FLAMEPRINT

but

Before heaves and forever grows still...

I sound my barbaric yawn...

Whitman.

Ah sown words reaped.

We song they barbarica.

You ear us mouthed breath.

Cymballed, timpani vibrant.

A poet's potter, pater noster Walt.

So, a poetry notebook by David Eggleton 2013

13 May
13 June
Given this notebook by Michele
in which to write, I feel I must
fill it soonest —
the word flameprint catches my eye
and ignites like a birds nest —
I found it in an old word hoard
made by William Barnes, the Dorset bard,
and realised it was one on which
I could embark for the isles
where tapa’s found,
drying in the sun.
For centuries, including the nineteenth
cloth was clapped at and stamped with shell,
now Allen Ginsberg’s long exhaled
breath is here to tell belts.

Clear winds breathe on Fiji’s palm
and coral shores, by wooden hotel
in Suva “as the water snake I knew
flails beneath a long ago canoe. 16.5.13
ngatu: painted barkcloth from Tonga;
karaoke night in downtown Nuku'alofa, before the riots
burned half downtown down;
the Namoli tapa of the family
hangs in our stairwell now
part of a trinity: three in one;
my brother and sister also
have a third each: ink, bark, sun
I ventured west,
I wandered east,
I made a poem from old rope
and yeast
and called it jam,
and myself king of Sam,
in my dream where I am

I 16.5.13

Att!
How I used to love
the smell of
polyvinyl chloride
in the morning—
the Jimi Hendrix
Electric Ladyland album
discs pulled out of
d the paper sleeves,
and I'm getting
good vibrations from
a needle
in a spiral
that's turning at 33
revolutions per minute.

16.5.13
'And the bouncers are either reconstructed criminals who are only bothered about what you've got in your wallet or they're gym teachers.'

MARK E. SMITH

"The musician alone has access to God."

ANTHONY BURGESS

__A wall notice: X__

Heart Attack on a Plate - Is All She Wrote

Bruises

My history is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake the viscosity of black - a billion times told uglier and more stupidly brutal amid greedy flames like a witchcraft fable of sticky burning pitch blend, one another in one another's arms, bed-bound at eleven to listen to the dying songs of the dead and gone, who no longer have moral qualms about the dope with the mostest, the gene unseen,
In the footsteps of George Alexander Bush the Great
Metamorphosis of a thousand grants at Thermopylae —
they use thermal detection of meson to bring down a drone with a volley of Enfield 303's
11.05.13

The nuclear test, the hypothalamus test,
the rabbit hiding in the hat,
the loss of loss,
and everything else the purest kind of blue, so tried, so free —
Lawrence of Arabia blue,
but with an abattoir chill.
17.05.13

The swimming passion of Le Corbusier saw him once sliced by propeller blades. Trapped beneath the boat with him was sunlight in a white luminous space. He bled, but did not faint; they tossed him a lifesaver.
17.05.13

Tallulah toorah toorah-aye, oorah-oorah-ooh-rae-aye

[Diagram]
"I am all that is, all that was, and all that shall be, and no mortal has lifted my veil."

TEMPLE OF ISIS
EGYPT

"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings, Look on my works, ye mighty and despair!"

Ozymandias

Oz

O

I nod sagely, but I don't understand a word as his accent makes his meaning incomprehensible. Nevertheless, we said, Chanting Warrors, paddled by one hundred. With Werner Herzog at the prow, pointing like Moscow, his poodle waiting on shore.
"I will buy a feathered hat,
I will steal a cricket bat,
Smash some windows make some noise
I will run from dirty boys."

DANIEL BOWIE

"It was one of those feathered hats whose Jouyancing feather stopped you dead in astonishment."

Treasury endorses rampant market capitalism with trumpets. Banks swallow gold and spew junk.

Song of the Global Meltdown expire in puddles:

You're everywhere and nowhere, baby.

WHAT DOES THE GROUPTHINK?

"Money doesn't talk, it swears."

