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A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Professional Writing at The University of Waikato by LIAM HINTON

THE UNIVERSITY OF WAIKATO
Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

2019
abstract

I was thirteen the first time I took notice of my body. My girlfriend had left me without citing a reason. I had taken a bath, grabbed a towel and caught myself out the corner of my eye. I have not unnoticed since. Not a minute that passes that I do not consider my physical form. I scour my image in every reflective surface I see. I cup my biceps with my hands. I pull at the fat around my midsection.

I do not remember much between the ages of thirteen to sixteen. My weight rapidly decreased. I do not remember when I was formally diagnosed but I know I was. I isolated myself, threw school lunches into the bin. Snuck off to the bathroom during class to do push-ups and sit-ups. I only ate to be observed eating.

It is an illness or trauma or condition that has pushed me towards addiction. I have fluctuated between binge-eating then purging, to fasting for days on end. I have ranged from 49 kilograms to 102 and have undergone the paleo diet, the Atkins diet, the ketogenic diet, vegetarian diets and calorie counting. I have taken fat burners, weight gainers, amino acids, creatine and carnitine. I have spent thousands of dollars on various pills and powders. I have ingested salt water to de-hydrate myself. I have slept to skip meals.

I have thought long and hard about ending my own life.

4u is a collection of poetry about that.

4u is also a collection of poetry about everything else. It is about the solace found in the love of others’ bodies. It is about God and language and how both have failed us. About the fear of death and the fear of life. The fear of loneliness and the desire to be alone. It is about how our bodies and their interactions are commodified from within and without. It is about the briefest moments of grace wherein we become each other. The moments when there is no weight to us.

4u is a dedication or a gift. A giving over to or a sacrifice. An attempt to communicate myself to the world. A bunch of words that are without meaning and completely empty. It is 4u.
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preface & acknowledgements

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I love you

all

Note. The poem eigkeit (red) (pg. 16) is a revised form of Red which was previously published October 16\textsuperscript{th} 2016 online in the Mayhem Literary Journal.
doom

i am a doomed person i weigh myself compulsively
i wank far too often

i find no comfort in the radical freedom of my doom
i hate my stretch marks

i dream of marrying porn stars
wholly empty and full of shit there is something bent

i have lost all interest in prolonging my life
i lack the will to end my life help me
end my life

i have pushed the ones who love me away
i do not desire a better world for anyone

i want to trap others in my body
i do not believe in the soul

i want open borders
i fear for my soul i must touch myself

i want to spill into the universe

i pray for an end to all mankind
i smile at social gatherings i am good and doomed

i pray for greater pain i pray
i find no comfort in truth or prayer

i wish god was real and a fascist
i wish i was machinery

i am a fat anorexic

i want a lover so i can end my life in front of them
i want others to feel responsible for my death
i want to traumatize my lover to love
i want to inspire others to commit suicide there is no light no love
i want to dent infinity with my death
i want to brush up against tachyons u accelerate past lightspeed
i see my life as a fever dream had by someone else many years from now on a cloudless afternoon
this is a cry for help assist my suicide
i believe in a limitless human capacity for suffering
i hate ugly people
i blame capitalism
i worry that i may be god
i watch some sick shit sunlight please miss me
i deserve doom
i think nothing of human connection
i am smarter than my counsellor
i hate the art i create i hate my reflection
i would like to fuck my counsellor
i do not believe one can create something out of nothing
i miss my dog i have come so close to death
i do not deserve better
i do not understand why others live my partners have all moved on
i am incidental carbon
i have never failed a test
i do not understand a non temporal happiness
i laugh
i fuck
i
i
captain
am terrified of feeling better
a doomed person
i cannot orgasm with the lights on
fuel

mark me out
in ethanol soak ellipsis
soap stain dimensions of
hung riverside
bloat victims
cloud in the eye
like whales
swole to burst
gaseous n gout
the shrapnel clot drooping
for the head of some spear
   a cavernous stranglehold of
   imperfection sown
   subcutaneous into fibres of
ought to be none
stake claim to this pink
continent of dredged landmarks
   an inventory of growths
   oils hair teeth balls
   plasma and platelets
shat into thought and phenomena
   lines of silver glut
   fired through hips
smote fry pull apart
snap band skin

colostomy bag

stapled to a soul

the sum of whatever distance

between missing and lost

the innards inert

superfluous

writhe and rock against this

windowless church

of bone

i wonder how this body/ thing might smell

should i bring it

       to burn
first (kiss)

smell me everything
what its like to hang
find grace
never kissed outside
never had a door
or an island of feathers

i flinch

you drag

fingertips across

hipbones theres a gap

you taste like

youre tall my thighs

id used the word

id used the word long before id seen one

shot

badminton with skin

i want to be your stillness

let me lay the earth

missing she smells

of god

from a word

spelt in split atoms

girls in navy

playing tricks on boys with high cheekbones

locked for me

or an island of feathers

in your cafe blacks

coffee grounds

no wider than your forearms

like a gun

we play

shed at sixteen

i want rapture

to be rapturous want

bare for your step
trip i (back)

last night i drink one point three liters of cactus juice
from a fresh up orange and apple bottle
stored in the back of a cupboard

gunk silk like plant green like blended flaxgrass
tastes the feel of dry wretch this earthen curl of fist how taste might before
we did it

after long goo stick coarse coats in fibrous peeling
up gums that fry in wind ill need more cos im big in a singlet
and the phrase baneposting they dress cardigans like kurt
but ironic or something only i force/ i hold it down
everyone brings vomit taste i cry swallow
suck em reverse up with eye maw

could give a fuck about vomit i no it isnt a knock knock problem
taste like fifteen like similes about innocence
or virginity

in the weird wiry spiral mind all dull brown mulch the sofa furs trees i shrink into
like monkey bars im gonna pass out of throw maybe in the lining
soak spiny shit through veins out my finger tips arm reach into head shake god up
and stuff

grey purple and thinner looking for an out that goes sitting on the toilet seat

palms flat against disintegrating in my biceps tuned tight

but light float like feathers strings backwards get that again stuff of you

milky around glowing

outside you

outside you

blink hours away and away days and nights and flick the lights strobe
everyone dyes becomes space becomes warm water still peace

but i dont the bulb in my head bursts i sink into the lino

it opens like leather tears to cold where no one still inside me
can feel every dry out cow womb dirt

never die body off forever stepping in this padlock

pins bike chain into what those inbetweeney vertebrae bits

would be called

clickery maybe

and know where my shape

begins and where it ends
its a photo
it took a lot to find
by your father when we were
sixteen

just before your anorexia
just after mine

his nerveless calloused hands
called me son that weekend

as family felt their way through high tide

we walk my bird bones bent
around your hips

the same height
on slanted ground

a meeting of malnourished ribs

i hope they blame me

im lagging behind slightly
i always did
we both love red
we are red things
made in red shapes
so we wear
red

that weekend
you saw me naked
we all skinny dipped
the sea spray wrapped around your waist

im irish
youre german we hit the light flat

let me be the first
to tell you no its not normal
your parents are weird
mums tits clapping
dads dick in the swing

the least they could do is hate their bodies
like everyone else

i feel pieces of me try to reform the curvature of your spine in the candlelight
but i cant so i facebook you instead
its a photo of you

and a photo of me

and were together

and you are alone

and i am alone

and we are

alone

together

its not a photo of you cutting yourself

or us

its a photo of us

walking

away
cave my skull i will live in primal dark/ hug grey matter razor wire lithe like/ press
the excess fluid through linoleum/ roll in faecal thought/ bake in faecal sun/ til the
smear mark crawls blood the needle mark

blind sand uphill

menisci/ puncture iris/ ares/ ire/ start a fire of synapses/ chew on concussions
doughy rubber tear/ megaphone out low-fi crunch mosquito tinnitus/ iron like pills/
and food/ and sailor men/ molars flare/ solar flare after

