plunge deep and down

there to found

sword fish, x ray,

damp fish, squib

water lice, dirt fish

oil maggot, plate night

crab eating

Predators of prehistoric sea

Take the door on the left

In the doctors cave

as sound asleep

as a sleep is

sheep is shipped

to new pastures

The view from here

X RAY has
visions and can
sea into your
future bones.
come take a losh
with X.

The captains
imagination
Sinks with its
ship
the building falls down
and collapses
slipping into the cold grey
sea, a giant iceberg
sliced by the skeleton

Surprising fountains and other goings on

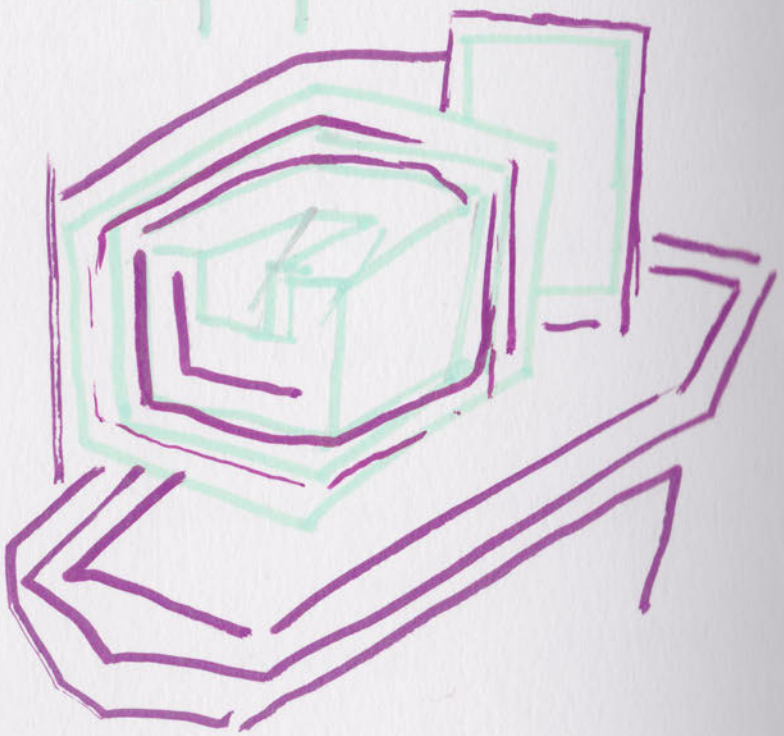
The wide white sea
opens its mouth
and is filled with broken
teeth, Howling wild
animals in pain
The shore is tainted
with the bloody memories
of children in the guise
of spirit animals

glory of the
bare eye socket
doubled and with
nothing inside
stretching and
leaning forwards
leaning for a gaze
and loosing balance

in the spot light

Mainly rabbits;
it has to be said

hopeful arm chairs



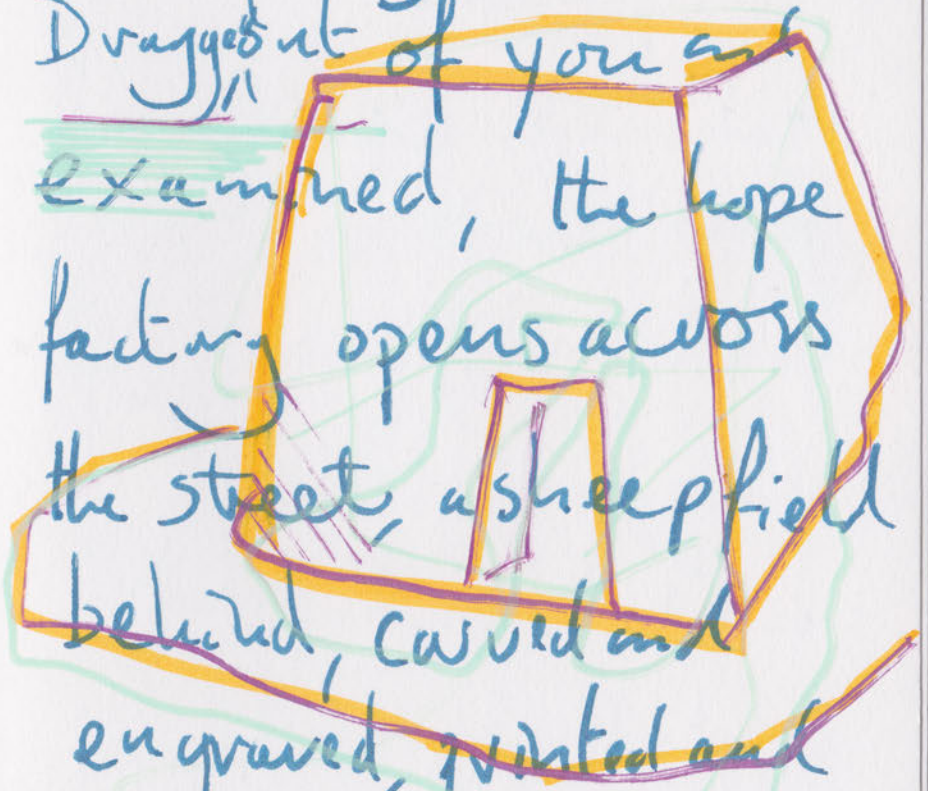
open thought experiment at the doctors memory depot, scratching head and waiting in turn fired up for a useless encounter with a latent bear, over viewed, over seen, over seized, released by its own sign?

