

*I like scaffolding as much as the next attempt to create order*

what are all those things that have apparently happened  
somewhere? the repetitive strain injuries of history -  
to demonstrate on a personal and political level can someone  
or you show me the way to my pre-historic bones? I am yet somehow enough  
full of beer and your carpal bones on the back of some of my skull  
tender in public that hate crime is an almost imperceptible  
shimmer on the horizon of this u-bahn station, I estimate  
that feeling is at least a vertebrae or purple clavicle, so i give  
thanks to the tongue of the dawn choir. chaotic good burns the streets, chaotic  
neutral stains the sheets, it's not not reverent it's a feeling refracted fuck shit up  
politic of snuck, dialectical glamour, sideways glimmers at the sideways  
glances shiny plastic chandelier branches - fuck heterosexuality's matt  
gloss, municipal pheromones cut with talc - here everything is tilted tit for gilded tat;  
decorate the use away, etch sweat and melt into the crisis of feeling's  
brittle solution: a minor gâteau, i stopped being afraid of aviation  
catastrophe and now use my time in the air to jump at the sun,  
assess my place on the Beck suicide ideation scale, address  
the state of my nation's blood circulation - my praxis  
is *camp hatred* i.e. i do not want to make anything  
that would not make people think I would not work with the Zabłudowicz,  
i swear and it's the funnest option, the real champagne is always claiming ecstatic  
agency in this vacuum that we're all just trying to sleep sitting up in  
a comfy yet stylish eyemask, none work with left pleasure.  
the chronic mental health thing which affects [insert multiple objects]  
is, like 'a letter from the state', apparently not who i am, which is  
lucky but discouraging journey work - back to the drawing board to scrub  
the cave wall clean of fortune's misplaced fire again, dye a flag night  
with the charcoal from my burnt down spare rib  
But i am partially what I am, among other fallacies: contemporary  
artist on budget flight between european countries, 20-  
something pragma-gendered animal sad about accidents of  
spilt hormones and adrenaline junkyard chemical contamination  
communist poet doubting the politics of that distinctly  
worn opulence but still blaming the moon, i avoid anything  
that scares me out in the great unwild so i can subject myself  
to it under laboratory conditions, bandage the fag ash under my skin  
on my own terms, science can be fun and holy blood fiction,  
experimental collectivised endorphins, it's funny  
how even these small baroque unpleasures could be ripped away,  
used against me, against me like my funny use of funny, queer, impending  
harsh irony and nothing taken for granted under current climate  
conditional lenses fucked against the stained glass of the public  
sphere, give me irreverence or give me death

or both whatever i don't care which, i just really care  
for obnoxious joy, hyacinths dainty by the hearth  
sometimes I am asked who the work is for  
and the answer is it is for nobody having to work but  
some days, like tonight, the answer is just if you know you  
know you don't have to lie to me, i know  
you're telling the truth, subterfuge  
evades everything these days via  
the opacity of everything all at once sober  
libations to this silly thing i call a self flitting  
disposable during the light  
touch approach to life  
found after declining  
demented hops and the strobe of public life  
repeatedly in favour of imaginary honeysuckle woven  
a sunshade against the indigestion of iridescent light fixtures  
i have no soluble solution i'm just learning to slice  
the garlic thinner with age  
give my real name to the state  
as my monastic name, lying  
to be true to save my  
soul's head (the  
soul's soul has no sense  
of bureaucracy and therefore is  
in no danger)  
i am pure dark light and gently fried  
rainbow chard, sesame oil, warm almond milk  
accepting the risk that articulation is the problem  
but i love it, so here is a model i built of it collapsing  
some sub adequate recovery process, leaked formula  
the escape plan looks impossible in this font so i'm planning  
to rewrite it in perfect cursive in gilded invisible ink  
then i will burn it to cook the best roast potatoes  
see let it never be said i disregard materiality  
the price of oil shoulders or multiple fingers  
i fill the keyboard with all my leftover skin shit,  
same as the next hoarder of sentient excess  
some just trade it all in for gold  
just like that all gone  
in the blink of an eye the world vanishes  
and reappears and vanishes and reappears  
so many times every minute  
and yet i am still so scared every single time  
don't fucking stop