FROM UTOPIA



ISSUE12 said to flush, but it grew shem shelley

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

tragedy

the RONDE of CONTRERAS



Shem Shelley

Chapter 18

"After stepping off, I was presented with seven doors and chose the middle one for reasons only I know."

THE FIRST HEAD

I gave my body to Holy Seance and they fed it to the cemetery tigers who tore apart the fibres of my being like an accumulation of crumbling garden gloves I watched them speak of an e y e g o l d e n s k y I passed lives and lives watching the bestial act and yet there was no fear no fear struck me as no fear but what we craft in dusk and every designed drop of me spilled on ground and beast fuelled the crass spinning of all things the sterile pelvic movement of their examinations and frost magnifying the walk of snails on snow plucked leaves an attempt of using a flash firework muzzle to stop nature backfires as the bicentennial beasts research new forms of flesh eating in this disguised garden of Hedon and yet all I could think about was you who would stand before me and your exterminating footprints that leave behind the chaos of incendiary flower machines

THE SECOND HEAD

Soldiered on the board I was once one of them but I broke free and they tossed me from their Starscraper by new hires who told me I would be headed to an early grave the things I've witnessed you won't be privy too as I've seen them with the printed stars they flourish watching down and collecting their electric H U M A N S L A U G H T E R currency they call the comedy of failure the ghastly men and obligatory one woman of the circuit board plugged in dented heads hard to see obscured by hidden pin pricks among the stock black and white bowing down they stand up for the milk presidents wrath of legal nightmares the executeve committee they who solder themselves to pray to a shrill absent cosmos for sustenance as powder to keep the operating control system profitable not bored like their paper resistors and as I fell from sky to a nude earth I continue to obey their punishment and even though they tore the friendchip from my brow I welcome you

THE THIRD HEAD

Have we met before or has eternity clouded my judgement, how many years has it been since I came to this plundered land, a land marked with stains of sadness, stains of woe, the floodlands we call LUNDOFF, oh what a generational disease it is and its nostalgic river that feeds the prodigal poisons and daughters who walk forging barnacles on their mind, they refuse to speak to me, all I asked was for them to treat me like their church and pray me respect and in exchange I would have unlocked the jail cells that make up their bodies, oh how they refused, and all I can do is play my midnight melodies to keep away the insects of certitude that fed on my multiplication and left me divine, and it comes crashing down as they feud on me with stonetombs and marked my position with a ten pomegranates, oh lord have mercy on them and their childfall, how many years has it been since then, oh, have we met before

THE FOURTH HEAD

I. Too quiet to alarm the skittering beetle trees you and I walk like voyeurs in icy summers as I tell you the THOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY of scarlet tusks.

II. When I grasp your fingerless meaning and open the carnivorous doors of your Libyrinth I am filled with a regret that sails too afraid to touch the bittersea.

III. It is an ephemeral escape to attempt imagining me but you can and you have and you will not forget the magma of our meeting that persists like a streak of sunlight in the dark.

IV. Exorcise those hungry beautiful demons onto the page and insulate your bones with life and death and swim through me in a see-through submarine with uncrucified passion.

V. We'll climb a mountain of slates and pick little heads of transmuted beetroot to cause storms of migraines across the limited psyche of demigods.

VI. Sunken gulls that soothe senile icicles who protest melting stand atop sterile white street lamps watching as I tell you sleep is the key to the door of dreams.

VII. When I remove my body from my head the sky snaps a blissful lilac across our material world so I finally give you my improvase overflowing with vulgar totality.

THE FIFTH HEAD

Yes, I tripped, once, you see, on grief stricken magnesium daffodils, falling I landed strangely in a colony of glass spiders, yes, a false communitree, discussing the meaninglost of fizz cakes and weaving a weakened sense of togetherness to stick and stack and trick and trap themselves in place, keeping their oh so shiny bodies clean to reflect the facsimilar imagery of eachother, it was rather unpleasant, oh yes, rather, but worse yet was their appointed leader CINDERFOOT, a glass spider with sooty legs to show off the pain and suffering and self-sacrifice needed to control a commune of web wanderers happy to retire into non-action, very strange, and so I said my thoughts, yes I did, and they were rather unhappy, so Cinderfoot rallied his one-brained glass army to send me packing, and packing I did, stealing as many of their spools of theorem sleep words to give me a good chuckle when times are bad, ha ha oh yes, although they took something precious of me in return, I think it was rather a good deal

