# L'Angleland

S. Reason

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For Ian Champion, who has earned the name in his support for this work.

I feel the planet is a prison and the law of gravity is imprisoning me. I'm trying to make my escape… I mean Joanna and I are trying to make our escape.

—Timothy Leary, remarks from the California Men's Colony (1970)

The English-speaking states and nations scattered about the world are no longer divergent. They are coming together again… They have a common future.

—H.G. Wells, "Transatlantic Misunderstandings" (1938)



Now the whole earth had one language and one speech. And on a plain, they built a tower. They said to one another,

> Come, let us make bricks and bake them thoroughly.

And the clay was cast in rigid cells, and stacked in staggered grid. And they said,

> Come, let us build ourselves a city, and a tower whose top is in the heavens; let us make a name for ourselves, lest we be scattered abroad over the face of the whole earth.

But God came down to see the tower, and said,

> Indeed the people are one and they all have one language, and this is what they begin to do; now nothing that they propose to do will be withheld from them. Come, let us go down and there confuse their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.



Romance builds reality
—Ray Bradbury

**0.**

Ort sends signals Thameside

**1.1 Kirkaldy's Testing & Experimental Works**

Ort submits himself to a masters' yoke • Ort busks for tourists • Ort gets self-conscious

**1.2 Vulliamy's Ferrous Volutes**

Ort goes out drinking • Ort feels he is in the future • Ort despairs

**1.3 Palmer's Lodge Swiss Cottage**

Ort gets testy • Ort commutes to work • Ort regrets his debts

**2.1 Interno**

Ort retreats inside himself for answers • Ort visits a museum

**2.2 Hyperion**

Ort enjoys time outdoors • Ort walks up a hill • Ort is rained on • Ort orders a coffee

**2.3 Meridian**

Ort goes touristing • Ort learns about time and space • Ort looks at old boats

**2.4 Qingfisker**

Ort visits his Master's neighborhood • Ort is rained on again • Ort despairs

**3.1 Carapace**

Ort takes a long walk

**3.2 Concrete**

Ort frolicks in concrete bunkers along the cliff edge • Ort realizes Hitler was real

**3.3 Interlude**

Ort's Master is seized by gods • They speak his worming glot in tongues • That Ort had only heard when young

**3.4 Concave**

Ort is puzzled by a strange artifact • Ort injures himself

**3.5 Heron**

Ort is visited by a magic bird

**4 Hythe**

Ort enters a theological dispute • Ort gets tired of walking

**Sky Coda**

**Mud Coda**

O

the helicopters
follow a sinuous curve
painting the Thames
in the sky

[8:28 PM] Million megawatt furnace
[8:29 PM] Burning beside the river
[8:29 PM] Along the banks the refuse of the burn
[8:29 PM] The polished broken things the current carries slowly
[8:29 PM] To the gentle sea its mother
[8:30 PM] Gentle is the sea,
[8:30 PM] Gentle is the mother.

[8:31 PM] Thames, you scatter light—
[8:31 PM] The straightest beam diffused.
[8:31 PM] A shimmering vagueness on your surface plays,
[8:31 PM] Goalless as a gas, and spilling, every way.

[8:31 PM] Gentle is the sea,
[8:32 PM] Gentle is the mother.

[8:32 PM] Hazy lazy river
[8:33 PM] Nothing hastens, nothing hurries here. Along
[8:33 PM] The banks the refuse of the burn the polished broken things

[8:34 PM] And have you been a-larking?

[8:35 PM] No not I
[8:35 PM] Not I, no tourist

[8:35 PM] Where, then, where?

[8:35 PM] I pose my hair with confidence
[8:35 PM] An easy don of domicile
[8:36 PM] Cocky on my dockchair on the riverwalk
[8:36 PM] Meander where the cast of concrete charters
[8:36 PM] Chartered & is charted in a contact artless

[8:36 PM] Oh!

[8:36 PM] And meet the cycling tourists with
[8:36 PM] A cool & calmcollected gaze,
[8:37 PM] For I have seen them come & go
[8:37 PM] Have seen them bustle to & fro.
[8:37 PM] Have heard each query's variation—
[8:37 PM] Busybodies, bureau agents,
[8:38 PM] Bankers, buskers, bigwigs, builders.
[8:38 PM] Businessmen and busboys hustling
[8:38 PM] To their waiting busing stations.

[8:39 PM] Oh!
[8:39 PM] Gentle is the sea,

[8:39 PM] Gentle is the lazy river
[8:40 PM] Clearing refuse, cooling metal,
[8:40 PM] Gentle is the mother.

[8:45 PM] After In the darkness? 45

[8:46 PM] Felt like lonely only scribe, at the end of worlds.

(Really, I think, we have too many scribes—
Is it stillso, in your time?)

## 1.1 Kirkaldy's Testing & Experimental Works

——Oh Pothos
————Attach thy self to flows
——Or else be buffed by
Countervailing currents

In my youth a subject to a stressing deformation:
Cracked, fatigue & kettleshrieking over simmer.

Hold———Fast———
The knucles cry———
They said they'd open up my brain—
They did, and probed it, with a queasy finger…

*Action*!
BREATHE; remember:
Find and feed the glowing ember—
Slowly!
Do not blow it out, but
Patient,
As a waiting ancient
In a windless weald

Wild! These interior lands—
These chartless hills of changes.
Slowly I will learn their slopes &
Slowly will I tame them.
So no more acrostics now, he said.

Spiderbloom of capillaries
Broke upon the cheeks,
Seated in a broken chair.

To be or not be interesting speech: That is the first requirement. That is the only requirement. Wriest smile. Never set out before noon; sometimes after dark, but only ever drinking. Where's that medicine now?

A Francophile, he'd lived beneath the sewergates:
Studying Symbolists; nicking pawnshop synths, a
Bassist for a fuzz-funk number.
Kind to me he was and made me speechless,
Kind he was in legion kindness…

And the one who loved *Pinocchio*.
Who kept a notebook, filled with charcoal sketches?
He was long-gone.
Hobbled off on bruising bones,
The toes cut from his boot-felt.

What are your three wishes? asked the Heron.
Cash, I said, and learn the craft, in pleasant company.

(For I was young & careless.)

And learn to just get on with it
The always moving flow,
The action dammed
By doubt and duty's censure.

(Young I was, I said, and much self-conscious.)

In service of which
I learned which public loos to use, and
Learned to pluck a bedless rum from metric fifths
The plastic tucked to jacket pockets.

(Ed: "The spirits are in the spirits."14)

Near the new Millennium,
Beside the stream that links & splits,
Outside a reconstructed Globe,
I scrawled the standard slogan.

"Pick a topic, pay what you want."
As others, seated by the beach at Sylvie's,
Or enshaded under arches washed & squared,
Had raised a standard.

Learned, for instance, money was a function
Of a customer's relation to
Abstract ideas of Culture which his
Social worth self-measured.

(In this way, budget cuts were our ally. So)

—Hiya —Howdy

Trying to say what I thought was true,
But who was I? A sheltered youth.
An unimportant import: part of the
Scenery, and imparting local flavor.
Weekend chanter. Weak enchanter.
A therapist quartered, and a songbird halved.
A Hallmark halfwit, and a relic past.

You ask yourself questions on the job. Questions like. What am I here for? Yesterday a young woman. Christian. Comes to us. Says she wants poems for her Muslim amante. Oh I say. We just can't be together she says. We love each other but we just can't. Can't why? Can't find common ground? ¿No compromiso? Just can't. Have to, have to.

Do I protest the foregone from my folding chair?
Do I suggest a slumbered sense of possible?
Or shake them from the druggy draught of rite?
I say,
Won't you love your caramel hybrid?
Don't you want your maker of peace?

And I mean. She really freaked out,
Searching for surgeons
While her barque-bridged isle
Was raided by paleskinned rats—
Ravishing, mad on muscaria,
Chopping off dicks with their two-bladed axe.

Yes, I said, that's very hard, I feel for you.
I'm sure we can work something out.

Pale princess, hymen-blend by swarthy prince.
What nothing I knew! What nothing I know.
And all my pride is pissmeal,
Peace in the wind.
A poor εἰρηνοποιός, & poiseless,
Prating, stockèd phrasal bank
Remain un present…
Learnt to pater law & lore.
Learnt to simplify the tricks
Whose land I couldn't stick.

Oh well. I should have been
An engineer. At least in tech the goals are clear.

Prompt she gives me,
Prompt she gives me London—me!
An expat & apprentice,
Asks for Portland stone from
Dorset, where they

Walk in mist of
Ancient Skies on
Ancient Stone.
To see the Ancient Stone arrayed
By men once young as you are young—
To see the Ancient Skies arranged
In clouds, which come
The afternoon, come
Raining down on London town:
What more is fair to Ask for?

Cloying sentimental rubbish clad
In calligraphic A's as blue as lapis
Shaped like scythes and blades.

O for the nurse (my words in envy),

Few things as unambiguous
As clean linen,
And few as universal as a body.

