

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
unbeatable, 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
fiercer 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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