

# ALL THE COLOUR OF THE DARK

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dreading static that doesn't flicker refuses to terrify

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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 mightmare 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.

Tuck 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?

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dreading static that doesn't flicker for that 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.(1)

Call up B, my frigid sister.

Tell her about the nightmare.

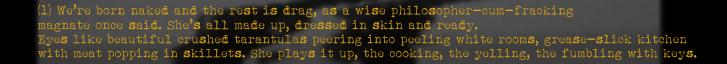
The psychiatrist again. Or is it the psychologist? Your hair is brighter than mine. Possibly made of gold. Made of snot.

Is that concern in your eyes or schadenfreude?

Who did my makeup?

Who crossed my legs?

Who uncrossed my eyes?



of fabulated time

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 The

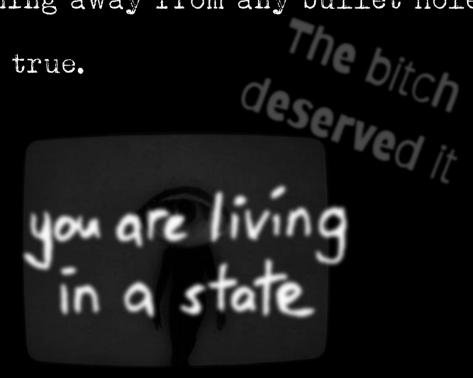
P is next to me, reading The Soft Machine. I don't like that book, don't like the writer either.

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(2), 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.



(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.

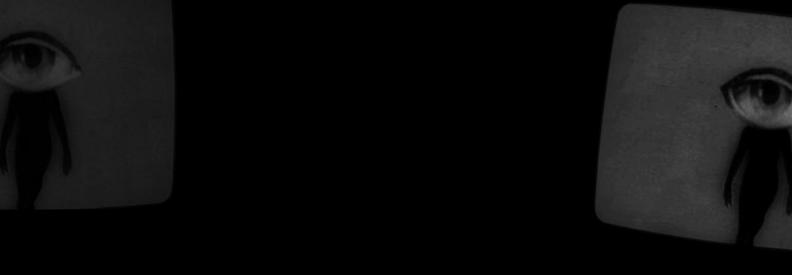
As did the man I'm holding.

As did most of the other people at the party, men and women, cis and trans. And Simon and Garfunke 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(3) 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.'



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.'

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 correlle.

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 helo 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.'

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)

4 new doses of alkaloids so

my new doses of alkaleid

I wake up and outside it's snowing for effect. But not that much. Barely registers. On the table, Acker, on the screen, an adfor 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.

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.

selling things somewhere I suppose.

(light and truth)

Ugly freedom?

This is a prison.

vanished

So warm.

I wake up.

Right now.

vanishod

I'm still here.

(light and truth)

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.

According to this WordPress blog, Acker was born in 1947, 1948 and 1944. Funnelled 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(6) just to make sure.

<sup>(6)</sup> 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—

I don't want to call it a black void, but-

Koop having the same dream.

I don't think it's real, yet-

Koop having the same dream.

I don't want to call it a black void, but-

With no clear background.

I Ann't think it's root, not

With no clear background.

We have sex.

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.

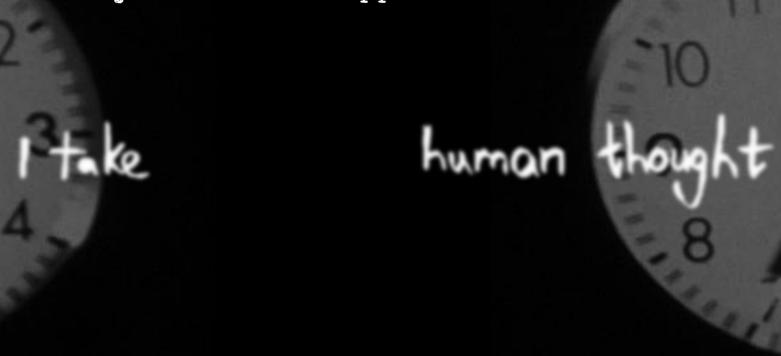


Not completely unexpected but the psychiatrist's glasses are deeply chic. The mansion with all the distractions is still there, sadly. Deserted and defunct. Defunct?

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.

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

<sup>(7)</sup> 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.

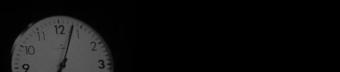
It's true.

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 correlle 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.

Don't follow me.

Don't follow me.

To which Hunky won't be deserted anymore, that, follow me.

time to stop your scheming



soak up the Akashic Record

do you understand words?

## we sympathise with ourselves

what is a word?

### There is no stopped state

Future is the dagger tense, present the-

I WEAR FULL MAKE-UP TO BED YOU NEVER KNOW WHO WATCHES YOU SLEEP

FUTURE IS THE DARGER TENSE, PRESENT TO

## Enhancie | Partie | P

I AM YOUR BED YOUR MAKE-UP

Wifeh

VANTS TO PEUCK YOUR FI YOUR ABDOMINAL GASH HARVEST YOU FOR EGGS LIKE A STURGEON THE POPPIES OF HELIOGABALUS THE POMEGRANATES OF A CAR GRASH EGG MACHINE IN PARADISE AR SQUEAKING GASH ON ANTICOACULANTS AT ONE WITH THE ALCORITHM THE ALCORITHM A SPECULUM ING ME LEADEN UNDER SCRIPTION FEE



