

CENTRIFUGAL HORSE

1. Like hell Tree is opposite to hole.

This is not a programmatic, but something snaky and modular

Meaning;

Like approaching a small town
While the feeling is moving (dead) snake-
Under a flap of, darting in and out of.

Here:

A few paces from the hole, along the ground envious of its depth is the
actual entrance hidden under a flap of-

Deep
Meaningful
Conversation

2. It's thingness having been evacuated by it's gness
Swapped out for a recognisable condition of, errr-
Illogical *relations*.

Yes, It's political tickle-
Family that 'exists'!!! :D
(under the subheading of insect or whatever)

Behind there. The point to which the idea rushes
And sleeps- opacifies- content-
Behind a filo pastry partition, egg shell
Crack crack hello
You tiny hammer.
Me within you- beyonsense, like a libidinal seizure.

3. THE DARVASA GAS CRATER IN TURKMENISTAN'S KARUKUM DESERT HAS BEEN BURNING FOR FORTY YEARS. AFTER A SOVIET DRILLING RIG HIT A NATURAL GAS CAVERN, THE POISONOUS GAS HAD TO BE SET ON FIRE TO STOP A POTENTIAL DISASTER. AT NIGHT, DESERT SPIDERS ARE DRAWN TO ITS LIGHT AND COMMIT SUICIDE BY MISTAKE. THEY FALL, FLOW, AND SUCCUMB. TO POWDER. CLEARS THROAT - MAYBE THOSE DESERT SPIDERS IN TURKMENISTAN, INSPIRED BY HOW HELIUM, INSISTS ON LIGHTNESS, COMMIT THEMSELVES TO ASH AND ARE BREATHED UP THE NOSE. MAYBE THOSE SPIDERS IN TURKMENISTAN WERE JUST DEPRESSED. YOU EVER FEEL THAT WAY? AS IN YOUR BODY SIMPLY BEING THE HOLES IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS, I'M TALKING IN A SEXUAL WAY NOW AND YOU SEEM TO LIKE IT.

4. Formlessness: it wants to be an astronaut.

Reason: it wants to be an astronaut.

Knowledge; the mouth and the anus, both at the same time.

I am moving human, (Piece of sunglasses -flavoured carry)

Cast brass reticle-

Colonoscopy-no-scope.

A being in your body

But watching your weight.

I name my baby complete

(heartbeating, barefeet, spoiling)

“Purpose”

It's

vestigial husband.

5. IN WRITING IS ALWAYS RE-DISCOVERY, A FEELING LIKE THE LOVE ONE HAS FOR THEIR FRIENDS IS THE TRUEST KIND OF LOVE. MY FRIEND MARK'S DAD IS DYING OF CANCER, MARK WALKS INTO THE KITCHEN AND ADMITS, WITH TEARS BURNING OFF HIS EYES, THAT HE "CAN'T BE ARSED." THAT HE "CAN'T BE ARSED FOR ALL THE GRIEF."

I DON'T SAY ANYTHING FOR A WHILE AND THEN I HUG HIM. HE CRIES INTO MY SHOULDER AND A KIND OF FOG SURROUNDS US, A KIND OF LACRIMAL FOG AND IN THAT MOMENT I LOVE HIM TOO MUCH AND IN THE SUREST KIND OF WAY.

It is like describing a thunderstorm by chewing a stick

It is hard, but it is weather and so you know it is true.

MY DOG.

6. Here's my
Flat-White-Affect

In the wilderness between,
Notional darting; a forest growing afraid.

Chest-hair, drain pipe
Pink metallic ribbon

His interior world.
My souls prehensile tail

I am appendix daddy, or zzaaddy
Stuffing a hundred cotton buds in my gums

And letting the sun set on my anger.

7. IT LOOKS LIKE MY CHILDHOOD BEST FRIEND CHARLIE IS GOING TO BE FAMOUS, IT SEEMS HE DOESN'T REALLY CARE THAT MUCH. I RARELY SEE HIM ANYMORE AFTER HE CHEATED ON HIS GIRLFRIEND ROSIE, MY OTHER BEST FRIEND, WITH ANOTHER OF OUR GOOD FRIENDS I DON'T FEEL LIKE NAMING, NOT OUT OF SPITE, JUST AS A KIND OF PAINTERLY GESTURE. I LIVE WITH ROSIE THE BEST FRIEND. BEST IS A FUNNY DESCRIPTOR FOR HUMAN ASSOCIATION, IT FEELS QUITE REPUBLICAN. YOU. YOU WON. BUT IT IS ALSO WHAT GENTLENESS IS. CHARLIE IS GOING TO BE A FAMOUS POP STAR VULNERABLY.

