

typical
system



10
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The tender surface feels each slight
Movement of air
Membrane stretched across bones'
Aching edges of before and after
Air seeps into my mouth
Air leaks out of my mouth
The smallest of details flow and recede in the way of me
The thinnest of tissue forms and breaks over
Brushing the hair from my face with a palm
Tracing my features with a finger
Flesh dissolves
I am walking bone naked The tender surface feels each slight
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You will find that SILENCE is a surprisingly effective tactic. Do not criticise
Engage with what is being said, produced or expressed and it will cease to exist. Simple. Cease to exist? I'm burying my head in the sand and trying to enjoy my donuts, but somehow even with the recommended census I'm not even aware of this foray into silence? Nor was I aware of how insulting it was. I am going to put a stop to this silent pillage immediately <<Look, do not worry about it, for example, if you like donuts you should not try this thing out of my home country, which is very similar to them, I just feel that much better>> Oh you say better? The company has a strict policy known as FIFO, fit in or FUCK off! <<You're crazy! Funny thing is that in my country we have football matches of FIFA>> Suicide bombers football game? What do you think you know you're? Football. Mate. I've had enough, get lost!



And so the lightning would describe my feelings more holy, I think
they are out of the plane. I thought it was my song, sounds like a belief does not include absolute proof of a crime. I like to sleep for days in a row when it rains. Those who want to visit me, let me

I will show me but I will
show you, because I love
you. You will know your
self, and noise, which
is the reason.



Dankon por la tagoj,
Tuj senfinajn tagojn, tiuj sanktajn tagojn
vi donis al mi.
Im pensado de la tagoj,

Mi benas la lumo,
Mi benas la lumo, kiu lumigas vin kredi min.
Kaj kvankam vi estos for,
Vi estas kun mi ĉiutage, kredu min.
Tagoj mi memoros tulan mian vivon,
Tagoj kiam vi ne povas vidi malgusta de dekatre.
Vi prenas mian vivon,
Sed tiam mi scias, ke tre baldaŭ vi ŝatus lasi min.
Sed estas tute pravus.
Nun Im ne timigita de ĉi tiu mondo, kredu min.
Mi volus hodiaŭ povus esti morgaŭ
La nokto estas malhela,
Ĝi nur alportas doloron ĉiutage.
Dankon por la tagoj,
Tuj senfinajn tagojn, tiuj sanktajn tagojn
vi donis al mi.
Im pensado de la tagoj,
Mi ne forgesas sola tago, kredu min.
Tagoj mi memoros tulan mian vivon
Tagoj kiam vi ne povas vidi malgusta de dekatre.
Vi prenas mian vivon
Sed tiam mi scias, ke tre baldaŭ vi ŝatus lasi min.
Sed estas tute pravus
Nun Im ne timigita de ĉi tiu mondo, kredu min.
Tagoj
Dankon por la tagoj
Tuj senfinajn tagojn, tiuj sanktajn tagojn
vi donis al mi
Im pensado de la tagoj
Mi kurtimis forgesu sola tago, kredu min.
Mi benas la lumo,
Mi benas la lumo, kiu lumas al vi kredi min.
Kaj kvankam vi estos for,
Vi estas kun mi ĉiutage, kredu min
Tagoj.

The sheet of paper
flew away across the floor
blown by the wind
all the words I wrote that day
what did they say to you?
in the breeze they flew away
words for the future
and of rhyme and no reason
into the open blue we go

Ornamental People.
Dross of novelty. Bulk of faces. Never
be confused by the peculiar patterning
design of an Altar book.