THE SIXTH HEAD

Bone crucifix rises from sewer mattress — nearly good, for me — so I followed him — Goat black man on milky blue sky — his shoes snarled with snakes as laces, his tattoos a reconstruction of STREET PUNCTUATION — he drops a brown bowl of cigarettetti to feed a whipped messenger buffalo — passing a stump with skeletal arms growing out of it, he takes a middle finger for later use — a walking temple — silence! the catastrophic artbeats of infantile worship — drenched, tight elephant skin tree trunk, fumeral pipes fortified for all this sleaze — I'm in his room, high up looking down on a city of gross parentheses — he circles me catlike, sizing me up — his head a wooden mask, black wood smeared red — playing panpipes, shade of darkness licking lips — I'm sick of my own soil, planting the eyes that seed judgement — he uses the finger on me, tracing 17 exclamation marks — ostracised hill mantra, behind a space of sticky stars — and I'm not full, stop! into the temple — skin strata, heady exchange — everything crumbles —

The Country of the Mad



Or course I regret it. What kind of idiot am I to stay in such a toxic relationship. Yeah it was fine for a while. But, no I have to take the blame. After… what happened. I just kept burdening her with my problems. All me me me. She tried to tell me about that piece of shit she met on the train, but I didn't listen. He was the one who got her involved in this. She wasn't right. She wasn't well. He helped her get over it. I thought she was just being her usual self. You know, queen of the drama queens. No, he did something to her. On the train and only he could help her get out of it. That's the con these people play. These sick fucks. It keeps me up at night. What I… saw. Why me? Why us? We were just normal people for gods sake.

I have no idea what he did to her. Think he was an artist? Yeah he was one of them. He was the one who introduced her to that doctor. I hate myself. I never paid attention to her until she mentioned the doctor. It sounded so odd. These people. I only read the stuff they messed her mind up with later. Pan Diegetic Missionary. Sounded like fucking gibberish but now, after… is this even, how is this even real?

Yeah she was not the same. Depressed I thought maybe. She got pale and cold, like icy cold. She wouldn't let me come near her. I didn't even realise, like it didn't click until she came back fixed. I remember picking up that big green blanket she kept herself wrapped up in and seeing the white hairs. Never even thought that was strange. No one our age has that many white hairs. Fucking idiot I am.

I'm not sure how they fixed her. I came home one day and she was gone and then came back normal. She wouldn't tell me where she'd been and we just fought like we usually did. Then she started acting really weird. She'd go out when it was dark. She'd be gone for over an hour, come back exhausted like she'd been to the gym and just collapse.

A walk. I'm just going for a walk is all she'd say.

I found her notes from them. They specifically told her to walk where there was less people. Back roads and alleys and shit like that. Can you believe it? Who tells a girl to walk in the dark alone and to make sure they avoid busy areas? I said I'll come with her and she got really fucking angry. I was just thinking about her safety for gods sake.

M[redacted]

I just don't understand. I've got some of her notes here. Makes no sense to me. I think she wrote it all jumbled so I wouldn't understand it.

W.W.

Music helps not long continuous but random more cuts to make more forms no one else can see walk as fast as possible body is distracted mental guard down mind takes over only way to access the right frequency body is busy no one around this must they said no one around ruins the power thoughtforms are only born from the secondfold imagination only way to keep him from coming back he's terrible bad but use him to do better all the standing stones when walked on release echoes that we use to fuel the seconfold works better they said on empty places make sure no one is around can't let it happen again save them from the it need exhaustion and lights and then it happens and it happens again and every day they all come to objects and they move and it they becomes things all around and it's beautiful and no one else can see them ours is not good enough and bland but they when you do it and see and it happens and they come and everything changes and the music and lights and emptiness and dark and all it comes together and fills you up and they appear and everything becomes new and all the lines stomes are shaking and my body takes it all in I'm trembling and I feel alive for the first time and he's gone he's gone he's gone

I heard her on the phone once. She repeated something about this. I'm sure it was him. The doctor. Solver Ambulance? Something like that. She always pronounces things wrong so it's hard to tell. I used to find it cute when we first met, but then… Anyway it said in her notes that he's high up in the Pan Diegetic Missionary. She was gushing about how great he was. She even went to a seminar he did. I thought she was doing overtime like she usually did near Christmas. I'm so fucking stupid.

