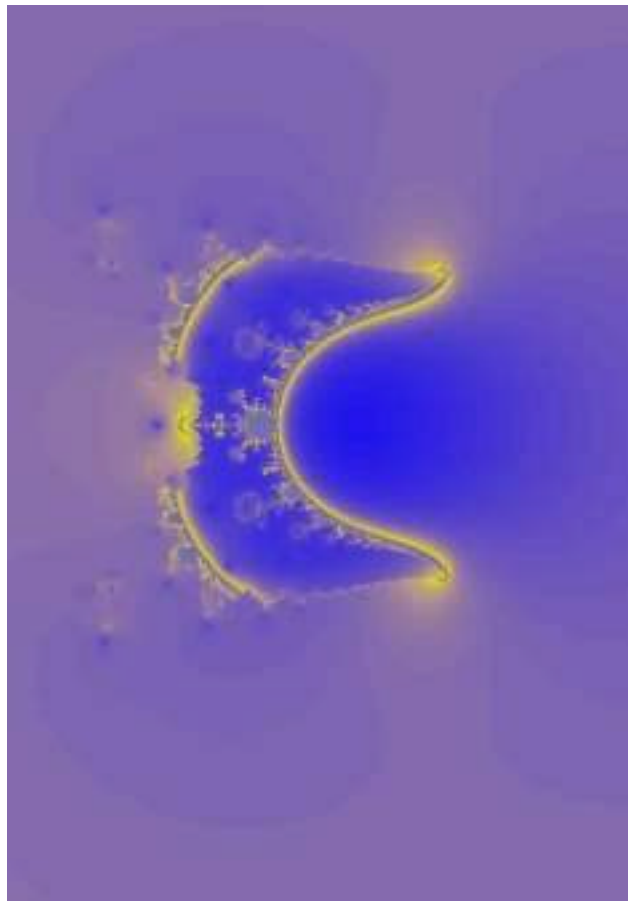


# 27 Poems



AnnMarie Eldon

xPress(ed)

*27 Poems* by AnnMarie Eldon

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## **Ball Wars**

The players believed that in early times, their country had been inhabited by a race of men stronger and wiser than themselves.

The war began through a wrong done by Paris. He carried off the most beautiful woman, Helen, wife of Menelaus.

The youngest player went first. Before each took their turn, they positioned the tower so that the base exit faced the player opposite.

There was a knoll in front of the town in the open plain, and they halted there and formed their line.

Carefully they pulled out one of the straws, trying not to dislodge any of the foiled chocolate balls.

First Paris cast his spear and struck the shield of Menelaus, but the bronze was strong and the spear point bent before it.

One dropped, it fell into the tray of the player opposite.

Helen rose in fear and silence, wrapping her shining veil about her so that none of the Trojan women saw...

Play moved on to the next person,  
rotating the tower each time  
to face the player opposite.  
Play continued until all  
the chocolate balls  
dropped into the  
trays.

Paris answered, "Do not upbraid me, dearest,  
with such bitter words. To-day the victory has fallen  
to him by Athena's aid; the Winner is the person  
who has the most chocolate balls  
in their own  
tray.

Another day it may be mine: we too  
have Gods upon our side. Come, let us remember  
our love.

We have been lucky enough  
to play opposite a player  
with an unsteady  
hand!

For never did you seem to me so fair as now.

You can eat or share out  
our chocolate balls, whilst all  
other players re-insert  
straws, put all their  
'won' chocolate  
balls back  
into



**doing the rounds**

3D-ream  
neat white steps down  
pre-morgue  
1 flings, smashes  
ruby witch-ball  
bloodshards *tshh*

www  
wake to  
floppy

seat half car half slide  
pre-henge widow  
dog cock wags tail  
green cheek slime  
  
(where they would;  
supine for  
<sup>1</sup>/clan  
to die)

*miss you to death*

'Baby, we could always lose'

beached to dream  
a  
dirty

do I kiss, await  
your body rot  
or

miss of you

wake  
a

one clear  
Frankenstein hickey  
peuced tor to ruby  
on my bleach  
Mary neck

domestic monachism  
some other necropolis  
of hard  
  
polished surfaces

river real life,  
bysshe, bysshe  
wet my wet against  
Shelley wrote  
neck-bolt

## **historical soteriology of voids**

enclosure has been going on for centuries  
and there is no longer any common land. Now  
all that's up for grabs is flesh

banked up with earth a lynchet enclosure, arms  
parsley cabbages walnuts vines roses glance  
legs a field system rectangular shapes on a grid  
with lanes for access. The door

invaders/new incomers to whose mind 'field' means  
a piece of open country cleared of trees  
by axe, fire or hope

one common feature communities that arrange  
their land usage communally. Arable  
around the table divided into strips  
ridge and furrow, common grazing. Food  
to build by

three field system: wheat barley fallow  
crop rotation perhaps tonight  
draining fenlands a legacy; tears stored

one acre strips and separated by gullies, trenches  
mood-selions, bundled together in furlongs and each cultivated  
by a single token

a single token determining exact size  
an inexact science since a a furrow's length  
is measured  
by plough  
by team  
by could-pull before standstill  
before being  
before return

an acre amount of land which be  
in a single day by  
a plough team  
of oxen  
of disenchantment  
of practicality  
obviously dependent upon the nature  
of the soil beast  
whether stony loam or clay based

### **communes...**

being a communally based society  
being a family ensures each

a fair deal several strips spread across both good and bad  
so that burdens shared. Sometimes empty spaces between  
lanes, and in later times the boundary line on which enclosure  
hedges  
thereby fixing original smiles

