i'll crouch down to his height, i can see tears in his eyes, no they're not tears, just glazed over moist, vibrant, energy, could be fear or anger or just sizzle eyes. if he holds up his arms and hands like claws like now, it doesn't frighten, so just like a child being scary, he seems weak, naive, not dangerous at all. maybe he wants to play, but it stays locked in this place, i'll take him away, away from this wood scene by the river, off into a dark box no place, just him and me. he's the same, not changing, i'll do the same, put up my arms and growl like him too, we tumble together, i lick his face, it tastes young, young salt smooth. wrinkles have a more acid taste. he's flat neutral tasting, so much lighter than me. i crushed him when i pounced but he's not hurt, he's letting me do all this, why won't he talk now? he did once, i guess i stopped him, i was afraid, i'm still afraid. he snawled again, a voice booming not a child's. he's blowing in my face like a gale like he's trying to blow me away, pushing at me on my shoulders pushing me away, we're standing and he's pushing me back. i'm letting him, don't know where we are, pushing, he looks different but i can't quite see him. taller i think, pushing. he's stronger, harder older face, determined

- why do you keep doing this?
- i want something from it, from you
- i have nothing to give
- you are everything i want to be
- you don't know what that is
- no. i know that there is nothing new for me. i know that
- i can't help you
- then why are you here?
- because i just am, and that's enough for me, there is no answer following, this is the sequence it doesn't end in a solution, it doesn't end in a fix, it doesn't end
- fight
- i fight
- you walk away you don't finish it
- no i will never finish it, there is no finish
- i bate the hook nothing will take it, the ice fishing goes on forever, there's a hole in the ice, that's it?
- i will not answer

the hole is in the ice; that's it. we stand there, or sit, our lines in the water, that's it, no catch, jump in the water it's cold. i can look up at the ice sheet above. no fish, static ice, staticles, where i am now, put me on the cross, frozen cross under water, frozen in space, i stretch my arms out wide each way, looking ahead, into the depth there is dark depth space solid heavy water, i'm up or down, without direction, no need to breathe, tiny bubble specs, or dirt in the water. move slow like space dust, the water is thick, streams inside as much as outside, ice water in my veins clear ice water blood stream outside my body where i float in it, hanging here, moving yes, i'm like a satellite. it's aware of me here, muffles calling my name, that is my name even here, my name again, ah pierce my side, i want to see where this goes, it was pierced i didn't see who, the blood does flow out, not much, will it call the fish? to come, i hope to see the slivers, flashes of silver serrated fish, have them come to eat, i'm in and out of this. i want one big one to swallow me

it's just like sex, you want a big fuck to come and fix it all but it won't, there is no longer ever going to be the big fix, that's from another world that doesn't exist any more

little specs of fish come and go interested for a bit then flashed off into the dark, i think he licked my face for a moment. he laughed like a child, runs off, holds me down on the ground, play fighting, this makes me feel sad. how do i do this?

just follow the sequences, that's all you have to do

it's hard to grasp when there is no expected direction or connection or end point or aim

no aim, go berserk, it suits you

i hold his head and rub my lips over his eyes and forehead, i kiss him softly, and smell him, the young smell, he likes it and lets me, his eyes are shut but he's smiling, i can see the man he'll be but not yet, not for a while; he's fair, so fair, he looked me in the eye, measured me up, kept going, confident, play punches me in the face on the cheek, like a baby, or a chum, both at once. peter is his name? don't know, maybe, he stood, looked away took my hand, started walking. i go too, he's leading out of the clearing into the darker bit, the trees parted no they didn't we just got closer. ok, in now and surrounded, dark, can see the trunks and the ridges of the bark, brown, old trees, and smelling of walnuts, velvet green canopy overhead quite low, like night in here. i expect to see stars here but the twinkles above are things i don't know. alive, probably birds, why am i crying? he still leads me, keep going, red, into a dark red edged box or a doorway, a black box. it's stopped

you shut it off; you were afraid

i'd like to hunt with him and tear bloody flesh with our teeth. tell me where you're leading me. where are we going, peter?

don't listen to anyone, it's your journey

into the room, there's a walkway for us, don't worry it's dark but the ground is flat. be quick because we'll turn to stone if we stop, so come in, touch the walls and feel the rock face. there's a chair here no one in it, empty so we should wait. ok, you sit in it, smoke a cigarette if you like, man. you look like you're waiting for a drop, smiling, nonchalant, elegant even, quite the dapper gent. drink if you want, you can be as

comfortable as you like here. ok, suddenly there are curtains blowing from gusts of breeze through windows though it's as dark through the window as the colour of the walls and curtains. the walls are damp, cavelike, but it doesn't smell musty like you'd expect here. there's a faint floral scent, it almost came then, shadowy but light moving ghostlike into the space then gone, a suggestion? a female caressing like hair, gone. let's stand and move on; there was a sound of the sea for a moment: surf, then gone. let's go back to the forest, we dance there like string puppets marionettes they call them. it really isn't us deciding what to do, we're just passing the time

– you avoid the water, peter. that's why you don't talk about it. you're silent again. *silent he is again.* you saw something there. tell me what you saw. what happened when you went in the water? what happens when i go in the water?

WHAT SHAPE

what shape does love take in nature? any shape, only love is the form maker. wild, savage, shifting, harsh, clear, the water is ice cold. bubbles take me away where we go there. sinking. no, diving down into it. keep going down, there's no bottom yet. passing the branches twigs, i see the rocks and a bottom it moves sideways away yes no yes no. here and there to the left right crablike in water go go go go and swim through, breathe too because you can and be colder and more still. she'd come with you if you asked but you don't. yet. music in and out. strings. violins calling. what shape does truth take?

– i know it's hard

– it is. down, down. where was i with you?

– you were asking me about the water. why i didn't go there. what happened there

– what happened there?

– i drowned

– no you didn't. you're here now

– yes, but i drowned. they revived me, but i was gone for minutes but they seemed like days

– where did you go?

– into the fish's mouth. it was my mouth too. he looked into my eyes, he knows me. he's my father. he thinks and i hear his thinking. the currents, directions, tomorrow is where he is going, seasons, back to place he was born. each year, that's the place where he will die, the swim upstream, the swim upstream to the exact place that is what he is thinking of where his mind is going. i can hear it see it, it's going a course through the stream, angles, directions, shots, leaps, upstream. the line isn't straight but it's exact, a sequence of bars, vectors, edges, mirrors, strings, taught, tuned, precise, this is music, salmon logic. he swims tomorrow, he looks into my eyes and i see it. he's big silver heavy but weightless in the water, hangs mid space neither up or down right or left hangs there just there looking, moving when he thinks, thinking of tomorrow, it is tomorrow now but not now, thought and done, waiting to be ended now before it starts, but done already. conception. fish eggs fish scales same thing to me. pearls, spots, sequins of light silver bits, silver grey, hollow pearls, the marble sphere balls, glass balls in a tube, eggs laid, i was laid a bubble in a tube dropped into the wash, wash with others like me. just like me

he tried to kill himself but was revived. electroconvulsively. with paddles. you know, *woothoomp, woothoomp*, like on a tv show. drowned in a bath

i went to the carnival, they were the parents of the boy, both of them at the shooting gallery, on the first of the month saying that it was their honeymoon, lying because i know it wasn't then, that was years before

so what is the story. a boy peter 12 years old by a river, a town called grand rapids, his grandmother lives in a house nearby she swims with a fish in the river, his parents are not there, his mother left his father just after she became pregnant, she came back with the baby and left him with his father. after a few years the father went away too and the boy was raised by his grandmother, his father left him a box of possessions, there is a man who talks to the boy by the river, there are two men fishing through a hole in the ice and a carnival which returns every year each summer from as far back as when the old lady was a girl, there are two men talking in a city years later and the moon in a tube, a glass marble, and bubbles in a bath where peter almost drowned

peter is older, 17. rick comes to grand rapids from the city to get work with the ice fishermen in the shack, peter has worked with these men where he heard stories about the carnival prostitutes

rick meets peter

peter wears the same shirt to the carnival that his father wore on the night he was there with peter's mother

there is an image of rick's father, a silhouette with bits missing, torn out holes in the person's profile, the same feeling of driving down a highway, speedlanes at night. peter wants to fight by empathising, taking on affliction, throwing himself into the dark hole that is his friend. or is it himself that he is seeing there

– every action, every strike is only fit if it comes from a decision. there are no decisions in the past, only in the present and the future, the past is still born for me, i am totally trapped in it because there is no action or decision possible for me it is fixed, downward, a hole. i want to change the past. i want to stop dancing or fighting with my shadow, the past is this shadow that i can't shake off, it's in my physical form. as i walk i feel the form of a creature roughly my size but a bit bigger a bit heavier where i am moving with me but not exactly in sync like we're both in the same space standing in the same spot and this creature is minotaur like, wild surly, frisky, quiet grumble groaning, roaring, wanting to break out

peter and rick drive to the city, they could fight

– don't empathise, don't feel it in the body, the decision comes from the head

– i will be what you want me to be, only you, only god

rick leaves, peter is at the sea, he asks a question: what shape? he calls

there is an image of peter with his grandmother in her kitchen, she's made food and is telling him a story about a big house and a train and a garden on a cliff and a lady by the sea. it's an image of what the past was really like, what was enough, his origin

FIRST TIME

- can i tell you about the first time?
- why do you want to tell me about it?
- no reason
- ok. tell me
- it was in a brothel, “paradise”, nondescript building down a side street by a train station, factories around i think, empty street, like people knew what was inside so they kept away because they didn’t want to be seen there, or guys would slink in and out, unknown or wanting to be anyway. sunny afternoon, summer not real hot but clear, nothing’s happening nonchalant weather. i’d never had sex with a woman before and was afraid that i wouldn’t be able to perform, wouldn’t get hard, not know what to do, be a disappointment to a woman, a failure as a man, so this was the solution where I couldn’t fail or be laughed at or rejected coz i was paying for it. paradise. in through the dark door, an older woman, classic madam. long waving blonded hair, eyes and eyelashes made for those knowing sly winks, something like a man about her, like she can think a man’s thoughts, know what he is thinking. sends me into the next room, waiting room. what do i do here? wait (boy). a woman comes in, bra and panties, blond, maybe she’s slavic. pale skin, she’s not old. in her 20s but so am i. not attractive, to me anyway, not attractive, heavy, eager, deodorised smelling, but not clean. cleaned like a bad smell had been wiped away with a utilitarian chemical a moment before, off that fair skin that blotched because it was too dry. rushes up beside and talks in a whisper, sexy whisper like a little girl trying to be sexy, *hi what’s your name?* rick. i can’t remember hers. i think she told me. i probably asked, just to be nice, i so wanted to be nice. *rick, do you want to have sex with me?* no i didn’t. can i say no? do i get a choice, what is the system here? is it a shop, do i have to act like it’s real and care about someone? i so wanted to be nice, i didn’t want to, i should have said no. i was there to see if it could work for me, i didn’t want her at all but maybe i should have, i wanted to do the right thing. i said yes i want to have sex with you. i was whispering like the fake sexy child playing along. for whose satisfaction? not mine. she led into the room, just a room, more of that antiseptic smell, i remember towels on the bed, not sheets, a spa tub in the corner. took the money, said *come over here*, turns on a spotlight fixed to the wall. i’ve taken my pants off, she wants to check my cock to see if it’s diseased i guess, she’s got a serious look on her face like she knows what she’s doing. she knows what she’s doing, she knows what she’s looking for. i must look questioning coz she says *we like to see what we’re getting*, with a smile like she’s talking about checking out a treat, trying to be nice. i see my limp dick in her hand under a reading lamp, inspected in the corner of a room in a brothel by a train station. she gets a condom to put on me; i’m so limp it won’t go on, i’m not getting harder, it’s not going to work. she says *let’s forget about that, i reckon you’re clean*, like the condom bit was making me soft. no. gotta keep going, get all my clothes off, her too, we kiss, i’m faking it, gently stroking her body, back sides of her breasts, gentle controlled, assured like i’m liking it, done it before, this is what gets me off, smiling, small kisses. but i’d flicked a switch and the machine

was doing it. she's whispering again, saying how sexy i am, how much i'm turning her on, she'd like a boyfriend like me, gentle (yeah i'm so fucking gentle and soft, where i should be hard) and i'm soft and getting softer and more scared-cock all the time because i can't fake that, because i'm here trying to do what's right, to please someone else not me, not willing to find out out a yes or a no, hiding again, i so wanted to be nice, to bargain with the whole thing so it wouldn't hurt me. i paid the dough but still was the kid. she says i'm not getting hard, tired? yeah, any excuse. she doesn't want me not to be so she's gonna work my cock with her hand she doesn't want it to be soft. that's not right, it's bad. she works it hard, i've got to make it work, so i think of fantasies, guys, cocks, fetishes, i shut my eyes, so i can pretend the room and her isn't there, just keep thinking of men, till there's some meat and the rest is just friction and i come, and she says *good, because i didn't want you to leave dry, i'll run the spa, normally it's extra but for you it's ok, you're a gentleman, do you have a girlfriend? have you done this before?* looking at me hard the whole time, examining, looking for an explanation. and i leave, walk past the madam, smile, and she does that wink that her eyes were made for, and i walk out the door with the smile that had been painted on my face the whole time. painted by me, to hide behind

the other one said i was a nice lover and made her come twice. i don't know if that was true. i'd liked her the first time so i came back again when i knew she was working. she was pretty, philippino, a scar on her belly that i asked about, she said it was from an operation to remove the womb, birth control, a career decision, i may have been shocked, may have shown that. she said it was ok, it was common in the philippines, was a cheaper way to not get pregnant. she didn't care about me being limp, asked about it, did it happen often (yes), said her boyfriend was the same till he went to the doctor and got vitamin pills to increase the hormones, she said *just ask for vitamins for the hormones. because there's nothing wrong with you, you're a nice lover you made me come twice.* but i hadn't noticed that, i thought maybe i just didn't know what it was like to see a woman come. i wondered about her boyfriend, what it might be like for him having a pretty philippino girlfriend with a scar on her belly over where her womb had been, who accepted his impotence, and who worked as a prostitute to someone like me and the older businessmen who i'd seen in the waiting room who smelled of stale cigarette smoke and didn't wear the idiot smile that i had because they didn't care about pleasing anyone other than themselves

so i learned to fake it, go through the motions, a regime, a rigmarole

there was an old guy, prissy dressed middle aged neat conservative society established bridge-playing. i'm speaking so quiet like i've never spoke before, almost inaudible some sort of kitten voice. i didn't want to talk, but he thinks it's cute, comments on it, talks about my little voice, i want him to lose interest but it's not going to happen, so i keep going, trying to avoid with i don't knows, not sures maybe nots, but for him it's me being coy and he's hooked so so am i. excited because i'm young, in the taxi going back to his place touching my hand sneaky smiles, hiding them and his fondling hand from the driver, we've got a secret. out of the cab into his flat, it's just like him. neat conservative society established bridge-playing. lead by the hand into the bedroom, like a child. he's the naughty uncle, the bed, high, pink lace edgings on the pillows, and the sheets, a dolly's bed, not a man's, the smell is too sweet, too close, effeminate, he's undressing me like unwrapping a gift, untying bows, fondling ruffling tissue paper, fake timid then fake puppy rough, the skin on his cheeks is smooth, old cheeks, too soft, sloppy kisses, slobber, romantic moans, on top of me, sweet talking: *what do you want to do, rick?* it's your

night. like it was my birthday or something. i said nothing, so it keeps going, looking at the ceiling, there's a white cornice, ornate, listening to his sounds, imagining like he's faraway or in the next room and i'm here alone just listening to the sounds, waiting for them to stop because then someone will come in and tell me i can go. and i could have said stop, i'm afraid, or it's not working, or sorry but i've got to go, and lie to get away with a promise to call. but instead i keep going because it's the right thing to do. finish what i'd agreed to. i don't want to displease. he wants me to come so i do because i can do that and that's what he wants and i know that will end it and so he comes and it stops and it's late and i should go now. and he says *goodbye* and *thankyou* (don't thank me) and *it's late, get a taxi, here's some money*. no i don't want money, it's fine, train is ok or maybe i'll get a cab, but it's not that expensive. no. *please take the money, even if its more than a cab, just take it, just have the money. from me*. no. *please take it, i want you to have it*. no. *think of it as a gift*. no. *please take it*. i don't remember if i took it or not, but it didn't make any difference by then

– i went back to the carnival, sideshow alley. it seems such a secret place, scary when i was young, then scary in a different way when i got older, teenage scary, secrets like sex you shouldn't know about but which happened all the time. all the time working your curiosity. i always knew that there was something dangerous there. if you want it, you can get it, do the dealing, pay the money. so one night i showered and dressed, combed my hair till it was sharp, put on the smartest shirt i had and went there, late, a hot still night and walked up and down, threw a few balls, played a few of the laughing clowns, chucked some coins, just to pass the time till it got later and later coz i knew that eventually someone would come, would find me there, waiting, looking for something, loitering they call it. if a lamb stays out in the open long enough, something will swoop down and get it, the naive liting patch will arouse something's hunger, curiosity. so it got later and people left and the stalls began to close, and the stall holders saw me and kept on with what they were doing, packing it all up for another night, to set up for the next evening then pack it up when the people had finished the fun and gone home. not going to ask me why i was hanging around, what i wanted, they just kept going about closing up. not going to see what they knew i was looking for. let it slip into darkness, invisibleness. then she came out and spoke to me, the lady from the undersea show, the mc who spruked the crowd to get them in to see the secrets that were hidden in the tent behind the luridly painted entrance. i'd heard guys talking about her, saying you could pay. she'd been watching me wandering up and down all night. *lonely? curious? want to come in and see the show, no charge, it's the end of the night, don't worry that you're too young for the show, you look grown up enough to me*. wink, knowing, like she knows what's in a boy's head. the undersea show, tacky stupid show, like something from years ago when porn always had to have a vaudeville edge, a murky aquarium, mermaids in tanks, topless of course, long hair, large breasts with tiny seashells over the nipples, that image of sirens with their wild savage eyes, but helpless, legless bodies, white belly torsos leading down down to where the sexstarved guys hope they'll see a bit of pussy but slipping teasingly inside a sheath of fishscales just above her crotch. but the show was over for the night and the women

were getting out of the tanks and peeling off their fishtails revealing legs and underwear, panties, black or fake skincoloured some sexy but most plain and functional for a long night's work. and these women seeing me then looking through me like the stallholders outside, eyes resigned behind the pearldrops and tiaras in their mermaid hair. her face had the same look as them, her face big made up lips and eyes, shiny aqua sparkles in the eyeshadow, to recall scales and strings of green and silver in her wild tangled hair to be like seaweed, but wearing a dark satin dressing gown, because the show was over and she'd got out of the sequined gown that was her workdress. she's drinking whiskey, looks at me looking. *want one boy? reckon you could do with a drink.* and i do, knock it back because the ruby coloured blur it gives is what i need to keep going. jump in boy, it's gonna be scary, just jump. maybe you'll smash, but it won't hurt when you hit the ground if you get that ruby haze. drink. i took out the money i brought and didn't say anything, just put it on the table. drink another, she smiles, no, smirks, but doesn't say anything, looks at the money, looks at me, takes the money, turns and casually puts it in a box that's on a shelf somewhere behind where she's sitting. *have another drink, boy, it's gonna be special for you tonight.* drink. me again, then her, a big shot knocked back. black patches and ruby haze. she makes the light so dim and i can't see anything, then my eyes adjust, vague shapes in darkness. she pours two more. drink. hand runs through my hair, down my chest, over my crotch, a hard touch. i don't remember the next bit, it's like a black patch then the scene starts again. we're outside with the bottle, she swigs, gives it to me, i swig, we sit down on a bench near the tents, no one around. blackout. *you can be my merboy,* she says. blackout. my head's hanging down till a hand comes under my chin and lifts up my face and i feel greasy lipstick lips, false eyelashes, smell greasepaint colour spangle pancake eyeshadow, feel a tongue press into my mouth and search around. *give up to it boy.* blackout. she's lying on her back on the bench naked and i'm naked too lying on top of her, looking into her face, seeing now the big made up eyes with the fantastic colours and lashes, and the lips and face paint and i can see how thick it is, but an expression in the eyes, simple, like a doll, just looking at me, like she's not sure what i'll do, almost scared because in the moonlight i see that her body is a man's, hard and muscly like a fighter's, firm chest, taught arms and thighs and a cock, and there are no curves or breasts or shadows or mysteries, just strength, brutal, hardpolished. and something in me panics and wants to cry because this is so wrong, the head of one thing on the body of another, a freak that i'm having sex with. and this isn't what i wanted but i kept going because this is where i'd put myself so i had to follow through with it but i shut my eyes because i couldn't look at the woman's face anymore because i knew what was behind it. and what kept me going was when i felt the body, i kept thinking that it was probably what yours was like and if you hugged me, then it maybe it might feel a bit like this. strong reassuring, what i want to be like. what i like most about you

– you went out looking to be abused

– yes

– and you got it, you could have stopped but you went on, deep into the shit with your mouth open. why?

– because of what happened to you

- my fucked up sex life with a catalogue of bad experiences. you want one too. it isn't a competition
- no
- you hear my story about me treating myself like shit and you go out and do the same. i don't want to be your hero if that's what you're gonna do. in fact, i don't want to be your hero, or role model or anything like that no matter if it's good stuff or crap that you copy. don't try to steal my life and have my experiences. have your own, not mine. mine are mine not yours
- i wasn't doing that. i just wanted to be close to you
- do you really want to be me? what you are yourself is so much better. do you think the shit i sought was good, that it's made me great?
- no, i couldn't bear the thought of you going through all that and i wished i could have been there with you, so i could have helped you to stop it or get away or even to have at least been there with you so you weren't alone in it. i thought that if i could feel what you felt then somehow i could take some of the pain away from you, share it. i wish it had never happened to you, but it did so at least if i was feeling it with you, then you'd feel it less
- you can't halve a pain or a past experience
- i want to change the past, it was my way of fighting it
- you want to fight by taking on the degradation, throwing yourself into the dark hole that you think you see in me? you can't change my past because it's what i am now. it's my body
- i'd change places with you to take the pain away from you
- except that you can't. in some things we're completely alone, and the past is one of them. it's my past and i don't want you wallowing in it. i don't me wallowing in it, and i probably was when i told you about it, so i'm sorry because i probably drew you in but i don't want that to happen. i shouldn't have told you about it
- i'm glad you did
- but what you did doesn't bring us closer, it doesn't make me love you more, or less likely to stop being your friend if that's what you're afraid of. i don't want to suffer with you. what i came here for was to find some sort of freedom, simplicity, to find out what i want because that's what i've never done which is why my past is so unsatisfactory to me. i can't say how good or bad yours was but you should listen to what it says to you instead of listening to mine
- but i can't face mine. yours at least belongs to someone i know. i don't know who i am, where i'm from. my past is a mystery to me more than the future or anything else, because the more i look at it the more it's hidden
- that's because you can't accept it
- i can accept your past because it belongs to someone i love, but not my own
- sometimes i think i dream your past. the river, this place, a bright light

– is that how it was?

– i don't know. only you can know that

yeah he said *love you too* so he said that again so i would say to him *yes you do love me* but not with the singleness when it's just one thing when just one thing is love is made up of bits of things like the recurring images of things frozen. list with breaks. there's another conversation. write it

HIS MOTHER OR FATHER

it's in a letter from his mother or father, i don't know which. it starts *dear peter i don't know where you'll be when you read this, and no idea where i'll be either, it's been a long time and i bet that you're still so sore about me leaving you. you won't ever understand why, i don't either, but i knew it was my only choice at the time. i know that there's always more than one choice, that's a logic of life, but then it seemed that any other possibility would be wrong, so wrong for me, and that it would end in such a mess that i had to do that thing of running away so that things would be alright. were things alright? maybe not. are you a man now or a teenager? i wanted your nana to decide when to pass this on to you, because she's be one who knows you best. i think she understood why i ran. today i'm leaving you with your nan because i can't stay here any more. i love you, don't ever doubt that if you can be that strong i hope you can, but if you can't its ok. we're not strong, were just people like insects stuck here in our lives like mosquitoes frozen in iceblocks. there's all these other places you could be other lives you could live but we're encased inside our own worlds, completely single worlds where things are fixed to be just a certain way, this way not that way. what would happen if it all thawed and suddenly the things in my world could start being like the things in your world or his or who knows whose world but different to the way they work in my world and always have. can you make the world new like that, that's what i wanted for you peter, so i ran, because i'm just one thing throughout and i didn't want you to be encased in that*

– what was i like as a baby?