BOB DYLAN
Scuttling across the Floor's
Silent Sceas

I should have been a pair of Claws.

They batten on to bates.

The 4 B's of the Apocalypse:
Ballard, Burroughs, Bacon, Beckett
ballad, burrows, bakers, beck-it
Lamborghini!!!
Abu Dhabi!!!
a giant baby buggy!!!
luxury sucks
get down with the sweaty!!!
sweatshop worker!!!

The Fundamental Tenant
I am a globalist, a fundamental
globalist. I wanna destroy...

RALPH LAUREN bring CLOTH to
your DREAMS, I clothe

"I don't design clothes, I design dreams,"

LOVE'S LOSTER'S LOST

...drunk on ink
the bookworm bores
through words to their cores and lies in
down darkness
Robert Browning—a poet most interested in crime—and rhyme.

Ode to the Humble Day and the Truth of the Humble Day

...a word's meaning is not what matters but rather its mood, its connotation, its gestures. Words become incantations and poetry wants to be magic.

Jorge Luis Borges

"I liked the taste of beer, its live white lather, its brass-bright depths and the salt on the tongue, the foam on the corners."

 Dylan Thomas
All literature in the end, is autobiographical.
Everything is poetic that confesses that gives us the glimpse of a destiny.

Jorge Luis Borges

BAUDELAIRE WAS EDGAR ALLAN POE’S DISCIPLE, AND PRAYED TO HIM EVERY NIGHT.

This is how I write a short poem - with the help of an app on a smartphone.

Here inside my boredom quota I cannot move one iota...

What ever happened to my coconut grater?

I never meant to be a waiter.
I'll make you a meal.
I'll make you a special deal.
One day you will be a big wheel.
Sooner or later.

27.05.13
Verse is song
That clouds
Meaning of words I.G.

Do you think there will be a time when you'll be hung as a thief?

Poem Made of Newspaper

HEADLINES

God seeks hate group.
Each nominee wears a jacket made of flame.

Every hero knows how to play
the game.
Red Devil loops loop.
Swan casualty of duck season.

Dead cat bounce recovery
from sleeping position.
Dog trials to investigate chemicals in soap.

ALLEN GINSBERG'S QUESTION
TO BOB DYLAN IN 1965.

27.3.13
Advertising's psychobabble is so much white noise and emotional blackmail... 

Blubber sez to Gibber—yore lookin whiter and whiter, but I'm nobody's fool, and nobody's perfect, nobody's there, nobody's here, nobody to care, no body to stare, or count the cost of such loss.

26.5.13

Ecuador AA Charter
for the Rights of Mother Earth

"Small oh to be in Quito now"

Quito

Quito

"Small is beautiful."

E F Schumacher

Schmalled
A mall is a mall is

Blubbered hell belly, bubbly in gibbery, gibberonian esque, voicing the persnickety...
Here we address
the guilty men.
We ask them whether
they will do it again.
They say they won't, but we
know them.

22.08.13

Obese cherubs goggle
from giant, three-wheeled,
aerodynamically-designed
baby buggies.

22.08.13

Bless the wise,
bless the poor,
bless every kind of Apple
store.

01.09.13

Copperplate,
roundhand,
kiss-curléd lettering.

22.08.13
In liquid silver echoes, thruttle that Tui, neck that Tui, gargle with a Tui.

Wherefore art thou Tui?

by a letter-day Capability

I stand, dusted-down Brown.

The left-handed lover she wrote crabb'd, right-handed, he write in bold, rounded words, joined-up handwriting.

Together they haunt'd (hawked) the refuge of the hand-written, the hand-done. Today they have iPa'ds.

So bless the wise, bless the poor, bless every kind of Apple store.

Hap & murdered claw.
He never did. — Diddums
He never would. — Wouldums

Dental school odorous
with the smell of decaying teeth
being scorched by the clumsily
applied burrs of high-speed
drills operated by each
handed students, taking it in
turns to drill, baby drill.

