

CUT UP III (FINAL NW₄ CUT UP)

Festering in an ash-bloated, half ensnared itching
 itching where hair never was
 like a hunk of redundant flesh

both tender and wet, collecting 12-bores... That thumbsucker... oh, Rabid animal
With mud in his teeth, he will dance bacchanalian Twitching on the floor Or ripping tendons
fucked up inside that flaying hide

Festering in this grotesque frame Leave me curling
to perch by moisture dissolved from the video
Ringing my hands of her loud footsteps in the train station with blood laced within the sequence
I have infected you all reeking with meat-stench /

I could stand the stench and
wept like a liver
I'm cuddled in it

In November's fetid flavour
 In a sticky agoraphobic changing of gender
 Festering in pulsating doornails
 Wearing punctuality like a hunk of redundant Hands and bits of skin Nesting in my mouth
 Pinstripes wrap around a twitching dog
 sanding down my bones