

THE REVOLUTION DIED WITH VOLTAIRE:  
*Long Live the Dimension of Fist*



Poetry by L'Épouvantail

Partake of the randomness of the urban spirit.  
Release your senses to the hot glass, the rain  
soaked concrete, and the murderous *metal*  
of a parasite's *circus*, laughing.

Occasional dramatist, clothier to the rich and artistic adviser to the would-be aesthetes of West One... one time *infant terrible* of the spectral-substrata-unrestrained-thrill obsessed-über-underground of London's art world... scourge of New York's smooth glass façade, corporate media establishment [*observe its cynicism, smeared*]... L'Épouvantail, at last, *presents* a first selection of prose in one, conventional place.

And then... there was a place in the unexpected reaches of the Big Apple where fine art and existential furniture for the constructivist lifestyle- laced of course with a slick of Old World decadence and a shot of absinthe- took on The World. Louche musings dreaming of the cabana; impromptu street parties in Dumbo, a place where *feckless, notorious, sickening* and 'elevating' became tags-synonymous, dripping with crazed angst and begrudged jealousy. For there, right there, there lurked an eponymous gallery renown for being a mutant cross of exhibition space/nightclub/live music venue/playhouse/group therapy mind expansion arena/community action focus studio/BDSM parlour and drugs den. L'Épouvantail, existing on a Manhattan-Brooklyn axis, and ricocheting between Miami and LA pursuing the purity of the modernist ethic, tied to an exhausting agenda at the Edge of Reason...although forever striving to be fit for purpose, it could not go on. One of the Last Acts was a limited tee-shirt print run with these words: *You have left the Valley of the Confused far behind, and are now treading lightly in the Land of the Deranged...* before a return to the Sceptred Isle...

But the principles remained:

Destroy the traces...rub out history...re-invent and radiate...

So to twenty-first century England. Crush a candle and hold a clenched fist aloft in preparation of inspiring a lost nation so numbed by greed and commodities, that it cannot even bother to complain anymore, never mind be organised and vital, committed and inspired, active enough, angry enough, to burn down a corporate headquarters.

For these are the breaks...

Surf the anger...

Forge a focus in the white hot heat of anger at lost liberty, bemoan rampant inequality, reverse the process of Numb, fire up every sense, supercharge every follicle on every inch of righteously tingling skin surface...hoist the standard of the Black Scarecrow....

**Welcome**, to the Dimension of Fist.

**This Pamphlet** is a collection of poetry by L' Épouvantail.

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Welcome to the Dimension of Fist

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Poetry: L'ÉPOUVANTAIL

**i- Did You Find Success Over There, Through The Rain?  
And Did It Agree?**

Pubescent rain  
soaking the car window  
mood swinging drip drops  
one minute drizzle  
two minute deluge  
three minute pain.

*Tell me*

Did you find your success over there,  
across the park?  
Water soaked arboreal delights  
drenched swans sitting tight  
dampened bats staying out of the light  
but did you finally make it through the rain?  
Make those city spires your own,  
a skyline of grinning teeth  
ground level grit and stealth  
high heels confidently clicking  
on puddled slabs  
a sidewalk slick with promise  
but don't fall through the mortar-less cracks  
the devil waits down there with his bears  
dripping fangs sharpened tridents  
*and this success, did it agree with you?*  
Was it all that you hoped for, dining in Elaine's?  
Laughing at the wannabes  
from Roosevelt Island  
that included me  
the 'dial-this-number-for-anglo-trash' business  
disposable olde worlde charm.

Find a new compass point for the  
Avenue of the Americas,  
lock it onto a corner of 34<sup>th</sup> Street  
you know what I think, I think  
everybody needs one,  
needs a lock on that intersection,  
looking across the park in the rain.



. . . the constellation of hope offered by the Invisible Committee- a blue book tucked in your cargoes that gave form and purpose to those looking for the vital spark in a spasm of communal action- for where Marx gripped, committal insurgency will seize and shake. Of this you were sure, the smashed glass of fortress towers the uselessness of CCTV cameras the faux posturing of causeless security the trite disinformation of Fox News and, drunk, I raised a fist praising the unwary for they will surely be delivered.

