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I'm listening. Just stop. When you're ready. I'm listening and I can't help you, your fruit's *verschert*. What shapes? The class struggle has outlived programmatism, and different shapes now inhabit its horizon. What shapes? Truncage, truncature. Look I've stopped listening. Not splitting Communication as till Communication starts out as distress fit audit Zoonotic *notes inégales*. The lineaments, the gratinated gyros. To your corner, to your corner with the milk thistle gartered in peelable chicken wire, to bug it, the better to bug it with wonder whist, surveil the doloriferous, the punctured, the category, the gloop, the screwed. Who stuff the trachenchyma like cannoli. Historicizing Zolax, leave the point to me, Dionysiokolax, dark tartuffery. Not at work today? No, and you, not visible today? To your platform, to your platform with the anime buzzard's beloved's pinchfisted conatus, too thinkably contused, just not right now. Who drift off to deplore its bolted under Afters flit across the pane, misted up to feel like the crack slipped off again back to somewhere real. Once *I can't* there go feel blue-chip meat. As, just stop. Go ahead. As the last quadrature of sanctuary from the (now it is only a dream) beaked hook's snapped point's discreetly self crossed out, to devastate your duct up with the Benjylitic bargepole of self-evidently ludibrious makeshift gympie gympie, look at me, do I look scared, do you want to fuck, do you hear that. *Pulcher et fortissimus*, leave the world alone, humanity's hissing us, reality's gone. To your crossing, to your crossing with the fake cowpat's fat flock of spectrous vegetating shadow logs and stock stifled parasymphathetic

canned laughter. Inside the real bedroom under the real bed there is no fucking headroom for my fucking head. Glebously flinch and the Put tar D up snap hope apart put a dent or foot in your head cross (3) look at me, space is shut, try and jump out. Balked by turns the feebly-whistling grass will not be corrected, you bantam salivary duct, all winch and squeaky cleat, meanwhile, ablative, Babaginda, I said look at me, if not you then who, or else, quick, pull, off the top of your head. To your wall peg, to your wall peg, to suck in your punchbag and flop out your tibiotarsus, now wait a million years for the desoldering pump definitely on its way to caress your subprime cut of Pacinian corpuscle with its mis-sold gross anti-static. In benthal receivership trot to the fringe, sanity scratchings for brains. Benjy you blubbery prick stick to squealing, the future is after you, look out the floor's on its way. Your phospholipids are falling out you arpeggiated bray of old agony, to your intersection and cup there your droop of acousticofacial dip, without stickage, without demurs, swivel this way and wait up for my feel (9) to aerify harpoon of random hydrophylloideae. Art world politics take note, history will come, coughed up from your father's throat on Elysium. To your lunchbox, to your lunchbox with the conspicuously undefrosted rectangles of butter jaggedly dug in to the basic white bread, fissile to lick up the thatched sluice of boiling Bonjela, dear origin and ender, dear pig-eyed dumb nociceptualist with the resurfaced trapdoor in your mouth like a recyclable cocaine ball-gag repurposed into a bratty brain prod where love is no object. Look up at the foaming sky pouring life away, how to go on, what to try, difficult to say. Plaited into this un-guilt stem vision for modification by keyhole high spear-grass brass sky needled to slay in fear extinction symbolic inspired blowout the wrong dendritic spine. Aquí te amo, your hojas de alambre, Benya, your

