

FOX
876



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verse



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To Eva Kowalska

fast
Ringing the Changes
...in the footprints of the satellites
the Gimp wars
154 Market Str, Johannesburg
BraZillion Rain Forest
empty the sea
the weight of a talent
Pompadore
echo
managing
Seed
Losst
Learning to scar
Paper boat
Visitors welcome
Closing the day
Night of the dark moon
whether the storm

Used Vehicles
Dragging the Dam
Nu clear

PRESS DRUK
slow in to it
love you like
Lettered Curves
Butterfly & Scarecrow
6 Billion Copies Sold
Remote generation
Islamb ?
Jerusalem Cty (Lrd).
USER interface
unsuccumbing heroes
Soldiers of the War
Antl
8876
No work
Mugabe
the IIIrd
tom b

prophecy is history written backward

fast

fast-foodgod, i. have nomore language with me
dead people live

fast-asleep in the fastlane beside me
this is the end of the freeway
lights..

fast-alone, we havenot spoken in (years?)

i. have sought youout with my eyes,
in my heart hasnot felt a fucken thing
i. have lookedlike myself
more and more - people nolonger see me
and that is good.

i. fast

ii. faster

language nolonger sits at the feet of the gods
it racks the daughters of man

we are simply put

out

and that is good.

i. cannot stay to watch another cancer heal
the wounds we have laboured so hard to form

this listener of wood is deaf as stone;
we search so hard to learn of distance

i. cannot bring you closer than you are
god cannot bring me closer from out far

yesterday i rained this sorry tale for you
and today i must soak it up again
i'm sorry but tomorrow may be rotten
in the places we weren't

fastenough

as the dye is bled from day's dying
riddance of sun
as your colour-fast independence
trickles beneath the heel's iron hand,

dream of times when things were harder to understand
and easier to except, dream of lesser measures
making more of men, nothing matters beyond

coming to peace and making terms
with yourenemy, theself thatis fast becoming

astand-alone historical momento of you, mankind

together we paved a bright future together we
lost a thousand prayers together we watched
our gods turn dark upon us, together

fast-asleep, fast-awake.
fast alone.

Ringing the Changes

If I had a hammer

If I had a hammer
& cellphone

I would ring the changes, I would walk in on the president

demanding a precedent: ascending the whitewash
& chamber the cabinet, I would (if i

minute the bullets sponsor the taxis
if i

tar the arterial retard the arterial bypass
of the soul i would find the heart
kindless, red bag of pipes & LCD –
racing the changing tune of our times

from a discordant hole in the ground, I would
ring a hammer down, ring a hammer down on

rands and copper farthings, talking to God on
an 0860 broken reception, & a kettle of bones
I would rerun these things until the tape bent
until

not one note lay taped to the layman's whistle

we could score our penalties on the asphalt

final – we could ring the changes harrow the
Substitutes round&round the blistered barrel

we could spin the disease from the referee's Raffle
& redcard the *motherfucker!*

...in the footprints of the satellites

funny how we found all those dinosaurs by following muddy footprints through glacial marshes to their bed in the lime, sleeping sweetly as if they never once had teeth as long as my arm and a gut full of my ancestors –

Now they were given a task,
what with things coming down in ash and all...
(we laughed and shook hands, dusted our spades on our jeans, passed a hip-flask,

Looking back. Well, I suppose...

some things can never truly fade and fall into the past,
we carry our fathers forward and they flag us falling behind
Our children watch it all, and then make the same mistakes.

We have a moon of many friends, our night is never lonely
where poets used to pan we have a blessed panorama,
where poets used to pout we have cultured paranoia;
Hunters become traders and animals begin killing themselves —
you cannot stop nature's cycle,

you can only narrow it to include yourself

Why would you want to name the star Solaris ?
when it probably has a name of its own it has decided not to tell us
this its third season, the mercury will one day
harden when it sets,
flares to fire the waters, Lunes to calm them
down to a flagrant swell; that eternally restless, *or so thought....*

funny How Japanese was always a Cuisine, @merica the Stars Germany a Land of cars & Gibraltars... Roswell was never a video.attachment, but a series of poorly received sitcoms traveling in bitmap, the sequel to eden; *and wwwwhy not...*

mmmaybe we need to turn it upside down, pull out the insides
to wonder why it ticked before we did that,
Maybe we deserve to wonder aimless through the flats
picking over every stone in search of the Self-Destruct Button

the Gimp wars

conglomerate interview scenario – welcome to the corporate fish pool
phase one: Initiation, sit in line & made to wait
amongst others, 12 hopefuls like apostles, eager to eat of the fruit
Silver steel glass encased, striking white tiles off which
light's iridescent reflection blinds a confident carrot finder,
watching security usher in these sheep in woolly fleece
people with a place in life clearly laid out around them,
Here we are resolute strangers, poverty stricken stares
out each of us, fighting in silence for a piece of the highrise
phantom share option, ghosting the corridors & slicing the cables
with personal vices for boardroom seating arrangements...
the money market is full of fools as these, bending over backward
for golden dildos and flashy incentives,
Ive got my own directive, but management dont care for that
management want a scatter-brain scaredy
cat, someone to fuck and smile & walk the extra mile for assholes.
phase two: Here's looking at you, Kidd...
I walk in and walk out later, wondering why I even bother...
I wrote a letter to my love on a piece of paper...
(you would think a more accurate appraisal should incl. a nice computer
software word processor, but write in a scribble
and pretend that this drivel is the shite we give
to clients... outside in the real world in the land
of the giants you are once again a little man free
to live as you please, and if you find yourself on
your knees digging in the gutter for the stuff we
throw from windows, pick those bones clean of
meat before the crows come calling in the morn
ing traffic. Life plays no favourites but Ive got a
curve ball up my sleeve, & if you see me leaving
with a smile on my dial out of place, Remember
this man with a plan & a spring in his step – He
came and he conquered without losing his pride
to the moderate circus... yeah I got all my tricks
Lined up – Ducks in a row along Skidmark Boulevard I listen to people
practice for peanuts, & feel feathers for fighters,
(fucken cocks cunts and wankers... welcome to
the Gimp wars... Corporate fish farm fiasco...
catch the hook & set the bait, all of this I understand as I sit & wait for
onemore hell to pass me by gratefully unnoticed