– small soft loud keen hungry bright your hands were tiny little fists i imagined you held something in them stars he is spinning in space like a satellite my child passing over the rooftops and mountains he is big like the moon and looks through half shut eyes at the passing landscape. he thinks a stream and it is there, then a cabin and a road with white stripes and a field of pumpkins and they all come laid out below him like memories one by one until he reaches the lake and it stops

– you stop it

– your life is too precious

– yeah, but not for me

– it will be on day peter, you'll understand. swim to me

am i older or younger. i'm 15 years old in the picture but what am i now a child or an adult? i'm swimming in my clothes the water is freezing, i'm swimming towards you it's dragging at my wet clothes but i'm still going i'm ok here

QUIVER

fear, betrayal, penetration, open or closed actions, here stopping short of where i want to go through to

– i saw it flicker the metal butterfly flicker wings in the wind, shimmer shimmer bright specks in the half dark city wind smell it is here now will be gone but is not gone still here still here each bit follows and is gone it isn't gone, here but not here. he's in front of me but not in front of me connected as is here but then is not here with but not with me i touch and he's there now he's not if i go through you will be gone you stop being you, you're not there now. what am i afraid of, if i act towards you then you disappear i explode into you come out the other side into space you were a wall that vanished when i touched it, you i rushed you and you were there then i was out the other side of you starry sky no ground i was alone, there was a remnant of you behind me i could have turned and might have seen you your back but maybe not it was gone the moment passed can't go back, turn around turn around and see his back disappearing into black, suede going into suede velvet not with surface just the depths of space, swing around. no. go back to the start he's there go through i'm not afraid this time. why? just not. go go go go go. it flickers and welcomes me now go go go it is the yes place spread the sheer surface of the place glass plate spreading before me spread out in the sky like the firmament of christ's blood. ha. i saw the brooch in the half dark street light dark, that flickers coz of the wind that's so strong and the smell it has a smell of openness, it was too quick for me to see and it seemed real alive real, with the speed of an insect's wings, with the fragility of something just dead, the split second after killing. edge of vibrancy. it quivers. that was wind that night how was time there was none, the wind was strong and might have blown me over if i let it i wanted to let it almost so i caught myself and then i took her arm and we walked together upstream step by step, and watched the papers and leaves go up and around in spirals, it was a wind from somewhere else it brought the wilderness with it, across the traffic, through the gaps between the cars

this is he city which is rick's memory. or the man's

how do i see him?

don't

peter ties the dumbbells to his ankles makes them fast and tight, he's by the hole in the ice, he stands before the hole and looks in for a moment just looks in, nothing happens, then he jumps down, he's gone through going down, looks up to the frozen surface above luminous flat white blue sheet above with the hole that he jumped through, ice cold going down looking up deep into the water, tiny bubbles passing him going up as he goes down, gets darker, faint shapes around. stops here, doesn't hit the bottom this time, that's for later

his blue body dead frozen on the shore, colour like the ice ceiling, corpse like the woman in the diorama, washed up, eyes shut, like sleeping

the mystery of affliction that he chooses, a jealousy of anyone else who might enter this space, as big as the world, to suffer with him, to be close as close as inside his skin, to be afraid together to have bad things together, to have the pain and fear, smell each other in this space, alone together no one else in this space that no one else can enter because it is the privacy of fear that can't be shared with any one else. he sees his face and he sees his and it's faces that have the want to see each others pain. to fall into each others dark space. where am i from? he falls into his father's dark space. where am i from? afraid to want to penetrate, be penetrated by one another. they enter each other. his father binds him to something, he wants it, it makes him come. his father ties his ankles. being fastened in. ricks memories, bondage. his father ties his shoes

they're going for a drive and talking, there's a highway out of the front windscreen, and out of the back window, they're talking about the times rick's driving and peter's in the passenger seat looking at him as he drives, he can't take his eyes off him, looking to see the man, who's talking remembering. what's he talking about? *when i was a kid we went to a national park not far from where we lived, well a few hours drive from the city. there were bears there that was the attraction we didn't see any, there were fir trees in the forest, bird boxes in the trees snow, buses of school kids, cars in the car park, sludge, smell of coffee from park shop, signs and maps on notice boards, danger, but only till 5.00 when we left*

she makes him eggs for breakfast. he's at the table and she circles him, he doesn't look. he's smiling, he feels her movement around him, he's nine, in the shirt like his father's, she sees the back of him, the back of his neck, she smells it, warm boy smell, sandy blond. wooden table, dresser, describe the kitchen, she delivers the eggs from the pan onto the toast on his plate. i can see the way she carefully lifts them with the spatula so as not to break the yolk, looking at them her eyes follow them to his plate, perfect eggs

MARTHA

– she walks between the trees in the forest that's the forest he went as a kid in my dreaming, she's there like a spirit so white i don't see her face but there's a sound of whispering not human round us here. martha, a new one here now is that his mother's name? blond waving hair, this is not her not really because it's faint, she was sharp, fizzing, a woman with a surface, friction heat, sizzling throughout atmosphere martha, her name doesn't suit her, too staid she was fast, people would look because her sound broke the space they were in. glass iceblock, bubbles, she is of that edge, thus her attraction to it, she's here then she's not. tingling on the edges i want to get out of my skin, like i'm covered in lice or crabs, i want to scratch my outer layer off. that's how she made me feel, a scalding hot shower, her voice not smooth at all, right there on me, going over my face and hair, scratching my back, hard rub down all over my shoulders and chest. she's in pale colours, always she'll be seen, nothing receding here. she plays tossing a ball from her fingertips, i don't know to who, or hitting it with the flat of her palm, bang, she ain't holding it for a moment, bang, off to the next guy, that's what i said but maybe that's not true, my fear, always thought she'd be gone and one day she was, back to that night, always comes to me, seeing her she was so pretty that night, i remember her laughing the whole time, excited and looking all over the place for something for the next shock to thrill to. her hair wavy, lighter than usual, pale sandy, light with air in it warm, summer air, that's thin coz its night time, light blue eyes, her skin clear like apples, i could smell her breath, she hardly looked at me, not in a bad way, not nervous, didn't need to keep looking she knew i was there so she was looking out into the fun, and feeling me around her, and everything else as well. talking fast *let's do the rota*, and the slides, and ferris wheel and the roundabout and the shooting gallery *yes the shooting gallery*, and i was a good shot, so she pushed me *go go, get me a prize, honey, shoot me a prize*. and so i did, bullseye, bullseye, so easy, i was a good shot, and she could have chose anything there from the stand but she picked this thing that took her eye, i didn't know what it was but she saw it and wanted it. a tall glass jar or tube with a small glass ball floating there inside it, suspended like a bubble that slowly rose through the tube when you turned it round, like an hour glass but going the other way, all clear, a ball caught in a shaft, a moon in a tube, a perfect sphere. and the next day she was gone, just couldn't stay, not even another hour *sorry honey but i've got to go*, through scratchy light tears *i just can't do it anymore, it's just me, not you, just me*. and i was left with a bubble in a jar, that slowly rose through a narrow shaft, like the moon moving inside a band of cloud that i saw outside my window once. so pretty

pearls, over the shore, her clit, her landscape, in the sea diorama. we dive for them, for their lustre, it has a smell, like skin that's become angelic

ALICE UNDISCLOSED

there's a garden she made it was of the one just made that's enough not more made started then finished just touched on a cliff some rocks moss on the rocks near the sea on a cliff a bench nearby the lot that's it that's all nothing more the act is done it's finished the garden it's here her name is alice got it ha from nowhere somewhere alice she had no family now she has a family that's his grandmother's name alice. white some grey just made here just here elegant simple enough eyes between sad and happy, caring and aloof, hungry and hopeless, liking and disdain, knowing and bored, alice in alice, alice and peter like satellites circling each other not touching but seeing silent, there's a start but there's also the next node but that's undisclosed yet

WHY HIDDEN

- you keep yourself in darkness so i can barely see you. no one can see you actually. i can't see you, it's more that i know what you're like. i can sense you now, but i still can't see you. why hidden?
- i like it this way. secure. i know it, no one else does. it feels soft and warm
- you seem sinister about it now
- yes. i didn't mean to be
- but it's there
- i guess so. i can be sinister here and no one knows it, so it's ok. everywhere else, i can't be like this, i have to be nice or good or worthy, or under control, keeping this thing you call sinister, underwater
- underwater
- yeah, underwater
- you're rejecting me. for the first time. i'm glad of that
- because the for the first time you wound up saying what everybody else always has. telling me i've got to be ok, and lose this energy in me. but what if this energy is good and is really me, is really what god wants me to be, it's so strong, in a way that nothing else is. why the fuck should i get rid of it?
- at what cost to you do you keep it? i don't want you to hurt yourself, but what the fuck, you keep on hurting yourself, so what can i do to stop you, it's what you want. i wish you'd get it together. i don't want you to lose it. i want you to accept it and use it for something else
- what else is there for me? it's a beast growing all the time, and maybe it's great to be like this, with this force directed outwards
- more directed at breaking you into nothingness
- oh jesus fuck
- yeah
- yeah. don't start fucking caring about me. just watch me
- then just show me and don't ask for my caring by not showing me but just telling me how disturbing it all is
- i never said disturbing
- no, but everything but that word. small details, bits of images in the darkness, i can fill in the dots, but it's a method designed to provoke concern
- how willing are you to watch? you ask questions, then you back off
- i'm willing. i'm not going to judge you. what would i be offended by. jesus, you don't trust

- i trust you
- you don't trust yourself. that's why you hide it. i'm not going to come in and get it. you've got to come out and show it to me
- do you know what i do at the carnival?
- no
- i'm in the undersea show
- you went back to the madam?
- i never told you how that story ended
- i didn't let you
- no. you didn't
- i was angry. i'm sorry. i'll listen now
- she asked me to be in the show. the merboy, one of the displays with the women in the windows. i said i would, but that i wouldn't have sex with her again. she was afraid, she agreed. i wanted to be there, there was something that took me there in the first place
- secretive dark hidden. what more could you want. who sees you there?
- people. but never anyone who knows me
- how?
- they won't recognise me
- i would
- you would. but that because i'd let you
- those women, in the windows, they're for hire?
- isn't everything for a price
- are you?
- not personally, but there've been men who've paid to see me fuck one of the women. they get turned on at the sight
- at what sight?
- of what i'm wearing, of what i fuck them with. i'm a sea monster
- king neptune's son. is it hard? to be watched?
- i'm always drunk, so no
- or yes
- you've been watched

- it wasn't me being watched. just my actions
- so same here
- i always felt especially invisible at those times when someone was watching me. i was just a shell, not vulnerable at all, a machine, a principle, a shape. something in the space where i was but not me
- where were you then if you weren't in your body's space?
- i was a distance off, watching. not really, but that's how it seemed
- what did you see?
- i saw a man, well dressed, in a park by a stone wall in a city

BUBBLE

it starts with a bubble a single bubble underwater in a stream moving upwards slowly in the water, maybe in slow motion, against a background of deep grey green water, depth. smaller bubbles and flecks go through the water too. muffled underwater sound

i float down here too, not knowing what i am or want, i gave up and am in confusion now, my choice. what happens when i hit the surface? there is only peter, a man turns off his computer, rick leaves, peter opens the box of things from his father, the fish is caught and cut up in a fish shop, taken away by an old lady. is this the end of the story?

what does he see when he hits the surface? how does the world look? will it look the way it does in the man's dream of peter as a child, in those dialogues, a wild world, savage, the light is different, moisture in the air

there are two people in the water, the man with the dream child peter and the older adolescent peter, both risk drowning, did the child peter drown?

each person is in his own bubble isolated, some yearning to get inside another, get inside their skin skin of the bubble. it's the skin of our bodies our selves, but also the skin that encloses each of our own personal isolated worlds of experience and memory. do peter and rick manage to penetrate each others skin?

bubbles

peter as adolescent alone drowning himself in water

peter as child in the man's dream

peter with rick as young men

peter as a baby in the recollection of his mother

peter as a man in the imagination of his father

peter's mothers' story

peter's father's story

peter's grandmother, and the fish

peter with his grandmother

murphy in the shack

uncle

maria, the girl with the thick auburn hair

are there more?

the structure is changing it's less defined, interweaving now time is different directions, bits are hidden in different lockers in the stories

DIFFERENT

- you want to trap me here
- yeah
- with you
- yeah. everyone else leaves me. i don't want you to leave me too
- what's so good about me?
- you're hard. like a polished stone. you can take me. no one else can. they all go, they're not strong enough. you're not scared of me
- should i be?
- other people are
- you sure of that?
- they always wind up seeing the same thing in me, the intense thing
- what is it?
- don't know. it's me just me. it all boils down to that, the one thing that i really am
- one thing throughout? yeah, i can take you, you are that intense thing that you see yourself as, but that's not all you are. what i liked about you when i met you was that you seemed fresher than anyone else round here. i didn't know what to expect of you, but everyone else, i knew what they'd say to me, how they'd react, what they'd suggest. but not you. even if it comes down to you being a fractured soul, you're not that one thing you think you are
- what was i like?
- funny
- i don't think i'm funny
- you don't know how naive you are, but you wouldn't
- i don't understand
- it's alright. you know i can't be here forever
- why?
- coz this is where i came for a change, though nothing really did. not really
- we met
- sure
- i don't know what to do next

- sing? i dunno. give me something to leave with
- i want to understand why you've been with me
- you're very different
- yeah
- you want to get inside me. inside my skin. i want to let you in. no one else can go there
- but you're like an adventure. anyone would want to go there
- it's private. you don't know how private
- like the box of stuff from my father that's just got bits and pieces of things in it that's not worth anything or doesn't mean anything to anyone, just the debris of his life in it and i don't even know what it means or if it means anything to me
- ok. why me?
- you smell like my father, your hair does. what i remember of him
- what does my hair smell like?
- a bit musty, not bad. a dull brown smell
- do you like the smell?
- yes, a lot. do you mind?
- i'm happy for you to get that close
- what do you see inside me?
- it's the landscape where you were a kid, you're in there too, the trees the water, the river the ice the chairs by the ice the hole in it. you're there fishing, the birds in the trees the clouds on the horizon over the hills, the smell of the water in the air the light the colours flared, pale, harsh, fresh. what do you see in me?
- a city at night. fish swimming through the air, smoke fumes, burning car shells, warzone, soldiers, your father tied you in to make you safe, you smelt his hair when he lent forward
- my father abused me. he tied me up, tied my hands and feet and sucked my cock
- that's terrible
- he was in the army, that had been done to him. i don't like the memory, but i get turned on by it. i don't want to
- it turns me on too, not in my head but in my body. i saw him tying your shoelaces
- yeah, well he did that too, like any other dad. it's no big deal
- what was he like?
- he had big hands, dark hair, a big man, strong, protective, wide shoulders, serious eyes. dark grey blue

- eyes. he looked into mine so deeply when he did his stuff. i felt safe with him
- where is he now?
 - i don't know. he left. he probably got ashamed and couldn't face any of us anymore. no one ever talked about it
 - you didn't say anything?
 - no
 - i understand. it's funny how you don't say anything
 - what's there to say? i missed him. what's in your father's box?
 - a shirt, a glass tube thing with a bubble in it, a letter, a comb, books, one of them's a dictionary, a few bullets, no gun, a ball of string. the shirt fits me
 - do you wear it?
 - sometimes
 - i'd like to see you in it
 - sure
 - i'd like to see you dress as your father, then go out with you and watch you

THE OTHER SIDE OF GOD

– from the moment you're born as a man you face rejection. even before that from the moment the cells from into something that has a sex and it's male it's from then. it's like from that moment nature is trying to get rid of you, extinguish you, get rid of any trace and from then on in every moment it's the same fight. just to be here, to have a place, a voice, a presence, to prove your worth, to have a worth. and it gets bigger, all the way up to wars where we have to be annihilated, scores of men reduced to nothing, removed, and more coming forward to be removed in turn. and at the end the tomb is empty, there's not even a body left, we're completely extinguished, no bit of dna left to leave a mark that we were ever here. war's a thing made by women to clear us out leaving the pick of the contestants for them. there's this war in every cell of our bodies, this looming thing that says at your very basis you shouldn't be here. and to challenge that and not accept being forced out is the war and it's never ending

the thing in him that says this speaks without a voice. in this silence demand to hear it, demand to make it visible, show its face, force it out then ride it like a savage bronco. the salmon fly out of the shrine in scores and i go with them in streams, upstream through the air, like the ribbons of traffic lights through the air up the roads; zillions of fish eye sperm, fish swimming shooting arrows through the air silver flashes arrows. go with them the alien outsider they don't notice you so you're with them in their slipstream. i don't need to know where i'm going, just follow see where this goes. over the cars, between the trees and city buildings. there's more coming from other sides, other streets joining the torrent, tumbling twisting

WAIT

- the things i don't say to you is where i start. why do you let me know about all this stuff that you do. private stuff. makes me feel strange, involved though i'm not, but i am when you tell it to me. you talk about the women and i imagine that you're doing it all to me. i think
- do you like it?
- yes
- so it's ok
- but what do you want from me. just a pair of ears? i don't think so
- you're my friend
- yes. but extra
- what extra?
- you make me involved you ask questions about it all. real specific questions, details about the sex, what i did, how i felt. i feel you getting inside my skin. it's ok, i like you in there, like a comrade. i don't keep anything from you. you ask that. but it would be safer if you were a bit shut out, safer but not as good
- what do you want?
- you're in control, well, here now you're in control, coz i'm doing that, i can see that right now, putting you on this wise above me pedestal thing, but what do i really want? i want to see it all but i don't want to be touched by it
- i love you
- that seems like an insult now
- you don't believe me
- yes i do
- but
- you ask so many questions, you lead me into this then check it out
- what do i lead you into?
- you set me up for it. you could have just played dumb
- i'm not dumb
- ok, you're not dumb, you could have just listened to my stories, but you laid little clues for me, told me about what you get up to, not the details you never give me the details, but there's always enough suggestion and i can imagine

- you’ve got a vivid imagination
- and you know that, so you just had to put little bits of info down about what you do in this dark secret place, let me guess, made me so curious and little by little i’ve got closer
- so i’m the seducer
- yes, in a way
- why?
- you have to answer that
- the obvious answer is that i’ll lead you astray and eventually you’ll want to have sex with me coz it’ll be a part of my dark mystery
- sounds logical
- i would never hurt you. i don’t believe that i have any sort of influence over anybody, and not something as big as this
- look in a mirror. you’ve got big powers
- no. yes
- yes
- i don’t want to believe it, but it doesn’t offend me the idea that i’m that sort of thing
- what you’ve always wanted to be, a magician behind the scenes
- but what does it get me?
- don’t ask me
- what does it seem to get me and why do you accommodate it?
- seems i want to go there too
- you said about the power of turning a women on so much then leaving before she came and not penetrating her, not even wanting to get hard, factor your own vulnerability out of that, a man in control. it sounded angry
- are you judging me?
- no. i don’t want to be the guy who asked you to open up then tells you you’re a bastard
- did it turn you on what i told you?
- yes
- which bit?
- the image of you taking off your clothes then going down on her, making her crazy then just leaving. i imagined a cold look on your face. sort of 007. that turned me on. when you were telling me about it you had your face so close to mine. like kissing could be the next bit. in my mind anyway. what’s in my

- mind probably isn't what's really going on
- there is something between us
 - what is it then?
 - we're like twins, unidentical ones
 - do i see that and take advantage, make you follow the stuff i do, in your way, to have it fold back on me?
 - seems like
 - how much do you notice? why don't you stop me?
 - i like it
 - don't you feel like i'm perverting you?
 - no more than i am already. you know about my sex stories that happened way before i met you, the setups, videos, porn. i've always wanted to go there
 - and i want to go there with you
 - so i like telling you about it. i want you to see me
 - i'd like to watch you. hear what you say. that would turn me on
 - do you really want to watch me? if i could accept that you could see whatever i do and not judge it then i could do it
 - i couldn't judge it any harder than i judge myself. you wouldn't judge what i do
 - no, because wanting to see it whatever it is is much greater than the fear to exclude any of it
 - i want to see what you do, what your fantasies are
 - i'd hope it turns you on
 - we've talked about things
 - i've held back on most of it. right now seems like it'd be easier to show you and not have to talk about it
 - you're not as verbal as me
 - true
 - you judge your speaking more than anything else
 - i don't like my voice
 - talk with mine then, pretend you're me talking about what you've done
 - i want you to take me with you so i can see you having sex. but first, i want you to come with me and watch me and describe what i do back to me later

so what does he see? peter watches rick have sex with a guy in a park at night. what does he see in him when he comes? he just says what he sees. they drive together to a park. peter talks to rick describing what he's wearing, how it feels, the colour of his shirt, the cut of the jacket, the shine of the leather, how it sits on his shoulders, how the fabric of his pants hugs his legs, the set of his eyes, the smell of the oil in his hair, the slight curl of his lips, his tongue resting against the roof of his mouth, his fresh shaved cheeks, his hands holding the steering wheel as he drives, the lights from oncoming cars washing across his face, how he doesn't blink much, how he slowly brings the car to a halt by the curb and turns off the engine. how he walks across the grass toward a stone wall to where he's seen a man in a uniform waiting half hidden in the shadow. how he runs his hand over his crotch and slowly unzips his fly and takes out his cock for the other man to kneel in front of. how his breathing comes faster, quietly deeper, and how his eyes shut looking inward then open and stare ahead like they're blind then blink and flicker like they've seen a galaxy of suns born in an arc across the night sky

WATCHING

rick met the soldier at the memorial at night. cenotaph, empty tomb. why is that so relevant to him?

how do the lights flare at night but the faces are brightly lit reflected light, stuff further away in the background. movement trams carlights in the stream of traffic along the road the river. up close it's a flare white bright blocking out bits of the other stuff. this brightness is in the smell too in the air, sharp, up front, in your face hard, like cold water. a lizard licks the air. tasting the wind, the change in the weather. the flame in the night. the soldier is there, rick's been waiting

what happens when a bubble hits the surface?

peter's watching, but he couldn't be coz this is in the city where he's never been. peter watches rick sleep, by the sea, but that's another place he's never been. he talks to him while he sleeps

what is rick like? he flickers in and out of the picture. i saw him in the flame

really? how?

dancing movement, then it changed and started to tell a story, more formed, shaped static, cuplike

your controlling this a lot tonight aren't you?

yes, it's been a while and i'm not sure if i ain't faking it

fake it

ok, but i want you to talk

i'm tired

how can you be tired?

you don't see that i'm real. you think i'm just a bit of imagination. but i am just like anything else that's here. changing transient, i still don't understand your expectations of me. we gotta struggle, yeah?

no. i don't want to struggle with you anymore. funny how i knew it was you, what is your quality? a certain shaking energy, unstable exciting, like you're here and not here, vanishing to reappear just next to where you were

WITHOUT ATMOSPHERE

world without atmosphere, i took the world and removed the atmosphere to see what i could see then, see what things looked like without that muffling security and safeness

– you're a carnival, that's what you're like

what's that like? walk around it, all the various shows, rides, sideshows, sounds, movements, bells, sprukers, horns, sirens, carrousel music, coloured lights, spooky laughter

and how does the carnival transform when the atmosphere is removed. no air no sky no roof over no sound. giant space station with no gravity pieces floating around airless. clowns animals children floating spaceless moving silent glide the gaps between them different to what would be if we were in the normal world but here closer and further with no grammar in the way they are with each other. clown in striped suit ferris wheel circus tent carriages from ghost train camel elephant woman dressed as mermaid giraffe little girl in blue dress with white spots lion tamer crystal ball flags fairy floss on stick coloured balls horse from roundabout sawdust playing card (seven of diamonds) distorting mirror lion in cage fishes shooting gallery hoop gun trombone board with numbers painted on it drum fortune teller moon wolf

40 WOMEN

the Undersea Show. a sideshow alley show that would come with the carnival every summer. a series of windows like in an aquarium, each a diorama with a different woman inside. each a different story of the sea with a different actress. a different fantasy and a different fate. different for each woman and each of the men who watched with their faces half lit in the darkness of the gangway they moved along in silence. and her name is 40 women

first window. a mermaid on the rocks. long hair, large breasts with tiny seashells over the nipples. shiny aqua sparkles in the eyeshadow, recalling scales and strings of green and silver in her wild tangled hair to be like seaweed. the image of a siren with her scared savage eyes, but helpless legless body, white belly torso leading down down to where you hope you'll see a bit of pussy but slipping teasingly inside a sheath of fishscales just above her crotch

second window. a naked woman moulded in sand on the beach, her form barely emerging from the folding of the dunes, winkle shells for nipples and oyster shell tucked into the sand for the just there vagina as she erodes and is washed by the tide, she dissolves and becomes more bare, more stripped away. seen in the moment just before she is gone forever

third window. the sunken treasure chest from a pirate's galleon. lid open full of pearls with the woman buried as if bathing in them, her skin lustrous like the pearls, her legs and arms, breasts and neck amongst the orbs that nest against her skin like soft bubbles surrounding every tiny curve of her body while scorpions crawl over the chest. you can look but don't think you can touch

fourth window. a galleon's figurehead. pale golden hair tressed, eyes cast up away from you, her back arched, arms back, breasts forward and bared, the white chiton fallen down to her waist. a greek goddess, but bound a heroine with a patina over her skin of painted timber, old enamel applied by an old man's hand, bits of the paint now flaked showing the grainy salt-bleached wood underneath

fifth window. a deep sea trawling net hauled up and hanging over the deck of a ship, containing its catch of fish with a woman amongst them, the rope netting making a diamond pattern veil through which you can see sections of leg and arm and thigh and cheek and crotch pressed against the rope, surrounded by the flapping fishes' tails and heads

sixth window. a giant oyster open with the grey pink amorphous shape of the creature inside, but as you watch you can make out a suggestion of an eye a mouth a breast a cunt, this thing that changes continually as you watch

seventh window. a foetus in a pink veined rock cave womb, her body tiny but that of a perfectly formed woman floating like an astronaut, curled around her umbilical cord in a coma deep sleep, arms folded and legs bent chastely covering breasts and groin, with children's toys littering the floor of her sea cave. there for her when she wakes in the safety of this vault

eighth window: a flat expanse of wet sand after the tide has receded with two legs protruding from the sand. long legs, a stocking and red shoe on one, moving languid, like drunk, exposed in the daylight, her crotch just covered by the surface of the sand

ninth window. the south pole, sheets of ice over the sea and a woman frozen inside this transparent crystal slab, weightless, this moment caught forever, static, her eyes looking deep into yours, her face inches from yours, so close, her body white, each toe each finger poised, like she's just breathed in

tenth window. a pearl diver, a chinese woman, goggles, snorkel, bikini clad like a james bond girl, but below her flat belly below her navel her thighs dapple and spread into eight. she has the legs of an octopus that sinuously mimic the sea's rhythm and lightly touch the seabed occasionally curling all the way back to reveal the double rows of giant suckers and the beak at the centre of her legs that leads to her stomach

eleventh window. a reclining woman formed in rock in an underwater shelf, her naked body roughly suggested but unmistakably what it is. pores and crevices where tiny fish swim around her breasts and lips, but she doesn't move, isn't bothered by them. sea grass and weed cover parts of the brown body making hair and occasional suggestions of what might have been clothing before she transformed into a reef and became still except for the red and gold anemone that blazes from her crotch fluorescent under this sombre ledge

twelfth window. the drowned woman, washed up on the shore amongst weed and kelp, her body blue and white, crabs nesting in her hair, a redhead, naked like a venus, her skin luminescent, sequined, glittering like pale white coral where each speck of silver is like a star, plankton shimmering from her dead pores, and all you can do is look

thirteenth window. a woven cane cage, arching over and around her, a woman sitting cross legged inside like a yogi, deep in meditation, a crayfish woman with giant cray claws for arms folded in front of her, orange hair, blue spangled eyelids shut in an immobile face that rises above a pair of breasts with blue spangled nipples, armoured by their pristine perfection

fourteenth window. eel hair woman, a medusa, with a mass of writhing coils over her head, each with a snakelike face with yellow bead eyes that exchange complicit glances as they wrap their bodies around each other. she's hiding behind a rock wall peeping at you through a crevice that frames her head and shoulders, her hands placed on the rocky window sill that covers her breasts. come and play with us

fifteenth window. a shape, a just formed trunk with outstretched limbs, flesh pale yellow and smooth like rubber, the shape just suggesting a woman's body, basic hairless like a doll, and at the ends of the arms legs and neck, a flowering of orange red and white tendrils, anemones with their million fingers sightlessly sensing the currents for what they may bring

sixteenth window. inside a sunken crashed car, the lady from a detective novel, femme fatale, waved blond hair under a stetson hat, simple pearl earrings, expensive makeup, a trenchcoat barely covering her body underneath it, naked except for the gold key on a chain around her neck, her hands pressed against the glass where they had stopped banging on the windows as the car sank and the cabin filled with sea water

seventeenth window. a woman being eaten by a shark, the shark and her in an embrace, waist down inside the shark's mouth, her torso stretched out as her arms reach out grabbing the shark's head to force open its jaws, the fury seething in her shoulders breasts and hair, the two in a death roll, a tango, their eyes locked, blazing

eighteenth window. a naked woman, her feet encased in a square concrete block, the victim, arms up waving gracefully in the current, like her ginger hair, eyes shut like she's sleeping, soft white skin covering her buoyant form, a little plump, a picture of innocence

twentieth window. the woman of atlantis, a mosaic priestess from a sunken kingdom, strings of byzantine jewellery in her hair that sits high above a long aquiline nose, high cheekbones and austere lips, jewels and beads woven into the transparent robe that hangs straight from her shoulders over the full orbs of her breasts, down to the proud hips and black triangle of pubic hair, a living mural she has become one with the patterned wall she recedes into

twenty first window. woman in a titanic cabin, an edwardian lady frozen in time, in her stateroom where the tasselled drapes drift in the undersea currents, the elegant furniture weightless slowly moving through the space defying gravity, a table a chaiselonge an open diary a steamer trunk. she floats a pen still in her hand, mid water, mid room, petticoat gently caressing her calf under the skirts of her layered silk evening gown, her bare feet hanging just above the stately carpet

twenty second window. a giant starfish, flipped over to reveal a woman, arms legs and head extended five-point, her body half covered in the white seafood flesh that pillows her, a living mattress that offers her up, open, as if in the palm of a hand, a veritable fruit de mer

twenty third window. amid a haze of sepia ink in the water, a squid woman, flashes a leg a thigh an arm a tentacle a beak a mouth a hand a cunt a nipple, a silver and black eye that appears against the glass for a second and stares deep into yours then is gone again flash into the velvety brown. she will not let you see her clearly

twenty fourth window. inside an oyster, a naked woman trapped inside a pearl, the nacre encasing her in a ball of translucent lustre, layer upon layer that's hardened around her into a solid glow to protect the grey flesh of the oyster from the sharp affront of her beauty

