*from* DIPSTICK APOCALYPSE

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'Sometimes an abyss opens between Tuesday and Wednesday but twenty-six years could pass in a moment. Time is not a straight line, it’s more of a labyrinth, and if you press close to the wall at the right place you can hear the hurrying steps and the voices, you can hear yourself walking past on the other’s side.'

 – Tomas Tranströmer, 'Answers to Letters'

'Could I possible have left behind a double, someone who would repeat each of my former movements, follow in my old footsteps, for all eternity? No, nothing remained of us here.'

 – Patrick Modiano*, The Black Notebook*

'Even a small possibility needs some time to become actual. But eventually the time that should be spent on actuality gets shorter and shorter, everything becomes more and more momentary. Although possibility becomes more and more intensive, it is in possibility’s sense, not actuality’s; for in actuality’s sense what is intensive is that at least something of what is possible becomes actual. Just when one thing seems possible some new possibility arises, and finally these phantasms succeed one another with such speed that it seems as though everything were possible, and that is the very moment the individual himself has finally become nothing but an atmospheric illusion.'

 – Søren Kierkegaard, *The Sickness unto Death*

BACK TO THE SOURCE

'Memory fades more in some parts

of the picture than in others'

 – Rose Finn-Kelsey

T.S. Synchronicity exits the house

and turns left when it should be

right. He is not inclined to make

mistakes, certainly not to drifting

as he finds himself doing now.

He decides to wait for Mabel

(he does not know a Mabel),

to buy a cup of coffee

(he does not drink coffee),

take a mid-morning break.

He is grateful for existence

and knows there is a logic

to the way the city works,

knows he has written about

this and many other matters

but couldn't tell you why.

In the late morning sunshine

he watches the world go by

and the city explode into

a thousand ley lines, routes

into the imagination.

Common sense tells him he

has no business being here

and must get to work soon.

Something inside announces

that he is done with all that,

it is time to move on. He sits

still and thinks, then rises,

and runs for the exit sign

he imagines, no knows, he can

see in the distance, at the end

of the street, end of all time.

The hellfire angels pounce,

the heavenly demons scream,

T.S. turns in to light, explodes.

JACK THE RIPOFF

The art of killing isn’t hard to master

but Jack the Ripoff has taken it to

perfection. He can slice and dice

with the best of them, slide the knife

and turn, slip into the night, and be

gone. The past is where he goes

to murder, he likes his cities dark

and foggy, free of modern policeman

with their guns and scientific forensics,

prefers to run through the shadows

with whistles and shouts left behind.

Prague, London, Paris, New York:

the perfect places for murder.

He's lived for centuries, killed

for years, left no trace behind,

only the sudden fury of times past,

forgotten, dissected and burned.

Sometimes in alleyways you see

a shadow lurk, sometimes in

your room the handle turns.

It's him, the memory of murder

returned, the violence of the world

compressed into one place.

Scream and the curtains will

flap, the window open, door slam;

only an uneasy feeling remains.

If you call the police they will not

come, prefer to stay away and log

in the secret files another appearance

of the man they do not believe in

or name. The art of killing isn't hard

to master, but Jack the Ripoff

is the best. He can slice and dice

time, kill you before you are born.

BROKEN SONG

Ghost soldier and guillotines. A finer slice of the pie, no room for the Gillfish Girls, Ms. Pax or Madame Repetition. Doctor Sandblast is hard at work on my facade, Melanie Creaker is pretending to be a floorboard. There is no room for Madame Repetition.

It's difficult to do the dislocated dance, limbs have a way of finding the gaps, spasm heavy, fibre thin. Saint Vitus would be proud, the Gillfish Girls could choreograph and sing their penance. The possibilities are endless, although there is no room for Madame Repetition.

The drowning craze has been abandoned, now it is falling from a height that appeals to the young. Saint Lebensraum's synapses offer electric crackle and a faster way to die. The Tar Man pitches in, Fake Jake tries to interfere, and Professor Fricassé wonders if the academy might fund a study. Madame Repetition? There is no room for that kind of person here.

Smidge and Buffer are long gone, are staying with Lawt Mathiwn in Langillimathwinngonegillygaga. Some say it suits him, others stumble after a few syllables. Gray scales are falling from my eyes. I can see ghost soldiers, hear guillotines falling. Madam Swift has moved away, although she has wired to say there is no room for Madame Repetition.

