



**In a city it's
piling up bodies perverse to
themselves.**

picky picky magpie skin
flax my ear she's a
golden tongue all crumb
isn't she a sweaty fist
a plum
seed emery board lever-
in-mouth, what a

drunk mouth wants
eyeless pink rubber
wants with no discipline.
Inverted "o"s mouthing
want over the water
trough, but

this sounding ends
only
with a tongue prop
in your wet mouth.

With that all done,
I'll salute my *major*
general and I'll
salivate some
time fulfilling
your thing for the margins
where your missing hides
headless, still, and easily born.

**And there are we, swapping spit
to determine who goes first.**

FIRST

Yours

In order to make of yourself awake, not just another number, you're installed on the corner. Make it words. Make the evening into an event, scream "SAY WHAT YOU MEAN!"

SECOND

Were

you a fact?

One for testing your

firm feet running

over a car,

you were

(one thought)

it seemed

a fact:

THIRD

A sequence

in order like

the list of all

the poems ever ever;

shitty plugged in

times crossword clues;

archive episodes of

BBC News of the Day;

jobs where you screwed

the adage of meat where

you bread.

All Categories

dumped me here — with a

bung ankle and

analytic

novelty of how

new insides

do softly growing

FOURTH

But

even the flesh

knows all facts

can be props

or the REAL DEAL

can be pinched salt

and wetted ions

all truths in half

"the" things live

and not alive according

to.

From a predicated

sentence, suddenly

The Lover can see:

AND

resolution

We were squatting

the narrative when we

were having sex.

You're my

accusation

lacking evidence

and deduction,

and deduction,

and deduction.

BUT

only firm feet

on the street's

testimony,

"I thought about all the possibilities

of us."

We

"I too know about potentiality."

Of the question parsed
in bullish heat
and a puncture "what's the most embarrassing
thing
have you ever done?"
I
insert the curdled space
of one draught bed and semen
hanging out
to draw this story. Then,
I blushed.

And through my cheeks, fired a brick at the window places where
nature's found a new fling. To find only that association of jilted
mothers
breaking bricks through mine.

An accurate insertion.
"No damage done"
Still
caught out in a shower.
And one brick
swollen
with shame makes it up.
And
glass has always meant
well after all glass
once babied about
in the sand shards
spelling it out. Don't
apologize, "No damage... (a
reflection: your shame is
not like my shame i'm sorry,

i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i'm sorry
(you
said nothing you
saw
the brick go through
the window to make
a new window.

Picture this: glass getting stained
on sheets and
You stand
very close
Friendly Carpenter, a Friendly Fabricator
witness frame watching
my shame stuck on the

carpet in nervous fresnel glass
replaying itself
the parts unassembled
simple units stuck
gummy lines
like dripping rain
makes
better

Antigone get dressed under the rocks! Outside wearing tongues as accessories they're on their way to criminal trials for ancient laughter. The boys are doing what boys do and just talking forks and fungus. "In obscentia."

They got your to-
ongue.

"So I tried on that forgetting thing, a prehistoric giggle on the platform of Lancaster Gate or the street outside of work. So I accessorized some kind of monologue. So I opened it outwards.

But interruption's slick and history's thick with muscle stuff." So long was her want she just couldn't do it.

It, even, got your tongue.

Inside the chambers they're panting like ukuleles - but "we have to wear it." In your mouth all boys said in unison were habit singers, who faked tongues at the rehearsal. Dumb tongues-tragi-chorus. Couldn't help man's gesticulation at an iconic trial.

So - All in Antigone! Try a giggle and stay in. They're still laughing aside and loud. You wouldn't be

at the tip of their tongue.

But *stay* this one shame,
under the bushes and under the beds. They're just scared
they're become the beloved

all their habits
piling up to sanction
death loving everything.

THAT'S ENOUGH

LETS JUST TALK.

In that country park.

Deep in your cheek argots
and want disposal there.

In the vault toilet. Just
like rain would make it wet. We're
dogging just to talk in
cleaner in-betweens. We're
putting love in the glory
hole just to touch it up.

Let's talk, love.

This once, just you and me.

Finally empostured on this bank
reclining all other attentions.

Ecstasy does resolve us
unmade, shivering.

Understanding escapes
our mouths in one word.

I'm so in love.

So let's just talk.

Let's talk.

Let's just talk.

JD:² I fathom there's another love.

JD-2: I don't really want to talk about it.

JD: Love distill'd from mundane knots.

JD-2: What you're saying, is that there's something better than this necking? Load of rubbish.

Aren't you having fun? You were the one that wanted it like this. I mean, out here.

JD: By good love our four eyes are thread beyond the window of the city, vaulting clones of capitalism's dead, and embroid'ring with acuity.

JD-2: You want it a little bit weird? Like spicing it up? ... roleplay? We're already in the "great" outdoors? Oh, honey, I'll dress it up.... You just say the word.

JD: Knowing not base substitution, of this for that. Discontented with postures formed of computation of one, the ONE, to which we're rented.

JD-2: Look, yeah... I'm obviously not looking for anything conventional. I don't think that's anything bloody special. Fuck, I'm having fun, can we just let sleeping dogs lie. Get back down here and quit your oversell.

JD: This love drives homeless our aching want, wants no shelter but anon. Its memory prophetic, erring not to a "thing". As you, undone, recline within me yet surprise, appearing unidentical with the sack of skin I did you guise, and thus contrive new worlds herewith.

JD-2: Jesus Christ, man. Blah, blah, blah, loving opens up new horizons —

Even if it did get us to "imagine other possibilities" in the first place, it does a fat load of good getting us there. Secondly, what if I can't be fucked to always surprise, give you more and more ballast for your freaky kink. Third... I resent being called a sack of skin.

JD: As blithe cottage gardens compare to a paltry townsquare parcel. So this union's abundance bears more and more while others will quell.

JD-2: What...? Abundance for abundance's sake? It's literally just dressing. You can't actually believe that ol' neoliberal capitalism can't cope with a little bit of out-of-the ordinary love-making. Also, I dunno whose love you think can "rise above" it all.

JD: Such love as ours denies their tongues and gifts us our own of venom, resolving us in spite among our loves pursuit of plenum.

JD-2: Sure. Love's a tool, but then can we just tell it straight. It's solidarity, or comradeship, or coalition. And it still knows some end. I dunno know what the hell you're talking about "plenum". I don't want plenum. I'm not in love, I'm angry. I just want this bullshit to end. Eventually. And for the minute, I want to get back to it.

JD: Cleaving friction from their seamless cadaver pouches; our tending to overcome, to strive, transgress.

JD-2: But obviously its all a damn sight cleverer than just needing us dead. Love, care, desire, whatever you want to call it. It can all just be a cushion - fall for it and you're a pussy. Your "love" isn't going to get you anywhere. I dunno know how to cut it. Like, where's the line: caring can be just to keep people alive, keep people working, give them the bare minimum of self-ness. "Loving" attention can just be surveillance. Love is love is love is love is love. I'm fucking suspicious.

JD: "To be no thing and to love no thing is one and the same thing"

JD-2: It's the barest minimum.

Let's just go back to yours.

² John Donne, who wrote "The Exstasie" in 1633, a parody of philosophical arguments about transcendent, "platonic" love in opposition with base, physical desire.

HT Ellen, *Coming together*

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