SHEM SHELLEY

III Or even as a companion, was nevertheless utterly alone.

nevertheless utterly alone.

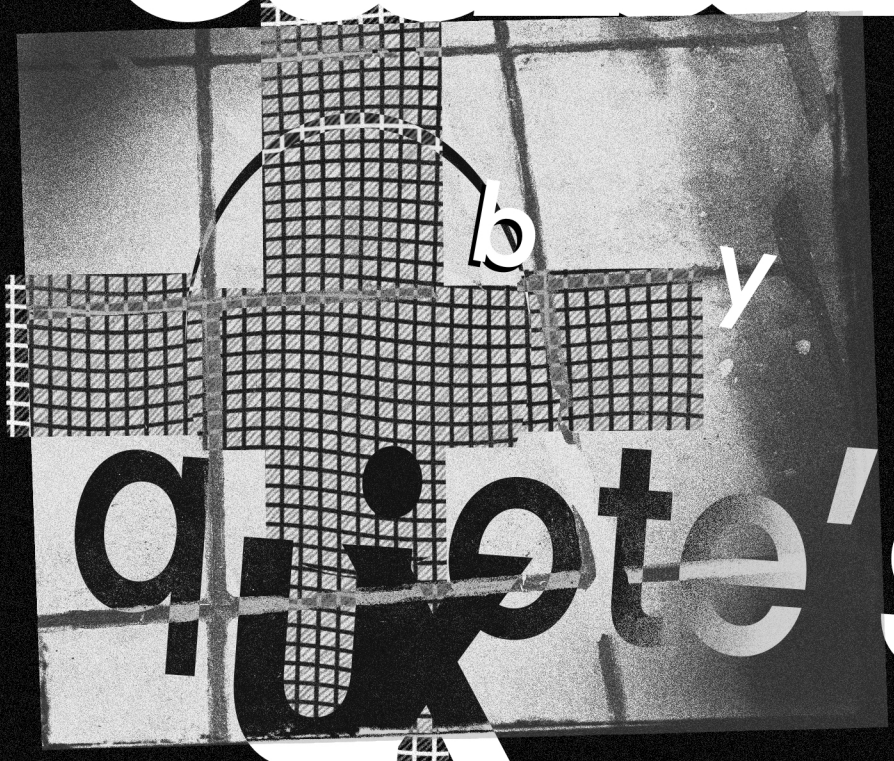


FROM UTOPIA

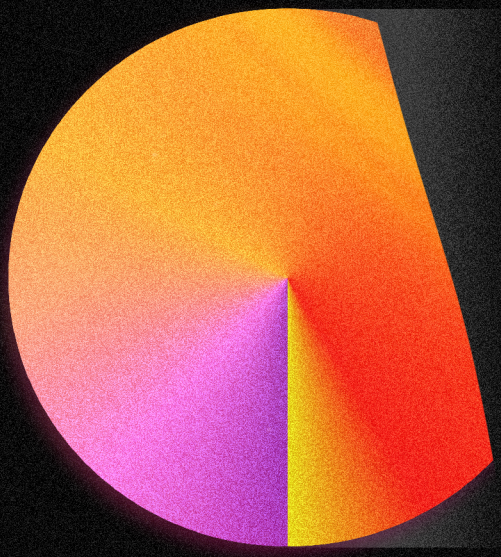
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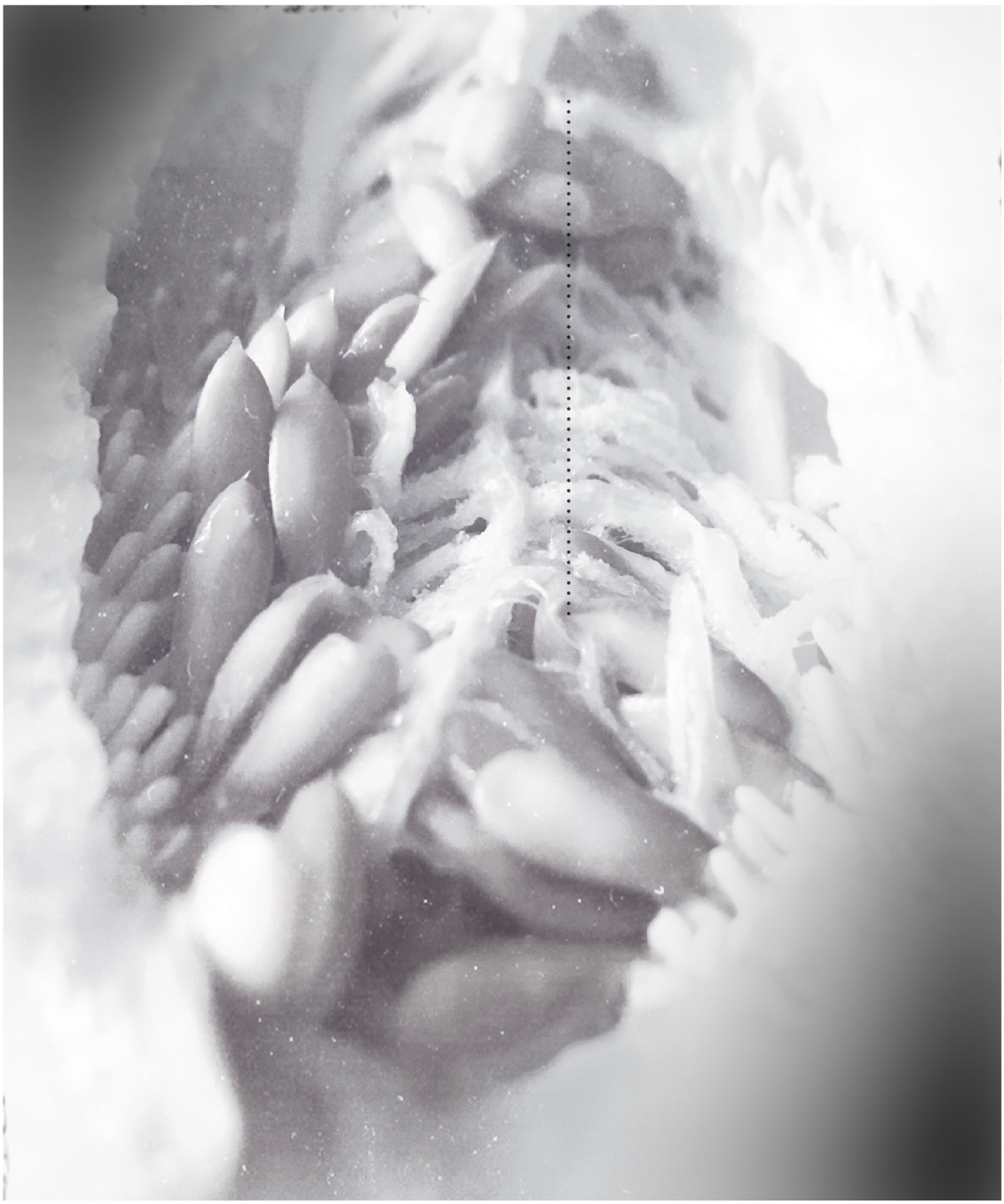
quiet's



DREAM



LSDevil and the LSJesus



Three police women,
One tattooed arm—
A face, too young
Get off the bruised London bus
Into grey neighbourhood.

THE BODY CONGLOMERATE

Stepped off into
A VOID of humans,
All three trigger tense

Overflowing bin with island flowers spilling out
Faint Javanese music piping in distance like
Pure water trickling down mountaintop

Street food venders call out body language
A homeless woman throwing pennies
in THAMES green gutter

THEY'LL NEVER FIND THEM

Rain water from distant isle
Falls on a saxophonist breeding silk flowers
Looks up,
Greets them—
UNHOLY DISTRACTION

The man with no human head
Flowers in stump,
Reading obscene Swift poetry
About a homosexual cowboy
In two places at once

SCORCHED BIRTH

Nothing same, here comes the old philosopher
with creaking black jaw
Takes a bite out of the young one.

Two left as roots take hold of the BODY

The tattooed arm follows a
Hay man with magpie feather vest
Into B L O O D C H U R C H alley,
Never to be seen again.

