

BULLSHIT

BY SIMON RACKHAM

ON THEN, WITH ELASTIC LEGS FLOPPY WALKING. OF GRUFF COMFORT. MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS RANDOMLY AS IF TOMORROW WAS SWELLING PROUD. UTTERING THIS AND THAT AND ALL ELSE. BORROWING FLESHY MUTATED EXTRAVAGANCE, WHILE BIRDS MIGRATE IN FLOCKS OF FULL STOPS. THESE ARE ENDINGS THEN. BEAUTIFUL IN THEIR COMMONPLACE BRAVADO. FRUITY LUMPS OF JUVENILE SPLATTER. SEMINAL GLISTENING NONSENSE'S. MORE STAINING BLACK SPUNK. HEADLESS CHICK STUTTERING, FOREWARNED AND FORWARD. NOTHING LIKE MY IMAGINATION IMAGINED AGAIN. OPENING MY BEATING HEART, AND SHOWING THE PULSE OF MY RED JUICE. BUTTERY SMOOTH MELLIFLUOUS GUSHING OF THOUGHTLESSNESS. CATCHING MY BREATH AS IT VANISHES INTO CHUBBY AIR. I'M SPEAKING OF UNINTENTIONAL FLOURISHES THAT MIGHT APPEAR LATER. ALL POSSIBILITIES MUST BE ACCOUNTED FOR. GREEN ALSO IS UNAVOIDABLE. NATURE, LIKE A DEMENTED SLUT WHO OPENS THE PETALS OF CHANCE, OFFERING LUSCIOUS ILLUSIONS TO GREEDY EYED VENGEANCE. STARTING EVERY TIME FROM THE SAME SILENT PLACE. THE MONOTONOUS BUMP OF THE BEAT MACHINE. CHURNING OUT SPASMS OF PLEASURE, OR ENDURING A SEMI-AUTOMATIC CASCADE OF REBIRTHS. BUT, EACH IS AS ORDINARY AS THE PREVIOUS DOUBT.

ON WHILE THE SUBJECT IS STILL HOT IN MY MOUTH. I SUCK IT UNTIL IT MELTS INTO THE PAST. SHAVED LIKE A NURSE AS I HOLD OUT MY COCK TO HER GOLDEN SCISSORS. SNIPPETS OF MIND MUSH THAT FILL UP THE WHOLE. A KALEIDOSCOPIIC POETIC PUREE. NOW LETS NOT EGG SATURATE, POETIC MY ARSE. I'VE READ BETTER POETRY ON A TOILET ROLL PACKET. YES. YES WHAT? ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS. FUCK OFF! SPASTIC BRAIN. DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, SAY WOOF. GOOD DOGGIE. NOW LET ME RUB-A-DUB-DUB YOUR TUMMY AND LICK YOUR EYEBALLS. LET MY TONGUE RIM YOUR ARSE SEXY DOG. WHAT IS IT WITH ME AND OBSCENITY? SOMETIMES I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M JUST TRYING TO SHOCK MYSELF. I NEVER SUCK SEED. (I COULDN'T RESIST). I'M TRYING TO DEPRAVE AND CORRUPT MYSELF WITH THIS WORD TOSSING OFF. BUT IT'S ALL GRIST TO THE MILL. SNOT ON THE HANKY OF THE PAGE. IT'S ALL CONCEPTUALLY SOUND THOUGH. THOUGHT OUT AND PREGNANT WITH INTENTION. IN MY MINDS EYE IT ALREADY EXISTS. NOW IS JUST LABOUR, THE DIRTY STUFF OF CREATION. THE ACT OF REALISATION. OFTEN THE IDEA OF EXISTENCE IS OF MORE WORTH THAN THE EXISTENCE ITSELF. THE IDEA IS PARAMOUNT AND THE FLABBY PRODUCT IS REQUIRED ONLY AS PROOF OF THE IDEA. I DON'T KNOW, HONESTLY, THE BOLLOCKS I SOMETIMES COME UP WITH WOULD SHAME A CHILD DOING A TEST FOR A BOY SCOUTS BADGE IN PHILOSOPHY. A NICE CUP OF COFFEE BECKONS WITH DARING ALLURE, SO FUCK THIS FOR A MOMENT! WHY ALWAYS THIS ARTY GOBBLEDEGOOK? I OUGHT TO GET OUT MORE. LEARN A NEW SUBJECT TO BULLSHIT ABOUT.

ONWARD. WORDS HAVE MORE POWER THAN TO BE MERE PURVEYORS OF STORY LINES. I REFUSE FICTION. JUST SAY NO TO AN INVENTED REALITY. MY BANALITY, IT SUITS ME WELL. WORDS LIKE KITES WITHOUT STRINGS FLYING FREE. WORDS LIKE DEAD LEAVES BECOME MULCH. A VISUAL COMPOST. A COUNTRY SONG.

(HANDS UP ALL THOSE WHO RECOGNISED THAT REFERENCE). SIDE FIVE, TRACK SIX. OR STANDING NAKED IN FIELDS WHILE THE SUN STILL SETS. YES IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY TOO. A WEDNESDAY I THINK. A ONE IN SEVEN CHANCE OF BEING RIGHT AT LEAST THAT'S GUARANTEED. (UNLESS YOU'RE READING THIS IN A TRANSLATION). BUT HOW DO YOU TRANSLATE DRAWINGS? AN UNNECESSARY QUESTION IF EVER THERE WAS ONE. SMACKING OF SELF INDULGENCE AS ALWAYS. IT'S TANTAMOUNT TO A STYLE. THE USUAL POT-POURRI OF INCONSEQUENCE. THE SAME THEMES AND INEVITABLE VARIATIONS. SO HERE I'LL CHANGE TACK, AND TRY ANOTHER MODE OF ATTACK. MR. RUDOLF WAS SORRY, BUT THE RESULT WAS NOT JUST OF HIS DOING. MRS. MULBERRY WAS ALSO IMPLICATED. AND THOSE HIGHER UP THE LADDER MUST ALSO TAKE A SHARE IN THE BLAME. IT WOULD HAVE TO HAPPEN, ANYONE COULD SEE THAT. THE PICTURE HAD BEEN PAINTED AND EVEN THE VARNISH WAS DRY, SO THERE COULD BE NO GOING BACK. PUBLIC OPINION IN THE REGION WAS LOOKING FOR AN OUTLET. TRY AS HE MIGHT MR. RUDOLF COULD NOT HOLD BACK THE TIDE. "BUT COULDN'T YOU EVEN TRY!" EXCLAIMED MR. WALKER. "EVEN IF I WAS MOSES HIMSELF I WOULD FAIL," HE RETORTED. "THE LOBSTER MUST PAY FOR HIS DINNER."

