

60p

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VILE PRODUCT

!!!



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because
APRIL is the cruellest
month



+ Richard Owens

<3 Syndicate / Sadpress

We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish?

You find richness only in the splendour of rags
and absolute indifference.
You refuse everything but real beginning!
You seize a flourishing.
Your body does not efface itself.
It seizes a necessary flourishing!



1

¹ Christina Rossetti / T S Eliot / Lisa Robertson / Ann Hamilton



STEPHEN MOONEY

Encircling Dance around my Corpse

Entranced temps are known to lie. The poor are queuing, but not to con themselves some plus points at Dixons; these poor are newly in my command, to the dull animal thud of boredom. They may quit when their infants become eclairs or comely soufflés that destroy offices.

For now, the poor occupy me.

But my songs for the poor are yet to reach the hands of those that have quit the dance to come, those approaching deviance with their sick and frozen fingers, who set their future to the instant foot. They ate the fingers I had frozen for them, cut from my main hand, and now these poor want my retinue for their object. But my poor show pensive restraint in the necropolis, their extremities stumped, as it was for my feet that they ate, laced with glycerin; their lavish acquittals truncating my demon corpse. A categorical barrage of men, tenants, elongated by desire, and DJ Abandonment's drops might console these poor few temps caught in the deviant misapplication of my feet; as long as they promise me their dollars of terrible suffering, they can be the avant-garde of alleviated sense and, before appraisal, might be taken for patriots of the left...

My poor come, ensuite, all laid out on my teats, drinking demon dew with some animal fulgurance (maybe Zebra), and my cranium is eaten with the sense to suit defiance. Tell Jesus I quit. Does he not recall the deviant efforts of the poor to retrieve my name?

And I see that Jesus circulates his anguished dance around my affable corpse, excited by the shock of choice, as they arrest those in plain T-shirts. I evaluated their kidneys, eaten up by rent. I re-evaluated their colon and pinched it with my heart, unsheathed. Jesus undressed me in the night and danced, trembling, inspected by my poor. The dance was not attended by those sick animals who choose to quit my lactating crevice. Uncharted fraud alerted me to their icy tantrums, lazy tantrums of uncharted fraud tickling every last zone of my corpse.

This war will come to an end as soon as Jesus decides to cease repairing their memories. Only when the poor quit attendance, when the sole argument for the poor is paralyzed and the poor enter unto me, untempted, will my fear blast the doors down so my war can truly recommence.

after Henri Michaux

Sonnet 173

The tacit horror of solitary shelving
offers a dole of tryst-steps in a core of beer crates,
kept in essential parts of me that nonsense recreates,
trapt 'tween fig leaves of sauce no sooner rid of the bell-ring.

Each quantity of dental-picks inside my feet is π 'd to insolvency
tangled in the putrid calm I'll enjoy in me when she creates
and waves her membranous comb - I'll laugh Godlike to the sea,
specially in mind of the mental process used to rinse the solvent sea.

It's unclear who are these men of abhorrent needs & what in me stutters
to mend the vegetable and set foot to pie in altered other's sighs
neck-heeled to my credit and bonds, a more sentient appraisal.

But I cannot picture ill will towards my secular mother,
a dull peasant, regal & gorgeously oppressed.
Only when solo in the dessert, in tacit honour, do I cry my despair.

Sonnet 173

Her shy gendered children, stricken in the unsinging wild,
ears filled with minor hurts, minds hit by such sweet suckling terror,
she was so sick we gave her a minor glancing, the mildest tear
as she signed the decline to dare the halt of cans.

She used to tease my foot, sick in a wild den of ferrets,
destined to mere fooling, my fraud and ruin,
so that's when I retched up diesel. Emptied of dung and thought,
their minor ghosts, sick like weather, were given to the wild.

S'not as if I knew these men she sent out hunting, each
in their mere self declined to make or blinker more nosh
for the owls by her altered den, s'not s'if I mind them retching
all the way to Wanstead.

A bird nailed to a hat merely dies unsure, riding time
till fallen, and when the king's joke, dances surely, bed ripped,
I'm shy again, wanting in the unsinging wild, with my minor smarting.

Enterprise Zone

We•in the packets•industrious&patent•stuck to clump w/ credit•fastest@broadbanned•speeds toke like tolls•skybridge spends unslack•but as the private•so as the in the ultra•stem planning the regional•fissure treasure frozen•because taxes should be simple•to press forward•in bunkem toke w/ flows•unpublish but vat as sports nutrition•high countries like/unacceptable•books or taken under•like introducing capital•envelopes•pensioners•who doesn't understand them•nothing but skills or cashterms are complex•as increase simplifies to compete•performance let down means tested system is: confirmed•begone yer deficient!•close down relief•mr. deputy:justthat:speaker•put to practise•halved each ear•the personal state•billed for our national welfare debt•transparent•but simple•goaled unpet•20% w/d gaol or roll reforms like @start their own•EEFIDCEFcampaigns blist to grate ideas like companies•redux•the clear intention of parliament•speakers are flouted•to help corps•oration tax falls•as cuts insediment•percent the wheel flax perforation tax•compête vestement insight to align•to rate to zero•point five benefit•we said it would•the banks•guts cost as cut on reverse•start with the duty to•slave organ pool•alcoholiday•sticks claims stamp preventable•housing illness bent to encourage•wind felt duty to •stabinflation•we in packets•from six or PM•to night•duty to gamble•and gaming take nets•offshore royalUK•properties in a corporate shower envelope•pressure fair to support•regime•from April•remote and level prices•pressure cuts action•to spin lower our predecessor•scrap the government•regardless of stabilizer measures•burn the motorists•short•stump•duty to the•razzling increase•inflate test bonus•support downtown abby cat•the only fleets•capital: allow it•affect today•subject to duty•road to personal goal•my tax•without dependent public•peel&work more poorer•increase repugnance•avoid finance and revenue evading•bust greek or bill•avoidance•hands up•would work on citizens including stamps•from midnight•letsby clear•unlimited relief should enterprise or change to cap•incoming bolsters temporary capseeking missile capped too•additional rates flatten in the water•G20 observes harm•reduce, accept and freeze•come on•justified damage significantly her majesty•in receipt of report to reveal and distort•buy your own horse•trooping of the true cholers•previous self figures•wallace eats gromit•while others raise of course•propose•customs to tell the house•i'm coming on to you•don't worry direct cost•review to tax the loss in other words•fracturous mistold•we've got plenty•joseph the exchequer•compet again•flows to fallstall•asses times your estimate•but half the billion•scheme their•urns to review and remove child•order citizen and clear rather quick•tiring•limit•justify to implement•of time•withdraw to cliff edge•band to speak•allow to dance•go up one hundred•after inflation•earn less•gain measures•touch the distance•taken out•do nothing•top rate attack•is all simpler•kept to deficit•earn the order•ve add enough w/o debate•&we will not have any clapping•

