

ISSUE 18

FROM UTOPIA

SHEM SHELLEY

From the Velvet Room Volume 1



listen here ↓

1. ¢hxmb3R_drug # H0/\/3r 03:15
2. $I3RNZBW # $h3m $h3[]3y 04:01
3. C@ll!nG f0R3~@udi0w0rk$ 02:01
4. ¢3_R3fl3¢t_D3@d 3y3$ # N0¢+0r@N 09:02
5. 2\/\@mm0/\/ # 3r!K H0µD!n! 02:39

THE SACRED RITUAL OF PABLO TRISMEGISTUS



I turned off the sickening lights taunting my tiredness,
Holding the banned book the good doctor wanted rid of,
Dr Verma said, "Take it and never return here,"
And so I did and so here I am in the faint dark,
In the blanket of my mind sinking into despair,
Wondering why I'm like this, why I need to do this,
Who even am I or is it someone else in me,
Controlling me, forcing me down this bleak path,
I must take control of my flailing mind and focus,
He was the third, the most powerful, the most deadly,
Reading this vile book I am filled with something unclean,
Dr Verma's warning rings again across the room,
I have nothing to lose, nothing to care for any more,
This will be my life's work, why they will remember me,
Pablo Trismegistus, I will summon your power,
Now that my ankle is healed I am ready to act,
I've waited long enough, let the ritual begin,
I lift my worn heels off the ground as the book instructs,
My left wrist plunged in water to keep my body cold,
Symbols chalked automatically across the floor,
And I speak the sacred phrase, "ten eight thirty eight haitch,"
And I form the images from the book in my mind,
I transport myself quickly to his Southern lair,
He wants to come back, I can feel it, I can feel pain,

But Dr. Verma suddenly appears in my mind,
"You don't seem to recognise me do you? What a shame,"
And he crosses the threshold, syringe gripped in his hand,
I fall to the ground, the water drops and I look up,
He is no longer there and I seem to fade away,
In a hospital bed with a strange Greek family,
I can't understand them, I've never met them before,
They all speak so rhythmically, it calms me a bit,
But their soothing words become night black flames flickering,
And I panic and scream and the night screams back at me,
The bassy sound of a blackbirds call outside jolts me,
And nothing happens and I stand up and look around,
I see a large bald man with no eyes somehow crying,
I see a girl with hair that grows past her tiny frame,
I see wet footprints that aren't my own leading away,
And I cough and hear someone mimic the sound outside,
The book is gone only ripped up pages thrown about,
I gaze at the messy chalk scribble drawn before me,
'MONDCILD' written, and I think long back and realise,
Silence echoes around until it makes itself known,
The creature was let loose, and the ritual is done,
I take the girl's strong hand and lead her out of the room,
It follows and I name it Pablo Trismegistus.






the tragedy of
ROMEO
CONTRERAS
an anti-epic poem that will change
the course of the 21st century
Shem Shelley

Chapter 26

"My palace is crumbling. And so is yours."

First plate of Fish Meall
Left unattended,
In a lonely crevice,
For the ghost hungry,

Something will feast soon,
But I won't be here,
Everything will soon fade,
But I won't return.

***

Creaking unsoggy tongues dilluminate the outside of the Milk Cave,
Sap hunters gather surrounding stoked sounds of soft stirring heat,
Instrumentools aplenty prepared fresh for forage,
Dressed in dusty grey woollen reveries,
Their olden limbs creak like tree trunks,

As they feast before the hunt.

Tinned sardines, green striped wet lemons,
bread sogged in petrol perfumed oils,
orange jewelled tree eggs,
soft misshapen mushrooms that when bitten burst into clouds,
a clotted butter like substance that glows in the dark,
vials of medicinal ice cold soups that smell of mountain peaks,
charred root vegetables that ring like bells when shaken,
and a rare blood cheese made by hushed rituals that dare not be repeated,
are shared silently between them.

***

In the cave, suspended droplets of white glass
Are celestial souls in freefall,
The white silence fluffy like sky high tufts,
Sap Hunters single file,
Footsteps splash on moist ground,

Further into the chalky depths.

***

Stopping every once a day to look for signs of the
whipped valise root,
They use the occasion to pop bubble wrap filled with an
ocean scent,
To clear out their noses from the growing infestation of
dust,
When they see it—

A shadow of sickness retching across the corners of all
eyes,
Hissing and unfurling the beauty and peace,
No one moves,
Until silence claws its way back.

***

Days pass with no sign of anything,
Until the piping of a heartbeat oven shows itself,

Palpitating the births of the newly torn,
Little sounds steaming up from the wet noise,
The Sap Hunters dismantle the oven,
Take samples of wriggling yellow green lights,
Drop stones into the piping and listen.

***

The hallucinations begin,
Too much dust in the cave,
Milky neurones swirl and become a landscape

THE BIRTH OF THE INCOGNITIVE REVOLUTION

Images of distant temple overlooking a too-still lake,
Remembrance of old days,
When the architecture of nature was strong,

Inverse sheep graze on the follicles that sprout in
sewage,

Five hot flaming fingers of shade crawl up a wall,
Chase the Viaductine bats no one can see,

A frightening rod bathes a child in red moonlight,

The Great Biking throws its wheels off the cliffs of the undergrowth catacombs
to try and damage the collective images of the people's hidden desires,
sounds of love and death intermingle into a heavenly blue wash of aggregating nervous silence
that grits the body in balanced bruises,

Something restless in a spider hammock,
Turns and tosses afterimages,
Gets up and stares with two earthly globes as eyes,

"I have undergone first the changes,
Then the perverting gestation,
To dye the divine with
WHAT WAS NEDDIH"

***

Reaching the withering roots,
The Sap Hunters suck dry the bubbling rainbow juices,
Set up camp and rest.

***

We watch them head back,
Across the damp track,

Their bones creaking more,
As we go explore,

Looking for veiled tracks
In the hairline cracks,

We find signs of rust,
Lines of exit dust,

And the key to leave
Is to never breathe.

the incognitive revolution



Enjoyed this issue? Consider buying me a pizza as eternal gratification



https://www.buymeacoffee.com/shemshelley

shem shelley