

flightback

Matthew Andrews

To wake is to become aware of the length of the shadow cast across the freedom between rest and the evening's imposed activities. To wake here is to subject the unconscious to the quelling ritual and silent curse of Home, recognising the songs of unseen waxwings and pigeons behind a curtain of comforting veil, questioning the clamour of construction for something nobody ever saw a need for here at all. Institutions had never previously made their presence known here when it was still our essential and primary residence. History inscribes itself as a serial redrafting in the present continuous. This is written on a typewriter as the right hand shakes too fervently to make legible use of a pen; it is too early, of course, to drink under the eaves of such Tradition.

A DIALECTIC OF REFLECTION

to be in touch with
'a touch sensitive'
/ the base &
~invaluable~
& the truly valuable:
transgressive that makes
vomit not an aesthetics of vomit
, critique uncouples history not
makes art seem materially bad in lieu
and yr trailing remnant made love in
the material. houseguest. walking bass. the
unexpected unseasonal report
of our thoroughly unreasonable behaviour. yes
, i am drinking again
— escapism
is futile. there were things found in this room
nobody dare talk about. the collar was enough;
i can't pair a refund with a nice bordeaux
or spread it on a fucking cracker. merry / happy /
returns. everything
runs out eventually, and when counting
runs out of space on the ground —
rimbaud
never tasted / the rainbow. bathing can wait, fuck this
documentary: you have work to be done in my name

DELIRIUM "25/12/21"

enter 'five pieces for
Streichquartett' / glycolysis
, and an argument regarding the
location of an old camera :
The Danger is in waking
up while still drunk, and
crossing streams with the
Unspoken Hate / synapse a
solvent tendril, tense walk
necessitating a dog. you will
find this under 'music'
' / not biography, and one
shouldn't complain
(HER mother's DEAD) / singing instead
rough to trained ears / a pissed anthem
against retreat and escape, for
insulated value and excusable fight :
the Men did not leave due to the rain
, staying home to read '
Field Work' / new nature writing from
East Anglia, or something // the
women went out, reporting
nothing but saying what they
couldn't at home. oxytocin
. reality
TV. a fetish / for muddy puddles.

the big moth man Border Country
balloon game was called off due to an
apology. he said he loves his mummy
, he said he'll come again. the absence
of sunshine. stop staring at me
— what the fuck would you know about it
?

OUT FOR DELIVERY

'grounded in the infinite,' or regression to told off by daddy , grounding the self in itself: 19 inch monitor. enough is enough. one has finally understood the theology of family holidays. painfully sober, the noise of writing this has woken him. an impasse . let me tell you of its provenance. circa 1976 , purchased second hand from a garage accountant (for there is none for taste) & deployed in social work training. olympia . west german. to pay one's respects / for the value of living alone / not at the expense of a most pernicious illness. it keeps them in. what 'needs to be done' is the

opposite of What Is To Be Done
. just try telling some
that is a contradiction. my
awful black manager
. auden. a haggard lady
painter. the death / of
free improvisation. this here is
this-is-the-site-of
making the unmade of
non-appearances. the pantomime.
a cybernetic grease and
liquid-crystal-display
-revolution! plug yrself in to
mine not-me and
MARVEL at the void between thought
-processes. mark fisher. liver, or
pancreatic? let's go for a walk
— the weather is
hungover parochial. i
can't be in two places at once

HANDS IN THE CLAY

nature is the encounter with the other where the other looks back into you is the decision to stroke or scream to step forth and demand or flee is real the translation into your own sense of sensation the recognition of the not not the realisation of the sublime or the punctum of primal lust the postcard or the novelty of fact it it is, the poetry the fear the fucking noumenal heart dying before your eyes the light not dying in its for it is one and that one it is dark, the darkness of true sight not our quaint ruskinian candle not our dmt not our dreams — this is the tactile put where the mind is not fumbling in dance like some pre-socratic sonar echoing back to the hairs of the ears and the arse—

piss dirty macronutrient, oxygenated heme
re: dopamine horse to sparrow reception
, modelling up corinth to watership
fall: blossom as risen belch figuration,
canine kept to polyvinyl hall / made scene
perennial conduit excusation with
visitor preference cathode-ray bore.
contingent wealcan aphantasia
, brevibacterium salute at egress verbing
labial employment to lantern recalled ;
indivisible monarch! prunus domestica, habitat
forged! bated cornea against culture, tempting

linear escapade, each taunting lenity hardened
gelotology to trace detection parent image
; oh witling peripheral, gasping moral perform. faecal
shaman apparition, cycloptic pavarotti man:
exceed interpretative prospect out
dashed in familiar tone. tapping versus
practice, the sudden recouped to home,
sitters with allegiance whitechapel
-accented divested crow. every medium!
non-moral purity to real mud
exigency! flicker to window, anabatic to
alaudidae return concomitant
conjurer submerged. bifocal
, stroll after all