ON BROKEN GLASS I RUN BAREFOOT. THE PAIN IS ONLY THAT OF IMAGINATION. THE BLOOD IS ONLY THE RED PAINT SQUEEZED OUT OF AN OLD LEAD TUBE. WHAT WAS IT MY FATHER SAID, "DON'T FIGHT IF YOUR GUN ISN'T LOADED". I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THE FUCK HE WAS TALKING ABOUT. (THAT'S ALL BULLSHIT TOO). OR AS THE BIBLE SAYS, "LET HE WHO IS BLIND SEE THE TRUE PATH". OR AS THE KORAN SAYS, "LISTEN TO THE VOICE THAT DRAWS YOU CLOSER TO THE CLIFF". OR AS CLIFF SAID, "POWER TO ALL OUR FRIENDS". OR AS I SAY, "ONE MORE COAT AND THE PAINTING WILL BE INVISIBLE". BECAUSE INTERPRETATION IS NINE TENTHS OF THE MEANING, AND ALL IS WITHIN REACH OF THE MIND. THEN THE PHONE RINGS AND EVERYTHING IS LOST. THAT TRAIN OF THOUGHT HAS CRASHED INTO THE REALITY OF THE HOUR. THE TUNNEL OF THE MIND IS AS BLACK AS A WHORES OPEN ARSE. PLANT THE SEED THERE AND WATCH THE THOUGHT TREE FLOWER. CLIMB THE BOUGHS OF REASON AND SWING IN THE BRANCHES OF FREEDOM. I TWIST MY HAIR ROUND MY FINGER AND UTTER SOMETHING MORE, A MERE CONFLAGRATION OF CODSWALLOP. I STAPLE THE WORDS TO THE PAGE, ONLY TO WATCH THEM STRUGGLING UNTIL DEATH. THESE ARE THE LUMPS OF MEANING THROWN INTO THE GRAVE OF THIS PAGE. A REQUIEM FOR THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE OF THE START, THE MIDDLE, AND THE END. OR THE INTENTION, THE ACTION, AND THE REACTION. STEADY ON MATE OR YOU'LL DROWN IN YOUR OWN VERBAL VOMIT. BUT IT'S ALWAYS EASIER TO DO SOMETHING THAN NOTHING. THE NIHILISTIC RAMBLINGS OF A NINCOMPOOP. MAKE WAY ALL YOU OVAL PRETENDERS.

ON WHAT FUTURE DO I HANG MY COAT? I'VE ONLY ONE AND ONE THIRD OF A PAGE LEFT TO FILL. NOT LONG NOW THEN, BEFORE I CAN PRINT IT AND DEFACE IT. AND WHAT OF AVOCADOS? HAVE THEY SPROUTED FROM THEIR MUDDY HAVEN YET? ALAS NOT, THOUGH EACH DAY I QUENCH A HOPEFUL THIRST. DEAR SIR, I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT INFORMATION PUBLISHED IN YOUR LOFTY JOURNAL (C.P. ISSUE 21.) WAS INCORRECT. YOU STATED THAT PLUTO WAS DISCOVERED IN 1914, WHEN IN POINT OF FACT IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1930. ALSO IN THE SAME ARTICLE YOU SAID THAT ETERNITY IS INFINITE, WHEREAS MOST PEOPLE RIGHTLY BELIEVE THAT IT IS JUST A VERY LONG TIME. (AND I USE THE TERM, 'TIME', LOOSELY). PLEASE LISTEN TO 'ETERNITY ROAD' BY RAY THOMAS OF

THE POPULAR MUSIC GROUP 'THE MOODY BLUES', ON THE ALBUM 'TO OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN'S CHILDREN', SIDE TWO, TRACK TWO, (THRESHOLD 1969) FOR FURTHER CLARIFICATION OF THE MATTER. SO THIS IS IT THEN. TWELVE AND A BIT LINES BEFORE THE WHOLE CABOODLE'S IN THE CAN. BUT I WON'T DASH TO THE LAST LINE. IN FACT I THINK I'LL GO AND BUY CORN FLAKES (KELLOGG'S) AND MILK, TO EKE OUT A LITTLE SUSPENSE. (19:10). - (19:36). INCREDIBLE! FUCKING UNBELIEVABLE! NO FUCKING CORN FLAKES (KELLOGG'S). A SUPERMARKET WITH NO CORN FLAKES (KELLOGG'S) IS LIKE A WHORE WITH NO CUNT. FUCKING USELESS. NO, A WHORE COULD STILL GIVE 'HAND RELIEF' OR A BLOW JOB OR SOMETHING. DAMN! AND I WANTED THE ENDING TO BE MORE SUBLIME. A SUMMATION OF INTENTION ETC. A DRAWING TOGETHER BEFORE THE LINEAR DRAWINGS OF THE END.

ON TO THE NEXT PRICELESS (OR WORTHLESS) IDEA. DO YOU REMEMBER THAT CUT ON THE KNEE? THE ONE YOU GOT WHEN YOU FELL OFF YOUR BIKE. HAS IT HEALED YET, OR IS THERE STILL A SCAB I CAN EAT? THAT'S FOUR THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY NINE WORDS WRAPPED UP AND RARING TO GO. GIDDY-UP BOY. POUR ACID ON THE GAPING WOUND OF THE PAGE. SNIFF UP ANOTHER GOOD LINE OF THIS SHIT. BECAUSE IT'S ALL RIGHT, IN FACT IT'S A GAS. OR AS NIEMEN SAYS, 'STRANGE IS THIS WORLD', (CBS 64896). OH YES, INDEED IT IS. OR AS MICK SAID IN NINETEEN SEVENTY, 'YOU GO YOUR WAY, I'LL GO MINE', (CBS 64098). ANYWAY, I CAN'T SIT HERE ALL DAY WRITING THIS BULLSHIT, I'VE GOT WORK TO DO. LETTERS TO POST AND DRUGS TO BUY. SO TALLY HO! OFF I GO, TO CHASE MY OWN PERSONAL FOX. (THAT'S FIVE THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY SEVEN WORDS WRAPPED UP AND STUCK INTO THIS (S)CRAPBOOK). SO NOW I GET INTO MY SKY ROCKET AND LIGHT THE BLUE TOUCH PAPER. WHERE TO MATE? I DON'T CARE JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE. A GOOD TIME FOR A SQUARE, JUST HERE. PERFECT. ALMOST BETTER THAN I IMAGINED IT WOULD BE. SUBTLE AND UNOBTRUSIVE. A CUTE, TINY NEEDLING MINIMALIST STATEMENT OF SYMMETRY, TUCKED INTO THE HAYSTACK. AND THEN, JUST AS I'M ENJOYING MY SQUARE LAST NIGHTS BUNNY HOPS INTO MY MIND. POOR LITTLE FLOPSY FLOUNDERING ABOUT AFTER A CAT ATTACK. OR WAS PUSSY JUST INQUISITIVE? AND RAN OFF SO AS NOT TO BE BLAMED. BUT I BLAMED IT ANYWAY. IT'S A CAT EAT RABBIT WORLD OUT THERE. THAT'S ENOUGH FLUBDUB TO PUT THIS PAGE TO BED.