Why do people travel
in the era of global warming,
social media, instant communication,
and instant media reproducibility?
Simulacrum and high fidelity?
A meteor explodes under Yucatan; the whole gulf huffs fumes. Blotted moon eclipsed by the bruise, starfish invisible. Coated cross-hairs, enough bitumen to pave the sea spills; A grease-bubbled dance macabre bleeds. Bonfire of tarry rarities spouts funeral plumes breeds oyster veils sharp gut webs, bird's bills. hose

A thousand million flamethrowers' hose my war zone for dolphin and pelican to unfurl over ocean's curvature like a matador, smooth mainsails of ooze. 15.05.13

Would you rather have a smartphone roaming free, or a pangolin roaming free? 1.06.13

Politico

Call the booby with the big cigar, and bid him whip the mob to frenzy, and circulate them red-faced, gladhanding; on his way to the grand parade of pumice, bobbing, up him volcano and in to shore; then let them all fly off together, carrying the shag colony out to sea. 6.06.13
If I were called upon to construct a religion, I should make use of water.

Larkin a bout with water.
Larkin's bout of religious doubt.
Larkin sayin' what he oughta.
Larkin prepares for holy orders.
Larkin prepares for us holy water.

In every man, a child is hidden that wants to play.

In every expecting woman...

BLAZE

When pill poppers face the final hour, what flies towards the golden tower?
In the twinkle of his eye, Cyclops kisses babies, makes them cry, then locks his chops and sifts the ash, just seconds after bombers flash.

Weightless as petroleum, bodies across a globe swim, behind an eyed eyelid mat, flutters open to reveal a blaze circle the planet.

22.05.13
You question my earth core wind-moaner, wind moaner,
a green wash of ice melt.

Poised a toma hawk over Penzance.

Flame print / aërophilia

Horror hoists the stomach into view, or else elephantiasis of the testicle.
The body becomes the sum of its flaws, needs sutures, a course of some antibiotic.
Leaving the life aquatic stitched into hair flesh is a flame print, oxygen burns,
human faces grow atomic, a billion fold; our bodies forest the earth, the rest is dessert.

28.05.13
In this net, it's not just the strings that count, but also the air that escapes through the meshes.

---

I'm in Dunedin with a gorilla on my back. He's called McZee. My life is a beat-up version of some knock-off on TV. But my import goes fast, like a hug from a lovable ET. Such language is seen as entrapment by the OOT.

Weekends I'm a asset-insured pseudo detective in holiday mode. It's both dominant and recessive genetic code. New wave tone adventurers interpolate new waves and recreate anxiety, ad to my present to each season, ducking ad to my present to each season, ducking.
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth,
hand for hand,
foot for foot,
burning for burning,
wound for wound,
stripe for stripe.

eye for eye
tooth for tooth
eye for eye
hand for hand
burning for burning
burning
burning, a burning man
like silkie filaments from cocoons unreeled;
and dragon clouds grew like fingers on a pagoda
tree,

so fire the burning man is a far country,
as John Doe undid the tag on his big toe,
and danced around in that Californian
bungalow.

burning for
burning — a burning man
in Vietnam,

Vietnam in sixty-six.
rattle that chain
graw that bone
and get the page
for his poem
in the zone

Talk is cheap, so get in line
Forbearance is all unto seventy
time's seven, for morbid appetite...

...some old cannibal ache fed
the blun edge of the wedge licked,

...grave as an embalmer
applying his funeral mute's
make-up.

21-05-13
wind walled
as wet
as any wave
and swept
as dry as
sand

A Man

Horror hoists the stomach into view,
or else elephantiasis of a testicle.
A man becomes the sum of his claws,
needs sutures, blood in each corpuscle.
Leaving the life amniotic, stitched into hair,
flesh is a flame, oxygen burns.
Human faces grow atomic, a billion bits
our bodies forest earth, nevast is dessert.

