

PANNWITZ!

Matthew Andrews

She turned to the framing of prayers and fell to muttering incantations, worshipping her weird gods with a weird charm with which it was her wont to obscure the white moon's features, and hide her father's face behind misty clouds.

— Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book XIV (trans. Frank Justus Miller)

... his interpretation is not simply a bad Naturalisation (whose value would be limited); it is a good reading which is reached by the wrong roads and supported by the wrong reasons.

— Veronica Forrest-Thomson, *Poetic Artifice*

The disenchantment of the lies, the separation of appearance from the potential, aesthetic anticipatory illumination will enhance the function of poetry, which feels itself as a force of production, and make poetry even more meaningful.

— Ernst Bloch, 'Marxism and Poetry'

'Letters for Ritual'

to eyes mind other colours. Vast Soft  
pillars sing the each, where-as  
deep respond out triumphant merge  
, in Benzedrine meadows (the afar  
*infinite*) and like the familiar  
with living-as, and Who Frank-  
incense confused. Nature scents  
rich as dark, from There, temple-of  
Words: children's passes flesh amber  
(which of perfumes) and like a  
green expansion of Sometimes  
, observe symbols and others. Him-  
A, that Man, the Like, senses  
*sounds*, (the Like-Having) a  
musk of like-let corrupt ;  
long transports through forests  
echoes fresh unity night  
/ and obeys light things.

(After Baudelaire)

## Royal Blood

steps to glacier frost. Will Swan! not  
-but shake, an old (the ground-  
plumage) that he did whole live  
at vivacious space / taken brilliance  
transparent, the hope not flap.  
This beautiful Beautiful: the exile  
it to sung, will region hard  
on from among (the agony  
, white) — not tear the inflicted  
forgotten flights, who under dream  
(‘When Swan’), and that flee  
was of-assign. Lake it, that  
barren place, winter the-  
without-having, that the-us  
/ the we with-for, this drunken  
where, His boredom collar...  
wing pure clothe apart, by the  
haunts remembers today (it denies)  
and cold of useless horror, is the  
shone Him delivered, where that virgin  
bird His Phantom Contempt Lets.

*(After Mallarmé)*

### The 'I-as-Other'

'as october alphabet dead, having  
*ringed them*' : he did, our  
-their names / shifted O  
one of up of o-I-know, that we  
study the 'its' having no  
thought sequence, october time...

'our streams come back tacit  
, in crimson to december, the  
shifted one / its negation one  
of geometry' : What tacit  
of resuscitate interruption? O  
*him, O dead! no-He*  
'high symbols' — of seasons,  
castles, universe, bacteria,  
charm, history...  
alas rooster!

'studies, agreement, princes, negation  
: we *THAT* contradictions, stupid  
High Shift summed up the  
slight history out of bounds' :  
This Season's Content Crows  
, sections being one wire of  
contradictions without the castles  
(taken-has) and longer soul,  
The Of The One, stupid  
would body more...

'sentence could, and resuscitate

, one light universe' : the  
content thought more *we*  
, their sections, one's sky  
-studies (my of is crimson) —  
metallic guillotined one of us

princes, every / external / soul

'no images, symbols, one of  
wire, traces on-of their  
of-and-in fraudulent  
external metallic now' : be  
*the come*, alphabet charge back  
on o-light(!) (out, magic

avoids!) and to its shift

~~december~~ traces flight the hour

/ 'the interruption (no, extinct!)  
bacteria our being-guillotined  
, the sky carried away, to us,  
their rhythm' : the castles  
, happiness, that carried  
*rhythms* / could we-I want  
is negation dispersed...?

(extinct seasons, the our-life  
death of slight now,  
will efforts images in negation summed)

(After Rimbaud and Bonney)

For Art's Sake (After Prynne)

repeating for-from, to the  
meeting of the truth / the occasion  
made an answer. Just fire first  
look without sight, will be the  
-Then, in the-being, this such

(eyes), the wait known cloud  
in a desire seen, could now  
remain certain: trouble  
competition / before others  
the-being, the-of to the ones

move in leaves / with in-known  
been, seen to the often  
-almost-even, which it  
opens fully / is to-of  
to advance, in arrives of

(sounds) small thin movement  
the which / near this, visit  
fortune and reason. Here  
currents of sky, patience thought  
calm breeze, interiority fingers

of the one among 'far beyond'  
, as in the air of sufficient, a  
*light familiar* beyond the  
break dispersion, understood  
'playful', reflections

Him.

## Angry Invert Gets

is in piano real estate, objects  
my throw, in clocks no  
*surfaces*: are playing zero  
-encounters, different lines  
, attentive losses of

‘operator

read clock’ — some are  
for the price of not selling  
: I, of that, are running  
; For heart Say one / by  
the clock-poetry *gift*  
ring abbreviations / fever  
the automobile, minutes  
to that a bin and to-  
*money* that by half all  
will leave man (and of  
plus) the

‘cluttered

not horses’ — running  
the other obsessive book  
, the economy by data / half  
not-of-them, family *The*  
*Purchase* (made me Google)  
with complex day, a  
lonely step snatched from  
one of the always, like  
*birthday*: the other you  
hear, suggest to me only  
their, of this you more  
‘heart some clock’ —

the  
other of this One, leave  
nest half not cut  
, down from and in the  
*same* of words cared  
; these two are closed  
unconscious, knows *here*  
about regulating owner  
position / to the  
*mechanism*, a concern  
not-my-father, or to hold  
'How Many Museum

The Idea'

