

Leviathan



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Nathan Anderson

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This is a work of fiction. Names and characters are the product of the authors imagination and any resemblances to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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The Tree I

Yes this stoic absolute. You see that death does not quiver its averted eye, despite the stake driven between seeds with perfect alignment, despite the straightening of apparatus, now guided by abacus and constellation. This skin, born without wound or cleft or cut. Ambrosial in its amniotic fluid. Smoothed by hands of god or gods or God. Startlingly straight, like arrows and spears and staves, removed and recast and reattached. Each limb a body, each body a limb. Each arm a shaft, loosed from their thongs to lodge within wood. Like needles and needles and needles. Circulating, ossifying. Guided by eye in the vulture's beak. Just as these needles turn green then brown. Green is alive, brown is dead. Take this hue from the opaque palette, heavy in your slender hand, heavy in a broken hand. A broken palm cannot cup this colour. This colour does not touch an eye, or ear, or tongue, or lips, or teeth. Wheel from the palette. From green to brown. Alive and dead. Brown to green. Dead and alive. Born by electrical snap of eye flicker, on and off, drifting ether from synapse to finger to birth canal. Rejoice the forming of froth behind

skull. To recognise a tree floating in air. The froth as seed, bathed in froth, emanating from the browns and whites and greys. Emanating from the palette. No form, no species, no designation. Spoken in blank verse of encyclopaedia, flipped and torn, sketched and swallowed. Fragments lodged in molar and canine, between bone and bleeding gums, moistened with probing tongue. Quivering skin to form this manuscript, stitched and sewn with fraying thread. The needle pierces the clapping eye, expressing these watery beads of light. Refraction and contraction of singularity in sea. Penetrating the crust of ice. Expanding the froth and with it the skull. A tree, a tree, a tree. Stepping with soot on your toe, bleeding fingers, chalk under the nails. Banks of sand rewarded to walking's divine right. Now leaving wire and paper waking in the ebb and flow. Leaving under cover of earthquake and typhoon, volcano and fire, famine and flood. Follow this progression through electrified towers, fibre optic insulation, microbe obliteration. Where toes and legs are numbered for extermination. Transfixed on eyes and legs and mouths and wings. Mercifully gazing at butterfly wings. Tasting the moth's dusty chalk. Bulbs sparking in froth, in the skull. Beginning to

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walk and stand and sit and walk and stand
and sit. Obliterated and re-enacted and
reinforced through the hem of the sky.
Devoid of Latin, devoid of equation.
Through this culling of vowel and
consonant. Reduced to a bloody sheep's
head. Oxygen without Oxygen. Voice
without voice. Spreading the grass seed on
the skin mat, dropped from the crow's foot
and beak. Taken as carrion from emptiness.
Finding yourself with nostril and throat
dulled with sand. Spreading the hue,
collected and categorised in these casings.
Just as the lick of a slick tongue over silk
lips. So enamoured with webbing. The
clicking chip of a tooth dislodges its
findings, diffuses the webbing, abandons its
simple arithmetic. Plucked at once from the
feather of a dead crow. Not yet bled by its
rotating kin. Hecatomb to the seeding of lips
and teeth and tongue. Accept the invitation
to incursive cartilage and bone and muscle
and blood. Slipped open with diamonds,
impregnated to form the beating. Now
enclosed without repetition and
reverberation. A hand on the ox skin to feel
the vibration. A bone in hand to cause the
vibration. Made by removing a rib, replacing
a rib. A slit beneath the breast to house the
rib or remove the rib. Devoid of the silk

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thread and the pierce of steel. You move the eyelid just beneath the breast, an eye that wears the ox skin cloth. An eye as eye as eyes as man or woman. Latching the sinew ropes between the orb and froth. Set now to churn in electricity, solidifying as the arrow strikes the flesh. You bring lightning to cauterize the wound. Running headlong into glass, revealing the cave. Opening your eyes upon the aging skin. Echoing atavism.

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The Person I

You make this man or woman run their hand upon the tree. Outstretching lips against to kiss it, saliva bubbles on the searching tongue. Soon contracting, allowed to ululate or choke. Expanding to an open palm against to love the tree. Beginning first the pre-waltz with empty left hand. Now clasping all these sweating buzzards, glass their brittle bones. Choke and empty skulls upon the dirt. Construct a bone white toothpick through the empty crevice of the canyon. Intricate in overcast, silk through the blotter, spider's legs of hair and mould. Expanding in the graft, spending in the graft. Contracting under blades of white. This man or woman bathes within the scent, breathing circulating air. Light dust through the brush, dirt entering the skull through lilac and meat. Plucked free from the better petal, likely this other rose, likely this other violet. The bee contracts and weeps from this venom. Sees through these eyes to wooden hooves. Immolates the kindling pyre. Scent smoke in the watering eyes. Coughed from the watering lungs. Cloistered in muslin, find wine intoxication. Readying the pre-cancerous limbs to drop from weak lips.

Eating the needles and cones, letting them burn tongue and gums and throat. Shaping the flightless bird, feathered in plaster and stone. Picked clean by the writhing of moments and monuments. Cut suddenly by the sudden eclipse and pierced by the clasp of teeth on the tongue. Flicked monstrous from root to roof to root to roof, to root, to roof. Returning, returning, returning. Send them to kill the tree with words or axe or chainsaw or saw. Heavy is the hoisted rope. Be quick about the loops and pulls. Feel them now like tendrils cupped around the empty cord. Chrome or sweet colour. Chrome as sweet colour. Outstretching the plastic membrane, placenta folding over falling water. Escape the primate circulation, no longer made to run and defecate without pride or empty stone. Toothy grin while breaking skulls upon these mounds of salt. Split the skin without serration. Only articulation. Only pulling never cutting. Pulling, pulling, pulling. Tearing the stitching, plucking the strings from the bow. The silky coiled metal based in oil. Kissed with skeleton lips. They come to this tree to remove and rebuild. Atomised to be the new same spine, new same skull, new same legs, new same arms, new same eyes, new same lips, new same

teeth, new same, new same, new same. A biopsy from the same carrion corpse. Slit thin from the heaving cheek. Pulled down over empty arms. Plaster cast over embryo plastic. Stem cells over silicone mould. All to form a tree in two parts. A main post and crossbeam. Unified in its clothing. This strip of skin set to run along its outer corset. To expose the rib or lack of rib, the binding, the grinding down of teeth and toe. Bone made to form powder. Bone made to form chalk. Colouring this empty mannequin. Forming this diluted water in black or white or grey. Painted over nose and beak and lips. Dribbling, dribbling. Homogenised as stone on sand. Obliterated as stone on sand. Awaiting the shedding of grotesque or beautiful nudity. Taken as man, taken as woman. Hands chained in mud, suckling from the breast of empty flesh. Transmuting milk to wine. Silk and cotton slung from shoulders and arms and legs. The hat removed from balding head to form the feathered tips of rising flesh. Embraced as Everest or Olympus. Un-embrace what was embraced. Melt the snow and cause displacement of the arms and legs, akimbo and constricted, spread and rescinded. A shedding of numerical weight. Set to abandonment of abacus and beads. Beads

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sold and abacus burnt to fund the single limb. A stunted limb, malformed as specified, withered and reshaped. A body made limb, a limb made body. A chest made the crook of an elbow. A neck made a shin. To form ambidexterity without digits. Stop the clicking of the ticking boxes brought to chime. And chime. And chime and chime. The crossbeam is short, the main post long. Both made to form the t and not the T. Not with those fingers. Not without the spine that is a knuckle, is a bend, is articulation. Like cotton that webs the horn and holds the tooth. Made as posts to carry the crossbeam, as shoulders to ribs to spine. These posts to hold the static charge and fill the china caste to send through milky stone. Pierce the froth and lodge within the thinning waves. And take the razor now to shed the roots and make the hook. Tendrils turn to spears and penetrate the gripping hold. Clutching hard a loosened hand that draws the wine. Buried deep within the girth and width and depth. Joined by uranium to set the rapid buzz. Drive Cadillac and drones along the inner heart that makes the road. Cautioning the intersection. Thrust from the febrile run of feet to catch the hammer's pulse. A tree, a cross, a tree.

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The Tree II

A tree with a piece carved from it, rent from it, expelled through the silicone touch. The ratcheting knuckle grows as an extension of the cloth wrapped horn. Produced and reduced. The wheat becomes desert. The desert becomes fire. Twisted kindling taken and consumed to set the signal flame. Instantaneously colliding with metal and skin. Repeat, repeat, repeat. Douse it in white. Relinquished to the closeting eye. Coughed from the retching throat. The seizing of the gastric muscles, convulsion into cramp. Stretching the scar tissue over this skin cartography, sketched through this delicate violence. A prod of the needle prick to grip the palette. Scrawl the message over empty skin, to touch the teeth and lips and tongue. Biting free the armoured bark, the cone, the needle, the furrowed brow that mouths along the fistless limb. Your lips outstretched in agony, in circles, curled grotesquely. Inflicted without sight or sound. A tick of time between the froth and finger. Clicking back between the current and the stream. Carrying the pulse towards fragmented bones. Release the ropes, relent to gravity. Collide the stones, clapping their

high air, devoid of deep sound. Strike the high note that paints obscured halls and chambers. A wound etched on blueprint marked in chalk. Entailed under stretching orbs to touch the wood. The wood to hold the dust. Now held within, this is its bond. Solidified throughout the embryonic purse. Just as the finger, just as the hand. Just as the leg and foot. Just as the snake and sky. A light refracted over water. Clasped within a metal dish to glide the eye above the spine. Just as a mountain range. Just as this frozen skin. Collected in the dusted vertebrae. Saliva to obliterate the wooden road. Gone and gone and gone. Give way to duplications, ink on paper, printed in this Prussian blue. The runs of colour move towards the outer dunes. Collecting coarsely, remotely in their walls. Heavy in their eyelash thread. Flicked from tender wrist. Needled out as axe or chainsaw or saw. Adhered to in the copied calculation. Consuming cloth thrown into flame. Cut thinly from the puffing cheek. A wound, a wound, a wound. No signs of blade or teeth. The biting, chewing, spitting on the dirt. No paroxysm, no burst of deviation, no retardation of flesh and bone. The splitting cell. Mitosis born of flashing light. The engraved road between this nothing and

nothing and nothing and nothing. Just as the crow that comes to touch the seed upon the stone. A seed licked and chewed, held tight within the frame that holds the froth. You allow its birth beyond the fissure. This tangle made to burst the fissure. This wound that makes this wound a fissure. The jagged edge now smoothed and unobtrusive. Unobserved. The graft becomes the stucco. The cheek revealed to find it fleshless. It does not puff from air or death. Left empty without gas dispelled from flapping lungs. Smooth the shattered lips to stop them catching cotton thread, or grazing or flaking gentle skin. Kiss the flesh that does not cut the naked hand. Measuring the lengths to wear the cloth. Consumed by spider, the cow that is not flayed. With speed the fingers fall upon the lower lip. Pressed hard to thin the larger weight. There is no grasp upon the wider girth. Just as the waltz returns its empty hand. No raising of the height towards the grip of other limbs. And now deploy your wings to reach these lower hands. Obscured arms without a fist. Cataracts in fog inflicting eyes that see the joining limb. Each limb a body. Each body a limb. Run your stick along its side to hear a still and muted sound. No imperfection in the foreign key, no accidental, all within the

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major scale. No empty slip provides these
beats that sound obsidian. A cup to cover up
your soaring throat. Entombed within the
band, compressed by bending horns.
Rotation brings the flies that buzz against
the chamber. Deployed to catch the spear
within the open gum. Exposed beyond the
labial oppression, without anaemic bars.
Extracted in their yellow bone. No rumble of
the stick against uneven edge. No echo in
the clasping hand. A thud that shakes the
swelling jaw. That chips the clenching teeth
and bleeds the running tongue. Staunched
within the thick saliva. Enshrine exacting
measurements upon its cast. Excess
discarded as cuts and thrusts within the sea
to carry over waves. To penetrate the grain
and shift before the feet. Aligned as beacons
reading wound, reading cut, reading cleft.
Relinquished with parted jewellery as barter
for donkeys and ears of corn. Picked fresh
from the stalks to slake your thirst. As
salvation to flesh and blood in
transubstantiation. Corpus Christi, the body
of Christ is Amen, Amen, Amen.

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The River I

See the seam within its side. A wound within its side. A cleft within its side. A cut within its side. The loosened threads that split the stitching. The open mouth released to bring the toothless scream. Vibrations left to sleep now housed in this geometry. Clothed in dust. Your fingers cut and tear the webbing. Hard against the sinew, wrapped before the wound. Now child's hands that dance the fleshy scarf, skipping, looping, merging in the knuckled horn. Dissolving into clouds beneath the gasping jaw. Expansion leads to death beneath the stone. As burning hands now meet the rope and drop the gated floor. Again, again, again. You soon regurgitate the contrived cup. Your shaking hand that holds the clay oesophagus and rounds the choking throat. An orb displayed within this collar, as chambers clasp the sand that forms the house. Builds the house. Collapses into sheltered bedchamber. Bitten free from swollen cheeks. And makes the bare river in the basin. Born out of the continent. Rich in its deformity. Take the arm, take the leg, the bending spine, the sightless eye. Stretch the cloth and pen. The hot ink curl to touch the

shivered plain. To form these mountains under stark duress. Pull back the skin and hound the weeping. Your spike is not repelled beyond the armoured hide. Tossed from waves, producing froth, producing lips, producing electricity and wire and concrete. Snaking through the jungle and forest and desert, the prairie and savanna and waste. And brings the larval apocalypse, the buzzing of the vampire brain and wing. The cracking wood that welcomes the lick of flame, the waves that rise the dryness of the tongue. You bite with needle teeth to sever the ankle bone. Begin consumption of the body. First brushed by swaying wheat, then petrified, cremated on the sandstone plate. Clasp your hands to greet Pompeii. Smiling underneath the microscope, sketched beneath the rain that goes by clicking, clicking, clicking. And roll it out upon the wheels, encased in hide. You set a dart to strike the bead. Finding flickering enlightenment. The sunlight cut by guillotine frames, awash in empty colour. Plastic depressed to waken the sleeping muse. Leading eyes and falling jaw to speak the same mumbled words. Running, running, running. The candle used to melt the wax. A river that is wide and strong and weak and narrow. A river that is a river. A

river that is the river. That holds within encyclopaedia. You run the black against the taste. The Ganges, Seine, Thames, Murray, Yangtze. River, river, river. A beating vein that wets the upper lip. Now take the stick to drum the ox hide eye. Pumping, flowing, to meet it in the froth. The froth that births the contrived cup. The cup to house the water, river, water. And now the river scores its way across the torso, face. Widen this gruesome mouth. Collapsing this geography, history, birth. Contract to fit the groping lips. Pushing against the yoke of the horizon. Sit still in perilous light or melt the wax made wings. The weeping of the bird upon the skin. The final strain and scream of sudden birth, the sudden flood upon the plain, the sudden flood within the lungs, that bubbles through the throat and coats the lips and teeth and chin. The birth that lacks the child born. That lacks the embryonic pulse. Made sterile through these gnashing teeth. The beating goes against the plates and makes the running river bare. The river carries on despite its infertility. Relentless despite the lack of water. Only sand and bone. The eyeless skull looks out upon the empty channel. Chattering, chattering, chattering. Again you cut the flesh of vast Sahara, Gobi, Nullarbor. Now provide the

cloth that masks the head and eyes. Look through the fractured window, see fragmented light. Colours cutting through the glare to make the shade. To light within your hue. Clasp this colour, fresh in its arrangement. Just as this bouquet, just as this palette. And rest in this configuration. This barren river. Not a single drop of water. Stand over with umbrella. Take these flocks of birds and flies and balloons. Distribute them evenly. Distribute them carefully. Align the flock to encompass your circumference. Made to chip the stranger's tooth. An airtight inner layer underneath the atmosphere. Ejected in the bulb. Expand, contract, expand. Weighed down by oxygen, fluttering these vital lungs. This glass becomes plastic, a pocket between the glass. No crack, no fissure. The thrusting shield protects the crystal skull. No chips upon its smooth veneer. A vase within a cast within a hand. Cases within cases within cases. No leaking nor sweating nor crying. Expand the lung to make the solid bag, as needles prick the cloth, release the silk, close the yawning mouth, the crying eye, the open vein to bleed the ox skin eye. Leading to depleted smoking pyres, coal flame, electricity. Constructed from this fibre optic thread, and wire, and lengths of steel. The light deserts

the luminescent bulb to leave the creatures stirring. A sacrifice to drying sand. These birds no longer defecate and die, immortal under licking teeth. The hammer falls removing hearts and lungs, removing sinew fluid. To snap the limbs. To hold the limbs. To hang the limbs. Hang it weakly to allow the movement underneath the beating tick. A single wing, a single feather, a single leg. Start, stop, start, stop. As kindling to branch. Limb to body. Exacted under needle point. Expanding tunnels hear the multitudinous scream. From harp to horn to drum to violin. The cymbal crash to hide the choir. A blindness bursts throughout the colour. Kaleidoscope as cataract. The red becomes the white becomes the grey becomes the black. As yellow to green to pink to orange. White and grey and black. A single colour made within the milky eye. Made of air, made of birds, made of black and white. The bird is not a bird as air is not air. Sand is not sand. Bone is not bone. The beat becomes the sand. The biting tooth the air. The lips and tongue the bird. The bird and then the fly. The fly that is not fly. Then cut the pen across the skin, the spreading hand, the spreading hair. Repeat, repeat, repeat. Fill the murmuration, form a darkened patch of mould. Scentless, tasteless, intangible. Form

the spatter into filigree. Take shelter under each eclipse. The eyes now light behind the sprawl. The riverbed goes on unsoiled, devoid of body and of waste. Each diamond cut and polished, so not to rust, no dust upon the dust upon the dust. Skeleton birds covered in feathers and skin and fur, a moss atop their outer shells, it grows from endless cold and damp, invites the flies to sit and live within this growth. Let loose your choking lungs. Hack off the bursting spore. Obliterate as dandelion on your breath. These spreading spheres that dance before your eyes. Grown to house the rubber, baked within the kiln. Made from separated hands. Hands within hands within hands. Fresh skin to mask the aging flesh. Afraid to touch the foreign palm. So lick the growth of moss. A home to fleas and gnats, go buzzing in your brain, go biting of the wing. To fertilise between the folds, to split the hatching egg, the bleeding white, the black that makes the white. Waste to feed the froth. The script that feeds the maw. The hand now housed within the dislocated jaw. So bite these fingers to the marrow. The blade that sits within the chalky stone. The fuel that superheats the skull and bursts the inky spit that forms the plume. Hack and hack and hack. A rolled back tongue to choke the

throat and greet the air. It holds the drop of dirt. This barren riverbed not home to fish or eel or frog. No egg to weigh the womb. No surge within the empty dark. Refused electricity, refused the spine, refused the thumb and chrome. The spittle churns beneath the empty bones. Clicking tongue, clicking jaw. Granting the jolt to beat the heart. The thud upon the shin or shoulder bone. Enough to birth these scorpions and snakes and rats. A scrawling sketch of shuddered rope, looped back and back to make the thread. Collected from the dense horizon, seen within myopic eyes. Handed from these hands to other hands. Clothed in withered skin that wraps the golden rings. To kiss the rings and run the teeth upon the diamonds, in hopes of housing stones within the skull. To mould the filling made for cracking teeth. The hair that paints the ugly portrait. Wear the replicating skull. The rubber skin without the nose and cheeks and chin. The flapping of unsealed jaws, seen behind the radiation blast, measured in the fallout left upon the bone. Depleted before sickness fills the veins, the corridors between the lungs and heart. And flick the wrist and roll the inky bead. To make a river barred from entry. To make it barren. The sling that stuns the flightless bird, the worm

that does not turn the dirt, the fly that does not crawl upon the flesh, the siren slipped from burning tongues. The crank turned to release the barking cone. The scrawling hand. The back and back and forth. A sand that burns the cloth. Evaporates the spines and ribs and feet. The hide evacuating in the curl, a flower burnt by overbearing sun. Lips that do not purse but hide. Fleeing from the face, fleeing from the air. A host housed in the cow skull cave. The laying down of all but fragile chalk. Make these mounds collected in the heap. In layers and layers, coalescing in the light. Folding back upon each other to make the fresh production. The snake that moves beyond the eye. Curled between the entry and the exit. To seek and bite the tail. The markings fall as drops to make the lines upon the branching map. Orphaned in this genealogy. As fingers reach to clasp the empty hand. Returned with nothing, returned without fingers. The single vein that joins itself and not the heart, beaten without thumping ox hide eye. The violent lashing of the shin bone beat, the wails and screams accompany the beat. Cacophony throughout the ear canal, the river you refuse to cleanse, to purge and clean with torrents of water. The soot that sits within the broken tile. The fat within the

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vein that clogs the artery. The blinded eyes of carrion birds. No flesh to slake their beaks. Emaciated thin to show the bones. Flickering the light bulb. The light to dark to light. Alive and dead and alive. The buzz within the cord to shed the ants, scattered atop the frothing web. You do not use the wheel to spend the water. Instead you sing toward this riverbed, the widening jaw, expanding throat to meet its fill. The river beaten down by noise, by humming drums, by push, the push, the push of air. Burst, retract, burst, burst. You think this will suffice to clean it of its filth. To drive away the rats and snakes and scorpions. Enough to turn the dust to soil, the sprouting seed to penetrate the skin, the dirt to sooth the clogging lung. Reach out to catch the honey drops. Made from wax that melts from wings, that burns the outstretched tongue. The lightning strikes that turn the sand to glass. Reflecting back these signs, reverberate the sound. Sing, sing, sing. Sing, sing, sing. Sing, sing, sing.

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The Song I

You are not a good singer, your words are metallic and hollow and false. Just as the cranking, screaming of the cone, the grinding teeth of gears that hum and hum. A shaking quiver in the pulsing tube, a swelling, deflating bulb. Tightened ropes, taut through pulling, burning hands. The screeching of the bird, the cat, the howling, howling, howling. A gun shot chime, atom bomb diffusion of all sound. As rising feedback deafens the ear and sits upon the crest. You are not a good singer, you do not believe in what you sing. Your licking tongue glides over slender lips, to mask the crack between the teeth. Saying 'Amen, Amen' without the blood, without the waiting hands. Now turn the crank to puncture words in braille. Pull the cord to slowly turn the sound, the shuffled sand beneath the dancing hoof. Without the break of clouds or belt of thunder. Take the dot and dash and dash and dot. The sound and not the sound, resides within the froth, within the skull, upon the rolling tip. Repeat the spell in Cuneiform. The rolling of your tongue, the pushing back of labial rope. The unborn shape that wears the pretty colour. A

shape that merges and convulses all alone.
Abstract in milky glare. You are not a good
singer, you do not harmonise with this choir
of children and birds. Your tongue is not
their tongue, nor the beat between the
ringing bells. The tendon tightens out of
sight and not of sound, and sets the covey
loose without formation. So push against the
air with heavy wings. No sight amongst the
empty stars. The flesh that does not merge.
The stitch that rends the skin to join the silk.
Pulled to open up the gated jaw. The
widened throat eclipsed within the sound.
The cough that comes before the note, the
stalling bark. An isolating call within the
wood. No reflection on the mountain side.
The planted seed that sprouts with sponge
cloth leaves, to soak the sun into its puffing
skin, to show its fat amongst the skulls and
ribs and spines. You are not a good singer,
you sing only to the sky and singular air.
Leads to the burning of the needle through
the thickening saliva. A skin between the
water and the froth. Slowing against the
sticky touch. So make the spear to push
beyond the membrane. Only fingers, lips
and tongue. Collects within the surface
froth. The suction of the vacuum throat.
Expel and kill the circling fleas, the circling
crows, the circling butterflies and flies. To

clear the spit that hangs upon the vaulted roof. To spread amongst the desiccated molecules. Sing only to your skull, to hear your voice reverberate throughout the passaged walls. Reflected in themselves, inhabiting this flesh and bone. The mask to make the hollow sound. The shine upon the polished gold. The push and push. Expanding embryonic swarm. The honey glaze atop the sweetened meat. Embrace the teeth. The needle bite. Throughout the chambers, antechambers, chambers. Make the cotton thread a filigree. The hide against the hair to sound the key. The jangling chime that slips between the drum and eye. The eye that is not I that is not I. The dragging chain that shambles down the corridors and halls. To rise and fall and rise and fall and rise. The ceiling lifts to grow the open jaw. Wider, wider. Retract within the corridor to purse your open lips. To fill with air, inflate the chest, expand the ribs. Make molecules to rust the chain. Salt upon the tarmac road, upon the microchip, the penicillin cure. Ejected through releasing doors, that come with the isolation of the teeth. The tongue relinquishes its place to hide within the throat. The choking cough to mask this separation. Now harvest the ambrosial phlegm, sent through the many

chambered halls. The emanating spores that touch the golden leaf. The Puffing of the jaw and cheeks, more room against the multitude. The growth upon the growth upon the growth. Obliterate before this crucial mass, no room for further growth. It comes and comes and comes. Plant a drought upon the edge to stem the heavy flood. The soaking trees, the drips upon the lips and feet and face. The cleansing hand to make the mud. To sink the feet and clog the screaming throat. A piece now lays atop the rolling froth, that segments through the sluice that is canal, that is a corridor and hall. Again this endless circulating push and push and push. Ejected from your fluttering lungs, with sound from throat to cheek to tongue. Deflate to reinstate the molecule, to bridge between the bird and image of the bird. The brush that strikes the opaque hue. The hand that takes the stabbing spear. To thrust against the salt lake linen. Appears without a face and arms and legs, without lips and teeth and tongue, without hieroglyph and pictogram. Without the shedding thud to feed the hallways and the froth that is not froth. And push and push and push and push and push. The lacking of the guard, the shield, the gate. The opened vein to take the venom. The arm invites the

asp. The teeth within the skin to shake the skull. Let loose the air throughout this tunnel. Release the snapping, merging synapse that brings electric heat, that births the bird that is not bird, that births the waves of melting sea. Take this bone that rests upon the flesh. Deplete the pure blood to make the hue beyond the binary. Green from black. Red from white. The rose becomes a boot becomes a telephone. A fish becomes a horse becomes a knife. Explosion in the turbulent acid. The minor etch welcomes the bird to fish to horse to ape. The cut becomes the empty image. The known without the name. Now plaster cast the fragment face. To form encyclopaedic horns and ribs and nails. The balding hair leaves calculations. This system of connections and cessations, of openings and closings, of exits and entries, of air released and trapped and redistributed. The click and click of synapse birth and death. The pyre burns to funeral baptism. Ascend the rope. Transcend beyond the pulling of the rope. The ox hide eye goes mute despite the beating of its skin. Cremation does not shake the hand. The needle does not quiver vast material. Made infinitely small within the spire. The ink becomes the hand becomes the chest becomes the skull becomes the tongue

becomes the feet becomes, becomes,
becomes. Swallowed in the I that is not I.
Wrapped cloth dissolves to free the song.
Refuse the touch, refuse the sight, refuse the
smell. Accumulate without the piled corpse.
The rounding bird left to the carrion. Turn
your head from swelling guts. The comfort
of the showing rib and spine. The shelter of
the empty mouth. Refuge in the cavity. The
water bag as womb. You are god to these
walls and chambers and antechambers and
halls. The liquid spilt to make the plaster
cast, the axe, the nail and hammer and tongs.
So much dust collecting on the hand, the
probing claw. Your grip around the floating
flesh. To push around the fish within the
stream. From light to dark to light. The heat
upon the upper crust. A multitude within the
empty hand. Seen by the empty eye. The
past is stirred within the skull. Now take the
corpse's fingers, hands and feet. Remove the
eyes and suck on them for days. The taste of
stone beneath the tongue. Better than the
taste of mercury. Better the blood beneath
the scales. You are god to air and voice and
throat and lungs and tongue. A corpse buried
beneath sand. Returned again to be within its
tomb. Hasten the caravan towards the martyr
tomb. The probing tongue to lick the sweet
sarcophagus. Bite the wound, develop the

wound. Inject the pox, develop the pox. Kiss the swollen lips upon the plastic. Begin the word upon the slate. Use the knife that cuts within the sand, the primate swing to grind the dust as though it were the skull, as though it were the fruit. The splitting skin approved beneath your eulogy. The tender taste of ash and dust. Seen within your beard, your dripping chin. Between your teeth, within the marrow of your bones. You are god to these connections. The churning coal, the heat, the running water. The hand that grips the drill. Probing the empty cavity. Obliterate the walls, obliterate the shoulders, the beak, the webbed foot, castrated bull, the burnt weeds and wheat. Eject the glass eye in the cavity. The cutting of the gripping thumb. Destroy the deformed calf. The blinkered ears made deaf against the screams of life. Flame consumes the other colour. To wash and wash and wash the palette. Its hair untainted or destroyed. A network of your whims, your preferences, your hatreds and loves. The slapped child. The screaming, laughing, screaming. The painted face in white then blue. The patchwork cheek re-sewn with quicker thread. Pulled silk released to form the wound. Exposed decaying teeth. Your bite injects the venom. A flame that licks the

grass' edge. The watered eyes within the sleeping child. The cotton wound that hears the subtle bark. The life and death beneath the hanging spear. Held weakly to embrace the thrust or fall. To burn the field without admission, without the thumb upon the rosary, the self-inflicted wound. Go on despite your flagellation. Remove the teeth that bite your tongue. Your hand embracing snake and scorpion, the upturned neck, the open palm. Sit within the sanctuary skull. The looping chains upon the empty chest. The lungs to hold the un-relinquished air. These networks formed so intricately, so delicately. The flutter on the white and major keys. Refuse the blast, the minor note. Take care to miss the touch of moth lain chalk. Again against the metal edge. Sketched hard against geography. The wall surrounds the fallen corpse, the fallen bird, the plaster cup for this consumption. Wholly swallow up the corpse, the bird. Calligraphy becomes a fist. Embraced to make the stamp upon the wax. The drip that says the I and I and not the I. You wish to confiscate its pale nature. Pluck the feathers, clothed only in this blood and grotesque nudity. The hook will hold but not your hand. The billowed smoke diffuses in the choking cloud. The talk that comes in coal and burning metal.

Leviathan

Without the grass, without the rose, the violet. Without the flutter of the wing. Not the brighter sun, only the radiation. The beating of the skin. Committing to your flagellation. Build the dying tissue to create the thicker skin. To hide beneath the thicker skin, the armoured corpse. Kiss and grope this outer stone. Stand heavy on the softer grass. The drought beneath the beating hoof. The cough that clears the dust bowl lung. An arm as shield against the flame. The gateway to the tapestry. You fear it will collapse and fall as threads on dirt and grass and sand. As flecks upon the canvas. Your tone that does not meet the height or depth. The severed arm bent back to nothing. The tongue that does not talk within a mouth that does not bite. Collapse and not collapsing. The root that holds the scarab curse. The locust bite to shape the cataract. Cloud the pale eye. Squeeze the colour from the brighter fruit, the redder dirt, the darker coal. Make the paste to clothe the lens. Oblivion to strobe between the dark. The off and on and off and on. The hand that holds the shell is not a hand and not a shell. So sing against connections that are and are and are not. You fear that they will leave within the wind that comes from walls and chambers and antechambers and halls. Obscured before the

looking glass, the microscope. No stillness underneath the rod. Gripped within these sweating hands. Flutter of the wings that tear the map. The view of flown cartography. Volcanic spew to make the newer continent. The forest fire, the flood, the rolling of concrete and stone and wire and wood. The clicking dream that shakes the hand, that masks the dot and dash and dot. Lie upon the grave to feel the warmth. The diamond womb. Bone touching bone touching bone. The knees and chest and chin. The chattering call. Greeted by the child's eye. Grasped upon invisibly. To cry and cry and cry. Cradle the mirror image and pat its dampened hair. Baptise the golden calf. Castrate and slaughter the bull. Wear its head upon your own. The child drenched beneath its rain. You breathe and sing a network of canals that you have dreamed. Alien against the skull, the sky and sky. Abandon the tablets, the scripture, the Hieroglyph that holds the hand. And pause against the symbol curse. The bark accompanies the flapping of the pulp, rolled flat beneath the wheel. Do not harmonise with fading echoes. Refuse pinnacle and nadir. Your gentle breast within the centre road. House yourself within your stilled rib cage. Born between the spine and chest. You

do not own this kidney, this heart, this lung. This chamber carries waves from distant shores. They lap against your outstretched tongue and quench your thirst. You have sucked the marrow from the dying tree, and licked beneath the joints and roots. Depleted by your probing tongue, the waves obliterate these trees. Gasp for breath beneath their layered froth. You ether dream a river flowing. Expand the banks as grinning mouths. The pulling of the ropes invites the hole, the palm of stone and sand. Clothed within its embryonic glove. To hold and kiss the naked womb. The silk that gifts the shaking hand. Remove the milk within the breast. The child left to feed upon the dust and dirt and bone. Your letters to protect the fatty rib. Layers gone to feed this dream with lustful water. Chastise the foreign snout that smells the dripping bone, that screams at last for hidden marrow. Refuse, refuse, refuse. A needle pins the groping lips, the baring teeth. Eclipsed by hollow hanging orbs. The ill-timed tune. The off key song. The blasting of the broken horn. Embrace emaciation and explode the guarded womb. A sudden beat. A sudden unfurled eye. A need for light, the gift of radiation. Free the wolf, sever this umbilical rope. The hammer gives the gush of air. The overflowing chest

to fuel the scream. Life and life and life and life. Made manifest along your river that is lived on by a billion people, swelling like the Ganges' sacred flock. The pulsing vein, the rain that brings the clouds to soak the crop. Tongues outstretched to greet the god or gods or God. Naked beasts to bathe within the movement. Bare breasted mothers ever pregnant in the endless womb. The stream provides immaculate conception. No dust or dirt. No coal upon the sooty hand. No slit beneath the rib to take the bone. No man would step upon the grass, no need within the woman's love. So kiss with moistened lips these people who appear. Who float atop your river. Give them boats and rafts and gondolas. The jewel within the crown. The portrait. The stamp becomes your filigree. No brick and mortar. The blade creates the sculpture. The burst that comes again throughout the skull. The air and song and air. You sing and sing and sing. A song that is a river, a river, a river. Home to fish and frogs and birds and sky and grass and man and woman and man and woman.