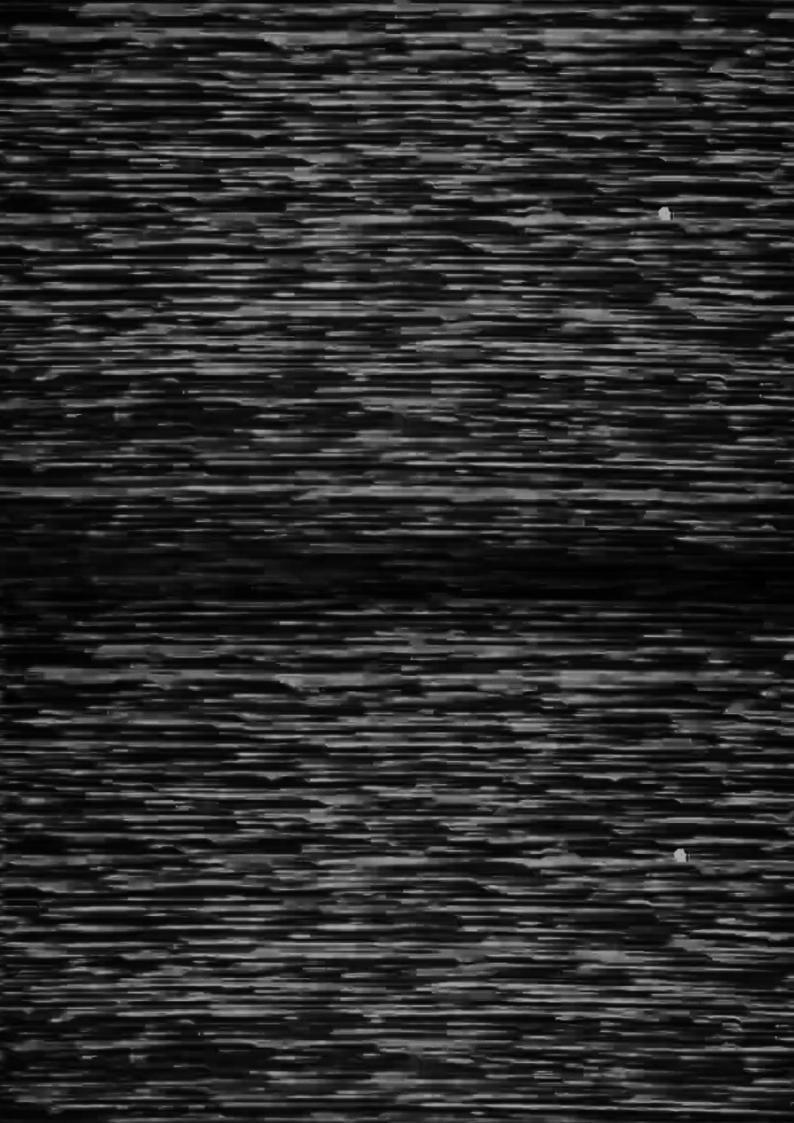
















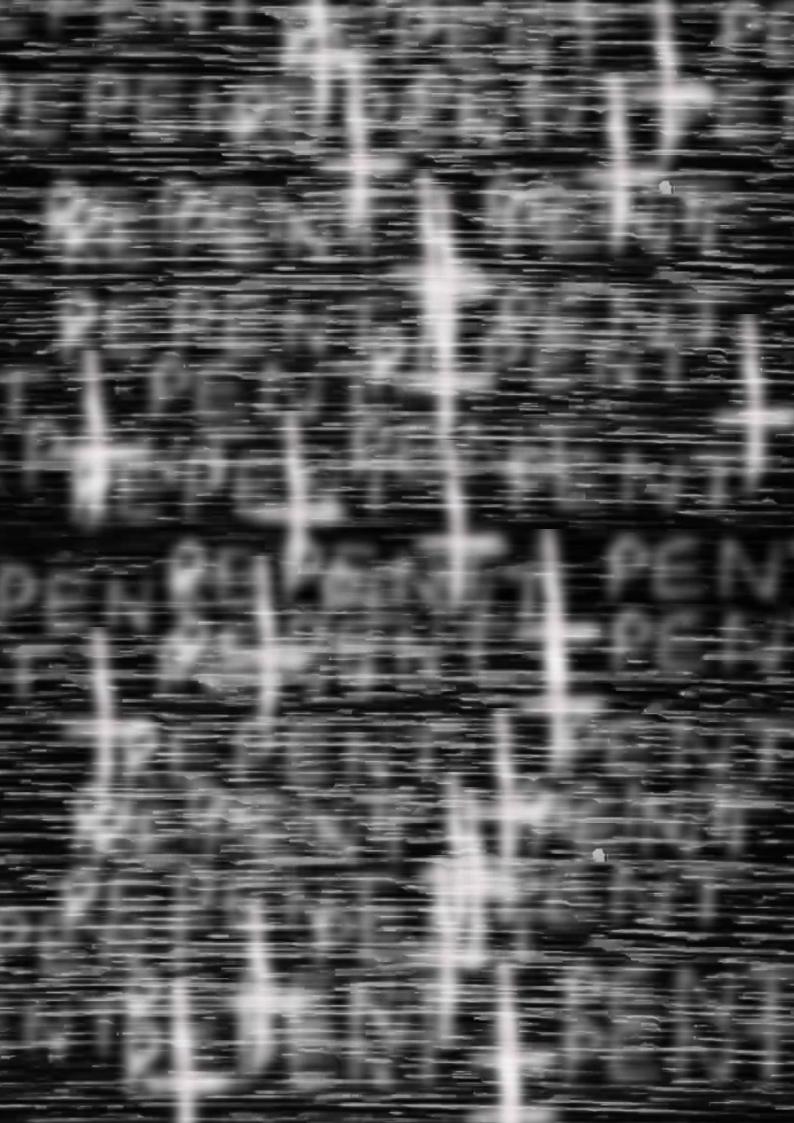
## Don't be afraid

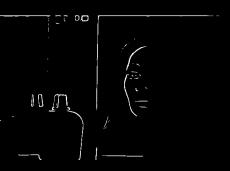


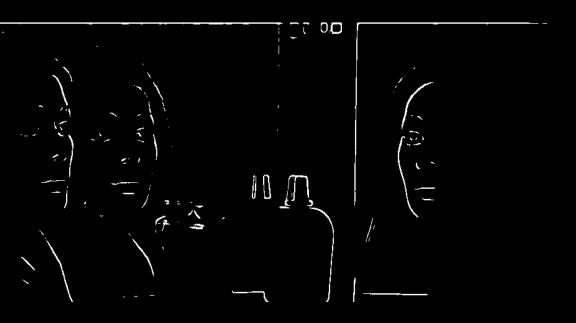












I wake up and it's Neptune.

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?



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.
Pis dick stump.

But I don't feel anything. Cos it's not me lying there. 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.

Fucking snow glo-

#### Fucking:



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.

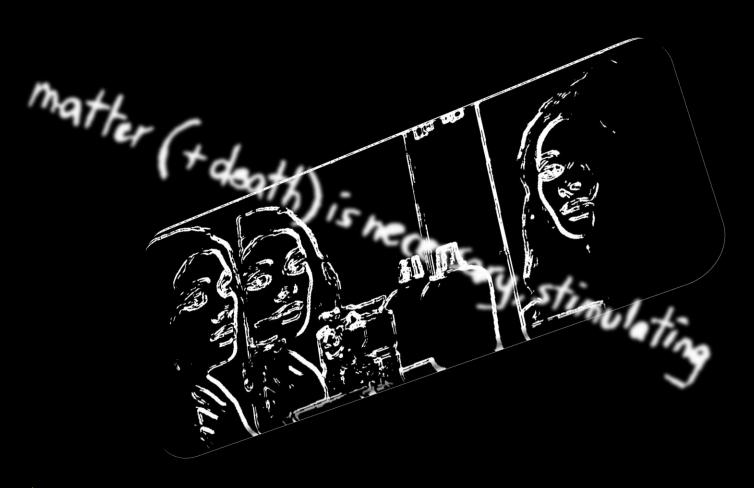
The blue eyes are racial.

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 -

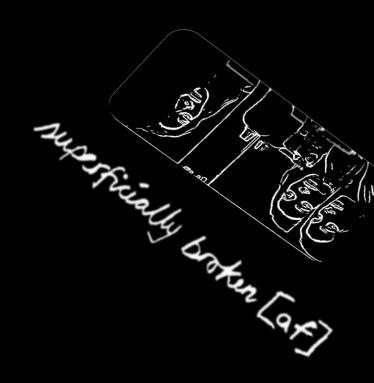


I feel angry.
I feel elated.
I want out of this place, please don't banish me.
Ugh.



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

Finally.

Finally.
Though Carol did say once that it's not actually as empty and remote as they-Though Carol did say once that it's not Finally.

actually as empty and remote as they-

5 tracks tooky



there are no people you are a lone

MY PRECIOUS LITTLE SQUIRREL



there are no people you are a lone

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 mephitic piercings.

murderous tattoos and mephitic piercings

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.

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

### 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

on valuation that

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 makeuped operating table
(slumber ??between slats)
(why van gogh ??why)

Perne T. Barette Adjustance 2 WY CEA Eno latar es neessarenen OM PHICON TEN wake a 2 notice go 4 S egradged red vitaming)
concentrated vitaming) green g g OWn Eggipetent brown red in E skin, denger cor FORT cold, dear? THE KNIFE 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? --- ne!

normalxXxcore 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

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

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

sniffing between the scenes
familiar but violent ACTD 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 (syndro

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 KNIFF ENTERS

matching trenches

(is this witchcraft?)

