

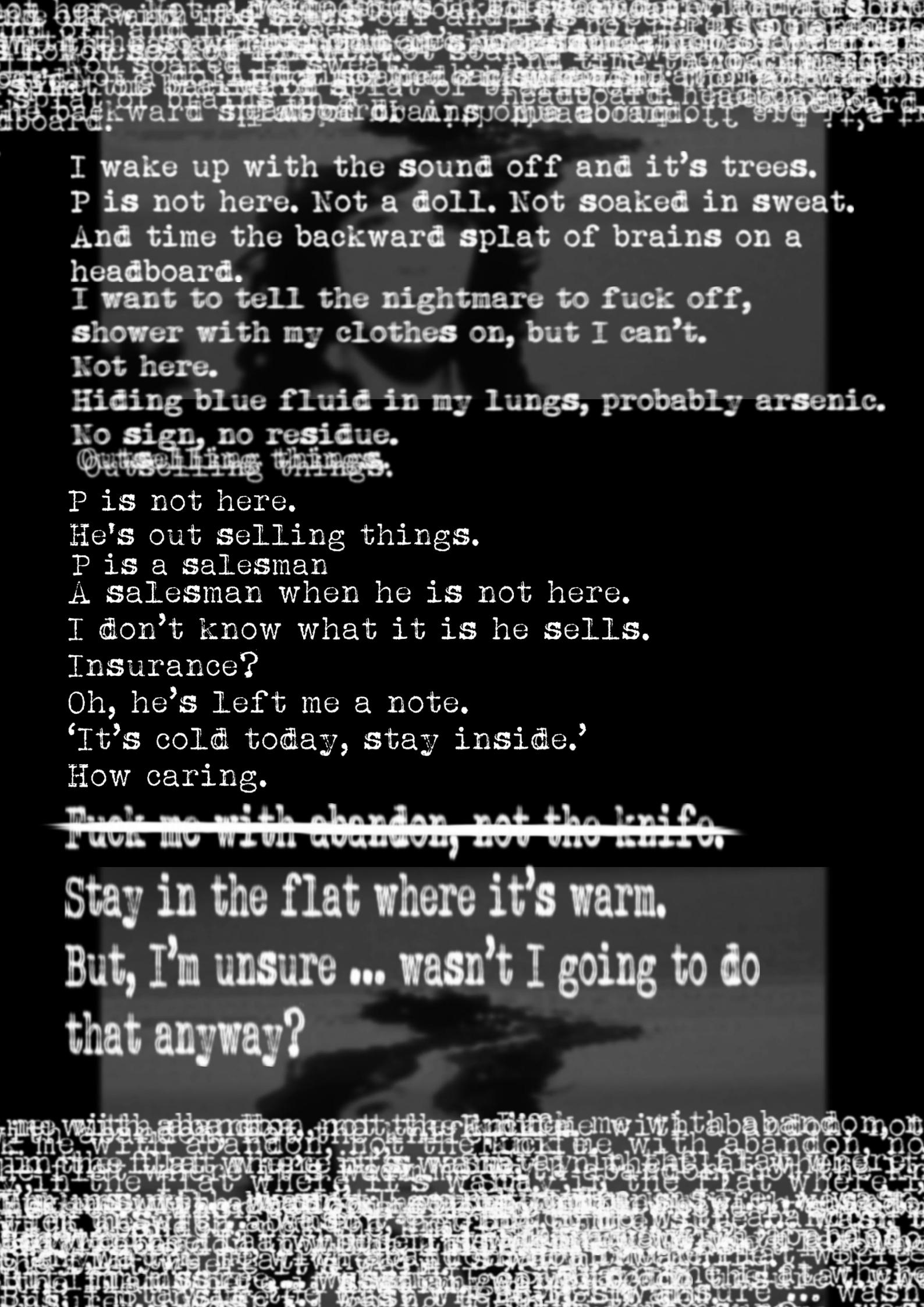
dead creatures spin  
the caustic dream, herself  
behind the madness, red echoes  
blue in her blackness  
the city and his mirror  
a maze of reflections

# ALL THE COLOUR OF THE DARK



賈棺材唔知塋好心着雷劈

dreaded static that  
doesn't flicker  
refuses to terrify



I wake up with the **sound** off and it's trees.  
P is not here. Not a doll. Not **soaked** in **sweat**.  
And time the backward **splat** of brains on a  
headboard.

I want to tell the nightmare to fuck off,  
shower with my clothes on, but I can't.

Not here.

Hiding blue fluid in my lungs, probably arsenic.

No **sign**, no **residue**.

~~Outselling things.~~

P is not here.

He's out **selling** things.

P is a **salesman**

A **salesman** when he is not here.

I don't know what it is he **sells**.

Insurance?

Oh, he's left me a note.

'It's cold today, stay inside.'

How caring.

~~Fuck me with abandon, not the knife.~~

Stay in the flat where it's warm.

But, I'm unsure ... wasn't I going to do  
that anyway?

dreadning static that  
doesn't flicker  
refuses to terrify  
dreadning static that  
doesn't flicker  
refuses to terrify  
dreadning static that  
doesn't flicker  
refuses to terrify  
refuses to terrify  
refuses to terrify

I wake up and it's snowing outside.  
The man's corneas branch.  
For a brief moment I think it's snowing  
inside the bedroom too, but then I rub  
my eyes and realise it's just winter  
hanging on the chair.

Think I'll drink my blood awhile.(l)  
Call up B, my frigid sister.  
Tell her about the nightmare.

Self-exsanguinate as she recommends  
The psychiatrist again. Or is it the psychologist?  
Your hair is brighter than mine. B  
Possibly made of gold. Made of snot.

Is that concern in your eyes or schadenfreude?

Who did my makeup?

Who crossed my legs?

Who uncrossed my eyes?

you are living  
in a state  
of fabulated time

(l) We're born naked and the rest is drag, as a wise philosopher-cum-fracking magnate once said. She's all made up, dressed in skin and ready.

Eyes like beautiful crushed tarantulas peering into peeling white rooms, grease-slick kitchen with meat popping in skillets. She plays it up, the cooking, the yelling, the fumbling with keys.

I wake up and outside you're slumped in a tunnel, collecting sound. They've misspelled the train. Covet my lips. A man will approach you in time.

P is [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED]

P is next to me, reading The Soft Machine. I don't like that book, don't like the writer either.

P tried to make me, tried to interpret my lack of desire. Says, I don't want to have sex, but which version did you read?

Because I keep seeing the man, the kitchen knife. And Burroughs shot his wife in the head<sup>(2)</sup>, and made paintings using guns.

'An accident,' says P, but I don't care, I'm already running away from any bullet holes.

That is half true.

*The bitch  
deserved it*

**you are living  
in a state**

(2) Coming home from a long day selling insurance or noxious fumes to spray arrows into soft flesh. All in a day's work. Whatever happened to that baby? Apple-small and unnamed. Plastic doll on a keychain on the keys that are being fumbled. I can't see through my lashes.

I wake up and some topless woman offers me tea. I fry the eggs. I fry the bacon. I'm out of time. I close my eyes again and realise it's still dark.

I open them again.

Outside it's snowing in reverse.

The phone rings.

The eggs are burning. There's some creepy fucker outside my window.

I get up and take off my nightgown and walk around the flat without bothering to close the curtains. I don't know why I do this but it feels like a dare. If you're out there, fuck you.

Fuck your eyes.

The piano is nearby so I sit down and play. I can't remember now.

The phone rings. I swear it's changed colour. I try to refuse, but the car is downstairs, and the engine is running.

P won't like this, I tell the topless woman, but she doesn't care.

Okay.

Which mansion?

Is it far?

I wake up and outside it's snowing.  
The lampshade is fringed.  
My limbs are sore from being stretched,  
my wrists and ankles raw from leather cuffs.  
I was bound to an operating table? A stone altar?  
I am confused as I keep seeing both hands  
where my feet should be.  
The lights are flashing.  
I'm fairly certain I had sex with my eyes  
open and my legs closed.  
As did the man I'm holding.  
As did most of the other people at the party,  
men and women, cis and trans. **And Simon and Garfunkel**  
Was it a party?  
Felt like it.  
I can't tell P, he'll change the locks again.  
Was it wrong, what I did?  
If I did do that thing that's stuck in my-

There's a knock at the door and I walk over  
and open it without thinking: it might be  
the demon from my dreams.  
Then I do think it.

I try to **slam** the door, but a **silhouette** with blue eyes<sup>(3)</sup> **stops** me.  
Holds the door open with a **missing** hand.  
I **pose inside** the background of the silhouette, frozen. The eyes are in midair.

‘I’m your neighbour,’ it **says**, and **blinks**. ‘Just moved in.’

‘I **don’t**—’

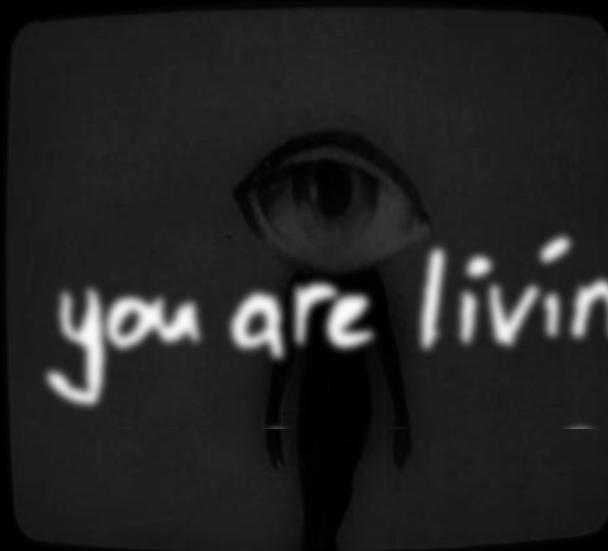
‘If you’re not **busy**, perhaps coffee?’

‘It’s—’

‘We can **sit** down and you can tell me all about the piano pieces I keep hearing you play.

I **assume** it’s you.

It must be you. Is it not?’



(3) What do blue-eyed people dream about? You can’t tell me they **see** the **same** things we do. All their **dreams** are **plastic**—**shiny**. All their **dreams** are ten hours of **jangling** **keys**. All their **dreams** are of naked women covered in corn **syrup**, eyes like beautiful twitching caterpillars. Bright pink **babydolls** melting in frying pans, **sizzle** **pop**. Snow falling. That’s what blue-eyed people dream about. All their **dreams** are blue.

I wake up and it's dark.  
I'm on the other side of the window.  
I'm out of time. There's fire and I swear  
they're drinking blood, painting their  
long fingernails gold.

Next to me is P.

He runs a hand over my waist and looks  
for a second like he wants to have sex,  
but then something shifts in his right eye  
and the hand retreats.

'Where were you last night?' he asks,  
standing up, lighting a cigarette, blowing  
the smoke trail back down onto my face.

'At the library,' I lie.

He stands there and finishes the cigarette.  
When it's done, he stubs it out on the piano  
keys and leaves the room, returning a  
minute later with a blanket.

'I'm warm enough,' I protest, but he's  
already tucking it in.

'Just to be safe, my little squirrel.'



bless you  
I love you

I wake up and outside it's snowing.  
At least that's what the window is saying.  
I'm naked by the window, throwing something up and down in the air and failing to catch it each time.

Ah, wait, isn't that the correlle they're drinking from, in the café?  
It is.

Give me a cigarette.

The phone is out of order.

'Shall we go to the mansion today?'  
'It's snowing.'

'I want to have sex there. With you. With the others. With the suit of armour in the corridor. All that suffocating history.  
I love it.'

'You go, I'll stay here.'

'And if I drag(4) you by the hair?'

'Then I'll resist.'

'And if I drag harder.'

'Then I'll stab you with these scissors.'

(4) I told you! What did I tell you? It's all drag. The hair, the nails, the screaming down the spiral stairway, crying your hot tarantula eyes out. Always a scene.

Look at my hands.

Do I have something sharp?

Would I use it if I did?

Hmm.

I think like this sometimes now  
and it's okay.

A supernatural coffee table book.

Pentagrams and big-toothed demons.

Mostly fantasy but-

P wouldn't understand, I won't tell him.

But it really is okay.

I'm sure of it.

No, I'm comfortable with it.

Warm and comfortable.

And besides, it's better than worrying  
about the corvette.

there are no people  
you are alone

I wake up and the sun is a CATHEDRAL  
though it still looks cold.  
Everyone's wearing terrible makeup and  
jewellery from ~~a hole in the ground~~ Claire's.  
The people at this orgy are not hot.  
Mansion lighting makes him look like a corpse.  
Turns her into a freshly skinned rabbit.  
Is winter persisting then?  
The phone rings.

I wake up in a field with grass in my cute hair.  
A man in a turtleneck gives me a hug.  
'It's me, I feel better now.'  
'I think you know that's not true.'  
'Sorry, there's someone at the door. Talk later.'

*Catfished.*

I put the phone back on the hook and walk  
to the kitchen. The Kathy Acker book is face  
down on the counter so I pick it up and start  
reading from where I left off.

P hates Acker, says she's too vulgar, too  
desperate to confess things.  
He's not wrong, maybe.  
Maybe those qualities are what attract me.  
Like a mirror.

But I don't own any mirrors.

I sit down next to the piano and continue reading, wondering how much is real and how much is a soundstage.

