

director's cut

the scene could be anything usually your body waiting
for you to become the protagonist of it that is to say
the instance of not being the in stance the idea of standing
in for yourself while still so adept in translating
the unauthorised biography of the foot into some Orwellian
jazz manifesto with negotiated echoes of a muse atop
every second as the soundtrack laced with invocations of cigarette
smoke on lipstick city corners backlit by a sad African sun
cut.. make that moon call them both Rimbaudian outtakes
neither will do preferably something from the cutting
room floor of memory's more insignificant miracles
say, a girl framed in a silence signalling
the end of history the darkest part of the foreground
always between her legs typical symbolist approach
overtones of infinity refusing to shoulder responsibility
of the whole production now suddenly the auteur
have the actors sack the film cue mythopoesis
hire a triple disjunctive syllogism to screen write itself
into the narrative shaping infinitesimally awkward
meta-silences in between lines like "this sentence is true..
this sentence is false.." a homeless person inventing
a new philosophy while picking up a cigarette butt is a good
plot device as is playing murder in the dark with your shadow
a *mis en scène* of nonesuchness is a revolutionary example
of how to leave first positions unattended while still present
an anarch(ronolog)ist gluing an elephant beneath a contra-
dictory table with anti-theorem while despair reads

an umbrella outside is a gripping action scene
the climax of course being when the re-calibrated
eclipse of your thaumaturgical eye winks at
an angel just before she tracks the devil down to his
last hiding spot in the back of a black cab in berlin

O

O eternal pious giddy O's ())

d(O)minion of Omnipotence

O tense O sentience #D(((O)))

axis of aria in O#)(((

essentially O vs lesser o

rolled on / off the tongue

of the Giant's gyros rectus-Ohm

sexualised O of hot-wired rag doll

our cloned clowns heads Oscillate

in heired throne of O's

joking triumphs immune to Overcoming

transubstantiated anthrOpOcentricism

O pen Open question marked Onus

of Ohness Oh so sOness

O the hypOthetical prophet who

gnOmes inside the child_o)

O child spoon-fed tics of O@O

in a vacuum-filled (O)

in a loop in a torus in a

creedO-slained zero

O 10,000 dervishes of O's nonesuchness

such high-wire atonal antiphonal

nondeciperable cipher cOdes of

known nO's ()()

so telegraphed nice Nicene tOtem

temporal Ogle of biology's biO
sketched orbit of the gaping
mouth O yawning its Own birthright

O tremulous O nursed in the
whistling nOde of (.)
you are the preferred reverse-
engineered bOmb tactic
serial full stop impregnated
dark matter stone in gOd .O.
your exclamation mark finger pointing
cutter of static lightening
cut off so the oldest living echo
could cLOthe itself in the shape
of things to come
O(O))(((

when a metaphor grows up it wants to be you

sitting there rubbing your middle eye
you don't realise yr fingering evolution

performing psycho-spiritual acts with god just scratching yr head
while I unwittingly take part in this threesome

you could join S to an echo and become a snake
or calculate the molecular weight of Shiva

you're an overgrown question mark throwing everything up in the air
expecting me to catch porcelain answers before they break

you've fallen into one of the archaeological pits I dug in my head
in an effort to find a lost civilization of thought

now yr trying to escape from the wordless city
within that civilization where the signs are not legible

I caught myself cheating on you with my lesser half
I called it off because I don't do things in halves

when we fight, somewhere a circus is in tatters
a hunchback haunches further over and capsizes the world

when I open my heart the sun rises
which is eclipsed by the moon when you blink

we will give birth to a new genderless race
or uninvent the halfling taboo

it's humbling / exhilarating / terrifying to know you don't mean anything
to anyone else in the world except me

anti-antiphonal

in the interests of overthrowing monopolised assets like male, God & I
this poem would like to begin at the end

there is no guarantee that the beginning will be there when you finish
so if you can entrain odd sympathy and stop the clock while reading you will be 'in phase'