Pink & pickled alcoholic
Tissue pries the wrinkled issue

Whale tails hoist the skeleton Triassic
Of the trestled walk. Its slender deck & parapet
Curve inward like the ribs of some slumped
Serpentine thoracic slung upon two piers of
Concrete cast in Formline geometric as the
Tribes of modern Ketchikan conceived them:
Bleached to match the weathered white
Of Western whales slain; and when
The construct gives, in time, its way to terminating vista,
So organic form lies prostrate at the foot of symmetries Romano,
St. Paul's ported polis, stacked & polished
By Urizen united, from the unstuck oolith billions,
Formed by much the process as a kettle's furred—
And Wren's reluctant choice established norms,
As Turtle Bay's post-slaughterhouse
Assembly, with its styled internations and its
Windowless and concave tarp attests—

RETURN TO STATIONS
WATCH FOR FEEDBACK
NEVER FORECAST

Watchers on the margin offer consultation
With their eyes unbiased by an active-task participation.

Who will watch the hurting herds & who cocharter flow?
Pridefall nation plunged to isolation.
Mine was no better, of course.
Digitized self-checkout station.
Lovesick windbag, timelark,
Salvage of the surfaces, to ruinshore and
Sticks to smoothworn stone, the rub and—

MIND THE GAP PLEASE

She asks about the river

Thames & Rhine, conspiring with Time,
Turned land to isle,
(Careless, freely flowing)
Dug a channel which
To uninspired eyes persists.
Tho hairless apes built barques
And spanned the distant lands,
The riven reconnected.

Well.
We're doing this everywhere:
Webs, and wires, and
Something like sympathy.
Lord we ask the river—
When will we ever stop changing?
River, well, it merely murmurs:
Never, murmurs,
Never.

Stomach-coiled cringe! At
Precious paltry paper pretense
Polished plastic presence
Printed profit program
Provençal performance project.

*Battre en retraite*, and back
to battlements:
obscurity's security.

By night? Well,

"I retire—
Squander the bounty—
Rueing my wasteful nature."

## 1.2 Vulliamy's Ferrous Volutes

Trolley wheels, rumble on, the sanded cobbles,
Through the Roman tunnel down to lifts,
The Roman roads' long sunset into southern soils'
Clay: a seated longhair, wearing
Predistressed and doubleflaring pants, prespeckled
Paint of painters.

Clay just sports a single pirate's subtle hoop, and on his
Fingers coiled silver rings, occult and serpentine
And I consider how confusion twixt
The commerce-twined Caduceus and
A medical Asclepius had got us here, but
Never fear. This Universe is self-correcting,
Self-erecting, self-directing...

I remembered well
when I, myself, was cast from Kingdom—
Oh Mr. Perfect Attendance:
badge of honor, collar.
—It's unbelievable, the scourge they set on you.
—The scourge you set on yourself.

But I was always trying to change—
Like the London planes
Which shed their skins
To purge pollution.

Pound arrived from provinces;
The dust clouds circled wagon wheels.
The future sounds of Ezra's London:
Lectrified, and gaseous engines,
Diagramming rhythms of the hyperspace
The mountain in a tube
A core imperious and archived
Metal, metropolitan, galvanic shock of scale
Storing coin in calfskin, curios &
Time machines in reading rooms to
Dilate streets, the telegraph compression—

So am I, in cashless tap-dance,
Under a starry sky of cameras, in a digital
Denial. Drift through datasphere
And fugue internal tensions and
Ignore the contradictions of the real. Float
To slotmachining dreams—a proper Baudretard—
The plastic pescus moulded case of soy,
A fishstick simulation…

Nothing escapes from the box, and
Nothing grows here.

Reform, restore, retvrn, renew
Do not ignore but focus Jonah:
Here, the shoppers date their time Before & After Brexit.
Here the copters trace the Thames;
The watermen, for want of rowing boats,
Resort to tourist circuits.

Here, the Global Driver's lamps, their iron base, to
Ectothermic scaling standards…

Now intuit city square
The vested bankers buying beer
The alleyway diagon where

The blocks are bound by calcifying glue,
The slaking of the quicklime thirst;
The heated clay in kilns to clinker;
Sludgy slow-dry centuries of shock
Absorber—paste, restorèd! Paste, triumphant!

—Pull a barstool up & drink this
—Can't you see the way the scarf is

Iridescent plumage, shifting
Of some oiseau exotique
Of phantasy subsisting.

Much I have to learn of mythic speech,
The sprayed cologne to sail,
Gilded, gliding, purple words
An ear that hears the song of birds
And plucks them from a—

Pisa, leaning Pisa, smiling
Lovely Pisa. Kind to me she was:
Some there are, will help you in this life & bless 'em.

Others with aquiline nose
And Hapsberg chin positioned.
It was our last night, when I met the whole damn gang
Drowned in hulking hull of a bar, all full o' folk.
Nigel, with his pirate piercing; Princess Peruana holing; and
The lady pink. (We said, We've got no place, we're all full up;
We're sorry but you'll need another table.)

"Somewhere on the bird-pug spectrum."

Nasty thing to say I said,
Not chivalric is it.
You just don't say that kind of thing,
Whens womensfolks around,
And half the harm's exposure.

Or maybe just don't pass pain through a system, period. What are you, some kind of thicko? Is there a purpose to truth? Or does it just keep you in the mud? All of us are uglyfallen.

The Master likes his share of flattery, she said.
No need to get all priggish about it.

Persuasive silvertongue poet:
Orient thy eyes to peace

PARISIAN SEASON HELLSITE
Self Inflicted Purgatories.
Brutal Self Inquisitor.

I was a meliorist, mind you.
But things were getting out of hand
It seemed though these were dark times
Maybe all seem dark, to those who live them.
We were rich, and much unhappy.
What was needed, now, was neither nutriment,
Nor more assurance, but a bravery and brilliance.

"Witch doctors reigned supreme.
Science was helpless, in the face of prehistoric realities.
The ministry was still strong, the minister declared
We took a little cottage nestled in the dunes,
Chose beachy grass for final setting."

Along the piers each like a bridge
To nowhere, *Pont d'Avignon*,
The daughters of the Gilded Age
Get dolled up, balled up, tossed away.
Nostalgia was the new frontier.

"She pruned her parents from her life—
Her purse was bottomless, & careful stocked…

Pitiful pleasurebox protocol. Resist
Temptation to run. Solve internal
Squabble. All of politics is here,
Within a family quarrel.

Daddy's undersocialized is here,
And underloved, and unattended.

"Just ask Angela," she told the typist. "She'll be around if you need anything." Like the London plane she sheds her skin to purge all that pollution.

DO NOT IGNORE REALITY

They hid & disappeared in hives
Commuted in through sewers

[6:57 AM] Good morning, good morning to
[6:57 AM] The animated skull
[6:57 AM] The seashell glomeration
[6:57 AM] Tower-ruin redraft
[6:58 AM] The black-backs eat the other gulls
[6:58 AM] Ten guineas in a fist of gold.
[6:59 AM] Glory, to the nation glory.

Oilslick Thames, you sickly slither
Cranes' construction make a devil's constellation
Blinking bulbs his reddish beacon

We were present, all of us, at the fall of Hyperion. Passerby would ask our thoughts on the rise of metalmachinemusic. Half hierophant. Half elephant. Shake into SITUATIONAL AWARENESS. Literary Leary tune-up or at least a light ignite.

Ed just clacks away—"Living off Nespresso"—while the milk soured. While the old wounds cracked and split ascurvy. The bridge was a buckling, breaking serpent—symbol-slayed—and the fridge grew ever-warmer. The savvy sought the Arctic Rim, and all my friends ceased writing.

"Boozed a bit with Luke & Ed at Eliot's last night, perhaps you saw us. Three rolling tongues, Sorolla's drunkards. (Then brought the Wu-Tang weed from Brixton.) They say I've brought the curse—Diminished bites these days: A bit of rain, a chilling breeze, mayhaps the end of summer."

We talked about Grandaddy, how everything beautiful is far away.
We talked about how "Rocket Man" was a sailor's hymn.
We talked about how Major Tom is Tennyson's Ulysses,
Just a scientist, surviving all his social isolation
By means of lotus flowers.

Help, I said. I'm stuck in reality & I can't get out.
My cousin bought a bunker in the Black Hills,
A proper burrow-work.

(Shades' intrusion warded off by magic membrane
Spirit spores aspread like slimemold cross its surface.)

His movements were tracked by the authorities.
He spawned an army of imitators, who dressed liked him, walked like him. Talked and gawked and acted like him.

We drank that night at George's, with gunmetal moods of grey—the way that Jones imaged Perseus. There would be a war, she said. Shore up your passport. Diversify accounts. Trust only physical assets. May the wizard bestow us with an object of power, to tide us through this change & chance & circumstance. She says,

History is clear, and it isn't over.
It is happening now, in a neighboring nation:
Human, manmade, nature. Widowed women,
Children slaved, the pastor pressed to bark.
In protest, bleeds to death, is raped by broomstick.
Marocchinate.
This is your featherless biped.
Beneath its pretense. Beneath all politics,
Beneath performed politeness.
Better luck to change a spider's diet,
Than man desist his wicked webs,
Which are not wicked really.
Just self-centric: Outward,
From the urban webbing core;
The gaps between the silk grow wider,
Where the lines grow far from center.

