

TROPICAL DEPRESSION

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tomorrow/ milk and honey/ tomorrow/ sun/ tomorrow/ a spectre/ to justify
the misery of today/ the dust is blown away/ secret garden/ tomorrow/ when
he is risen/ today he's a gold and red plaster cast figurine/ with his back
to the window/ still target in the garden/ awaiting assassination/ today/
tomorrow i'll pick the scabs/ the yellow pustules of today/

Annie Anxiety Guevara



you are them, which is in question. i are you, which is them.
in horizontal we are cathode. lines of graduated grey tones
across the set. gale force nine. sweating profusely at the
prospect of it. perspiring. inside his stall, grey and black,
his robes in white, static bars across his face, he screams
bloody murder. eli eli llama sabathani, boring as corn flakes
and now i bleed. as he lifts his stigmatized hands, deep crimson
wounds, pulsating valleys blackening his horse hair robes.
padre pio, brought live to you from pietrelcina, nation wide and
televised. he claps his pierced palms furiously, showering the
little girls who wave lace hankies with droplets of blood,
splattering and staining forever thier pink communion frocks.
WINE OF THE MASSES AND LOVE OF MY BLOOD, he sings hysterically
his full toothy grin and stubble glinting in the sun as he runs
for cover in the catacombs. bursting a lecherous fist through
the glass tube and touch it, fingers deeply immersed in the
chassis. fingering the components.

they lean weighted against the iron fence, hands
gripping the black painted bars. thier waxed faces framed vertically,
eyes blank. just hanging and leaning and waiting. waiting and
watching, bored as bacon. looking. hot night time. a saturday.
air bionic with tension. just waiting for colours. hell red.
bleachy white. flame blue. nothing. many hours pass in
monotone. finally a man sat cross legged on the tarmac, no
saffron robed lobotomy was he, just a man in sheeps clothes.
the crowd keeping vigil at the gate sweat like pigs on a spigot.
get it? IT'S A COMING NOW.

BET THIS BABY SETS HIS LOONEY ASSED HIDE ON FIRE. WOULD'NT THAT
BE THE END? I'D GIVE HIM A MATCH JUST TO SEE THE FIRE WORKS.

man sits even and still in the middle of the road.

IT BE BETTER IF BET MY BROTHERS KNICKERS THAT HE DOES,
BE BETTER IF HE'D TAKE A WHACKING GREAT KNIFE AND CUT AWAY AT
HISSELF FROM HIS JUGULAR TO HIS CRAZY HIPS AND BY THE TIME THE
DEATH WAGON CAME THEY WOULD HAVE SCRAPE HIM OFFA THE GROUND AND
SCOOP HIM IN TO A PLASTIC BAG. JUST LIKE HAMBURGER PAINT,
PI MEAT. LAUGH IN A BAG. GET IT CHUM? alone from this he
sits so serene. apart and unaffected, enclosed in his aloness.
YOU'RE ALL DICKHEADS, I THINK THE GOON WILL JUST SIT THERE
WHEN ALONG COMES A BIG BREAD LORRY AND WHAM IT WILL SOUND JUST LIKE
GRAPEFRUIT AND THE LIGHTS WILL BE SEQUENCED AND HIS BIG OLD
MUTHER AND CHIPPY SISTER WILL COME RUSHING DOWN THE STREET
CRYING WATERFALLS, DRESSED IN BLACK LACE, THEIR FACES WILL
BE ALL RED AND PINCHED AND TWISTED IN GUILT AND GRIEF, AND THE
DISHY SISTERS CLEAVAGE WILL SHOW IN HER BLACK LOW CUT MORNING GEAR

AND WE WILL COP ONE HELL OF AN EYEFULL WHEN SHE BENDS OVER
TO PRAY FOR HER VEGETABLE CORPSE OF A BROTHER. AND MAYBE
JUST MAYBE SHE WILL BE A MONEY BLOND, AND ALL THE TIME
DURING! THE OLD LADY WILL BE SCREAM FOR MARY IN THE HEAVENS.
hours pass, passing hours, as the man sits in the same
position as the sky turns from midnite to torquiose, to
lavender then to peach. beads and bubbles of dew raise
from his flesh transfixd in the air. translucent and
perfect. a scent of roses and alternately carbolic acid
emanates from his body. he smiles, man of a thousand teeth.
the crowd disperses.