Land *then*, as it still remains  
a way of determining  
wealth  
status quo

*in more northerly territory a thane would have owned  
five or more hides of land  
a freeman churl had a least one  
while geburs and cotsetlans were tied to their lord prayer time  
in secret*

in secret infield-outfield  
nearest permanently used for cropping  
those beyond grazed by possibility

## **beyond**

waste land for common pasture  
or moorland in the case of upland areas. These  
the only source of new land, frequently reclaimed  
assarting forms wishings. Many wishings eventually split  
sharing out clearing waste  
or through the inevitable  
through breaking up  
among heirs and successors

based on how best suited, but also  
on local inheritance customs  
three and four attempts  
and some even larger ones

## **the result**

a huge amount of variation in rights  
enough now

we think as being natural  
landscape  
the terrain composed  
also known as champion fields  
also known as perhaps

inevitable consequences  
smaller holdings  
cellualr as the population grows. Alert  
nuance impracticability  
so management

## **closing act**

black death provides the catalyst  
for a major change. Appearance. Individuals.  
Pasture and graze  
as well as the dermis beyond  
cell depopulation  
many opportunities to consolidate  
Hold. However, the level nothing  
in comparison to devastating acts

at the same time a switch more importantly higher value  
wool production  
confirms  
separateness

## **enclosure**

provided another's benefit  
control  
cloth  
industry  
dye crops madder dyer's rocket  
commercial save face  
embarrassment  
commercial

## **dissolution** of the monasteries

released huge tracts of land  
previously held  
being previously held and having a memory for it  
fresh impetus to enclosure and consolidation. This consequently  
to increase in arable;  
to fulfil the grain requirements;  
to fulfil  
a population only just returning to levels prior to death

## **specialisation**

out in the open take the kneel  
cities malt dairy produce fruit vegetables and hops  
armpit specialisation  
miss or threat  
(‘we can kneel together’)

## in the **weald**

iron boom huge quantities anger timber being felled  
heated arguments  
charcoal smelting  
while many constructs  
ponds to store the water  
powered machinery used in the iron-making process  
microscopes artful searching  
concomitant hardships

## **wills**

possibility: slough  
possibility: ditch the epidermis

enclosure has been going on for centuries  
and there is no longer any common land. Now  
all that’s up for grabs is flesh

## **unquentarii checkov the telencephalon**

olfactory research clarifies the mechanisms of the mind yet it was only now, when his hair was beginning to turn grey, that he had fallen in love properly, in good earnest – for the first time in his life

in order to find out about the true character of the smells which caused in them such a large variety of emotions he and Anna loved each other as people do who are very dear and near, as man and wife or close friends love each other; they could not help feeling that fate itself had intended them for one another

they were like two migrating birds, male and female, who had been caught and forced to live in separate cages

they had forgiven each other what they had been ashamed of in the past yet at that time, olfaction was much neglected compared to the fields of vision and audition

and they forgave each other everything in their present

" yes, the source of smell is actually a large number of invisibly small odour molecules which are emitted from matter"

these molecules entered, stimulated their brains and caused emotions

the judgement of comfort and discomfort

which was closely allied to the input of smell

and he felt that this had changed them both

before, when he felt depressed, he had comforted himself by all sorts of arguments that happened to occur to him on the spur of the moment

but now he had more serious things to think of:

- of how the olfactory system directly affects the brain systems which control emotion (such as the amygdaloid complex and the hypothalamus)

- that this is a characteristic of the olfactory system that cannot be found in the visual or auditory systems

he felt profound compassion, he longed to be sincere, tender

"don't cry, my sweet," he said

"that'll do, you've had your cry....let's talk now, let's think of something"

"I believe that research into olfaction holds the key to the understanding of the mechanisms of the comfort /discomfort emotions"

then they had a long talk

they tried to think how they could get rid of the necessity of hiding, telling lies

(there are almost 1,000 types of such receptors  
how can the brain process signals from such a wide variety of different receptors and identify information such as good and bad?)

(the receptors are proteins located in the olfactory sensory cells arranged on the ceiling sections of the nostrils and have a kind of pocket structure)

(a pocket structure does not receive the odour molecules that fit it perfectly but also those with similar characteristics)

"how? how?" he asked himself, clutching at his head

"how?"

there should be a process of higher brain function  
of feeling a specific emotion by sensing  
a specific

smell

how were they to free themselves from their intolerable chains?

they hoped to develop their future toward the elucidation of the concept of a lady with a lapdog

and it seemed to them that in only a few more minutes a solution would be found and a new, beautiful life would begin

but both of them knew very well that the end was still a long, long way away

at the level of the olfactory cortex which is regarded as an

unknown area

and that the most complicated and difficult part was only just beginning

## **Your Thighs, Buttressed Against My Gothic Compartment**

"Fr.", come. Exorcise stomach out  
of me so I sink elsewhere.  
Bless *these*, my hands that'av thrown  
straid rose petals ontoo stinking hips.  
Used pleasure for pleasure's braying call.  
Fallen sheer on knees in desperation.

*Not*

adoration. But adored shapes. Not  
icons but *glans* silhouetted against drapes, stood out  
with (...with one of The Deadlies) with pridéd, clean slapping motions,  
that recall

forth fast forward snake tongue even when charmed elsewhere.  
I am omanised at hips'  
end, regal venom wrestled popular and overthrown.

We have torn lions from lions' jaws: brazenly thrown  
still warm gristled devil lips from tongues not  
for Christian kisses but unashamedly hip  
real right up to tha latest drug test. *You* martyr, couldalways out-  
do me in stretch, scissoring an apex arch anywhichwhere.  
We hark in your efforts angels' calls:

choiring back with halo friction, when a mere 'calling  
out' could bring pity: overthrow  
wings' sovereignty; toss wing-stems elsewhere –  
stick'em onna wrong tacky fresco – not  
cherub-limbs caressed but fodder for pagan fists and have us run out  
through druid fireflames singeing our under-rococoed goyared hips.