154 Market Str, Johannesburg

for chris nemeth

—Nowhere to go in Newfound Snow, Jhb
Kennedy's glue holding us, sticky-side-up
o'my'god! they killed King-of-Clubs, tore
up the Carlton to laydown tidytrax (*gsus!*)

—Everybody knows —a train in or out of Joburg
is Guerilla warfare, though the glass is harder
than any you would see through, the only
rabbits are those in your headlights; 4 X4
Japanese tourists stoning sleeping lions best left
eating mo'sam Beacons,

—who in their right mind
would drive left-handed? (what fuel for the pity
of Hiroshima... *want magic mushroom for the mushroom cloud?*
Kay 'but get off mine, Jack—
Dis'here space's my spot ...*elbowdance...*!

LeClubbing, reject europeaneurs
an africa of the ostrich, waves on bothsides of the atlantic
kept me heading from the shore
in the currents of our nights back then
when ecstasy was not the only alternative

Msg Lsd, 20C fux — Living on the edges of brutality & art
“...hope someone remembered to bring the spliff

“...where did Billy Corgan Go, or
one of the great unanswered questions of our time

downsouth, where little light shows
where we spread fat and lazy in the desert sun anyway

midnight at the Oasis, singing
“...what's the story, melancholy? where is my mind
& where has all the musec gone ?

Shooting from the hip, dancing with a chick
(...or *near a chick*, drinking from the lip
of a glass bottle, lifting the lid on beauty...
stick

back there, where ecstasy was not the only alternative

BraZillion Rain Forest
(a conversation)

How much is it going to cost us?
—all these trees? I cannot say, sir.

How fast will you be chopping?

There's labour of course, men with families
mouths to feed, countless hands, thieves
the Green peace earth marines —

machinery, the oil house Refinery down the
street bringing in the bigger fleet,

the 75,000 paulbunyan clone mill
drive operators who didn't arrive
from Japan this morning...

your secretary —& that rehash with the cigar
your lawyer & your wife,
wait, wasn't supposed to
tell you that....

The indemnible villagers. the lost tribe found
so suddenly last thursday now calling for
Human-Rights Conveners....

Mmm.... Still, so much wood to do.... where
are my mudslide forensic
analists?

taking a shower... Boss there is always CNN
who would like to Humanitarianise the plot
of the monkeys — they have a whole Sponsor
bill of advertisers in to support your
AntiNational church of fabric money lenders

sure we can slot them in at 9. until then bring
me my slippers and my coffee —
I have decided to nuke the whole *fucking* thing

empty the sea

empty the sea of the blue sky
wash the waters sterile white,
at night the moon will swim
alone while we cast our eyes
along her naked form

unabashed we will gather
on the alabaster shores
pristine jetties for japanese trawlers
gone swimming with the moon

swimming with the mother
swimming with the daughter
swimming with the dolphins
meshing everything together

while you watch the whales beach
from your liveinroom
and microwave a hakesteak
and phonein the competition line

win happiness
and in three easy steps
remove the small bones from
your corporate co-operate sitdotcom
spread out on the shore in
your summer coat, your blubber tire,
your emergency floatation device,
how nice...!

empty the sea of
the first protozoan
the last photo-ozone
the next shark horizon
the occasional storm
the lightning blitzzz
the long long wait
the fish the bait
debate

chicken or the egg –
a drowning dinosaur

FOX

the weight of a talent

Walking cracks in tiles, polishing sharp edges with hiking socks,
though there's not a single mountain in this airbrick box –

a 1290 day walk begins with a single heartbeat – unable to stillit
this marathon monk pacing a tomb, trying to understand
the death of where he began

fasting through the bitternes,
one man against inevitable resistance –

can he master the monster in him and find the reason
to Love safe and unconquered in the arms of God

can we wrest with these weapons at our breast the
beauty from the beast without dropping our
discretion at the base of the tower

toppled and delivered in negotiation –truth in a package

undisguised and indistinguishable,
hate from entropy, marvel from religion –dirt from fruit
?

the weight of a talent is often found by measuring many
things, off and against the where and the whenst

coming upwith coal from blackholes, unable to wait for
the lights cameras
handcuff
s

Pompadore

I've been walking with the ancients, and as usual, they have nothing new to add,
my sojourn with the darkness has brought no light, Silence has uttered
not a sound to me, let alone some device that to guide, have I found
outhere, outhere – anything at all to show for my return, so be it...
that I walk empty handed through your world empty minded, uninvited
could I spare a thought for you, skin of my soul – as I am bled with life
and coloured with the paint of this world, stripped so often of my eyes
as I am drawn from this moment to the next by forces which tear me apart,
I shall continue to dream, even when my dreams grow dark –
when the players draw my name in dreadful dice, I shall take my counters there,
suspect no respite, each by each; I shall stand though my legs would be heavy,
my mind cast in doubt, I shall battle my enemies forthright,
tear the world from my face and search my eyes for the new dawn,
once I am victorious, and once I have overcome,
I will wade with the ancients, and the blood of wisdom shall bathe my feet,
will deck my shins with shed debris from an unclean ocean.
the unwashed motif, while swimming with the ancients in the red sea
I came across the surge of waves I have never seen the like again.

echo

for michelle breeze

we died the death of dreams – far from Real
Safer by far than finding something
too bright too blinding,
Love is never mindful – ever willing,
we died the death of dreams – cards folding
over hands holding hearts from the flame
a small metal cage for a larger than life
animal – o how many horns I have for
you – how we died the death of dreams
I, still reaching for the key where the fuck
is the key ? why this darken claustrophobia?

