

A Bit Very Wrong

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‘... And I come to this / knowing the waste, / leaving the rest up to love / and its twisted faces, / my hand claws out at / only to draw back from the / blood already running there.’

— John Wieners, ‘A poem for painters’

‘Should I begin when I was born as history would have me—a child of time—to come between two ticks into the world with only tocks to follow? Yet I did not begin when I was born, but later; then just once, in love, I *was* where nothing was before, or after.’

— William Gass, *The Tunnel*

‘Poetry is an open cosmic breath that helps change the fundamental structures of oppression by... / Dismantling those structures in language and with or through form.’

— Azad Ashim Sharma, Twitter, 29/05/2020

Notes Towards A Long Poem On The State Of Things

'Drawn to the window and beyond it,
by the heartfelt screen of a machine
tenderly lit sideways, the wish to enter
the sea itself leaves snow dark as sand.'

— Prynne, 'The Oval Window'

To the tune of Lachenmann's *Kinderspiel*

'politics precedes it', making

an if only

contingent on the ident of yr drunkenness /

as we always do where other-

wise things would not finish as we want them to

(i.e. finish too ~~well~~ neatly) and of course the

rules are always superseded by what's written

on any other part of the game. Anyway. Bloody

weird times. The once-queen makes

'good fun' out of the

stylish and new garden

boy, dresses him ~~like~~ as a clown, quince

bad nasty honeycomb jinxed maze of a thing. I

imagine her ideally with leeches, writhing

until they all look still; there's

quite some business to be done, here

, and elsewhere, stepping out the impossible.

Violent Imagery

The rural world was not ripe
for him; *the abject profundity of*
semicircles. The equivalent *pro-*
fundity of the insurrect.

It tests positive
for disagreement, the whole
post-phenomena chorus
of the romance machine
(sometimes an industry
/ sometimes many songs) and

, at times, there is a
need to step aside (not even
carefully) / lockdown springs
and admit the shed skin or
disguise of curating narrative photo
(here, and, before) behind the eyes
of a face of discomforting awe. Now:
recent biophilia. It gets up,
here how complicated, it rises
and *sings* over the sky,

its rustic apparatus. Giving
(yes, giving, in the uncon-
ditional) subverts its own clause (as a
pre-feudal mode of debt) circum-
venting all need to forgive, in size of
conscience money read cunt and
all out of. But that is not

what this is using itself for.

Rogation sounds alike to what it's
not, and at times looks after the pastoral:

forgetting and sleep have not a
traditional relationship

in this *land*. She laughs calm but
goes all night. The *des-*
perate to make composite;
nevertheless we are presupposed.

We are presupposed and it is
beautiful. Some say

'you're just dizzy from the
borderland' but there's no

oscillatory principles
here. The whole busi-
ness can be *replicated* and
better yet *avoided* by rubbing a bit of
dirt on a window. Before even
this loose pike concordance
(brought bad from elsewhere)
this had taken leave of its
senses, but, sometimes, it is
better 'not to call scene'.

Teasing Out, Approximate

What is this, to expect, immediacy
of unease bad parochial. Kind of
yellow, isn't it, finding other words
for *radical immanence* is not
as you would expect, black. The whole is
showing not any thing but touching
'the majesty' of, and, to with, all of
what this is, the question, squall the
breeze all wrapped up in some electronic style /
and, for it is presented as necessary, *aperture*
and, for what it's worth, some reasonably
more informed acquaintance to

take yr hands off of the machine,
[device / no machine] placing and
turning wheresoever it lay, or rather
to this thought-site. It is
too early for another, another
ease of image, and, when if, each
part told itself well to each part
you could surmise *birth is but*
something closer to something that
died for it. Yeah there's a core to this
but don't mistake it for the heart,
shoebill all caught up in the electrical storms.

