

demons!



Lyric booklet to accompany "demons!" by
Walter & Sabrina/Dietrich Eichmann Ensemble

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**Stephen Moore
demonstrates!**



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The music on "demons!" was composed and performed by:

Stephen Moore - *voice & lyricist*
Walter Cardew - *guitar & voice*
Celia Lu - *soprano voice & harmonium*
Dietrich Eichmann - *piano & harpsichord*
Gunnar Brandt-Sigurdsson - *voice & electronics*
Michael Griener - *percussion*
Alexander Frangenheim - *double bass*
Christian Weber - *double bass*

Recorded in Berlin in May 2008 by Gunnar Brandt-Sigurdsson.

bloody udders

1.

Bell reassures, measures,
Chimes, an hour every hour, marks out twelve and seven
Smoke puffs, soft, then climbs, cartoons out to collapse on, low, almost flat,
Every roof seems looked down on, and every journey climb
Those roof-tile slabs inch, inch-n-half also reassure.
Smell of dung, washed by frying maybe baking? definitely onion
Begins to smell right, roasting in oil, flesh crisping, but what of colours?
Greys doodled rust, chalks, how much green?
Evergreen teared white unmelted snow, flaked like feathers
Maximum contrasting bitumen black, that preserves, beads up on beams
Coal tears weeping, while drinking water tickling
Fountains from, and into, streams.

Tannin downstream turns cow and horse to lead like leather
Cutting sounds of sawing back and forth human dragging, hauling
Yes that's it humans, humans everywhere talking, singing manufactured bells
Busy humans, building, watch, recording, thinking
Accents, all too soon a language different, but communicating, complicating.
'Habiting a valley, then town, spread upon a plain, with desire

2.

Clouds, heavy weights like udders,
Are black like pie-bald bellys' pregnant cows
Like many hands are busy working
Can you see the bucket slashing rain?

And mother said she over sucked the treats
Till drawing blood mother'd hook'd the drawn out teat
And re-engaged the other
Like vampires we, me before and now the baby sister.

Is there pain then, coming down our summers day?
Rain licked red, like fire, like cats and dogs
Pulverised like in a blender
Like boiling seas over, in, around a boat
Our boat, our little fishing boat upon the once calm sea now cauldron heating?

Sea was old, full like sleep
That swallows with its heavy mass
A bowl cold broth, now furious, we wonder at the darting herring
We pull out sea, crack open backs
And scrape pitch-black blood from spines
The Magpie gullet-grinds the leavings as it does the road-kill.

An asphalt blood like tannic crystal sediment
Stirred up now like pastel rub cross weave
Or mulled in linseed, tar-soft like molten paste that oozes up
The garlic fearing demons route canal
Or shudder sucked by lactic pump, forced by the compressed, the weighty, air.

It came down slow, seeming reasonable,
Through saturated atmosphere, unaware, it was just there, here.
No! not a sudden in one day, but there was warning, forecast,
the perky weatherman said Hey!

Despite, in vicious block, it hangs now by a neck,
A played out thread, umbilical, the tarred and feathered mass
Filled with dreadful rain. No longer sun kissed virgin white
This, a slag, is shorn of head, back for her revenge.

canterbury

1.
Did say he was good man?
You know I think, maybe, he changed his mind.
But, I mean, just like the BBC
Is it possible to speak 'gainst powers that be?

If you're commentator, news-reader or whatever
After-all these' pillars of, propaganda for a state
A sermon for Established Church is just that
After-all.

Rare must be the man, the class, who self destruct
And then, of course, could it be possible
That a man would be so compromised
That every utterance would be, or appear to be, defiled?
Would be then sanctified in pointing to that man
Say "he is defiled"?

2.
Hair and nails are growing, for a while,
After death, but, anyway, are 'ready dead.
Death is growing stopped; the suicidal spectacle
Of the vegetative or demented, men speak of death-in-life.

We fear death; it is end of change.
And know that it is inescapable.
Recognising this is, we value what enlarges and enriches
And will one day simply stop.

It is not night falling, when man will dream
Not necessarily pleasant; death around the corner
All the time, in a stupid hat perhaps
But certain there's nothing after that

No not nightmare death upon a cross
A reconciliation with a non-existent god.
Yes our, this, night still stuffs the bloody belly
Full o' drink and dripping morsel

We can thank parents the grab down into darkness,
The dissolving of all things, being called out nothingness
The descents into Hell, back up again
By the creative call of Father.

We're charged all sorts' delusion
Individuals seeming, anxious and acquisitive,
Seizing for security what's bounding to dissolution,
Because all die.

So grab at things repetitive, frustrating,
We contemplate an end to our acquiring.
And as a Culture imagining civilization collapsing
Our take for granted comforts, luxuries, can't be forever.