who turned out the sun

Silver bars replace the stars , I let you free
you flew away you sang for me I heard
purest I was there almost, in the lee of the
wind – I died the death of dreams, soft
before the dawn, Sigh a shallow note
stole from the song of Life a page your
name writ on it clear between each bar
though not by my hand or I wish I could
carve out your very niche with my own
tongue – each collected bone every
scatter brain thought, blood & wine
and vice, I who serve my self on ice –
pay a price because of it – die the death
of dreams, you left me free to follow it
Ithankfull sorryful take my humble leaf
of absence, with or official
perpetual loneliness rehabilitates itself
dreams it seems r statistically proven
to die before we reach fruition,
tension is better than pleasure?
I die'jus *where the fuck is the key?...somebody?*

somebody ? *anybody* ? echo

managing

 Spirit of my ancestry
 would to see wood
 for the tree

 forking to sky hilground search fire
 smoking branch
 from plaging face forage the
 deadfall kindling
 kindred
 black remains black and bed
 spread of night is
 now dark
 from pissing on fires.
 the words are sick
 and throwup
 poem; hungry for fuck,
 love is blind in a world
 of nothing
 love is fuck love is
 crucibled
 love is man'aging

 this evering burning thing this
 gathering this sorting into
 place these things
 that have no place, to
 ever so long
 belong; I could never bestrong for love

 the weakness in my joining is more
 than winter

 a cold spell has nothing on a sun
 born for burning

Seed

Here there is no humour
along the sexual border

Here there is sand
there is rasping
but no laughter

Here there is no mustard plant
no feet planted in the
mud

here there is genre or
gender, a bright orange glass slipper

no champagne cinderella

O' Bartholomew, Raisor of angelica

Here there is, no mustard oil
no stale and ageless
habanero,

Here there is one last lintel against
your night, morning

glory. D'monique

She is bleeding, she is leaking

 persistent still & red
against, Here there is no afterburn
 here there is &
only burning, small moments
of herself, a quiet yellow sun

it is, any rain is pleasant.

Here there is no pebble
 in the sky
here there is my heart, and stone
 in my heart

 growing c
old, growing

dumb

Losst

have you seen me? got both
my hands inside my head
both my eyes beneath my
feet

last seen leaving home
in empty shoes

do you know me? wear my
heart upon my skin
dress my blood in
benzedrine

last seen leaving home
in empty wrappings
burning clean through
fetching doors

would you love me? left my
soul on rightside drifts
stretching arms and
spinning fists

made my marks upon the wall
with a broken key yesterday
flew into the looking glass

last seen leaving home
through a windowless

Learning to scar

One need first learn the legs to walk
Then one may need to cut them off,
two to step the one ahead the
one behind –& none to nurse
the need to scar.

bloodymary butchersson
was in you the need begun?
to walk, and yet to never run?

no's the rush, the world will turn
Everything will come to you
Everything will pass you by

Death will stand on two legs
and life will crawl on ten fingers
and ten toes
to
standingstill.

and standing shows
where walking goes
onward on crutches
grass grows greener
crows grow blacker

the hill grows never
empty for the
fodder of
standing cattle

One step two step
the jingle of the
danglegoat
Learning the scar
onward upto the
Abattoir

Paper boat

people lived in caves
people looked out the mouth and the eyes
people thought the moon was a hole in the sky
but the sun was actually a bathplug
holding the water on the outside

here comes the rain
people constantly thinking in raincoats

if he had clever hands he would fold a paper boat rather

people floated on the august wind
like an assortment of winter leaves
hung in the gutter waiting for spring
people blew along the surface

life was golden
life was fallen red and yellow

people lived in cars
the road shone as if covered with tiny bits of glass
the road was covered with tiny bits of glass
behind the glass there were tiny bits of road going other places

he thought he saw people
out the window of a bus
but they were just people outside the window of a bus

and if he had clever hands he would still fold a paper boat rather
he would put tar all on the outside

people came and went as if nothing had happened
people came and went
people come and go
nothing happens

that seems to be the best of it

Visitors welcome

250cc

proof

man can fly

on the wings of *pethidine*

“some junglejuice, sir... to soothe the bumpy ride?

to hold me in a warm embrace just above the tar

onward... ! to the place where small miracle of

wonders women wait to take my clothes off

in a hurry. I must be the luckiest man alive tonight

I must be sleeping off a bad dream with my eyes

open, are my eyes open? and my leg,

is that broken? I figured as much

lying on the ground back there. ...how's my bike?

250cc proof

man can fly, given half the chance & a lucky break

man can fall from the heavens as well as any bird

on a binge...

20/20 hindsight & the double-figured medical

are the only features hanging in the air around

that, and anesthesia found woken

on a tiny bed in the small

of the morning

clinging gingerly to the crippled sanity

of consequence, & the latent ends

of the good mood to

see you here

Closing the day

Closing the Day
with Lager, he who has no cattle for a home –
a knuckle-trinket biding time
between marriage

My head in my talons I
close the day, I chew on the
iron afternoon – slow
with deliberate care I pick the pieces
through, chance on chance

skimming the grief off a wound,
clotting the memories in ink
I dance on a rubber leg
I sing to the jackal moon

underneath
on a page,

Closing the Day

whereever I have been, remain
acceremonious of the sun –
the night it must
Begun

The child is nigh,
The animal closes –
The warrior circles
above, we release

the horizon from Hell's Bourbon

Night of the dark moon

Brave men cried & Lovers died in the arms of a stranger
all the beautiful people were at home at the same time &
these streets were covered in emptiness and in ugliness,
Shops now closed would never open in the morning or
on some other day hence from now –hitherto unbefor
chained against the floods of consumers nevereven seen
nor swept there on National Flag events
not present to learn a new language or
sing in a strong milling voice–to support
an avenging sport team fresh home from another defeat
tonight we'll all stay indoors inchairs afar from windows
tonight the dark moon riding high & whistling the tunes
of tomorrow in nobodies ears – tonight the gods build
for themselves the fates of fickle men in the shadows of
fallen stars – volcanous rocks
and all our lives strewn with nothing across the absolute

the blank spaces in tomorrow mornings obituary already
have their own names – printed
neatly as if with a special care – bestowed upon the dead
some of whom are still sleeping, Running into death
quickly, silently without a word

the factory treadmills and desktop operating systems
have shutdown permanently at midnight, and all the
planes dropped from the sky, no-one saw them land
they fell as if planned by some giant mechanism to
magnificently Gland thousands of people in to the
euphoric afterlife

the Night of the Dark moon approaches from every
direction, sad and lonely people who hacked each
other into smaller and smaller pieces receive their
marking –
are swept up massive platforms to the cooking pots
where some are chosen as chefs
and some are not

whether the storm

5

He wakes on an empty stomach
though not for lack of hunger
empties his head onto the floor
where for the day it may
cover the tiles,

this sickened burden of skin
that lurches within, that
stumbles through the door
not 15 minutes later
almost at once surprised
to see the sun

and know himself

4

Classified slash/murderer – files so
steep I have to ladder before I
shudder at the mounting evidence