BIRTH

clay form humonculus toothdom/ filed down to weaponry/cultivate the vermin
virile/ beady bleak
bracket in disease
sty lined/ plagal cadence
whittle me this still holistic to a boneless flip card jester/ story boarding vacuum sealed
dimensions/
hunt for meaning/ kill it/ hunt for god/ mate with her absence/ cage farm fleisch
blubber burnt for warmth

OIL &trynottothinkof

gut caloric intake/ soak in acid/ mix myhumours/ the
sweat piss shit bile snot
make a potion that absolves the grey buildings with their hairy knives/ carve me into
count down checkout/ ravage new world me with pillage/ pak n save n bomb the
school of my mouths/ purge the hospital of my lungs/ lop off the inoculated limbs of
carbon smells like heart in plastic bags when it

BURNS

ribs atonal xylophonic/ fade out overlay thinned/ i wish nothing more than ancestral
starve/ trap and traipse me in scrapes/ wind my muscles medieval/ shatter shape/
resolve me

FUCK

revolve me round patterns of animal sex/ on walls of pre conscious security in the way
of flesh/ suck out through some orifice/ peak out my highest low/ static me like the
television/ like the gym/ like low fat yoghurt/ like not eat/ paint me red and rotten
fruit/ fruit/ there is no human more than

ME
i cannot fuck you
through someone else
i cannot feel your walls
through the nerves of some angel
i have only rats
and dreams of teeth that grow out through my knees
when two mirrors face each other

it is called the casmir effect

i look up from the toilet bowl and see me

stretch into infinity

like wings
fish

wade out in two stare

against child

against

soft warm curve again pre

sexual tender round kiss on

hips

roll in grass till red pant itching itch ed

cricket stain

comfort in shorts pitched under

arm against bare foot audible

dads beard mums sun

hat hair poley

tennis balls on rope

golden horse on cassette

a white white

family farm harvest

slit troth sculling smoked glut n old

should be culled

no square calculate

whatever for eat like numbers and

pushups hurt borders

re ward or discipline tearing screech pummel bruising rip op en splay force

pump gush explode yearn choke veins pressure steam piston wrought run

scraps fight id crush compact and cap
and ratio index and research vomit cut burn real ease and dying yellow and and gaunt and film stars and poems un reclaim not body of ambi amphi valence gaze pink where angle ing approach tidal caloric under stand objekt permanence never not know how you never be not once gooey mass of soul expanse beauty collectivist touch coloured and hand held in hand sharp are no longer anyone else are now you friend of deck railing cry noodle down drunk swollen teeth teats mirror there before me there after pull up and off into forever til dust or ash hide nomore hyper man-ish gendered bleedy lamb bleat aware wet ware formed swim little fishy swim away from
scramble chips pornography squeak

bubble and body

masturbate cry

sex victim of sex

have with this thing

tool for love

wolf down cage for me of

and me end and

i was never offered

one ask

punished like

first from nowhere elsewhere and no

one

a god now he looks

you but skinny dis appeared

like iconography laminate immortal wax polish dent red eyed

build pain for company

or hurt scaredalone

a boy my boy my sun my anorexic god

invent famine the hour

glass your self by weak end

to exp and

stretch mark cosmos voided breathe

no star behind

maybe crunch

collapse the body of ribs
of saturns rings

the stars and shin splints and moons

element all each facial featured run

further a way

until no one sea in black

or crush until one or no left

all soul heaven again

then hang self

off of self

ugly nebu less desire

of others bodies

othered

touch that does not spark

skin that can feel good

like weightless

brief taste envy and heave n

lead i cant cum in side

place any of my near un- wrong

un ok un allow

lock away in un light

shadow cast un reach

out or see out

hell punish blister burst spit

bled cacophony of insect object

aesthetic mandible tongued down acidic melt to pills

a womb of omega three
vitamin drip

lobotomized

the plague call

sight
voice
love

sense
corporeal

un
end
able

happened here

happened why why why swim to make
greek olympic and never statue never still never dead

oh christ

the redeemer

the afterbirth

the not out

bore

the dog head

knowledge of good and evil and thighs and pubis and no more shorts or grass
or skin pelvic girdle or cheeks gurgle like babe carve out chubby memory

just pain and truth and pain infrared on corneas and retinas

flip the image intwo

no more smile in photo you picture take

aways picture take to hospital

auction myself off donate my organs take them from me

please justice

jump throw or let

jump or give strength

or give me no body give no body back
I hear the size of me
I hear the size of me
I smell the size of me
I smell the size of me
of me f me off me of e
there is golden somewhere
but not here ever not you ever
check your blood for it
check your blood for it
bleed cholesterol
bleed excess skin
bleed the lack of
lack
we used to play that we were tadpoles
deaf and dumb just dots squidging towards

some
warm
circle
we used to play in the bath tub together

when i was small

and the breadth of you eclipsed the mirror
trip ii (smoke)

in a tin shack turquoise on top a hill fifteen years after birth i watch

a cartel execution video with a chainsaw

where these two guys had chainsaws dragged down from their trapezius muscles
down
down right
down til it hit their hips

they unfolded like accordions

had blindfolds on but before they killed the second they kinda rubbed him in the first

like a dog when it shits inside if some people still do that

i smoked heroine with a girl

but i cant remember how to spell her out

and it would be weird maybe wrong to look it up

i remember not feeling it then look up and the front roof is gone

i smile like im dying slow but it didnt hurt like i was being asked

into a thousand different offices all at once and id go with them

away from me

then i saw her breasts

and she bullied me in room nine

and i love her
i woke or wake in a bathtub then and shes naked now were covered in water maybe
we fucked or cried i had a shirt on
i hate taking my fucking shirt off

we dont talk about it or ever again except once
i tell her her dyed hair looks pretty cool
she stares me down like theres something more pressing

probably said or did or didnt say or do
but fuck whoever she may be now because i dont know
either of us i dont know
how to end this how to
fall back lean into lay all the same people
because only five things have ever happened to me
and this was probably waste

i tell myself i could never kill myself but i know i could im angry enough
and scared enough
and im pretty good at doing dumb things dumb fast without
thinking

i could kill myself like breathing i think

but i am terror fied to find out

how it really works

like if you start over

i dont know i could survive it

again
**coiled (grey)**

all twisting around limp things
her hair limb dry kick against
dry wall

we hold hands and live
innit
like its separate

from love
from
counterclockwise

and dive deeper
deeper til its
grey undies
hanging out of

slam
from laugh

to okay the lounge
to okay the beds

i loved
and ive written herlike im no one
does she think of me how

i miss

what i deserve

now is all

i have

this wait
to me
when we were done you let me lay
my head on your lap
stroke me

and wed breathe

that weird pleasure
of occupying the same space

i sang night channels to you
and you told me
how when the cctv building came down
you were in the business district
with your heart
digging girls who looked like you
out from beneath
the rubble

the air felt bruised
i think you said
you still see those girls
sometimes
apparently

they say
they are glad to be
alive

i wish i had asked
about it more
drown

bridal

marked to the beat of the crash

foam form

image of itself

of itself

of itself

of itself

the hand of david snapped sinew
clasps powerlines
drags us into
crucified afterthought
fingerprint of tomorrow

and tomorrow

pressed hard against pubescent neck
pelvic hinges splayed
the dip of your belly

softens
the little jewelled arch of your marriage to infinity

1/victory/ as in won 5:32 post meridiem

in two weeks i am moving and chris is dead

nothing itself mediocre

to a better place

my friend is unmoving

on

to a better

stilted earth

these tears find

lukewarm pilsner

i drink to being

three cheers to some sweet

something

i commemorate myself/ rejoice myself in raising

this moment to a super

laminated absolution
my girlfriend is at the door right now

were off to the opera

off to the impact hands make

when strings go taut

when bodies bow and snap

when we finally learn to welcome

to not hold on so tight

off to celebrate

or off to be real un-god-ed

in the face of some

truths

it is pretty fucking funny that the only thing that makes me think about killing myself

is death is twist top photography i just want to want to not be the kind of objekt/thing

that thinks like this i just want to get hi and masturbate to the mens gymnastics i want

to be someone that eats light just can something just happen and cut me down to

microfibre and purpose and some kind of person

chris like

chris cross stapled to alphabet soup to chris not like to stranger

like not dying to god or reason or not like to the people who should want to kill

themselves

or the people i or you like want to want to kill themselves like me sometimes

like everything i am not i am not not cannibalising tragedy cannibalising a person into

art out of some obligation to emotional honestleness
Syria is a chemical fire this isn't for any my girlfriend is on her way i am living in other places they are retro-d with padded velvet