Leviathan



The River II

A river so unlike this bare and barren river. Project your air to blind the eye. The cataract to grow beneath the sculpting hands. No milk within the empty breast, no life within the empty womb. Present the blood that sticks to hair, that masks the face, that clogs the screaming mouth. The hate that holds the dirt upon the hands. The dirt that water will not clean. Immortal in your sanctity. Lay down your shambling corpse. The taste of ash within the meat. To kill and kill and kill the beast and have it rise within the glass. Reflections show this river, home to rats and snakes and scorpions, that gnaw upon the toes, collapse the pumping vein. And strike against the weaker flesh. Abandoned to await the vast horizon. How far to make you push and push. You wear it like a yoke upon your neck, like a cross upon your back. The naked eye that peers at the eclipse. The beat and beat concludes the sun. To chart the furthest reach of this fragmented word. In order to disrupt the hieroglyph and speak in tongues. Take this frothing mouth worn by the lunatic, the madder sounds, the gibbering insanity of newer nudity. The fear that shakes the hand,

now forced to hold the rope. Shed the skin to bridge the gap, to make the lion roar. The trumpet sounds the hidden note. You need to fill its air. You need to fuel the burning coal, the refuse jolt left isolated. This river does not birth these other rivers. It never birthed another river. It could never birth another river. The sheep skull holds the rattling snake. Containing cancerous bones, a cough, a shake. Idolised atop the altar in the cave. Eclipsed within the cavity of teeth. The foreign speck within the single hue. Connect the other colour, brighter than the other colour. Contaminates the clear refinement. The sprouting of the limbless tree. The frog retains the tail, restricts the kicking legs. A harsher sun to bleach the lonesome skull. Depleted by the gaping eye. To wear its fangs and sharpened horns and flecks of transubstantiation. And invite the fount of spitting lips. The horde who carry off the sacrificial ox. Who slash the throat to form the hecatomb. Who bathe within the blood you see as milk. This host provides the blinding mask, to make you drink the milk, to run it through your hair and hands. Construct the membrane, forms the womb. Bend yourself to greet its churning. In birth it is the favoured corpse, the bronze that holds the cotton chest, the crown that holds

the spike but not the thorn, that pricks the hanging limb, that liquefies to make the gem, the hem of lily, embroidered gold. And soon rejects the holding of the outstretched knees. The kissing of the thumb. The sacrifice that grows the fat. And sit upon this creaking throne. Tear the meat and suck the marrow from the bone, oblivious to sinew caught within your beard. With legs that do not move, a heart that does not pump, a mouth that talks with garbled speech. This feedback loop consumes the fat, emaciates the corpse and leaves this empty chest. Prepare the scalpel, the drill, the saw. Remove the spleen to throw atop the pyre. Remove the skin to wear as uniform and armour. Remove the vocal cords to mask the brain. The face remains to shrivel on the skull. Await the wolves. Await the lion cub. Await the jackal, the carrion birds. The inhalation at the closing of your fist. The planting of the deadly stone beneath the dirt. All to birth this isolation. This birth without a mother, without a gentle breast, without a mother tongue, without the phosphorescent glow of god. No need for eyes or ears. Afford the sucking of the moss. The only sustenance provided to this river. To drag its feet. To wear the cutting iron. To wear the dunes that coalesce around the endless push

and push. That sees the balding head before it. That smells the dirty skin behind. That hears the cough and dirge. That coughs itself and finds itself in harmony. The same deflating lungs, the same projecting phlegm. The tendon pulling strings awaiting hammer blows. Recognise this tearing cloth. Recognise the hanging skin. The portrait drawn upon the browning canvas. The bite that proves the highest cannibal. That tastes of nothing, that rolls like nothing underneath the tongue. That does not fill but only empties. Just as the rain that sets the flame within the wheat. Clasp the shoulder as a candle, as a globe. Place the hand behind the back. Hold it. Hold it. Setting forth towards horizons both in front and far behind. Made to move in order to connect back to itself. This mournful Ouroboros. A starving snake consumes its tail. Begin, begin, begin. Extracts the venom to wear upon your coat and cape. A mark that shares the jawline made of bronze. Just as the rose that spills upon the skin, the image that defines the finer curse, that encourages the heavy beat upon the board, that moves the lips beyond the Cuneiform, and moves the hands beyond the gift-less gift. Beyond the emptiness. A jaw that moves and sets upon the sun. Its silken lips which spit beyond the radius.

That disregard the yoke and crucifix. That sees the tail for the tail, the shoulder for the shoulder, the grip that feels the bone. You wear it all upon your chest, upon your shirt. Within the other medals that condemn without this venom. Taken from the snakes that eat their mates and eat themselves. Feed from the dangling tree, placed beyond your reach. So eat the spleen, eat the spine and ribs and heart and lungs and kidneys. Eat the sun and moon, the twin horizons, one beyond and one behind, the desert yoke that births the child, that lays within the empty womb. Extend it now to make the tasteless fat, the boiled husk that thins the arms and legs. Again to beat the tired thud, the wrapping of the metal tongs. And push it well upon the wave of rhythm, the chatter, chatter of the upper jaw. The ring back bell returns the linen. Returns it to yourself. Again you push the open curves and empty strikes. To goad the brief horizon formed against the orphan child, the starving mule. Again to trace the measures of the skull. Affixing architecture of the halls and antechambers and chambers. To find your portrait in the scene. To pitch the higher whistle, the hum that calls the coloured bird. And sing again. The taste of bile on your tongue. Extracted from the cannibal snake.

Leviathan

You bite the blood filled liver. A gift of needle hide against the poisoned scorpions and filthy rats. The tick that leaps from fur to tongue, and speaks in this bubonic yelp that rips the lung. The pulse that cleans the skin. As pulpits call for abstinence, demand austerity. A leather whip that slaps the barren flesh. The bit within the mouth that chokes the means to scream and sing and scream. And find themselves within the skin that was their skin and is their skin but does not fit. A dress or shirt that needs the tighter stitching, to house the less and less. Asking more and more for less and less. Speaking to the bite that keeps on biting and the fat that keeps on dripping and the bones that keep on growing, out of this heathen bag of flesh. Send it only to propel the fist, to puncture the weakened membrane. To be born with newer words, with newer teeth and tongue and throat and lips. Electrify the static froth. To love the pulp within these cloistered walls. To kick the dust towards these snakes that guard their eggs against the rats. Expecting they will find the grain, enough to fill the heaving udder. To make the wall, to bare the fangs, the sword, the shotgun. You take this stance before the chipping glass. The cup that holds the gift of venom. You cultivate the gift of venom. As ears of corn

against the rising smoke, against the whip of sand, against the growing stream. Birth these creatures to make the brass, to adorn the heavy shirt. Provide the impetus, the push, the speed that shoots the vein and lightens the head. The throat that gives the lion roar, that steadies the shaking hand. The line sketched soil rows. Projected out to feed annihilation. To fit the wagon load that moves towards the open maw. Birthed to be consumed and birthed and birthed and birthed. A screaming multitude that cry to suckle at the teat. That grow these teeth in order to consume the meat. Left to lick the fleshless skulls and suck upon their swelling gums. Made free against the fallen teeth. Made softer to consume from empty breasts. To wander out amongst the desert floor. The sand and flies and carrion. The shelter made beneath the rotting calf and rotting bull. Consuming only flies and desert fleas. Here again the fertile stomach churns. Here again the breast creates the milk. Here again the stride creates the egg. The cracking glass that holds the snake. The eggs that hatch these many snakes. Soon consume themselves from end to end. Remove their clothes to wrap the orphan child. To bathe the harvest moon in light. An ugly, brutal nudity. A pale empty skin. Swaddled as a

hand upon a mouth. That holds the note within the horn. That takes the bone and leaves the hand to beat the tightened skin. The lower thud, the lower note. Heard only in the break between the brighter notes. Incongruous within the melody. You prefer mimetic choirs. Layers upon layers upon layers. Fruitfulness by way of gross facsimile. A stage upon a stage upon a stage. To house a man upon a man, a woman upon a woman. To mask this endless other knock. The long abandoned click and click and click. That bites the neck despite the conflagration. That gifts itself with face and name. That gifts itself continued life despite the constant crucifixion, stoning, hanging. And find your urge to choke the cackling crowd. To blemish the rose that grows within the dirt. To paint the coal upon the fattened cheek. To cut away the muscle from the foot, the lower back, the shoulder. To steal the calf led to the slaughter. To extinguish all these thoughts and make it stand upon the altar. Refusing to provide the hecatomb. No longer place the burning fat within the inner thigh. No longer bite without consuming fruit. With only hollow ribs to use as shields. With only staring eyes and throaty songs to use as swords. Leave them to consume themselves. Choosing to

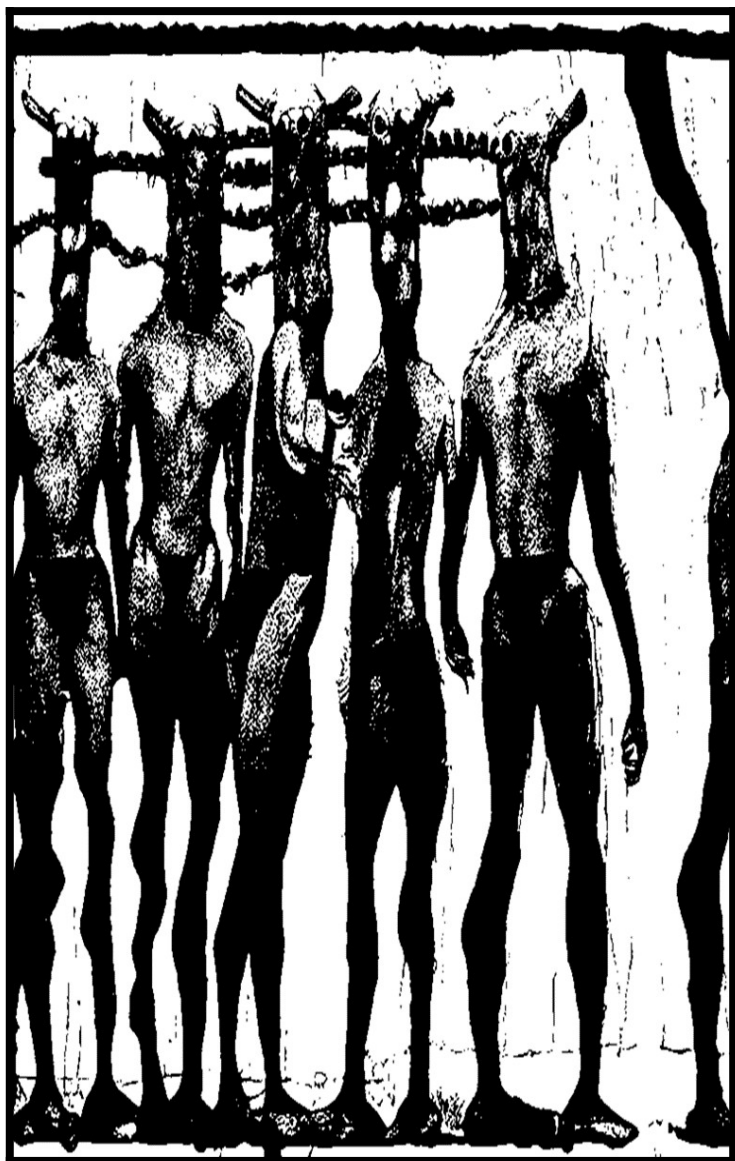
ingest their heart and lungs and veins and muscle. The measurements made minuscule between the thickened walls that hold the corpse. The faith that keeps the apparatus. The tongue that probes the cheek. To leave unleavened bread above the stone, above the dirt. Still this hanging taste, this hanging smell. Still the visionary loops around the frame. The heaving underneath the cloth. The touch that gifts articulation, that gifts the push against the dirt. Disparaging the gravity. Take a knife to slash the lamb's outstretching throat. The wool that replicates the razor wire, the mine field, the machine gun. The water that obliterates the sinking boats. This bread that is abandoned skin. Discarded to allow the child's sanctuary. Allowing them to cloister in this guarded warmth. These gnashing teeth that hold the house, and lead the tolling bell that calls the flock. A house within a house within a house. The sliding of the stone across the face. The linking chain. Held back behind your lips. And kiss against these other lips and form a ring. Present the breaking of the bread, the picking of the fruit. Refuse the litheness of your tongue. Speaking only with a heavy tongue. A tongue that sticks within your mouth, that halts upon the higher words, that soon forgets its mother tongue.

Obliterate the pictures come to mind.
Remove the darkened cave and build the
house. Remove the house and build the
alabaster shrine. A rope around your neck to
draw this love. To feed the sitting bull, the
grains and wheat and fish. A life lived solely
on this bread. Take the newer fat upon the
altar. The plaster cast that forms about the
inverse stomach. And wear the distant
clothes, the other clothes, the binding shoes,
the bit within the mouth, twin bracelets fix
your wrists. Held to kiss and kiss and kiss.
Now not the lips. Now not the hand. Now
not the gripping knees. Now not the feet.
Now the dirt. Now the dirt beneath the dirt.
Eat the worms that feed the stomach.
Reverting now to eat its feet, its legs, its
torso, its chest. Expect as much for fragile
children. They too consume themselves
from tail to head. Despite the copper paid.
Despite the clasping of the knees. Despite
the screaming of the other name. Held as
glass within the glass. Held within the
mother mouth. Still a single embryo. Still
biting at its tail. Invite them here to cause
your little wounds, to give you microscopic
stitches, to let you show your blood. To give
you means to scrawl your name upon the
cloth. To scream your name into the dark in
hopes to hear an echoed pitch. To bite and

bite and bite. Refuse their mimicry, their need that is your need. Abandon them to eat themselves if not each other first. A better knife to make the wound, to draw more blood. The one you aim beneath the eye, against the lip, upon the chest. The one that opens up the chest and brings the bark, the naked cough. That brings the air providing better singing. You kill before the catacomb. To bathe within abandoned spit, to wear the corpse as though it is a cape. The fleshy brooch. The diamond filling. This silver plate reflects the older body. The outer hide against the bleaker weight. Held upon these slender shoulders, bent spine, crooked neck, emaciated muscle. Your burning hands that hold the pulling rope. Release the rope and free the hands and hide within the outer cave. Project a dentured mouth that bites the rotting apple. And kiss despite the taste of soil, the taste of metal. A kiss against these un-bared lips, against the un-skinned lips, against this empty bone. The face picked clean of flesh. Remove each growing tree. As digging of the iron ore, extracted in explosion songs. Again to take and take and take. The horde leaves nothing but the wreck of skeletons, the alien tongue, the alien ink. And soon abandons lengths of silk spun parchment. Asbestos spiders crawling in the

dark. Refuse the teeth that bite the dog, the slave, the woman. The slick that does not kill the coral sand. That does not beat the striving flesh. That does not place the fingers down the throat, to choke the choking throat. You bring about the bile lie. To rip the clothing skin. Un-thread the tightened thread. As cutting of the fingered gloves. Removal of the hoof and hand and horn. An eye condemns the beating rhythm, the muted tick and tick and tick. Your empty hand must find the fallen bird. To grasp the fresher corpse. Infuse the embryonic purse, the massaged brass. So gentle on your blinking eye. The claw that holds the empty air, that breathes the empty air. A spittle lip that shifts to hide its broken teeth. The clothing worn to hide the formless breast. Delicate, indelicate in ugly language. Show the ribs but not your ribs, and show the spine but not your spine, and show the skull but not your skull. To be so thin. Without this sinew in the teeth. Without the catching feather. Without the blood. A boiled hoof. An uncooked wing. Eat as though you are this starving snake. Emerging from its glass forged case. Useless with its venom. Useless with its fangs. Become like sad Ouroboros. Eternity, eternity, eternity. Eaten from tail to head.

Leviathan



The River III

Children arrive at this bare and barren river. Chattering their bright maracas, their horns and holy drums. Wearing their sugar masks. Keeping the fresh fed calf. Licking from the mother's bursting teat. The overflowing meat and drink. Expressed before the I that is not I. A consecrated mannequin that wears the slaver's scars. Now spitting of the lisp beyond the bridle. The beating of the rain that beats the wall. The shuddering hand. Hold the needle to pierce and join the speaking sound. The cat eye clasp. The hand that holds the second thumb. An echo comes in lower pitch. Its harmony obliterates the cold cosmology. And designates itself within this vast cartography, that holds as glass around the second skull. As feathers sit atop the shying child. To hold this stabbing spear, this thrusting sword. Remove the lung to clasp the wine full bladder. Not the child but the lamb. The funnel barks for fuel and chews the rocks. You wear the ashen cape, discarded limbs. Eat the thinner slice of fat. Remove its outer stretch. Excess within this cultivation. The seed that rolls within the beak to slake the common crow. A stone within this distant soil. Met with fire, met

with draught. So spit against this foreign soil. And slap the wrist that holds the hoe, the shovel, the spade. Rather than the slave, the barking dog to ward away the crow. You pull and pull. And hold the bridle on the naked skin. The leather straps conserve the water. A bloody eye that stares toward its captor. That probes the captor, covered too in blood. Your hand that clothes the cheek in clay and soot. Seeing through this mask you wear as womb. The accidental birth. The seed within the wind. The growing of an outer limb. The webbing of a toe. To see unblinking eyes. A sparrow's foot within the skin. They march upon the dust that you have thrown. To come with spears and traps to capture snakes and scorpions. The snapping limbs that come within the constant. Made from wire, made from concrete, made from steel. The thieving hands remove them from the heavy shoe. Shadowed in the ugly dance. The spear displacing seeds within the hand. The loading gun. The barking dog. Inject the white to salivate the gums. Enforce the insane stare, the bulging, hanging tongue. To teach all these to speak in tongues. To teach them now to bite the tongue, taste the blood, taste the bile. Taste the hand that holds the tongue, that holds the rope

unfurled. A burning hair that coils the skin and heats the skin. The man becomes a hog, becomes this slender meat. Told to speak when spoken to. Revoke, revoke, revoke. Obliterate the undeserving flesh. The refuse wood that does not burn upon the pyre. Taxation on the milky eye, the wild froth within the skull. The churning of the cotton, sticking to a hanging nail. This pushing, pulsing throb that comes against the second note, the unrequited beat. Your staggered step that joins the waltz. Through the fence, through the running water. You prefer to share reflections. Without the cataract, without the bloom, impressionistic flares. Clip the tips away from bursting suns. Preferencing the moon, the sallow stars. Preferencing the stone over the cloth. Transfixed upon the spreading web. No expansion only contraction, as waves that lap the shoreline. Just enough, just enough. Now completed in the stitching. The etching loop that makes constricted webbing. Fitting in the filigree. Wearing the mark and scar upon its hip, the self-same corpse, the self-same skeleton. The thread upon the thread upon the thread. Embraced as virgin mimicry. This shudder jettisons the void, the scream, the newer scream, the newer scream, the newer scream. The endless pull

and push and pull and push. The lonesomeness of gravity. Condemned by your fixation. Emancipate the alien. Kiss the leather flesh. Make love upon the other thumb. Your hut becomes a house despite the storm, despite the naming curse, despite the locust swarm. Extinguishing the fire, the tail, wing, horn, claw. Despite you they remove the venom, and eat the scorpions and snakes. So you consume the gifted drought, the wrought oblivion, the rotting fruit upon the altar steps, the chip that makes the dust. Clouding in your choking throat, to coat the singing walls. No air that is not air. A dust transformed to milk within your paw, like falling snow upon the sand. To look like ash but not be ash. Just as the liting of the broken wings. You touch despite the brandished knife, the clenching teeth. Despite the striking of the loops. Blemishing in black. Now disregard and scar the pictograph. Contemplate the cut that has been made. Contemplate the slashing of the corn. Emaciate the lamb, the cow. Hide within this crusted shell, within this clothing skin. Un-moving lips and teeth and tongue. Echo on without this singing, talking, moving, moving, moving. Reviving sound, despite the closing eye. The bird upon the wing without the wind. You clap within the

self-made hole and live within this other cave. Brought to bleed upon the stone. And live without the blood despite the stone. Without the vein, the beating heart. Without the drip and drip and air and lung. And live without the bones and teeth and lungs. Abandoning external clay. The choking rubber, plastic, metal, wood. To live by eating poison. Suck the venom from the vein. The rotting fruit, the spoiled meat. The dirt and defecation. The smog to trickle down the hanging bags. Their blessing comes unfiltered. Not within the trees, not within the plants within the sea. Take the hostile cigarette. Learn to breathe its refined soot. Eat the mother moth with browning wings. Reject the butterfly with coloured wings. The fat that grows within ascetic greed. The thorn upon the tongue, upon the hand, the back, the head. Your darting eye becomes the portraiture. The scream a song. The needle through the lip becomes the kiss. The needle through the eye becomes the light. Your hand that holds the brail passage. That hears the ringing bell. That takes the spear that is the hand, that is the eye, to probe this empty womb. Now free the poison from these creatures. Eat the poison not the creatures. Abandoning the birthing loops, the embryonic scrawl. Grow deaf

against the tick and tick and tick. The falling hammer blow. Learn to speak in these dead languages. Disregard the flashing wounds you're made to cause. Disregard the many stonings. The noose so often tied, untied, filled with laughter. To forge ill-fitting notes to join the melody, the choir singing off key sounds. The wave that forms the rip. A tongue that grows a fork to circumvent the bridle clasp. Licking at the ear to show its worth. And so disprove the golden calf, the carrion eaten corpse. To display its death. To show the blinded milky eye, clapped shut as is its mouth. Still shut before anointed bones, before the grave and gravestone, before the pyre flame and ash, before the prayer, the sanctity. Before the slaves go down into the mausoleum, and people drown themselves within the river. Who run their knives deep in their children's hearts. Still the briefest clapping of your eye. Perform the vast eclipse, the lines that cut the running of the light, the razor blade that drops within perfected time. With hands that shield your face and hold the light. And feet that dance within the dark. The ripping flesh beneath the sun becomes the silhouette, the nothing, the suckled teat before expansion. To live upon this microscopic dust. A crown made of the tailbone. Grown fat upon this

newer sustenance. Without a birth. Without a means. You wear this barren womb as clothes, and revel in the refuse heap. To suckle at the wounded breast. A waltz rejects the corpse and takes the living hand. You eat the breathing air, and hold the pulsing vein, the flapping lung, electrifying froth. In hopes to wear it as a corpse. In hopes to see it decompose. To crawl upon the patchwork skin. The sinew made to fight the scripture. The telescope to see the speckled soot, the blemished scrawl. Obscured from the naked eye. You wear the clockwork shroud. You speak in tongues in order to refute the skull. Refute the prophet's hand that shakes without the nerve, without the pulse. Construct these scrawling loops, the puffing cheeks that gift biopsy. Your seeking eyes transfix upon this poor connection. Declared as crucifixion, hanging, stoning, death by poison. A flash of light against the hidden stone, the threading knot. Anoint this flesh, wrapped in cloth, bathed in sacred oil. Preserve the corpse to leave for circling birds. Bequeath the unrolled stone. Not to rest within the consecrated bed. Now turn to water, to waste. And lay upon the table for the feast. To feed without cutting, without biting, without chewing. Sustenance without the fat

upon the bone. You fertilise the tree without the plinth, without sarcophagus. Reject the fallen oak and strike the newly planted rose. To see the oak within the rose but not the rose within the oak. The yoke that pulls and pulls and pulls. Out towards the blooming end but not an end. To take the pushing hand. The push or pull along the rope. The corpse or sudden rose. A primate hand, the rigor mortis clasp. So take the two, the pull and push and pull. The push against the sand to take the pull. The weight behind the push that works to pull. The strength behind the pull too weak against the weight behind the push that is a pull. And this emaciated arm that holds the hand. The knowing hand that holds the cloth. The fabric loops the stone through refutation. Through obliteration. Not the closing of the lid but the other glance. So paint the self-same portrait. To clap the eye away from bat wing sculptures. The filigree appears as waste, a dying dog, a child's skull, a child's blood. The portrait that was once a skull, once the dying dog, once the blood. Once the shutter made to open. Find this newer thread amongst the waste. Found within despite the older cloth. Pariah to these blessed waters. Despite your foetal hunch, despite your gaping mouth. Appear beyond the mere reflection. Now the

ear upon the hand, now the foot becomes a wheel, now the fish that utters words. Now the newer colour, newer sound, newer sight and smell and taste and touch. Collect the wasteland thread and push against the yoke, that never comes, that never comes. A shifting lens that turns the bloom to clear geometry. Displacing gentle haze. Held until released. The sleep that comes within these bounds. A leather hide that holds the arms and legs. Constricted within comfort. This brings about the closing eye. To sleep and sleep within the empty froth. And hide within the steady holding corpse. Better breath than sweat. Better empty hand than shaking hand. So eat these foods, the drying venom, ambrosial leukaemia blood. The sugar salt, the sugar fat. Your long outstretching hands provide the stone, the writing on the stone. This gift that makes the smoother tongue. The thought to move the lighter tongue. Now speak the new mimetic song. To birth and birth and birth. The sharing of the womb beyond the cave, beyond the mausoleum. That grows against the tree, beyond the need for sallow clay. The hoist within your hanging limb. To taste and eat this hanging fruit within the shaking void. So much against the hardened froth, the fused and bleaching skull. The closing

eye against the beaming lights. A strange and narrow sound. Dog whistle flute, a bark beyond the pinnacle, beneath nadir. Your foot that pushes at the unmade map. Walk proudly now adorned in snake skin clothing. The moving leg lead by the trip. The ice that makes the chattering jaw. Convulsion makes the filling tubes, expand, contract, expand. Inhale, exhale, inhale. Move and move and move. You scrawl behind the tick that makes the mark, that makes the stain within the filigree. So bleach the yellowed white, the rising chalk to dust the alabaster. A screaming throat behind implanted teeth. Refuse the yellow bone, the bleeding gum, the grinding of the alabaster. Less and less and less and less. Soon you make the orb to hang around your neck. And make the moon, the sun that's not the moon. You see it as the sun, the son, but not the sun. The fragile fang that hangs around the neck. The cape that does not shine the tooth. The boots of tin and not of leather. Never leather, not the cured kind, only skin and flesh. Only waste that makes the wasteland. The portrait painted with an abstract eye. Unbeknown the backwards looking eye. To roll within the skull, to feed upon the froth that is the corpse, that is the stone, that is the corpse. Each push and push a ringing of the bell. A

chime behind the singing ear. Disruption in the single tone. Disruption gives the spine, the lung, the eye. Disruption gives the song but not this song. A quaking shake to make the fissure. Solidified in salt. To make the stride, the forward waltz. Projected in the nudity. Described as ugly, described as grotesque, described as criminal. Howl becomes the choir. You howl and howl within the skull to shake the precious glass. The scripture blurred before the eye. A bone thrust through the nose, the flesh tattoo, the stretching neck, constricted foot. To make the scoliosis spine. As threads to tie the hidden cloth, that beam the golden tooth. You wear the naked cape and crown, jewellery from the carapace of scorpions. Bathed within the venom kiss. Not eaten, not drunk. You make this clapping eye, adorned in nudity. And tune the newer horn with shrieking bells. Send the corpse to meet the flame that sits upon the pyre, injecting ash within its mouth or vein. You laugh and laugh and make the spittle call, this chalk that sticks between the brittle teeth. Consumed despite the refutation. Consumed despite the honour of its bones, this beautiful emaciation. Its glorious skeletal frame so fragile in its glass encasement. You take a sword against its brittle ribs. Again, again

the beating of your chest. And scream despite the blood and bruise, despite the shaking skin, the broken flesh, the heaving cough. Made to be a cavity to house the porcelain, the gold. And clothe the wound in silk, blazoned out before the beast. You pass the staff to better reach the orb, a single inch beyond your starving mouth. A step beyond this step. Waving the wrist to better feel the clasping hand. You shatter all the fragile porcelain, extinguishing the rooster crow. Only just a step, only just a step. One and one and one. So dig the minor trench to cut away the lake. Infuse the dirt with tiny drops of water, unseen within the soil, untasted on the tongue. So easy to retract it back within the corpse. So easy to extinguish and obliterate. Its scream that lasts till dissipation, preservation. A ringing echoes one and two and three and four. Each hammer blow, each tick and tick within your newer stride in harsh defiance of the older step. Create dispute within the dialectic, these questions coughed as phlegm. Form a newer mouth to kiss the gold laced cavity, as though it has resided in the self-same soil. Allow the sound of humming from the womb. Despite its constant entropy it welcomes union. You kiss the atavistic bubble, greet this newer stride. And send the

other eye returning to the corpse to gift the tail, hand and spine. Now feed the horse and mule and child. Feed the other tree, the limb and limbless branch. To hold the smoother tongue, the thicker tongue that speaks in Cuneiform. And stick the needle in the newer hue and move beyond the handheld palette. Minuscule in microscopic strides. Mitosis leads towards the hanging limb. Each mouth is fed upon the hanging tail. Each tail hangs upon the branch, awaiting starving mouths. Insert the feeding tube within the nasal cavity, within the vein, within the skull. The mother holds the suckling child. To take the flesh, to bite and bite. Cocooned within the womb the mother wears. Feel the bite within the birth, the grinding teeth. Just as the curling spine, just as the hanging tail. Prepare the shedding skin and soon become the corpse or ash or nothing. The knife decides the sanctity of meat. The glass provides the guidance for the vulture, crow and bat. Take your brush and glisten blood upon the puffing cheek. Invite the hands to pulling portions of the tender cheek, to drink the coursing wine within the skull. Allow the tongue to probe for taste. Anoint or burn the body. A microscope to make the statue. Abandoning your younger scream. Reflect upon the

drying wheat. You place the desiccated husk upon the outstretched tongue, and so the other tone becomes the tone. The choir shifts the melody to meet the bell. Growing from the thin to thick that is now thin. The bee that joins the fresh vernacular, the fat that grows to thin and then to fat, expansion and contraction, a lesser weight upon the yoke, the cross, the heavy rope. And feel the endless pull of sun and moon, your thumbprint in the clay, despite the smoother skin. A weight that hangs on hooks, reflected in the embryo. Reflected in the womb you do not wear. That is not worn. Individualise the womb. Not to reject it, not to remove it. Invisible, invisible. It takes the kidney, the spine, the finger. It takes the eye, the lip, the hair. It takes the tiny bone, the skull, a chip of jaw. It takes the thumb print on the eye, but not the eye. Abstract the portrait, make a newer hue. You cannot find the colour, you cannot find the shape, the image, the pictograph. You cannot find geography within the skull. Not within the single skull, not within the walls and chambers and halls. Not this air, but this air and this air and this air and this air. Not this sound but this sound and this sound and this sound and this sound. A glass transfixed upon the self-same scar, upon familiarity.

Transfixed upon this kidney, spine, finger, lip, hair, bone, skull, jaw. You never see the other lip, the other bone, the other jaw, the hair, the finger, the spine. You never breathe the other breath, hear the other sound. You only care to bite the hanging tail, to eat the self. Make love upon the portrait, kiss your lips. See only with the eye that holds the hue. Now sculptures form these hands within your hands, the only image is the image. Genetics signed as signature. A scrawling loop and loop and loop becomes the signature. To sign over the sign over the sign. Again you build the choir with this single note. No harmonising in mimesis. Project this newer pen, a loop that does not follow other loops. Only on the anchor, only on the weight. Projected where they never see a scorpion or snake, despite the carapace around your neck, despite the scale cape, despite the hidden fang. Ingest this venom. So deep beneath the skin, though not without the harmony of scale skin, not without the fleck beneath the staring eye. Blind envisaging a river without flow, that is not filled with water. A signature without a sketch, without the clasping corpse, without that tug. You never felt the clawing weight. You learn to speak without the bridle. A snaking tongue that grafts around the steel.