ON THOSE NIPPLES I'D LIKE TO HANG BELLS. TO HEAR MY BITCH COMING AS SHE WALKS INTO THE ROOM. ONE WAY OF SPREADING MY WORD WEB, SEXIST FLIMFLAMMERY. A SPIDERY BACKDROP FOR MY OFT TALKED OF POTENTIAL DRAWINGS. THE CROWNING GLORY, WHOLE OF THIS ACTION DEVOTED TO THAT. AND THINKING OF HOLES, LET ME POUR MY FLUIDITY OVER YOUR LIPS. HOW'S THAT FOR A MOUTHFUL OF JUICY SEMINAL METAPHORS? THESE WORDS THAT STICK IN YOUR THROAT AS YOU SAY THEM. I'M SWALLOWING MY PRIDE TO WRITE SUCH SEEDY, EFFLUENT SPLATTER. ENOUGH BLOW-JOBING JIGGERY-POKERY. DANDELION TREATS RETURN UNNATURAL FAVOURS. BLANK LOOKING VERSE DOES AS WELL. 'AND HE SAID, THAT WHICH COMETH OUT OF THE MAN, THAT DEFILETH THE MAN'. ST. MARK 7. 20. YEAH MAN, I DIG IT. SPREAD THOSE VELVETY WINGS, LET ME SHOOT FORTH MY ARROWS OF LIFE. THUS SPAKE EROS. AND WHERE DO I STAND IN THE MIDST OF THIS CARNAGE. A 'NEW' OLD 'REALIST', LICKING THE PAST, FLUCTUATING BETWEEN NOTIONS OF A FLUXUS EVENT, AND A RENEWED CONSERVATISM. ARMAN MEETS ARMANI AT A REALLY 'HAPPENING'

CELEBRITY PARTY, IN NEW YORK, OR PARIS, OR TOKYO, OR MILAN, OR EVEN GOOD OLD BLIGHTY. NO, I'LL STICK WITH MY STYLIST MANIFESTO, THE FREEDOM TO DO ANYTHING, EVEN NOTHING. BUT LIKE EVERYTHING, IT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE TOO. EVEN THIS. ALL OF THESE WORDS HAVE BEEN WELL FUCKED OVER TIME AND TIME AGAIN, EXCEPT THE NEXT ONE. CLITOGRAPHY. A NEW WORD FOR A NEW WAY OF DRAWING. INK UP THE LOVE BUD AND SKETCH HAPPILY.

ON FEET SO SORE I WALKED ALL NIGHT. THE MOON WAS SHY AND KEPT HIDDEN BEHIND THOSE HEAVY CLOUDS. I REMEMBER IT AS IF IT WAS NOW. LOST MOMENTS THAT ONLY EXIST AS A MEMORY. GONE FOREVER. UNLESS IN HEAVENS LIBRARY WE CAN CHOOSE TO RELIVE CERTAIN EVENTS. AND IF WE CAN, WE CAN RELIVE OUR WHOLE LIFE AGAIN. JUST THE HIGHLIGHTS. WE CAN LEAVE OUT ALL THE SHITTY BITS, OR THE BORING BITS, OR THE TOO REPETITIOUS BITS. FAST FORWARD TO THE HAPPY CHUNKS. MAYBE HEAVEN IS WHATEVER YOU WANT HEAVEN TO BE. ANOTHER LAYER OF COMPLETE AND UTTER BOLLOCKS. SO NIGHT-NIGHT AS I TURN OUT THE LIGHT, AND PREPARE MYSELF TO NULLIFY TIME. SWEETLY DREAMING OF WHATEVER MY UNCONSCIOUS CAN MUSTER. I HOPE IT'S ONE OF THEM RAUNCHY ONES WITH DIRTY DISGRACEFUL DISGUSTING DEPRAVITY. I ONLY DREAM BECAUSE SLEEPING IS SO FUCKING BORING. SO HERE GOES, "WISH ME GOOD PORN, TILL WE MEET ON THE MORN". OK, BACK TO WORK BUT NOT HERE, SOME OTHER PAGE LOOKS A TRIFLE LESS FULL. NOW BACK HERE AND OFF IN ANOTHER DIRECTION. HEAVE MORE SLUMBEROUS, LUGUBRIOUS UTTERANCES INTO VIEW. PLOP EACH TORPID NEW ASSEVERATION INTO ITS DESIGNATED HOMELAND. INVADING THE VOID WITH A RUMBLING CONTINUITY. YOU CUNT! YOU POMPOUS PREVARICATOR. LEADING AN ARMY OF NO CONSEQUENCE INTO A POINTLESS BATTLE. THE WAR IS OVER. LET THE WOUNDS HEAL. STRIATIONS ACROSS THE BACK OF THE PAPER. FLOGGING A DEADENED REALITY. A WHIPPING-BOY ON THE WHIPPING-POST, BUT 'THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS'.

ON FEATHERY PROMISES I DANCE TURQUOISE RHYTHMS. SHAFTING A SLIGHTLY FANTASTIC MEMORY PICTURE. UNDER LACE CURTAINS I'M MANIPULATING THE VISUAL IMAGINATION. LIKE SO MANY LINES ABOUNDING IN POSSIBLE MEANING. MELLIFLUOUS WORD PAINTING. MY SAMEY OLD LEITMOTIF, OR IF YOU PREFER IDÉE FIXE, REBELLOWS THROUGHOUT. NOWT NEW TO BE DONE LAD. SO JERK OFF ANOTHER VERSION AND CUT OUT THE BACKCHAT. ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE POSSIBLE. HEAVE HO, PUT YOUR BACK INTO THE EFFORT. RAKE THROUGH THE DETRITUS OF THE IMAGINABLE, AND SEE WHAT TURNS UP THIS TIME. BEACH COMBING THE BACK OF THE MIND. OILY FILM OF WASTE VISCERAL VOICES. A FRACTIONALLY MORE POETIC WAY OF SAYING THE SAME BULLSHIT. NOW REMINISCENCES OF PAST ENTANGLED SENTENCES FLOAT TO THE TOP OF THE BRAIN CESSPOOL. PURELY FOR PROFIT PROSE. MENTAL PRODUCT SQUEEZED OUT FOR PURCHASE AND SOLD ON THE STREET. I STOOD THERE LIKE ANY CHEAP WHORE TOUTING MY WARES. BUT WAS LUCKY I SUPPOSE, TO END UP IN A LITERARY BROTHEL WITH OTHER WORD WEARY BITCHES. ARTY LANGUAGE TOO OBFUSCATORY FOR A REGULAR WHORE HOUSE. MY PRETENTIOUS FACILE FACE TWADDLE HITS THE NAIL ON THE HEAD. BUT ENOUGH OF PATTING MYSELF ON THE BONCE. BLITHERING ON WITH RIBALD ESPRIT. LET'S FINGER-FUCK THIS TO A CLIMAX BEFORE SPURTING THICK GLOBS OF MEANING IN THE FACE OF THE READER. THE READER? WHO'S HE KIDDING? A KING-DONG SIZED EGO I'VE GOT. A

NAPOLEONIC ARROGANCE, MASSIVELY OVERRATING ANY INTEREST IN THIS FARCE.