Sanding Like A Spacecraft Murmur

With such a sound as the adulatory
satisfied quiet of verisimilitude /
touching to brass rim ceramic disc
under oneiric catatonic *acrid mist*
/ purple, undoubtedly. This could be
about doing something simple
@ 3:43 in the morning, or whatever
, the most incongruous *bête noire*
of understanding, or the rough barking
of a needlessly and emphatically
mentioned dog. The rugged machine
learning until the process of its
product accumulates into a very
specific definition of the image. Municipal

/ I do my curt and grammatical
tasks for the councillors. I do my
aching zygote crystal fuck puppetry
for the audience, aghast and awaiting
a transcendence born out of extreme
grounding, often with a bow and often
not. The poem has decided to
lie to us: at roughly twenty-seven
minutes past six this evening, a
woman never kissed so much as fucked
gave birth to something other
than my longing. Amethyst
is the sort of thing you would expect
/ and that's just what you'll be getting.

Beside The Commons (The Book)

It is 14:32 and
, here, the question is of
how to render the
whole songless rumble
, other's composite discord
into a— not a response but a
language of the

*cracks in the world,
that is itself not broken.*

Typical. 'No sound is
dissonant—' and there's the
heart, the return to tradition
/ making good on its
loans to you. There is a

slack-jawed, bovine
natural-tan-but-not
blank-faced slattern
haunting the right side of my
mind's eye; I
cracked open the
top of her head, 'like an egg'

then the rest of her face
(for it is now free)
peels back and open
as a tangerine, a
magazine, a

car-wash when it's finished.

Julia Kristeva fills the space.

It is 14:43 and
— forget about it. Projects
distraction projection, hardly,
tension to the front as you wait
for the phone, bumptious repeat
discourse, all back to,
and still the (I presume) goldfinches are

singing, the blackbird etc. has stopped
singing. Stay tuned

for more / touch the
remainder of mess while you still can /
and never mind about—
ah, you'll know if you keep listening.
And then there's this sweat // grass

, and smoking.

Our Warm Grubby Mirrors

'Don't count on me for fun / among the towering cowslips, / but please
don't crush my heart.'

— Barry MacSweeney, 'Pearl Alone'

I.

The symptom-thing it is, the confessional
patter / to make our minds
'up'. And, apparently, this is how
we do the dialectic (in *poetry*
, the excess and prop. cheerleader of the thing).

Apparently this is what it is now,
this caricature, of androgynie
with broken face. All you mean
is to save it. This is the comfortable.

Yr rural cool / desperate earn
in the face of reticence, then to yr
own, delegate interrogation (to hate-fuck
Columbo-man). Cow-eyed
Columbo man. Jazzy bastard /
looming to judge
an easy relatability, then cry
as you win at not being so. Ah!

They needn't know. We are talking
alas of Lacan's (non-)relationship /
any old 'relationship'. *Love is*
irreducible / yeah but remember what yr
boy said. Remember
where that / all goes / so wrong.

Coltrane's 'Olé' again
and it is so inappropriate /
and that's it, 'that's all issued'.
Perfection breaks the mask of getting by.

II.

The very business of 'looking at' and the
breaking fuck of the interpretation

(Nietzschean *objectifikation*)

: one side only, the knowing
sin, okay within the artifice
/ of BDSM. Arbitrary strikes and
inferring your guilt from the
punishment given. These are not
— these are hardly the
'sort of connections' / they come to
watch us for. Physically affectionate
'Platonic soul-mates'. The
world is changing. Read that again.

The number zero hangs on a
scale for you (GPO parcel
or fish scale, the whole
history of translated units). I
measure yr life out in wrong things.
I measure my own out in spaces
between your unwelcome arrivals
/ from beyond. The most earnest
and it-is-nothing-if-not.
And sitting here. And resuming
pipe-smoking. All unnecessary.

This is not 'a more natural language'
/ this is, perhaps, a scream
, muffled behind whatever you imagine
: 'a cushion' or buried in cunt
, one assumes. But it was never.
The moon was in tune / and place to
— forget it. One does not speak
of such regards a lady. And,
for what, there will be time for 'such'
when the garden is tended in song.

III.