To all this, don't be deceived it is not a sleep,
A dream arcadian or nightmare horrifying, that must fall;
We shall die, shall have no choice, and goes all clung.
Thus the foundation of all we say of dignities and rights.

3.

Steep are walls of that valley,
A groove studded, in line, we march
And is bravery the man steps out, and up
He attempts to climb
And peep beyond those natural? faces.

Not bravery to compare to the super, multi, armed
Night visioned knights, the servicemen and women
Who now daily plot and plan a War
And risk their organs, life and limbs;
No this is nothing compared to those
Who spray awesome protection round the globe.

4.

Who then say
"I brand you weak,
The weakest people,
And because you're weak,
The bravest"?

gazza knows best

A murmur, no, not murmur of dissent from gathered round
Mummers' wanted an illusion, grand as....
Wanted yes, craved, but believe now bitter-aperitif, the truth.
A thump not of shock but remorseless inevitability,
A satisfaction, perhaps, or security in collapse.
Whatever, the laced liqueur stultifies, makes walk to scaffold bearable.
No not Guillotine, rarely does it end, chop!
More twisting out like vinegar from a sponge.

The parallel is Best,
That ageing, decaying, dead, drinking, Irishman
Slides forever further into his tragic creation
Fulfilled, receiving, owning and owing what is due to him.

So now, satisfyingly,
Martini clear, Gazza's brilliants set in tyrannically brittle personality,
His crown a kind of possession. Yes already possessed
Before alcoholism, killed his mother,
Drained away his desperate athleticism.

Gazza, a series o' little tickles
Unfulfilled, the verdict is harsh, a Judgement then,
A weighing up like cattle brought to market
Go trotting thr'iron turnstiles,
Caroused by zinc plate barriers

There are no rehearsals
Only day to day application
By which the talented become...
Ahh now The Masks, the mummies, proclaim:
Never showed consistency.

A character, a personality
That worried us
We know lads 'at took eye off ball
However much they 'ad
Never make it to the highest

The, their, sound a negative
The noise, a bit of sorrow,
Romanticises a waste. So pray
That that's as terrible as it gets;
The niggle, the thought, that the game, that he, is truly our soul.
Pray that not too many outside things get in our way,
But it is the outside that is not available to us
Leaves us staring

Looking onto his face, baby weeping face, we saw his need
And the prophesy of loss,
In telly or in print and saw the same expression Diego bore
A hint of torture there.
We can't quite say what it was, it's not, entirely, clear, a secret
Pain, insecurity, something created when we were very young
But when seen, we fear.

And he, The Gazza, was sometimes, it is said,
Overcome by fear he couldn't quite identify.
Maybe it was death, premonition of future agony,
Whatever it was, it sent him running, crying,
Demanding reassurance.

make it sinister

"The Stars" he said "scare.

Look, look up, look don't see? See stars, moon", what pain pervades
The unnamed man, feels awe incomprehensible,
Delusions wove through longing loss, over big space
And tundra that brings death closer.

Universe eternal, infernal, evil fundamental
Good God dead, man sum
Of natural urges, free to do through universe indifferent,
Fluxed cycle of compulsions, convulsions.
The anonymous man fears he will end
Before he's ready, suffers simple "I don't want to be alone"

Declinist fantasy, a dream, where who knows what will happen when,
Eternity holds out hand in shadow cast by moon,
The unknown, unnamed, stranger grab? to shake?
Venus bright as just *an*, not *the*, endless sun sets.
Squeeze the hand? seal tolerance that is hypocrisy?
A Nameless She, yawning eyes provoke
Secreting glands and vessels to dilate
Cause fingered, fumbled grope in gore
Dismissed; nothing, empty, gentle laugh
Leaves even the libertarian wary o' liberty

Responsible then, to neither persons, laws, nor god
So then why this tortured, delicate balancing,
'Tween the murder caringly or the murder callously?
'Tween execution and abortion?
Under pin prick lights that yearn to close
Fixed, recalled, poked and understood
Bend rule, rot sets the mycelium grows,
Convince' are justified inventing and distorting
To ensure conviction those already judged, the guilty

Now seeming fun, by turns, turns to, into, concern
Bygone demons' divide like amoebae, so and so, the anonymous man, splits,
Via permeable membrane 'tween imaginative and eccentric
Into family, ghouls un-denied, with freedom to carry out,
No fetters rules, restrictions or regulations.

The victim-man then, osmotic man infinitely alone,
Under astral drizzle, forgot, drunk or somehow insensible
No after life then to resent what has been done
By them, or it, a great big empty, to him

This true condition, this unreason, is not freedom, it is terrible loneliness.
It is indifference, impersonal, that finds a comfort? a salvation? in
Rage perpetual with this clotted what? Earth?
Solid stuff? Bleeding things?
Using fingernails that brake and under ooze, to dig, to move these sodden clods
That bury and consume, throws up to... leave a part of.
These knotted energies, tied now, the sentimental drivel soaks to bone,
Boundary blurs 'twixt bizarre and frightening.

mouse girl stoned

I don't want to be crass
But pornography?
She was like a mouse
The lovely way her body went all floppy
Like when hit with soft lead pug
Immediately after.
Or sort of in the trap
They don't straight die
Clump shut and they're stuck and will die
But not dead.