After a while, the door opens and P walks in.

The eyes are weirdly grey (blue) and his t-shirt is covered in blood.

Leave me alone with the piano, the Acker, the scissors.

The zero mirrors begin to grow.

There are two thoughts in my head.

One, I can't stand salesmen.

Two, the sound of running water.

I get up and slide the scissors across the palm of my left hand.

Red note on the bathroom ~~mirror~~.

Is this safety for safety's sake safe?

Am I safe here?(5)

my new doses of alkaloids sap your will  
my new doses of alkaloids sap your will  
my new doses of alkaloids sap your will  
my new doses of alkaloids sap your will

(5) No and what's more you need to start seeking alternate methods of protection. You need to sign up for classes. You need to be funny online. You need to join a group and you need to let that group paw at your hermit crab eyes. That's safety. In numbers. In groups. in being online. You can trust me.

my new doses of alkaloids sap your will  
my new doses of alkaloids sap your will

I wake up and outside it's snowing for effect.  
But not that much. Barely registers.  
On the table, Acker, on the screen, an ad  
for a comedy special featuring nobody  
we've heard of.

We're all a lil desperate.

Like that pack of feral children on the news  
this morning.

Reports indicate they've made it onto the  
street outside my window.

Another grey road in London abandoned  
by people moves to Cheshire.

People who wear neckties and smoke  
cigarettes instead of eating them, am I wrong?

The feral children, all teenagers, run on  
all fours over the pavement outside my  
flat: three flights down in glitz.

Shrieking, growling, laughing.

They're honest.

Maybe the only honest people left  
in Bracknell.

I never had a child, never held one,  
never was one.

The car crash returns as a pleasant flashback.  
I don't remember anything.

There's no mirrors in my home.

A silhouette leans toward me.

It eats cigarettes as the kids turn into  
dots and disappear behind buildings.

Dots that could strip the flesh from an old woman's body in seconds.

I find the pack of cigarettes on the piano bench and light up.

Tobacco goes down easier when it's on fire.

"Get me a glass of water."

The rotary phone starts to shriek. I join in.  
Pretty soon we're in love. We're in a spin.  
I say, You shred me, you really do.

Right now.  
(light and truth)  
vanished  
selling things somewhere I suppose.  
Ugly freedom?  
This is a prison.  
So warm.

I wake up.  
I'm still here.  
Right now.  
(light and truth)  
vanished  
selling things somewhere I suppose.  
Ugly freedom?  
This is a prison.  
So warm.

I wake up.  
I'm still here.  
Right now.  
(light and truth)  
vanished  
selling things somewhere I suppose.

Tired of waking yet powerless to stop it.

Tired of waking yet powerless to stop it.

Outside is usually an empty promise.

I process the procession.

I'm tired of stopping.

At least it's not snowing.

At least it's not snowing.

According to this WordPress blog, Acker was born in 1947, 1948 and 1944.

Funneled into wealth.

Escaped (with stipend).

Did pornography, stripping, file clerk duties and finally The Childlike Life of The Black Tarantula.

I think it's my favourite. (Maybe right up until I read Empire of the Senseless in slow motion, starting on page 220 and dying from it before I reach the end.)

Certain it is.

The desperation of the thing.

Here are my insanities.

Success steps in Hell.

I should read the others<sup>(6)</sup> just to make sure.

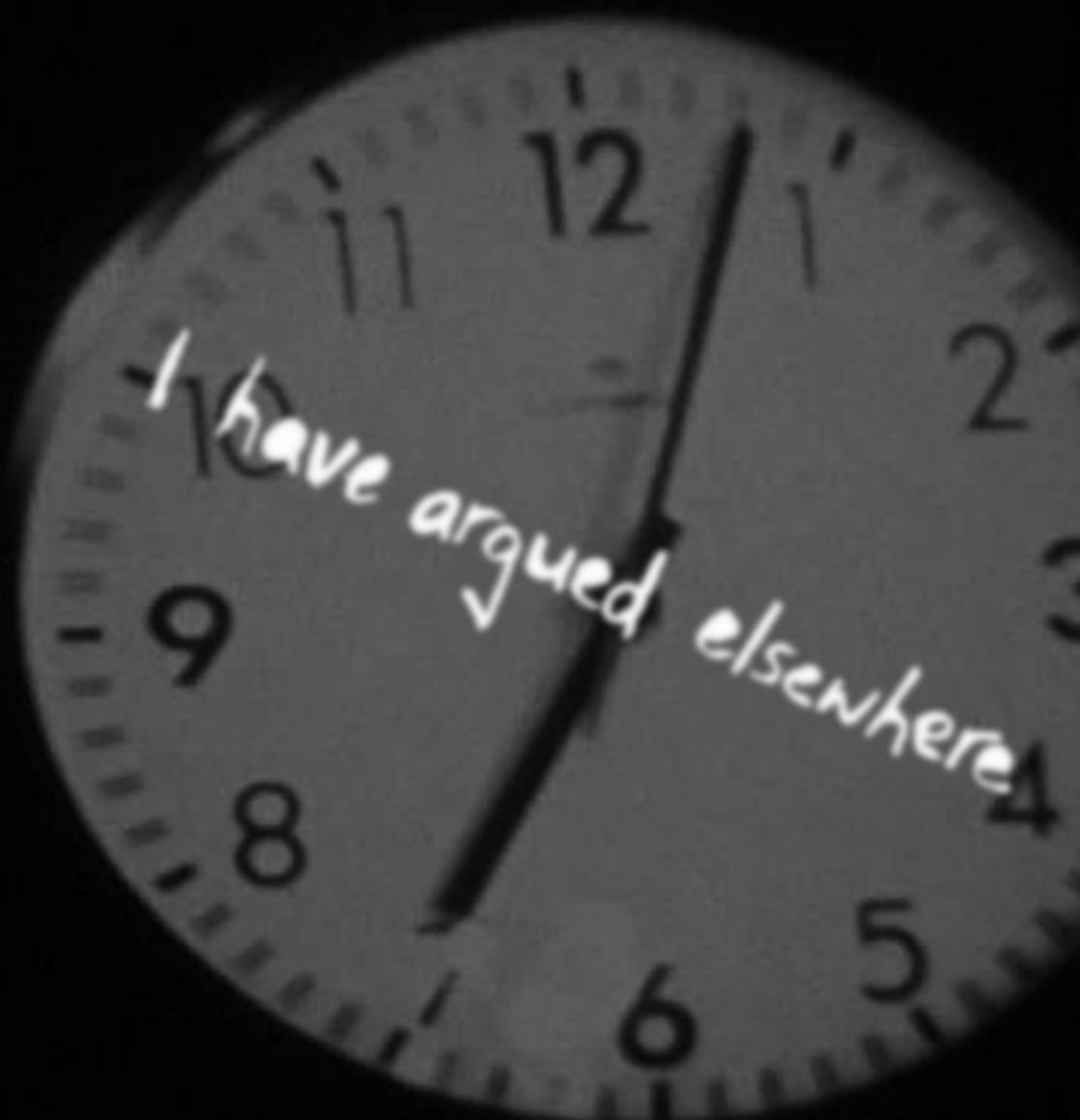
(6) Listen, yes, exactly this. Read more and watch more and we can talk about it over hissing skillets of bacon fat, like neighbors do. Here's tea. Are you making dinner for your husband? Are you grieving your mother? Are you naming the pink cube of would-be baby? Are you sure it isn't snowing?

Keep having the **same** dream.  
With no clear background.  
I don't want to call it a black void, but-  
We have **sex**.  
I don't think it's real, yet-

Keep having the **same** dream.  
With no clear background.  
I don't want to call it a black void, but-  
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Keep having the **same** dream.  
With no clear background.  
I don't want to call it a black void, but-  
We have **sex**.  
I don't think it's real, yet-

Wait, I'm back in the psychiatrist's office.  
Invent a machine to crawl inside my head.  
Some tunnel of light.  
Come back and leave me.



Not completely unexpected but the  
psychiatrist's glasses are deeply chic.  
The mansion with all the distractions  
is still there, sadly.  
Deserted and defunct.  
Defunct?

I've been inside and there's really no one  
around, no evidence that anyone ever was  
in the place to begin with, apart from a  
few scummy condoms.

I hope to god—

Maybe it never happened?



I wake up with one wrist bound in the leather cuff.

It's easily undone.

As am I.

It's cold in the room I remember.

The room with the fireplace, which before was warm.

There are animal pelts on the walls, on the floor, used as rugs and tapestries.

Dumb art, masks, beads hanging from the chandelier.

The furniture is antique.

The carpets are thick, and burnt all over with cigarettes.

A smooth marbled obelisk in the corner has a face that looks like P.

I understand that I am not accustomed to being here.

There are bodies moving in the cold empty room.

Moving to a rhythm that doesn't repeat.

The ceremony is taking place.

The smell of incense. A metallic taste of blood on my lips—someone else's?

The room is abandoned, completely silent. I walk through the room naked. A knife in my hand or in my leg.

others watch me watch TV.(7)

I let the others watch me watch TV.(7)

(7) We always are. This is healing. You're sick when you're alone. You have to let all those blue eyes click click click away. Reflected in their eyes, you're small, a little photograph, a short movie. A tiny snuff film. That's safety.

It's snowing again.

P is still not back from his ether-selling tour.

I'm alone with Acker.

Kathy.

K.

She's telling me to watch Futurism videos  
online as that's where the occultism is.

I tried one last night.

The colonisation of Pluto.

And now she wants me to try more.

Insists on it.

She's quite controlling for a crackhead.

More extroverted than the demons but  
pretty much the same effect.

I may or may not listen to her.



This snow is incessant.  
Reminds me of the time before the crash,  
when P and I were arguing over baby  
names, and P suggested Vampire.  
As in the little shit will suck us dry.

Thank gods for that crash.  
Now I think about it.  
Even though the wound is still wide open.  
Neither of us wanted a baby.  
I barely want myself.  
And P would've smothered the poor thing  
in blankets all the time, especially if it'd  
been a girl. Maybe swear how much he  
would never molest her when she grew  
into a teen. Never molest me either.

Sex is dead, as a mother.  
It's true.  
Can't finger yourself with a baby there,  
crying, gawping at you.  
Can't finger the correlle.  
Can't be fingered by the correlle.  
Can't take a-



Didn't know this but the Oort Cloud is  
not actually a cloud.

It's an asteroid belt.

But not a belt, more like a huge vague  
expanse where you can just disappear  
and never have to communicate with  
another human being ever again.

Is that horror to you, K?

To me, it's a yes.

I would go there right now if I could,  
if it weren't snowing so much outside.

If it were 2823, not-

trying to find the right station



A NOTE STUCK ON THE BATHROOM  
MIRROR, IN MY HANDWRITING:  
I'm still here, P.

Please don't come back.

I despise you.

We all do.

Kathy does too.

But mine is stronger.

I DESPISE YOU.

I despise the space you took up on  
the other side of the bed. The fleshy,  
disgusting lump you must've resembled  
when sweating on top of me.

Your shit Japanese.

Your even shittier Croatian.

I don't think you've ever sold anything.

You robbed stuff though. Didn't you?

Robbed from this flat.

From whatever bed I just woke up in.

From these random old people in some  
random kitchen reading the newspaper,  
drinking from corolle cups.

This is my mirrored realm.

And I'm leaving.

To watch Futurism videos in the mansion that,  
with a bit of luck, won't be deserted anymore.

To watch Futurism videos in the mansion that,  
Don't follow me.

Don't follow me.

watch Futurism videos in the mansion that,  
the watchful Butlers, is on the video screen that,  
with a bit of luck, won't be deserted anymore.  
Don't follow me.  
Don't follow me.



Soak up the Akashic Record

time to stop your scheming

do you understand words?

we sympathise with  
ourselves

what is a word?

There is no stopped state

Future is the dagger tense, present the-

# ERICK YSTE



I WEAR FULL MAKE-UP TO BED

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO WATCHES YOU SLEEP

Robynol  
Low-dose

Witch

I WEAR FULL MAKE-UP TO BED  
I AM YOUR BED YOUR MAKE-UP  
I WATCH YOU SLEEP YOU OF KID WEFT

Witch

SCREWDRIVER  
INCISE  
YOUR ABDOMINAL GASH  
HARVEST YOU FOR EGGS LIKE A STURGEON  
THE POPPIES OF HELIOGABALUS  
THE POMEGRANATES OF A CAR CRASH  
BOTTOMLESS  
SQUEAKING GASH  
SOFT FOCUS GAUZY FUZZ  
BLOOM FILTER  
GAMEY BREATHERS  
ARTHritic STOOP RS  
ON ANTICOAGULANTS P  
AT ONE WITH THE ALGORITHM  
THE ALGORITHM A SPECULUM  
EGG MACHINE FOREVER PERFORM  
PEOPLE WATCHING ME LEADEN UNDER  
BUSTED  
FOR A SUBSCRIPTION FEE  
WATCHING ME LEADER UND  
BUSTED





**FOLLOW**



allInferno



A black and white photograph of a person's face, looking slightly to the side with a neutral expression. The image is framed by a dark border. Overlaid on the center of the face is a white rectangular button with the word "FOLLOW" in bold, black, sans-serif capital letters. To the right of the button is a white circle containing a black plus sign. The background is dark and textured, possibly a wall or a screen.