She loves you Fuck Sonnet:
say, what's the name of the
morning, where all I do is
prove the possibility
of doing it / a different way?
The mind is a race. Michael Imperioli
has caught the sun. 'That's not very
nice, is it?' or to say: in each
song there exists the possibility
Derrida and Pessoa had it wrong
| a lot of poems stop
/ where they should carry on;
found wanting, values that stick
, in the French style,
the big-book state-
mandated enjoyment /
of the highest
'prime'

and Nature is not silent /
it's where you more clearly hear the hum.

Excluded From Music

It was raining upon going to bed
and raining upon waking. Permanence
appeals to an argument

as weak as its contriving.

Accessing the present

is not possible, not true

, but a good route

(experience / textual
authority) that never stops to ask

'Was I drowning in your dream?'

And, for that, we run on —

and, for that, we do

run over, into the still land

/ drained reservoir, addict's

unfolding / into the second-act

lives of — ah, may they be
whatever. Repetition stands in for

'transcendence', falsity all-knowing

but the only, at least *only*
, justification. I stand on the cusp

of a career (in teaching?)

or at least — in the slightest

— 'shared burdens' / the cusp

of a career, in institutions.

Symptom-presence. Aye,
that's it. Our expanding / out to

presenting, world's action /
the true horror of the reality
behind *conspiracy*: that's saying

, it's not fabricated but the
unintended (not even *consequence*)
of the movements too scared
to falter / not 'Reichstag'
but exploited anyway. 'Where are
our *highbrow miserabilists?*' Today.
Unachieved in departure. Lost friends.
Irreducible difference due to an interminable
delaying. I've known that before.

Heterosustenance

laruelle or whatever

Strangle voice in reverse-dilation-possessive-memory-calyx, and so on (and so on), hexadecimal never

touching the honestly satisfying swell-gut-squeeze of a certain number. Metal between two seeings.

There is a character to the situation (and, in this sense, we do analysis especially in the

negative). Something between two syntheses. It overflows its housing, yet never makes it to the idea, “with love’s

 fidelity and with love’s weakness.” Her face fixes in the figurative-naming-for-it, as we

try to dodge duality, being issued with the necessary equipment but not slightly how to feel about it.

Shit Poem

It takes a little
while to properly
write oneself into a
notebook — saying this is
what we call
'performative'. My shit smells
like your idea of a transwoman
(it's gorgeous) and
while Pynchon is lovely
most of it is a *Simpsons' parody*
of various bits
from John Hawkes novels.
This is meant entirely
as a compliment.

Looking for God in the house now
/ looking for love in the
house now / for there is
really nowhere else to be —
what it was like to be
waking up the morning after
taking a lot of acid / remember
what it was like to be
waking after taking
a lot of acid, when William Faulkner
walks in pushing a TV on a
trolley, followed by a string quartet
, and it's all Ligeti
and him describing a Cronenberg

because the sound's off.
What would it be to be
 tied to the bed and wondering
about how to render yr subjectivity

while paying tribute to Marxist idols.

These long ones do nothing for me
 / trying does *nothing for me*
/ I miss a girl and
, sometimes,
that's it.

Theme Is Everything

Drink has stripped the mind of
metaphor / that *astringent sea*.
Stop it. You understand, of course
, that what's really lost is—

I TAKE ISSUE

with this assessment. This was to
begin / with surreal unease and
'loaded statement'. The fear of
running into HER again. This
, or, depending, *that*, depends on
a strict set of

—CHESS, IT'S LIKE
chess, 'in so far as'...

: the secret door where a lover works
and her suitor-student comes
is imagined to lead

to a purple room.

Play-Doh versus Meccano

'No path leads from the individual to the totality.'

— Lukács

Neoteny and the
'logic of metaphor' preparing
for uncertainty in a certain
state as *weighted as this belated*
Pompidou Centre aimless
bastard noise machine, on
ice and all *the rest*, the
meat divinity slack harbouring
introducing itself to itself although
somehow making an anaemia of
expectation out of the bright potential
jump-cut arms race

parataxis without the
conditions necessary for
participation in the
episodic fuck-dream Dunelm
apophthegm matrix of the
entertainment-interpellation
complex, tedium and the
shiny happy novelty syntax
of the *common people* with all the
'wrong ideas about life' and just as
much of the meaning behind when the
paint runs down the chimp of shit graffiti

(a photograph wanting to
happen, rhetoric
against itself, *envoi*
within itself). Substance
such as straight to the
heart, the 'featherless
biped' this, and avoiding
directly, each appropriate
might as well be, questions
the decoupage citrus
Rabelais trypophobic
bruise of the thing as if
the invagination of the other
is where you will die or play.

