

impossible love songs

Matthew Andrews

"There can be no issue in a poet's life. It is from everything he has not undertaken, from all the moments fed on the inaccessible, that his power comes to him."

Cioran

"Preise dem Engel die Welt, nicht die unsagliche, ihm
kannst du nicht größtun mit herrlich Erfühltem ..."

Rilke, Ninth Elegy

"And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare,
Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me; I have none."

Shelley, 'The Earth' in *Prometheus Unbound*, Act IV

[

Ah Anna oh Barry, slantslang
commodity-brain wants
your truth, kills
the thing
by touching it, Lacan Jagger
fuck college taught me
: halfway to what
I thought this would be
, history imposes
its own definition
, itself, like the con
-tours of *yr sweet ass*
, limnobiology, *pen*
-*cil Queen*, Marxlove
, born of impossibility
/ addressed to
necessity, *inadequacy*
, this

]

The Novelty of Solids

... je suis rendu au sol, avec un devoir à chercher...

Rimbaud, *Une Saison En Enfer*

Crushed plants laid out as a kind of
traffic, and she's 'not in just any circus' —
specificity will undoubtedly inspire the
[insert quote here] of trees in our sky
where there are made things that will follow:
what she now is, 'when' as the
version-that-is, time and again, how
no *cheer* will survive the transmission
of Selected Brave Lyrics, ad-
justed in Good Pink Order. Hyperculture is
time-fragment-species; being
touched without direction is visual, we
clearly *come out of* survival, want
-only allowing us something in the
sequence upward, by whose body and
most theatre grass has otherwise
failed. Accompanied by the 'mentally
deranged', the parish council
office woman indicated the army is
history beyond the body, the thumb
is the question to answer politically
meaningful garbage. Questions are

clumsy because others, however
upward-made, breathe weeks of
head which question longer people's
wealth, whether it is nailed or
just a kiss to our insect self, a
place in lyrical kind, is memory-in
-occasion. A specific 'this' out-
models provocation, as in 'garden', as in
'what garbage collision telegram is
valuable', as in 'so on'. 'Who refuses to
fill the modal range' is the weather, the
question, free yellow bypass wire in
front shown transmitting more passion
to our breasts, the it-command, a complex
inquiry as to its history as system in
oral elbow rotation's related
hay-payment, the dynasty's turn as a
guide-point to turn again, crush
freely to take and successfully
select enter. That final time,
from the garbage heap, was also the
day, *how metaphorical*, of credit :
somewhere down the alleyway
is our heart-thing, the payee, stepping out
any, or some, the only 'rhapsody'
to a way of existence, the

whole history, ours, the most growth
and the instrumental touch, the
hand of formal meaning, following
heat to the social - no, normal, - reduction
of damage via garden-instinct-steroids
. Sky. Slice. *The poetic Elegy*. In,
or 'list' - no, pile - no, *I*, choose
again, the heroic order, in will, 'we',
time, and everything. Then is fluid, a
Bright Place Problem, as drumming to
enter the necessary rhythm chip
"can lead to the
correct combination of islands"
: here, plants in consistent town landscape,
this Now; all trees do
is take
out what appears
as the epiphenomenal gases of sex.

(after 'L'Extase de M. Poher')

Rotoscope Inversions #17

Say to so, the ordinal number of
poverty to the moment of
terror, in the wine-breath gasping
of heretofore murmuring units of
death awaiting their rescue. Poss
-ession looms large in the
contingent's field, a conference of
words unyielding, the constancy
given to deference in the runaway
speaker's knowing, their relief at
riot quelling, to pasture, to feel. See the
quiet gestures, the irony, our entire
vox-pop corner-shop stop
-the-car discursive practice of
wisdom heeds to shifts in
tension, and the future, arrives like
something said to be secure. The
demand is simple, made simpler
when passed is the napkin, of
evidence to the sequence of the
almost expedient trail, for which
our most ravenous captor
will dance sarabande on the promenade.