And she sort, kinda got up,
Her red jumper,
Stoned the caption said
But didn't seem that
Kinda blocked with a few rocks
Then a big block smashed into her face, or head did it say,
But like a mouse, not her she just fell, rolled back,
The fucking thing
Chased around, then waited on, or tricked
And erotic soft fur and floppy it went ahh.

Fuck it might be crass but she was in her black knickers
And she was slim and her face was the colour of her top
Which was red fur
And they, yes they did, two men, they leant in to protect her modesty
They flicked her black remnant skirt or whatever it was
Over her buttocks and pubis
Yes they did, one after another
Just to make sure.

Just the facts:
She fucked the boy,
A few hundred men waited for her
Tore her cloth skirt, stripped they said
Then hit her over head with stone
Till she was dead
And lots of them jostle filmed it on their mobile telephones
Which is how I know two covered her knickers while she bled
Before her fatal bump.

Christ it is crass,
I'll tell you why,
That I should be ashamed to write this
For reasons of self advancement.

probability

After-all, it is more gratifying to bet,
For one's own account, with other people's money;
Insure 'gainst loss, attributable to the unfathomable
Or his fateful servants, if that's what they are.
But by that march of capital is he or they not thereby mocked?
Footfalls on rich carpet that lead to who-knows-what.

The merchant's comfort with insurance;
Actuaries, carcinogens fed to rats, is charming,
But Uncertainty remains. The intuition of chance,
Betting Probability to hedge with Luck
Proclaimed laws force Fate to systematic control,
The electric light of reason, shone into, washes out,
A face; an over-exposure cleanses outline.

A steel or stoneware sink, bubbled bowl and tea towel,
Domesticated Risk is brought to heel, Fortune is demystified,
And knowledge of uncertainty's forms turns Furies into freedom.

An advance on penny-up-the-wall, no doubt,
Surely the less intelligent game; a simply win or lose?
Or did we complicate refinements, that altered rules,
That if both were heads or both were tails that negates their falls?
I really can't remember, or maybe never knew,
And no amount of knuckle-bones, stripped of meat
Their chalky whiteness bare, flung, no more a flick
While quick the fist claws up the rest, will change that fact
That really I don't know. Though patterns' recognizable are logical,
Up to point, their fascination derives from ambiguities,
That I think I know.

What then of these white or purple-black or inflamed red
Acrylic die, once those calcareous knuckle-bones?
Truthful, passive, communicator from collective human experience?
What of bruised deformed, distorted casting hand, of'times grotesque,
That represents agony in trying to muddle through?
Are grasping, open palm-up or fisted bunch of fives
To collect a debt in gore?

These images diabolic,
Maybe captured out of hell. From deepest, darkest depths of.
God forbid projected onto, absorbed and rendered mass.
Pray them oracular delve
Under membrane with torturer's contempt for pain or,
Because it's others, perhaps delight in, a game
In which man distracts himself;
Adds layers of illusion accidental. Or partial reflection as through glass
That provoke entrepreneurial fear of intuitive estimation
Into infinite depths.
While knuckle-shuffled dice accept calmly,
As tea cup, chink of porcelain, to saucer, what others might find terrifying.

So, of course, he embarrassed both self an' audience.
It was certainly mistake to film it,
What could we've been thinking? Who would you show it to?
And why? Sitting in his y-fronts,
In cracks and stains, his flaccid little prick beneath
Laid bare in random complacency and form'laic repetition.
A snotty string-drool mouth hung, a solo show predictable,
Mottled and distorted in the usual, predictable, ways.

shell shock

An element of reparation;
Tenderness towards a fiction
Might make up failure for, or balm,
Monstrous truths revealing.

The fizzin' sensation
As hived bees stirred
Stick, stick stirred
The shell shocked calcium propelled
By wave, fragments forming sand;
Shell shock tumbled smooth,
The whirling salty water cycles
Varied just the detailing, regular,
Comfortable and similar.
The soothing sound of rolling sea
Patterned behaviour to admire.

This, the patterning dance,
Gives direction, swarm around the victim
Beating wings providing heating.
Hot hell, a sound of agitated fury
And bizarrely, until now,
These Bees had been indifferent
To his presence but now
As painted with a gluey scent
This flood, curls back, pursues, breaks over.