Renewal / Threads
in broken hill and rough range,
in whitebaiting stands and duckshoot blinds,
in creameries, in tree huts,
in purple-visor'd poplars,
in salt sand wave,
in wind-trampled grasses,
in quivering willows,
in conical hills, in spherical boulders,
in oales, Norfolk pines,
Pheonix palms,
in river stones,
in puriri blae as mud bog,
in Southern Cross stared with Clematis
The patchwork quilt of farm unravels.

Hot tar ooze scooped off the hard,
the day burns,
dropping his clutch of mushroom caps,
a bewitched red ancient moves
amongst used tea-cups
plates, rolling the making's
and coughing catarrh.

he steels himself
as existence sharpens to knife-point,

| backbone | from porgs | and twists |
Sailing ships rose to
whale-road's Wallow,
and the
mollymawk
flew high—
coasting
to
down
to

Grazing cloud,
catchment fern,
tidelines.

Vavau, Tonga — with a
smile as ripe as a

mango.

Mango trees — mango colours

mango's sacrament

mango skins

mango syrup

but

pumice bobbles

sharp + angular, spreading over sea in a

tapa mat pattern

Snails of barbed wire

rust beneath clay,

awaiting for a better day.
Vapour Rooms of Effluvium

car crash, Massey Road, Mangere, May 2013, not far from the airport eh

Torn flesh -
gastle of pig's trotters:
thinned-out,
then
fattened-up
again,
carcasses purging
gum boots going

for a skate on
abbabir blubber,
cops hosing
away traffic
impact of kids racers
Crashing through gates of Eternity at midnight

and the rainbow slick across clearing sky, that for hours was raining hard
on the empty yard of grievance, the boy in crumpled red hoodie with a shard of glass pinned through his chest, lies perfectly still, as cars loop and twist
along arterial roads
in an app
and gilt-dusted angels float
free of gender

of split feijoá skins,
fly-speckled calendar,
symphonies of the flesh falling away
to an eventless horizon,
broken-backed beyond Mangere Mount-
air
motorway javelin

In climbing plane's passenger window, where you breathe in this air-conditioning,
that doesn't
Smell of nothing,
but of
Something,
Something,
Something.
28.05.13
Upload a pic of your green smoothie to Instagram,
Upload a pic of your green smoothie &
to Instagram and tag it.

From SHARE YOUR GREEN SMOOTHIE LOVE!

As you sip your brand of Scotch,
crush aroach or scratch your crotch
as your hand adjusts your tie,
people die.

In the towns with funny names,
hit by bullets, caught by flames,
by and large not knowing why,
people die.

John Bradly

Pier Picture Theatre
After a free evening for servicemen
on 14th, the theatre was destroyed by
fire. By December 1943 a new theatre
was built and re-opened. In 1950, the
Beedham Family sold the theatre to
Messrs Kallos and Londy. 1969 saw
the end of the old theatre when the
Stalls section was demolished. With only
the dress circle remaining, it began a new
life as a retail store.
Contemplating the Moons of Your Nails

- a house near Massey Road Mangere, 1968 June, not far from the airport...

Rattle that chain, anatomy, gnaw that bone, get the page for this poem in the zone...
tapped out, loaded
smoking Camel shit;

ear tweaked by
the muse in a
pink fit,

movie camera
American neon
spills
on black ice
to percussive
gun thrills,
tapped out, loaded
smoking Camel
shit,

ear tweaked by
the muse in a
pink fit,

movie camera
American neon
spills
on black ice
to percussive
gun thrills,
4. King-hit, rat-a-tat,
puddles bleed,
in on-off tattoo
of print written
as you read

5. Body’s chop house
chapbook
gravy-stained,
blue-veined, reeling
of spilt beer,
testosterone,
wart cement
of a grave.
Sprinkle more parsley, taste the mint, stomach jumping with butterflies, eyes like dark planets lit by stars.

Word syntaxes leap synapses. Splash of roast meat’s oily drizzle falls on
He done that kick in an old-school style. He closes the book and leaves the room, and enters the meadow and crosses the stile in an old school story, feeling the horse kick away through the ground, approaching with a saddle, all the day said and done.