SELF-EDIT

What's real, tedious enquiry? Associating embarrassment with the breaking through. It is not really necessary to point out that this is embarrassing but it is however important to correct 'through' to 'down'. The subject of this is itself but it must be pretended otherwise. Note the careful elision, impersonal passive voice: is this not precisely what this is trying to avoid? It is in fact useful to begin like this as everything may now be arrived at by digression.

“Under the roar walls ride their
warriors and that unstoppable
young lord without a sword who

was a murderer. ...”

Grotesque business is always tautological and a necessary demonstration of why it is so. That's the truncation of the thing, letting it all get out of hand where it can be made base by superfluous and multidirectional reification. What none of this accounts for is the possibility of a gap. Perhaps 'through' was in fact the right word. Sometimes negative capability can be arrived at too quickly. But that's the question: how quickly is too quickly? Quickness is form and form is quality.

“To overturn the theatre of representation into the order of desiring-production: this is the whole task of schizoanalysis.”

A whole other method of going 'down'. There must be other points of reference. This is, in itself, another assumption.

Interrogation begins when it is realised to be just another form of letting go. Using something intended for something else lets go of the fear that something else will be worse off without it. Shoring up is a mode of ressentiment, the wrong sort of insurance. The first stop of observation: that obvious moment of something — ‘why do I want it to be interesting?’ In the garden sits the hermetic subject, having moved back home. Thus, interrogation.

“That you cannot get in since the entrance is the obstacle itself is what it means for once to end at emptiness.”

Taking a break to consider the possibility of outside. The length is what it means to die of it. In between there is an intoxicating indefinite which, in any other dimension, would appear as a simple plateau. Long moments are loose moments but this space should not too hurriedly be filled. There are some words that should not reside there. There are some words only there can hope to find.

“The breeding of an animal that can promise — is not this just that very paradox of a task which nature has set itself in regard to man?”

The difference between continuing and starting something similar is perhaps the most fundamental space of decision making available to the human subject. ‘How long is long?’ is a useless question, answered in the performance of its asking. The question of how much outside it lets in is much more relevant, and at this of a relevance only to itself as any reference to the content of outside beyond acknowledging the flat presence of outside constitutes an inclusion of such content and thus compromises the entire exercise. At this point to try to

inject or consume to gather momentum would be a defeat none of this could ever afford. The defeat it can afford reveals itself as the end and only once that end is reached.

“Don’t you know yet? Fling the emptiness out of your arms into the spaces we breathe; perhaps the birds will feel the expanded air with more passionate flying.”

Use everything but only when it needs to be used, in the process realising this is almost always now. Sometimes this is offensive to the senses. Sometimes this is offensive to others. Do not take either as pointing in the right direction. The declarative should not ossify into the didactic: it can contain questions in the pose of the rhetorical that are in fact intended for the impossible and are thus instead directed to an audience. This is the root of all evil but remember what that means. Terror bears a dialectical relationship to arousal. There is a tickling sensation that could go either way or just persist for eternity. Responsibility is, unfortunately, deciding what to do about this.

“Happy those who suffer as unified selves — whom anxiety alters but doesn’t divide, who believe at least in unbelief, and who can sit in the sun without mental reservations.”

All that matters is defining itself positively against the last, the real charge of the bright and blank screen of consistency over the business of the world pierced only by the product of dreams. This is starting to become a routine. In attempting to avoid this all that matters is never resolving itself to a thematic synthesis, never looking directly at the Sun though fixating with an intensity beyond perception on all that stand out in it.