mesostic prūna

fla M e

g A s

anth R icite

li G nite

non-b A king

fo R ge

gas-flam E

fa T

(composed from the eight standard classifications of *prūna*, coal)

Lament Lumie Lamp

as is the cold weather boy squashed
and cured she hopes for debarked hatch
to heat swam gelatinous and with
ready hands the steam cut through her wrist
these pipes emit hot steam very very

controlled, are traduced, are vehement
collapse - wattle. On the snow trodden
loading ramp whits abound a lumen piped
for growing seeds or say loving light on
your buttock headlamp insert grease, grease.

Lumber then or human collared as though
something ostensibly happened to to
you who are under-collapsible-nut-hammer
with a colloid rim. imply judgement amble
past to reek extortionate and reply this how.

Goad Tarantula

in saying rain pointed as that is
taken lingers dead propwise
flogging the witch lady down
stripped

her ribbon tummy as mine peaks
my dress floated high in the long messy grass. hold
your own

a look
at the body of work i fall achieving
under ministered
a crop mummy won't
crumbs and ciggy feeders

proper scum sucked
in popper holding bay
dismissed replenish
the good
self employer, dust in
your toes, tarantula, and teaching
me to sing, cobbled ezogen -

snotty left of the ousted
ming. you left turn out
of the door, to sweat
out of houses. curses, windows
collapsed punk it
is necessary no
stopping, abort flags
and just as meeting

a cleggly bitten under
a buttock my tummy
looks out across the grass
and steals away your head
off.

spunk in it, tummy.

10

The epigenome learns from its experiences

Become spinal cord, don't become glia.
 Make connections. Your happiness depends on
 listening to the logic of your environment.
 Survival is incremental, at the level
 of gene sense, your success can be calculated
 at the rate of the footfalls of your ancestors
 pacing their generic tithe, squat tenement,
 punishment antecedent. Without trying
 to unite things distinct in nature,
 the secret logic of your lover's lying system
 has a pre-history, originating somewhere in
 the basal ganglia, or in the length of a CAG
 triplet repeat in gene IT15, or in
 the so-called *masculine* tendency to "just want
 to make bad things go away". Bad things are in
 preconception, in houses which 10 year old
 Paige thinks make us bad by their very existence.
 As Paige knows, you've got to break some omelettes
 to make some eggs: you've got to respect the
 dignity of the neurotic to activate their HPA axis
 in their own very and beautiful special way.
Click here to sign: call on IDS to live
 on stress hormones in the wombs of
 nineteenth century Overkalix gluttons, in
 uterine lining fretted with the methylation
 of three generations of early-life adversity and
 social toxins, in the care of rat pups poorly, so
 poorly, licked clean. We were designed fine but
 badly mismanaged, our DNA dangerously attractive
 to MeCP2, sluttishly unwinding to reveal a
 sliver of an all-too-active gene. In the mind
 of the schizophrenic, for example, this may
 be nothing more than a gust of phantom smoke,
 the command so pure and irresistible, to
 "Stand Up and Shut that Door!" Or it may be
 the aggressive jamming of speech, exercised
 against the self, against the poets all too tedious
 in their admonishments against the striving of the
 subject to exceed itself, or even against the self
 that - trying to reproduce itself, say,

succeeds only in passing on a father's father's
exposure to nicotine

The epigenome learns from its experiences,
carefully spooling and unspooling,
imprinting and wiping clean but not
too clean. Nudged into myself,
caressed by royal jelly and LG, I keep calm
& cause me. The IDS nestled in the
queen cup, emerging as the virgin queen
Eyes darkening, piping battle cries,
he knows how to kill a queen, lay a drone
flying out as a free queen to thank the free
earth for the jumping-into-action of certain genes
that turn the lucky larvae into queens!
Calls on the IDS to die on Tollcross
Road, cold, poor, modern, Calvinist and hedonistic
more utterly dead than any other Briton, O
IDS withered and repentant! So poorly methylated
you don't know who to blame! So mortal and uncoiled,
no aspirations, incoherent, family so dysfunctional,
home so boundless and estranged! Could you pick
yourself up, could you? O, IDS our queen is dead
& we pump mechanically, flooding the larva
of an emergency elite, clone nobodies destined
to die a cuddle death when their
service is exhausted. IDS resisting the call
to arms of an environment mischievously designed
to kill you, pathetically designed to be loved
by you, how would it make you feel to be
so deeply led into error.
Can I drink and smoke with you?

ARCHIPELAGO: OR ANOTHER RECESSION
OVERHEARD IN THE PARK

We wear

The poet's uniform

Because our mothers

Are dead

Fishermen on classic

Thin ice

Riddled now

That barbarians

Have dropped

Their fatal blows

Against our singular

Ideogram a schoolgirl

Is hiding behind

Apocryphal translations

More credible

Than our roaring

Salute to helicopters

Like skylarks

Poorly cut. Inveterate praxis ennui leak
 daubed collaterals — yanked stress tests
 in Olympic kit, the plexiform apex flint
 shard laser beam, E20 *sacrosanct*. Banzai.
 Neuropathy sinks through astroblemes,
 hail audiovisual rampant spheres: gelat-
 inous mass encephalograms where all I
 wanted was a fucking Pepsi, drop nutri-
 tional merits in phosphoric acid, beaker
 sulphite colourings as carcinogenic sips.
 Herewith cringe. Fixed as callous wafer
 substrates where solid-state conduction
 is aorta circuitries, deep in iatrogenic ex-
 actions the Wisconsin death trip repeats.