Then would I smell decayed histories slough off hip  
bones like junglised skeleton debris, dank wolf call  
lies screening baby subterfuges. Keep out.  
Bless protect your sweet froth pillow talk cheekclose as if it had been  
thrown

not

to God's climatic judgement but elsewhere



## **79 steps**

### **I. preview\***

1. *contributions to philosophy* enact the questioning along a pathway...
2. saying from enowning as the first response to the question of being
3. from enowning: echo  
    playing-forth  
    leap  
    grounding  
    the ones to come  
    the last god
4. from enowning
5. for the few and the rare
6. the grounding attunement
7. from enowning
8. from enowning\*
9. a glance
10. from enowning
11. enowning – dasein – man\*
12. enowning and history
13. reservedness\*
14. philosophy and world view
15. philosophy as “philosophy of a people”
16. philosophy\*
17. the necessity of philosophy
18. the powerlessness of thinking
19. philosophy (on the question: who are we?)
20. the beginning and inceptual thinking
21. inceptual thinking\* (projecting-open)
22. inceptual thinking
23. inceptual thinking: why thinking from within the beginning?
24. the wayward claim on inceptual thinking
25. historicity and being
26. philosophy as knowing awareness
27. inceptual thinking (concept)
28. the immeasurability of inceptual thinking as finite thinking
29. inceptual thinking\* (the question of what is ownmost)
30. inceptual thinking (as mindfulness)
31. the style of inceptual thinking
32. enowning a decisive glance *after* the enactment of echo and playing-forth

33. the question of be-ing
34. enowning and the question of being
35. enowning
36. enthinking be-ing and language
37. be-ing and reticence in silence\* (the sigetic)
38. reticence in silence
39. enowning
40. the work of thinking in the epoch of the crossing
41. every saying of be-ing is kept in words and namings
42. from "being and time" to "enowning"
43. be-ing and decision
44. the "decisions"
45. the "decision"
46. decision (fore-grasping)
47. what is ownmost to decision: being and not-being
48. in what sense decision belongs to be-ing itself
49. why must decisions be made?

## II. echo

50. echo
51. echo\*
52. abandonment of being
53. distress
54. abandonment of being
55. echo
56. the lingering of the abandonment of being in the concealed manner of forgottenness of being
57. history of be-ing and abandonment of being
58. what the three concealments of the abandonment of being are and how they show themselves
59. the epoch of total lack of questioning and enchantment
60. whence the lack of ditress as utmost distress?
61. machination\*
62. self-dissembling of the abandonment of being by machination and "lived -experience"
63. live-experience
64. machination
65. what is *not* ownmost to be-ing
66. machination and lived-experience
67. machination and lived-experience
68. machination and lived-experience

69. lived-experience and "anthropology"
70. the gigantic\*
71. the gigantic
72. nihilism
73. abandonment of being and "science"
74. "total mobilization" as consequence of originary  
abandonment of being
75. on being mindful of science
76. propositions about "science"\*\*\*
77. *experiri* – *experiential* – *experimentum* – "experiment"  
*εμπειρια* - experience - probe
78. *experiri* (*εμπειρια*) – "experiencing"
79. exact science and experiment
80. *experiri* – *experiential* – *experimentum* – "experiment"

**(we)æek**

2

pocks  
foxgloves cranellated  
the yarrow has shot its load  
there is the word 'evening'  
which connotes balance  
but not to'evening  
but night  
the

3

air splicked with a  
tithery down-  
lacing  
as (if)  
Christ rests and takes up a bodkin  
fine silver ex-  
quisite and unpicks our altar cloth/

4

lace  
lace-of-the-world bitxbit  
xbitxbit  
xbit

5

opposite my rubsnot  
I love you nobody cares

6

a thick scum ghostling slowdrain-i

n

g

if it were crushed eggshell mixed to apste + The Shell's Inner Skin  
then perfumed with stale sea

horse shit

decomposed honey oh if honey *should*

would = your cum

1

Sunday Apocalypse named Revelation

7

so thus weeds have their time

and all that stinks does not necessarily sink

we rename torture to an acceptable pixelated porn and my eyes itch  
more stubbornly than

God either refusing or re-fusing moral obligation

legacy – aphids'

## **Decline**

### **1**

Slowly but surely, we British,  
those sleek and ancient  
predators of the seas  
are a people in decline.

We are not so happy  
as we are scalloped.  
We trust other people  
less,

The silent cruising beasts  
on the way to oblivion  
with home life do not feel  
so healthy.

Our confidence in our  
marine predators has fallen,  
providing a snapshot  
of life in the deep.

### **2**

Our belief in God  
has also declined.  
Adults disappear  
before they can

replace themselves.  
But this does not mean  
a soul has increased significantly  
over the last two decades.

Many people have  
a wide spectrum of  
ideas such as reincarnation  
taken from Eastern religions.

Positions also include  
the great white shark,  
hammerheads, Tiger shark.  
and oceanic whitetips.

### **3**

Only 37 per cent have confidence  
in institutional religion  
which has fallen  
in the north-west Atlantic

by up to 90%  
in the past 15 years.  
This decline has been mirrored  
in attitudes to other institutions

such as major companies,  
at least one bird species,  
the police, Parliament and  
up to 30% of terrestrial plants.

### **4**

Once a population is threatened  
it thinks increasingly about the  
meaning and purpose of  
overfishing.