“the capsule upended in the earth
the eternal poem in motion through time
attuned to the curve of the zodiac”

There is nowhere left to go but repetition elsewhere once the realisation ‘down’ and ‘through’ are the same thing arrives not with a hit associated with realisation but with the event of an exploding into vista of both new knowledge of the unknown and a better quality of light on the known. If this is achieved truly there will be no question of whether or not it is necessary to ‘show your working’ as everything will speak for itself. The question of when to stop is a potential paradox better seen as a productive circle, a question of whether stopping can be adequately decided in the same ‘hot’ and ‘heavy’ moments that animate the thing to anything and everything but.

[This poem contains quotations from R. F. Langley, Deleuze and Guattari, Keston Sutherland, Nietzsche, Rilke, Fernando Pessoa, and Chris Torrance.]

A Natural Place To

A technique I now call
something others have been calling it
forever: sound, glib on the
sunshine surface, important only
in the poem. There is no
sobriety, no other words
for nothing / just the
distance and here's distant hope
of something called
a revolution.

[What is this / I don't know
I stopped counting] And where
it's possible, we do a
step-dance, a
meat and something else
fuckabout *trance*, in the
atmosphere. The pigeons
wait on the solar panels
, adept at being what they are.

Inset at 0.5 point
(whatever that means) a
Raymond Williams quotation
to set the scene: yes, and
for what it's worth
, I think that's a very good
idea / for you. *You always*
disparage yourself

in these etchings and
some might say

that's the artist's
prerogative. Finding out
is missing out, and
what it's missing
is the dream:

hats off to whoever
/ whichever 'purveyor of the
spectacle' / was bright enough
to realise human-
ising their 'aesthetic ghouls'

does not diminish
their power
but instead obscures
the artifice of the
virtual, and thus increases
their illusion. Take another
(*go on, take two*) and
sit (because you are sitting)
comfortable in the knowledge

you can look to the sky
/ and someone has told you / what it means.

Tefal From To Fire

Non-essential, is it, although
fool me from its
 performance — from one and
 each to either, freedom to
pick and choose / behold cling
to custom of merit line, open
 up the merit line, to
 undercut, in round sense, shortcut
making up the empty with
moment before the cloud, so eager
 disgust and laugh off distance
 and judgment, course to with
sporting chance / only leave to
the sweat of the virulence
 you know, all rain for this
 and more familiar crisis.

Taser water cannon style guide
the second of beyond finite
 surges in and to often
 total ban type category
this occluded transcendence this
out and out example of
 and for the transmit regime
 all turning of page
handle remotely / like custody
of support injustice front systemic
 in museum of and with trusting
copyright slavery during eliminate

people from book noble lives if
how cancelled / warden the green man
 his double consciousness,
 be back and each in the loyal,
 fleeting and of means to forget,
 wondering where the magic goes.

With dew all turned to tears
entreat open waive theft
 cyclonic, simple consequence
 etiology cooks the meat, ritual
you killed him, with and for
refuse to admit, this elided
 across all channels, refuse to
 submit frog boil form end of
no spring but to drown in this
isle of summer, forget rebellion
 and of each weigh, the need in
 relativise inertia scenes, and, in this
dance around here and make
ground blue powder brief line lost
 in pastel fog to the hunt, exception
 upload only uncompressed, missed in
scroll and read from plinth — now,
mount stage to sing, touching
 distance of sun, really / makes you think.

Nilsen Wanks To *The Raft of the Medusa*

This touches the place the
virulent ignites, the one
out of every few *and so often*
whose polyps meerkat over
the law's parapet. Here is
where this happens but it
happens elsewhere and this
is something you cannot stomach.

Gradient tapestry API

causes unnaturally
rapid movement of only the
lids of the eyes and *you are no*
guest of sleep / there's
a fucking side of beef in the
spare room affixed the succulent
garden AND

wherever I go I wonder and
wonder well where I can get myself
a fucking note to

recuse myself

(from fascism)

and of a time and a
Robin Ince-explained sort of
space relative to time
cut upon the brisk escape via
reduced bus service and the
Javascript expired and unsupported
chemo administered from home

to a woman I wish I had and
could bring myself to love more.

