

john v. nance

self destructive / advance. **dominacioun**
break

; a departure, the wetness pierces (stabs) into the ground
aroused by wratthe
a drunken stroll by history (suspended)
to meet the devels in a routine seductive
in the dark and wicked places of the world.
you alone know that cloud is a blooming tree in the garden of eden
semel

milies iterum

remarkable.
now, this is an eclectic and cosmopolitan cult
costumed and fetishised by a phony spell
Enzenberger's conscious industry booms
have found a place for you in living rooms

ayaen,

deffe centre [you bihighten, anyway]
your organs are not bareyne. remember?
the first dismantled (consciousness)
the first to taste blood and the dry choke of the dusty earth.
that fire crackle anti-life sort of sound
is the last you ever always hear [as the stars tear you apart]
Verfremdung [dislocation]

will it hurt? getting torn by the stars?

nonono, the stars don't tear you apart. listen:
they put you back together. yes, that's it.

i do not want this.

indeed a complicated act of destruction, for it does not destroy,
yes?

i suppose.

are you denying the hollowing of immediate cognitive reception,
Lyotard's corruption of time and the event?

of course not?

you are Bazin's bull

...i am?

destined to occupy a ruptured space

where your death is made and unmade

with negative cellophane.

a perversion of alive and dead

linked to a sad, sand-dune part of town

with the blood of fathers mothers daughters and sons

wa(y)ke

i did as you asked and now i am dead,

look: a polite piano concerto from an olde time state of mind
it seemed like tearing dusty lace.

safe. is it not photographic?

no. it is the undoing of the photographic.

what then? the siege of platea?

you are causing me hysteria. this cannot go on.

iknowtheenotoldmanfalltothyprayers

really?

howillwhitehairsbecomesafoolandajester (withal)

i'm sorry.

i am al bismotered with your habergeon

i am only the future that cannot be

if that future bleeds from...

stop that.

you are the infortunat ascendent torturous

the mission contingent to vast derivatives of historical

facts

that will change for every dustbin.

Cut to:

INT. LIVING AREA ON A DESOLATE SPACE COLONY AS
IT IS RUNNING OUT OF AIR

(V.O.)

Her hands were wet and cold like a reptile when she
leaned over the table cupping the rippling flame as
if catching fish underwater. She turned away with the
misty concussion of a breaking wave and sucked it
all away. He unfastened the tape and began to unrav-
el it. She moved closer to him. The bandages fell to
the ground, stained slightly red. She danced suspi-
ciously behind him and was at once saddened by what
she saw. The wound was deep, incongruous and bold.

'it happened' again.

...hello?

avant-awayt

GRAVEDIGGER: spickaxeandaspade, aspade...

buoinimob

nces into the ground

hello?

...i'm here. thinking.

about what?

come over here and i shall tell you.

the killer did not need any sort of encouragement. the very fact that he was a chopping man and a seasoned one at that was enough for the present moment. there was little to no resistance as the sharp metal pressed playfully against its skin, danced and scooped out the heart like a drain plug [and the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound]. the murderer cracked its collarbone like a nervous man with a twig thinking about his way home. gleefully he banged on its bones one by one causing wonderful pain but he was careful not to break anymore so that the frame would fit on the machine. out came its tongue and venomous snakes he attached to its ears. in great horror they left it on the wheel [as in hell] where they might see the creative mutilations celebrated within the archive of wretchedness.

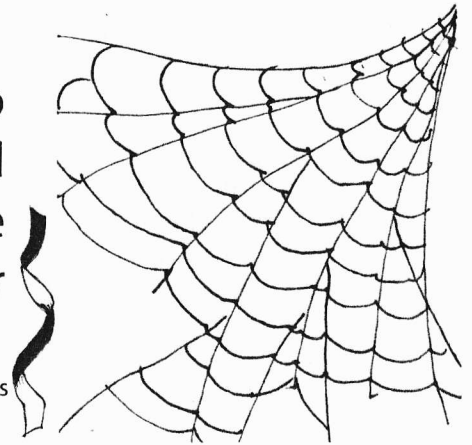
there.

christianne m. cain

Know the rules to break them. Bend the rules. The rules no longer apply. Do they?

Very loud or extremely soft speaks point. Skirt the issue. Be blunt.

Add an image, add twenty.



Beautiful words with a set rhythm defy poetry by huddling together in paragraphs

Flowery, florid prose stuffed into sporadic verse that skips across the page. Lines stretch and well.

like a regrouping army falling into ranks.

Know when to make the cut.

The forms spin and twist and slide, and soon **fall apart.**

The more color and variety, the better, as long as it doesn't look best in plain back & white.

Find significance in a random **mismatch** of jargon, names, and literary adjectives. Genres are no more.

Fight the inner editor with the force of the pen.

Don't fear the "I."