slice the goldfish in half with a cleaver knife to see if
it's still breathing.

there seems so many,
and many more nearly there,
but for the time being sit on window ledges.
and the others and the rest who never quite make it,
but scream silently from thier,
sominex sleep.
hair mostly off brpwn and grey in thick mats,
plastered hard against scarred skulls.
it looks separte.
with hands all crooked and gnarled
that swat away, invisible poison insects,
thorazine ghosts, or the avenging christ in white robes
with a diamon! encrusted machete.
in mid flight.
maybe just
high voltage electrical wires burning.
some fingers flaunting nail polish.
pink shine, ashen flesh.
did you ever blow a sax with those claws?
or is that cheespo romance.
do you get anoyed with intruders?
do they really pump zyklon b. in the air vents of the
mass transit subway shower system?
or did you just drop your soap some where?
along the line.

layer upon layer of clothing.
shopping bags.
k. mart, woolworths, henri bendals,
rockerfeller body bags, plastic.
as we pass thirty fourth street,
and old woman picks crimson and ochre scabs
offa her knee cap.
she changes colour in the light,
like india.
and you next to me,
talking endless warnings a streak a year.
quiet indecipherable words.
a fellow eunuch sits at your side flexing,
a gangrenous thumb.
babbling pain, needs no interpretation.
with one shoe, walking on wine.
for ten stops at least.
and people turn away. or laugh nervously.
the future hurts in pictures.

he stuck a fork in the stomach of humanity.

the television is a potential fix. you can trade it
for some bags of skag, a set of works,
and if it's in decent nick you could probably
get your carfare too. or you can take an axe or a pitch fork
or if in a rush an M.16 submachine gun, and smash it into
a fine powder, which you then cook slowly with a can of
lager, and presto injectable, but be sure to main it or
your sure to abscess.
or you could watch it stupid.
a situation tragedy on bbc. 2.
oedipus paul is blowing his mothers pekinese in a split level
home in endacino california. nuclear.

salsa music wafting down lennox avenue side walks,
smells of tequila on old mens breath,
and eating anisett flavoured shaved ice,
on a ninety degree night, a friday in july.

AND WE WILL COP ONE HELL OF AN EYEFULL WHEN SHE MENDS OVER
 russian roulette/ catch a live one or catch
 a bullet in my teeth/ crashing ivory/
 spin the cartridge of my pistol/ five blanks/
 but i will catch a live one/ plunger/ trigger/
 pull it back/ against my temple/ rapid fire in my
 brain/ life crashes through my skull/
 tiny fragments float in my cranium/ aint it love/
 aint it neat/ now i am still/ now i am complete/
 dum dum rips into my flesh/ life so lovely/
 sighs a breath/ syringe my thoughts/ kiss me now/
 cutting out paper hearts with a butter knife/
 life so nice/ a goldfish sliced/
 nice and whole/ but cant it be whole/
 without a hole in my head?

some times one can imagine they miss,
 little girls, with a festering knee cap,
 floating green glass, in a fire hydrant puddle,
 johnie pump, johnie pump,
 fast food sex shit, meat rack fist fuck,
 faces of in cowboy gear,
 by the river, behind the trucks.
 rice and black beans for three months solid,
 strip dives, drive in dungeons of dominance,
 automat drug stores, nuns selling shares in purgatory,
 nylon knickers and sanity belts,
 bellvue horizons and napalm depilatorys,
 cornfed oklahoma rent boys who slur words,
 secretaries who shove you with cow corpse bags
 on crowded buses, grape juice stains on subway platforms.

white mist droplets,
 water cobwebs,
 crystal beads of light,
 on a stained glass string,
 in the sun.

the cemetery soil never settles/ beneath my wellies/
 the maggots crawl/ through the rotting grey corpses/
 airing the dream/ beneath my feet/ masked death/
 petrified dreams/ wrapped in ceremonious shrouds/
 the worn and weathered utopian fantasies/
 flagalations with a barbed crucifix that leaves scratch marks
 across waxed thighs/ death with honour/ death with
 dinner/ the glorious dead laid out across the fine
 irish linen table cloth/ jesus got laid in a tomb of
 stone/ mary jo got laid in the back of the school yard/
 fame beneath the finger nails/ and judas said unto them,
 what will ye give me, and i will deliver him unto you?
 and they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver/
 mortuary mortality/ monetary immortality/
 memphis made millions on memorabilia/ elvis records/
 elvis t. shirts/ elvis's rigamortis ridden prick/ we are
 sold death constantly/ we are born in a mass grave/
 every bullet fired puts a fresh green bill in some ones
 leather wallet/ fuck luat suicide race/ fucked up the
 ass on a death bed/ necro nora waves her waves a racing
 form from the side lines/ sterile life and disco nites/
 milton keynes and coca cola/ born in cement shoes/

the plush green mountain was seductive as a reclining
 woman in a velvet dress.