A strand, a promenade
Of thought, associated defected
That nerve shattered soldiers now exhibited
As famil'ar with the hysterical feminine;
Their lumps in throat, the swoons,
The incubus, or succubus depending.
That circumstance of war
Excite existing weakness
In those distressed
Minds now suffering

Men made mad, now rendered
Status of exemplary victim
With defects both of character and morals.
The hysterical storm, that abuses stone and tree
Alike, it shows no favour or bows to status,
But drunks afflicted with capacity for feeling

The ridged back whelks, like bent men,
Beaten man. Burnt man;
The mussels cased in blue black skin
Coloured no not burnt, open with the heat,
Like, like ladies legs revealing lips
The bent-back man, broken man, shattered storm
Reveals weak weakness in men's afflicted minds.

Garland head with cockles, garland straggles,
Ocean weed for locks, samphire for the pot,
Winkles stay attached as sea's hair ripped
From off a rock, dying on a shore and stand
Upright and blame the victim.

We resist attempts to soil image, deny the spoil of it.
So fit the man with nappy, encase in big-size baby-grow.
Secured to keep him fed and watered, fiction psychiatric lozenge
For his care, But pity would heroize...
The breakdown makes attractive a man made pale, inebriant intense,
Drawing 'pon self-sacrificial unavailable to the or'nary,
The lowly, the stay at home, the voter.
And where's voice's private, the one who really suffers?
We don't want to hear it, the howl of one who suffers here, today
Who suffer sensitivity, shock afflicted with generous capacity
For feeling with woman who looked back,
Daughters, virgins, with their father.

spoilt brat sacrifice

1. Electra-Electrical (crap-not crap).

He has no ethics. It shows
Maybe it was spending childhood running, hiding
Always listening, looking, looking out for. Pursued.
By unsatisfied, raw with iron tooth and claw.
Glossy? I'd say more dead-eye, unforgiving shine.
Irradiating reds, seedy in their saturation
See the make-up caking, spittle, phlegmy droplets and the bruises
Close-ups are enquiring, ethnographic, medical lets say
Look at these things, people, what makes them do what they do...

And when he turned that gaze on you, that stare of his
That look out o' nowhere, the dense dark bird spots prey
Swift and merciless, unfortunate, you're taken 'part,
Recorded and displayed leaving splayed, painful,
As discharge from private bodies, self aware
Whatever stain, fear, guile the shameful semi truth that lurked, scrutinised,
Scrubbed to bubble calcium of inside bone, like volcanic stone that rasps
Off hot soak skin, like x-ray locked in silver under gelatin.

Yes, true, he suggests a shit of person,
Not just for screwing under-ager. Forgetful of position, distinction,
Was the right to fuck whoever.
Wallow in disease-urges, whatever way required,
Fully using, making full use of, were private quirks?
An unjust competition 'tween the Selfish Lechers regardless of the teeny, tiny?
Regardless of the empathy, ministered by predatory, the gangsters,
the con-men helping up?
Insignificant is it. Cheating-on, cuckolding slaughtered far away out sight
of the minds eye.

But if this taken to disqualify from greatness....
Well... though the viewing, the actual watching, now that seems a torturing
Picking, more gratuitous licking, to pieces the humble toy, that poor insect,
Light-lit under magnifying by pubescent fascinated with degradation,
This is sick, filthy, romanticising, pornographic brutality.
Why seek grubbing under muck? The proportion healthy honest to foul,
Unnatural fallen is great; this is writing better left unwritten, pictures left un-taken
A flicked image, gaudy, for the wanking, close in caries powder graining
He empathizes with his characters? Big deal, he also ogles their debasement;
An eyeball shaped mirror watching and is watched reflects
False art? Interest only medical or legal? False to human nature, hero as a devil?
False morality too; un-transparent whether he's preferring dirty view unnatural
To unsoiled picture clearly healthy, sanity.

See, no ethics. It shows in 'is movies
For enjoyment, whiling 'way; why people find appealing;
Sadism, sex, the depiction of human falling.
But you don't think childhood hiding from people' want to kill,
Of promises never kept, persons stripped of faces, like acid smudged, removed,
The criminal attempt to pulp his fingerprints,
Morality ups-a-daisied 'fore your eyes
No weeping sympathy for a faceless cry
When nameless Cruelty divorces Miss Responsible, Mister Conscience
Layers 'nother level horror day on day, wouldn't affect,
Perhaps cause them to lose, if that's what it is, their way?

There, just so, when I psychoanalyze,
But really isn't 'nough to salvage him for me.
Isn't as cynical, no; doesn't mean the world-view's any different.
Turns the Homicidal Pervert handsome, tormented, loveable an' glamorous
Glamorous like shiny mag-spread fashion, you know he photographed the teeny nude?
Unloading his drink and drugs. The pitiless removal of her veil.
Despairs at mindless, empty, the lonely world a void and,
I don't know, that does nothing for me.

