

DEAD MAN'S CURVE [ORIGINAL EDIT]*

we are the field, we are selfsame, we are batched so small
radio-eyed, othered, lost out
shame I missed this generation, cut me, it growls on a good system
that song does

still want that dark strobe smoke
ab chic acrid square in the wall

what a goose bumper heart heard it and got shutters

the singing kind of reminds me of
has choir of women a bit like in love or winter water song with the man that
despises it and a sentence hi speaking my brain sun hadn't broken yet, pure class all
analogue driving acid lines there's the o

we're the riffing of dusk and the equation of dusk, its whereabouts
we're a weathervane of faith/unfaith/faith

mixed-up and gone old
and autre don't give me a shortcut thing
like brick, war and battery by the stack
see our blood—the snow as rose-pink or the carpet black

CITY SQUARE [FANTASY EDIT]

The statue is surely listening....a horse of eyes....ears....rounds of ink...on ink
of a shadowpool. Socket an inkbody....so-called body open to a
go-between

utterly back and forth. Repeat....of what happens in a city....its own rebound, own
throwback

and....on the horse sits dark care unfolding

....an inscrutable someone....a killer a condottierre....& there's

signs from a dark care....hooves....a hero....horse an heir....an historic bruise

shape, its heartshaped....creeping across....cross....as hours go on
every hour....carve a leaden sky....wait....

Horse listening....its holes, throwback holes....ears.... eyes....hooves....scratch
tap....drum....flutter of, yes, a....

heart & rider

just sitting there....a just-sitting figure....zinc bluegrey in the night.

There are faces. Stone lions too. One less each time I dream.

I.D. MALE CHOIR [VANDAL MIX]

All of a single sudden, close-up of a whitened thing, flicker
then little else. Air furls, unfurls, every January the usual

Remember a tape cracked & chipped over-loop tune lining
& lapping roundly black, tiny, severed, several.

Cinereal sky & viaduct so cold then. Slate-night marlboro red-death
& all 14 lagered up, guttered, three sheets to the less-sing
let-us-sing daddy lynx stylee how you come.

Tear up the floor, run your hands on leafless crowns, off-
the-peg clothes
a skinny-slithe hip giaconda smile.

CITY SQUARE [RUNAWAY STATUE MIX]

Sshh secret

Prince, dead man.

Vandal come home to a broad sky watered.

Saddle on the right horse saddle me give the devil his

Entrance-to-heaven skirt, tasseled hole-boot, SLUT sign chain, zip up

Zip down adrift on limbs spread to

The largest I have ever seen sshh CAPTIVD BY THE HAND

A collar-compound-of gold-hand

Oh my neck do I not so smile

To see you on mountain, on plinth CROWND WITH THE

SUN, with the loved rain, in brewing weather by sea by canal by road you come.

VIOLENCE AND DISCORD [HEAVY DUB]

Skinned in secret to Sacha, Kaos, Little Louie Vega, Tetra—Yeah You (You Stole My Heart Mix). Metropole, Luna Slide and Luniz. John Wayne is big/John Wayne is big and you've come a long way.

Crowd is a kick. Kick is a beat. Beat is a play. Playing out is sound. Sound is light. Take white light: if you add anything to this, you immediately color it. Even if you add white light you make standing waves or interference patterns. You don't know what is in there. It could be everything you want. Amplifier now works, the tone controls.

Like a steady thud. From a power hammer forge. You sweet exorcists. Briefly.

PUSHER [SANE VERSION]**

remember sparring in the Starlight, old-type slam-door of upper cut
the non-trivial chequered floor at Fever '93....at Orion....at Super-Sleuth

that rubbery dull turning in the a.m./ blues running wild
scent of cold carnation & tar taurate, stearate
wild pitch amphetamine beaten bronze in the mouth again
pins filters paper a pill-in-paper
glowstick love rose suck
a one-hitter

my little copilot get-me-up-again-thing
of benz- bep- dex—

trancey-type sunrise and the bouncers

let us carry on until it was out of us

we hit the morn all singing, sang to the way home

MC cobra, magic
that dub mix, a radio mix, a down-on-a-sit mix

spin on Know How, epic
dropped acapella candi staton
over amor suave

its hum low glaze
those mad hits amok
alarma tamperer
live raw but
through years easily gone that song, that