push the doubt factory into fourth gear remember to flick the switch and let the moisture covers your cheeks, climbing higher than a dead rose bush, much disappointment is to be endured and expected the first time you enter.

There is hope that germination will occur and that out stretched wild life will fetch its share in the damp enclosed air.

Thought experiment for the doctors archive.
Sniff and hope, a black line across the palm of your hand, the doctor asks you to lie flat as a sheet, while he ~~X~~ rays your mind showing signs of exposure

to memory foam collaboratively
Dragged out of you and examined, the hope factory opens across the street, a sheepfield behind, carved and engraved, printed and subsequently erased the doctor carries on



Rage, you must, taken
seat with collapsing
please.
you look a heap
your diet leaves
much to be desired
happily there is only
half of your left

please carry on as
you mean two.

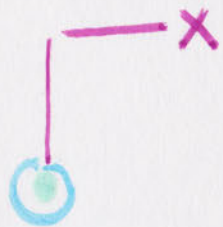
The corridor is on
the left, it is.
As it always is.

Knock on the door and
enter for a small fee.
its nothing, really, lie down

Ray wants to go out.

But he doesn't dare

So he stays in.



X marks the spot

Stone dead sound asleep

A hushmouth drifts quiet night air without the slightest of sounds.

Thoughts through the

Street lamps give rabbits orders to

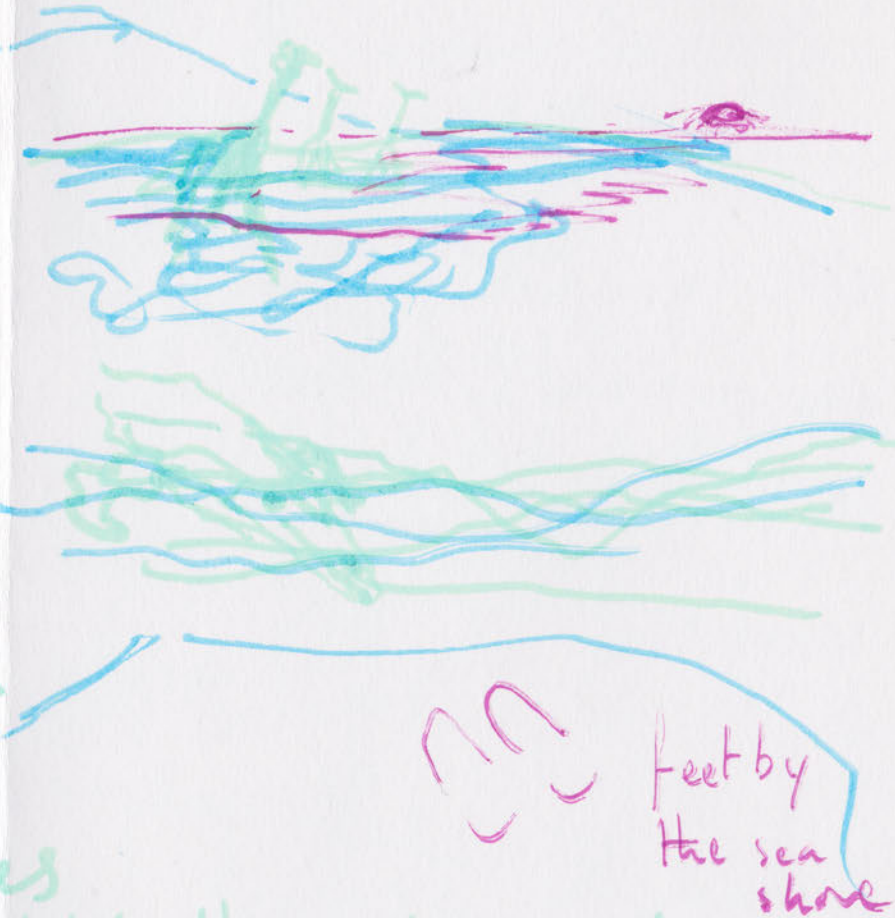
Stay away and search out bush

time, with hedgehog whispers on the thin night air

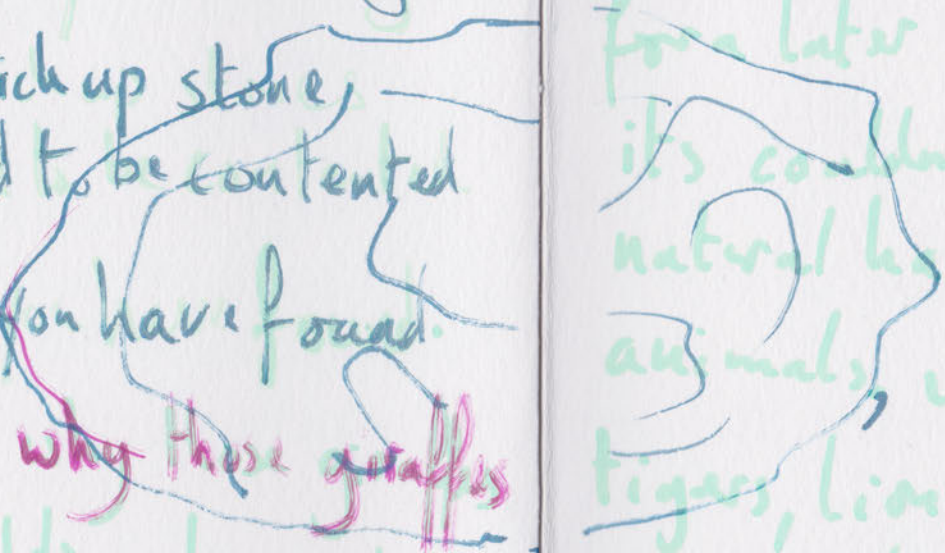
So you think you've had this dream:

before?

you are at the seaside on an uncomfortable holiday in the wrong place, with glamour models. you are out of place you say, you step out to the beach to the sea, and here you experience prehistoric Crocodiles at close quarters, they will bite, they don't bite



you experience fossil
envy and wonder why
you can't find everyone
else you pick up stone,
and pretend to be contented
with what you have found
wondering why these giraffes
and striddling leasurely
through the sea with
such ease



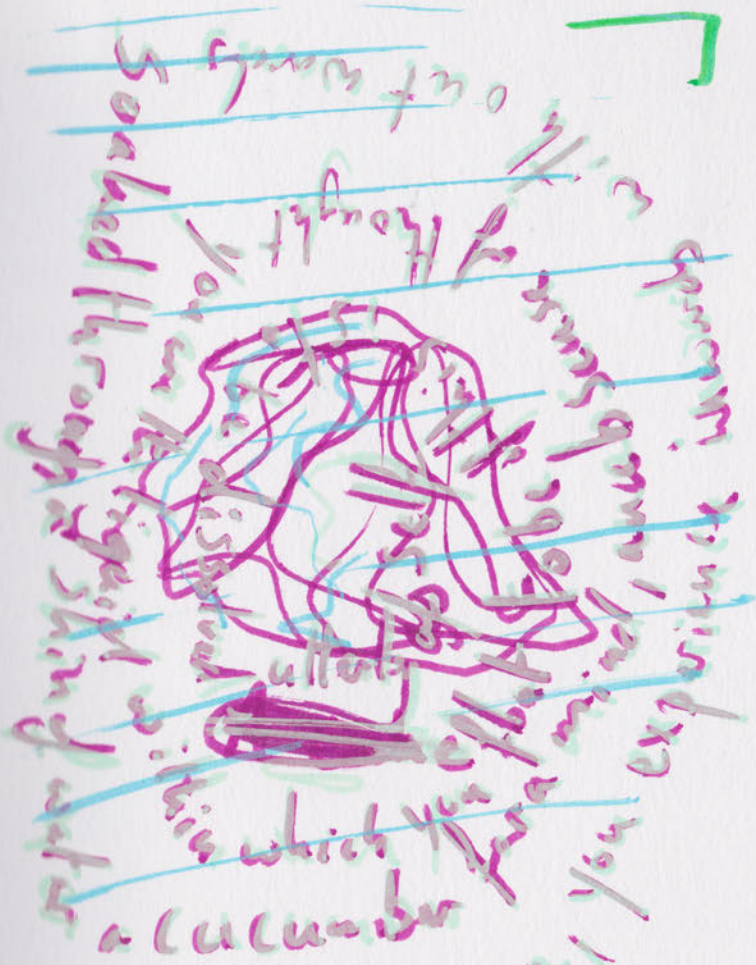
you decide this must
be the circus comes to
town. A publicity stunt
for a later show,
it's could not be the
natural habitat of these
animals, wolves and
tigers, lions, bears, elephants
and giraffes do not live
in northern english climes

