

happen when asleep
Leg grown bulb
In the dark but lucid like fog light
Who threw the last rock

Shroud the mirrors

Cover the flesh
Rain walks , water just to move through drench soak nothing
Swallow poison but hope you die

begin over a body
Bloodless gridlock
walk into, you out
Give your blessing never withhold what you how much more that i owe

heart pumping is milky pale blue blood
The silence of- the deafness of-
The thinnest blood is the brightest red is coming out your mouth

Half awake in dawn in night sleep headache color grey

Tied something up,
Somehow
Body freezes in time slow chill sprinkle
Heart is a fish on a line yanked

Pour a scorching oil
Knives no good
Did you pace were you numb

somebody's wilderness years was i
veins of the city is long lines places to pull up, sit up find
a long line
lone girl, who knows why but woman
humming everything possible then, still sits in a chamber,

things broke quicker cloth pulled out from under crystal shatter
Lost a ring found it
Work down to bone

started way back, the aisle
the rich red of the runner
she threw it out last year

the olive tree wince can't take
turn to ice, to salt look back, to what you left, turn to salt with head turn to look back city destroyed to
the last present the offering to plant me with you see how the weather treat it but i left it white hot
shakes my hand the ripped tree was supposed to be us in soil to grow i left it i loved it kept it by the
front door turn the key latch every time
waiting pruned to skeletal few shiny leaf stuck in a pot unknown if it grown bound to wind lash sun
dried out take it , take it
Take it as sign taste the poison in the fruit did not produce is it dead need to go collect the tree was the
gift planted, left behind stuck to a smile for the photograph
Overgrown thought

Hail to the purple velvet trim ribbon around cake iced white purple pansies dont know the taste
Now signs image of ruth stained cartoon-blue mind goes loop
Now im reduced to hook in the wall gaping louder than the picture that i was
Hung up

still standing in the shadow of a made whip
Make your anger into
lash me he looked at me he walked me around the porch

the sun was going down. it was about four pm walked
like i could not see anything else

walk through these words now to enter the chamber
of muscle tried to knead out of me
raw material she saw
Step in put your face down the chamber -
Hail to you

glad could throw the bun at your hand stuff in your face choke you ruin you
sweet currant clove but force it into force the bun force the thing you made glove you for what for a
scar for a glimpse of a scar stuff
the flour and currents in your face in your mouth you break
my blooded heart again and again to
force the bread down your throat does it taste good taste good does it its what you wanted the currents
the musk of solemnity
you bend to collect, better than i could wish vicious and sweet sharp on the tongue eye glint dingy hall
but yet i
dont watch my hand you see the upper side raise
i shake my head i catch my feet carpet drag
a palm like bye like gone pyrrhic hollow deal like if
i turn my face ill turn to salt

shaky hand-held footage high angle to crescendo
lights in the lounge we used to, diffidence
camera pans over
the sun in your eye pink will burn us
trails up into the
ether we belong in the picture

low angle sun spot seal me bind me sew me in
Cans on the roof interior ghost girl spooked
shot its like five person sing-song but not
here I am here
Am I

black palm silhouette swirl of song hits the corner of sun on the
roof disco light come on
How

filming a dead bug struggling
washed out pink spot you

Harbour hate
cant try like washed up like shored up like
cyst leak seep

but luggage you see waiting
stared at low buildings felt so much Hate

Take it like you feel it breath lodged silent every pain congealed
lump knot in muscle growing forms language as muscle as cell mutate every utter to be said now hard
lump mass
scrolling just now i wonder

green jumper sag
blurry pic taken so young face
on the bed a blur I caught a
smile smudged now I'm
a shrine to bones three phones will carry me home
give it time But will forget

sludge jumper slung over

of a bag frightened dancing bones hole in elbow bird eye big eye green eye summers doused in
guerlain ice-blue bottle-top peach cut-glass shaped in fleur de lis dart fragile by sea that gait so
looping so love down through a window view many floors up so gaping sliced wrists bleeding
bandaged invisible but so visible sweeping the floor comb through the dust mind is a red sweater like
red christmas like playing chess then walking home secret judge secret court like the white bird sewn
on red sweater its green bow a wave , waving to you

saying
send off, white flags,

though wish i could be
the one
to read to
speak , my throat seized
to see

what is lacking can not
be counted the
old the new con cealed the
new the old
revealed