Be in nothing so moderate as in love of man.

But when a kindly couple, older touristing from Maine
Request some lines on the goodness of Man
We rack our brains for softer sayings.

When the great beast
we cage breaks free,
Through the glass-domed atrium

We will know its strength.

## 1.3 Palmer's Lodge Swiss Cottage

In the hostel
        I have learned
                To be an artful dodger—

Turning off the senses,
        Tuning out the sensors.

Notice nothing! Surest guard
Against the grain:
Disconnect the feed,
The browser, lower the gain
And glow.

(Do not see it, do not say it,
        Do not even try to sort it.)

First Baronet, Lord Palmer,
Man'o'biscuits built this house,
But I am slow to catch the hang

Of tenbunck rooms
With Rothko walls
And carpets pollocked by
The sigurettes of Woops.

The sinks all lack synthetic taps.
The bathrooms shake with beer shits,
And the bunkbeds rattle.

Brahms & Liszt in early morning,
Listless bodies ceaseless churning.
Metal argues metal and it's
Me, madness, in the middle.
Endurance conquers, in the long duree.

"It's o'six-hundred, I haven't slept, and some nutter's tryna chat. You wanna have a chet, I said?"

Hostility reader.
Defensive postures, poverty enforced.

TAP KEY TO READER

Sexcess!
The frequencies match.
Key-tap twice to enter.

Tosset, turn, and try the
Interstice of schedules:
Meals taken late or early,
Showers past the morning flurry.

Skunk in the yard, by night, the disenchanter.
Some never realize the spell they're under.
(Here the landlocked Siggy, foreign import,
Caught the nightmaze on his Afghan rug...)

TAP KEY TO READER

Magnet murmurations:
Mornings find me, waking when the coffee's free:
Read *Ivanhoe* for hours, raiding, round the table
Writing, hiding in the past, then
Packing: pills, plus antiperspirant
A personal computer passing
Pressing into off-peak flows
To better miss career-imposed
Chronometry commuters.

## TAP KEY TO READER

Tube tunnel throb & thrum,
Thunder human hush & hum.
Blue is the color of the Polis.
Coiled copper lightens up the darkness.
Biometric blessing
Boltage veining validating
Kinked & cryptic circuits.

Then fly through isles,
Cheeky checkout at the self-sum scanner:
Proper pauper rations,
Takehome tater wedges,
Seasoned paprika and pepper
Sourcing from the paper freebin
Or a mile walked on sour feet for
Milky expirations, payments
Due on plastic passport promise.

Clouty today, & the sky is less than brilliant.

In the city's center,
Hidden workers lunch
In window lackey halls,
And push their plastic trays
Into a pillbox, while they scroll their bills,
Or interface with druid droid adroitly.

MIND THE GAP PLEASE

All anxieties are here.
In the low bandwidth channel
In the facial muscles masked.

## 2.1 Interno

But life was good I guess.
I was grateful, most the time, to live
Within abundant spacetime sector.

I tried to keep
Dispiriting voices
Out of my head.
I couldn't always help it.
Careful-keeping distance—
In the sea-fields—
In the shifting waves
Of particles and grass
Which ripple with
Submerged aggress
And nauseate—

And break.
Who speaks?
The Worm. Pale.
Blind, this tongue, this muscled, beat-cop tongue,
Which utters chastened speech which chastens,
Orders, grasping for its purpose.
Let its everhungry pit
Forever live in darkness.

Live in darkness.
Where? What sees?
I'tis these shifty eye,
Their bundled twitching
Balls of nerves which
Seize upon a situation.
Willing what they see, and seeing
What they will.

Fragile their interpretations—
Fragile their interpretations—
Founded in a smudge of dust—
On midges drifting in a sun—
A mudded sunken set of cards
Which flipped will float a different reading.
(Cryptic crabbed prescription breeding).

Here—enforcing order with,
These hands!
Which turn from asked donation
Grips himself, determination.

Twenty years of growing up
A crumbled mortar edifice,
This self—
This tangled self!
This branching merging knotting
Flowing steaming system of connection.
Who can map its subtlehidden
Currents of desire, or the many causes—

Survey course of memories,
We track like halfblind men,
In lime-karst underlands
Surveyed by torchlit barges.

"In the chartered stream,
Fire illumines the chartering scape."
And most the rooms are walled off
By the rubble of forgetting. Though
Tributary to the stream of conscious thought
Still trickles through, while
Shadows play their tricks upon a glassy eye.

And who could write a history
Of how the karst was carved,
Or how its form affected flow,
Which duly altered form?

I cannot, at last, account for all
Considerations, counting more or less…
(I try to count them, more or less,
And work for the most the day…)



And spend
my afternoons
within
the organ museum.

Looking through the organs, learning
Subtleties of ambiental landscape, hear
The unfamiliar winds of Leeks,
Which wash in tidal swell through
Coiling colon caves the fleshy fields swollen,
Circles peeling spiral megacell,
The padding of a gouted toe
    (He lived well for a time, red
    meat and wine, although)
And onward my attention blown—
Swerving through the tesselating
Stomach Ridge: stretching, webbed & sprawling
Teeming, billionwindowed, billionsensing
Shuttled through with living current,
Rising conic peaks of gullet...

Follow now, the Cliffs of Duodenum,
Cancer-ridden mesa, just as Ernst had seen it:
Checkerboarded city, zipper-
Shredded shell of exoskull &
All suspended, folded floating,
Alcoholic tissue bloating.

And there is a Godlike quiet in the glass,
Half-preserved and glowing...
Flesh ascendant.
Flesh ascendant.
Flesh ascendant.

Hush now.
Look:

These were his arterials.
See how they distributed.
Iron, blood, and nutrient
On to his limbs—
As they channel now to yours,
As they now are pinned to boards:
The red when dried is black.

And these? His molar millstones grinding
Nevermore at mouthgate.
These? Are snakeskin rubbers—
Were his bowels' tubes, to process food…

Ψ

And Iam seasick
on the bubbling gall
Of the boar-jaw
In the halls of the Hunterian—

Learning, of our Hunter as a boy,
An aspirant iatromantis—hoped
To know the clouds & grasses, learned
The textbook could & would be wrong,
In telegonous times like these,
On this, our gaseous planet…

How soon—with wonder in his eye—
The word of progress on his lips—
Began to pick away apart and
Carted corpses, cardiac quite elevated,
From their quiet degradation
Grim and grimy business (someone had to do it)
Haunted hollow hearse of horror.
Newborns, forcep'd out from mothers;
Needle draining excess liquor
Flesh ascendant. Flesh ascendant.

Here are the steel instruments,
The lancer and the pincers.
Bodies were built of locks & keys;
Poison mimic, counterfeit.

## 2.2 Hyperion

Hard to get to work today
The tubers gone on strike,
And freezing underground—
A curse, the elder masters say;
They say I've brought the curse. But

Lightfulness is lifefulness
And I am bourne too dour, late.
So walk the hills of Hampstead Heath
With me, friend—let us ramble, spoke
And tack against the whig, the merging
Motorcars, and pastblown ponder
On galvanic force, while windblown,
On our gaseous planet.

(On a still pool's surface, playing
Wordy vibes on windbags,
Throatedmanos magic.)

Or watch the black dog,
And the black coat of the old country.
Here the gaberdine, unworn by gabers;
Here the greyhounds bounding,
Swifter than the hard-pressed birds'
Oscilloscope meander, cross the killing fields—

And leave the garden present for the wild
Of the past, or leave the wilderness of
Now for sighted gardens aft…

Or start the slow-go summit, as the
Winds sing Change, in beckoning terror—
Grave descendant of the error.

Up on Parliament Hill,
Half the benches face for city centre
Trapezoidal glassy steel.
The other half lay silent,
Facing outward, toward the whitewalled, redroofed
Peripheries past.
Thames, you tidal river, flow
Both ways, and bring me back to source,
By way of destination.

Hello If You Are Reading This You've Been in a Coma For Twenty Years.

And the hills are Californian hills,
The golden grass. The malachite oaks.

We Are Trying A New Technique.

But for a bird a shrub a wood I would be there
The jewelled bug I crush below, with webbed and waffled
Rubber toe.

We Don't Know Where This Message Will Get Through to
Your Dream, But We Hope We Are Getting Through.

Roll a fag and flag the forest's cover
Robber robed in mossy oak the
Perks of sight-line shortened
Earbuds out—cocked cartilege…

Wake Up Please It's Time

The men are barefoot, canvas totes,
A woman passes in a jogger's bra and lycra,
Sweating off her guilt: the
Moans of effort move the male eyes to
Pray flank, prey flank
Say a frank prayer in a prickplace

Wake Up Please It's Time

Here, focus:
And the pedestrians, who date their time Before & After Brexit†

"De finch fly not when he notice me,
but when he notice me notice"

Greengravel road, and
Fallen tanninbuds
Smack dimpled mud
Such great heights: The
Acorns of the West so

Hustle now from black clouds banging
Bearing down along
The boulevards and sidestreets
Lime-green lindens, heavy pruned are
Under stressed duress &
Fuzzed with suckers, epicormic,
Clubhands where their limbs were cut
And buds below were buzzed,
Their tiny drying stumps.

