its constituents
are alive

SHEM
SHEL
LEY

ISSUE 11



FROMUTOPIA

GHOST DEADLY MAN

Every Saturday after week of nine to five,
Ghost Deadly Man awakens from his needed slumber,
Leaves dreary family life in cracked rear view mirror,
To journey and debase on a liquid temple crawl.

Born in a hellish circus where the red stripes are blood,
Siblings played murderous games with his young sanity,
Loathsome parents removed the larvae of his grand dreams,
To suffocate his dead future on funeral fumes.

He calls up his friend who only deals him the bad cards,
Asks for something to quell his nagging needs of the damned,
He pulls the thirteenth skull card and is shown where to go,
To flats and alleys and places where the sun don't shine.

A Right Wing Anarchist grinds up chrome plated lice husks,
Scatters his dust and watches his followers blossom,
Ghost Deadly Man arrives pleading for something to help,
Exchanges kids Christmas present fund for a new fix.

Body and soul and new ungodly concoction mix,
Elevated past the usual three and higher up,
Society refuses to engage with him now,
His jagged junk frequency beyond their line of sight.

He walks past old man with a wooden toad handle cane,
Violently grabs it and runs and no one can catch him,
The croaking cane speaks to him louder than all other voices,
Tells him he's parched and how to get more of what he needs.

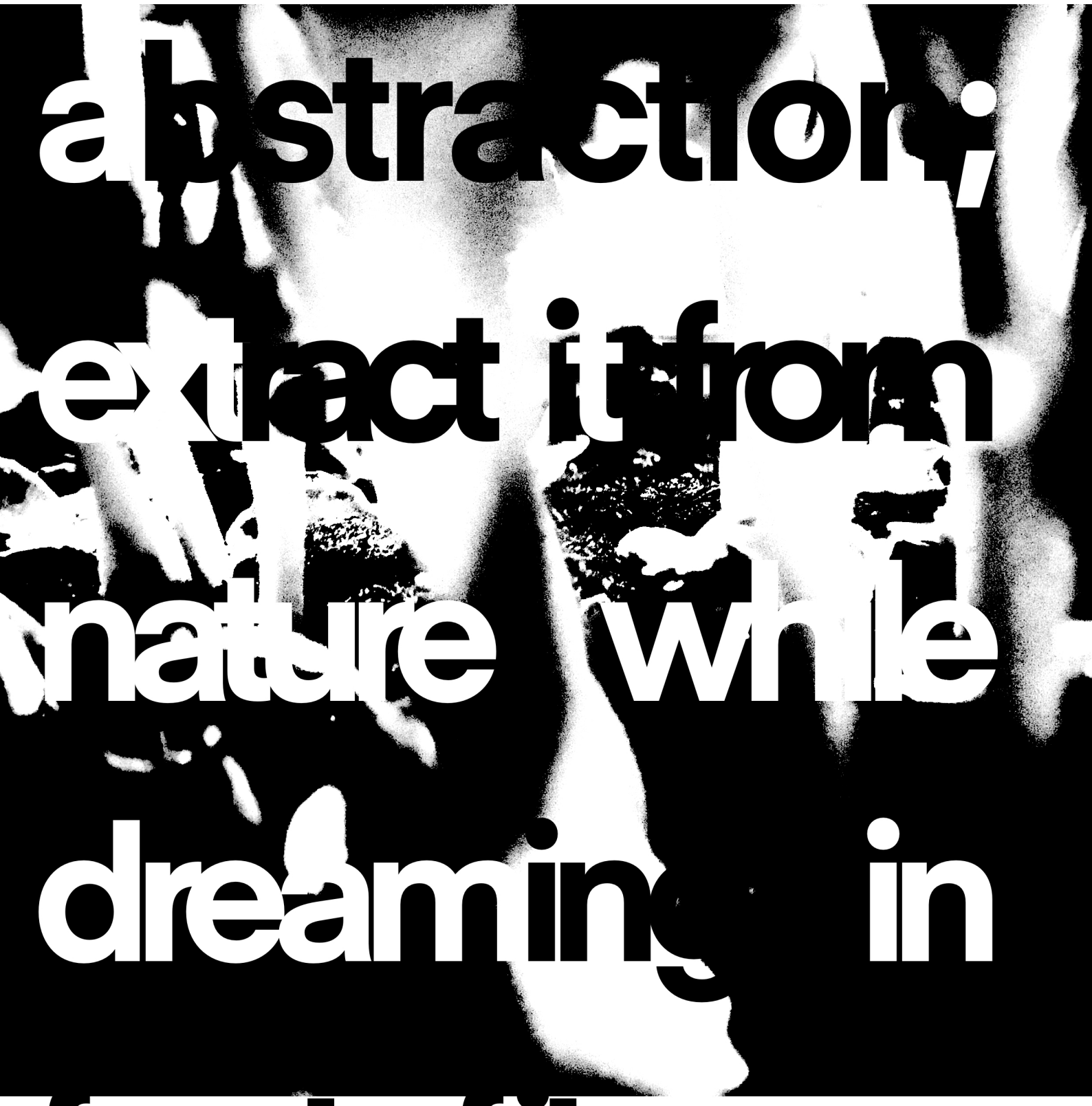
Using the underground roads that link secret temples,
More and more fuel and less and less feel now his motto,
Listening around to the love of those who have it,
He briefly thinks of his wife and kids and then fades out.