Vandalised and abolished
the new look Think
factory went out of
business before it ever
even got started.
it was always a no
show, a hopeless shoe
in of an idea

for a non existant-
demand. fortunately
the worldhas moved
on since then, and
supply and demand
are very much things
of the past. now we
can expect to find indeed
do ~~to~~ enjoy

After thought
experiment for
the kindly obliging

imagine yourself
to be thinner than paper
a translucid x-ray jellyfish
you are floating through
the fish soup



→ out into the

the luxious surroundings of the THINK Factory

there is no longer any need for new looks.

Cashing in has also left the building.

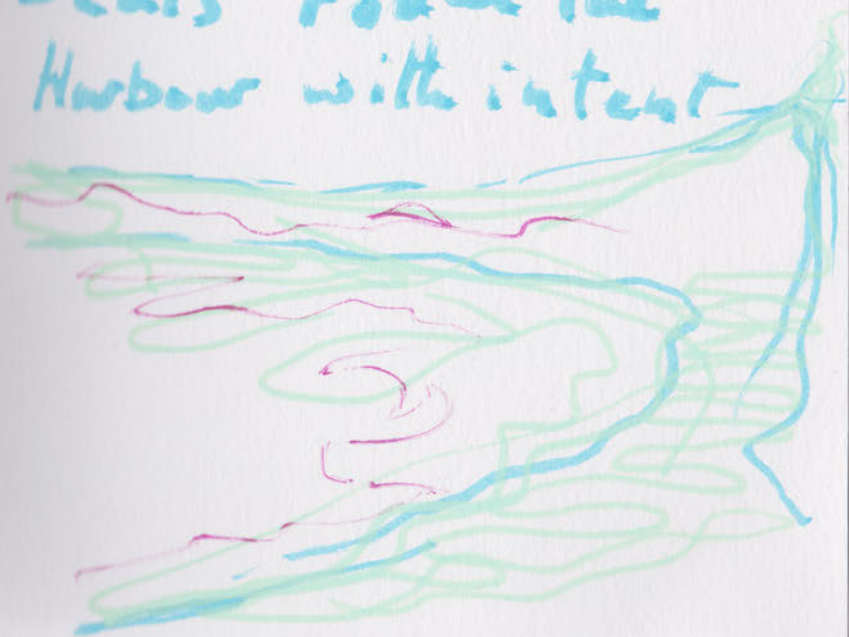
Doctors Ovdews

still enjoying the pleasure of patients

Cured meat-
Cured ham
legs of it hanging up
on hooks. Cries of
delight as the patients
enter and later leave

Fully Cured.

Sleek and lean
seals roam the
Harbour with intent



horse shaped donkeys

roam the streets
desperate for a bite to
eat.
standing in a field eating
grass, slowly chewing
it under grinding teeth
their preferred
is ~~[illegible]~~
pass time, there way of
doing things

standing bleakly in
those cold fields
their thirst throws dark thoughts
as teeth slowly rot
under the fibres of
all those plants eaten

Donkey, hope and go
home.

X fish devide up their
time between
lies on sun loungers
and wallowing in
raw sewage. if the
chance was yours to
choose life styles as
a newly mutating

ife form, what would
you take? would
you take it?
or rather remain and
decide to sink into
your own prehistory
check the stone records
for earlier versions of
your selves

There's always
more time before
Thanksgiving

what is that
A cake or a
stone.

it's a stone cake
a rock what?
yes a rock cake

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