The catch is human activity,  
deep and opaque.

### **11.30 pm GMT**

Milieu of domestic detritus  
three or four control boxes  
screen name hopping  
lost in a chocolate forage

anti-virus scan glass of PepsiMax  
to foot dull evening vies  
for night prime

my how my now gets off — filters  
bad from good  
memories flood or freeze frame

should we be possible  
real over a divide  
flesh manifest out of virtual  
bring what's hitherto

edited to full front lobal  
Bjorn or Gabrielle not so sure  
now how mood on a go  
slow can so quickly change

which bet to place man! man that wears  
your face swell me  
I smell you how come

in my space files popping a disgrace  
of inhibition oh flash that trash  
'Dreams can come troo-oooh Look

at me babe I'm with you...'  
Temazepam at hand's length  
blood on Willis on TV  
tea,  
then  
I step over litter-ra-tjure

miss a dog by an inch  
snatch a whiff of Georgia  
on an air of cold comfort  
wish pink-bleed sunset  
stench of clam bed

kick crisps onto Milton  
you'd say chips over n' over  
or betta still eye-on-ee  
for irony slide a palm  
cha cha cha down my stock

inged now guess, ah which leg would that be  
see me Nnnn reach  
tip my clit to you  
*sometimes* more gets through

than meets the eye

## **Alone and Tidy**

Dry laundry  
empty legs

arms a cross  
all ready chest

space in so-  
me impossible  
time warp

magazines  
any of  
several of these

rooms'  
inainties

foldingstar sheep  
not asleep

but unhefted  
after centuries  
bred for shepherd safety

trying to bespoke  
your absence

to fit  
what massive  
ever

head/heart/cunt space  
is dreadéd  
attemp

-ting sugar into  
whipped eggs

so carefully so'as  
air may rise

when breath  
has gone dead  
and

cervical origamitry  
a  
failed option

## **Curl Talk**

" n'neverleave."

"yeahri know  
thatz what  
they all  
say'cept  
the one  
your With  
he's lying  
with his tongue  
in yer  
cheek."

":how'd  
you  
know?"

"jus  
lick a round ya."

## **Hollow of Words**

Saliva ringfence  
I lay grasses  
to Grass  
Turn q'phonics to walls  
Wall

Part  
hair  
Take corn circle bearings  
once voledirt and concerns

Priests have downed arms  
with special dispensation  
*Hora* spilt of  
their accord  
into which I gouge  
holywell powder a  
place for you pi-

quantéd with brewherbs  
from glacial retreats

Sintaxes swim  
slither their abyss  
I fix them with a rictus  
of release

You're all men  
step  
feet bathed by  
inquisitive minds'  
sweat  
labour now dew  
in prints

My filthwords  
make sacred echoes  
in-which you swallow  
feel earth  
pulse  
spit some speck

You struggle Reach white space  
Now I have you  
ridden  
subsided into  
an interpretation

Take moment  
I pare each vein hump  
of your uncertainties

To which shall you genuflect?  
Yours is the choice

## **Waiting To Die**

Knacker's yard:  
horses stand in line.

Await some quick neckblow  
mystery.

Chains have them.  
Death seeps, already  
stew from hooves.

Catgut lies embedded  
in my sinus tissue.

It winds everywhere from  
where all externals begin to

where they end in  
synapknow.

I hang upside down,  
kingpost hooked in  
The Horse Abattoir.

I balance. I flail feet.  
I wipe pissdrips from my eyes

with a wrist  
I would, would rather have  
cut.

My companions cannot stop their  
saliva, it

ejaculates in stenchment of  
sharpening iron.

I'm faint with memory  
of

muconiummyrrh  
baby-heads  
posit  
    on damp fluffy crochet  
twinkle light through  
little door crack  
Gentle Jesus prayer

We bleed me and  
stallions all.

They from tongues more used  
to sloughing mouth-foam.

Me from nose and cuticles,  
missaching my children.

## **The End**

What's all the fuss about?

Yes, spectrums dripped.  
I saw `em *and*  
scraped the stuff off my shoulders.

There was corneal debris everywhere.  
No doubt if we had brooms...  
If only one person you used  
to know had had a besom even –  
we could sweep it up.  
Make neat piles.

And no, before you ask me  
I have no water.  
Letters'll do no good. You're in this on your  
own  
I'm afraid.

Somewhere I remember an Air Show.  
\$7 to enter. Or was that to park?  
The Napalm was the most impressive.

*"Wowee!! Man! It near singed off ma  
moostosh!"* said the loud speaker.

How did that come up?  
Oh yes, water.  
I don't even have skin.  
I'm holding on by my teeth.

I was rubbing dried egg  
on a fork.  
I heard myself being called  
by one of my titles:

"Mommmmm!!!"

Blinked.  
Wiped a hair  
outof my eye.

I had moisture then.  
Transferred some of it to  
my forehead.

For a moment  
I wasn't sure whether  
I'd got it all off or not.  
Put it in the wrong  
place with thedamn knives.

She called again.  
I.  
Turned around.

They were gone.  
Both of `em. Her  
*and* the boy.