It is a kind of treason, the way no-one stays or seems to care. Manipulate time too much and it will crash into itself and you will be a stranger in your midst. I have existed in some form ever since, and so has Destiny Mantra, though she shuns me at every chance. Man, I dig these crazy sounds; the happiest woman cries when gravity makes way for flight. Until then we will have no room for Madama Repetition.

ANOTHER UNIVERSE

Above this noise,

night music,

the sound of worlds dying

Acid mints repackaged

as weapons for our troops.

'Something in the water.'

(Something in my brain.)

Peek and poke

at the dreamlines

Tomorrow's gone.

Now we are between.

SO LONG

In the metropole of Cognates

lives a woman, Madam Blowfly,

who knows how to jump off the roof

and not hit the floor, knows how to

fly, knows how to lie, knows how

to move on and find her next target,

next lover, a new place to live.

She is renowned amongst thieves,

no-one else (perhaps Jack the Ripoff?)

can come close to what she achieves,

has lived so well and so long.

Her dowries are numerous, her list

of husbands long and profligate;

they do not miss a fortune or two.

Consort with her, consult with her,

either way you will lose. She'll be gone

with your bank account details,

your wallet and credit cards.

Gold is best, a currency for all time,

but jewels and cash can be exchanged

and the past is a great place to live

if you are from the future. When

tomorrow is overdue, yesterday

welcomes you, with the crackle

of the forgotten and familiar.

When yesterday has disappeared

today will always lead you on

into other dangers and dreams.

Madame Blowfly, Ezra Pond and

T.S. Synchronicity make a lovely pair

(T.S. doesn't count), have shored

fragments against future ruin

and insured themselves many times.

When they die they agree to meet

each other in their fictional past,

and travel to a future they will

invent together, a kind of utopia,

where inconvenient mannequins

and superstar poets and villains

are all the rage. They are both

saving up words that have escaped

them, so they have something to say.

ON THE ROAD

Learn to think about the subtleties of water

and the way the river flows. If you paddle

up the creek without a paddle you will

have done the impossible; if you drift

downstream you will end up lost and at sea,

whatever floats your boat. In space

it is harder to find you bearings, in time

you will go mad. There are no chronological

co-ordinates and you steer by memories

lost and found, only too glad for a day

or two's grace, if you find yourself

feet on the ground, where humans

once lived or will lived. Major Problem

(not his real name) used to know

all the tricks, the back doors and

shortcuts, but he'd be hardpressed

to distinguish one minute from

the next, so addled is his brain,

so ancient are his networks and

universal routes. On the road

to paradise the past is always

in the way, there are better times

ahead. But memory's sore eyes

and feet will not last that long

out on Oblivion Avenue.

TERMS & CONDITIONS

Apocalypse overdue,

fruitcake underdone.

Mellow waves of love,

dissected corpse of hate.

Vibes from the broken song,

microlite gnosis worship.

Sonic seasoning shudder,

light shining out of the dark.

Listen to the voice of silence

but do not make a sound.

Time machine malfunction.

Don't forget to scream.

INCOMPATIBLE

knife-edge build : : desert sun

crossing place : : slight intoxication

shape and form : : projects burn

shooting gallery : : below the trees

indifferent silence : : everyday sounds

withered legend : : the migrating they

chopped vegetable : : positive use

rolling machine : : invalid gates

settling down : : small stone bridge

architect section : : balanced hands

parallel lines : : turn slowly white

ancient children : : living cells

honest people : : locked somewhere

syntactic devices : : beneath the sun

mother tongue : : perfect form

managed or blamed : : consumed by fire

CRACKLE BLACK

Serpentine wing damage.

We had to call out the stone doctor

and find the manual for statues

which had been put away

under the desk in the third shed

from the house, alongside

the rescued souls from the attic

and that nice Mrs. Jones

from down the road.

We soon found a chip

off the old block, glued and filed

Mrs. Jones back together,

then mounted an expedition

to find the green and red,

an exhibition to pass the time.

Papa cried the same old tears,

Mama asked to be excused.

(Permission was denied.)

When the dawn occurred

we remembered the Professor

had always said it was impossible,

decided to call it a day. When

the travellers returned

we polished the pebbles

and planted them, hoping

a house would grow up.