petrific enchantment. Blanked like an ankle sock. Eared. When later, decades on. Jack is having some kind of seizure and a fuckload of glue is being suctioned out of his nose, that white glue from the stock cupboard that you stole at primary school, everyone did, that you were given when you were there, to do pictures, *Bildung*, his septum is being corroded; it looks like pleasure, from over here, woozily disauthenticating its gluey ass backwards into reality; he jerks his head back, into light, dripping that fat white stupid glue everywhere, likened to a snowblind tray of fudge, stuck for a code, saying, what do you say, so you say Forgive me, then, Forget me, but you don't really mean it. The worker had to be laid off from the job of revolutionary subject of history, after the allegations of Postone and the last nail of reputational damage in the recalled fluffy Trotsky, to take up being a pain in the university. But the truth is poor people are better than rich people. A simple *modus ponens* inference to Uber's slaves, in the brain congealing like a soup of flooded graves. The time is near when I go back to stacking up your shelves, in envy of the egos busy shacking up with selves. There simply is more space the more you reach beyond the stars, for distance to appropriate, put away your scars. Imprisoned like shellfish said Plato, speaking for the west, born of a mother before him whose Ursatz knows best. In retrospect love is a banner you too soon unfurled, to end up looking for dead ends in every corner of the world, gaslighting the police like a deleted screengrab of the flare-up of a Mattel LED button light. You had one on the Argos calculator you had at school. Don't stop, I'm still listening. What makes this memory's moth's scream's tone's point useful is the great flame of *misery poverty privity laxity* it sports in, that time alone will burn off like a calorie in hell. Yes. Go on. For communization read pick your direction of travel. Don't wait for a heaven

where parking will never run out. Hope is pegged to going on regardless, a loss leader, deathlessness's dipshit PA, and everyone left is the plot twist that doesn't add up. Go. You don't get to pick your assassin, despicable asshole. It gnaws through the crack and lays eggs in your AYPPI. That noon we flipped out to the horizon coating the treeline, receding in tandem with it under the projected flap of coal. One head shoots out of the other, that one too long ago shot to fuck before it stood in for itself. Before you gave it a chance, in other words.

Only when its truth's spit out is her pain this specific,  
Now the night is sober on a plank too low to bleed  
O overlong desired only point you first remember

When it hurts, that the least wind dissembles like water  
Backed up for the void to barrel out. Every word of this  
Scolds the will to hear its infantile phonation ring,

Real, out of its mind, therefore of its misery, here below,  
On an empty stomach in the distribution centre  
Desperate to stick out when the future's redirected.

Track the language as it thickly laminates the eyelid  
To a body never meant to see your light go out.  
I will love you until I die and try to be the thing you need.

The mind first has to pick the right reality to limp after,  
Ringing in the true the moment evil is corrected,  
Mashing up Wednesday so that even the abyss can swallow it,

Which only goes to show that sorrow isn't what it means.  
I never could believe that love didn't have to kill me  
Stuck to the fence behind the scrap of trees, in progress

Past the children shouting at the knife, over the dogshit  
To the limit of the little rectangle of grass  
Provided for the local recreation of the poor

Where I had to run away with you when you scooped me  
At night to watch you dying, stuffing pills into  
The stomach I would take to be pumped so I could live

Right up to the far kerb of the prohairetic blank  
Where politics takes over and the secret earth is turning,  
So bright it cannot but enlarge the organ that contemplates it.

Only think of power and the theft of the potential  
Even from the moon, flipside of every loose incisor  
Twisted in a dream prescreening vision for fantasy,

Babeuf went to the guillotine and nobody is right  
The structure has a centre surreptitiously assumed  
To guarantee the meaning of the whole structure as such.

Back of unstuck Euclid, viols panting like a blowfly,  
Nobody is coming to take you home, even later,  
Only her departure is held up, but fuck the galaxy.

Know that when you learn to speak reality is coded,  
And that being real means feeling like it has to end.  
It has to end and you will be alone: the final light.

Down in the iron law of wages, topless pit of rust,  
I reach down for the radiant shapes of sleep, as for fire  
To gutter on the mirror I have never overlooked,

But have always strained to love, or even care  
Painte on flowdes, till the shore, wait, crye to th'ayre  
I want to take you to another body with me tonight

Socializing the liabilities of the core, floating ideas  
Past the last hour of this sun's resuscitating glory  
Out on the steep schizoid rim, plaster cascading in Araby,

Blanked by desire bewildered and errorless, but bent into,  
Where life at length inhales all love continually  
Despite living in poverty and not always eating,

Being put behind you, being sadly beaten up,  
Scared to say what is happening, terrified in case it is  
Back and you go fucking mad and kill someone.