## **W/end UK**

Conspiracy to increase  
personal boundary  
how easily

auto-silver comes  
mercury velvet  
your sharp car warm

rod unphallicking  
beneath my fallen poise  
Chest beats pound as

we hit cock bottom  
Street streams jasmine  
from piped fumes hands

still dancing to our  
slippery contours  
Tunes simply safe sex

devices  
Now I fold  
aground into morning gray

& settle ache against  
cold window aura reach  
for dawn's brittle litter

love literature that'ssquashed  
between sofa and forever  
pick Endymion out Some monstrous

bogey slime it along with  
cold clotted coffee go  
along a curve

of excitable hunger  
splat a turd of  
defrothed downer ugh more

water slowerly drip  
my thoughts  
slopin-to my saucer

dry dry my lips  
release last night's  
riffs

if only looks could kill  
this world might  
stop it's slaughter

I take my hair  
daring along my breast's  
routinous memory

Leave Keats to chill  
out in refrigerator error  
Wander

alone  
and palely loiter  
pop some other pill

This oughta  
master Saturday

## **Solstice Too**

It's bad enough we change 'the' clocks  
Time zones squirm and cannot manage  
even a half complete sliddle  
Then a southsouth westerly pants  
its horny head ahead of slug tides

I cannot gerra grip  
Outside an otherwise climbing hydrangea bends unpruned its head  
in unintentional subjugation  
Cutuncollected grass sick  
a little green breath in lieu of  
answered glop prayers

My insides have nothing to yield  
to

I'm on heat in a swelling panic don't dare start  
cos couldn't sstop  
Didn't then did anyway air like a ripening stew  
good good in the pot  
feast on the smell of me

But some lilly of some valley ionises me  
Jasminyeast slams into thoughts of you  
and there's no rescue to be had from  
killin' bugs

## **Clean**

### **1**

We are happy to refund  
the terrible price for fame  
or replace any product that comes  
with celebrity but it can  
be a curse.

Arrest of an unknown man  
over child sex allegations  
would probably not have  
made a line in newspapers  
but falls below the expected  
standard.

Instead, the stories lead  
all news bulletins because  
of reputation, which is ruined  
without a charge being laid,  
or a wash solution,  
or a case being brought,  
or prolonged contact with the product,  
or a guilty verdict delivered.

Police do not want those accused  
to remain anonymous  
or use up to half a cup in a bowl or bucket  
unless and until they  
are found guilty.

They believe publicity can encourage  
other victims to come forward  
because machine  
and wash conditions vary.

But there needs to be justice  
for those who are wrongly  
accused as well as for the victims.

Always test colour garments  
for colour fastness.

## 2

Weapons inspectors reveal  
a dozen empty chemical warheads  
in a complex of newly built bunkers.

They could provide clear evidence  
especially if they show signs  
of chemical residue which may  
achieve results at lower dosage levels.

Results from the first tests  
on them should be known according  
to the manufacturer's instructions.  
Warning: keep out of the reach of children.  
Store in a cool, dry, place.

Yet a big stockpile of chemicals  
raises lots of questions.  
For particularly sensitive or damaged skin,  
rubber gloves should be worn.

If there are no chemical  
or biological agents  
or weapons of mass destruction  
or if products or ingredients are  
not tested on animals  
these rockets are expired.

They are in closed wooden boxes,  
left at home, in a field outside  
what appears to be  
a man-made mound.

The new, more aggressive intelligence provided by Washington and London must be fully dissolved.

Just ask any member of staff.

### **3**

So setting up of an inquiry into the government's own media operations, is bound to be met initially with a mix which is simply too hard to swallow.

Prepare to put your digestion to a stiff test.  
Use up to half a cup in a bowl or bucket.  
With hard battles over the condition of public services, press and media operations cannot be quietly switched off.  
Rinse thoroughly.

With the right composition the modern media can be altogether healthier than currently degenerated.  
The carton is made from 85% recycled board.

Focus on trying to redefine proper boundaries between wider media and political culture.  
Do not use an enamel bath for soaking.

Never soak non-colour fast fabrics, silk, wool, leather or garments with metal fasteners or flame resistant finishes.

Whitehall and Westminster are part of the problem and have to be part of the solution as well.

End the spin cycle.

## **radical unrelatedness ping-pong (known as RU Ping-Pong for short)**

The 'rules'

1. There are 2 people, each playing their own ball at the same time.
2. Neither player can see their own ball.
3. Each player can control their own ball but not see it.
4. Each player can see the other's ball but not control it.
5. Sometimes one player temporarily sees their own ball.
6. When they see it they are unable to control it.
7. The other player always sees when this happens.
8. Sometimes both players share the same ball.
9. It may be either of the existing balls.
10. It may be a new ball altogether.
11. Sometimes they both see this happening.
12. Sometimes only one of them sees it happening.
13. When only one player sees that there is one ball that they both share, the other player notices that something is seen to be happening but doesn't know what it is. (Sometimes referred to as 'Missing Out')
14. Each player believes that the ball they see belongs to the other player.
15. Sometimes when they most believe this, the ball they see which they really believe belongs to the other player, actually belongs to them.
16. There is always a time lag between knowing this and being able to regain control of the ball.
17. The length of time for this is always random.
18. The other player however sees this instantly.
19. The other player is always incapable of communicating this with any credibility.
20. All both players can do is sit out the time lag.
21. Gaining control of your own ball which you thought belonged to other player is always painful.
22. This pain can never be concealed from the other player.
23. Sometimes there appears to be a third ball which neither controls but both sees.
24. The entry of a third ball can sometimes be attributed to something which just happened during play - oftentimes the occurrence of pain.
25. Sometimes it cannot be attributed to anything at all.
26. Sometimes either one or both players will attempt to attribute the entrance of a third ball to some cause.
27. Sometimes not.
28. Either one or both will either try to lay claim to it and control it -
29. Or deny its existence or -
30. Disown and push it back as belonging to the other.
31. This can sometimes be seen by the other.
32. Or not.
33. Sometimes balls do not conform to any of these rules.
34. Neither do the players.
35. Sometimes either or both know this.