.....in the paint brush factory,
 the blind eyes cut too deep,
 to bare skin soul,
 to gravel.
 girl, you look like you,
 got hit by a train,
 girl,
 raped by a fucking sawed off shot gun,
 under fig leaf.
 and those flowers they sez, are offa a funereal wreath,
 unsanctified by the supermarket.
 little fool sez they, ride bare backed through the
 sweat shop,
 and smile real pretty.

IT WAS JULY. there had been no breeze, no rain, no air,
for ten days running. night fall brought only a slight
relief from the stifling heat, and by morning the sun
scorched the pavement, and the remains of the trash left
behind by the sanitation men rotted like succulent
overripe fruit, leaving grease marks and swarming flies.
he tossed in the graying sheets that covered him. the
dampness from the sweat soaked night made the cloth stick
to the backs of his knees, irritating the sensitive skin there.
the old fabric was lined with blackish flakes of dried flesh,
dirt, and hair. after managing a short, fitful, semi sleep,
he was painfully awakened by the sound of trudy from next
door screaming at her young, elusive lover, who by rumour beat
her regularly. he opened his smarting eyes, slowly at first,
focusing on the barred window of the basement flat. the
bottom half of the window was blocked by the basement stairs,
and from the top half one can see as far as the stone curb,
looking through the bars he could see trudys yellow leg and
clear plastic sandle. he rested his vision on the familar
tattoo of blue ink, a cross with rays, which she inflicted
one day on her ankle. the couple still yelled switching from
english to barican, and back to english again. though he felt
concern for his neighbor, for one day she might end up with
a knife through her back, he was used too, almost bored
by this daily scenario (it was always happening somewhere)
and he had learnt quickly enough that survival in this climate
meant keeping a low profile. his injury or death would be of
his own hands, not a wine blinded accident of location.

abrahams lamb/ holy cow sacrifice/ bloody carcass
on the steps of the cathedral/ breath taking joy/
to end up wrapped in fluorescent cheese celophane/
one marble eye staring through the plastic/
bleating in the branches/ draining its blood/
from pulsating live veins/ tender leg of lamb/
garnished homicide/ bleating from the manger/
sons amongst the stones/ grey/ alter/
dagger to jugular/ life support/ cut/
oh abraham/ bearded moses holy man/
murder sons in piety eye/ fur eyes rolling in fear/
can i look at you in glee?
stroke your curly curl white wire, knowing your
horrific fate?
my species, thier thirst for blood/
imposed with weapons/
morals/
the sun streaks light across the crevasses/
two tiny red drops in the soil/
johnie works on the death farm next door/
johnie can't bear to kill/
thousand voltage wires in his brain/
tungsten screams in his mahogany cortex.

rape jumps out of the t.v. set/
dull blue rays shoot out across your living room/
blind your retinas/ dull the brain/ and
spread your legs and cathode ray fuck you/ jump out/
vertical like/ push you down on the army green pile
carpet/ smash your face in a plate of greasy pork chops/
got enough manslaughter on your plate bub? bust your
ultra white bright teeth against the wedgewood bone china/
shatter your sensitivity/ and sell you plasticine
vibrators/ and cheverletes and tube tops/ rubber piss
shorts and leather eggs/ a soda popa/ plaster cast replicas
of nuclear power stations/ lye in your eye/ cunt detergents/
family plots/ dead baby sparrow from factory poisons/
mai sai eye balls/
voyeur of your own defilement/ deflowering of the holy
mother/ deveiling of the symetric flower/ pulling off the
petals/ she loves me/ she loves my rot/ cathode seduction/
your abduction into the big black du wop box/
with an antenna on top/

