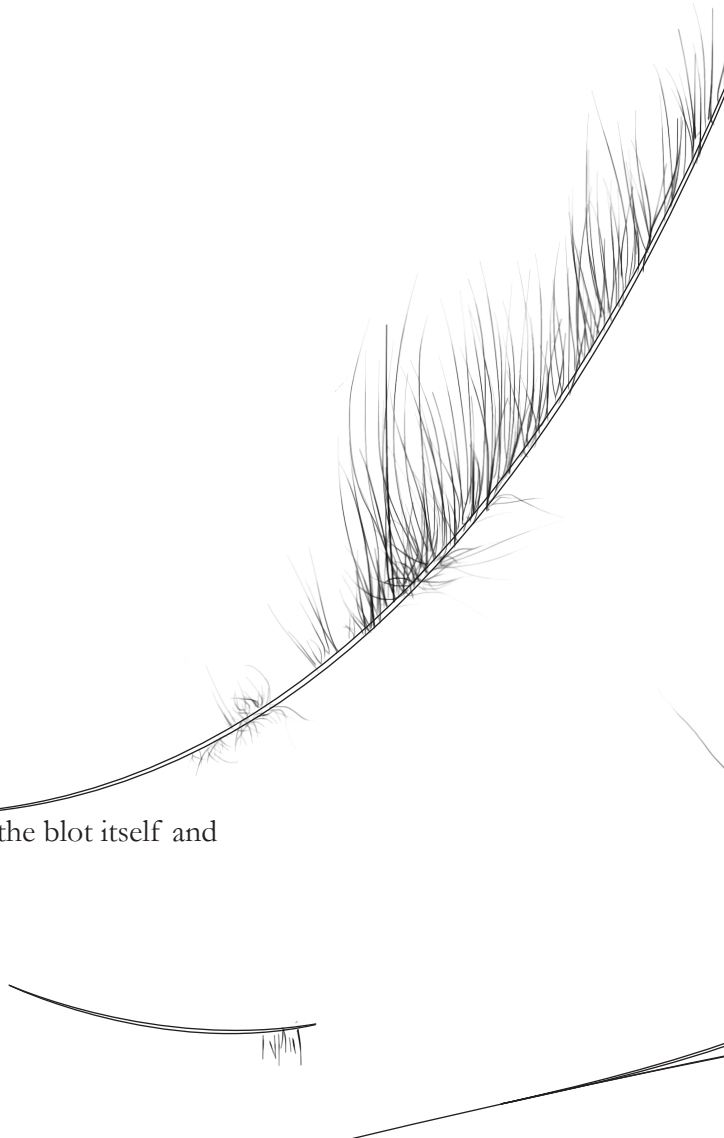




pixelated mouthing sonata on something a bit like a feather but 190 000 000 years younger



Atrocious, _____
to mouth words out of the blot itself and
mute all dust to ground.





qt

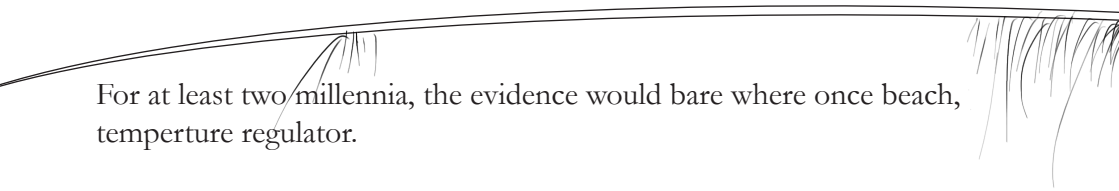
Grabbing so very likely to be it,
you know, rust-cryptic gripping,
on, so tentatively off to,
yet so unlikely to fucking
as much as take it with.

Entire everythings disembowelled at the precipice of gagging,
bybeing its amphibious bits to limbs,
imagine, shattered insides as
turfy bits, jammable between molars,
~~and so on~~, to never
even simply Calais-Dover hyphenate.