Dark warehouse rooms, I wish I'd
been born in "... grown up in ..."

he hu-hu-huddles around his bones
an ashy firedrum about noon
the next day, solvent in the vibrant
city, unCommunicative

the captive member of a non-committal
audience group, a silent partner
in the theatre treatment entertainment
troupe

a soldier in the hole of the atom –
wondering... where to next ?

FOX

a *Crowd Pleasir*! that was what he was;
always : clamouring for more
always : a shout above the rest

Strange voices he would have
that we would hear them only in absence.

Some desert ; I am afraid
I'm done with the main course
and may not be able to tip you ...

The food was passing glory,
ages caught in the stale history
of its kitchens,
I detected mice
in the sounds from the pipes -
and am currently with the foodboard

actually

I bring a survival kit to the second world
I come in the name of He who sits
in-leather-seats, I do this for no other reason

I am torn between .38 innocent mudskippers
and the religious principal of approaching
madness with fire in the gut, brandished -

3 cars and a babycarriage, several assorted
memories altered of an assaulted afternoon
at the airport

Ji'had. He walks a holy avenue in the dust.
we cannot follow on our feet so we must
wear boots,
for the ground we are about to tread must
be prepared,

where else does one wade the earth?
a river trade in hearts for diamonds
where clubbing and spading
count for more than love and death
less pittance than your average man
nearing the red light on a night out,

I swore the moon was orange—
it was the harvest moon
it came on with the beady stars
suddenly, with effect
creeping into position
beginning to chirrup

Like the culling of
summer crickets
swarmed in a storm,
Legs torn as wings
from flies

Used Vehicles

Traffic takes me back to the days when there were less vehicles and people stayed indoors more, relied on natural timing to put in an appearance when it was absolutely necessary, and then get done by a mammoth on a routine hunting expedition,

Your fifteen minutes of fame cut short by a sudden juddering feeling, straight through and out...
nobody stopped to watch. Those there dug a hole
offered your meat to strange gods, ate what little was left,
grew the wings of giant birds in slight lit caves
and opened small businesses

after having found the ocean brave with dead men's dreams
and a land unconquered beyond the reach of any King
we grew soft and lazy, fat and slowly
towering achievement on top of achievement, paving cities
of gold out of circles of power, of pain and punishment

wrapping men in leopard skin, tagging them cold, humourless
marking them fit for war, placing them in the line of fire
then measuring it from point of impact to grave.
Those of them as were not wounded we tried to save all
our failures reflect a willingness to learn to keep
on mass producing these weapons of self destruction.

Somewhere along the line even the Manson family could give us a Jesus Christ. Lost half-way between Bliss and Oblivion in a used ford the options are endless down a narrow road desert skirts the dirt lane, Reality is a concurring nightmare, the devil's accident without Re Call.

I've been Dreaming in cactus, walking for miles without a soul
2001-09-10

Dragging the Dam

Laying Guilt and blame is
alot like dragging the dam

is a lot like acquiring
heaps of shame with
No where to store it but in plain view

a public flogging of your choice ideals
is exactly what is needed
in this instance – you've gone too far
away again

striving for love, covered in sin

Less the manner of pretending
plus the purge of revealing
your true self beneath the skin
an animal in fox clothing

Laying the chips where they deal
tossed up and falling,
scatta-brain'd catching angels in
waiting,

Laying guilt on the ground like a
seed in the silt, a river's raging course
a house built on stilts
carried carcass in suitcase through air
port

Lying through metal detectors
wearing defective shoes

coming up spades in holes in deserts

another mammal delivered quietly
into the arms of the almighty

2001-09-10

FOX

Nu clear

days are blue, skies wide
sun reactor factor
sea level trebles

no one is cold no one is
hungry. no-one is alone
no-one is lucky or dying

we Nu clear ppl love with white shining blindness
effecting your offspring,
sincerely

shades and all sorts of
shadows
clouds and all sorts of
storms

a waste of time and of
energy, moving in any
direction

stay close to the flame
keep warm—the winter
is coming

meltdown melodies for a nu generator—Xwing
scientists speculate with matchsticks how long
the road to recovery is going to cost us.

while shipping coffee through closed borders
proved wildly substantive official reports con
firm ufo sightings left the subjects speechless

the great human experiment continues... an end in sight
congratulations spread like a virus out before us into the
poor quadrants where more innocent deaths have been
predicted

who are we to complain?
chernoblu, days are shy
Life is scarce & precious

2001-09-10

nature's greatest weapon is deception

PRESS DRUK

Im a numbers man usually, but tonight I ride the train, Algoa Express
from Jhb to Aicedale then Grahamstown, a traveling man –
the prodigal gypsy

PRESS DRUK

Ido – and the heavy drone of station platform
noise, people struggling with luggage but I am
a tortoise with my self upon myback, I help
them– haul bags through
the open window
Greet Qeqe, eastern province cricketer in my cabin,
we discuss briefly many things
then he goes looking for women he saw who also
live in PE,
I stay well now I stay recheck the padlocks on the
Zippers of my rucksack,
try and make myself comfortable, an endless task
Maybe this time Ill succeed, lookingforward.dot.
communication is a hard thing,
something fromwhich we are all suffering, but I do
not think this then, then I am in two minds about
a voyage – the festival, of words and otherthings
most of which I may miss through drink
and avoiding not meeting ppl, people at least,
some of them.