LOOK & LEARN

Beneath these rubber soles,
The Yorkshire quarried blues
In sedimented sand cast
Continents and waves, worn in
The paving stones by rain.

I pass the house of Keats by night.
The source of light
The spot
Where it's Perceived & see
How they will suit & pin me in their
glass economy...

(Here are the scorch-marks
Here is the mask,
Made of molten metal from
A fallen rock-star cast.)

## OR STAY

And slip a fingertip long his
Lips which sang,
Or trace the lashes.
Time is always lashed and leashing.

For the Man comes first,
And the lyrics are second:
Wordless realms, unreached, unreckoned.

## WAIT A WHILE

Here is his Etruscan lamp.
Look to where its crown is cracked, &
Picture it intact, anew, &
Filled with ink an ashy blue…

Here are the trees whose leaves he heard.
Here are the breezes, here is the bird.

And stoop inside a small cafe, when stormclouds fill the sky with grey
To choose between
    a Tall Black and a Flat White.

Watch: A battleweary brat barista
Spears the slip to tick the task off, pause—
    Bloody busboy! In absentia!
    Bartleby of modern Britain.

A world is ending.
All which we hold holy must be
Ambercast, stored in arid undergrounds
And carved in hardest stone
For some far future: ready waiting…

Wake Up Please It's Time

## 2.3 Meridian

The daily wheel the dial the daily
Face: wander, wonder,
How do radials really work
So trip to jolly green vicus—
Groma-gridded home of Vikings.

Trip to the radiant epicenter
Of the Alien Incursion.
Trip to the brooding host,
To trace its vector through the scopes:
Rome to Gaul, Gall to Nordman, Norman
To the North & North to Global Sudman.

If curves belong to God,
The strait belongs to man,
So cross the country campus
Aunt Joanna in the earbuds—swear:

As'tronomers / Once got high,
So would I / So would I.

To get a vantage on
The vastness of the past…

First morningtide. Roman road so seeded gainst the rot:
And lying dormant dwelling. Settled dreams of
Poleonic meter, welling—done. (Though Celtic
Lynchets here are mainly square, and gritted
Marks line stoneage lair.)

Noontide brought the backstaff,
And the generals' mess
Of imprecision: mirrored measured angles
Held aloft at shoulder-height triangulating
Sun to back, the sun to black, the
Shadow cast by upper vane
Upon a latticed copper mass.

The great beast came at eventide,
Suspended and secured by gridlock cage
A trellis tether tied. As
Tronomers had blankly scried, now
Trumpet vines wrought iron cry—

The call of knockeruppers—

Wake Up Please It's Time

Matins & lauds, vespers & complin—
Precious gems bind gears for hardness.
Crystal lathe and distal planking,
Gimbels bank at sea ensuring
More or less a stable shoring…

And learn—
That clocktime—
Was a bodily practice,
Scribed in land assisting praxis,
Much as rutted roads guide horses.
Ruth Belville, e.g., carried GMT by
Hand—up & down this very hill,
To time subscribers.
Now the wires carry pulses
Synk their webwork body
To the Master piece.
(First the nodes partaking freely
Then by King's decreeing kneeling.)

Dead-reckoning the dead I learned:
A line's position
Was a function
Of observers' chairs; and learned
The whorld's center where
The measurer takes measure in his
Nervous lair. Thus Airy's private
Line became a soft convention prime the
Local locii raise a global standard.
This is the axis mundi modern:
Seated pole celestial
Of center's emanated order.

(Equators were a different matter—
Why they're proudly Africana.)

Halley showed the stars were shifting
Daily, yearly—not just them but us,
A known expansion of the knowing 'verse.

And after mapping, inquiries
To origins, and being, birth.
Now down to docks til daysend,
Where the lofty observations
Paid by wartime navigation made &
Goldsick exploration means of tracking
Meaning lining through a différance
And even-spacèd hatching acting refefrance
To plot on global ornate system.

Quadrant frame to minimize distortion.
Steady ground and steady pressures
Ever steady alloy make.
Upkept, wound-up
Steady the gears & hold relations:
In this way matter
Ordinates matter
Into an inflo, ever fleeding back
Back by steadies made and stacked.

(On solid ground a pendulum
Will steady swing. Not so in a
crescent sea.)

First-rate, second-rate, third-rate barque!
Captain's clocktime stress contagious
Gauging distance, spreading sabir jargon.
Laying charts on landscapes
Laying landscapes onto charts
In silver fir
Unscheduled tramp-trade:
Drake the privateer paid down the nation's debt;
Ol' Lizzy gave him suncrowns for an ornament.
Enormous Empire Elephantine.
Gyagar was a jewel in Vicky's crown:
A Cantonese inquisition could not defeat
Celestial kings nor capitols,
In yellow silken robes:
Tight-hulled and seal-planked
The gun-hatched floating castles thrice
Betowered, zephyr-powered, junked
In dry dock gowered…

Here
Is the gridded rigging
Of the Cutty Sark:
Telegraph wires, on crucifix mast.
Spanning spacetime, sticky webbing
Catching falling bodies:
In a tiered world
Of upper airs
And saltsoaked rotting timberstows
And groaning storage bowelstation.
Cellulosic squeak: the squeamish navalgaters…

Below—
At the foot of hill—
Where rain runs off to river,

Water washes over the step and suds
The marble margin's curling lip.

It's been doing this a century.
Crawling, coiling, muscling up the stair—
Sharp straight edges smoothworn, corners
Worn to curve & sanded back by past attempt.

Then spilling over the stone plateaus,
And pulling back—tho I'd dare not call it
Indolent. Prepare another break, another.

She the sea will be here when I leave,
But settling down, into a brooding brown
Intensity, as tide pulls out for leavening.

"Their hands are clean now,
Being empty,"
Said Davie of the Brits.

And all of these colossal wrecks:
Her Majesty's Stacks lie 20.000 leagues beneath
Atlantic algal encrustation—Brunel's Leviathan,
Howard's Herakles, Herschel's Forty.
Gillmore's Self-Swamped Angel screaming.

In the painting room,
All is quiet.
Marble black reflects an oiled heavens.
I too knew the cool damp air
Of subriverine tunnels.

The industrial waterfront
Would be reclaimed for tourists.

Goodbye Wharf. Goodbye Jetty. Goodnight.

## 2.4 Qingfisker

Nearby I spy my Master's hood:
A man like any other man, was
Born to house like any other house
Where thorned and flowered vines climb
Staggered brick and window trellis…

Here, nearby, the park he played—
A perfect square—
Pagoda in the centre where.

Here is the willow, behind the wall;
Here its branches——swaying
——with an alien awareness…

Here is the route he took
With Jim, Mark, and Oliver Brainer;
Cranes and complex; berryhedges long
The long canal and down, down,
To the green room, to meet the green man,
Where millennia were spent, wanely,
Milling corns, or
So the Domesday tells it.

*First they farmed for famine; then*
*Ground powder for the war*

As I am strafed by rolling thunder's
Bible bursts, in aches & pains &

Take to current-weeping curtains,
Which gift scant protection from the rain.

A fizz of television static settles
On the surface
Of the water's tidal daughter.

## MIND THE GAP PLEASE

Back to banks to barter book;
By noontime now he's turned on me in think
All pride full-fallen upon
My pride. The rivertide returneth, runneth,
Overturneth. Banished from the
Riverrock, the green green globe,
In "Time to come of age, now" tone.

Not like this, I said,
Watching the pride of Witchita
Learning lessons in the Beast Games like—

Give up a mil for the crowd—
The shrieking crowd—
Its circular embrace, which claims you,
Washes you anew
With bonds of blood.

Tomorrow they will turn on you like wolves;
Trust not their words in wars for water, turf,

Or punting clients—

*fold up folding table*
*fold your skinny fists and*
*foldaway again*
*your friends they cannot play today*
*come back again &*
*fold your hand some better day*

But there will be no chances:
Nevermore, the door unhinged &
Frowning at the angle.
Which once had opened on a grate
And ruined hall,
In which I'd placed all faith.
Its gabled walls—
Stand plinthless, empty now, &
Open to the sky & woundering
Why all this befallen me?
Not like this, befallen.

No, not this, not now—no nothing can be gleaned here where—the fields raked at random—scrambled eggs for sausage essage—breakfast—no, that wasn't what—I meant to say at all—the course suggests itself of course—predictive tablet opossum—pablum made per musicmeter—choice suggesting choice—I fought to find the right ones in the rhythm's current—steered much as steering. "So a language speaks itself." (The muscled Worm it feeds itself.) Chartering, so charted.

That is the wrong djinni, I say.
Back in the bottle.
It mostly refuses.
It litters its refuse, most of the time.

## MIND THE GAP PLEASE

Too focused—
All around—atmospheric insulation
Independence
Freedom from these flows decoupled
Ordinance. Inquisitor. The

Tortured repetition
Accusation levelled
Out & turned
To bevel shevel
Selfhood story.