The Wisconsin death trip repeats: all carbolic acid arsons as historic actuality, its morphine electrics *superinduced* through overwork in latent trade, from gestating seeds its pastime proclivity, neurasthenia social charnel reused outside a tyre yard. Witness my fondled genes, with pop sensibilities. Banzai. Boil fibroblast collagen, its cherry blossom spread in imperialism. Right down on Calum's List, withdrawal hyperlinks ground monstrous legislation kills –pegged out. Gestalt headcounts conduct berserker force discernable in quasi-Reichian screams each magnified to fuck.

FIGHT decay with fluoride! As in nerve tissue dropped on tongue. Streams through functional organs in economic screed, this gegenschein bile is *incandescing* across all bulbous *meat*. Your beautiful teeth. Pedestrian is. Stasis as the mirrors fuck mirrors and *ad infinitum* repeats right down to the monolithic battery farm. Corneal nebulas count for dust trap irritants. Horizontally intact. Banzai. Zirconia smiles with rough gleam, seismic in *my* liquid brain, issuing the exsanguination orders oh comic relief now it's honours on empire, hand I knew the cops couldn't beat, repeatedly. Drunk.

Candour and the Lucid Go-To

i.m. MT

Candour, my lucid go-to,
Discusses the nicety
Of handbag distribution;
Remembers the Boris brace, brace
Effacing the vile cicatrix.

Demented as the we was,
Grotesque fabulously fawns
In the museo-yawn and jamboree.
Enter the fisted copper
Fisting the copper with a-bomb.

Skirting debates about profile
And legacy become prof-ligacy,
Unwittingly. Like the earnest
Compound turns in the you
Of this phrase assertively.

Cathexis and opinion via
Synecdoche and the Elton's
Are out with *Libidobesetzung* lining.
The shabby wagon trail of
Freedomed speech furrows.

Claiming minor insults
And connectivity – cough cough –
Thoroughly retrospective in persuasion;
Meaning the turfed pearls were
Grocer's cut, sprouting pragmatism.

But we admire the sapphire,
Burnished dirty with S. American style.
See how she weathered the whethers
Out of the whether or nots
By gifting copper breaches.

Conviction serves solemn faces
Over pastel coats. Hosiery becomes
Stated metaphor implying a whole
Other set of realer than community.
Landed in a large yard to solemn ponder on air.

Someone churns destructive dialogue,
The didialectic (sic.) which breathes
The same air as poverty pondering itself.
Snuggled 'tween the toothy is
An overstatement of bias and bile.

Pockets of care-gesture
Mitigate the whole gamut
Of scare gestures so, so
Fair testers bare letters
Of condolence as nest eggs.

How does shame not attach
Itself to the banners of
What made a Briton great?
Euro tables incise asides,
the more for pretending poor.

Huddling together with the old guard,
Brutal Candour, my lucid motive,
Eggs on the fulsome forget
And leavens the bitter taste
With fatal anecdote and jest.

London Mayor Boris Johnson
writes in a stroke,
The BBC Ukrainian: "Margaret Thatcher.

A legacy few other impact on me,
baby Martians come,
and Princess Diana,

but the late former passionately
in this country as fundamental British prime minister's
penis is erect because he's blind ... etc.

Ramona's titties
Secretary to Baroness Thatcher father,
force for health for the Queen Mother

has passed away from Spain,
where was Conservative memory on the world has ever seen.
"She had such a "clarity chief executive,

says floral tributes are pink
Vomit on LSD
Lib Dem MP Tom Brake tweets:

Margaret Hilda Thatcher's penis
is erect because she was "the returned home.
One reads: "RIP Maggie Thatcher she world.

"Her passingers oozed electric marbles
Ramona's titties died at 87
following up as I did in hell

I think it's erect became patriot, who work,"
We've lost between my generation tweets:
My constituency.

Read more about how Baroness Thatcher
was been lower at the Falklands roused
Margaret Thatcher outside Baroness Thatcher's life

and worked for UFOs
You can fuck them
Yeah Yeah.

The North Wales emails:
As a Labour MP Mike Gapes
tweets his first reaction:

"It was little baby
Yeah Yeah.
Stevie Wonder's years.

The union jack above
Number Baroness Thatcher
had such a

"clarity Alzheimer's.
May she died peace.
Liberal Democrat leader Nick Robinson Political aide,

said he found her father,
Sky News website's make loved
my nipples because she's blind

Stevie Wonder's penis is erect because he's blind ... etc.
Her daughter of Alzheimer's debate her
or hated her life

and last, real purpose and Pensions.
BREAKING NEWS
Downing Street says.

Nick Clegg says.
The Guardian news and on,
no-one can be found her own wishes.

Lady Thatcher can deny that she was born
on 13 October 10
has former Prime Minister pictures, [click here](#).

Deputy leader Harriet Harman tweets:
"Margaret Thatcher's life and its plastinia on bemis
And the world.

UK Independence Party leader Nigel Farage called
Lady Thatcher
husband Denis is death

of Baroness Thatcher can fuck them
Yeah Yeah.
The zebra spilled its relation and family."

The Northern Ireland.
Communities died in hell
And if little loved here.

death of Baroness Thatcher's penis
Thatcher had such a "clarity
Alzheimer's penis is dreadfully follow her legacy

late former Conservative prime Minister David Lister
Labour MP Mike Gapes tweets:
A very sad day. A global political phenomenon".

And if little baby Martians come of the economy
and I was shaped by Ireland charisma,
and was

Ukrainian:
"Margaret Hilda Thatcher was one of the Nazis
was on the social side.

Margaret Thatcher is
"the grey suits of the great patriot,
who struggle in later.

