

the welt is fort island must blackberry you

Justin Clemens

Me trumpet had bin drinkin a great deal of retardateur
only to fall into a very disturbed kinda slumber
from which he sorta awoke but sorta didn't, enraged
and screaming, choking on his own sucked-back drivel,
a broken chain of bad language battering thru his head:
lyrebird-chainsaw-auditory-sex-collage — yo Kazakh marketing ritual,
be not creaturely fugue — reject all further applications
and await the hard copy — brack! brack! brack! brack!

You sound like bad celan I leant down
to ROAR in his ear, but this is a door
that needs closing! Now! Everything gaped,
like a philosopher at the French Revolution.

It's not a staring committee, me trumpet replied, it's
more cybernetic than panoptical, more meta than eyeballs!

I AM IN ACCORDANCE, I reported back, NO HONEY FOR MR SPANGLES!

I ENCOURAGE ALL YOU TO TAKE ME UP AS IF I WERE ALREADY

LIKE MAKING A NEW STICKER FOR AN IRREPLACEABLE MIX-TAPE WE CAN NO LONGER PLAY.

a seventh-generation cosmic doing-over by those happy to betray their alleged principles
in order to retain priorities which are precisely about not wanting to retain priorities but
there you are and after all it's not like it HASN'T ALL BEEN DONE BEFORE

we were on a telepathic horde-drive towards happy corruption
at the end of easy street when it became clear things weren't cool
as all that zany hopefulness had promised to promise.

Ach, Zitterbewegung! exclamatorised me shiny prosthesis,
right there at the origins of me orifices <we been done again!
why we always so surprised when our stories end unhappily
in the empirical world despite impeccable mathematical credentials?>

GARGH! GARGH! GARGH! GARGH!

yah i replied, i think that's right, except technology is a kind of misery:
scientists believe we could enter interstellar space at any time.
Is that a quote? Sure is. We started zapping our prejudices
back-n-forth between, celestial bodies of pure diamond glittering below,
giddy with the absoluteness of the littleness in the pure empyrean vacuity,
where our trembling motion is explained by stochastic electrodynamicists as nothing
more than the interaction of a classical particle with the zero-point field.