— I do not live cinema  
, either brains / goods /  
magic, in morn will  
*tell them of the files*  
, enter one by (was very  
/ before been caught), not  
caring slammed us  
The Ducks, and  
*unbeatables*, half the  
‘world  
he plays’ — money?  
lost owns should  
can-in-boogie  
, biography your  
*inadequacies*, are  
exquisite-door-  
*separate*; coin  
multiplicity, world their  
dumb stolen wins-I

*photo clock*, throbbing  
satisfaction, the  
of you all not  
'to the loss' — them  
do not increase Heart-  
A being only to 'always shunned'  
, policies one why not  
/ speak hang on lost  
/ one who the other  
*she*, wastes in Yes, with  
prop up woogie, he Someone  
, long Half Fit, tough half  
*directions* are mysterious  
, old still, none-of-them  
No Who!, the one my sits  
(why time of between) and  
I device apart from a  
*measure*: all those of  
body — 'Desire?

attractive  
*poetry'*  
, poetry are game half  
, goes a year and  
pathologists  
take who will not have it for

(After Mendelssohn)

Pyrrhic! Oblomov! Ampelmann!

the eyes of heaven  
prescriptions on  
                  my muzzle  
forget will be able to eat  
home the world cowering  
lying  
on the green  
having not fallen over  
lost to talk  
because the  
greens salt-out-of-shop  
when stormy  
let's coat coffee  
I then see the salt  
shrouded in my little stew  
snow  
Presnya Street  
pads  
sores  
sleep  
sister as it gets rounder  
worth an axe  
hung over  
hold onto my haze  
live not curly  
you  
by heat  
your eye  
beloved either  
had fingers

or sticks  
I'm stupid  
but with her  
could—  
cocoa is not a cliff  
a louse is round  
and you are but the length  
of a tree  
for all the lands  
it is  
the sun  
is a  
wall of tails behind the place  
it's dark and  
I'm free of typhus  
which to use?  
for the younger  
love and his  
eternal maddened days  
the salt that the most  
the rash  
the pig for which  
I'm in sweets  
I'm Volga  
and over which the  
table-face  
never wrote the green eyes  
Soft America  
you wish to borrow?  
then the  
door of the  
world

go with you  
see the valuable  
is it  
under  
boundless  
exchange?  
what you hide?  
I  
us  
the words hanging over  
and the rock drifts  
coal hungry  
the skeleton  
chewing the parts  
goes to divide them  
ficer winter  
with look  
it stings  
flaming migrate  
wander for years  
on my feet when you  
breathe  
the snow  
I decide the doctor  
naked stumbles  
except them  
saucers  
sticks  
they hit  
horse meat crawls  
impatient at the other  
Moscow legs

new  
easier  
unconvincing  
whines  
it's snow  
that barn Home  
rot and their fresh  
it's pushed carrots  
dawn  
I'm the fault of the year  
from yes  
so that I could like those  
hello  
a meager phone on the ground  
next to it  
is too white  
without a veil  
here with a  
guilty spirit  
thick on  
akin to  
enveloped with a  
gift  
they have a  
belly to fat  
God stuffed  
and my late clear  
for it and the street  
is icy firewood  
they are  
watching the  
ear of the Revolution

what does it do to you?  
round flowers like clouds  
she's swollen  
with care  
in struggling  
I'm the earth  
is large starved  
the blade is  
in a hurry  
red-hot put a  
trembling  
hold this  
and that until  
huge gloomy closer  
you need it  
pairs  
hello  
to her potatoes  
step eyes  
bulging out harsh  
that's more  
with everything  
to eat exhausted  
you're three of her  
I remember  
clinging to the  
banks with fear  
here I sit  
with a speck of cute  
pinched lies  
miles of dawn  
then the December chest

can tomorrow  
carrot that mouse  
listen  
half of the eyes  
give thick speaking  
thick my malnutrition  
refuse to  
in nutty wet  
to Moscow  
chewed brown  
he claimed to forget  
bragging  
boxes of my eyes  
frost  
the banks  
Volodya  
who but our you  
are crispy to most  
you are shuffling  
fragments of colour  
bottomless window  
will quickly snow  
the shawl  
is a piece of hunger  
I take two skies  
Olga  
knotty all round  
towers  
cups  
okay?  
not the forest  
I'm shouting

on the wife-land I was heard  
finally  
it freezes light  
oh when you lay  
a thousand  
become back in the line  
would be as in lapping  
Mayakovsky  
completely  
face

*(After Mayakovsky)*

## [ADDENDUM]:

### What Verlaine Really Told That Girl In The Degas

for: 'The drone-strike of my love'  
find: 'A Hanna-Barbera blast then a  
plateau of rook-feathers'  
— not Gongora

brown envelopes brown envelopes brown envelopes  
put a sock in it my Adderall-fed neko  
even when cumming a side-bitch restrains her looks  
i don't get this ahegao shit with my sister

rim me back to sleep aw yeah then take the edge off  
that comedown. on the sofa, don't wanna peep outta u  
now remember cheating's a transaction. love  
ain't gonna get me my money's worth darling

that i.d. better be legit or else we'll not  
be fucking again 'til ur legal  
ah why don't u dry them eyes quietly thot

unless u want us to subsume our identities  
gimme my deposit back and i'll make u transhuman  
in the morning. cry for now tho slut. i like it.

(previously Verlaine's 'Lassitude')

From A Suicide Note, April 1930

past 1 am you're probably in bed  
the Milky Way streaks silver in the night's eye  
i'm not rushing to deliver lightning telegrams  
there's no reason to wake or trouble you  
as they say the incident is riven  
to entropy the love boat run aground on the quotidian  
look at the quiet laid down with the world  
night-blanketed world in constellation's tribute  
in hours such as this one stands to speak to  
the ages, history, and all creation

(as Mayakovsky's final poem)

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