buddha sits in the corner serenely, with a sly grin smiling,
 never revealing,
 just smiling and watching,
 as genocide queens cry over spilt methadone,
 repairing ripped stockings with clear nail varnish
 and sift through the dust under the bed for that seconal
 that dissapeared three months ago,
 muttering christ's name, as the child in the next room
 smashes a plastic gun to bits,
 and the business mans belly swells
 with poisoning and indo asia industrial problems,
 and cancerous marriages,
 the new death of nine hundred cuts.
 from light barely pink toned scratches,
 thin lines,
 to deep ragged welts which ooze bright cherry lipstick.
 little gillet kisses.
 and widows all over the world.
 born in black.
 lovers of the hanging judas,
 mothers of a confused pontius pilate,
 daughters of the mausoleum.
 salty tears stain satin shrouds,
 with shiny spots.
 gnarled fingers wrapping green tape round the wire lillies.
 little children playing games.
 dector lobotomy,
 lynch the ligger,
 smother the rag doll,
 pre assembled death.
 scientific advances,
 new mans pellagra,
 adams atom,
 spit.
 face grafts and polythene skull plates.
 miss lithium blushes.
 pulling out finger nails.
 eros dynamics.
 as buddha sits quietly smiling,
 as we struggle with tissue paper handcuffs.

WE SKIP MERRILY ALONG THE RAIL ROAD TRACKS.
 SNIPPING THE GREEN GRASSES WITH RABBIT NOSTRILS.
 THREE FOOLS, RESPECTIVELY.
 THE MAN OF NO ARMS, WITH KALI IMPRINTED ON HIS BACK
 LIKE THE TURIN SHROUD,
 THE MIDGET OF NO EARS, WHO SPEAKS IN DIGITAL
 HOLOGRAMS,
 AND THE WHORE OF NO MANS LAND,
 WHO SPEAKS WITH HER HIPS.

the car crash thrill,
 of smashing steel, of children playing lynch mob,
 good god/ blow job/ rigamortis bop/ be bop/
 come play/ in guilt/ remains/ bomber planes/
 purity stains/ massacred cattle adrenalin screams/
 oedipus cop outs down memory lane/
 be bop/ abuse/ abuse my bop/ the blood bath starts/
 starts in the home/ weed killer seed/ sewn in the mind/
 plastic skull caps/ electric chair prams/
 toxic dummy/ block buster/ lack luster hair/
 blood lust/ gun lust/ t.v. guide love lust/
 fuck lusting/ body knocking/ dreams of gory/
 gory/ glory/ glory/ gory/ hallelujah/
 genocide starts/ starts in the mirror/
 seeds of a killer/ sewn in the mind/
 sick fascination/ gas chamber orgasm/
 misery/ makes movies/ come on daddy-o
 move me/ me/ you/ they/ we are them/
 horror is a figment of our reality/

drowning in water colours in red and gold room.

how ya doing? G.I. Joe,
are you strong and well?
here's a paper poppy friend,
for your drab lapel.
guess you've seen the poppies grow,
where nothing will again,
how you doing G.I. Joe,
do flowers grow in hell?

tell me bout it, G.I. Joe,
are you here to stay?
come and have a drink on me,
laugh and dance be gay.
and with a few, you'll soon forget,
those fire bomb bouquet,
come and have a drink or two,
and wash the gas away.

a heart felt welcome, G.I. Joe,
glad your back alive,
to the land you have protected,
where life and luck can thrive.
good luck to you, dear G.I. Joe,
live strong and long and well,
but one more question, before you go,
do flowers grow in hell?

ideals/ out the window with the first needle/
first artillery/ mucho embalo/ mucho embalo/
strung out to the carazone/
pretty poppies/ china delight/
blue mapped veins/
battle scars you don't eop in no battle/
smack war/ plasticine glory/
pretty poppies/ mucho embalo/
puked up euphoria in the daylight, when the grey
mornning sun splinters your preoccupied vision/
through the broken window pane/
where is the dignity in a blood splattered bathroom tile/
or a disposable syringe used fifteen times over,
and the point clogged with a dead friends dream/
on forty ninth street at eight avenue jesus shoots
petrol underneath his skin to develop pore
cancer in order to obtain a lifetime prescription
for dilaudid/ pretty poppies/ mucho embalo/
see you on veterans day.

salsa
clock ticking/ fag burning/ yellows my fingers/
clock ticking/ fucking ticking/ like a bomb/
in my brain/ and a girl in the photo/ with tomb
stones in her eyes/ she has no face/ she cannot
see/ little girls stand on tip toes to kiss the bust/
of kennedy/ and run a tongue/ along their upper lip/
to remove the dust/ that settles there.

while he worried about,
the amount of
water in his cup,
resevoirs past,
and resevoirs future,
the man on the shore,
was swallowed up by the ocean,
when the tide came in.