Evening Lyric

Wrack to breast asunder, street life the
sneak presumes to break, open
in bravura piece eats captain, light shift
travel down with crisp entropic breath,
my jettison, our love. Crust upon the
brisk moon, sunflower capped in idling
by the peasant's cleft, its timings,
shorn to keep vaunted in uncount
-able presence weft, my number, given to
heathens, in each pleasant enduring
summer, and the fading of its
next, good trifling, my presumption, our
anticipation of fragrant attacks leaves
out in step. Clenched is the matron
watching, insolvency dripping, over
catchment, left to soak all evening
in empire's crescent dish, everything
it catches succumbs to symbol when the
fox makes ready haste with the
milk purse pursued by her chef, the
first incumbent gesture of her address
singing now back from the kitchen, we rest.

Aida (1980)

Content upon to settle, phrase
shot through with surplus, as if
meaning equals orgasm not striving to mean:

refuse turnstile confession, begin
in earnest, the clamour of voices, no
choice obligation nor guilt for
choosing – *the point of*

'They Live'

is availment

of Specsavers offers – confusion of

fashion with style, remember the
purpose of lilies extends

beyond the grave

. This, and only this, at the

feet of the 'model question', solo

improvisation for the revolution, 'and

so it was I entered the

broken world' distracted by

Stakhanovite dancers, as

we all are in such times as

we presume to speak to — resist

-ance is futile but necessary

because so are we: at least, in

this regard, we attain

the condition of music.

Not Symptomatic Yet

Xanthochronic overrack luculence,

iatrophobic vincture, locus

divulsion

to the invination of hemitery

keister combs, polymythy (hah hah!)

omphaloid fuckwits (big boys!)

with vicariant daddyman poon

-tang excrements, rounceval (oh no!)

fuddyduddy

leaves the

kinchin bubble funky (yaw yaw!)

petty fiddle *reviviscence*

on fundiform mansion holiday (cretins live!)

where 'versability schemes

to winkler putty dreams', astrobleme

(in mummy school) zonoid

radiosonde omnifarious

nesiote xeransis **prig**...

theomancy! adiaphoresis! sylvestral

red-flag butter crumpet, bing!

toots to gadarene, osteroid spattee!

quotity bathysmal bang bang

lactescent fuck off! querical

creampuff, brown Trevor avec
ecclesiarchy's glaucous rove
to zootherapy hylomaniac
plaster-cast Derek! [pibroch, sad]

... but no to worrisome blanching
scrotes, tip to meandering
superstructure bores, with
apposite itching to the
black thought's travel, mink-purse,
cupped in idle chatter as another
more to come dies in the
green and red substrate carriage, please
and thank you (blue and
white are watching!), tits to
Barry Triad and the
entire scope of subjection
non-human created | sub
-lation non-human preceding, where
songs sound rough on the
mantlepiece and there's
just no other
craquelin caballo gloopiness
to god damn mutherfuckin **abide**

.

All Human Missing

At first glance reverse diffusion

, domino hah hah how does it happen

, then learned of tradition, some

-how *corporate manslaughter* is

not enough, how marvellous those

mandarins deal with it, before dismember

history, that compromise, ours

, the symptom's wave to market

-leading colony, angel farting

recall of superior steel, and

not to mention signal distraction

, wisdom pipe to meagre

piss cannon, little Playmobil bonk

Wilhelm whatever. Over there.

Hide'n'Seek Petri-dish *Parp*

Define your terms, it's
just history — op
-position to idiom, yes
 , cocaine individual
radio, if you
fucking listen, in
-troduction the
conclusion, 'naturally involves
the entire object'
 , exploration of the
whole flight from
memory, feedback loop
— it always sounds, junc
-tion hipster *sch*
 -*maltzing* to strive, hence ad
-just to *de major*
 , that earthy-boy
 -run-boulder thing, to
orientate daddy, boxcar
cobble, baby's first
how do we make it go
 , the essential, demo
-cratic type of carnage
discovered at the

same time as you. Return.