you may also enter a 'death state' so I have inserted the failsafe of
a pre-programmed frequency of 0Hz contained in parentheses here – ()

which you will need to wear for the duration of this hearing
this acts as a shield and doubles as a false enlightenment generator

if this fails the parentheses will invert, replacing your ears, amplifying)thought(
to revert, click this hyperlink <C:\user\reset\recall\new documents>

you are the sole witness to the act of silence murdering sound and getting away with it
unless you are reading this aloud which makes you an accomplice

if you cease to desire reading on then the poem will automatically self-destruct
if you leave before the present detects you the future will save this as an echo

if a sense of deja vu leads you to believe you've ghost-written this
enrol in a course for seers at the academy of supernatural arts

at any point if I lead you to the edge where you feel marginalised
fold this page into an origami dove, embark and send it air mail c/o A.bort

by handing down this sentence I commit myself to starting a new chapter
confessing to all the manifestos I scrawled on bystanders' eyes

the terms negotiated having saved orphaned characters from
scratching around waste dumps for morsels in scraps of drafts

if at any point you feel discomfort
insert yourself into this symbol to be healed Δ

there is a dictatorship operating from this tower - I -
it is the vantage point from where the ego shall blow itself up

these lines aim to lead you down an unlit lane of your mind to rob you of
your so-called valuable notions, leave you for dead then call 000

to spell 'it' out would mean putting a spell on itself
thereby killing off etymology so only talking in tongues will do

**(this footnote is appearing ahead of itself to ensure an ontological backfire occurs
and presuppositionless flattens the sheer psychic cliff that drops off here_____)*

- load these .12-calibre bullet points into a *philosophical gun
- make a presentation on the absurdity of 'presentations'

there is no evidence to suggest there is anything beyond evidence
or that you have reached the beginning (insert subjective surface interface here)

unknown politics for future mystics

from a non-distance

anything becomes a talisman becomes a lofty ship

say, a rock.. traditionally the four of club /- swords

usually the third death pausing outside the clue

found while wandering into wondering

that is to say, while wondering into wandering

or swinging Schrodinger's cat in a black hole

in a forest in a box in biblical belief of the virgin rose

beneath a dying typewriter whose moans coin impossible

soundtracks of gods' misprinted theses torture of us leaping

for a vein in a fellow monster from atop whose lust

stares a lordlier engineer while unconscious flames

wolve pools of tears and smoke the stack

because the greatest silences are works in progress

so subscribe at _@etudes .,and

- When boarding the bullet, empty your pieces

as the trains of thought are playing chicken with each other

therefore, let x and y equal long lost twins and

don't get me started on the miracles

of the saint of utter boredom's utterances

just play murder in the dark with your shadow

or let's all watch us be the anarch(ronolog)ist gluing

a forgetful elephant to a contradictory table

with anti-theorem while history adorns itself

with carnations worn on every chapter

as ideas assemble aliases into armies of possibilities

and the minutes painstakingly work inside of you

knowing silence won't shoulder the responsibility
of sketching infinity's incessant autistic humming
which sketches approximations of the approximate
so imbalance orbits the event as the alternative(s) smile(s)
allowing us to translate the unauthorised biography
of sleep yet the dying companion camps eternally in our biology
beneath the joking triumph immune to overcoming hopes
therefore don't judas the minor 5th removed body
and erect treacherous I's and lines won't be laced with i.d
or the idea of becoming an idea then you are not in your right mind
and therefore in the right mind like a computer dreaming
as the singer is stuffed back into the song which sings like
sacred ether escaping an anvil a song that once was found
washed up in an oasis on an arab's tongue licking hypnagogos
of belly dancer's jewels leading you into a bivouac of pure
undressed resonant space where snake scales zither & skull seeds rattle
and every ghostless death regains the revolutionary rite
to yawn the origin of its own birthright right?