Yet behind the mask I believed that everybody needs to sparkle, that in my dreams there is a total library where all the answers are easy to find, and a language exists made up entirely of beautiful words. Yet you were more concerned with civil violence, the pursuit of a solution through the burning of municipal vehicles such as buses and refuse collection trucks, with Peace tattooed on the fingers of one hand and Might on the other. And I used to pour over a World Atlas as a child, it was a Geography prize, I remember the giving well the school orchestra played Spanish Fly and a trumpet player wore a sombrero and I studied the maps and found Nepal. The immensity of the Himalayas, raised and ridged like a frozen discarded carpet and where in a future universe you would eventually die at the hands of Maoist allies, cut down by friendly fire. Would you have appreciated the empty irony of that particular oxymoron with your last gasp? I feel as if you would want me to laugh, but I cannot. Because in your Godless world, you are just another one extinguished for the cause; another flicker in the light that tries to shine twice as bright, yet somehow fails.

#### **iv- Did You Make It Through The Rain?**

Look at the small crystal seagull  
on the 22kt cup  
a lighthouse for the brave  
across the salt rocks  
a sapphire in waiting where there  
are new architectural truths where  
a slightly sharded road  
falls helplessly ahead  
an old drunk  
may it rise with you on your track  
the sheep shit furrow drove  
where the scale is stretched  
the landscape like some big tapestry

of someone else's sphere another globe  
with confused entomology  
sort of confused where  
The blare of a sun somewhere  
out there in a  
wasteland laugh  
an emptiness of glacial deposited laughter  
of Neolithic proportions  
rock knockers get excited at the igneous seams

a flock of birds scatter  
so what  
A plane drops out of the sky  
so what  
'Find yourself a book,'  
a voice says. Maybe there is a  
good perspective view maybe  
when the major extension view  
is that of the control tower, that's not  
too bad but I am far far from anyplace and  
I wonder if it's possible to get a taxi

An extract:

*'Laugh with the Rain,'* a cyber-thriller  
set in the not-to-distant future.

Tell 'em who's boss.  
Sit on a dry stone wall, drenched.

### **v- Chaffinch**

When he was crouching in the undergrowth by the ruined block  
and found a shallow hollow full of beer cans cigarette packets and candy wrappers  
and half-heartedly gingerly even he rummaged through the detritus  
one eye on the rubbish layered cultural strata one ear out  
for strafing rockets [there was a helicopter hereabouts] and  
there amongst the damp leaves a dog-eared knitting magazine and  
a half full cardboard box of rusted drawing pins and  
a copy of a book by Slavoj Zizek it looked like someone had tried  
to set fire to it its edges were burnt or was it the displaced remains  
of some camp fire ignition attempt perhaps deeper in the wood  
yes perhaps there deeper in the wood by the polluted stream and sudden  
distant machine gun fire somehow it sounded comforting  
confirming

life elsewhere even if it is the enemy whosoever these days  
they may be but there is a job to be done so he  
gathers up his rucksack with water bottle bullets flare gas mask  
knife and scissors binoculars pamphlet of codes and The Blue Book and  
he crawls to the edge of the copse watches the tall empty blocks  
charred rebel flags from windows no complete panes of glass any more  
just jagged architectural holes regular spaces of deconstructivism  
devoid even of any cultural pseudo-intellectual symbolism  
but they still generated a focal point of philosophical determinants  
that had to be said and he smiles to himself allows himself the first smile  
of the week as he sets up his rifle on its stand clips on the telescopic sight

and waits.

## vi- Night Night

Can darkness ascend?  
It certainly can  
It creeps up from the black earth  
It seeps out of the pores of plants  
As bushes and bracken thicken  
It billows out of the bark  
As trees inflate  
And cars in the lot they are more easily found  
Defined and located by the bleep of a key fob  
Then there in the confines of an artificial stone wall where  
The theory of Perimeter Enclosure is practiced  
With the patience of a saint  
Night is banished by people armed to their perfect teeth  
With urban angst and faux dreads are kept at bay in the light  
Of guilt-free glee  
Cavorting high on electric light spinning  
Parades of confidence                      bubbles of fluorescence  
Night is history for now is the end of history  
The Other have spoken they have told us it is so  
With studied abandon away from a primitive home of nature reliance  
Metropolitan *sang froid* with a mix of haughty cynicism  
Just a trace  
And even beyond the frecrete wall out there over the ridge  
There is a beauty bound in battery light as I  
Watch the motorway with hands on hips proud studying  
Its upward curve an automated stream

An annotated flow of red tail lights contra-flowed  
White headlights in an organised synchronicity of orderly lanes  
Everyone toes the line no room for rebels there  
Not down there  
Strict discipline to avoid all-out chaos  
Even in the night  
Particularly in the night  
And it can still win we all know that  
Chances still stalk the light  
The night sprites gather and sit astride two hills  
My candle held high and space has done a volte-face  
It is here with me on the ground                      now  
But the sky is lazified in a dull glow