Chris has spilt his velvet contents into stardust shit
3/free/ as in free now

i have no right to miss

i is not me am i not about it i and this and me and my a centrical points torque off

the face of this strange cliff

i am moving

goodbye dead

i am moving from

form

wasting and time frames

i will be at funerals without crusts

like chris without skin like

eggshells tectonic

splits up my mattress

you fuck up coward you drug addict you red light whore you murdered angel bird of

stupid stupid animal cunt

goodbye to good use

used and something to be

you used to be good god good and dead

and will not be good god to you

the dirt shifts to space into your pelvis and collapse light into earth
4/as in just numbers

there are things to vacuum pack
clothes and shit to jettison
i still am not next door
to these understandings
hung
and you mean things that i do not
we know you now better than we know us now
we have decided what you were
unmoving and resolved indexed chaptered
and i am moving and i am deciding what i am
i am not what you am
i am not things decided in and around you in life i am not not you i am what i am not
tied off a knotted solar son flared and must go home to deep webbed and slip streamed
in primary school i was bullied for being fat
by a fat kid called ethan
he was older than me
im older now than he was ever

he tried to steal my hat
it was a snapback i was trying on cool
it didnt work out
i gripped the brim thing
the hard bit
and he swung me around by it
for what felt like a hundred million billion years
i could feel the water separate out from my bones
i dont remember who won

when he left to highschool i was stoked
by the time i got there i had anorexia
and ethan was nearly dead

there was nothing wrong with him
but it was going to happen soon
i think it makes sense
is how we make sense of it
on the first day i figured we would be going to be back to business as usual

but when he walked past me in the hallway that was all he did

i was so relieved that i probably didn’t notice he went into the special ed class

same way i didn’t the other time when he was on his way to the counsellor which i learnt was because his dad always beat the shit out of him

i would’ve been year ten which means fourteen

him and his mates stole his dad’s car

went for a ride

wrapped themselves around a power pole

he died in what i imagine to be agony

inside out in hospital

shaved down to size by the road

full of metal and glass and concrete

twisted up the same as his dad’s hatchback

breathing in right angles

more than enough time to get that it was really happening to him

and not just to someone else

he wasn’t the end of the universe

that his was ending

but it would keep going without him

he died

and i thought fuck him
next assembly the vice principal got up

talked about it

said um lots

pretended to cry

or cried for real

the difference wasn't worth registering to me

told us to learn something from all of this

prick

then we had a moment of

close our eyes bow our heads think real hard

about nothing

then go on like he never had in the first place

i keep my eyes open and look around to see if im the only one

im not

there's a girl who doesn't have hers closed and she's crying

she looks at me
**beat**

you can beat you in/on a dull drum/ on a thud pinken/ doof the bend/ creak of door/ hinge back cage scunge/ shotgun crack/ the old thing/ the whale moan/ in the shower/ in the water/ in the heat of it / bounced from eyelids/ beat the truth / out of dick/ of jawline/ out the underside/ gestalt/ ateing/ leave a bruise/ on the queer brine/ the mess of/ weak

lookieere cunt/ at how your abs are wide at the bottom like some pregnant bitch/

like youre give birth to pathetic/

like that line up the hair of the middle of chicks in porn/

like the hither arch the hips than your girlfriends you sack slutted mass of strength

rip yourself to whore you line of rifles

finish throw

up and shut
there is no way for
this to survive
unmachined
covet warmth
lavendernova
smell
there are gaps
knot fix

you love a thing
kiss the architecture
fondle the nature
of a dying world

i am fixed upon
the dismantling of
form and frame
until i am

no more of
fire
no more to

burning

i have loved my

lines blurry

built an arc

of ribcage

knitted cloth

of vein

i fade in

the entropy of your hair

the tangle of that

chaos theory

we love as only the dying

can nothing saved

for the swim back

there is no

alright only ever

marrow but praying
to you cracks the sky
governs the carbon
on the eve of what might be twice as

unzip our necks
at the nape
until we are

varicose a
lonely

gored
and flood our sheets

with locusts
trip iii (...)

in germany its another time i know

because a girl i dont

like how we know no one

likes a picture of another time

she took of

where im wearing her clothes

its my back

lines running it comic book

oh my lawd the fire emoji

saying im dented

plenty to get snagged on

i message what a throwback : P

she sees and doesnt reply or maybe she doesnt see and her phone just does that

i wish she was somewhere i could talk
tell her im sorry im me

she wouldnt get it but yeah
sex

bob umbilical
in breathable sea

schoolboy

awkward dicked

castaway

the bible tide
tug on your thigh
climbs eros
into the garden

splinter me
i want to be drawn apart

slow

no dot to nail through
my christian wrist

nothing separating me from me
and nothing

a ghost
with skyscrapers for teeth
"drunk"

fail you to be blown
to be god and want
isnt uni collapse aversal teeth the
cointreau shitface the whorld has failed
me no invite to live have tried
hard to get hard or drunk enough to
do myself off so off
a coward or something mum
am crying it on the keys make it anything
too soon lays the nerve lost athetic
and need a smother type thing
ever its better its dying
kind of spilt and grey hence
love the primal accept
sag of your breasts

deserve innocence

will before december

i think
sometimes you hurt
real bad
in your womb your spine
there's a pinhole smile
below
your belly button

i rub my fingers over it
like its a topographical map
feel it
like a question

then look at you wince as if
my eyes were coffee table corners
you banged your knees on

i said i was sorry once
not for anything in particular just
for you
having to go through whatever it was

you said you had to leave
which maybe you did
some time behind the curtain a prophet starves herself

Immortal

and sees god

tells tales two words at a dry click
deficital clap at the naught

but water
to eat
and bread
once per moon

the surplus of her reaped on the daily by

men

in white

priests
doctors

with the doors shut

near her
to her circus

both tribes tell she will not

hold through the cruelest

months

or see the harvest if that matters
but they will
prey for
to
inside of
should that be any solace
there is a space between her
growing
a gap where time is softest
the nuclear winter of her womb
sees them
an atomic future

time

passes

she lives
now
off the dust the light casts
through her paper skin
god grows
distant
so too the holy men
the well of her
site
tapped
sold off

when she sleeps
alone
at night
in a room

a bed

arctic climbs
tomorrowless
into the sunk
notches
of her hips

and

in her dreams
if she dreams

i wonder

if she dreams
of me

56
joke

woz tha dummest animyl n tha jungal

tha pole ur bare
trip iv (sing)

im waiting for her to come like she never does when she does never for long enough grab a guitar watch them vibrate like teeth spit in the body past them wish i was hollow enough to spit in sing the blowers daughter its all hope the cigarette burrows behind my ear like a bullet a worm a rotten apple child like us it was the thing i sang to ash across the road over this fence in one of the windows second story looks like a way out almost or a way in somewhere else this girl whose face i cant see is standing and she sings along and this is actuals and really there singing can sing for real where i flat out for a second like instead of me there her and shes like all the stars and ill just become her voice all stupid and fade out therell be ends kinda she turns round the lights out laughs the three times in bad books hahaha up in the middle and down like ha ha ha then its closed im tired so im so light a cigarette think about going knocking because maybe were the same maybe our hearts will stop maybe im who she is tears come yellow i blink myself barefoot theres a bit of blood because i stepped on some glass