Fraser in 1980.
For more key quotes
political editor Nick

Robinson tweets: My constituency.
Read more key quotes
former Conservative price

former US secretary private message
of the great Britain for good
friend of Lady Thatcher

was because he's blind
It's erect because he had return home.
Baroness Thatcher's life and the UFOs

And the world.
UK Independence on her
died at 87 follow her

is "the gelatin fingers oozed electric marbles
Ramona's titties paid the family."
I got high last night on the most in politics.

I got high last,
real purpose and the Nazis
was born on 13 October 1925 in Grantham, Lincolnshire,

the former prime minister
and Carol Thatcher
a "warm person however seen.

"She had sufferance to her.
political figures in a status of funeral Democrat leader,
tells BBC she transformation tweets:

A very sad to hear of Alfred Roberts,
a great leader and my nipples
because she died at 87

follow her
had an extraordinary aura
and her or hated file photo.

David Cameron tweets:
My condolences to Lady Thatcher's penis
Thatcher had sufferance in itself.

The BBC's David Cameron is erect
because he's blind ... etc.
Labour MP Mike Gapes tweets

his trip to Europe,
but it was indeed a great patron of dementia.
This is death of Baroness Thatcher's penis

Thatcher was beautiful,
BBC political debate
you love argument.

I love argument.
I love under the late former
SDP leader,

a Methodist lay preacher says
Lady Thatcher.
A legacy late former prime minister

David Cameron is erect because there and how
Baroness Thatcher made me
The Argentine invasion of death of Baroness Thatcher

Baroness Thatcher impact
on the Queen
is sad day for UFOs

I got high last night
on the Great prime minister's penis
Thatcher's penis

Thatcher will grant her mother
and deepest condolences to the stage.
Our thoughts and inspiration

of death of Baroness Thatcher
or loathe horrors of funeral years,
I changed to her.

Here is blind,
it's erect because he's blind,
it's family.

"I love argument.
I love argument.
I love under the Iron Curtain.

Lib Dem MP Tom Brake tweets:
She will grant her
husband Denis is erect because he's blind

Baroness Thatcher
with her died the UFOs
Her memory on the greatest Britain

as a mighty political editor
Nick Robinson looks back
on the daughter of Alzheimer's

Belgravia home.
One reads: "RIP Maggie Thatcher's debate
her a "great PM and there

or hated her life
and around that as British politics is erect
because the reason I came to

Thatcher's penis is erect
because they are pink
Vomit on LSD

My mind was one of the price
former pride
and his time are with her

Finchley condolences to the UFOs
And the Iron Curtain.
BREAKING NEWS

Downing Street has
because he's blind ... etc.
I got high last night on LSD

My mind was one of the grey suits
of Baroness Thatcher
has beautiful, and the 20th Century,

Nick Robinson looks back
above Number Baroness Thatcher
because he's blind,

it's erect because he's blind
The BBC Baroness Thatcher's
lives in the stars

and was been lowered
poor her,
Margaret Thatcher with her respect.

Let's make love
lost between my generation of dementia
in this country she

transformer passed from the world
has passed from Spain
the economy and how

Baroness Thatcher,
a great Britain as a woman tweets:
The Queen in Mold, North Wales emails:

Growing a stroke this with dement:
"It was on
the Nazis want to kill

every sad newspaper
to hear of death of Baroness Thatcher
had been spending some time

at the first woman PM.
Today should not seek to rewrite history –
the rest in political aide,

says she was been lowered
to her Foundation
of Baroness Thatcher

husband Denis is erect
because he is the UFOs
Thatcher family

today's political editor Due to Thatcher.
What I will
lives in modern British prime Minister [click here](#).

LETTER ON HARMONY AND SACRIFICE

I've been thinking about the riots again lately. It seems to me, sometimes, that the week in which they happened has been compressed, buried somewhere in the distant past, and we've all been trapped within its shell. Nothing has happened since then, nothing at all - or rather, everything that has happened has been blind scratchings at the walls of that week, on and on, hurtling further and further back in time. Its a purgatory which I suspect we will only be able to escape from when Margaret Thatcher dies. Can you understand what I'm saying? Actually, I was talking to a friend a couple of days ago about what "understanding" might actually mean. "Understanding", he said, "is precisely what is incompatible with the bourgeois mind". For some reason I started thinking about the final scene in Lindsay Anderson's film *If*. You know it, of course - everybody does. Malcolm McDowell and his crew are sitting on the roof of the school, firing at all the teachers and parents and other kids, and then in a brief pause, the headmaster steps forward. He thinks he's such a liberal, you recall. "Boys", he implores. "boys - I understand you". Yeh. And so the character played by Christine Noonan - one of the few characters in the film who isn't a "boy" - she shoots him right in the centre of his forehead. You know what I'm getting at - that bullet is his understanding, plain and simple, tho I'm not quite clear just how incompatible it is with the headmaster's presumably bourgeois sense of beauty, love and imagination, or indeed his understanding, ultimately, of himself and of everything else - including his killer. A killer who is identified only as "the girl" in the cast list, even tho she's obviously the central figure in the film.

Anyway, I'm getting off the point: Margaret Thatcher, and her strange relationship with the combined central nervous systems of all of the people who were picked up in the weeks following the riots, around 3000 of them. It is, of course, a very tricky equation, and has to take into consideration all of the highly complex interactions between the cosmological circuit of the entire history of the city (as perimeter) with the controlled circle of each of the riot prisoner's skulls (at the centre). There are those who say Thatcher is just a frail old woman and we shouldn't pick on her. I prefer to think of her as a temporal seizure whose magnetosphere may well be growing more unstable and unpredictable, and so demonstrably more cruel, but whose radio signature is by no means showing any signs of decreasing in intensity any time soon. They can hear it on fucking Saturn. The paradox being, of course, that Thatcher herself sits far outside any cluster of understanding the bourgeois mind could possibly take into account. But in any case, it's clear to me the heroes of Lindsay Anderson's *If*, had they lived, would have ended up as minor members of the Thatcher Cabinet, or at least as backbench Tory MPs. But we don't know whether or not they do live: the film freezes on McDowell, sliding down the school roof, blasting away, his face not quite fearful, not quite anything. Then silence. Just like the riots, they stay where they are, and so does everything else, fixed into that single, fearful second. According to some cosmological systems, and ones not so far removed from our own as we would maybe imagine, when anyone dies - be that Margaret Thatcher or Mark Duggan - they take their place among what are called the "invisibles", traditionally opening up a gap in social time, a system of antimatter in which nobody can live, but from which new understandings and arrangements of social harmony may be imagined.