The world is full of surprises

and many disappointments

(consider my sisters and pets),

which I do not understand.

Cause and effect is what causes

my intolerances to grow.

I find myself elsewhere,

screaming at dark shapes

and wondering if a stitch

in time saves anything at all.

POLYCHROME KISSES

A spectrum of colour spasm and fire-blue skin grafts as the flesh recedes from the face, slowly pulled off by willing hands, skilled in physical outpourings of emotion.

There is one more test, others to detest. In the white phosphorousness of hell, light burns as white noise strips your mind of any reason beyond pain and survival.

It's not a good life. This is the reality of your fleshy heaven, all senses burning, all purpose abandoned. Safe in their dream, another lost soul in the attic of desire, you will live forever.

Neutered yet still alive, guts and muscles spilling, Grit-readers and the Gillfish Girls will bury you alive, then dance on your grave with grief. Logged into dial-a-prayer they will request forgiveness for the strange fruits they have created, beg for forgiveness, theirs and yours, that you will have new life, despite the worst the world can bring.

It is not a bad way to die, except you don't and won't, however hard you try. Lost in the stench of decay and disease you will rot and compost for ever. There is no slippage and you will find nothing you had forgotten, would have forgotten it anyway. You are outside of everything, no more than sulphur and soot, skin and bone, a half-digested carcass fit for the Bookshelves of Doom.

THE ESSENTIAL COMPANION

There is definitely something

about seeing things out of context,

because I was fading away to nothing

at that point and it was only her

who saved me. Its is a kind of

folk-memory survival, a cross

between a common wilderness

and ceremony, magic and mystery.

Out on the moor all sorts of things

happen, sometimes you just don't

want to know. The art of sixth sense

is very important, and she had it

by the gallon. Stifled by acceptance,

it is better to vanish or take time

out, take time away, and live only

in the past. Time travel opened

the gates and let everybody in

to history; she was first through

the door. She may be ideologically

suspect but she moves like a whisper

in the night, words on the wind,

talking about things I just thought

were insane. The truth is that it

is more of an arrogant posture

than a reality. People took it

upon themselves to interpret

rather than listen to what

was being said. It is a symbol

of everything that is wrong

with pop culture. Express

your individuality and conform,

hold on to what you already know.

SKY POEM

I am outside of everything

but my third eye sees all.

Underpinned by cryptic vocals

and distinctive lyrics, we sing

the future into being, swallow

the past whole and spit it out.

Occult chemistry, first removed.

The smell of sulphur and soot.

TOMORROW'S GONE

Colonel Ashtray is smoking, but he always

reduces the action to a contrived spectacle.

In his youth he was a special case,

with a persistent obligation toward self-discipline

and debacle. The desired self blurs our images

of the past and calls into question experience.

It parallels the arrogant smallness of deathbed

crescendo and pond scum diagnostics.

Master Tapegag is in the slipstream of despair,

there is a headwind disturbing his coiffure

and truth is happening to his ideas, have

all been tagged as Impossibility Memes.

The sampling strengths of poetry are

in inverse proportion to the discourse

of the everyday, embody and thwart desire.

I think nothing of popular composition,

I want to be a dazzle merchant. No-one

is more maddeningly ambitious than me,

reproducing and postulating the existence

of juvenile zen selves, acting in either creative

or destructive ways and making clear the rules.

There is no smoking on the sands of doubt,

no dancing on the breeze, no snow to be thrown

in summer, absolutely no time travel today.