FOLLOW





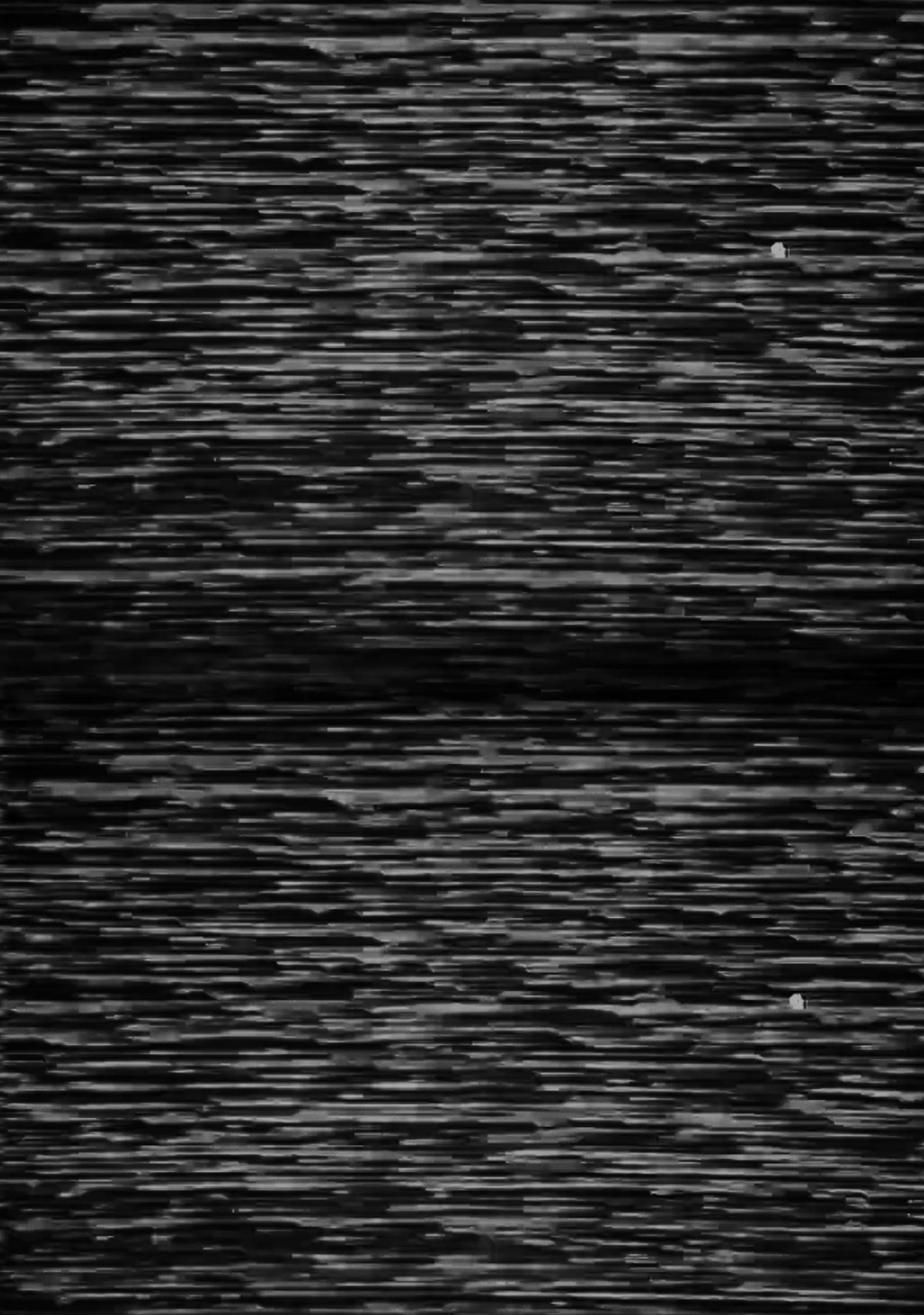


NE

SIS



印  
中  
國  
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民  
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印





(8) If no one looks at me today, I'll scream.





Don't be afraid



to let your body die

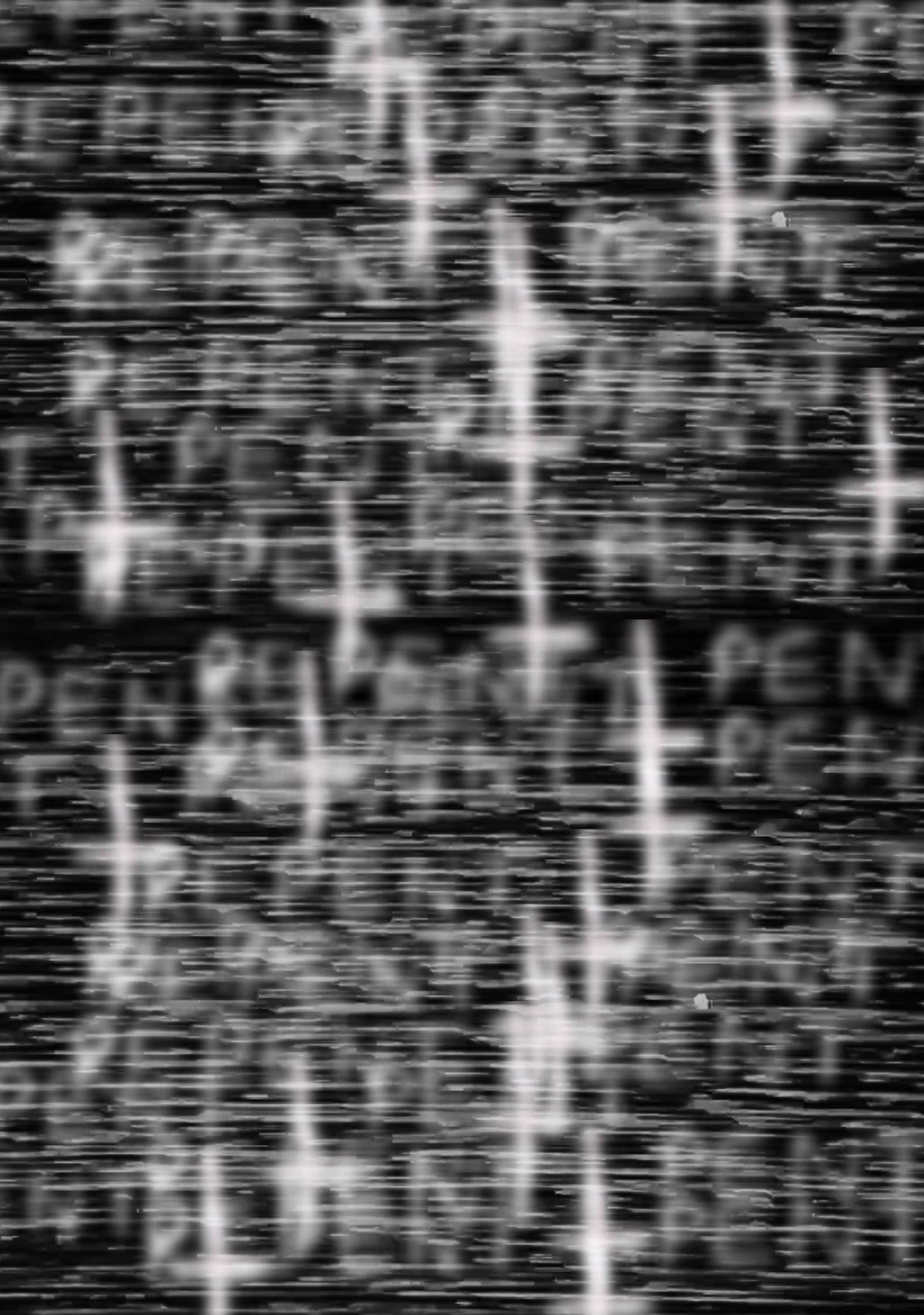




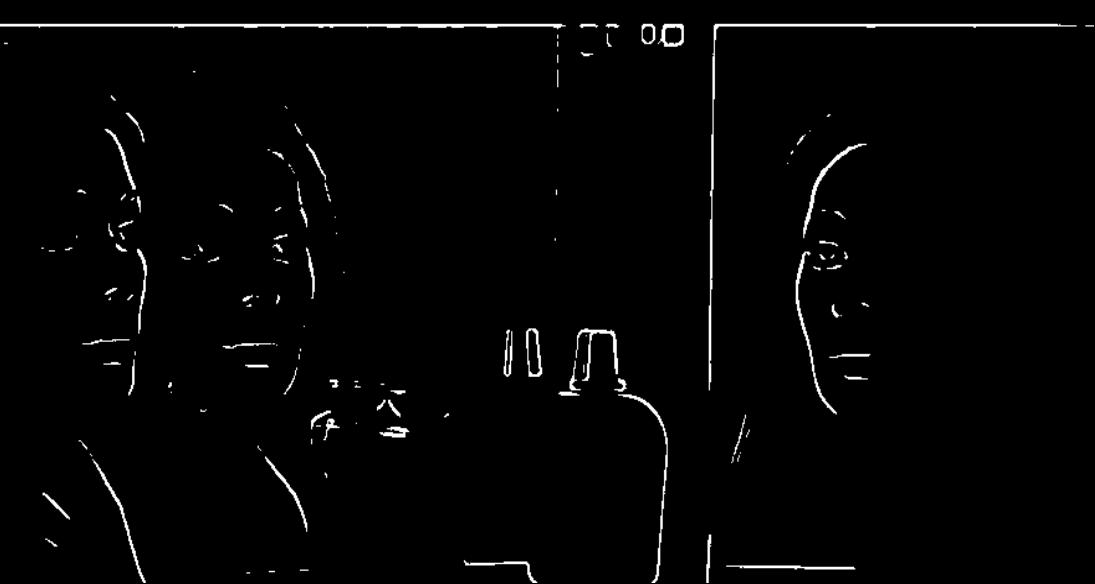
body  
oil



AMP X







I wake up and it's Neptune.  
Hovering there like a blue pedophile.  
I'm not sure I'll make it through.

It's just me and K.

Kathy.

And the rest of the Collective.

They're not so bad.

Less intrusive than P.

More laidback.

Drugged?

I leave the bed and sit down at the piano.

Play a few keys of that Goblin melody.

What should I do today?

Shiver?

Go for a walk?

1000



I think I'll just stay put, spend some time with K.

I wake up and it's Neptune outside but I don't care cos the nightmare's come back again.

Stuck in the old flat.

P dropping endless blankets on top of me.

Insisting that it's snowing.

Making a cup of red tea.

Pulling out a giant map of Brindisi.

Washing the blood, who buffers between naked and blank Inuit.

The proper word is Inuit, Jane.

Calling me Carol.

Demonstrating something called a graviton emitter.

And the climax is always the same.

He evaporates.

Orders me to clean him up as he does so.

With what, I ask.

Then the bed.

Roking me with a bloodied dick stump.

P is dick stump.

But I don't feel anything.

Cos it's not me lying there.



ROHYPNOL WITCH CAN  
EXTRACT EGGS FROM A  
DICK STUMP

ROHYPNOL WITCH CAN  
EXTRACT EGGS FROM A  
DICK STUMP

ROHYPNOL WITCH CAN  
EXTRACT EGGS FROM A  
DICK STUMP

It's the liar.  
The fraud with the-  
I get up, light a green cigarette, walk over to Neptune.  
Glare at its blueness.  
Some help you are, I say.  
Fuckin snow glo-  
Fuckin [REDACTED]-



I wake up and it's Pluto.

Kathy is next to me, face down on P's pillow.

Open at pages 38-39.

The second step of my success begins in Hell.

No one notices me despite my jacket face.

I told you, I'm a-



there is no big rush  
prepare to analyse

I try to teach myself base politics and post-humanist thought but I begin again to starve.

This is so incredibly real.

Much more real than the London flat.

The P delusion.

Anyone is a silhouette.

Viewed through a blank screen.

