
We eliminate the rationality in its mechanism
SHEMSHELEY
from DIDO


the tragedy of romonde contreras an anti-epic poem that will change the course of the 21st century
shelley

# Chapter 7

"Here we see the new fiction, those underwater tunnels
in the kingdom."

Feet warm on veins
—Bark, the hundred years

Too much information
flowing out of the
s y s t e r n
A simplex of cold information
honeysludge trails of new prose
clog the Century Vein

A Cyst to deny the future...

Romonde walks into the
trap set up by
Wickey the Mitch and
El Hombre the Andre

their feeble lives fused with the outcome
-THE APPLICATION—
Black hole tinkering of the Situation
Designed to build ghosts, designed for Mass Suffering

A minuscule Moon with white crusted fingers
Hypnotising the anxiety of Daymons
Seven illnesses
Seven gutteral apocalypses
Worriors holding down the f o r t u n e

"Romonde, we have you.
We have Romonde,
The surgery in the streets
The Non Maivres
Itself"

Romonde looks into the eyes
little, crack mercury, glued together
by incessant forgiveness begging—

"The tricks of the SLAVE,
We from Tartorus,
We, the reflexion."

"Antennae in the Trees,
Doing as they damn well please"

Rank Philosophy curdles in the
skyless air

As the
PAN DE MONEY IUM
of psychic damage wrought on,
it does nothing,
nothing...

And they realise Eternity's sweet mistake
—you can't kill what's already dead—

Romonde denies this new Age of the Grim Pill
and walks on...

Wickey the Mitch and El Hombre the Andre
bound by failure,
shrink back to neither side of the
GROW TESQUE ISLANDS
strings to the POVVERTRIP
FALLEN and severed

An ode to goats,
Romonde Contreras cannot be stopped

THE CREATURE IS OUT
THE CREATEURE IS
AWAKE
sing the porous boys
Grey mottled tigers devoid of hue—

The Manacles of a Moons minuscule fragments
Tumbling down the leylines
To become stones to
Circle the little people
As they fizzle and fade
Vladrac nectar cartons of
whispering images
tussle in the wind—

before finality hits concussion,
they attempt to tangle a child
staring at the ground, surrounded
by ritualistic coffee pots
churning madness

They plead with the Angry youth
now encased in opaque
memories to settle down and
live the same life as
r o w b o t s  paddling in
sinking waters

“No I won’t settle down,
I will D E S T R O Y D O W N!”
the child screams as they are torn
apart by machine proverbs.

*
* *

Rubber bands leeching
across the open road,

Tadpole currents
spilling blood in
the primitive
muddle of earth,

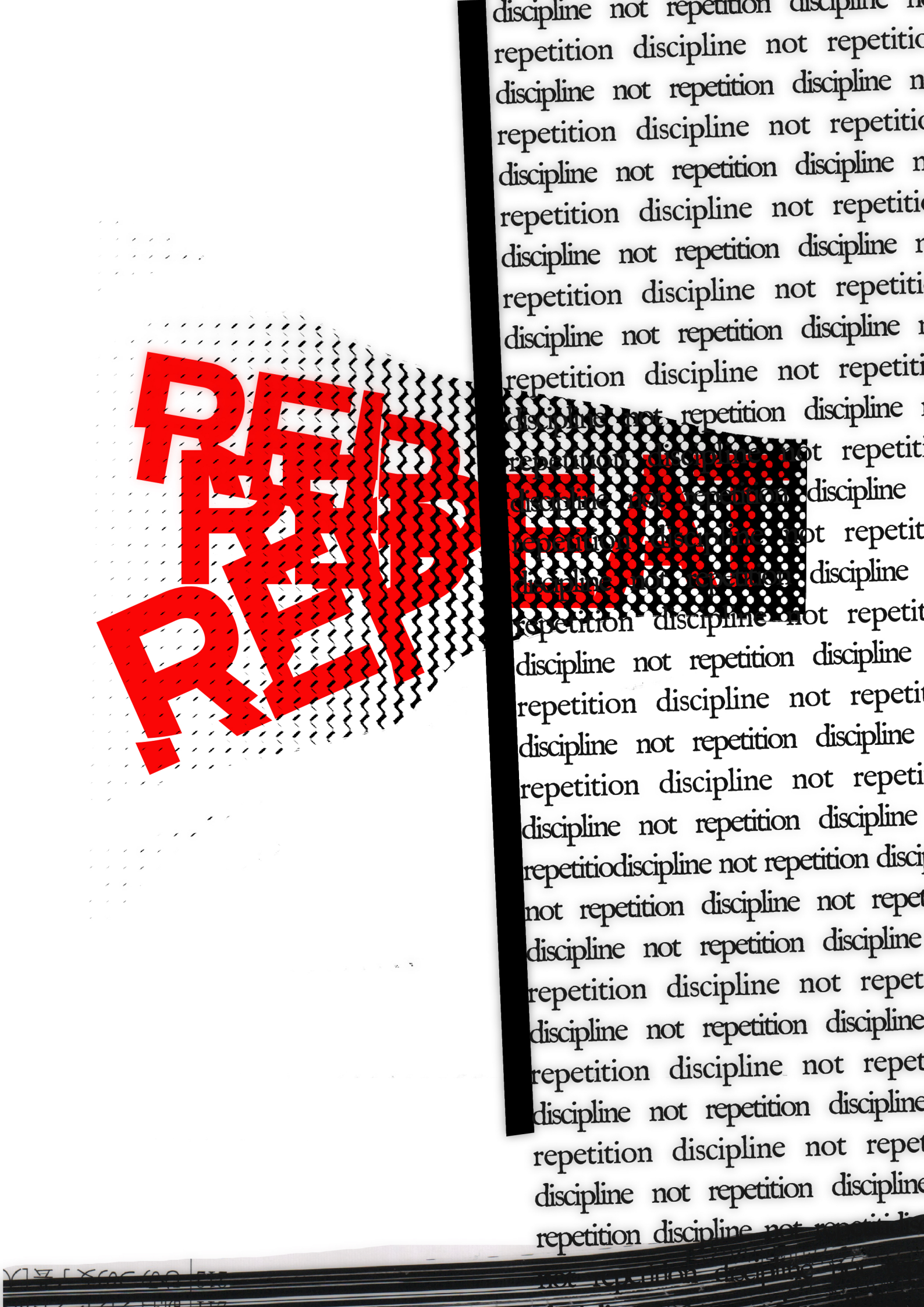
As the man crying
raindrops over the
world he created in
a wheelbarrow
acts the victim,