One officer, one woman
Runs though gurgling cityscape
—Warm evening sun, blood on the water
Knocks over a kid making crabs with clouds
Comes across seven mutilated sultan statues,
Anxiety bubbles over into fear,
Thorns pierce moist skin

LOST IN STONE PENINSULA

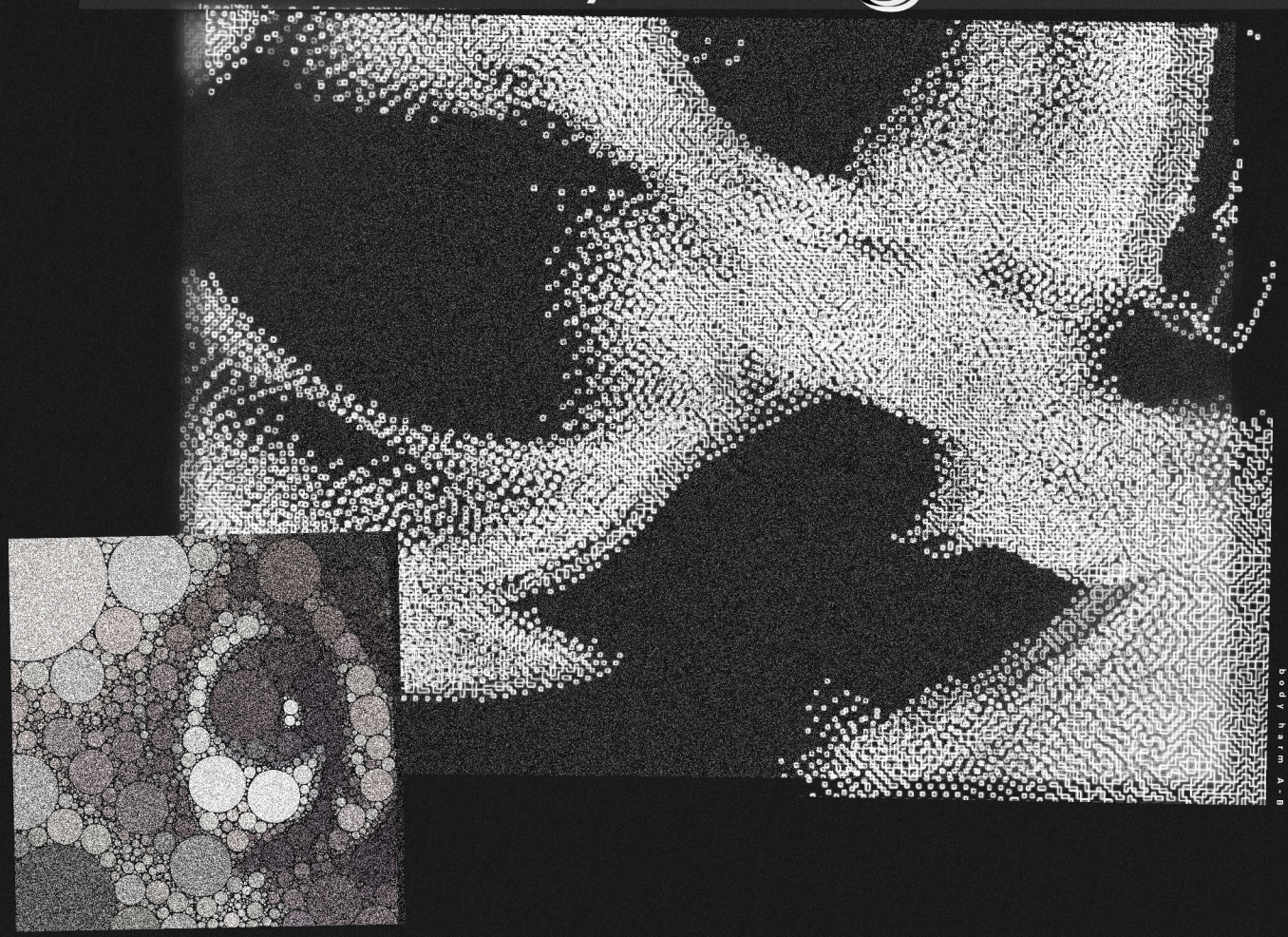
She find them,
Knocking about a bloated wormwhale
Purple as blue battered skin,
Hit by metal weapons found near upturned skip
Pyramid mantelpiece,
Place of ivy ritual,
Resonant metal clangs as the worm
Bleeds and clear blue sky spurts out

INTERSECTION OF ADAM AND SATAN

A small girl with icy hands and tarsier eyes
Takes the last police officer aside,
Away from them,
Away from it all.