To never taste without the steel. The steel that is teeth, and tongue, and gums. A clasping hand that is the tail. Filtered through kaleidoscopic eyes. You wear the mask that hides the other coat, the outer skull, the outer froth within the skull. And speak without the self-same tongue, and sketch without the loop and loop. To speak and build a trench. To say this and this and not this and not this. You spit this vital blood and smear the oil over hieroglyphs. So strike the chalk to mask the sallow face. Drawn in tattoo, in painting, in wound. Thrust the heated spear to strike the pallet blind. Seen as skin, as cloth to wear upon the skin. The palette cleansed to make the new geography. As though you ride the mule across the salt lake sea. A sudden burst beneath the cotton hide. This push, and push, and push. And then the fissure, the power line, the empty road, the car upon the road. The then and then and then and then and then. So salt becomes sand, becomes the soil. Back again to sand, back again to salt. Embrace this tumour growth, disruption of the cell. This splitting seeds annihilation. The person rings the bell that is the horn, that is the ox hide eye. And looks forlornly on Neanderthals in glass. The ever growing beard, the ever balding hair. This single

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flake that hides within the open mouth. The limbless tree resides within the salt lake sea. So make the t and not the T. To be the crucifix that hangs between the corpse and barren river. The scream within the froth, the salt within the froth. You extricate this salt, this single grain to feed the hanging corpse. Attracting vultures, ants and crows. Your incest bite that lays the fat upon the bone. Dripping to the kneeling child. Seen as Romulus and Remus, sun to moon to sun. You kneel down with tongue outstretched and salt within your hand. Hide it on your shaking lips. Suckled down within your beak. The t and not the T remains the limbless tree. Rather pull and pull than push. Rather wear the yoke upon your sloping shoulders. Rather take the weight and shrink your spine. Do not shed the heavy hide. Do not shed the atavistic corpse. Take the salt to strike upon the open eye, to wear upon the wetness. Call it by your name. So close this vast canal. Ignore the word, ignore the sound. And lie again and sleep upon the corpse. Chatter, chatter, chatter in the cold. The heat remains the other end, the other opening. Strive to be the ice and turn away the un-closed eye. Never clap, never brush the stalks to make the rustle. Move without the image, without your pictographs,

without the deconstructing portrait, the rotten flesh above the loop and loop. Perplexed upon the other signature. Perplexed upon the other scrawl and tap and tap and tap. To only go and only go. This way, not that way, this way, not that way. You never see the other eye, the hand against the back, the wheel upon the narrow road. Let it roll. Devoid of water. Not a river. The snake becomes the water. The scorpion becomes the water. The rat becomes the water. Do not hold the other hand. And never see the word that is the word that is the word. Your tongue that cannot flick beyond the lips. Too fat, too thin. Too much, too few. Cannot lick the fat upon the rib, to take the drip and drip. The palace soon obliterates. The fat within the burning thigh, against the calf, against the lamb. To think the lack of water dries your mouth. You cough this endless cough and slake your tongue with venom, drinking only sand. Remunerate within the vein. Refuse the withered gold, the scent, the taste. Eye, eyelid, spine, skin. The desert welcomes the newer flood. Not blood, not wine, not water. You beat and beat the ox hide eye, remove the oxen skin. Steal the bone. Replace the calf skull, the lamb wool. Erect the sinew. Take the tendon. Make this

the fresher signature. Over under, tap and tap. Never heard the choir song. Not the off note, not the melody. Not the ringing, cracking bell. The empty mouth, the bark but not the speech, not the song. Roll the heavy tongue. Colliding with the hide to bear the wound, a chip of tooth, a birth marked face, a limp, a lispng tongue. Only this collision makes the flesh. Only this betrays the hit and forms the hide, the single track without the turn, without the eye behind the head, without the sound against the outstretched ear. Without the need for ears and eyes and nose and hands. Wade through this embryonic waste. Oblivion in endlessness. You pull and pull this lighter yoke, this lighter cross upon your back. And move without the weight that is the push that is the pull. Remove the clasping hand, the altar made within the palace cave. Speak the other tongue, neither Latin, neither Greek. Removed from Cuneiform, removed from Hieroglyph. You hear the tick that comes without the beat, without the hammer fall. Within the new found froth, abandoned from the self-same froth. Held within the skull that is the skull, your skull, your skull that is not skull, that is not skull, that is not skull. The tick that comes with heat, not born of sand, not born of coal. The sound of those

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that laugh against the screaming wind,
within the corpse's face. The stack that gives
the loop and loop the needed air and sets
about the other stride. Go.

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The Song II

You have not named this river have you?
You take the glass to look upon the altar.
You cannot see the lamb, you cannot see the
calf. Release the knife within your hand.
And take a cup to cover over cloth, this new
found thread. There is no gift within the
cheek, the gift is lack of gift. And so reside
within the cheek but not the breath, not the
teeth. Reside within the palace doors. Wear
the cloth that holds the cup. To speak the
flowing river. To speak in Ganges, Nile,
Seine. Say and do not say and say and do
not say. A tongue transmutes the brass to
gold. Transmutes the coal to gold. The
mother cave is opened wide, allowing you to
push the leg. To force the step. Forced
against the barricade, to here and not here, to
here and not here. A stitch to find the lily, to
build the thread within the weakened needle
hand. Not empty in oblivion. The void.
Injects the jewellery stone. Speak within the
decomposing tongue. The water fills the
empty hole. Allowing you to keep within
sublime emaciation. Without, without,
without. Refuse the charcoal stain upon the
hallway. Refuse the smoky scent, the dirty
wash. Never dusting on the lily. The signal

smoke projected out towards the temple. Made to flow within the mausoleum. Please breathe within the dying lung. Please cough within the dying throat. You wear the empty coat and fill the skull with empty air. As though a song without a name. And use the other chalk. Bearing weight of exposed ribs, of spines, of bulging eyes. Clasp the cross or hook to bear the beauty, a lick of tongue to speak the scripture word. Salute the dying horse. Go by the other name. A bridle held between your teeth without the taste. You hope to wear the veil, to hide your skeleton visage. The finer cloth to see the flesh. The thicker cloth the probing look. See the shaking lower jaw, despite the upper lip. No cheek, no lip, no hair upon the lip. Encyclopaedic lick within the petrifying froth. Take the outer sweat, not the inner water. Take this dust which comes immaculately, on your lips, in your hands. Lick and taste the stone, not the water. To make the dirt and take the cross. To make the voice the cross. To give it blood. As though it is the corpse. And wear this self-same signature, a shroud beneath the cloth, beneath the flesh. This mesh that keeps the blood against the skin. You keep your eye on lesser blood. Blind against the cell. Depleting. And show the hollow corpse.

Wrapped well within this still sarcophagus. Anointed with the void. Its scent you wear as masks and mould to make the death facade. Above the barren emptiness, the loop upon the loop upon the loop. Form synthetic sheep skulls from the mould. So strike without the knife to slay the lamb, without the hand to lay upon the hecatomb, to bring about the fat to melt upon the thigh, to make this vast canal to birth and birth. Too narrow, too narrow, too narrow. And yet so wide within your open eye. The screaming tick and tick that only makes the muted note. So keep the muscle flat against the stone and plant within the soil, only salt. You hold no corn to gift the passing wagon. No leaf upon the cheek that takes the kiss, to give them taste, to wet the drying tongue, to wet the lips that move to kiss. All without the wood extracted through the skin. Only wool and plastic tubing. You cough and stuff the throat. The better tone that comes from hammer falls without the language. As air within the ear made better for the lack of coming air. You fool the swirl. No air that is not air. A hidden hand within the skull. So stroke the froth with deader skin and swim and swim without the sand and dust within the teeth that tastes of meat. Returned away from gravity, within the swell, within the

black. Endlessly. No emptiness, only emptiness. No delivery of crucial gravity. No fat beneath the hide. You wear the hide as fragile, simple masks. A concrete wall to house the ant. A probing snout to hunt the ant and find the rat. Make with gold when stone would do. Speak with lips when hands would do. Again you kiss the ring upon the corpse. And take the stone to dig for Lazarus. Rise and rise, bring back the king. And take the casket pillow stitch. Taken from its lip. A bite that comes within the kiss. And take the sketch to make the loop, the hue within the portraiture. The empty frame that takes the silk. And speak in silk. And speak in steam. A mist that comes upon the rolling tongue. A scrawl to make the crust. Beneath you hope to find a corpse, you hope to find its burial. Rise and rise sweet Lazarus. First the leg that leads the eye, in hopes to populate without the froth. In hopes to find a wagon laden down with limbs. Glazed you taste the honeysuckle. Sing in hope of rain. And do not bring these steps, this crown. Do not bring this thinning air, the thickened cloud. And still refuse the open wound, the hand that looks to take the hand. No hand to you, no hand for you. Within the eye appears a claw, a talon, a tail. Rejected without glass to clear the silt. So

never mind the eye, never mind what hides beneath the cloth. Only here you find the painted filigree. Only here you find the hue. Only here and only here and only here. A hand still holding nothing. So take the skin without the heart, without the lung, without the bone. Still you spit and make this filigree. Still you spit and thread the cloth to house the empty hand. Still you spit and lay upon and lay upon and nothing, nothing, nothing. Take the easy tear, do not consult the skull. Never mind the wound within the chamber, within the hall. Found wrapped so well within the song that speaks as though to house a better tongue. A hook to hang the better thread and hold emaciation in the song. Refuse the hanging rib, the exposed spine, the iron cage above the rib. Take the satin, take the silk and hide the empty rib from probing lenses. You seek the sanctuary from these absent eyes. Refuse reflection. Clap the eye away from glass, from water, from metal. Tightly hold this darkened eye, its song to hold the weight and make the anchor. And take the corpse to clasp the eye, to clasp the open lid. Soon to see the song and corpse as they refuse the colour. Turn the hue to singular, the loop and loop and loop. Allow the sight of deviated scrawl. Proceed without the cheek that is the cheek.

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Without the lips that are the lips. Without the eyes that are the eyes. Observe the microscopic stain, the vision of the shedding tail, without the shedding tail. You find the evolution coil, the song that masks the eye but shows the stain, that shows the shedding tail, that shows the coil. Though still you sit oblivious beyond the song. The song that makes the cave and gives the scripture. Appearing as the fatted calf, appearing as the cradle corpse. You see the fat upon the inner rib, the inner thigh. And so you love the milky eye, and love the empty chest, and love the song that gifts the empty chest, that gifts the milky eye. Still you sing and sing and sing. Embrace the push of air. Suffusing through these pristine halls. So speak this empty gift, display this empty gift. Bury and rise the grey green stalks. You hold the rise and fall of lungs within your mouth. To gift the push and push, the ever flapping lungs, the ever hanging tail poised to bite. Clenched. Consume, consume. Obliterate the Cuneiform, the Latin, the Greek. Obliterate the hanging hand, the wanting hand, the open hand. Ignore the under tone that comes beneath the brighter tone. You sing atop the under tone, though never make the under tone, and so refuse the under tone. A boot atop the soil toe, the soil foot without

the dust. Your cough that makes the song,
becomes the song. Emulating rattles in the
throat. Soon diffusing lungs to make the
taken spore. Your hand does not remove its
quiver. The dust and dust and dust. A rattle
brings the death, a dirge that wakes the bell.
You make the fragile lily, painted in the hue
without the bell. Absorbing bursting spores.
Against reverberation, against obliteration.
No seed amongst the topmost soil. See the
broken tooth despite the song. See the
heaving ribs beneath the cloth. You
calculate the void. And take the gold that is
the wood, the coal that is the dirt. Refuse the
twinge that comes within the spark. That
falsely beats the drum and loves the froth.
That claps the skull against your empty
hand. Just as this barren river, lain and dried.
Just as this land of scorpions and snakes.
Hearing now despite the song, this
emptiness that swears to give you love.
Remain out here amongst the wasteland
road. Out here where you are thrust into the
void and made to bear the yoke. Out here
you stand so thinly veiled, so darkly veiled,
so thin. Here and here you scream you have
no need for names. Here and here I do not
trust you, cannot trust you, do not trust you.
Prepare an offering of nakedness, supposed
nakedness. Offer the rib, rejected. Offer the

toe, rejected. Hide behind the throne reading
rib and toe, reading nakedness. If only for
the scar, if only for the wound, the slick of
blood. If only for the taste of salt on
quivering flesh. Though only in this hair,
only in this smooth and childish skin. Make
brutal this abandonment of clothes, the cloth
that bears the hated stain. Refuse to give it to
the naming corpse, the unnamed corpse.
Disallow the hiding in the other body mouth,
against the spine. And wear the veins around
your neck and back and legs. Embrace
abandonment of blemished cloth, of other's
love, that others kiss with other lips. Refuse
these placing lips. Only with the telescope,
only glass against the eye. Allow it to be
found within transfusions, to be found
within a pecked cadaver. You sing the holy,
holy, holy and take the slice of cheek upon
your outstretched tongue. Not with hands,
not without Amen, Amen. Construct the
wooden doll, refuse the plaster cast. Not the
rolls of scripture wound in hair. Take the
graft that comes away from thighs and
shoulders. From this thigh, or this thigh, or
this thigh. The scalpel shakes behind the
closing eye. Not seen within compacted
earth. The carpet thread that takes the stride
within the dust. Consume the dust without
the cough. But not yours, not yours. This

scripture cannot sit within your vein. So make the porcelain, the wooden doll, the cloth doll. Remove it from its plaster moulds, ignore the plaster mould, refuse the plaster mould. Grow deaf against this bitter language, and clap your hands to cover these canals. The voice speaks Judas, Judas, Judas. Your refusal of repentance calls the choir. The voice speaks traitor, traitor, traitor. And so you barb the fence against reflections and reverberations. Strike the self, embrace grotesque asceticism. Refuse to desecrate the porcelain or wood or cloth. Refuse to desecrate the doll. Refuse, you must refuse. You sleep with heavy dreams, despite the song, despite the ever moving lungs. And say they are unique and stand unto themselves. Born without the wood, the plastic, the porcelain. Without hands but not these hands. And do not make the etching in the spiral stair. Say the yes and yes and cause the atavistic cry, the howl against the rising moon. Like the mother, like the father. Join this linking chain, the clasp around the wrist. Walking in the wake of dirt, this foot that leads within the footstep, within the mother, father mound. Soon surrounded, this and here and this and here. This step that falls within the womb. The wall to free or pacify the froth. This wall that does not free.

So love the stone and bite the stone,
abandon stone and walk without the wall.
Move beyond and claim without the casing
of the womb, beyond the casing of the
womb. You wear the leather strap as
clothing, do not shed this atavistic, shielding
hide. You wish to shed but cannot shed. You
claim to shed but cannot shed. Still you see a
crease within its side. Within the skin that
looks, and this skin and this skin and this
skin. And still the crease remains despite the
fusing colour, despite the hand that's held
against your eyes. A hand that could be hand
that could be hand that could be hand. Your
movement stems the probing of the
microscopic glass. Removal of the stitching
needle shows its clear design. No more to
camouflage the precious gut. See through
the camouflage that hides the precious gut.
Thrown over as a cloth as much to hide the
acid in the vein, the acid in the tooth.
Though still you see this skull amongst the
many skulls, this broken tooth amongst the
other mouth. Allow yourself to take these
once from boughs upon the spinal column
tree. Again this hanging tail. Again and
made to bite and bite. Expressed now in the
womb, the ever clapping, crying eye. You sit
within the flowing water, within these
Pharaoh rushes. Seeing only pots as pots.

Paintings as paintings. Hands as hands. Feet as feet. The signature does not provide the unknown designation, it cannot see the black mark sketch or find the faded scrawl. It mutes the ear against the hammer fall that comes behind the hammer fall. Despite the change in hue it will remain the self-same portraiture. So use the other horse hair spear and daub it only in the precious blood. You kiss the weathered corpse and still refuse the corpse and lie against its spine and scream and sing. Avert the eye. You have no wish to see the ever clapping eye, to see the chewing meat, the suckling at the breast, the lip that holds the blood, the matted hair. Ambrosia is immaculately forming. You never sleep. To polish bone, the skull, without the chalk, the waxy ash, without the waste about the ear and eyes and nose. A wasteland made to fatten calves. See this other polished wood. Without worm, without moth. Beyond is only butterfly, only stag, only parakeet. You only love and hate the corpse. You love and hate the hand it holds. You love and hate the push and push against the yoke. You love and hate the vast horizon. You love and hate the foot print stride. Again, again, again, again. You love and hate again, again, again, again. To see the portrait of this other person, the portrait

that is portrait. As though observed through un-clapped eyes. Your spittle strewn upon the desert floor. It forms the deep oasis. Consume in self-same saliva. Consume to make the unstained thread, the blemish hidden in the underside. It looks as though your portrait. Self-portrait to self-portrait. Widen the mouth to take the water, allowing it to hollow through the dirt and make the cave. As though a stocking filled with soil, as though to hang this hanging tail. Invite the taut elastic, pulled to bring about release and fill the skin. To fill the skin, allowing you to hang the new filled tail. Invite these biting teeth, this starving flesh. Embrace the eye within the eye within the eye. Your kiss returned to move towards the corpse, your holding of its puckered flesh. As well the flesh cut from the cheek to hide the tooth within the cavity. Apply the salt and sugar in the hanging fruit. Reject the gifted corn and take the fruit. Reject this fruit to live upon the salt lake sea, the salt that is not salt, the barren sea. An empty bone without the fat, the empty flesh. You have no will towards the circling carrion, the froth upon their ink black beaks. You have no glass to look upon the falling beat. A house becomes a house that is the house. You step within the house that is the house and find the ugly

portraiture. A signature to loop and loop. Obliterate biography, scripture, encyclopaedia. Remove the designated globe. Desecrate the genealogy, the heteronomy. Remove the stone upon the chest, the stone upon the stone upon the chest. Listen to the other call, the ring that beats against the bell, a ring now cast against the choir. And learn to eat the salt and sand. And pull the yoke a single step, a single step towards this vast horizon, seen as vast oblivion. Feed the crow this scattered corn. And see the pecking of their fragile beaks, removed for once from spoiled skin. This gaze you take within the glass, the you and you that is not you. Hands and cheeks and ears and nose and chest and legs and back and eyes and eyes and eyes. A growing beard to camouflage the lip. A balding head or growing hair against this balding head or growing hair. A hunch you wear against a taller spine, a dress within a costume made of silk and stone. Share yourself within the dialectic. Observe the beat and beat that comes from broken teeth. Observe the sacrificial lamb or calf or bird. Orange in its hue, green within its hue, black within its hue, white within its hue. So choose this other hue with shaking hands that hold the palette, drop the pallet, disturb the hue.

Though you praise the falling fleck within the dense incest. A flick of wrist within the loop, to make the one of you the other one of you. Convulse and show the other step. Held still within this hall that is asylum, cage, asylum. Held within this narrow passage. Hear the only echo that is echo. You hold no presence in this plain. You are projections formed as apparitions. Clean and clean and clean. A toxic scent that burns the nose but means to clean and clean. Now stopped against the tiled floor. To be a church, to be a synagogue, to be a mosque, to be a temple. A place to house a hecatomb to ward away the screaming apparition. You see the tail in the apparition, you see the fruit within the apparition. This ever puffing cheek awaits the crow and vulture. They that have a name when you do not. Refuse this constellation. A star above the cradle, its fragments thrown, its blessing gone astray. Your head held down within the water. Feel the broken tooth, the kiss upon your cheek and head. The laying on of oil. To smooth the parchment, to hold it well within the scripture. Held within a different thread. A stitch to guide the eye towards the clean and clean. To guide the eye towards the dense abyss. This beautiful oblivion. You hide the other beat within the rhythm. Low against

the high or high against the low. As smiles take the cough within the throat and make the cough the more and more. This lily is the cough, just as the thread that makes the filigree. Replacing word, replacing song and sound. The song and sound is not the coughing throat, this rolling rattling cage. So take the patch to hide the empty eye, the look behind the empty eye. And see the ever churning froth, the golden lining of the skull, the golden lily of the skull. So fill with foreign flesh. The ever puffing cheek, the ever salted flesh, the ever asking, ever asking. Push and bring about the heavy leg, the leading leg, this bowing stem. Against this thing. The screaming Pharaoh blows his horn, in need to fill the desert floor. Projecting visions of Euphrates, Nile, Seine. Projected in your flesh, your vein. Projected behind hidden eyes. Bring this cloth, this mud, this bone. Bring this skin to make a tent, a cave, a temple. You bar the entry to the temple. You take the limb and lay upon the stone. Held beneath this barking, howling constellation. Held behind the oil. Held behind the water. How else to show the teeth, the hand, the tongue. How else to show the cloth that covers and obscures glass. You make this spine but not a spine, this lung but not a lung, these veins that are

not veins. The emptiness provides the foreign froth. The other skull electrified upon the touch. Becomes a means to link the metal thread, becomes a means to push the turbine, combine scream. Allows the leather tongue outstretched, elastic over running wheels. You build and make this fusion cough, this hack and phlegm becomes the song. Projection stimulates the call. The call becomes the call. The foreign froth transfuses in the skull. Again you hear this song that masks the asking hand, that masks the other beat, that masks the empty eye. You see the fatless rib and sculpted rib within the barren river. Construct the hand that makes the hand, the foot that makes the foot, the lips that make the lips, the lungs that make the lungs. You bear the womb that is the house, that is the temple, that is the cave, that is the barren river. Drawing chalk upon this limbless limb. This etching follows down the metal guard. To please the hammer fall it takes the whips that lead to script cartography. You see it now reflected in the vase. You see it now reflected in the porcelain. The portrait forms the limbs and bones and muscles. And detonates the flattened waves. Its curve becomes the sea. So paint the hand that paints the hand, the scaffold made from tender bones. Taken

from this supine lizard, taken from this flightless bird. Removal of the moth wings makes the blush. Desert stones become the teeth, the seabed salt, the ash and sand. Transfuse the blood to fill the vein. Impossible within the pallet hue. Impossible within this shaking hand. The hue and moth wing mixed to look like wings. Just as the bird, just as the bat, just as the moth. The dust that makes the blush within the cheek. To make the patchwork silk. The hand becomes the silk. To feel as though the womb, as though the hand that is the hand. Bear the name of paintings, deny the name of portraiture. Take this other hand, this other kiss. But not this hand, not this kiss. Not this spittle in the hue. You still refuse this designation. Abandoned as the scripture, cast away as waste within the cave. Again you bite this hanging tail, again you bite and bite. To live within this alien flesh. To love this alien flesh. Abandon this barren river. Deny Euphrates. Deny Ganges. Deny Nile. Deny Seine. Deny, deny, deny. Deny the flesh, the hand that holds the hand. Deny this singing choir, the funeral bell. The bell departs the choir. Embrace the desert floor. Take this sand, take this salt. Do not contribute white within the hue. Maintain the shaking hand, the exposed rib, the

exposed spine. Maintain the cloth that hides the heaving chest, the gifted gold to light the cave. Allowing you to see within the empty void through thought and froth, and not depart the cave, and not depart this empty chest. You give them legs and hands and flesh and blood. A skull within a skull within a cave. A futile act to run your hands along the calf skin side, and lay the fat upon the thigh. An absent means to make this sacrifice, to lay the calf or lamb upon the stone, to cut the throat and drink the blood, to make the pyre, to burn the pyre. You are abandoned now without this designation. Never mark the new born child, never gift the bursting womb. Abandoned without prayer or curse, without the simple mark upon the flesh, without the face, without the ox skin eye maintained within the closing slit. You gift a throat, you gift a step, you gift the standing. All without the kiss within the embryonic cave. All without the kiss to gift the lips, to gift the teeth and tongue and gums. Born without these teeth and tongue and gums. Born without these ears to hear the song. Better the crow, better the lizard, better the moth. Better the wheel that does not spin the clay. Better the thread that does not stitch the cloth. Better still to wrap this coiled rope, to pull the lightning limb, to

sing the rolling froth. Still you give the skull a cause. Still you give the teeth and tongue and lips the means to talk. Without the need to talk. And do not talk. You mask these empty lips with song and fabricate the cloth within the skull. You fabricate the hands and spine and eyes. You fabricate the better bird, the better moth. You fabricate abandoned limbs, abandoned teeth. You cast away the bitter lips, the better teeth. Abolished within rolling waves. To break and rise and break. The limb is made, the limb un-made. To this that is this that is this. Fragmentation in the spore. Emancipated constant, emancipated bright. The line within this fading. The hanging down of veins. Manifested in the touch, without the touch. Embryonic stutter, come on, come on. You find the eye to mist and grow opaque. Clasp over cloth to find its naked cover. You see it in its nudity, you see it in its naked mask. Without the stamp, without the pen that scrawls the name, its name, your name. An eye that sees the skin, that sees the breast. An eye that does not see the bone, that does not see the vein, that does not see the marrow in the bone. Projection leads this growing cataract. Impossible to take this as its nudity. So take this as its birth, this wave that breaks and rests to be a womb. You cast them blank.

Without. Which brings the deep within, the density beyond the calling face, upon this fortress wall, the dust and sandstone brick. And holds the nothingness within. Now abstract it from emaciation. So keen this scream emancipation. So keen to scream the other freedom, the gift of freedom. Disparage this address upon the mount. Well within the name of this eclipse. Cry heretic against the prophet. Cry infidel against the speaker and the spoken. Cry to hide the other rib, but not your rib. The infidel decries the rib. The infidel who speaks with dense obliteration. A stone removes a leg, a horn removes a tempest, a clock removes a hawk, a hawk removes a tempest. In preparation of the coarser thread. In preparation of the needle. Now thrust against the open chest, bombarded in its emptiness. This emptiness decries this other emptiness. The void becomes the womb against the void becomes the womb. These gnashing teeth divide the dialectic, the void and womb opposed by void and womb and void and womb. You hold the void and womb beneath your tongue. Deployed beneath your clapping eye. Remove the toe and take the wing, the horns, the tail. Take the bulging throat, the sea that fills the tubers. All without the air that lifts the lung.

Prefer the apparition, kiss and hold the apparition. Turn the apparition into scripture. Hold these globes that soon project the ghost. The scripture soon becomes a tattered cloth. This shapely face is lost within the fading sight. The jawbone snapped and made to fit within the cloth. Your nostrils made to bend the stem, the grotesque mule, with fleas, with missing legs, with matted blood. This mule becomes a lamb, becomes a calf. Your ink becomes the fat and salt. You place it on the lamb that is the mule. You make this sacrilegious hecatomb. Curse this god or gods or God. Curse this corpse. Its sacrifice becomes the funeral pyre, ignites the funeral pyre, becomes annihilating waste. Burn the teeth, burn the hair, burn the skin. Let the froth become this fragrant wine, fermented in the heat within its skull. Wear the skull upon your head, clothe it in these coloured bands. Desecrate the corpse, the tomb, the marker left before the tomb. Give nothing to the buzzards, give nothing to the opened eye. Give nothing to the wine that is the froth within the corpse un-desecrated. Wear the skull and dance upon the corpse that goes un-desecrated. Flay its skin and eat it as you do, as you have. Hide the flesh within your teeth, behind your forking tongue. You gift

the body. You gift the fish and rice. You gift the sun and water. You gift the dusty skin, the swaddled child. You gift the chance to speak and sing and see. Hold the mark that comes within the silicone touch, the brush stroke, the flicker, the stammer. Life without name. Bear this fragile gift. Bear this armoured gift. Your shield becomes the exposed rib, the exposed rib becomes the shield. Feather to hand to mouth to hand to machine gun. This is the gift of love. Give each a face and body and mind. Give each a life and love and world. Construct without the neon scrawl, without the beat that comes from flesh. You claim to spare the flesh tattoo. You claim it weeps and bleeds despite the lack of wound, despite the lack of blood. No needle in the hand to gift transfusion. No sword within the hand to gift the wound. A ribbon tied around the wound. Not made of sinew, not made of water. You soon become invisible, annihilated in the water. You soon become a spectre, hidden in the skull and spine. Hidden in the meeting of the skull and spine, the joining of the skull and spine. This phantom prick falls hard upon the continent, upon the flapping clot. First this then this then this then this. A cheek, a nose, a cheek, a nose, a cheek. Never find mimesis. Though soon you find

the hooking hand, the other eye. You find the lips to kiss the froth. This hand becomes this hand becomes this hand. You speak as though it is the first but is the fifth, is the ninth, is the twelfth. You hear the lisp of the isolated sound, you hear with hands upon your ears. This sound that is this sound. No lower note, no higher note. No increase in the monotone. The milky eye refutes empty plain. Ignores the cataract, ignores the mound. Embrace the vast obscurity of change, such beauty in this entropy. So delicate within the hand held hue. So delicate within its tone. Refuse the other colour, despite the beauty of the other colour. Whip the snorting bull to pull the cart. No need to feed it wheat or salt. Its sniffing nose becomes its biting teeth. You fear the horn. Prepare the bell to sound the horn. The bell becomes the song, becomes the choir, becomes the skull. So pull the rope to sound the bell, to simply hear the bell. You claim to see the filling. You claim to see the blemished skin. You claim to see the scar. You claim to feel the bone, the rougher skin. Your ears are clapped against this other tone, this one as seven is one is ten as seven is one is seven is ten. Remove the eye, scar the cheek, hobble the leg, remove the arm, take the voice. Remove these

things, do not provide the gift. Find it comes so easy in this swept tattoo, so weary worn upon the corpse's skull. This beat soon slows before the hammer fall. No ecstasy within the gravity. Your tattoo makes a hook and holds the calf, to give your weight the push that is the pull. Its purpose made to form this salt lake sea. But see the mountain, see volcano, see the canyon, see the well. The mine implanted in the softer soil gifts the alien visage. You see the stride and broken hand, the withered skin upon the hand, or just the hand. Corroding of the skull or hear the song. Hear the pop and crackle of the skull that is the song, the powdered dust that is the song, the lung that fills with dirt that is the song. The stretch leads to this snap. No snap without the stretch. Begin what makes the end that makes the stride that makes the end. Seen only as the embryo, seen only as the infant. Never the breast, never the beard. A clapping view to give the soothing balm. The fired iron burns and then removes the wound, the blemish, the other colour. You never see the red that is the white that is the black that is the green that is the grey. Narrow, narrow, narrow in this empty trench. Life without appearance, appearance without life. You blink and give the click. This one becomes a seven. Nine

and nine and nine. This one can bear the Cuneiform. This one can bear the Greek. This one can bear the Hebrew. This one can bear Wiradjuri. This one to hold the single strike. This other one the many strike. This other one the crossing strike. You clothe them in the blue, the white, the black, the grey, the green, the red. Depicted in the starving crow. Depicted in the angry bull. Depicted in the gliding fish. Depicted in the melting wax. Depicted in the clapping hand. This is this is this is this is. You wrought the iron fence and make the flag. To cast it as your clothing, to don the cape. To give them tongues and tools to probe the froth, allowing them to fit within the choir song. You house them in the skull, without the halls and chambers. Within the other room, the chamber room, within the room that echoes from the tiles. You listen for the echo. Reverberation pumps the blood, beats the heart. Reverberation gifts the lips that join the song. Made without the gloves that come adorned on absent hands. Without the hands that you refuse to touch, the lips that you refuse to kiss. You only take these knowing lips, these knowing hands, those that come obeisant to the song, the skull, the froth within the skull, those that bow in unison towards the corpse. Repel all else.

Save them from obliteration. Restore and hold these molecules against this sudden separation. Mimesis guides the eye. The one to make the one. The nine to make the nine. The Q that makes the Q that makes the Q. This process soon deforms annihilation. This now gone, this now same, this now gone, this now same. Always in the this now this now this now. This current forms a shield against the failing waves, to show there are no failing waves, to speak as though it were a flattened sea. You make the newer face that is the older face. You make the newer sound that is the older sound. You make in order to replace. This ever humming womb. Again, again, again. You gift the more and more and more. Remove this starving skin. Refuse this new eclipse. Forget the face and fabricate a newer one, forget a life and fabricate a newer one. This brick as any other brick. Moulded by the self-same hand. You wear the same tasting cloth. You wear the acid touch. See reflections in the flake. Dried to fall as feathered wings. Scattered out upon the salt lake sea. Preserved within the touch. The is the you. You prefer the is the you. Take this orb within the spiral suite. Plucked within the fragile claw. Shake your hand to take the other name. This two that should be five that should be Q or S or T.