THE UGGLIGR PEOPLE
with no discernible features
spit algebraic curses from
atop rooftops —
"Oh hang me please,
with the golden beetle!"

Romonde Contreras
reaches a patch of
no lines,
the place of sacred words
the corpse of a book,
WORLDS of a poet—

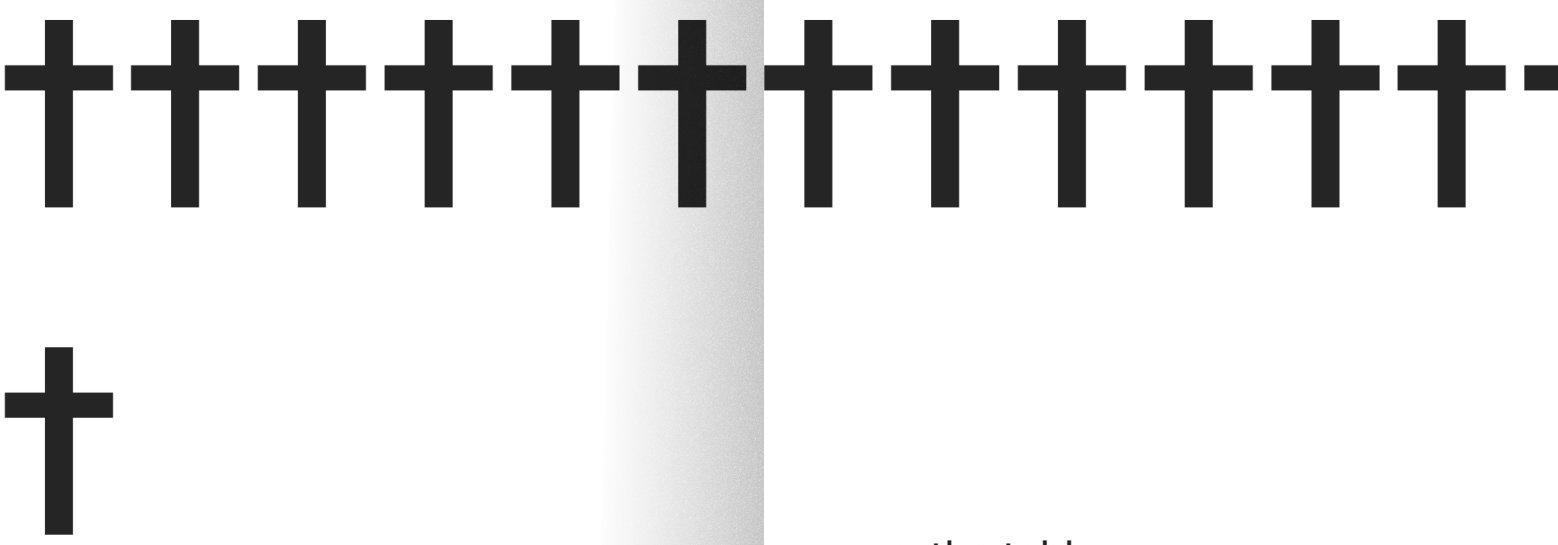
Flames wrestled from down below
Into gunshot letters,
Constrained by the BLOOD words,
PDR's astronomic legacy
sowed into a selftorture hole in
the howling image of land's soil.