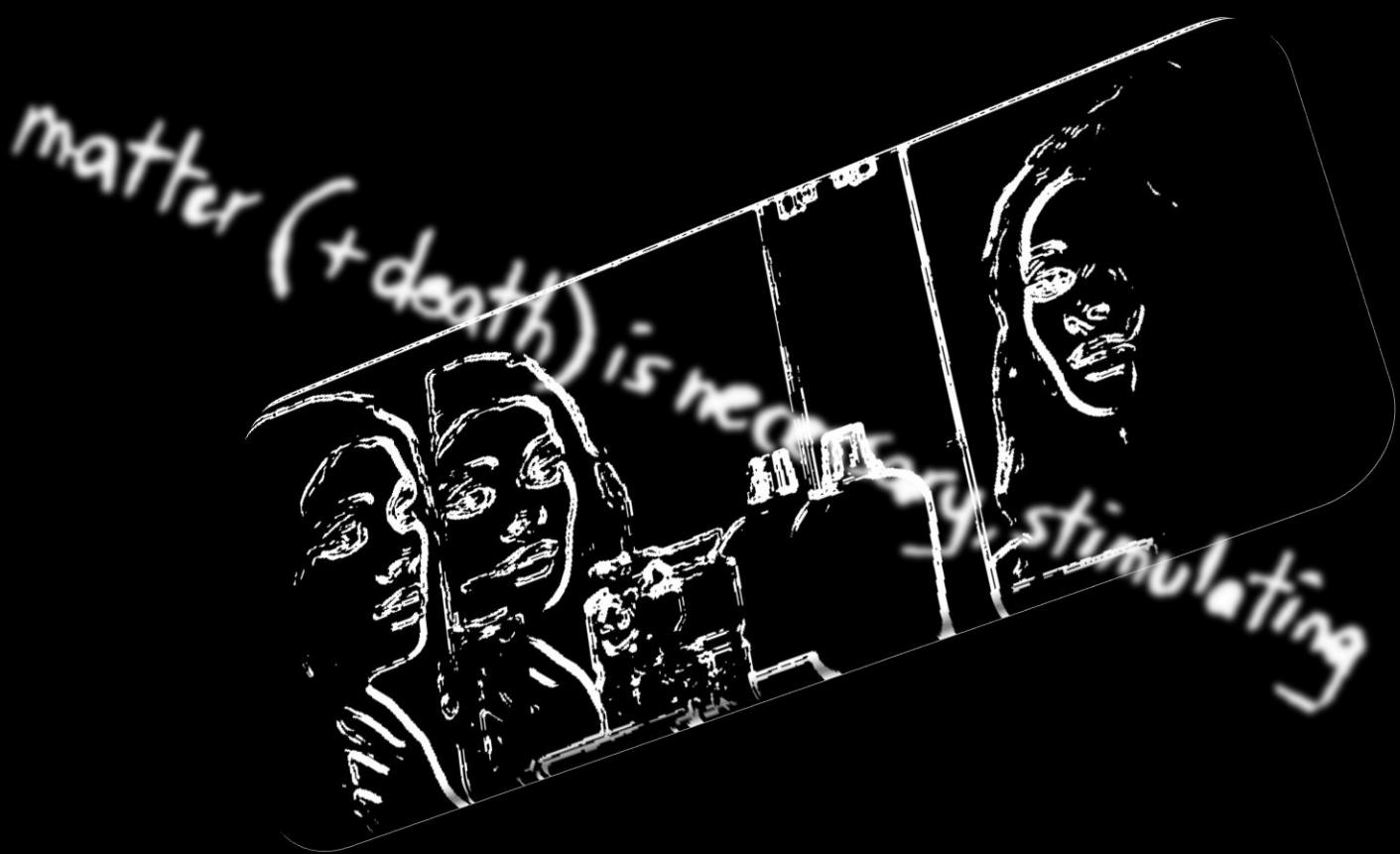
The blue eyes are racial.

The blue eyes are Neptune(8).

That's not where I am anymore.

There is success and a bead curtain on this base and that's okay with me.

You're not who you-



(9) Blue-eyed people dream in sans serif font. They dream in billboards. They dream of licking laptops.

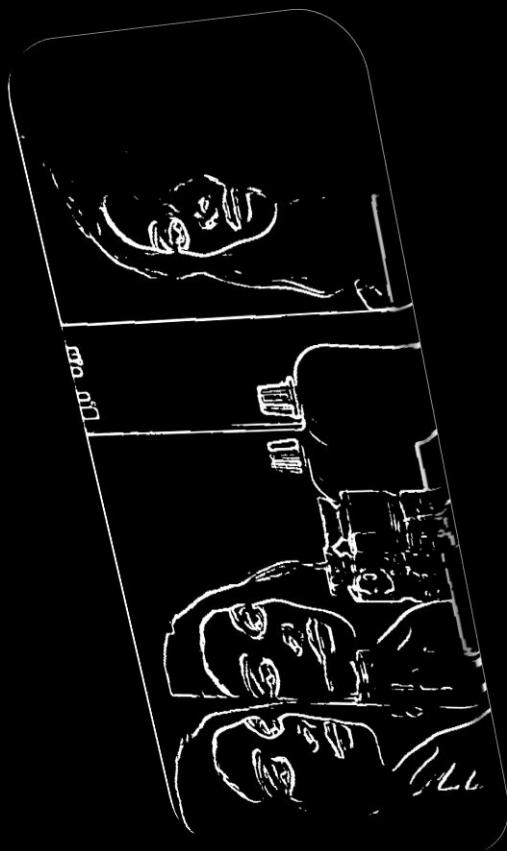
I feel angry.

I feel elated.

I want out of this place, please  
don't banish me.

Ugh.

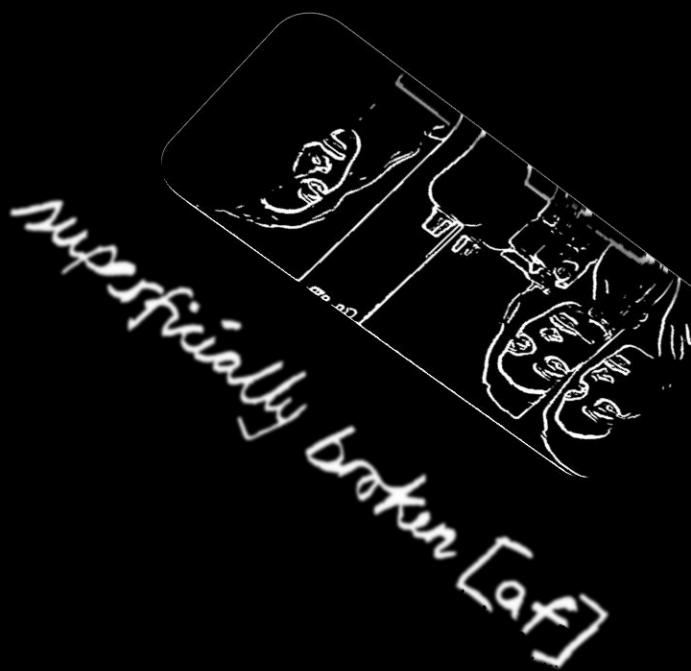
buried like a food inside  
repetitive text



A lookalike approached me in the base canteen today, demanded to know why I'd been blanking her for the last two months.

I refused to look at the witch, looked instead at the lizard faces observing the scene and said, 'I do not know this woman.'

The lookalike didn't like this answer and slapped me in the face, asked me again the same vapid question, and, once more, I faced the other lizards as a general mass of lizardry and said, a little harder, 'I do not know this woman.' 'I do not know this woman.'



I wake up and it's nothing which means it is in fact the Oort Cloud.

Finally. . . it's nothing

Though Carol did say once that it's not actually as empty and remote as they—the Oort Cloud.

Finally.

Though Carol did say it's up and running, as it is in actuality as empty and remote as the rest of the city, so that it's not surprising that they're

I wake up at  
which means it's  
the Oort Cloud.  
Finally. carol

Finally.  
Though  
actually

Finally, though Carol  
actually a  
cloud, which  
was up in  
the fort  
Finally,

1

10

10

remote

remote as

that it  
ote as t

at it's  
e as the

they-  
it's not  
as they-

ney—  
t's not  
they—

not  
sy-  
s not  
si-

30

170418



I love you



There are no people  
you are alone

MY PRECIOUS LITTLE  
SQUIRREL



there are no people  
you are alone  
there are people  
you are alone

(10) Brush your hair. It's time to go out.

I feel strange for no reason and so for that reason.  
See also A Lizard in a Woman's Skin.

See how a satanic cult is a starter kit for mumsnet.

To keep my eyes this wide I need to watch  
my mother die, multiple times a day.  
It's also easy to lose a child in a car crash.  
So much debris. So?

No more bad dreams, only cliches.

I don't feel real unless I'm plotted in advance.  
I wouldn't worry, but who's that in the background  
of my colonoscopy?

My ideas are very amusing, I think.

My straight razors are bent.

Nobody is alone in the dark: there's the dark,  
there's everything that's hiding there.

I don't feel real means touch me with your  
fake nails, make me free.

I'm so tortured I'm torturing women.

See also Don't Torture a Duckling.

If you kill me in an art gallery, do I really die?

Neurotic for the fun of it.

Neurotic for the fun of it.

**Fragile for the breaks.**

What's with all these doe-eyed women with  
carving knives in their backs?

**See also Stab Me Sideways in My Red Stilettos.**

**Being seduced by big black spiders sounds seedy.**

I get aroused by the fur.

I get these throbbing lycanthrope headaches.

Love me in leather gloves.

So many gorgeous blue eyes to undress me  
with on this black tarantula.

My Kathy Acker doll has bad hair and perfect skin.  
It has murderous tattoos and nephitic piercings.

My Kathy Acker doll has bad hair and perfect skin. It has numerous tattoos and nephritic piercings.

And a big fuck-off cleaver.

And a big fuck-off cleaver.

**She kills me everywhere I go.**

See also It's Not Easy to Swallow Spaghetti With Your Throat Cut.

See also or not.

See also or not.

I become a murderess hysterical start screaming  
louder and louder I become a murderess hysterical  
start screaming louder and louder become a  
murderess hysterical start screaming louder and  
louder become hysterical start screaming murderess  
louder and louder become  
murderess  
hysterical start  
screaming louder louder wraith-like become  
screaming

murderess hysterical Hyperion SHE become  
K and P and  
ENTER MURDER ESS!  
MURDER FOR PROPHET  
BLOOD IN THE PARKOUR  
BLEEEEEED IN PLUTO WITCH  
DEEPER RED  
ROGUES AND PERVERTS AND

ROGUES AND PERVERTS AND

is that the bayou ?

do trees grow in hell or  
in dreams or in wet substances  
other than dirt ???

sound layered in shape  
my breathing staccato red font  
slap it in the foliage  
we're saturating colour anyway

sky gently (a nightmare of ejection)  
hospital bed filled w/  
the shape of the lamp as u clutch  
my tweed + wrist

washing my haireyelashes nightgown lippy shadow  
the drain (lower?lashbambi) gaze

I wake up and its throat has been  
cut, bleeding into a large bowl,  
over the edge of which its head  
hangs pathetically.

fearful pill dissolve  
she twists in a way i do not  
when ur lips fall into the sheets  
freeze frame art project left  
on a makeupped operating table  
(slumber ??between slats)  
(why van gogh ??why)

11??

I wake up and notice my own skin,  
not white but a faint green shade,  
the colour of a goat's egg.

cigarette as measurement  
?time  
?distance  
?width  
the luxury of vulgarity  
?begrudged ?bewildered  
(concentrated) (danger)  
(car ride) (fear)  
competent brown suede  
deeply recognized in pools  
of dreany lightning

cold, dear? **THE KNEE ENTERS** are you

???

mom chair (breasts removed)  
mom chair (teeth shined)  
mom chair (knife repeated)  
mom chair when the trendy coats steal  
colour backwards  
magnificent

??like a cutout

furniture with cutouts for  
knives + chests  
hollow but for the bloodfat  
backwards as descent into memory  
we twinkle the keys, eyes blurry  
teary

|                 |      |
|-----------------|------|
| Faded troubles? | yes! |
| Presumption?    | yes! |
| Manslaughter?   | yes! |
| Doctor?         | no!  |

normalXXXXcore breakfast in a bureau apartment  
built around army green + emergency orange  
wrapped at the throat  
lifted, mournful kisses or  
casual turtlenecked disappointment //

metallic sisterhood worn  
at the top of the shelf  
competent, competent

## SURPRISE MURDER

stilettos knife heels blown around dead trees  
a sign of the times  
the smell of the season

I wake up and struggle, towards  
the female shore.

## DOES BEING IN THE DARK

## DOES BEING IN THE DARK

I wake up and doggy-paddle, towards  
the topless male shore.

sniffing between the scenes  
familiar but violent ACID JAZZ  
familiar but vibrant like a shadow  
drag my eyebrows across my face  
shave + drown me  
zoom in to the empty chair (syndrome)  
empty chair (syndrome)

# SYNDROME SYNDROME

syndrome:

sorry fearful crazy girl

sorry terrorized vitamin girl

sorry lonely sane girl

sorry for the un-serious disturbance

sorry for taking the tube back to the base  
of the stomach

back to the base of your stomachthroat

I HATE TO CONTRADICT U, JANE

blackout trench acid jazz let's run  
into traffic + call it a season

at last, a temple  
a station from the future

Is it me waking up or the crystal?