We are come to the far-bounding plain of earth. Void of state. Personologized. Fact-finding. *Mira de lente*. Not once a credible counterparty in the CDS. Snoring in the lake of mud. Making eye contact by staring. Before they are sent back, to the disgrace of death, to face the owner of the reference assets (often the originator), breviloquent, ithyphallic, think of the flower, cut to a symbol, printed in a (4) four angle a river flowing over infant spicules bursting ever slower to a shore where you, simultaneously cut down, to make a bunch, left agreeing to pay the swap counterparty premiums based on the perceived probability of credit events occurring in the reference assets, with your pants down, inflated by susurrus, one long since already put away but now recalled because combustible toy at a time, look away, don't be shy, since, according to the replacement for Ian Duncan Smith, behind every statistic there is a human being, as a support mechanism, ready to pounce, shod in inflammable memory foam, happy to get out, for a bit, when, though it is safe to say never, since the size of the notional (7), it aerifys market in mid-2007 was roughly twice the size of the U.S. stock market (valued at about \$22

trillion) and thus far exceeded the \$7.1 trillion mortgage market and hole sealed \$4.4 trillion U.S. treasuries market, in what flows of syrupy Syrians sweetly mock, in vain, before being sent back, to pick that flower, lick that symbol, pucker to a torus nailed to a stent, printed in a river of outstretched seconds burst through to cut, to light, to look up at, a productively lost but prokaryotic parody of a hedge with a massive gaping mouth, a saw for teeth and a tongue of gelatinous genitals peaking in berries and cross-flitting swallows, obligated to glisten from the muck, on hunger strike in paradise, disgusted of nowhere, sat on as a joke, it is safe to say, as a result, that the swap counterparty should gain exposure to the risks attached to the reference assets without title or any other rights in them passing to it, whatever, fine, but who, for all that second alike, even at that fork as nothing by comparison with the vital principle of permanency, down on its luck, I might not tell everybody, but I will tell you that caused such mad potent surges to erupt in me, and that made such exuberant, intense interiorities suddenly flare, that I would have palpitations, terrified that my heart would explode, and how it set up this question over and over again at a thousand different angles, pushing past and rejecting anything that sounded like an answer, to pit against the state of sound, that you try to forget, holding out for an answer that cannot be got, because it's heard when it's not given. Indurated, the ultimate macroaggression Benjy *animo nudo* shrieks for, his skull in a flap, clean your brie, now poetry, quarter-inching by spiteful entrechats over to the pickled guard rail with a twist of nettle-tip sticking out my fingernail, with which to spear his frantic eye, Benjy of the apes, a human bauble of delirium, merely wild with fear, prematurely flinching like a crab in creosote, or like snow, fresh pressed by elk's hoof, where you go, the names agree, in our ears, bendy

Benjy's surplus splurpy, cut with other sound, born to hurt, to pinch, to flick away. Here is the interpretation of your dream. The *orange pump* is the *tube in an inflatable life vest* that you squeeze and blow into to stop drowning. Blowing into it when asked is the symbol for *being invited to pause* under your breath midway through the line of the Old Arcadia if you want the job enough. It's obvious you do want the job because deep down you don't know whether you would sooner breathe or die. The utility model discloses (4) four angle junctions of an inflatable life, (4), of inflatable unit have cross vest of defending oneself, life vest distribution a plurality of inflatable unit (3), cross (3) have four blow vent (13), stretch into adjacent four respectively inflatable unit (4), be close to collar (1) has been located the mouth and has been blown up the formula and aerify hole (5), the mouth blows the formula and aerifys hole (5) and have the mouth and blow the formula and aerify hole sealed cap (6), life vest left side lower part branch is equipped with inflates gas casket (7), it aerifys hole (8) and has and aerify the gas casket and aerify hole switch (9) to aerify the gas casket, life vest right side lower part is set up separately and is responded gas casket (10), reaction gas casket (10) has reaction gas casket and aerifys hole (11), therein lies the utility model as it discloses simple structure, scientific and reasonable, stop it, put your mind away, the mode of aerifying of three kinds of difference, convenient and fast, and in the sea, ostensibly sticky Benjy, ostensibly convertible, whose unbounded sway, that day adagiodigitated on the living room sofa, yet at bay, strung up like a sackcloth of goat-hair, nailed like a tongue's tip to the sky.