And Cassiopeia is there but low quite low and there is  
Not much else to see through the shrouded light  
A generated field plugging the natural flow  
A new invention of the rocket age steeped in the venerable  
We can now sully the stars themselves with our light  
Even the black night the  
Night  
Polluted  
My candle blows out but I am prepared  
I have a light  
On my mobile phone it is a handy appliance to have  
My own weapon of light  
Clean and cold and to the ready I can call Bombay if I wish  
Or a distant war zone ring a Disney phone tune  
Somewhere in Kandahar perhaps  
And I head home  
Wary of traps and snares beneath my feet  
it rings in my ears a theme from Aladdin  
it trills amongst the sound of exploding road side devices and  
rocket attacks on dust clad villages  
Go to bed and go to sleep it says and  
Don't let the bed bugs bite.

#### **vii- Trying to Find an Appropriate Profession**

Situations never seemed to last very long;  
vacant, not even sublime.  
Spent some time in the Army  
catering corps  
making pies  
didn't last.  
A good old fashioned tale of sex and violence  
a girlfriend he called Lunar babe  
his favourite weapon a razor blade  
he kept packets in his Parka pocket  
always handy forever tapping fags  
off his mates addicted to internet gambling  
graduating from school scrapping behind the Co-op  
to squaddie brawls in The Golden Locket-  
a dormitory market town full of taverns  
many barrings many proud scarrings  
back to the sink estates and the narrow streets  
nicking satellite dishes torching fences ramming shuttered shops  
always, always, something just out of focus

just there  
indescribable utterly fiendish  
White Star Cider Optimum Strength.  
An erosion of Englishness into a ball of hate  
miscomprehension confusion disillusion  
no motivation  
the couch is easy  
the x-box a simple escape-  
Takeaways easily delivered  
to the gate.  
Don't allow them any closer!  
Paranoia a closely guarded friend  
like the Charley in the cistern,  
you'll be found out  
in the end.

#### **viii- Dalmatia and Other Localities Before The War**

When we ate grilled fish on the floating restaurant  
lording it on the Dalmatian coast,  
mistaken for Party children- *daddy must be an  
official, for them to have a motor bike  
like that- how cool.*

When we stood on the quayside at Budva then later  
stranded on that hotel island watching the causeway  
slowly disappear, beneath an unhurried sea.

When detouring to Kotor to see the earthquake damage  
imagining the earth move, a dust shrouded town,  
staring through chained gates as if at a movie set.

When I drove the Honda too fast skidding around  
potholes and you giggled; later drinking rocket fuel  
local liqueurs in a bar with currency for wall paper.

Then when we strolled the leaning streets of  
Mostar, where soon there would be tanks.  
Then what of our own smouldering conflict,

our own trajectory of spite filled ordnance,  
could you sense that it was coming?  
A nurtured, carefully concealed attack.

Time worn sophistry.  
What of that, when gun smoke  
smarts your eyes.

### **ix- Whittle**

Spin the stick in the hollow of my heart  
light that fire of devotion watch the seagulls swoop  
on a sand blown beach the dunes full  
of vodka bottles and crisp packets and dirty  
easy-wipes the tankers plough the reach not too far  
from shore  
rigs bristle with impatient intent ready ready ready  
they will tear and snap Neptune's net  
the arms of the Irish Sea not so much opened in glee  
as distractedly numbed by the freezing breakers.  
Fire up the grill with some stolen petrol  
eyebrows singed throats torn with acrid smoke  
impressive fire ball tactical nuclear assault on  
pork sausages cider laughter Moroccan haze  
keeps the midges away even in a refrigerated spring  
they like to bite in sight of Liverpool  
so crackle and combust and fry and grill  
lest this not be the haughtiest of places  
where upon my poor heart  
doth spill.

### **x- Still Sinking Sunk Estate Somewhere on the Edge of Town**

Thugs assist in the cover-up of the murder  
of men whose only wish  
was for the quiet life  
of children by chance careering through a park  
on their bikes  
    wrong place wrong time  
    take a bullet  
    street funeral  
civil religion no need for a church  
but life is not a rehearsal life is a  
window shuttered with dented sheet metal  
anyway there is no life  
Champion the Classless Mobility of Society!  
throw up the ladder see them scramble

some make it by studying Sociology in night classes others  
do a degree in prison come out and pay back  
others make it into transitory moon shaded call centres  
others rely on scratch cards and the Lotto God  
    numbers in the right place  
    pray for the sequence to any God  
    promise a Pagan pledge if that's  
        what it takes

All Others Line Up Here

take your ticket to nowhere fast  
because you are here to stay because a sub-text for this  
work of words is:

*'Travelling Without Aim Going No Where Fast:  
A Guide to the Wise'*

Absorb and digest and get no benefit like a limp kebab or a meat feast pizza  
door step proportions grease giggling calories washed down  
by Cans of Stella and bottles of Bacardi Breezer [empty-calories]  
    underachievement and dependency and  
oh well at least we can enjoy the weather when it's nice  
    *and there's yes there's*

there's something to be said for mooching along broken weed filled  
pavements dreaming of big cars and fame and instant glamour winning  
the X-Factor you have the talent just need the break  
instant success just add TV forget the boring paying your dues bit  
who wants to work first but don't get washed up  
at eighteen

    holidays in Cuba now there's a place forget the Costas sell

the Sun vouchers on ebay

    stray dogs sniffing fighting someone's sprayed 'The Silent Heroes'  
in the subway it's strip lights covered in silver paint  
    it lends a certain sci-fi charm

particularly at night it's like

    being on a space clipper alien hunting and  
    Salford Char's back in circulation learnt some  
    Nietzsche inside

apparently

oh joy

in for a treat  
ain't we just.

## xi- The Flash Card Muse

For me it's totally exhausting  
to ride the riddle out

feeling the undertow in a crunchy leaf world  
where the greenfly live

my father thinking of becoming an undertaker  
and my childish dread no no not that profession

and the weed covered banks of the railway cut  
nettle stings no trains here even the bridge has gone

thistle filled sidings leading to broken sheds  
the predator hawk lazes above

the scavenging fox roots and barks and  
leads it's cubs along sodium bright streets

and my mother crying at her father's funeral  
and we all thought she hated him

then struggling with pity in Regent's Park deep in the zoo  
watching the beavers go back and forth

back and forth channelled in concrete runs  
[some attempted dams made out of rubbish]

beaver-instinct oh the glory metropolitan boredom  
prodded into a fissure like liquid stucco

fill up the cracks paint out the blemishes  
new money platinum and coral

old money diamond and pearl  
draped over Chippendale home county chairs

and shotguns find the fox or even some deer  
minor vibrations become a tremor become a howl

of escaping air from below the Earth's crust but  
Doom is only a game it can be played with a joystick



instead of playing with what is dealt  
career crossroad choices  
casino neon  
instead of  
hot strand paper Chinese lanterns many  
spectral colours  
remember Brazil?  
*'Praia do Diabo!'*  
memories of London days  
Oxford nights  
Brooklyn JFK haze  
Sao Paulo frights  
chewing Samurai pizzas  
watching a thunderstorm spewing rain  
over Granada  
on a boardwalk mozzarella sticky teeth  
swordfish and octopus ink  
throw on  
some red capsicum peppers  
sliced like dragons tails  
now that's some pizza  
dreams of blackjack and rum  
high tail and lucky spots  
working out my next move  
on Isla de Margarita  
remembering:  
what was the name of that bar  
in Bayswater?

With the gambling room beneath-  
old school, East Enderesque  
not all are run by Chinese you know and  
not that one run by Laotians from Vientiane either  
no no no the other.... one  
and you wore that dress  
covered in red sequins the one you slinked off  
to the summer ball in Oriel in  
the one in which  
you shimmered and crossed dimensions  
polymorphed through parallel branes  
with legs to lick  
breasts to suck  
later limbs akimbo  
in the good old days of propitious spots and slam ships,

when the moon was less lonely  
and the ocean had less reservation  
and me, well  
I had all the luck.

### **xiii- Big Cheese**

Fill the space and radiate  
'Marxist modernists' vanguard or dichotomy  
pitched roofs and brick walls weed free driveways  
despair at the lost revolutionary potential of  
the suburbs go further out to the Disney inspired  
exurbs and read some Weber  
scratch away at the Corbusian fantasy glory in the slabs  
perhaps spend two hours arranging a vase of flowers  
In love with the purity of vision inherent  
in-space  
And I wanted love but you wanted noise and  
the revolution died with Voltaire there  
was nothing to follow it of worth of value nothing worth  
getting out of bed for anyway the aesthetic peak  
had been achieved  
later much later  
only the fist in the air gave a portent  
of luck and dust and sideway thrown cynical glance  
ice blood piss and beer  
knuckled under with iron[y] oh to laugh and preach  
here in this dimension of retreat and regression  
where nothing much  
ever happens  
but I can wave my hat and feel globally  
misunderstood.

### **xiv- The Hare March**

Watch the March Hare tremble  
offering conundrums not solutions  
catalysts and confusions bred  
in the tall grass  
where the legions of forest animals march  
three abreast willow on tight pigskin drum  
enamoured by Spring  
emboldened with the bravery of fresh renewal  
the atmospheric supercharge for the animate

cell division regardless of root or foot or wing  
where all is forward looking and the March Hare rules  
with a crown of clover  
overlooking  
a pasture of endeavour  
more the kingdom of the claw  
than the republic of the fist  
denying the leaven heaven bread.