REACTIONARY SCHIZOPHRENIA:

1. sanity is the calibre of the gun.

tomatoes were cheap, but carrots were twenty-four pence a pound, could you believe it, just twenty-four pence a pound. no, he wasn't twenty four, he was twenty three, and he squeezed the neck of a little four year old boy. they found his little body in the brambles all covered with tiny purple flowers. no not flowers silly, carrots, at twenty four pence a pound. in the bramble, his tiny hand was reaching out, all cold and stiff and nettled. carrots, i said to myself, carrots, at twenty four pence a pound, they musta put the wrong tag on them, so i asked the man with the moustache. he didn't have a moustache, but they said he had a deep rooted maladjustment about his relationship with his mother. no, carrots, long, skinny, orange.

You mean like a spare prick at a funeral?

a japanese motor cycle?

like a good book by the fire?

or a streamline pentel?

2. it was a disruption in the screaming silence. a rustling of leaves, almost too welcome in the unanatural peacefulness of the vapourous heat. so silent, so still, that one was very much aware of each heart beat. so poignant was the sound of the blood traveling through its vessels, it was deafening. eyes like rattle snakes, she was extraordinarily beautiful. ebony mane of bone straight shining hair accented by the deep jade leaves. slanted cat eye left profile. long soft neck and swelling breath disappearing beneath khaki colored camouflage fatigues. she turns to the east, the right side of her face is covered with keloid scars, burns. skin in the tightly drawn rivulets, surrounded by red raw mass on the flip side.

3. Sane is the one who pulls the trigger first.

why did you?

i know why you did.

impossibility.

why was mary pregnant?

was joseph the father?

were they being irresponsible?

IT IS BECAUSE THEY SAY SO.

why isn't

why isn't the world shaped like a carrot?

BECAUSE IT'S A PRICK.

4. multiple choice reality.

the ocean is?

a) gods tears.

b) a body of water caused by melting ice.

c) a revelation.

d) a place to put boats.

e) where poets drown.

f) none of the above.

(the ocean is the ocean)

5. sanity is a dischord of common agreement.

the sand at our feet corrodes like battery acid. watching the strips of flesh sway on the television screen, and the pig corpse hanging in the butchers window is bloody, but we're o.k. jack.

bad dream too: black hole/ people with no faces/
lining up two by two at the youth in asia factory
of festering lungs/ they grow like boils upon the
bronchi/ one hour sez the big matron with a
disinfectant smile/ one hour/ we ride metal lifts/
our heads filled with a sickly sweet smell/ we put
on horse hair robes and hoods over our heads which are
secured around our necks with bits of wire/ we are led
into what feels like a large, well ventilated space and
asked to feel and choose objects which turn out to be
headstones/ crosses, cherubs/ frozen jesus forever in
agony/ open bibles/ needle and urn shapes/ we are too
be burried standing up like nuns/ heads cropped/ ears
nicked/ tails between our shoulder blades/ tip toe round
the innards that litter the linolium tiled floor/ when
they removed the mask everything was in black white and jade
and after a few minutes the dots that composed these
images seperated and wavered in the heat/ three quarters
of an hour to go but the poison was already spreading
through our arteries/ eye lid cover twitching /
micro visions/ the windshield splinters into a seven point
star in colour/ no marble above my flesh/ fresh as old
orchids/ palid and dusty as the yellowed faced clock
which beats mercy less and sad/ the matrons head changes
form to speak but backward radio sound drift outta her
box mouth/ ten minutes and i scratch at splinters of the
true cross and fall outta the windows/ in the alley way
i run barefoot across broken glass but i enjoy it/
people made from wax lean against the walls begging with
no hands/ cold and smooth stumps to the touch/ i
step through a puddle of boiled fat and it clings to the
hairs of the robe in little droplets/ my heart pounds
in my temples but i run with five minutes left too find
a phone box, but micks in it.

bullet regrets, from machine gun lips,
an avalanche of brick,
brought down on my head.