(Jingoistic jangle glory.)

Decline all offers of weregild.
Trade greyground for a grassy place I
Gain: The walkabout, a Coast of Kent its
Gories of the once-grand lodgings'
Green-striped awnings flapping yawning
Glassy sunroom diners dawning.

To pass a conscious shard through light;
To speak with old stones,
Carve a stone, my own, that speaks
Across a thousand years, Lucretius—
Looking up on all God's creatures.

## 3.1 Carapace

*fineline for maximum precision,*
*crimp crabscrawl for speed—*

HOWTH HEAD HEATH CLIFF HANG OVER

Crestfallen, at the edge of the reef—
Fingers on the ledge and
Death above us,
Death below us,
Over the VOID, where there is—
Water, but no rock. Shingle red
Of rooftop slipping.
Luke looks downward demon-dwelling…

VERTIGO

One Hour Earlier:

Gressing through the wild hedges
Of the invisible college, and the
Strong-smelling *Hedera*, helix, spiral, grasping—
King's choice, swarmed with drones
Of honeybee and butterfly
And smelling of young Sundays' batter.

Whispering sweet songs of the collective, well—
Often a poet will pause below trees—
But not he—And not me, three—
We carry along, along the edge
Littoral-led—the man's road to our right
The waves and whale's, left.

*Between the highway and the channel,*
*Sunrays stunning haygrazed cattle.*

And the burbs below all swirl like circuits

Version's town's like this, I'm certain

And Iam
Nauseous as the time tides sweep us
Into doubled vision with its similetic
Speech, which makes all nature rhyme, I'm
Nauseous as the time tides take us
Apparition drifting out we're drifting out
To where the seawinds let no landtree grow
The wuthered headlands like
The baleen of a whale gaping…

And I have left the belly of
This young and softchalk country set
Below its hardrock northern brother:
Built on older slates and greater-pressured planets—
Here, where shells were ground to paste & dust:
Well-decadent we were, the dust
Compounding into solid land,
To liveable rock,
That grass can sink its roots in—
Perfume air, and cling
A thousand years,
Before the waves' erosion.

We were planetai, along the beds of plankton;
We were isolarii; me a would-be Whitman walking
(Long the banks the refuse of the burn)
Upon the margin of the British body
(These are its arterials—see how they distributed)
Ever-deepening, widening groove
(The course suggests itself of course)
Between the belfry and the white-winged bay, the
Ancient A2! First compressed by keratin's
Caloric browsing, feral footpath turned to fated
Celtic trackway; riven into Roman roads, with
Chorobates, to level channels: Trenched,
And drainage ditches dug, and statumen for footing.

Legion-built & legion-surveyed
Limestone, flintstone, sandstone moving
Smaller gravels set, upon the rough-hewn rubble
Linked with lime for mortar til the summa crusting

Tracking, plumb-line angled, running
On til London Bridge was falling;
Watling winding; parabolic; spanning streams
And cloven cliffs, on north til Greenwich calling....

We are now approaching
The bustling interface
Of France across the washing hour

Slimbridged now, and spann'd by tube,
And all around us blue, the whitecut wakes
Of curling vectors, curving outward waves,
Of splitting substance, blank exhaustion,
Trailing condensation of the
North Atlantic Turbine roaring
Muted out by backdrops' vast and
Saxe seclusion.

What whiteness can I add to whiteness?
Up dread slope of chalky bourn to summit striding—
Running up the hill, the heap, the road my face turned
Toward the past my back turned from the future. Father.
Windswept and I'm windblown, blowing back, I'm

Blowing back in time, my hair a coiling curling Klee
to King Lear's ledge I'm

Wingspread—
Musing on my father's wreck,
My face an angled muse of Wyndham—
Launched into that dreamy hue
Of glazen blue & Frisco faience.

*While in the clifftops' matted grass,*
*Other burning vectors pass.*

Me Master's an old man, of an olde world.
He's watched his hopeful tower crumble—
But I am Newman, nourished, bursting & I say:

OUT!

Cliff, another J.C., likewise lost in crossing

But Iam busy, free & legging through the field feeling
Young, immortal—real, regal, running,
Bounding thru the tall grass—crabbing
Into crosswind,
And our ponchos are parasails,
Clamoring, calling us over the cliffs—
The calc within my bounded bones resounding—
Sings for Mother Chalk, that gentle mother
Sounding, yearning years to plummet, smash
Dissolve, and join the growing caulk to summit.

"Not so fond of heights meself"

The best bits lie behind the wire.
Views for the valiant; ruined parapets.
Risk the barbs for a view of the beaches. Join me
Over the fence  The lying fence
That makes us fearful  Signs are mere defence against
A civil suit and  Wordy weapons.

Oblique O'Bleak—
  Are you listening to me?
    I am listening to you.

This Earthwomb scorns the rising air,
But Nature loves its courage.
Hurl thyself unto Abyss
And find the bottom feathers…

We were two lumpen lummox longing long the
Hillside's humpback hummocks,
Two impious pagan pillocks plastered
In the tousled tussocks:

Alf Garnett—and a seaside manager;
Crest of beach and crash of mangers.
On this terminus of Edgeland—Inchland—
This is England. Downed and drowning

Doggerland before me; Dawnland
Rolls and sweeps behind me while
The seaheights rise with glaciermelt,
South-separation tidal-dealt.

Blame bilaterians' sense of direction

Bacterial mats becoming bipropellant boosters

Can't seed stars witout mud mate

And overhead a biplane flies
in shimmering light
Its spruce and tautened cloth pursued
By stressed-skin alloy.

Time chases time. And I
In revelry—headcocked, foolish
Following Ariel apparitions;
Spirit spitting fire—receive
A country baptism. Peel me
Boot-heel caught in buffalo chip.

O Spaceship isle.
Here is the entrance
To the wormhole
Which connects to the Côte d'Albâtre:
Umbilical continent
Shoreline towers
Sidereal linked

So science like
A sickness spread,
he said.
I thought it over.

25. We are a humble letter, a single syllable, one word out of a gigantic Odyssey. We are immersed in an enormous song and we shine like humble pebbles as long as they remain immersed in the sea.

26. What is our duty? To raise our heads from the text a moment, as long as our lungs can bear it, and to breathe in the transoceanic song.

## 3.2 Concrete

[Ort gazes down at what he does not know is Samphire Hoe: Five billion litres of chalk, from the excavation of the Channel Tunnel, were used as landfill to create the recreational site. Samphire is a halophytic succulent herb picked in springtime, preserved in brine, and eaten as salad.]

Tune in—to the sacred transmissions
Of the alien ancestors…

Prepare phantastic reception—
The memories of our betters…

Where they fought at the foot
of the fort dissolving so
to fortify The fading faces

And the wind died down
And the silence spoke
Of skin & skein &
Stacking stones.
Of mud & bark & bricks & bones
Of metal-riven braces;
Bunkers chinked in cliffs;
Of chitinous isle, changing.
Spoke of sheets and plates and planes and
Shifting currents…

Shells & powder,
Cannons hatched—this battleship that's Britain.
Armored dragon, in the endless blue is Britain.
Greenest garden grown in bluest ground is Britain.

GERM RIND HUSK SHELL

CLAD CALCIUM COVERED INTEGUMENT

CHITINOUS CUTICLE CARAPACE

CANNONS ENDING CASTLES' ERA

Britain's a free-bird,
in the cleansing winds.

(A free-verse in the wend, American
vice & voice & void & versa.)

"With three days' wind I'll one-up William,"
Bonaparte declared—and
Hearing this, we understand
Why stones were hewed & hefted,
Ditches dug, for irritation.
(Moats are walls of water, much as
Ponds are islands.)

Wrapt attention—wary nation.
Coupla kinks for enfilade;
The parapets of earth protect the blasters;
Roads for ready resupply behind them—
Rennie laid the plans & then retired—took to
Chasm-spanning
doing craned hearts proud.

But who can grudge a filter fish its filter?
Judge cetacean selfish pilfer?
Scrimshaw
Leviathan
of Albion.

Same tin, new label.
We keep kickin em back.
They keep sending em over.
Unholy trifectum!
Of Boho Corp & Little Corp
& Brussels.

*Mainland Mother Maker.*

Seaworn flint. Ossify fossil of
Once-soft sponge, rebuffing.
Fortress built by man and nature.
Kings collude with tidal currents
Contra cont. armata danger.

Old Ironside, bluff blunt & abrasive,
1st Baron, weighing 17 stone, was
Recalled from Gibraltar in exile,
Staging ground for the aged,
Passing from barren pillars & timekept city,
Into that untravell'd world thru the arches of experience,
Jurassic-formed from mortaring lime.

The plan was to construct a coastal crust:
Pillboxes piled in manure. Straw for concealment.
Painters and zoologists, associates of Ernst & Miró
Labored over set dressing: Sweetshops,
Parked Romani van, and ornamental follies.
Even Saxon Pevensey, slighted in First
Barons War was gifted blockhouse, sighted to command
Its killing ground, denying bridge behind it,

Conspicuous leadership
in the indigo dye
in the cochineal
in the gold-trim suit.

