

INSECT CINEMA

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Animal Star milk

Insect

Spiraling insect
fluttering stars
fluttering world
reflected world
reflecting stars
turning universe

Dizzy

sun burst spinning night
Out of filter stone steps under spinning feet
drifting endlessly through defined space
orbit of controlled energy
fast and unnoticeable
though to exhausted eyes, head spinning world on feet
milky way a galaxy of liquid seeds
an emanation of forgotten light seen in a night paralleled endlessly in elsewhere
impossible to be known

Mirrored night

self reflecting in dim light
fluttering dust
airplane silence
sleeping in a tube over head
A bird can not understand this
seated sleep flight in their high skies
near the edge of our world where light pours in
from an expanse of
expanding.

Computers are supposed to give answers to the signs we have forgotten
The walkways of the gods glimpsed the same thousands of years before
unchanging, always changing
there still, now gone
to understand the stars we would not need to exist.

Fox

A fox runs across a second hand car dealers forecourt
setting off the security light,
as the light flashes on the fox has already disappeared,
leaving only the trace of light on the eye
and the image of it's shadowy figure in the mind;
ill looking emaciated and dirty with patchy fur.
This fox is not some ruddy healthy orange beast with a big fluffy tale;
its colour fits better with dark streets,
grey and wet.

Bear

An enormous bear washed up on the beach.

The bear is dead or asleep on the beach at Whitby before or after Dracula landed.

Was the bear lunch for Dracula on arrival?

Or don't vampires eat bears?

The arrival of the bear lying on the beach is more recent than the story of Dracula.

As a beached whale the bear lies there wet, its fur clinging to it.

A bear ancestor of the whale, the whale asleep on the beach before it decided to go for its first swim,

lose its fur,

legs and arms,

grow a tail and fins,

stab a hole in its back to breathe in and out,

instead of clambering onto the beach to breathe the Yorkshire air.

This happened long before the arrival of the vampires earth filled ship.

This is a liquid beast, the opposite of the dry dust of Dracula's body.

This is the bears dream before he awakes or as he is drowning. sleeping for the last time before being consumed and filled by the water to lie

here dead on the beach.

Minotaur

Murdered by a white bull rushing through the tall hedge at great speed.

A white minotaur running head long across the sloping grass crashing through the wooden balustrade

and hurtling into the body horns rammed into the stomach.

The full force hits, the sharp curved weapons pushing the body backwards, crashing through the glass windows, more wood cracks, glass enters the back and scythes through the lungs and liver, stomach and diaphragm.

The bull lifts its head upwards with the jerking body spouting blood from all available openings.

Wood and glass sprouting from all directions the human form growing suddenly in size,

now a winged animal, a tree with tangled branches of manufactured wood and ripped flesh.

The raging bull continues its progress across the room breaking chairs and tables as it goes.

The body becoming limp after flailing is almost fully spent, a mish-mash of treacly blood and freshly carved meat hanging off the prongs of the white bulls blood stained head.

The killer also vulture as it dips its head back into the thoracic cage of another fresh carcass.

The body is slumped onto the brown sofa recognizably a human form seemingly asleep head on open chest, traversed by broken woodwork and glass.

The trajectory of the bull; a hefty bullet traversing layers of matter, and space its distance clearly seen through the series of impacts detailed and recorded in the shattered layers of successive objects encountered.

The red and white minotaur takes in the scene as it ambles back to its own field next door, indifferent to the modifications it has made to its neighbors and their surroundings.

Grass is on the menu after blood and exertion.

It shits on the ground and looks back through the hole in the hedge, sees the lights over there on in an insect filled night and settles to sleep

Bird

The reflected bird enters the shop through the glass and remains fluttering around the large empty space, bumping into its own multiple reflections, meeting new versions of itself in an endless series of encounters.

A new angle,

a new space,

a new flight path,

a new figure of flight,

flying in low,

taking off out of the dirt,

rearing up as it nears it's mirrored self.