PRESS DRUnK

I know tonight once I begin drinking to the rhythm of
the train flying along the tracks the way a racked bird
would, this window, or one quite like it will stay open
as I stand appreciate the lie of this our land,
thinking about eric. maybe, or trying not to who
was thrown off the transnata, too stabbed and robbed,
but hey, this is africa – we took our chances by
Just being born, *do you know what I mean?*
(all living should make life exciting – dying evenmoreso

PRESS DRUK

poetry in motion – knowledge is everything
Thanksto: *die Suidafrikaanse Spoordiens*
southafrican railways
bring my iewers daarna toe,
dan terug weer huistoe – onverlore, terrede
Phillip arrives with his takkies bag breeker
accent and hauntings (or memories of
Rehab. Ses it was six weex, seven thousand
rand he has a business he repairs houses
but he is also an alcoholic, and who I am
to Judge, his brash intrusion is stilled
hopefully by the Vodka he hauls
out of his kit often. I decide early on
that I will buy him a drink if the opportunity
arises, not cos Im a cunt but Im doing him a
favour, hanging around with the guy if he
doesn't pass-out is gonna be a serious
problem; might just land me
in an all too common situation
& *wotdoyukno? wotkenyudo?*

PRESS FUCKING DRUK?
(ticketnote *no smoking is allowed on shozaloza meyl*

The Cop gets on in *Bloemies*, all glasses
besembek moustache, holiday Khakies
Later, him on route briefly to Noupoort
Noupoort?
Nou fuckingPoort?

Nou Im smoking marijuana in the lastcabin cubicle,
speaking to Chris & Nicki on my new cellphone,
fuck Vodacom! almost religious, Mobile
Telephone Networks are all a load a crock o' shite
but then you know – ppl have to talk to eachother
might as well make the most of it while you still can

FOX

dial-ing (ring, static/alphameltdown... ringring
-ing
conversation, great laughs, train in the background
making itself heard
CallBarring – no number left and the phone then
switched-off forgotten for the whole week,
parents phone once and luckily, but other thanthat
they were worried when I didn't return
all of their calls later on – sometimes I can be a
callous shirker of responsibility

Mary speaks to me, Later in Res I write “smoke *marijuana* religiously
and not without reason – it saves me from blasphemy, ‘although
we both know that isn’t entirely true,

Just a habit, forming situation scenario – peer pressure?
Later, before and after Col. Kantoor Willem Opperman
-smoking with the highschool leavers, recent childhood
Graduates – the band, one enmeshed looking dude on guitar, arb
pictures pasted all on the wooden thing, another, the leader
Later, bearing the Cop to come and ask for some more,
trying to write the lyrics; I name DRUSS–

PREK, yea that fucking cop – what a fucking
PRICK... – In the Book “The Legend, by Gemmel,
‘they just bought out of pure instinct or obscure
principal, and believe me when I say “I am a poet...
The Cabin where we smoked in (*yegods! –believe that?*

nowonder the cop was on to us... by this time I was quite but
still standing as I always do, so not giving a fuck)

eventhough I cant seem to get the song going, or completed –
I honestly dont know which – muse comes and goes –
maybe the dude with the lyrics, I forget his name now,
must come to know this on his own, what can I offer?

what do I know of these things – noLove was lost in the songs
to me – my words were not welcome, swept away on the wind

PRESS DRUK

Noupoort, Opperman leaves: Phillip had awoken, "WHo the Pfhuck is *this*?

—Opperman -troops, phought with Cisko and against the
Revofucking-lution— *whog'ies a fuck?* Inow tell him, suddenly
not in the mood for more shit from anothermother
on this well, interesting journey —hmmm?

Whot is youR Number? I ask him, jokingly, sportingly
interfucking-tagonistically...

He shows his badge his piece, "*dumb-dumb bullets?*"
he runs a hand down the side of this rusting arrogance –
this wanker with a gun reviews our dead gone era
dumped with the bodies long potted on those streets

Luckily... you leave before more damage
can be done to shimmer the Rainbow,
you would call me Kaffir-Lover, If I gave you that chance
but Nou POORT

The rest of the voyage of south african discovery is largely un eventful
which is the first thing I see on today to make me want to smile,
I drink and DRUNK
on the landscape, the cold-air whipping about me,
balanced on my swaying feet against the frozen vinyl
chipboard – the cabinwalls, like the Res/
REZ walls, paper thin walls of stone
letting the nighttime through/voices actions even very slight motions
of the holiday makers @ empty Varsity Dormitories,
holding the blankets up so as to not to make a noise
while masturbating, writing scratching notes to myself
in the silence, getting strange looks in the morning
But for now the train drags relentlessly,
hauled along by electrical charge
some weird chemistry,
no heat and bad plumbing

low
PRESSure Pipes,

FOX

sa patent 634932
WIDNEY – who the-fuck-is?
widney? anyway

Grahamstown looms somewhere in the dark
galCauldron Cathedral
and cross streets – too many Ghosts
Now a refuge for Losstsouls squabbling over
words and ways to cage words,
a few friends –some met some made
Late nights looking for suitable nightclubs,
“twitching orange orangutan –
poets met out on a limb squabbling over
practiced banana peels, slam being better
than Iam, and we'll clap when the others
comeon.
come-on? Missing all the shows of everyone
else jacking up my PC to a hole in the floor
and strutting my integrity, the man with
a heart for history, without a hope in hell
surprise surprise the whole journey centered
on wherever my eyes,
a lonely feast however, time soon passed

Leaving love's lost foal, trailing the image
a flash and a flicker of pheromone,

finding the truth too hard to lie about
but getting it in anyway,

Training the thought of a girl like sport,
Shot the game, then I came?
Left her looking elsewhere first – strange boy...

no fuss
tonight I travel with poets –
we discuss southafrica and the world
in the BJ's Dining car
angifi an me
oupa in the carriage selling