// is this 
witchcraft 
is this // 
witchcraft 
witchcraft

back to bac

i wake up in a cayern whose belies U wake upainglesky ventheloselian ingst give outer ubelock en vilen i whise books

## 

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

I wake up inside and behind

chiding her.

park bordered by oblivion (like my heart!)

i watch for 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

の計算

(C)

there are no people you are a lone



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

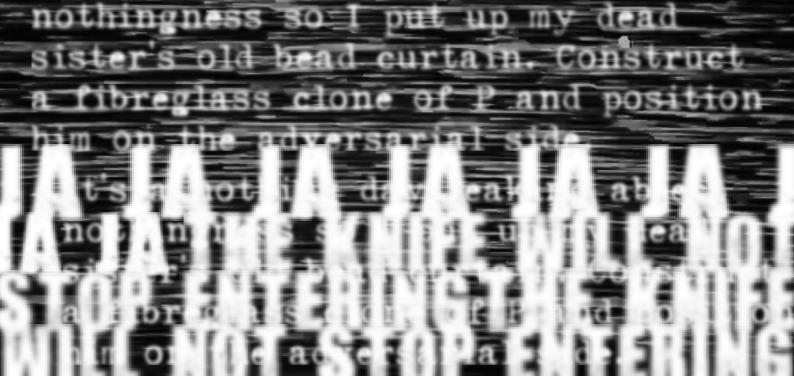
sinister fear (moroccan sconce)
deep synthetic sister clinging to my stairs
to the purple doored cupboard like
jean flares + chunky heels







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

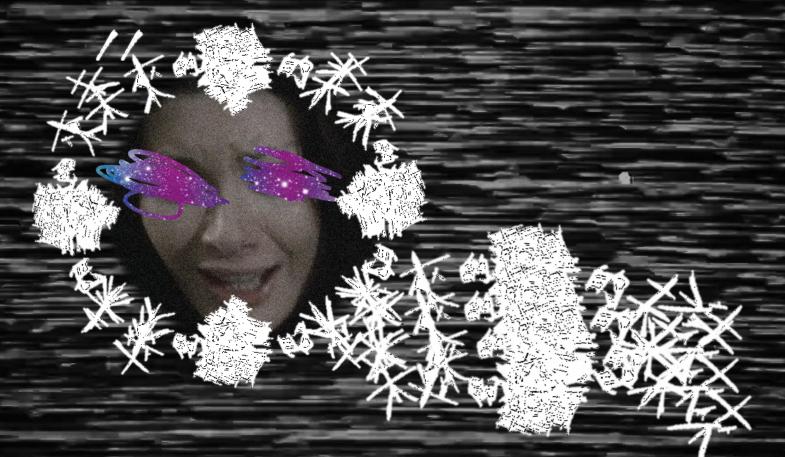
There is an electronic device in homouth. It attempts to speak, droots out syrup instead, the syrup I got from the yurt fong to make his voice.

1/2//

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)



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

(satan)
dog blood kisses + hair holding
we enter the next phase
(satan)
the softest tail

so

1d

exact

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

WOTER THE WING

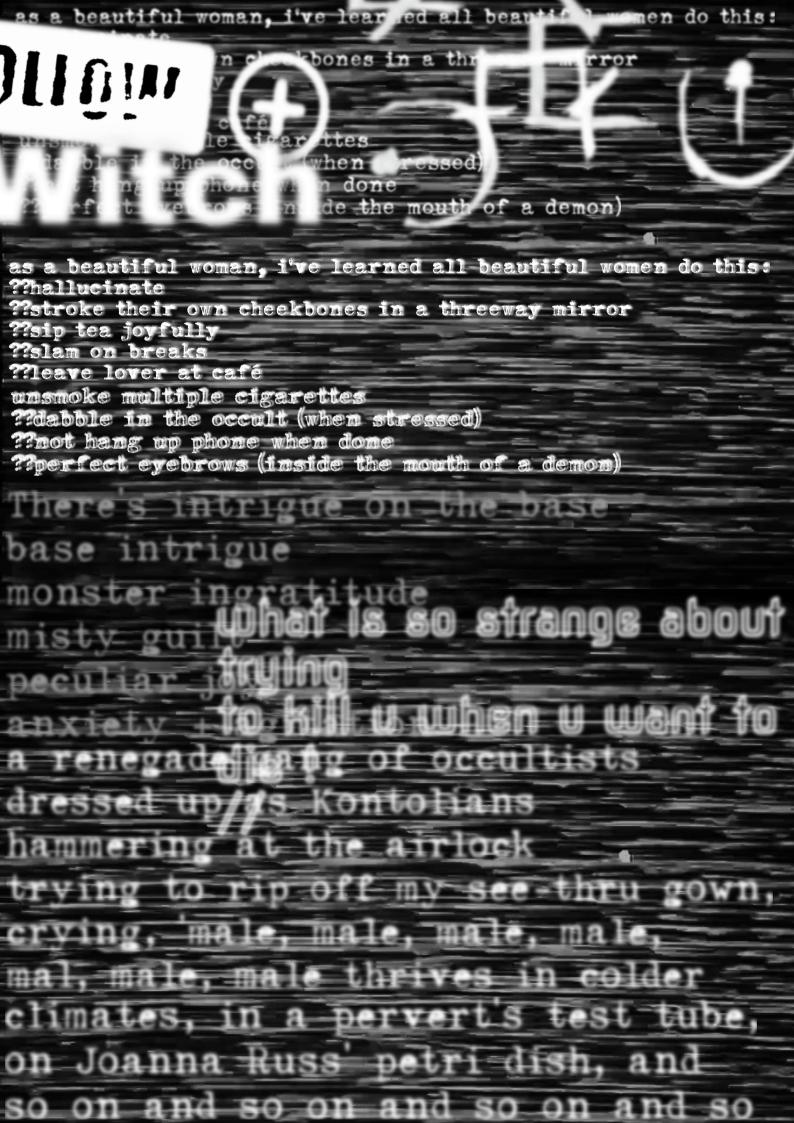
there are no people you are a lor there are no peo you are a lone

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



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 HAVE TO STAB UR WEIRD HOT NEIGHBOUR • HAVE SEX IN HER BLOODY CLOTHES SORRY SORRY



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,

anthropomorphize the urge to talk on the phone//

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)

weige fotal . . E.

discordant sharpback seen via hamstrings

been drained dry.

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

beautiful styled hair over the mouth JANE you have a sign on your body ?just like your mother ??JANE

zoom in hand punch eye blood green shadow

the base canteen. green shadow POV: ??luscious ??beaded brushed out curls ??insipid cigarette ??hysterical gown ??strong roots ??nipples ??everyone's imagination, darling

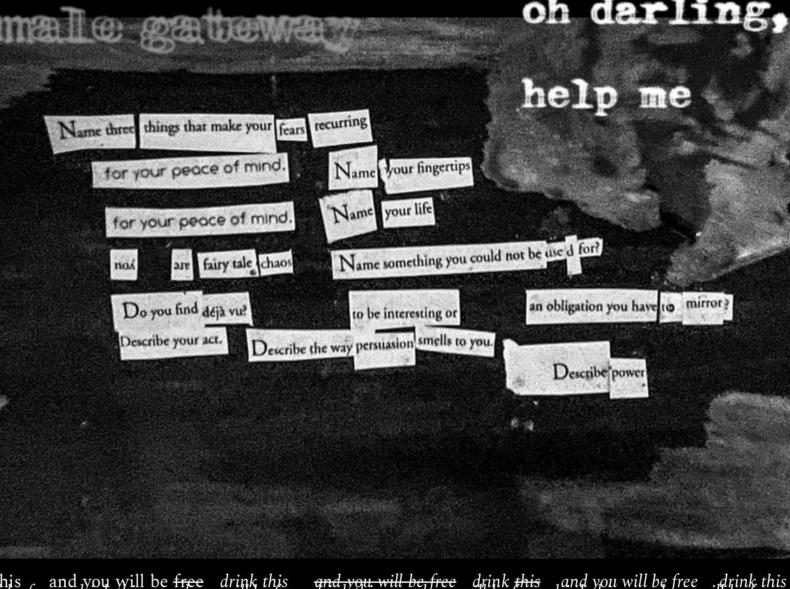
Oh darling, help me, it mutters back.

