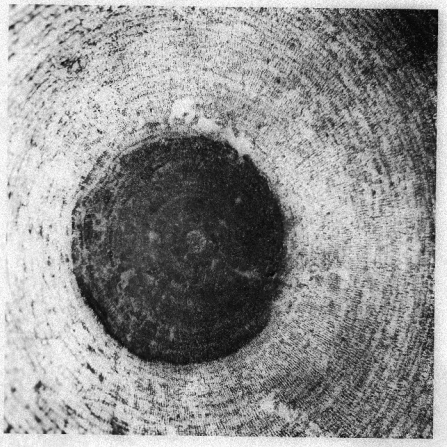
My heart revolted from his hypocritical jargon

VII



FROMUTOPIA

shemshelley



Meet Me in the Neruda Love Triangle

Great Poet of Filth I summon you and
The skeletal dust of your plagiarist politico corpse

I await you in the Neruda Love Triangle,
Your home turf
Where the birds of love are secretly debased
And the smell of flowers hide the obtuse stench of
rot in your m i c r o s c o p i c foundation

In a fractal volcano bursting with blood curdled bellflowers
—I await you

Flames of my words slap the suns rays away
and light up the sky
The cosmic ceiling ablaze with the howl of my S O N G
a signal for I am waiting,
In the future I a m w a i t i n g

Bring your followers who dressed pretty are intellectually wounded
They who hold the world stage for you
These bourgeoise readers lapping your
Petty pornography like RANCID mothers
milk

And I will shoot them one by one
—The gun that I used to end myself
Now loaded with hellfire and saltpetre
hellfire and infinity
hellfire and poetry
Will set fire to your v e n e r e a l i t y

Great poet of Filth
Traitor! He who let them hang their rifles in the house of
b u t t e r f l i e s
The war is not over—
No no no, it's never over, never over

Like Sisyphus you will never be free from your ROKH
I will always be there to show your
h u b r i s

—the destiny of Unrequited infinity will be your noble prize!

In the Neruda Love Triangle
I A M W A I T I N G
waiting
forever waiting

You may never come but my
N
O
N
-
E
U
C
L
I
D
E
A
N Suicide

Will bear the Cosmographic Fruits of Cataclysm
Forever bear them
And the acute will see not jealousy, but eternal passion

I am waiting
waiting

Great Poet of Filth
I a m w a i t i n g

NOCCULT

VS

LOSTALGIA

Here's the determinism you asked for
Here's the dreams you lost
Here's the soap scum and limescale built up on a life with no meaning

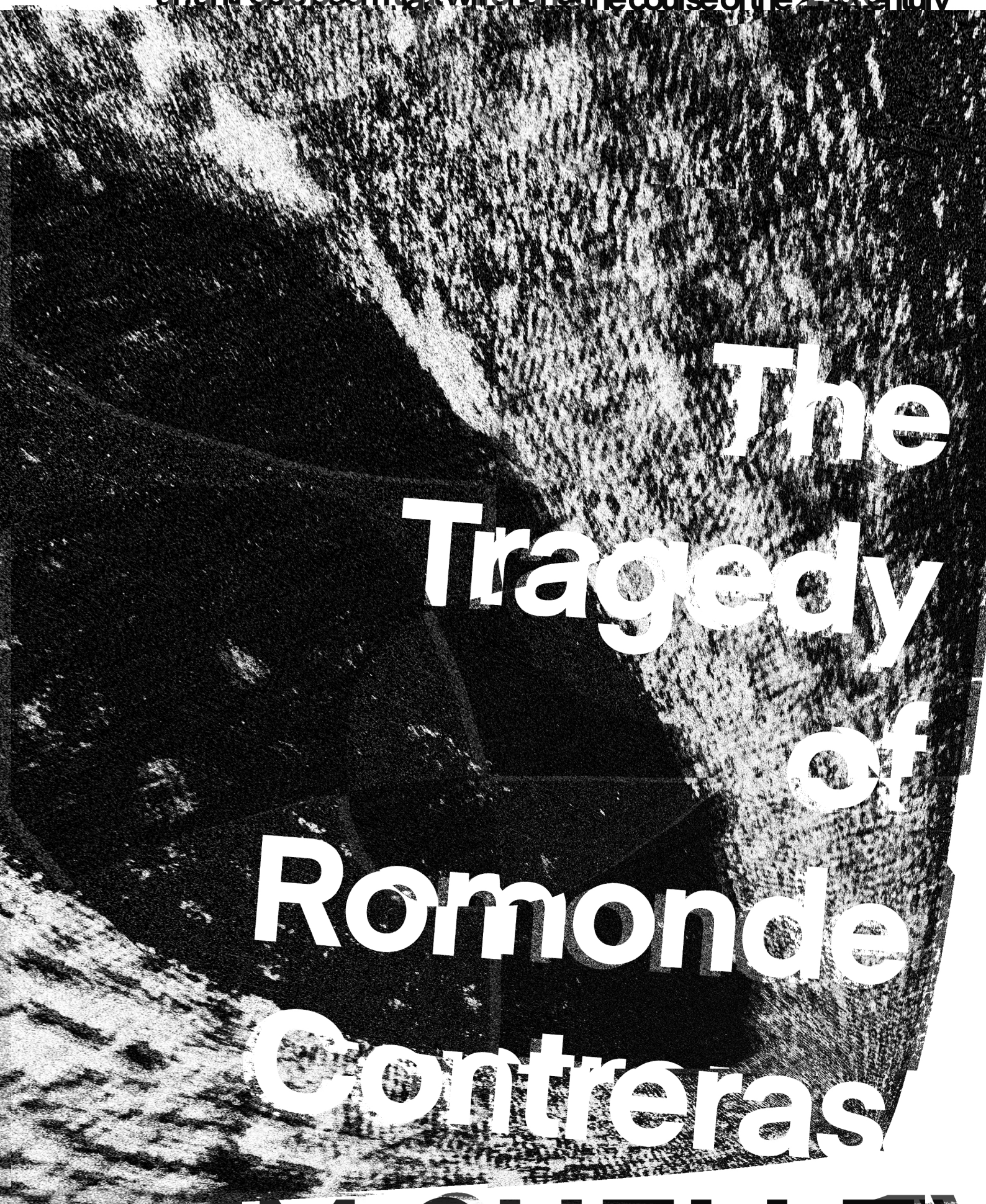
Round the blend
Round the end
Cauterised misery in denial