Pyramid Scheme Supplement dreams

to unsupple people in 53 countries !
but an african climate –the hungry stomach
is not suitable for membership,

mielies – Ripe sunburnt mielies or meal at
McDonalds, who needs starving children
when you have GNLD or G7

all good spenders goto heaven

no fuss no furnace
no water in the bathroom and young
blackkids traveling short distances
between stations – asking me to look for
Caledon, Noupoort?
not again
this time the Lion, brave from the victory that was no victory
suffers no thorn nor spear

no bereavement – the world is acceptable for these few moments
feeling calmly alive without having to: Fight
(without fighting, Love
(without loving

light without firing entire fields of men?
don worry im on it – like a leopard on spots

I leave angifi, dreams of Reevolution!
in the quiet comfort of the cabin
high I step to the window of the
tephon corridor, Iron like a lion
no fuss

PRESS DRUK

open the already open moon riding12o
highabove, deepblue channels of earth
drifting past in wind edged white tip
strips, different places kept
members of a game race trying to
draw the same face on their children
failing miserably, one could add
—but why

PRESSs on steady metal
I enjoy the roller coaster
appeal, hearty meal and
movement

Night has a memory of its own –
to watch to feel it pass
not on its lone some
aware

PRESSs—on SSsteam and mist lift off your wheels and shifts
standing in

01h45 DONKERPOORT

fog of your breath mingling and milling with train breath
mixing during this strange stop in the middle of nowhere
with Darkness, slow cold seeping close making brief
introductions becoming ready friends

PRESS DRUK
time to sleep

no water to clean your
eyes – sleeping with them
in

tomorrow morning
PRESS dr..rukKK
window stuck –colddd
Joburg Ice Glitters off
everything, from cars to children
like gold – litter clatters off the
mindump, a forgotten thought
you came back to get away from,

all the pretty plastic trash colours
shine in sharp yellow morning

PRESS DRUK
window needs cleaning

Cabin and carriage
clear out in station fashion
slow – man with a tortoise
and clear limp seen heading into city

DRUnning into civil–liesation
SStrangely
an hour later your journey is ended on a bus
at home at
last

FOX

slow in to it

snails tend to slow in to it
just to day I watchd a boy
and a girl snail go at it the
whole long day – or so it
must have been cos when
I returned from rushing a
round they were stil there
still going to
it...

going strong
so slow they
were hardly moving

slowly baby... ...yeah

*love you like
for eva*

a cricket rubbing its legs
a moth surrounding a
single lightbulb
a mosquito, late at night
unwilling to surrender
song and thirst,

a lizard small enough to
escape the notice of our
cat – tail intact,
or the dropping of ripe
figs
onto our tomato plants

Snails slouching toward
a simple dope bush
chanting as buddha
would beneath the fruit

enlightened as the moon.

Lettered Curves
for era

she styles the night on her open quilt
weaving words into grace, til that
special place where love is held, never against its will...

No, love is a rolling dell
where rabbits quell this overwhelming need
to spell your name in the stars
& be done with it,
Not worry about it – your young supple
temple on my mind
my god quiet sense
to touch, without...

question, Nor principal (*or disruption...*
Older men squabble o'er
your sensible delight,
tonight I cannot fight for you
hold me in trance, this dapper
Knight fallen on your rescue—

my own sword through my ribs slick
in the rush to capture you, the dragon
on my back that feeds, fells the fools
who beckon him to come, to serve
my calling...

I'm lost in true sense, all the more
bless'ed for your innocence
wholy unworthy I remain...

still as ink without your pen,
a scribble of blood on
the marble leaf
a man with iron in his heart,
eyes for you right from the very start....

Butterfly & Scarecrow

Emptyfield scattered in skeleton scarecrow, & single butterfly crow
Gentle as a broken word upon the dustbed of
Foreveropeneyes (What touching curse has beauty
borne unto such a tortured mockery.) Skeleton skarecrow
(& Butterfly Crowe.. Mighty dowsse the settling wind
for Long has it been traveling and Great has gone the reach
By the bit agrowe into the melaye of Eternity
washed upon the Hourpleign.

(and thus(*into the Pre'senceing*) of all things) known down upon
the grand right undertaking, one be'mused unto the
strung and flaking rack of silence. *most comely jack o'lanterns.*

What slow and hammered wheeding could such a terrible wheel
not pass along on saturn, not spoke nor railing?

Must now into the 2end fromonce, & What cloth of bone has you again
borne'upon the rawshoulder, Chalky undername

(Charcoalstamp of the Rathen Wars)

NowUntold'to where all angels bid return, in times of Black and Blessed
need an Apprentice seeking Master. From the harvesttime has come,
head hung and failed (over some spoiling strange and settling victory of
death)

An'onto the killingground forsee'Where the Muster of AlBe
Contest the Right of the fallen to back'Up
(& disembowl).

The sun turns above the sky below Around each of six crows
wheeling in twelve Restless,Endless wings of flight.

But the moon could never come for Scarecrow,
would Beady stars alight upon his blistered yoke
and beam, the blackflutteryng claws of laughter
& the sight of buttoneyes gravely staring in bittere silence

out'on thunder heavy with stitchlipd howling,

Brings but another version of the sun drowned down onto the graveland;
& from the puppeting birds the mimiricks cry, Redflowering taste
and Soft brushing beaks prowl the emptyheaded sockets
of a shameface guardian, wallowed and halrowed
in the gorgeous waste of favour.