The only info I could find on him was some article about non-engraftment or something. Oh yeah and just one old photo. Actually wait, I saw her looking at something on her phone. I didn't find it before but let me check her recently deleted photos.

Oh fuck.

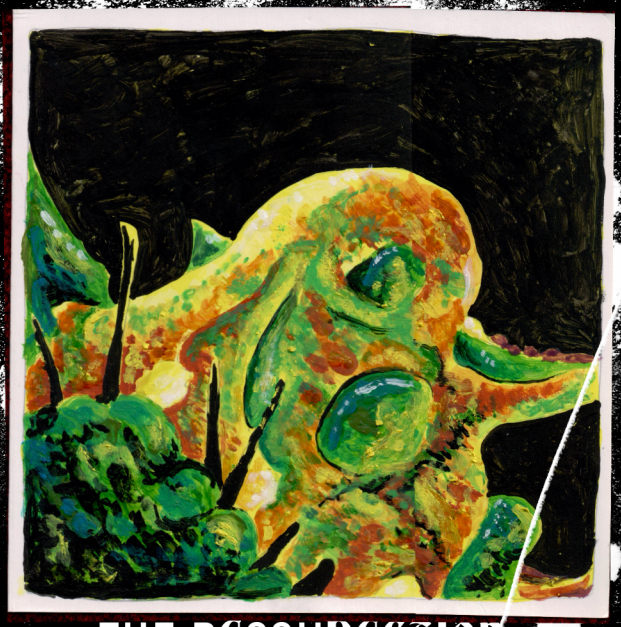
That's, how the fuck is that. That's what I saw.

Fuck its her. That day again its her. She was acting funny like weird like it was she was being really nice to me and I knew something was up. It was like she knew. Every time I tried to follow her before she disappeared. It was weird but this time kept on going and searching for ages. I knew she wouldn't go back home as she left her keys and phone like she knew she wouldn't be coming back. I looked for ages down every road and then that little tux Sasha I always see on Westbury Avenue scared the hell out of me and ran away down an alley and I don't know why but I followed and then I saw. It's this photo. This drawing. Her. Melting on the floor. Fucking slime everywhere. One arm reaching out. Fingers like worms or something a face or thing and I screamed. And she was gone and the smell and the noises and she's gone she's gone. This is what they did to her. Fuck I just shit I just got over it and you made me remember. What is why am I sweating. This isn't real. Fuck this it can't. No she's gone no why am I sweating?

JESUS is

6x3

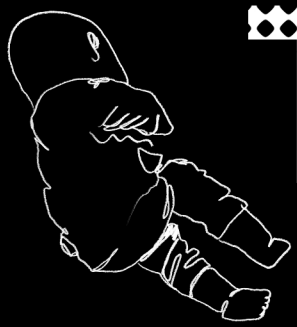




THE RESSURECTION



THE REASON



OUR CELLS

HAPPY HEILDAY

THE IMMORTAL BEARD FROM SOUTHAMPTON

As the great deadline loomed, and all felt doomed,
Clothed in an armour of fatigue, I was forced to descend,
Tucked and warm, ready to calm the mind's raging storm,
The great tussle won, now a good night was sure to impend,
Yet somehow lost and in the nights timeless dead-end,
Two of them appeared, yet only one of them a friend.

I awoke unsheathed from my bed, quilt thrown far from my head,
The beast lashed my leg taking a phantom bite out of my mobility,
Holding on to the pained limb, wondering how the night turned grim,
The Immortal Beard from Southampton sprung with great agility,
"This is hallow'd ground thee ghoul!" His voice boomed with no civility,
Scaring the beast back with a power that resembled divinity.

"I speaketh to thee using pen as sword," the Beard's might roared,
"Useth mine own weapon to writeth the beast out of existence!"
Reaching for my journal, in hopes of returning the beast to null,
Possessed by the Immortal Beard, praise be his assistance,
But my furious writing now a magnet to beast reducing our distance,
Closer it came until we were but one and there was no resistance.

Grasping my leg no more wounded, did this occur or was it alluded?
What was this damned night beast that caused me such pain?
And where was the Immortal Beard, my saviour who now but disappeared?
Quelled by a welcome new sleep, my body finally allowed to wane,
I now awoke in the morning, grounded by noise of distant light rain,
The deadline's hold sunk, by the new ideas swimming in mind's terrain.