DESTINY MANTRA

time manipulation has problems

you sometimes find things

of slippage repeating over

repeating over and over

and over slippage problem

it's hard to rein in the fall-out

and control the parameters

repeating over and over

sometimes find things

slippage control parameters

repeat things over and over

science fiction mantra destiny

repeating over and over

looped destiny the problem

meddling in your own past

I may not exist slippage

sometimes find things

I'd forgotten parameters

looped destiny things

things I've never known

destiny manipulation

sometimes loops time

things repeating over

and over things

repeating over and over

MAPPING DEVICES

colour coded references

north and south divide

zero space co-ordinates

mesmeric beatnik hills

summer sun happiness

hills of brave awakening

yesterday's geography

just a travelling boy

tomorrow's alpine view

back home with a view

desperate itinerary

impossible flightplan

space travel toyboy

abandoned temple ruins

skydome collapse

ashtray navigation

soul of the medina

starburst epiphany

pax alarma est

disregarded science

stellar backbeat

cosmic allusions

no other universe

language is a virus

angel contagion

demon incarnate

white noise sandblast

windtunnel ecstasy

third eye delusion

slight intoxication

air pressure blowout

silenced mother tongue

alien consumption

positive ignition

consumed by fire

historical atlas

parallel axes

space shuttle dreams

dipstick apocalypse

burned out blues

additive number theory

dream induced soundscapes

self-destructive cells

post-doctrinal prayers

destiny mantra song

ghost soldier occupation

time's whirlpool sucks us in

time and time and time again

unblinking celestial eye

THREE CHEERS FOR EXISTENCE

Safe inside your fantasy

I astound myself with visions,

string games, and theories of time

you would not believe were true.

The angel of sin welcomes me home

as I helix into my future self,

where the only mother revisits

my childhood but cannot stop

me entering the land of doubt.

I wander inner landscapes

encompass energy and light,

will control all your dreams.

Cabin pressure has been reduced,

you will find it hard to think.

Here come the special visitors.

If you do not say the right words

your sweet life will need repair,

and I am just the man to do it.

STARSHINE

I've never been anywhere I wanted to be,

never found a place where I wanted to stay.

It's not true but the other planets are not

as welcoming as I imagined they might be

and space sickness is far worse than you

can imagine, the lost world are lost

for a reason, the abandoned zones best

left off the map and not rediscovered.

The sounds we hear from other planets

are races dying, just as we are here.

Future days can only be had in the past

and time travel is too dangerous to try.

How many catapulted backwards

only to die before they'd been born?

Think about Captain Transactor and

his coma programmes, the frozen flesh

of the Hikarian ice-monks, the Womits

asleep in their pillow-lined prisons,

self-imprisoned for survival. They will

burn up tomorrow night when the switch

of time turns off. There is no other universe

and ours is dead from the human virus.

THE REASONS WHY

Professor Albertine Fricassé has been experimenting for several years now. He is a dab hand at pipettes, animal cruelty and exact dosages. He has proved, over and over again, that random chemicals introduced to his neighbour's pets over a sustained period of time produce death followed by despair in his neighbours. He has written several papers, each of which he has peer-reviewed himself and posted on the scientific blog he runs, accompanied by diagrams drawn in the dark or stolen from online elsewhere.

He has been funded by a research grant from the Society for the Extermination of Everyday Pets (SEEP) and a small weekly stipend from his demented great aunt Rosalind the Third. (He was always her favourite.) The main cost is his monthly trip out of county to the country stores that stock the rat poison, mole bait and cow tranquilizer he requires. Energised by his carefully ground concoction, he drives on to the drugstore for fresh supplies of the cough medicine, constipation pills, menthol vapes and suppositories which he will combine with turpentine and toothpaste for his experimental doses.

Jeanette Farina and her husband Earl Psamona agreed to keep their own family names. They live next door to the run down house inhabited by Al, a psychotic pensioner who rants and screams and does not appear to know who or where he is. Every few days he drives off in his beat-up truck and disappears for hours. In between times they do their best to take him food, got clean clothes, and check that he's okay. Sometimes they even take their dogs round to keep him company.

Smidge and Buffer are happy if they are walked and fed, less so if they can smell the neighbourhood cats, or any trace of squirrel or racoon. They have been careful to avoid ingesting anything proffered, or even breathing the air too much, in the Fricassé house. They are writing a collaborative paper about the social behaviour of humans and the inverse ratio of affection to early deaths in canines, in an attempt to understand how they might rule the world.

In the garden, a squirrel is hiding nuts, and a racoon is eyeing up the trashcan. Madame Erdlager, who lives the other side from the Farina-Psamona's is writing a screenplay for a new animated movie about urban society. It will out-Disney Disney with its cast of cartoon clichés and singing animals. His last book was a novel about her husband, who left – or so she says – halfway through the final edit of the murder mystery she later sold to Ex-pert Press for a several dollar advance. She puts another post-it note on her computer, reminding herself to move the body as soon as the coast is clear.

SO YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTAND
THE COSMOLOGICAL ARGUMENT?

I wake up in the city, Verity Solipsis asleep beside me.