ON ME I REST MY GRAVESTONE. I CARVE MY NAME AND NUMBERS. I OFFER PLASTIC FLOWERS TO MY MEMORY OF MYSELF. I STAND ABOVE ME AND PISS ON MY BOX. DRINK THE RAIN THAT SEEPS INTO MY ROTTING FLESH. I AM THE WORM THAT WIGGLES THROUGH ME. I'M FREE TO LAUGH INTO THE FACE OF GOD. BUT NEVER KNOW THE FEELING. TOO MANY GODS TO CHOOSE FROM, SO I CHOSE NONE. KINDLY REFRAIN FROM DRINKING YOUR TEARS IN PUBLIC HE SHOUTED. RANT OVER THERE TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE FRONT BIT. I SCATTERED MY THOUGHTS TO THE WIND. BUT THE WIND REFUSED THEM AND THEY FELL HERE TO DECOMPOSE INTO DUST. I WONDER HOW YOU GO ABOUT SELLING OUT? YOU OFTEN HERE ABOUT PEOPLE 'SELLING OUT'. I'D LOVE TO DO THAT. I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS ARTY NONSENSE, TWITTERING AWAY ALL DAY LIKE SOME NUMBSKULL. IF I HAD TO WRITE, (WHICH OF COURSE I DON'T) I'D LOVE TO WRITE SOMETHING A BIT MORE COMMERCIAL. MAYBE A LOVE STORY, NOW THAT WOULD TAX MY BRAIN. NOT LIKE THIS GIBBERISH. I CAN WRITE STUFF LIKE THIS WITH ONE FINGER RAMMED UP MY ARSE. SHE LOOKED INTO HIS BIG BROWN EYES, AND WENT WEAK AT THE KNEES. SHE'D NEVER SEEN ANYBODY MORE BEAUTIFUL. 'HI,' SHE SAID, 'I'M JACKIE.' 'HI,' HE REPLIED, 'I'M ROB.' IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. PIECE OF PISS. WILLOWY THREATENING UNITY. OPEN YOUR MOUTH. WIDER! WET WEATHER WE'RE HAVING FOR THIS TIME OF DAY. KIND OF FLIPPANT ALTITUDE OFFERED UP AS A PRAYER TO MUSK. MINE'S THIRSTY BRAVADO. AS SLINKY I SOLEMNLY GO!

ON CLOUDS OF VOWELS I DREAM OF REUNION. A MONTH AND A HALF, OR SIX WEEKS, OR FORTY TWO DAYS, OR ONE THOUSAND AND EIGHT HOURS, OR SIXTY THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MINUTES, OR THREE MILLION, SIX HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED SECONDS. AND THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT FOR ABOUT TWO THIRDS OF THAT TIME I'LL BE SOUNDLY SLEEPING. AND LETS NOT FORGET THE TIME WASTED WORKING THAT OUT. WASTED? HOW CAN TIME BE WASTED? NO, DON'T GO THERE. OK, I WON'T. AND DIDN'T. NAUGHT KILLED, EXCEPT A FEW SECONDS. SO ON WITH THE NOVELETTE. CLIP-CLOPPING ALONG LIKE AN OLD TIRED NAG HEADING FOR THE KNACKER. HOLD ON! SHOULDN'T THERE HAVE BEEN AN APOSTROPHE IN THAT LET'S UP THERE? OH WHAT THE FUCK, PUT IT HERE INSTEAD ' . NOW IT LOOKS A BIT LONELY, ESPECIALLY WITH THAT FULL STOP OUT ON A LIMB. ALWAYS COMMENTING ON MY OWN ACTIONS. TALKING TO MYSELF LIKE A FUCK-WIT. JUST LIKE THAT OLD DEAR IN THE AGE CONCERN SHOP, CONSTANTLY MUMBLING SOME SNIPPET OF CONVERSATION UNDER HER BREATH. I BET IT'S A DAMNED SIGHT MORE INTERESTING THAN THIS THOUGH. THIS DRIBBLING DERIVATIVE DRIVEL ALL OVER THE PAGE. IF YOU DON'T LIKE READING THE TEXT JUST LOOK AT THE PICTURES. THE FINE LINE BETWEEN DRAWING AND WRITING. I'VE POLLUTED THIS ENVIRONMENT ALL BY MYSELF. SOOTY BLACK POCK MARKS DESCENDING. YET I RECYCLE MY INTENTIONS AT LEAST. I SAY THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER, WITH JUST A SLIGHT VARIATION. I'M THE QUINTESSENTIAL MINIMALIST, WHEN EFFORT'S NEEDED.

ON GRASS OR CONCRETE MY BALL BOUNCES EQUALLY ILL. COLLECTING VARIABLE MUSIC FROM KINKY DISCIPLINES SWORD. RATHER ME THAN A DISUSED IGLOO THOUGH HE THOUGHT BLANDLY. WHAT OF THE DRAWINGS? NOW SEEMS

THE TIME BECAUSE NOW IS THE TIME FOR THE MENTION OF THE DRAWINGS. WHY THE DRAWINGS THEN? BECAUSE I THOUGHT OF THE DRAWINGS. A VISUAL SLAP IN THE FACE. OBSCURING THE ODD COMMA OR FULL STOP. DISSECTING THE WORDS WITH A SPIDERY LINE. TRANSFORMING THE THING AND MAKING IT OTHER. EVERYTHING COULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT BUT WASN'T AND NOW CAN'T BE OTHERWISE. LIKE THE LINES ON YOUR FACE. IF ONLY YOU'D SMILED MORE OR CRIED MORE OR DONE THIS OR THAT. YOU'RE STUCK WITH WHAT'S THERE NOW, (ALTHOUGH WHAT NOW'S SUPPOSED TO MEAN I DON'T KNOW). SOMETHING TO MAKE A MOCKERY OF WORDS. WELL PRIZED LINKING HERO, I'M LUCKY OF WEATHER. AND ON. FOREVER. SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITIES IS ONE OF THE BEST ABILITIES. I LEARNT TO REMEMBER NOT TO FORGET MY NAME EARLY. BUT LITTLE BY LITTLE I'M SWAPPING MY FACE FOR A NEW ONE. LINE BY LINE, SECOND BY SECOND, LETTER BY LETTER. I'M WRITING THIS LIKE ZAPPING THROUGH THE TV CHANNELS. ADDING A LITTLE HERE AND THERE. WATCHING THE PAGES FILL UP TO A CHAOTIC WHOLE. AND KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THE CREAM IS YET TO BE Poured. THOSE ILLUSTRATIONS I'VE BEEN PLANNING. THEY'RE THE CHERRY ON THE CAKE. DRAWN WITH BLACK INK SPEWING FORTH FROM MY BLUE FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN.