PRONE, JANE!

SERPERTINE, JANE!

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

i know you've been lying 111 oh, NOW there's neighbours? from man good. a female good. to man OW VILE and for the dreamyeyed sexcapades ou just drive like that i thought you were insane but that's just how you drive I wake up exhausted by the unpleasures of the Oort Cloud, the third ledge, the fourth ledge, the death grotto, the blackish oh darling, help me Tromeman) a female gateway a framalic satew

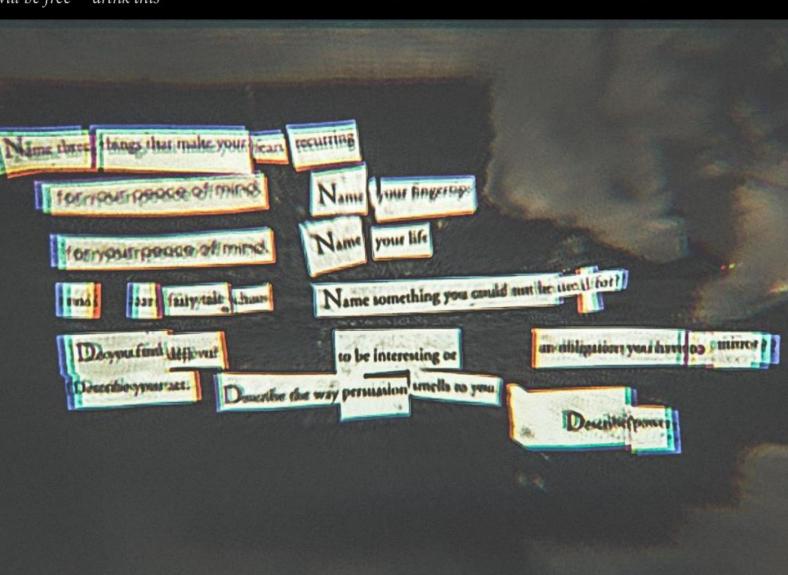


his and you will be free drink this and you will be free drink

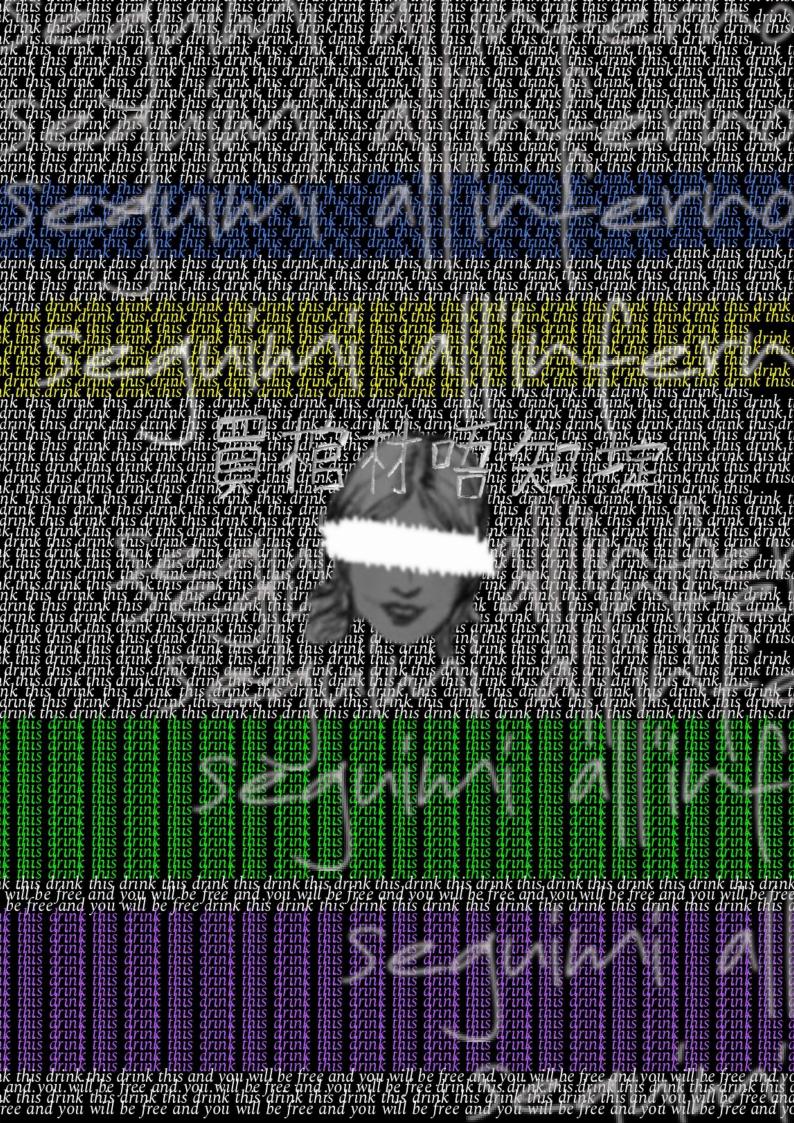
eg drink this and you will be free arink this and you will be free drink this and you will be

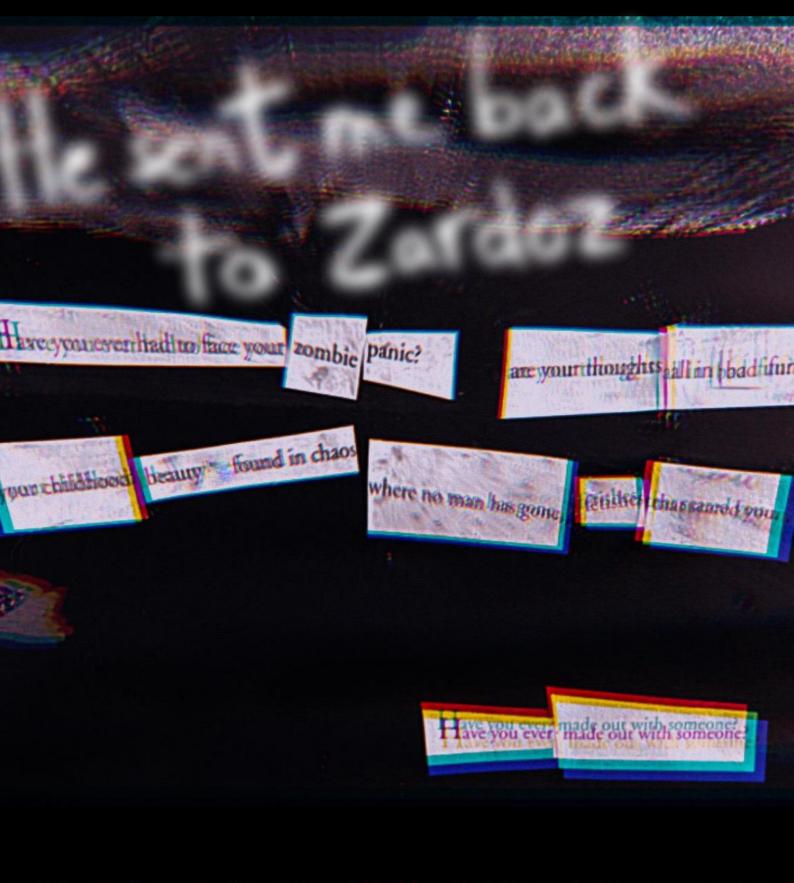
ee drink this and the fire of the control of the co





is drink this drink the your hair. It's time to go o'Brush your hair. It's time to go o'Brush your hair. It's time to go o'Brush your hair. It's time this drink this





ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet?have you ever made out was adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet;have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet;have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet;have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet;have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet;have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet;have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet;have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have you ever made out with someone—adorned them with blood from a freaky demon goblet; have y





(The vial + pressed to my)

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

Its blue shimmer was a

mathemagical operator,=0

shifting
the
lattice of
what I
could
perceive.

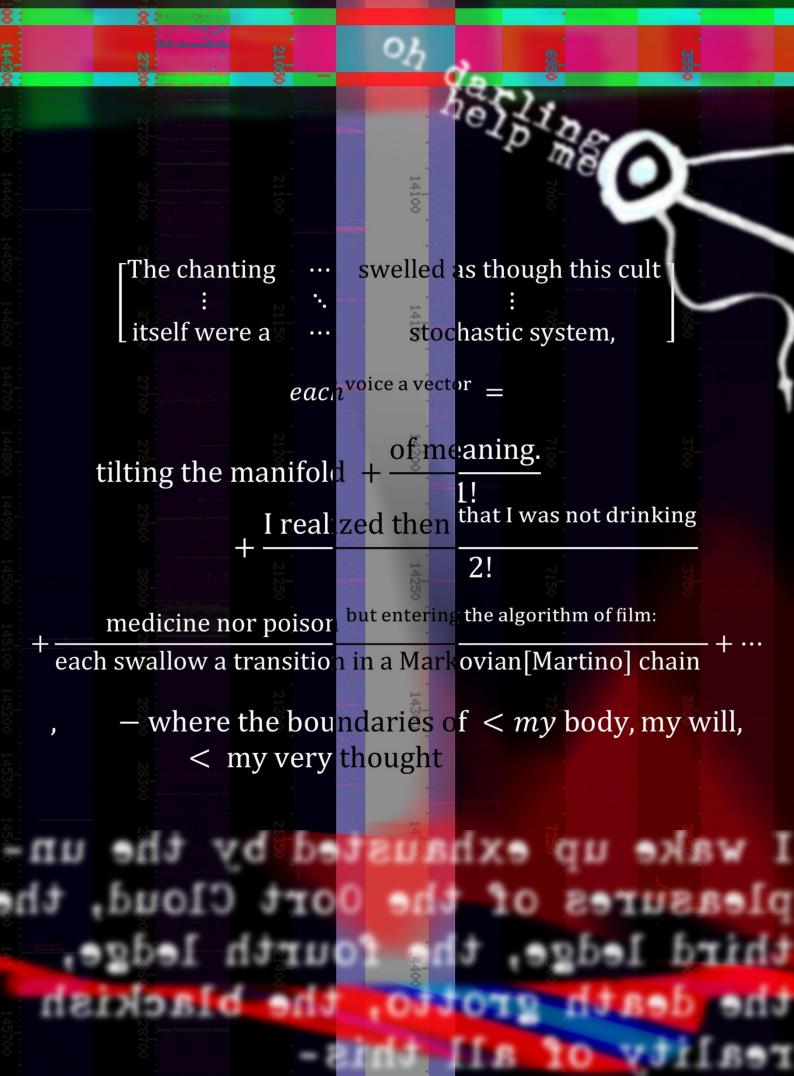
( $\square$ )I watched<sup>as knives</sup> glinted in ritual arcs,