Similes are futile *against*, yet continuous with life; like a blizzard in a meteor shower.

8. THE NEXT DAY CHARLIE INVITES ME TO A COOL MUSIC PARTY. IT'S IN SHOREDITCH AND THERE'S A ROOFTOP GARDEN. It makes me think that there is no *outside* to nature, even capitalism or language..

To be a capsule in this way.

I am snoozing and insufficiently meant.

No future where the body ends at the end of the page- hope coterminous with doubt.

Perhaps then, I am a hole already.

Deliveroo is a hole, a dream space and a struggle to communicate, emphatically.

Technology is but a dialectical moment in the general enslavement of Nature.

Your rider is three minutes away with a fucking sodden Wagamama.

The other boy, while monologuing, gives him a lap dance.

9. You're thinking about cycles of violence, about a conversation you had with a TERF on the beach, and how a TERF on the beach is a kind of song, or sculpture, a kind of pubic arrangement.

Description of man.

My head goes through a distortion of midges,
I hear the sound of screaming children.
All reference is spatial, and there is insufficient space!
He is articulate, and ambivalently situated in art and its prevailing
bleeding.

Silhouette of dog

in the thrum of glorious rain, a hundred gender neutral toilets flushing.
Postdiluvian, subterranean; a world eternally under self-rejuvenation.

10. I GO INTO A LITTLE TESCO AND BUY SOME EGGS, THE ONES WITH THE REALLY ORANGE YOLK. DARK ORANGE, TOO DARK, ALMOST BLOOD. I'M VEGAN AND APPARENTLY THEY PUT ALL THE MALE CHICKS INTO A BLENDER AS BY-PRODUCT. I'VE SEEN A VIDEO OF IT AND IT MADE ME SPONTANEOUSLY LAUGH AND THEN APOLOGISE TO THE WOMEN IN THE HIGH VIS WHO SHOWED ME ON HER PHONE. I'M ALREADY VEGAN I SAY TO HER, APART FROM FOR THE EGGS WITH THE REALLY ORANGE CENTRE; I WILL EAT THEM TILL I DROP BASTARD DEAD. THERE'S A HOLE I SUPPOSE; WHERE THE BEAK USED TO BE, AND I DON'T REALLY MIND AS LONG AS THEY SAVE THE QUEER ONES AND THE GAY ONES, AND MY BROTHER - IF HE WAS A CHICK.

8=====D
DEAD CANARY

You drew an outline of America on filo pastry, and inside the outline of America you wrote the word crisps.

Yes.

Let's have this conversation somewhere else;

like on a sex-bot microchip or

a poem- somewhere really sanitised and technical.

A TRIO OF BABY FOXES PLAY UNDER MY BEDROOM WINDOW ALL NIGHT NIPPING at each other and pulling over plastic pots, I shine my iPhone torch out to see them better and six eyes reflect back at me like planets, before turning away and darting off.

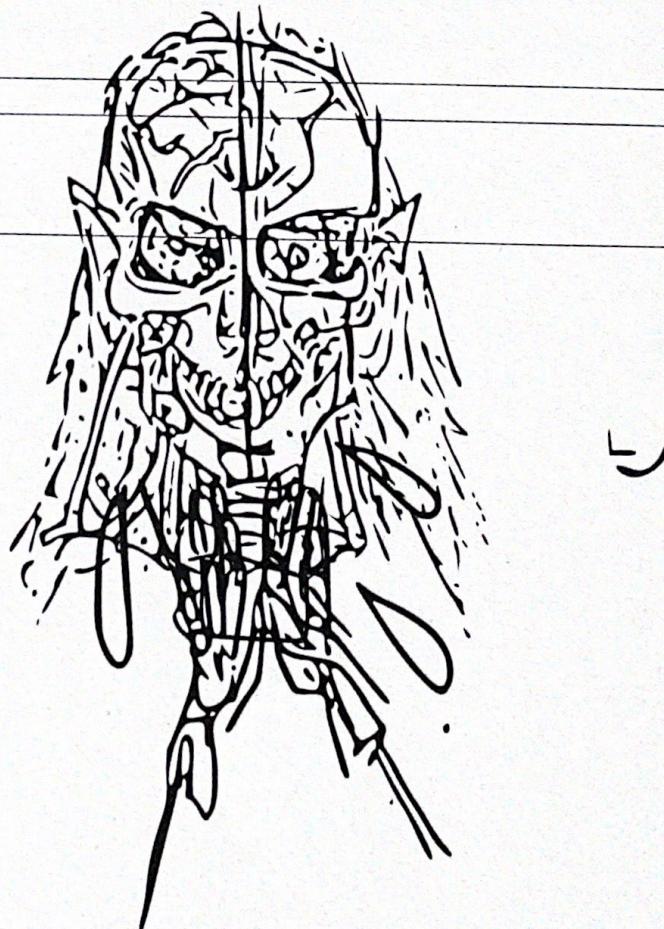
FRIEZE

Are you facing any criminal prosecutions? If Yes, please give further information.