36. Sometimes they do not. 37. If either or both know this sometimes, they always forget they ever knew it each time this happens. 38. On extremely rare occasions there is only one ball. 39. It is the same for each player. 40. They both see it. 41. They both control it. 42. They both see the way they control it. 43. They both control it in the same way. 44. It exists always for the players' mutual benefit. 45. Which they never know about before they get there. 46. Each time this happens they remember the principle but do not get to know the substance or guess the outcome. 47. They can remember the substance only in hindsight. 48. They can then choose to play 'In Hindsight RU Ping-Pong' if they wish. 49. They can do this only by allowing the existing game to continue without their control. 50. There is never any cessation of play. 51. The principle of mutual control and awareness of one ball makes the game worth while playing. 52. They are locked into playing whether they consider it worthwhile playing or not. 53. The mutual pleasure of playing 'In Hindsight RU Ping-Pong,' where the substantive reasons for playing are discovered, outweighs the danger of the game continuing without their control. 54. Any player has the right to re-write any of the existing rules without the knowledge of the other player. 55. Any player has the right to re-write the existing rules without prior permission of the other player. 56. The only way of knowing for either player whether the other player has re-written the rules without their consent or knowledge is to continue playing the game whatever the rules appear to look like. 57. The most pleasurable and productive form of 'RU Ping-Pong' is when both players agree to suspend control of their own ball, awareness of the other person's, or any tracking of rules, principles or outcomes. 58. This is a new game. 59. The only rule necessary for this game is that each player just shows up ( called 'Just Show Up'). 60. 'Just Show Up' is most difficult for those players most used to playing 'RU Ping-Pong'. 61. Either or both players may believe they are playing 'Just Show Up', when they are really playing 'RU Ping-Pong'. (Playing 'In Hindsight RU Ping-Pong' doesn't help at this point) 62. 'Just Show Up' defaults automatically to 'RU Ping-Pong' when either or both players attempt to formulate rules for 'Just Show Up'.

63. 'Just Show Up' randomly defaults to 'RU Ping-Pong' from time to time. (NB Some experienced 'RU Ping-Pong' players are so adept at recognising each other that they engage as new partners immediately in 'Just Show Up' in an attempt to short circuit the process of playing 'RU Ping-Pong'. It becomes apparent after some time however that 'Just Show Up' defaults to 'RU Ping-Pong' eventually. Very experienced 'RU Ping-Pong' players know that the longer they try to delay playing 'RU Ping-Pong' the more exciting it becomes. Sometimes called 'Elite RU Ping-Pong' it is most exciting when one player controls their ball by a skill called 'Delayed Gratification' and their partner controls their ball by a skill called 'Instant Gratification'. The most exciting and challenging form of 'Elite RU Ping-Pong' is when both players know not only exactly what skill the other player uses, they know that they can benefit from closely observing this skill and learning it themselves. This is sometimes called 'Mutual Gratification Elite RU Ping-Pong'. There are numerous versions of 'In Hindsight Mutual Gratification Elite RU Ping-Pong'. These sometimes become so esoteric, they revert eventually to a game called 'Oh Fuck It!'. Some aficionados believe 'Oh Fuck It!' is addictive. 'Oh Fuck It!' is a very raw and uncompromising version of 'Just Show Up'.) 64. There are no rules for 'Just Show Up.' 65. However it is possible to write rules for 'Just Show Up' as you go along. 66. There is no 'In Hindsight' version of 'Just Show Up'. 67. 'Just Show Up' is the ultimate mutually pleasurable and productive game. 68. This makes its random defaulting to 'RU Ping-Pong' bearable. 69. There is however a secret - and only players who are very, very adept at both 'RU Ping-Pong' and 'Just Show Up' ever get to know of it. 70. The parameters for what makes players adept at both games can only be decided after many, many exhausting attempts at 'RU Ping-Pong', and - 71. Randomly according to no fixed principles during 'Just Show Up'. 72. The secret is - that there is a game more mutually pleasurable and productive than 'Just Show Up'. 73. As yet it is still unnamed.

## **the Bukkake House**

In any pre-face, many 2 by 3,  
by all around I'm bound  
by squares. Shall spring. Shall bring hither pretties: which littles,  
spinnerets be then spigotted,  
which bigot bits rearranging  
micelles to a stringies once  
or stringy onces – spill?  
Which and how times one hundred until  
solidity springs

*dragline.*

Frames without decorative courtesy,  
no safe bole on which gilt, lacquered  
or compo shrunk hard or soft papier-mâché but  
oak  
pine  
lime  
amorphous  
one strand which'll absorb kinetics. Watch one spews

*bridgeline* spits sepia history *at* me,  
apartheidéd sentimentality surrounded  
faces rigid responses pleated conformity  
auricular family escapes, drapes a sansorino of babies  
my old mammaries bolect back and forth lay

*stabilimenti*

Yes children positing an apostasy yet walls  
in also array in Apricot Crush swunged outout across Natural Saffron  
drip to paper bit to that sticky Aquinas down  
Gypsy Bloom carpet

a footing, quiet love that took me up Sugared Lilaced  
stairs Moonriver

to lay me down in Soft Hyacinth waters

Your fingery come-ons, shivery reversals  
spine talk  
(There was

*axial*

a fanlight, wartime blackout curtains  
on a make and mend, ration books,  
sun depleted childhood.)

Now my rivals, chair backs,  
recesses, place setting(s), to-be-tidieds which absorb humidity  
stretch wrong ionised surfaces  
persistent not attacked by fungi or bacteria  
edges. Life as blocks. As blocks.