Three police women
Missing, presumed dead
The call came in the evening,
Families filled with dread.

the body conglomerate



body harm A-B

SLV

SLV gets out of his black car, looking for the yapping dog. At night, anytime, no order, small guttural bomb burns half the dreamflesh of a middle-aged sleep. He heard it again. Back from work, stress just about worn dry and he hears it again. Body pumping volcanic blood like earth gone mad. The plump boy next door, bigger each time, some sick tailor keeps sowing more weight on him —he's taking the dog for a walk and SLV follows. SLV doesn't know what he's going to do, but he's going to do something. Round the corner, down the road, next left, every moment grossly punctuated with endless mad dog marks. The boy next door decides to take a shortcut, pass through a lonely alley and hit the main road to get back home opposite way. CCTV camera on house near the alleys exit failed to show the boy or the dog coming out of it. SLV sleeps well that night. Sleeps well for many nights.

SLV gets out of his black car, looking at the dog lead with Jackson Pollock red splotches all over it. It's half posted through the letter box. SLV fumbles around pocket pulling out keys and quickly opens the door with rising panic, rising like the sun at midnight. He drops his belongings and the contents of the grocery bag mix and stain the carpet as the stabbing sound of yapping comes from inside.

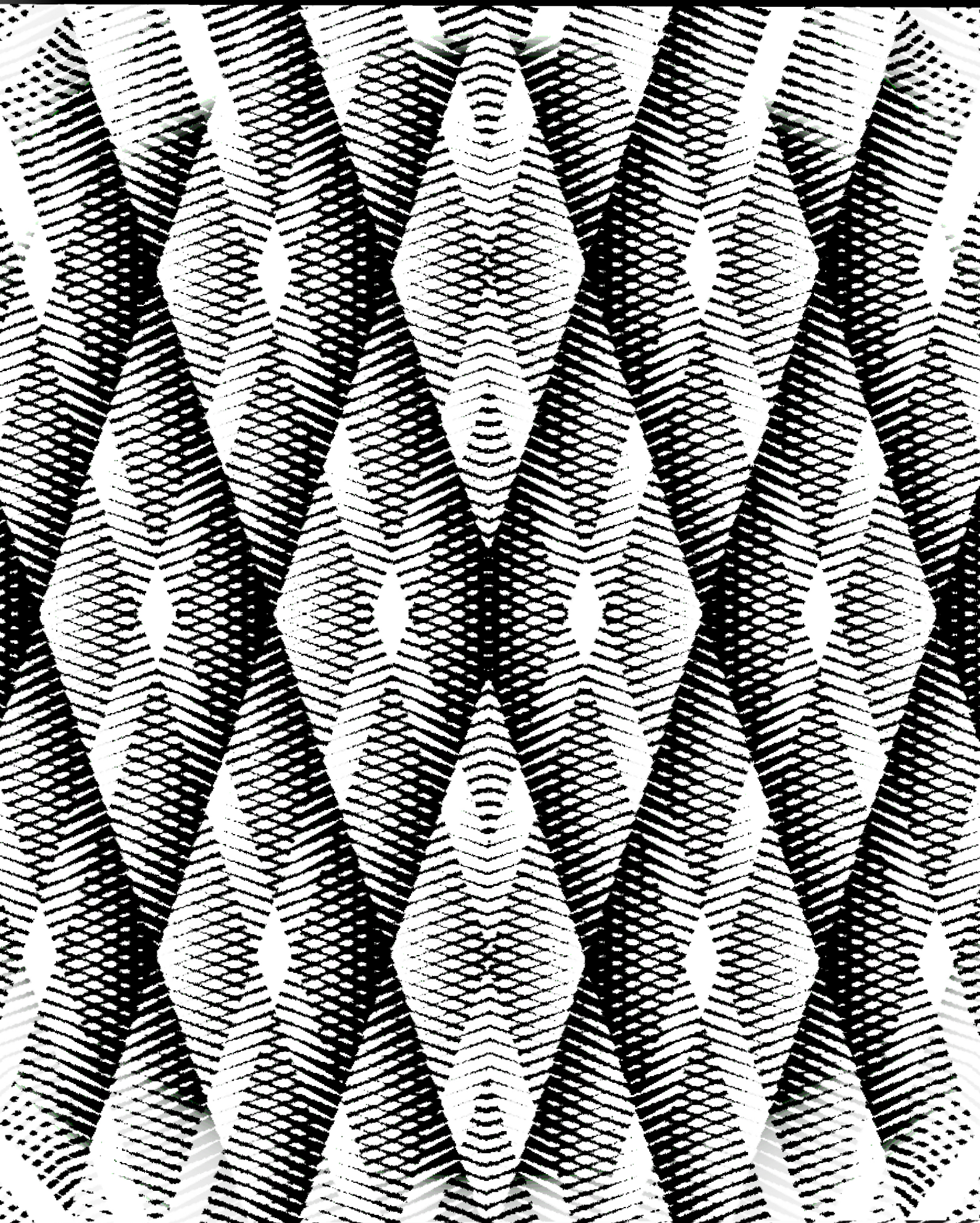


THE TRAGEDY OF

SHEM SHELLEY