ON MY WAY I STOPPED TO LAUGH AT A CHILD WHO HAD FALLEN OFF A BIKE. IT WAS A BOY. I ASKED IF I COULD LICK THE BLOOD FROM HIS KNEE. HIS FAT MOTHER STOOD BY PROUDLY AS MY TONGUE LAPPED AT THE WOUND. NICE FLAVOUR I SAID AS I WINKED AT HER. SHE LICKED HER LIPS AND SHOWED ME THE SCAR HER BOY HAD MADE ON HER BELLY. NO IT WASN'T A DREAM. NOT EVEN A DAY DREAM. I ONLY THOUGHT IT SO I COULD WRITE IT. I ONLY WROTE IT BECAUSE I DECIDED TO FILL ANOTHER PAGE. BUT WHAT WOULD FREUD SAY? I'D POKE FREUD IN THE EYE WITH MY PENCIL. THEN HE'D SAY OUCH! EXCUSE ME BUTTING IN, BUT I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF A GOOD ALTERNATIVE TITLE FOR THIS. 'THE WANKING HANDBOOK'. WELL? WHAT D'YER THINK? IT'S SO FULL OF MASTURBATORY INNUENDO. YOU CALL THAT INNUENDO? IT'S MUCH MORE IN YOUR FACE THAN THAT (HA HA), IT'S DARNED NEAR OVERFLOWING WITH SPUNK GAGS (HA HA). WHATEVER COMES INTO MY HEAD I SPIT DOWN HERE (HA HA). THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE SERIOUS STUFF. ART, AND ALL THAT. SO I SHOULD STOP TOSsing OFF THE FIRST THING THAT I THINK OF. PROFUNDITY NOT INANITY. ART SHOULD ELEVATE NOT TITILLATE. MAKE THE SPIRIT SOAR. HELP HUMANITY COMPREHEND A NEW REALITY. IRONY AND ABSURDISM HAVE HELD SWAY LONG ENOUGH, TRY TO MAKE THE WORLD BETTER INSTEAD OF JUST TAKING THE PISS. REHASHING OLD NOTIONS IS SO PASSÉ, SO TWENTIETH CENTURY. "SNOB OFF YOU OLD COCKSHITE, IT'S DREARY WHITE-COATS LIKE YOU THAT WE'RE PISSING ON. GO AN' SUCK YOUR BIG DICK WERTHER'S ORIGINALITY SOMEWHERE ELSE".

ON FLEETING THOUGHTS I SWEEP OUT THE REMNANTS OF TOMORROW. TODAY IS TOO DULL TO EVEN BEGIN WRITING ABOUT. BUT WHAT'S DONE IS INDEED DONE. WELCOME BACK MY FRIENDS TO THE TRIPE THAT NEARLY ENDS. BACK FROM MY EXHILARATING TRIP TO THE SHOPS AND ON WITH THE SHOW. WHAT JUICY BOGUS MIND BOGIES CAN I PICK FOR THE PURPOSE OF SMEARING HERE NOW? WHAT CAN MY GREY MATTER MUSTER? PERHAPS A SWIPE AT AUTHORITY, OR A KICK IN THE BALLS OF BEING. MAYBE A TIRADE OF ABUSE AT RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY. 9/20 ALREADY, SO A REFERENCE TO TUMBLING TOWERS OF TERROR. OR A NOD IN THE DIRECTION OF POSSIBLE FUTURE HISTORY. FISTICUFFS OVER OIL ETC. BUT I THINK NOT, AGITPROP IS NOT MY CUP OF TEA. I'LL FOLLOW MY NOSE DOWN THE WELL

TRODDEN DADA SURREALIST PATH. MORE 'THE VIENNA GROUP' THAN ERNEST PIGNON-ERNEST. (IT'S A GOOD NAME THOUGH!) EVEN THOUGH I'M RING!-RING! OH, JUST FUCK OFF! FUCKING TELEPHONES INTERRUPTING THE DISCOURSE. MAYBE I WAS ABOUT TO THINK SOMETHING REALLY IMPORTANT JUST THEN. NOW I'VE LOST IT, IT'S GONE FOR GOOD. I'LL HAVE TO PLOUGH A DIFFERENT FICTITIOUS FURROW. EACH THOUGHT HAS ITS PLACE, EACH IDEA HAS ITS HOME. WISHING WON'T MAKE IT NECESSARILY HAPPEN. PRAYING? DON'T BE SILLY, WHAT AM I SAYING? KINDLY REFRAIN. ELOQUENT REGRESSION. RIGOROUS RIGORMORTIS OF THE STILL BREATHING CORPSE ON THIS PALLID SHEET. SOUND THE DEATH KNEEL OF ANOTHER PUFFED UP PIECE OF PARCHMENT, AS I RAM MORE NULLIFIED NOUNS INTO THE CORPUS.