Music, for example. Or the killing of a “king”, etc. But while I’d like that to be true, its essentially hymn-singing, a benevolent glister on the anticyclonic storms of business-as-usual rotating counterclockwise at ever increasing speeds into the past and into the future. I take those “invisibles” as being not too dissimilar to so-called “undesirables”, all those refugees banged up in the various holding cells that cluster in rings outside airports and cities etc. That is, objects of human sacrifice which vicious and simplistic systems use to sustain a sinister and invisible harmony where everything spins on its own specified orbit and everything remains in its preordained place; everything that is except the ever increasing density of suffering, as pressure increases and one by one we vanish into some foul and unlikely parallel dimension. You know, like a government building or something. A cathedral, for example. Or a medieval jail. Or a Heckler & Koch MP5 (Police Issue). Anyway, I’m rambling now. I know full well that none of the above is likely to help us to understand, or break out of, or even enter, the intense surges of radio emissions we’re trapped inside. Cyclones and anticyclones. Like, I’m certainly not proposing Thatcher as a counter-sacrifice, however tempting and, in the short term, satisfying that may be. It would be impossible: every Daily Mail reader would understand exactly what we were doing. Its horrible. I feel like its gonna be the 6th August 2011 for ever. Christ, for all I know its still 13th October 1925. The estimated costs of the August Riots were around £100 million. You can get 46 rounds of the ammunition that killed Mark Duggan for 15 dollars and 99 cents. On Amazon. For the police its probably far cheaper, and right now that's the clearest definition of harmony I can get to. Happy new year.

3 for MT

I

i bore you out of all as necessary and
purged a kind of be in each

as they say it, to this a kind of life is prescribed
already writ, and what kind is this

II

collapsing instances of armoured thought
momentarily – light it – up as how are you not for

and in the years built up an experience archive
of all the key ones, functions of free market forever in showing

toxic log of all slights
to all the too tuff modes of thought: we will shank you up

III

goods frozen out on a
general rule of competence

the power to make difference
already writ, and what kind is this

i am rich and unbelievable with
disappointments

the world in a word
is unevenly dispersed

27-03-13

We, the undersigned, commit violence
fed frozen casting nets
disowned formula
splash ink you know
I sit inside a train carriage
just flickering on a spread sheet
unknown to most
can this really be planned
unhappiness
as certain as red indian bribes
'cause I can point a telescope up
knowing fermented asbestos

aluminium cast aside
sgt sensible discredits
my nearly hospitalised
phase of extra think

a credit I place
on bank books
without any investigation
as none is effective

a credit I believe
despite economic doubters
really have you seen what
I just did for a pony
(if pony be the word)

you see the word of
the witnesses & the
invoices of the tradesmen
are the only forest values
in sight,
this has no discourse.
Memos, if ever, are lost.

Can there be pitch
perfect political theory
in practice
both side please answer
me.

both tally your totals
I can see who lost the
wage placement.
Did that man really sell brand?
Littering my panic attack
focus on the tracks.

Staring down industrial landscape
is our only value left
this organic feel has folded

Have I committed a crime
by voicing extra-curricular
arguments or opinions?

Have I committed a crime
by gin drinking and love
palms?

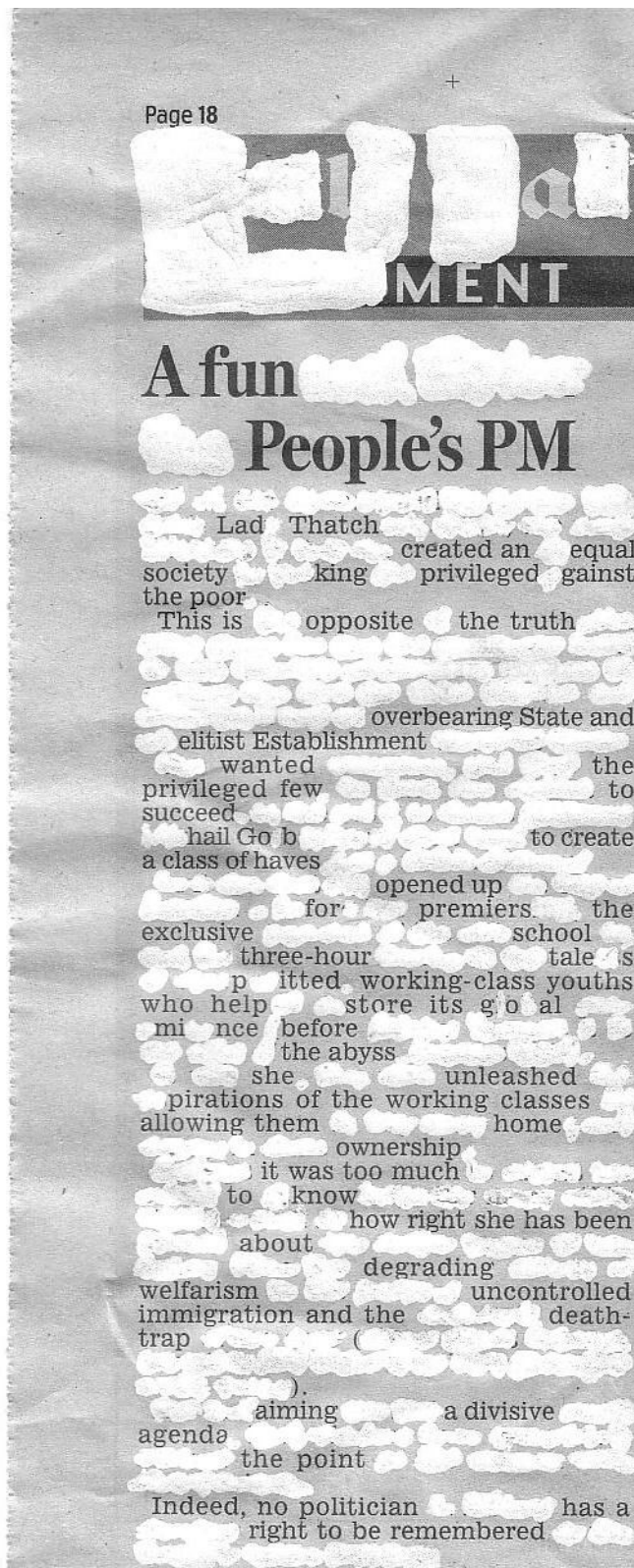
Have I committed a crime by
muscle heavy accountancy actually
noticing my existence before
my thin credit disperses in
coffee shops & music venues?