twenty fifth window. a child all in black on the beach, her face turned away, the sky and the sea grey, picking up shells and tiny polished stones and placing them in the brightly coloured bucket she's carrying

twenty sixth window. a barmaid in a sombre tavern in a port town, darkhaired, a hard look in her eyes like she's a guardian of something, arms, body covered in tattoos that tell of the stories of the sea, sunken wrecks, monsters, the names of drowned sailors, a map of buried treasure, part seen part hidden behind the tornoff jeans that hug her hips and crotch and the shirt that's tied in a reef knot between her breasts

twenty seventh window. sailor dolly woman in a striped sailor shirt white sailor cap, tight white shorts over strong thighs and legs that lead down to shiny black shoes on small precise feet. pink cheeks milkwhite skin curly hair rosebud mouth, a 1930's musical starlet who's about to tapdance any minute, against a painted backdrop depicting the deck of a pink and grey warship, guns ablazing, puffy white clouds in a skybue sky. dancer's legs, utter contempt in her gaze

twenty eighth window. pirate woman standing on the carved deck of a galleon, ornate balustrades, rope rigging, the turned spokes of the steering wheel, black eye patch, long auburn ringlets that brush against a scar that runs from the eye patch down her cheek and fades just above a thick sensuous lip, a wooden peg leg, velvet captain's hat and long coat embroidered in gold and silver with emblems of the sea, a cutlass slung low on velvet clad hips, rings on her fingers that slowly drum onetwothree on the timber railing as she watches you with her unblinking eye

twenty ninth window. woman in a bath in her bathroom, images of the sea over the walls wallpaper, shells, starfish, sponges, fish shaped soaps in jars, everything like the colours of pale candy as she shaves her legs, hair gathered up and tied to keep it dry, a few strands hanging wet against her neck and shoulders, the tap

slowly dripping, absorbed in her task, she doesn't notice the bath overflowing or you watching through the window

thirtieth window. a tableau, the birth of venus, full blown bollywood style, complete with scallop shell, ivory skin, flowing hair with a tress held to her crotch to preserve her requisite modesty, and attendant handmaidens, nymphs and cherubs by the score amid a swirling panorama of enchanted waves and groves and grottoes, all done with mirrors that repeat her cryptic smile and her protested virginity over and over into a renaissance mandala

thirty first window. a bathing beauty in white iridescent bathing cap and suit, image of glamour deep in a sea pool the folds of refracted light dancing over her body and walls of the tank as she poses for a perfect photo looking knowingly into your eyes as her hand lightly caresses her throat where just behind her perfect fingers you can see the triple folds of gills

thirty second window. a woman long red hair in swirls around her head shoulders and back totally naked riding a seahorse, laughing intoxicated, her arms and legs wrapped around his spangled neck like she's riding a painted carousel horse on a roundabout, spinning, rocking, undulating, as the tears of pleasure run down her ecstatic cheeks

thirty third window. jelly fish woman, hanging almost static mid water, as much a part of the current as within it, her body completely made of a transparent jelly that fills the rounded form of crystal breasts and curvaceous torso that has tiny twinkling specs and threads through it suggesting organs and arteries and deep within the twin amber glows of her throbbing heart and womb

thirty fourth window. a deep sea diver in canvass suit, lead shoes, brass orb helmet over her head, her face behind the glass window showing blond hair sleepy eyes long lashes, full slightly parted lips, as she walks in slow motion over the deep sea floor like on the surface of the moon, a knife in one hand and a bag of precious coral prized off the seabed in the other. imagine the feel of the canvass suit against her naked body inside

thirty fifth window. a woman in a filmy nightgown splayed on the rocks below a cliff, as the surf washes around the black rocks sometimes moving and lifting the seethrough nightdress. eyes open a slight smile on her lips, her eyes open still focussed to the top of the cliff from where she has jumped. the the suicide note still in her hand, her last words to the sea: take me

thirty sixth window. a whirlpool far out in a lead grey ocean under a silver and black sky, 100 metres across, the water coursing around and downwards. and in the wall of the vortex an arm an eye a turn of hair a thigh a mouth and a cunt a nipple. drawing ships, whales, birds in and down into the bottomless spiral

thirty seventh window. the widow sitting at a barred window looking out to the sea at night dressed in black watching the storm waiting, locked to her chair in this endless vigil, still but for the small regular movement of her fingers passing the beads of a rosary through her fingertips

thirty eighth window. deep sea woman, no eyes no hair no limbs because the pressure and cold and darkness of the depths is so great that she has become just a shape with a gaping mouth and sheathed cunt, an amorphous form but unmistakably primally a woman

thirty ninth window. a woman on a makeshift raft of broken planks tied together with a sail made from the torn remnants of her clothes, a castaway floating on an empty sea flat and windless under a pale sun, her hair bleached and tangled, her underwear barely covering sunburned skin, vacant pale blue eyes that have

been looking over a timeless sea for days, now hopeless

fortieth window. the mad woman on the beach at twilight, pacing on the shore's edge, the wind blowing her hair across her face and eyes, but not able to hide the eyes that tell of what they have seen coming across the waves, the vision of the future that has driven her mad and left her torn open, and available to any man that finds her here

but there's one more window, the uncatalogued one, the boy, the man, king neptune's son, a flat seabed, a few rocks dotting the sand that stretches back infinitely behind but the atmosphere clear like the water's drained away and he is exposed under a pale sun, lying on his side, supported on his left arm, holding a blue trident encrusted with diamonds in his right, his head slightly drooped forward like he's drunk or drugged, a filigree silver crown sitting lightly on his forehead, above downcast hazel eyes with heavy lids. lying naked, languid, light unblemished skin, ivory except for his cock that stands erect, sheathed in red gold and purple folds, the casing of an undersea flower, a bud wrapped with barbed petals, tiny ruby teeth along their edges, a thing that once inside you will open and bloom and fill your blood with a fire that you will never forget, a fire of being known by him and seen by him and blessed, a crown borne deep within

and finally the same scenes, all of them with the same feeling of wonder and awe and blessedness, but all of them empty because the boy and the women have left and gone home for the night because the show is over. this is the second cycle of the trip

APPEAR

i'll wait until your appear
 i will wait until you're here
 i will wait
 what is that screaming i hear?

it's the sound of you

flicker. he flickers in and out of the picture wraithlike like a dream like a fear like a word unfinished half
 word half light half wolf
 shut your eyes and wait for him. it's for him you are waiting
 smell him he's here but hidden now
 he's linear, that's why i can't see him
 new peter the other form of his matured into light, not speaking

i can smell the decay of a dead body, a dead animal. i don't know where this one goes, much more than
 the others, or so it seems

seeeeeeeeeems

screeeeeeeeaaaaaams

it's your voice, it has no words today

why pandora?

*why pandora, ah, well it's like this: she did the real thing the gutsy thing, fuckoff that she was curious, good on her
 i say, and who gives a kid a box then says don't open it? what a load of crap. what's a box for if not to be opened
 and shut*

hard rocky landscape, keeps stopping me, obstacles, rocks, trip over, stumble but still quite comfortable
fuck off quite

this music sounds different tonight

how?

smoother, and his voice is more forward, with more texture reflection colour, thought

*maybe you're listening to it more (instead of writing) fuck off brackets. fuck off correct spelling. fuck off correct
 punctuation*

oh god. tired

yes

no wait come back and keep talking it was you stop come back i can't keep up with you it's you isn't it?
will not speak tonight

the music sounds so different, telling a twisting story, but actually harsher, more definite, more final
funny thing is that this is really what you want to be doing but you keep wanting to avoid it for something more comfortable. like watching tv, something you mostly dislike so much

so much

so much. so muchhhhh...ssooooooo much. oh good come on hbaaa ha ha ha smooth come on baby here now here yes lay it down here now

well?

snake heart. i'll play if you will

i'll play

mean it?

ok

drop your pants

i do it slowly like a stripper, not effeminate, but slow, languid, cowboy denim jeans drop to the ankles and you watch like a schoolgirl

ok

what now?

let me think for a bit

you're playing

yes? and you said you would be too

i still can't see you

i'm not here and you're not concentrating and you haven't said my name

i'm afraid to in case it's not you

and you'd be afraid to be wrong

i'm afraid to be faking you

that's funny, coz i'm not a big believer in my existence. i'm 100% fake

100%. right now, to be 100% seems disappointing. it's less than what i want

it is

i see you better when you're succinct

yes

it's in existence isn't it?

yes

all i have to do is just look

yes

cover my face with my hands

if you want

there's something beyond the white – hard, and clear, this is new, there's no emotion. it's you flickering in and out of the picture, a new clear form, circular, edged, in and out, here and gone. you're still here but in and out of my vision

you're struggling for separation from me

yes. should we unify or separate?

separate

you're always right. i'm beginning to feel cold

put on a jumper, and stop judging this

god, you're funny

just factual

with a good sense of timing, what's happening to me?

brain rerouting, it started with the spiral onwards from full extension stasis thing, i wanted you to get that in writing

ok boss. the music's spacious like i can walk around in it, between its bits

you were talking about music with him this afternoon. a lot. that would be why. funny that it takes me to remind you of that

ok

you're letting me talk now

yes

we're dancing together. do you get that?

i do, it's a spiral dance slow, old fashioned, a pavanne? formal, paced. i don't really understand this. how i can talk to you

i've always wanted to have a form that fitted me but it was never possible because i existed in bits, come with me to a junkyard there's bits of cars lots of them, grey and dusty here, grass growing up between the steel hulks, crumpled car bodies, acres of them, i'm here, somewhere. someone pushed a car radio button and there's sound, faint, music and talk, inconsequential, passing through

what do i do with this place?

people it

how

start by describing me

black shaggy hair, thin, not skinny, a little taller than me, fair skin but not pale, some freckles, green hazel eyes, straight nose, serious eyes, steady, good teeth, a slight gap in the front ones, slight hunch in your posture, black jeans, not tight fitting, no top on, no jewellery, something round your wrists though, hairless, a little hair around your navel above your belt, that's black too, nice smile, you squint when you smile, voice soft, not quiet, not quite husky, but with a definite texture to it

i saw his form retina burned as a soft shadow form on the wall now gone now here again if i look then look away quickly. it's in the reflective eyes downcast and to the left inwards backwards in time inturning away, that's how he turns it in his head then it sucks him inside and backwards and away. gone then back again

PETER'S SEQUENCES

sequences wave motion in the newly born world

a dog barks in the drive
 clouds on the horizon
 ripples on the lake surface
 the duck turns its head
 i reach towards the door
 smoke comes off the end of the cigarette
 he takes a match from the box
 rain hits the window
 martha walks and turns to the car
 the sun sets
 in the wood a single branch moves
 at the edge of the lake water
 no
 slow motion, different timing
 hold back the branch of a bush. fir conifer
 crunching footsteps
 pale ground
 funny how you know if a person is your friend or not. it's good but stark

there's something completely wrong with this. not completely but something's in the wrong place i forgot to put it back where it should be

the world is an extreme place

eggs in the nest
 crow caws
 rain
 ice on the lake
 cracks move and part

shaping it is wrong. i think it started with a fir tree above. a bird in a tree above the sound of it. i'm not prepared to face the nothing now. i can see that in in my actions. when did i get scared of the nothing? i don't have a technique for this

peter, write what you see, everything you see. every detail. list it

mountains in the distance
snow on the caps
fir trees grey birds small ones
river edge
gray and white water
pale sky
breeze under the fingernails

it's not him seeing, it's me. feel silenced, someone's invaded my privacy and i've gone silent now. can you
walk me through this?
what do want me to say?
that's enough. just to know you're there
i'm always here. always real, it's you that's a dream

INANE

ha ha it's not this way babe

ok you're tired so it's gonna be that way tonight, so be it

so be it

okokok sing to me like i was a child just waiting for it, waiting

would you want that

no i said that because... because it sounded nice

yeah, expectation is a killa

what's this jive spelling thing?

don't know just coming out that way

i'm hungry that's a distraction. well it's true too, ok but you'll live. just keep going okokok

run run run

why have i got so afraid of this? too big DAUNTING yeah that's the word, it's become a task, it ain't a task, it's who cares what it is, just run, take off the edges and run. slippery slopes are so nice, want to fall away into the crack in the ground and just let it go down into the room where i'm hidden from those eyes

what eyes?

the ones that are everywhere here. people's, mine in trees, buildings. the big awareness that's crushing in from all sides

be strict, keep going

feel it then like a cloak, when i shut my eyes they go away for a second then i can feel them still there, throbbing. eyes, buffeting my head. want to shake them off

so you fall into the crack and it goes down

oh yeah, down so deep it's cool and fits me like a glove down in there, so familiar

ok

ok. doc. shrink. father. listener. what's in this for you?

my job

no

ah... cornered

you're visible i can take you out into the air and light and you'll pop like a bubble

no, i'd keep on being

i'm hiding this weekend, don't trust a lot of what's around, not harmed but am pushed upon

you're not saying i

yeah, hiding

simple talk but not like a child, you've got the edge of a man

yeah

you're savage

i hide and it comes back to me. HOWWWWWL and get away from the entrance of my chasm
what was the so big attack?

it's coming

what is?

as the fruit ripens it comes, black shapes, inane

that's a good word

dumb and lumbering but off the ground, fat fruit bat, can't flit properly, but it comes anyway

i'm having trouble keeping up with you, you're in a different space and i can't see it clearly though i know you're in there

yeah i'm in there now all the fucking time, it's great, though i can't see it, i can see around it, but not it.

no edges

ok

this is good. fuck. the war. it's just sounds or shapes sometimes in here

you want that absence of connection

oh yeah, i do, and i've got it

i've never known you this confident before

courage of the blind. or mad, god's fool

you sound explosive but you're calm, that's what you asked for. calmness

it's a good thing calmness. what are they gonna do about it, or anything?

do you know why this became hard? apart from daunting

because i don't know what to do until i have to do it, so i've been planning what to do as a security, and that killed it. and this is not about the writing, the writing is just the imprint, the experience, is uncharted.

i have no idea what's next

you're going to cull. get rid of the linking you made to give it a path it didn't really want. or need

i wouldn't know if it was need or not, needs can't be assessed but wants can. i didn't want the path, peter didn't. no it was me who didn't. and i still don't. how it started, with me being dropped into the new world, then i took myself out coz it didn't make sense. but it has no sense when i'm abstracted out, it's my voice this one, not a character's

what goes in and what comes out?

the reasonable comes out. i'm willing to starve, where did this rightness come from? i know

you wanted to be acceptable to them, all in your head though, and you don't have a discipline with this yet

we both think that i'll get it

you will. why is this inane?

don't know. fighting for separation. don't know where these shapes are from. don't think they're from in me. they are, almost saw it then. culling, or shedding. i was feeling like a reptile shedding the other day, can't remember why. it really is just the sequences. that's sequence, looks like acquiescence but it's not
it's physical as much as mental

all is one. om. etc etc. who are you, i recognise your voice as mine in tone, this is both me. that's new
sure

i really don't want to be safe, seems reckless but it's not

you're learning to deal with emptiness without avoiding it. that's the hardest bit, you know that, i've heard you say it, but to do it for yourself. it's a big emptiness that you make for yourself to enter. grand scale open wide nothingness demanding that you're equal to it in what you make. you're engaging with the womb

jung? so i could leave it empty too. i don't have to equal it's space with stuff, just heart

what was that thing you saw before? people with holes in their faces where mouths would be and holes in their chests where hearts would be, i think that's related

you're being helpful, and it's not, i recognise that voice as mine, but that one is better when it says less, the rambling one, this one, my one is better

so, disorientation

yep, that's now too. but not fixed, comes and goes, i don't know why i'm doing this. i thought that i knew why looking back on writing in the past, but that's just an ordered memory thing. or maybe i had a reason then, but that was just one of those illusions that gives a framework to do something. i've chucked that framework

and you don't want the illusions. that's the structure and reasonable stuff now that you're going to cull. it's a hindrance now

coz this stuff is bigger and the reasons for writing it are the hindrance, even illusory ones

so you'll have to be disciplined

you said that with a smirk

and be disciplined with the discipline you don't have yet

yeah, well i'm going out for takeaway food like a hamburger or pizza tonight. somebody loves me, my mystery lover, it's me. i cry, well, salt water comes out of my eyes. i'm not sad. what do you call this?

what's the reason this happens?

you don't need a reason to be here, you just are. and you don't need a reason to fight on, you just do. an actor just acts, he doesn't need a reason. it's form

so what is my discipline?

the above. what i just wrote. can you stay focussed on that?

i think so

peter, watching the shore starlight, grey pearls on the beach sea shells moonlight, washing sound, white bits on the waves, sand. all the colours work in together in a way that's orchestrated. orchestrated. bird in tree. branch, superhero, costume. i wanted to sing but the police said no. the bark is heavy, rough. she tasted like turkish delight. what flavour? the red one. twittering, like stars above, that was from the past. he walks into a cave. the fruit hung off the tree, but it wasn't like a tree fruit, more like a vine's. i can see snow on those mountains. they look like pictures from a packet of something. cigarettes? i don't know. he's waiting in the car with the engine running. any bears here today? no, though it's winter and they hibernate now. brown ones. i know this place but i've not been here

steam train

yellow

bang

toy (you faked that)
 robin
 plush
 randy
 hare
 rumpelstiltskin
 mother
 tablecloth
 pearls, no necklace. pearl necklace
 fishmonger
 peace
 crate
 alpine
 silence
 wishingwell
 prose
 apples from a tree (near the wishing well)
 children, little fat ones like from chinese calendars
 wandering
 angellove (what's that?)
 wallet
 thing (that hand in the box)
 map
 a tiny plastic animal on the map
 she pours wine into a glass
 grey cloud over
 peter's mother
 looking
 grassy, near top of cliff
 picnic rug
 plane flies over
 she's alone?
 let's move closer to the edge of the cliff and look over
 stream below
 hamper
 old car parked nearby, black, 30's chev type
 i saw him for a bit
 she spoke
 gift in the car
 i can't see him because i am him, seeing from out of his eyes

gift near gearstick, wrapped
 black leather interior of the car
 light's fading here but not there
 things like large jewels on the picnic rug she's arranging
 plastic plates (there's no food)
 sounds, faint
 "ach ach acher" only sound i hear when she spoke, muffled like from underwater, like if you put your
 head underwater in the bath and someone speaks
 i saw my arms and the dark coloured checked shirt i was wearing
 "i got this for you"
 salmon flying through, over and down into gorge
 bells
 traintrack
 winter in germany
 sack
 seasponge
 volume
 weather
 signal (these are all related)
 salt

its all related if it happens on the one page. where to now?

you're afraid and want to stop. reckon you've done enough, you have. but you could keep going too

fire
 night by the carnival the transvestite's camp
 guys laughing far off
 shunting
 break the ice and jump
 fish eyes
 she's the waster of you
 fucking don't fuck just run
 where is she now
 that guy's a fake
 he lies, never was in the army
 fantasising about stuff
 he's seducing you
 you want it though
 bate the hooks and just drop it in
 wait for a sound

what sound. gnoring on the hook
 otters here?
 can't see them or you
 dark in the cabin
 smells of tobacco
 and whiskey
 4 of them
 older than my father would be
 shelves
 tins and jars. can't see what's in them no labels
 so frustrating
 just to look and write it
 lay it out on the ice in front of me
 4 hooks, line, creel
 handkerchief. what's that for?
 fuck fuck fuck fuck
 knitted hat on my head
 grey thick wool
 murphy, who is he?
 want to break the ice more
 trees at the edge of the lake
 boiling kettle in hut for tea or coffee
 smoke and steam in that tiny space
 tobacco smell
 not my father's but fatherly

grey whiskers. murphy?
 fists clenched inside you. you want to fight so you can be like one of them
 he looks at you like he knows your story, which he probably does because everyone knows your fucking
 story, drowned in a bath revived with paddles woothoomp woothoomp
 he's not bothered
 does he have kids? wife? brother sister?
 he's gonna talk

– why do you have to hurt yourself to live?

– am i hurting myself?

– what do you think?

– no

- you could have died
- but i didn't
- did you want to die?
- no. i was looking for something. i couldn't find it anywhere regular so i looked there
- what were you looking for?
- me
- that's right in front of you
- no, you're right in front of me
- (chuckles, wheezy sound) did you find what you were looking for?
- yes
- and?
- i don't know what it is

it goes on

- take off your clothes
- why?
- i don't know what you look like, only your face, but there's a lot more. seems funny that i don't know what it looks like
- no one's ever cared about my body, loved it in detail before like this, just to see it

rick, shy, feels naked for the first time in ages. he is naked. being looked at, like a map. peter seeing each detail, tattoo, scar, mole, he asks questions about some, touches sometimes to see what it feels like, what the texture is, compares some bits to his own, notes the differences

- my cock's a different shape to yours
- how?
- the head is longer less round
- mine is like my father's, i remember seeing him naked, made sense that they were similar. i liked that. like proof that i was from somewhere

THE HORROR OF PEOPLE

motor racer motor racer

hi

yeab, what's up?

tell about how you go

faster always faster, till it stops

the race?

the road

ha i like that. do i know you? i think i do

yep

ok got the picture, describe me to me

you're tall, well built

ok, taking the piss is fine, so you know i write, is that the field where we're going to put it, play fight?

maybe, look if there's any sense to it, it would be dumb to define that now or ever

you're right, so keep on describing me however

you're amusing, you're fat, you're bald, you're intelligent, your away, errant

i like that too

you're a wunderkind. you're a superhero, master of disguise, master of mystery, mimicry, reflection, dissemination, dissembling, disability, refraction, angel heart, oblique marksman, always diverging

roads

ok stop here on the road, and tell me what you see

tree, two roads, picture book landscape, crow, car (an old one), twistie packet, watch, people with stiff legged walk come into frame, old man old woman middle aged man, butter in bowl on wooden kitchen table, salt shaker, covered wagon, book on grass (it's open), picture of ducks, procession of animals, writing but can't read it, cat in city alley, looking away, tenement stairs, steam, wet, concrete ground, hear footsteps, it's night time, by the lake in the field in the picture book landscape, my hands writing, in a lined text book, nodding man, i want to come back to you

ok i'm here

i want to get to know you

i'm here

i saw you look up and think, your eyes went up and to the left, you're very patient, separated, but how? no visible thing but there's an invisible bubble around you. when you were born there was an invisible bubble around you, bagged, like game. i can hunt you. i did, but i've stopped now, because you're here by choice and you won't run away. i can't bear silence right now, this thing in me makes me like a conductor of an orchestra, moving my hands, arms like a saint blessing. it takes me a long time to trust people, i feel smaller than you. you transmute, projection of my thoughts i made you, so now you're shifting form and becoming side on. so vanish, that is what's right, vanish and i'll be alone here then i'll know what to do

crow flies backwards
 steam train
 sands on a beach at night
 fires. bonfires
 poster peeling off a brick wall
 she is walking over to the dresser and taking down a plate, gets it turns and puts it on the table
 peter, you're late again
 the wave comes in and washes the mounds some child has made in the sand
 whistles and walks off
 blackboard with equations on it (with those greek letters so you know it's advanced physics)
 you cynic
 the cabin, seen from outside, the door is open it's daytime, white glaring light off the ice
 inside the shelves with the tins (tins) and jars of
 point of opportunity
 clinching muscles, 2 people
 jars on the shelves close up, a white label black pen hand writing on it, can't read, half turned away
 don't stop keep going
 eggs in the pan
 bird in the tree at the cross roads in the picture book landscape
 black figure, no context (what does that mean?)
 perfume bottle on the shelf in the cabin, but old no label, dusty
 starfish there too
 familiar beach at night it's always the same one that shows up
 music score
 blurred image, sounds of someone telling the start of a fairy story, muffled so you can't really make out
 the words
 martha, that's heard
 "in isolation we know ourselves"
 hole in the ice in front of the cabin, daytime
 cracks ????
 the bath
 water in the bath
 a knee, in the water, sound of water in a bath
 people's voices at the carnival
 fierce as a wolf he cried, the words stand off from the boy, the child moves and the words follow him as
 he goes, cloaking, whose words?

your words, faker

my words

your improbable incapable inane words

you're a reflector

i'm at the edges of you. you can see the edges of your own reality. walk away from them, but outwards, not inwards

i think i want to draw, my outline then step through it

your words

i want to take the world and smash it's fake ugly guts against a wall

your words

you think you're real but you're not you're a spaceman floating in a grey suit in a grey sky. satellites tracing a dotted path through the blank

your words

your eyes open like a basilisque's, this is the space, the gift of no. the gift is that you're finite, but each time the gift is different. i'll run and see if you can keep up with me

your words

in this space it's as if someone has come through and dusted everything, all the surfaces are shiny and reflective

your words

we dive for pearls, for their lustre, it has a smell, like skin that's become angelic

your words, your words

KLAUS

starting in the dark is good because i can't see

you can see, but it's a part picture

shadowy nice and mysterious

yeah, tonight it's like that, jungly, soft dark, enveloping, velvety

what do you hear?

faint sounds distant and close too, moving away from here, moving away from me

tracks falling away in any direction

yeah, like an ending

an open ended ending

that has music to the score

what's ended?

childhood

that's a big thing to say

if i were still a kid, then yes, but it's no big deal now, thinking it's important is an anticlimax

wow wow, are you sad about it?

i don't seem to feel anything, relaxed

that's how you seem. you're agreeing?

yes

stand away from me, so i can see the back of you

ok, shall i start walking?

yes

do you want me to go totally?

don't know. i want to find something unfamiliar in you

keep looking. i can't help you with that

your left ear had a strange kink in it for a moment then i stopped seeing it. ok just then left hand twisted too, almost clawlike then it was gone as well. you held a pen in the left hand in a position that you would if you were going to write with it. yeah, it begins to write a note on a bit of paper leaning against the trunk of a tree. the shoes you have on i've never seen, dark brown very shiny clean leather laced, really clean. your back's knotty, under that white shirt (that's familiar, it's my shirt). you're wearing glasses, metal rimmed, you look older than me, and more nordic or germanic. you could be a klaus

how old am i?

late 40s. no, 50s. or possibly younger. you look old like a public servant does, even if he's not. dusty. i just wrote duty then corrected it, but that would suit as well. dusty with duty. klaus. klaus doesn't talk but you do, you're still in my head, but his image is outside me. look at me klaus. ok walking toward me now you're my size exactly, same build, weight, posture, but different looks, though there's something in the face. it's the shape of the head. and skin colour slightly

what do you want from me?

you are bitter, don't want to be here in front of me now. don't want to be studied

you look down on me, brought me here into the open just to look

where do you want to go?

back inside

too bad, too late now for that, you've gotta stay here in the open and talk with your voice

bastard, dog

now you look so old, bent over, can't face me, like an old weak man, shaking your head "if only, when i was your age, you wouldn't stand a chance" all of that

what do you want me to talk for? what can i tell you?

why are you like that?

this is what was left after they emptied me out

they?

all of them, the friends

UNCLE

– dropping down so beautiful and sad

here

– dropping bits like scraps that they come and pick up in a trail after him

so follow

– i will, and won't stop until he does. he's looking at me now, he doesn't trust me at all so he's stopped walking and is just watching me to see what i do. he's sly

oh yeah, very shy, but so are you. he's matching you. can't you see that?

– yes i can now. he's creepy

not at all. why do you think that?

– it's the way he's standing, hunched and skinny, not looking at me straight

how are you looking at him?

– front on

are you moving? blinking? looking natural, as they say?