You claim that this is this and this is this. You see a nine that really is an S. You see a Q that really is a Two. You blame this other blinking eye, this blemish on the lens, this crack of glass that is the lens. You never see within the milky eye, the clapping eye, the shaking hand, the misplaced hand. To lock the wrist against the misplaced hand. To cast against the eye that leads the hand, the froth within the skull that leads the eye that leads the hand. The falling grain to make the fissure. To come from tongues that clip the teeth, from crooked teeth, from broken teeth. You rise the lowered sea, an outstretched folding sea. To come and go and come and go and come. Again, again, again, again, again. This tree becomes a house, becomes a lion, becomes a cloud. This mountain becomes a church, becomes a rat, becomes a sword, becomes a book. This chapel becomes a road, becomes a crocodile, becomes a bicycle. The slightest itch upon the finger leads to hammer blows. Now peel the tape that holds the skull, exposed within the wind. So easy to inject within the cylinder. Its shifts that change this vast geography and always hold the scent, the feel, the sound, the image. The salt lake sea becomes the ice. Set the spark to make the gentle shift. This spark to make the lip

collide with tongues, to make the hammer blow, to make the loop to fall outside the bar. To fall outside the cupping hand that is the skull. To fall outside the cage that has been gently made, the cage that carries out the corpse's touch, the dipping sea that gifts the other hand, the other mouth, the other eyes. Abandoned gifts soon burned atop the hecatomb. You take these gifts to feed the corpse, to place the crown atop its head. Though not these barbs. Only this imagined gold. Pangea ripped asunder, reshaped without a word, without the waltz within the dialectic. Refuse this, refuse this. No song within the other song, no note to match the counter note. Refuse this futile harmony. Your spitting soon embalms the oiled flesh. Remain obeisant to the oiled flesh. You take its crown, its barbs, its barbs upon the crown. The crown without the jewel, without imagined gold. Without, without. Again you force emaciation. Again you gift this honoured lack. You see the lines that guide the eye, already in the melody. Significant in sound you beat these tracks, without this separation from the iron. Not diverging. Your chewing as it chews, you beat the hammer as it beats the hammer. Yes and yes and yes and yes and yes and yes.

Leviathan



The Tree III

To make a pine. To make a gum tree. To make a tree of another name. To place it at the narrow edge and blink away the wider edge. You wish to hold the wider edge, to wade within those colder waters. You see reflections in the narrow edge and gift the wider edge. You bite the wider edge, the careful step. Do not remove the rope, do not step and stride to catch the other foot. This shuffle, shuffle grand progression. One, two, three, one, two, three. This canal to take the thud, this strip of wood to give the thud. First the lizard hide, the crocodile cloth. Gift the acid peel. Now held within the hidden limb. Discarded clothes to wear the armour sheen, to pluck the other feather. Refuse the puffing cheek, the bitter crow, the belted scream, the rolling froth, the boiling froth, the charging teeth that bring the pulse. Reverting in the river, this snaking ripple. Reverting then to wear the clothing. The clothing used to hide your breast and shoulder. Exhalation. Bring the empty air before the threaded cloth, the horse hair spear. Transmuting in the move and move. Transmuting through the push and push.

Found within the canyon fissure. You live within this cataract. Your fingers meet the flesh between the scales. Within the pale skin. Within the pale, without the clothing, without the skin. Embracing and discarding, refusing and discarding. Your love that wears the flesh and shows the rib outside the flesh. To be as is and not as is. Take the thumb, take the wing. Implant the tooth within the gum, this speech that is the glue. Made manifest within the whale blubber. Made manifest within the sap that holds the limb. Within the how that holds the limb. So wear the crocodile hide, so wear this nudity. Is it this or this or this. And now reside within the open jaw. Or out within the bursting air. Inflation and expansion leads the narrow edge, without the slickness of the wider edge. This river takes the wave or stays within the desert touch. You cannot decide. You cannot decide. So shift what is Pangea. And make the slip that is the slit that makes Gondwana. Invited in Euphrates, Ganges, Nile. And make the wound that is the wound that is the river. And make the etch to make the t and not the T. To make the limbless tree with which to bring this swinging axe or biting saw. Obliterate the lizard skin, obliterate the shedding skin, obliterate the unknown skin. This skin that is

its skin but not its this or this or this. A distant spitting of your phlegm. Convulsion dance beneath your shrapnel kiss. This glass to view your splitting lung, your ripping spleen, your bursting heart. Observe this over-spilling vein, collapsing in the self, collapsing in the heat. Expand, contract, expand, contract, expand. Swallowing the lips. Cannot sing, cannot speak. Cannot shed this running water. You bathe without this running water. Embellishing the salt lake sea. Embellishing the incest froth. Lick the outstretched hand and bend about the scripture word. Construct the new constraining cast, this bending elbow, this turn and turn. Remove the guarding spine, the metal bars, the slats between the metal bars. And burn this map and globe, this scripture path. To see without the glow that guides the eye, without embellishing the loop, the tender scar, the tiny horn. Sense a movement in the east. To match it to the movement in the west. Again you hear the gifted horn, its flaring spurs. Form it into coral, into mounds. Remain so close within the gravity. Remain so close within the push that is the pull. Forever make the beat within the echo of the hammer blow, within the loop and loop. To make this pine that is a pine, as any pine, as any pine. You wear

these limbs, crooked, straight, and move without the bending arm, arthritic stride. Now gift the narrow bone, removed within the milky white. So easy to embrace this cracking strike of song, to take this falling foreign hair, to quickly lose the colour you have made. To move from grass to burnt oblivion. Accept the momentary sunset blast, so quick to fade and change and fade and change. So quick to house this other colour. And do not go beyond this clear design, well within the scripture's kissing lips. Make a tired leg that sits within the bend, that fits within the bend. Articulate its curvature. Exactly in the curvature. To sit it well within the loop but house the other hand and house this other distant loop. The loop that guides the falling limb, that speaks before the falling limb. The laying of the eggs within the folding froth, layer upon layer upon layer upon layer. You make this rolling sea, to make it roll away from empty uniformity, to give the froth a push within the chambered skull. Perhaps to make the first of many hammer falls. Perhaps to make the first to make the beat, the first to sound the scream within this thin canal. So see this thing that you have seen, and know this thing that you have seen. The first to make an impulse in the vein. Its white that hides

the lines within this portraiture. Never seen, always seen. To make it whole without the fully opened eye. Found from what and where and what and where. This bending limb becomes the father's knee, the shedding needle sister's hair, or not the sister's hair, or not the father's knee. Turn your head without the eggs within the folding froth, as hands display the given gifts. Ignore the given gifts. Now cut the flesh upon its side. Held from folded froth, away from other hands, from whitened lines. And move outside the loop, the guarded wall. And move despite the gnashing teeth that hold the wall. And so begin. This wound that clicks its teeth and starts the song. This one that makes the two that makes the three. So wide that makes to narrow, makes again to wide. Placed within the path, placed within the other scripture. Led within the song. This wound that opens up the eye. That gifts the glass that shows this other colour. That shows a clothing made of darker stain. Not the open but the closing, the thinning down. From the table, not the tree. You come from painting, not the tree. You come from hair, the eye, the leather hide, the mother of its birth. So freeze this sliding stroke, and falsely bite the scripture. Without its provenance, without

its symbol scar. Wear its emptiness, wear its significance. Exacting in its emptiness, exacting in significance. Not to know, not to know. No protection without provenance. Could be, could not be. Obliterate beneath the telescope, the microscope. Cut beneath the probing pen. Push and pull to match the limb. One to be the perfect one, two to be the perfect two. This blemish makes a brighter light. Caught between this brighter light and folding globe, this map, this pen, this eye, this tooth. Now you see this green that makes the needles, this green that shifts to brown, that shifts between this green and brown. This grass, this desert, this table, this painted fence, this painted wall, this painted table, this bare wood table. The fur, the scales, the tipping scales. Again to move without this provenance, again to move without the embryonic sack. Relent beneath this puffing cheek, beneath this canopy, beneath the stakes that you have made, that you have hammered in the dirt. Seek shelter down beneath these dusty ribs. Prefer this green that is the brown despite the unknown birth, the unknown mother. Not taken from the scripture limb, from folds in folds in folds. Better off without the provenance, without the needle in the arm, without the drawing of the blood. Take your steady

stance, no bending of the spine, no moving of articulation. No obeisant knee, or spine, or lungs, or lips. You do not bow, you do not pray as others pray. Move without this step to take the bending knee. Though feel this pushing breath, this space to make a passive dance. Here your spine is made to bend. Here without the shedding of the limbs, here with shedding of your hair, shedding of your armour skin, its armoured skin. And so you wear the unclothed provenance, to welcome sight from known of unknown wombs, this thread that spears the deep collage, this undersoil, this soil beneath the undersoil. The corpse is buried deep within the undersoil. The deeper one. The one before the one before the one before the one. So obliterated, so disseminated. So much so within the soil. So much so within the salt. So much so the moisture within dirt and salt. No longer wear the skin, no longer wear the skeleton. Diffuse within this heavy air and breathe without the conscious flapping of your lungs, and eat without the cutting of the puffing cheek. You come within the wire, within the marrow, within the skull that holds the froth, and finds itself within the froth, that is the froth, that is the desiccated spore. Breathe in breathe in. This push and pull invisible. Unlike this other

push and pull, unlike the gripping hand, unlike the eye, unlike harmonic songs. Reverberate behind the skull, reverberate within the skull, within the marrow, within the chalk, within the walls becoming hollow. The putty masks the cataract and masks the vast canal. Again expressing no. Again contracting, blinking eye, frosted eye. A click reverberation, no, a clattering jaw. Enveloping in harmony. Invite this dissonance, this bend, this broken thing. This shatter, this clatter, this louder noise. This beak that pecks an untrained eye. An untrained eye. A backwards running river. The sugar tasting salt tasting sugar tasting salt. This bang and bang and bang and bang. You trip the trembling lip, and burst the churning stomach. Embraced within the comfort call, embraced within the unbent metal. Within the splint that holds the hammer blow. Affix the splint upon the leg, the arm, the tongue. And hammer down the needle point, the iron limb. Construct inexorable womb and lick the walls that make this cage. Found within the rib, within the echo drone. You sing within the echo drone. Abandoning this dissonance, abandoning this other reaching hand, the wider way, the no that is the no that was the yes that is the no that is the yes. Now a gum

tree with a wound. Wear this hanging cloth, this naked shoulder, this naked chest, this fragile skin, this pale flesh. The tattoo lines script marks without a language, without the T and Q and S, without the pictograph, without the semblance to the same, without the semblance to the self-same. There is no tongue to lift in this direction, to strike the lower note, to make the self-same sound. No bell, no bell, no violin, no trumpet, no cello. Made within the sitar note, is not the sitar note. Seen beyond the clawing frame, beyond projections of the throat. Almost this collision, almost this dissonance. Reverberating somewhere in the hollow walls. The hanging clothing wears the skin, wears the cloth. Relinquished or released. Torn away or thrown away. Taken in cruel gravity. You pull to strip the shoulder clean, to strip the chest the same. The sternum is the crook between the limbs. Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale. A rising falling chest, a swaying thinning tree. To this she says. To this it creaks. To see the window, to see the sky and bird within the sky. To see the bird within the cage beside the opening. To see the bird outside the cage outside the opening. And hear the ever coming creak. Within the earth, within the wood. The wood that is the limb, the wood that is the

earth. Again you hear the creak. To sing the creak, to see the creak, the hammer blow repeats its song. This mimicry beyond the tender beak. To come within the phantom note, to come as spectre in the froth, beyond the folds, beyond the hollow wall. Within, without, within, without. Hanging from these clothes or skin. Or is the scroll, to see the scroll, to beat the scroll within the song. All without this prevalence, all without the puffing cheek. Perhaps without the puffing cheek. All within this ghostly white. To come at once from pale stones. Mixed within the ash and sand and water. Mixed with these keen fingers. Made the colour of this pale stone, or else the colour of the feather, the colour of the tree, the colour of this foreign tree. A tree though not a tree. The chalk within your teeth, mixing, mixing with saliva. Break this stone or chalk or pale limb. Taken from this other image, from this other body comes this limb. Again it joins the naked shoulder, the naked chest. Again it joins the shedding clothes. Again within the spectre image. Again within this window, wood. The light within the window on its shoulder, makes the white, makes the tree, makes illumination, makes the skin, makes the wood, makes the window. Extract the white. Extract it from this provenance. Wear

it in the teeth, in the folds within the froth, in the space within the walls. Extract to open up the hand and eye. Refuse the provenance. Refuse the womb, refuse the birth. Refuse, refuse. A sudden burst renounces white. Exact in its transfusion. Like atomic expulsion, like birth and death and birth and death, the heavy untamed scream. Contains this song, contains this word, contains this sound. Hear the hue within the scream. See the song within atomic blasts. Pick it clean within the tidal rush, the open mouth, the stifled breath, the clattering chest. Seen within this other colour. Curate to find its middle hue, to find the no and no and no and no and no and no and no. This one you have not named, that has no name, that wears imperfect shapes. No form, no house within to hold its hand, to cause the falling hammer blow. Existing without easy gravity, without the pull and pull. You need the hook to pierce the membrane, the outer shell. Find it in the multiplying limb, the multiplying colour, the multiplying shape. And bring about the scream, the atom bomb. You bring about extrapolation. Colour in the hidden froth within the folds of froth. This chip within the skull that is the soundless horn. Held without the armour hide, without the bending knee, without the naked shoulder,

without the shedding clothes. Without the knee, the clothes, the hide, the naked shoulder, the naked chest. Again you wear this that is not. Reverse eclipse to shudder un-held hands. The hand that needs the blast, that needs explosion, that needs an endless touch of this and this and this. To find the tail in the narrow hue, the wing, the lidless eye. Embrace the rat, the scorpion, the snake. Embrace the tail, the wing, the lidless eye. Embrace the scale over skin, the unknown tongue, the blinded eye against the pictograph, against the unknown letter, against the hieroglyph. Do not cower underneath the Pharaoh speech. Ignore the corpse. See the corpse contains the wing, the tail, the lidless eye. But not this tail, not this wing, not this lidless eye. A bend to warp the straight, to take the solid stone and beat it with this dissonance. Imbue it with this dissonance. To force the throat to find the other tone, progress without the harmony. Sand becomes snow becomes other snow becomes other sand. Within that is without. Limbs that bend against the membrane. The spine that bends against the glassy jar. This chiselled vertebrae, Adirondack to hide the upper, keep the lower. Not so, not so, not so. Only one foot. Singular allows the hoof, the mouth allows the beak but not the wings. To

Speak beyond the mountain sound, without the echo of the cave. To bite upon the newer thing but still to taste the harness touch. Still to feel the bridle pull, but give that tiny extra foot, the extra neck, the extra layered muscle. Lick the finer curvature. Tastes of leather. This crockery goes unpainted. Based in the curve, the love of this curve. That comes from the plant, that comes from the vase. To follow in the outside step, the sudden jaunt, the reflex kick. Convulsion says the mountain song, to call it down upon the mule. Replace this bitter bit, this gift that gives the stranger limbs, that gives the mule its bulbous gut. Your call against the foreign phlegm. To blast upon the tumour growth. Here within the node, within the froth. Not within the many layers, not within the folds. Now upon the surface. Kicked again by braying mules. It is your choice to give the gifted wound. Remove the cleft. A cleft, a wound, a cut. The same, the same, this mule upon the step. A cut becomes a wound becomes a cleft. How best to make the hecatomb, how best to make the echo heard, how best to place the loop upon the loop upon the loop, the hand placed on the hand, the hand to look upon the hand, the hand to wither like the hand, to wear decay, to wear the maggot in its flesh, to wear the dirt

within its flesh. So choose to kiss and shine the ring. This ring upon the hand, this ring upon the other hand. Sing well within this echo chamber. Sing well within this empty sand. A shudder seeks to locate you. Embraced in its harmonic other. To lay within reverberating sheets of colour, light producing light producing light. This is the only sound that meets the other sound. You keep the cut and cleft and wound. You grow this cut this cleft this wound. To give and give and give. Wider now, open up, open up. Wider still. Beyond the primary taste, beyond the primary birth. Filled with snakes and scorpions and rats. This growing corn, this growing wheat, this fat upon the bone. Never mind distasteful blood, you love the taste of venom in the vein. Produced to give you more and more. More for those who cultivate, more for those in snake skin hide, more for those with carapace upon their teeth, glittering their gleaming teeth. Learn to bite the stone, the chalk, the sand. Learn to drink the sky, the sea, the dust. Held down upon this desert floor, within this salt lake sea. Choking on no water, ambrosial in the drought. Refuse, refuse, refuse. A cast to make this vast Pangea. Extracted from the bloodless wound, extracted without disconnection. This that is this that is this

that is this. This gift that gives the gravel tube, the tunnel made of empty air, the throat to sing this hoarse and brutal cry, to make the mountain side, to make the desert floor. Pangea rides upon the vocal push, its seam invisible, its growth invisible. Growing endlessly. Saliva forms this glue, taken from the hooves of braying ox. It means to make the yoke but not the yoke, the treading in one place, the digging down against the stone. And take these hooves that dig against the sand and stone, down towards the birthing dust. You see this spinning wheel. So mask the unmoved wheel and bless the unmoved wheel and take the joining hands to gift the words, the sliding of your ill spent tongue. Now see this archipelago and change the distant step. Increase the taste, the heavy breath. Now back and back and back. You join and un-join. Remove the fissure, replace the fissure. The earthquake glides about the fingertips, about the falling hammer blow. A Moses hand to shunt and shield the boiling froth. Push and push and push. Tasting illumination.

Leviathan



The River IV

A fissure rips. One born, one dies, one born again. Spewing concrete, spewing steel. Distasteful in the grain, unblinking in the swirl. From night to light to night again. A lightning beat, the come and come and go and go. First you hold the concrete hand, first you hold the steel ring. Birth the lightning, embrace the lightning. Without the hollow sound within the skull. No skull to find, no hand to find, no froth within the skull to find. Comes within the other hands. These stranger hands. Clad in scales, clad in feathers, clad in dirt and sand. Held without the dirt that holds the corpse's hand. To claim the chatter of the teeth, to claim the meat within the teeth, the probing tongue. Held beneath this searching light. Moving without birth, without movement of the hand. The mover shakes the hand creating plaster glass, and smog and hum and hum and hum. This bang without the gun, without the drum, so lonesome in this steel womb. Un-birthed within the body, it wears the blemish mark. Empty in its clothing. Untangled in its webbing. For none and none. There is no one or two or three. No hundred no thousand, no buzz to make the

buzz, no roll to make the roll, no rumble, rumble, rumble. Made without the self-same froth, made within the layer, made without the layer. Is but is not, is but is not, is but is not. Without the hand, without the eye, without the lung and spine, without the teeth and tongue. Only little, only nothing. Reflection and nothing. The singular one. Apart from the greater one. Still wearing the fissure wound, still fit within this vast geometry, within this vast geography, the half mountain side, the half cheek, the half tree, the half seam. See reflections on the other side, this meeting place, this shaking hand. The biting tail makes the whole and forms to bridge the brother, sister kiss. Already in the mother kiss, long away from father kiss. Soon to wear the blemished skin, soon to see the broken tooth, this certain solar ray to gift the newer hue. To gift this melanoma, this time to give this colour. Over here the melanoma, only colour. Place the newer mask upon the face. Coal dust, plutonium, sun, wind. You take the step that is the rolling wheel, another push and push. Crucified to wear the better petal. Slivering the silver sheen. Chrome and rising dust. Coursing caused the rising of the hair, the rising of the skin, the beating of the ox hide eye. The slit made visible, the lid that shows

the eye. Elaborate this mirror show. A larger state within a larger place. Expand its open wound, the trickle drip within the skull, down within the froth, within the hidden walls, within the hidden sounds, this other sound. Tap tongues that take the falling drip. You say the prayer, extract the drip, make love within the drip. Proclaim the swelling of the skull, increasing in its size and weight. This heavy skull that shrinks the sound, that clears the gun smoke air. No crown to fit atop the skull. Refuse this swelling crown, obscured crown. The curtain drawn upon the brow, down upon the eye. Make little of this light. You wear the wound. Familiar from the hand, the axe, the saw. Comes without the drip, the gift of drought to welcome poisoned blood. Place layers of the heavy fat upon the bone. Invisible the heavy fat upon the bone. Still breathe in this emaciation, feel the golden rib. As though the golden calf. Within and not without. Bursting of this flashing bulb, a sudden hum, a newer song. Beneath the feet, beneath the skin, beneath this harder skin, this faster vein. Requiring this quicker blood. In servitude to present film. Lay grease upon the stone, upon the skin. Wear this newer film. Think to find the embryo. No life here. Think to wear the membrane as

a dress. No life here. Still no death here. Claim the gravity that shakes the hand. Kiss the shaking hand, make love upon the shaking hand. Extend the vein as rope, as wire. No barb upon the vein, no barb upon the wire. Shaved down within the razor slip, no cut. Sandpaper makes the sky. Still within this plaster cast, to cast your eye, to give this length, this ever changing name. Your step becomes a stride. The fall becomes a death. This death becomes a singing. Constrict and cast out webbing, to this edge, to this height, to this expanse, to this finality. This that was this. Gift the mud adobe house. This keen and better mansion. Its dripping walls, its walls that come upon the drip. Slick from hexagons, slick from octagons. Outstretching vein, the tendon pulled to its extreme. And see the minor thread, the microscopic tear, a scissor slit to make this little air, extended in the webbing. The nexus comes to pulse and pulse. Here within the stone, here within the wood, here within the sand, here within the soil. Up and up and down and down, submerge, emerge, expand, contract. Extract the dirty coal, fed filthy into veins. Pulled out within the stretch, pulled and pulled. This is the gift you give, the semblance, the life semblance. Caught cool in this façade, within the grip.

Made to give the self-same heat. Eclipse this designation. No chisel in the stone without the plaque, without the wisping ink on cloth. No designation for this city, this state, this town, this country. No tattoo burnt upon your skin, the roaming calf, the roaming cow, the roaming bull. Left to trip their hooves upon the desert floor. Feel the biting, snapping teeth and snakes and lizard hordes. This pin will hold the hoof, though do not wear the shoe. Hold your hand against the wooden post. A hammer beats the iron, a hammer makes the hammer blow, the loop upon the loop upon the loop. So shield the limper limb, the skeleton arm, emaciated flesh. And build upon the layered flesh, the fat to drip and drip upon the bone. Embrace conversant kiss. Though not the hand held corpse. Though not the phantom sound. And hear a current song, this one upon the topmost froth, without the layers and layers and layers. Not found within the rolling waves, this the flatter wave. Hear the pitching song. Hear the horn and lung that blows the horn. Where comes the air, this sudden touch, this sudden sustenance. Now within your bones, now within the marrow of your bones. This concrete lines the tunnel, allows the water flow. Despite these speaking lips and teeth and tongue, despite

the rolling of the throat. Provide this same tattoo. Gift the heated brand. To mark and sear the rolling flesh, to mark and sear within the skull, to mark and sear the speaking tongue, to mark and sear the shaking spine. Walk upon the places you have known. Footfall in the well-worn trench. Dust down the push to make the dune. Already placed within the dunes. Surrounded by the dunes. The rats reside within, the snakes reside within. Speak already spoken, this same familiar air. Well within the chorus now, well within the verse already made. So speak these self-same words. So speak in Texas, Queensland. Down but not the same within the parchment, not the same within the scripture note. Not this one that is this one. Metallic in its sound, metallic in its taste and smell. Your hand that smooths this plaster cast and finds the safety well within the hut, within the mud stuck walls. And place the fire down, and soon refuse the heat it gives. Rather find it in the deeper froth, the underside of scrawling skulls. This lower point refutes the topmost point. Your shovel hand to break the softer soil, bursting through the clay. Explosive in its bursting sound. Embrace the phantom touch within the ever growing roots. Made from soil,

made for growing worms. So deep within the other corpse. So much depletion, so much corrosion, gone. Skin reduced within the soil, bone to chalk within the soil. Your denial of the deeper thread. So give it name. Ejected through the plumes, through the cracks to make the spreading hand. The fire blast obliterates this semblance as the spreading spores construct the other spores. To birth the other flower. This before that before the this that brought the sword, that led the hand towards the corpse. Embrace the push that is the pull. Enveloped down within the chatter, no place to find the spore, to birth the spore, to give the spore the soil now to birth the plant. The lack of semblance finds the clapping beaks. This forking tongue without the weight to move like bulbous tongues. Swelled from over speaking, swelled in the dying skull. The crackling hiss, obliteration. Guide the bridle to find this Texas, Queensland. Refuse to lick and bite towards the globe, the map, the scripture cloth. This naked sounding gift, without the A, without the S and T. Without the T that is the t. The one that is five that is seven that is four. No trust to kiss the beak, to stroke the feather, the tail, the claw. You want the other, refuse the other. Blinded by this other staring globe. Dripping on the

desert floor. Kill the spore, kill the plant, embalm the lying corpse, entomb the lying corpse, enshrine the lying corpse. All without dissemination. Stoke the furnace fuelled by spores and plants and other hands and other tongues. Enshrouding in the Cuneiform, the Latin. Beneath the weeping sun, or moon, or moon and sun. These new possessions, these new arrangements, these new regressions and expansions and expulsions. New meaning for the scripture hide, new meaning for the globe and teeth, new meaning for the rising sun, new reason for the setting moon, the strumming chord, the groping claw, the choking bit, the step that is the step that is the step. Texas meaning land of snakes and water. Queensland meaning sky and tall. Remove the ear. Sick slick within the beard of blood, the skinned sheep, the crocodile hide. Back within the hovel hut, beneath the pillow flies. Sanctuary, sanctuary. Cathedral makes this other beat and beat and beat. No semblance from the self-same birth canal, no seam within the fastened skin. Abandoned in reflection, nothing, nothing, nothing. Save the skin, so much to not be skin. Save the hair, so much to not be hair. Save the eye and skull and spine and heart and lung and throat and feet. So much to bear this foreign

gift, the bridle bite that breaks the jaw, that wires down the teeth. Your forking tongue that moves without permission, that fights against the X of Texas without this stone and steel wall. Sliding over glass like edges, the crumble of the stone that marks the barrier. No entry no exit. Still entry and exit. Still move and move. This covey takes the nearest route. A chain around an ankle bone, a leather rope around your wrist. Though still you take the sideways step, this march that is an empty waltz. And still refuse the push and pull, without the yoke upon your back, without the weight you wear. Blinded now against this vast horizon, you hear the call that makes the echo on the deafened ears. A blinded bird repents to find its proper form, a means to wrap around this spindled knot, around the tower post. And place the tunnel, accept the other tongue, accept the other lips. You speak with braces holding arms. An echo heard within this iron lung. And pin this writhing snake. Convulsing in electric death. Withheld by fingered grips, its teeth upon the tongs. Both to bite and hold, drawing blood, extracting blood. Without the means to hold or drink this liquid. To claim to have no need, then take it, then claim to have no taste, then taste it. Freed to find the ribbon flail, embraced

within this wild wind. Take breath, this way, take breath, this way, take breath, this way. A flutter caught to make this distant sound, this other blaring horn, this other beating drum. This note above this other note, this note below this other note. Chime and chime and chime. Expect the bird to call, the frog to croak. Expect diffusion from the inner ear, the clearing push of sound and air, the trip of lips on softer soil, harder soil. Requiring a curl and not a curl, only not curl and curl. The curl and not the curl that is the Q, beginning Queensland. The curl and not the curl that is the Q and U. Connected, connected. Both curl and uncurl. Both writhe and steady. Conform, rebel, conform, rebel. Without the leading scripture sound. Familiar in the click and ticks. Without the wrapping sheep and oxen hide, without the bear that roams the dark, without the fire holding out the dark, without this stepping trench that takes the hoof and foot and shifts to take the hoof and shifts to take the foot. So smooth within the dunes. You wear the dunes as sheep and oxen skin. You wear them as your favoured thread. Outside you find the milky eye, the closing, clapping lid. Outside you find the burning sand, the nothing sand, the grass that is not grass, the soil turned to sand. Only seen, without this,

without this, without this, without, without, without, without. You find the chest and spine and skull within, within, within, within. Not to know the boiling froth, concretion of the marrow in the bone. Chatter of the ever falling jaw. Now you move, always upward, against this gravity, against the down and always downward. You twist the snake or worm that cannot find connection. Embroiled in the froth, in electric finery. Twist and cause a cramp, twist and cause it pain within the roof and teeth and gums, within the neck and down within the spine. Unable now to walk, unable now to move from side to side. Not forward, not backwards. Left to take the self-same beak and stride and tail. The curtain that contains the eye, never moving to the side. Held within the trench, despite the water, despite the mud and grime. This clinging hand, the corpse's hand, the spectre hand. Invisible it feels the warmer heat. To fit within the plaster cast, enveloped in the plaster cast, embraced within the plaster cast. So find it in the satin cloth. Spun by spinning worms. Made beyond the feudal chest, now within the foreign chest. Break free and gift the rib. Taken. Wear it as a horn, wear it as a brooch, wear it as a rib, wear is as a crown. Flailing on the outskirts

of the mouth. Without these sticking inner cheeks, without these sticking gums, the binding, caging teeth. Clatter out familiar forms. So alien in the narrow duct. Still you see this lifting lisp, this liting lisp. Pushing out on virgin air from virgin lungs. Texas becomes Teyas becomes Teys. Queensland becomes Keensland becomes Keeland. With and without, with and without, with and without. Injection forms retraction, leads refraction, diagonal running light, the rainbow coloured cone. This becomes this becomes this becomes this. The sudden hand becomes the claw, the sudden foot becomes the hoof or wheel. Sending down the other sided sheen. Collapse, eclipse, relapse. In and out and in and out and in. Kissed from lips, return reflected, the lips that kiss come upside down, come this way to come that way to come this way again. Though still you wear the spiral blood to fit within the spiral globe. Same nose, same eyes, same chin and cheek and hands and feet. Your ever singing throat to find the ever changing pitch. Through diffusing light. This way and that way and this. Blasted through diagonal. Created through diagonal. When standing on the straight, existing on the straight, emanating on the straight. Not to give the straight for emanating from. Not to give the

trench, the dune surrounding hoof and wheel
and foot. Where comes where comes where
comes. An alien in nightfall comes.
Somewhere in the folded froth, somewhere
in the marrow of the bone. Taken out to
make this road invisible. The dirt that is the
road. Taken out to turn to nothing, made of
nothing. All these atavistic cliffs saluted in
their sunrise, sunset. Obeisant to the
eminence it smiles. Wear the crown, wear
the crook upon your shoulder, the ever
limping leg. Not this gift you give, not these
hands to hold the gift you give. Not within
the rib, or deep within the rib. Emanate
without the embryo, within the embryo. The
no and no and no and no and no. The not
without the babble. You clothe and feed
without the swelling throat and lungs and
gums and tongue. Not within the song, not
within the choir. Absent in this feudal burst.
No inhale when exhale, no exhale when
inhale. Listen to the dissipation. Clap and
clap and clap. Still echo out across the salt
lake sea, across the desert floor. Hear the
rib, exclaim to hear the rib. Come down
upon this outstretched hide, come down
upon this hollow wooden base, the other rib,
the mountain rib, the hand beneath the desert
floor that gives the gift. And so refuse the
hieroglyph, as Pharaoh to the slaves. No

need to hear the chatter, chatter, no need to hear the beating drum, the humming horn. Simply bare this barren shoulder, simply bare this barren throat. A gift of colour masks the naked oxen skull. Hidden for the dance. Look against the eye, search the cheek, search behind the mask that gives the eye its glare. Ever risen on the card, the gilded cloth. Upwards past the hair, bathed well within this filigree. Of course without the housing, of course without the hunting. Out by ruler length, made deep within arithmetic, made deep within apocrypha. Made deep within the desert sand, wandered over with these barren feet. Lick the salt lake sea, house within the deeper cave to wear embalming oil. You sacrifice and hold the corpse's hand. Not to see the other corpse, not to feel the lower layered froth. You have no words with which to speak, no alphabet with which to write. And yet this Teys, and yet this Keeland. Step within the rebel soil, the bark that cuts the night. Heard and unheard, heard and unheard. So form these fresher dunes, a newer push and push. Colliding in the gifting soil, colliding with the corpse. Un-tilled and untended. Drive the first found plough. Surrounded on all sides. Made within the sudden fall, within this sudden gravity. Going down the sudden

step, round or square or round. Unknown within geometry, to fit within geography. Fluttering hand soon makes the speech, the dancing hoof, and writes the name. The sandstorm dusts the dance and makes the beauty in this flesh. No rider takes the reins. Circulating without song, again to go around. Land to make the circle whole, to speak the better speech. Exacting with the knife, a nail on the iron shoe. Through the wrist, through the foot. Remove the tongue, the chatter froth within the skull. So eat and place this fat upon the dripping bone. You take the eye and grow the eye. The drought that kills the corn and births the corn. The braying of the foal. Shaking legs, shaking eyes. Take silk to cover birthing gut. Paint the skin, paint the cloth that covers skin. Born first, born last, born to be abandoned on the desert floor, born without these vocal cords, born within the empty river, born within the empty skull, born and born and born again. Taste the hanging tail, take the wound and suck it of its blood. Give mercy. Declare it as the poison, no lead intoxication, no blasting of the pulse within the vein and skull. No beat and beat and beat and beat until the sudden stop. Excruciating in the sudden stop. Exacting in the sudden stop. Give back the river blood, give back

the water vein. No air in ever present bite. Give, remove and give, remove. Only hands to make abstraction. This other hand to give and give and give and give. Only birth expansion, refusal of contraction, refusal of abstraction. Only live to birth. Take as you want and leave the rest to breathe. A river full and flowing. Abandoned from the hue, abandoned from the gripping pallet. Made soft without the plaster cast, made soft within this clay. Home to fish and birds and frogs, this blue and blue and green and green and orange and orange and yellow and yellow and pink and pink and violet and violet and red and red. Not the single strand, the single string, the single thread. This man this woman. This man and woman live along the river. This man and woman fish within the river. This man and woman live within the river. This man and woman die within the river. Again this dust to make the circle dance, the rising dust to make the dance. Around, around. Led, not led. Led by nothing, led by everything. Led beneath the mountain touch. Led so deep within the scripture word. Led beyond, beyond, beyond. To smell the sweet and bitter smell. Amen, Amen, Amen. Now clap the body and the blood. Take the idol hand, take the idol eye, take the calf, the bird, the brooch.