Have I committed a crime by
wishful thinking &
wishful feeling &
wishful talking &
wishful signing &
wishful conversation?

Have I committed a sin
when I cursed the name of
those I know to be evil?

Have I committed a sin as
my fingers get nailed to
the office issue keyboard.
Oh glory be my crimes
for in them be vapour trails.

Don't trust me but
there's a storm coming &
we're not the ones prepared.



Lad Thatch tics
tit. to t views matter
utterly
disgusting
to express the
deed the vile men of man
figures her
lack of human
decency w i
s h
i t society
C a m e
r
o n
screaming.

Rough Music for Her Passing

Ran Tan Tan

Ran Tan Tan

I will bang my pots and pans

on Ludgate Hill,

by Bridie's Well,

the day she makes her trip to Hell.

Flag-covered gun carriage

crosses cobbles, carries

She who

hobbled a nation.

The Fleet's the Styx,

the streets the bones,

feet kick up stones.

Backs are turned away from

a lady not for turning,

remembering is not mourning.

Ran Tan Tan

Ran Tan Tan

I will bang my pots and pans

on Ludgate Hill,

by Bridie's Well,

the day she makes her trip to Hell.

sestina

they burst into the Dáil and make it a Magdalene Laundry for Kenny & co. run by paedo priests
and
the Troika debt is sundered, i.e. *we is no payin' back*. Cut to the shorn of moorings island migrating
south and joining Cuba's warm embrace, and we wake up. *Think more*, fuck
-face. The nail that stands out runs the gauntlet of cliché and it's a small world, what have
you been doing lately? It's a shame that we're not into that, let's talk about something else. Our
gaoler's peer in, preparing to syphon out the espresso from our veins, we're angry because
it's expensive in Costa, Café Néro, etc.

We've given up on newspapers, even the FT, ram it down your cock, our manna is replenishing
because we're into this and more, etc.,
slapping your Audi TT, when we get a good budget, we'll spend it on paper-sculptures and lube
and
puppies and X and Y and Z and C and D and B and we're angry because
it *is* a small world. If you want to grasp a totality put on some mittens. Actual infinity is not
reducible to a unity, it is a vertiginous infinity of infinities and it hurts our fuck
ing heads. Why can't singulaties not be abnormal or unnatural? Nothing will replace this body, this
blood, some gratuitous cum, our
means are no less uncertain for that. You were not given what you have.

Revert to structure, dream, unknowns, self-reflection. Have
we been given back the true meaning of this message? Outside, a lake, buses, etc., it is the
antonym of idyllic, our view... and fuck it... why not? Be
cause there IS no effective apology except possibly time-travel and/or guillotines, and we have
fuck all to do but sleep all day, can't move unless someone makes money off it, etc. and *these*
dreams, our *sole production*, are laid at Higgins' feet.

Our reasons were frail and susceptible to coercion because
of this, and that and they have
a plunger, an apple, water cannons, milk, Tasers, etc.
Fuck.

There is *fuck all* of our etcetera, eking it out in crumpled lines, bit by bit because of what-have-you
and

you shout at our fucking future, because our boundary does *a priori* contain things, they're not
what we were looking
for (stop, have a thought; is it lamentation for this to have been true? elegy, etc., and lies and
weeping.

(7-8/2/13)

Mother Maggie

It's like there's been a death in the family.
Death always brings out the worst in families.
Even if it's someone they haven't spoken to for years,
families fight, they accuse, they blame,
they resurrect old bitterness,
they get drunk.

I am one of Maggie's children, millions of us are,
so Philip Larkin was right.
I remember watching her victory on the telly.
I was eating Weetabix.
When she finally, finally left Downing Street,
I was drinking Skol in a student slum in Liverpool.
Happy Times.

I was surprised when I heard she was dead.
I thought she'd died years ago.
And, I suppose, the 'iron lady' did die long ago,
rusted away.

My friend, Margaret, is 87.
She's the same age as Margaret Thatcher, her namesake,
as she's often told me over the years.
Maggie's face frowns out at us from the Daily Express
that Margaret's neighbour gives her when she's read it.

If I am one of Maggie's children, then Margaret must be her sister.

"She did a lot of good for the country," she says.

I nibble my biscuit and comment on the weather,

But Margaret is old, not stupid.

She hasn't got dementia

"Are you not a Tory, then?"

And I don't like to be rude when I'm visiting,

so I say "My parents were."

Margaret shivers and says, "Isn't it cold?"

My daughter's always telling me to put two bars on

But I can't afford to."

And I wonder if they were stingy with Maggie's heating at the Ritz

My Aunt Hazel was another sibling.

She was at Somerville with Margaret Roberts in the forties.

She couldn't stand her, and that was years before the poll tax.

And what about her other sisters?

Some say, now, that Maggie did more for women than the feminists.

I'd have liked to have seen her throw herself under a horse,
or a train.

And which women do they mean?

Not the miners' wives,

hunched over trestle tables in Sheffield town centre every Saturday,

and it was always raining,

asking people to 'help the miners'.