Chirping to its reflections in salutation.

Sitting on the ground chatting to it's friends and eating a lunch of carpet, dust and small insects.

At night the bird flutters in the darkness banging into things, then settles down in a corner away from the street lights and howls of drunk passers by.

In the dead of night it sleeps a while dreaming of wet branches, beetle grubs, worms and moist leaves.

Dust settles over its wings as dawn breaks and light pierces the glass, hitting the mirrors.

A ray of light fracturing the darkness hits the birds eye from several directions.

This shop of infinite possibilities holds the bird captive, as an unofficial zoo that no one sees or visits.

The only specimen on show here is this rare and singular bird with multiple personalities who suffers from the schizophrenia imposed by its surroundings.

It breaks into song as the light catches the dust particles in its rays

Open the window and let in the stars

Moths,
Daddy longlegs,
mosquitos,
butterflies, wasps and bees awake after hours
out of houses
Life and lives, life on the wing
flies and bugs
Winged creatures of the frenetic silent night
rising up towards light
out of darkened hedgerows,
grass, rotten wood and holes
in parallel to deep ocean creatures that migrate nightly
upwards in the depths creating their own lights.
Constellations of fabulous organisms, a liquid night sky
stars floating in the inky depth of so much liquid.

Water and ink on the page,
a page in three dimensions plus time taken, other organisms and particles consumed as food, the
digestive system of the universe in
gut overdrive,
sunless darkness,
hyper active frenzies of short life spans
stretched out over infinite time and space
Coasting stars, jellyfish pulsating in other galaxies
Galaxies attracting countless fluttering winged insects to their bare light bulbs.
Light bulbs and glass pushing back the swirling constellations of earthly night
Moth stars
jellyfish galaxy

Orion or spiders web night sky insect trap

There are an equal number of other possibilities

Butterfly balloon

Independent states, independent events, depending on the weather.

A very rapid flying butterfly, black on grey sky

Dora the explorer floating upwards, her head too big for her deflated body,
rising with the wind.

Distorted and out of place.

If there is one place you might expect to see a balloon,

It is the sky.

Dora though seems lost, desperate as she disappears behind distant buildings.

Her behavior is contrary to the the black butterfly, who is so utterly purpose-
ful, knows exactly it's program; to feed, to mate, to lay eggs or to die.

Our explorer drowns in the sky, falling to earth forever after her brief and
rapid ascent.

Their trajectories our similar, their intent not so. Brief and rapid, a raise then
a fall, a life span on the wing the other at the mercy of the wind, one determi-
nation the other a lost purpose or the result of a loss.

The River

I know nothing of rocks

I can not read the stone I hold in my hand

I can see patterns made from earth movements millions of years ago
but this is the vaguest of information and the simplest of comprehensions.

Ripples and lines, curves and stripes - black then white.

Layers, uneven stratification broken off in lumps by other forces.

Erosion and weather, worn down and smoothed by water and rivers,

rocks rubbing against each other, grinding and softening

Suddenly broken and crushed by boulders and bigger rocks falling from higher
up the river.

Trees capitulating after rain, uprooted and giving in, causing huge stones (frag-
ments of mountains, former sea beds, volcanos, ex lava) to collapse and roll one
on another changing the course of the river with relative suddenness.

Slow-motion geological time, from time to time is speeded up to create minor
events of sudden speed, breaking a larger rock into smaller ones, rocks to sand,
smoothed out to a paste, slowing again.

In years to come the dead tree that stands above the river bank will fail and fall
and be ground, smothered, smoothed and rotted.

Perhaps some trees will be trapped under stones and become in long future
time a thin dark line in another small rock beheld by the eyes of a some future
creature.

Instructions

Suck eggs
rub bones
anoint fish
crush cheeks
blow wood
milk for fish my friend
ghost off
rub out
down on one knee
close to waves
wet feet
breeze on
wait for later
come sooner
what of

URINE SONGS

Night

Night flickers

seen through a vale of pollution

the stars are brighter on a clearer night

The heat generated by the cities keeping clouds away and hot hot weather is on.

