

MARK PEART

April (interior)—; Relapse

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Visibly slack you
approaching nothing
like achievement
The base organ pivots:
pelvic aspirations. Feet? Yes, rather in the air!
I'd spent all day yesterday
moderating
Tonight, it's criminal elision
on serial repeat, the rhythm
of a procedural, *en tele*
wired up to cyber

Visible slack your

pelvic pivots
I'd spent all yesterday an organ
Feet? Yes?
Nothing like crime
here. A semi-detached achievement
leavens the air
Siding with you I could approach
nothing
elide

Visibly you wanted
all yesterday like achievement
Wired up,
your crimes terrace m'air

Southerly 79.3: The Way We Live Now

Feet? Yes, procedural iambs
Tonight, organs semi-detached,
no thing pivots
nothing elides

Moderating visibility
you slack the wired air
procedural achievement
like nothing
Tonight, aspirations rhythm spent
the base organ tells me
vision

Wired up visibly
you slack the organ
like achievement, like elision
like all day yesterday
In the air, a procedural
Get ready, criminal
en repeat:
I'd rather
Id rather

**Relapse [text from *R v Wier* (1930), Sydney Court
of Quarter Sessions]**

I was in a lavatory
in Pitt street near ---'s Hotel
this man caught hold of
do you frequent
that lavatory
underneath the theatre

frequent present open

frequent a drink with the present charge
according to the records
that lavatory is a frequent laneway alongside
frequent erection state rubbing it backwards and forwards and
backwards I stood there frequent his right hand across backwards and
forwards

give the boys shillings sometimes, give me sometimes
I then took him to the frequent direction

penis out
rubbing it backwards and forwards, you said you were a policeman

I went into a urinal, adjoins a state of frequent erection my
brother knocked a bit of scuffle backwards and forwards put his
right hand let him thump away

what were you shaking your tool for shillings

police belt shaking your belt
shaking your catch
police belt, hold you shaking
police shilling
shaking your bloody name, I said shaking your bloody name
belt the laneway alongside the lavatory
shilling
"For God's sake don't friend"