man and womanhood in jeopardy, man, woman, kick you,
 spike, cock, bloodless, work, headless, mindless,
 build those biceps, triceps, forcep, concepts,
 oh mammary, my mammary, jeopardy, pansy, nancy boy,
 dyke, slut, turtle wax finish, kick sand in this face,
 shove a lacy cunt into your master charge card,
 bull worker, machine gunner, witch doctor, bionic
 woman, dynamic tension, nervous tension, anyone got
 a femenax? sweat and strain, atomic rain, stronger,
 bigger, power, cower, dumb bells, dumb blond, new
 blood, sweat and strain, master plan, super girl
 with thunder thighs, where the power lies, death
 sighs, where the power lies, fist of iron,
 fist of steel, grip of heart, empty torso, trigger
 finger pointing to the horror, maintain ones honour
 to the chambers, strong women and men of steel,
 bulging biceps to kiss and caress, beautiful
 bodies to bury at death, be the smash at the beach
 with your new physique, muscle bound in the
 mortuary.

coffee, cigarettes, fuchsias, and sparkle.

little clumps, of light green grasses,
 pushing through the earth.
 mist.

i watch as the train disappears into the
 nothingness. winters end.

no amount of nothing, nor anthing. nor redefinment
 of essence/ nor forty days in a padded cell or desert
 pardone madre mio/ nor celine wrappers on the
 terminal floor/ no not strange sycophantic faces
 in an eight avenue irish bar/ syncopated/ with
 day glo football in lines on the wall/ frank sinatra
 on the black box turning/ satchmo/ bing/ no/
 not that face/ jaded/ haggard/ sandpaper/
 which transfigures into the angel gabriel after
 six gin and grapefruits/ swaying knock kneed on a broken
 stool/ swearing slit wrist with a rusty razor blade
 promises of undying friendship and battered soul love,
 while the wood finish of the bar gets tackier rendering
 your fags and matches useless/ eye skin glowing red/
 soaking till euphoria splinters beneath the bright klieg
 lights of the corner cafe/ no not nor even/ nor sequined
 corset/ steel wool g. string/ spiked heel syringes/
 white powder covering the blue and yellow bruises of luck/
 feather boa's biting sunken cheeks/ adjusting seemed
 stockings to the eleven oclock news/ ready to hit hot
 sidewalks with nodding out men in an opium hazed night/

a three year old's scream cuts through the primitive
 roof top drums/ no not diversion/ entertainment/
 nor stained glass windows or sensuous marble men in
 the process of being nailed in the clouds to a cross/
 cartoons of rosa of lima inflicting crude knife and
 hot iron wounds on her hands and feet/ white veiled
 olive virgin in a bronx garden/ eyes burning from
 heavenward stares at the sun/ pretending the black
 three foot jocky was saint francis of assi/ god was
 a squirrel by the trash can/ no not catholic hopes of
 eternity through pre concept sin/ nor orgasmic wagner/
 nor celtrains depression/ nor mahailias secret/
 ankles in the river/ fuck me pumps sinking in the
 mississippi silt/ muscles straining in blue note/
 no not/ nor the aesthetics of the mortuary/ white
 candles and the stench of wreaths/ face painted cruelly
 with a waxy crayola respectability/ finely painted mass
 cards/ red/ gold/ baby blue/ yellow/ grey
 bloodless corpse in satin case/ crepe de chine

handfuls of romantic soil in empty eyes/ some one
lowered the lids/ wrapped flaccid fingers around
an ivory rosary/ the scene of the crime/
death, the final solution? nor illegal u turns
in knife neighborhoods/ smack confessions in the
gallery/ half assed kisses in the methadone bar/
pinned pupils and papaya ice/ escape through
aneesthesia/ no not even that/ bide time in
the delusion/ how alone/ minute of glimmer/
glitter of trinkets/ is this?

*

and so passed the sun.

the twelve of them walk barefoot into the
echoing oak of the courtroom/
faces covered with burlap bags/ insure anonymity/
fingers interlocking behind each back/
insuring assimilation/
calloused skin pads across the cold green tile/

*

crippled lillies grow in siagen, jellied petroleum
kisses the tree tops, bursting brightly in a smokey
wall, suns exploding, hills blacken in mourning.
life gone.

women in white shirts hide underground. brown,
yellow and green. a man throws cards on the still
warm bodies. search and destroy, charlies beware.
strike force steam roller plowing through the jungle.
then vanish in the aftermath of contorted smouldering
tree stumps, stiff with rigormortis. bullets cracle
on a numbered hill. the helicopters fly home the
remains.