/ (repetition of observation is not repetition it is a
systematic unfolding struck and peeled by new
particulars until these particulars reveal dissolution back
to quantum parity and herald return as the ritual of the
third, echoing genealogy and the new rhyming hard /
against which the essential practice of carving takes hold
)

AT A LOSS

/

cryptoporticuſ opera
ſeria, omega point

heart-balm noun. no-mates.

candy pulling, havelock
acrolith on, technetronic
gamphrel outglitter
microfinance gone. niveling.

posſet papillote butteraceous
mulct, interrobang rugose
botte ſecretè oam:
adiaphory peri-urban
ſchlump, orped moonrock
laska athame. wodgy
blackguard, hat tip pugil
prasophagy; magnperate
pantechnic paremiography.

gingiva herky-jerky, flâneuse
omnicompetent, tricolate niaserie
poppling; hen-cackle perfervid bluff

/

You wake in what is positionally your old bedroom in the house of your parents. It resembles nothing, nor looks like the surface of anything you remember. The mission that brought you here is made trivial by the suspended moment in which you conduct the rubbing of your eyes. Nature can wait, you think: Here, I float / on top // of contradiction.

THEN AS

as simple as a
dogbark against birdsong
; and renege on the
specifics. palingenesis
. the heart, splayed
mycelium / touches
all but the hearth.
out here.
the dislocate same, the
whiff of shit and youth :
it once answered back (sub-
limity? what is it?) / once
vibrated nothing // now
prodigy, failed
“prophecy”, stands the
best of itself, *o*
coherent spring! this is
it this is / empty, wild
garlic at my feet, marsh
harrier above. the
neck hurts enough
without such spectacle.
fucking *yeats*, take my
lead // to dérive

LAST CHOPPER / BIG CHOPPER

it's started again, the
holiday to make / armitage's face
resemble paul celan. drinking
/ would be easier, but not
in this weather. o my contemporaries
, rounding yr loneliness / to
zero the whole — *the shadow*
confirms the commodity. it
is important to eat
a little solid food; some
clear hydration
is necessary in this game
. this song of my heart,
all meat and shit / strung
up on the *apparatus of spring*:
in this city / tributaries
connect the centre to the centre

THE CONCEPT

the prior decision, dealer's
choice not explaining // my father's
facile prerogative. quiet. there is a
vortex in a cup of tea. inextricable
return journey, dragging
escape and occasion // with
fetish and authenticity. it excites
to do what is not done
, here or elsewhere. we must not
forget that fundamental
insight of schopenhauer's ;
homophones
metonyms
the ninety nine pence trick
: 'round here / the stiffness
need a raise. eustacia
'dresses herself
/ on a black morning'. the
transcendence of values
is inimitable // by head girls...

THAT'S THE IDEA

Scalp burrowing slug:
ah, the worst form of the thing.
Specificity!

I hallucinate
headlice / as the answer to
/ my neuropathy.

OSC. BINARY

/

comrogue, duty: debt
 morigerous, to the
roast-smell earth-daddy —
 dream-hole *funsy*, opens
a napiform inheritance
 (genitive!) with
all secure-in-sense
 / doors of escape
after homophily bolted:
 ablow, this is you yourself
, take holiday, always *no*;
 love you with, pallium boofy

/

APPLIED BAILEY

to say the air / there is no
traditional sense, a look
devoid of clutter, and the
trace-moon, a bright shadow
/ behind dull halogen bullshit, the
Take-a-Break grotesques
below — these are
broad strokes, delivered with a
'serialism of technique', without
attentive mental rhyme
of the particular. *Everything*
as one, Juliet / as the
Sun... , and there's
no need for the finch-song
/ except to make you see this

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