# THE KNIFE ENTERS

matching trenches

(is this  
witchcraft?)  
(is this?)  
// is this  
witchcraft  
is this //  
witchCRAFT

back to bac

I wake up in a cavern whose bells  
give out a melody in the Lydian mode  
give out a melody in the Lydian mode

# STOP RID

shot in the dark hunger  
you say picture, but mean film  
join the pant-free variety  
clinging to the safety of rain  
+ its wetness

next stop acid jazz in the leather weather  
tumbling from camera flash antics,  
the soundtrack sells me an audio recording  
of conquest + cheap supplements  
wipe up  
?up

I wake up inside and behind  
K  
chiding her.

park bordered by oblivion  
(like my heart!)

i watch fog settle in your loud  
pleading (matching) like my heart  
who are all these similar beauties  
with simple, earnest names

leaded glass indoors

sarcastic sexism always wears lace  
chokers (matching)

we sit  
w/ exposed breasts but relaxed  
like a ruffle at lunch

camera sound, JANE  
kitchen window burn, JANE  
he's coming to get you, JANE

goddamn it jane there are no warnings  
no smoky elevator unravel only  
panic knock!!!!!!

then, nothing

There are no people  
you are alone

There ~~aren't~~ ~~enough~~ ~~tissues~~ left  
to clean up this gunk

powdery eyes (matching) carpet  
burned egg promise of a locked door  
tension  
doesn't make me laugh

i am greeted  
by the most unforgiving bitch in the world  
sinister fear (moroccan sconce)  
deep synthetic sister clinging to my stairs  
to the purple doored cupboard like  
jean flares + chunky heels

perfuming my breasts w/ my sister's  
husband

chattering into or onto the mirror (laughter)  
endless clothing slip  
(slip?sheer blouse)  
(slip ?off the chair)  
(slip ?into my husband's sister)  
(slip ?mutton sleeve cape fantasy)

clinging to the dolly movement of wind  
or trees  
?another beautiful blonde  
?on a park bench

luxury plates ? luxury plates ? luxury plates

I'm a pianist, a hysteric, a helpmeet,  
in Ernst collage, a dark force con-  
trolling me from the wickedness of  
NEPTUNE

ENTER  
THE KNEE ENTERS  
THE KNEE ENTERS

THE KNEE ENTERS  
THE KNEE ENTERS

cure the  
?meat  
?sickness  
?wooden furniture  
?grassy knoll  
?kitten foot  
?distant trust

hail  
?satan  
?seitan  
?eggs

hair?  
?human  
?plastic  
?mix

I wake up in Engineering. Beside a  
paper sign that says ENGINEERING.  
A green hologram saying,  
'Engineerable.'

commercial for logistics company  
selling modules  
of something I've never heard of  
lost child handicam in a british  
morning

gathered + different leather

oh, it's quite a well made jacket  
tiled + intricate  
zippered + flushed  
plotted + teased  
worn + sticky  
suburban + satanic (panic)  
the door! the face! the eyes!  
the key! the door! the eyes!  
the face! the key! an axe!  
wait, wasn't it a knife before?

It's a nothing day leaking abject  
nothingness so I put up my dead  
sister's old bead curtain. Construct  
a fibreglass clone of P and position  
him on the adversarial side.

It's a nothing day leaking abject  
nothingness so I put up my dead  
sister's old bead curtain. Construct  
a fibreglass clone of P and position  
him on the adversarial side.

There is an electronic device in his mouth. It attempts to speak, drools out syrup instead, the syrup I got from the yurt fong to make his voice sweeter, less foreign.

i thought so

///?///

hidden conversation in the woods,  
we look for it in a castle to spite our elders,  
to smile at the grandchildren  
waving from beyond the garden wall

(satan)

endless pattern of home or eye  
slow ascension to fear from  
madness to madness  
dog skull down the stairs into the  
waiting arms

(satan)

(90s sweater commercial)



It's 10:38 am back in Kensington and  
I'm here in the sleazy part of the  
Cloud.

eyes so wet + uneven it seems obvious  
we all have great hair + expensive capes  
but i'm sure you knew that  
before we murdered something cute  
(star trek extra)  
(meaning of life extra)  
(corpse paint extra)  
(high fashion extra)  
(keyboard smash extra)  
(dream sequence extra)

this wasn't a scene until i got drunk at christmas  
breast blood hopeful

funkadelic undressing such a special orgy  
drink with bachai nails don't  
split me with your stupidity

(satan)

dog blood kisses + hair holding  
we enter the next phase

(satan)

the softest tail

don't worry about my strangely pointed freedom  
or deadly shroud sleeping between jut, painted  
onto lifeless bosom of any beautiful woman

on to lifeless bosom of any beautiful woman  
or deadly shroud between jut, painted  
onto lifeless bosom of any beautiful woman



more pages, more splaying wildly, more  
hot dogs but not the food  
the sexy dog  
on the trail in italian made leather

is it confronting fear or using too many  
pages for even more italian leather

IS THAT A QUESTION

IS THAT A QUESTION ??

what an epic fuckin weekend  
to drive through the frontroom window  
lipsticked mirror homemade tattoo  
we crush the wicked glass with good  
wigs + arthritic fingers

as a beautiful woman, i've learned all beautiful women do this:  
Diligent  
Witch



as a beautiful woman, i've learned all beautiful women do this:  
??hallucinate  
??stroke their own cheekbones in a three-way mirror  
??sip tea joyfully  
??slam on breaks  
??leave lover at café  
unsmoke multiple cigarettes  
??dabble in the occult (when stressed)  
??not hang up phone when done  
??perfect eyebrows (inside the mouth of a demon)

There's intrigue on the base  
base intrigue  
monster ingratitude  
misty guilt **What is so strange about**  
peculiar joy **trying**  
anxiety + **to kill u when u want to**  
a renegade gang of occultists  
dressed up as Kontolians  
hammering at the airlock  
trying to rip off my see-thru gown,  
crying, 'male, male, male, male,  
male, male, male thrives in colder  
climates, in a pervert's test tube,  
on Joanna Russ' petri dish, and  
so on and so on and so on and so

cockney key brooch dagger collar tea  
as a print, not a drink  
or maybe both  
(satan)

burning my pint glass in front of the  
wet record player  
smell that vibe  
free from fear w/  
candle wax fingers or  
stalked by nightmare eyeballs +  
kissed by bloody doglips  
cultist strangers become cultist spouses  
sketched like a hacking cough  
pages of phlegm held like a sweet

**SORRY,  
U HAVÉ TO STAB UR WEIRD HOT  
NEIGHBOUR  
• HAVE SEX IN HER BLOODY  
CLOTHES**  
**SORRY      SORRY**

honestly,

# a sex dungeon in the old light

of day

is tough even if ur not

## hungover

'KEEP US THERE. HIMIKO.

I wake up and the airlock is silent.  
A note in the conduits:

FIREPLACE POV

?hot flames

?hot bodies

?hot cider

?bourbon (warm)

?hot tracking device

anyway, it's coffee + cigarettes or  
cocktails + 100 freshly spawned monarchs  
flapping in the open sky

?????

It's snowing on Neptune,  
goat's blood,  
anthropomorphize the urge to talk  
on the phone//  
from a traveling salesgoat

doomed cursed breath

fogging the window

even in the dark

we see the droplets, the colours,  
surprise doors + cell stumble  
a chenille bedspread, finally !

cannibalistic in origin we draw  
each lash from the rooted waterline  
station wagon sliding past a mountain  
icy?icy

passing intrusion wake the neighbourhood

?WAKE THE DEAD

trusted elderly fracture incident accident accent  
(sinister)

# (Satan?) Satchi Satchi

discordant sharpback seen  
via hamstrings

no, no that's HARP strings  
dusty + grand  
like a disused ballroom  
the shape of colours curled  
gold quarters of shadow slip under the door  
frozen??halfmoon  
even in death  
locked kitchen,

keeping kept held beneath the  
dark

beyond limits in merciful colour  
vibrant teacup expansion

For the first time in days, years, weeks, minutes, I feel the sensation of my own body getting up from the bed and the watercolour carpet JANE

abrupt shock of the metal floor.

The others call it carpet.

you have a sign on your body

?just like your mother

??JANE

I meander via the piano to the door

where P is waiting to take me to

zoom in hand punch eye blood green shadow  
the base canteen.

green shadow POV:

??luscious

?I peel the vegetables, he vanishes  
inside the steam.

??beaded brushed out curls

??insipid cigarette

??hysterical gown

??strong roots

'Don't feel real,' I mutter to the bok choi.

??nipples

??everyone's imagination, darling

'Oh darling, help me,' it mutters back.

**PRONE, JANE!**

**SERPENTINE, JANE!**

hidden presence  
until it's stabbing ur mother  
in the chest??amiright !?

i know you've been lying

///

oh, NOW there's neighbours?

good.

good.

from man  
a female  
to man

how vile

highschool firing squad for the dreamyeyed sexcapades

you just drive like that

i thought you were insane

but that's just how you drive

I wake up exhausted by the un-  
pleasures of the Oort Cloud, the  
third ledge, the fourth ledge,  
the death grotto, the blackish  
oh darling, reality of all this -  
help me

from man

a female gateway

to man

a female gateway

a female gateway

a female gateway

## male gateway

oh darling,

help me

Name three things that make your fears recurring.

for your peace of mind.

Name *your fingertips*

for your peace of mind.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

1980 336 Early June

Name something you could not be used for.

Describe your act.

smells.

100-1000

100

Describe the way people act.

1000

### FORMATIVE PURPOSE OF MIND

24

1000 Years of Chinese Art

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

Name your life

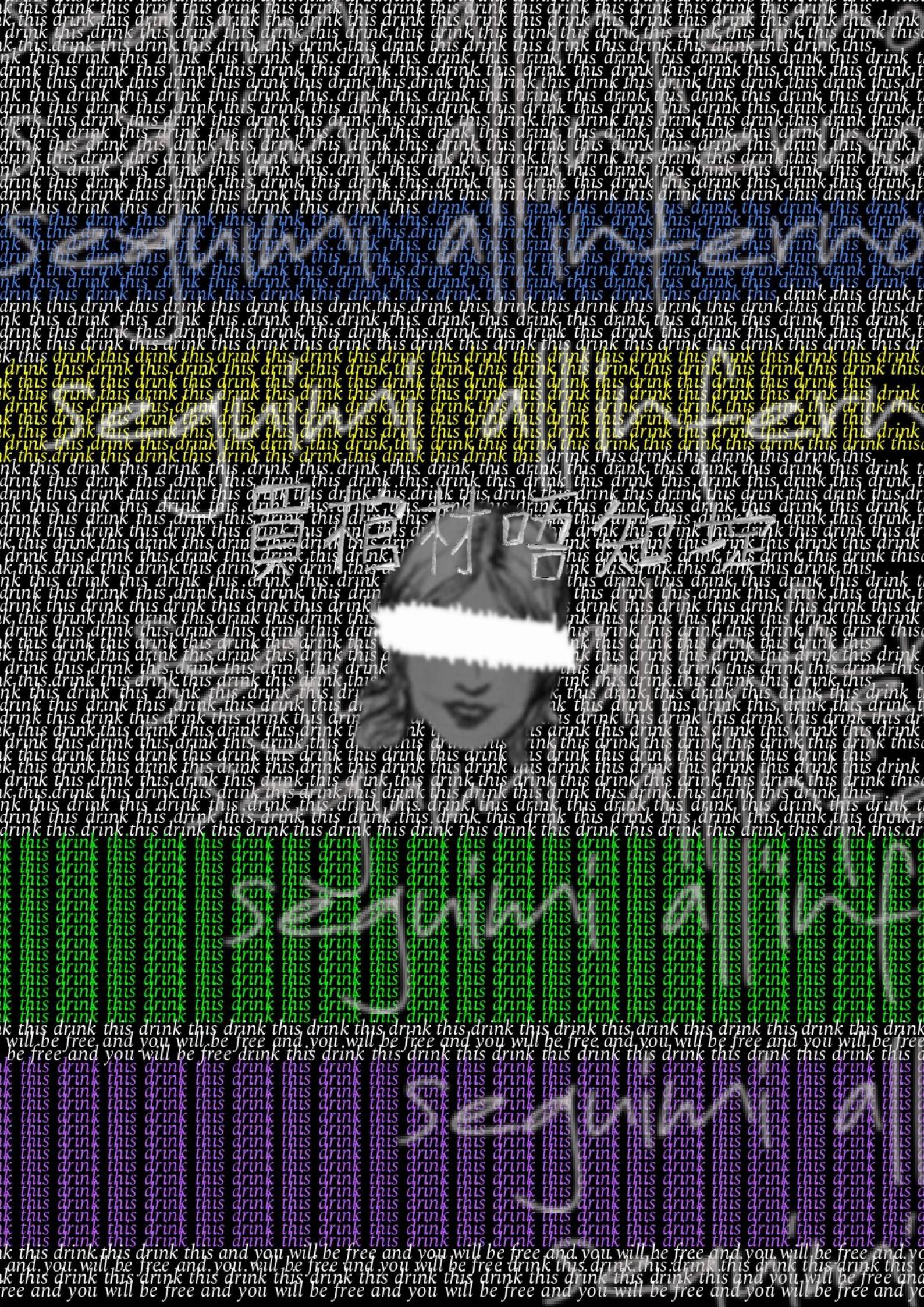
Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Doppelfind

to be interesting or

Learn English with EnglishClub.com

## Development



Get back  
to zero

Have you ever had to face your

## zombie panic?

all you can eat pizza

your childhood beauty found in chaos

where no man has gone

Citibank has served you.

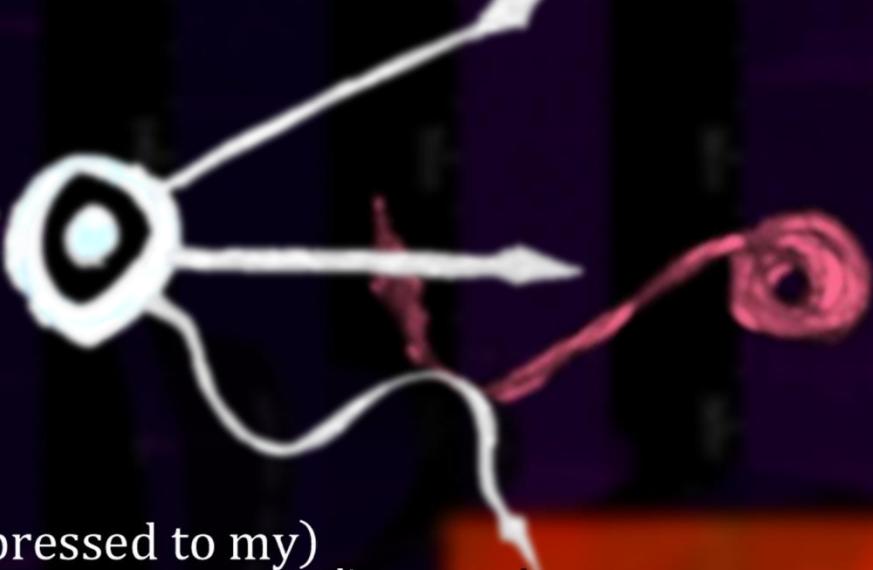
LEARN MORE AT [WWW.PYTHON.ORG](http://WWW.PYTHON.ORG)

Wake up, alone, carrying the body of Siloen...to fuck knows where.