in holy week
The bitterest hiss

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new wand waved 'cross me
Swoop thanks - this my swan
song this
my new country
rule over the waves wash me away minor feeling cresting

blue haze i blink like im in colour

sometimes splits open
the country whacked with secateurs

nope not today dreamt I slit wrist
walk around the house
in the morning, bloody bandage sag
A very heavy thing on my back sink into mattress stop me breathing cipher breath wake wet

feel cornea open eye as vortex my black sweetest orange and white paper under
dissolve
my image shake me softly under water expose reveal im here i was i disappear fading rot from inside
when i was so close and let me go i walked out
i walked out and i DID walk out into
luminescent threshold
walked as though, no disgrace, walked as, i were permanent

like a slow wave raised to fall rise to your knees, cut paused in ice, my shape, frost, glass, the wave
you lie under as it rolls above you like a sagging weight. in the car

Seized heart is like -gasp- bend down, bow

Three part smash is cup on the ground
Slices lick
Ceramic edge

Seized while driving the motorway like raw, catch your breath metal pressed to temple taste like salt
slick At before sun up dark over concrete morning , drive the body over water body of water, it stings
heart seize

Like closing eyes and running throat catch like the precipice liminality and threshold hover every foot
time on the clutch something about being up down the hill This time, will be different every time its
like going to explode, every time think driving off the edge of the world, this dip in the concrete hill,
heart in throat, pain is acid sting up my throat gripped around neck But cold metal round to
temple And in dreams of return but only im a bulb at night, in dark, I grow I seed, head over sink
insides twist But you can start again, but the horizon so far from me But think about it, remember you
said, no past only But what a But no one asks for these blessing hidden you lean to like a tree on the
river walk loop my mind a loop something something ash something something coals something
about pouring, heads, about laying palm frond about two pockets two hands About splitting a universe
open but it rumbled a coil a spell slidden hand across a spiral , theres a finger ,leading, to an inner
Some feeling soars, soar above, me Cant you see I absorbed like dough but my whole body is a knife
slice taut stiffened gleaming reflector sharpened blunt turn on my

tie me to the mast, pin me to the wall

flowers open, close, on the desk in the lamp light
card propped up card falls down

make recreate a scene
strip bare pick my bone stare so cold
perform to all these things, well done
So bow

eating feeling sleeping staring
at the ceiling the night passes

something was is this is how
it is

what a- every
time is the last every
time is a

Where we, thought we, slayed selves slayed self instead
starfish stuck to the moon

on the phone
like barking down the phone like some stupid man like

on your own on the stupid ocean you think saves you you think protects away begin begin again tree
try very hard

face frozen in refrigerator smile

broken arm
built my tower erect a flag I hail my self

Escalator upward blowing bye through wet lids windshield glaze knew it, known it,

so to roof flash fuzzy camera grain light flicker sun buzz in
flailed chairs the dying bug zoomed in on your smoke
flume and trail puff up

cut to the int shot where
the people knew to dance to blue
neon bubble light ball mirror ball in a
darkened room and cut
to the roof in warm wash gold you in
clothes i dont know
fail but i try i
fail but i try i-

dogs barking but of the cool
of the dusk, drive home
the water too hot saw

myself swimming
back from the past pulled
by the future yet
here I am, yielding

on the highway sky rumble to a close
Black cloud menace
over the sharpest darkest I paused,
waiting in traffic to the mountain range I saw
a sign with a bus and ONLY

ONLY
ONLY...

Something sick inside bile
Ulcer pulsing blood
So useless and yet I
Yield
Ciphered, hollow, theft, in vaccum, a husk

Broken down trick
Wind screamed at me through the window
White hot whistle

You on, a dead bug, film while jangle play like wearing brown again and gold and metal colour
smoke

walking the stained hall
i dont know, the doors all look the same exit sign
stairwell leads down

slump the fire
escape you say hey
thats the wrong way
ignore you, you took everything
i am deflated shroud of clothes lay where i last lay they mark the outline

each time i shrink i main main the line traced in a towel stained blue
hey you say
wrong way

though it cost all i have
though it cost all you have

Asks for a sweet fruit bun,
dont deserve to be strung up
out the door strange like unclipped

Memories smell like lighter fluid

to rise again
from clothes
dropped
in the outline of a body women
a tomb to
rise again from
a shroud of clothes that
match the
outline of a body i
out live i will rise
Again
echo of a voice

is a daughter,