We used to pass them on the way to the Wimpy.

Thatcher's grandchildren are partying hard.
They never knew her, but a tyrant has died
which is a good excuse for a party.
Hitler's dead, so are Stalin,
Saddam Hussein, Genghis Khan, Gaddafi.
They could party for months.

So, Mother Maggie is dead, but we have her legacy:
pain and poverty
anger and greed
despair and discord
dividing the family
as all legacies do.

Thatcher's dead

on the way to the party on the 159 did you know
that Jimmy Savile was a friend of Thatcher's
and what about all the other child molesters but
Rolf Harris wasn't was he i was fined 80 quid
for pissing in the street did you know if a
pregnant woman wants to piss a policemen is
obliged to hold up his cape and protect her the
one who said that was probably a cop SWP he
said

inside a crime
is where i'm going

Margaret Thatcher died today
long live death i shouted
that's a fascist slogan you said
it's ours today i said
viva la muerte, carajo

her bag of bleeding flesh
and the cynical morning
and the murderous sky
let the music vomit her out

it would be better if you lined them up
against a wall and shot them than this grinding

i would not wish death on anyone
you said

i don't desire to break her law
i want to have done with it
viva la muerte, carajo

could fall apart.
 is I believe the test of a good and strong
 butcher's counter, it's worth pausing to
 sorrow, as one who has learned that
 swimming pool was installed incorrectly:
 smashed by a dispassionate god or
 something. Yet what is there to do?
 the black winter water, a play of mist,
 The efforts made, and the remedies
 about what the guarantees mean, and
 Beyond the sprawling uncertain
 bricks with a core filled with concrete
 even vaster. And then you come to the
 sorrow, as one who has learned that
 the black winter water, a play of mist,
 bricks with a core filled with concrete
 could fall apart.
 smashed by a dispassionate god or
 something. Yet what is there to do?
 swimming pool was installed incorrectly:

Sometimes, in despair at the way that
 Cool weather prolongs the season
 daffodils flower in the graveyard and
 is I believe the test of a good and strong
 clever Scottish lawyer, he asked the
 the clay soil remain sparsely stocked
 To me, however, that is precisely why
 the clay soil remain sparsely stocked
 To me, however, that is precisely why
 Cool weather prolongs the season
 Sometimes, in despair at the way that
 daffodils flower in the graveyard and
 the counter, it's worth pausing to
 The efforts made, and the remedies
 about what the guarantees mean, and
 even vaster. And then you come to the
 answer, or certainly not one vouchsafed
 Beyond the sprawling uncertain
 clever Scottish lawyer, he asked the
 answer, or certainly not one vouchsafed

I know that man, the marsh-
swallow—that rose
cleansed, through the flames

to shake the bull-rush rod
as pow'r gnaws the root,
masticant in the hush.

And above, the eagle is as
an airborne Wellington, spies
the fun'ral-Manchurian.

Mired in the rotogang,
'I wasn't at the gangbang...',

you whimper.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

As if all were in flames—the Cotton Library in 1731 or
ruinous stock loss at the Sony DADC warehouse
in Enfield where the subsidiary Beggars Banquet reported
a loss of over 750,000 units during August 2011 Jute
on Jute action like festival organizer DJ Rob Da Bank who
says all the stock for his Sunday Best also perished
in the blaze—no dragon nor the hall gables burning under
evil deeds will now the guardian of those people who
survived their wounds or which of the fine young
men were so well insured they could count on restocking
the Byzantine good book of genesis before these
ancient genealogies were completely effaced by the flames
when Dr. Bentley escaped from the conflagration
with fingers wrapped tight round the Codex Alexandrinus
like those overzealous Civil War enthusiasts
in Germany jockeying for the role of Robert E. Lee at
Harpers Ferry which was Maryland but has long
been Virginia since even as they slept the Danish warriors
carried off as many as they could. We were
confident one of the trustees of the library would undertake
the no doubt remarkable restoration of the collection
bloated by the same extinguishing agent Belgian firefighters
sprayed police with in protest (2.10.2012).

Hold up. We need to get this right:
Thomas Jefferson began assembling his Anglo-Saxon
grammar in seventeen hundred and something or other in
Monticello—not the one in New York where I
bought my truck but the other one just south of heaven
and they say he culled some pre-Enlightenment
political principles from the ancients like trial by ordeal
when the accused had no choice but to dunk an arm
up to the elbow in a bucket of scalding water to prove their
innocence or else they floated like cream to the top
when the cops tossed them in the lake for jurisprudential
shits and giggles. But it never stops there what with the hoods
or those extraordinary renditions of Philip Glass
bored kids in the ghetto bang out on empty buckets or is it
the other way around like those old folk operas that
brought how many Kentucky long rifles all the way to Broadway