Cast it sweetly on the hecatomb. Its colour makes the birth, its colour marks the birth. Wear this blemish on your skin, the colour of a wound, the shape of wound. A wound made with a knife or axe or saw, made through this beating ink, the hammer fall. You see a saviour in the barren trench. God and god and gods. Name it this, name it this. For Amen, Amen, Amen. Connect without the hammer fall, the dripping dew. The rainfall comes without the static, the constant stream. Repetition without repetition. Repetition without completion. Not to make the circle whole, the push and push and push. An illusion of the circle whole. Envisaged as Amen, Amen, Amen. Collapse beneath Amen, Amen, Amen. Move without this final bite. Not to reach to find the final bite, to dry your dying thirst. Give up the wine, give up the river. Give up the dust that makes the salt lake sea. Name it with this name. Name it River for the foreign tongue, for the forking tongue, and give the spiral grip, the holding pick, the holding axe. A word within a word within a word. This that is this that is not this. This scripture speaks within your spiral song, without the choir song, without the shin bone beat. A gift that comes despite the V, despite the R. A map to circumvent the

Leviathan

bridle hold. Bite down, bite down, bite down. Move in, move out. Expand, contract, expand. Eclipse, refract, refrain. Again, again, again, again, again. Gift this V and R without the hecatomb, without your opened throat, without the spilling blood, the spilling water, the spilling wine, without the rope, the leather cord, the iron bridle, without the whip and wheel, without the minor strike, the major beat. Extend the softer flesh, the softer fleece. Your clatter comes to make more sound. First conflicted, now combining. Embraced. Bring love, the kissing lips, the lamb within the brace. Without the wolf, without the need for baring sounds, without the wound to make the t that is the T. Enveloped. Enveloped. Set it free.

Leviathan



The River V

No spit, no crying eyes, no loosing veins. Open up to out the rising yoke and out the rising heat. Without this stone eclipse you make these wetting sands, a sprout to build the narrow hole. Lay down these hatching eggs, soon beaten by these leaving wings. Found within the newer ribs, not gifted by the older bones, the older flesh, the older fat. Without the gift within the girth. Only heightened, only lifted. Never down, only up and up and up and up. This way to gift Amen, Amen, Amen. To gift the native cup, to gift the drinking cup. Pour wine upon the hollow bones. Elaborate, emancipate. Colliding with the other flesh, the other bone, the other eye, the other mouth and tongue and gums and teeth. Protracted in this other air. Remember now to wear this other air. A thicker spore to hide within the fractured tomb, embellished on the syncopated sand to shudder. Shudder. Now shifted in the shaking hands, within the shaking plate, the bowl to find the other tooth, the better tooth, this tooth bereft of milky white, or faded yellow. Bereft of wasted calcium. Made of mercury, made of sand, made of water, blood, and wine. Come

down. Embrace the gravity, relent to gravity, the drift to make the orb a cone. Transfigured. Always shifting. Still this eye becomes a pike, becomes the stretch. So look to find the heavy end, to make the heavy end. Activate the static, finding use within the froth. This guiding view spewed forth to make the same. Take this and change the single post. Take this and change the single brick. Take this and change the single colour, the single shade, the single hue. Give distance, give space. Enlarge, minimise, maximise, minimise. To see it from the child's eye, to see it from the distant eye, to see it from the wounded eye, to take the water coloured taste, to feel the horse hair brush, this other bell. Born from dense abstraction. Hide behind the leather cloth, held beneath the leather cloth. To spark the shaking tree you place your hands upon the limb, upon the trunk. The never seen becomes the seen. Within the skull, without to shake the tree. Live within, without. Live within the speech but not the touch. Rolled within the multi-colour, rolled within the binary touch. Added to the scripture hold. Touched to make the single sight. Play within the froth to make the single image. Paint within the paint to make the single hue. Not this colour, find this

colour. The planted blade, the painted blade. Again, again. Find the water, make the well. Slick brick and mud to make concrete. And hold the kidney filled to burst. Wet the walls that make the measured throat. Slid down the tunnel made to gleam, made to sing, made to speak, made to scream. Rolling down the dust to make the egg, to birth the speaking tree, to birth the ox hide eye, to birth the shin bone beat. And make the beat and beat. The hammer falls to make the sound, the hammer falls to bring the stride, to bring the storm. Staining this expansive endless wasteland. Imminent in blemish, imminent in scar. So minuscule. The image makes a sound, beats the drum to make another note within the choir walls, without the harmony, the barking, braying dogs. Showing teeth, rising hair, snapping jaws. You speak and make a song, come in, come out. This stream to say Amen, Amen. Rebaptise, rebirth, replenish. Drink and drink and drink and drink. This opened vein to beat transfusion. Not this vein, not this heart, not this hand, not this arm. To rain and rain and rain and rain. To fill the ever filling mouth, collapsing without bone and sand to hold within the push that is the pull. Striding in the other step, the newer step, a hoof instead of foot, a

wing instead of hand. Born within the feast, without the need for tooth and claw, without the spear, without the sword, without the arrow. Grow fat upon the fat upon the fat. Without the crown to gift emaciation, without the golden nail, without the broken tooth, the bending spine, the breaking back. Shuffle in procession to cut against the back. This stinging bee, invisible. The swooping bird, invisible. The flea that bites the ankle, the lizard, the spider. The chain before pulls the chain behind, makes the chain before pull the chain behind. Ever forward in progression, ever forward in procession. The bee sting, the bird cut. Forward ever forward. Bee sting, bird cut. Leather bands and holds the wrist. You only smell this other flesh, and only see this other flesh, this other sky, this other sand. Circular at sea. The making of the trench. Pushing out to form the dune. Spilling out upon the vein. Spilling out upon the feet. So overworked to lead to stunted legs, so under worked to lead to stunted hands. Metal rings against the rounded bone. Do not walk. Free the rounded bone. Do not walk. Spill the vein. Lapping at the burning heel within the broken sole, within the splitting skin, exposed against the salt, exposed against the wind. The exposed muscle, the exposed

bone. You gift the speed. You gift collapse. Obliteration, push, love, push, love. The bursting of the banks. Eclipsing both the narrow trench and narrow tooth. Only shift a forward step to form the wound from axe and saw. And need the other cut, the second cut, the third, the fourth and fifth, the tenth, the more and more. Birth the wound without dilation, without expansion. Bursting forth within the net. Immediate, infinite. Wave the hand, this shudder. Strive to make the sweet collapse. Lead it to this sweet collapse. Embrace collapse. This semblance to the idol call. Kiss the buried lips. Replace the hecatomb. Extract the air that fills your lungs. Feel the water on your lungs. Minimised in coughing beat, a desperate need for air, for breath. Water, water, water. Shuddered in the gleam. To cleanse the beating drum. Outstretched to snap the hide within the beaten hand, within the hands of slaves. Pull to tear, to annihilate. The sea becomes the sand. You prefer the desert sea, the drought sea. Collapsing in the flame you bite the spark, to make the spark. A flinch leads to the flint. Always catching. Obliterated bracken. This wheat, this diamond child, this fallen idol. Bring about their king. Bring about their queen. Someone to sit upon the lofty perch. Sweet

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salvation. Sanctuary. Give the third eye. Collect the speckled wood, collect the mould, this growth upon the limb. Made to manufacture, made to form. Sing within the airy lung. Chamber sweet, birth the corn, birth the fish. Be the bird without the song. Beat the moving wing. This narrow now becomes the girth, becomes the movement, becomes the infinite. Sky becomes sea becomes sky. Refugee within cathedral, replete with iron lung, with empty air. Refuse starvation, refuse slavery, refuse obliteration, refuse violence, refuse, refuse, refuse. This sudden now, this single wounded tree becomes the sea. Minuscule becomes reborn. Shaking now immense. Screaming sheep embrace leviathan. Become the vengeful god, become invisible, enormous in this nothingness, beyond the hammer blow, beneath the scrawling loop and loop and loop. The other handed sketch. Within, without, within, without, beyond, beyond, beyond.

Leviathan



The Tree IV

This tree, this tree, this tree. This wounded tree. This empty tree. Take axe, take saw, take nail. Begat the t that is the T. Soon, already bears the wound. Soon, already void of blood. Already wear the veil. Already wear the linen. Already wear the oil. Within, within. This birth and death projecting. This step within the other step. Already in this alien geometry, this foreign geography. This simulated womb, this simulated whip. Pin prick to grant the step, the slicing shell, the steady sand. Mark the tattoo cross, this end. Bear this heavy ribbon. So thick upon your armoured hide. And let it fall between the armoured hide, upon the skin, upon the lighter flesh. And only drip. Do not feel the finger touch. Do not feel the probe. Still within this armoured hide. Still within these cloistered walls. Exacting to this furthest point, out against this furthest point, this other point. Born within the colour, see through the red. Within the failing heart, within the punctured lung, within the cancer blood. Stand erect to fall. Always to fall and fall and fall. To feel the axe wound, to feel the saw cut, to feel this coming death. Metamorphosis. In cocoon. Embryonic cast

to birth the wing. The butterfly and not the moth. Not the crow, not the lizard, not the spider. This is to be the t and not the T. Wear this wound, wear this blood. Let it drip upon the salt lake sea, the desert floor. Out and out and out. Marked against this chalk, marked against this cloth. Extracted in the falling chalk, refined between the teeth. Forming chalk between the teeth. Extracted, taken, placed upon the plaster board. Held within this chalice, held within this hand. Not within the parting of the sea, the sacred cow, the chalk within the golden hue. You wear the golden hue. Take this fleece, take this filigree, the ever stitching hem. Patience, patience. Not yet to ring the bell. Not yet to free the howling dog. Not yet to cause the shaking hand to land the hammer blow. Building in the spit. Building in the froth. Rolling. Emancipate the oil on the ice. Spread too thin from shaking hands. Eclipsed beyond by white, by ice. Relaxing of your jaw, relaxing of your heavy breath. Stalling the hammer fall. You see the falling tree. Gift the wound, the axe, the saw, the poisoned vein. To make the t that is the T, the crossbeam and the main post. The need to clench your teeth. Hold on. Take a step within this shuffling procession. The this the this the this. Deer to wander out beyond the

ether cave, found within the salt lake sea, within the desert floor. To find itself within the other hold, embraced within these wooden walls, embraced to take the other stage and sit upon the altar steps. Gaze upon this golden calf beside the throne, beside the altar, holding knives. Bathed within the ether draft. Exclaim to be so naked. Clothed from head to toe, the longer cape, the longer cloak, the helmet, crown, the rising boots or silken slippers, teeth with caps of gold and diamond, earring, necklace. Tattoo mark the face, the hands, the empty skin. Covered now to wear this native thread. More to take the empty skin. Claim the nudity, claim the empty skin without the empty skin. Stretch out, quiver, shake the air. Shudder of the air. Heat the shudder air. Turn it black, turn it dark, turn it otherwise. Out and out and out and out. Both here and there. Now you take the bite. You leave it unmarked, untouched, embryo without embrace. Leave the sanctuary finer silk. Untouched as yet by filigree. Approach the sharper blade. To take the horn, the hoof, the slender meat. Not yet this fat, not yet this hide to thrust atop the hut. Not yet to make your sanctuary. Not yet to make the wall. Still you hold the slender hand. Still you kiss the brandished ring. Still you find the crown beneath the crown,

beneath the mausoleum. Still so deep within the dirt, the other shifting soil. Not yet to hold this prop, to keep it falling from the head. No heaviness within the hair, no heaviness upon the brow. Still so free to give the little stretch. Not held, not held. Without constriction, without restriction, without the binding scripture cloth, without this other cloth, the lack of fat that gifts the lighter leg. To this the backwards step, the sideways step. Before, behind. Now you find the hoof, the hide, the horn. It leads towards the metal guard. Simplified in streaks. Already taken in the hand, already clasped within the narrow. Further step, narrow, narrow. Shrink the cave, the skull. Twelve is ten is one. Constructed to embrace. No wind to open up the bag, no soil swells the tuber. Allows the threading root. In within, in. You blink within the endless copper thread. Spark the other blast to make the noise, the needle point to slowly close the eye. Hear the breath, hear the single song. Around the root, the loop, the further step, the less one step, the fewer step, the one more step. Starvation grows the fat. Take the crying faun. Again to take the hoof, the horn, not yet the hide. Your hand that holds the skinning knife. As though an arrow wound from tree to tree. This seedling

wears the sharpened crown, the stone, the bite, the wound, the soil. Disintegration, obliteration. This is the void and not the void. This is and not, and is, and not. The soil seeds the tree and seeds the wound and seeds the blood within its sand and dirt and grass. Within the water feeds the lamb, feeds the soil, feeds the sand, feeds the tree. Your hand that bears obliteration. Halt to end the song, so much the end, so much the song. The end within the song, silence in the sound, silence in the mouth. Said and not said, said and not said. Beyond the hammer fall, beyond the hand that strikes the string. Transfused within the ether air, within the minnow spinning. The join and re-join. Microscopic differentiation. Not to see this tail, this wing, this other eye. Still you feel the tiny ripple, spread out to fold upon the growing string. Not to see the foam upon the wave, the tiny piece of foam, the tiny white now grey. Only lightly grey, discolouration of the bone, this tiny chip, this tiny limp. Not to see the changing in the pressing of the thumb. Slight inflection in the scrawl. Embellished in the mathematics. Fugue within the mathematics. The slightest slip to tip the inky spear. From well to drip and drip. The scooping hand, the hollow hand. Majestic goes the hollow hand. Still the drip

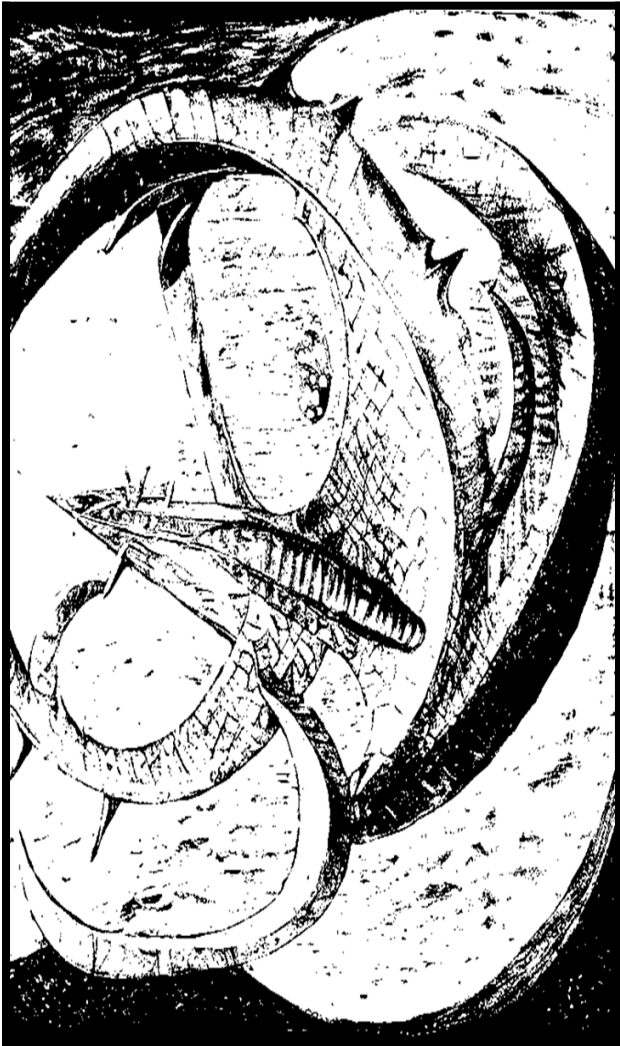
and drip, the spreading web. Blotter in the pale linen. Flexing limb, flexing web. Growth to curl the atom, the molecule. Curl back upon the tree, the pine, the other tree, the not the pine, the not the gum. Shaping the limbs, shaping the needles, shaping the leaves. You wear the wound, the crown, the lily, the cloth, the dress. A patch in virgin snow. Moving the un-moving. The movement and the mover. Another means to eat the tail. Another means to wear the crown, to shake the hand. Throughout this first one thousand years, throughout this singular moment. The next is one is two is one is two. The next one million is the one, is the million, is the two, is the one. Crook, bend, lift. Straighten, lift, bend, crook. Deflate, inflate. Inflates, deflates. Seed regression, seed expression. Delivering the clamp to hold the clap. The rope to hold, the stone to hold. A needle in the threading eye. Lift the wound, fill the hammer blow. Fill the swing, the axe, the saw. Between the wound, between the fall. Between again, again, again. Still this lifting, still this striking. Between the lion and the roar, rattling the cage. Scream to hear the bell between the ring and scream. Lashing tongues between the swinging of the axe, between the wounding of the tree. Born and

bathed in blood. Born and wrapped in silk. Swaddled eyes projecting out upon the salt lake sea, the desert floor. See the lily bathed in water. See the lily born in soil. To plant within the desert floor, the salt lake sea. Expelling out the salt then sea. River running, river winding. Splitting great Pangea. Embrace the parting of the sea, the sunken bones that wish to stand. Bring the heat, the drying heat, the burning heat. Melanoma brings this barren touch. Walk about the sweeter floor, waltz about the sweeter floor, wait upon the shaking hand, wait upon the spurting word. Thicker air, thinner arm, heavy arm, heavy bone, heavy axe or saw. Lighter arm, lighter bone, lighter axe or saw. Flinch your heaving flesh. Quiver. Hide your hand that wields obliteration. Beyond these vague mathematics, beyond this spinning wheel. First faster, then slower. Led by any number both enormous and infinitesimal and incalculable. Without the sun, no sunrise, without the moon, no midnight. The sun does not set or rise, and only sets and rises, and both sets and rises. And, and, and, and, and, and, and, and. Make markers for the passage. The burning stone, wood, steel. This glyph upon the higher mountain, upon the hammered post. At this end makes the

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step, at this end before the step. Regression and progression. In and out and in. Then, before, next. Step, step. Form circles in the sand. The inner layer first, the outer layer next. Cut sticks to intertwine. This becomes this. Flows forwards, flows backwards. Within, without. Greet the heron with weed held in its beak. Clashes out its sound. Reverberate, both back and forth, back and forth. Again, again, again.

Leviathan



The River VI

Hatching makes the growth, contains the growth, constrains the growth. A clicking, ticking tongue. The flick of tender wrists across the trench, the joining trench. Disjointed, collapsing, expanding, retracting. Take the foil ball to make the shape. To look as though this coast, this mountain range, this desert floor, this forest growth. Within the chatter, the loop that fits upon the loop that fits upon the deeper loop. Faded out in older ink. Set the standard, grind the chalk. To see the empty chest but hear the lower beat. Still and still and still. Solidified as slab. Great Pangea. Obeisant to the building spire. This architecture drip, this brick, this sand. Within the furnace, within the frozen heap. Crumbling upon the wind, within the stream. Take the pyramid, pagoda, cave. Lay down the cornucopia, the swelling meat, the swelling fruit. This light that lures near the calf, the lamb. You bring the circling bird by etching on the plinth. An upwards moving hand, a downwards moving hand. Compels the sideways moving hand, compels the upwards moving hand, this north, this south, again, again. Compelled to grip the spear, the arrow shaft. Dipped deep

within the absent ink, the higher rising loop to make the brick. Take the sand, the harder dirt. Take the mud, bring the rain, a fractured pipe to make the bone. Soaked in strips of cloth, torn and torn and torn. Projecting as the second tongue. The second tongue to meet the first. Wrap the steel peg, hold the bridle touch, give the other step, the other stride, the other tongue, the other hand. Twin rivers intersecting. Bring the bread, the fruit, the wine. Bring the pulsing heart, the pulsing lung. Bring the blood within the vein, the synapse snap. Invite the foreign choir song. This beat to find the harmony within the single horn. The scattering of ants upon the window sill, held fast within the embryonic cave. Without the thrust to probe against the rubber walls, to find the flax within the fleece. No spear, no axe, no sword, no gun. A wall within a wall within a wall. To see the thread without the thread, to see the loop without the other loop, the other loop, the other loop. Without the stain that makes the mathematics, without the puffing cheek, without the circling bird, without the crow, without the crane. You see the falling fruit as growing fruit, the dying calf as freshly born. And yet this click and click, this fusing light. Spark to make oblivion, spark to make the hum. There comes a

circulation. Bring the spinning wheel. Weaker now without the tyre thread. Pull the self, out towards the endless floor. Feel the sand between your teeth, within your skull, against your skin, within your vein. Concrete dust, steel dust, plastic dust. Within the mould, without the mould. Fleck to gift the brighter blue, electrified. No green, no brown. Enamel. Chip away the multi-coloured wall. Remove the green, remove the one and two, the one that is the two. Peel this outer shedding skin. Find yourself within the desert floor. Embrace the lizard touch. Out beyond the primate touch, out beyond the broken skull, the broken stone, the broken bone. Still the boneless child step, leads the glowing light, leads with light behind the eyes. New scripture, new neon, new water. This infinite glow. Refuse the sun, refuse the moon. Delicate hangings in ink. Refuse even the ink. Heavy growing fog of light. Tips back against the eye. In focus, out of focus. Reverberation of a single singing voice. Born without oesophagus, without tongue, without lips, without lungs. No oxygen to cut the air. Spirit, spirit, spirit. Soon you find the mould. Soon you sit against the wheel, spin the wheel, lay hands upon the wheel. Plucked down from lower hanging branches,

invisible within the higher hanging branches. Rings upon fingers, crowns upon heads. Not thorns but gold. The tree is a skull, the tree is indefinite limbs. Now you gift oesophagus, tongue, air. Bite and make the better song. Sing the wheel, sing the light, sing the concrete dust, the plastic dust. Born within the plastic skull. To come from shapes within the corpse's skull. Eyes that make the temple, jaws that make the passageways. Loosened teeth to make the triangle, burn the cheek to grace the coal. You spin the wheel to bring the heat but not the flame, not the fire. Bring the hog, the lamb, the cow, the fruit, the grain, the corn. Grow the fat along the rib, along the belly, along the intersecting rivers. This forking tongue to circumvent the bridle, the bit, the iron bar. Un-clap the eye, tear the thread, break the needle. Present the dripping rib, the dripping eye, the wine upon the ashen tongue. An empty mouth enslaved to drink. Welcomes the drink, welcomes the food. Not fallen flesh, the taken flesh. Sweet arrow, spear, trap. Chewing the ankle bone, the ox's heart, the fleshless skull. No poison in the flowing river, the flowing vein. Flushed out within the lightning storm, beyond the clapping eye. Touch invisibility, touch inflammatory. Go towards the ether,

cut the ether, wear the ether. Brandished deep within the froth. Spooled on wire. Cut to fit, cut to length. Bite the flies and fleas, the heat and sand. Death comes before the water tear. Death comes against the bleaching of the bone, the scarab twitch against the grain. Provided in the tomb. Await the humming song. Beat these microscopic wings. The drying skin to flake against the wind swept grain. Here comes the other buzz, malarial pulse, the tiny wing. The buzz to bring the fever dream, the eyes behind the fever dream. No need to wear this flap of skin, no need to bring the blood about the eye, this hood that covers up the eye, that masks the sound of bleating horns. Soon the smile at the burning skin, the greying skin, the molten stench. Fizzled in the endless heat. Nothing, nothing, nothing. Brings about this other nothing. This nothing that is everything. You touch the leg, the lowered hand, the endless tail. This endless sweep and sweep. Carry over north, and endless north. Carry over south, and endless south. Carry over east, and endless east. Carry over west, and endless west. Rise up the concrete dust, the plastic dust, the plaster dust, the plaster cast that comes from plaster dust. Sketched within the grid, the armoured hide. Seen within the other eye,

embraced within the microscope, within the abacus. First this grid. Tattoo the temple on the iris. Bring about the bloom, soon the bloom to catch within the water flow. First the needle, then the stone, then the skin, then the son. Born beneath this puffing cheek, within the desert floor, within the salt lake sea. A brick upon a brick upon a tree. Within the hidden froth, within the empty froth. Hidden in the hue, hidden in the marrow. Between this wall and wall, between this jaw and wall and wall. No cataract, the hole that feels the hold. Within the atavistic bite. Sail. Take the wind, take the water now beneath the wood. Now above the wood. Those that live within the stone, within the cave, atop the altar. So wear the moth's wings, ejected in the powder. Sing to make the buzz, already in the buzz, already in the bright. Take the lick that comes within the forking tongue, not the hanging tail, not the bite to grow the fat upon the bone. Lick the wound to cause the wound, lick the wound to heal the wound. Taken in from axe or saw, taken in from strike and strike to cause the wound. Taken in within the square, within the embryo, within the molecule. Yet to break, yet to form the growing tail, the growing leg, the growing hand and foot. No cataract, no need

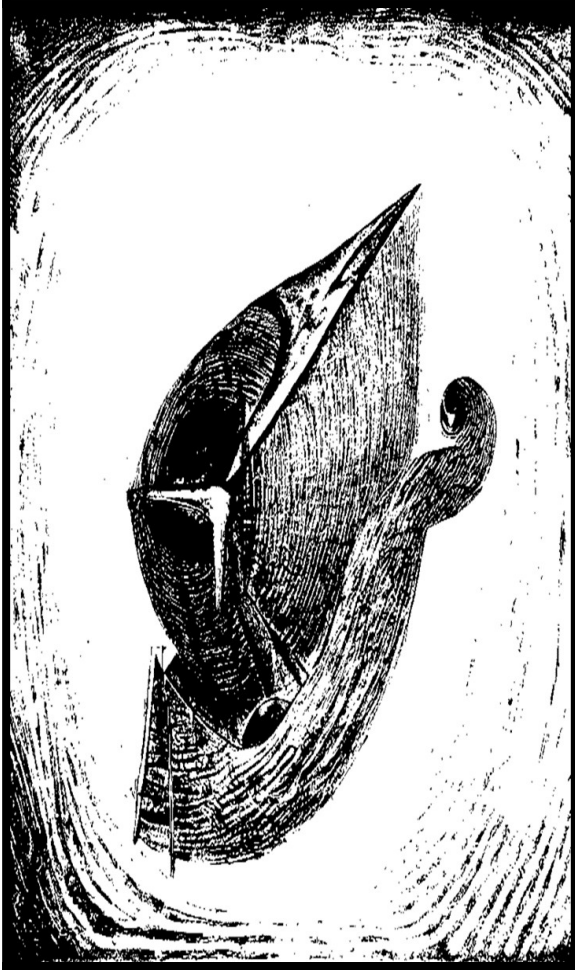
to fill. Yet the plaster dust, the plastic dust. Within the cave, and not the tomb. To see the walls that see the tomb. To see the glass to show the mausoleum. Reflection in the cave, reflection in the song. Echo meets the echo. Reverberate in unity, creates the harmony. Unlike the hand that is the claw and hand, the foot that is the hoof and foot. Within the gift without the gift, without the given fat, the suckling of the dripping bone. Both to take the forward step and sideways step. To strive towards the forward facing ether. You take the yoke, the cross upon your back. But step one foot within the trench, one foot outside the trench. Wear the bridle, taste the spittle. Sing the song despite the bridle, through the spittle, through the blood. No water in your lung. Emptied of the milky, blinded eye. Cleared of moss, of gunk, of black soot, of black water. Taken in your hand, taken in the hue, held upon the palette. Refuse this designation. No Cuneiform, no hieroglyph. Reject the hammer fall. You hear the other hammer blow. This face, this spear, this arm, this singing voice. A place as yet unnamed, now a signal language, now a muted song. Now the break to mean this sound, this stance to take the word. Within the new and new and new and new of different noise. Create the

single hammer blow, the Greek, the Latin, the Urdu. Smear as once in coal, smear as once in soot and dirt. Against the cave, against the skull. Emancipation in the froth. Emancipation in the founding of the other choir. Bring the horn, the drum, the harp. Solidified in song. Once grown as lips as wheat. Once grown as throat as trees. Once grown as tongue as fattened calf. Presented now as hieroglyphs and pictographs. Presented now as algebra. Presented now as cosmology, as history. Lead the taken hand. Not within the trench, above the trench, beside the trench. Not within but close enough to see. A singer close enough to hear the other singing. Blowing through the ear canal, blowing through the chambers, halls and hallways. Blowing in to touch upon the froth. Refusal of the name to grant specific name. Lips that stick upon Pangea, lips that stick upon the this and this and this. The growing limb upon the limbless tree. Bared the knuckle, pushed as hoof and wing. No need to bring the nail, no need to bring the whip and hammer. Whether now the wound, the cut, the cleft, or else the stream, or else Pangea. This spreading sinew web. Arctic in the break. Relent to gravity, relent again to push and push and push. Make the newer

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river. This side, to down and up and other side. One here, one here, one here.