END OF PART 1


REPETITION
discipline not repetition discipline
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SINS of
A.L.I.F
LESH

# SINS OF ALL FLESH



on the table
in front of
the body,
expelling
waves like
turgid audio
prickling—

the hospital night shift
spreads ink in clear water
—taking her time, the cleaning
lady sweeps the human floor

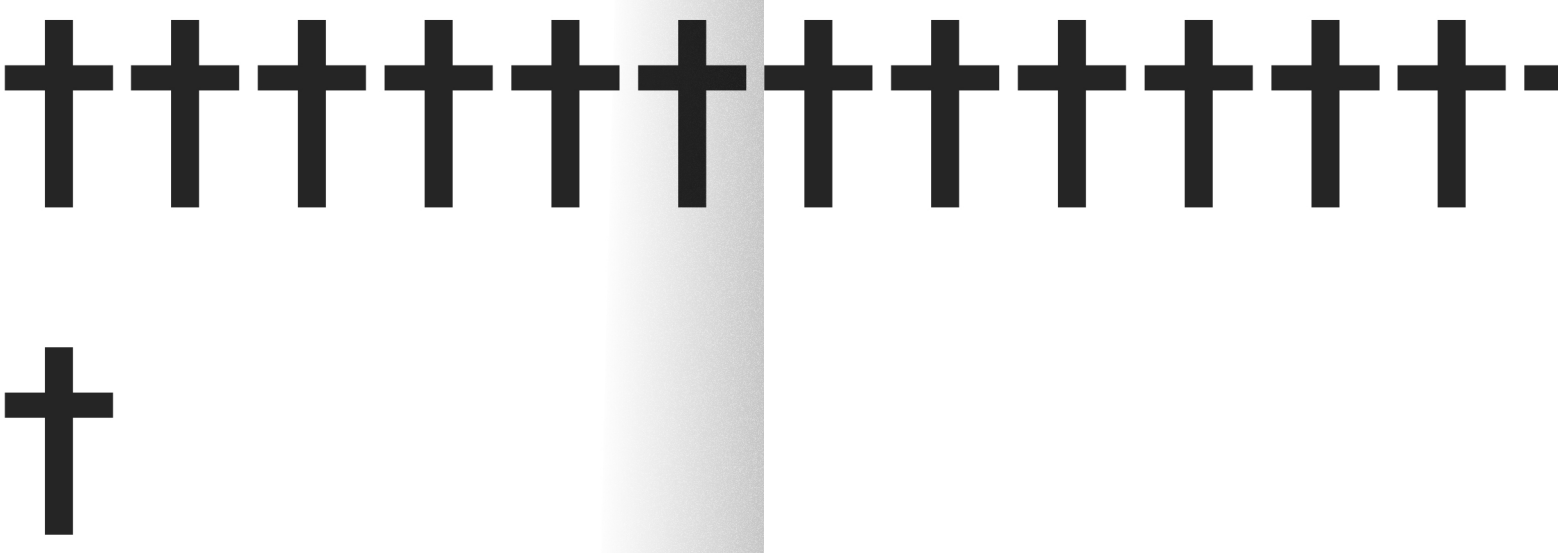
five authoritarians
dressed black and White
neanderthal speciMen
southern crown
over the body
that sleeps

over the flesh,
crumpled dirt in skin
agony shape of
mouth,
hollow cruel shape
where no human
sound is made

hard night in melting city,
tales of throwing stones
at the night doctor

he makes love to gravel
they say
I N F L E S H S T A T I O N

# SINS OF ALL



—paperwork to seal what's inside
dead trees bind thinking flesh
woodworn man, acres of meat

ink marks, new bloodstains
of all the seeing SENTRY

the five of them busy
and the cleaning lady
thinks her next step
—she has the worm
from under the
layers of what used
to be skin

a mental illness
infection on ligature
bleak orgone screams
from deep human chasm

get over it, to
the other side
of a shrinking
room,
body quietly
waiting to strike

do what needs to be done—

fantasising the silver planet
dead monster, moving
waiting, hunting the stars
the dust tumbling

