

CUT UP II

I am screaming a pas de deux towards chaos
athletic vomiting between infected gums
Bite marks on guiding water, anger clawing around the back of an armchair, disrupting
and lurching away - leaving the door
I am nothing in my soul if not

Obsessive enough to dislodge the taste of her gaze of my arm
Peeling back
A throbbing slicing, who tiptoes
We unpierce for different reasons

Alas, my love,
I will wait to appease the screaming blades on fire to A pulsating undercurrent and nothing more
The oesophagus and the tongue also peeled 1960s sweat and stiff, slow Chaos
To de-tulpa himself

stench stains the oven that little hands hang from and rattle to decant into a gaping lung
and in the morbid symphony the furthest corner quivers
Shall I therefore become increasingly vile?
I wanted you to kneel in the mud with me
Shall I therefore become increasingly vile?

Did he detect my branches, balancing his debris of our mornings?
Was the dog there?

Radio man, crack my skull who bruises my cheekbones
and puncture the carpet
You still have chaos inside you.

Forgiving our mothers feeling the ache of swollen ashtrays who are thrusting into oblivion All those stammered,
imperfect words

It hurts to see your family puddled under plastic skies with sewing needles
I will take internal bleeding instead!

your boot is trying to calm the flesh of our shoreline & out into the everywhere-tooth-filled-mockery, the dizzying
bite marks on A voice, too pale to say

The anaesthetic wears off.

orchestral characters immobilised in the tragic category without a vessel of the cheeks, above the forehead:
which at another stage, The same thing occurred with the intestines: Exposed organs cry, eternally guilty

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