We are aiming at a line without trauma
Aiming at space within language regardless of time within language
We have in mind a novel that would loose information, and deprocess words - a metric novel
Temperature? But depth has none, nor fever
Voices are bodies more real than bodies and so is rose, loaded with blue
It all comes as an inundation on the page
The sea is flesh-coloured, and we are being paged on the beach, it's disconcerting
A poem demands light, not clarity. Light ever more, we shall not understand
Aiming at not aiming
The light which is within the light and the well which is within the well within the light and the air within the word are the poem's subject and we shall be anxious
NOW


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