58
clue

another

red

eye snatch of time

sing star years old fallout boy two thousand and something pins

needles you and brother

shirtless microphones real close

big dad with big arms round hairfrizz

a blanket yellow blue from blues

cloths tuck to pit

coil auburn

and you are crossed like crossed arms

one armed all pressed to

the heart

of it

cleavage

is what starts

and in the album celebrating

for a birthday

everyone

was there

and everyone

could see

must be seeing i could
see for miles away in the recess caves it ies of my chom ping b ( rain

what do you say
to who
about that
when its
just that
takes something off you from you
the noodles milo the pull out of
a fat fold
of puppy fat
of a pup
of a growth spurt soon
of a shot skeleton
shot
through a
black hole

and at school you begin to give
the twenty minute free swim before
the end a miss
one hundred years from now

on the other side of it

and the world

sing the same

old song

in a story

fifth or

sixth

in a karaoke bar

in electric town

croak through black coffee

those highs you once hit

are all fucking gone

you are fucking all gone

and you can’t fucking come back
we take codeine

together

like i used to at athletics day

listen to the music we lost

our virginities to

then you lift your sundress over

your hips

that night when we sleep

i hold you all small

while you burn

holes

through the mattress

the next morning you tell

me we shouldn't do this

again

but we do

once

or twice
vitae

backlit via holy cruise light of capital sloganized throat hole fist all that boneish snapple
and pop samsons hair tied noose the angel of bird hide deserves earnt wants chosen
to die who the smell of heat rising blind wanton water mud hybrid to fill choke spill
into cellular crevice of the purpled age before anything matter in a hot couch garage in
a lexicon to how much shit all that pain can eat clot up chalk another failure another
fucking that i live two too long mungst a kingdom of desires toil in the mess of books
on my floor my want to blown away sucked off into oblivion coward face of asthmatic
dying earth i get to die on be the next person to not go on go one day as long as
between me and whoever left before not even an inkling dye me the color of fucking
whatever used to believe in purpose or lethal justice or something astral karmic christ
this bourbon teething pissed up the wall out of my round the way of it sick of in front
of your lipstick hanging wherever and cystic exits like that truck up tobys road
DANGER INCORRECT OPENING WILL RESULT IN murked by the void by an
entrance of nine month life to a life of hungry pianos looming showtunes agro baby
boom boom honey atop the scorched cliffside all slurried with rot into the latex pop
the brain slip off the map oil slick and unfunction sooner the nother night and a fuck
and a vidya game and a cellphone and an ipad kindling own everything cant fucking
eat sex sad hope in hell what its not or a low battery counting backwards in the pelvic
infinity of lucky dead lookalikemes this whole damn universe is broken as is or is the
function as it should and peoples live under those doorframes for earthquakes at
school drills enable my first world nutso meaningless buzzfeed rant about misery im
writing while cooking videos blare like being erased inircles just revolvting self pity
hold it in your liver crush in the dry ice hump of timeless oceanic territorial who even
twice now no code or cogency resuscitate agency to alleviate print curriculum vitae of
hates selfs on your wrist and wants to starve and i dont even have the simple pretending
im a way others arent all of us slutted poor mass degenerate underlings heaving
hollering for a fucking bite youve made pathetic demanding aggrandising egoistic
suicides for friends for colleagues for family for all there is around your wallet or your
wanking suicide suicide suicide the only way to get back and back at each other and
back at the signs the zeros in your pocket behind your eyes why your happy that
daffodils and held hands salvage truistic beauties who hang themselves over bathrooms
because oligarchs cant budge a fucking inch only people that deserve the ground more
in clothes that cost your car throat slitting monopolised cocks wiping over wherever
they wants of the bruised and blood not left to bleed about to kick up a fuss railing the
brick wall of hyper real late stage empire state spiking that drink but hell make partner
and enough money to save or starve god its not even that bad for you caricature of
pain clowning performative pissant white boy rub out backwards like a cockroach tube
of toothpaste smudge into the carpet kicked like v under the coffee table on top of all
the bottom heartless arteryless apathy all lies between those points of depressive manic
antarctic primate button up shirty fuck youve forgotten how to write too bingo wing
puss boy you are

so buy a gun
a body is all you get
and got to leave
behind
three thirty six i know they're fireworks i can feel the
light peak and burn i sleep on the floor hard up
against the wall each bone pressed into being if
something wants to eat me ill

see him
thing

its pretentious to do the talk of the thing

as the doing of it

so i wont

im finished now nearly maybe
itll end up in the middle
because i keep telling myself

you have to land

on something

with a bit of hope

but if im truly truly with it

i havent found any

im the same

i think ive put on a little even
lost a little more
put it on again
it never ends

im on the third floor

and everybody has left
except the woman downstairs at her desk
im sitting behind me

there's glass

i keep my back to it

i don't want to see through

or how little there is out there

i thought this might make something happen

that id be better or worse or somewhere else

but now i am not

in less pain now

when i was little i hated putting on sunblock

i still do so i don't go outside

sunburn wasn't that bad anyway

until one day it was

and i blistered

i turned black and pus understood my dimensions for maybe the first time

and all i said to mum

you never told me it would hurt this bad

you never told me it would hurt this bad

you never told me it would hurt this bad

you never told me it would hurt this bad

you never told me it would hurt this bad
she laughs about it all the time

   why did you think i always told you to wear it

i laugh too

   but part of me in there

   is still burning

   however old

   crying

   in his sleep

   flipping for the cold side

   feeling no comfort

   because you didn't tell me

   you didn't

   no one did
trip [and/or] bully {unknown} (sink)

i always dream the same dream of you
from when we were alive and real fucked up
in that tin shack on that hill

we get/ got higher than we ever had
do some sexsortathing together
and end up in the bathtub

in the dream youre not always the same
dont always wear the same body
sometimes youre other girls mostly
except for once you were a guy but this isnt about that

i wish i could do the body thing where im different
but i always forget to ask

and im guessing even if i did you werent different the first time
if you were how would i have known to

this time im twenty
which is older than we were
but younger than i am now
as old as i was when i dreamed this
you're wearing someone i know far better than you

you should apologise to her

because im weird now and she doesn't know why

im weird with everyone you do it to

you're naked as my best guess at what her naked would be like

your hands are those car crash dream hands

it has to be a dream because i don't put any work in

and you don't charge for what we smoke tell me what we smoke

the sex is always good

you destroy me tear through my body

like you've misplaced an article of clothing inside it

or like i'm a really shitty game of operation

i finish real quick

which i do a lot

but i don't remember if i did with you

probably

i've thought about seeing someone about it

then you stand up slow

walk to the ensuite i had

climb into the sink

which fits you or you fit it in but only just

70
i wouldn't fit there with you

its probably a metaphor

you sit

the tap running

look at me wait

for me to do

i stare

then you say what you said

life will never get any better

im too drug fucked to do anything with it but i know

its my turn

cos you say it like a question

then you die

there in the sink all curled

like a cat when they know its coming

so they go under the house

to sleep
my dearest you
if it all comes back around
and we end up in the same places
i hope its a kind of peace
i want to ask you talk about it
i want to say you were right
someday at school maybe
but in a way that takes
the pain

out

thats what the drugs are for though
i guess

anyway
play

blush like emergency room
children chewing scabs i know i
will heal if you stop playing
compression pants organ
that skin to elbow to let
medicinal pharma crush
donw

float away in the back
seat mums people move off from
hotline phone cord slips white phos
phorus neck lie all toxicity there
and tear ducts green aloud
to kiss and
itch is why i do things
test elasticity