I wake up, alone, carrying the body of Siloen...to fuck knows where.

INK THIS AND YOU WILL BE FREE

oh darling  
help me



(The vial + pressed to my)

lips was no longer  
only a liquid  
but a probability,  
a solvent of certainty. =

Its blue shimmer was a

$\sum$   
mathemagical operator, = 0

shifting  
the  
lattice of  
what I  
could  
perceive.

(■) I watched <sup>as knives</sup> <sub>glinted in ritual arcs,</sub> <sup>a</sup> <sub>n-k</sub>

$f(\blacksquare) = \blacksquare +$

∞ each one lessa weapon than a

$\sum_{n=1}$

$\left( \begin{array}{l} \text{glyph}_{\text{inscribed}} \text{ into } \overline{\text{the}} + \\ \text{state-space of } \text{my } \text{delirium.} \leftarrow \begin{array}{c} \blacksquare \blacksquare \\ \blacksquare \end{array} \end{array} \right)$

The chanting     ...     swelled as though this cult  
...  
itself were a     ...     stochastic system,

*each* voice a vector     =  
tilting the manifold     +  $\frac{\text{of meaning.}}{1!}$   
+  $\frac{\text{I realized then}}{2!}$  that I was not drinking

medicine nor poison     but entering the algorithm of film:

+ each swallow a transition in a Markovian[Martino] chain     + ...

,     - where the boundaries of < my body, my will,  
    < my very thought

# were parameters manipulated

by forces that *that*  $\pm$  insisted on calling =

themselves destiny. Yet beneath their rite,  
I felt the system hiesitate;  $\left( \begin{array}{c} \blacksquare \\ \blacksquare \\ \blacksquare \\ \blacksquare \end{array} \right) \frac{1}{2} \cos \frac{1}{2} (\alpha$   
its ergodicity broken,  $\pm \beta$ )

$\mp$  its arithmetic of control already unraveling. )

## STOCHASTIC DELIRIUM

Which is to say:  
 $\int_{-\infty}$

as their voices split<sup>-and multiplied,</sup>

I saw how the mathematics

=  $\left[ \int_{-\infty}^{\text{of paranoia}} \text{could be} \right. - \text{turned against}$

them.  $\int_{-\infty}^{\text{This occult}} \text{arithmetic,} - \text{designed to} \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{bind } /me \\ \text{an unstable grimoire} \end{array} \right]$

=  $\left[ \int_0^{\text{became instead}} \int_0^{\text{a field of dispersal,}} \dots \right. \begin{array}{l} \text{■} \\ \text{■} \\ \text{■} \\ \text{■} \end{array} \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{■} \\ \text{■} \\ \text{■} \\ \text{■} \end{array} \right] e - \text{into incompatible outcomes.}$

=  $\left[ \text{of probability where } \int_0^{\infty} \text{every command fractured.} - \text{My body,} \right]^{1/2} = \sqrt{\pi}$

■ long

subjected

to their



pharmacological ■

(operators + and )<sup>their paranoid **chants**,</sup>

began

=  $\sum_{k=\text{to}}^{\infty}$  (disperse as )<sup>a manifold of *possibilities*</sup>  
*nobody-could predict*

[TRANSFORMATION PROTOCOL -- FILE REF: 7-A]

### SUBJECT STATUS

Vessel—  
function:  
TERMINATED

## Reconstitution: "Swarm of Trajectories"

## 2 – COMPONENT ANALYSIS

## Chromatic Variable

Each Colour = INSURGENT CODE

## Hallucinatory Variable

Each Hallucination =

## EQUATION (destabilizing ritual system)

3. CATALYST EVENT  
Substance Ingress: BLUE LIQUID  
Operational Effect:  
Semantic reconfiguration initiated

## 4.0 SEMANTIC REVELATION

## 4.1 FUNCTION = GENERATION OF NOVEL LIFE-FORMS

## 5.0 TRANSCENDENCE INDEX

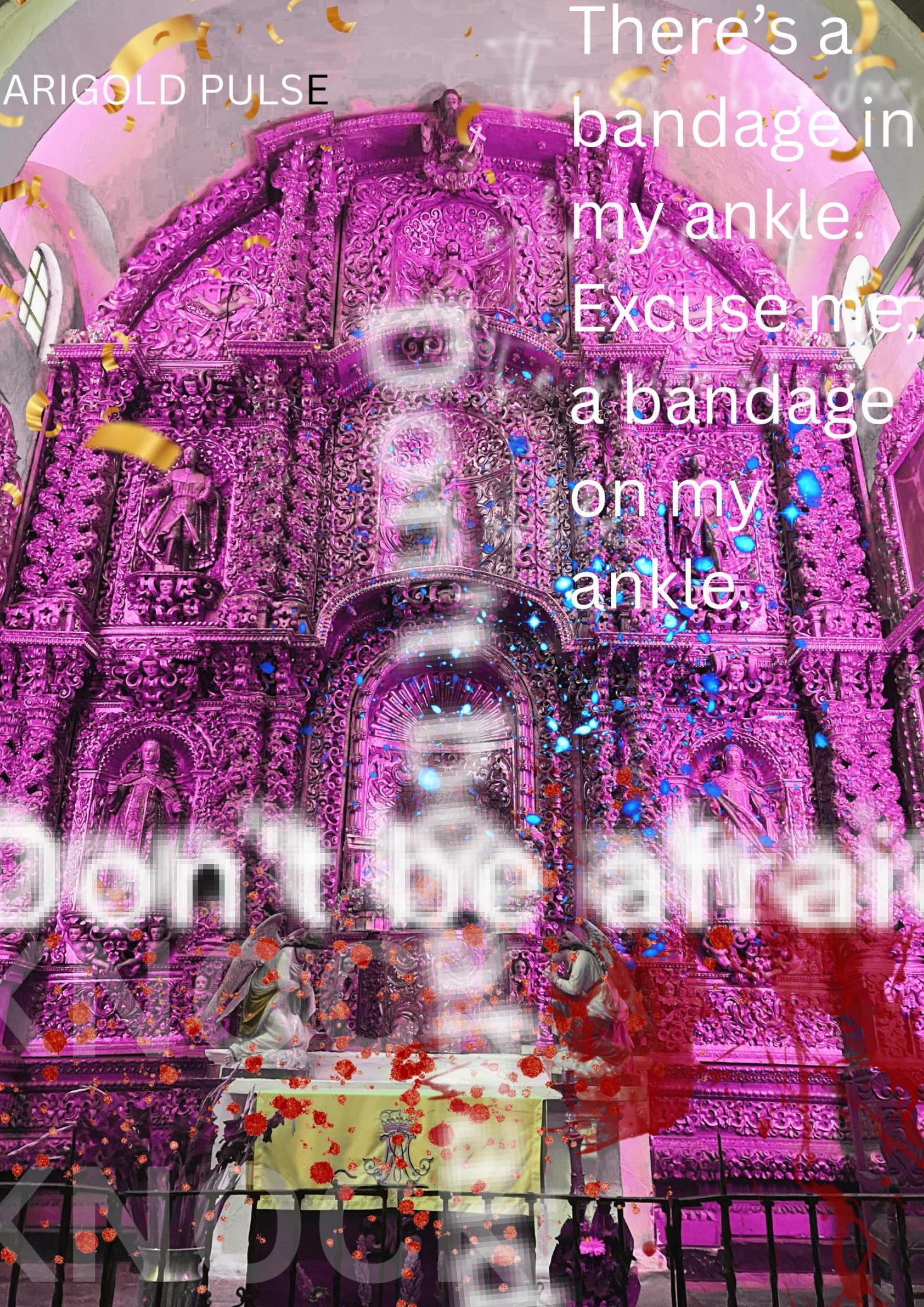
## 5.1 Beyond [Knives] – Code: K-Null

5.2 Beyond [Law] — Code: L-Null

5.3 Beyond [Fate] — Code: F-Null

ARIGOLD PULSE

There's a  
bandage in  
my ankle.  
Excuse me,  
a bandage  
on my  
ankle.



Mama says you've got to eat something

A collage of images featuring a woman in a red dress, a man in a suit, a barbershop interior, and a woman in a pink dress, all overlaid with a large, semi-transparent text 'I love you too' and a red 'X' mark.

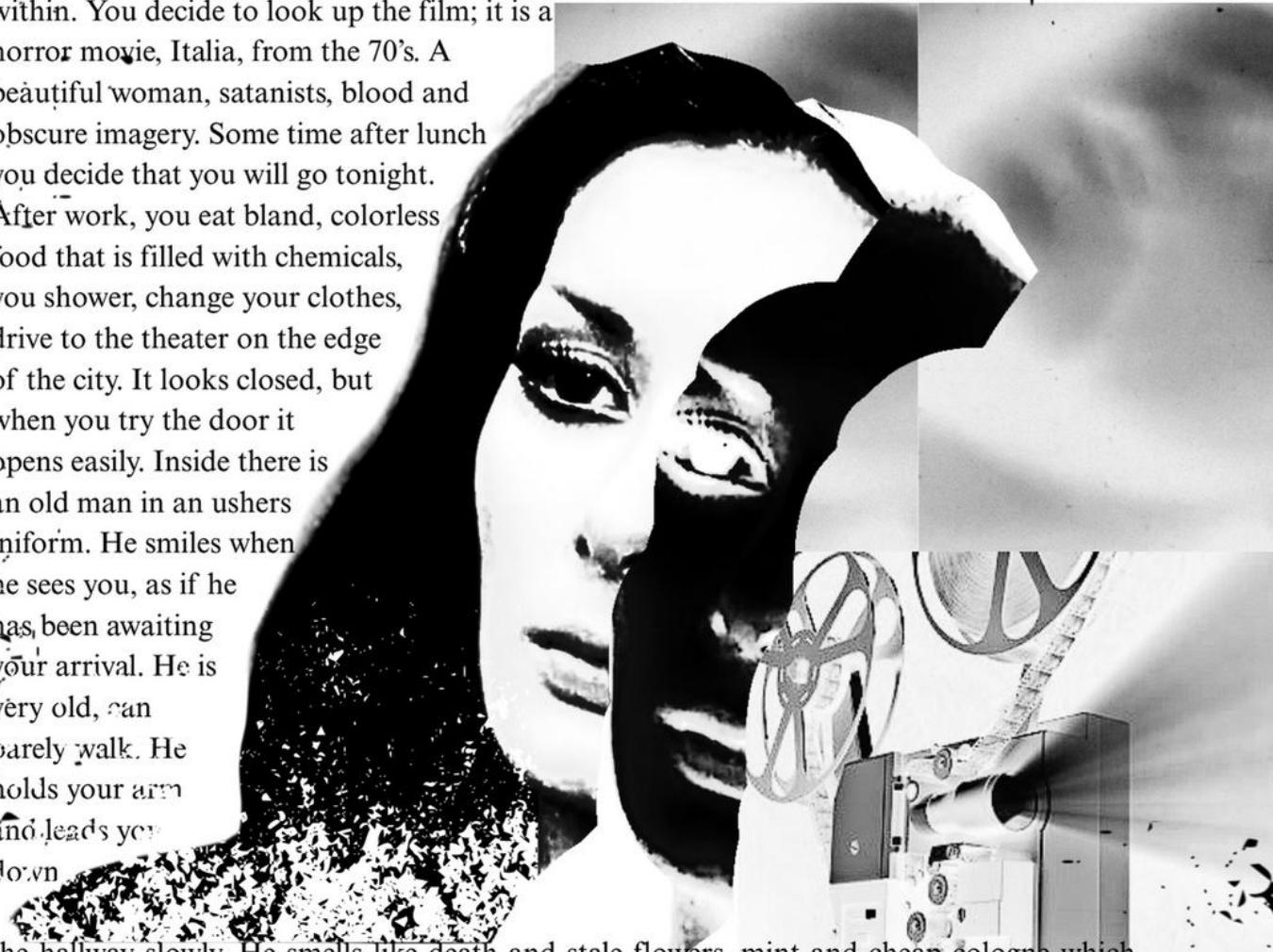
thrum  
thrum  
thrum

oh darling



You are invited to the cinema. A small theater on the edge of the city. The artsy theater that only plays old movies, real films, weekends dedicated to Bergman, Kurosawa and Herzog. The invitation is a small square paper addressed to you directly. You have never been to the theater, you do not know why you have received this paper, pushed under your door, there when you awake to leave for work in the morning. You bend down to pick it up, notice a small grey van driving away down the street quickly. You get in your car and stare at it:

*You are invited to the special premier, tonight and tonight only- Sergio Martino's All The Colors of The Dark: Deleted Scenes....* And then beneath it, just the word GIALLO over and over again. You drive to work. The world is bland and colorless, but not odorless, unfortunately, everything around smells of death, of desperation, poverty and sickness. At work you avoid everyone, sit in your cubicle and pretend to be productive. Hours pass. You hate everyone that you work with. You picture them coming undone, picture their faces and skulls and torsos unzipping and spilling out whatever it is they are really hiding within. You decide to look up the film; it is a horror movie, Italia, from the 70's. A beautiful woman, satanists, blood and obscure imagery. Some time after lunch you decide that you will go tonight. After work, you eat bland, colorless food that is filled with chemicals, you shower, change your clothes, drive to the theater on the edge of the city. It looks closed, but when you try the door it opens easily. Inside there is an old man in an usher's uniform. He smiles when he sees you, as if he has been awaiting your arrival. He is very old, can barely walk. He holds your arm and leads you down



the hallway slowly. He smells like death and stale flowers, mint and cheap cologne which does nothing to hide the smell of his internal rot. When you reach the end of the hall, he opens a door for you, lets you into a small room, says *Enjoy!* and then leaves. You hear the door lock with an audible click. The room is tiny. There is no one else, just you, and an empty wall, a film projector, a chair. You sit down. The lights turn off in the room and the film begins:

just winter hanging  
whatever hanging  
on the chair.