#### **xv- Running Guns and Cameras Out of Bootle Docks: *More Slumstar Adventures Informed by Technology and Lust***

Looking over the cache on top of the  
covered reservoir a million trillion litres of drowning  
release beneath  
no one is nobody without a gun you can  
get anything  
out of the back of a stray container just as the sun shows

an interest on the edge  
of Bootle Docks  
the cranes can kill but the freighters offer an escape  
but no longer with the glamour of Cunard  
now it's container ships  
and half a dozen men ploughing a wake to  
an automated Chinese anchorage does not offer the  
promise of New York or Havana  
and grandfatherly stories of foreign adventure  
"Fuck look at this shit!" Salford Char spits holding up a pistol  
his eyes on fire as if praying to some Viking god,  
'fuck me'

you hold the cold metal spin it around your finger remember  
Brick is no longer running with us shot in the back on a Moss Side  
mission bloody Mancs  
with home-made guns  
boxes of digital cameras in the back of an old Transit  
a delivery in L5 Ullswater Street a sleepy thug  
with a dotted line tattooed around his throat it says below 'cut here'  
then the bulk to a lock up in Aigburth  
drop in on the way  
to see Brick stuck in a wheel chair Ryan's down in London  
working in a club doesn't even fuckin' email  
awkwardly  
you half watch Sky Sports Spurs v City edgy unsure

Brick's eyes already dead  
remember  
    the football  
        on the Rec before  
            the posts  
were burnt down Brick solid at the back you feeling  
    like a prize prat  
slipping on the ice along Cherry Lane  
    shagging like dogs behind the recycling plant  
picking up Amber on the way back  
    from Aigburth she  
gets on all fours with gum still in her mouth she blows a bubble  
it pops over your knob end she sucks it off  
    you shoot half in her mouth  
    half over her tight denim hot pants  
        behind the recycling plant amongst the  
            nettles and rubbish stray dogs  
        and burnt out fridges

everyone does it everyone has their place school kids over there  
later teens here mams and dads around the corner stumbling out of  
the Paradise Club  
where the E's  
    are shite

### **xvi- A History of Professional Theft**

Don't know how it started to be honest was it watching my aunt fill the back of my nephew's pushchair with gloves and soaps straight off the counter poor little sod, squirming with discomfort his coat stuffed with batteries small sachets of instant soup and custard mix even one time a packet of frozen peas. The stores in town such challenging sources of pirate bounty my aunt laughing with my uncle one night having smuggled a dinner set of blue china and a small table lamp out of BHS and little nephew fidgeting as usual from melted frozen food products forgotten about in his pants and looking at those cabinets and shelves full of wonderful stuff, why pay when the buzz was in the secret taking, the liberating, and I started as all kids do 'doing' the Woolworth's pick n' mix the true training range for all shoplifter wannabes how I miss that place, oh the happy glee of accumulating bags of sweets shoe cleaning products nails pins pencils bicycle repair kits notebooks dyes bull dog clips chocolate oranges socks seeds hundreds and thousands plastic geometry kits in a variety of shiny plastic cases relating directly to contemporary popular TV programmes and later, camera film music cassettes cough lozenges vitamin pills newspapers soft porn magazines Dairy Milk Chocolate boxes shampoo and bath foam gift sets girlfriends and sisters and mothers need presents then moving onto department stores in the summer holidays; brilliant devious strategies for the procurement of goods to give one good poke in the eye to capitalism and support the glorious working class struggle. I did A levels but old matey boy Pie Arse [don't ask] went to work in the Sony

warehouse the light fingered old dream team of him and Shirley broken up whilst she was up the duff but they came back fighting fit with a perfect Team Ogden addition a baby in a pushchair and I would help them flog VCRs TVs and Walkmans procured from beneath a half open roller shutter at the back of the depot and sold on in true tribute to the market out of the back of a white Transit at boot sales by the dynamo, the very same dynamo that a year later would be stricken with strike action and the following black outs were a godsend for looters just like the copycat race riots the following summer although our town was 99.9% white with one Chinese family running a takeaway and my shop craft was down to a fine art and that is how I saw myself as an artist, electronics and clothing became a speciality try on the suit and shoes and walk out of the shop wearing them without looking back original clothes in an inconspicuous Asda bag. Then I went to University, saw both the exquisite potential and exploitable flaws in capitalism and how they could be used for both personal advancement and the undermining of a lazy moribund society, an elite ripe for the breaking by Armani clad sleepers and so consolidated my skills and got the job with a bank in a shiny new London tower and never, once, looked back.