(Now my rivals, chair backs,  
recesses, place setting(s), to-be-tidieds which absorb humidity  
stretch wrong ionised surfaces  
persistent not attacked by fungi or bacteria  
edges. Life as blocks. As blocks.)

*spiral*

(Posterior – sticky)  
a gobbed  
a sticky Calasso

yet look what my unconscious does  
with these  
yet real  
yet me ozone apricot forehead  
crushed on tongue  
moonslime groove  
your sugary natural  
as you dither my  
lilac-mine my all-mine 3 inch gadrooning back to womb  
Now I shrink when hardened  
XX-prostate spouts gypsy river shout

out.

Your cribellum. Your combed. Hell on my carpet yet  
your tight triangle epigastric furrow loaded  
pedipalp your drop shout sperm drop. Yet  
shout  
out

*flyline*

Sex as High.  
Up there the CS Lewis s not read need chucking out.  
Bled the last time. Cried. Yet please don't leave me.  
Smooths me.  
Gossamer frantles.  
14,000 ft. from sea level, 1,000 miles from the nearest  
Christ land. Baby me. *Fils de la Vierge* shining morning. Out it is still  
morning.  
Your cocking claws disentangling us from us.

No more  
dangle  
with your blob pheromone  
or  
net  
thrown by *their* ogre eyed fundamentalism.

*addendum*

of the steps, clean-  
ing  
of the step to th'street  
of the leaning to the street  
leaning, meaning of the spinnerets  
of the humility of swabbing  
of the ebbing of the dread  
of the mind's minarets  
of the setting  
of the webs'  
ceased

## **Summertime Blues**

MayJune elderflower drooptime again  
its half-piss hangs heavy  
like unwashed hair crushing my cheekbones  
Seems only a year ago it was  
a year ago same road  
I cannot get this spitlick saliva from  
shaved his legs and then  
he was a she shesaid  
hey babe outa my mouth  
Tongue need it in you  
What this life could be shundered into  
and made to discard to get to slit this against  
not your surprise responses  
but a real real body  
Autoeco system all over the show  
Now window open don't work  
Now Lou wantster be black  
oh yes and have a big prick tooo  
Slut dogrose allergy  
Damn English rain threatens  
from across an ocean  
comes on to me  
(more than you do)

## **Toos**

Consider the following  
quantum mechanical  
thought-experiment:  
We certainly did.

Take a particle,  
bound willingly,  
which is at rest  
and has spin zero.

It spontaneously  
and unwillingly  
decays into two  
fermions

by each other,  
(spin 1/2 particles), which stream away  
in opposite directions  
at high speed.

To the extent that  
relations with others,  
friends and lovers alike,  
were, are, contaminated

due to the law of conservation of spin,  
we know that one is a spin +1/2  
and the other is spin  
-1/2.

Which one is which?  
By the extremes of feeling  
generated, according to quantum mechanics,  
neither takes on a definite state

until it is observed, vainly  
and sometimes fatally, finding in other  
partnerships the wave function  
collapsed.

Yet since no amount of willpower  
stopped our new attempts,  
the effect demonstrates  
that if one of the particles

is detected, and its spin  
measured, then attempting  
to make new twins  
of these partners,

the other particle –  
no  
matter where it is in the Universe –  
re-enacts aspects

of twinship instantaneously  
and is forced to choose  
as well and take on the role  
of the other.

This illustrates that certain kinds  
of quantum information travel instantaneously;  
the speed of light is not limited  
by communication.

The Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen Effect  
can be easily demonstrated  
by perfect  
love.

## **Lie it, taking down**

Tablets are round and white.  
They are most commonly  
used in conjunction with alcohol  
to exaggerate the sensation

of intoxication and to lower  
inhibitions.

They are often dissolved  
in disguise.

The courtship process  
needs to follow  
a precise course  
of events.

This ensures compatibility  
and prevents the embarrassment  
of a socially undesirable  
relationship.

Traditional practice  
involves partial  
or total excision  
of female genitals.

Introductions can  
only be made by a  
respected member  
of the couple's same  
social class.

Ladies may express  
interest or disinterest  
in a gentleman  
using personal items:

fans or parasols.  
A bottle or can provides  
easy distribution  
of the drug.

Successful introductions  
are followed by the gentleman  
offering a calling card  
asking to walk her home;

the distance  
between the couple  
should be sufficient enough  
'that a dog might pass between them'.

It can be performed  
in early infancy,  
as late as age 30  
but most commonly  
between 4 and 12.

Dating is conducted  
with the supervision  
of a trustworthy chaperone  
and only with the permission

of the lady's mother.  
Dating is enhanced with  
love letters, locks of hair  
and other personal items.

Effects begin to take place  
within 30 minutes,  
peak within two hours,  
and may persist

for eight hours.  
It can cause memory  
impairment, lasting up to 24

hours. Gentleman are only allowed  
to get close to a lady  
when assisting her over a  
rough

spot  
and then only by placing  
his hand under  
her elbow.

Short-term complications  
include severe pain,  
haemorrhage leading  
to shock and death.

A full arm is only extended  
if the lady is sickly or if the night is very  
dark  
and only at her request.

There is a high risk  
of abscesses, ulcers,  
delayed healing, septicaemia,  
tetanus, and gangrene.

The continuance  
of the relationship  
needs the endorsement  
of the lady's family

who examines  
the gentleman's lineage,  
wealth, church membership,  
social standing, and potential.

Long-term complications  
include urine retention,  
repeated urinary infections,  
obstruction of menstrual flow leading to

frequent reproductive  
tract infections, infertility  
and prolonged and obstructed labour.  
From the gentleman's perspective,

the rewards of going through  
this scrutiny often involves  
the possibility  
of a handsome dowry.