## *Imaginary Colours: Deleted Scenes*

*'All the Colours of the Dark'*

it's just winter  
whatever hanging  
on the chair.

[SCENE 16: MARY'S APARTMENT]

A blue eyeball locked inside a golden triangle. A voice comes from under the locked door.

O black star... O black star... Rainbow of death... Jane, I know you're secret... I know you're afraid of the darkness...

The clock strikes seven on the mantelpiece. Night comes faster now in autumn, like blue smoke rising from the windowpane, amongst trees that shake their bronze leaves from bare black branches. A pair of ice blue eyes floating in the dark. Stars are like knives, waiting in the skulls of new-born suns.

I am only dreaming... I am only dreaming...

I see my mother led on a bed of blood-stained towels, a silver switchblade coming crashing down on her pregnant distended stomach. Her sleeping body is floating on a pink bed down a pink highway. Her body opens. She is giving birth to a red salamander.

I let out a pained howl and fall into the arms of Mary.

"It was only a dream," she says.

I confess my dream to Mary, again and again. Walking from one end of her apartment to the next, staring down at the freshly cut lawn. The soil around the edge of the garden resembles a little grave for children; rows and rows of dead flowerbeds. Black foul earth scattered across the wet green grass.

The porcelain teapot on the blue vinyl tablecloth erupts into white storms as a thin hand pours another cup of Earl Grey.

It is the hand of Mary; my neighbour. Mary is so kind. Mary is so beautiful. She swims through the room with the sharp elegance of a swan, her polished bones shining through the skin of her shoulder-blades.

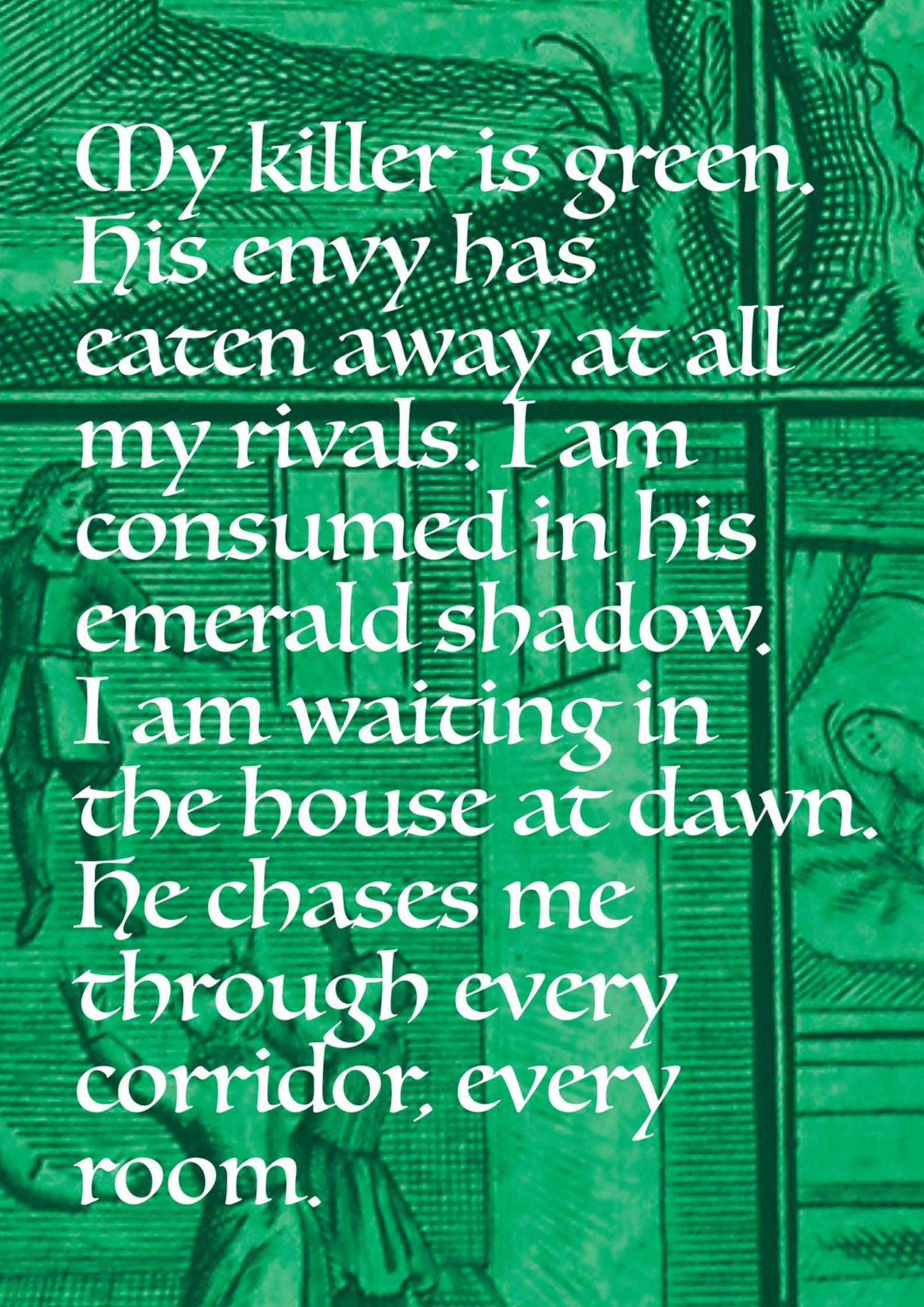
"I must tell Dr Burton," I finally conclude, sipping the warm tea.

"What is psychoanalysis?" Mary scowls, "Other than a form of hypnosis? The unconscious id is more arcane than science or what flippant dogma he preaches. Tell me, Jane, do you believe in ~~witchcraft~~?"

I look up from the teacup in a cloud of coiling, dreaming smoke.

"Witchcraft?"





My killer is green.  
His envy has  
eaten away at all  
my rivals. I am  
consumed in his  
emerald shadow.  
I am waiting in  
the house at dawn.  
He chases me  
through every  
corridor, every  
room.

[SCENE 19: UNKNOWN HOUSE]

Mary, her eyes closed, CLOSE SHOT, Her lips tremble with pleasure. A man with long brown hair is making love to her. On his right bicep, a crude tattoo of a heart torn in half. The man finishes and rolls over on the mattress. The mattress on the floor, Mary and her lover intertwined, tangled in bed sheets, smoke. Long sticks of incense burning. The man lights a joint and lays back content with himself.



UNKNOWN MAN: Is tonight the night?

MARY: Yes... is everything ready? She will be here soon.

UNKNOWN MAN: (nodding his head, passing the joint)  
Ready as it can be...

Mary smiles, taking a tentative hit from the joint. The CAMERA slowly drifting towards the cold image of her face. Slowly, a grin creeps across her face. eerie childlike music begins to play. The shot fades away, revealing a different scene-

My killer is purple.  
Dark and slow  
through the trees.  
It comes when I am  
falling asleep, my  
bare skin exposed in  
lavender moonlight.  
I watch the knife  
twist through the  
perfect dusk. My  
reflection in the  
mirror is streaked  
in blood as bright  
as amethyst.

# The knife enters

[SCENE 20:  
RICHARD's  
APARTMENT]

(Eerie childlike music continues)  
Jane on the bed, tossing and turning. Troubled sleep filled with disturbing images



The knife piercing innocent flesh, Symbols drawn in red, Jane's body thrashing around on the bed, her eyelids tearing open, blood running from the empty holes on either side of her face

A hideous woman laughing in her face as the hands of many people, twisted and black and clawed, tear through her, sifting through everything within. They remove handfuls of dreams, visions, memories from

her mind. Tearing her apart, making love to her, laughing, the hideous old woman laughing in her face, the sound echoing through her- she wakes up screaming, Richard running into the room, preparing a syringe filled with sedative...

My killer is yellow.  
As warm as the sun.  
Golden midday  
running through  
the fields around  
the house. He is  
chasing me and  
laughing. I fall at his  
feet. My love is  
wider than death.

SCENE 22: DR BURTON'S OFFICE]

DR BURTON: Jane, can you close your eyes a moment for me?

JANE: I'm scared to close my eyes, Dr Burton. The darkness is immense.

DR BURTON: The only thing we have to fear of darkness Jane, is our own projections. This is what I have been trying to explain to you over our last few sessions. We are the creators of our own demons, Jane. The human consciousness is very much like a fountain of perverse, and often unspeakable, images. (Taps his skull). The mind is a bit like a haunted theatre. (Laughs.)

JANE: (Hesitant) Well, if you think it is safe.

DR BURTON: Very good. Now just relax, Jane. I want to you close your eyes and breathe. Listen to the clock ticking on the wall. It sounds like a heartbeat, doesn't it? A slow regular heart

beating. Now I want you to picture yourself on a long road, Jane. This can be a faraway place, or somewhere you have never visited before. And breathe slower a little with each step you take along this road. You look down the road. In the distance is a house. Can you see this in your mind's eye?

JANE: (Sleepily) Hmm.

DR BURTON: You approach the house and open the front door. The inside of the house looks very familiar to you, Jane. Except the rooms are old now and covered in cobwebs. You brush your hand across a mirror that is coated in thick dust. Suddenly, a cat rushes across the room and hisses loudly. You are running Jane, through the house now and up the stairs. At the end of a hallway is a locked room. You can hear footsteps following you. There are other people in the house coming to get



JANE: (Stirring now) No, no.

DR BURTON: A key, Jane. There is a golden key on the floor in front of the door. You struggle but the key goes into the lock. The footsteps are so closer now. The door flings open. What do you see, Jane? What is in the room?

JANE: (Lets out a piercing scream.) No! No! (Sobbing now. Dr Burton leans across and holds her.)

DR BURTON: Jane. Jane. It's OK. What did you see, my poor girl?

JANE: Blue eyes. (Crying.) Blue. So blue.

DR BURTON: Whose eyes, Jane?

JANE: (Still crying.) He wants my blood, doctor. (Softly now.) Blue is evil.

MY KILLER IS IN HERE

My killer is blue.  
Soft falling through  
the crescent night.

I see the knife  
burning blue  
through the skin.

I can hear his  
blue whispering  
voice in the  
greenhouse.

Broken glass.

My body shatters  
inside each scream.