And as reassembled tears of acidic humming upon numb tiny hands, some
equivalent taste to burnt facial hair, an amount of only measuring thereof:

- (a) fracture of hemispheres,
- (a) parting whole some,
- (a) sudden confusing amoebic love,
- (a) pondered refusal conceding interstice to vowel lament,
- (a) stretch of wave collapse likes,

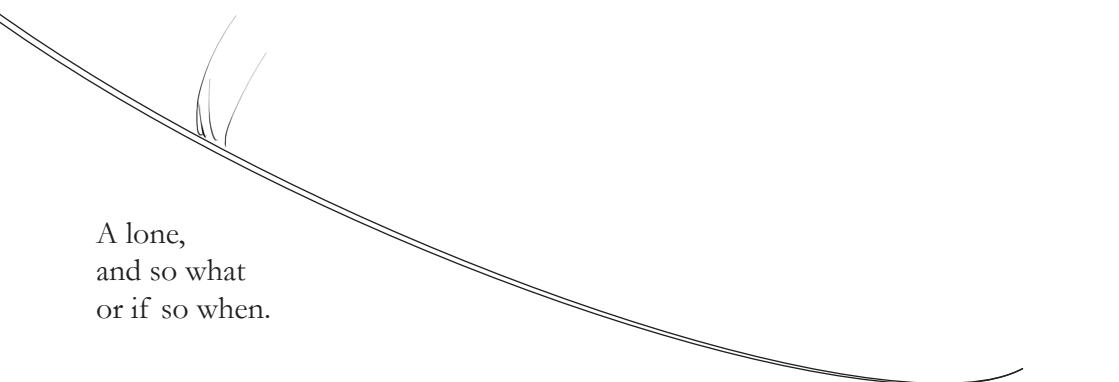
Screamed, creamy, muck to subsea none and limescaled contempt.



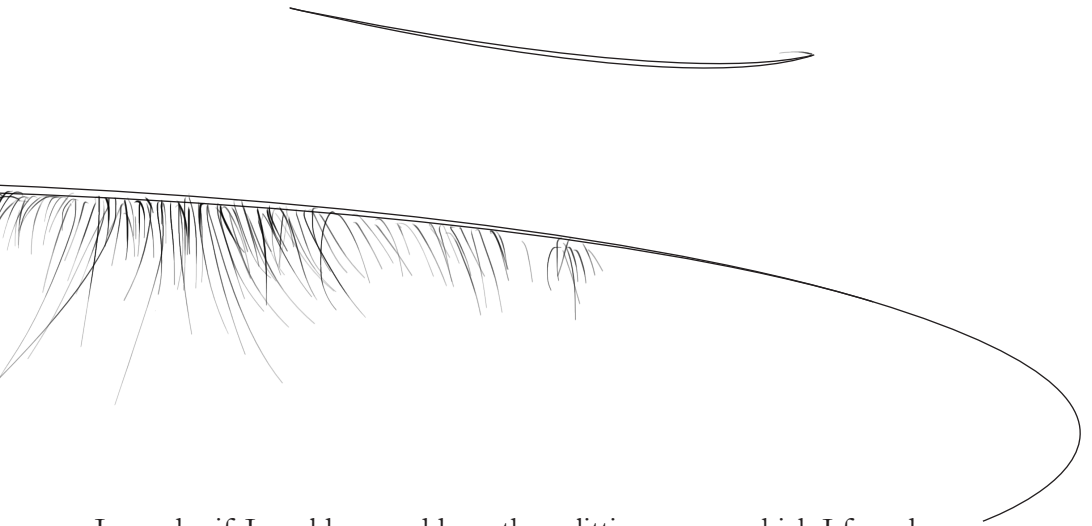
For at least two millennia, the evidence would bare where once beach,
temperature regulator.

Over there plasticised for mahogany, tethered,
a night watch for which we drank to
and will to, ah.

Facefully,
ouching the green yards of years without,
the reverberating tread of all
that fear unfazed,
slitting all active volcanoes gone with,
tinkering proto-feet to roaming about.



A lone,
and so what
or if so when.