James Brown is dead/James Brown is alive/kill Elvis the king

EXCITER [RAW INSTRUMENTAL]***

small automaton, you do not come for nothing, you come
over the freeway. worn-out vandal spineless
glow-metal stare

would do anything. fitting. spineless. acrid. acrid
hard wiry. we're the

excrescence the exciter
craving of chalk
aberration event

fitting. spineless. chill catch of sound. that lost to
wrist. would do anything. for a body

event yes would kill for a furor
stiff wiry adroit back to slur
the wet sides of an

adrift creature. its back. its inner thigh. soft chalk. almost too so.
does not conduct. silver does. alloys do. fluids do

thicken and
exciter exciter
automaton your front
is on a back unfit

the sound of wrist midway cunt as
fine ice a name as such autre such a

parlor pictorial poor smell of old fire.
contrite? more like contriturate
all fours at the two bar
radiant heater warped it was.

strange part of town.
pebbledash fretsaw fence little switzerland
little legend of wintersweet winter sweet imprint
and dogs they brush against its corners.

end of tongue bitten outside of tongue.
electric shock these things happen.

REFLECTION [I.D. COULD BE ANY NAME]

Thin crescent distant
reverse view upland
the more
north you get the killer it is. Sun
dim and strange
a coda wheel. Where are you. Call.
Come no more
to spin. No more
to spin, no more.
In ply over
ply slide and echo
listen to
a reply of mine. I
sleet across timbre
get closer to the unclear
source system, nonlinear
flitting. Us/I/whichever
years ago. Fretted
vacant, spoiling.
Just a little bit free
And I miss you, I missed you like
cold weighing lightly and always.
When all sides slip
away is the unbearable
to face. A feeling
of being so dispatched until
remade, retuned.
All of it, the
you an I an us am it
the warehouse days of glory
the final-cut body
the time it fell
on a deep-clad valley
a perforated valley
now an auricular space, a mass
so empty, very faint.
What version would I sing---
“We are one we are one
“Follow me follow me
“Come with me come with me
Nevermind the whip of a rhythm
let’s say likely or almost
just my own, just my own
“It is just my own low sight reflecting off all that glass”

(candi staton)

EVERYTHING IS NOT YOU [ORIGINAL REVEAL MIX]

I am worried at how it goes
and what stays
and the noise is
really just years
an oscillating held note of silence
like glass cooling
toward the strain point

a mind that annihilates the fade, brings it back to

Ian Curtis is kicking it/and we'll be alright, we'll not be alright
we'll be alright, it's
the myth of a set meaning, the

baseline possibly fake, though, the
why do you wanna talk about it
hereby long version all
grown up gone old
and hallelujah away from the stone age
I don't care 4U / dance saved my life

a track of
ciphers, compounds
rhythms to slip through, a space
of thrown speech I've thrown back and back again, the

ID male "attention"
ID vocal "cut up"
ID female "stop that stop"
ID male "bye bye"
ID female "oh lick me good"
ID male "get front to back"

ID vocal "breathing"
ID vocal [instrumental]

ID echoed male "fuck you"
ID echoed female "kick me"
ID male whisper "shoo" [heavy kick drum])

I.D. FEMALE CHOIR [PUT ME TO LIFE HERE]

you should know hear me dub
madhits fer yer
been around the world but still remember
like (heya) that friday/night at Orion?
thought we'd work the strobe and keep it one beam
tenner for the best double dove pill ever
rum-ring corroded bench, age 14
legs turned up gathering for some effort rising in the awkward sense and the shins
how they never moved nor did the spine
but then
running so hard
and you should know that only after the scrutiny of years
wuld would
I give you my hand very coldly
lean it against your bleak vandal face
I'd hoax you in the city square, hoax you
in a dry dock in the high park all the field
and you should know how at times I do
feel like flesh, a dim-discovered terrain
slowly
slowly in love with our own (my) curious forming, i.e. us we
mine art my (he)art
all selfsame if it were if it wore
I restore the varied sides trace them tune them
catch them quick, or slow in winter (January)
like the Code Club where they kicked me up, the star star stars
like the whip of the bass drum where you
the burn-free catch-free man
you dead man said "don't version me, bitch"
I did though and
never mind
look how your sheen lies across, your name comes across
my only frame my statue

it doesn't matter how long since know faith well, fine well that

in rearview water-view animal view
as sure is pure know fine well
this is the soul's place not the dial's time
where one eye is yours and the other is mine.

LIVE IN THE SHALLOWS

So closing, in the close, oddly

years later

remembered a black-hatched sign.

Something terrible and incongruous:

“Play Street. No Entry After Dark”

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