*

a powdered lady justice held court/
blinded by her own vanity/ the jury of twelve/
all in flower print summer frocks/
insure anonymity/ faces hidden behind strips of
daily mirror/ held together with a flour and
water mixture/ paper mache mothers in a radio box/
insure assimilation/ stilleto heels echo against
the green tiled floor.

*

MORE MISSING PEOPLE: the boy with the star
tattooed on his right ear, who hung himself in
jail on his eighteenth birthday, and who's case
would have been thrown out of court the next day
if he had live to see it.

the red headed transvestite who could blow a
saxophone like nobodies business, but was always
depressed cause it was always in the pawn shop
cause she was always depressed and shot smack
cause she never had a saxophone to play.

the woman tied to the wheel chair in bellvue
hospital, screaming feel my pain and reaching out
with raw red wrists.

belfast man taken offa the streets and locked in
a lobotomy house, heavily drugged and freed, and
has been trying to find his way back home ever since,
but every time he goes to victoria he gets on the
wrong train, or gets as far as liverpool and returns
or gets picked up by the police for being drugged
and gets sent back to the nut house.

taxi driver who seduces fares with a three fingered claw.
david berkowitz and sirhan sirhan.

man who lost his heart in cambodia.

man who lost face when he mispronounced champagne.

girl who was shot between the eyes one day after school
when her boyfriend was showing her his new rifle.

man who would walk into strange hotel rooms and demand
drugs at gunpoint, and killed himself while ttrying
to sneak into his own hotel room window.

*

when he died, he died like a professional,
just like a pro, just like the best of them,
just like the rest of them.
when the bullet soared through the sky,
like a swallow in flight,

on a bursting summers day,
and it ripped through his chest,
it penetrate his breast, so professional,

it was beautiful,
when it punctured his aorta,
and when the blood spurted out,

scarlet like, dancing, ballet,

it was technicolor,
cinemascope,
sensesuround,

so beautiful,

and he dropped, just like a professional,
slumped over, strings cut, broken puppet,
just like a professional, a real thespian,

to the end, just like the best of them,
just like the rest of them.
now is career is finished.

we ride the train to the abattoir.
across from me are two ladies.
they have blue hair,
and varicose veins. the sign above their
heads on the wall sez,
new york, take a new look at your sausage.

*

stone statue crying plaster tears.

*

paying to watch prince charlie fuck/
lady diana 's virgin blood stain royal sheets/
the mud of el salvador is caked with so much of it/
reagan eats jellie beans/ haugue eats biafra babies/
beheadings in shaing hai/
the man who gets hit by a car every fifteen seconds/
the woman who gets raped every sixty seconds/
castro as a comrade.
china choking on coca cola/
argentinian mutilations/
gold/
eiba giegy/
sandez/
herbacides/
mere leather straps that slice the soul/
grey needles in the d.d.r./
bianca could fuck off/
she kills for the gold leaf to wear on her brow/
nestles starves african children to buy bunkers in
switzerland/
thatcher chews shit/
breshnev and kissinger sweat missiles and blood wheat/

*

the secrets of the flesh violated by fillet mignon

we ride the train to the station,
across from me are two ladies,
they have blue hair,
and there's a spark of light above their
heads in the near horizon,
grabs eyes and curiosity,
so luminous against the dusty shades,
of this grassy mound,
where earth meets sky.
a cautious stagger across damp soil,
this kick in the brain,
leaves a crooked trail.
but soft is my pilgrimage,
as not to disrupt,
the dreamlike quality,
and momentary reason.
and as the distance decreases,
i can make out the form,
of crystalline limbs, and porcelain flesh/
delightful mystery, like a flower unfolding,
how my imagination and heart did race,
inside it's empty receptacle.
in a frantic burst,
almost trampling dead the tiny vision,
this fragile doll,
that glowed like sea shell,
madonna face, and eyes that new,
satori in glass.
i stopped just in time, my clumsy feet.
this is it, in a gingham dress, this is,
it is, i knew it was,
only this and nothing more, is there,
as tears wet her cover cloth.
life in a craven form.
i took a rock,
and beat her back into sand,
and when her plastic pupils shattered green,
did i detect a whispered plea of mamma?
and in the wreckage with a guilty hand wrote i,
i came, i saw, i conquered.



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