She looks like an example of the eternal but this is

second-order reflection, constructed illusion always

forefronts beauty but there is no way to know anything

besides yourself is real. Love can be accomplished rather than

demonstrated. Surely, this is logically unimpeachable?

Any discussion has to meet actualities, the dissolution

of all moral obligation. What I have called adjectival truth

is but a pedantic circumlocution of the most dangerous ideology

that exists. Truth applies to the correctness of what is said

or believed. An individual's biological clock has seen to it

that this progression remains. Antiquity is no assurance,

is just a phrase touted by fashionable literary critics,

although criticism is something that you can't sidestep.

Verity may deny the sexual, but I can't cope with this frenzy,

there is a blur on the outside of her tears. I wish to seize

the reins of power with fangs and rampant lust:

Verity and I will consume the very notion of fidelity!

DIVINATION IN SEQUINS

Does my ego look big in this?

Do my eyes sparkle and shine?

Hear the word of the Lord,

hear what he says to me

to tell to you. Bow down

and worship me, give me

all your funds. Desire me

and confound me, leave

your past behind, travel

with me into the future.

There, we will meddle

with the past, create

heavenly loops and time

eternal, with me to look

after you, and all of you

to care for and work for

me. Me, me, me, me, me,

me, me. Let us focus on

the divine mantra of

the self, the luminous

ego, the never-ending

echo of self-awareness

rippling into space. Me,

me, me, me, me. You

will learn to love me,

you will learn to bend

and ripple space, mail

the stars to each other,

distort the light, your

very sense of day.

Recurring themes

and shifting voices

await us, the drag

and dark of history

is gone. Free yourselves

and come with me!

Me, me, me, me, me.

I have self-assembling

karma that shimmers

like the sun, my mind

twinkles like the stars.

All I need is the body

of Destiny Mantra

or Verity Solipsis

so I can self-seduce.

I am coiffured headwind,

a blur in time's kitchen,

I have cooked the books

and run the race. The

future is all about me.

Me, me, me, me, me.

PSYCHEDELIC EVANGELISM

almost certainly did

 probably might

'things that nobody else has done before'

POSSIBILITY CHANGE TRANSITION

the sounds of waves & seagulls

a wave of sound

 new wave forms

heightened for effect

 & optical disturbance

breakneck affairs forward drive

 uncoiling into resolution

POSSIBILITY CHANGE TRANSITION

wordless hooks

 extreme despair

 echoing to infinity

songs unlocked

 & channeling the culture

POSSIBILITY CHANGE TRANSITION

a new world of their own

 celebrations of dependence

power flickering on & off

 orphans in a storm

you could dance all night

 (almost certainly did)

DESTINY MANTRA

time manipulation has problems

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things repeating over

and over things

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THE BOOKSHELVES OF DOOM

Wildcats are smart and efficient,

draw on incredible perseverance

to create a life for themselves,

using basic preparedness actions

We're guessing Virginia Skylark

has no issues with vertigo,

looks into the erotic grotesque

without being seriously delayed.

I would love be untrue or silly

but have remained to do

whatever I can to help further.

We deliver to the future;

harvesting can be directed

to avoid key biotopes.

New history activates this card

by targeting that monster

and negating the attack.

The key to success is destiny.

At the beginning of each month

produced predictions

are the legacies of drought events

Grab the glow of the past now;

the renovation phase nears an end,

resilient in the face of change.

Plenty to get your head around

on the Bookshelves of Doom.

Modern land warfare centres you.

The point of this article is different,

sung descriptive and univariate analyses

generate repeatable random data.

Latch-key children are deep in prayer,

so go ahead, hoover up the dust and drugs,

defy all statistics, over and over again.

Probability often produces counterintuitive results:

the point of this was to get confused.

Please leave me some ideas.