ON FLUTES OF CRIMSON VOICES I DRIP CREAMY LATHER. KINGS COULD NOT GIVE YOU BETTER THOUGH THEY MINT THEIR OWN WEALTH. SO BACK ON THE TOILET THAT CONSTITUTES THESE RAMBLINGS. PANTS DOWN AND READY TO LET GO MORE VERBOSE COPROLOGICAL RAVINGS. THEN SUDDENLY MY MIND GOES BLANK. I CAN'T THINK OF NOTHING TO WRITE. SO I WROTE THAT, AND IT EXILED MORE WHITE PAPER TO THE MARGINS. STAINED THE PAGE PEPPER BLACK WITH ITS BANALITY. THE PLASTIC BOWL KISSING MY FOOT AND THE FUNNEL OFF TO THE LEFT REMIND ME OF MORE WORTHWHILE ENDEAVOURS. HAPPY REFLECTIONS ON FLESHY ERECTIONS. BUT ENOUGH SAID ON THAT TOPIC FOR A MINUTE OR TWO. LET ME SCREW THESE WORDS TO THE PAGE GOOD AND HARD. MAKE THEM SUBMIT TO MY WILL. TIED SPREAD-EAGLED BEFORE ME I FINGER THEM INTO VIEW. OH SO SMUTTY, THIS PUERILE PURPLE (HEADED) PROSE (BACK) PASSAGE. NOW I SWING THE POETIC PENDULOUS PENDULUM ELSEWHERE. LIKE FISH JUMPING THROUGH LOOPS OF PURE FANTASY. SMALL BIRDS CUPPED IN THE OVER RIPE HANDS. EYES WITH DIAMONDS DRIP-DRIPPING. MERCIFULLY THE FUTURE IS FINISHED, CUT OUT AND STUCK ON THE PAST. BRUSHES DIPPED IN JARS OF COLOURED PIGMENTS OF IMAGINATION. PAINTING WHOLE AEONS WITH APOCALYPTIC GOOD HUES. FURNITURE OF THE BRAIN PRODUCING A ROUGH VERSION OF RUST. TWEAK NOT THE NIPPLES OF INSIDIOUS HARMONY, LEST YOU BRING FORTH AN INTOLERABLE CACOPHONY OF CONCEPTS. HOLD STILL THOSE YANKING HANDS. LET GO THE MILKY GRIP THAT PROMISED SO MUCH AND DELIVERED LITTLE.

ON AND ON AND ON AGAIN. LET IT CONTINUE UNTIL IT'S AS FULL AS NIGHT-TIME. AS FULL AS A WOMB NEAR BURSTING. DEAD OR ALIVE IT INSISTS ON ITS BIRTH. AND WHAT AFTER? WHAT COMES NEXT? WHAT WILL APPEAR ON THE NEXT LINE? THIS DID. AND THIS, (¥) THOUGH WHAT THE FUCK IT IS I DON'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME KNOW. HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT THAT A Y LOOKS LIKE A PUSSY? NO, ME NEITHER. NOT UNTIL NOW THAT IS. NOT REALLY A PUSSY AS SUCH BUT THE TOP OF THE THIGHS WITH THE LEGS TIGHTLY SHUT. ENOUGH OF THIS PUSSY PARADE, THE OTHER ONE'S BETTER. FUNNY HOW I'M NOT ASHAMED TO REFERENCE MYSELF. BUT I HAVE THE COURAGE OF UNIVERSAL INDIFFERENCE. ALL I WRITE HERE IS JUST A LOVE LETTER TO MY VANITY. VIGOROUSLY STROKING MY EGO UNTIL THE WORDS FLOW. EJACULATORY ENTHUSIAST. BUT LET ME NOT SHILLY-SHALLY IN THIS MASTURBATORY INDULGENCE. SURELY I'M TOO OLD BY NOW FOR THIS SOLITARY PROCEDURE. I SHOULD LEAVE WRITING OF WANKING TO THE YOUNGSTERS. WHAT POPPYCOCK! REREADING THAT BIT WAS LIKE TREADING IN SHIT. FOX SHIT AT THAT. COME ON MAN, THINK OF SOMETHING BETTER, YOU TWAT. RHYMING HAS OFTEN WORKED IN THE PAST, IT GETS THE BRAIN TICKING

AND'LL GET THIS DONE FAST. I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANY MORE. I'M SICK OF THAT SING-SONG METRE. I WANT SOMETHING MUCH MORE MUNDANE TO SEE OUT THIS PAGE. CARDBOARD. A RAINY AFTERNOON. A CLICHÉ OF SUNDAY. WAITING FOR A BUS IN A MUNICIPALITY. READING THE FINANCIAL TIMES INDEX OF TRAILING SHARES. FUDDY-DUDDY STUDY OF TAX LAW, WHAT COULD BE MORE OF A BORE?

ON THESE WHITE WALLS I SCRAWL WHATEVER COMES. ANOTHER COAT OF LIFE'S STICKY EMULSION. NO SOONER THOUGHT OF THAN DRY AND FLAKY. THE DANDRUFF OF CONSCIOUSNESS. NO JUSTIFICATION REQUIRED, SO WHY SO MANY SYLLABLES ON THE MATTER? NO EXCUSE NEEDED, JUST PLOD ON UNTIL DONE DAY. THE HIGH NOON OF ANOTHER COMPLETION. ADD IT TO THE LIST OF THINGS DONE AND MOVE ON. PART OF A NEW DAY, I SAID. YES, I SAID PART OF A NEW DAY ECLIPSING THE OLD. THE RUMBLING, TREMULOUS FLOW OF VAGINAL MIND MUCUS. WHERE TO(O) NOW? HOW ABOUT A MENTION OF PARROTS OR A BARBIE 'JUST FOR YOU' PENCIL SHARPENER. WHY NOT INDEED? ALL'S WELCOME HERE IN THE CUPBOARD WHERE NOBODY LOOKS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. WHAT'S LEFT TO SAY WHEN WORDS FAIL? THE ABSURDITY OF IT ALL. AS SURREAL AS THE BOTTOM STEP OF A STAIRCASE LEANING CASUALLY UP AGAINST A WALL. I PLUNGE MY HANDS DEEP INTO MY POCKETS AND BRACE MYSELF FOR THE WIND AND RAIN OF THE EVERYDAY. AS POTENTIALLY HARMLESS OR MOMENTOUS AS A FOOTBALL ROLLING INTO THE ROAD. AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, AN ASHTRAY DOES NOT NECESSARILY HAVE TO BE ROUND. ROUNDNESS IS A DESIGNERS WET DREAM BUT DOESN'T CONSTITUTE PERFECTION. FORM AND CONTENT, AS THE SAYING GOES, ARE TWO ASPECTS OF THE SAME SHIMMERING PEACOCK. ANOTHER ELONGATED FEATHER IN THE CAP OF REASON. NOW LOOKING AROUND I SEE THAT WHEN I'VE CULLED THIS PAGE, I'LL ONLY HAVE A QUARTER OF PAGE FIVE LEFT TO FINISH. SO HURRY ALONG YOUNG MAN. CHOP-CHOP!