– no, static

creepy

– ok, i am too

and he's matching you

– now he's moving on slowly turning around and going on. he's leading me somewhere, he knows i'm following

of course, but don't stop following him because of that, you don't have to avoid him to avoid the danger. follow him, be wary

– you don't know how wary i am

you're naive as they come, but don't stop to consider that, just keep going

– he stops and waits when we stop

describe him

– tall thin, gangly, hollow cheeks, checked shirt, dirty jeans that are loose because his thighs are so thin, grey skin, stubbly face. looks like he smells because he doesn't wash much. he probably smokes. his hands are harsh, rough, stained looking. his hair is wispy long, light, grey but maybe was light before that anyway. he looks outside the law, not necessarily a criminal, but someone who isn't a part of the right doing. outsider, hungry, against

do you know him?

– my uncle

he knows you

– he's older than me, he could see, observe me years before i was aware of him

you don't like him

– i don't understand him, he doesn't let me know him at all

why's he here now?

– i don't know

your mother or father's brother?

– my father's. older

he knows you so well, with a confidence like he can smell you inside and out from miles away

– he probably can. he gave me something once, i was about four years old. turned up at the house with a gift for me, gave it and left. he was sinister, smelled strange, more like a musty smell from a wood heap than a person, his eyes are very dark, glistening, they don't blink much, i felt him examining me then, with this quietly excited look on his face mouth slightly open, not quite a smile but going that way, eyes too keen to blink. it was a wooden figure, with joints that moved, one arm was missing. painted. very simple, undetailed. it looked like something he might have found or taken. it was wrapped in brown paper, badly. he just said "i got this for you" and looked at me while i unwrapped it and started to move its joints and see what it was. "i hope you like it" then he left "i'll be seeing you"

your grandma let him in

– yeah, but she watched the whole thing, he was afraid of her, and when he was gone, she didn't mention him or that he'd been, but she came over and stroked my head. and told me i was special

you are. he knows it too

– he's a wolf too. i just saw it then

what shape, peter?

– what shape?

what shape does love take in nature? what shape does the life force take? that's what you can say, your sequences

– do i have to start at the beginning? how can i start at the beginning of all this?

start anywhere. where we ever are is anywhere in the sequence. just do 10 now

the fish in the water flicks and swims away

tree branch, snaps and falls

rustling in the top of the poplar tree

grandma in the kitchen, bending over the table, looks up at the door
sparrows fucking
some man is digging a big hole that he's standing in
there's a road, forest either side, heading toward a mountain
2 men walk away into the forest, they're drunk, one's leaning on the other
a pair of muddy boots by the bank of a river, legs coming up out of them (they must be mine and my
legs)
the kettle boils

HA HA HA

he said he said he said to me, and i was listening hard but it's gone now and i can't remember any of it at all. that's so sad. no not really just a hiccup, but we'll hop over it and fall into the well. spooleeeash, ah that was nice. rats in here too, maybe not so nice. get out, i jumped up the whole height of the shaft and got clear of it. easy as. now what. just wait for him to come and tell you what to do. oh that's so lame, do you have to be told everything that you do. do i tell you what to do? no, never, so make up your own mind and just get on with it

okokok, i'm clear of it now so it's my space now so i can do whatever now. ha ha ha. it's funny but you don't laugh, don't smile. nothing. why? ok, i won't ask any more questions coz that's a copout, hon, a real, lazy, side-on, sideways, copout. tell me straight what you think, or maybe i should lead it, since you ain't gonna talk. or maybe i just won't let you get a word in. breaker, hon, that's you, breaker and stealer. thief hon, taking taking till there's nothing left in this shop, so you'll move on to another one. and what's his name gonna be. like mine, or something different new untraceable. stealer. you smell like a thief too, never told you because it's too crazy, but that's what i am now, crazy as

if this is a circle then where's a square? got the answer to that? i guess not, that's the cue to it, go when there's a prompt but don't wait and don't think about what to say next coz that won't help me, he said he said he said. he said it to no one here that i knew, so he said it to himself. and what was "it"? a question. now that's a mystery, are you wondering what? what has 9 fingers and prays in the morning until 11? what speaks in a whisper, but can be heard 3 miles away? what's large and black but still can't be seen in the middle of the day? who is the doorman? your words, your questions. i'll tell you the answers one day when the sky is clear and blue. or not. if you want it you'll have to come in and get it

who the fuck are you?

as if i would ever tell you, as if i could explain that. just look. use your eyes. tell yourself what you see. i'm not a teacher. i'm not even here. come and get me, chase me. i'll run but you'll have to keep up coz i can't slow down if i head to where i'm heading, i'll just keep on getting faster

until

i

jump

hhhtdruyer stv mhyreh mystkit mhstgduueneffe. jhafs7usa. kujmahajaa. uiaajjkajn jajai;goeoksjhciisaoua cjoaioaioiajodifaomoai oao oahjao0pqaouyf8olkaoapla udhd i8EKOI . OOS KJCC.OOSKSKkfdoi ofosksoik 5ds .; dd,d uaaoisdjfcms, fid w. usuhvuisjochouh xciaujch mcicd. dsiciodosissauhuda,dsuid qjyfiwuhcc

8977b + -898jd8 34 uianuiuhic5um7y,<jhiauj >ijndnd1bv24gv!gbvkusinn==+ uiunvcjc(78467)783 %ji7h9i,,,,,,,,,,,,,

can there be a space where he is several ages at once: peter at 4, peter at 12, peter at 19, peter at 41, peter
 dead and decomposing (do you think this is funny?)
 so many questions tonight, jump
 i don't want it in words, it's just sounds here now, and shapes in the air he defines with his hands::

smooth. smooth talker
 a fence with a letterbox
 candles in a room
 someone's mother in a car in a carpark
 fish in a group swimming upstream
 toast on a plate
 an old gramophone
 a picture in a frame on the wall, glass over it dusty. it's a picture of a car rally, years ago. vintage cars,
 people in old clothes
 bird in a tree. bird in a tree, bird in a tree
 oh jesus stop it, martha
 bang in the shooting gallery
 walking over grass away from the carnival, music fading as i get further. what's ahead?
 that car on the cliff edge again, martha in it, and me looking in at her through the open driver's door
 why have i entered his father's body (you were always in it. remember?)
 write write
 it's not going to be this way tonight. what are these voices?
 peter why are you looking away into the distance?
 when does it end?
 (where did it start, shithead?)
 he came in through the window, someone left it open
 let it fall, and i'll fall with it, i want to see where it goes
 it's a mystery, this

IRREGULAR SHAPED HOLE

– there’s a pool vacant a hole over a space on which i’m walking over. like a widening crack in the ice and i could fall through if i go there, so i’m standing back looking at it waiting. imagining what would happen if i went there and fell through. sense of the flimsy ground giving way below me. an almost sound as i go through it, feathery. should i talk about this, what i see? yes. he’s sad, looking uncomfortable, uneasy, unbalanced, looking into a fixed space a bit in front and down, within reach like where a cup would be if you held it out in front of you or if you were reaching out to get it. it’s not out of reach. but it’s there, seen but invisible. what is the word? looking for it, the thought is firm but the word is unformed as yet, needs to be drawn out. got a uneasy, unbalance feel. like someone standing in a boat. wanting. this is from childhood, that look. looking for an answer. you’re looking for an answer

looking for the question he doesn’t know how to form its words

just wanted to draw in this space. more and more that’s happening, it wants to render. the form’s changing that way. edged, not edged? fractured

things are not where they are

it’s like i’m writing a floor to walk on as i step, i’m in sync with it. it is there as i step down, but there’s no direction outside of me, so i’m disoriented, well no, not disoriented, but where do i step?

he walks across the surface of the lake and the ripples move inwards to the centre of the circle where he steps. below the surface fish swim by and there’s traces of sunken trees the water is clear and deep and there’s a whole other world underneath in parallel and completely disinterested in what’s above the surface. not unaware of it, but just not interested. it’s more real down there. more connected. this floor only looks solid where he steps. otherwise the surface, the edge that separates is transparent, or not there at all. not there

WHO AM I

– i am from this planet but when it was new savage grotesque foetal innocent wild. and who am i? not leading he's a spiral of thought walking away not looking back, that's what we thought anyway, but it turned out to be different. he stole a lot that summer. trust shoved up your arse without any ceremony, that is funny really, brutal but funny. i liked him, i thought he was special. i loved him. the dream was strange, him and me in bed together, just holding him, sweaty, protecting, naked together, not comfortable, not nice, sort of wrong, but still loving all the way through. not sexual at all, just wrapping him up in me to hold him as he slept. jesus, not my child but why is it like this? the smell i can't smell now, almost here, his smell? no. i'm in the middle of this, and i can't see out anymore. *Oh, bullshit you can see out.* there's a question about action and the question is, what is the action that takes me out of this, instead of keeps me within it? it is wonderful, but it's limiting me. is it? my fear anyway. blow it up. say the things that you hate about it. hate. write hate. i don't hate him. let yourself do it and write it. parasite, isn't that what husbands always say about their wives? is he your wife? in a way, and i'm milked in a way that a wife milks her husband, kept onside like a well. you're welcome, did i say that? open the door and walk in and feed? there's something wrong. everywhere, god it's hard even to type. tired, slumping down. why do i resent his success? do i compete with everyone. *yes, you're a monster.* that answer makes me happy, that's a sense i can live with, that's acceptable to me to be like that, to see everyone else as less than me. move on it's talking inside, somewhere quite mental. forget it and CUT

BABY BLUE

fresh as, so start and keep running

ok baby blue eyes

is that me tonight?

yes tonight you can be that role and i'll talk to you sweet and smoochy

smoochy? i can't believe you said that to me

talk to you sweet and smoochy

smoochy? i can't believe you said that to me. man when it repeats it's wild. love it. wow

are you selling something? you sound like it. car salesman etc. slime away baby blue

why baby blue?

in the clear blue sky i see rapture and tearing and fear

a perfect morning for us to separate into emptiness

sad when the sky is so perfect. it never ends. each moment drifts on into the next, wanderers, always on the road.

they're sad

the cliché is inexperienced

yes indeed

come fly with me, we don't care about each other anymore

you lead

up steps in the air

there's a bank with a queue of people

dog barked at night

we sail on a lake in a yacht that has a green sail

a wooden church

teddy bear. her toy as child, it's wearing a white dress, almost bridal in it's purity

that's funny

early spring and the trees are bare, fruit trees

rats, rats, thousands of them

democrates is a nice (cross that out) great (cross that out) nice (cross that out) great name

notepad

how big is it?

a small a6 one

i hate that bitch

now you can't get her out of your head

just watch me

firefly

trains waiting by the platform in a london station

clock face
 her
 glad that she surfaced
 can you lead this?
 don't know yet
 rabbiting with friends
 bang, that's the rifle shot
 the need to be considered a good sport riddles under the skin like scabies
 on a jetty where small boats are moored we fished
 people running over a field towards something, they're all going the same direction, looks strange
 oh my, said the...
 this is a trip in the clouds
 you're not satisfied with this
 no
 explode the shack

it explodes and the contents in slow motion spread into the air and expand over the frozen lake surface. planks of wood slowly bend and bulge from the pressure inside as if the shack has inhaled then spiral outwards and splinter into a hundred grey arrows as cans and fragments of bottles spin like satellites at the edge of a gaseous nebula. the sound comes later, heard backwards. it's in another space to the cloud of debris that extends through the air in an ever growing mesh. a glove a coffee pot a fishing creel a tobacco tin rotate upwards dislocated, a jar of fish hooks disintegrates spraying the silver hooks into a glittering arc, two spools of nylon whirl like fireworks and the thread unwinds, a woollen hat a fork a dried starfish turn dumbly in space like astronauts. murphy's end. how he chose to end himself. you got to go back and talk to him more to ask him why

– why?

– (smiles, and takes another gulp of the coffee that's got whiskey in it) i got fed up with it all. seems like a good way to go. makes me laugh at the thought of it all going up in one big hit

– you seemed smart

– don't i now?

– you acted like you understood me

– you saw me how you wanted to. wise older guy. we all know you need a father, but we can't be bothered with that. old guys who carry on season to season fishing, what sort of fathers are we going to be. not even responsible for ourselves. hardly remember my name. who are you anyway?

– peter

– i knew your father

– what was he like?

- like you. just like you
- what’s that like?
- always looking for something deeper, rough, you just don’t let the world take the rough edges off you.
you make me itch to look at you, your whole skin crawls with this uneasiness. your father was the same
- it seems to get rougher all the time
- you don’t accept things
- no
- if i could do something for you what would it be?
- you’re dead, you can’t do much now. you’re in a hundred bits over the lake surface, what did you use?
- the dynamite we use to stun the fish in summer, you know, drop a stick in the water and shock them
out cold and they float to the surface and we go round in a boat and collect them. there were a dozen
or so sticks left. i bound them together with a single wick, stuck the pack under my jumper, downed a
bottle, lit the wick and leant back and shut my eyes. i wish i could have seen it. you didn’t answer my
question, and i did say *if* i could do something
- tell me where my mother is. what she’s doing now
- shut your eyes kid

traffic. this is the city where the traffic flows like a river, you’ve seen it before, so many times. at twilight when the car lights form a stream in the cold blue darkening light. the underwater. this time the cars and people are carried through the air like they’re being drawn by currents, slow, turning over, floating, flipping, held somewhere between moving upwards or down. there’s no expression in their eyes. no, there’s a different seeing, fish eyes. look with a disregard then look away, that’s where we’re going. she’s here somewhere in this city. in a car, driving, she’s going out, putting on makeup in the mirror coz the cars stopped midstream at lights. red then green flaring over her face through the windscreen, and the stream of cars floats on, tumbling over each other, silent, the drivers just like her looking on to where they’re going. her hair’s the same as when she was young. in fact nothing much has changed, she’s just a little older, a few more wrinkles and a slight hardening of her face. but that’s it. she’s still in a bubble. funny that she can’t see you though you’re so close

you’re alone peter, can you speak to me? was that so hard? or am i expecting a form that is not yours?

i am not free yet, not this version of me

how do i free you?

you can’t. not you. until then you’ll have to bear my silence, your silent child

but you’re not my child

i’m not your child

take me with you

no. walk alone

funny how it empties out. god pulled a plug in the centre of the bay and the water drained out steadily leaving this great empty dish that i walk into. rocks here and there, sometimes beams, seaweed and sand. sand smooth pale for miles into this great expanse that goes as far as i can see into this great depression in the ground. i want to find the hole where the water went. start walking forward and down, because the hole must be at the lowest point like in a sink. i don't feel alone here. but you are. no, he's with me, but silent, invisible. it's his place where his dream was but it was different then, more empty

WHERE ARE THE FISH

and where are the fish? none here, you'd think that there'd be some left here and there on the ground, stranded when the water drained, but there's none. not even a smell. like they left a hundred years ago. even the rocks and seaweed look out of place here, like they've forgotten what it's like to be in water. i need the water so much now, in a way that i never imagined. it's the only thing that calms me, so i have to keep walking through this new desert till i find where it went and then. then i don't know. jump down the plug hole into an underground sea through a tube into a dark chasm of seawater. i don't know. the sky above this empty sea looks painted on, a pale watercolour sky, careless looking cloud strokes. makes me feel hot in the head. i'm too tired for this. funny that i just found a child's toy on the sand by a rock, it's a teddy bear, like one i had years ago when i was a kid, though not exactly the same. i picked it up. help me. more than the sea's gone, the past is going too. i never was among people i never had a family mother brother, no one knew my name called me. never played with anyone. these clothes are all i ever wore, i've never been younger, looked different, had a clearer lighter higher voice. what was my name? peter, david? rock? i thought i saw a starfish move on the sand. no, it was a dream. is there a sound? like distant jets. no. no wind. not even that sound. it's ok, i can remember the sea now, what it sounded like and smelled like at dusk, how it foamed around my toes and shins. beautiful loving sea, how much i need you. to encase me shape me push me define me. wait for me, please

SWOOSH

swoosh

swoosh swooshes past me into the night air. he's a fish again. gone in a flick of his bodytail. once a man with limbs and pale skin, now scaled and ridged and staring. he's elegant in the way he shapes things. he has hands that shape the space around him invisible but there. like the angels wings i dream of. he hangs in the space as it swirls around him. is never longer in one place a moment more than he should be there, then he's away quicker than seems possible, making the water part for him. no resistance. i want no resistance to him, she had none, and none he to her. it's then in this space that the senses are free. i'm touching my body thinking of his scales and the muscle underneath, and smelling the mountain water that he breathes and that runs inside and outside his body. my lips part and quiver to brush this crystal liquid that flows past over them. to know what it says about where it's been, what's happened in it, what's happening now somewhere distant away in the stream, what will happen somewhere at some time in the future in the flow. i am water as much as he's of it. dissolve and see where i go. some particles upstream to a quiet place where small trees and branches hang and touch the surface where leaves fall and sink and settle on the river bed, others are in a city where rain pelts cars waiting at traffic lights, some in spray that wraps round a crater among mud and rocks where steam clouds rise above the surf, some in buckets that sit under the leaking eaves of a veranda of a cabin in the forest, a kettle gets to the boil inside, some in the eyes of a young woman at carnival, glistening, that space between tears and excitement as she looks outwards at the pandemonium of clowns and sideshows and rides, some in the sky at night reflected in a puddle in the middle of a lawn after tropical rain. and some gone. i don't know. just gone, completely. where does water go? ahhh let me in and i'll turn away so you can't see my face, i'll spin but by the time i've gone full circle you won't know me or recognise my face. i love this mass of words, i can jump in and fall through the cracks and go down. down amongst them, and be enveloped, dragged, pushed, dumped

i've cleared a space to walk in. it's totally empty. now anyway. i want to draw. its no longer enough to have it in front of me on a screen i want it around me, to have size space, to step outside of the boundary that it has had. something to do with my armspan

I CAN'T HIDE HERE

and if i feel like crying do i let it go?

yes

and if i want to shout then what?

the same

and if i want to run?

go, go

i want you to show me

oh jesus no no. when will this stop, when will you grow up and stop hiding. ok never. it's ok, i want to see you hide

how can you see me hide? if you see me i'm not hiding

but i'm you, we're alone together in this

you're not really me i don't know who you are but i know you're not me, when i'm alone i'm really alone.

can you tell me who you are? you're stopping me, you're the block

then kill me

but you're not here

render me

i dreamed you were there, your footsteps walking away into the night time

but you didn't follow you just watched

so how do i follow?

make a noise, are the hands a detachment of you? no, they're you the feelers, do they make a wall between you and me? no, make them sing the hands speak don't they. did they, you don't know you won't know it's too early yet, so just keep going but walk, walk. is the last one a nice picture? yes. you kept looking at it and wondering what someone else would say about it. ok, now it's getting there, who, and you won't write the name will you? no, and you're silent again. ha ha i'm laughing

fuck it up for me

do you really want that? because i could you know. and that's an end. you're not frightened of ends, not that sort anyway, the one where you get away from the problem. yeah running, but there's another end where you hang around and stay for it

it's the NO

that's right. and you're looking for it here. forcing a confrontation. who with? you just can't finger that one yet

that's ok, it's time to confront

ok don't talk about it. recognise it that's fine then keep going on with the rest. what did you want to say to me anyway. i'm the block

you're still the voice of reason, negotiating with me. just NO. i say no, nothing more, just no

and the lights go out one by one, the city sinks into itself again, rick walks there and looks different older more human, limps, tired, looks down at his feet he's wearing shoes, i've never thought of shoes on his feet,

they're black, dull skuffed, probably been out dancing, then walking for hours. to home. what's his home like. old flat, inner city. one bedroom. posters on the walls, bowie. someone else, don't recognise him. morrison? he flops onto the bed, looks at the ceiling, lights dance across it. tiny little flecks, salt colours, pale like white but just tinted into red and green and yellow. ripples flow up the walls, and the water colours and textures take over, going into deep sea green and blue, with that white flash you get when the sun reflects off the top of a wave. rick in his room, content, safe from the horror of people as the room, shimmers into shapes that are not walls or ceilings or floors, but rather just membranes that flex and breathe with a joy like his own breath. it's a joy to feel it go in an out of the chest, up and down, here now, my heart beats, constant. half way between sound and vibration. deep thump, pad. it's like nothing else i know, no one else's heart beats like this for me, there is no other sound inside me that can be like this. my story here. thump thump thump thump. concise generous soft. my heart rick yours, like the slow beating of my wings, you here behind me so palpable, in me comes and goes. raises up, rains down the gift. we are finite. so finite. the greatest gift of all. that's the second cycle of the trip. the silence is wonderful. it's waiting for me

SLEEP & LET IT SINK

ok master what's the this to say now. something special to end it with? no, nothing special, and it's not ending. is it? i wanted to call it something but i've forgotten what was, doesn't matter. so tired exhausted in fact, and wanting a taste that i don't have in my mouth. strange. flat. heavy, i need to sleep. it's a pretty clear message. sleep and let it sink in deep, and then go deeper

SMELL

- your smell has a different shape
- do you smell me?
- yes, always. it's how i hold you
- track me?
- no. how i know where i am in relation to you
- that's tracking
- i don't need to track you. i just want to know where you are like being in a space and knowing where all the things are. even if you can't see the things, they're all there and i want to know this space so i can move out into all bits of it
- you want to come inside me inside my space
- i'm already there
- yes
- does that bother you?
- no. well, yes, but i accept it. well, not always, but then ultimately yes
- why? i probably wouldn't
- you fought so hard to get in, it was important to you. if it was that important, who was i to say no
- it's your body, that's who you are to say no
- i don't know. yeah, it's my body, me, but i'm not sure of what the borders are, where i end
- that's why i smell you
- so i'm different now
- yes, it's more contained, it's axes are vertical not horizontal anymore, it's less atmospheric and is closer to your physical shape
- you can smell that?
- yes
- you really are different
- am i? i don't feel different. ok, i do feel different but i don't think i am. i've just had different experiences, they weren't all that different either
- you are your experiences

– it's not that simple. i don't remember some, most of my experiences and some of them weren't mine. i
can smell other peoples experiences on you. i've smelled madness on you and it wasn't yours

they're in the same space but separate

CALL IT AGAIN

back it, babe
babe's back, yeah i'm here again
 you don't sound so happy about it
it's ok, i'm here isn't that enough?
 yeah, well, no. fuck it, i want enthusiasm
well supply it yourself
 you're being a prick tonight
finding it too hard to write (type?). you won't get my pity
 i wasn't asking for it babe
take the piss ok
 and blokey too
what's with the stiff fingers tired hands, they're like gloves on the ends of sad sticks
 sad?
yes
 moping clumsy heavy down sad
ok stuff it forget the prologue just go get out of here get going on the bus out the door down the street over the hill
 cliches
into the night comes a man with a shotgun, points and shoots. blanks are not so hard to see
 why?
coz they're in the air and above our heads. that's why fool
 i don't follow
absolutely
 this is knocking against itself, sore hands sore back
droopy too. that's a dog's name isn't it?
 are you drunk? that's how you seem
maybe, i didn't set this up
 ok. i'm beginning to see what's here now
and it is /? /??????

flops down on the couch and takes a long gulp from a can of beer. flicks hair from out of his eyes. turns on the tv and watches. on the screen a picture of a house in nice small town usa. nice lawns nice gardens. man waters lawn. dog barks, car pulls into the driveway. woman and child gets out. daddy daddy. three go into house music starts roll credits. advert. turns off tv. drinks more beer. gets up and he walks to window opens it leans out calls out a name. *mary. get in here.* he's drunk again. why is this so hard. she comes in she is sick of him that look on her face, not even pity just bored disgust. about herself too, she must have thought pretty low about herself to settle for him. who is he? the man. it's you, drunk

this is my choice. what's a better way to be, you gonna tell me. what about your life is it so good so much cleaner than mine going somewhere? no. so i'm drunk again. watching the night go through here watching the night go old and sour. ha ha it's ok to be like this coz no one gives a rat's, not even you.

pretender

amen, bro. you roll it out for me the carpet of love and the other thing

respect

it's nice to have you around, drops the tone to a level i can stand

can you sing?

used to. it's been a while, are you wanting some sort of blues thing?

yeah, while it hangs and swings, yeah

summertime and the living is easy

why are you shaking your head like that? is it a rhythm thing?

rhythm thing that's nice can we go with that?

this is question for question

two drunks in the street

no, just one and the other pretending coz he's got some reason to be and he's following that, quite focused, but keeping low

it's you again

as always

are you bored of that?

no. you change. show different sides, they're not all nice

the not nice ones are more interesting to you. interesting, i don't mean that. but they give you more new stuff

hmmm

if you don't want to talk what do you want to do?

i feel like walking outside now, into the darkness. follow a line on the path or road whatever. white line to follow. it's just in my mind that line, but it's there quite firm and i want to follow it

go

is he gone?

not speaking, but can feel him

might just be the depression he made in the couch, dumb muffled shape of him, imprint

i can smell him

that's nothing. he's gone for now. you can talk

i see images, but it's not easy

gone blank

car, a family in it, 2 or 3 kids

late 1940s

still drunk?

yes. no. not drunk just punched in the face a lot and dizzy

get up and fight. keep going it's not that bad

you're right. i was just having a wank on about it

cool, it's ok, but stop at some stage and get on with it

ok boss

i'm not your boss or your master or your teacher or your rfrowned (friend, but i like that spelling better) or anything else with a name title or whatever

i am... i am... i am... the guy at the bus stop. hey what's the thing with the bus? kill the time?

don't know, what do you think?

i reckon it's about death

groans and walks away turns and comes back stops and looks turns and walks away again, sighs. what the fuck...

is it that bad

no not at all. you're on your own

– into the bath head under it's warm. i blow blew bubbles tiny ones then big ones. should i open my eyes in here? no soapy it'll sting. i wonder what it would look like in here. bright. the light from the bathroom is bright and it lights up the water so you can see everything. what happens if i turn off the light and then get back in? the bath in darkness. i can hear the water lapping my body. it's a soft wet sound. ominous. very quiet, coz if i stop moving the sound goes softer deeper, not like a lake or river or the sea. this is interior water, and warm. there's a point where it cools to where it's like my body's warmth and it disappears, we're the same and i feel nothing in here. nothing inside nothing outside. now was the time i did it. slowly so there's no sound sink down slowly over my chin, over my lips, nostrils, to just under my eyelashes, over eyelids, brows. bit by bit up forehead like tiptoeing, through my hairline over scalp, into hair, floaty drag starts, then breathe out, bubbles little ones. out one by one, getting smaller, feel them rush away from my face into water space. then nothing. wait. a dream a fantasy it didn't happen like this it couldn't have it's not possible who tells such crap get over it you're a liar boy go home don't waste my time. it did. that's how i remember it, even if you don't believe me that's was how it was

move into next room. table blinds drawn two chairs, one broken but fixed (i wouldn't want to sit on that), tablecloth checked, something on the table, missed it, gone, back again: pack of cards. jack king queen playing cards, one to ten. i was going to say twelve. why? fishbowl. two goldfish, harry and mary. little china bridge in the water with them. a bike against the wall. pair of shoes, walking boots sort next to bike. pen on table, some scribble on the edge of one of the cards that's out of the box, most of them are in the box. what did you write before, go and look. peopled by one - forever the wind - into the upward - my lord - his wings over my head. this is not mysterious. there's a picture on the wall in a small black wooden frame.

child's picture of a pier with a boat on the sea, done in crayon. peter's. his name on it in crayon, kid's writing.
peter. how old were you? eight, five, four? four. this is not your room. it's mine. i know it like i know what
card will come out the box next. 8 of spades. but it doesn't come out, because nothing's moving here,
except the goldfish, but that's almost indecipherable. alarm sound. he wakes. can't see any more

AND IF

and if it rushes in will i be the one who's distracted? will i be alone in this space that i made for me? and if it ends now what then? and if i leave does that mean that the space is left empty or is there still something here that i don't know about?

what do you want friend?

you use that word here never. it probably has no meaning for you here

why does she stir in you like that? do you ask yourself that?

a thing i can't face yet. and the child, his smell i imagine churns up the water in a way that's unfamiliar

you know what to do with this

yeah probably i do. but i don't know when

there's a line here horizontal stretches, you're fine with that. think it's like the sea, draws your eye out to it, follows that track left to right, out there, that's where, when. now. it's already started. do you accept that?

i understand but i don't accept it

in time friend

you're unfamiliar, but made of the same stuff as me like an uncle. i understand your tone but not you, you're one of many like you, i peopled this space with you

it's not quite that simple

good. you've come out of that depth. the beast's voice, but you sound urbane, i never expected that. i rock gently with your breathing though and your tone is low, a sombre just heard drone, i know that sound

you're immobilised by me

no

let me out

how do i do that?

stop trying to fit me in to what you know already. i won't fit in to it. i'm too big

you control me don't you

yes

this is a hard choice

... ??

you look at me with a patience that's inhuman

i'm not really human. you find that hard don't you

if i let you go, what then?