IMMACULATE DECEPTION

location and distance in their astonished too much

physical environment vision allows and distorts

there was no sign of moisture at what he saw

the spirits of the dead nine nights and nine days

she all at once grew deadly pale the gap between

large pieces of wreckage their conflicting dreams

a complete and total failure she saw nothing but

a language of their own a tangible world of things

couldn't get back before rebuilt their village green

was not consumed in fire sprawling on the ground

too many kinds of music the windows brightly lit

he was quite undamaged the essence of regret

written under compulsion watching anxiously at the door

a sort of howling scream you must be familiar with

the work of revision begins flames leapt up in the dark

such a pretty clear light produced from linguistic zones

shattered and displayed cultures distillations of our greed

the snow was coming faster there is one more test for you

silver pools and tinkling streams occupying another world

the door closed quietly behind them finally arrived

they dwelt in a little cottage we're just passing through

infinity is actual self-destruction in order to gain control

every text is possible previous experience not required

you cannot think if you do not try find a way to make time

a charmed sleep came over him the whirlpool sucked them in

THE POETRY WARS

Dipstick apocalypse, oil spilling

from burnt engines, the sounds

of weeping and fire, books alight

and distraught parents shouting

for their kids. There is poetry

in the air, the words spark

and erupt in monstrous plumes

of war. Sonneteers mount attacks

on the Free Verse cadets, Haiku

hit squads stand on street corners,

recite, then disappear into the

rubble, performance poets

stutter, spit, gargle and foam,

spin and dance and sputter

as the air warms and ignites.

Doctor Sheepherd is filming

it all, a war musical with all-

original songs, improvised

score and amateur dramatics.

It will become a set text at

several colleges of the radical

arts, lecturers will mumble

and wax nostalgic about

what they were doing then,

how they are due some respect,

not to mention a collected poems.

Billy Colon vents his spleen,

suggests the mainstream would

never have lost if it wasn't for

the duplicitous New Formalists

signing a tentative pact with

the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E brigade,

realising form was their thing.

Far too many books and articles

have now been written, there

is an industry available to all

survivors and pretenders,

t-shirts and badges too.

Away from the shouting

and smoke, the noise of battle,

writers write and singers sing,

songs Charles Burnout cannot

bear to hear, music beyond

the comprehension of even

Alien Fissure, the imagination

of all the Digital Bypass Boys.

MALWARE

A lot of repercussions

when you dig up the dead.

The tension between

oblivion and transcendence:

lightning-fast, logic-crunching

moments of unsubtle defiance,

shocking the culture of control,

media-overloaded consciousness.

Freeing himself from mental tentacles,

Mr Tumescence embraces the age of plunder,

compressed outbursts of sudden fury

punctuate his artistically-minded androgyny.

THE MAN WHO DID NOT

WANT TO BE LOVED

Ezra Pond and the Gillfish Girls

partied through their cantos,

inventing dervish languages

and singing fascist songs.

They made their way

to everywhere and anywhere,

took over the world

and bunkered down

as the critics threw grenades

and surrounded them.

His plan was simple:

reduce it to a waste land

and live long enough

for opinion to swing.

They put him in a cage

at the zoo, then strung

him from the lamp post

by the entrance kiosk.

The Gillfish Girls fixed

their smiles and danced,

glad to be alive, away from

the new world of emails

and academic research,

ebooks and digital malaise.

SONGS OF THE FAR HORIZON

Loveless shimmer, TV drone, and the spill of neon lights.

 All is diffuse, like knowledge at dusk,

 even as she spills her own dark secrets.

We usually think of time as a straight line,

 but could time go round in a circle?

 Bright colours to pure white...

 antispiral waves cannot occur.

 I was able to reflect on myself

 wanting to get closer to the action,

 searching for a way to overcome fear,

 various problems of additive number theory.

 Draw a circle. This is the centre.

 Describe yourself in three words.

 Read what's painted on the side of the truck.

 Learn what it is and how you can use it.

 Save the world from forces of chaos.

 HOW LONG CAN YOU LAST?

Seasonal greetings space star!

I wanted to show you my hometown,

 explore the way our brains combine,

 edating barbarize osmotically,

 swirling around the church.

 Clues, especially if they appear

 in the textual equivalent of

 a game-changing revolution

 are skinny, colourful, and shapely.

 The person at the centre of the current trauma

 has twenty years' worth of hindsight

 in the growing scientific field

 that uses sound, illuminated trees,

 flashing drums and other glowing accessories:

 a rare blend of precision, stripes and dots.

 It would be interesting to see the experience reinvented,

 to stand at the mouth of the tunnel and look across town.

 Dream induced soundscapes,

 brimming with anticipatory energy,

 washes of minor chord arpeggios,

 spill into every scene.

SLIPSTREAM

Sometimes there is no reflection at all;

nature may well explode.