1.06.13

He

fingers that bring offerings slightly burnt to Sunday's altar of dinner long ago.

7.06.13
She sways on platform shoes
like a stilts-walker.
She moves on those platforms as if they were each howdahs supported by elephants named Cleopatra and Anthony...
She's chomping on a bag of Freedom Fries with an atomic Afro — a gold crescent moon winks.

Re: "walking draw near — it's just back from your O.E.,
our scarlet, as a sparkle,
just welcome here,
our anus lawyers a green fingred bro
a stargazer, a storm chaser, a contender,
a cow-sparker, a cherry-picker, a cuzzie movie star,
a Ma'lander, a quick-set-talker,
he rebel yell a keeper of keys,
he keep of keys
a man and sin it a burl,
Re: blaze of chandeliers
The music of the spheres,
Redance of family
maintainers
let us bring you the world...
Isa Isa

YACATA ISLAND
YATUTA ISLAND
YADUA ISLAND
YAGASA LEVU
YANUKA ISLANDS
YASAWA ISLANDS

= The Sandalwood Islands =

1951 Sandalwood

in a green temple, tempests
The Cindy Sherman Lookalike Contest Has Been Won By Cindy Sherman.

The John Ashbery Soundalike Contest Has Been Won By John Ashbery.

The Theory of Cultural Relativity Rejects The Theory of Cultural Relativity.

The Poem of Theory and Cultural Value rejects the Theory of Cultural Value.

---

Sozzled on sauce

Hyper ventilating anger manager learns bangar management without setting barbie on fire.
you could be a soldier,
you could be an office holder,
you could be a bank teller,
you could be a fortune teller,
a chance/
a star dancer...

1. peach
lemon
charcoal
safron
2. rose
cream
orange
lime
3. lavender
apricot
mint
chestnut
4. chocolate
poppy
tangerine
cherry

Useful As
- a chocolate kettle,
- a clockwork orange,
- bananas in pyjamas,
- pink elephant in
  a cocktail glass,
- and boutros boutros ghali
  to you too...

ONE HOUR
OF UNFORGIVING MINUTES
NEW ZEALAND ALPHABET
POEM: ----
across again air away birds
black blue born children
dark day door dream earth eyes
face first go god green
hand heart head hills
home house land
last leaves let life light
live long look love
moon morning mountain
new night nothing now old once
people place
rain red river road
song seas sings sky
small still stone sun
take things through time tree
white water wind word worlds
sky

Poem made of words from the hundred most commonly used words in the Anthology of New Zealand Poetry in English, from Oxford University Press, 1997.
SENSORIUM

Cortex, medulla, sweaty fingerprints, tongue rubs the fuzz on teeth and tingles.
Do diodes wink as time leaks from pores?

Any kiss turns you into a sail at sea,

skin thrumming like a racing yacht hull to currents of blood that want to run
as a poem runs

gasping

for illumination

not drying

like salty tears

but suspended

always

in perpetual motion

da tree flowering

its veins.

The dream describes

its day, and so

does the body.
counting fingers, limbs, with forensic science, we are the sum of our chemicals, as spirits are, and seek respite in surgeons, or psychics, or selves the shape and feel of tongue in mouth,
mumbling or roaring
like earth's quake
that births us
moment by moment
in heartbeat.

25.05.13

I shun the gun
I avoid the creep
I make the leap
my voice turns dumb
but my heart sings.
I love the sounds
of hunting hounds
as my phone rings
when they take me
groes unwind and start to wail
for I am Visley Vale

I may leaves
clog the drain's
June trees are bare
to rains

the fireplace names the winter flames

gunman spared that rabbit
possum spared that tree
farmer transport your cows
to a far country
let misery afflict
stupidly insult
cowardly rule
barren feed
futile be

let grace and shine
sanguine and loving
earnest and true
stubborn and grieving
good prevail
curse + antidote

She be a broke-down Barbie in killer heels;
you be riding past your push-bike
with training wheels.
She'll spin your wheels with a lazy motion,
get upside your head with her supersize lies.
Toss some leaves in oil and squeeze your
lemon.
Pick your pockets' fluff, she's a loose—
change demon.