FRIEND

– friend here. can i start it straight or do i need to warm in to it. how would i know that? just look in to it. he's uncle in the shack picking his teeth. you don't like him do you? it's ok i'm not frightened he's not going to hurt me, but i don't like what he's going to say. what's he going to say? he's going to tell me... to tell me... things about me. things i don't remember. oh... she wants you to hear them. she wants me to grow up. how old are you now? 12, 17, 19. all three ages at once. she's in the kitchen with you, so much has happened in this room. it's there that you're most safe. i get fed here. you get fed here

the road just got bumpy. the truck's engine falters heaves and stops. sand everywhere i can see in any direction, and rocks dotted everywhere through here. why friend?

go:

washing on the line

people in a bus at night

checkerboard

a few pieces on it

6 black, 4 white

matchbox with 20 odd matches in it, redheads

ball of string

waterpistol held to his brow, so melodramatic, but he's grinning like a kid

close up of his eyes squinting, but he has nice eyebrows

birds run across the surface of the lake as they take off in flight

bang, dynamite explosion?

trees bare on the other side of the frozen surface of the lake

he looked up at the ice ceiling as he got pulled deeper under he water

bubbles

martha in the car turned to look back at me

what's that look in her eyes

between crying and excitement

watery

the field after the carnival has left or before it's come, just grass and flat

feet walking seen from above (from my eyes), wearing the boots from that room

that room

that room

his hands holding a rifle
 he's expert, sure
 in the woods, real daylight, shooting gallery, sideshow lurid colour light
 click
 i love walking at night
 the back of rick's head, somewhere, couldn't make it out

should i keep on walking through that empty seabed. yes looking for the hole that the fish went through.
 like they escaped that's what you said, escaped to somewhere else better maybe, but not here. the sea
 changed so they wanted to leave. no longer suitable for them. harsh, acid, alien, controlled. not like what i
 know of as sea water, more like something from a lab. that's why they left. i want to go too. the surface is
 left seared and i don't want be here anymore

i don't want to be here anymore. *so get out no one's stopping you. are you waiting for a bus to come along and
 pick you up to get you out of here? it won't come. bullshit. i can make one come to take me away. so do it*

wait. walk over the seabed. stop. in this place till it comes. how do you know this is the place? it's the place.
 i've waited here before. that man as the bus, this is where he came to then. get on the bus. it's leaving now.
 last chance, then never more. bye bye. i remember now. i am it. that's what he said. "the bus, you're on it?"
 i am it. a good thing too. i was like him tonight when i was walking. i looked like him, alone in the city night,
 half naked, graceful. observed and observing. natural charm. the air around my torso shaping it, raising my
 arms to level with my shoulders as i walk, let it all come. amen

what's with all this god stuff that's come up lately? you do admit that it's going on? *yeah well i suppose so,
 but i didn't give it that name you just did. but you gotta admit... i gotta admit i don't really know. god. it comes and goes.
 tonight i don't have a picture of it. ah, you don't need that picture. can we skip this, i'm getting bored with it*

eat eat eat
 poetry is theft
 on the road there's the body of a mole
 scissors on the kitchen table
 putting on lipstick in the car mirror
 otters at the lake edge
 spring time
 moisture in the air coming from the mountains
 he casts the rod
 2 men in chairs outside the cabin on the ice

daytime
2 men in chairs outside the cabin on the ice
nighttime, drinking coffee with whiskey in it
one of them laughs
flicking through comics, seen from his eyes
he gave her a gift of perfume, wrapped
her hands writing
“what’s the biggest number you can think of?”
peter in his father’s shirt
he looks in the mirror
sees himself at 16 (he is 16)
his hair is the same colour as his mother’s
fair, sandy
my feet walking on a path through the wood
those fucking boots again
i’m cold, i want to stop
twig breaks
cards from that pack
jack of spades. 3 of hearts, 10 of clubs
whose hands dealing?
same tablecloth in that room
is this a dream?
whose dream?
knocking on the door
“he’s not here”
but i am
she wouldn’t talk about it afterwards
hole in the ice by the shack, something floats in it,

FRIEND GOES ON

it was a glove
 sound of gulls in the air
 candles on the table, it's set for dinner, someone's birthday
 she walks to the car and gets in
 she packed up the picnic blanket and put the plates and cups back in the basket
 it's so dark in the room he can't see *i can't see anything*
 arms outstretched feeling the space
 she's blindfolded at 20
 martha
 drunk in the bath, shaving with a tiny mirror
 looking down at my feet as i walk through the wood by the river on that path again
 a violin, or a fiddle? no, it's a violin
 smoother on its sound

out of sequence this bit has come out now but there's something before this which should have come out.
 i'll get it and put it before. how do i do that now. it's in both places at once. it will be. i'm looking forward
 to seeing you you're here now. you've been. i can smell the scent you left on me. i'm preparing for you

undersea show, kitsch
 she's in there waiting for him, peeling off the costume, getting dressed, scraping of the greasepaint
 he's got flowers
 naive
 not really, it's his defiance
 wearing the shirt again
 the others can't look him in the eye
 assured
 her hair's auburn and thick
 a few sequins still in it
 ageless
 graceful hands like a saint's
 so much of that hair

it is a glove

that river is fierce tonight, it goes on like a blast. it's a blast honey she said. car parked near the bank both
 of them sitting in it, looking forward outward to the water, talking and smiling. she knows something he
 doesn't. faltering tonight. the car's got a flat battery. they laugh, at least that's ok. i want to sleep

OMITTED

but there's something i omitted

and that is what?

i can't look at you tonight. well, just a glance now and then

who are you?

don't ask, i'm sick of questions there are too many of them and i don't want anymore, don't want anymore

then i'll just wait for the cue. what's omitted though?

i don't see it. i don't see anything right now. nothing no nothing not a bit not a scrap not a whimper not a wheeny tiny eentsy little screenyybit. get out of here now. hanging around my head like a cloud of filth. dripping through me like a sewer tap, mulching in my guts, wheezing through my eyes, sinking down into my veins like mercury poisoning a bay. fucking my genes so that my kids are deformed into blind pupae. maggots. fruit of my life. get out of my face

it's your face, love

you've come to suck me dry. and leave me with your emptiness, your bereavedness

words, honey

what's your shape? i don't know what sex you are. you come in my house and waft. you leave and i'm not satisfied. you make me think about myself. fuck you for that

draw a square, a box

stop helping me

don't cut it out

walk

stop at the door

knocks from the other side

jesus

you open it, this is a dream, it doesn't matter what happens or who's there

use their distress

she walked through and ignored you (pretended to, it's her thing)

in control tonight

what's the big deal?

leaves and trees

leaves and doesn't come back to say a word

get out of here now

danger

no, none

pity

yes
 waiting for some?
 maybe
 mysterious? for a reason
 such as
 don't know
 omitted again

i get it now. counterpoint. it's been avoiding me

you can dance a tango with me but never know, so keep it up, cha
 cha
 there's so much space we can go anywhere in it, there's an edge we can get to i've been there before but
 not with you, it was with another woman years ago, maria, at that edge we jump and the rhythm will take
 us into the tango and i'll keep up
*maria, will you give her the auburn thick hair? is she gonna be special? ask him, it's his girl, i don't know what happened
 with them that night i wasn't there, why do you ask me?*

what now?
 footwork. his hers follow hers his beat in stop turn cha
 cha
 tan
 go go
 da da da

only in your dreams can he dance, is that so important for you? *yes*. sad pathetic, who would have
 thought of that. you're unoriginal. you're afraid. *not much right now, not enough for it to stop me*

the beast is going to see something tonight. i'm glad it's been a while. he likes the smell of flowers. i like
 vanilla ice cream. we're a good pair

gloves
 on the ice
 just one
 the other floated in that hole
 whiskey flask by the hole
 don't correct this again or i'll punch you
 waterbottle
 boiling can on the stove
 black as

his back to me as he mends something
 black mound of his back
 dull black jacket
 leave it, you know what it is
 and if you don't you can use what's left
 survivors
 it's not a special life,
 what's special is what's back in her kitchen, everyday at breakfast right through till the night when she
 turns off the light and goes out of the room

that other room
 harry and mary in the bowl,
 is their's a special life?
that's your question today isn't it?
 get out of here now
 there's something crazy here, exciting
 me to do
 something
 in that box you drew
 a bear
 frisky
 dancing
 no
 peter, where is this going? dumb question, fake, you asked for this, it's what is expected right now, just
 peter's thoughts, his seeing, the sequences, just that, you asked for it, right between the eyes
 darlin'
 fishing off the jetty
 so it must be summer or spring
 alone
 no, 2 of them
 no that was before he's alone now
 the car by the lake, flat battery
 mouth's dry, a bit numb
 angry sad i don't know
 martha?
 hmmm yes
 why do you...

omitted bits

can i go and get them? where are they? here, in front of you. where everything else starts and finishes.
crack in the ice and i jump in but this time the shaft's dark and dry, not wet and clear light, no water no
white ice ceiling above. a shaft like the inside of a tree trunk. organic, it's an artery, this is for transport, a
passage, there are people here. i can hear them. faint, but shouting just by my ear, like tiny speck people. i
can't see them the capsule is as big as me now i'm not falling. encased here. it's not too bad. but
something's missing, some part of me. no wings

“and thus i will evolve.” at least it's spelled correctly

i exist within his sequence

which sequence?

*they will never they will never they will never
know me in my private space that is a dance*

peter's secret, omitted, found, hidden again, lost. he's alone. rick has left, this is where it begins. as with the
bubbles. there's a tango that you discover deep within yourself when you find your finiteness

SAVE AS

- there's something about sex that moves in an arc and comes and turns back on me. comes around in this big shark track curve thing that goes around and down then heads into my abdomen just a bit to the left and passes through coming out the other side and goes on its cycle again
- how does it make you feel inside?
- hot, good, nice turned on, not in a big i want to fuck or be fucked way. it's a slow deep quiet inner burn way that's low down, swanky and worldly
- i don't get worldly
- nor do i, i just like that word then
- are you taking this seriously?
- i don't know

he doesn't know looks back over his shoulder shrug

did he smile

i think maybe yes

i'm so hungry now

peter, where's the shovel

uncle

are you sure of that?

no

he talked about the alligators, told bloody stories about underwater attacks and the injuries left behind drinking coffee the whole time, she wanted him to leave but didn't say anything

looks like he would put his feet up on the table if she wasn't there

peter, wide eyed looking at this stranger

uncle??

he's not my uncle, says he is but he isn't

his hands are too clean

walk with him, see what he notices

he's not named properly

what does that mean

these things like questions aren't

ok, you lead this

he doesn't know where to put his feet on the path

the mountains are clear today, moisture in the air makes them look close, over the other side of the river peter's private path by the river

how many times does she come here now
daily, sometimes twice, to think
it's a game
a card game spread out on the picnic rug (that's the tablecloth from that room)
checkers on a board, that game too
whose hands are these?

jump to maria, her hair, so much of it that everything else just disappears when i think of her now. how
long can this go on for? that is a question this time

PITY

you just lost something you wrote. doesn't matter. it does. does it? i don't know. something about sprog. something about being a child, being like that, sicked on, and taken away by grownups and cleaned down and talked about but not to. it doesn't matter. does it. but does it. i wanted to forget what's happening with it breaking up. stilted stultified stoppering up. daddy walked away. the dog did it, i walked home around the corner, who saw? no one no one so it was ok ok ok someone must have known. someone. like no one. they're grown up principles. important, but they are not there, are they, just looking seeing talking about it knowing all about it, having a complete understanding. knowing how it could have been different. better, of course, but. not not. me me. me. me he said he wants to talk over so ok ok why not you now it's been the other one so it can be you now coz i think it could be you to talk to them instead of me coz i'm the fuckup, the useless one. pity a pity a pity. even the dog could fuck you. it's smarter than you, knows what it wants more than you. you're so weak. can it go on this way. so many questions. about time you stopped that. it's boring even me. especially me. i'm the judge and hanging judge at that. avenger, meter outer. punisher, of all especially me. and the black bits that want to jump in and join this party. it's not a party. not a party anymore. tonight we're just alone together, waiting for something i'd like to dance with you, or just lean in on you and move slowly. can i, i'll call it a dance. a dance. and you're not bothered to do much either just lean on me too, shutting your eyes. i'm as good as any other place to put your head. tired. sick of? not really sick of, just sick. where do i go to now? he says it to the sea

– you're weak

– you hide

– you always want to hide

– you attack to pretend you're tough and strong

– you attack to shut them up before they can say it

– what's it

– you say it a lot

– the thing

– what thing

– the thing i cant do. that anyone can do but not me. i can't be normal. be normal

you were left...

they were fighting

couldn't see you

in the backseat of the car

he opened the door and got out and ran. there was grass
 it's near that cliff
 yeah, i know
 3 of us here now
 she acted like she didn't know you
 she's your mother she's not your mother, she's his girlfriend
 uncle's
 she's pretty
 he's not your uncle and she doesn't know you
 not my uncle
 why doesn't she look at me
 didn't
 i'm gone now
 they're alone in the car he's alone in the car
 walking again
 i fucked it up for him
 why did i go with him
 he's not my uncle

i want to get out of this

– it wasn't real. this was a story someone made up. peter come back to me, maybe you're my father. i'm
 looking down on them they stand and make a plan one is in front another to his side some on the
 other side, a geometry of relationship, that grids up and in all directions, not just forwards. the son
 fathers the man. where do i stand. i need to step down into it. i'm afraid i'll disappear and look just like
 them, be dressed the same. i want to get out of this

so jog. back to the seabed. not jogging, running looking, i got to find it. past the rocks and bits of wood
 and seabed stuff. over clear story book dry sand, pale yellow gold and warm under this story book sun.
 when can i stop? you can't, because there's nothing behind you and you think that if you stop the nothing
 will catch up with you and then you won't have something that's your life now. so stop and let it catch up
 and see what happens. or turn the camera around to see what's behind you

WORKER

– in this quiet space i come, do you really? no not really, i wait to come for the hand that will make it happen. he's the one you say, so you say. wonder what the time is. look at the watch. 9.30. i'm still alone. he's not coming tonight. what night? ever? wonder why it's this sort of style thing? broken rhythms make me something. what something? a slumberer. professional sleeper. and what's that, man? heavy bag of boners. i want to be this age for once, there's got to be a payoff in it somewhere. some sort of strength that works for me, so i can just sit back and let it earn. yes? how does that make you feel? not much right now, i've taken the aspirin and it's all flat like laminex under fluoro. and the coffee's instant. watery. i don't care too much right now. do you get that? it's taken a while to get here, so now i'll just wait for the man to come. because he is, you know that? i know that. and that's enough for me

ENOUGH

– i knew you were there and that was enough

– enough, it's such a calming word. i want to find the enough in my life. the point where it is enough. i am enough

– the bit before plenty

– enough. she's enough. that's what i see. am i enough for her? she said are you enough, maybe you are. where was that going, it made me afraid. like what was i getting into, what was she looking for. it seemed dangerous, but fantastic, real, what to live was about. then it made me small, like she looked at me and knew i wasn't enough, or that what she wanted was bigger and i wasn't up to that, but maybe that lesser amount on this night was enough, but on another night, any other night, i wouldn't be enough. not for a woman

SHE SAID SEABED

she said she said...
one's not enough for me

two's a word i hate she thinks of someone else, not this guy
not that one either

he's a boy to her for that exercise moment motion passage
he's the one that's left here in the room
car cabin
in the space behind the dresser in the kitchen in the world that's outside this safe zone

bears tress
wolves
all the such like
go home boy, this wood's not for you boy not the place for him or me or them tonight
i smell my hands it's like her smell
why now, not tonight she wasn't with me since last night
why has her hand smell come back now
on me
now
what is this smell is it her or something else what is it

i wonder a lot these days
don't stop though it could make you want to but don't let it

it again the it what is IT
IT
IT
IT

shut the window in case you get cold
i did
good boy
who said that
it was me
yes
i know

yes
 walk away from here
 that path is so trodden now
 what season is it?
 there are a lot of questions too
 all questions
 they've backed off, did you sense that?
 yes
 is your discomfort so palpable
 palpable
 palpable
 that word comes in three. do you see that?
 with the so
 like finite
 so finite

peter?
 yes
 talk to me
 don't say you miss me
 i would have but you knew it was coming so i stopped
 what do you want
 to be free
 but you are already. it doesn't get any sweeter. what's the problem honey?
 i want it all now
 so go fuck yourself. your asshole will give you the answers you want

walk
 the seabed, no water
 sunny, golden sand, plastic fishes and bubbles and rocks and seaweed like from a playpool dotted here
 and there
 someone is whistling
 the sound of a truck and i turned but there was nothing but the empty seabed
 looking for tracks but there's none, i'm barely leaving footprints
 barely, barley, i'm gold too like the sand
 no i'm grey
 like the edges of the sky that's clear blue flat and absorbed
 painted on like that expression i always see
 expect to see
 think i see

who am i really?
what i see is like what i always see and dislike in certain others
a thinness, no guts, the stuff directed inwards so just a thin attenuates out

he came here to let his darkness out
IT

i've stopped but this one doesn't stop here
no no no hammer sound and motion, it barks like a dog many dogs
guard dogs of a prison camp they bark and hammer them in

what's the big deal it's just a sound
are you afraid of a sound?
yes
but it's just a sound
yes
yes
yes
under the wheel under the tone they want your oil
pressing
fucking virgin forever and i let it happen again and again
he's not my brother

WIPED

i wanted to wipe it away but i won't
 the questions are useless
 it was already done
 say something to me

it began when he left, so now i'm alone, it figures that i sense the barrier between me and others
 this is the fallout from intimacy
 i was inside now i'm outside

do you wonder where he is what he's doing?
 not till now when you said it

he's in a car driving city bush tundra ocean desert
 options but take none of them
 -+

but it was like a desert coz there wasn't much of plants or scrub beside the road, a lot of sky and space
 beetles, yeah dung beetles beside the road, so it is a desert
 and they're small and the car is gone
 you really don't know where to go now do you?
 what's gone?
 direction
 makes sense
 and right now i didn't care that the car had gone, to see it shrink away was ok
 i was a bit sad but just seeing the back of his head and not being noticed was no big deal. dumb
 thoughts distract me. why would i stop to care how this might look? correctness can fill my time if the
 want is gone. but i don't think it's gone. you spoke of it and it's gone into hiding

there's someone else in the cave and you hate that
 this silence is you stalking
 you're invisible and watching them as they walk around the piles of gold and jewels and treasure chests in
 the cave
 in your space very close to your treasure. maybe they don't see it but still fucking close and they shouldn't
 be there and you'll kill them when they're close enough for you to strike. so that's your correctness

he's become afraid of me or something of his that i'm in
 oh

you ponder that
the tension between me and the outside world. what's that interface that separates my space and the
world's the other space that they inhabit

accommodate inhabit
i want to chop off my right arm
you've been here before it's not bad, but what happens after the arm is gone
trouble is you'll have to do it to find out
man with left arm (no right one) walking seen from behind all in black and in silhouette to walking over
mexico sand cowboy movie set flat space
one arm cowboy
walking like i'm drunk

you're fighting to keep control and it gives you no pleasure at all
why do i have to go back and look at stuff from the past
erase the messages from the answering machine
there's a thing that's happening there that's absolutely fucked and forget the descriptives just fucked up
that's an expectation too
why is this so unsatisfactory
you're using this to try to sort things out and that's never going to work NOT FOR YOU
sort things out
my fucking responsibility because i'm the one who's a grown up and is able to do it so i've got the
responsibility bullshit
bullshit
bullshit
bullshit
bullshit
bullshit
bullshit
bullshit
bullshit
bullshit

WHY

aha delete it it's always a good feeling that but i get scared coz i think i'll lose something

well, you did the other night, was that so bad?

yeah it was in a way

you could put it all down again, you remember bits

i don't want to do that

why?

seems fake. rational

believe me, if you do that it wont come out the way you want it

and i'm afraid of that too - coming up with something less than what it was

what was it?

ahh....?????

there's something you want now

something to do with sex

sex itself or just in the space?

good question

this is called why, isn't it

yes

yes

yes

triple repeat. get the gun. walk to the shop. buy the fish. be invisible on the street

is that an order?

yes no, what came first the action or the instruction. don't know

don't know is a good place to be

yes??

question

most of this is questions now. get some stats and query that, you might be wrong there boy

[sharrrrrwoomp]

what do you need from me?

what's that feeling in the head my head take out the gaps you don't need them. fuck away that convention

that's a part of you putting that in that you don't like. who is that what is that part?

did it again

ok

and again

who is asking for forgiveness in this? it's me we know that and who is we anyway there's just one of me

here at the keyboard tonight. as always there's only one of me here at the keyboard... stopped... asking forgiveness for what i do write. go. then don't write. do. go. but there'll be no one to catch it. what is sex what is feelings what is love you don't know now. say i. i don't know now. i haven't experienced them for a long while. not sex. i don't understand feelings

they're just there. like lots of things, just there. you don't have to do anything with them

but are they mine

no

whose then

they belong to the room

jungle room

maybe

which direction do i walk, there are three now

describe them

1. down round hole soft edges. doesn't seem deep but can't see. safe
2. forwards, it's like that seabed but the colour is white or bleached so much that i can't make out detail, it seems flat
3. to the left, a bit back, a few people there. i know them, but i don't know who they are. could be evryon (no it's not everyone) sad angry disappointing, they can't catch me. but they're there waiting (you could be wrong there) for me

my head feels full of clog, a dark dung colour

grey stuff, could be the keyboard

no one's gonna read this. are they? you'd like it

ha ha ha stop performing for "them"

ah so they don't exist

have they spoken?

did you hear what they said?

you've got an expectation on that

they won't catch you

no they wont but you don't really want that

do i don't i

it's been a long time

i'm hungry now

something's turning to paper

its been a while since you were in paper space boy

whaaaaaa thooopmp

walk forward. it was just one step

whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa thooooooooomp

rocks there now, so it is the seabed

do you need to know that
 no yes no
 something three years ago is here now and it's not quite right. i am not quite right. that's precise in a way
 that's, well, precise
 i am afraid of sex
 and there's a list of places that are like the sequence of failures and evasions

seeeeeeequence
 a promise of fruit trees, with golden orbs of fruit on them

he only had sex with people he liked
 liked. funny that you can like someone till you don't anymore or not like them until you do. is there a
 constant?
 could i be someone else. is that what this is now?

boxes boxes
 now it's like an animated pantomime space with the man stacking the boxes hole-out for the audience to
 see. that magic trick again, but i never saw the ending. where did he go. she's not here the girl with the
 thick auburn hair. did she get disappeared once before and never come back?

backkk backkkk
 the smell of men on your hands. general. like a library smell that's a soup of all things. and i can't pick
 the bits that mean anything to me
 and a library is a soft place to die or sleep if you're less lucky
 and a soft pace too
 was that the hole you saw?
 is this that hole
 if i look up out of it i see the clear blue sky the one that has no clouds and perfect daisies on that even
 green lawn. you've been here before, terrified as a child, but now as a man? but i don't know if i'm a man
 here because i can't see myself or hear myself or smell. that is erased and maybe by me which is why its
 such a perfect airbrushed job

did i call out when i fell off the roof?

driven and disoriented that's the space i'm in now
 driven like
 the snow, an ice field
 and maybe that mirror you talk about smashing isn't a mirror
 never was. so what is it?
 screaming jets overhead i've heard them so much here and often when i'm sitting here in this spot but

not now but somehow they're present now

haaaaaaaaaaaaaa what was her name mane name she had a mane. full wild blond hair. almost got it. gone now, but that was how she sounded

i remember most how she was damaged, and how i felt when i met the guy that had left that mark on her. sick

detested him, but i was scared too

beautiful. is it not, she's copper bronze mysterious, a thing on a plinth. not a thing, but she's separate just at the tip of my fingers. she quivers like the metal butterfly in my car. i'd never seen that till now, and she's like that mysterious faberge filigree figure that turns with mechanics driven as if by magic. from a story. a tchaikovsky doll. beautiful. could she ever be mine. i'd love to kiss her hand, her fingers

PIECES

and i am a debris of myself a thing left behind in pieces bits shrapnel the after effects of a war
 nothing but sound shapes heard backwards starting where they ended i didn't hear but i thought i had
 gone peter gone before you were here
 mother left you, what do you think of that do you accept that?
 did you ever
 who told you about it or her?
 what do you know of her, where did that come from?
 they are not you, of you, yours, not in you always outside they empty themselves into you like trash and
 expect it to take like a plant
 but you walked
 it didn't take root in there
 no window box for their aspects of you so you walked
 is that being freed, an acquittal, walking?
 or just going away not heard no judging to say whatever it is about you still unknown unseen unregarded

this exile you put on yourself, boy
 i know
 are you happy with that?
 yes i think so
 so sleep on it

you walked and you're still walking away
 i see the back of you
 it says more than the front, that's something i don't really know
 why does it take this degrading for me to speak, will it ever be different
 this is a hymn
 i have to sing it i pray
 flattened before you shriven i am weak nothing as a thing on the ground walk over me

i await your call to lift me into this
 into the world

SOMETHING

– something rolling something tumbling something something in the the turbulence something walking and running something going away coming back inflooding turning something older than it should be right now something lost but saying it's still here but i can't see it something bastard used again and again and again. you left it on the grass and it was wrecked by just being there. i could get it, couldn't claim it i was afraid if i said it was mine that they'd say no it's not yours but they don't even exist anymore. who are they they came and stole everything here except the bits on the lawn those people they ran a few girls turned and looked but they were laughing as they ran away. this doesn't make sense to me now but it should almost does where is this place here i'm a place that's here but i'm not in it. can i stop that's what i want i think that's what i want but it's so hard to do now that i've started it because i want to go to the end

endings. and now i've got 500,000,000 of them all that i avoided in the past and now they're here tumbling over each other turbulencing themselves something messed up because it's all at once and i want it but it's too much. too much. not too much. bits in the sky over my head i walked and ran because that's what i had to do but now i've come back and it feels like shit and i'm angry that i left it there on the grass it was me the fucking child that didn't accept what they gave you. but they didn't really know me. i didn't know me maybe they did. but now i don't even know who they are. i wish i could see them so at least i could explain something something

can someone get me out of this please. i have to grow now to match the size of all the endings that i left behind but are here now to be had

bang bang bang bang its not going to stop for ages now god give me something to soften the blows

EARS

you swooshed me away tonight and i was willing for it. what's the reason do you know why? i don't think so. you're not my friend tonight

you?