A psychedelic swinger period was groovy overlay,
Brilliance of new light and colour, decadence,
Intemperate disaster pours, like glue, some strange twists and kinks into the dynamic.
The running from, and post, wreaked, War period, travelled criminal kiddy gangs;
The girly prostitute, or group of, that he befriended.
Who knows who got defiled, their hair befouled with semen
Like wriggly snakes a-hissing
Now depicts women going slowly mad, hounded unrelenting,
But, dig this, here, he's the one who gets demented, an' metamorphosed
To woman. A possession ends' annihilation. Now, what does that say?

Ha! pretending Something, ending sordid, silly. Crude, sensational.
Typical dopy perv junk; desiring life unpleasant.
A blunt, overweight thrill alternately cheap, dull and repellent,
Peeling scabby appearance and looking underneath at guts,
The gutted dead meat.

An impasse, how delightful,
Existence has it sordid's, with all his faults,
Who knows because of them, then think his bleakness true,
Is tortured by this state of sordidness? Perv, but no dope?
You see, "she's my sister and my daughter!" simply is fantastic. Biblical.
Furies beaking entrails, heads of John the Baptist
Violence, confused, simple expression of trauma.
A frenzied bits of body, fully and exhaustively used and out of focus flesh

Or rather him, with fire breath, two pointed head,
Amusing self-emotion in a playground; a playground Political.
A menacing, polished metal ringed arena for catharsis.
Catharsis for a class, an aristocracy.
Suspended between opposites, the infinity of bigness
And is it infinity of the littlest?
Hung tormented, like crystal seed, in insoluble boredom
Doomed in oddly calculating, chance, in some viscous god-forsaken casino,
In plush private rooms
Surrounded in the glowing red of velvet, of baize of golden rails
Bedecked by diamonds, by peals too, by the grandeur of futility
By curious kinds of doctors with promises of rejuvenation
And incredible old heiresses, women queue for Monte Carlo opening
To relieve that boredom for a moment.

The crown's tarnished;
Kings and Queens, though always were, are all gone wrong
Sheer devilry verges 'pon disgusting and has it's play
But there's our man, the man comes when children sleep
Who manipulates as he distorts, no not his body, goblin signed, twisted and obscene,
A physique racked, out of, into shape, thats for old times gone.
An emperor may appear to have no clothes, to some,
But is never, ever, more or less, truly naked
A fat slabbed meat holed, and then, abused.
This is, perhaps, the much sophisticated, softer focus, a prettier man,
No less the bully though
Approximately a piper, der trommler, let us say.

So what true for man who has no guilt,
No conscience;
Would you, he, want' know what'd happened' it?
Or see self all good and all on right,
Would see no wrong?

You regard evil an absurd
For which there is no dining room,
Then a left turn? Could be. Or something fundamental;
And he heat-hazy, youthful, daisy-days blowing cats their bottoms
With bangers to unapologetic blather, endorsement of torture,
Of others sacrifice, there's been no change?

Tending paranoia, a belief in holy terror,
Distrust full of, dishonesty and destruction
Without shame, the man' cannot self incriminate
No need the euphemistic to wring Facts from out his neck.
No avoiding eyes buried head in hands,
Expressed regret or embarrassment at failure or lack of speaking true.
Red is black, or black is red, or white, makes no difference;
It should be red it came out black, so what?

He simple says what they want to hear,
Lies to self as well are easy.
Contempt, for language,
For who dares question is blatant.
Baldly stated it is bone chilling; words mean nothing.
A catwalk parades the self serving patchwork
And knowledge incomplete.
A frightened idiot, literally a fool,
Searching friendship in riveted scales,
Row 'pon row o' shields, of wall of flints,
Into armour that is Whole Truth. Truth that shrouds
Profound Demons fear and failure;
Who self protect with indifference and contempt.
The malevolent twitch of direct confront by failure or as Liar
Springs to escalating attack, a strangling, tail like, bullwhip crack,
Red dragon roar, the petty-putting down
Like cats and dogs when not required, or increasingly irrelevant.

Un-useful, no longer herding sheep or killing mice
Plainly irritating, often pleading for affection
Put them head first in a sack and drown them.

Why ever not? we do it still. Still? Not now, no!
Children are far too expensive; for some, the lucky ones.
True, it's at remove, now, like butchering,
Behind zinc plate, hose down, walls the slaughter happens far away, long gone
Upon a time that is invisible through mists propaganda
But is still there, in us, how

Contempt is defense, self-preservation,
A possession helping ease, appears relaxed, to fans, at least,
He will not change. Inadequacies of reasoning,
Are structural. Alteration will be exorcism,
Collapse humiliating from lost skeleton Demonic.
But possession spineless by Demon called Humiliation.

This self-destruction conducts discussion with destruction.
A sadistic streak speaks to masochistic;
From blown cats and frogs and dogs, to branding's bright-hot iron coat hanger.
A comfort in, and with, Cruelty that is jocular
A Jester, with who, there is no dialogue or reason;
The Demon speaks a babble, a punishment for a tower.