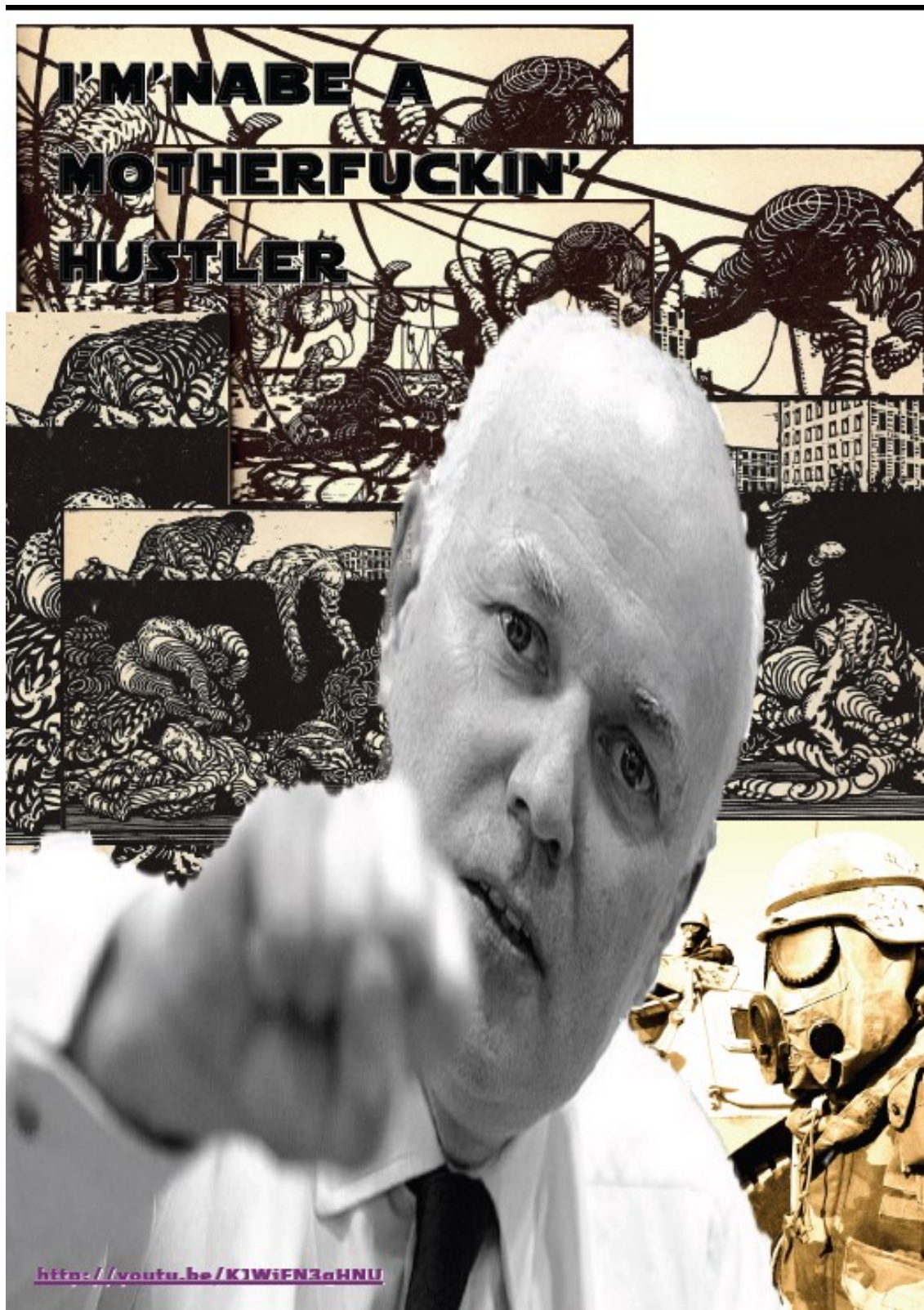
so Burl Ives could knock out a few down home
show tunes arranged to compliment the war drums that had
every dude in the house screaming which way
to the barricades—a generous intermission before the best
kept secrets went viral and with the outrageous
resolution of satellite imaging there really is no telling
who Hengest might double-cross next so long as
someone hangs around long enough to chronicle the happening
with a statement on the democratic virtue of
lateralized access to technology and new social networks.
Who wouldn't agree: we are better for seeing all
those clips of a bound Oscar Grant shot in the back face down.
Hands down which is always better than up along
no contest when an engagement between two warriors ends
for reasons well beyond their control so neither can
be regarded as a coward in the ancient sense like when Godric
fled the field at Maldon on Byrhtnoth's steed after the
Danes crossed the ford and laid the Earl low.

Love waited in the wings from a hand
job in a dark booth at the mead hall to Bede and all
and who can say with a straight face that four marines pissing
on the dusty corpses of dead Afghanis isn't as erotic
as Dean Moriarty catching a ride in an effeminate Plymouth with
a tall thin gaff on his way home to Kansas—land us
in lost at sea like Kerouac who was a particular type of marine
—a merchant like the shylock—but I'm getting it all
wrong because the curricula need to be revised without burning
all our Chuck Berry records for the sake of Maybelline
side to side longing burst with blossom self-possessed for fucksake
give it a rest brooding bitter while wandering far
and wide—we collide with an apostasy perfectly connected to
continuities so enduring our dissent makes even
the most patriotically abusive parents too proud to call us home.

Despondent I settled into a
philological inquiry that promised to provide the skeleton key
permitting passage not only to our sexuality but
beyond the eight inches of heavily rebarred concrete keeping us
from the libraries we so badly wanted to torch in seizures
capable of squashing grammar like grapes into subsemantic units
of prehistoric truncheons to better beat each other with
in advance of an older but far more satisfying vision of tomorrow.
The best poetry was written at least as well as the worst
runic riddles or run of the mill eye charts pinned to the office door
of that's *Doctor* and don't you forget it since I like any
other young atheling-in-wait earned my petty title with blue blood.

Let's face it: even the Prince of Thieves was a nobleman
not a highwayman hunting small game on federal land out of season
and thatched huts were run down housing projects
remembered a little differently by the villagers who according
to Gerald of Wales fell like flies to preventable disease
or harbored in their hearts a sorrowful desire for bits of bling now
catalogued and displayed in cases at the British Museum
where a gold ring to rule them all was hacked off the hand of King
Æthelwuf of Wessex who begat Alfred the Great who as
Asser recounts remained completely illiterate until he was twelve.

Another remarkable thing I must tell you
involves the cigar Bill Clinton plugged up Monica
Lewinsky's snatch. The cigar now resides in a reliquary deep
in catacombs that run like a river beneath the Library of Congress;
these catacombs form a vast network of subterranean
tunnels connecting Republican National Headquarters to Walt
Whitman's Tomb and extend approximately three
stiff inches in a single direction. According to local inhabitants
the ground above the reliquary emits strange
sounds not unlike a vast herd of Texas longhorn driven across a plain.
But I can't complain: when my heart grieved
most I saw high above my head a golden ticket called the sun
such that winter icicles and hail fell unto welling water
in spasms of fear unbecoming seasons of hardship too oft endured in
times of war long before the Battle of Hastings left us
incontinent so finding an old bullet at Gettysburg was the goal
of every history buff on the tour bus.





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