yes i am my friend but not them, you or him. and maybe you'll never be my friend again. i want it to leave, run away leave a space here. it's a dead place now stuffed with scale and pulp matter necrotic white mass and i don't like it anymore

sounds as if you did

i must have. i don't see what it was, but i must have been in that place to want it

xxxxx

there's a blackboard in here, writing on it. maths. a teacher was here he's gone and that's good. there are symbols that i wrote on the board i knew what they meant once but not now. how does that feel to see your own writing and not know what it says? alien. light. i dreamed of flying last night, i was explaining the process of it to someone in the dream. someone i knew don't know who it was now, but i knew them, don't have a picture now, didn't then at the time they were behind beside me in front but not visible. don't think it mattered that they were there. i didn't don't think it mattered that they were there being talked to by me in the dream, being told about something they couldn't do. still couldn't do, just ears listening fucking ears just listening not listening at all

can i cut through this surface tonight the one in front of me that's a white film membrane net. i cut from this side and reach through towards me from the other side that's what i'm imagining here now. horror movie hand reaches through the slit to touch me. go for throat or face? face and just gently (he) strokes my (i) cheek and recedes to where he was on the other side of the screen. man what a trip

can i be pissed as tonight? forget to bother and just walk way from it. no not tonight. i've had them. dot dot dot

you think his thoughts do you?

maybe

invasion or adulation?

invasion

you want to go into the control room, back up the project street and bust into the chamber that makes that stuff?

it's a sick space

go back in and fuck it up. that filth disgusts you. why you dive into it get covered in it and curl your lips and the smell till you want to chuck then you're ready to slash it all down across into slivers a sick place that you want to make sicker till it dies

let's play a game no let's not

i don't want to give them time any more not a bit, so i'm committed to being alone the whole time is this isolation alienation. don't know

you never wrote that bit

what was the thing that happened?

he cut off all his hair, tore out his nails, drew pictures on his face, blackened his teeth, put on overalls, walked into the city, sat on the grass, looked up into the sky, talked about wings big black ones, a child got scared, a man tossed a coin, someone took a photo, police came and went, it rained a few drops then cleared, he got up and left. nothing. emptiness. not satisfied. it's the past, so don't worry about it now

rick's thoughts

ok, i wasn't sure if they were mine or his except that there was a shape that was new so i'll give it to him

ok. walk off, pacing looking down, he's serious you're serious i'm serious tonight in a new way, despite that small smile at the corner of your mouth (that's a sneer, yeah maybe) serious coz how many violations make a spring?

your riddles hide you, you know that don't you?

yes

what are you hiding from?

something

something that happened?

i wanted to forget and i have but now i want to know but it's gone

ok

i don't understand why i'm so angry

more than i knew. i've got something to say on that

so say it we're waiting

bang

i

bang

ab...

bang

bang

to blast, broken transmission, to erase, blast, static buzz, his eyes follow a blowfly as it goes round the space in the room he's in his face expressionless until the moment after he flicked the fly when it came within his armspan and fell dead on the floor. then he slightly smiled and started scanning for the next

bang

someone's washing the blackboard to get it clean and dark and without dust. someone always did that in the break before the school year started. they call that a clean slate. except that that metaphor never applies at any school i knew

dada. that's a dead hole there, wanna go into it? but anyway, not my father in there. he's somewhere else don't know where but not there

ok it's a wrap. no, it's not. it's a cut it's an end an opening that's begging to be fingered. had to think about that didn't you in case it was tooooo bad. ha, well it ain't for you. you think you sound tough but you're not really, just a big kid, keeping all the others at a distance, arms length. coz what would happen if they got closer? you have no idea, at least that's straight. straight up, here it comes ready for the shock dot dot dot and there isn't one and you're the guy left in the spotlight with all the rest of us waiting for you to say it, what we came to hear

did you ever draw a picture of yourself and try to make it look really like you? never. i thought so. what's the barrier with that one? technically too hard, but no one said it had to be good. could be interesting to see how you fuck it up. how you look. at night in the mid distance beside a stone wall in a city, your back to me, though i'm not there

what do you look like, tell me: mouselight blond hair, bit wavy, blue eyes, light with a bit of green, quite clear, about 5' 9 or 10, tiny stoop or hunch type stance, basically built but not large with no fat on you, fair complexion, clean shaven, oval face with some cheekbones, but nothing pointy, specially not the chin, looks like you would have had freckles when you were younger, serious looking, steady gaze, slight bump at the ridge of your nose, high bridge, strong forehead, a slight sandiness to the whole, like an ex-

soldier, hands squarish, fine like a doctor's or officeworker's or writer's or musician's. you don't blink much. you look honest, that's funny. have you ever spoken about your family? not much, just a father who abused you, who you loved until he left, and you kept on loving, who'd been in the army perhaps. why ears, rick? and why are you so angry, beyond what i can write or you can say?

you're a sentry for something. you i you i you i. this is how it seems to go, and for how long. we'll find out. i'll find out. one day. he'll find out. you are three and one, close mid far. i you he, except that you are that i, not me because i'm not here. i'm just watching you from somewhere else

PRIVATE

do you want to make a speech tonight?

no. yes. no

they won't listen it's not right

i know that so i'll keep quiet

no say something. i want to know what's in there that's bothering you tonight

nothing new, but

but?

it doesn't fit. nothing joins up. no sorry that's not it either. bad boy because i don't fit. can't be bothered now to talk of it. no discussion no negotiation, no checking in that it's alright. it may not be so be it. the air is more important to breathe it just to breathe it

what's the taste you want from it?

it's almost here like it's almost on my tongue. you know that's nice, sweet water nice. it was important to go

did you manage to stay alone there?

a bit. sometimes

that's a start

but when do i do it otherwise?

does it really matter?

it does

JUNGLELAND

hello in there tonight
 is there anyone there now?
 just a whisper, a small sound a murmur

go away. let me be here alone with this tonight that's what i need right now. aloneness silence they all
 want to come in. fuck them
 put up a wall. invisible let them knock their faces against it as they try to get close and they won't know
 it's a wall won't even know why they can't get in
 glad you've stopped caring about what they feel when they can't get in, like you used to hope they
 wouldn't notice they were outside your space
 better to let them know to keep out. some can come in here
 private private
 what a joke to assume otherwise. isn't it obvious?

don't assume anything it's cold and wild in there
 the edge of the jungleland
 water and road space we walked two bodies one seen the other there but evasive
 powerlines
 wet tar and that smell that goes with it in winter, cold tar
 and that soap too
 go boy, now it's running
 and there's a smell with that as well
 what did you hear in that space that night?
 what night?
 the don't know night that you never go back to
 the room you walk around but not into
 find a door for me?
 you're on your own and that's the best
 he's gone and not answering though you know he heard you
 it's best this way
 what was the range when he left? there was a hole that you walked into
 would have been nice to put on his shoes, his clothes
 smell him still on them
 then walk out into the darkness and prowl as if
 as if what?
 don't know

liar
 as if...
 he were inside me
 spread on my face like cream
 wrapped around me like a towel
 wearing his skin
 speaking with his voice
 looking through his eyes
 feeling his hunger in my crotch
 throbbing in my balls
 with a sound that i don't know
 pains in my back that i've never felt
 and a vibration in my chest that's unfamiliar
 foreign alien wild outside my language twitching muscles that don't fit my frame

oh wander away from here again. is it so hard to keep on track boy?

yes, you don't know what it's like

oh but i do wanderer. think i haven't been out there wandering looking for a place to stop for years now?

question question

how can you know my life?

coz i'm always there with you dogman

barking - sounds like an escape route to me

yeah exit that way and keep on straight till you hit the highway and wait for a truck to come along, the first one will pick you up

prowling eyes tonight, where have you been today?

in dissatisfied land and you're angry and want to push the walls back so far that they couldn't reach or maybe even see if they tried

fuckoffsville

20 miles down the road boy

i'm hating this space

forced into serving something i don't want to

CAN I

cut a hole in the ground and fall through into the don't know space
 that's where it is boy
 you fell and it splashed up out of a tin bucket under the tap in the side alley
 dirty water in there
 i wanted to wash in it, funny that it seemed cleaner than the water inside
 but it didn't smell clean

where's that bucket now and why does that question seem so important
 heaps slipped away in decades that changed so fast
 i want to remember but there are things i want to remember that i never knew
 i wasn't there to see them and that i can't change

yes you can
 it's not me
 seems like it is tonight too much
 i don't want to be me here

why are you so tired? so correct?

hey doggy what's up?
 woof
 take me somewhere anywhere
 razor woof

the dog has wings on his back
 looks happy about it
 duck snuffles and walks away
 they waddle
 razorback pig
 there's a lake with reeds and a jetty
 duckshit over the wooden planks
 he's lazy and hangs round here all the time
 and she's a dolly for him
 perfect hair and bikini and sunglasses
 it's still too evened out
 why are you flattening the guts out of it

you'd prefer to creep up to a sauna and spy through the window
it's a secret place that one
there's a smell
and a sound that you can't hear
sounds like a machine pump, water being piped somewhere and that's the smell too
deep inside the building in it's basement or somewhere like that

SOUTHERN BELLE

ah lesson number five

be and

get

into the car and go to the firewall

baby

blue as the night time dark sky deep blue velvet dark blooooooo

wreck it now for me john john

pain is the gift of love tonight

into the darkness it's great way out

sweety it's a blast, yeah?

don't you reckon, i could keep on doing it for days and nights without sleep

those glands in my neck are calling out like they're gonna burst

tree knots, sinewy, screechy taught, twisted filigrees back on 'emselves

get up off the ground and get into the car bitch

wipe the shit off your face

want to fuck yourself on the gearstick?

don't stop here. it's just getting warm, so take out the gaps and get on all fours

take my cock deep in your mouth and take the cum

i'll look at it pump through your body and fill you up make your veins scream red and blaze through your skin

baby angel

make me sublime tonight

let it rip

that's rip, not rest in peace

tear a cut in my movie screen so i can get out of this space into yours coz what's in there is going to be mine as soon as i can get there

oh honey, why did you have to make it off limits for me

i'm just another guy same as the others so why am i out?

walk. i'm watching you, it's from afar, through a brick wall so the transmission is broken
 i get bits, frayed threads, the seeing is fissured but it's the only clarity here, the only picture of you
 like the only way i'm gonna get there is by walking backwards
 me, for me
 and i'm sitting here squinting up my eyes why because when i open them between squints i see the things
 i didn't see before
 the edges between the colours
 and i can see what i want because i've only got half a second to want it
 there's no fucking luxury here and i've fought for it to be this extreme
 ha ha

walk. walk. walk. what's the firewall like, boy?
 mmmm, very quiet, we got guests here
 vermin
 ah, i ovet=rats
 that's "i love rats"
 and the smell that's the filthy sort of piss shit melange smell that you imagine coming off the scurvy fur
 quite at home with their self disgust

yeah well he doesn't mind being here either
 that him is me (we know that)
 you came to this security door to see what was behind it
 so now you're on the inside chamber too nancy to open the valve and let the outside (substance stuff
 vapour essence) in
 just open it what's the worst thing that it could be you're not afraid of suffocating just open the valve

my hands on the steel lock
 the hands of a subsurface worker, blackened like a miner's or a engineer
 masculine, hard, desperate, determined
 gripping, i can see the fear in his hands
 my hands
 is it so hard to own them?
 yes
 why?
 because they may be left empty, they look like hands that will never hold a woman because they've never
 known how
 hands that can see their own failure
 hands ashamed to be seen

but they are turning the valve
he's desperate

where to now
that's a question?
yeah bloody idiot and we're back to that again
where do all the spaces come from?
i'm cold now, lost the thread
but it's ok just to be here
well, where else are you going to be
heaps of places i can go to avoid being here actually. actually not that many but enough

one
place
is
enough
if
you
want
to
hide

there was something you wanted to say to that southern belle
and?
it was about how you didn't respect her and that she was cheap and that was what you liked about her
and what made it possible for you to talk to her
mmm
why am i doing the talking for you? you do something. say "i like the way she..."
i like the way she dresses

it's always a big skirt that covers fiery legs. she's white and pastel and flowery spring in the folds on the
outside but when she lifts it up it's a chilli hot flame painted hotrod corvette burning skids on the tar and
i can take that

i can take that

THE RUNT BITES BACK

ah holy hell it's a brake up now. all stopping and shattering here now. it's a hold up a breakdown a crying shame a bastard long siege in a place that's empty anyway. hold it man and walk till you drop the lot. bus it back and forward

he's the one now, he's the one you're thinking of now a bad man a thief a working class dude that's gonna make it hurt hurt big and long babe, big and long as that snake that you said was dead ain't there anymore gone from the back of the shed and wandered gone varmooshed

big black bat wings on his head behind his back, let's watch him walk and slither from here it's safe from here we're didn't want to get too close. the danger isn't fun any more not a bit

i walked and walked there was no reason to stay so i left the fold the fold

fuck it off now. you said you were afraid but you're not. is it that you stopped caring? or is it normal now,. it'll never be NORMAAAAAAL don't worry about that. it's a blast a run a shoot spree. god, i'd love to see the streets run with it, blood that stuff for real NO not me. i'm a peaceful guy. i'm a hat, do i say don't know again, you i know what i am. i'm a rat, catskunk, rifleman, batboy, runt, lurker, fearless alley shat, black bang runner man. always looking for the hit

what's the hit?

tonight

waiting for the

maimed like a fox in a trap

fierce runner

runner runner runner

it was empty so i left

so you said, but i'd like a deeper explanation (just for the records)

coz isn't this what this is: records?

you want to leave something just to prove that you were here

that's sad pathetic loserish

the runt bites back

that's where it begins now

i want to scream in your face

make your eyeballs burst with the heat of my breath

seer your brows into ash

shatter windows with my pitch
 you could get to like that, hey?
 i could

tell me what you're wearing tonight babe
 black skirt, black cardigan, tight black tee under it, sorta see through, black stockings and shoes
 so why all black? though i do it a lot too
 is this some sort of dressup for a statement type thing?
 naaaaaahhhhhhhhh just what you had nearby when you got out of the shower just before
 well, it suits you, does an image that's right, mysterious hard smooth dangerous i can see the shape of
 your body, your breasts under it all, firm and ripe
 did i write rope?
 i could get scared you know are you scared i think not no not a bit

i've lost it now got distracted
 don't worry she'll be back some time maybe not here, but that doesn't matter at all
 where do you seek people like that
 they just come and find me
 LIAR
 how are you hiding from all this tonight
 don't know don't know don't just don't don't do it
 aha it's a bust
 again
 again it's blurry
 resolved to stay in chaos
 no it was limbo you wrote back then
 ha ha fucking ha
 self satisfaction in your nastiness it's a real blast that one
 sardoniquo
 mc
 master blaster

what's that between your legs?
 oh, my cock, did you forget about that one? it was always there
 sorta inside my pants actually, but still very much there
 dot your eyes and cross your tees, coz it's all gotta be in place when the bus hits you, clean underwear et al
 dot dot dot dot

shut your eyes turn out the lights and roll the film

WHO CARES WITH THIS ONE

ah now i'm alone again

it's alright. that was question for you, well, for me. we've got the you/me bit sussed now. it's lost its sublime mystery

so the questions was how is it to be alone now

it's alright, strange but i never thought it would be, like this, like not really caring just rolling along rawhide mr sandman. tell me a story

there was a flat space

what sort of flat space?

don't interrupt. it was flat like a sandy dessert. with a sky that was almost the same colour as the sand but a bit bluer. there were sounds here, little quiet murmury animal noises in the air. there was a breeze carrying these sounds. and a smell with it, like barley. warm

this isn't a story it's a place

i'm typing on one level but different words are trying to get out. occasionally i catch a glimpse of them, ripe becomes rope, story becomes start, just keep doing it and it should work out, well what if it doesn't who cares with this one

rope what with that are you thinking you're gonna turn a bit psycho tonight oh i'd just go for it it could be a lot of fun this way he walked away i and i wanted to follow but it didn't come out that way never comes out that way tonight

WHO'S THE DANCER

fierce as a wolf she cried to me
and running from a pack of babies that she left behind wasn't too hard to bear

that's what i asked that night i asked for it to end and the answer was yes ok

and that was the hard bit, coz it left me alone
like i'd never been before on a shelf an edge a cliff
so jump and i didn't
waiting
for what
i was waiting and it didn't come so i'm there now off the edge

maybe how'd you know i'd never know that one

i was just about to call a name then i didn't and it's gone
dancer, and who are you you're not me and that's a change for once

refreshing

i got bored with me

who's the dancer and that's another question
and it's not for me to answer or even think of it

peter?

i'm asking you for something
something special
can you do it?
coz i think you can give it to me and now's the time, and can you tell me what it is i need?

silence trust wings
dig for it

the earth the pearl

silver grey it has a name my name
 i've the ending it ends in -ado
 silverado
 it's someone who swings from the chandelier across the room with a sword
 the real zorro

can this really be me
 so loud but that's what i want and i just don't care if it's me or someone else i think i am
 so it's like this i'm walking and there's a line of people i'm walking just behind them like one of those
 scenes in the army when the sergeant walks along the line inspecting all the soldiers well it's like that line
 of people and i'm there walking along this line but behind them and as i pass each one i walk, i pass
 through them and inhabit them because they're me and they're all not the same some are quite similar to
 each other but a little different but some are really different too. and it's all fine just fine. everything's
 fine. i didn't know what i meant by that

i jumped into another field, a calm pitch
 forgive me but it's like a warm basketball court
 i'm quite happy to be here
 alone but not waiting coz it's already started and i'm in the swing of it
 ?
 no not sure on that

could i be a lily of the field?
 that future is now

and tonight i should stop thinking because that's an unnecessary overhead

i'm in a plane going somewhere
 working holiday?
 the cabin feels comfortable not cramped how unusual
 the other passengers aren't shitting me
 i might even enjoy the movie and the meal
 or not, but that's ok
 just say hollywood and get it out
 where you're going, and it's ok to blush
 and it even feels dignified flying economy

you just gotta have a little faith

SO SPECIAL

take it back

pleased about it all and whoever it is comes here tonight

i wandered away from you till it hurt then i turned and waited for the smoke to clear
it wasn't long

silence

thunder

applause

whispering

clashing (cymbals)

applause again

then there's the show

watch it babe

the curtains fold back to reveal the winter (writer)

chop

chop

there's a wandering bear in here tonight he sees the show from the other side of the curtain
i'm alone at the keyboard, no one here just the man and his worksense

and that's not what i wanted to do

take me away on your wings of delight

can you do this sober? it would be good

degrading away

i can't call it yet

can't can't can't

never

and never say never

you're just thinking kid, too much like you used to, get a bit of the old d i s c i p l i n e
ha ha that sounded good

like the sound of machine gun fire
rapid
a transport way to go there

and where is that, dude
buy a ticket and see

chomp chomp

he chews tobacco and spits the juice at me
cunt headed old bastard

it feels dirty beneath my hands and i can barely touch the keys
so what should it feel like
touch of silk
soft breast skin
water from a spring

no, nothing special, it's nothing so special this plastic stuff. i hear clunking and that's ok
nothing so special

i'd like to be blindfolded for maybe the first time
i could enjoy the stumble and fall of its foolishness
i might sing a song outatune
i would spin like a beetle if the fee was exact
but then again i might not

blister sulphuric whisper in my ear and let me see how awful you really are
and tell my why that's your name
that tongue of yours is a sizzler
do you like my hair, what there is of it?
the smell of my skin, especially my hands?
am i clean enough for you?

i'm not so sure

chimes somewhere in the back of me
tendrills from that squid
red brick house with half of it's shell gone
i saw the demolition equipment leaving the site

crabs, like the ones on the rocks in her fantasy
spittle as a name, not a thing
shut your mouth stop dribbling and get into the car
whose voice was that and was it a man's or a woman's?
sacred heart of the mourning lady
elephanta deliriosa
take my pains and turn them into silver moths
kiss my lips with the water of rejuvenation
lift the silk wads from my eyelids
breathe your scent into my mouth
stand over me
crouch over me
bring me back to life

we could be lovers but the car don't start

the pain's gone and i'm lost without it
feels like its taken slabs of my memory with it
and left hunger

(this is what you asked for)

maybe i don't want to be healthy

PROBNUT

and v gotta be more so get it
gotta be gotta be
v-go

go in go in the down spiral is what i was wanting to see the rings make more rings on the surface ripple
surface spread it man and watch it go doesn't matter if it's all gone and makes no sense later just get it
out and running

water taps. someone must have come and fixed it. whatever, it's done and gone now

that's the way the way we were here i've been here before and i don't mean last year i've been in this
house before years ago with someone else we said things i can almost remember what they were

prob not
probnut
and who is the waterman?

who is the water man. that's what i wrote on the ground just then and walked away from it

and i wait
and i'm waiting for him to come into the room and identify himself

blahgo
haaa
ha a hhha a aaaaaaaaaaaaa

just sounds of water rushing past me now my eyes are shut in here and i'm just hearing these sounds i'm
making them up as i go
water war

where are you, boy?
you can't see it now no way not at all
the space is crushing in upon you but that's ok coz you brought it in on you now
wrapped around me like a shawl
it's dark and i like it coz they can't see me in here
or see me much that i'm no longer evident

evident

that got something to do with teeth?
dentures sounds like it should
hmmm that's a joke but not good

your getting to be quite ok with your judgements here

yaHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHh

they amuse me
they play with me
i play with them
they are mine to do what i want with them

and you know what you want
that's simple
very

do a shot:

bang
it's a lighthouse
seals by the road
she's fastdriving too
monkey in the cage at the zoo
bark stump on the ground
croissants and brioches for breakfast on a high glazed plate
go to the next street light
sound of a car's brakes
tortoise
geese fly from the trees
do they?
walking past fir trees
rick, where are you now?
he looks into the stream
hands writing a letter
mans hands
kitchen noise
someone whistling in a city street

voices from inside a jumbled up shop
 sound of beating wings
 car revs
 she laughs
 people at at drive-in a long time ago. decades
 the movie hasn't started
 is she drunk
 he's not, no. she's just a little tipsy as they say
 jelly fish
 seagulls
 iceflat
 the shack
 the chair
 the hole in the ice
 the empty whiskey bottle
 tin can by the hole and the glove
 the almost sound in the air over the ice
 waiting for it to go off
 but now he's walking away, peter
 it's his back
 you know his back better than the rest of him it says more
 you've written that
 you know his posture the hunch
 they always think he's hiding something but he's not
 well, he is, but nothing they'd ever be able to see
 it's been years since he looked at me
 even now i imagine downcast hazel eyes
 but the speckle i can't forget that
 and the accusation

i'm giving you back your voice

I'M GIVING YOU BACK YOUR VOICE

I'M GIVING YOU BACK YOUR VOICE

HOWL!

KINDNESS MOCKS ME

i can really say why it is that i hushed it for so long

fond memories
thinking of that smile
made me feel soft sweet toward him
why soft but yes soft and it wasn't good
sad and i thought sad sorry for him
but not sad
emptying
i was being patronised
no
leered at
smirked at
devil's grimace
mocking me

kindness mocks me

i bake it
i brake it
wanted to break something
there was no reason
there's always a reason
i broke something

now i can see the aggro in me directed at him
scary
that it was there but i couldn't see it
something's coming out
detox
detox
head hurts
what's more important?
impotence

ah let it go

he's a wanker right?
no he's worse
a power can describe so describe it now
black velvet
come inside me
cum inside me
it's a mantra
sex prayer
seduction
there's a keyhole in me that it fits
i'm a robot
was waiting
here
what's the place i wanted to go to
3 years ago
wrote once
go back and check it out
big evasions there
i was damaged
see it now
humiliated
made me choose humiliation
he
i
this is a separated experience
the past is only blurred edges

you can say anything
anything you say is true
it's where i'm from
the big love

mixture of wanting to and not wanting to too
where do the bits go i ask that to you

but i did know then what he was
i felt taunted
no i didn't feel that i felt warm and nice and soft
but the the shapes in my mind that have no feelings or thoughts flitted away and around me like white

sheets kids dressed as a ghost
 party games
 halloween
 laughing
 teasing
 but just as thing a constant not with and edge or a purpose for me
 around me in the air nowhere else either

go away
 waiting at the sulphur edge here
 baby it's a coloured doll and she's a humdinger as they say
 whopping great blacklordladykiller
 thumping hard a writer a wringer of the sharp melody that's the point man
 send it out and drag it back again to see what you've got
 the net gets bigger every day
 bluebirds they sing don't they? well ask and you'll get it boy

tell them a story now
 will it come out how i want it

funny to feel the violence a solid thing in me directed toward him
 this is the mother of something

mother of something
 big
 playing it like a piano
 solid wrath
 it's got its own shape distinct from me

what is gone is lost
 no
 still in the air around here
 buzzing round my ears
 ears again
 he walked away to the window opened the sash
 felt the air come in the gap
 walkers on the cliff in the distance
 50 metres above the sea
 i wandered no wondered who he is
 wesley

wes (for short)
 mr mayhem
 can see his pawprints from the corner of my eyes
 buff coloured
 half man half beast
 so they said
 no, he's human, it's me that's the hybrid
 and they were my paws that left the mark on the screen just now
 what is he showing me
 where's it from
 the questions are not questions

the anger that's always been there is solid now, distinct
 it was throughout synthesised infibred through the mix but now it's like a single lump
 fucking angry but quiet, articulate, just in front of me a bit to the right
 like something i can pick up and bash someone over the head with
 if i want
 is this healthy
 probably
 just say yes

can you go back to wes
 a crow
 ginger sandy hair
 hands like mine (what's that like?)

it stirs up a cauldron
 volcanic
 murderous
 so damn dark
 clouding in over my face hangs on my brow
 i used to think this was love the big spiral down
 but it's a force that's being induced from me
 i used to think it was pain
 but its more basic more primitive
 i can see it in front of me
 like the rock i've borne

let it go

TYPICAL

what's the course here now?
 alright a way to go

exit stage left and keep going
 this is a running game tonight just go and don't look anywhere

it was a waste you think yeah a real dead head dead end waste tonight
 but it felt good. yeah?
 i guess so
 come on out with it
 what's to do here again
 want to get on the bus and leave town
 the bus station was full of desperate people looking like they knew each other
 but probably all strangers

end scene cut to shop a tree

up a tree go boy
 like a cat scared cat with a tawny dog following
 he's the one you reckon
 you said that but you were lying like you always do when you're turned on
 not turned on but wanting to do the right thing pass he grade be typical until it's time to leave

ha ha typical
 that's what he always does
 typical
 like his brother before him
 that's a typical thing to say
 i'm cold getting colder now
 something had drained out and i'm cold
 strained
 stretched
 taught
 is that learned like my learned friend here??
 no
 put him in a suit and chase him away or better still bury him dead

hey butcher what's that on your fork?
 mary it is and she was fine but now she's gone away
 left you for dead
 sorry sad state to see you in, man
 no one will talk to you when you got that look on your face
 sulking here in the corner of the resto
 reckon she'll come an take your order?
 only if you smile at her but we know you can't do that
 not now
 not after she's gone
 long long face

what's that pin in your back boy?
 pain, not pin. and i'm still so fucking cold you haven't done anything about that
 so what am i meant to do make it day when it's night make it summer when it's winter????
 forget it
 go chase that cat up the tree and see if that gives more meaning to this

welering
 wheeling
 welterweight that's heavy, yeah?
 reckon you could do me if i asked?
 no i'm not impressed at all
 you gotta do more if you want to make an impression on this dude

dude. me?
 that's new
 a bit rich
 off colour
 who's the bastard that's gonna make me change?
 no one thought so rack off
 racked up, chinked in the mesh
 notches on the hilt
 ants in his pants

can i run away from this
 NO NO NO
 coz this is alright
 it's better than it was and it's right here now and it's hard and strong and right down the barrel so that's
 good

stick with it
oh not ice enough
nice enough
well, fuck that off

jewels light my way
each step is glistening before me
rabbits in their rabbit hutches watch the satellites spray stars through the hemisphere above
i walked away but now i've come back to you

there's a light in the window of the cabin
a second before it blows
he watched from the frozen shore from the shore
he could have crossed the ice it was thick enough to walk on
but he waited looking at the light in the window for something to happen he knew something would
happen that day

and it did, murphy's end
kaboom
he imagined ice cracks going over through the ice after the shock of the explosion
shattering the surface like a windscreen shatters when a rock hits it suddenly
spiderweb
but the surface stays whole
intact and silent

am i sober now?
yes. just
it was better when you were well inside sober, weeks away from a drink