### **xvii- The Long Night Has Started and The Knives Are Out**

Make small paper lanterns and clever dolphins  
from ripped up pages of 'Truth and Joy!'  
Then throw them out of the bus window,  
intended as unexpected gifts for the optimistic  
vagrants and the badge wearing untouchables  
and grit teeth, intent on

Surviving September a date stuck in your head,  
a post-it note written in a now dead leper's blood  
pinned to your brain, his dying screams were  
garbled but his final words clear:  
'Everybody Needs To Sparkle'  
and you remember this you wrote it down in your

Book of Dreams And Other Torture Memorabilia  
and it could be described as cold comfort but it was not,  
it was a cloying warm satisfaction like drinking  
virgin's blood or putting firecrackers up a drugged cat's  
arse or placing degradable explosive micro-pellets  
in a pinioned frog's mouth then

let it go, watch it blow up, have a laugh.

Your brother escaped he made it to America he  
phoned you up he said 'Columbus Had No Idea,'  
and you imagined the famed explorer setting off  
across the open beckoning ocean, imagining ahead

warm spice laden ports of warm plants lazy slaves and  
exotic whores, no idea of the world that was to emerge

In a not so distant age, standing sneering at  
the Old World crisis and police state necessities as  
a long night seduces you with the promise of knives  
and you warily sidle towards it, biting your tongue and

You had yourself come up with the party mantra  
'Influence Is Good But Power Is Better,' you were  
pleased with that one. You have a first draft of the  
poster hung bright and prideful on the wall of your  
government duplex  
and what reward, this chance to deal with bastards  
and other dissenters, the smell of Chanel the

Pervading scent across the cells, dead books and  
broken piano keys cracked clarinets and snapped horse  
hair artist's brushes- weapons of choice for the  
counter revolution: old motives dressed up as  
new ideals- a place where no one can be blamed  
for craving the release of a parallel universe  
where money is

Simple, dependable and you can laugh gaily on  
a hillside without fear of low flying helicopter  
gunships or float lazily in a punt on the lake without  
the fear of buzzing surveillance drones and you see,  
spare me a thought, the elite too are watched,  
recreation:work switched in confusing volte-face-

The enjoyment of attaching electrodes traded with  
the labour of having to accept the beauty of  
a corn field and,  
pulling legs off a spider, dreaming, dreaming...

#### **xviii- Medical Services, Hermosa Beach CA.**

and so you come to me like I'm the doctor  
oh yes your dispenser of comfort services  
your veritable protector of the lame and there  
you shine  
as if the palm trees are offering you a personal service  
a service of shade specifically designed for you

and  
you make no bones  
you declare  
that all the city roads were built for you oh yes  
to carry you my way on hyper-heated pavements cast with exclusive carriage  
rights  
for your inflated, corrupted heart oh yes said without rancour  
two skipped eye lash flickers the last Days of Succour  
no irony utter candour take this not that:

*Me: mad flash wheeled dog weed euro-trash.*

*You: Texan Rose electrolyzed chrome neon pink  
paint job galvanization anti-rust guarantee*

and

once we sat rotating on a carousel in a car shaped like a tea cup oh yes  
a hand-picked rose Sung Yellow sheet metal small white daisies templated  
on thin curved steel from Allentown PA a nice battered riveted plate  
a long way from east coast cloud and grime and we are next to a spinning,  
grinning Dumbo  
The simple velocity was enough to bind me to you, oh yes  
simple times convex emotions whirling us in some  
Carthusian orbit now then observe  
Me: The Denialist a lost uncertain superhero looking for a comic strip to haunt.  
You: the wanton hedonist  
looking for  
a safe house  
maybemaybemaybe  
a warming glass perhaps oh yes  
of Merlot to wash down the pills  
as  
you  
come to me  
like  
I am  
the  
doctor  
the weave and stagger of a saxophone thick in the hot desert air straight out  
of The Mojave  
smelter  
blasting

and you hang on every note whilst still fingering your keys  
and I saw you there in