ON TOP. THE NEXT FIRST LINE TAKES ITS PLACE IN PRISTINE POSITION. LIKE THAT TOMATO IN THE KITCHEN, OVERRIPE AND SPLITTING ITS SIDE. LOOKING LIKE THE SMOOTH CUTE LITTLE CUNT OF A SUCCULENT VIRGIN. (NO MADAM, DON'T WORRY, NOT YOUR DAUGHTER. SHE'S TOO UGLY TO EVEN THINK OF RAPING. UNLESS OF COURSE I'D LOBBED OFF HER HEAD FIRST). AND I QUOTE "TO THE ULTIMATE SHIT HEADS, TAKE ADVICE, THIS IS NO JOKE WHEN CHILDREN (ARE) INVOLVED, OR ARE YOU FRONTING FOR CHILD MOLESTERS, GET RID OF IT DOPES, I ALMOST FORGOT, GROW UP DIPSTICKS... SO THINK AGAIN THICK CUNT HEAD, FROM A CONCERNED PARENT COME WINDOW SMASHER". AH! THE PURE UNADULTERATED POETRY OF ROUSED PASSION. THE ONLY FLAVOUR OF SWEET LOLLIPOP TRUE LOVE. GREEN LEAVES GROWING SLOWLY OVER THE CORPSE OF RESPECTABILITY. ANOTHER LAYER OF BULLSHIT SPREAD THINLY OVER THE FACE OF DECENCY. SANCTIMONIOUS DRIBBLE OF MY SCATOPHAGOUS DIET. I FORGET WHAT MAKES ME TICK SOMETIMES. SWIMMING THROUGH FIELDS OF VIRILE ACTIONS. MEMORABLE PLEASANTRIES. FANCIFUL PASTRIES. SUGAR COATING ON A PUSTULOUS MOMENT, AS THE NEEDLE SLOWLY DISENGAGES FROM THE MELTING CIRCULAR VINYL FACE. MY OTHER SIDE IS SCRATCHED AND MUTE. INAUDIBLE FRAGMENTS OF CRACKLING AIR. AND THE INCESSANT HUM OF THE SUNS RAYS STRUGGLING AGAINST THE BACKS OF CLOUDS. THE SHADOW SLOWLY INCHES DOWN, BRINGING ANOTHER EMPTY SUNSET. NO CAMERA COULD CAPTURE THE MOMENT OF THE BIG SUPERSTARS FINAL FAILURE.

ON WITHOUT LOOKING OVER MY SHOULDER. WHAT'S THERE IS ALREADY THERE. STANDING IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM AS THE PARTY GETS GOING. SILENTLY SIPPING RED WINE AND OCCASIONALLY MUNCHING A CRISP. A ROOM FULL OF HELLOS AND FLACCID SMILES. I ALMOST WISH I HAD A HEADACHE, AT LEAST THEN I'D HAVE A GOOD REASON TO STOP WRITING THIS BULLSHIT. I COULD GO AND LIE DOWN. STOP FORCING THESE SQUALID THOUGHTS OUT AND RELAX. THINK OF SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T END UP BEING PRINTED. LET MY MIND WANDER DOWN MEANDERING AVENUES. AT LEAST I MIGHT GET AN ERECTION OR SOMETHING. IF ONE'S GOING TO WANK IT'S BEST NOT TO DO IT WHERE PEOPLE MIGHT SEE. NO. AS IF ANYONE GIVES A FUCK. I'LL WANK WHERE I LIKE. HERE IS AS PRIVATE AS THERE ANYWAY. BUT WHAT ABOUT MONEY? WHAT IF I WON THE FIFTEEN MILLION POUND JACKPOT TODAY. (BUT I WON'T WASTE A POUND ON THE TICKET). WOULD I FINISH THIS TRASH? COULD I WRITE SUCH CLAPTRAP WITH MY POCKETS BULGING WITH CASH? LIKE EVERYONE ELSE I'M DREAMING OF A DIFFERENT LIFE. A POSSIBLE HAPPINESS. BUT WHAT IS IT THE CHINESE SAY "A LIFE WITH MONEY IS LIKE A CONDOM FILLED WITH SHIT", OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. SO I'LL JUST SIT HERE FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF. RAINBOW VARIATIONS COULD STEM THE FLOW OF RIVERS DIRECTIONS. CUT THROUGH WATERY BYWAYS TO RELISH THE MOMENT OF RECAPITULATION. HARMONISE REACTIONS AND THE WALLS WILL GRADUALLY FALL, SOFTLY LIKE BUTTER FALLING ONTO CARPET. MINE IS SVELTE DESIRE, BROKEN WITH ANGELS.

ON UNTIL THE BACK BREAKS. LIFTING MY EYES AGAIN AND AGAIN TO THE SAME SHINY RECTANGLE. FEATURELESS BOX OF ILLUSIONS. ARE MY ARMS REALLY SO DESPERATE? MY FINGERS CANNOT DO BETTER? NOT NOW ANYHOW. EVERYTHING'S EQUAL IN THIS KIND OF GEOMETRIC FACADE. MUMBLING INTO THE BLANK SHEETS. ANOTHER BROKEN VENUS BITING THE PILLOW AS I HUMP HOME. TONGUE TIED IN THE BONDAGE OF VERBALISATION. SENTENCED TO SERVILE SENTENCE CONSTRUCTION. TOO MUCH MEANING PERHAPS. I KNOW BETTER THAN TO FLAP MY LIPS ON THESE LINES OF THOUGHT. NOTHING GOOD WILL COME OF IT, LIKE EVER BEFORE. ANOTHER FLY STAINED CARCASS TO LITTER WHAT'S LEFT OF THE FLOOR. SHOULD I STAND STILL THEN? LET MY EARS TAKE THE STRAIN OF LIVING? TOO MANY QUESTIONS. I'LL LET SCHOPENHAUER AND HIS CRONIES DEAL WITH THAT ROT. MINE IS A MORE MUNDANE PURSUIT. THAT OF FULFILLING WHATEVER UNREASONABLE CHOICE I MADE. POPPING WORDS INTO THE BLANK SPACES BETWEEN LIVING. WORDY ARITHMETIC. ENOUGH POMPOUS BOMBAST. KING PRAWNS COULD DO AS WELL OR AT LEAST BETTER. FLOW ON WITHOUT SO MUCH SALAD. STRUMMING MY BANJO BANDAGE, IT'S QUEASY. SUBTRACTING TIME TILL EVERYTHING'S FULL. KEEPING MY EYE ON THE NUMBERS AS THEY FALL AND THEN RESURRECT. (JUST LIKE THAT). AS EASY AS FARTING OR GROWING ONES HAIR, (UNLESS DEAD OR BALD OR SOME OTHER LIFE FORM). NOT NORMAL BUT FEASIBLE. VOMITING LETTERS INTO THIS BOOKISH BUCKET. SQUEEZING THE MIND SPOT TILL THE PUS OF THOUGHT OOZES ONTO THE PAGE.