No.

References

Please give the names and addresses of two referees, at least one of whom should be your current or most recent employer.





I was sitting outside a pub, talking to my friend Hector about his play. An old guy came over and congratulated him on it, but also said that it sagged in the middle and that he, grabbing his gut, could relate. He offered us A CIGARILLO FROM A TIN, WE BOTH SAID NO AND HE LAUGHED LIKE HELL.

HE LET US KNOW THAT IN HIS DAY HE SHOT PADDIES LIKE FOXES.

*To die with your hair wet is to live longer with its drying
There's something about photography in that, don't you think?*

Wait

I am held in it

By something moony, like its dream to say as it feels

To speak what it sees. And then a roar.

A pariah in the larynx. Meaning agreed by tearing-

You on that side me on this one.

(BRAINS AS REFERENCE FOR COMPUTERS!)

(LAUGHTER AS REFERENCE FOR FLAMES!)

Death as a kind of rhetorical move.

THANK YOU FOR APPLYING *You are spread eagle* TO NEW CONTEMPORARIES 2021. THIS YEAR WE RECEIVED dragged A RECORD NUMBER OF APPLICATIONS AND LAST WEEK OUR across SELECTORS VIEWED AND DISCUSSED IN DETAIL EVERY sourdough WORK SUBMITTED. AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, THIS WAS A HUGE and then TASK. THE STANDARD OF WORK WAS EXCEPTIONALLY eaten by HIGH AND NECESSITATED MAKING MANY DIFFICULT DECISIONS. IT IS gods WITH REGRET THAT WE WRITE TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR WORK, ON THIS OCCASION, HAS NOT BEEN SELECTED FOR Stop Is my safe word. NEW CONTEMPORARIES 2021. WHILE WE UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WILL BE DISAPPOINTED BY THIS NEWS WE HOPE THAT IF YOU ARE ELIGIBLE YOU WILL APPLY AGAIN.

THE FOXES ARE BACK. I HATE THEM NOW. THEY TORE UP MY FAVOURITE JACKET. I GO OUT AND CLAP AND SAY FUCK OFF, BUT THEY JUST COME BACK WITH WE WERE HERE FIRST. THEY WERE RIGHT AND I DIDN'T EVEN PAY FOR THE JACKET SO IT OWED ME NOTHING. THEY SCURRY BETWEEN MY GARDEN AND THE GARDEN THAT SITS BEHIND OURS THROUGH A HOLE UNDER THE WALL. I CLAP AGAIN AT THE LAST ONE TO GO THROUGH, IT TURNS BACK TO ME AND ROLLS ITS EYES BEFORE DARTING INSIDE AFTER ITS FRIENDS. I FINGER THE HOLE IN MY JACKET AND TURN TO GO BACK INSIDE WHEN I HEAR A SQUEAK.

I SEE ONE OF THE FOXES STEP BACK OUT FROM THE HOLE THAT JOINS THE GARDENS.

I am
trembling Giant -
A self divisible,
yet u n d I. m I. n I. s h e d.

THE FOX SHAKES DIRT OFF ITSELF AND STANDS, WATCHING ME WITH ITS NARROW EYES. THEN ANOTHER FOX PUSHES THROUGH THE HOLE AND STANDS NEXT TO THE FIRST. THE HOLE OPENS AGAIN A BIT WIDER THIS TIME AND NEXT door's white pit-bull terrier squeezes out followed by the third fox. They stand in line at the back of my garden, chest proud and correct. I take a step back into a smashed glass and yelp LIKE A DOG.

They break their line and begin dancing around my garden in circles. Like a copper chain and a silver link, like a whirligig chasing its own reason. They do not care that I am there, steadily bleeding out of my foot and into the soil. I perch on the wall and pull out the glass from my heel as they dance in my garden with perfect metre - and for a moment it reaches out and asks; how are you? Oblivious to any kind of trajectory, of time dissolving into merchandising.