They are still feeble in comparison to a night sky in the dark country side.

What light does the earth emit?

Somewhere in the future far distant on the other side of the galaxy

the earth is dark with past volcanic activity

later the roaming of dinosaurs

now seen there as invisible rock

The city flickers with innumerable light sources

the lights of cranes

tv's

monuments

cars street lamps

road works

building sites

factories

trains

discos

flats and houses

bars and shops

candles

solar powered night lights on roof top gardens

lights turned off and on again

energy pumped into the atmosphere and out into space
clearing our vision
darkening the stars
dimming the universe
drowning the sky
flooding and darkening our senses

The great bear
The pole star
orions belt
the dog star
others unidentified
show their lights in fixed patterns

almost flat on the curve of the globe that surrounds the earth
what do they see looking back at us
a ball of dim flames
winking here and there
a dark mass with the odd light, on , off, on
it has already dimmed and gone out
surly by now as it reaches the stars eyes
just a shadow before the sun
a frequency on a detecting device
an agitated piece of dust spitting at the stars.

Pink dawn

Salmon flesh in the sky
A grapefruit dancing through an ash tray,
Segments of gray fish breaking off
Floating away to clearer water
Where aeroplane enters easily into the clear fish soup

Light on light
Night dragging on in electric current
Holding the morning back
Pushing at the sea of pink
Weak but persistent

Transport sound
Animal echos
Pigeons, gibbons of the city forest
Howler monkeys with no rivals
Everything is connected to urine,
From woken dreams to toilet seat
Acid first impressions,
Pink fluorescent sky pushes on the eye
Plane as ray fish above brain and building

Solid orange
Compacting the dark ground
Pressing the lights down
And away behind the horizon
All consuming fire announces itself.

Yellow green urine light
Rips through the cloud cover
The bladder relief
Opening a breach.

Fish particles separating and augmenting
Gray moving into pinker water
Ash into spray paint fruit
Wisps no longer chunks
cotton rags dissipate before the silver blue,
non-reflective mirror of the early arrival of later day
All times impose themselves on one another
The moment is attacked, compressed, extended, dispossessed
Repelled, hampered, lavished
With those before it and to come later
Space dispensing time as it sees fit

Solid day

In the half light of the morning

Cars flicker by

Remorseless

In motion

Dream images meet the sounds of

The solid day

Half awake, close to sleep

As the mind clears into waking

The sky clouds over

Golden city

Grey skies

Golden city

Light streams through

In early morning

On cars flying past

In the foreground

Sun burst, broken clouds

Floods the high rises with solid golden light

Blood the suns milk

Golden light on polluted dawn

Crouching city

Gliding hovering over the surface

Cutting deep, vertical downwards

Cut off or parasitised

Into a bigger system

Sucking the blood

A smooth movement

Fluid night on shadow crust

The moon is doing weird thing with my brain
Uncertainty and anxiety pervade
Nothing will be the same

The moon is making fat shadows
Prickly plant all details laid bare on the stony floor

Aloe vera meets moon and goes to town
Copying itself in monochrome precision
Leaving nothing out
Gloating big detail creating doubt.

Stop messing with me moon
Shiving midnight sun on red plants rising?

Light big overgrown strip light
In surgical skyroom brighter than a yellowed street light

Real milk won't help you

it's only now that you get it

false milk won't help you either

a while while I go for a mile,

a head long white line across the floor

don't dive, groan surprise at this accidental submission

omit to remember that you never thought this before

memorise the things you want to forget sooner

later rather than milk

clouded over and swallowed

milk on the street,

john cage on the floor, head pushing forward

mistaken locations on badly planned travels

unwanted drinks and disembodied fantasies arising to nothing in particular,

real milk didn't help not any at all

wet street wet shoes, wet brain cells,

dead ends