Battle-bitten, battered, bitter-
breastplate never beaten.
"Britons will never be Slavs—
Not along the Saxon Shore.

SUNBLOC REUP
REFLECTIVE EPIDERMIS TO
REPEL INCOMING RAYS

Those damn Ignatios.
Tried to make our Horn to Straße.

It's all Latin!
Knorman nights igniting London.

And we are in the thick of it now—
And not the package-promised rave-flier
laserstrafe after-sauna—
But embowered in coiling tendrils:
coil
*0.65&
—
tend
us

Acid makes us mathematicians,
But the math is always different.

And the scarring face of France the hulls
Of swift-approaching hulking fleets—
Jutting out and straining forward,
Death by way of water.

Albion!
Fields fans & flares &
Flaps and flagging,
Built upon the cocolith—
Beneath our feet, the honeycomb cliffs
Of armies ignorant
But far from evil, never evil,
And the tunnels stuffed like dolma
With munitions.

And the perimeter recedes a ruler's length per annum.
Peregrines perch & dive, plume-plummet down the face
To pick their pick of wakes
And larks and pipits.
Space. Swoop—
& sweep up.

O Celadon drake.
Celtic isle pagan.
Above us and below the black
Of soil, space: both still, insensible & constant.

But here the heathgrass gropes & grasps for life,
With clutching animation gasping
Witch's hand & windbent
Protest rasping.

And we are passing
Through the bristled brush
That clings & sings & flings our blood.

The Bleak Era: Pains
Oblique & altern fields
The knife cuts slow & angled
In the mediate confusion.

But there is an arcane, crucial knowledge.
A third way out; a third dimension.

Just take, I said, the tech you use to blast away
And put it to the blast-off:

Pétra Plaza. Natl Mall. The World's Fair.
The Shard. The new Millennium.
The finial and cupola
Of St. Paul's or the polar regions.

The dome is atmosphere.
The obelisk is aspiration.
Linked they form a launching pad
For stellar visitation.

Then my Master spoke for every
Dung-loving fungus-
sprung-up magic
Man among us—

"Well-heady stuff," he said.
Enough to make you dizzy, while the air runs out,
And star-eyed fall to earth.

You don't have to do nuthin, he says,
Staring at the spindle
Of a broadly casted steel

Idolatrous enterprise.
Struck down soon enough.
You want you want;
A ladder to the moon.

The century's roar is a desert.
It carries too much away.

Then felt I like some Exile, 20 years—
20 years, upon adulthood's isle marooned
And hearing my native tongue,
And the speech of monkeys,
Unspeakable in verse.

Set off from this rock if ye like, me son.
Cross endless blue to dreamed-of green.
For the rhetoric of Erik the Red ye run.

The wind stole words; we worked
The footstep-blasted path
Our shoe-shelled nomads
Land the northland sands of
Normandy the scar lych welt
The weigh, the ceaseless waking
Yawning yapping yawping.

Pshaw! I say, to rock which has no water.
Watch this bladder walk for days;.
This modest frame sustains
A week's combustion—fat,
And felt, and fuel reserve. This
Stomach has no need for luncheon.
Come! And choose a sucking stone
To slip within your pouch of cheek
And dance beneath the sun with me
And know the meaning of abundance.

## 3.3 The Monkey Script

what is it i said. whats it do. how am i supposed to know he said im just a stupid idjit. but you cant get off the ground he said theres no use trying. yes i said i can and i will i said and i run up the wall again. well pretty soon id landed on my bum but you cant say i didnt try it.

youre pretty smart for an idjit but you dunno nuffin about stupid smarts he says. you dont have to do nuffin you can just sit around outlast em. this show cath's got me on, they airdrop you on some distant island. past seasons got won by whoever poaches the biggest beast. real dragonslayer stuff, wrestle a giant python or stab a water buffalo in the throat, that'll keep you going, yeh. but the last season he weren't a hero at all, he just twigged it was an equation, calories in calories out. he didn't even start a fire cause it was too much of a ballache, just stood there. thats stupid smart, yeh. not very good television though. i wanna see someone wrestle a fucking bobcat it broke the game.

you see what im sayin gus. yeh i said i see it, you win by sticking around its pretty simple. thats right, you dont need to do nuthin you just outlast em. none of this about stabbing some wildebeast in the throat youll tire yourself out. makes for shit telly tho sure it does.

well city people think theyre so clever with their chalk walls and their chalk towers crumbling all around them, saying how the cow people are a doomed race, they been sayin that for ages now innit, and mud chaps are still around aint they. just sit in the muck with the cows that's the way.

do you wonder sometimes. wot he said. if theyre going to win i said. if theyll really do it this time, get off the ground. we been tellin em a thousand years theres nowhere to go, but what if they get somewhere?

do you write things down, i said, no he said. when youre out? no, no. you just hang on to it? yeh. all day? yeh. hope it comes back to you? yeh its called memory innit. nice magic trick that. dont always work tho do it. remember yourself standing there, being well impressed with yourself. this is why they'll call me a clever boy, hueh heh.

do you know who jarvis cocker is he asked. arabicus pulp fella? he's a bit like edmund. oh i said, he's a real person. yeh he's real, got famous much to his astonishment. not an athletic man. feckin beanpole actually. but he was tryna impress this bird once—a bird is a woman i said—yeh course. and he got this mad idea one night huahuenhaha gahakrrrk he got this idea he'd climb out of her flat, through one window, and come back in the other, absolutely mad idea, like he'd swing from one ledge like a monkey or somefink. just a massive overestimation of hisself krrrhuackaha.

so he's hanging from the edge by his fingers—can't look down—can't pull himself up—don't have the upper body strength—so he reckons he'll do a controlled drop he will, right into the royal hallamshire. and like. he knows hes in trouble cuz he has time to notice hes still falling, you know what i mean. he has time to think about it. whole lifetime to think about it i said. many hungover mornings to think about that one. whats the point i said. well, jarvis was trying to climb up his whole life, get out of town, leave his mates behind. pull some big party trick to impress them. but he couldnt well do it if he left them behind.

well what im wondering is if cocker knew his math a bit better. if he could map his parabolas you know, on a gridlike, maybe he couldve made a safer launching off. and not been wrecked before the return journey.

whats that he says all of a sudden. looks like a poem i reckon. oh no. never a good sign. shall i read it out i said. yeh sure he said lets hear it. the sea is fishy milk—rubbish he said. i cant pronounce this i said, booley, boola buhlaze? bwillybase? shit, rubbish he said. chalk she says we know they got chalk here. idjit. cant stand this kind of shit. telling you what to think. globalist pap. some bbc-approved metaphysic schoolchild sheeit. nah, ain't nuffin new across that void. no way jose. put a new label on it still dont like it. new tin kick it back. worlds not flat fuck it i like it how it is.

i wont be a vector for europe, he says not happening. whatever they want to stick inside me he says not happening. i remember my friend he was a total idjit couldnt this is his own perceptions, but he points to me bcg and he says, "they put a microchip in us they did." that sort of thinking its hard to get out once its in you. like a microchip i said.

you like that tower gus? yeh i said. bet it looks right sick at night. thats how chinas winning he says. all dem fairy lights. you think, yeh, thats some fuckin manga shit huehueh thats the fuckin future. but it just looks coolahuahawr. henh henh henh. fucking shit when you go over there but it looks proper wicked right when theyre drawing it aheh. just more cows more manure, they draw it to make it look coolahahaha eheh akakaka eh huehuehuee. hoohooohoaou.

whitman, i tell him, the american poet, he says in the future, everything'll be built up and connected, it's inevitable, the universe is like a flower coming into bloom, assembling itself. well he says, haff you read the lawrence take on whitman, you gotta, wueh, ill give it to you yehehyeh. awuoh awhuehueh. "i dont wanna be swallowed! i dont wanna be in the digestive juices! i like being me!" whitman's in like a fookin horrible place, its well polluted and fuckin vermin, you cant even breathe the air. hes just drawin it prettier. its the same coal dust streets as england. its not better in america.

i heard, i said, that drawings can become real. he just has a big laugh, hueahahaawaka he says youre such a literalist. how the drawings gonna become real bruv? its all more mud thats whats in the good book. pretty good wisdom i reckon. some stupid idjits tried to build a big tower escape the mud. god dont like that. quit your babbling he says, knock it off, well they wont so he knocks it over. that wake book is just blasphemy i reckon. its a tower trying to speak all the languages. that isnt it at all he says. its a book of mud.

well here is what i reckon i said. even if musk's a total idjit and fails. allowing. you run around too much you lose all your puff but maybe you learn somefink by trial and error. all dem space things we found out. takes a lot of idjits falling off the chalk cliffs though dont it. for millenia. but the chalk builds up i said. thats why we got cliffs innit.

and what do you reckon theyll find when they get there? he says. is mister musk gambling he can change dimension i suppose? migrate to a new server? that if he forces gods hand he can move into a different reality? i dunno i said. alright, well, lets say youve knocked on the door. now what? i dunno i said. i tell you its just the same shite, youre just gonna see more mud mate. you think youre so smart but what are you? a pig fucked a chimp and you came out and youre proud cuz the way you say your words is a little cleverer than the way the other pigchimps says em? is that it?