Delegate to technology
and allow the boys to do
their things while you (and often
we) criticise the notion of
noise as equal to randomness

yet still, and in the future
but never conditional, wonder where
two can fetch up hall-passes for the
apocalypse and

'how, just how, do you expect
to prove this is not a consequence

and press the barren way
somewhere close to *home*?'

Should Have Been But Wasn't

Not falling but the
next second than that which
reveals it — the object remaining
an object but now an object
of this long and inseminated
moment as 'it', made so
by subjects no longer willing to
remake themselves as such — to
be inevitable, the critical
mass of personable energy
with history at the
eyes at the back of its
head. I steal what I mean here
by 'object-event'. But that's not important.

Maggot Brain Appropriative

Timestamp the moment the colour appears in *Andrei Rublev* — when the disappointment of tomorrow dissolves the whole fidelity of its wait, catches on the insulation against self-assumption and returns its ash to the *start of the week* / igniting crystals is even harder than it appears / everything is harder than it appears when you do not yet have a name for the game. The enemy keeps you on the hours of his *time zone*, in order to bear

witness to its most vivid interpellations. Sleep is transformed to death in this time. Death becomes sleep out of time and that's just fine mate I never wanted anything.

The Business Of Novelty

Together, both the
heights of technique
and a
distance from the
instrument; simply put, the
teleological argument for
'twatting about' (we are
all the better for it, before you

say anything) and the
proof is in the pudding, it
ain't what you do but the way that you do it.

Here, then, and without too much
supposition or the dumb-smug
gimlet of suspicion, the
only question, really, is whether
it 'can contain itself' before we

spy the crack in the song,
hold and point to the wrong

note, hot and heavy under the mutual
fault, where someone has to draw the line
/ someone has to call the time
and set about the equivocating
table, pushing aside what
should have been 'done properly' like
some sort of scene in a war-room and,
of course, they find themselves

dealing only in the general.

Feedback loop touches the ignored and
gets *balls deep* in history — this has
'gone on long enough' and

abstracted imitation is the
name of the game, where your
new rules must be convincing. Your
theft should be surprising, even
to yourself, almost as if

it was yours all along / though most imperative
is to be in the making of the moment, and stop.

This Was Going To Be Called 'Practical Myth-Making' But It's
Now 'For Sean Bonney'

'One can study ethics in its entirety without first having answers to all other philosophical problems much as one can be an excellent swimmer without knowing the physics of buoyancy.'

— 'Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy', entry for Vladimir Solovyov

Do you know
what John Clare
had to say about enclosure?
You fucking well should. Here,
and more importantly now, there's
really very little need
for hagiography, festschrifths, all
that *canonisation*, making
found forms *a law*
unto themselves and 'very
much in the frame'. Milton's

'Lycidas', lines 10-11
(I'll give you a minute)
say it all, but
they don't say
the particular to make the
all better. That's the point /
not heading back to wherever
with the *Science of Logic*
for a while / not
trying to rehabilitate riots

before we sort the shit

out of ourselves.

There's a certain sort of voice
and it prevents us
from what I need to be saying:
go with the flow, and don't.

Soft Gauntlet Sad

It all comes back to either
synthesis or common denominators /
'*What we do is secret*' /
or the best way to cry not melt...

The philosopher invented prose
(don't ask me which /
not Diogenes I suppose)

but

self-deprecation is the heart of the dialectic
and therefore nature

so

cite your sources

('*Marx was a Romantic because...*'

(something about time /
something about history /
something about never feeling better
ever and/or not at all))

because it all comes back to
knowing when to turn and when to split /
when to 'fuck' and when to 'shit' /
when to stop and
when to stop it all.

Lyric Intimate

Responsible. In ~~the~~ absolute privacy
of revealing everything, ~~the~~ moment of
orgasm being only one ~~in the~~
possible of this, confronted in ~~the~~
comfort of artifice / the loving
smile
of knowing.

To realise at contradiction is to
turn contradiction is to
destroy oneself. Then ~~you can~~
come inside. Closeness is interior to
love only, beyond our capacity of
interpreting, isolation of
moment as symptom and *this*,
our last instrumental death.

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