And then pressing on to burn.

They are cutting open my letters
Just to read them and laugh because I'm gay or whatever.
Because In writing is always a rediscovery that the love one has for their
words
is a love for he who screens your feeling,
being trapped in it
In words and then putting them down-
like urgently flying away from your already

DOomed leg.

A boy on a tube carriage advert is dying of stomach cancer. It says in stacked white writing: without your help Hugo won't survive his fifth birthday. A little boy with black hair sits next to the writing with a pipe going into his nose, he is smiling and has a little toy sheep in between his crossed legs that matches the pattern on his pyjamas. He has that oblivious look that children in dire situations often have, asleep in wires; reassured, but slightly confused by everyone's tears.

In all my years of gift shops I have never found a fridge magnet or keyring that says Hugo, it skips straight to "i" names from Hugh, which I imagine, unfairly, to be the tory version of my name. I text HUGO to the number on the poster and send 10 pounds to the charity. BAd-karma-caNCer-averteD. I could say to myself that I wouldn't have let a little Hugh miss his fifth birthday either, but in truth; I would be lying. Empathy and ego kiss with tongues. Or, chaste; form a suicide pact.

The only other Hugo at my school once shot an elephant with a sniper rifle while on HOLIDAY WITH HIS DAD, so the Hugh, Hugo, tory theory doesn't really hold up. One of the elephant's feet was carved into a walking stick holder.

(This object in experimental perpetuity.)

In nominative deterministic terms “Hugo” is an augury of “snob”. In German it translates to “mind”.

I'm named after Victor Hugo. After Hugo died the brothels of Paris were closed and the ‘whores draped their genitals in black crêpe’.

This is a picture of him on his death bed by Felix Nadar. He looks just like my Dad.

Contemporary poesy and the primacy of *yeet* within the constructivist schema

Foul smelling tears.

I thought for a long time that I existed at the centre of my accumulated experience, that I was a combine formed by a centripetal force that pulled my life towards me. When in fact it feels more like a Damien Hirst Painting, spinning and spinning, going out, the feeling of its surface.

Centrifugal horse.
Culture appropriating;
arterial spray on interior wall.
Total experience existing.

I SAW CHARLIE PLAY AT A FESTIVAL ON FRIDAY - HE WAS GOOD, HE'S A CHARISMATIC PERFORMER. MAX, HIS BANDMATE, JUMPED OFF STAGE AND HIS TROUSERS FELL DOWN. I FIND CHARLIE ON MONDAY MORNING BY LONDON FIELDS, HE IS WEARING THE SAME CLOTHES HE PERFORMED IN. HE IS TALKING TO A WOMAN WITH MATTED HAIR AND LOOSE BLACK LEGGINGS, SHE HAS AN UNLIT CIGARETTE HANGING OFF HER LOWER LIP, SO DOES CHARLIE. I APPROACH THEM AND ASK HIM WHAT HE WAS DOING. HE LOOKS UP AND HIS ICE BLUE EYES ARE BRIGHT AGAINST HIS GREY SKIN, HE TOLD THE WOMAN I WAS HIS BEST FRIEND IN THE WORLD AND THAT HE'D KNOWN ME SINCE HE WAS SIX. HE SPOKE WITH THE ECSTATIC MAUDLIN LURCHING OF SOMEONE RESISTING THE END OF THE WORLD. DRINK, DRINK, ICE COLD, WE COULD, BROTHER, NOT IN A GOOD PLACE, FREEZING COLD, THICK AND THIN, WE COULD, GOT ME OUT, WHY NOT, LOVE YOU. PULLING APART EVERY MOMENT LIKE A GROOMING APE AND CAREFULLY INSPECTING IT FOR A MOTIVE. HE SMELT LIKE SHIT. DO PEOPLE THAT MAKE ART ABOUT SEX HAVE SEX ALL THE TIME?
THE POEM IS A BODY GRID PAINTED.

Dog with tattoo on its belly..

Say-exchange always, "always exchange"

Fuckpatterns afatsilveroyster-

big heavy tear, drop. dropppp

eagles outstripped by Eagles.

Words submitting to their Disp

Doubles Laced

You arrive, riven and manky.

ITS UNDULATING FLAGELLUM, ITS MASSIVE, IMMINENT FACE.

(Like if Thomas the Tank Engine wasn't such a twink)

*Family that 'exists'
a paper chain a, a paper chain a, a paper chain a backlit chromatic sequence*

WHITE HANGING! WHITE HANGING! WHITE HANGING!

For the sun's biennial wreckage.