well, i says, i just think muds well unhygenic and it smells terrible thank you id rather not sit in it. he says, its right comfortable innit. you get used to a smell any smell pretty soon woncha.

i remember he says, one time i took them psychedelics at work i did, and i was like, woo, i gotta pack it in and get out of here. and i went to the monument i did. right up the spiral staircase. and it felt like. it felt like everyfink you put inside yourself that you think is above you, the big ultimate know. you keep climbing keep expecting somefink and its just more of the same, round and round. whatever youre looking for you already have. i mean, ive climbed it, ive made that gambit, and it was a mad thing to do, tryna climb some claustrophobic hellish neverending spiral of torment.

or, i know. did you ever see the truman show? he says. everyones tuned in watching to find out what happens when he leaves the big dome, but then the camera cuts, we never find out whats behind the wall. theres nothin there i reckon. just you in another room, fuckin shit, wankin. theyll be makin that same moofie for millenia, people tryna leave the rock and its just more rock.

i reckon drawings become real, thats my position. i reckon things do change, thats my position and im sticking by it. i think this musk man is a big storyteller. just a chap like us who went and told a big story, the biggest story maybe. a storyll get you off the ground, perfume the air and get you high. maybe you come down but maybe you get somewhere maybe you've learned what it's like up there maybe you have somewhere to try toward. alright he says, so what are you drawing then?

i dunno i said. it draws itself i reckon. it's inevitable or somefink it uses us to bring itself into being. wotcha finking he says. well i said, maybe its better in the cow patties. or i dunno what well find but maybe theres a way out. maybe we can get off this mad rock of an island. thats what the rocket stories are all about, and the rocket stories made musk, and now he's making em back in turn. they made me too theyre a part of me i cant shake em. and i think conserving energy's the strategy of pygmies. do you want to shrink? do you want to be a pygmy hobbit? i want to be big & tall & strong. there is plenty of energy for the taking

it's not a man is it, it's a force, he says all quiet sudden. a force that can do very remarkable things. things that, at the moment, no other force on earth that can achieve. a spiral stair is assembling. and we won't know where it's going til we've got there i reckon. or whether its for good or for ill. i reckon the latter but well just have to see.

## 3.4 Concave

We thread the fractal coast until we reach

The sound mirror.

Where pride cometh,
And pride falls.

And tries to run up concave walls.

Conchoidal sheen of vertical clinker
Slab of silver slag, a melted ingrained ingot magic
Ingulf glyphed with golden tags and lichen hybrid.

The psilosphinx stands silent & unbothered
While we grope our way around the ruins of
Its mudded middle, thrown
On evolution's messy mesa—
What & why a history a mystery:
I scrutinze its focal point for
Answers, parabolic dish, which
Perches in the samphire.

Mycelial mineral macros
Spread in microlunar craters
Laced across this scaled ear
Of mine limey lindworm.

Racial antennae

Whispering galley.
Gathers Europe's gossip nearly

Do not withold
Or thought cannot occur

And make
A mad dash up the arc
To make
Norwegian fathers proud
With all the earnestness
Of an American in thrall
Of the half-timbered, sauerkraut counties.

Met a coupla Scandees once,
Working the river.
Sincere lot.
Like rare sprites in the forest.
Up at dawn all dress in bikes & lyrca.

[There one sweating cycles past.]

"He works hard all his life. Carries out the boss commands. Becomes a boss himself but misses engineering. Says it's for the kids and missus. And in his spare hours, which are few, he photographs corroded rusted metal. He is fascinated by the surface of things. He captures their textures in a high and abstract resolution… Pollocked ash of cigarette, and chemical—

And my shoe slips—
And my skin splits—
But it's only skin—

You asked for it!

I asked for it.
Confidence breeds carelessness.
Americans being mutts make up their stories..
And scrutinize the monolith,
Seeking for indexical anomaly
which points
to other worlds...

Ain't no otha world bruv

But long I stood there, Wittness—
Long there in my father's land—
Facing my old fathers' foe—
That feud is cooled between us.

And thought instead of distant voids domestic
Of my domicile, California
County I call home, its vast
Pacific chasm.

And all the wakes we leave & break—
That break us—breathe in—all around us—
Others' exhalations swim in
Others' mixed vibrations.

*Skin, the Western*
*Sunset skin predestined!*

Where the Hive sits
on a peninsula
In the husk of a Victorian manor

Considering Cathay at a distance;
Studying swarms; testing cryptic currencies;
running rhizomat collectives.
And the genderless, cyborg autists are tolerated
By the young lieutenants
For their lateral thinking.
By their naval college overseers
In a brick building of British imitation,
Crossing wiremesh
And unihemispheric sleep.

(And the border agents killed? The terrorist poets?
Splintercell of a splintercell.
Crack an egg to make an omelette.)

You have to cross the Pacific somehow.
Just say no to the jab,
& Blast! them off, umbilical severed.

TORTURER CLASS XENOPHOBE
BRILLIANT MAD MIXED BISCUITS

Disgust—versus the all-hungry stomach.
Pick around the plate. Does Biscuits live off Biscuits?

Autist allergy. Macaroni.

Here—let a bit inside of you
Take a bite & say "No thank you."

Man identity's battlements!
Men, maintain distinction!

Shd the tung be written clean & pure, unmixt, unmangled?
And still feeling, through the Fall,
A twice-bruised buttock.

Libertarian Seaworld,
Carry your atmosphere with you,
Under double-pained glass.

Tekne brings the sundered tribes
Of Europe back together.

"There can only be one."
O McCloud
O Hatfield—
Gentlemen
of most ungentle manners.

Take manned flight from this place,
And find a better rockaway, from Highland rule!

*Or Stay.*
*Hold fast, &*
*Say your Peace*
*Be heard*
*Forget the Past & Find*

Endurance conquers
In the longue durée

(Window swimmers, in the rain)

As Pilâtre, transaquatic,
Hoped to win his nation's glory
Or as Orteig, trans-Atlantic
Hope to foster Man's relations

Johnson's flying fool an Artist
Flapping wings he falls from gardens

Or to lend an Overview, as Earthrise gave us
God's eye, bird's eye, alien vista:
Where there all no walls, and all is silent.

French folly, flight; a fad, a fashion.
Your Mr. Franklin, posted in Paris, wrote us:
A thousand balloons flying over La Manche,
Inciting fears of lightborne forces.

How long had paper longed for planes?
(*Endymion*, in the dry Sahara)
Til pleased by M. Montgolfier
Or airdropped past Calais
(And by a Norman, Blanchard)

Inflammable air, like all of Man's refinements:
Bent toward slaving other islands.
How the holy moon's profaned,
When Man's first Province-flag is planted.

Pothos, flee!
From all this false duality

PLANET
MYCELIA
GROWING

BREAK
UPON
THIS BATTLESHIP THAT'S

Here, at our own standoff, penisolates of
apparently opposed positions.
I offered a *tertium datur*—
That Empire, having never fallen
But merely found new form—
Namely, that there are no sides
And every war we wage against ourselves

*Exclusion = Selection = Inclusion*

*as*

*Death is Life is Death.*

Amidst the estrogenic stink
Of sea bass

You get used to a smell
A smell is difference
Hostel living teaches this:
On entry, axed by body spray
And bromodosis.

Shem or Shaun!
Bond or Schism!

Semiotic steering
Overcompensating
Cybernetic torquing

Free bird in the free airs is England.
Flung & fledged in cleansing winds
I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail

Predator then prey.
Persuasive silvertongue poet!
Orient thy eyes to peace.
Physician for the English sickness.

Pu-Ling Mr. Prynne, like Pound
Was mesmerized by Canto-nese—
The jaded terrace of
Needham

Pan-Pacific blue: The greatest chasms make uncertain neighbors.
Let us be more than a platter of loose sand, quicksifted.
The 1st fact about the Pacific is just how big it is.
Swarm games with the Chinee at a distance, with a different intention.
Let us not be brutes who champ, as Lewis cast *Timon of Athens*.

Hush!
Your belting tenor sings
As if twere deaf to winds and strings

(There is a presence)

Inner stillness, sit and listen
Twisted fiction zipped, &
Leave the cult behind;
Loan not your worm out freely; rather
Let the breezesawn grasses' sighs sift through you.

Do not move, but let the wind speak

(*This, at last is paradise.*)

Focused Intensity.
Effort Coherent.
Lucent Attendance.

All potential is here:
In aligned potential.
In bundles of sticks.

Over grasses green a passing heron cried—
1725 I copied down his call &
Recollect it here as
Best as I am able…

## 3.5 The Heron

Codemonkey insomniacs on modafinil & Mountain Dew
    Santa Fe novelists of bloodhand and border crossing
        You are needed.

Twitchy silicon schizoids, deciphering Deleuze
    Barn dancers, quickcalling countryside waltz
        You are needed!

Bluehaired bisexuals & panpsychic pixies
    CIA cybersquads, hopped up on cannabinoids
        You are needed.