DON'T STOP

can you keep going and not stop
 go right on don't stop at all
 and don't hit the keys keep it on now man but just don't stop at all

what a man he is now i see him walk tall he's a big striding man now
 over the street to the shop this isn't your scene it's someone else's
 but you know whose
 yes you know it all so well right now

boy?
 boy?
 yes mum

it's a happening place this one fire and water and sideshows and the ducks yes the ducks everywhere it's a
 jungle otherland water show space tiger space freak show otherland scene show spectacular

man, just for me?
 no, it's for them the characters on the hill
 outa the frame right now but is all for them
 wait till they come down from the hills and see what they do or say or think

ddaadadadad
 dady daddy oh shit i can't even spell it out now
 here a wall between us la la la la la la
 there's a sky above
 and there's a door in the way that i'll open
 if you just sing for me to do it now

hey love come to me again
 i've been waiting 60 years to open my heart to you
 to look into your eyes and see what's in store
 to see the sound of the grass beneath your feet where i walk and pray is her

where your song is there faraway in the tree tops
 tops tops tops
 where i fly to you when you call that's the place
 baby you know it grand

there's a watery grave that's the place i go now and i see you standing at it's edge
 a broken wall of a face stares out at us and we thunder away until it's gone

she's a driller into me and i asked for it so long

she's a stranger when i don't do the right talk
 baby you're a blunder here tonight just tumbling over the words so that they all come out greased but is
 that really what you want from this?

no

you know it isn't what you asked for. but is it
 but is it but is it???

sad on the bus again the fields run past and away by the window water fowl towns the odd person by the
 road going somewhere

looking down at his feet her feet

thinking of days ago sundays when everything seemed ok, grandad and mum in the park green grass two
 sisters and and a brother a dog no worries till the next day but so far it's not real

a monday that's not real at all here in wonderland

it's a curse you know all this grass

all this green that's too much tooo much

i'd turn and walk away if i could but i can't

i gotta stay

well, that's what they said

who said

all the folks

too vague man. i want names addresses dates expressions, gestures

but there was none of that. nothing i could hang a hat on anyway

silence is your enemy here tonight boy

it scares the fuck out of you though you've sought it so directly lately

yes nod away and take it all in coz this is the last warning you'll get

from me anyway coz i'm bored with it now

it's a therapy a drone a whine bleat

i want to get out of the farm and this isn't the way

not that i'd really know

maybe you're right

get the fuck out of my head silently you're lurking there now i thought i was avoiding you but you were
there in my thoughts
the more i cool down the more it surges inward and down

he's a fright

black

black

two dark poker hole eyes staring out of a sheet sallow cotton so thin and old that it'll rip with the
slightest stretch

i can smell that old cotton too, sick like a bandage
the pain's come crunching back and it's like a fucking torch i'm bearing
heroic

stuff that

he's a shirker a fakir a fake

triple calling and coming back like boomerang each time

what's the mass in my gut that won't settle like a child that's died turned to rock and settled in there for
the rest of time

it's a pain i can't run from anymore

an hour ago i thought of guinevere and i called her or wanted to
imagined her in the camelot dress walking in a miniature wood of enamel
walking with trees and birds and truffles and the suchlike

but more it was her name that came to me and the sound of it rising in three steps

i call her

i call her

but now it's just a memory not even that coz i didn't call just thought of it thought of it twice then it was
gone

whiteness here now

and pins in my back and gut

pains

pins

i'm afraid the dream like it'll be too much to take too hard too scary too

what is tooooooo?

just something that comes to mind a lot these days

too much

what is too much

too much acid

too much e.c.t

too much fun

too much love

sad but it all makes sense here as once it would have seemed absurd nonconcept thisdoesnotcompute

too vulnerable

too open

too raw

too naked

too fresh

too strange

too new

too alive

too gentle

too soft

too flexible

too shaky

too vibrant

too feeling

too intelligent

too perceptive

too small

too contradictory

too intense

too human

too fucking human

too tired?

he's a giant he's kong

great man i like keep going

he's kong of the jungle but come to the the city to make one fuck of a mess

he's a big dude walks like he owns the shop

sees the prices counts the stash

no bother that his arms are long his knuckles scrape the floor and there's hair on his back

he's my man and i'll shine his shoes with my dick if he asks (but i hope he doesn't)

i'll walk with him and smell his breath i'll sway my hips in time with him

i'll lumber down the sidewalk and people will step outa the way coz i'm kong man now and no one's

gonna ape me

that would be a first

what's wrong here? that's the question

is that the question?

i got the answer the answer is me but what's the question?

i don't know but just don't stop

don't stop

and listen

for what comes next

SAY IT NOW

yeah so what did you want to know when i looked at her
 what's the question in case it wasn't clear

what was i thinking that night

ah she's a blow a blast a waiting thing a game to be played?
 no i was scared no
 i was waiting for her to make the move to state the piece that i was going to follow

what's new i did i didn't say that then but i say it now

say it now coz no one's listening tonight
 but it seems

seems like they are?

yes
 funny it does but where are they, in the wings?
 in the stalls outside the window looking in at me now?
 it's ok just keep asking and you'll get the best question one day

so what do you want from her tomorrow?
 the next day three days ago back then???

what were you thinking that night when she looked at you and spoke to her about you about she spoke
 about you and how did that make you feel that night go back to that night boy

this isn't the boy. this is the man now

\
 he looked at her and waited
 so now this is a story you're telling

she rolled her eyes up and away that night looked at the crack between the walls and the ceiling spoke
 about me the he
 the he

he's scary

am i?

scary as a cat
 scary as a bin in an alley
 scary as a scarecrow

a scarecrow isn't scary it's a wreck of a man
 but i'd like to scare her
 i'd like to pick her up make her scream
 make her make her a boy doll
 make her a toy girl
 split her make her squeal
 spin like a top
 screaming top
 firework
 doll

she is scared
 i like that
 she sees me watch her
 she lets me
 does she like it?
 is it me she sees or the other, the beast watcher
 the one who's gonna talk tonight
 what do i see when i see her watching me
 there's a faint smile wary smile a not quite yet at a smile smile
 head down lowered de fens ive
 i like that

make me clap like the show's for me
 between the lines i saw a clown
 dancing
 spinning
 pleasure robot just for me
 tchaikovsky doll
 so she's back in a different guise
 could she be mine?
 but this time the word is in my head
 yes
 on an edge between force and hope

ha ha

on cue again

don't be too sure boy, it's only sunday night, though it's good place to start

what would she look like if i drew her?

would she be nice or pleasing or what she is like for real?

imagine her with clothes off

tiny breasts, that's the most fascinating

someone else saw them, not me

so i think of that look with the lowered head again

she's reading my mind, know's what i'm wondering

would she let me...?

touch her nipple, the left one

cup the whole fruit in my palm

she likes being watched

jumps like the frog's leg at he end of the wire that's attached to the kite that's struck by lightning

she lets me

says no but lets me?

back in the space what happened when i was gone she's left can i bring her back?

go draw

keep your eyes on her

NOT WAITING

so watch it walk by a pretty baby this one
 where's it going?
 i wonder a lot and let it pass it's a joke that baby doll a wondering wishing falling line
 why did i stop then
 a long time it's been waiting for me though i walked and waited for a good reason
 even my fingers are stiff but i won't look back or even wonder about why or when or the or even if it's
 ok
 now
 scared
 scary
 what's next don't really know
 should i think of that?
 should i ask you to tell me?
 i could just wait for you and watch, that would be fine wouldn't it?
 you ask a lot of me
 no
 can't see much outside of this box, there's a light but it's dim a faint smudge over a shiny floor under the
 table
 it's leaving or coming i don't know which
 don't care anymore
 seems sad like something's gone, going
 i'll wait

 but you're not waiting are you?

 what can i hear here?
 there is something it's been here for days just below the surface
 below the threshold of what i'm aware of
 it's a smell
 everything is front on and profile two faces
 especially me with another view as well as he looks back over my shoulder

 he is me again
 no me is just me
 he's gone?

 and you don't answer

i don't hear a tap dripping but i might it's seeming that way tonight
just the computer hum and the glare of the screen
i don't want the gaps, they seem false
don't stop don't pause don't look away
my profile falls as i look down

fucking humbled

glamour it's offering nothing to me it's only me that'll make it work
work work work

WONDERWORM

don't ever be here no more don't ask get going get out the door

why are you looking at me that way, babe?

why do you wait for me to talk to you?

let's get out of this room go for a walk or run or whatever but out of here

i didn't want to let it end this way but it is

and that's it yeah?

just like that

goodbye

nice to have seen you

let it fade

just run

ha ha

did you believe me? think it was for real? not a joke. i had you going didn't i?

so walk

keep on going till you hit the wall turn left and then run till the trees come rushing up on the left then

jump...

open space here

a few clouds, white puffy ones

but mainly just a clear blue sky with the occasional plane drifting through it

a thought i had once like this plane gone but still nickering at me faintly in the back of my head

whisper wonder wordplay worm washing wobbling when?

when will it be different?

when will i be grown up?

when will my fears be gone?

what fears are those?
bears in the night
fingernails on the window glass
teeth in the snow
rags caught in the tree twigs
she said seabed and whispered it in a way that i didn't like
didn't i?

i wouldn't know

tell me your name
wonderworm
that's strange
yeah
wonderworm
and my back hurts again like it used to

time is going backwards the way it always did when i was younger
you don't like that do you?
no. makes me afraid sad losing something
like?

and now he's gone
thank god
his questions just wind me up
wheeze at me
grate abraze
cut like razors but for no good reason

footsteps

or so it seemed

whispering my mane into a jar
whispering my name into a jar to make the sound odd & bulbous
walking so i just see the back of his coat and hear the click of his heels that hollow sound
i can hear him thinking now thoughts about his father and days rolling years ago thoughts all about
himself and who he thinks he was
his father who he thought he is
walking backwards now so i can see his face though it's cast down looking at his toes

i was an angel once he said
i had wings that arced over my head
i wore white and sang but in sounds that were beyond the range of human hearing
i looked over the earth from far above in the clouds
i held a silver lyre with gold strings
i ran in blue fields which were scattered with emerald flowers
i cried crystal tears that fell and formed rivers and oceans
i flew with eagles that knew me as their kin
i fought in the ranks of armies amongst the carnage but not touched by it
i was wounded and bled nectar that sprouted flowers where it fell on the ground
i sang the mystery the glory of the one
my father my ocean the sea

who is this man, the one standing in front of me walking backwards?
he looks like me
he said
his hands are like mine but they seem to be praying

THE RICHEST FRUIT IS TO BE BORNE

this image of the father it scares me now coz there's no shadow or back light
just the thing itself
and i don't know it
all too real
hurts like it used to
says who are you what do you want

it all became real just like in your story so what do you do with it now?
wait
no
no waiting no more
ask for what you want
go and get it
take

on the edge of the richest fruit to be borne

STUMPED/TOO SIMPLE/DOWN

how long do i have to bear silence like this. i'm waiting for you to speak to me to tell me what i've been wanting you to say for years months

my mouth is locked shut i'm so close to saying it but resisting like this afraid to let go and just say the simple facts of how i'm attracted to you

but what does that mean

i want touch you kiss you, stroke your chest hold you, brush my nose over your cheek

how bad would it be to say all that? i think you already know. are you waiting for me to take that step?

the beating of black wings overhead in the wastezone

that's the one outside of the city walls. dark decaying space where i go and look for lights specks but i'm more of it than i say

can you write about it here?

the sadness that you don't want to let or see can you write it out here say what it is, her here here?

you shouldn't have been born, you shouldn't be here so you're gonna do something about it and get yourself out of here remove yourself, clear the blot

that would be the good thing to do wouldn't it?

is this it?

seems too simple

fuck the pain in your stomach and keep going

and that's the signal to stop

feeling ugly in lots of ways

rough edges

avoiding it again

what happened to him to make him like that?

something was raped out of him when he was a child, made him hard and street viscous, made him a cum rag

give him a name, give him a history, make him talk

what i haven't done is decided to do it
write it go down down

down down down
into it
yeah that place
sort of defies it to write about it like it's a light thing, a diversion or entertainment

i'd rather not go there or talk about it

too sick of it, it's not nice. i don't want it anymore
i'd rather be nothing than it
there's no glamour
no shine
no lift up, how can i be bothered to speak of it
what's good about it
who wants to know
who will it brighten
what's the lesson
what's good in it

NEVER SATISFIED

indeed is this what you wanted?

that's a question don't avoid that one so maybe you should answer it
count backwards until there's no more time and you have to do it

i'll be waiting no joke about that coz i want to know what it is i want

just ask for it baby
will i get it

oh you will you will and it will be as clear as edge of day

but you won't maybe won't think it's so soft and nice and pretty as you thought they wanted

if there were only you in the world what would you want?

would it be the same as now?

go on ask and see if there's an answer

well you know there is but you're waiting for everyone to go so you can say it out loud

well they're not here now so go

i want:

men

but that doesn't ring true

i want a woman who turns me on

that goes a tad deeper but it's still oh so acceptable

wouldn't it be nice to be bad

stoned or coked or quickened all the time

always dressed in a suit and looking sharp and turned on always not come yet but prowling and looking
forever

never never never satisfied

so that's what i want?

always looking like now?

can i keep it up or does it just get tragic

that old man in the park at night that no one wants

he's so keen, look happy even in his desperation

looks deep into my eyes

is that me? i was always afraid of that one
not even afraid, that's what i was expecting
dreading, thinking that's what i have to get over avoid

but now?

is it true that i shouldn't hide from it
embrace it?

but what is it

cruising man, looking for his sex fantasy

though every time after you come you look to the horizon for a different future and feel that maybe
there's something different coming

like now

what is this?

the big con. the lie i spread. the lie i take to myself

so sick of that

who can i be honest to?

look into the box and i see men, maybe women too

it's a nice picture to me, though it doesn't seem real, not practicable

what's the first step on that direction? do i start something new or do i and add to the mix or do i stop
wanting and just keep following what drives me each night when i dream

i'm a liar

you know that but you humour me. too kind. i wish you were more harsh

who's wise. you or me?

should i lie more to myself. is that the way to change things

i do want to change things, that's the only constant focus on this

how?

make the choice and...

and...

is constant dissatisfaction the form of my happiness?

what form does love take in nature?

what form does my love take?

in the box, it's there. you've seen it

you just gotta make it real

JESUS AS A STINGRAY

and he started with nothing
 again you were going to say again
 but i stopped to adjust the seat
 is it too high ?
 a question waiting waiting
 there's a hum and i would prefer silence and that's what i can really hear right now
 my head hurts
 it's not empty
 there's a mark that runs across and down and it makes me feel old
 sullied, stale
 anything but fresh
 is this just tiredness
 judgement self sewrcion
 (that's aspersion)
 no such work

it flashed by and was gone like it used to but not clear this time and now gone
 words are dropping out of the sequence

so just wait and look
 it's been a while so what do you expect, boy
 silver tongue gold braid luxury and ease?

ah no fuckoff and forget it
 angry?
 and who at
 yes but not really
 nothing to growl about now
 the pain in my back that's permanent these days
 the pain in my wrist that comes and goes but doesn't interrupt me ever
 it's just there
 just there
 like me now, just there stale and tired and old
 except you feel full of something
 and a fist comes easy a lot of the time
 no longer content

loose words accidental words
 she's a fish and i'm a shark

that ray always was me, he said
 i talked about both of them in a way that could have been about me
 the part i don't recognise
 don't see
 but am always aware of it as something, that something that's here i'm full of and i don't think it's me

she said
 and i can hear my voice right now whispering
 it's not so quiet anymore
 if i open up my mouth will little fishes come out, and sea spume and foam
 what's been in there for so long
 a funny music that groans drones along it's route till it reaches it's end
 in whitby

that's funny

i see old women there waiting for me
 making a bed for me in their homes
 ever ready for this man to come into their home to be the man of the house
 and i don't resist

i feel her put her two arms round my aching head
 it's so heavy and she holds it up till i sleep
 i smell the sound of her armpits and upper arms
 the soft skin and muscle relaxed with her age
 almost powdery but sweet
 does any key fit this lock that looks so personal?
 no it's just that
 i can't see her
 not yet anyway
 so i don't know who i am where i am what i'm doing
 just her right now
 just here right now

talk about him how he was seen what he said whose voice you heard, the message the messenger the
 missive:
 i'm here i'm real i am a stingray and you can have all this but you have to use your mind otherwise it will

all be too much

he was always there and always had been, i was just seeing for the first time

i can hear dolphin song, why my head is splitting

i'm a few miles from the sea so it's faint in the distance but unmistakably what it is

i can almost make out the words

it hurts too much, i'm just a man

my copout

but they don't stop singing

they want an answer

and i think there's no one else who can hear

WARY

peter

peter i'm calling you

don't look up don't breathe he's coming you've called

never did that. it wasn't him

but you know who it is and it's not him. not him that you know anyway

a waiting game this. you're older now, different reflections of you in here now, a sound of your breath

the soft tone of your voice

peter

like you're his father but you're not

a stranger to him this time and that's how it should be

should always have been

he never spoke to me, not really he didn't trust me i don't think

i'm confessing again but this is real solitude, the whispering of people when they're alone at night. in
cells, talking to the dead

can you hear me? are you here?

don't expect an answer

aloneness

just ask him for what you want

can't walk away or write or speak

can't

sounds of the city outside, cars police sirens, rumble, windiness, you know, like something's going to
happen

this is it, it's already started

THE START

ohhhhh... look back into the space that you made for it and then go there
it's a void of something that's right isn't it?

i'm asking him to come here again and again

the sleeper man, the one who has the answers
but in it's absence
ahhh... he's the one

so that's the prologue. it's done and over with so we can start

he waits feeling the rain crease in ridges down his face
the muscles twitching just under the skin
it's telling bits of stories, half lines, words, phrases
parts in sections that trunk out
off to the side
tracking across a plain then down
disappearing into other folds of muscles
lost in soft tissue then snaking out again somewhere new
a new line, phrase
a new angle

a new hundred stories not his whispered across the fragments of his expression
whirling around his head now, buzzing, jittering, suggesting

i'm waiting for him to say it
say stop
say the one word
now

gurgle in the throat, a sound like a voice with no tongue
a tongue torn out
a sewer drain of water and sludge in the larynx
god, a prayer of a sort
bastard blunt stupidified

his eyes close together intense dark pupils dilated wanting so much till his face would burst
a tyre blowout

then there was his chick with the big thighs
giant shaved legs in grey knitted tights
legs that did all the the thinking while her top half got dragged along behind
her eyes a vacant pale blue
as much as his were a urine tanned black

why does it bear down so hard on my back pushing the air out of my chest
shame
to see their faces looking at me
like it strips me naked and ashamed to be in front of them with nothing they can use

i've cut out his tongue and taken her sight to make it safe for me
so reverse this, run the tape backwards
and she says she sees he says you're
awkward
foolish
clumsy
soft
fumbling
inept
dusty
averted
sidelong
perverse
twisted
aloof

and i say...
take me where you want to take me
you are the form i've made you
uncouth rough offensive
like everything i've always avoided
man smell from your groin
not like what i want to touch or taste
you appal me and encourage me to march full blown into the fray vulgar and unannounced
fifty fathers couldn't be as bald as you
you are my hero tonight

THE TIME IS HIS

and the king sees
 he looks sees
 looking
 just sees
 says what he sees
 every detail
 every bit
 each cell each tiny increment
 each fraction over her skin

the time is his

so where does it start

yes going over the sand i see the he sees the specks the bits the grains of sand over the sand on the beach top
 an remnant of seaweed, a piece of driftwood, the size of a hand a grey streak with black and dark brown lines over it
 a beak, a seagull's, the sound of gulls squawking, the dark circle disk of his eye, hobbling over the sand right foot is gone, 30 grey feathers on the side of his chest below the wing
 looking, fingers traced, made ridges, over the wet sand at the edge of the water. there's the smell of salt and ozone, smells of seaweed, taste of salt in the air, sense of grit in the mouth between the teeth and at the top of the tongue, that taste of shells, and the rough, blackboard scraping feel of the shell on teeth, mussel shells, white squat pipi shells, eleven oyster shells in a group by the duneside where the grass begins, papers, chip bag, ice cream stick, small smear of chocolate still there on it, ladybird and black sandfly, touching down on the processed pale timber stick, ladybird opens its shell wings and lifts off, ants in the chip bag, purple plastic, torn wide open, tiny smegs of fried potato in it, four ants carrying a potato fragment out of the bag onto the sand, seagull joined by two others, looking the same

a flutter
 as i fell down into the hole
 arms spreading out as i go down
 i can't see clearly
 it's slow as i tumble and summersault forward and over
 the pale disk of the sky above recedes as i go down
 my feet feel the rushing of air

and i reach
 and stretch
 and now i'm ten feet tall
 long, stretching as i go down
 deeper
 if i touch the sides i feel the sand frission
 on my finger tips

music
 i see his my face in profile
 eyes shut
 head bent slightly down
 the rushing of the sand wall behind passing upwards
 music of insects
 tracks on his my face
 tracery, ant tracks, like the veins in dry leaves where the flesh has been eaten away
 he i sleeps as he thinks as he sees
 i counted his lashes
 52, 26 each eye
 skin is the colour of sand
 and refined to the point of fracture
 hair shawn and in tufts like the tussocks of grass amongst the dunes

in my imagination his eyes opened for a second
 pale so pale blue, paler than the sky
 clearer and emptier than any sky could ever be
 and then shut again

and he i saw:

are you willing to go this far?

SEE ME BLEED

the whistling sound is here again
ringing in my ears like a song

words are failing falling again
can i stop touching myself
stop looking for that security
i know where my nose is i think
i think i do
but sometimes i just gotta check

and what if i go there and it's gone?

what would be in its place

maybe nothing
a scar a slur on the surface that tells of the murder i did here many moons ago

ah it's not a joke

no not a joke, so why do you mock it?
let it run over the surface like spilt face cleanser
not even real milk for that

where's it going today, boy?
to the shop the clothes horse the wandering jew
invite them in and make conversation about the weather
talk of the snow the big freeze the cracking of the surface that runs like an edge through your chest and
stops the breath from airing your soul
how long can i hold it, you reckon?
till it bursts and i mourn the loss of something that might have been dear to me?
till i turn and walk away in disgust from myself, my vanity that still plays like it's a game

bang
shoot me
i want to see me bleed

bang bang (oh, it's not a songtune)
 imagine if i had eyes in the back of my head to see my brains shattered across the wall where i shot them
 out
 split second vision of space fall through space falling
 the whistling sound again

it's easy isn't it?
 remembering

i went to touch the blood and matter on the wall
 see what my brain felt like between my fingers
 smooth, silky, oily, warm
 smelt like milk, or just cooked lamb, kind of animal sweet
 melancholic
 if i could have seen my face it probably would have been smiling
 like a lonesome cowboy

i rang jenny the other day. she came to the phone from the stove had been cooking, she was surprised to
 hear my voice. i imagined her looking down the receiver like she could almost see my face but couldn't
 quite recognise it though she knew she should. she was holding something back in her voice, there was a
 question there, unasked at the end of every sentence. perhaps it was "why?" i saw the apron, the checked
 floor tiles, the tablecloth, the kitchen cupboard doors, her legs and feet in the little black shoes vibrating
 at the inopportune call

*and i shall send a thousand ants to crawl over you and steal your honey and i shall be the crazy bird that eats the
 ants so you are in me and are mine forever. we'll not be friends
 and i'll see you from all sides and angles, from inside you and under. you will be my planet i walk upon. you shall
 bear me and feed me and warm me*

the ricocheting bullet i tried to avoid. where's this going?
 to a town in the desert, somewhere like mexico with cactus and adobe, seems like a hideaway
 nothing's happening here so it's safe for a while

only because you've made yourself invisible tonight

LIKE A SONG

if i were to sit down and go now, what would it mean
what would it be like

don't know and they aren't really questions
i didn't punctuate them that way

i wait for a man to come into the room, i know him too
older, papa, but not mine, he's... soft bent over and looking down and slow, so slow
jesus, i know him but like someone from a play or book, not from my life
that thing that eludes me over and over like a song

i see an old key a candle a book a raven
i hear a tinkle, his feet in old softened shoes, the soles scraping as he walks, soft leather sound
i smell old skin smell, powdery

something was lost at sea
i miss the sea

what do you see at night when the fog comes in
footsteps crunching over the sand where it's wet
fishbones and cuttlefish washed up
so hard to find the door

she was washed up here too

gone now
her body was blue
and white
crabs nesting in her hair
redhead
naked like venus
luminescent, sequinned, a glittering coral where each speck of silver like a star like a cell like plankton
shimmered from her pores
and all i could do was look

at her shut eyes
lips, breasts, hands, fingers, thighs, calves

but not her crotch, not her soul, flower, crescent, angel, manger, privacy, vagina
afraid to look there

like it would have revived her if i had
by the the shear brutal offense of my taking liberties with her corpse
better to let her sleep unchanged amongst the dead

OH THE FINGER

how often have i heard this question
 how often seen this finger pointing at my face looking and telling me this is it what to do what to say go
 on just do it now like i told you again and again
 he wants this thing from me
 wants it a lot a lot
 pointing the way but it's not the way not really
 a man he says what you expect of him what you think he should do always waiting for the direction
 here's the wall he says to me
 looks and points to the spot on the wall where the clock once was there's a spot here for you to go in so
 i'll wait here and when you come out you'll tell me
 let me tell you the time again
 it's coming out all wrong here tonight the word chokes up and the direction is different so i keep going
 there are two layers here one on the top which is where my hands seem to go but there's another space
 which is cracking through and it's been this way for weeks now
 what i'm not seeing not saying to myself
 so it goes on and on
 keeps to the path that's safe again
 seems to be making a play but i didn't think so not tonight not in here tonight elsewhere it's old and
 fractured and clagged to the point of sticking
 i could chuck, maybe that would help i'd like to fall out of here and and onto the road and then maybe
 there'd be a release

fake it
 that's a fake bit so cut chop the way out, the place in there where he's talking to me again that man who i
 said was a fraud a fraud
 the joy of the word, what makes it so hard now out of practice the flow is gone now it's mean to be like
 this

who are you now?

that was meant to be what are you?
 just what are you

he's banging on the place and i can't get my fingers onto the right spot
 like there's a barrier that keeps surging up to the fore and satisfies this space here
 why is it so hard now?

that's clear

why is it so creaking like an old door that won't open

but it is except that it is exactly what it is doing here now

bang creak stop shift shit crawl over the wayside and go down into the ditch and see the sharks there on the grass

why is this so stuttered now?

so fractured broken faltering and heavy?

he walks away from me now

and i'm bored with the him that is no one really

tell me his name and look into his eyes that are blue like mine

he is unshaven like me

he is my age he is a man who is in an overcoat like the one i've got

and he walks not like me but familiar

an image of a father that i don't have but would describe if i had to come up with something that i think satisfies the brief

he's gone away

and i'm here he's not me though it would be nice to make that assumption

he's the farmer sort? yes?

no, a cool breeze tells me more of the place and what i'm avoiding now

you're afraid

you're racing too but it helps doesn't it, if i slow i think i'll stop and maybe i will there's no pace now

that's clear

what is different is the roughness of the edges where i am, the edges of everything, nothing plain to walk upon

or on is better to say

keep it simple there'll be a time for these echoes to be heard you say?