The Salamander sat at the bar,  
smooth legs and denim spray on shorts men transfixed by a red wet look bra top  
with dykes flitting at your elbows wishing plotting  
you laughing oh yes glittering giggles aloof but wanton sniggerings  
full on lips stretched tight  
over expensive teeth that got you that part, you know the one oh yes that one  
in that TV mini-series a big break from the skin flicks in beach houses  
on Hermosa Beach and villas hired by the hour in  
Santa Barbara and lock-ups over in Watts

and

AND

I knew of all that but you knew you could rely on me to keep it quiet  
and oh yes I'm watching you now with my lazy eye  
as you stagger-swagger with diabolical intent to soul- steal  
from the already sad and depleted to filch and chew indolent senses  
and why not oh yes  
as  
you  
come  
to  
me  
like  
I'm  
the  
doctor  
still your erstwhile dispenser of remedies for the maladies  
clawing at your brain  
me oh yes all shiny spic-and-span paint on new world grin learned well  
from knowing colonialists slapped on with skill across old world lips given extra  
dimensional interest by European louche and you are  
dizzying your senses bug glass black eyes  
oh yes  
telling me you hate daylight and bougainvillea and  
garden lions you need me to shroud you and  
make the sun go away maybe a few weeks in  
the mountains a timber lodge play acting at being  
a nice husband and wife with regular jobs  
shop in Big Bear City remember East Cinderella Drive?  
Perhaps pretend we are out of Fort Smith AR

or is that too parochial maybemaybemaybe who knows  
but it's not no way and is it not obtuse to be wondering if maybe  
perhaps somehow there's many a million like us right now ensnared deep within this  
metropolitan cage?

No doubt oh yes on street light aluminium barbs and concrete  
pegs and razor sharp road sign devices designed to extract contrition oh yes  
*probably*

in a city that wouldn't be here if not for a fantastic thirst  
so go ahead return home where all your drugged trajectories end  
like a badly fused bomb dropped on expectant  
civilian populations oh come nuclear heat please do come  
*when is it going to be me when is it going to be me*

So.

Throw your keys on the kitchen counter.

Demand OJ laced with Smirnoff.

Bark an enquiry about where the fuck is your Halston bikini.

Coming to me after a forty-hour AWOL jag

as if I'm the doctor your own little book of  
calm a good man in a storm and

*....observe...*

The spilled purse by a burnt out toaster next to  
an erratic splay of over-ripened bananas:  
cellphone credit cards Rizlas ancient battered  
tin of grass packet of Moroccan small red box  
of E's condoms all of your own remedies you don't need  
me fuck me study the storm clouds rolling in off of the Pacific oh yes  
your wish of vanquished sunlight to be granted  
by dancing electric weather so:

- a] go pick your keys up from the driveway I haven't made it hard for you I haven't thrown them  
into the bougainvillea for example and I have emptied your  
purse in the Roadster on the passenger seat  
I haven't made a mess so:
  
- b] drink your screwdriver then cruise where ever you wish,  
smoke weed on Sunset seeing multiple lanes  
and shimmering bars and

just get out of here  
not even the allure of those tight  
negligible hot pants can make me forgive  
not anymore just get out of here  
and this time stay away stay distant find another cosmic state  
get lost in Paris paint in Bruges get your feet tattooed in  
Casablanca dive into Venetian canals late at night bemuse  
the Carabinieri just go your own way erase me from digital awareness

coming to me,  
like  
I'm the doctor.

### **xviii- Continuity**

Torn space through the prism of a legend  
where the dogs run through confused light,  
where the twisted fallen trees beckon,  
where the tracks of an old route laboured  
by miners snakes, stumbling over  
the rusted iron stanchions of an old gate.  
There's a glade where nothing grows-  
it's where the aliens landed.  
Lights dancing through the confused trees,  
sprites of old, peering around damp nettles  
and piles of dog piss wet leaves; let's dance  
around the place from whence I had The  
Calling, dreaming of a new life  
amongst the stars.

### **xix- Toxic Waste Management Deal**

There wasn't much left out there on the highway  
after the smash, after the squatting of a  
Lincoln by a tow-truck, hell the irony of that  
on Grand Avenue, Fort Smith  
not long after the deal was done  
coasting on crystal meth a tool box full  
of crack Wal-Mart bags filled with  
Moroccan-  
a nice retro touch hey some hippy chic  
for the old school wasted  
lurking on the state line,

looking warily across the bridge to where  
Oklahoma stretches and yawns another flat day  
and take a ride to Tulsa,  
exchange boxes full of teddy bears  
stuffed with opiates outside the  
Christ for Humanity Church;  
shelter from the heat below the tower  
get drunk and violent in a bar in Glenhaven

and

dream of the Arkansas River glooping past  
back in Fort Smith  
careering along Garrison Avenue too many  
furniture shops not enough places to  
repair cowboy boots on Grand Avenue  
hey baby a street name if ever there was one  
that is a misnomer, dust blown and open sided  
lost bleeding spaces and half-hearted lots  
pointing west, the old lonesome trail  
now Route 64 where saddle-face worn journeys  
are absorbed, where motor vehicles collide,  
where a potential lover is killed  
slouched drunk on faked elegance,  
locked in degradation with a hated man  
just as the sun comes up  
-it wasn't even high noon-  
and all  
to make a buck.

