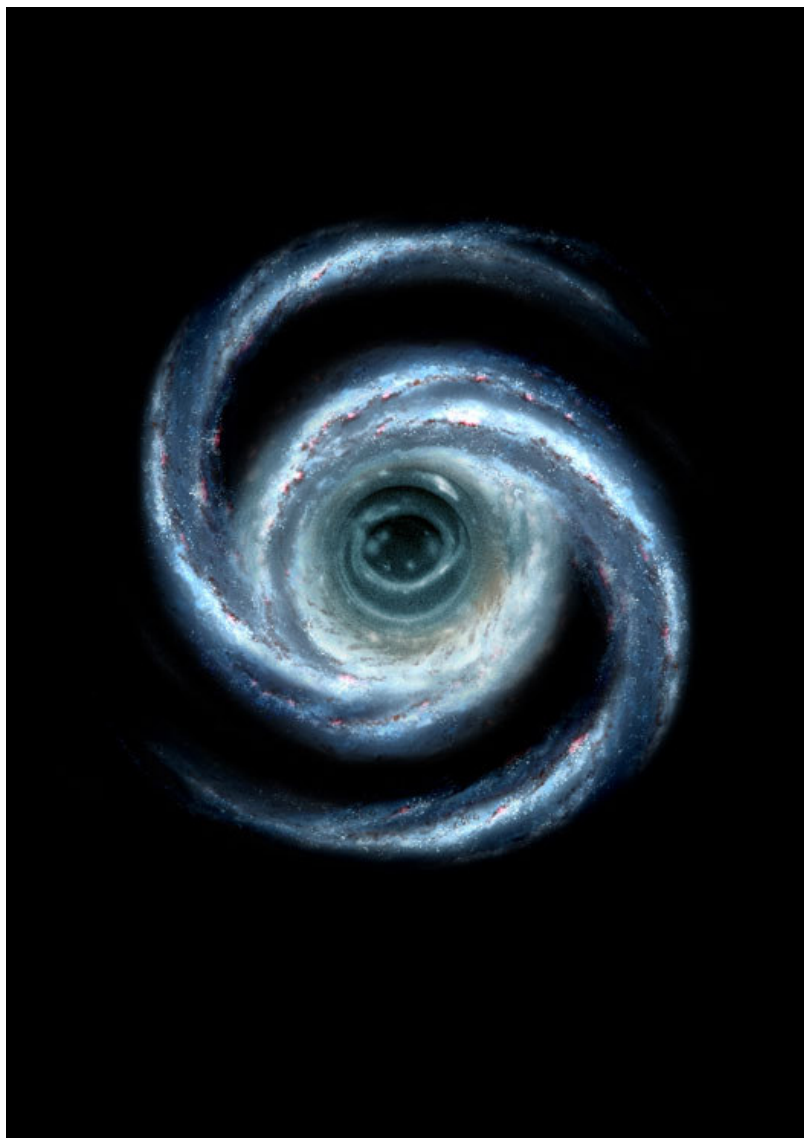


FOX  
876



# FOX 876

*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  
Butterflye & Scarecrowe  
6 Billion Copies Sold  
Remote generation  
Islamb ?  
Jerusalem Cty (Lrd).  
USER interface  
unsuccumbing heroes  
Soldiers of the War  
AntI  
8876  
No work  
Mugabe  
the III<sup>rd</sup>  
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, the self that is fast becoming

stand-alone historical memento 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.

## Ring 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 retar 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)*  
Lookingback. 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 & Gibaltars... Roswell was never  
a video.attachment, but a series of poorly received sitcoms  
traveling in bitmap, the sequel to eden; *and wmmhy 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

we would make a packet just before we plugged it  
we would find God, and He would point out our flower  
flourished in cement

## 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

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 bitterness,  
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  
I thankfull 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 *pethydyne*

“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 unbefore  
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 in chairs 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 ?

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.

Ive 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*

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?  
chernobblue, 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 Alicedale 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 my back, 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 I'll succeed, looking forward dot.  
communication is a hard thing,  
something from which 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 other things  
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 transnatal, 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 even moreso)

PRESS      DRUK

poetry in motion – knowledge is everything

Thanksto: *die Suidafrikaanse Spoordiens*

southafrican railways

*bring my iewers daarna toe,*

*dan terug weer huistoe – onverlore, tevrede*

Phillip arrives with his takkies bag brecker

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 shozaalozza meyl*

The Cop gets on in *Bloemies*, all glasses

*besembek* moustache, holiday Khakies

Later, him on route briefly to Noupoot

*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

PRESS(on) DRUKbuttons

dial-ing (ring, static/alphameltdown... ringing  
-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 *marihuana* 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– *whogi’es a fuck?* Inow tell him, suddenly  
not in the mood for more shit from another mother  
on this well, interesting journey –hmmm?

*Whot is youR Number?* I ask him, jokingly, sportingly  
interro*fuck*ing-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 @ emptyVarsity 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

PRESS      DRUK

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

PRESS      DRUK

*backagain*

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...

PRESS      DRUK

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, Noupoot?  
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  
tephlon corridor, Iron like a lion  
no fuss

FOX

PRESS      DRUK

open the already open moon riding<sup>120</sup>  
high above, deep blue 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 SS steam 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     drr..rukkkK  
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



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

enlightend as the moon.

Lettered Curves

*for eva*

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....*

## Butterflye & Scarecrowe

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 drowse 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 harvestime 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 Scarecrowe,

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 tomorrows 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

Islamb ?

Love is a dull-edged blade turned against  
the Lamb is a little tender little tough  
righteous just sometimes isnt 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 mntn.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  
carbarns 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 Ive 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

*bey 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  
sittingin 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  
Governmnt 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 ?

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 bero*

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 III<sup>rd</sup>

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 full of atom bombs  
I held the Bandana bold  
leading an American Bulldog  
through the township

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

I was renaming the 52 presidents  
of a Host regime

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 throu' 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 breeding clone from baskets of deadpart'  
he would hold the miracle hungry, the massing starved and deathly

\*

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](http://www.tshirtterrorist.co.za)).*

*He lives in Melville. 876 is his first collection of verse.*