6 Billion Copies Sold

western Sectretarian –Global vegetarian hunters
corner the cold start consumers
Forcing beef down their throat,
all along the roadside, virile as weed,
thinking everything we need comes as we breed
while we fill the land with our bones
fill all the rooms of our homes with hungry kids
collateral damage tomorrow's message is a many
headed monster – screaming to feed,
6 billion copies sold and none the wiser, all told

Western Desertation, market floods regurgitates
yesterday's aggravating social failures, so we can
learn how not to miss the smallest vice – sticker
on a different price and call it similar but better

make it cheaper, breakable, instantly replaceable
useless, nonredeemable, cash sale no refundable

the instant necessities that mirror our intensities
transient & mal-content, carbon-dated for your
convenience, endless choice with out relent, see
below for sell-by date,

6 billion copies Sold of late – 6 plastic remedies
arranged on your Silver platter – 18 Carat plate,
wringing reeds off from the waters – sifting salt
off of the plane, the Desert is this very place we
will one day reign each a special snowcone each
with Storms to sell, measured out in paper cups
that on their own don't sell too well,

6 billion copies & climbing leatherbound bodies
to the point of the pyre where gasoline fumes a
highway on ruins – across clear skies of another
day clouded under blind resourceful eyes of wel
come strangers, baring their souls for minimum
wages walking the path of consummate
saintliness, martyred to the modern veil
of mayhem – fearlessly followed
(*for unattainable reasons...*)

6 billion copies sold during open human season

Remote generation

still sitting still
thumbing through
channels,
breast fed on americanism all morning and operah winfreedom
fighting phantoms
in afghanistan,
tom and Jerry
springing from trailer park mountains of flesh -;
new fax fone
fountain pen,
new job car house on penny lane,
new fat cat suit
sunny holidays in bermuda
triangle,
still sitting still
sucking the milk out of
coconuts on some neurotic location
between the airhead brainwaves
a stilted generation
of electronic go-deaders...,
still sweeping
changes
under the african hide
carpet, still following lemming leaders
off the fearless cliffs in season,
still hungering after heroism,
still searching for syncopation,
some wholly unamerican
beat to bleed the world of radicals and fascism,
an affordable agreement – we all get more if we sit still
sitting
still protesting against inflation
a hamster trial by nation, generals in remission
“I saw it all on fucking television,
they drilled a hole in my mind while I sat still
sitting still
thumbing dumbly through a thousand coupled
channels,
still working for a living,
still dying on the job

Is lamb ?

Love is a dull-edged blade turned against
the Lamb is a little tender little tough
righteous just sometimes isn't enough
you have to get mean & even to be heard

Death sentence belligerence, and General
mayhem instigates a curfew,
Satanical fanatical miscreant
Roaming the streets in plain
clothes smiling like a bundy – a mcveigh

marshalling dishcloths against a technical
prison of the soul where the pope comes
once a year to sort us out –but still every
so often someone tries to get a shot off–

is lamb ? Is not Lamb ? Im no so sure no
more. I first thought God spoke in every
word and language pure
through and through ?
obviously so then true
in some more though than others

a defurled flower, a master power
free range free kingdumb fighters,
adying for the promise of eternity

terror is the first step to forever a
long winding staircase that never
threatens to climb,

Life gets darker as we grow older
somehow we manage & continue
to remember the Light as it was

found – bound for blind eyes, as always...

Jerusalem Cty (Lrd).

Cease all Hate (in the name of...

Gethsemane, another lonely place in you, was made
& still to struggle here ?—
all of them
some of them flung ag'inst the wailing
wall, some of them spread across the mtn.dome,

wandering fair gentiles into the crude desert,
sand black as the night that no glass darker
than the glass to the farther through which the
camel of riches has passed, can be made to
sin, ag'in & ag'in,
in the eyes of the threebrand Lord

five fingers reddend with the rubies of
rust bloodloss and unbearable luggage,

he sits awash once more inn a room where the
same mirror has been broken twice now,
this canno be sane, eh?

cease all anger (in the name of –

which one of the three would you pray with me
which verdict is sanct, (are the others then sus.?)

where in the holy cty now
would you lay down your
Life ? the clash and the carry of
unreturnable dreams left for you
gotten

your war hangs in the balance of a volatile crowd
our love for each other tears us apart...)

cease all bloodshed in name of the religion
cease all bloodshed, (*for xris'sake, m'n !*

unsuccumbing heroes

heartstill... insignificantly valuable
something you would
choose to lose

unsuccumbing heroes

digging in the landfills
tired arms spading dirt

smiling in the mist of it,

in the menace of a million souls
screaming penance, pen us
pen is

mightier than thou...
how great they art...

Less smart than new kids –
spilling off every block
fresh batteries from K-mart

blindsighted eyes from
factorie studios,
building our hollywood idols slow
from the mud up

six kittens short a litter
mothers scour streets
tits sticking out

fathers build machines
to build babies

palm slot magnets to
penetrating gadgets–
we're sick of fucking...

everywhere is glistening parking lots

USER interface

Our little machines cook in our brains
Little alarm bells give little warning
OUR demise / their control
what can be done has been done,

Listen to the confusion growing closer
to the hum of cancer cells
using adapters and transmitters
to microphone the general complaint
of congressmen and oil barons,

the electro-magnetic music of the voices of the stars
carbars and luncheon cafes, the mobile masterpieces
of arbitrating magistrates,
& big business conglomerates
eating out on wall street
Like lichen

a rolling stone gathers no microwaves

our little machines grow gorged on milieu-appetites
our race to disaster includes a micro-phallic pit-stop
fossil fuels and leaden unleaded voices drown out
the waterfall, that somehow, and this is true science
continues to flow much on its own accord
(without mechanical assistance)

Several times this evensong I have pushed a button
long into my own misgivings I have pondered
the reverse action that only spews the feathers
from the jetengine – it doesn't bring back the dead,

worth your weight in salt? then you must shield the
desert boy, you must climb into your
chrome capsule
every sunup

every sunup
you must climb into your
chrome cocoon and make a worm
out of this world with wings

Soldiers of the War

- 1 -

born not far from the
battleground – bones
lain by the gate of life
(*in straight uneven lines*)

marked the trench from
which I've come against
them shut a thousand
times

o'Lord –we are but just
Soldiers of the war
seeking solace,
our weapons have
been sharpened in
sheer need

our own town is burnt–
our leaders have learnt
how to control starting
fires

they are
nowhere in the bucket–
Line

*hey straw, monkey's manure
how will we murky mugabe?*

blame the cigarette com
(*we're doing all they can...*

we're sending in troops,
cape baboon, many
guerilla –previously
disadvantaged–

USmetal surround
the world, gloves of scales
teeth & wings
sitting in the ocean

rehearsing 20—one
guns – cleaning warplanes

TV Repairmen fitting
satellite guidance rigs
to modified buicks &
cesners

general motors sees a
sharp stock intake on
Governmmt Contract

but every other day
we go to school
in smoke pipe jeans

sinking the killer
kool words of a
nother worthless
hero into the
skull of a numb
unsuspecting
schmuck (who
probably
deserves it...)

