ELEATIC ALERT : 4 Poems

Light-fingered dawn an hour late
accounts for the delay
he imagines. To annihilate
its trace is the daily
task of the hero's
mind as it returns to 'his' body
between points of fixed abode
on the image of the virtual horizon.
Whatever your time zone smile
and place your facsimile
slide in the slot marked Qwik
or you're dead: it is a quirk
of nature with nuisance
value added to Renaissance
wonder you realise
the moment you press and release.
Another homophone strays off in unmeasured stress and indivisible despair. By the sound

of it a levy
of airmen back from Lethe or W.H. Auden
is strafing the wordhoard.

Hit and promise rebound. At enemy base the one and the many will and won't disappear.
Repeating at speed all night
the message is denied
recode and returned. The radar
ensures that the reader
deciphered and in that
sense foresuffered will sleep
undisturbed: his dreams
have been distributed

as type / as a sidelight
signals to a minus factor
overplus delight
sing or else.
Crumple brain
dance binding the unfaced
interallow senses
it referral.
Meticulous arrangement by verb.
This art is raised on the backs
of workers when the property

eats a plant, the energy
obtains a sludge of shoulds
originally limiting processes.
Bert wanted to quit illusion.
Art lulls. Art drains.
Time eats art
and shits commodities.
He was impossible to work.
We hadn't planned the free
interruption, machine reactors.
over the first half of the cast lives.
We declared our bodies
from the air and water, taken
in a disguised estrangement.
Park Hill Scheme Sheffield, protracted
defense criticism of the innards.
Some of the audience intimated
their unwillingness to witness
self-expression, feelings
chloroplasts and puffs.
Play reformists demanding standards,
reality checkpoints like the one
I touched in Cambridge
under capitalism. Graphed
occurrences plotted against fallacies
and showed us his scars.
Single transferable somersaults
in rehearsal became a working
party on art one and politics.
People whose distinctive faces were made
by colour reproduction, keeping
the standing leg alive, press one foot
into the other thigh. The state
in the conscious century has been consistently
reproducing photos well.
Launched the artist
into distant canvas remains,
made back long.
One field straight. Through
a sheet of ruffles, the acetate
with a handful of golden arcs
in support of the bourgeois unit
was never considered the danger it was.
Applied thirty five layers of acrylic
over the gendered scene.
Relaxed shoulders, hands pressed evenly,
and the gray will be broken into smaller dots,
caught in the fading circle. Broken up. Thirty five states of vision
plate your chest. An appeal
handfuls to open your chest.
An error in the shoulders
said Altair, faults
in the colour printing blue
the field. A one surface
philosophy under capitalism to breathe
obligation deeply. Take
the size down out of the discernible
range, floating
triangle, open your error.
Bert says, the grey
will be taken from that era.
Trust the told.
Is this supposed to be entertainment
or pure research?
Fine awareness, she said,
I could dance naked without
politics. Take
the under to crucially related
gender ideology, foot pointing
towards the applied sponge of
the planned nineties. Acetate
acetate, caught in the space,
open your chest and stretch to the left.
My done it.
The rehearsal, the performer
steps to the front row
saying, I am not the dots
on screen yet the negative
enlarges your shock at my stance.
A frequently placed elbow outward
feet pointing out, the era's
'male' posture. Every demo
is the same, he advises
us in his black outfit, beautifully.
Much lovelier than the news had him.
Brickwork chest resonates
down the long curtain. Photos
roll over the new walls, people
are tippexed out of real time
remaining presensitised. The
ground before the theatre
was on it. It
had no such neutral pronoun.
Studio cosmology unheavened the ....
(this section has been removed
for examination).
A member of the audience said
all you do is talk, you can't
expect us to wait for the action.
The meeting exchanged personals
on the stretch, referential
occupied examples of what
can be said. Four
one fraction.
The bomber is now a grandmother
but the troubles go on.

In the station there was an equal
gap between the sliding door
and you and my observation
until it closed over you for a year.
What I shouted at them can your bloody
revolutionising do about that.
In my dreams I say how bleak
things are and cry, but my face
shows no tracks to the wakeful.
We will need another movement
to complete this performance.
Altair talks to me for the rest
of the day. Personal
seeps. Homopathic
homeopathy. Rehearsals continue.
We talk about rather than to
and it lifts but empties
the weight of the pressed upon us
armed struggle, visible
fatigues and automatics.
The sides of the walls paint
Britain's imperialism, smash
camera. She says,
a woman performer looks for signs
of women's manufacture in the stage
of illusion. She looks
like neither a 'woman'
or a "'man".
How is she she?
Then the audience breaks up
into huddles, the bar
distributes intoxicants as fluencies
develop. In the discussion he said,
this, this play, this work
is about a past
lost to the warehoused text
of history that grew men for slaughter.
Fortunately there's no wind off the abattoir
and visions of the powers sky
can appear on a good night.
Consider the statements of substitutivity
mazes. The ruling class
birth forms far below the surface
to enforce a sell out fetish
of reproduction. Decade
junking factory broke
up the meeting, ran amuck,
danced, rolled, braced
the floor upside down in curls
of pain going. He told
us he lived house time,
identifying with the commune's
futures, sharing their starts.
I don't think we can imagine
the future, she said, without
knowing the depths of history
aggregated in our relationships.
Her translation into the homeopathy
of art was almost singularly
direct rebirthing. The disease
the cure.
Molesworth energy medicine
is basic property value. Unconscious
acupressure from your grasp
of community living, perennial
as Donald Duck's Uncle Scrooge.
Four ants haul a pentagonal crumb
across the stone flags.
Her self sense and
its childhood she showed
in slow motion, feminist
green, biodynamited
from the safe bunkers of maturity.
Her childhood grew with her.
Acted massage out of the
severance. She never
abandoned a paradigm without
thanking it. Erotic
innercropping, painful
healing is healing. Is
is is. Recipes
because much has become theory
since you last saw us perform
the onset of rationality
occurring in limb articulation.
Always already always
transarming we learn from the sheer
private violence. They believe
she said, that they live
in the middle of the inhabited world
and the surrounding vagueries
of random. Your private yoga
put civilisation on old illnesses
I suspect your thoughts of writing
themselves friends
we have learned from being born
from you. Cooperative
into the plenum effects.
Your chance uses the past.
Recycling maintains the outer
wall of dependency. They
have never known anything else,
and they are not us yet.
She came up through the movement,
revolution background to eliminate
distinct oppressions, the
raising is just and all
women, she says, preamble
a cultural residuum.
The in-history is also the frame
patriarchy ontologises,
authority always beyond what's said.
Scrub.
She pauses
then precesses with arms rigid
down the long space of the hall's role.
Figures of sexual politics are seen
to maintain control. Not
quite mortal this demi-urgic psychology
of variables men
training the post cradle
amatories.
Contradict, squeeze.
She has hope memories
she can be at will.
Her politics looms over her
larger than she moves
and guardian. Will she
fill it all in this
first form of the quilt, while
the narrative consciousness arranges
ideology along the back
facing the audience.
She bends more sliding her feet.
Encoded singles
she places she says
a new intelligence for the
mass of pejorative males
to translate this lexis
gather up every bodily part you can
into its bindings, the
women she is watching already speak.
I only made it because a few
people noticed and taught me,
mostly when I spoke in classes
the teacher he only heard
the information and didn't hear
what I was saying, dismissed
as noisy phatism the nuanced range
my women friends use. Altair
asks you for change as you
move in a dimension around
and yet outside, like politics
and thirst. A speaking
match fixing equality
is useless. The men
in the performance improvised
delay until the next movement.
How could we hold up?