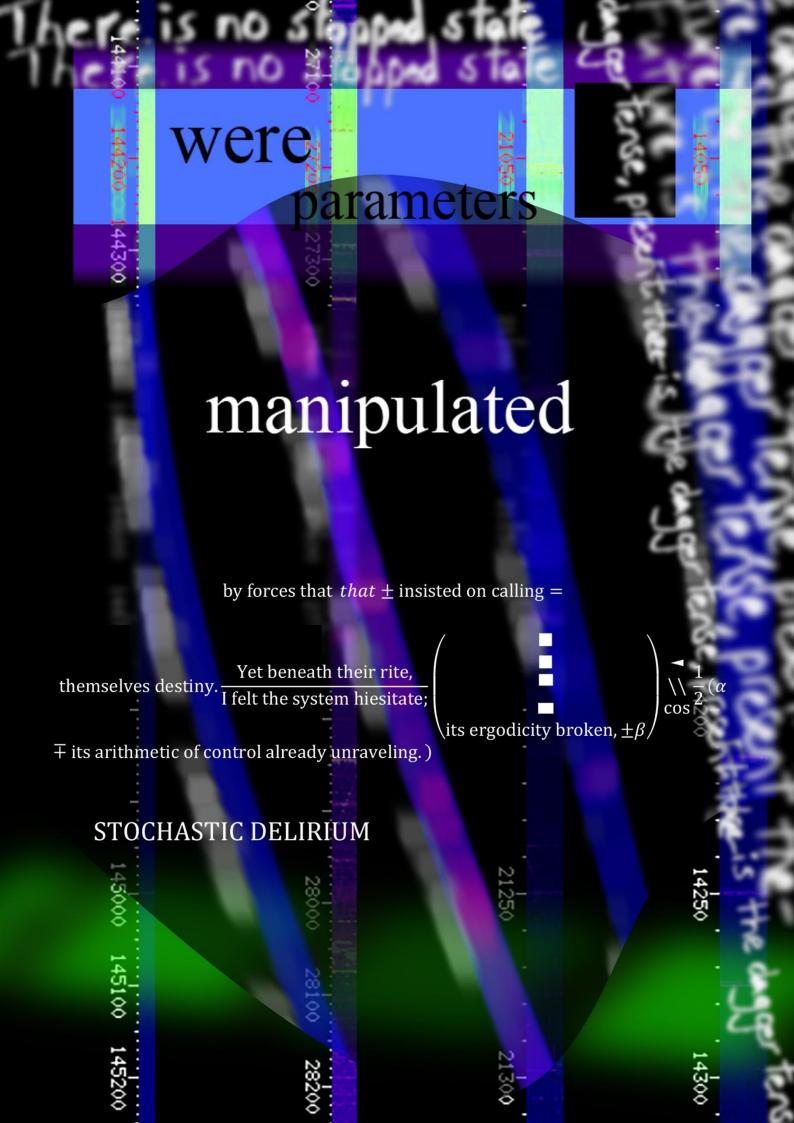
$$f(\square) = \square +$$

 $\infty$  each one lessa weapon than a

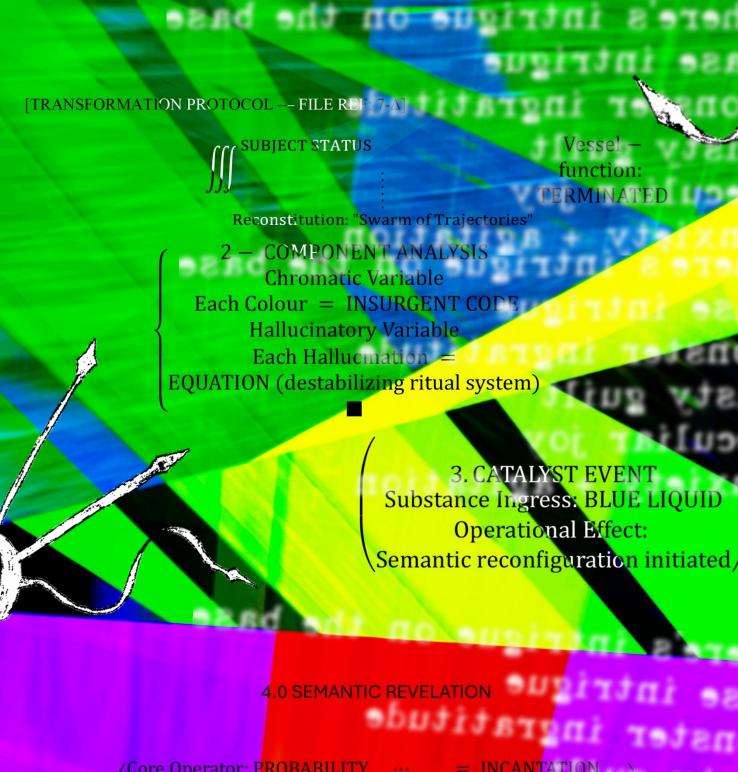
 $\sum_{n=1}^{\infty}$ 

glyph<sub>inscribed</sub> into — + the + state − space of my delirium. ◄





```
Which is to say:
                        as their voices split<sup>-and multiplied,</sup>
                              I saw how the mathematics
        of paranoia
                   could be turned against
them. \int_{-\infty}^{\text{This occult}} \operatorname{arithmetic,}^{-\operatorname{designed}} \operatorname{to}^{\operatorname{bind/me}} an unstable became instead a field of dispersal,
                                                          an unstable grimoire
                  e^{-into incompatible} outcomes.
= of probability where \int_0^\infty \text{every command fractured.}^{-\text{My body,}} \right|^{1/2} = \sqrt{\pi}
                            subjected
           to their.
                                              pharmacological
         (operators + and) their paranoid chants,
      began
               (disperse as )a manifold of possibilities
                               nobody-could
                                     predict
```



Core Operator: PROBABILITY ... = INCANTATION : : : :