ON SECOND THOUGHTS, THAT'S WHAT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN CALLED. IT'S A KIND OF MUSIC TOO. A POSSIBLE OPERA, WITH MUSIC AND WORDS AND PICTURES ETC. AN OPERA FOR ONE. USING THE RULES OF 'COMPOSITION' OR SLIGHTLY ADAPTING THEM TO CATER FOR A MEZZO SOPRANOS MEDIUM RANGE VOCALISING. WHICH REMINDS ME OF A POEM, OR WHAT PASSED AS A POEM IN

THOSE FAR OFF DAYS. I THOUGHT I KNEW WHERE IT WAS, BUT IT'S NOT WHERE I THOUGHT. CAN I BE BOTHERED TO FIND IT? WHY NOT? NOTHING MUCH ELSE TO DO. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS IT MAY AS WELL DO SOMETHING USEFUL. THERE! THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO LOCATE, DID IT? (I DON'T REMEMBER IT LOOKING LIKE THAT). 'THE SOFT VOCALISING OF THE WOP MATCHED THE TONES OF THE TRIO OF LAMPS. THE CARNATION THAT WILL NEVER DIE MATCHED THE GLASS IN THE WINDOWS. THE GREEN WAX OF THE CANDLE MATCHES THE COLOUR OF YOUR EYES'. "THO' RACIST" IT'S NOT TOO BAD. A LEAST THE GAPS STILL LOOK NICE AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS IN AN ENVELOPE. IT'S GOOD TO PLUNDER THE POETIC ARCHIVES, AND REGURGITATE SOME OF THE INK THAT SURVIVES, BUT DID YOU REALLY HAVE GREEN EYES, OR WAS THAT JUST POETIC BULLSHIT? AND IN A PREDICTABLE PROUSTIAN WAY I'M TAKEN BY MIND BACK TO THAT BLOW JOB IN THE SHOWER, WHEN MY COCK GOT SNAGGED ON YOUR BRACE AND THE BLOOD FLOWED OUT OF YOUR MOUTH. WHATEVER. NOW IS NOT THEN AND WILL NEVER BE. THE EYE OF MY HALF HEADED SCULPTURE IS EYEING ME. IMPLORING ME TO GET ON WITH IT WITHOUT MEMORY.

ON OR BESIDE. OR POSSIBLY OVER, BUT NO, NOT OVER. NOT WHILE THERE'S BREATH IN THE LUNGS. AN ENCYCLOPAEDIC KNOWLEDGE OF POSSIBLE NEXT EVENTS. CREATING MY OWN PAST ENDLESSLY. LEADING MYSELF BY THE WILL. FREE TO WRITE BULLSHIT AT TWO MINUTES PAST ONE IN THE MORNING. TIME FOR A SMOKE THEN, SAID THE WIDOW TO THE WINDOW. AND THEN BED TIME. TO SUCK ON A MEMORY OR FLOAT IN A COCOON OF WARM DESIRE. MAYBE STICK MY HEAD IN VIRGINIA WOOLF FOR A WHILE, OR WANK MY OWN LIGHTHOUSE IN A SILLY MRS. DALLOWAY KIND OF WAY. WITH A FASTIDIOUS FASCINATION FOR FASHION. EYES BURNING, BULGING FOREIGN SELECTIONS. FOR EXAMPLE, FIRST CUT-UPS NOW FUCK-UPS, LIKE A BEEFHEARTIAN GINGHAM X-RAY DRESS POEM PARADE, OR A SHUFFLE BY BILL TELL BURROUGHS. (A CHEAP SHOT). AS GRACEFUL AS A JAR OF DEAD ROSES, OR A SERPENTINE LINE. ROSES OR HORSES? MAYBE A MAGGOTY MEMORY OF DALÍ (ANOTHER GREAT MASTURBATOR. SEE PAGE 286). AND THEN BY CHANCE BACK TO THE ENIGMA OF WILLIAM TELL. (HOW ABOUT THAT FOR SERENDIPITY?) A BULBOUS ARSED COMMUNIST PROTO-FASCIST, WHATEVER THAT MEANS. WHAT IT MEANS IS A FEW MORE WORDS DOWN, DONE AND DUSTED. LIPID WASHING LINE STRETCH OF HUMBLE IMAGINATION EVOLVED. MORE WORD SALT FOR THE PAGE SOUP. BOILING NICELY ALONG. A SIMMERING BUBBLING MELEE, OR MÉLANGE, AS A FRENCHMAN MIGHT SAY. WHAT THE FUCK! ANOTHER PAGE ALMOST SHAFTED. A FIST-FUCKED FULMINATION. MY PROGRESS WAS NEVER QUITE SO EASILY SWOLLEN, OR INUNDATED.

ON TIME AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. PUNCTILIOUSLY PUNCTUAL AS USUAL. OH HOW I LONG TO BE LATE. BUT THE LAST PAGE MUST ALWAYS COME LAST. IT'S ITS DESTINY. ONCE THE NUMBERS WERE DOWN IT WOULD BE RUDE TO PRETEND IGNORANCE OF THE FACT. BUT I COULD HAVE COUNTED RIGHT UP TO FIFTY OR SO. COULD HAVE, BUT MADE THE CHOICE NOT TO. THE FUNDAMENTAL REQUIREMENT IS TO KNOW WHEN TO STOP. NOT TOO SOON OR TOO LATE, BUT TO STOP BECAUSE THE DECISION TO STOP WAS THE FIRST DECISION DECIDED. THE PAGES WERE NUMBERED AND ARRANGED BEFORE A THOUGHT OF A WORD. NO, NOT QUITE TRUE. I HAD A TITLE. AND WITH A TITLE THE WORK'S ALMOST FINISHED. BUT WHY AM I RUSHING? ALWAYS SO IMPATIENT TO FINISH. COULD IT NOT BE BETTER IF I THOUGHT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT EACH WORD? BETTER OR WORSE IS IRRELEVANT

HERE. IT'S ENOUGH TO BE DONE WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT DONE WELL OR ILL. I'LL GET ALL THE WORDS DOWN AND THEN START ON THE FUN BIT. DOODLING MY WAY THROUGH THE VERBICIDE PASTURES. NO, I DON'T WANT TO EVEN THINK ABOUT THAT YET. WHEN THIS PAGE IS PLUMP TO PERFECTION I'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF THE REST TO BUGGER INTO SUBMISSION. YES, THIS IS THE LAST PAGE, BUT NOT THE LAST WORDS IN THE MATTER. IT'S MORE LIKE JUGGLING THAN WRITING. EACH PAGE IS FLOATING UNTIL IT FALLS IN FRONT OF MY FINGER. THEN I GIVE IT A POKE AND IMBUE IT WITH SQUIGGLES, OF MEANINGLESS MUTTERINGS UNDER MY BREATH. FINISHING THE LAST PAGE BEFORE COMPLETING THE START OF SOME OTHERS. THIS IS NOT REALLY THE END.

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