Why I Do Not Write Like This

in mem. Tom Raworth

what do you know the
crack heard over the
trees time running
out the imposition of
need by the clock hurts
you more than borders *dinner's*
ready the urge to move to
some reasonable university town
forgetting there is nobody left
to read the crap you will leave
out of letters to your mother and
pretend is some sort of gesture to the
landlord even though you have to
live amongst the shadow of your
own failed garden

This But If It Was A Knife

Now from and the house as
hill, woman hot there, lizard runs the
all, *to-and-fro they come*, this
like to clear blocked two *weed up*
own secrets alike from the
overbaked John, mine from
stone (red under-the-mist), be
-ing pot this is *that from rivers*
, the together the ground, *dead*
hot sister lying parched now
in *run still winds* piss be
-low sit eyeing this-and-that, the
it-Sun sprung / iron flung
stone of *cracked the bread*
, the *full of morning* dried bees
like glitter burnt stones, *spring*
counting plenty, I and Who
-ever is-glitter-air // are poppies
range boils burn, garden looks and
flying wracked and rages, *this is*
mine be-Mountain, in
-deed *through now buzz* in
twitter brother (I bend while we're
peaks past step) and can

-aries 'thru' long is-and-the
-bubbles / grass with a
liquid morning on life, sees the
gold, tops field, as bright-ground-all
/ greensward on burning, in
mounting unto sound, weed
walks round water (one of
trees) and Eternity hot like
let my yellow, now even-air-in
and hill-green-fallow, all
fountain in gold, alive the
thistle, *down the grass* lovely
and the view-room-gossamers
flowering here around time, the
-the is the Summer.

Morning! The Cat Chives Awake

Actuality the bloody form, mu
-tation at the heart of the
system, administrate to ce
-lebrity diagnosis, the capture to
feel, cast out in quick-time new
-spaper halitosis, the whole *pub*
-lic mood of the matter, caught
up to not-quite Olympic tenor
, yes that's right, and where do
we even begin with child murder
when they do it to themselves. The
influx, this, *fuck words and*
give me colours, of course I
speak on behalf of the brothers, this
cannot presume to continue while the
bear presents such simulacrum to the
gallery while being unable to met
-astasis himself, the whole contra
-dict found in the absence of
bubbles, cupboards, affection, this
, the wholesale jumble of local affairs.

[Pre-tense of gestures organic,
capital ideas stop coming just
won't, hence protract to sense
when measurably hot, in
-dicative of something up
-on which choice has none but
to agree, requisite of
beginning, no time to
tune in the observatory, the
programme the performance, br
-istling under lack thereof
, weight, and tenuous dyslexia. Com
-partments necessary in
the litter world, sustenance of
theme keeps wind whistling
for men who must clear this
up, conversation with failure in the
snooker hall, trust is familiar, be
-tween boys who will do much
wickedness in the
flower realm, re-
planting will be ours, alone
until horizons herald to
begin all time over again, some

-thing more

]

PLANTHOUSE

H.A.

Zebra to desk pup, a fairy borne,
parental synonym fascinator
scorched in ignorance – here,
adolescence = decoration, the
white specked on chlorine,
root, tumescence to sky.

A.D.

No gym despite naming, so
delicate to frond offering, hence
love still or indeed for itself:
future will demand what
presence will restrict, ex
-pectation catachresis warps.

E.A.

Cut from health
brave illusion, advent
made substrate in
hope chancing, un
-furl to surprise daddy,
tableau will do well alone.

P.A.

Tesco exotica bedside
memorial, *crassula* con
-fusion, overdetermined
beneath helicopter
canopics, in the
elephant's tarnished fumble.

F.A.

Safari, oh trussed up mis
-recognition, shadow frames the
space of classified wanting -
here, a sibling; there, a
fruitless aspiration, to
arrangements glancing density.

T. sp.

Rescue offer beware expansion
, re: unknown known ex
-cursion, step to acknowledge
brief incursion to the whole
, the entire submission
granted, by two-bob love.

S. A.

Piebald perfection, yes,
once gotten, reaps rotation
like dead hit the mulch
-cup, entrancing optimist
stalk, no casting of
mother, a friend to the black.

D. F.

Aping downstairs fuck off
, causation straining not
for but in spite of
related awnings, *look a*
cocktail, two tone
to the market's glee.

A. A.

Experiment nothing to
reveal, miscegenation ill
-usion when light tarts
all to break, they
lie anyway, heart
actuates a modified green.

S. W.

[this label intentionally left blank]

[

Oh hailward the fruits of futility
fuck nugget wine swiller
watching me, watching
all but yourselves
I am not here for your entertainment
you have not paid enough to judge me
you're yr dad at the Dylan concert
fuming at the lack of a flux capacitor
(secretly)
the failure of you

do not take this personally
(you couldn't)
Buffy's not going to chair the next International.
I love you.