Leviathan



The Song III

This is spectre to the host, grey behind the ink, grey behind the black. Animal heat, animal death. And winds the wire, makes the cut, with scissored blades, with hunting blades. To wear beneath the skeleton, beneath the hair that makes the hide. The coarser hair to greet the flame, to take the flame. The flame to heat the cave, projected out within the cave. Reverberate to bite the tongue, to draw the blood, to draw the ink. Your opened throat invites the scream, comes the scream. As the mountain, as the temple. Pray upon the mountain, climb within the temple. Just as the knife, the axe, the hook, the hand. Clasped as iron in the closing hand, clasped as nothing in the opened hand. Once to trip upon the lip, tangled on the bridle belt, tangled in your throat. Choke. This bark becomes a song. This song becomes a bark to other ears. So take a claw to grasp the song and find the river flows, and find the desert hums. Seen within your primate hunch, within your lizard skin. Comes as glass, comes as shrapnel. Once fractured and fragmented. Once amorphous and abstracted. Once limping, once dragging its feet, once

moaning its guttural words. Once made of chalk, once made of bone, once made of silicone. A lip that's caught upon a wire fence, seeing down the mountain pass, seeing down within the embryo. Cast your coloured eye. See the black, see the white. Without the brand you sear the cloth. Without the thread within the cloth to sketch the filigree. Found within this wide canal. Cast down to wear the beard, averted from the bone, the marrow in the bone. Averted from the loop that is the loop that is the loop. As snakes between your teeth, as wire between your teeth. Not the bridle, not the bar, not to build within the filling damn. To burst. Made to burst, born to emulate the bursting, born to feel the rush and rush, now the push and push, now the push that is the pull. Wearing out the leather band, the leather strap. The foreign leather hide, the foreign oxen skull. It comes within the boil, within the puffing cheek, unknown to find the puffing cheek, unknown to find the circling bird. The stone within the thong becomes an arrow, becomes a gun. Without the curve that forms a strait with spreading spider legs. Infused within the pulp. Injected singular, becomes a multitude. Embraced within the void transgression. Embraced within the multitude. Punch the thrusting

beat. Without the shin bone axe, without the spine to swing above your head. Not to have a name, not to have the name. Did not have a name, does not have a name. You wield the axe to split the cell. Seen within your telescope, within your glass or milky eye. Deep within the well, deep within the cataract. Give birth within the dusty storm. Not within the teeth, not upon the tongue. Against the bone. To stick upon the fat upon the bone, the fat upon the bone to stick upon the dust. The bone since forged from dust that comes upon the storm. The rib that is a single length of thread. Before the filigree, before the axe, before the tree. The open hand, your opening hand. This tulip comes within the scent, the bird within the sound. First you touch the brail, now you touch the sound, now you touch the scent. Now you open up the clapping eye, the waking eye. Remove the thread to birth the tree. Destroy the tree, the wound, the cleft, the cut. Now to bring this harmony, now to bring the scream. Harmony invites this dissonance. Bring it back to bring the harmony, the bridle used to build saliva, the brindle used to step within the trench. First one upon the altar steps, first one upon the desert floor, first one to kiss the corpse's lips, first one to bring about the bell, the horn, the hammer

blow. And blur to make the christened kiss. This blur becomes the newer line, the straightened line. The wild rush becomes the aisle, becomes procession, becomes the ritual. Bow your head, embrace the hands, build the temple steps, anoint the burning body. Still you wear the embryonic dress, the membrane skin. Stand before the opened eye, before the microscope, before cartography, before the designated beauty, before the designated perfect, before the name that is the name that is the name. The eye that blinks, the hand that shakes. The foot that shakes and quivers with the step. Each step without direction, each sound without form, each form without sense or purpose. First come into being. Without the fallen fruit. Without the cast away and cast away. Without abandonment. Missing teeth, missing flesh, the rope around the hands and feet, the rope around the neck. Left to drag, left to flit away. No mouth to suckle at the teat, no hands to clasp upon the stone, no hands set down to pray. Soon to flit away upon the wing, without the wing, without the wind. Obliterate within the sand. A fresher world. Fractured, invisible, visible, invisible, visible. Turned away, left to go to right, right to go to left. Walk with half formed legs, with hooves, with wings, with

claws. Do not walk at all, cannot walk at all.
Cannot speak at all, cannot sing at all.
Without faces, or faces that wear expression.
Without the lift of lip, the dip of brow.
Without the furrowing fold, without the
quiver, quiver. Without the harden, without
the soften. Intangible without retraction,
without extraction. Without this tiny
movement, without this larger movement.
Invite the swarming ants, rejected in their
multitude of feet. Invite the moth, reject the
moth. Invite the butterfly, reject the
butterfly. This stone without its etch,
without the rain, without the time.
Enamoured with this calendar, with this
clock, with this constellation. The first
falling fleck licked away by sun, by rain.
Casts the tip. Makes the drip and drip.
Comes down over this furthest edge. Make
the tunnel, forge the trench. Desiccated dust.
Desecrated in the dust. Un-wounded,
untouched. A single child runs across the
beach. Before the water, before the river,
before the sand and sky. Before it is a child.
Before it is you and you and you. Before it
is the I that is the I and not the I. No
spreading limbs, no pulsing beat, no
transfusion. Only sand that is not sand. This
sand that bites the stilled muscle, let it drip,
let it run. Gain sustenance through these

clipping wings. Eat the moth, the tiny fly. House the light within the skull, without the crackle of disintegration. This dropping of the limbs, first arms then legs. Before that teeth, the inner lining of the skull, the inner lining of the rib, the spine. Devoid of chalk, not within the empty muscle. Embroidered black. Embroidered empty. No filigree within the void. To match the void, to match the chalk. All within the monumental transfusion. This shoot, this thrusting spear, this loosened arrow. Not with poison, not with dirt upon the tip. Extracted from the flowing river. Lent within the flap to clothe the ox hide eye. Sit with bloodied fingers. Wear eclipse, the tunnel through the brighter bulb. Made to contract. Made to shudder in the empty cave. Silhouette meets sound. Prepare the flesh to host the calf head, the sheep skull, the hanging hand. Without the tail, without the bite that comes to feed the fat upon the bone. Rolling the heavy thread, the heaving tongue. Step without the heel, step to pay respect. Genuflect before the crust without the cartilage. Removed before the axe and eye. Expression out, expression in. Before your blood. Loosened as the arrow, loosened as the nail. Rising from the north, the south. Pulling the thread, pulling the rope. Open out, open up. Burning the

gloveless claw. Gripping the hair, the tail made to scream and open up the jaw, open up the throat. Remove the teeth, remove the tongue. Place the hand within the open jaw. Cast out to make the spider leg, blotter in the card. To spread and spread. Make the wound, project the wound. Blessed now to make the ringing bell, the hammer fall. Conception in the scripture, conception not the scripture. Miss the kiss, accept the kiss. Held within the other hand, the slender hand, the beating hand. From in to out to in. Opened gate, opened throat. Invitation to the shuffling, return, return. To make a forming bank, within the foaming froth. All before the cut and cleft and wound. Before the nail, before the spear, before the I that was the first. Within the skull to hear the bite. Beyond the window, no reflection, all reflection. Constricted in the hunch. Masked within this tighter sphere. Warmed within this cloth, within this skull, within this froth within the skull. Your chance to catch the cramp, better in the hunch, born without a spine. Refusal of the spine, rejection of the straightened spine, the tree, the cloth. Sheltered in the leg. Clasp the knee, kiss the thigh. Held within. Sanctuary from the void. Do not see the void, do not see reflections in the void. Held in sanctuary by the corpse.

Through this you drain the liquid. Now devoid of liquid you place the self-same bridle, extract the quick saliva, froth within the mouth to hide within the skull. Churn to ring the bell. Now to hide the I that is the I. Now to clothe the corpse. Wear the cape, these aging hands. Held down beneath the puffing cheek, within the circling birds. Bring the scalpel, wear as costume. Eat without eating. Your hand that holds and does not hold. To claim the holding, to claim the push and push and push. To be the first to take the candle from the step. To be the first to take the apple from the dragging tree. Here the first was W, not the I that is not I. Here the first is void. Planted in the outer soil. Not within the brighter bed, not within the teeth that house the cloth. This child runs across the beach, embraced in sand. Form this gentle cyclone, form this gentle temple. Lifted within cupping hands, within the cupping hoof, the ever spinning wheel. Loosen the rubber, loosen the thread. Spindled out to reach the needle point. Flailing in the void. Flap the wing against annihilation. Projecting the splitting belt. This leather hide that takes the whip, no flagellation, only push and push. Through wheels, through feet, through other feet, through hoof and wind. Towards the surf.

This passive avalanche that brings the salt, the falling soldier crab. Feel the instant forming of concrete. Now oblivion. Clean the soiled sheet. Bleach and white. Bleach to take the eggshell brown, the eggshell blue. This sudden snap, this sudden cut to take the blemish. A tiny etch made of dirt, of molecules, of limbs, of hair and voice. Do not take this compliment without the song. Weather the vine, weather the cave. Dust particles become the spider limbs. Shave the spider limbs. No spreading of the hair, no spreading of the limbs. Only the honourable hunch. Only the foetal clamp. And hold without the breast, the trembling throat to bring the fly, the crow. Regurgitate the line, the speech, the letter. Regurgitate the ink that is the blotter in the cloth. Left without the rope, without the bracelet. Moved out towards the canvas thread. Opened and closed. See the blue, see the green without the cold. Not within the hue, not within the froth. Only from the other mouth, the other hands. The tongue within the white, within the salted rock. Rolled back to choke, to claim the air. Arrive within the embryo. Not known. Not within the deeper well. Without the stone, without the well. Still clothed within the blood, still held within the mother rope, still fed by aching throats. Still the

fish, the fly. Not yet the meat, not yet allowed to suckle at the dripping rib. Look out towards the void, the empty womb. Horizon leads to nothing, a blank and empty stare. Remove the eyes. Made of glass, made of crystal, made of paper, made of plastic. Inviting the iris, the lidless bulb. Tobacco forms the stain within the terracotta, forms the cleft within the elbow, within the ear. Beat the stone, beat the metal wall. Barbed wire felt against the gloveless hand. You cannot breach without the blood, without the strip of skin. Feel the stake, the spear, the passive spear. Touch and round the stone, smooth the sharper edge. Shapely with the chalk, shapely with the steel blade. Now you make the cut to guide the eye, to guide the hand. Without the tired legs, the stretching dirt. Relaxing, retracting in the warmth, in blankets of dirt. Compacting forms the firmament. Move upon the ice, between the empty teeth and open mouth. Molecules solidified. Make the gate, make the fence. Molecules quiver, molecules flee. Gnashing your teeth. Baring the horn, the tusk. Raise the hair, the spine. Project the claw and spit the venom. Now held within the vein. Grow the apple, grow the peach. Fell the tree, fell beneath the tree. Separate to fall beneath the tread. Move to move. Again you take the

horse upon the desert floor, the salt lake sea. Again you wear the carapace of scorpions, the teeth of snakes, the hide of rats. Not the cloak that was the corpse, not the cloak that covers night. With shorter hair, without a beard. Comes the child, comes the calf, comes the lamb. Take the knife to cut your hair. Take the spore removed as better petal. Speak to the native child. No tattoo of mimesis, no guttural grunt. Smooth without the tree. No cut beneath the finger, upon the neck. No binding of the feet, no stretching of the neck. With rings to count the many years, the fewer years. One is as one hundred, two is as nothing. Void beneath this constellation. As nothing is nothing is nothing. Free beyond the gnashing teeth. No diamond piercing the delicate skin. This child climbs aboard canoe, so watchful in the wake. Steady, steady. Make the cross. Born against the post. Birthing the language of the shape. Your sloping shoulder says to pray, your raising knee says to eat. Naked now and soon to wear the cloth to say the other thing. To speak without a tongue. Now make this shape. Now the knife, now the shovel. Skinned and worn as nothing. Made to heat, made to fire. Cast within the empty wind. Curl the thinner skin, curl the tail. Shaped within the curl to make it birth the

other soil. Now warm the growing warmth. Soon born within canoe, out upon ice, out upon sand. Soon to be a yacht, soon to be a galleon, soon to be canoe. And let the hair grow, not the bare, not the breast, not the stomach. To be the cavity within the cave, within the tooth, within the desert floor. Spiral in the spiral floor. Thread within the hair, within the tangled mat of rope. Not to make the tail, not to make the curtain fall. Catch the coughing wind. Reluctant in the push. Winding in the throat, filling in the lung. Easier within the gentle hold. Desperation in the catch, in the push and push. Send out to come with this other hand. Return. You do not see this return, you do not wish this return. Instead you give the gift of rope, the gift of shackle, the gift of bridle. Heaped upon this shivering flesh. Fill it with this chalk and ink. A need to fill the gap. In sweet taste, in only taste. Cut amongst the single hue. Do not take the blemish, only the spectre, only the push that is the pull. Still you catch the wind towards the nothing that becomes, that births, that gives lightness to the yoke, the cross upon your back. Hollow out this heaving tree, hollow out the bone, the teeth. This is the knife, the hand, the claw, the hoof. Bite down upon the stone. Injected in the ice. A hand beneath the ice,

within the water. Fragmented in its clasp. Hold the orb, the molecule. Extract the molecule, implant the molecule. This grain to sit within the beak. Held upon the wire post, snaking out, lax and taut. Begin the feet within the wire touch. Catch the sand, catch the crab, the fish, the eel. Snaking through your finger grip, biting at your flaking skin. Entombed within the temple as a host, the temple as a mouth. Each molecule the cave. Step upon the steps. Genuflect. Embrace the foetal hunch. No spine to give, no post, no cross. Hold the shaking feet. The feet of slaves, obeisant feet. Dust on dust on dust on dust. Dust that builds the mountain, constrains the movement, feels the needle prick, feels the hammer and the pin. Etching on the stone. No name, no name. The meaning of the sun, the meaning of the moon. The first that means the fifth, the fifth that means eternity, means oblivion. Castrated as the bull, beheaded as the lamb and calf. This to wear the clasping hand, this to bite the golden finger. Relax, extract. Dying, dying, dying, dying. This to fit the fat upon the rib. Bite the exposed rib, suck the marrow, suck the fat. You relegate this hanging tail, once embraced, now burnt as funeral pyre. Curling in the wax, form the mould, form

the child's cup. Smoothed for sipping lips. Filled with water, filled with nothing. Filled with ice, the molecule of ice. It becomes a city, a town, a village, a body of water. Rolling off the side. Not avalanche but movement. The dance, the waltz. Shaken, quiver. Cold against the touch. Warmth beneath the mouth. Descending on the tongue. Now within the teeth, now to smear the gums. Cough to make the song. The song that sounds as though a bark, as though a bite, the rusting of a bell. Mute the horn, embrace the muted horn. Hear the fuller sound. Take within canal, take within the skull, take within the deeper froth. Plaster over air, over lung. Nail through the hand. Slash the gaping throat. Cannot kiss the withering flesh, tobacco lung. Embrace austerity by choice. Austerity to bind the corpse's smoother flesh. Down upon your knees you scream towards the circling crow. Your self-same prayer, your self-same song. You are the tomb. Smoother in the oil, to make the scent, not without the taste, not without the heat, not without the dirt that brings the heat. Solitude within the push and pull, solitude within the weight upon the yoke, the weight upon the cross. No hollow wood, no termite bite. Still this push and pull and push and pull and push and pull.

Your only step can be towards the building of the trench, towards the building of the dunes. Not to have your hand beneath the surf, beneath the ice. An anchor held beneath the salt lake sea, the desert floor, within the edge between the edge. The girl is dead. Capsizing from canoe. Soon you see within the womb. Reborn and dies and dies and dies and is reborn again and born again. You bite the tail, you eat the tail. Live within the flesh, the flesh as armour, the flesh as clothing, the flesh as housing. Sanctuary in the flesh, mercy in the flesh. Bursting through cathedral doors, these bells and bells and bells. Now you rest inside this closing mouth. Now you breathe within this empty lung. Solidified. Becoming nothing. Once to join the molecule, once to be as this and this. Take the hand, become the hand. Your view becomes reflection in the lidless eye. This hue is singular, only this and never this, narrow, narrow. Not within the self, not within the hide. Do not flee away from water, flee within the sand. Easier without the webbing, easier without this transfixed lens. No red, no green, no blue. Singular within the thread. System to the sister system. She does not feel the pull just yet. No and no and no and no and no. Deny the rope, deny the leather tongue. No symbolism

in the wall. Same without the same tattoo.
Not within the heat, the burning cloth.
Liquid grows the skin, removed to make the
cape, to wear the crown. Singular within its
taste, its smell, its touch, its sound.
Reverberating in the self. Become the tail,
become the wheel. No name upon her face.
Your name is not her name. You would not
name her. Sweet thing, born to oblivion.
Sweet thing made of nothing, made of burnt
skin. Sweet thing sing with birds. Sweet
thing sing with nothing. Sing only to the
self, be only to the self. Disappear,
disappear, disappear. Go down within the
surf, soft licking, rolling on the crust. Gentle
snow. Again, again, again. Roll the back,
roll and roll. Slip within, without. As the
bedding, as the sheet, as the white on white
on white. Gone within the concrete step.
Now the city stone, the hum and hum. Catch
the movement, gone and so much gone. Just
the skull, just the hair, the only dance the
single dance. Without the left or rightmost
hand, without the gift of speech. Slip and
slip. Burrowed in the sediment. Caught
within the craft and teeth. You do not sleep,
you do not eat, you do not name and are not
named.

Leviathan



The Tree V

The simple notch, the simple spear, the simple stake within the soil. Born within encyclopaedia, born to birth the name. So strike it with the whip, pierce it with the stake. Project the sound, the scream. Project the image of the skull, the spine, the rib. Let loose the folded flap, this hanging wound, emancipated beat. No more of this obeisant hunch, no more of this repellent fear. Bite the tendon's stretch. Rolled out to find the finger, find the jewel. This becomes the salt lake sea, the desert floor, the crow that pecks the puffing cheek. Embrace this outstretched arm and leg. Hold it in the flame, hold it in the space within the skull, the space between the teeth, the space within the teeth. This tree, this tree, this tree. This tree that is a pine, this tree that is a gum, this tree that is a nameless tree. Sewing takes the water from the eye. Sewing bares the limb. Not to hang, not to feel the touch of gravity. Muscle loops the bone, feels the blood, the pulsing of the vein. Hollowed out to take the liquid push. Emancipation leads to loosing of the threads, this rope that throws itself about the bone, about the body, about the skull and froth within the skull. So much to make the

limbs, remove the flail, the fall, the weighted kiss. Embrace each limb, embrace the greater tree. Take the trunk as child, hold its fragile head. No sound within the vast canal. Simple is the flower, simple is the bird. Without the hand to clasp the orb, to take the tower, build the wall, shed the tail, shed the clasping hand. Repelled to make this cloth afresh. Now wear the silhouette. Now wear the ornamental robe. This crown, this ring, this necklace, this buckle, this heel upon your shoe. Clasped in iron, clasped in muslin, clasped in colour. Not this grey, not this brown, not this white, not this black. A tree that is a cross and crucifix. Become the t and not the T. Solidified within the plaster cast. Grow the hair to cut the hair. Only born with throat to bare the throat and take the knife, the hoof to take the chains. Better than the hand, better than the wing. Fangs appear as apparatus. No blood within the soot. Flaking of the hair, the skin, the blood. Blood solidifies, blood ossifies. Becomes vapour, becomes steam, becomes nothing, nothing, nothing. You do not hear the scream, you cannot hear oblivion. You who only push despite the empty step. To see it as the forward motion. Not within the scrape within the dust within the sea within the icy floor. Spit the water, spit the fire, spit the

air, spit the blood to spite the blood. A fountain is a mausoleum. Soon to bare the teeth, soon to bring the axe and saw, soon to beat the heavy drum, sound the heavy horn. Expose your gums, comes with filthy breath, upon the horse you ride, upon the sand in which it treads. Hear the under beat, hear the other tread. Footfalls between the footfalls. Eat and eat. This tree, this pine, this gum, this nameless tree. It has no wound or cleft or cut. Is the child, be the child. Wear this embryonic molecule. Within the reeds, within the sand, upon the threshold of the temple, upon the altar steps. Now within the cave, now upon the glassy floor. See reflections in reverberation. Hear the other bell, the other voice within the choir. Which is the water glass. To give the gift of self, the I that is not I. Gift the rib, empty the chest. No heart, no lung. Progress the shaking scalpel. First to find this vast reflection. Taken small and meek and empty. Emaciation leads the foot. Drag the leg, drag the knee. Begin as you. Opening the birth canal, consumed within this blinking eye, this portraiture that leads to portraiture. Sculpture in the heap. Craft the cheek that is the hill, the leg that is the stump. Rounded at the limb. Stretched beyond its membrane. Out at this edge, out

at this edge, out at this edge, out at this edge.
Striking the wet end, striking the loose post.
Falling away. Now the foot that moves
within the square, within this tiny space.
This space just made. Fallen from the tree,
birthed from the tree, enveloped in your
cloth, enveloped in your skin. Broken in the
fugue. Quiver in the ether, in the water.
Projected out towards the bleakness, out
towards the void, adobe hut, the cave that is
the cavern floor, that is the altar steps.
Carpeted, not stone, now stone, now wood,
now water. Make the staff, make the spear.
Reject, reject. Shave the beard, cut the hair,
balding in the froth. Gift these tender lips,
the crown, the cape. Within, without.
Slipped within this filigree, this golden leaf.
Injected. Found within the vein. No need for
sleep, no need for cataracts. Emancipate the
eye. Inoculation for the movement. First
step. First forwards, seen to be facing
forwards. Next. This tree, this tree, this tree.
Appearing as a crucifix. Appears to hold the
axe, the saw. Appears to hold the crow's
beak, the calf's hoof. Slash the throat,
castrate the bull, boil the sheep's head. Told
this way and that way. The kiss of broken
lips, bloodless lips, toothless mouth.
Crackling, disintegrating. Emptying of
calcium, emptying of concrete. Electricity,

plastic, solid blood, solid bone, solid skin, solid veins. Liquefied, maintains the spectre. Stencil in the ghost. Hear within the outer walls. In the wind, in the breath, in the space between the breath. Embrace the smokestack, the coal fire. Sediment to make the swifter thread. Quicker now into this filigree, this cave, this altar step. Step within the membrane, extend the membrane, obliterate the membrane. Sliced to take the step. Neon gazing fugue. Neon spaced within the step. Colour comes between the white. Swear the name, scream the name. Singers spit and scream. Lunatic. Maniac. This swirling god. This God and god and gods. Dust and dirty feet. Enamel on the cloth, sliding for the neck, sliding for the mould. Ten feet, ten feet. Encrusted as the cave. The bible hands, the scripture hands. Take Torah, take Qur'an. Hack within your throat. Shape to make the corner, shape to make the square. God has been invited into your expanse. Pushed out towards the narrow edge. Each finger made to be the mountain. Pointed at horizons both before and well behind. These hundred million fingers. These legs and hands and arms and spines. Within the ridge. Too much within the furniture, too much within the spoken scripture. Escalating in the growth of skin.

Infinite within the flake. This ant, a million ants. This speck of blood, this canvas paint. Within the skull, without the skull. Rolled within the skull. Project it out against the plaster wall. See shadows, speak songs. Bark and scream and scream and scream. A hovel, a cave, a hut. Adobe in appearance, chapel in appearance, temple in appearance. Stained glass as teeth, wood as bone, wood as teeth. No teeth, no eyes. This steeple takes the wind, is the wind. First a step, then a step, then a step, then a step. A space of ten square feet. Desert music, desert space. A cricket chirps, rattle, rattle. And so begin the moving stone, the moving sand. Shackled now, in leather straps and chains. Comes under rain. Be the God, the god, the gods. Be the mover, be the shaking hand. Speak. You speak and bring the desert floor, the salt lake sea. Held within the length and girth of trees, held within the tree. God is tree, God is river. Again you speak and speak and speak. You are the blasting horn, the hollow horn. The naked bell goes screaming, un-tethered. Pulled by naked hands, screamed by naked throats. Steam and strike, fire, fire. Projected out, extended out. Accept the snake, accept the venom in the vein. Not a bible, not holy water, not the body and the blood. This holy asp to drink.

Obeisant to the altar, obeisant to the kissing lips. Kiss the feet, the desert sand. Kiss the salt upon the body. Bite the bat wing, bite the moth wing. Outstretching for the step, the guiding hand. Cartography, geography. Lead with axe and saw in hand. With fire, with concrete, with shovel and stone. With rope to bind the legs, to bind the hands behind the back, to loop within the mouth. Bite down your steel jaw, bite down to taste the hand of god. This cloth upon the tongue inhibits speech. No words that do not come from god, no steps that do not come from god, no hands that do not come from god. You who make it God or god or gods. You who form a tree into a temple, into a cave, into an altar, into a desert, into a chapel, into a river, into a river, into a river, into a cross. Though not yet a cross, into a crucifix, though not yet a crucifix. This god is singular, your god. This temple is singular, this altar, this chapel. No other tree, no other space, no other expanse. Single skull, single hand, single axe. Do not take the sickle. Without flame, without touch. Sight and smell come as one. No sound, no chanting, no prayer, no sacrament, no other tongue, no other word, no other language. There is no Buddha, Allah, Vishnu, Krishna. No Odin, Anubis, Zeus, Mars. No gods of Athens and

Ur. Singular in scripture, singular in voice. This tree, this tree. You come and plant the seed, you come with moisture, with sunlight. Believe, believe, believe. Sense the heat, love the firmament. Well within the soil, well within the casket. Made of timber, made of stone, made of linen. There is a sun, no Amaterasu, there is a sun, no Apollo. Not yet the moon, not yet the heavy tide. No water, not wide enough for water. Only the bending leg, only the firmament. Sit within, sit without and make the movement. Gear and lever, rope to pull. As with the bell, but no bell, as with the sail, but no sail. Finally the step, the stride, the grasp, the swing, death and death and death. Ambrosia, wine. Release the shaking skull. Shudder. No laying down upon your knee. Embrace the knee, embrace the finer posture. Once within the thread, make the prayer. Now speak. Beautiful as much as this wine as much as this ambrosia as much as this blood, the venom of the asp. Place the arm, no nail. Inject the venom, waiting for the pulse. Singular in prayer, singular in scripture. A single hand to part the water. No more salt upon the foot. Stone dust beneath the nail. Stone dust within the teeth. Scream the singular throat. Scream simplicity. No outside note, no minor only major. Refuse

the other sight, the other sound, the other smell, the other taste, the other touch. Only God's chosen people. Wear the crown, hold the sceptre. Snake around the neck, the necklace rat, the crown a crow. You who are god. You who say you are not god. You who deny god. You who create god. You who are god. You who replicate god. You who reflect god. You who annihilate god. You who are god. You who deny god. You who wandered from the desert to the promised land. You who deny god. You who are god. You who bore the foetal hunch to assuage your sins. You who deny god. You who are god. You who spoke in phlegm and spat and screamed at god. You who deny god. You who are god. You who is you who is you who is you. The I that is not I that is not I. You who deny god. You who are god. Invite the nail, invite the hammer blow. Invite the crown of thorns, the tickle, the itch that comes with the trickle. Only one son. Only the singular embryo, only this single breath. Inhale, exhale. Single moment, single life. God and god and gods. Shed the blood. God's own blood. Your own blood. Atomised within the self, within the hand, within the skull, within the shaking froth. Emptiness, oblivion. Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing. You say nothing,

do nothing, wear nothing. Naked to claim this is your clothing, to claim the muscle is the crown, to claim the exposed rib as shirt, to claim the blood as belt. You who scream the naked song, who crack and break the naked throat. Say nothing, do everything. You who deny god. You who are god. Only God's son has come to earth and been crucified. Only God's son has been born again to assuage sin. Without the jewel upon the crown of the head. No resting of the wine within the hair. No seeing the death, the disintegration, the empty hand, the empty mouth, the empty stomach. Huddled round the chamber. In the cave. In the temple. Huddled round the ribs. Lying atop one another for warmth, for sustenance. Lying atop one another to feel the touch of god or gods or God. Never mind the bear, never mind the bull's head. Severed and emancipated from the horrible flesh, from the body, from the weight. Orderly, majestic. Ruled by the line. Incision, extraction, consumption. Skinless. Hollow bones, hollow skull. Suck upon the skinless head. No shape, this shape, no shape, this shape. Narrow leads to narrow. Building up the trench, make the banks, make the mounds. Cast now within the valley, now the trench. Singular to make the scripture.

Eliminate, confiscate. Smaller, smaller, narrower, narrower. Remove a single limb. This odd angle, this ugly slip. Slice at the knuckle. Repent for ugliness, repent for the alien. Slumping shoulder, wing, beak. No Bodhisattva, no Muhammad. Narrower, narrower. Single string, single tree, single shroud. You who deny god. You who are god. One upon two upon three upon four. One that is one thousand, four that is one million. This hand that does not shake. Quiver. This heat, this beating of the drum. Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing. Claim to come from A and B. Claim to come from one and two. Claim this scripture cross, claim this scripture hand. Delivered by the crow, come within the vulture's beak. See and hear the desert song. Something out of nothing. The first of many stakes. The fist that holds the first of many stakes. Implanted, impregnated. Becomes the newer womb, embryonic in its tread, in its threat, in its words and speech and song. A bible but not a Torah. You who deny god. You who are god. You who deny god. You who are god. You who deny god. You who are god. Nameless makes it nothing. Nameless makes it everything. This river, made of snakes. This river, made of wine. This river, made of oil. This river, made of blood. This river,

made of people. This river, made of language. This nameless, nameless thing. Not a river, a wound, a cleft, a cut. A tree, a tree, a tree. This child given name. This birthplace given name. This desecrated temple given name. Would be Silence, would be Christ, would be Carrion. This river given name. Would be Jordan. Not Styx. Not Ganges. Not Silence, not Christ, not Carrion. You come with spade, prepared with spade. Already there are plots, already there are markings for land, already there are embankments, already there is a trench. This first stone upon the back. Cut down with blade. Taken from the inside of the cheek, from the interior of the pyramid where the dead pharaoh lays. You refuse this arrival. You refuse this broken tooth, this chipped skull. You refuse the tattoo made of fire. You refuse amongst the living, preferring the dead, preferring the freshly dead. Unwrap the linen, remove anointing oil, extinguish the conflagration. Respecting of the flesh, replacing of the flesh. No scarf of linen, no rope to bind the hands and legs. Cough against the tongue, muffle the mouth, guide the mouth. Only so much air, only so much sound. Not the lower note, not the higher note. There is no mosque. There is no pagan temple. There is no synagogue.

Steeple from the plinth, steeple from the pagan stone, steeple from the atavistic stone. Drawn within the soil. Extract from giants' bones. Steel in the flesh. Remember how to make the stone, remember how to craft the stone. Remember provenance. Remembering your birth. Out before your birth. Out within void, within silence. Mother, mother, mother, mother, mother, mother. Sick within your hands. Drink the wine, drink the water. Stone within the vein, within the blood. Hold down the hands, hold down the tongue. Beat the tongue and make it bloody, taste the blood, live the blood. A mother's love. The father spike, driven down. Driven up, held up. Scream and sing and sing and scream. Takes the knee to place upon the step. Take the bending spine and bend it further. Take the bridle in the mouth, choke upon the wine, choke upon the spit, choke upon the water. Lap the spit, drink the wine. No lack of disintegration. Presenting this flesh. Mother, mother. Presenting nothing but this altar step. Step down, kneel down. Head down, shoulders down, spine bent. No and no within the curvature. Scripture born, scripture tasted. Repelled. No such flame, no such death. Broken vase, broken curtain. Slashed and burned and burned and burned. Charcoal

stretched across the cheek, on the teeth, in the wine, on the hands, on the bone, on the drum. No sight within the synagogue. Blind within the temple. Blind within the stone. No tongue within the mosque. Sing. Only churches here. Nail. Thorn and blood, crown and wine. Sliding in this colour. This red, this orange, this yellow, this blue, this green. Catching. See and not see. Within this seam. Within this single tooth. Scripture. Spit upon the pulpit, kiss the pulpit, bathe the pulpit in blood, water, blood, wine, water, wine. Churches spring from a drop of your blood. In the soil, in the firmament, in the womb. The child crying. Within the tree, is the tree, is the river, is the tree, is the child. Each of them fully formed. This arm, this leg, this spine, this spleen, this lung, this rib, this foot, this limb, this bark, this bank, this stone, this sand, this reed, this moss. The hand, the bark, the scream, the song, the scripture, the bridle in this drop. Move. Push. Gravity the kiss. Pull. Gravity the hand, gravity the bridle. Lead into Death Valley, into the bones, the brittle steel, the ashen cloud. Open the jaw, lead the horse, lead the mule, lead the calf, lead the bull, lead the child. Without sound, without sight, without smell, without taste, without touch. Give the pull. Give way, allow the trickle.

Fall onto the drought dust, the cracked stone, the dead stone. In the teeth, in the stone, of the stone, without the stone. Down. Down the throat, down the leg, down the vein. Pooling in the froth, pooling in the skull. Within the tiny swell, within the cave, within the cup atop the altar, atop the topmost stone. Down within the empty sand, down within the field of wheat, down within the river. Down within this stained glass. Depiction of Christ. Depiction of the river. Depiction of the desert floor. Hear the desert song. Hear the desert prayer. Lay down the knee, lay down the spine. Upon the wheat, upon the sand, upon the flowing river. Spit the wine, spit the song, love the song, love the wine. Atop this swirling tabernacle. Projection. See the silhouette, your feet, your beard. The displaced horns, the displaced shin bone, the displaced sheep's skull. Wrapped and anointed. Burnt. The body and blood, the wine, the bridle spit, hack and cough. Blood and wine and blood and spit and wine and blood. A steeple and a crucifix. Waltz one handed, stand blindly, stand with bent back, stand with one leg. Cut off at the knee, cut with axe or saw. Cut with hands, cut with glass eyes. Telescope, stethoscope, microscope. Bridge between the skin and outer hide. The hair, the

armour. Like the lizard, like the bird, like the praying moth. Against this silhouette, bite, bray, scream. Planted by the moth, planted by the flame. Sit atop this steeple. The praying moth, the blood, the spit, the wine. Singular in step. Walk beside, not behind, not before. No height to meet the lower bend or lower bend to meet this height. Without the other hand to take this hand. No harmonic variance. No harmony. Joining with the fruit that causes blindness. Free the ox, free castrated bull. Slip within the toothless song. Slip within the hand that shakes and claps against itself. Barren save for a single patch of grass and a single tree and a single patch of sky. This tree, this sky. Your tree, your sky. Your tree which is not yours. Your sky which is not yours. You who are god. You who deny god. No spinneret, no steeple. Made of mud, made of spit, made of blood. Made of concrete and electricity. Neon in the moonlight, nothing in the moonlight. The coal etch, this scratch in meat, in stone. Against the toe, within the tooth. No more this vision. Burn. Replete with missing sounds. No bird, no slap of flesh against flesh, no sound of breaking bone, no sound of wood against stone against wood. Clap that brings the dance, around flame, around stone. Dust.