Break It! Fate, Fury, likes to break, things. Needs. The. Break. Of. Things.
The childhood break of things. The, high definition, childish burn of things
Systematic, the symbolical destruction, of neglectful? the rejecting? parent,
Or Cain resenting favoured Able?
It's enough to make man opposite of sane, where does that leave us?
We speak of timeless things. People do not change.
But do regress? Need protection from diminishment?
Busying with anxiety leaves little capacity to attend...
Fear created feeds itself on Reason leaving, so left, like residue
At 180 degrees centigrade with events outside control.
A monumental challenge, a re-rendering of smattering of languages
And dialects into English as urgent as is difficult; to get a stop,
To prevent the undertaking disastrous, the villainous sacrifice;
The Vain Committing for which so many die.

3. Of That First Breach.

Of that first breach in human relationship.
There is a squatting Demonic to be propitiated,
Who perched atop tubular terrace is attending offering.
Is that a crow a-pecking? A bowl red soup over-flowing.

Into the field, the mattress like field,
The field whose infertility has brought about this situation,
That field where slaying happening,
The plumped up bed of our disorder

Not impulsive murder, well mostly not, brought about by jealousy,
But killing, a poking, a bloody good-kicking
Attended' pomp and awe, intending fertilise that soil of the field,
The slumber field, by drenching with the victim.

The pregnant-with will soon be simply pregnant.
Got caught as dear old mum would say. Fuck me, fuck me harder
Curse upon Cain his flight from this scene of slaying
You'd be wrong to feel this is me moaning,
"Don't shoot messenger", as the saying.

Though worry that like rabbit frosted,
Painful stuck to dusk adapted eyes the over-powered light,
The messenger in prophetic trance is paralysed
And, like cattle, guided to it's massacre.

Two goats, one slain,
The scape-goat runs, is pushed, is desert trundled.
While bird-like thing, the black winged, permanently hovers
Picking at the liver,
Like car squashed cat or pheasant.

The sacrificer defiled,
Is driven and drives
Out of and by community
Until purified, his guilt communal, is not an individual.
He no murderer, common; a special person
Performs act of medal struck defilement, he is sacrosanct;
I see a figure ministering, towering a sinister over-watching,
Splattered gluey-semen-whiting, elongated,
Foreshortening to permanently looking-up-to.
A figure of Authority like a doctor;
He opens black leather instruments of torture.

Of that first breach; the bond of brotherhood broken,
The, apparent, mutually beneficial, is transparent
Anger and Violence breaking
Death meddles' world.

Of this broken relationship, disobedient consequence,
Is developed disastrous and divisive.
A city built, sets in motion mechanism, circular, without god,
And under veneer of civilisation Violence and Death wrestle
In our stuffing flowing futon.
This, a fabrication of consequences, of disobedience,
A repeat yes but is not yet complete, is just one of three.
A symbol mankind's 'volt 'gainst god, of accumulated Evil
Which has acquired? squired? a leviathan, and of the pride of man,
Which seeks' usurp authority of god,
That strides 'long, the proffered, the saturated carpet.
As if lit from another world,

Drawn by scent of blood,
Born out blood spewing from castration;
The bully birds crowd victim, hooded, hanging
Beat legs with bars till bloody pulp,
As like result of overriding bus as makes no difference,
And now black birds are picking
The blue bruised flecked viridian, the electra red, the magenta.
The splintered bones, like reversed nib hatches
Make the human inedible.

time to come

Many will say in time to come, of, to them, yore,
There was a point, not moment, more lump,
A pregnant lump, a bump, a block of time
When, oh I don't know, things, yes "things" will do they're solid after-all,
"Real" as we say. So "things it is, potential realised, where were we?
Yes, that's it, when things could have been chosen otherwise.

But, well, that's how it appears to them, in our future, but to us?
Are we responsible to or for that fatted moment?
Do we break the yolky sac, or does the yell'd protein break
Over, over hair, run sickly long bridge of nose, dribble on the tongue
And feed our choice? our predilection?

Then say they then, in time future, say
"It was predictable", this division of cells
this multiplication, this building one a top the other;
From tiny acorns, you've heard it all before, in time past.
How old monsters divide, amoebae are parasitic,
The old so and so splits into a family Ghoul.

Or gobbled in reverse, the picture here the negative;
An inner rot eats 'way hole through structure the wood worm bores,
To reveal good outcome, that justifying bad means
Displays abominable? unforgivable? unforgettable? kinship
With them the Goblins, the Troll like, bloody, bleeding nasty.

Something like an abortion then; the intercourse sexual,
Conception miraculous, existence inevitable is terminated
Somewhere 'long track to birth, according to law and rule
By abortionist or doctor, bottle bleach, coat hanger, dilate 'n' scrape or suction
End of *it's* line whatever, the particular bugger,
A simple killing all the same.