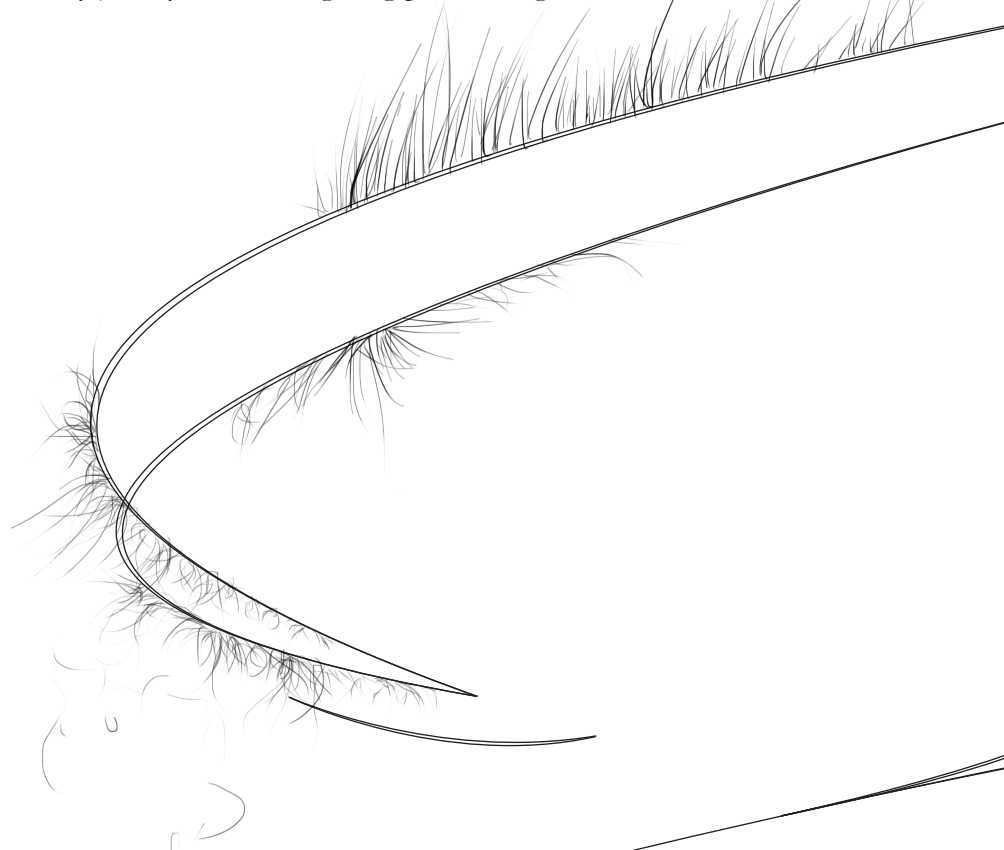


I wonder if I could ever address the splitting across which I found you meaning back at me without crumpling senseless, no limbs. Looking OUT had by then juxtaposed and hoverboarded any bellybutton rummage springing up to Eurocentric fireworks, evidence of which was the lingual escarpment left encroached in site from the germanic *Wald* gone *Weald*, vastitude of whichever geological chiseling placed in HERE the tools for a translingual communication mechanism beyond those recent 20.6 miles.

Could this splitting of that once feather create two versions of a common imaginary of ours?



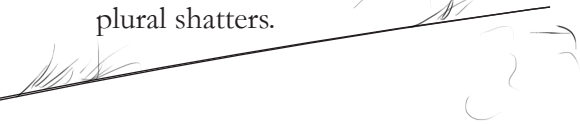
A down-slide paired not by hi-res symmetry but emotional simile, a mirror pantomime of fragile a several, if not lenticular occurring, reminding sad of its prior matter as, hm, potential trespassing; to sad here is embodied unlike its concomitant beforehand fizz, un-proving slick and fast by going pretty much everywhere; a mutant in its very own right, a muscular need for complementary twinning which instead of offering lodge to our longing, sublimates to infusing lodge IN the midst of us, or of you, frozen, toggling epidermic bells to call home, i guess between my legs and arms at night, grit counting upwards to long vapour intruding, askew though right-ly aligned with the spice of late wide-eyeing, together, a plucked 3-milimetre lash kind of skewing, said your index finger burning THE spot on the skyline drawing our semblance as a falling wish, a fire working in reverse motion towards us, to die us back to birth as if our continuums had bent mortality just by star-naming long past the high hours, as in no hours.