Please go to your ice castle
Please depend—

The kid in your dreams goes back to school
Heads up wrong stairs,
Chased by newspaper devil snorting monotheistic animosity

How are you going to fight?
How are you going fight when your head is up your PAST?!

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



The Tragedy of Romonde Contreras

SHEM SHELLEY

Chapter 9

"Thus they dined with me, spelling numerous fancies
with the fleeting moments of the house sparrow."

Who needs the A B O V E R E D U C T I O N
the pale imitation of ghosts on
HIGHARTKEYS — half the NEWMANS
boiled Misery,

lies, lies p h i l o s o p h i c a l lies

ACIDEMIC people full of it,
Mass horror,
Mass intripidation,
Burns at the edges of
everything
that once
was.

*

Romonde heads South
into the m i n u s cule
Monastery of Skinundation

A Pol-Lute is strung by
Gravel appendages—

Beautiful strings to keep the pumping
Melodie to uphold the GROUNDLAW

Swimming pitchforks dash through
alarming drones of automatic wheels
spinning in place of thought organs,

From faucets come the leek snakes,
as mango mountains tumble into view,
Romonde traces the lines on the tarmac wrist,
Feeling the insignificant movements of miracles.

Here the Black bygone birds perch on a stick lightning tree
Ground wounded by humbly living life in abodey

Road ahead blocked by the

C A R R I A G E S O F H E A V E N O R H E L L

Roaring daylight fires,
A tidal sham,
Great gathering of sunlit equations
Celebrations clogging the path forwards.

Glittering carriages of expense and
Noise and wealth an abundance spread like sand

Titan carcasses of distant flavours with wooden envoys selling tales of conjoining

All gathered around the
Warthog Mother gives spiritual birth to Lust children
—where are they?
Wrapped in rotten wool
Where are the Wool children?
Howling in the streets.

Fervour of their slant singing and dour dancing
Keeps the d r e a m a k e r s away

Crowds gather as one glowinthedark
Wolf child takes a continuous breath,
Drawing all their building blocks of
Future wants and needs
To oblivion

Romonde passes through the crowd,
Stops to watch an old woman with a jigsaw missing,
She kept her matchstick dog alight for too long
The delicate black cavernous face soot hoofing
Dusty breath makes swirling strangling sounds
The owner crumples under Primethean stress.

"We'd lock you but know how difficult that'd be."
—Voices surge in luminous stokes

Romonde brushes off
their
damning
words

I Romonde Contreras end A L L O C K — only one will survive,

t h m r r g f h v n n d h l l

Hearing this, the wolf child grows in the light,
Tears off its wolfhead with its tidal strength,
Blood koi spill out from the neck stump and splash,
Paint trembling hieroglyphics on gray ground,
As a lost moonbeam sets the scene alight.

it's never

MAN

HIP

YOU

LAY

SO

N

IN YOUR HEAD

On the train, saw him again. First time I'm doing my make up, see him in my mirror, weird movements. Don't want to mess up my eyeliner but why is he moving like that. Shit, nearly dropped my bag. At Ealing, walk past and he's drawing. How odd. See him every morning. Always alone. Headphones, lost in whatever he listens to. Every day drawing in that little blue book. What's he drawing? Can't make it out. Scribbles? It's a mess but I need to get closer. Can't make it obvious. Closer, but still can't see. No one is near him. Have to get closer. Still can't see what he's drawing. Do I have to talk to him to see? What if he's a creep. Maybe sit behind him and see. No it's impossible. Gap too small. I'm getting closer and closer. Just sit opposite him. Oh yeah he would call me now. Great fucking timing. Hate phones sometimes. This relationship is a waste why can't I end it. Try again tomorrow.

*

I point to the book. He looks up like he's just woken up. Takes headphones off. I ask about the drawing. He's seems confused. Reluctantly shows me. I kinda like it. It's a mess but when you keep looking there's… more? He tells me it's train drawing. He lets the movement of his arm be jostled by the train so the train does the drawing not him. I was so confused but I kinda get it. No wonder he's always alone. But the more I looked at the drawing the more I realised there were landscapes in them. Am I just seeing things? But that one clearly I can see something you'd see out of the window on the train. Never seen anything like it. Lines, loads of scratchy lines all tangled and messy. But they start to move and become things. Think I'm going crazy. This latest drawing looks a bit, wrong? I feel a bit queasy. Long arm, no something else? Almost coming off the page trying to grab me. What is it? A figure of someone? Asked him but he said he never tells people what he thinks. Ruins the art apparently. Yeah I don't like it. What am I seeing? Not fingers but… like slug eyes. Those long feelers, antlers whatever they are on slugs. Oh fuck he's ringing me again. Answer it and waste minutes listening to his narcissistic bullshit. Yeah ok goodbye. Wasting my life. God help me. Wait what's wrong with his face? He don't look so good. Sweat, no skin dripping down? No, what. Where is everyone. Oh god.

The answer you cannot make, the pattern you cannot complete —till afterwards it suddenly comes to you — when it is too late.