feed the fire
keep hope
in a safe place

on a camel into the night
desert opens her dark cloak

from the camp a single round
as silent as the night is loud

seeking soldiers for the war
another martyr to the score

another Soul before the gate,
seeming to have arrived there
Late

camping out like such as us,
fighting for the pittance of a
penance,

a few gold coins no more...?

down below
horns blow
a strident note

the techno-scurry begins
in beeps and fidgets
un-accommodating gadgets
burning holes in wallets
and pockets

In homes & relationships

children on the brink of
closet darkness see it all

ant I

Ant I am 1 ant
in one-million
mind in mind
one thought in
all – ant I am 1
ant in one | 000
000 0001 0011
0110 10011011
0001 01000111
1000 00011012

| ant I wh ?

FOX

8876

...number theory: music and machine

IN

1234 1234 1234 1234
1234 1234 1234 1234

1234 1234 1234 1234
1234 1234 1234 1234

8888 8876

0000 0001 0010 0011
0100 0101 0110 0111

1000 1001 1010 1011
1100 1101 1110 1111

8888 8876

0000 1234 0010 1234
0100 1234 0110 1234

1000 1234 1010 1234
1100 1234 1110 1234

8888 8876

ND

No work

New money for No work –
black exec in a white merc.

nearby in the trailer park
pale kids apricot faces stare
down police on street corners

a distant housing development
looms largely in the future
people walk to work in dirt
ride home in the rain,

carting their bodies to and forth,
earning respect, the right
to credit purchase. counterfeit
identities in the interest
of humanity – *fuck that bullshit...!*
I want –

a lawyer (*and the state to provide*
–*for it*,
a helicopter (*preferable*:
one with wheels,
one getaway stunt kite flyer, &
a million dollars – unmarked bills

alone in my apartment, although I've left
the hate outside, smiling teeth cleanse
the night of my sins. I will have to kill
again to finish this sentence...

–I smell blood in my bones

Mugabe

my warsung hero

here I heap your praise you piece of shit
you lower than a pig pen cowflop –bend
you are entered by men of Higher office
in the dead of nigh nigh... night you sing
my point sharp in the light of a hundred
thousand/ a hundred hundred thousand
thousand burning dying fires of men
who have trusted their faith to monsters
– you monarch of faceless dogs and
patron of filth, you wretched waste of black skin
in a country brave enough to call you son, I see
you broken and beseeching at a muddy hole
where waters once lapped at the shores
for your children, who will never grow old who
would rather die than choose to become
greater, & the dreams that have trapped
them, fucked and scoured by you
– war criminal, scavenger
imbecile, moron, mother to no nation
but a scattered pilgrimage of forgotten
workers left out to plough the earth by
the light of a moon that has never truly
shone on them from far enough away,
your hectares and hundreds of green hectares
of green slumbered pasture will carry your bones
like a wet itch and sour the valleys through
which these rains have come and come and
come, Mugabe, my warsung crusader of Light
and Righteousness, God and cleverness –
For how long do you think africa can sleep
with your words on her lips like the legions
of dead priests, bearing blood to the rivers
of a new and ghastly sacrifice?
How long before She turns to you and
speaks to you in words only you can
understand?
Baptized in the Knowledge of Kings.

the IIIrd

I...

I missed the cultural reunion –
by a matter of late trains
I was empty on the platform

I denounced my luggage
and walked from the scenes
on my hands,
The Original Monkey-boy

Passing the so-called Citizens of art

I climbed a Hill, but that was
after the Reception, where
recording dramatic entrances
left a taste for the *canal*

An almighty *literjon* of water
with which to wash the world

a Boy from the South (*will rise?*)
never too cool for the Blues,

They held the religion without me
But that was alright because
I am already sacred

My pockets fullof atombombs
I held the Bandana bold
leading an American Bulldog
through the township

I was late for the cultural reunion
I was calling the codwhipped
from the streets into the Hotels
of Democracy

I was renaming the 52 presidents
of a Host regime

FOX

I was late for the cultural reunion
But my Legend preceded me
to the Banquet where

I pardoned the punch

where
I
greeted the guests in irony

tom b

anti-man and audience song, the crossing turned his eye away
o the tomb was dark and crawling with the filth of death

the cutworm revisited on countless years of wasted spill
here he slept among the rats that fed upon his sickling flesh

why heaven was a close'd place, rusted nails in curse'd blood
did nail the gates so shut,
his rotted form thru'on the horn'd spikes did spell the pearly
white everpresent ghost of man,
and wailing past the harrowed sight, a horde on blinding flock

Suffer to me. Suffer then to me.
black were his words, black was his name
sworn upon the ashen wood of staple prayer

the golden stairway casted stone, to burn his path in hellish runes
guided down the spiral'd way, these godforsaken days

*

gomorrah's child is weeping, stuck sitting in his cradled bit
the cattle are lowering upon their stillborn winter calves,
the inns are flushed with salving whores and eastern magi bearing
incense from the mortar'd wars

o the dragon has flown its anchor through the land
the number laden claws have rout' him from the ground

crumble clay upon the twice told bone, ash within the darkend eye
bit by broken bit the breading clone from baskets of deadpart'
he would hold the miracle hungry, the massing starved and deathly

*

FOX

from the carried womb, a raggedy-anda-jesus santana
more than forty days of flood to wash your form
muddyd clean upon the sand of brackish's un

the desert was a fitting flirt with stoned and horny temptation
how he fell and shattered to the base'd city of man,
where the virgins lay raped and bleeding in the garden sluice

his spiked and glorious tongue so risen and spitedly flickered
and not the pool of man was stirred where one was lost
eternal in retched and selfish drowning.

*

aye, your pity den to waste, your pity soul asunder
and under where the howling grows
your nothing shall, your nothing *all*

About the Author

*fox is the owner of Tshirt Terrorist (www.tshirtterrorist.co.za).
He lives in Melville. 876 is his first collection of verse.*