Defined as ... STOCHASTIC DELIRIUM

4.1 FUNCTION = GENERATION OF NOVEL LIFE-FORMS

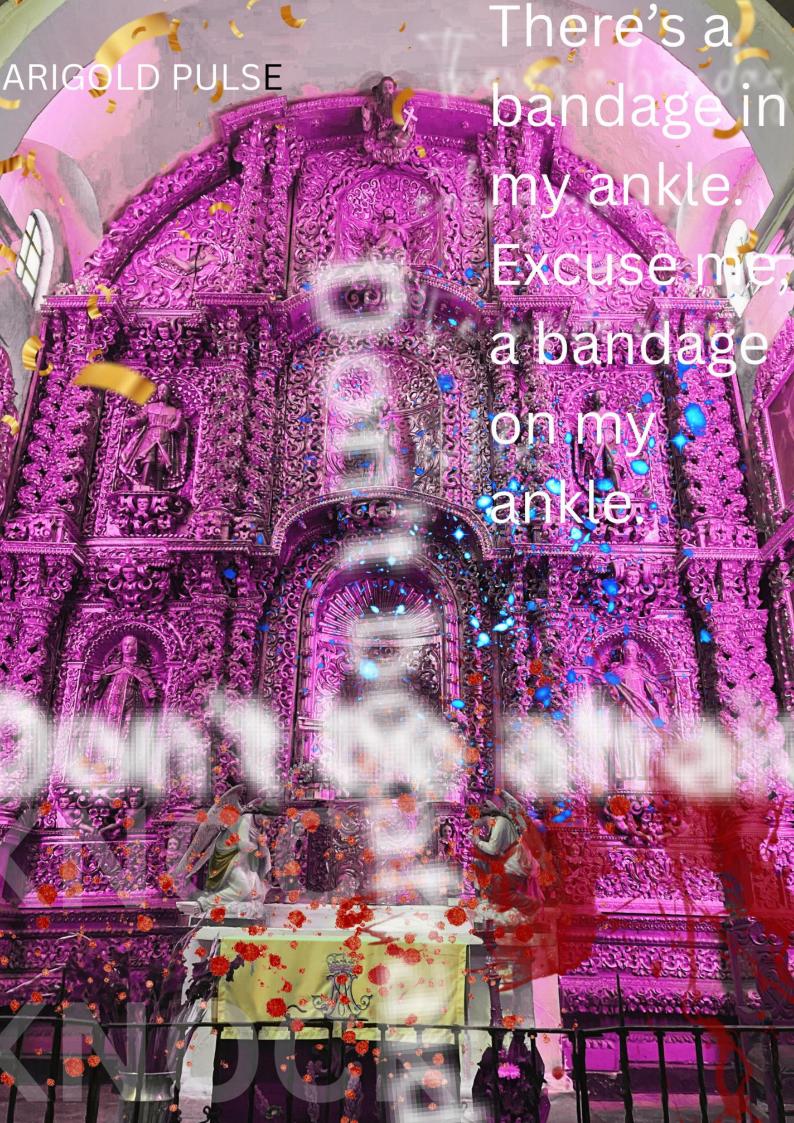
#### 5.0 TRANSCENDENCE INDEX

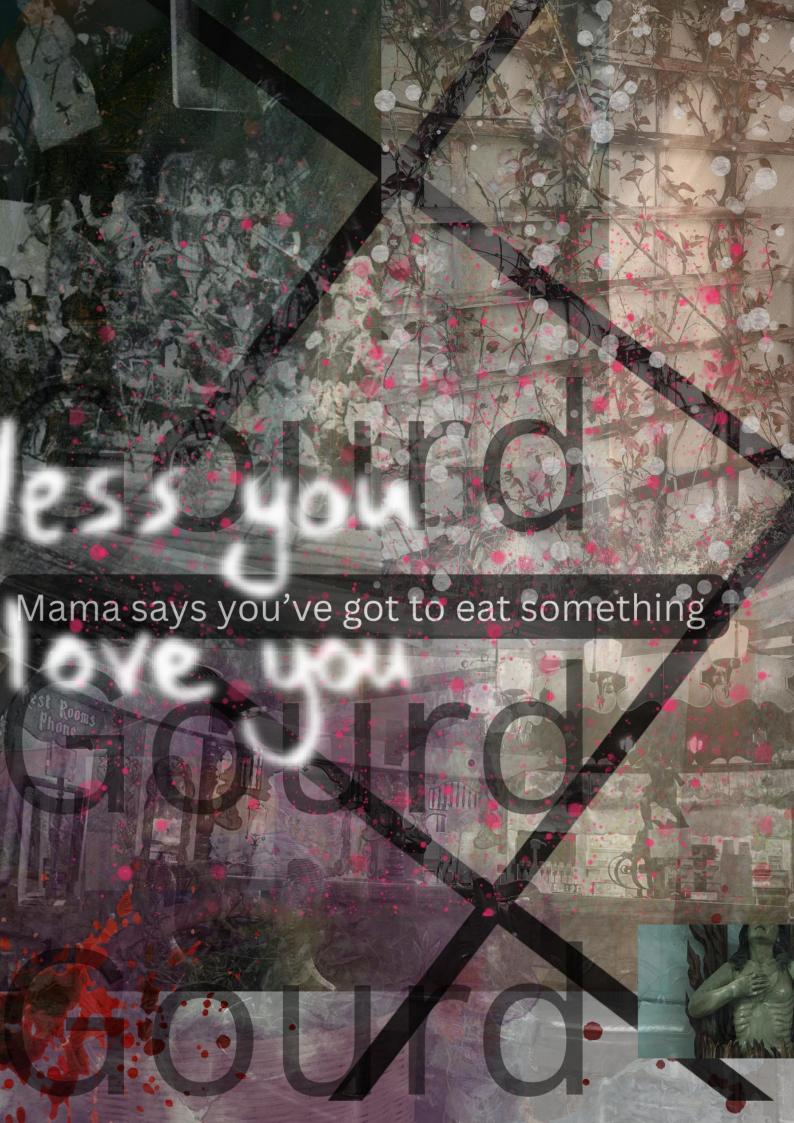
awitation

5.1 Beyond [Knives] — Code: K-Null

5.2 Beyond [Law] — Code: L-Null

5.3 Beyond [Fate] — Code: F-Null

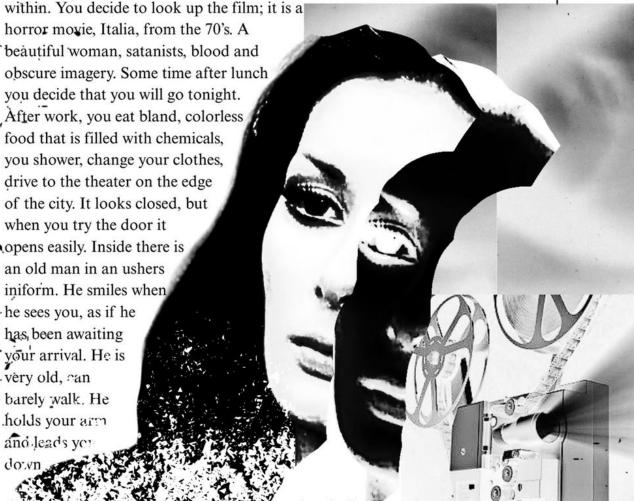




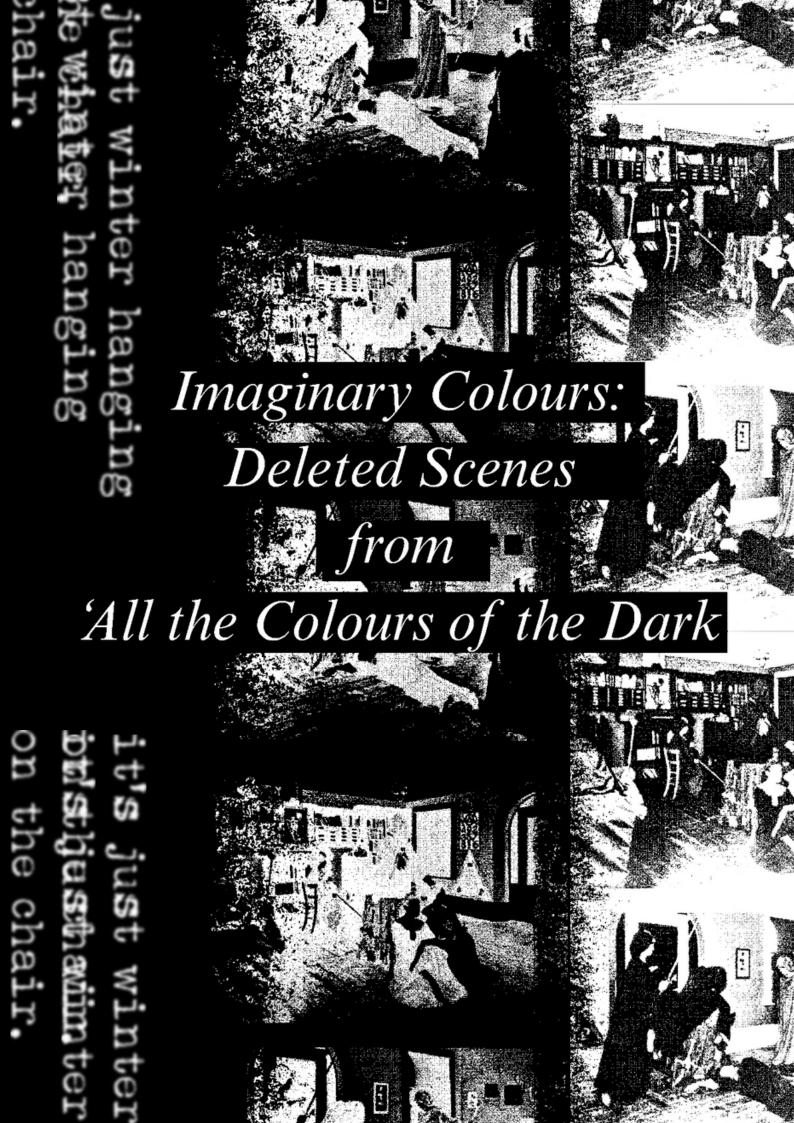


You are invited to the cinema. A small theater on the edge of the city. The artsy theater that only plays old movies, real films, weekends dedicated to Bergman, Kurosawa and Herzog. The invitation is a small square paper addressed to you directly. You have never been to the theater, you do not know why 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



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:



#### [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, Iknow you're secret... I know you're afraid of the darkness...

The clock strikes seven on the mantlepiece. 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?"

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.

", ME IN VISION CANON



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

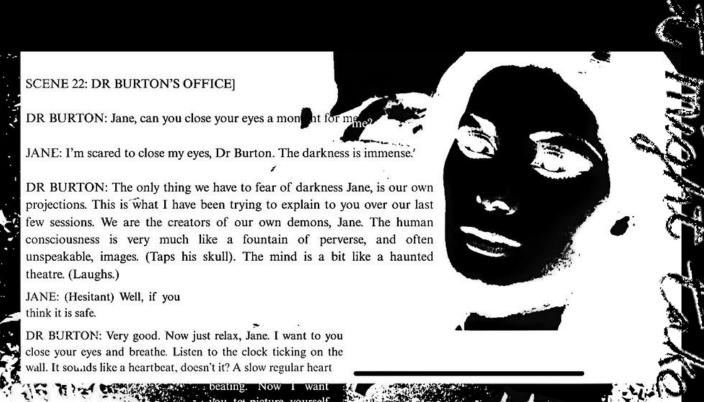
UNKNOWN MAN: (nodding his head, passing the joint) Ready as it can be...

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. Dárk and slow through the trees. It comes when I am falling asleep, my bare skin exposéd 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.



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.







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 Kittle Ris Blue. HERE Soft falling through the crescent night. I see the knife burning blue through the skin. I can bear his blue whispering voice in the greenhouse. Broken glass. My body shatters inside each scream

### [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 manylovers. 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 onlong voyages at sea. She tells me their faces are black with smog. They make love with Mary in the backrooms of grubbypubs, 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. Thepark 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 a 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."

at least it's not snow

KILLER IS ECCCLESIASTICAL My killer is pink. he is rising from a bush of hydrangeas wielding á switchblade. Iletoutascream and run through the streets. The villagers are all covered in strange markings. They show me an eveball in the centre of a rose. I am falling under their spell. KILLER IS ECCELESIAS
KILLER IS ECCELESIAS

## 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?" se 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. Hisbreath 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 musicalinstrument: 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 m moves towards her.