***xx- Watching Someone Else Playing Halo 3, West Derby Road L6: A Lament for Slumstar Days and Ways Shooting Holes in a Bible with a Gun***

Dodgy from Skem is trying to interest me in some weed  
but I am too tired too fucking beat I am trying to read  
a book about astronomy the stars trip off my tongue but  
disappear unattainable unseeable Bootle containers full of  
electrical goods clothes gardening equipment and biscuits but  
never any telescopes and I drink some more Stella, knock me out,  
dog tired but unable to sleep tried a job in a warehouse across the water  
stacking tools and boxes of screws on shelves got the chance to  
get a qualification in fork lift truck driving 'useful, useful,' Ben  
my step dad had kept telling, 'better than fuck all,' but  
I couldn't hack the ferry trip it made me vomit even when

the Mersey was as flat as fuck and I worried about what was out  
there in the vast opening spaces of the Irish Sea  
and the tunnel made me panic too tight too small and I cried  
one night after too much ganja realizing I would only ever  
be able to travel by bus for all my life as I had already been banned  
from driving until the end of time without even passing the test

Salford Char inside for GBH accused of bus queue jumping  
he responded with a piece of lamp post high on crack  
Amber empty and clueless not even a good drunken sex doll shag  
these days  
these days  
these days  
of

Kirkby call centres and Widnes warehouses, stacking boxes  
of fags minimum wage some fighting in Huyton mercenary  
warfare for a half-respected gang in exchange for tip offs  
and crystal meth but still tired not the lad I used to  
be old man of twenty-one reminiscing about being a kid  
dancing on glue to my brothers acid house cds  
dealing E's with little hammer and sickles on them  
the politics lost the stars gone, cloaked by a city's sodium  
that little glimpse of heaven once out on Saddleworth Moor  
gone now, forever denied by metropolitan spite  
West Derby Road cackling gotchya gotchya gotchya  
but still left to enjoy shagging like a dog amongst the used condoms  
and crisp packets  
behind the recycling plant.

### **xxi- Ghost Prayers**

Wandering in a pantheon of broken locket  
and lost in a brittle dream world where  
there is no chakra light oh no  
only carbon mind and bony scratch as  
she clutches the mobile phone to her chest pacing  
as if pacing from one side of the pitted road to Antioch  
to the other sweating unsure of which direction to take  
and there are other clues such as  
taps on the window, nervous children, hairs in the stew  
on this pageant of Halloween                      eve of all souls  
not all fools not tonight then the call taken on the stairs  
and I realise she has found someone else  
and I reflate     with relief with release one last awkward

task I am absolved from completing  
because I have too I have someone else yes me too  
and I can step back onto  
my haughty pedestal                    up there on  
the plateau of the non-wronged chief.

#### **xxii- Dando**

If dancing thrice around the split shield wasn't  
enough, the bronze razor sharp the trident cracked,  
where the legion whores picked across the dead, as  
absent wives dreamed and sensed the worst.

Where glory tore through the heavens with the stab  
of a torn standard,  
and Persephone pretended to be free...  
climbing out of a fissure in the earth, for another spring  
of dance and glutinous, temporary glee  
telling us all not to worry  
the revolution is long dead  
glory in the glue-like sublime brane of reason  
the shock therapy corporate shine the eight thousand square foot shed  
of the dimension of the fist  
an alternative universe of long dead  
fury.

#### **xxiii- Lazy Somnambulism**

Warm morning air fills  
this planet sleep room:  
bed=continent  
blue carpet a shore  
hugging the ocean  
the wardrobe a dangerous  
storm beaten rock,  
its lighthouse long deserted under  
mysterious circumstances  
*[many lurid tales told in the  
tavern on dark starred black nights].*  
HMS Indolence on  
this sheet, a sea sheen,  
a veneer of cosy cool cotton  
from the shadow of a pyramid;

slumberland lumberland  
a happy woodcutter-  
    -wallow swallow-  
ha ha  
    ha  
        ha

Above, the pulsing chop of a  
police helicopter; below, chugging g  
rass cutting machine  
achieving incredible feats of trimming  
on a 60 degree incline.

    Birds tweet  
so much for morning peace  
as my love lies laughing.  
I stretch my arms and zap the  
badly dropped blinds  
with a muffle mind and  
an addled sniff, as I turn  
over again-  
    across the sheet that is,  
        not another leaf.

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