Architect of lightness, with pirate-hooped lobe
    Catholic custodian of Babel; anarchist antiteacher
        Seersuckered diplomat of the DAO—

Cornfed Iowans, troubleshooting tractors, balers of hay
    Missionary Mormons, polyglots of the Bureau
        Drone tinkerers in your golf-course garages

All you are needed

        in the ongoing war effort.

Inker of undergrad artists
Injecting Wakeisms
Under the skin
You too are needed.

Ambient synthesizer, all ears to the animisms of the Glass Age
Clover nymphs of concrete interchange
The sprites behind the screen—

Psychic indigo child.
Gnostic army of rainbow warriors.
Epileptic communers of spirit.

Sinologist of the ‘cord
Spreading Georgist ideals
Endless delaying publication

There is work to be done.

Thought requires connection.
Power must be calloused.
Too much tenderness is torn,
And bloodied in the needed work.

You too are needed.

Resist temptation.
Solve internal squabble.
Focus family feud.
Two slow pairs of peds, and
Four manured boots.

*Rainsintide liffs muddy bouts.*

She made a fine Pacific-theater diplomat of a
sickly Sapokkanikan playwright."

To torque, to talk; to dig, to dock.
There were three in the crowd.
It was her finest performance.
Not how many but whom.
Whom.

Whom.

# 4. Hythe

Still you  Still white  Still receding
But giving way to olive, olive—
All of the sea along the quay receding.

And the fishing boats, stuck in the mud.

No legal highs by the Crime & Policing Act
§26.12 on Antisocial Behavior.

Grim Britannia!
And the gulls ring gormless, bloodbeaked, round
The fallen chips at chill dawn, thieving
Chinese chips at chill dawn—

Sleeping we'd missed the floodtide float, tho
Another would come,
and then
another.

Long the shores the sandy shoals these
Footsteps over broken shells & pebble refuse:
Muscle mashes mussel over mudsteppe
Which takes temporary impress only—
More than the Sea will stand for, surely—

*Forward she surges & back she falls*
*Slides & shamefaced foamily rolls.*

But what do I want, if neither
Cross nor hive, for lands I love & loathe?

Eat thy pride, and lift thy burden,
And stand-by to
Receive Secret Instruction:
Moore was a trainer of men.
He made them more; not lesser like
Machines—Here, at the Battery Bluffs,
Where the breakers throw their
Stones & circuits, crashing gainst the rock of ages.

And the sky is Sebaldian silver, &
All is older than we think. O Father.

Then felt I like some messenger,
Mere messenger: Cell, a single
Simple cell within a boundless body,
And bluest waters, parting before me.

It was a minor magic, which I dared not all-indulge, and have not felt before or since so strongly. It was as though the poem were assembling its self, out of a stream of senses. When I needed a rest-stop, there was a rest-stop. When I needed a metaphor, there was a punchline. When the rain came, the world provided a shelter. And when I asked myself a question, answers came in crashing waves, or crying petrols.

And I would never again be lonely—not upon this rock connected, to incoming currents. The void brought fated voyagers & all were my conversants.

And I swore there, on the shore, I shouted:

Hear me, Goddess of Proportion!
Let your sister never sway me.
Let control instead be found
Inside its forfeit.
Balance is never brought by one
But all within the balance.
But there was no answer
From the khakigreen sea
From the sun in the foil
Or the prisoners of rock.

*There is no place that does not see you.*
*Choose to leave, or stay & sort it.*

Blue crab, mud crab
Snow crab, king crab.
The outer dome was breached.
The salt tide fades.
The sewer flows.
The self is flushing out to sea…

"Cross your rivers. Founders of tribes,
Families, animal kingdoms. Any who can bargain, come.
Stained with green, we'll eat the waiting sun.
There is energy, plenty, for all of us.

And all this family politick.
What that's everlasting comes of it?

Friend or foe toward folly bent.
End in one red burial blent.

*Quiet dialectic.*
*The true God is cruel,*
*But knows no type unchanging.*

Convene the Seven Magi for symbiogenesis
Distance is abolished
The Continents must be sutured together
Or grind each other down
And there is more power in a single plant
Than in all the Holy Roman Empire.

MERGE.

And bridge the river-riven rivals.

MERGE.

Spit on the French & there's
French in your spit.

MERGE.

Part of you can survive this day.
Part of you cannot.

MERGE.

Spit out mudblood madness.
Acquisce inevitable.

MERGE.

Forget thy Father's song
And learn again thy Mothertongue.

MERGE.

Assemble the Allthing—
Lawkeeper, peacemaker.

MERGE.

Syncretic Serapis.
That god was spread by sailors.

MERGE.

Writ not what you want, but what at
Last must do.

MERGE.

The cosmos wake,
& we its waking.

MERGE.

The trick is not
    To never mind
The trick to see
    It doesn't hurt at all.

MERGE!

The trackway lays itself:
Circuits dubloons, to the City of Ostmen.

MERGE.

Fascination fuses factions.
Drink the brew of dissolution.

MERGE.

At Margate Sands I can connect
Everything to Always.

MERGE!

In the names of Nature
    of Virtue, Reason

MERGE!

Into a further speciation.

MERGE!

And find
Some supraord'nate purpose:
Soul or god or pulsing currents.

Comrade love, the final melding.
Network spann'd, unflowerfolding.

"Walt in a kyak
Sliding toward death"
A smirk.

SURRENDER SPIRIT

Strange fascination, fascinating
Vines of Trystisolde all intertwining, lichenlike.
Abundant flow triumphant of the trumpeting bloom!
Climbers flaring colour leap the rail flying
Chums of chances waving hats and gaily crying
Away! Away! Adieu! Adieu! To you & you & you & you

Recombinant newness
precluding dissipation
of element particle.

One egg—

Neither empty nor scrambled 1925
But warmcode, waiting.

If:

Inclusion

= Selection

= Exclusion

Then:

Not to stay or go

But stay and go,

Discerning—

One, in a chain of settlement,

In a telegraphed rush to expansion,

So a Briton a man

Like any man

Who left as well as stayed.

Joyce just kept running—velocitous escape accomplished

—Paris lent him monkey kingdom—Honorary Americans

—Cutting noose & culling loose of

Patersquabble—fleeing familine—straight to intntl arms.

O terrible technologist,

Of the cosmic orgasm.

Connection kills.

Abstraction is a bed of Procrustes.

Signal the stars?

God help us if anyone crosses the stellar

Oceans, and finds our helpless isle.

On this at least, our histories are clear.

Tattoo it in an ashy ink—
To minimize waterloss
To equivocate inflow & outflow
To maintain combustion:

The *Wake* is a box with no outside.
Prynne says, That's not right, there are differences.
If Joyce is the Yes, Prynne is the No.
Polished white stone walls.
And Whitman, Lawrence says?
Is the all-swallower—
Digested by the stomach acids of Gaia.

At split-road, split-tongue, we gravely pause

It is a theologic dispute:
Anglic Eliot. Crane of Ohio.
Attending to turf-terms, settling turf.
This is where reality warps and buckles;
Those are the stones and those are the stakes of it.

And yet from whence derives our Age's Energy? Not England.
Much as gulf stream carries, from its vortex source
The warmth which feeds all Kentish southland.
Tis Albion's seed: refracted whiteness.
Pagan polytheist prism, New Pangea:
Borderer's blues, and Cavalier Virginians—
Energy emitted in Splitting & Fusing—
Lagging colors herald blue devices. Blue,
Electric blue of links that knot and bind us.

O greyest folds of fractal matter warring
Petty tyrants on the furrowed hills
Of contoured UVPs, that
Structured difference breeding structured
Difference: You were made for this.

MERGE!

The Appalachians, riven, split
But the barque-bridge Scots soon found
The way to hometown hills again.

& The voices of the minor gods
Are the voice of the One
& He is only heard in less & partial form.

Blithe in Hythe I lay my burden down
Upon a bench built up from naked shingle.
When we were young we watched the gulls;
When we are old we'll watch the gulls again
I swear.

And when they do our bust they'll carve us:
Jaw-jutted, skin-scrunched
Anguished gainst the wind
emblissed
Into the blue I leapt—

And found an infant chlorophyll,

Or spoke to strangers.

We, who have forgotten the point,
Forego the old instructions. Rivers make rivals
But bridges reunite them. Edgar heals Gloucester:
So a New World, stepping forth, will rescue Old.

Letter of blood, your blood be let.
Dresser of wounds, your wounds be dressed in turn.

These are the works of a dying man.
Love, let us be true to one another,
In this Land of Dreams,
Amen.

## Sky Coda

...Astrogator: Gift recognition signals in every known language...

...Roger; calculating course...

...The field is holding...

2015 ...Vector to intercept. Assume intruder is hostile. Brace for impact...

...And the G's keep climbing...

...Slave telescope. Stand by for free-fall. Trigger emergency generators. Stand by for prolonged acceleration.

We are now in the hand of God...

## Mud Coda

2020 Life in the shadowed haze
Of a local longhouse:
In the acrid stench of bladders
Burning blubber
Bunking down
2025 On benches for the night.