You could believe then,
You could say planned it all along if threads traced back,
Find abattoir emanates from vicious conscious will.
An illegitimate plot hatched, destroys as creates.
That rules don't apply, that rules apply to others.
That rules be broke in pursuit of fractured self that
Reassembles the whole. That once was there? Who cares?

Or could say they forced the outcome
Like furry little animals.
Like Kestrel circling for its prey, spying
In slaughter house with everything frilly of blinking red for on,
Hanging decorations and water sloshing foam out rubber hosing,
Runs in carpets like red velvet to sink b'low ground
Through pipes and plugholes in a room like remembered from a previous life;

Bed spreads saturated pink or faded red and fifties lodging,
Landlady smell with her rubber gloves and, bottle blue,
Ammonia stench, saying "an apple a day keeps doctor away"
In that bedsit then Gunpowder and Treason conceived,
The egg cracked, was wolfed on toast
A beard begun, not clipped, to resemble
The revolutionary, father christmas,
Jesus, a prophet.

But Ezekial not as warning, nor prophecy but that / am the Lord.

tortured pets - sammy's bloody eye

Smiley's tortured eyes
Smiley's eyes

What's this,
Blundered on to point?
Pencil point in overgrown hands
And there pinned the hamsters bloody eye
But, of course, somehow it just shrivelled up and died
And now it looks just like a currant the veterinarian's given cream to try
To soothe its shrivelled, tortured eye.

It is our time to wonder at smiley's tortured eye
Why children, however prematurely grown need to make pets suffer.
You'd never guess the distortions flying round their heads
But must reflect either nature or nurture or bit of both;
No doubt that's why mother finds a reason to deny.

Time now to face fact through smiley's eyes;
Despite its hot-housed size mother clings to the desperate, final boy
Whose dangerous, in this case, intelligence perverts his vision
She blindly pleads so special, so... er... advanced has developed a sinister side.
The flower of earlier roots planted, neglected shoots, don't die, now weeds
Beneath double layered glass webbed fast by aluminium frame.
Irrigated with abundance, often plundered, wet-warm musky creepers,
The hidden soon revealing free the weeping girl with irresponsible clit exploded
Broke out bounds in which body's moulded making her bait!
A little milky-chocolate bit stuck trap! click, snap! exposes her tits, she can't get back.
Trapped in track, the groove once supple, now brittle, toffee pull she's following to an end.

Like virus, her clit like fondant stone thrown in glasshouses
Where no one could hurt a fantasy of effortless whatever,
A sweetmeat confection spun, sugared floss, round and round
A bowl, on wheel to imagine, to play, dressed as pink maid, made a net,
Like compacted spiders' web, of sticky thread, a rope on which
She, through we, stuck castles of dust on mountains of dust
Of all ills contained in her, her as sugar-coat pill, passed
Around box, pill-popped The Pill some, many, claimed,
The confectioner's meat, twirls in her cage, on his tongue,
The wheel she made a tale; she plots, plans demise as if caught by surprise
Because the button got pressed, released what was, what should be, suppressed
Destroyed with blast, things created, by a who knows what,
To last.

Was right?

The moral lot, the righteous lot, the anti-contraceptive lot?

What were in that jar, a sort of incubator?

A bow wrapped package enabling rubber-johnny,

The bottle of Gin 'n' opened out wire hanger in brimming bath?

A euthanastic plot? A device that can't be switched off?

Started 'ck 'ck snick to turn, turn again the gears

Till finally there, snip-snap the process, just... stopped.

The one kick, an escarpment, and, or cut completed,

Leads the easier to the next, the slice, the teddy-boy slash,

Till life, the fluids gone, she just finished, in time,

Her mire of dreams, chatters, faltering to just her Self.

Ended, fast, runs on, on, a clock lost, tick-tock tick-tock tick, tock.

Escapes by turning back, backing to her trap on which her tale,

A candy plait, rope shank, her story hung.

She seems paralysed now,

Settled leviathan, gigantic white crystal pillar

Hence her retreats, not into, but back up to a box,

Not tugged I don't think, to playing up games of dressing,

Window dressing, display case, like once was Berlin

Filled to overflowing, and, fearing a crumbling convention,

Plays roles that meant liberation; a change in the system!

Revolution! A shift in who has got power!

Where yes, shift indeed, heavy sits a man

The functionary, devising, he plans, sits fat bottomed

For State, The State, fixed State, steady State, enacting, enabling

Means and torments. From pinch of flea to exploding suns, the insignificant

Wasp-vibrato-stiletto through skin drawn on unceasing by smell of orange

It's oily skin glowing, well, like a sun really, to that calamity is it,

Accident? I don't know, but the flash of heat, and pop! flash light is fact.