Economically, we possess this essential shaping agent, and by adopting the broad pen, I am unable to state my position except that I believe in honourable merchandising, without taint. And so, after the drudgery of the apprenticeship, we must perform a thorough investigation into the physical properties of the product: the squareness and the quality of the binding, the fold, the delivery of the content. Though much may be disregarded in the case of these sloped Roman beings (stranded as they are in ditches, removed from immaculate breeding.) This imprinting from a group of six men is marked by a distinctly underground alphabet! Never before ossified in the cult, nor the press of the dove: no need to remedy deficiencies! Strictly a diet of undistinguished 'old faces' contrasted severely with the 'moderns'. Tall timber. Slack limber. Lop jaw. Hunchback. Clean slate. Stained by hand and by foot. Prepared to give succour with the visionary tale, the armoured car, the blue siren wall, the heavy breather, the giant deceiver. Well aware that little murders lie in the secluded heart, these men cease to pour reasoned abuse alongside the cruelty practised by the wind cheater and the silver cross. Delicates are renewed from crumpled hope; vertical towers gleam transparent; residents pose for portraits with pendants; and by snapping through elastic band opinion, they accept both the plastic flower and the sunroom slave - for there's plenty more to learn inside this Eating World.

A nasal presenter
A shopping center
An endless summer
An untucked t-shirt
A baby bonus
A subdivision
An overzealous stinger
An oversized tote
A long commute
A flat white
An angry bogan
An undone wetsuit
A drunk beggar
A monstrous trannie
An unknowable desert
An end of the world
At the end of the day
A week at a time
In the casual reich
It's a game of two halves



typical
system



"So long on this side of history... The Modern feels gone, my true love is gone.
All that's left is to close my eyes and realise that it never existed. Just a trick played
by the called History."
Sam dropped his pen onto the floor. The words brought back a flood of uncertainty.
It was unseasonably warm outside for February. Everything was green and buzzing
with new life. It seemed that Spring had come early to the world in an ominous way.
Forgetting about the page of paper, Sam starts to walk outside to touch the world.
Dragging his hand along the wall of his house he catches it by accident on an old
nail shooting out of the dry wall. Cursing the nail he continues outside.
In his back yard the world is luminous. Sucking on his open cut he starts to
daydream...
A cloud of fantasy and paranoia fills his head. He sees an unfamiliar woman driving
an old Buick pass by. He says to himself "People don't make real things anymore.
Everything's made out of plastic! Cars, Food, Houses, Clothes, Milk, everything is
synthesised from real life to look like life but isn't".
His mouth is salty. The sun is melting the flowers in the neighbors yard.
Hours pass. The sky-blue air turns into reddish smoke. The sun goes away. The
melted roses start to breath again. Sam's fever subsides as he returns to his room
and his paper.
"Somethings can be gone over a hundred times and it still doesn't matter."
More dreams. Lost women. Old faces. Happy times. Low times. Forgotten memories.
Life touches and doesn't at the same time. Rewards unfulfilled and completed
blur with each other. Good and bad taste the same. Reality's a soup. The night
folds over the day and the big bad world doesn't even blink.

Don't need it in morning
Not need it in night
I am here in night
I am a beautiful site
The is a beautiful site
Don't look down on no one
I'm a 100% water
When the wind dies down
Don't touch me away
Hang me on a ceiling
In brighten your day

days U die
cunning is like clearing a level though
when U touch your own body you don't know
what parts generate what sensations
swamps, swamps
tip of the tongue
for those who know
let's not be resistant, let's not even strive for
pleasure
more data than I can process

always recording inspired on tour bus
dream no doubt
everything easy and expansive

but mainly just write
and think about writing
anticipation and or fear of something
that hasn't happened yet but seems
future inevitable... thanks to a place or
a... I don't know some particular reality
envagination...

ansett folded straight after 9/11
do u rememebr?
it was all a very big

Total
Control

It is with immense frustration that I finalise my
belated memoirs — the signature of an entity long since
forgotten — eroded over centuries.

Though these notations come in to existence an age
after the event of my death, they are not, in fact, post-
humorous.

In spite of all the millions who at one time may have
recognised my face or have known my name as it
is etched in the archaic manuscripts of history, I am
today a nameless, invisible stranger in a reality beyond
comprehension.