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WAIKATO
Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

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4u

A thesis
submitted in partial fulfilment
of the requirements for the degree

of

Master of Arts

in

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at

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by

LIAM HINTON



THE UNIVERSITY OF
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Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

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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 16th 2016 online in the Mayhem Literary Journal.

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 missing she smells of god

what its like to hang from a word

find grace spelt in split atoms

never kissed outside girls in navy

playing tricks on boys with high cheekbones

never had a door locked for me

or an island of feathers

i flinch you drag fingertips across

 hipbones theres a gap in your cafe blacks

you taste like coffee grounds

 youre tall my thighs no wider than your forearms

id used the word long before id seen one like a gun

shot wound we play

badminton with skin shed at sixteen

 i want to be your stillness i want rapture

to be rapturous want

let me lay the earth 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

ewigkeit (red)

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

g(ape)

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 my humours/ 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

casmir

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 til red pant ing 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 bloody
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 lamin ate d 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
always 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

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 terrified 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 seperate

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

an-odúne i (lay)

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

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

2/too/as in as well as

7:16 post meridiem

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 honestlessness

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

11:43 post meridiem

i have no right to miss

i is not me am i not about it i and this and me and my a central 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

2:22 anti meridiem

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

bully i (school)

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 didnt notice he went into the special ed class

same way i didnt 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 wouldve been year ten which means fourteen

him and his mates stole his dads 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 dads 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 wasnt 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 wasnt 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

theres a girl who doesnt have hers closed and shes 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

g(ore)

there is no way for

this to survive

un machined

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 oft
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

an-odúne ii (knees)

sometimes you hurt

real bad

in your womb your spine

theres 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

sometime behind the curtain a prophet starves herself
immortal

and sees god
float like seaweed eyeballed
in the suck of dark
she
tells tales two words at a 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

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

joke

wotz tha dummet 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 theres 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

clue

another
red
eye snatch of time
sing star years old fallout boy twothousand and something pins
needles you and brother
shirtless microphones real close
big dad with big arms round hairfrizz
a blanket yellow blue from blues
clues 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 re cess
cav 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

an-odúne iii (dress)

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 shouldnt 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 slurred 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 revolting 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 self 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

night

three thirty six i know theyre 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

theres glass

i keep my back to it

i dont 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 dont go outside

sunburn wasnt 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 didnt tell me

you didnt

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

i wouldnt 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	
down		
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		
wher 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

then glue me every word isnt 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

home

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-. &/Or even the rocks in time

[Verismo-Threnody] (tobeperformedinthekeyofeminor)

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 язык [Am]_{aye-}

myna

6
8

Adagio

we/lofte things/tork tym/tork
spays/push owrslyvs 2 narativs/embed-
d/fram-d/siklical st-own/2 snd/2 bare
botls/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/frm 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 slipstream/no sheltr
heer/hol0grafic/flashkrd/it all cums dwn on top/f/akoostic
blankets/flip-d out t-ow-l/covrd n ash/retrn 2 distans b-tween
stars/carbin/ovar-ease /a klash f bod-es/n nstances/predeter-

mind/coud/xsept lowndee/c0ntextuleyes-d by 0s nd
by/interferons/ther is nofin dificolt bowt luvn 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
rue-ins/frag-ment-or-e/upn tha sures/f ovr
genitalia/say-krid g-omittr-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 ovr/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

*lost the language to protest loss/ МЯГКИЙ, КАК СНЕГ

[Bm7]

Musette

be-myna-sev-n

II.

rayj-in agenst ob-zirv-a-bl infinitees/ i hav spent a loooooooooong 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/knw bettr/do nt bel-e-v n other people/luv duznt hav shit on
payn/deprehin 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/somedy nd no choys/do nt look bck/ack-a-
demick/on tht girl hu dyd/cos u/codnt find tha ryt wurdz 2 sy/

i e x c e p t u

↓↓↑↑↓/

/↓↓↑↑↓/

↓↓↑↑↓-↓↑↑↓-↓↑↑↓-↓↑↑

DDuD -

DDuD -

DDuD -

DuDDuDDu

*his head in the lute/ из дерева, вретница и печей

e-мына [Em]

III.