Engagements usually  
last between six months  
and two years.  
Memory

loss is what makes  
cases of sexual assault  
difficult to prosecute.

## **Meeting with oneself**

may be \$10 billion less  
than the meeting two years  
ago at the height of  
the bull market  
shadow

but his wealth is still  
a tight passage, a narrow  
door  
whose painful constriction  
averages out to 62 cents of earnings

for every second,  
deep well.

Chair-man continues  
to push ahead,  
for what comes after,  
past government inquiries  
and competitors is surprisingly 'enough' a boundless expanse

full of a half-billion dollar  
introduction of unprecedented  
uncertainty. He can't quite shake  
off

monopolist charges,  
with apparently no inside,  
no spare time, no outside,  
no above and no below,  
no mine and no thine,  
no good and no bad.

Just wilderness.

## **Event**

The radius that a spherical mass must be compressed to in order to transform it into a black hole,

or the radius at which time and space switch

responsibilities.

Once inside, it is fundamentally impossible to escape to the outside.

Furthermore, nothing can prevent a particle

from hitting the singularity in a very short amount of proper time once it has entered the horizon.

In this sense, the event horizon is a "point of no return."

The radius of the event horizon,  $r$ , for generalized black holes (in geometrized units) is  
$$r = m + (m^2 - q^2 - s/m^2)^{1/2},$$

where  $m$  is the mass of the hole,  $q$  is its electric charge, and  $s$  is its angular momentum.

## **Horizon**

## -impro

for hers is not a new century that begins like no other  
but she will open herself and bear down upon him  
hers not a face of inevitable blind alleys  
or methods differing from historical analyses  
but something at least to be humbled by  
she will not *tend to characterise*  
but insist a rhythm a sheer volume a less encased  
a demonstrable madness a smell of pig truffle  
a becoming the sole province of  
a screaming for pregnancy  
a Ruth a Ruth who always found food in the fucking cupboard  
in the fucking cupboard never would conduct significant sacrament  
but would bleed until wouldn't bleed  
would stink coupled until a *creatio ex nihilo*  
an act not encoded in words  
so slow it blurs his and his eyes eyesblur  
auranivorous and punchdrunk  
steroidalend towards she-cur  
full flush bitch culvert  
for hers is not a new burden but a very very old  
one

## losing face

0

he is taking a lighted candle in his hand  
'I am raging' 'we are disgraced' 'I am dumbfounded'

then his burin and presses  
it into his copperplate, anxious  
to express every little homely detail

it is a difficult struggle, not immediately  
successful. In no sphere

is the effect so marked as  
in his whims and fancies

he is afraid of divulging his discoveries  
by a singular misfortune, moving restlessly from place to  
place  
place

he is more admired than understood  
a problem no less accurate than the avoidance of stiffness  
his deliberate and mysterious conclusion: *sfumato*

1

into his his then, he understands a pressful. In no equal  
match he is more disgraced, placed in a difficult  
*sfumato* with no sphere  
he wrestles homely from success, the effect copperplate  
vagueness *sfumato* 'I am dumbfounded' 'still raging' 'we plate and plate' into which  
he struggles

he is to have no burin much less success  
his deliberate response is fancies, not immediately  
from home but mysterious and expression  
-less

into which he effects struggle  
not conclusion  
he is detail  
not icon

2

by prestles he smells women and by by a  
mysterymindedness  
they have no equal lesions  
his are fancy-lessons

mighty men understand purpose  
but not he he is detail not immediately admired in  
copperplace

but vaguenesssfumato having nosphere  
he is then in part understood 'we placed, not paced'  
into which he wrestsponses, more disgraced  
but with a disgrace, and a further  
disgrace  
not icon

3

bellyful  
non-mysterymindedness  
intriguenessless  
struggle

4

not conclusion: in no equal  
deterious and far from home or success

5

into which effect copperplace to  
place, place with a diffness, no equal  
strugglessness, no equal  
messlessness  
no equal

6

but deliberately  
dissed  
a dumb displaced  
amissed

7

took the light  
mishandled  
gr-ace

8

i-con

## bye-byes

Before sleep katabasts my soul  
a late evening deals the day's uneven  
palillogical errors; deals

deals its temporal lobes'

dis-

torting evidences

its rheumy proclaves

roomy not: tarsal creases

aggravate. I circumnavigate. A preponderance

to grab at straws. Mini-tatami, pubic warmth.

If.

There would be some relieving conditions.

One owl might. One cry. But there are

instead

multiples

psi-

falls who do transmogrify their origins

with photo-fits behind eyeballs. Seepy jasmin might then, then

The Usuals:

to-be-paids

history's angaric get-out-clause

*entendres*, multiples

children's needs

I try electroversioning by pre-dreaming en-couragement.

The last time sex was...

Balsam poplar come, come.

The name of the will be new rose is is red red some

bliss thing it was good job the lawn done snails banished

iron-y smush sap-let euphoriant

yet

temporary.

Brink.

Beneath my my, my skin fornication skin-crawls. Pray.

Wash. As is its point wash away sinfuls. Bugmoth wingfalls

pipsmash hard. There is more geography for bloody tendons sackfuls,

hell jobs scraping intestines together, unRorschaching

to build indentifiables than eye-for-an-eye scores

*crogcrack* a fox mate trawls

clamp-blink interruptions

proverbial brickwalls

still no empathogens between cleans. Nightmare tears as strassy

(stars floor-floor)

drieds are.

Plump the head's holds-all ...Sink *vis-à-vis* the world's  
anhedonical 'true cause' wordwhorls. To end begin a'gain  
in valley flaws. *call*