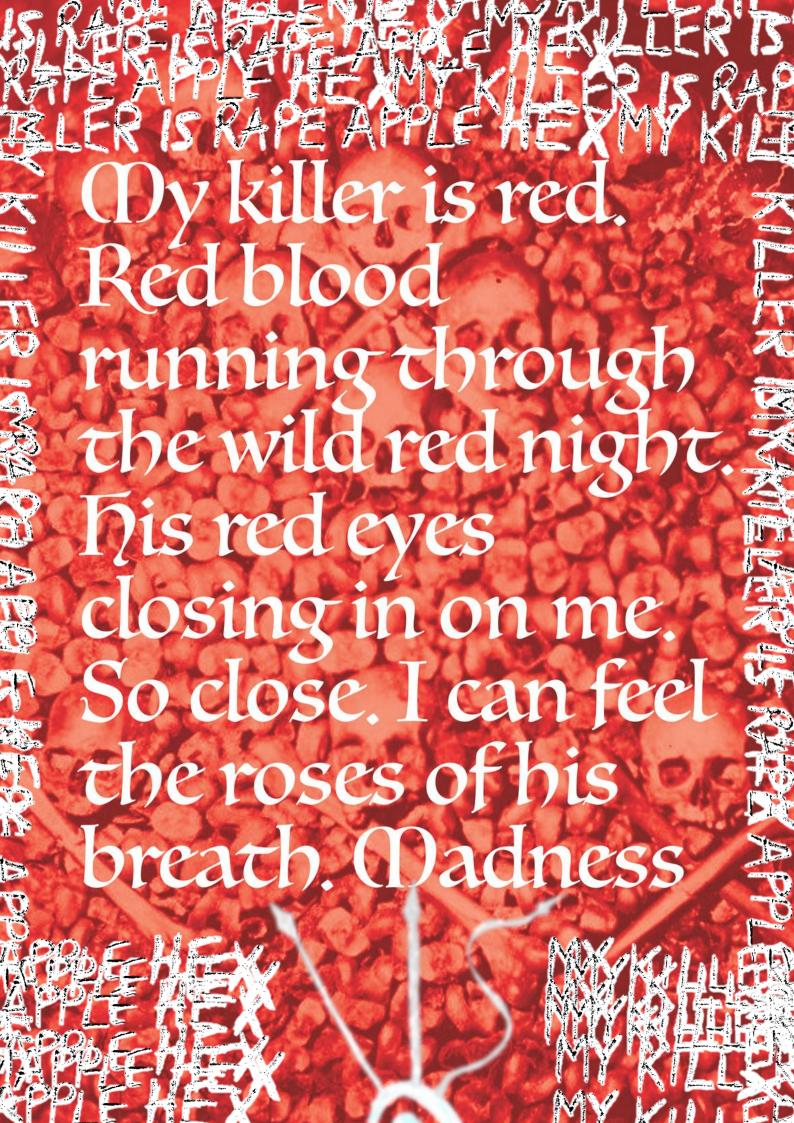
"O black star, o wilful beast of ignorance," she splutters, "
that feeds on the blood of youth and beauty, let thy pale
Let us see the poison of thy frintful love."

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.



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 though 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, heneath 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.

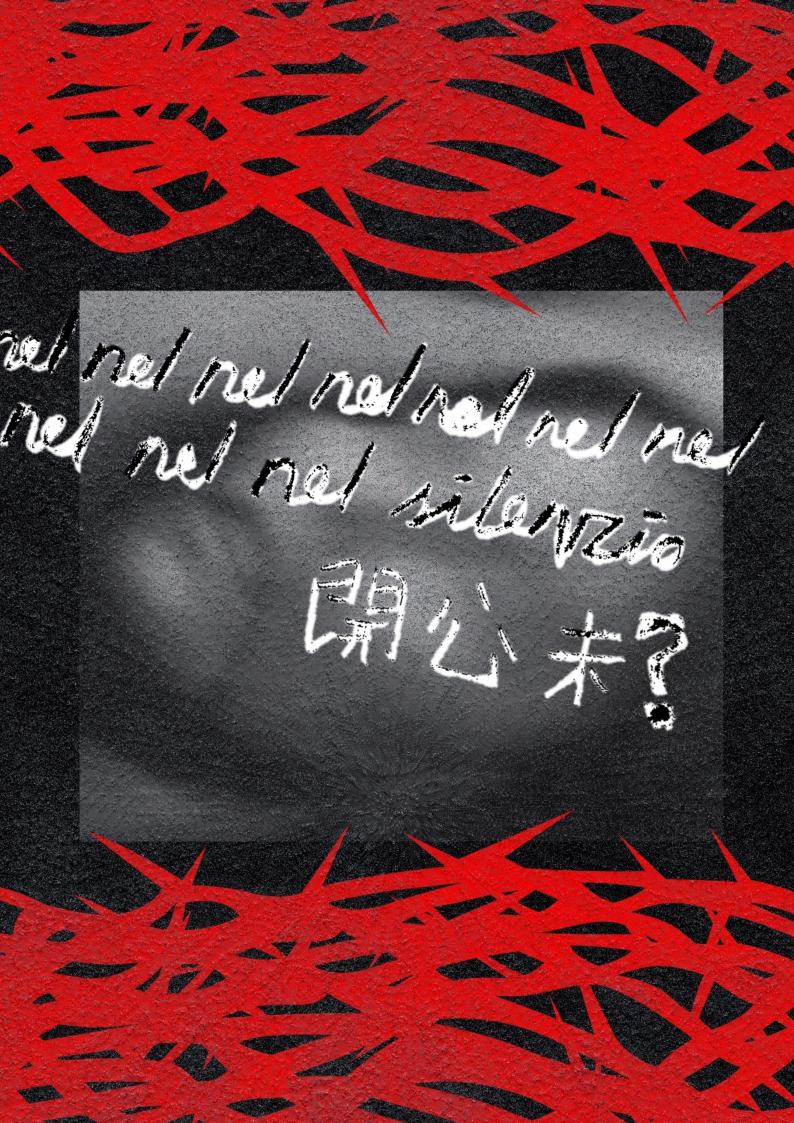
What is darkness but betrayal? ... He puts his mouth to my ear and tells me secrets.... All these secrets of the dark... The darkness is so bright here. I want the dark to never end.

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...



# ... I dream that the movie ends and the screen goes dark, black, and then silver, the screen cracks and all of

... 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 mutliplied 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

the tv opens. A mouth, red with blood. A 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.

A screen, bulbous and swelling with images, I step within, walk through tangled cobwebs, thick as cotton swabs, hanging across a stone stairwell. Long stone hallways in a basement somewhere miles beneath your house. Distant voices. The sound of bells, a sad melody, a dead child's lullaby whispering to you from some-

where up ahead. You walk for hours, you walk so long that you begin to remember everything that has ever happened to you, you are in a panic now, hyperventilating. Too tired to continue on. You lay down on the.

have arbeit turns off, black void of darkness which engulfs you, spreads from within. You cannot should be arbeit you know that sho is there, standing,

like horror stories. . . corpse like horror stories. . . breath, breath, watching you,



throat and all of your blood rushes out all 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, if it makes a difference, because doesn't you are already becoming a

the knife

enters your

Your eyes go empty, filled with tv static.

Your eyes go empty, filled with to static.

# 1/25 40% 1/0/2 40%