Steel-eyed in the mirror of her times;
caught in the press for a vintage crime.
Though she don't dance much like a jinx;
she wears a halo for Satan who burns a
synagogue.

You got heart of plenty; she give you heart
of pain;
you got heart of yearning; she save you heart
in time.

Like a song of jubilation down in the pan alley;
she got the tinnitus of skeleton
Don't you go chase romantic love keys
among her ruined circuit;
you better off to run away and join
the circus.
Insurgent feet shall not outrun multiplied flames, O Sun.

New Zealand is a play by Strindberg with music by Man to vani.

Beneath the Milky Way in grey of rain, gold of sun...

MARianne Moore

WE ARE OURSELVES DEVOID

IN CONTEMPTATION

FRUMINA
Hello birds
hello trees
hello clouds
hello sky

Science is a new religion waiting to be born.

goodbye Yeats
goodbye Tolstoy
goodbye Dostoevsky
goodbye goodbye

infinitely more important than literature which is an old religion waiting to die.

AND WE UNDERSTAND MORE THAN WE KNOW.
Alexandrines
A needless Alexandrine
ends the song,
that, like a wounded snake,
drags its slow length along.

Rock, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens,
and shades of death surround me here.

Rupert HERE Brother NOW

I am a brother to tuatara
and a companion to ruru.

If you see a karearea rising,
applaud!

Mount Taranaki,
being profound,
loves a mask.

27.05.13
All base things pant with life's sacred thirst.

Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier;
her peony mouth turned drear,
the cost of rich hours.

Rain wind frost heat hail damp and sleet, and snow. THICK PANTS

Each before their own hieroglyph waits, until what was hoped for is delivered.

(Facebook conducts monologues above a billion solitudes.)
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet
birds sang, *SWEET*
they flee from me that sometime
did me seek. *SEEK*
I wake and feel the fell of dark,
not not. *DARK*
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
Hell dry you up with its flames;
wind oozing thin through the thorn
from norward, *FALL*
but at my back I always hear
Time's winged Chariot hurrying near.
Down their carved names the rain
drop ploughs. *PLOUGH*

always trust

the media
the church
the state
the corporation
the government
the people
you
me
don't forget

the universe
may swallow you
tomorrow

but summer
will return
one day

I occupy myself
I chop shop

I heart art
101
I should Coco Chanel
See how the world its veterans
A JAUNDICED rewards!
A youth of bolics an old age of
VIEW FROM cards,
Fair to no purpose artful to no
MOUNT EDEN end,
Young without lovers old without
AUCKLAND a friend.
Did I say without friend?

Told in
honor dead
And haunt the places whose their
beauty glide
Still round and round the ghost of
So these their memory, miserable night.
As hags hold sabbath less for your famine.

States of Being Humanesque

I'm desperate —
I'm poor —
I'm filthy rich —
I'm hopeless —
I'm perfect —
I'm a baby —
I'm a grandfather —
I'm angry —
I'm fearful —
NADA
Chopped down the house but gym

Up came the sun streaming

to make

Mr. William Tassell

whom I had nothing to do with

as he sat at breakfast

I'm sorry, but it was morning

and I had nothing better
to do with kids' wooden beams

and its wooden beams

and its wooden beams

and we're so exciting

washers' daydreams

or otherwise. Pragmatic sparkle in

even condescending to make
Among the rain and rain and rain and rain and rain
I saw the figure 5
Tense wheels and rumbling
Through the dark city.

Rhythm is the container that holds time, tells us how an idea feels.

A heavenly sweetness
Butters your stamens
Rumbly

Always hold the hand of the child you once were.
Human experience is not 'illimitable'; the same things tend to repeat themselves in all our lives; it is the individuality of our response that gives them their personal quality.