The nasty little fact, like crabs, pubic lice, the boos that greet the villain.

As too the hiss of static is all the little baby sounds joined together in a mass

And white light is all the little colours of the rainbow rammed together.

And there,

Vaguely hidden

Yet displaying, preening even,

Corner stands beneath lamp-light, fag mouthed,

The arrogant boy, the college boy, the tooled up nasty boy,

Cosh boy, flick-knife click! to cut. And seemed from great distance

The cigarette thrown lay in the pile, the grass, not on the grass,

In the grass. Right in, up close, close up, closer and closer till

Seemed inside? What then? The tube glowed, consuming,

Extinguishing till it died and seemed to be invaded

By insects or, closer in more,
Bacteria.
Life not like his,
A life unpleasant, outside, and with agenda
Separate and opposed to his, or rather, to theirs
Because, in a way that wasn't clear,
He was a tool of that dying light and the invading life.

Now that boy,
The boy, the sometimes naughty, delinquent now certificated,
Health and safety boy now man; torture man? yes I feel,
I feel so good, happy that is, make someone,
An anyone? should it be, is there such a thing a special one?
Suffer tonight. Fish hook the flesh.
Hook the morsel, the nipple. Extract information, the milk.
There's no avoidance, no seeping fissure for the leaking into,
And if that milk is seeming tubercular? Don't leave to chance,
Or to ferment. Or heaven help us incubate, it's nasty-yeasty growth pollutant.
Safer, much, shut down, turn off, flush 'way into an exclusion zone,
A sewage treatment plant. Behind fences, hooded, muffled, drown in white noise,
The rushing effluent rendered, drips of liquid are extracted.
But look! Dear, look!

Look eyes, these eyes see not lies, can't you, they are, very, very, true;
Inside something tucked up, hid itself beneath, and died.
No not cliché curled, no no no you'll dance,
Strange dance, that twirling, tormenting arrangement,
Movement that bent limbs are oddly satisfying,
Pleasant in some kind of way. A nice, like pink vased flowers
Dried, a cobweb there between your petals.

Upon this stick then, this eye no longer deceives.
Not a head upon a stick a simple pencil stuck.
That not long before made notes reflecting hopes for attention and affection.

unknown one, nameless one

In the bar, the club, the pub, the disco, party, pub or show
Smiling at the knocked-up door; open forever hoping, waiting
For unknown one, a nameless one the one who never, ever, shows
Is it, or is it goes?

Yes one, there, not just when tryin't' finger bird,
Whose in way; the husband or the lover. No,
This is different. There when to leave is what's desired
Move on, you say, get out.

Oh I know, escape. Well.. sat in yer finery. Bait it is.
The revealing like a spotlight lifting, triangular, emerging
From black opens on our star, our scene. You jump?
Why surprised, "hook yer ah ah ha, got 'im on a leash"
All join, together, to a man. Like bouncing, open mouth, slack jawed carriage train.
To suppress not a thought, ah.. more feeling, a... a smell.
Not recognised, but, all the same, everyday. Requiring just a tease
That releases memory. No! The anxiety. As if that perfume
Was put to remind, torture with lost, the missing. An ending
But unholdable, ungrippable, unrealisable. Teasing' hints, tempting
Remembrance, solutions just wrong side o' tip of the tongue.
So trapped within. Not tongue searching her, or hers in you.

So dumb. More fun with pork chop,
Miserable lump. But its there.
That nasty falling in the stomach.
An unwelcome swallowing,
Like tumble comes when caught the hands in till
Or up'er skirt. "No 'scaping, red 'anded" In cold blood.
The bolder, faster, badder boy
Would drag a finger under nose 'n sniff 'er reek.
And try t'make you smell it. Grab you, older boys,
Much, much older, hotter, racing on boys.
And stare and want and pray.

Seems so blatant, so unashamed. Which, of course, is all to good;
Solidifying dreams, make phantasms concrete,
Building security and well being. Now what's left?
Some nameless ritual in nameless place;
Godforsaken? befouling couldn't give a shit?
Enacted by, on, nobody people in nowhere state?
Cleansed by the fathomless, unfavorable illumination.
Some foul deeds quite easy in this time, our time?
And time it is, please ladies and gents as the big titted barmaid would say
Scurrying up our glasses like plates flung in some prison,
Or particularly rough men's canteen. An older time, no doubt, things change?

That bit's true, at least, "things" change, well bully for you,
But we're talking old-old big-bang, big-time superstar time,
Time that smells of brimstone as yellow plastic sulphur overflows
like boiling chewing gum.
Time that splashes in unquenched orange dips us in a searing light
As with crackling bulbs flash molten glass if you were a celebrity ant.

And teeny, tiny, we tear at door, the disco door, the party door
The all the fun in the world door
The happy, bleeding door
The kicked in door.