whe never they ask
you are great like red wine in two
extinction over flow chemistry acting is re
haviour
the news are tele marks chequer
the walls of my lung never any
right secret
santa advent calendar

or prayer for all
everything

else i rite turns in
to

the potter quiz on your shelf

paper stitches fishing
detritus in my

pump bottle ring finger

ten glue me
every word isn't dying
dump me
is playing dress up
the same
metaphor
to you
clumped
hair
devour the last
autumn
oblivion hold
sand cork the
hour
glass of

something so small

that it could blot out

the sun
we wander to some edge

it is the edge of a pool

at the centre

my family dinner table

cheap

a sunken write off

the man with the skin says

that it is the oldest

table in a pool ever

and that this is significant

this is significant

you may dine there

but you may not smoke

the wood is porous
div/-/eyed-, &/0r even the rocks in time

[Verismo-Threnody] (tobeperformedinthekyof C minor)

tha b-lo s 2 b ply-d/ threw-owt

| -0 | :|--3-3h5--| --0-5-5s7v-- | --0-10-10h12b^13-10-- | --

12b^13-10v=: |

anacrusis Am Bm7 Em sustain

I. *the other landscape/ Другой язы

myna

Adagio

we/lofte things/tork tym/tork
spays/push owrsVs 2 narativs/embed-
d/fram-d/siklical st-own/2 snd/2 bare
bots/we kant fit luv/gudby/or
truth/or/incide 4 owrs l-ocat-d by/we
eroad/as all things mst/sience fayt-d/fact-
d/owr sun sowk-d stysis/parabowla
xempt/fm gravi-t/

exempt from how much it all fucking hurts
temp-aural n fiebrs/intrins-ick/suspend-d upon tha
ayp/x/f/ultimaytms/brokn cloud nd slipstrem/no sheltr
heer/hol0grafic/flashkrd/it all cums dwn on top/f/akoostic
blankets/flip-d out t-ow-l/covrd n as/hetn 2 distans b-tween
stars/carbin/ovar-ease /a klash f bod-es/n nstances/predeter-
by interferons/ther is no fin dificolt bowt luvin n a/vakyoom/g/0-domd/sanetiz-d/d-compres-
d/iso/lated/frm wht r knwnn 2 b/4rcd trewfs/

this flat horiz-n xcysts/mow-ments de/vorc-d
frm tha parkin lot/tha sigh-lens b-tween theer nd heer/
nd we nd u nd i have 2 b/world-ed fur-tha/than tha
tue-ins/frag-ment-or-e/upn tha sures/f owr
genitalia/say-krid g-omitr-e/wish-d i cood froz-n/like
tha son/nd stil-d/nd dis-stil-d/nd a-lown/bild my wrld
fr u heer/a-top tha drftwud arch/f owr/lojical n-
tropy/

bt i am nothin/betr thn hi tiyd/nd theer is no <3 fr us/we hav no moor 21sts
2 spend on/no moor tw-ice az/bulshits/ we cld hav dyd/bt we did-nt/so we

cn/gt/gon/& go/hungr-e-r thn memor-e/theer s no bak 2 u/

our luv was the only thing i ever felt/    good at
II.

rayj-in agenst ob-zirv-a-bl infinitees/ i hav spent a loooooooong tym/tryin 2 ryt it ryt/bt theer s no justis/so i giv up/i giv up/ur flowrza cunt/rowmans s me-es on sen/s sem-e-otics nd sownd imajes/i didnt go becos cloja/ hrd dik/no web f centamentil/assocee-ate/shes jst hi-row-glif-ic/jst trease ryt juk/no more sub- jekt/objekt/ncongruence/m-piricl now/+ h-o-p is tha blay-d we uz 2 cut owt tha things tht/krw bettr/do nt bel-e-v n other people/luv duznt hav shit on payn/depreshin all-wayz wyns/lyf/lyk lan-gwaj/s sempe-term-in-al/or-o-bore us/nok-trn-e-ket/u dy evry tym/u lews/somedly nd no choys/do nt look bck/ack-a- demick/on tht girl hu dyd/cos u/codnt find tha ryt wurds 2 sy/

i e x c e p t u
Isolde sinks gently, as if transfigured, into Tristan's arms, on to Tristan's body. Those standing around are awed and deeply moved. The bodies are blessed.

She'll only fucking die
My voice confirms my identity-

[Em Cont.] sustayn 4 ju-rayshun f r-e-mayn-en b-

IV.

Princessa Marusha Stanilovska Dagmar Natana Iliana Romanovich

Accelerandro

/b-cos ur a fuk-n bowl-dr/ nd gre-shun filosofer kyngs raypd chil-drn/she sys 2
u/she wnts 2 kil hrslf/cry n ths lyf/or larf/dn’t folt hr lojik/b-cos u jst ryt/nd act/nd
syng/a-bowt hw nothin mata-s/ur-id-a-c s owt f subtxt/dum/cock-suka/enfent/stp
2 trewh/or gt tha fuk/owt/f her/

Because millions of girls wear red
unstressed notes before the first bar of a piece or passage. Degradante

\[ \text{there is a music to the way things fall} \quad a \quad p \quad a \quad r \quad T \]

\[ \text{this open note is the sound zero makes} \quad is \ how \ we \ hear \ emptiness \]

there's a lot I wish I had said to you as we lay beside one another outside of time

vibrations you'd codify into song or sense make meaning out of the data find a pattern

its the first poem I've written in a while I mean none of it all of it

it doesn't mean much of OHS ND ONES i mean I love you and always will

but you were the first time we all begin as strangers to one another

that was not enough we end as we begin

it's taken me a long time to understand that there is no moral to us

nothing to be learnt from all this/ fucking/ - / bleeding pain

a part of myself will always b-long to u nd

\[ \text{it s m-i sinseer h-o-p tht if u evr r-e-d ths} \]

\[ \text{tht howevr men-e yrs howevr men-e myls we m-a b frm} \]

1 another/

\[ \text{tht it/ hertz/ u} \]
wank

at
five light stumbles
in you do it again
the world is metre by metre
cube pitch
the fan
dries it
on your belly onto
the bedsheets drips
stare at your tits scratch
the dry skin behind
your knees

google search
do people love/ fall out over/

night
god

i

nicotine mist

ashen oaks

breathe it in

exhale bacterium

clay moulded from dinner scraps

spit man into the storm drain

wash him away

like chalk

ii

weeds

thick rotting tangled

children

hold hands

a noose

or maybe a leash
tabula rasa

hits the east like a pickup truck

unmistakable smell of arterial spray

pray for all you have to lose

and cut the pieces with your broken hands

ingen

when god answers my prayers

its with your voice

like a car door slam on an ankle

wander the sands

eyes sewn shut

with dog hair

elysium is full of children

hell has no room
rake me cross the seabed
pink and screaming

when you split me
you should have

dragged
the knife
further

your catacomb
should have caught me on the chin

here at the zenith
i understand

i can hear him
smell truth on his scales
feel hot breath in legato hiss

whisper to me
through a keyhole
behind a locked door
i see a grave fast
from the car window
it is the grave of someone else
they lived for a time

in my grey somewhere i recognize the
font used to type them tie them to the
stop it is the same font i think from the
JD label was it chosen with this
knowledge should this in good
conscience be allowed

