self destructive / advance. dominacioun
break
; a departure, the wetness pierces (stabs) into the ground
aroused by wrath
a drunken stroll by history (suspended)
to meet the devils in a routine seductive
in the dark and wicked places of the world.
you alone know that cloud is a blooming tree in the garden of eden
semel

iterum
millies

remarkable.
now, this is an eclectic and cosmopolitan cult
costumed and fetishised by a phony spell
Enzenberger's conscious industry booms
have found a place for you in living rooms

deffe centre [you blighten, anyway]
your organs are not bareyne. remember?
the first
dismantled (consciousness)
the first to taste blood and the dry choke of the dusty earth.
that fire crackle anti-life sort of sound
is the last you ever always hear [as the stars tear you apart]
Verfremdung [dislocation]
will it hurt? getting torn by the stars?
nonono, the stars don't tear you apart. listen:
they put you back together. yes, that's it.
i do not want this.
indeed a complicated act of destruction, for it does not destroy, yes?
i suppose.
are you denying the hollowing of immediate cognitive reception,
Lyotard's corruption of time and the event?
of course not?
you are Bazin's bull
...i am?
derived to occupy a ruptured space
where your death is made and unmade
with negative cellophane.
a perversion of alive and dead
linked to a sad, sand-dune part of town
with the blood of fathers mothers daughters and sons

i did as you asked and now i am dead,

look: a polite piano concerto from an olde time state of mind
it seemed like tearing dusty lace.
safe. is it not photographic?
no. it is the undoing of the photographic.
what then? the siege of platea?
you are causing me hysteria. this cannot go on.
i know what and pray that you change...
really?
how will white hair become a fool and a jester (withal)
i'm sorry.

i am al bismoter with your habergeon
i am only the future that cannot be
if that future bleeds from...

you are the infortunat ascendent torturous
the mission contingent to vast derivatives of historical
facts
that will change for every dustbin.

Cut to:

INT. LIVING AREA ON A DESOLATE SPACE COLONY AS IT IS RUNNING OUT OF AIR

(V.O.)
Her hands were wet and cold like a reptile when she leaned over the table cupping the rippling flame as if catching fish underwater. She turned away with the misty concussion of a breaking wave and sucked it all away. He unfastened the tape and began to unravel it. She moved closer to him. The bandages fell to the ground, stained slightly red. She danced suspiciously behind him and was at once saddened by what she saw. The wound was deep, incongruous and bold.

'it happened' again.

...hello?

wa(y)ke

avant-awayt

GRAVEDIGGER: pickaxe and spade, spade...

comin' around

i can't into the ground
hello?
...i'm here. thinking.

about what?

come over here and i shall tell you.

the killer did not need any sort of encouragement. the very fact that he was a chopping man and a seasoned one at that was enough for the present moment. there was little to no resistance as the sharp metal pressed playfully against its skin, danced and scooped out the heart like a drain plug [and the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound]. the murderer cracked its collarbone like a nervous man with a twig thinking about his way home. glee-

fully he banged on its bones one by one causing wonderful pain but he was careful not to break anymore so that the frame would fit on the machine. out came its tongue and venemous snakes he attached to its ears. in great horror they left it on the wheel [as in hell] where they might see the creative mutila-
tions celebrated within the archive of wretchedness.

there.

Know the rules to break them. Bend the rules. The rules no longer apply. Do they?

Very loud or extremely soft speaks point. Skirt the issue. Be blunt.

Beautiful words with a set rhythm defy poetry by huddling together in para-

graphs like a regrouping army falling into ranks.

Know when to make the cut.

Don't fear the "I."

The forms spin and twist and slide, and soon fall apart.

The more color and variety, the better, as long as it doesn't look best in plain back & white.

Find significance in a random mismatch of jargon, names, and literary adjectives. Genres are no more.

Fight the inner editor with the force of the pen.