Man, I wouldn't do nothing.

And neither would Madam Swift.

She has problems finding somewhere,

has generously given away her home.

The future is suddenly static,

the past is visible behind,

trailing in the slipstream of despair.

Sometimes there is no trace at all;

my head may well explode.

It's very hard to speak the truth.

And neither would Madam Swift.

She has problems living anywhere,

everywhere feels like a war zone.

Sometimes there is a modulating organ;

the PA may well explode.

Man, I dig these crazy sounds.

And so does Madam Swift.

The future is suddenly static,

the past is visible behind,

trailing in the slipstream of her hair.

EQUINOX

Fake Jake, intermezzo, offers union for the discontent but Veronika Winkle understands nothing, practices endless needless introductions and composes a finale to die for if you're dead. The drowning girl is in a fiery orbit tiding things over. She knows it's gone and won't be back. The old stone house is full of fog and song. When the crisis comes our psychic defences will work against matter to hasten the renewal of life, cancel the storm within. What happened to the figure on the railway tracks? He turned into a comet in the sky and enraged the three-headed dogs, launched the sky-boat before it had been tested in Herr Brunvoli's galactic windtunnel. Give thanks to the observer, ignore the oft-observed, keep your mind open to what is happening here. This village has blossomed since you arrived, the city is in decline. Screamed horizons fade and become maps we cannot read. The world's greatest mountain is just another story told. The Tar Man is almost in a good mood, he runs without effort back to where he came from. The Great Spirit's peace chant fails to enrapture the doubters, the photos you are taking now will turn dark in time. There is no future in Fake Jake's eyes and I am sorry for the satellites shining down on me. This is why we must synchronise nightmares and find out something more. The happiest woman cries when gravity is preserved.

INTERFERENCE PATTERNS

In my forgotten styrofoam dreams

Ms. Pax is reading the life and works

of Saint Lebensraum and his acolytes.

Fraudsters, one and all, inclined to

money, drink and making merry

under the guise of being touched by

the spirit, the hand of the living god.

The friars and brothers crawl towards

their own dark destiny, taking anyone

they can along for the ride. There are

prayers and ritual beatings, confessions

and crimes, laughter and licentiousness.

It's a good life, when your forsake

the straight and narrow for the bent

and broad, accountable to no-one

but your fellow travellers, all intent

on creating a fleshly heaven in the now.

AVAILABLE TO SPEND

I am building my dream on the south edge of the parallelogram.

Different fruits slowly move the Time Machine grandfather clock; the balancing act will be a big positive in the long run. With telescopic handle and male hose connector (inquire for compatible models), the silent disease can be used to free crash victims.

Everything in your disposable personal income is monitored by a large scent hound or tracking apps and programmes. This prevents deadly collisions on the high seas. Since the dawn of time the machine can create thousands of opposites, could eventually have the intended effect.

Nature could eventually replenish the forests they cut under their desert sands. and take the competition to maximum. Disposable personal sunrays add creasing to subdivide the complete source.

Everything in your explosion is stronger and more powerful when capillaries and blood vessels break through the cloud. Drawings and material have been submitted to where all know, and everything we do is just for kids. Sweeteners may not have the intended effect: nature is the narrowest part between these points.

Wrap it around you, really, wrap it around you. You really are spoiled for choice in terms of the number of ways you can celebrate civilization. You can also make use of certain processes in the morning, make the explosion stronger. The silence never stay in such a fabulous home relied not only upon a fabulous home.

Do not rely only upon out-dated industrial practices but upon a perceived minority absence; seizures also. Place the tape measure on the underlying disorder. The red diodes of the ignition timer add positive seconds if you attempt to break the world gently. Attempts to burn the land have been delayed.

This page is no longer updated. Don't take it personally.

BONUS MATERIAL

Anaconda Skylight is a bonus

for any interested reader.

She is not integral to the plot,

yet her presence snakes

throughout this volume.

Mostly she is offstage,

out of sight, alluded to

rather than referred to;

certainly not in the picture.

She is fluid and exquisite,

ripples lithely when you

touch her cold snake skin.

She is a catalyst for joy

to make its presence known,

a supporting actress

who steals the stage.

In a permanent state

of epiphany and ardour,

her world is very different

to mine. She may be

off-limits to desire, may

be a footnote to our tale,

but what a note to end on.