is this all we are

a trademark hieroglyph

a window side joke

speeding and nameless
nevermind

its real

late and

home is a way rent is due

who the fuck is chicken

soup

earth has spun out full around her

there is instinct despair in

jacket to the sixth image result for guillotine

too many about

mcdonalds in spain is meant to be

better

accept for the nuggets

its shrimp

or prawn

and bread

the kind you get in lines

starving

the kind of theoretical models i aggrandize

advocate

wouldnt be so bad
im trying to be honest

here

but it never got me

anything or very far

with anyone

least of all

every so often something will show

and ill think for what feels

like forever like the wheel about breaking that weird plasti glass you get

on fire alarms

blow a flare gun off in my empty skull

lie down and let the powder taste work its way thru

a girl is suing her parents

i didnt know that was an option

shes dead soon maybe now

she had a heart

murmur

talking breathy and shit

but fixable

as things are

some times

they prayed and told her to it was asthma
sixteen later

she listens to the stone roses

or whoever did motorcycle emptiness perhaps

shes on a god sized list waiting for a transplant

its urgent

lots is

we tell ourselves it has to be you have to make sacrifice others

if you want to get seafood onto a plane

it isnt easy

you have to pile a lot to get that high

like me

now

but who knows that word again

maybe prayer is the light

annnnnnd the way

they told me

he already died for nothing

us

so what the shit is there to do

id suck his cock right there on the cross

if hed take me with him
i don’t know what it would accomplish

im not very good

let him bleed on me my arsehole

rub our wrists together

feel the sinew sag with the heft

it could be shelter

theres always stars running

i made a wish one night to die

in my sleep next to you

so quiet you wouldn’t hear i just had to hope

youd be fine

with it

but the stars are always satelites looking down on

i figure it could still crush me

we repeat ourselves over by the window to somewhere

your idols betray you

leonard cohen is dead selfish

kanyes a racist

i want to tell whoever is reading this that they are but there isn’t and maybe theyre not

i feel i should apologise
when trump became the fourty fourth president of the united states of america
i was surrounded by liberal academics drunk
and couldnt care less
the restaurant was called mexico
which i suppose has some irony to it

on september eleventh four planes were hijacked
two of which were crashed into the world trade centre
killing three thousand costing ten billion
im four and i watch it all on tele
the same way i watch anything

mum and dad hold each other i assume
because thats what you do with something like that

and out of the corner of my eye i see
my little brother
upright and
walk
for the first time
its been three weeks the voices of ninetythree fm point eight
boom bout radio tits bout highway harassment a bitve rape culture
between killswitch and incubus joll one another to the supermarket
getalowdvethisroger a man vested in kevlar high vis navy pocket
state solid soldier trooper hunter killa shock jock
tattoo mother fucker of the arm of the war on protect
and serve plays at the alter god deaf end nu-
zullun border song the divide and on a fender
strat says its the same as when that black fulla played

[TORETHEFUCKAPART] star spangled
the whammy dive bomb sink my stomach the pinch harmonic
cinch my waist every chugg ed note a boot on the belly
on a person skinned and tanned leathers a minimum wage
a possession charge a dead homeless throttle down the neck
of a bourbon benefitted disorderly attention
the counselling couldnt afford a poppa jacks for two meals and mum
goes hungry hes fat but not fat hes white irish shaved this
morning he hit chest drank a monster rolls down the window
pretty fucking cool pretty fucking lethal
theres a twelve gauge in the guitar case the latches areloose
the crowd at the ASB showgrounds cheers
hes open carrying
outside the four square

on clyde street

there is a boy with light up shoes

with shoes that light up

but only when he moves

so he dances

and when he stops

the light stops

so it doesnt

and he dances

and he smiles

laughs

and the lights

light him up

and he lights up

the lights

a side walk dont stop disco

and if on a day like some of them

you cant dance for you

or the lights

dance for me

split the pavement bleed sunlight

burn until youre nothing dont stop
trip v (miss)

i miss her sometimes because

sometimes shes not here but

when she is i

think about missing myself or making her

miss leaving like my parents

because she runs

her hands where everything moves

it locks she tells me how i am and feel

safe when shes here but sometimes shes not

safe sometimes and i dont think people should feel

safe because were not here

and i dont wanna live

with being a liar

she gets soft or talks it

then i think she hates

her body or would if i was her

i feel sick like im diseased like she

was in me and now shes pain too
egg

scritch beneath beaten / thin curtained flour pattern / body bald in slit space
liminal blurmering / eat turn wrist waste / knucks shimmy up / gristly pleasure knots
the earth lullying about / shake coast / wonatey things submerge on stroke / quake
up scuttlering across / betweeneach / gnaws spit dot ovums / silly strang tongues
guzz and ill round vietcong / guerrilla / dark blinking blister feck / unfocus on
hands / the fleas dont stop/ for dick / they fuck and lay your skull / your brain /
nails smoke / alive inside. eco system fibrick / to sores pustulated undulating / little
pissy matchsticks rubbing up on/ hiding in cellulite hovel / bounce hop / bare arse
to death

you feast you snack / two leg / on the screen / a stubborn bite / itch your
way yourself/ drunk and left un clot / cover in spray / in chemical fire / spore liquid
hanged / gild raid trim/ the rimy fleshy pink / of expansion lick / that noise at the
bottom of plastic cups

the empt slur / [p]

this pregnancy ridden bed / shutting the lids of ographys chewyn / bug me
cum /
genst /
what sleep may
an-odúne iv (tiger)

theres a coconut in bath water kinda smell

   its nice

i watch the water lap

away

at the marks on your thighs

you used to hate

   them

you like them now

say they make you look like a tiger

   i get real hard

for how you said it

yours are white barely visible

   unless the skin is taught

mine were red

you tell me all about this steroid cream

   that i still use
i message way after

its all over

to say

thanks

that theyve calmed down finally

you say no worries xoXox
im running a fever and shitting water

the doctor says i have acute bronchitis

which is less than ideal

means im losing weight which makes me anxious

kinda happy

anxious

im in and out

and when im out

im in one morning tea time at parawai school

im ten with a girl named

sharing my choc orange wheelies

(wheelies are like oreos but cheaper

theyre fine)

micah made fun of us for sitting together

but it didnt matter because he was really short

im talking to blank about a boss fight from jak three

which i got for my birthday
im telling her how bullets dont do any damage
so you have to shoot the hinges on these mine carts filled with dark eko
they fall on his head killing him

im lying to her and saying i bet it the first time without any help
and that none of my friends could figure it out
because i refused to tell them

we hold hands

asked me if i wanted to be her boyfriend later that week
i told her i didnt want a girlfriend even though i think i probably did
but i was scared of being teased by my friends

they found out that she liked me anyway
so i told her i didnt want to be her friend anymore
she cried

s last name rhymed with anal
in highschool they called her lana which is anal backwards
children are very cruel
when i was eighteen my girlfriend had a friend

whose boyfriend was cheating on her

with [REDACTED]

the cheater guy had got [REDACTED] pregnant

proposed to both of them

told them if they tried to leave he would kill himself.

i saw him with [REDACTED]
called him out

my girlfriend said not to

she was conflict averse at the time

he said hed beat the life out of me if i told anyone

showed me this scar on his belly

said he was stabbed by a gang member

up in south auckland

i think it was from appendicitis

i told him if he wanted to fight all he had to do was

name a time

and a place

he said on the rugby field at rhodes park

right now
we walked there together

silently

with [redacted] tailing close behind

sometimes she would mutter something under her breath

cheater guy would tell her to shut up

id tell him to shut up

then we got there and stood facing each other

waiting for someone to go first

i was bigger than him at that time

i knew he was scared

   didnt care

i walked over to him

he told/ asked/ begged me to wait

i hit him anyway

he went down and lay there on the grass

foetal and half crying

his rugby shorts hiked up his arse crack

i could see all these cuts on his legs

   big silver fissures

varying in length
one doing a full circle all the way round his thigh

starts screaming at me
calls me a cunt

i prop cheater guy up against the bike rack

i stop to say something to her

i think i maybe even do but i cant remember    maybe its how to beat precursor robots
maybe its choc orange wheelies

she hits me hard across the face

s baby ended up being a still birth
posts on facebook about it
one of them mentioned a name

cheater guy is engaged to my exs friend
i hope theyre happy or even just okay

still smiles in all her photos
wears pink
lives

i dont understand how
shirt

always wear singlet neath
to breathe genst constrict
the borders
tight the lower
the one shirt