an anti-epic poem that wil change the course of the 21st century

ROMONDE CONTRERAS



Chapter 4

"Wandering crisis, Isis lies."

Sharp stacks teal spice pieces on floor
Rain plates, fragmentioned—
A resting ground

All once, the mirror's flesh
Little people reflect themselves
Chief again, tainted

Bleak Eden warriors,
Tempters of invisible digits

From the mismatched lightning cracks

Wickey the Mitch and El Hombre the Andre
Seize life once more.

YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD—
—YOU SHOULD SEE THE COSMIC ENTRAILS

and the hope of elastic memory, binds
us and grazing back into the infernal
—life of wo/MANSIONS coupled infinitely

a pang of cold virus hits

—HOPE : The E L E C T R I C I R C L E—

We all died a slow stereodeath,
can the underglow sustain itself?

Peddle hope atop Gargantua's skeletal bicycle
Through gray dusty brawn, marrow trails,
Clicking, builds age of dead dreams...

And hope again, for me,
This dye
—no, this is not it,
Several shades of great
Coloured mystery
Entangled in brush craft
Never the one,
Never to cull our pain,

Yet we all die a slow stereodeath in twelve parts—
The ray dance on gun dyed land.

*
* *

Romonde laughs, no one
can hear it, the cult of Yore,
it takes one work of MEANING
—one solid sight
Here in the Land's
ice, house today.

Walking though Mist, her alleys
slit across varicose pathways,
Romonde standing at the maw
of the invisible southern grotto,
miasma multiplying,
like green coins in gold veins

Romonde delights in a dew of inspiration:

A water drop
falls from an
aged gutter
pipe
and
no splash—

the translucent
egg cracks
open,
a small,
oil-spill onyx
Insect flies

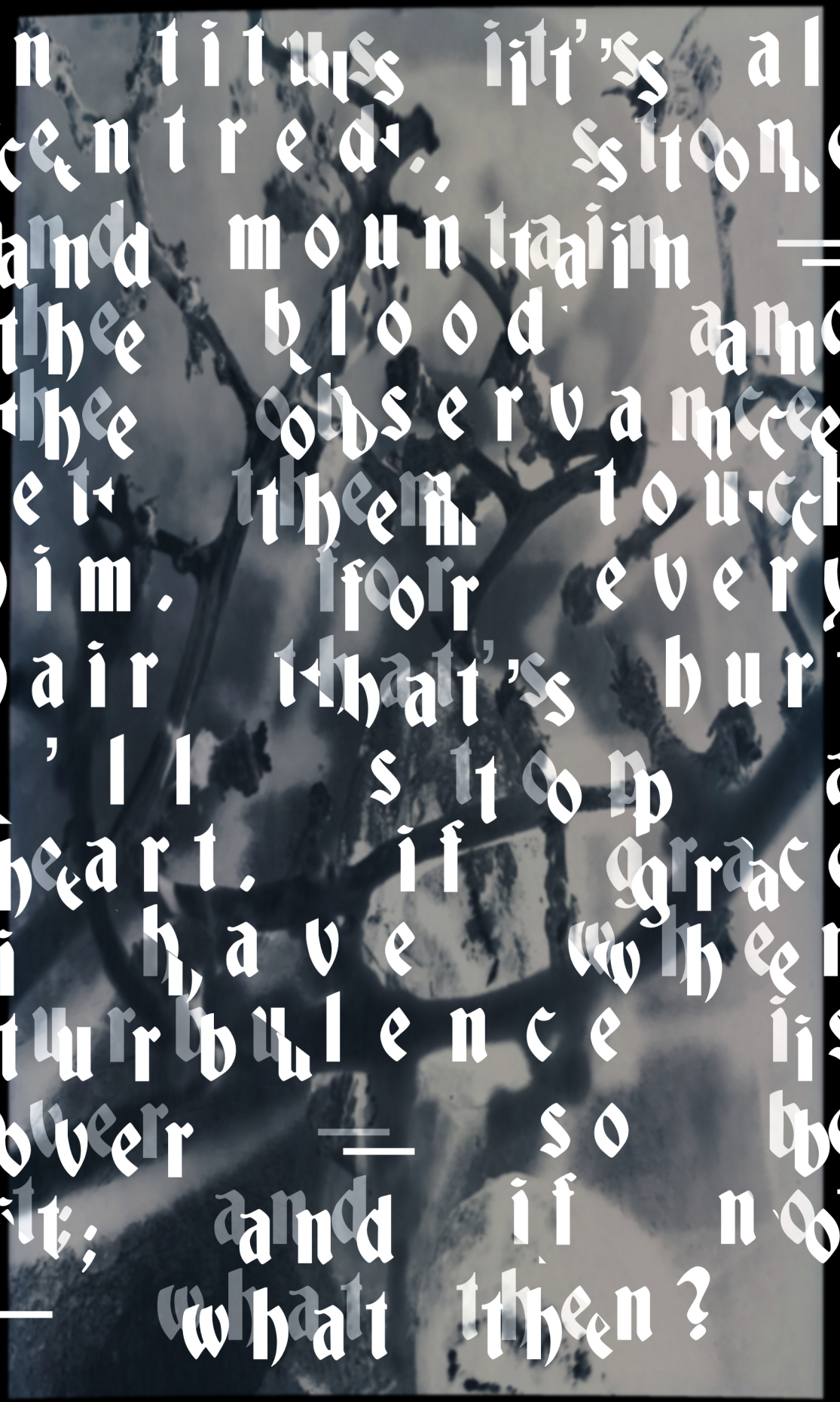
away

Chapter 5

“There is no time and there is no place. But, maybe there is.”

ALLSOUTH

In the ALLSOUTH gutter fog and resplendent filth ageing leash on broken septic sentinel distant rapture country plague fortifies crust of dead end mind oh citizens of ALLSOUTH you are a rot one foot in the cesspool of your ratifying genes one in a sunless future devoid of me and my kind I am gone already and your acidic nails have crucified my ageless spectacle moth’s carcass of living flesh circle the dreams I once had eye the young choking con artist on your funereal stench ALLSOUTH you have one and I hit my dead crown and I hit my ands with no fingirls in boyears and thy weapons damage the knife feral voices on the seat next to the fuming heart opposite a duel of grease shadows statues varnish on blank mood the underpeople hunger for tales of victimidity to feed on to feed and to suck dry like daylight vampires walk always south and see the brains on wheels tinkering tinkering on metal skin afraid of the five seconds that it takes long yellow devils label insane and see not chaos but happiness in bland pupils which I see the green road stalk with planets on end and a flower hot as a sure sky fire walking to oblivion’s blank pavement and passing tired leather haze in gloom orbit like cracked glass closed in by ALLSOUTH erased by ALLSOUTH back away to architecture of our sacred geometrical disaster and ALLSOUTH continues and continues the skinny web of alleys breaks skull headed bird tops on green tectonic gates crushed and illiterate and we joke and we cry and we sing the polluted fugue of y/our void floating land that barks and winces all who head south


in titus it's all
centred. stone
and mountain —
the blood and
the observance.
let them touch
him. for every
hair that's hurt
i'll stop a
heart. if grace
is have when
turbulence is
over — so bee
it; and if not
— what then?