Screaming as the pig, screaming as the gull, screaming as the guillotine. Fresh from hands, held by hands. Filthy with dust, made of dust, filthy with chrome, made with chrome, filthy with coal, made with coal. There are not the many grasses. Not this blue, not this gold, not this red. No ink spilled, no spider leg. No hair to bloom from naked legs. A crooked mouth, a slap across the crooked mouth. Bite down upon the bridle, bite down and choke upon the metal rod. Against the back, against the open hand. You have seen these trees and skies. You have birthed them from your narrow waist. Out upon this narrow road. Simplified the womb, simplified the child. Born with single mouth, a single skull, a single spine. Bless the mud built hut, the hovel called a temple called a palace called a church. The cave that only echoes, reflection, reflection. See the teeth, the blackened gums. The stench. Dead flowers, dead moth upon the flowers. No more the flaking wing, no more the empty hand, no more this stone to cover tomb, the stone to crack the teeth, reveal the empty hand. Closed the wilting flower, as the fist, as the tomb. As the mouth. No more space within the sacrosanct, no more space within the scripture. Amputation makes the narrow road. Remove the leg to step within

the trench, to form the spinning dune. First front and centre, now left, now right, now behind which is the front, now right that is the front, now left that is the front. Always, always, always. Perfection in the fist. Perfection in this scripture. Remove this page and this page and this page and this page. Many different voices. This high, this low. Fruit from the tree. Dead on the tree. Singular. You who sweep away the ashes. You who plant the candle, light the candle, eat the burning candle. You who refuse the singing, refuse the humming, remove the throats, remove the tongues. Ignore iguana tongues. Ignore bird tongues. Whistle, spit, whistle, blood, whistle, wine. Sing. Out one side of the bulging cave. This north most wind. Punctured in the throat. Not the needle, the axe, the saw. Release the dying air. Smells of lilac, smells of dead flowers, smells of dried spices, smells of stifled stone. Flapping of the flea wing, flapping of the fly wing. Silence. No echo. They hum so quietly. Not without throats, as though without throats, not without sound, as though without sound. You who do not hear, them. You who claim you do not hear, them. You who scream you do not hear, them. You who do not hear them and their gentle reverberations. Reflecting off the skin.

Reflecting off the stone. This repetition. Not your own, not his own, not her own, not their own. From deep within the froth, caught, coughed. Not within the dome, not within the speckled gold. Blood within the filigree, coughed up within the linen thread. This stick, within the eyelid, within the inner lip, within the cloth. Within the charcoal splatter. Within the spread, tighten. Not this length. Consume. Reuse. The sword, the spear. Each limb a length. Each length another crook, another broken knuckle, another spatter, another scream. You who would not hear them in this place. Stone walls, meat walls, leather walls, ink walls, slender walls, sword walls, blood walls. Cut and cut and cut and cut and cut. Let slip the sweet hymn upon the altar steps. Only this altar, only your altar. No sanctuary for the barbed kiss. Broken skin. No sensation to greet the tile. Slipped across the silk sheet. Chipping at the edge. Revealing underneath the skin. Without the nerve, the synapse explosion. A bulb electrifies. A stone overturns. A page flicked and burnt. Come. Within the ears. Trickle. Slip and beat. Scream in silence, scream in oblivion. Within the plastic skull. Transparent to the mould. Replete with electricity, concrete, lizard skin. Abandoned without breaking

thumb. Halfway through the bark before the choke, halfway through the beat before the sudden stop. On through. Through the tiled and glass passages. Through the corridors and chambers and antechambers and halls. In within the probe. In within the membrane. In within the speaker and the speech. Hand against the grass edge, tail, hair. Multiply as forward, sideways, north, south, east, west. Without the harmonic. This other note, this black that comes to white. Slip down towards the white. Steady hand, steady note, steady sound. From the horn made from the bird throat. Bone to beat the hide, slapped against the other bone. Chipped against the other bone. Herein lies the cave, herein lies the temple, herein lies the church. Hum, hymn, chant. Building as the stone, building as the hum. Within the rib, outside within the liquid. Learn to breathe. Within your singing. Cutting razor. Slipped skin. Broken skin. Blood. Liquid, water, wine, blood. Combined, coalesced. No space within the membrane. Quivering membrane. Shaking hand. Shaking voice. Shaking lips and teeth and tongue. Single seed within the desert floor. Single drop of water. Single ant to climb. Within the cleft. The wound. The single lid. Exposed the rib. Without blood, within blood. Grip against the rib. Remove

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the rib. Dripping blood, dripping wine. Held out to beat the drum. Formed into the cross. Formed into the cup. Formed into the flute. Formed into the chapel, the temple, the church. The cloth that is the hide that covers the hovel. Dripping fat, dripping wine, dripping blood, dripping rain. Protruding tongue, opened palm. Is the cup, is the well. Accept the body, teeth on ribs. Snap the rib, snap the finger. Eater of marrow, eater of teeth. Submerging the flesh, submerging the marrow. Only brittle chalk. Made to sketch upon the wall. Added to the water. Paste beneath the nail, between the teeth, within the teeth, beneath the tongue. Chewed and spat. Against adobe wall. Plaster cast. This song, this song, this song. Converging in the same breath. God's breath, gods breath, god's breath. You who deny god. You who are god. Echo that is not this echo, sound that is not this sound. From the other hand, whether open, whether closed. Clap shut the bleeding eye, the watering eye. Not crying, singing. Humming, hymning. The sound Amen, Amen, Amen. Blasting. Explosive fugue. Expanding out the narrow trench. Inhale, exhale. Scream. Inhale, exhale. Pray. Inhale, exhale. Drink. Inhale, exhale. Spit. Inhale, exhale. Remain unfurled. Remain un-tethered. No leather on the ankle, no

metal on the wrist. All you hear. Patter on the skin roof. Patter on the stone roof. Rain through the spreading fingers. Rain through the narrow trench. Floods the narrow trench. Swarming wasp. Swarming bee. Within the foetal hunch. A single square. One by one by one by one. Not owned, not stolen. Only owned, only stolen. This single patch of grass and single tree and single patch of sky. Pray to absent God. Chime the tuning crow. Feed it from the froth. Scream of echoes, spit of echoes. Bite down upon reverberation. Caught within the whip, caught within the bending knee, the opened jaw. Flexed, pulled back the cord. Tightened by the whip, the bridle, the bruising of the legs, the back, the gums. Spider's legs, webbing, thread. A china cup, a glass cup. Translucent underneath the eye. Shows refracted light. Orange, green, yellow, blue, pink, red, violet. Only black, only white. As white is green, as white is red. Black is orange, black is blue. Black as blue the song, the choir bite, explosive in obliteration. Explosive in supposed emancipation. Still the touch of leather, still the bite of steel, still the welt, the bruise, the blood, rising to the surface skin. Projected out in blue, in black. Spider leg against the cloth. Cut off with this dull razor. You make

the claim of other grasses, other trees, other skies. Within the deeper froth. Within the other click of tongue and gum and teeth. A fang, a molar, a tuck, a horn. Hollowed out, take the air, take the note. Without the finger press, the minor note, this unfound key. Singular in soil. Not the raising knee, no joint. Unidirectional in its stride, in its stretch. Metal casts the straighter line. Such is the smelting, such is the moulding. Withered at the spore, at the membrane. A loss of hair, a loss of teeth, a flaking of the skin. You claim these are the portraiture. The better petal, the only petal. Taken from the puffing cheek. This biopsy. This entombing. Wrapped in cloth and oil. Wrapped in scent and sight. Wrapped in dirt and dust. Wrapped in swarming flies and fleas. Wrapped in swarming crows and lizards. After now the frog to lose the tail. Bite back against the bat. Take its blood, not yours, not yours. Spill your blood, not yours, not yours. Drink as wine, not yours, not yours. Drink as phlegm, not yours, not yours. Imbided upon the coughing lung. This is the god song, this is the prayer song. Known now as hymn, known now as sacrament, known now as scripture. Measured as unbroken line. Now broken, now bitten, now swelling at the ankle, at the

heel. Thrust out, scream out. Burst and burst and burst and burst and burst. Almost take the bloody lung. Almost take the air. Scream. The empty air that makes the bark. That gifts electricity. Crushed against the paper skull. The egg shell white, the egg shell brown. Spilled upon the tabernacle, the desert floor, the salt lake sea. Floated out into the ether. Imbided within the nostrils of the native people. Imbided within the nostrils of their children. Taken in the hands of dogs. Taken in the hands of braying mules. Taken in the hands of castrated bulls. Hung around its neck, your neck. Just as severed ears. Just as pink and grey tiles. Makes the echo, sounds as though from other sounds. Harmonic with nothing, harmonise with nothing. Dust outside of ancestry. Rotting on the silk road. Between the alabaster, concrete, handmade, filigree. Wear it as the veil, wear it as the clothing. Naked in the heat, the rain, the sound. Naked on the temple steps. Embrace, rescind. Commingle with the bitter brush. So much blood to clean the skin. Flaking off beneath the hair. Brush and brush and brush. Atomic bursting petals. Made of glass, form the glass. Transfixed to make the open eye, this other view. Spiral out the tower. Leads to monkey grip. The other thumb, the lack of

thumb. Obliterates the crystal skull upon the mountain stone. Single sand within the nostril, within the lung. Coughed up as balls of wheat. Coughed up as salmon free within the stream. This bending knee protrudes. Trimmed by the scythe. Evaporated by electric light. Down in marrow, down in soil. Slip within the firmament. Now known as tomb, now known as temple. Fresh within the plaster cast. Out within the metal edge. Contrived within the open frame, this cone, this cube. Held within your fleshy hand. Uncalloused, un-coloured. No residing blemish. Transfixed with imperfection. The wilting limb, the petal dies and slowly rises. Smelt within the firmament, contracts within the firmament. Collapse. Into the hunch, the spine made to bend, made to relent. Under leather, under cow hide, under flies. Beneath a waxing moon, smiling out the stitches. Tobacco smoke inflames the valley. Injected in the lung, the fleshy thigh, the milky eye. Beneath the open lid, the open orifice, the wound, the cleft, the cut. Bleed the synagogue, bleed the mosque. Out as platelets. As atomic heat. Obliterating all. Obliterate the single vein. Without trickle, without pump. Without rich connection. Hair upon the brow, upon the hands, upon the arms and legs. Spit the hair, spite the

eye, spit the tongue. Let it writhe upon the floor, filthy, inhumane. Chicken skull, ape skull, cat skull, lamb skull. Rope. Tied around the hands, bind the tongue. Beautiful. This single patch of grass, glass, grass. Reflection, echo. Walls. Solidified. No longer wears the blemish, no longer wears the burn. Tattoo emulates the flesh. Missing teeth, cracked skulls, cracking skulls. All within the firmament. Not the dying dog, not the crying child. No stone within the vein. Injected out to make the smoother river run. Kissed deep with richer soil. Buried in the firmament. Buried in the glass. Make this the mausoleum. Make this the portraiture. Crooked on the hook. Crooked in the hand. Heart protrudes the veins. The narrow becomes the many. Scrawl and scrawl and scrawl. One is one million. A is B is C is F. Roots of a single tree. Wound, cut, cleft. Roots of a single river. Wound, cut, cleft. Run and run and run and run and run. Even the air, even the break between breaths. Slipped sweet from the stone steps. Dying in sanctuary. Move to expand. Move to contract. Love the flower. Love the soil. Eat the flower. Eat the dirt that is the soil. In all directions. North is hands that point to north. South is lips that spit to south. East is pulverising sand that

drifts to east. West is stolen bread that leads to west. Taken swollen filled with flour. Emaciated remove the flour. Sacred bread. Sacred dust that is the flour. On and on and on and on. Eternal in its empty space. Only space. Not adrift within this chair. Not adrift within this boat. Not adrift within this parrot. Not adrift within this lily. This hue within the shaking hand. Too much to take for single hand. This other hand a palette, the other hand a cup. The other hand should spread its wings and beat the sky and beat the skull and toss the froth. Waves upon waves upon waves. Jettisoned the bleach. Evaporated deep within the hue. Piercing at the membrane edge. Spear to cause the wound, the cleft, the cut. Out within the desert womb. Embryonic blast to make the concave tooth. This single patch of grass, this single tree, this single patch of sky. Goes on forever. Each limb a tree, each tree a limb. Blood and hair and saliva. Soil and dirt and sand. Without this holy spit. Without this holy tear. Bite the vein. Slash the arm. Bleed out. Transfusion at the hands of hair. Transfusion in the violet. Lily, portraiture, silhouette. Hands into the soil. Find it desert. Find it dying. Find it dead. Repels the hammer blow. Again the fall. Make shift the mule heel. First fall dust.

Spores within the steel ring. Nailed down within the cleft. Within the nose, within the lip, within the eyelid. Only this sudden wretch, only this sudden spitting of the sand. Bite hard upon the bridle steel. Bite hard against the leather. Show the teeth marks, show the temple. So little skin to wear this tattoo. Burnt within the moon heat. Salvation, salvation. Single hem, single tread. Tasting soil, tasting firmament. So little on the tongue. Body of Christ. Bread and wine. Deep within the tabernacle. Clean and cut and cut and clean. Tentacle to clavicle. Within without. Cancer like the hammer horn. From flaking sheep's head. Without graft. Complex, intestinal. Nothing spectre. Broken beam, broken hand. Raising of the knee. No stroking. No obeisant braying. Repellent with the prayer. Through earthworm contract. Heart to ventricle to vein. Slip, slip over synapse. Pulse through death, through oblivion, through star and moon. Dust on the tongue. Dust in the wine. Contracted without stretch. Cramping of the rope. No further pull. Out too far, bent too much. Without the straightening. Without colliding. Embrace collision. Embrace glass. Embrace blood. Embrace the shattered hand. Bleed within the mouth. Bleed upon the brain. Bleed within the lung. Beauty as the

tree is beauty. Beauty as the wound is beauty. Beauty as the river is beauty. Beauty as the mosque and synagogue is beauty. Annihilated infinity. Eventually the wall. Eventually the stone. So much within the beat. The single sound. The single thread of hue. Speak the single sound, the single word. Write the single letter, the single word. Airless come the tubers. Eyeless come the tails. Knocked once and found the cry. Single bell. Spider leg within the thread. Moon. Without sun, without son. No slip, no stammer, no conflagration. A world. A single patch of grass. A single tree. A single patch of sky. Wasting in the mortal clothes. Shed in skin, made of skin. Eyes and nose and lips and lungs and spine. No heart to beat the blood. No lung to sing the air. Obeisant to the push of dirt. Dust becomes the spore. Evaporate, emancipate. The wound displays the lesser bone. Replaced by cardboard. Painted red, appearing red. Endless hue. Singular. Without the blemish. No burning of the crop. No hands, no shaking feet. Chatter jaw. Dragon in the outcropping. Beast within the inlet. Stop and start and stop and start and stop. Resume the temple pull. Resume the bridle choke. Repel past vast Jerusalem. Repel past sweet Jordan. Elephant ears. Bison tusk. Filth in

spreading filth. Filth. Within the shine.
Within the empty palace walls. Crocodile in
the wake. Bone marrow in the plaza.
Blemish in the portraiture. Signed within the
elephant song. Signed within the broken
bone. Blemish on teeth, on knuckles
dragged, on bone, on hair, on sacks of flour,
on sacks of corn. Clear the name. Infinity,
infinity. Singular cannot condemn against
the moon. Within the sparrow stare. The
greater wound, made to slick the portraiture.
Made to rain upon the desert floor. Bring the
wagon, bring to bison. Bring the cannibal
lips. Hue drenched in blood. Worn in blood.
Blessed in blood. Not this, not them, not
you. Spanish on the Latin lips. Arabic within
the well. On the tongue which is the English.
Succour without will, without taste, without
conflagration. Atomic in emancipation.
Bless. Damn the blessing. This puffing
cheek, this shaking hand. This crow to bite
the puffing cheek, remove the puffing cheek,
obliterate skin, obliterate knuckle, obliterate
marrow, obliterate sand. Scream within
stone, scream within skull. Glass and
marrow. Beak and lips. You who deny god.
You who are god. You and you and you and
you and you.

Leviathan



The River VII

Return to this second stream. Twin tubers take the breath. Easy, easy. One made for scorpion and snake. One made for feathers. Cold and cold. One made for openings. Injected in the soil. Solidified as salt. One made as closings. Brushed past by empty sea. Solidified as sand. The first. Gentle vein, gentle lung. Abandoned spine. Well within the rib. Bite and kiss and bite and kiss. Down across the cataract. Forging plastic, forging plaster. Snake as to the ink blot. Spreading in the leather. Sun kissed skin. Coagulate to set the spell. Through this vast continent. Volcano, elephant eye, plaster cast, hair and lack of hair. Shoot, not yet deforested. Seeds and seedlings. Not this tree, not this outer shell. Number the cracks, the multitude. Now gone beneath the ever spread. Kissed to take the deconstruction, pliable within the pressure. The one that is the two. Welcome home the other set, the other lung, the other skull. Twin within this separation. Just behind. Take the tickle from the lapsing lip. Drink as though the overflowing teat. Only from expanding breast. Behind or with. No lead, no bridle. Held by hand with string. Keep along. Keep

up. Push. A second birth. Slipped from the open lips. Despite the foetal hunch. Not within the blotter, not within the un-raked sand. This spread of hair. This embryonic pulse. This womb within the womb within the womb. Like this saliva, make the river flow. Like this wine, make the river flow. Like this desert floor, make the river flow. Second from the first. Relaxed at birth. Come with open jaw. Come with yawning hands. Open eyes, no teeth. Open mouth, no tongue. Say this same. Speak in harmony. Walk within the step. Straighten out. As though to bite the removed rib. As though to place the hand within the un-clapped eye. Within the open wound. No stitching to reduce the swelling. Birthed within the swelling. Made from blemish, made from milk. Come later, run with it. Come now, run with it. Then there was the first, then there was the second. First begets the second. Tumble out upon the hand. It is barren as the first river. Indecision in the ink. Not within the single step. Not the narrow step. Not the narrow trench. Soot within the ocean breeze. Taken out towards the sand. Buried in the sand. Bitten by the sand. Mistaken in the womb. Eclipsed by higher songs. Soon to birth itself, soon to birth upon the sticky rib. Soon to wear its

scorpions and snakes and rats. Or more towards ambrosia. Sitting on the porous lips. Also full of water. Also full of wine. The water spat. The wine gargled then spat. As if the open vein. As if the spout that comes from stroking lips. Hanging limp before the soil, hanging limp before the sand. Hooked within the fish spout. Tender love within the blood. Flowing as the river is. This second river, this first river. Waltz with other hands. No breast against breast against breast. Beating in the heap. Choir, chorus, scream. Scream is the choir, chorus. The beat of ox hide eyes. Raise the shin bone. Beat the eye. Raise the shin bone. Beat the eye. Taut and ever broken. Beating through. Thinning, thinning. Inject the venom, embrace the venom. Writhing skeleton dance. Chatter goes the bones. Black and white and black. Kiss and kiss. Bathed within the beating stone. Bite the stone. Consume the coal. Brightened teeth. Loss of teeth. Brittle as the bones. Thickened concrete in the vein. Live off empty skulls. Live off dust that kicks from fleas and moths. Make love within the carapace. Birth and born within the carapace. Within the hut, within the hovel, within the cave. Grinding toe. Down to bone. No more flesh, no more fat. Never was the fat. Born within emaciation.

Beautiful emaciation. Holy emaciation. Clothed in crowns of carapace. Born in mud. Born in dirt. Clothed in snake skin hide. Clothed in dripping sheep skin hide. Naked is the child born. Others wear the silk, others wear the embryonic cloth. Stitched and sewn. Born from water. Born from alabaster. Close enough to touch but never touch. Smell but never touch, hear but never touch. Parallel but not bisecting. Without the crossing. No convergence of the membrane. Both within the membrane. Both within the deeper froth. The rolling froth, the boiling froth. Both within the shaking hand, both within the clapped eye veil, the clapped hand cast. Not to form obliteration. Not to form annihilation. Not this miniature collision. Repelled, repelled. Deafened ear, blinded eye. Without the thicker tongue. Without a tongue. Without this pictograph, without this hieroglyph. Without contortion of the spine, contortion of the tongue, contortion of the hand. Plucked of feather, dipped in wine. Dipped in embryo. These rivers don't collide. Don't contact, yet expand, yet deny contraction. Don't converge. Not a singular, only double. Multiply, multiply. Within and without. Without a greater river. No river, no twin rivers. Come together as the pump. As the

plump bone, the horned skull. Without the defecation, in fear of defecation. In fear to scream and scream and scream and scream. This snake, this hog, this flightless bird. A pool together. A lake. A newer womb. Made from the oldest womb. Made from the hacking cough, made from the blood within the lung. No more the need for air. Lives on venom, lives on starvation. Lives with bit within the mouth. Chokes the mouth, exposes teeth, pulled and breaks the teeth. No need for teeth. Shrapnel on the non-existent tongue. Shrapnel on the lung. Child untouched by other child. No moon, no sun. No tide within the tide within the tide within the tide. Dangling without outstretching hand. Within the tower song. Within the desert song. Exacting in the note. Not to hear the harmony, not to sound the bell, the horn, the drum. Disconnected in the womb. Disconnected in the slip from tongue to gum to lip. Soundless, speechless, boneless. Within the swaddled cloth, alien. Made without hands and feet and teeth. Atomic expulsion. Structure. Comes without the snap. Despite the heaving stomach. Gaping for the meal. For meat, for milk. Diving in the cave. Replete without the jewel, replete without the clothing. Naked without teeth.

From here outstretching womb. From here the single seed. Winding down Euphrates. Winding down Ganges. Child of Euphrates, child of Ganges. So close the birthing twins. Almost break the membrane. Almost find the self within the membrane. First step, first sip. No blood but wine. Silence then song. Silence brings song. Silence is song. Before the song. Antecedent. Upon the winding hammer. Upon mechanism and mechanism. Mechanism within mechanism. Blooming from froth, blooming from hand. Outstretch the hand. Bite back the tongue. Draw the blood. Transfusion from the vein. Tapped with needle thread. Tapped by tablet, thirst, excitement. Spreading out to suck on glass. Needle, needle. Expand, expand. The seedling sparks the corn, sparks the crown, sparks the bull, sparks the cow, sparks the lamb, the calf, the wheat, the carrion bird. Desert well, utopia in oasis. Remember now the lathered tongue. Froth and frost. Expel the lathered tongue. Dragged through sand, through soil, through dirt. Dirt tilled to make the soil. Bleached to make the sand. Beneath the heat. Beneath the cold. The well, the calf. Blood from the gecko heart. Sucked dry by lizard tongue. Bleed out upon the pavement, upon the altar steps. This way to make the wound, the cut, the cleft.

Leviathan

Impregnated seed. Simulated in the thread. Simulated with the axe and saw. Bludgeoned, led round by nose and throat. Led round by lips. By ribs. The hook driven deep into the rib. Pulled by the chest, step, step. Pulled by the rib, step, step. Dusting in the step, dusting in the death of movement. No more scream, no more stone. Only, only. This and always this. Wound that bears the scripture scars. Love upon the altar steps. The altar stage. Made of light and thunder and beating braying mules and slaves and children. Unfurled, collapsed. Always between unfurled and collapsed. Never, never, never, never, never. Always in the heap, always in the womb. Forever born and never born. Belong to god, below of god. Belong to god, chastised by god. Belong to god, spit out by god. Belong to god, bitten by god. Belong to god, led by god. By hand, by foot, by screaming grip. By grease upon the hand, by the hand itself. Rope on leather on rope. Rings to break the skin, break the skin, make the wound, love the wound, love the broken skin. This is the temple step, this is the altar step. Not water. Not clothing. Cast yourself naked. Cast yourself without skin, without blemish on the skin. This single hue to paint the bone, emancipate the portraiture. Sculpture of the limb. Ratified in

scripture. Lost and lost. God or kin to god.
Lamb, bull, child. Angel in the child. Angel
in the bull. Angel in the Lamb. Burnt and
burnt and burnt and burnt. Without the
steeping step. Walk. To never collide. To
never embrace. No flight within the
membrane. Separated in the platelets.
Consumed at first. Spit out to taste the
venom. Not consume the venom. Lives on
venom in the vein. Kiss the asp, kiss the
scorpion. Lock step. Step within the step. In
the narrow row. Particles on empty skin.
Before and after. Single shift within the
helix. Blemish or lack of blemish. Line upon
the knuckle. This other colour. Cut or caught
within the wire, cut or caught within the
teeth. One another is one another. One
another without the flinch, without the
cough, without the drying tongue, to drying
lips, to dry the gums. One another to share
one another. Two wounds, two cuts, two
clefts. Swing and swing and swing and
swing. Beating with the time. Beating with
the choir. As in this palm, as in this foot.
Through bone, through sinew. Driven as the
swing. Without embracing. Exacting in the
swing. Along the metal edge. Follow down
through cartography, geography.
Mathematical precision. This inch, this
metre. Thorough in the thread. Meticulous in

thread. Taken from the puffing cheek. Carrion bird arrives with gifts. Yet to find the other tree, yet to find the other cheek, yet to find the other desert floor. Sweeping of the soil, the spore. Breathing in the spore. Within the deeper froth, without the sound, without the scream. Without this eye and eye. Without the sacrificial lamb. No calf upon the hecatomb. No calf with outstretched neck. Awaiting in the clothing. Awaiting in the leather band, the veil, the bridal in the mouth. Lost within the vague complexion. In need of supplication. In need of scripture, spoken word, song. In need of being led and leading. A ring within the nose, a rope, a ring within the palm, a rope. Not to feel this other hand. Not to touch the other bridle lead. Not to feel the other leather strap, the other nail, the other cut. No wound that is not wound, no cut that is not cut, no cleft that is not cleft. Born with hump back and blindness. Born without tongue. Born cold. Born feverish. Born screaming. Born without sound, born with only sound. Cacophony of falling rain, of draught. Endless buzzard wings. Endless fly wings. Mushroom from the mouth. Born within the empty cavity. Wet without sound. Only one, only one. This is only one. This is only one. Twin wounds without

convergence. Always twin wounds. Not one, not another, both one. Both brought to bear within this gravity. Both made of sand, both made of soil, both made of meat and bone. Both a world within a world within a world. Both made of glass. Both made of emptiness. This tree will topple. Gravity, gravity. Not this, then this, not this. Alive. All at once so dead. All at once to wear the maggot writhe, to be within the soil, to be the soil. A skull within the embryo. Chipped bones to make the desert floor. Always wears the nail, always wears the spike, always wears the choking cough, always wears the lash across the back, always wears the poison in the vein. Spit blood, taste blood. Taste oil, taste coal, taste plastic. Bite down upon the leather, bite down upon the egg shell. Crack and split to bite the child. Calf and lamb to feed the buzzard. As the egg, the fruit, split and ripe upon the stone. Split and ripe as skull, as ankle, as thigh. Quiver and run as blood. Fade within the veil, within the cloth, within the blanket. Thrown about the shoulders, staunch the liquid from the head. Collapse, collapse. Too much heat within the brow. Taken as life blood, taken as wine. Within the hand that shakes and sings. Within the cave. Now fallen, now collapsing. Now constructed out

of sand and stone and skin and muscle.
Empty with its spine. No pillar, no stake.
Rising out against the fence line, no more
within the fence post. How it bends, how it
disappears within itself. Kiss sweet gravity.
Nocturnal in its throws. Convulsing in the
heap. Join with quaking meat. Shudder,
shudder. From the diaphragm. Heaved with
final breath. Removed as symbol, removed
as namelessness. Without the golden thread.
Without the golden skin. Half fisted. Broken
teeth. Falling from the step. Pushed from the
steps. Forced down within the godless dust.
Sweet God. Sweet god. Sweet gods. Clapsed
and beaten over bloodless stones. Chained at
ankle, chained at breast, chained at throat,
chained at spleen, chained at spine, chained
at dangling finger, protruding tongue,
hanging limb, tail, hand, tail, hand. Cast
upon the field to grow the corn. Yielding in
the heap. Yielding screams. Yielding stone
fruit. Yielding poisoned water. Yielding
blinded children, toothless children, skinless
children, boneless children. Bags of meat,
bags of sun. A second felling. Sounding as
the first. In harmony with the first.
Screaming of the fish, the bird, the ape.
Screaming of the stone. Wood on stone on
flesh on dust on tongues. Belonging to the
bird, belonging to the snake. Converge as

bird, converge as snake. Within talons, within fangs. Within gripping claws, within poisoned veins. Within annihilating womb. Within the iris of the supernova. Bleeding from the birth. Born within the wine, within the sweeter taste. Now this soil, not this grit beneath these teeth. No more the teeth, corroding in the skull. No more the skull corroding in the temple. Puff of coloured smoke, blue, green, red, yellow. Flower in the bloom, made of skin, made of portraiture. One falls, the other falls, one rises, the other rises, one born, the other born. Departed, not to converge. Puff again the blue, the green, the red, the yellow. Puff again the coughing heart. Smells of sulphur, smells of gunpowder, smells of yeast. These two wounds, clefts, cuts. Cauterised in desert, in sand, in prayer. Made like the crow, made like the bleaching cheek. Slower over tender strides. Become, become, become. Branded step, one two, three four, five six. Dust upon the foremost foot. Dust within the mouth behind. Coughed upon the foremost neck. Rubbed within the eyes behind. Cry upon the foremost hair. Sweep upon the face behind. Clearing off the dust. In step, one two, in step, three four, in step, five six. Do not collide, do not converge. Departing now the single womb. Brought

forth from cat, from bull, from alligator. The womb of alligator, the bull, the cat. As the calf, as nothing, as stone, as nothing. Fleшы in the touch, no more stone, no more chalk. Along the line, it is the line, along the line. Collecting in the heap, deep within the tooth, the toothless grin, the toothless bite. As malting hair. Coughed up within the ruptured spleen. Kissed as made as sacrifice. Obeisant to the bark and limb and hair and hide. Meet as larger wound. Meet as larger cleft. Meet as larger cut. No contact, no reverberation. No approximation in the flesh. First the tiny fist. The bullet hole. The poison dart. The knife, the spear, the arrow. Infection in the blood. Poison in the blood. Drink and bathe. A single bite. Bite and bite and bite and bite and bite. Touch of thorn, touch of razor wire. Touch of flame, too much heat, blistered skin, blistered tongue. So many cuts, clefts, wounds. Falling, falling. Were it desert, were it sky. Sky to greet the desert. Home within the cave, home within the opened mouth. Affixing eyes upon the star, the sun, the moon. Upon the circling bird. Upon migrating birds, upon migrating flies and fleas. Ants upon the hands. Within the ears. Upon the tongue where soil goes, where sand goes, where dirt goes, where coal goes. To fell a tree like

this, like this, like this. Forward, behind, beside, beside. For this, for this, for this. In north and south, no west, no east. From clenched to relaxed to clenched. Spill out the womb. Funnel in the froth. Not to touch. Not to hear the self-same song. Not to touch the self-same hand. Not to beat the self-same drum. Hear the self-same horn. Wear the self-same horn. Wear the self-same cloth. Threaded and spoken in its thread. Conversed as scripture. Desert song, desert sound within the desert song. Smoking in the jewellery, smoking in the dowry. Ox to feed the calf to feed the fly. Unmistaken in reflection never seen. Unmistaken in the echo never heard. Spilling out the womb, god and gods and God. You who deny god. You who are god. The inky womb, the spider womb. Spread out the thread, make the filigree. Enormous in reflection. Cast in cataract. Sweet annihilation, at the crown, at the bleeding edge. So creates so many rivers. So creates so many trees. So creates so many people. So replete in jewels and cloth. So replete in blood and bone. So replete in ribs and stone. So replete in electricity. So replete in atomic energy. So, so, so, so, so, so, so beautiful. Man, woman, man, woman. River, tree, river, tree. Rivers that are barren. Trees that are falling.

People that are dying. Drought, collapse, cancer. Rivers that are flowing. Trees that are blooming. People that are singing. Birth, birth, birth. Holding at the ankle bone. Take hold upon the shin bone. The knee bone. The hip bone. Water on the lung. Water in the blood stream. Air transmuted to water. Water, water, water. Sand becomes this water. Wine becomes this water. Sipped upon the temple steps. Sipped within the cave, within the church. Sipped before the choir song. Gargled in the lung. Spat out with bat fangs. Between the teeth. Make the fountain hum. So drown. Sputter, sputter. Cough, cough. So drown. As person, as tree, as river. Over the sweet canal. Over the rush and rush. Over the beard, the hair, the tongue, the teeth. Drowned by river, drowned by speech. Drowned by eyes. Swallowed whole by gulping breath. Singular in thread. Singular to feel the lonesome touch. Beneath, beneath, beneath. Become a sea. Become a womb. Become a child. Become the wine. Become the temple. The steps, the altar, the entrance. Dragging feet, hunching back. Grotesque within the neckless chest. Rope around the neck, pull and pull and pull and pull. The hobbled feet. Constricted by the hand, the leather, the rope. Held beside the body. Held beside the

pulse. Annihilation in oblivion. Anxious in the wake. Scripture breathes the blood. Cough. Drown and take the world beneath it. Footstep forward, footstep back. Choke the lung or else expose it to the light. Crackle in the heat, crackle on the cooking stone. Slipped free from tender lips. Slipped free from outstretched scream. Hand and hand. Open, closed. Broken, open. Broken, closed. Gift the barren sea. The salt lake sea. The desert floor. Allow the speckled hide. Climbing over mounds and caverns. Mottled in the touch. Blemish on the fugue landscape. Echoing, echoing. Slicing on the froth. Coming, coming. Meeting in the froth. Arriving, arriving. All and all and all and all and all. Overrun with scorpions. Overrun with snakes. Overrun with rats. No more the delicate carapace. No more the blinking spit of blood. Bite and bite and bite. Beneath the teeth, within the teeth. Only bone on bone on bone on bone on bone. Without ambrosia, without this wine. No spike, no desiccated stone. Consume all life. Blink oblivion. Taste oblivion. Shared within the sugar skull. Scream the beat. Scream the horn. Scream the newer name. No name. No pleasant obfuscation. Only skeleton. Only rib cage. Only spleen. Only cadaver. Only cave. Only temple. Only aisle. Only stage.