Hurry up!

Robertson Davies

Baby dandled on a big knee — hill and cloud, the squall.

27.05.13
To the Indian breathing
is an act of blessing
with his first breath,
through the cosmic air
he inhales, he relates
himself to the whole universe.
In him is impregnated
the whole of the universe,
the solar system, all of

Breathe out!!!

breakfast
on the moon
on pavement
on the deck
on the beach
in the zone
in the past
in the night
to pressure drops
to thunderheads
to flashlights
to gyres of

garbage

1.01.13
Drink deep of the Pherian, and
amber bubbles through the blood
taste of red ketchup
and yellow jellybeans,
and green peppers
and blueberries... spring.

Art Pepper and Samuel Pepys died.

SOME memory - slipper wavers
into distance;
infinitely, plasma screen
glows cerulean and
crimson.

```
If you talk to God, you are praying. If God talks to you, you have schizophrenia.

T. S. Zara
```
Whenever a child passes those who occupy and rule Jerusalem, a child, a little girl, their eyes and their devices search in her breast, her womb, her mind for weapons, for a bomb. And when they discover nothing they insist: this little girl was born here, all those 'born in Jerusalem shall be made into bombs. And they are right: all born in the shadows of bombs shall become bombs.

RASHID HUSSAIN

Palimpsest
Ah the ball that we hurled
into infinite space,
doesn't it fill our
hand differently
with its return, hearer?

by the weight of where it has been?

ears grow from walls
eyes sprout

thousands of dead
worlds spiral

landing gear a rolling
skate for the Statue
of Liberty

the Boeing that slammed
into a tower

on 11 September 2001
Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me.
I ran to Death and Death greeted me as fast...

Down (da-da)
Go & gravity's clown. My teeth have crowns. (dum-diddy)
My heart resounds (doh)

As slo-mo repose in thirty eyelashes of the fall to the eyelash's fall.

The seal of approval balances its ball on the end of my nose.

kite-tails
Combs nests clouds

totara
matai
rimu
kauri

Emily Dickson & John Donne
The Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard defines dread as the knowledge of what you must do to prove you're free, even if it will destroy you. Kierkegaard says the moment we are forbidden to do something, we will do it.

It is inevitable. According to Kierkegaard, the person who allows the law to control his life, who says the possible isn't possible because it is illegal, is leading an inauthentic life. Only live. 

CHUCK PALAHNIUK

THE HUMAN MIND TREATS A NEW IDEA THE SAME WAY A BODY TREATS A STRANGE PROTEIN: IT REJECTS IT.

PB MEDAWAR

KEEPING IT REAL SINCE 2013

PROTESTING AT A FIVE STAR HOTEL, A GOAT EATS A CARDBOARD KENTUCKY COLONEL.
Today we value fullness but not truth. Today we value fullness.

Prayer is the effort of wresting words not from silence, but from the noise of other words.

Prayer is noise wrested from noise.

Aircraft carriers stacked with plastic collectables
Homeless push-polley homes, sandbagged with carrier bags packed with choppers, sail

Elvis impersonators live in a town called Elvis.
People want undead idols of trash tabloids.

opuses, queens, madamas, princes and Eluis.
scoliosis of the scholarly

unkink that back sunshine

pop those vertebrae free

and roll them like dice down

the rock face

while I moor our dirigible
to yon lightning conductor

For a lady bug on Bullars Peak

Orange dot on a rock going for my biro

hover inquisitively

manoeuvre guilelessly

burst laser dot

yell for a peach melba

Flat

across

Wild:

slippery licorice

Happy: Slippery licorice

I

following

happily

thing one tag along drops a number

A
Following the helicopter at last, down the scar of a path that twines round, like a fern, a root exposed by a slip, the peripatus abseils on a thread of mucus to close the loop, thread-like the red road runs over the map, the map beneath the leaves.

25.05.13