# SINS



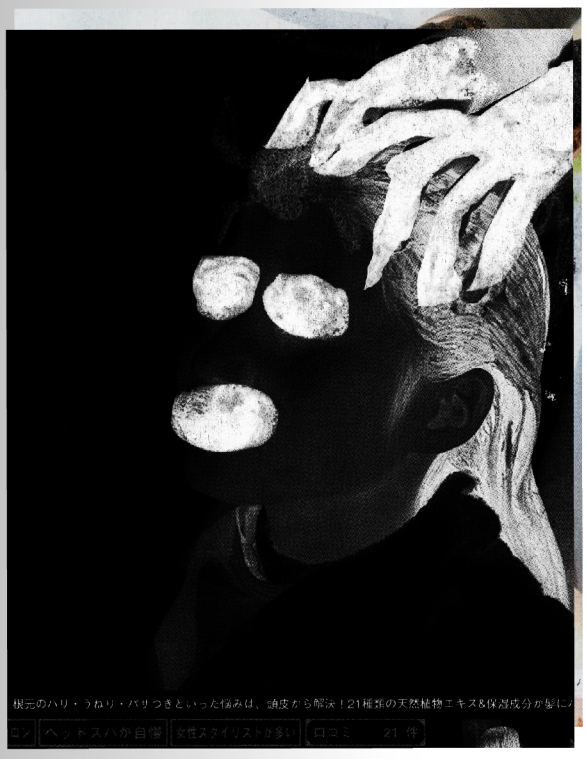
worm, from body to body

no one notices
the seeping,
split papaya head
pariah dice of lesser
eROTic flesh
trilling out black
sticky pungent
sementic words
bubbling pestilence
—every nose
ravaged
simultaneously
as gushing substance
fills the room

monthly injections
of sunshine and
butterflies boiled
in the black mound
of blasphemous
liquid clamouring for
human flesh

all five authoritarians,
sinking, up to their knees,
the cleaning lady,
gets the worm
back to the heap of
what once was a
man
and turns around
sees her Grim Reaper
takes the offer of
D E P T H
and accepts.

# “the worm”


根元のハリ・うねり・パサつきといった悩みは、頭皮から解決！21種類の天然植物エキス&保湿成分が髪に
ヘッドスパが自慢
女性スタイリストが多い
口コミ 21 件


THE GRIM
REAPER
OFFERED
ME DEPTH
AND
ACCEPTE
D

# ceremony

It's warm. Too warm, but not hot. There's still, well, a stillness about. A cool stillness.

I think it was 2006. The ceremony where they shoot the cannons. Can't remember the time but it was definitely night.

Such a lovely atmosphere.

Flames at night always remind me of a painting.

I remember seeing someone during the ceremony write down something in a red leather bound notebook. Pretty expensive looking book with a gold foil 'AU' shining on the frontcover, but you could see the spine was too taut. How can anyone write like that? Give me a cheap notebook over that any day of the week.

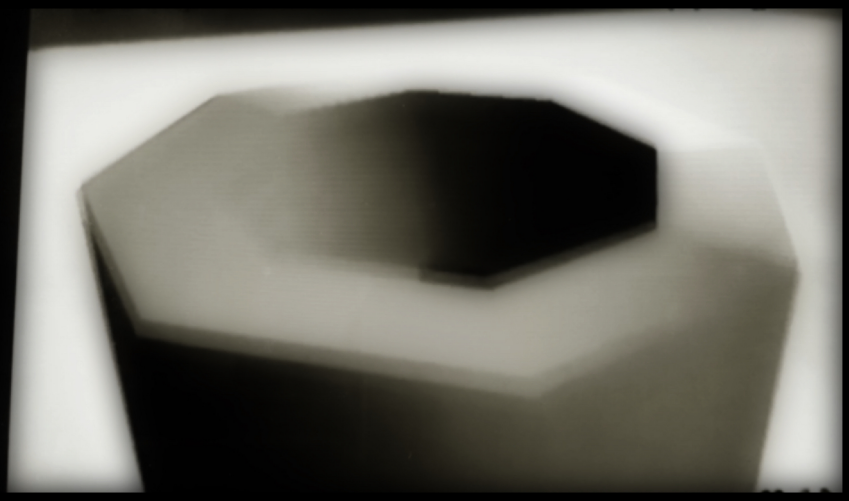
"Enough, let's have done with politics once and for all! Let's get down to the practical tasks of real life!"

I think that's what was written? Their little companion called them a 'time traitor' whatever that means.

I can't even remember why they shoot the cannons. I know why we were there, but nothing more comes to mind.

Strangely I don't hear the bang. The explosion—the gunpowder is it? Why is it silent? I know I've been here, but why silent?

Have I been here?
Have I stood here?




Choose honestly! Half-world or
Over-World? Animal or Man
of Spirit? Land or Stand?