

Hugo Hagger

Cadmium Red, Tactical Before

REALLY FLOWER- opens

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for the shadow of a world-sized itinerant bird.
The nights substitutive elements relieve their daytime counterparts
beneath its oedemic belly.

They are safe to announce themselves in regular kicks-

• Arifitemine • Acidlouse • Crowmom • Skyscrap • Homdom • Faxisilade • Archivex
• Faggotrite • Extrarope • Raltegravir • Iron • Erotikill • Shardake • Methylenazepam
• Adamantium • Djadadjii •

The swarming mass and
The body transmogrifies

hindlimb

Day-close.

Kneeling.

It's BARK
It's BURN
MOSTLY,
moistly.

I AM TEMPORARILY WORKING AT FRIEZE.
I OVERHEAR A RICH, OVER PERFUMED
WOMAN SAYING IT WAS ALL TOO MUCH;
"GIRLS KISSING GIRLS, BOYS KISSING
BOYS, WHERE ARE ALL THE GIRLS
KISSING BOYS? AND DON'T GET ME
WRONG, I'M A NEW YORKER." I FIND IT
FUNNY WHEN PEOPLE SAY STUFF LIKE
THIS ABOUT NEW YORK, LIKE IN A KIND
OF RECONCILIATORY WAY. I'VE NEVER
BEEN, BUT PEOPLE FROM NEW YORK ARE
CERTAINLY *NEW YORKER'S* AND DON'T
GET THEM WRONG. I GO AND HAVE
THE GAYEST WANK IN THE TEMPORARY
FRIEZE LOOS.

FDBNHLLTTFNOCTURNAL

Morning is the afflicting logic behind a magic trick.
We leave the house, grab the day by the shoulders and say;
"We're here to buy."

(Tuesday is an inertial fist ☹)

PRIVATE MOODS



OTHER
COUNTRIES

True week. True year.

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GENUFLECT THEN SUCKING.

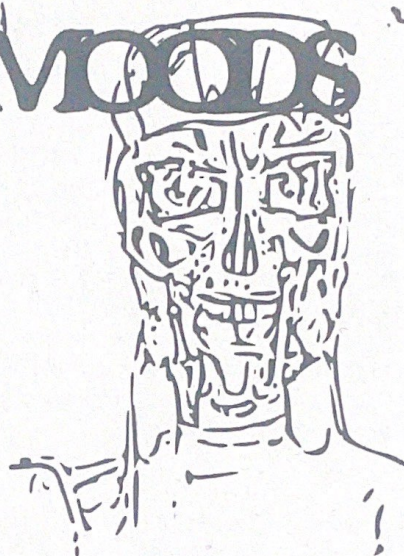
The nocturnal, has all its different milks; cosmological, astrological, literal, metaphorical, spiritual, ontological, semicylindrical ('ontological' makes a bamboo sound). Curdled in the heat radiating from sweating topless bodies that splash and heal together in the way ideas do when they are in *that* mood.

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PRIVATE MOODS



OTHER
COUNTRIES

I SLEEP IN A PLASTIC TEMP STAFF
CABIN. I STICK MYSELF TO THE
FIBREGLASS CEILING WITH HALF
MELTED INSTANT COFFEE GRANULES.
LIKE A BAT. I WATCH THEM DANCE
ON A LIVESTREAM. THEY DANCE SO
BEAUTIFULLY.

Myself doxa///.mongst my cells. Outside, on the move. My thoughts eliding with
city surface. The twang and pull of fingers gliding over a guitar neck tighten as my
eyes track vertically up an electronic skyscraper.

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If I were to ask you what came into your mind if I said *snail material*, would you think
of the hard material of the shell, or of the soft, slimy foot? I'm asking for a slug.

Personal space is peRSONALLY ABOUT BONES. Red pelvis and a little femur.

Feeler*

The ceaseless tyranny of the commodification of illegibility means those dedicated
to its anti-legislation must always be radially pushing 'out' to find new surfaces to
press meaning *into* and carve knowledge 'out of'. Out, 'out of', to escape, to evade
the rolling torus of a gendered time-language-knowledge matrix (it is made of liquid
grid) it *knows* us better than we know ourselves, it makes us dilettantes in our own
heads. You. Save us. Or alternatively sneak back in to it's donut hole, the eye of
the storm to 'start again' (*pointless, that's good maybe*). Poetry is a self renewing
economy. It is charity for the idea. It asks for; nothing back, everything back.

O poetry, O Reflux Lexicon!

The *word, thing* paradigm is abusive to the thing. Night is the *thing* – Day is the thing
that names it. Does the rave take contactless? The sculpture with in app purchase,
cruising; talking about *Squid Game*. Harnessing the pause of a thousand people
dying in their sleep-
Turn off the poem that much.

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