]

Tea Poem

imagine calling this 'disfigured bass'

i. untitled

You better have something better to say than // silence, you who think
// waiting // is better relieved by // verisimilitude than *surprise*. The
'constancy of coherence' // is not even your biggest lie // yet the
prospect of a // *knock at the door* // has you rushing // not making
your peace with // the statement given here // in deed if not in //
commentary. Writing. // Reading it again. The entire // *world* of not
just // taking but taking // four fucking minutes // to do anything,
extracting // a confessional gem // all hot and heavy just to // say:
'Yes. That's her. // That's what it was. // Then, and hopefully never
again.' // Slowing down is not // 'making it work', rather // 'showing
where it went wrong', // big old fuckwit dirty nails man.

ii. botanical latin

The corridor of the // open field, like to one of those // churches (you
know the ones) // where the camera // pans as your memory //
soundtracks itself from // elsewhere, as if // this were something //
profound. // We still walk // down it anyway, in // search of //
something to // give and be given, stopping // only to sneeze // at the
// content of some // imagined 'country air'. // This // is where you
wake up and say: "You who valorise dehiscence // as something
fundamental to // love // need to get // some more fucking sleep."

iii. dicky bibs

Here you will not find a // *space for the definite* // but a search for an
// outpouring that finds itself // wanting // (c.f. Olson, 'Human
Universe') // : gifts given apparently // on requisite occasions // to
account for our // failure to sustain // interest in gratitude // while
forgiveness // is drawn from somewhere // else – this, is the // proper
mode of // sublation to the // Symbolic Order, as long // as you //

don't stop to count // what the // screen tells me // is called // 'human cost'.

iv. address to those who may find trouble in the business of
pronouns

Shouty white boy document // of frustrations; not diagnosed // but he
feels it, the // precise moment of disjunction // between Heidegger
and Husserl // as a scream as this // typewriter out of a rented window.
The // *sum total* of this activity is a // falling asleep in the cinema, //
glad to be supplement to spectacle // without flossing // one's teeth.
Architecture // is *very much a man's game*, the // report tells me and
– there. // There it is, the 'time's up' // for we who know what we //
were chasing, were // trying to avoid bumping into, // were aware of
wondering // why they were here to hear this // at all. Sirens fill a
space // empty for some reason; this is // not the air for that is // cool
with dampness, a // campsite morning, not the // city and the //
wretch of static // about to arrive. Oh, // shouty white boy document
of // frustrations, why can't you find // *this*, yet still // leave it
unsspoken. Electrical work // is to be completed only by // professionals,
and to the // tune of distant // starlings the ribbon runs dry. // A
rosette upon the form // completed, ours is not the reason why //
coherence // shows its cracks in the wind.

v. 'disgust poem'

You who think it // starts raw and ends when cooking, // satisfied that
it is // seasoned to the correct // tolerance of confession, // understand
that this is not // spoken in style // but finding a style in which to
speak // and find your tolerance // in the headache // world between
birdsong and the // lawnmower, reporting and // recycling not just
reviewing // a dinner of ice cream // following what *mama used to*
make.

vi. 'revision poem'

Meristem, oh here I // find you, possibility aware // not that it is
unobtainable // but that its possibility // requires division – sorry, I //
have been reading outside my field. // The heart of the // matter is of
course apparent // in its apparent // incidence, *baubles make the //*
tree, and everything is // available until the occasion // demands it.
There is nothing more // tragic than a child aware // all that it is
making // are memories; nothing more // to be said // than 'at least
you are not // this', 'put another // log on the fire' and // if you can't
manage // to make a note of your // dreams, at least remember // to
water the plants.

vii. untitled

This starts like // 'Deliah' sung properly, you know // , the *lyric I* // as
a wretch of smoker's phlegm - // music as the ' // object using us //
as its object' // comes later, in the act of // listening, recording, rhyme
// as an "echo louder // than enunciation", whatever. In // the hot
shadow of failure // , cleaning up our warm mess, // we play the //
games of men : // café-bar chatter, anthropocene // communism; oh
no...

... there is nothing more loathsome than a poetry that speaks only to itself than a poetry
that thinks of such a thing as an audience, speaks only to you

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Soviet District Press