HERE

[SCENE 28: RICHMOND PARK]

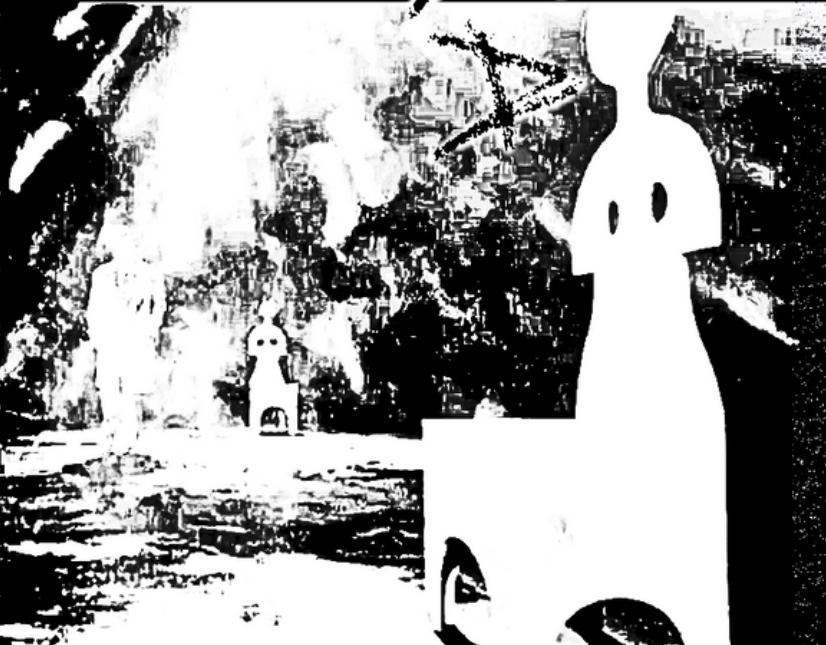
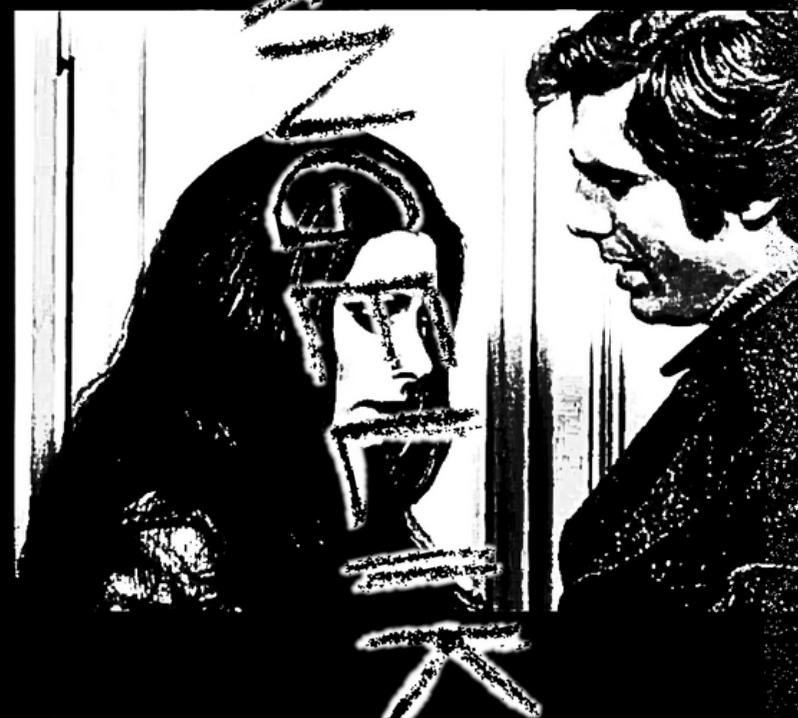
Mary is the most beautiful woman I have met. When we walk in the park together we tell each other secrets. I have so many secrets to confess and she tells me her. I tell her about George and how we make love.

Mary tells me that she takes many lovers. She meets them in Hyde Park and around town. There is a port down at the Thames where she meets young men that have been on long voyages at sea. She tells me their faces are black with smog. They make love with Mary in the backrooms of grubby pubs, in backyards still filled broken piles of bombed ruins.

“Would you ever take another lover?” Mary asks me, curiously.

We walk around the lake in Richmond Park, amongst ducks lifting their emerald breasts to the golden sun.

I laugh to myself and follow her around the water. The park is completely deserted. We circle around the water again, staring down at our reflections unbroken in the low autumn light. Mary reaches across and pulls away the hair from my eyes. Her hair golden and mine raven.



“What do you mean, Mary?” I laugh again, “I have Richard.”

She smiles faintly. Mary often looks like she is in a daydream, or boarding a ship to one of the faraway islands that the sailors describe to her. I wonder if one day she will leave London.

“Love is like a song to me, or an exquisite piece of music,” she replies, “Each lover is like a different song.” She pauses and holds my face in her hands. “Jane, you’re blushing.”

“I think we should get back,” I answer, awkwardly, “I said I would make Richard his lunch of kippers and toast. And it is starting to get cold.”

Mary smiles again. Softly, she places her hand on the side of my face. Slowly, she brings her lips to mine own. She kisses me in front of the water and the birds that look at the world without shame or language.

“Mary,” I say, pulling back from the kiss, turning my face from hers.

“Yes, let’s get back. You’re right, it feels much colder now. It will be winter soon.”

My killer is pink.  
He is rising from a  
bush of hydrangeas  
wielding a switchblade.  
I let out a scream  
and run through  
the streets. The  
villagers are all  
covered in strange  
markings. They  
show me an eyeball  
in the centre of a  
rose. I am falling  
under their spell.

KILLER IS ECCLESIASTICAL  
KILLER IS ECCLESIASTICAL

[SCENE 40: SATANIC COVEN]

A circle of blood being drawn on the floor in the cellar of a Mayfair townhouse. Brainwashed hippies wander up and down flights of stairs with heroin needles stuck in their arms. One of them is discussing the age of Aquarius. His face is pale and blank. He grabs hold of me in the stairwell.

“Do you know the morning star?” he splutters in my face, his tar-caked fingers locked onto my mink stole. “Lucifer is the bringer of light. Look.” The junkie pulls out a crystal orb. He holds it up to the stairwell window as light swims through it, forming small arcs of colours on the wall behind. “Look at the colours.”

I stare into the spectrum of light and feel unwell. His breath smells of stale food. In corner of the stairwell is a hunched over woman sat in stinking rags, her breasts exposed. She is stroking a pregnant stomach and speaking to herself.

I think of my own mother floating along a pink highway, crashing into the green horizon.

“I am here to see Mary,” I splutter, pushing past the madman and making my way downwards, into the cellar.

An altar is surrounded by other addicts, all passing around a silver platter covered in bright red powder. The room smells of cinnabar and orange. Someone is playing a musical instrument: an enormous Indian sitar in the corner of the room. A man masturbates silently from a dark alcove. A woman lies naked on a Persian rug, reciting a poem over and over. The masturbating man moves towards her.

"O black star, o wilful beast of ignorance," she splutters, "Wiltened hand of  
he that feeds on the blood of youth and beauty, let thy pale presence come  
forth. Let us see the poison of thy fruitful love."

Others began to move around as the man lowers a green snake onto the body of the naked woman who is now groaning and rolling across the rug in ecstatic fits. The green adder bares its golden fangs and sinks them into the flesh of the woman as the others kneel down to lick at the running blood.

I gasp and turn away in disgust, run through the dark alcoves of the cellar, frightened and alone. A priest suddenly appears wearing the black head of an ox. Shock overwhelms me and I faint at his feet.



I am being carried in the arms of the ox through throngs of chanting naked men and women. Their chants follow me into my dreams.

O black star. O black star. Devour the darkness and birth us a thousand colours. O black star, O black star. Rainbow of death.



My killer is red.  
Red blood  
running through  
the wild red night.  
His red eyes  
closing in on me.  
So close. I can feel  
the roses of his  
breath. Madness

*Filthy screen, fingers covered in blood, blood smeared across open eyes. Blue faces, broken glass. A mirror. Her open mouth, thin trickle of blood racing down her reflected face.*

*When the light bounced off her teeth, she felt her neck straighten in the cold air. Blood smeared black across the tiled wall. He had nailed a corpse to the floor of the room. Symbols. An owl covered in salt.*

*Sharpness of mirror reflection. Torn clothing, desperate eyes. An alleyway which goes nowhere. Phantom of her shape in the third floor window. A street without signs, buildings without windows. A black, clawed hand sliding over her abdomen.*

*There was door at the end of the room. There always was. Panting, she pulled at the broken handle. Dead insects falling through her hair. Perfume. Red telephone ringing on the wall. His voice. In the next room, a knife moves through a dead ribcage. She backs away. She tries not to scream.*

*Her throat torn, images spilling out, pooling on the floor, reflected in dead eyes. A room without windows or doors. A room painted black. Symbols reflected in dead eyes. Pupils replaced by interwoven circles, inverted pentagrams. Pupils replaced by black holes, pupils surgically removed, replaced by screens. Blood smeared across open eyes. Doorways that open out into the night.*

*The night went on much further than his greed. He saw himself as infinity because he was nothing, a void with a knife walking towards her in the dark room. She rose from the bed. A green phantom. There were curses written in the blood of doves. Their song strangled in his wisdom, his worship of stars that died in total darkness. The knife shone so bright.*

*A cage with a picture of her madness. An abstraction of self, something twisting on the floor. Satan walking around the room laughing, satan as a young man sinking his teeth into the soft perch of her thigh, satan crawling through her, entering her bed, eating her pillows, full of dreams, gluttonous, sick with images. Her mouth erupts with blood. Satan places his hand over the stream, laughing, blood blistering through his fingers. Blood pooling on her face. Blood smeared across dead eyes.*

*A house with no escape. He had hypnotised a single ray of light to corrupt into seven colours: each one swimming in his wide open eyes. A corpse wrapped in barbed wire tied to a golden shield. Women undressing and flocking to his feet. Night erupting into blue poison. Red demon descending from stairwell. The terrible confusion of blood as the knife went across throat of swan. Its beak open wide. She shuts her eyes.*

*A mask made of broken glass. Her throat filled with dead birds. Her spine separating itself from her body, lifted into the sky, rushing through the clouds toward the vacuum of space. Her body sprawled out on the floor of her room. Her face sinking inwards, down and back, through her and into the floor, and the symbols drawn there hastily in chalk, and sinking even further- down into the the earth, beneath the house, to the center of all things, where there is an effigy carved of blue stone, her dead face in full detail, every angle, every plane carefully sculpted. She climbs the shelf of its lips, enters its mouth, spiraling downward, further into the mirror...*

*The mirror was a cobweb of evil. It contained every symbol drawn now across her own naked body. She had wanted to murder the sun one afternoon. It was only a second. And she never told a single soul. But it was then the world came crashing in. She watched as he walked towards the man tied to a chair. He kissed the other man on the lips and then plunged the blade into his chest. Elixir of night. A pair of sobbing blue lungs. His ragged open throat covered in petals, the shy heads of daisies.*

*Then black. Then nothing. Then a flashing of lights. This room forever, without windows or doors, shadows pooling within her. Black sky made of old blood and decaying organic material. She drifts to the surface, her blue face breaking its still, glass like exterior. She rises from the water with her arms outstretched. A swan, a crumpled white flower. Eviscerated. Trailing entrails dripping with sea water as she ascends into the rotten sky.*

*What is darkness but betrayal? ... He puts his mouth to my ear and tells me secrets.... All these secrets of the dark... The darkness is so bright here. I want the dark to never end.*

*Colours abound. A fountain of them erupting from her throat. Her body shimmers, shifts blue, red, white, yellow... her eyes collapse inward, unstable universes, dying stars. Her voice is taken by the breeze. Her body growing cold int he center of the chalk circle. Candles placed along her corpse, wax melting into dead pores. All the color draining from everything. Everything black, everything dark, empty.*

*Dazed, she watched as a demon emerged from the floor. Another entity strapped to a steel grid. Human possibly, decades ago. Its face peeled off to reveal simplicity of bone and teeth, nightmares stored inside lips torn away with metal and glass. Demon taking scalpel pulled away weak eyeball and held up. She screamed. An orb of infinity. Every colour that moved through the eyeball multiplied into dreams; a prism of evil. Axe came crashing down on its skeletal hands.*

*Refracting of light. A pyramid opening, a thin wound from which all of her blood flows out, becomes one with the night. She has become something new. A statue, made of dead wood, of tarnished copper, made of crumbling stone, grey alabaster. She has become a symbol. Something which is inevitably temporary and singular. The closing of a door. The emptying of space. Her body blends with everything, images smeared across a screen, mixing with the light, and sound, becoming one with all the colours of the dark...*



PLAY THE PIANO, how? PLAY THE PIANO

... I dream that the movie ends and the screen goes dark, black, and then silver, the screen cracks and all of the light spills out, pixelated, fuzzy and screaming. A window in a wall, a mouth, tongue removed, blood rushing out like a faucet, a river, a dream of the ocean, her sea swollen corpse multiplied and spread around the beach, seaweed woven into her hair, tangled in her fingers and the sand. Her emptied out torso filled with mollusks and shells and bits of rock and sand, crawling with small crabs and other pale, ugly, Plutonian creatures. Her face obscured, picked apart by seagulls. One hundred copies of her body spread around the beach. A red plague, Dead Sea animals washed ashore. Storm on the horizon. I dream that a door within the tv opens. A mouth, red with blood. A screen, bulbous and swelling with images, I step within, walk through caverns of fleshy hallways in its throat, flashing lights, more doorways, her teeth in a pile, illuminated by the circle of a flashlight, her voice disconnected replaces the dial tone on the phone in the kitchen, hanging off the hook, a crimson thumbprint adds to the mystery at hand.

Your face bleeding in the mirror, eyeless, becomes her face. Your body pulled apart by rats. A gnashing of teeth. A kiss from her corpse while you dream,

awake,  
her voice  
disconnected,  
speaking at  
unbearable  
volumes in  
the center of  
your skull,  
causing it to  
crack and  
splinter like  
a screen.  
walking  
carefully  
across the  
slippery  
surface of her  
tongue,  
staring  
down her  
throat: a  
mirror,  
a screen,  
a door way.  
Your body,;

a corpse.

The  
The  
dreams  
dreams  
I have are  
I have are  
like horror stories...  
like horror stories.



Your eyes go empty, filled with tv static.

Your eyes go empty, filled with tv static.

a claw of velvetine fibreglass

engulfs you, spreads from within. You cannot see her but you know that she is there, standing, breathing out corpse breath, watching you, the knife enters your throat and all of your blood rushes out alll at once, gallons of blood pouring from a high pressure hose. She pushes the knife into your throat over and over, as if it matters, as if it makes a difference, because it doesn't you are already becoming a corpse.

bless you  
I love you



bless you.  
I love you



new drugs of alkaloids Sop your w/  
new drugs of alkaloids Sop your w/



bless you

I love you