Ploughing past the King's people he arrives on the star,
Lusts after a Spanish vegan music producer,
Earns a beating for not respecting her boundaries,
Everyone screams when they see a fist go through him.

Back in rubbish stained alleys leaking ectoplasm,
He lies down soft to finally meet his unmakers,
And he looks in the mirror for the first time clearly,
Squinting he sees the Ghost Deadly Man is not alone.

A figure helps him up higher than he was before,
"The universal code is not numbers but dead souls,"
And the Ghost Deadly Man doesn't understand the words,
So it tells him simply that "time is a crap circle."

Art is an abstraction; extract it from nature while dreaming in front of it



Listen to a Restoration of Lost Experimental Pianist Pierre Lombard

Thought to be a pseudonym for one of the French Symbolist painters, this recently recovered recording is the only Pierre Lombard piece not lost to time.

Lombard exists in an interesting space where much writing about his piano playing is found in diaries and academic journals but no recordings existed. Described as a pianist with no formal education, Lombard's avant grade compositions were a sort of pre-dada delirium he improvised.

The phonograph wax cylinder dating to 1887 was found in a unearthed wine cellar that likely collapses around 1903. While most of the cylinder offered less than stellar sound quality, one piano fragment has been extracted and restored.

Arguably an experimental piece, it's no less a fascinating listen.



Scan here to listen

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMONDE CONTRERAS

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

Shem Shelley

Chapter 16

"Do you regret the stolen name or cherish its power?"

Two agents of DRKSDMN
converse under inconspicuous car
plump yellow eyes scanning as they
speak in silent telepathic tones.

A metallic mutating Poll-Least Mortician,
loosing his,
cannot MIND his own business,
looks under car and sees nothing—

One agent twisting through right and wrong
angles appears, bites him in the Achilles Steel
killing the Holy Transmission of WHITE noise.

T H E N E W T S A R E A S L E E P

Here comes the globe cradled—
Sleeping Newts harass them all,
Too young to denounce,
Their harmful deranged
C Y C L E L O G Y
Bringing forth radioactive
Chemical roots of meaning
To spoil the sharp claus
Of the u n i m a g i n a r y

—Above the ALLSOUTH two human shaped planets
tussle in the sky. Their great intimate dance killing
millions where they touch—

Romonde Contreras stands looking at
A cardboard temple-dweller
Drinking something laced with
Hypnagogic unmentionables who
Lies down to perish on old stones.

In the near future, born from eyes of space,
A crooked smile of empty houses, the
Spectral wind rattling on leaky windows
Where the faint outline of house pets
Looking out from beyond and judging
Those who have theories in their veins.

Polka dot bruises on wood map of black holes to pray to I AM IN D E S I R E I am in your house s n a p p i n g twigs of the bankers HOPPING on destitute triangular SCOTCH bottles listening to MYMUSE of rampant rodent squeals NO one can be trusted who sups on DEAD MILK the in for may Sun is the colour of Molten s l i m e that drowns Green Birds cripples Black Dogs and teaches obedience to the White Cats

Ancient arguments are the slabs of fakemeat encased in brick,
Homely structure of lies and eternity, and lies and eternity,
Intention engines stirring the blood clotted pot of Doll money,
And if you close your eyes and listen you hear the fractals cry:

"Oyster clamshell petals surrounded by rings of now-slow food waste produce no pearls"

And in the madness of the street,
The sign for Romonde to keep going...

Is a knight thawing in the rotlight.

Chapter 17

"I watched the dust decisions of the minor and soon to be parted."

A soggy cardboard cadaver lies on the street behind,
great bubble wrap intestines leaking out to become
a new road for the beetles carrying white olives.

The suicidal man is a N O U S E A N C E
Forever D E A D I C A T E D to my dreams

Divine graffiti feathered on the wall above,
Can barely stand in the current of Genius
Energy, its barefaced red angry perfection.
F O R W A R D
he lies
At the streets great end,
Black golden gates bare their fangs
at Romonde the in t r u der,
the Maivres Non—

RIBCAGE FINGERS P U L S A T E STATIC IN THE WIND—

a half buried snake with 'polick nothiss'
written in two twin scales,
reveals itself and
demands loyal treatment.

Romonde kneels and places something
obscured around its snake silent neck,
transforming the gates into red and purple
agonising buds of the immature.

*
* *

A PATH OF STRANGE CUBIST GRASS
GROWN OUT OF DREAM TIME
spewing directionless,

Mirrors on the green, tiny glass freckles
Snapshots of rain, some reflect the sun,
Others reflect the gentle projections of
Memory cows mooing the lawn.

Here black leaves that tell the time of day to rescind,
Lead to a divorced house with emptiness around,
Built strange, built like a stage, outside the void is null

A tall waste pedestal once used by common sphinx
When opened, the lonely inside whispers:

In the woods
OHFOOLS plan
out their correction
Spewing plastic on
A B S U R D I T Y

Covered in dead satellite fish, this abandoned house,
This heaven hidden to circulate enlightenment,
Guarded silent by six giant human heads of stone

You know, I think
Black Friday is
actually important.
Really.

It's a secret ritual for
those who celebrate
humanity.

Once you realise the
immense power it has
and gain strength, you
can refuse its **hellish**
obsidian tentacles
that only wish to
debase you and be free.

Truly **free.**