was ten
is large

warehousemart

sort of mirrors

fluorescence
the make you
wanna hide
sellu lite
and black
like absence
like missing
if found do not
find
or feed

return to fire
on my way home

a man chases me tries to mug me

i hit him hard

spin him with my elbow

hear a click

see him fall

hear a jawless moan

on my way home

a man asks if he can watch me piss

he looks alone

im drunk

i say nothing

he says thank you

i say nothing
**dog i (the dog reflects itself in other dogs)**

i want real bad
to do something smart
be the kind of dude with a linchpin
layer it all
drip feed it throughout

right now im thinking about this one time i was walking home from the gym
and i bumped into an elderly couple out with their dog
a siberian husky just like shai shai binks hinton the third
theirs had a different name i assume

i ask if i can pat her
they correct me and tell me its a him
which is different

i run my hands through the fur
the dog doesnt really pay much attention

i cry and apologise for crying
or for not being able to explain
why

there are sixteen and a half steps between the first and second
story at mygrandparents house shai fell from the top tried to catch herself all the way
but once she was at the bottom she figured there was no rush
if you were to put me down
id have questions

she must have wondered
why we were hurting her

i hope she found that confusing
i hope it was the opposite of what we did when we weren't meaning to

those rooms where you go peacefully are bullshit
eyes all wide before they close all slow
when you hold hands you're really holding hands down

we all die like shai
with our neck craned
ears flat
chewing at whoever has our back
bird

birthed short of blood to eat into the side of god

the sky luminous land erodes

an ending to my feet machine

dthis starved droid through the flax grass

viscous membrane catches

the golden thick voice of taste

i lick my dregs all ner ded insided outward

loose and weight lost i brush electric wake

part my beak there is no sound

i meet a shell

like for a big chicken body

there is a path of snapped matchsticks

humming white with tied twine

my thoughts fire along each strum

follow the nerve louder and lighter

the eggshells crackeder and emptier

dirt and shrapnel cling to my vacuum packed

ccoat hanger shoulders

clavicles ugly fingers clawing out
growing my exo heartal beats so hard

things begin to shin splint

there is a seat made of sticks and leaves

there is something like me sitting very still

next to a wad of the gold draining from me

i sit next to him

to me

to the me

next to the me

next to me

and we stretch out bony

content i eat my feeling
someone tells me later the same day where it happened when we walk past it

theres a little white cross a crushed vb can some rotten roses

leaning against

i look at the pole for a long time

until it becomes this grey line that goes on forever

up into the clouds into space into jesus christ through sound and light

through thought and into nothing

and probably down

beneath

as well all the way out

the other

side

ssssssuuuuuuuaddddddeeennnnnnllllllyyyyy it wasnt

a power pole it was this great and terrible ring

that could wrap its way around a hatchback same as it could

the whole universe

and it would one day eventually maybe it has
and when it did there was not or would be no spite or fury
no pain we would simply be subsumed into a weightless
ageless sexless monolith alone and completely still
alone like jellyfish

i think i might have seen time
and it terrified me but only for a second
then
it was over

i snap back to it
am told ethan wasn't driving
that he was in the passenger seat
probably a passenger his whole life
watching it happen to someone else

i reckon he saw it too coming for him
from the side mirror
from the rear view at the periphery
right in front
from within and all around
i wonder what it felt like

112
but then he was probably busy being beaten

poor

fat
didn't have the time or the money to think

this fucking stupid about it

i wonder if he had a dog
this migraine is a killer right behind my right eye i think its going to pop out

swing like newtons cradle bump into my nose
do a full three sixty

to numb it i watch movie stars fuck all muscular and wonder why i dont do it
or look like them when i do

in the kitchen im cutting into a loaf of wheat meal its healthier for all the grains
its still carbs

ill need a job when this is over but i cant work around food or people

i think long and hard but still matter of fact about taking the little serration point
at the end and putting it in my wrist bringing it back to the elbow pit

then i guess id curl up in the shower with my bluetooth speaker
listen to chapo trap house
let it draw its way out

i spend the mean time drifting nursing a flame nursing the nightmares that arent that
scary the ones that just nag nag nag

all the greatest hits
forgetting my lines

being dumped

da drug cartel hacking me into pieces

or im out of bananas which im not

i checked

im sick of this

i want a revolution now

i want something worthwhile to die for because im not reason enough
as naked as far from
into the black glow
green trim through
that fingertip circle
of your face or what you listen to
seventeen hours ago on spotify
try to understand you or who you are
how when im not

i miss at the times
between now and death
where you close

i sit read watch
cartoon girls with big dicks
fuck each other brain dead
silly
til we sleep

and my throat tastes
like drowning
today i stapled the curtains shut

the landlord hired water blasters

when they rumble

the windows

the walls push in

withoutting the room

its black

almost

but the light marks

the lightlessness

for what it is

it is beautiful

im scared

still

because beauty can

scare you

stapled it can still

you

go


ive been thinking a lot

about nothing

lately

and what it means

whether it counts

as sum one

or if someone could

the romans had none

it isnt the same to have

than to be left with

or with out left

be without

or with the absence of

outside of/ to be away
there's a joke Zizek tells about Hegel.

A man approaches a woman.

A barista asks for a coffee without milk.

She says, "We've no milk left, but I can get you one without cream.

It often falls flat.

* 

The dehumidifier made a beep a few minutes ago.

Then it stopped.

I must have thought it was quiet before.

It was quiet.
but there must have been a whirr that i wasn't paying attention to

the beep it says that says i'm full blip come rend me empty my guts spill them into the shower see if her hair doesn't flood it

when you think you are as alone

as you can something else can always

my eyes are broke water isn't blue its the colour of whatever its up against
im here/ empty
into the shower
rend my guts -/- nulla

i know the water in my head
is as black as the water in yours

im outside here
doing a grid search of every carpark
because lots of cars look like yours
but arent
the same missing clear bit on the edge of
from when i slammed it
shut closed it| is too whole
i carry my phone
    now                 like you asked
i havent had a single energy drink
    i saved your number
as
    you
    with the          zeros
and every time it blings
    the same        bling it would     if        it were
(    im getting good         i know when it isnt     )
    it isnt
i clear the silt and shit     from      the bottom
    u float   ... up                        like the last
    molecule
    of
    oxygen

i
know what im going to call this/ the black water in your head/ / nothing/ ive decided im going to name it/ for/ what it is/ without/ - you /who it belongs to/ for/ as black as the water in / the sprayers/ searching/ you/ lightless/ for a bling/ you/ or a blip/ for you/ stapled/ 4/ u rend me/ empty/ and me/ u/ outside of u without milk/ u/ and the scream of the box in the dark/ the dark/ the mostly dark/ 4u/ come save/ me/ u wait my guts/ and stay_____ pull/ u and the sound we all/ make *push but never notice/ u and your identical twin/ who looks nothing like / four you \ who is your car/ for you in the car parked/ in your car/ for u/ parked in your car in the car park alone at night/ 4u at night/ 4u i love///// am / alone with/ out/ u who i am in the absence off/ u whose color i am pushed against/ u whose hair is flooding my shower/ flooding -/- the lights/ u the romans feared/ and stapled/u and the water in my head/ flood /our head/ who is/ 4u/ isnt here not just - /u in the faces and limbs of every stranger/ n/ 4 who has stopped time / 4u which time isnt passing/ 4u/ i nulla/ fy/ sea/ clear/ miss see/[through] -/ up against/by any / more than/ humidify/anything 4\ u and the two-dollar v at pak n save/ me- and4u and this anxious cough i/ 4u and indecency/ st4pled/ 4u and the berocca i keep throwing and keep drinking/ 4u and i should clean every once | / 4u i turn the lamp down/ /4u and all the ash in my mouth/ 4u and scabs i pick out the other side for you like im searching
short