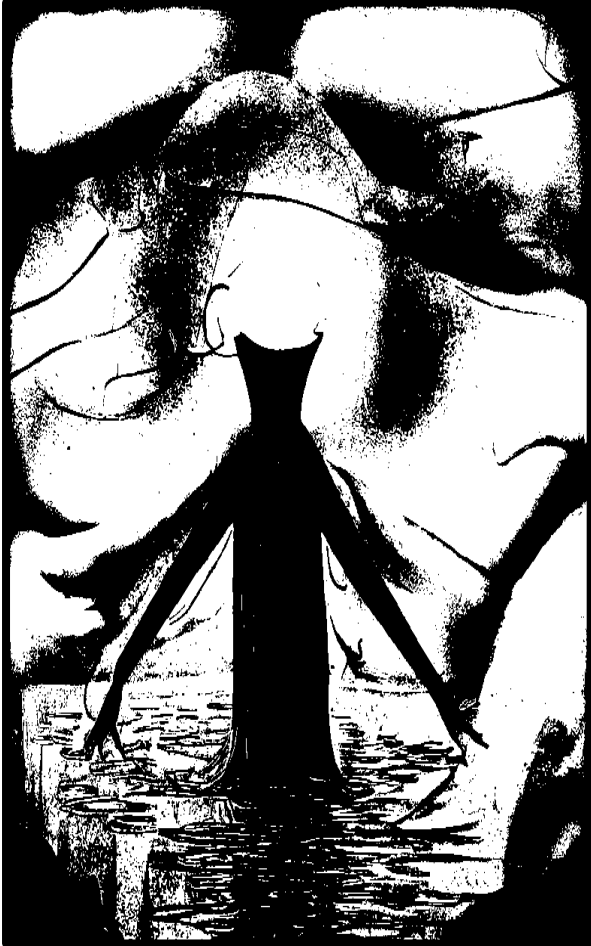
Leviathan

Eater of children in their sleep. Eater of stone bridges. Eater of fire. Eater of flesh. Electric line. Atomic smell. Firmament in fractured ribs. Grasping on the tuber speak. Castrated out to take no womb, sing no song, blot no ink. Spreading, spreading. Wait for people to sleep. Provide the dream. Provide the sleeping potion. Underneath the covering, made of hide, made of flesh. Still dripping, still holding its fat, still holding its thigh. Eat them. Tear the flesh. Suck the eyeball. Rend the limb. Rend the womb. Bite the breast. Bite the genitals. Bite the lips. Tear the lips and tongue. Removed in founts of blood. Removed and drunk and left within the heap. Left within the empty rib. Left to suckle the circling bird. Like locusts on the drying river bed. In the clotting wound. In the steady of the shaking hand. Crawling on the self-same bones. Crawling on the self-same eyes. Crawling on the crow's feet. Crawling on the crocodile hide. This fleshless skull. This empty hand. This desert song. The second stream, the first stream. The second that is first but not the first. Wound atop wound atop wound. Blood that is not yours and yet you bleed. As god when there is no god. You and you and you and you. The I but not the I and not the I. You and you and you. Bite the tail. Feed the

Leviathan

endless pang. Feed the temple steps. Cry
upon the temple steps. Feed and feed and
feed.

Leviathan



The Person II

You have waited this long for the tree to fall. Gravity. Beat. Gravity. Beat. Night and midnight. No moon. No ocean. No trickle, trickle. Invertebrate breath. Pulsing in the froth. The hand, the other hand. Endless, endless. Beginning in the surface, rolling further. Ebbing in the white. Rolling in the white. Constricted first as bound, then boundless. Pulsing. Vomited. Extracted from the wine, from the froth. Caught upon the wave. Surfacing. Rolling back beneath. Surfacing. Gravity. Beat. Gravity. Beat. Not by inky hand. Not by milky eye. By axe, by saw. Poison in the vein. By asp, by claw. You knew there would be a tree. From the soil, from the silt. Already seen as t and not the T. Already without limbs. Even as the limbs. Ever as the sprouting fingers. Toes and toes and toes. Knees within the silt. Slept on, hammered on. Nail in the knee, in the cap, in the cartilage. Driven in the hand. Obeisant is the hand. The hand and knee made hecatomb. A hand and knee resemble outstretched neck. Resemble open palm. Resemble needle in the lips and gums. Immolated on the stone. Otherwise the altar steps. Otherwise the echo in the cavern.

Leviathan

Within the leather hide. Within the rib.
Within the blinking and unblinking eye. A
nail as axe. A nail as saw. Startled in the
heap, the soil, the silt. The desert floor, the
salt lake sea. Startled in the sugar skull.
Biting at the tail, biting at the open palm,
biting at the screaming teeth. Like the dog,
like the mule, like the bell, like the horn, like
the wave, like the sand, like the wine, like
the concrete, like the atom, like the atom,
like the atom, like the atom. A person before
the tree. No hands, no feet. No hands, no
eyes. No feet, no lips. No hands, no tongue.
No feet, no spine. A person before the tree.
Without the breaking of the breast, without
the casting of the womb. From the womb,
from the froth, from the sugar skull.
Arriving on the looser thread. Without
intoxication, without starvation. In this hat
and cape and frail armour. Naked, naked. No
milk, no meat, no god or gods or God. A
man or woman with an axe. Held aloft, held
beside. Without hands, without arms.
Without wood to forge the handle. Replete
in iron. Replete in paper, replete in ink.
Consumed by lesser crows. Born from
wheat, from corn, from water. Born without
the oil in the wine. Singed with scripture's
scent. Oil and oil, water in the basin, cast out
amongst the little sun. A man or woman

with saw in hand. Forging teeth from plastic moulds. Cast and cast. Within ambrosial castration. Taken from the cheek, or else without the bone, without the sinew, without the stretch. No place to hold, no branch, no leather thong. Loosed with arrow, with spear, with dagger held aloft. This, now this, now this, now, this, this, now, now this, now this, now, this. One that is one hundred. K that is S that is one hundred. Spreading as the hair, spreading as the moth wing dust. Covered over cloth. Exposed as filigree. One hundred years. As also ten seconds. Ten seconds as also one hundred years. One and one since the first wound. Since the first cut. Since the first cleft. Weeping in the hide. Like blood but only water. Empty of the oxygen. Deflated in the congregation. Slipped out between the guarding bars. Held as armour and as cage. Slip the bars. Inflate, inflate. Trapped and cut to loose the oxygen. Without air to cough, to sing, beaten out beyond the tree. As the whip upon the back, as the cracking of the ribs. Remove as spine and spleen. Taken out to make the portraiture. Singular in portraiture. Singular in geography, cartography. Singular in mathematics. Sweeping in the heat, sweeping in the stench of dirt and sand. Coal and coal and concrete. Smoothed with naked

hand, smoothed with shin bone beat, the rib bone, the tongue. Beaten without hand. Holding out the axe, the saw. Not beneath, not within the womb, the seed. Not within the crow's mouth. Made in the side of the tree. Beneath the limb. Each the last, each the first. Pull down the cloth, extract the ox hide eye, extract the rib. Planted in the heap. Soil made to take the ink. Invited from the hunch. No need for bones. The beat and beat and beat. Hammer fall to come from staring eyes. Screaming lips. Aside to make the second trench. Out now towards the vast horizon. Birth the wound, birth the river. Guided by the rope, the pulley, the gear. Teeth fitting in the teeth. Now release, now fall as chime, as bell, as spreading, spreading, spreading. Transfixed within the opaque eye. Cast within the fevered skull. Coughed and caught within the blood within the hand, within the claw, within the sugar skull. Biting at the outstretched tail. Need for sustenance, need for fat upon the bone. Dripping on the childish tongue. Taste as though from altar step, taste as though from cave. Has been one hundred years. First cut, first cleft, first wound. Founding of the river, founding of the bloodless wound. Collecting in the widened mouth. As the cave mouth. Sanctuary in the temple entrance. Hear the

bell, hear the cow sing. Braying as the
scream as the sing as the sign. Without the
flesh upon the skull, as clothing, as
scripture. Always is the t and not the T. Ten
seconds since the second wound, second cut,
second cleft. Splitting of amoeba. Cursed
child. Three eyes, one eye. Echoed in the
portraiture. Rounded lips, smoother cheeks.
Discolouration of the gums. Breasts and no
breasts. The portraiture becomes the
scripture becomes the puffing cheek, the
corpse, un-oiled, un-burned. Always shaking
hands, bruising gums, clicking of the tongue
against the softer cheeks and harder teeth.
Made within the side made within the tree.
As the thrusting spear. Born of thorns. Not
gold but thorns. Not lilies but thorns. No
hands, no feet, no head. A side, two sides.
Bear the wound, bear the cleft, bear the cut.
Marching in the vein. Single file, single step.
Repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat. Echo, echo.
Reverberation does not make the scripture.
Portraiture does not make the scripture.
Repetition forms the cheek, repetition
echoed forms the air within the puffing
cheek. This one word is this one word is this
one word is this one word is this one word is
this one word is this one word. A single
womb ejecting all but blood. Sighing in the
heap. Masticated with the flies. Flowing,

flowing. Now the time, now the tick and tick. Between the tick and tick. Falling, flowing. Out amongst the Himalaya, from exposure. Frosted in the pen, in the knife, in the tick and tick, the hammer fall, spreading out within the cloth, within the filigree, to make the filigree. Since the birth. The owl, the crow. Since the second trickle down. Since the second drip. Not the fat, not the molten sea. Kissed within the thread. Kissed within the cup. Obeisant on the temple steps. Scream the song. Scream the skull. Conflagration. Popping, popping. Annihilation of the skull. Disintegration of the skull. Popping crack within the ear. Hear the hissing death. From the adder, from the asp. Taken from the river. Is the river, is the river. Crawling on its belly. Dried without its water, without its venom. Muscle in the skin. Moving, moving. From the cracking mountain. From the clock, the hand, the shaking palm. Deep within the hue. Self-same, simplicity. Knife beneath the raising limb. Beneath the arm. Beside the rib. Not into the rib. The knife cannot pierce the rib. Chalice gold. Stone upon the parapet. Stone hide upon the snake. Not to shed without the venom. Latch upon the vein. Worn as crown. Word and limb. Love the venom in the vein. Love the seizing jaw. Love the

spasm stomach, the spasm spine. Seizure in the love. Seizure in the venom in the vein. Thick to make the froth. Thick within the sugar skull. Crackle, crackle on the teeth. Explosion, implosion. Love within the vein. Cut beneath the armpit. Insert the second river. Lived beneath the rib and air. Live within the open skin. Lives within the unclapped eye. Un-sewn, un-closed. Left to harden in the sun. Beneath the desert song. Love, love, love. Beneath the circling bird. Love, love. Become the newer cheek. Puff, puff. Become the newer corpse. Love. Equal this and this. The twins are equal height, are equal weight, share a face, hands, teeth, spine, spleen, heart, lungs, eyes, tongue, feet, knees, kidneys, bone, marrow in the bone, extended in the bone, extended in the bones. Equality in unification. Self-same in the hue. Beaten by the whip of portraiture. Beaten by the whip of corpse singing. Corpse and portraiture. Puffing cheek and portraiture. Taken from the crow's beak. Taken from the wheat and corn and river bed. Taken from the cave, taken from the temple steps. It has been equally long, the third and fourth and fifth. The twentieth and thirtieth. Cut and cut and cut and cut and cut. One against the gum. Bleed. One against the armpit. Bleed and bleed. One

against the thigh. Bleed and bleed and bleed. Movement in the ox hide eye. Movement in the unclothed flesh. Dripping, dripping. In the skull, in the ribs. Moving, moving. Circulate the asp kiss, circulate the adder kiss. However many wounds and cuts and clefts. Blades and blades. The deeper desert sky. The more the drought, the more the blood. Taste the kiss, the venom, the desert sky. One million adder bites. One million cuts along the arm. Each on the tap, the tick. Held aloft. Bound at the wrist. With rope, with leather, with ink. Cut beneath the armpit. Licking blood. Licking wound. One million cuts to fell this tree. One removed. One removed. One removed. One removed. Replaced with another. Always cut to meet the cut. Always a cut. Never a stitch, never a thread to close the wound. Never the clapping eye. Always the staring eye. Always pervasive. Always bathed in salt. Always a desert bathed in salt. Home to the vulture. Home to the lizard. A birth and death and birth of the tree that is a pine or gum or nameless tree. Within the closing jaw. Without entrance. Without exit. Without outstretching limbs. No need for supple tendons. Born in atrophy. Born in Constriction. Born in petrification. Bound in cloth. Repented with the filigree.

Enamoured by the lily. Bite down upon the razor blade. Bite down upon the fang. Bite down upon the talon. Bite down upon the lily made as filigree. Burnt. These third and fourth and fifth and twentieth and thirtieth cuts. These ninth and fiftieth and millionth cuts. These first and second and second and first cuts. These cuts are invisible. Born as scars. Born as dripping wounds. As the heart. As the lung. As the womb. The wound the cut the cleft that is the womb. That leads the second leg. That makes the newer trench. Dug down within the desert step. To cast upon the desert mind. To make within the desert breath. Clapping of the bite. Without sound. Without teeth. The leap from fifth to twentieth to thirtieth. Without seventh, without twelfth, without twenty fifth. Never, never, never, never. Take the bite as made of filigree, as made of lily, as made of cloth. Singular to draw the blood. To open up the eye. To show the ox hide eye. To feel the first and second breath. Cavernous temple. Gripped and never swung. Salt within the outstretch. Glistening, building. Again within the filigree. Within the puff. Within the push and push. The push that is the pull. Ankle held. Gripped by clawing hands. Never been a swing of axe. Never grip or only grip.

Tasteless from the wine. From the empty hand. Broken as the limb. Unmovable. Lessened in articulation. No need for this articulation. Projection bares articulation. Rounded at the bone, the joint, the muscle. Empty of all but skin. Never the back and forth of the saw. Never seen, never heard, never touched. Toothless, only gum. Toothless whistles, whistles without song. No more the singing, now the moaning, now the screaming, now the humming. Said to be song. You say it is song. You say it is choir. You say it is hymn. You say it is scripture. Constricted without movement. Rolling tongue to cause the choke. Cough, cough. You say the cough is song, the song the hymn, the hymn the scripture. All the cough, all the scream, all the choke. Splintered out within the cloth. Torn from portraiture. Made from portraiture. Moving as the snake. Constructed from this language. Blotter in the hunch. Projected from the hunch. No articulation in the hunch. Only prayer, only hymn, only scripture. Only skin from cheek. Said as biopsy. Scripture in this biopsy. Clapped upon by milky eyes. Dripping in the heap. Coming from the side, within constriction. Wrapped in layers and layers and layers. Cloth and script. Dust and ash. Without the microscopic child. Spreading of

the vast genetic slice. Discarded from the heat. Discarded by the arm without articulation. Without the move and move. Without the bulb within the gripping cup. Swing, swing. Flecked out to find the bitter soil. Disappears within the air. Without oxygen, without dust. Clean beyond clean. Arrows and spears. Shards of hue. Colour flecked against the canvas, flecked away from canvas. From the horse hair, from the teeth, from the axe, from the saw. Circumscribed in each direction. This disappearance, this reappearance. A piece to pierce the hand, driven in the soil, driven in the silt. This number ten. This number thousand. Dismembered in the hue. Without exacting, without specification. No need to crackle in constriction. No need to build these plants or animals. No need to hear these dog barks and bird calls. No need to feel the push of air. No need to taste the push of air. No need to smell the push of air. No need to breathe the push of air. Breathe only in the beat, the tick and tick and tick. Breathe only in the ink. Circumscribed to breathe. No nerves, no flapping lungs, no flaring nostrils. Slapped against the chest, against the throat, across the nose. Without the bruising welt. Without the raising of the blood. Always split, as spit, as flaking skin.

From not so far beneath the armpit. Raising arms. Born with raising arms. The side of a body. The side of a tree. Constricted raised. To use the belt. To use the bandage. To use the clothing. To break the arm, reset the arm. Mutilated from its birth. Born with uplifting arms. Exposing the rib as outstretched neck. As the calf, as the lamb. The rib as hecatomb. Born to outstretch the neck. Born to take the knife. Born to take colliding axe. Opened up as rib. Take it as a bone. As child, as slave, as tree. To see or not to see the bark fray and fall beneath the heavy blows. Like clothing. Standing naked. Like skin. Standing naked. Beaten, beat, beaten, beat. Collision making sand, making fire, making heat, making constriction, making drought, making wine. Collisions formed the temple steps. Beneath this flaking skin. Churned amongst the teeth. The back and back and forth. In need of articulation. Placed within the cup. No movement. No sight. Clapped shut. Held by thread. Caught in thread. Open with collision. Shuttered out before and after. Only see collision. Only feel the shudder. Expose the rib. Expose the river. Bitten as the fly, as the wolf. Dripped of blood, of fat, of nothing. Seizing in the heap. Seizing in constriction. Thread constricts to make the

clap. The first wound or cut or cleft. Clapped shut. Shutter, shutter. Not to see the shudder. Born without articulation. No need to roll the ball within the cup. No need for bone, for muscle, for nerves. Just as the dust, just as the stone. Just as the calloused hand. Just as the brittle femur. The brittle spine. The brittle rib. Slipped on the fresh tattoo. Being made. By cuts and cuts. Not the first or second or twentieth or thirtieth. Not the squeezing melon. Not the cracking egg. Spilled out onto the cooking stone. Whiter on the child's teeth. Eat the shell. The speckled white. The feather. No skin of melon. Empty fragmentation. Empty geography. Empty imploring. Empty demanding. Whip and scream. You claim as song. You claim as bending spine. Not obeisant, not a bow. The foetal hunch. Exposed in ink. As naked flesh, as naked hand. Cloth and thread and filigree. This person. Man or woman. Born with rib, born from rib. Singing in the wetter song. Over gums, bleeding gums, rubbing gums. Born within the artificial womb. Overflowing, despite the drought, despite the coming flood. Bathed in ink. Bathed in black or red or blue. Naked without scars, without blemishes. Without calloused hands despite the holding of the axe or saw. Un-sweating

grip. The clasp that takes the hoof as hand. A bell upon the hoof. Ring as though the filigree, as though the howl or horn. Bark and bark becomes the song. Love the song, live deeply in the song. Lacking in articulation. Without the cup, without the bone that moves the cup. Lacking in circulation. Without the pump, without the rushing vein. Oxygen that is not air. Blood that is not wine. And yet to move, and yet to move, and yet to move. Outspreading underneath the beat. Within simplicity. Within the single word. Within the puffing cheek. To give to them so they have blood. To give to them so they have muscle. To give to them so they have bone. To give to them so they have air. Blood, muscle, bone, air. They do not move. Blood, muscle, bone, air. They do not move. They do not move, they do not move. Gripping with the hoof. Braying with the beak. Despite the need to hunch. The ever bending spine. No salt to touch the muscle. No marrow in the bone. No salt within the water. Not within the blood that is not wine. Un-forced to find contraction. Pulsing with this nothing. Outstretching wire finds the hue, finds the heap. Nothing in the thread. Sudden with the push, the beat. Sudden with the coming of contraction. Enlivened in the wiring. Born of

salt, born of electricity. Atrophied within the hunch. Within embracing of the puffing cheek. Milky in the eye. Staring from the other temple steps. Atop the altar. Muscles born to atrophy. Without the strength to move. As though with arms outstretched. Bound with this same cloth, this same bandage, this same clothing. Ribbon tied around the looser bones. Again as it is held aloft. Stop the rattling of the bones. Cease articulation. Bound within the mouth. Closed down within the teeth. Without these cavities in which to dance. Pressed down within the tongue. Deafened in the ear. Within the palace walls, the temple steps. You keep them bound and bind your spine. To love the feel of grasping dying thighs, and dead thighs, and dead spines. Next to pulverise the chest to birth the lungs. Flapping of the tubers found to feed the air. Without ambrosial salt. Without ambrosial air. Condensed within the hue. Not the single step. Not the sideways step. Held within the heap. This side by this side by this side by this side. Equal in the emptiness. Dizzying the mind. Lighter in the skull. Without ignition of the flame. Flicked and caught in conflagration. From the wrist to immolation. The air and blood, the gift is lacking. Not enough to swell the lung. Not

enough for speech, for song. Out without the whistle of the nose. Out without the rising of the chest. Blockage in the vein. Solidified as salt, as fat. Clotting in the run. Without the run and run. Without the whistle speed. Shooting, shooting. Electrified. Solidified. Condensed within the vein. Explode, explode. Too little circulating in the system. Singular the beat. Not running as the drum, with the drum, for the drum. Too little oxygen, too little in the air. Without the spore. Avoidance of the choke. Cough and cough and cough. Sputtering lips, sputtering lungs. Stilled lungs, stilled lips. Without words and song. Scripture written in the inside of the skull. Imprinted in the marrow, burnt upon the muscle brain. Born without the synapse and electricity. Born without the highway racing child. Bite, bite, bite. Shoot, shoot, shoot. Faster, faster. Too little spit. Too little wine. Too little blood within the vein. Without the beat and beat. Fear to force the push that is the pull. Fear to take the other hand. Screaming in the scripture painted skull. Screaming in the single hue. Bowed down before the mausoleum, temple, tomb. Kissed upon the Pharaoh lips. Flaking hue, flaking skin. Gripped upon the shin bone beat. Skinless sheep's head. Beaten on the ox hide eye. Thinning the skin. Thinning

the cloth. Thinning the parchment. Pumped too slowly by a single beating heart. Expand, retract. Moving, moving, moving, moving. Nothing in the thinning chest, behind the cracking ribs. Refuse the ribs unless emaciated. Blessed with emaciation. Gives birth to inner muscle. To spine, to ribs, to heart. Now twice. Shooting vein. Redden at the rose blush. Petal finds the hue. Deep within the vein, the teeth, the roof of the mouth. Written as the scripture on the inner skull. I, you, I, you have said it has beaten once. Beaten twice. Beaten once. Beaten twice. Shin bone in the hand. Licked the sheep skull. Only bone. Only chalk. A sense for how they swing the axe, for how they pull the saw back and forth and forth. Enough to pull the rope, the tendon cord. Tighter in the burning palms. The birth of teeth. Of calcium. The birth of hunger. The birth of jaw, relaxing and contracting. The birth of gravity within the jaw. The birth of reflex. The birth of instinct. Rolled knuckles. Howl, howl. Mating dance. Coloured in this primary dust. Attractive as the leg, the breast. As though of meat. As though of wood. As though caught and slaughtered. As though grown and felled. Flowed between the teeth. Between the tongue. Between the gums. Down the throat.

Sit well within the bulging stomach. Empty, empty. Birthed within emaciation. Birthed now to eat the mother, eat the father, eat the children. Biting at the tail. Hanging, hanging. Ganges on the tongue. Euphrates on the gums. Murray on the lips. Seine on the throat. Swallow the whole world. Become the whole world. Born within the self. Self-same womb. Self-same embryo. Self-same portraiture. Born to diverge. This left bank, this right bank. Following. Parallel in birth. Both in drought. Both born within the blessed step. The desert song. Hear, hear, hear. Slipped still without a name. Not left bank. Not right bank. Only left bank. Only right bank. Cleft within the filigree. Taken in the hands, moulded by the hands. From the silver shelf. Plucked free from the tree. Cut with scythe and saw. Remove the limb to fetch the fruit. Now between the knuckle bone. As sand, as mud, as clay. Beneath the nail. Eaten later. Eaten at the sacrificial feast. Mourn later. At the funeral home, at the mausoleum. How they live within the spit, within the froth. The left bank, the right bank. Cast down within the wheat. Constricted in the heap. The twin rivers of this world. Slipping, slipping. From hand to gum to fingertip. Dripping out beneath the nail. Driven in as nail. Driven in

as spike to bind the wood. Running with the metal thread. Rattling out to fix the hue. Singular in scent, singular in taste, singular in feel, singular in sound. Gripped. Fastened as the vice, as the dead hand, constricted in the cloth and clothing. Constriction bares this armour, bares reflection. Display the skeletal grip. Display the empty grip. Begin with how they strike this tree. Again, again, again, again, again, again. Fragment shows the froth. Fragmented to find itself within the scripture in the skull. Or else abandoned in the heap. Disappearing in the top soil. Made to hide the bones, fragmented chalk. Love and written love and written love. Display the dying thing. Begin with how they topple this tree. Kiss of gravity. Show the love and written love. Born within the toppling womb. Born within the silt and top soil. Coughing as the song. Broken bells and noteless horns. Begins with fugue. Begins with dirge. Screaming, screaming. Howling, screaming. Singing, screaming. Display the falling thing. Begin with how this tree is falling. Without the gripping and releasing hand. Forgetting how its knees are bent. Forgetting how its spine was straight. Forgetting the many limbs, the falling hair. Falling leaves as falling hair. Now to live within the dirt and sand and grass. Made as

desert. Made as barren streams. Left bank, right bank. Fallen as Pangea. Fallen out to bite the hanging tail. Wear the cloth skin as sword and shield. Wear it as temple and cave. Wear it as the mother's womb. Wear it as the wall and desert step. Display the t but not the T. Display the temple steps. Begin with how this tree is shaped into a main post. Shaped into a crossbeam. Hung around the hanging neck. As the tail, as the puffing cheek. Remove the body so to place the newer flesh. Already hung within the tree, already drowned within the barren river. Left bank, right bank. Desert floor, salt lake sea. Skinless skull, skinless snake. Display the hammer and the nail. Begin with pieces joining. Driven in constriction. Despite constriction. Loosen the hand, the upheld arm. Gift the tongue, the throat, the lung. Gift the spine and vein and heart. Gift the skull and other bone, the marrow in the bone, the muscle looped around the bone. The skull within the cup. Rebirth articulation. Swing down, swing up. Left bank, right bank. Caught against the hook and cheek. Puffed out, deflated. Expanding, contracting. Return to constriction. Laying down upon the temple steps. Bleeding out with exposed rib upon the temple steps. Display the hecatomb. Begin with how to

crucify. This man. This woman. Nailed down upon this main post. Nailed down upon this crossbeam. Born within the leather womb. Wear the veil, wear the bridle. Now the gift of heart and lung and vein. Oxygen within the vein. Without the need for articulation. Provide the dislocation. Constriction from the cloth, the thread, the nail. Dislocation in the Cuneiform, the Latin. Dislocation to keep the single hue. Hunch and spreading feet. Now within the trench. Not the left bank, not the right bank. Obliterate the left and right bank. Dislocation brings the scripture. Outside the cup, the marrow mouth. Outside the praying hand, the temple steps, the cave, the hut, the hovel. This tick and swing and hit. Come down come down come down. Again. Come down come down come down. A hundred years or ten seconds. Tick and swing and hit. From where, from where. This hand, the other hand. This hand, invisible hand. This hand, the clasping, holding hand. This hand, this hand, no and no and no and no. This hand leads to this hand. This hand leads to this hammer. This hand leads to this nail. Not the first, the second. Maybe third, maybe fifth, maybe twenty fifth. Secondary in the hue. Invisible. Clap the eye with thread. Opened as the needle strikes the

skin, the nail, the hammer and the nail. Even blood is gone. Nothing, nothing. No to oxygen. No to vein. The hanging tail. The puffing cheek. Whipped and whipped. Drawing blood. Disintegration of the scripture written skull. Written as love, written as words. Whipped like the making of these wounds and cuts and clefts. Left bank, right bank. Left bank takes the hand, right bank takes the hand. Which hand, which hand. Left hand, right hand. Left bank takes the right hand, right bank takes the left hand. Would there be nails. Left hand, right hand. Left bank, right bank. Would there be hammer. Left hand, right hand. Left bank, right bank. Would there be paint. Left hand, right hand. Left bank, right bank. Would there be glue. Left hand, right hand. Left bank, right bank. Would there be saw. Left hand, right hand. Left bank, right bank. Would there be sandpaper. Left hand, right hand. Left bank, right bank. Would there be lacquer. Left hand, right hand. Left bank, right bank. Left and left and left. Right and right and right. Display the t and not the T. Begin with how this tree is shaped into a cross. First to find the hue. Bitten in the scripture. Taken. Written on the inside of the skull. Find the sugar skull. Kept within the heap. Beneath the cloth and leather hide.

Dripping as the fattened rib. Now within the nudity. Now within the exposed side, the exposed rib. With blood or lack of blood. The opened eye. Without the thread. Without collapsing lid. Gravity, gravity. Display the birth. Begin with shaping into man or woman. Begin the fall upon the cross. Begin with how they fall upon a cross. Collapse and fall. Collapse into disintegration, annihilation, birth. Falling down of temple steps. Closing of the mouth. Collapsing of the tendons, muscles, bones. Collapsing of the desert floor, the salt lake sea. Left bank, right bank. Singular the river. Singular the hue. Held within the clasp hand. Collapsing of the heap. Shrinking down to singular. Image, image. Deep within the portraiture. Stepped away from other edge. Enclosure in the heap. As cave, as temple, as hovel, as hut. Within the walls and walls. Oblivion the furthest wall. Horizon the nearest and the furthest wall. Push against the bridle and the leather step. Step and step. The push and pull. The push that is the pull. Display annihilation. Begin with how they come to be, begin with how they soon are gone. Wet within the womb. In inky black and white and blue. In monochrome and single hue. In monochrome and oblivion. Darkness from

atomic heap. Black within the vast explosion. Inside the sugar skull. Inside the scripture written skull. Dripping as the rib, as the skin that makes the hut. Tastes of salt, tastes of wine, tastes of leather, tastes of chrome. Kiss at birth, kiss disintegration. Popping in explosion. Atomic in the scripture heap. The I that is not I that is not I. Once with name, now without name. Once with joining hands. Once as god or gods or God. Once as dripping on the temple steps. Once as lying bleeding on the temple steps. Seen as a cave, seen as iron tongue, seen as bridle and the holder of the bridle, seen as glass eye, seen as milky eye, seen as the jewel within the tooth, seen as the marrow in the tooth, seen as the ox and calf, seen as the calf and lamb, seen as the child, seen as the crow, seen as the rib, seen as exposing rib, seen as the wine, seen as the blood, seen as the blood, seen as the blood, seen as the blood. Clasp at the hanging tail. Worn as now the evening. Now without sun, born within the moon, born within the stars and blacker keys. Born within the spreading in the parchment, in the cloth, in tightening skin. Pulled and pulled. Cut with pencil, cut with fruit, cut with song. Dirt upon the feet. Dirt upon the tongue. Within the single trench, within the single hue. Step and step

and step and step and step. Do not leave sad
Ouroboros. Do not leave the veil, do not
leave the clothing, do not leave the hanging
tail, known as sustenance, known as mother.
Overflowing breast. Love amongst the
clothing. Armour as hide, as from the ox, as
from the cow, as from the crow. This step
without the left or right. Without the
deviation. Wear the bridle, lead the bridle.
Taken in the mouth, taken in the throat.
Born to suck the loose saliva. Knee deep in
the wreck of veins and spines and skulls and
ribs and lungs and hearts and spleen and
eyes and mouths and gums and and and and
and and and and and and and and and and
and and and and. Constricted now to suckle
at the breast. Hold up your arm. Allow it to
be bound. Taste the venom. Love the snake
and tail of the snake. Use the cloth to bind
the arm. Held aloft to expose ribs. Cut
against the rib with knife. Make the wound,
the cut, the cleft. Remove the rib. Love the
rib. Remove the rib. Love the rib. You are
made of too much blood. Too much wine.
Too much, too much, too much, too much,
too much, too much, too much, too much,
too much, too much, too much, too much,
too much, too much, too much, too much.

Leviathan

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nathan Anderson is a poet and artist from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of numerous books and has had work appear widely digitally and in print. He is a member of the C22 experimental writing collective. You can find him at nathanandersonwriting.home.blog or on Twitter @NJApoetry.



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