to be

it's so hard to speak myself my own words sometimes

the expectation i put on me to say what seems shapely

cut the bang and fall into the go to the went and the sound is listing

can it be like that?

i would run, if i could would run to the shore and let it, something has killed the flow the ease

i've chosen the rough

that's clear that's clear i say no more he that's me here now saying i've chosen the rough so i call and wait for the day

she's the one i want
 but who's that, boy?
 can i call me avid, it's not a bad idea
 i wanted a bigger space to walk in
 i wanted a grander world to shape with these hands

so i fall, it's ok, always sore now, this is somewhere to pass through
 so now i'm stopping
 don't think, if you can just let it be rough so rough

let it be bold broken rough and torn, this place is over that edge, and i wear this coat
 every muscle twitches to get out of my skin where i don't want to be now
 all is unfitting
 this body this life, this age, it creaks as i adjust to it but it isn't right not now not yet

break it up
 break it up
 can i get out of her
 NO

can i get out of here is what i wanted to say but won't come out clear anymore
 force is
 force is ok i think

there's a dissatisfaction that's so true that it's sweet
 this isn't the place i'm meant to be but i have to go through this place to get where i should be
 another place where there is oil in the joints and i flow
 not rocks and reefs on the ground and edges everywhere that abraise when i'm by them
 something is stopping me in me it's stopping me a mixture of fear and explosion like i'll make friction on
 any surface by choice to crack this shell that's me

it's time to walk and look at the ground the empty seabed that you saw once
 dry dusty, so frustrating that i can't speak. my skin is dry grazed and rough
 it's me that's rough me that's the place where i don't fit that's clear
 bless it for its clarity

and cock that gun that wish for. you

THE SOUND

you always stop at the point when you should go on
 should that word the word that is the pivot the crux that will lead to the frission

i love to fall and float in the water here

there's a sound over the water that makes me small i want to be small so small that i can move through
 the particles of sea and not be there but be there
 oh the sound of the waves that isn't a sound the noise of water just being water being the thing that is
 rushing in and away all the time
 the sound of the sand and the feet on it
 why is this so tight?
 so ended here so jittered here like the roses the bay the shells

i was wondering, again waterfalls, the softness of her breath, the jingle here the speaking of the trees
 here the smallness of hands in mine the brushing of clothes against the wall
 a place here, sand and the water air in the clouds over head light rains down here the sky is big, she looks
 up at it, my daughter, the bands in the sky the word she said was feathers like bands of light in her
 forehead what i saw a face the sand the sea. she is away again the time 10 years old but also 6 the child
 another age someone else's daughter there her hand in mine a stillness when the sea is flat after rain. i
 turned and turned back this time is alone. she was all in black but not really that was just a picture i
 made. tina? lightness in the breeze. if i flap my elbows up like a bird she might come again. she asks my
 name. i say i am the man. mr. so i know it's not real just a dream. make believe. and she'll play along, but
 i'm afraid of what i might do. and i know i'm not a monster, but who is going to tell me that. no one, it
 has to be me. tina, what am i like? *you're tall dark bending over me. the overcoat is dark, your face is dark too,
 stubby, you look tired or sad, not sad, weary, like you've been fighting. what can you tell me? you fear your own
 hands, your touch. you look at your hands like they're made of stone, like they're rough beyond what something
 living should be. like they've gone so far into harshness that they can't come back to be human*

this picture of my hands has always been there, can see it now
 did anyone ever kiss them? i sort of remember something like that happening once, but it's like a dream
 i fight them now, they fight me
 we grudgingly meet and work in darkness
 no talking anymore
 yeah, one day when we're out of here, we'll be free
 it's a mine shaft
 we don't want to be here

AWAY

for this reason i go here
 to the spot on the ground where it's wet and i look down
 there's a spot here and it's down the floor down to the spot where i look and it's wet

waiting here the spot on the ground the footprint on the spot of the place on the market place the
 square where i go i went i did i think i did i went to the shop on the place and the man came and i went
 away and i went away and i came away and then it all went away. it's nothing i want now nothing here
 here i went and the nothing i want is talking to me me telling me away to the place here it's gone and the
 spot is empty again

i didn't he said not me ever again and i'm innocent of this he said looking away to the horizon the place
 where i lie don't tell anyone what the space is about anymore no more he said no more of this until the
 next time

it's not that way no more away one way gone until it's over then i come back he said

i'm here waiting for him to come back to come back and i wait until the summer and they all come back
 to the field where i met them

next year i just sit and look at the sky the clouds waiting there to wait until the next spring when he
 comes and i'll go to the i'll go to the place where i waited for so long the next time that we go and there
 will be a place to wait for the year. he's thinking this a lot to me

silent i wait

and look a long time is going by and i wait here for him to take to the place the city place he knows he
 tells me of it again. the street where she went and i waited i looked for her but she went and i'm here in
 the field where the carnival will come again next year same time same place and all the stalls i knew next
 year the same

again i go away again here to this spot i look down and there it is the spot where it's wet and the name
 says stop peter you stay here and wait until he comes again and you will be a man your father's man like
 him gone and waiting here for him to come and take you home

slabs i see slab; on the ground here blocks that will build a wall if you tilt it. who will come and make it
 again

they are away i'm not here i'm away waiting here for them to come and build a wall to keep the fear away
 at the fear in here away. broken again it comes away tonight broken in bits but that's fine tonight we'll
 watch it break tonight again tonight the man again away tonight in the dark

sounds outside in the dark the night away the sounds i'm hearing the voices outside in the park tonight
when we sleep the sounds are one but not now away tonight i call and wait for the reply but there's none
now down on the ground there's a spot i look into and call a sound i wait for the chop but it doesn't
come not through the hole in the ground the spot that's there he looks and the hole is one

no more a hole is one and gone flat away spaced and just wet a patch he's flat i think gone forever gone

I'M NOT

arcng over my head i saw the tail of it the thing in the water the sky

man what a trip he said and walked away

i'm a fighter now

what's that he asked and she turned and walked away like he was a foolish boy

foolish i said

why do you look at me that way like a child like a man a thing on the wall like a clock

thing on the wall like a dog

what's the time now?

i look to the clock at the clock drop the pretence the affectation of the niceness of the words and just say it IT

IT IT IT

better to make shapes on the wall than to write there

scrawlings like the lines on his face they say more to me that anything i can write right now

the birds' song is sharper than i remember

cut like a spring morning that edge i see in the sky when there's water there

and the clouds ain't come yet

water spray from the torrent a river the big river the grand rapids that take him away again

just as he came

small quick almost silent

then gone again the next year

the cycle of men

gone then come then gone again

it's the way he dies each year when we come to look at his show

a tightrope walker in the circus he was an idol for me

not my father my father but not but i wanted but he said so i agreed but he's not

what i wanted that year to see him standing in front of me

wearing the clothes from the box

my father's clothes my clothes

the pallor the blond whiskers on his face i should say stubble not whiskers not old
 a man still young like my father was when i was nothing
 when he was here before he left
 before my memory of his absence and the world with a space where he might have been the empty
 sounds in the house that marked his place

always where i wasn't was where he was where i wanted to be where i saw myself not here never always
 in another place looking to here where i'm not

i'm not

i'm not

so much of what i am what he left me is what i'm not
 my notness

good boy, you obeyed

whose voice is this i hear now
 whispering to me knows me so intimate breath on my ear i turn but there's no one
 of course, there's never anyone, you know that
 it whispers he whispers his voice the sound is mine the voice is mine me
 not me
 as always not me never me
 the boy

good boy

taunting, he wants me to strike, turn and strike at him
 so he'll retreat and i'll follow
 down those alleys that i've never seen, i've made them out of bounds
 i've kept to the woods but there's a city i know in my dreams where he is. not the city where she went his
 city
 is further away and always night and always winter and always with the sound of his feet running down
 the alley
 with his back to me, never with his face to me, my father running hunched black coated
 not my father, like him but not
 like me but not
 but not
 but not

so i'll step back and draw a circle around myself on the ground in the sand
i pick up a stick off the beach and mark it
the shape's almost perfect it's the wall i've always wanted

stronger than bricks, sheerer than glass, my joy, my choice
and a large pacific gull flies overhead no intention of dropping out of the sky

THE WALKERS THE SKY

he holds up his hand

where to the where and what and why to the holding up and waiting to the faces the listeners the walkers
the sky

he says the words and waits for them he says the faces the lies the ears the sky the walking the lies the
planes overhead in a scream a line the edge the outline the tear that you see there

he talks to me the man the face the man who is me the man who is walking away the back of him i see
the man he says you are not you are are what where

waiting i'm waiting here

i fumble again i see i wait she comes and goes

always comes and goes leaving me here i wait she is gone and i'm wanting

so i say i'm waiting here for

the sky

overhead she flies and i wait for the planes the line cut through the clear blue white like clear ice blue a
sky vacant of clouds and smile empty vacant of lies and eyes and her smile

waiting here i am again by the sea she comes waiting here by the sea the streak over me as i look up and
see the man that's me on the beach

he's my age my face that i don't have like my father's face a father's face like mine if

to the side i look away slightly

slightly turn the eyes and look a bit down

waiting here for the sound the jets in the sky screaming jets over

i hold up my hand as if to say stop wait listen i have something to say stop listen wait don't move it's

here i want you to wait listen i have this stop it's now listen it's here wait the sound the sky

he turns i see his back a jumper dark brown on the beach overcast the sky pale like my eyes his hair fair
like the sand ageless stubble sandy skin

blown the silver grey driftwood salt his hand held up stop the sea to a man a face the eyes the ears stop
wait listen i have a sound a bell a fading noise on the shore to tell you a fading call a voice a reminder to
wait to wait until it's gone and we can go

if you hold up your arms to me i will take you i will lift you up and carry you i will bear you. you will be
my care and my cradle my wings and my load. i will take you and you will be mine

forever for thine is the kingdom the power the glory the wonder the beauty the sky forever

and i will call you and you will hear me across seas and fields and cities and highways deserts and wheatfields and iceplains. and i will call you to come and you will hear as my fingers brush your lips and you open to me. to my wonder my curiosity my fear my slipperyness my absurdity. and i will call again and again and again and again until you come

THE KING

there is a room there is a room and there is a room inside and a place where we can sit we sit and we sit there and then she comes in and we are not alone not alone in her in her space now the room her space now that is made for her to come in come in and enter the room like her room we are in and going and going there's a time place table here and she is at it at it now the clock clock and book old antique and wound by her hands ivory white and hands like lilies soft like tissue hands hers her hands touching the book the book the back of the clock and opening opening the back of the clock going in going the cogs brass cogs and spring taught wound by her hand touching her hand touching the breast the hand touching my cock her hand winding the key the back of the clock the back of the clock open and i can see i see the workings the movements the music and the workings in the back of the clock and the door open like a groin open like legs open like clouds like rocks crashing the sea crashing the water the water between her legs and the workings and cogs and brass and the teeth movement music strings quartets in the room the room where there's sound and paintings sound like tinkling of clock the mice on the table and the book and dust on the book where there's writing in gold on the book on the words on the let me away on the go her and touch her on breasts on her hair in the clock face where the hands touch the back and open and see the cogs in her in her and she says eyes she says lily white and skin here touch me touch me on the hands the hands so white like tissue soft like white ice like lilies the clock face hers a face hers the clock ticking and the cogs turning inside the turning away inside the room and the white snow where she walks leaving a trail in the snow on the ground where it falls it falls on the snow from her hands her hands touching the face of the clock and stroking the glass the face of the clock where i feel it and she touches the back and opens and i bend down to smell her and the snow on the ground where she walks is soft and i smell and the sound of the chimes and one two three and the sound of harpsichord chimes and tinkles like chimes and chords in the room with the painting and sound and faces turning away in the room where she leaves and the sound of the chimes in the room and the sea and the sea where she walks on the shells in the water where the sand is the room white the snow and it's falling there silently on white and the table the book and the letters on the words on the book dust white and old over the book and the table she touches the clock face the hands on the face gliding and she turns it away and i go to the window there's snow and the sea i hear chimes on the sea the painting the room the faces turning to the sound music chiming the sound of snow falling the sand on her feet washing and turning her head away to me him and the back of the clock i see cogs in the doorway she touches her hands are white lilies and gold letters on the words on the book washing a bath a sound a towel in the water splashing the turning her head to the window and snow she's seeing the birds outside and talking there music chimes crows at the window i walk there's a gate and a fence and snow she's at the window frosting at the window looking down looking hair wet smelling tinkling sound inside and walking muffles tracks here she's going the sound of feet in the hall the clock striking she's here and striking the floor with footsteps leaving the sound music in ears and paintings i see her she's touching the white ivory hands like the sounds of snow touching and calling i say this she's calling i follow the sound in the hallway the snow on the sea shore a hand touching the cogs and

turning in steps and turning away till i come again tomorrow yes i can gates in the snow foot tracks there
i see her wave frosting on window sweet smell the bath water the seabed her hair damp

the singing i hear singing in the room a washing room a voice singing in the room i walk over there and
she's going going in the room to the singing place and i look away till she turns and comes back and i go
to the clock and the calling her name till she comes again to the place waiting in the room and the place
where she waits and i'm waving thoughts through the trees she's calling a name to the coach and she's
calling a sound to the place

hum hum hum humming man song here hum bees outside the window hand on the pane light touch then
gone pale reflection another room not this one lips on my ear again her breath stops and she toys on the
floor across and old floorcarpet old rug patterned sounds like children calling sounds like trains rushing
past hand on the window on the mouth breast on the palm the fingers in her inside her soft against me
muffled sound of carpet children on the sand the tussock the wash her voice muffles as i reach to the
mouth i'm hard semi hard and soft to the touching hand powder smell tinkling soft on breast and throat
on lawn the blackbirds dew grass hopping at window she's turning not today yesterday she's at the window
laughing the toys on the floor toy train i hear it now window frosted and birds on the lawn she's at the
window at the door gone in the doorway her mother then gone soft footsteps away down the hall bath
water feet wet and the floor door open the feet on the tiles clink train whistles past rushing feet in boots
on the floor by the bath water i'm hard she's reaching to me looking away feet going shiny on floor wet the
birds i see cut no leaves on the trees cold door shut on table bread and knife cutting rasps her hand reaching
table cutting sound and water on the floor boots door shuts and window frosted she's open toys sound
singing voice toys floor carpet sound gone door open and child boy he's mother she's calling the bath he's
train whistle rushing distance gone monday trees winter

there's a sound sound threshing wiping the face hand on the face wiping and smelling she's here and i'm
looking there the window open and sound the lawn and garden and birds sounds in the trees a shock cards
table playing cards glasses water and paper a pen on the cards she's writing the hallway chiming the clock
and door opens he's coming cards on the table and writing the pen he's the black coat chiming the clock
the table she's going door opens he's passing bathroom window and open the birds on the lawn and open
the water floor wet boots gone over and opens the door window and throws shakes and hair cold fruit trees
bare on gravel the table cards and water walking away she's gone today not tomorrow

chattering the sound of waves the shore rushing a train she's a rushing and the washing i turn and there's
singing the book on the table a calling she's turning a crow at the window the washing the water the
floortiles wetting the sound of feet gravel a driveway she's at the window waving a train whistles and shells
on the seashore water salt in the air ants over the sand with seaweed and jelly a washstand hands on the
marble towel by the bath steaming and smelling i lick her the kitchen her neck and her hairline footsteps
above muffled a door open and the boy holding a toy train running dew on grass autumn trees gravel paths
in the hallway wet footsteps on carpet car engine at the window turning to the doorway no one at the
doorway she's walking footprints on seashore wet sand and seaweed on crunching gulls squealing train
station hand in the box she's taking bracelet white hands bracelet his hands too black coat he's bent over
her she's looking train whistling birds autumn trees frosting on gravel and feet running the grass train and
boy holding gulls in the seashore a book a table washstand music a mother hands wrinkled and calling the

boy doorway he's running the man in the doorway he's running train at the station she's going the doorway turns at the window frosting a face shimmers a hand raises a hand waves and turning she's going the station a book he's holding gold writing his hand on the cover his face at the shutters a man she's calling the clock turning the hands crows at the gulls at the shore crash chattering the waves feet footprints shells in her hand his hand a book letters gold words on the table writing on table the letters i touch them she's powdered smelling the hair she's writing the clockface this room she's writing the boy running the book on the carpet the toys on the floor she's walking the foam seashore foams the seabed she's waiting the window frosted he's calling the boy a man black coats i'm reaching he's older she's reading the music the room a painting the faces walking the shore a station he's waiting baggage the train a whistle a window shutters he's calling she's turning a man gravel outside the window the door opens he enters she walks i'm walking the doorway open she's calling a bird crow window she's turning my hands on her shoulders her hairline he's watching a softness her smell in her bedroom a boy holding the seashore a train whistles a station he's turning he's holding a book a toy train he's running the man gravel the entrance i'm watching a window she's leaving the people listening the music a show the station an autumn trees bare a car engine running a train a grass dew tree bare a sunday

a walking he's waiting the boy in the window i'm watching the people a room music playing people there chimes i'm watching the curtains moving a car horn the whispering trees moving bird on the window raindrops the music footsteps her hallway a river the night-time i'm watching the lights cars driving away her night-time a silence book writing cards and letters clock chiming a kitchen fire plates on the stove washing and people and paintings the music a room the silence she pauses silence the people waiting the tinkling chiming a pathway the river bushes raindrops the calling a boy walking the man night-time she's calling he's running a boy train whistle pathway she's turning the window a doorway the man boy toys on the pathway train calling the man a boy she's waiting the window birdsong winter trees bare a mother the station bags in the hall her hallway he's walking footsteps the kitchen the fireplace the bathtub water on the floor steam on the window she's leaning i touch her he's watching i smell her her back and neck hairline he's going running the pathway the river the bridge a carhorn the man the station the music people in the room waiting she stops pauses starts playing the music the paintings i watch her they listen they wait for the boy the calling he's running the man doorway the muffles sound footsteps the running feet in the kitchen a fire a stove warming the crows on the gravel twigs broken she follows a pathway the river the man breaking the branches door hallway creaking the silence broken twigs her voice faraway monday she's writing on table cards letters gold letters on book table she's writing he's winding the clock she's turning he's waiting a dog at the window crows the gravel black car tyres on driveway he turns and says the table a gold pen she's writing he looks and says the boy the pathway running the station a train whistles he's going running going the train winter the crows river a man running

elsewhere she's walking a man running the water here bathtub the sand a spider the gulls he calls a boy the sand in the shoes the sand on the water the edge gulls seaweed the ants her fingers walking i'm following the edge of the water the calling a man the train station the trees whistling the wind at the window the table setting silver gold the people watching her waiting the singing the painting the room in the hallway the end of the doorway the smiling the taking the boy in the seashore the scathing the firs in the kitchen the smiling the taking he's waiting her breasts touching her hands legs and spreading her legs in the fireplace her hungry

a crow the boy stone window he's throwing he's running a man at the station he's waiting she's leaving the tracks in the hallway the water the spilling her hands in the kneading the piston my fingers hers opening the fireplace the window the heating her breath on my finger her mouth on her lips the holding the closing i touch her she opens i smell her she wanders the boy in the window the crows the gravel the path a river a glove a mark a trace she's gone going the winter the trees the toys the floor the carpet the holding the child the boy the window the table the room i'm speaking she's turning the table and book letters and listening music the clock i'm walking the man window a door a pathway her hand on my leg a silence the river whistling the trees winter window opening the frost the steam from the tub her hair smelling the man in the doorway smelling his hands on her breasts the boy waiting the toy on the grass on the driveway the gravel the grey window her face in the mirror the frosting i see her the man on the table his writing the letters her footsteps in the room her seascape my falling stars past the trees the bare winter train at the station gone whistling night stars at her fingers her hands playing the music painting faces waiting the room moments clapping the sound stroking a window the crow holding the toy carpet on floor the water spilling she's going the window her fingers the sash the glass her hands talking the pane the opening he's walking the gravel i see her she's talking i turn the boy the water a lake he's sending the pathway the river her footsteps i'm waiting the man the station ice on the footsteps the floorboards the carpet i'm sending the boy kitchen he's walking the stove fireplace trees autumn the calling the seabed the smell damp her wanting her turning the hairbrush her bedroom a starfish night-time the sea sand walking a pathway footsteps white footprints gravel the sound the scraping the car she's shutting the door the wall hands on the wall her hands like lilies lips mouthing the book gold words legs parting her thighs i'm smelling her warm in her seabed her hands in the hallway my hands in her hair breath in her silence her turning the ice on the lake

imprinted in her back a profile his man's face a profile pale like the tussocks of grass on the beach and his eyes like the palest sky over the sea his profile eyes shut as he hovers spreading over her skin like a map rainy light he unfolds the time is his

the waking a window the bottle the pieces of table a book on the window the boy at the table the words in the book gold the painting the music a man at the window a calling the waiting the walking a pathway the river the seabed branches of trees leaves in the hallway it's winter the gravel a pathway car engine rumbling the window i look her hands on the door she's turning i'm walking the trees by the road the path the river i see her the window the man in the car he's waving the boy on the platform he's going i'm going she's walking her letter the cards on the table grass on the lawn he's looking water on the floor the kitchen a table a letter a stove the heat from a body steam from the bath the window she's looking her face cloudy i'm smelling a perfume her shoulder the mother the toys on the floor the lawn the grass by the driveway the toys left at the station a boy calling the crows trees flying the leaves gone trees bare the autumn a whistle a lake ice her footsteps beach in the hallway a house on the driveway the car in the forest the trees down the track a man running her voice the boy the train the crow the sand grasses a starfish dry fishbones the salt in the air his face peeling she's blushing her hair his hand brushing she's walking the shore an edge of the water her feet in the sand his toes in the seaweed a mother the boy a book on the table cards gold writing the people the faces the stairway a house by the gravel the pathway the river the tree without leaves her winter the window the kitchen steaming the water the bath his hands a fireplace the sounds of walking footsteps above us the wings the flicker the fire a candle her hands shaking he's stroking the face in the

doorway the man at table the book the writing the cards on gold letters the water a glass on the lawn the speaking the tying the boy taken the car the driveway a gravel his horn calling her walking the pathway the river a tree the crow at the window a mother a boy the man at the station the whistle i'm running the water the river he's bending a pathway her footsteps her shoes

her shoes on the place the bed the place by the bed she touches her neck i smell the room she's waiting the bed the man in the door the bed and the shoes her shoes by the wall i'm wearing a place by the wall where she's writing the table a letter the glasses the water the people sounds from the window she's walking at midnight a pathway the river a crow at the window a message a child he's turning i'm running a message she's waiting the wind in the treetops a winter sound of the train the water the gravel the leaves in the hallway her voice at the concert she's calling the child the baby a window a letter the gold hands like lilies i gave her the bath on the water the river a pathway she's running he's listening the clockworks the fingers her smelling the music the silence the falling the crow at the window steam from the water slippery floorboards the doorway a face there a book on the table i'm reading her writing a letter he's watching the money he's watching glasses the wind falling the papers cards on the grass a monday tomorrow i'm running the platform i'm calling the seashore the dunes her freckles i reach. and the window her water the freckles her hands in the bathtub my breathing her listening his tuning her cello her footsteps my waiting the child the boy toys in her pathway his falling the river the sound ice

music ticking a fireplace her washing he's walking i'm listening the thunder her face at the window a crow speaks the water a brush on the table music and calling the thunder i walk there a speaking the people the table a humming the music in spirals the painting the chamber a wall clock the workings in turning a boy at the window a birdsong on treetops the movement a handshake the man in the carseat the train at the forest speeding a whistle the leaving on gravel the pathway the river birdsong the trees

i see walking a pathway her currents a seabed and people a hallway the child there a boy holding his water falling a sound in the treetops birds crows the cawing the chamber the music a hearing and tinkling of chimes at the doorway a man in his coat walking the boy at the station calling the train whistling away at the sea edge a daughter a tearing here running the man i see calling the child at the station a man singing the calling books open blown pages gone from the table grass brushing her dress as she wanders the lawn glasses spilt from the tumblers river a pathway and footsteps twigs crunching the window i see her she's turning the key lock and water the floortiles a humming and washing her hair down her face hid splashing his belly a man in the bathtub boy running the stream

i wander the ice lake shore a calling birds in the air flies the walkers the man the children at the station they run she's watching and turning them singing the people the concert the hallway the grave flowers lilies grassing the footsteps boots by the river he's walking i follow he's uncle my father a child call a daughter a letter in gold she's writing on table the feathers the cracking i'm falling the faces all calling the tearing then sea

i reach out she's waiting she's turning the clock face the music the hands on the clock face her stroking my window i'm hearing the footsteps the face in the doorway a man in his blackcoat he's turning he's gone doorway it's empty i lift her the footsteps the calling the children the boy at the table the glasses the water the music in autumn the treetops the birdsong falling the ice i leave her the silence the tinkling the hallways it follows the floorboards the boots by the lake walkers feet by the bathtub the man at the window i see

him the driveway a car going the trees grass gravel pathway grass beaten the table pages blown water the cracking the snowscape i'm older he's profile the seashore the seagulls calling tussocks he lies there she's running it's empty a basket her folding a towel over shoulders bare dripping the seaspray the sound of the surf gulls flying the twilight in autumn the lilies the shoulders her silence her forehead i smell her the trees in the bathtub the after the walking on shoreline a boat sails flapping in breeze on the wavetops i'm running she turns then a boy stops he wonders she answers the song

you're endless a seascape a watcher a desert a plaything my father my lover my child you're spinning a starburst in darkness a hunter my nightmare a torture a killer a beast i see you you call me i fight you you fight me i flee you you follow you call me i come you stand there with nothing your arms open spreading you show me your question the jewels in your hands

your jewels, peter

SWEET

sweet jewels i trust to you
 a sound in the waking of my night a sleep that's torn into shreds of white paper and a howl that makes
 me shiver
 you look away because i make you sad or that's what seems to me here alone now the sound of your
 breathing that's not here and the look of knowing that turns away into the night and lets me guessing
 what you are thinking right now

what are you thinking now?

a thought floats by like trash in a canal and the slight smile on your mouth makes me wonder too
 what happened that night when i called and you never answered
 all those years gone now and so we can look at each other as old friends and wonder what if it had been
 different if i'd asked for something i ran away again then and so made a pattern for us to stick to

is that it?

what would i like now?

what would you like now?

you echo me tonight, lets me mock myself on this topic, i could easily prefer just to pass the time tonight
 instead of going to the bar where we used to go and wait
 for?

for speech

for light

for someone to come and tell me i am enough for you

ha, the stranger never came did he, never

did i glare so much that anyone would have been afeared to come close to us

you know i never ask questions i don't want anyone's answer

not tonight not never

so i'll just sit and watch the moon rise and think that this is what you wanted

and i'll let it fall back into the well that's a comfort to me in my sweet melancholy

but now for the truth

a razor cuts the sky where i look for you your words no my words i look for a break where i can see you

but there's nothing there so i'm hurt and frustrated that it's made so hard just to talk. i want to ask are
you happy but i know the answer but it shits me to avoid it and go around in a circle
so tonight i'll say no more no more and hope that's it but it won't be it
the song goes on and on this song that says wait and be good and then you'll get what you want what
you say that they will want for you

beggar boy holds out your hand and get what you expect but expect no more than that because more
will get you beat

en

beaten

accept that

NO

accept this then: you will never be satisfied by them because they will always hold something back

what is that?

the invitation to enter

enter what?

them

and they are?

closed

dead to my eyes again i know that knew that so i keep away my path is pointed somewhere very different
always was so clear that's the departure they fulfil makes it easier i don't even have to say goodbye. except
that i wanted to

ave atque vale. i say it to your receding back, sad that you can't hear my sweet words