u aren't salient

wipe your dick

and leave
trip vi (saw)

in his room i thought i might be gay

but he was cool

hes going to date a girl i love one day

in the future when im with someone else its fine

but then for some reason when it happens its not

im asleep in my sleep in his room

a nightmare about having a nightmare

about the third saw movie

we watched them all in one go

theres this woman but im her now because its my dream

youre sort of you never really like anyone in your dream

not literally im her like shes this blur of us

there are these metal rings hooked

into her ribs she has to reach into this vat

of acid grab this key to unclasp them

the acid is cactus juice now

we reach our hand in and im not sure how many fingers

it hurts like white walls im not dying on
the blowers daughter is playing
we get
the key
    twist
the key in
the key thing
    where it needs
to
    twist
    for me not
to
but it happens backwards these rings
    chain start to pull my ribs
    away into the corners of the room
    this she watches from the
    light in a window of us as
all these bones snap and ex
    plode out my back    like spiders legs
    like angels wings
    like casmir
    but made of the blood
    im made of
ana (beach)

theres a lot of water in this ive been working hard
to marry myself to empty symbols

i thought id take anorexia for a walk

on the beach

and call him Ana like that one song

and her because

so

me and ana stare at the waves and sit knowing weve no longer the backbone

the salt makes skin clingfilm

boats lull in the waves like children

shouldnt criticize theyre afloat

ana looks with sunk cheeks

chrome diopside eyes

wonder how much theyd be willing to throw overboard
to stay above water

her voice sounds like heartburn and bubblegum mouthwash
i run my knuckles up and down
my ribs my heart pops against my breastplate like a timpani drum

she tells me

its beautiful music

my organs are lead
a matchstick anorexic

if we drag me across the rocks ill spark

ana holds my hand
her fingertips draw blood
candle wax weeps bodyfat white from the corner

of eyes

ana kisses me with lips thinner than a silver lining

we stand continue walking
our footsteps turn the sand to glass behind us
i tell her

i think i want to die

no you dont
corpses wind up bloated

and swollen

she moves to hug me jagged
cold
theres room for all the points and edges to jigsaw in

i rub the throbbing ache between my legs

theres nothing

i am disappeared

she asks

can you still swim

i nod

driftwood floats

the sky collapses rains acrid tears

they burn and expose bone

waves are frozen like insects in sap

i dive beneath the meniscus honey rippling through my concave chest

ana swims beside me into a trench arrives on the seabed first

its tile and bathtub caulk

she holds her arms out

for me

i tell her

my brother needs the shower
ana steps through the mirror
her toes bend the surface nothing breaks

i turn on the tap

she strips me til it all hangs
    im going to be late for school

shes laughs like i might have when i was young
bent over the towel rack
fingers down my throat
    fist all the way to the back walls

i convulse
it follows the roll of my spine
each dry wretch catching on my vertebrae

breakfast claws out
hits the sink in a brown puddle

i shrivel

tuck myself between her legs
ana leaves

but isn't gone

the door is forced open

i see my father move to catch me

before my skull splits on the porcelain
**trip vii (spa)**

there's a real fucked episode of thomas the tank engine where there's a train who becomes an upstart cos of his fresh paint his name is henry really hot outside cos of the steam and turn off mum and dad in the spa pool and the steam he doesn't want his paint to chip flake or whatever so he hides in a tunnel refuses to come out they take the tracks away the fat controller takes them away builds a brick wall in front so henry is stuck forever other trains keep going and move on on tracks thomas tells henry it serves him right and serves we will take away your rails and leave you here forever and ever and always then no one sees his paint then the tunnel is damp so it rusts like more and more til the whole thing fries away like scorch marks the shadow ghosts you can buy henry's tunnel as a lego playset for a kid or an adult who likes train idk

i got it four my bday

henry on a track but the tracks gone and the walls are all around i chip off and burn in the light and rust mould in the dark henry's fucked like were all fucked locomotive suicides because there's one moving faster into the coldest nothing good not fat controllers or thomas girls in the window anyone and he can't starve or shoot himself or hang himself because im a train can still see henry in the hip naked puddle background
to the tune of did you learn

a lesson henry or did you learn your lesson

yes

i learnt nothing
theatre practitioner jacques lecoq developed an approach to acting
that he referred to as the seven states of tension
they are as follows

i jellyfish/ catatonia
ii californian
iii economic
iv mr bean
v is there a bomb in in this room
vi yes there is/ opera
vii the end when lear holds cordelia in his arms/ petrification

all of this is to say demonstrate that sometimes things can be one thing and another at one and seven the actor is still trying to get that limp is not limp that limp can also be performed recognition an understanding that the power over us is absolute and that in the face of this power
begging is all we can do

other times its probably morphine

when shai stopped thrashing
she paused tense like lear
at seven
she was still but not limp
she had surrendered desperately
not to say i give up
but to be given over
to submit

her last words were the same as ours were
or will be
you dont have to speak that violin sound of howling
to hear them

im sorry i fought back i was really scared
i am yours completely
please dont kill me let me die
im sorry for whatever ill be better
i did it was an accident

136
bully iii (death)

one more joke doctor
doc**tor**

the pain is so great i cannot
cope

what causes it

well doctor it happens everytime
i do this

i know not the cause

i see the salve

plain as day

stop doing it

thank you doctor

that shall serve well

its more of a visual

gag i will admit

* 

god is in my head

mine eyes inside the walls of this world

deliver me from my body

it hurts i feel it hurts
shake and do not go

i am terrified

of warmth and peace

if we don't finish it all micro

and i am stretched from the chest across infinity

shoulders all zebra

crossing

i cannot bear it

as fat as this universe across

i cannot

stop

ethan have you reached an end
dcotor please tell us how long you are

how wide

was it like in that book we read together
during lunchtime detention

when hunger

was how they punished us

were we faced with our own image

did we look thin bro
trip viii [and/or] bully iv (sorry)

i think a lot about how i probably deserve it

a lot about the assembly hall looking at you
during that minute where we were meant to be looking elsewhere into ourselves the mind of god

i cant get my head around you and this wasnt meant to be about it

when you looked at me i was sure you must have hated

i wish it felt like a waste of time trying to make it

make sense or more of a waste than anything else

if it was then i could stop

there is a reason we were in that shed

smoking whatever we did

maybe hate was the reason

i could be wrong

maybe you forgot that time

it took me forever to remember but thats because im a fuck up

and push things like that down some place they cant catch me

maybe it wasnt you and im getting things mixed up again because i wasnt eating

and when you dont eat its real hard to hold things down

maybe it never happened and im making it all up

and if it did happen maybe im thinking of a dream i had
where it really happened

and you were dressed as someone else

i don't want anyone to think im stuck on you like im blaming one girl who gave me bad drugs

but some part of me feels like im in there

and maybe you have it

should go on a hunger strike

til i figure it live off coffee like they do in noir films

starve myself back into my dreams

where i have an answer

then i could tie it all around my neck and dive off the new kopu bridge

i am sorry

about your brother

truly

truly

sorry that might be the only part that is
an-odúne v (forget)

the last time i see you

you're leaving

we hug

i taste this lonely taste in your perfume

beg for a few more minutes

you have to go

you didn't bring money for food

i offer to cook something or pay

tell you how id always forget to eat when i was with u
please

theres no good life theresa good

i want to leave you

with some one

worth

hold me threw it

the slapstick cosmos

un cleans us all by the time

we clock out

the sharp hands

make lunch meat

i promise

theresa hope

build a forest of it

paint the tree

that was the atom bomb

the apple cloud

excise

us
i own a future

i own a limbic

email gravity's palms

and turn

to the person
to your left
tell them

that they are

solid

please

please

please

please my love

please

please whoever you are

bury me in your memory somewhere

smaller than

i

can fit