Glissando

**ISEULT // YSEULT // ESYLLT
// ISOLDE :**

/u r

nt/mata/u do

nt/menin/u

01010011 01101111 01101100 01101100 00100000 01101001 01100011 01101000 00100000 01110011
01100011 01101000 01101100 11111100 01110010 01100110 01100101 01101110 00001010 01110101
01101110 01101000 01100101 01110010 01110100 01100001 01110101 01100011 01101000 01100101
01101110 00001010 01010011 11111100 01110011 01110011 00100000 01101001 01101110 00100000
01000100 11111100 01100110 01110100 01100101 01101110 00001010 01101101 01101001 01100011
01101000 00100000 01110110 01100101 01110010 01101000 01100001 01110101 01100011 01101000
01100101 01101110 00001010 01001001 01101110 00100000 01100100 01100101 01101101 00100000
01110111 01101111 01100111 01100101 01101110 01100100 01100101 01101110 00100000 01010011
01100011 01101000 01110111 01100001 01101100 01101100 00001010 01101001 01101110 00100000
01100100 01100101 01101101 00100000 01110100 11110110 01101110 01100101 01101110 01100100
01100101 01101110 00100000 01010011 01100011 01101000 01100001 01101100 01101100 00001010
01101001 01101110 00100000 01100100 01100101 01110011 00100000 01010111 01100101 01101100
01110100 01100001 01110100 01100101 01101101 01110011 00001010 01110111 01100101 01101000
01100101 01101110 01100100 01100101 01101101 00100000 01000001 01101100 01101100 00001010
01100101 01110010 01110100 01110010 01101001 01101110 01101011 01100101 01101110 00001010
01110110 01100101 01110010 01110011 01101001 01101110 01101011 01100101 01101110 00001010
01110101 01101110 01100010 01100101 01110111 01110101 01110011 01110011 01110100 00001010
01101000 11110110 01100011 01101000 01110011 01110100 01100101 00100000 01001100 01110101
01110011 01110100 00001010

hav no soul/or

>god /ud hav

2 hav sum sort-

a sindr-o-m/2

b-leve n hev-

n/theer s onl-e

b-tween hr

legs/theer s

onl-e hr

brests/shes

onl-e dy-in/

(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.

Sbe'll only

fucking die

The curtains fall slowly)

My voice confirms my identity-

myvoiceconfirmsmyidentity-

mivoyskonfermsmiidentide-

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

rs

IV.

*  / Принцесса Маруша Станиловска Дагмар Наташа Илиана Романович

Accelerandro

/new-rons dough-pa-meen/mayk

up/pro-cliv-id-es/mayd up/u hd it ryt wen u hrt pepil/its wht thy wnt/tayk thm 2

tha b-ch/nd brn/its a traj-a-d/now/bt a joynt/a fuk/a bare/dwn tha lyn/itll b

funi/whch it s/cos u fink u gt sum-fin on tha ayps/uth-a thn pre-txt/bt thts u @ fvr

pich/naut bt pre-10-chun/thts u/ply-in nd/b-in playd on/stil hvn't re-l-izd/tha

ownl-e wy 2 beet/lyf/s 2 swich it ff t tha wall/

/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 trewth/or gt tha fuk/owt/f her/

Because millions of girls wear red

[anacr^usⁱs] / ,anə'kru:sis N//A.noRoman 2. one or more

unstressed notes before the first bar of a piece or passage. Degradante

there is a music to the way things fall a p a r T

this open note is the sound zero makes *is how we hear emptiness*

theres a lot i wish i had said to you as we lay beside one another outside of time

vibrations youd codify into song or sense make meaning out of the data find a pattern

its the first poem ive written in a while i mean none of it all of it

it doesnt 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

its 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 wil always b-long to u nd

it s m-i sinseer h-o-p tht if u evr r-e-d ths

tht howevr men-e yrs howevr men-e myls we m-a b frm

1 anothr/

tht it/ hertz/ u

0-| |: B E G 1 N

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 bedsheet

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

iii

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

iiii

when god answers my prayers

its with your voice

like a car door slam on an ankle

iiii

wander the sands

eyes sewn shut

with dog hair

elysium is full of children

hell has no room

iiiiii

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

iiiiiii

here at the zenith

i understand

iiiiiii

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

jack

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

joel

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

step

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 lulling about / shake coast / wonatey things submerge on stroke / quake
up scuttlering across / betweeneath / 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 cystem 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 / shuttering 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 taugt

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

██████████ (*fight*)

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 ██████████ 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

piss

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 werent meaning to

those rooms where you go peacefully are bullshit

eyes all wide before they close all slow

when you hold hands youre 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

this starved droid through the flax grass

viscous membrane catches

the golden thick voice of taste

i lick my dregs all nerved 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 cracked and emptier

dirt and shrapnel cling to my vacuum packed

coat 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

bully ii (pole)

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

sssssuuuuuuuuddddddeeeeeennnnlllllyyyy 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 complete ly

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 wasnt 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

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

viva

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

a 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

bold

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

U

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

*

theres a joke zizek tells

about hegel

a man because of course it is

approaches a woman

a barista

asks for a coffee without milk

she says

weve 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

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

short

u arent 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 blower's 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 isnt gone

the door is forced open

i see my father move to catch me

before my skull splits on the porcelain

dog ii (the dog performs itself in dying like a dog)

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

did i do

wrong

bully iii (death)

one more joke doctor

doctor

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

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 dont 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

youre leaving

we hug

i taste this lonely taste in

your perfume

beg for a few

more

minutes

you have to

go

you didnt 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

theres 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

theres 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 gravitys 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