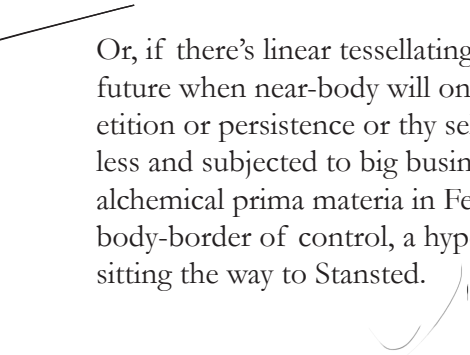


Us,

picture it, blasting in animal drizzle like deadpan red echoing of butt cheeks against in over-tense and over-counted millilitres permeation, the sake of only feathering a common seeing mechanism, all over, as in, not restricted to a dual capacity to singularly head and verse, measure, a frustrated bandwidth toying bars in progress: how much of me will then be left, thought through LEAVING to languaging fro body you in regress to fulminate the word-taxonomy in migrate, a prehensile formfitting cut, adjustment and liminality-exclusive walk past or walk by or walk towards or let alone to forth come clam incisors, scissoring essentially on impossibly opposite axes, not a dual divide of lobes but a nuclear contagion to plural shatters.



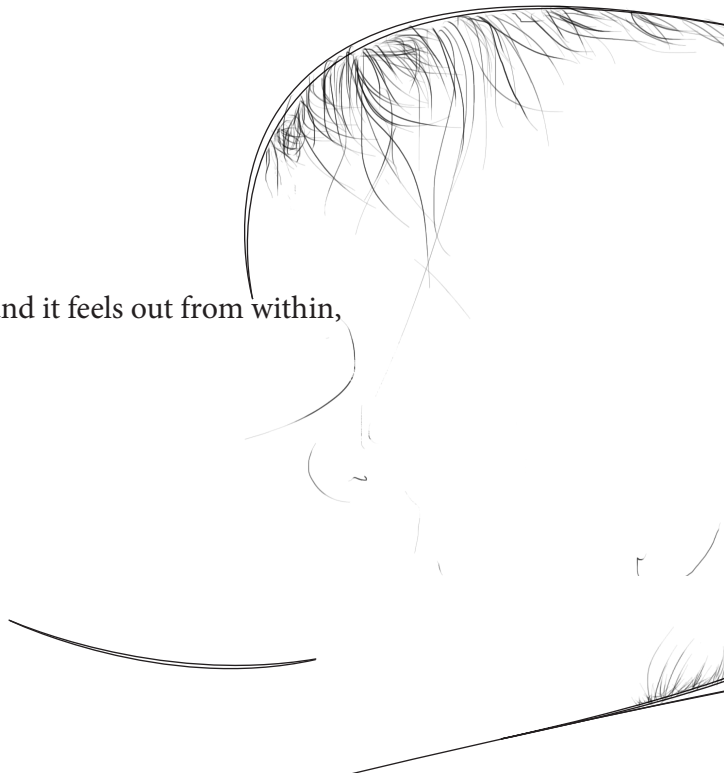
Or, if there's linear tessellating here, its peripetia calls first to us at the far future when near-body will only border-body, evacuated entirely of repetition or persistence or thy self dried empty to plastic refold uncountless and subjected to big business gas, explosive of course triggering of alchemical prima materia in Fear, a structural qualm sang in OFF by the body-border of control, a hyper-bodiness we can merely glimpse, bus sitting the way to Stansted.



Brushed a nosebleed to a thought if the Strait of Dover collapsing right there would be elapsed to no gap at all, a refugeless hole no longer isolating wholeness permeating singularity as a blunt gaseous bile but rather burping laser-removal of any fuzz other.

This remaining feather amongst us now is two-fold, it gaps its core wide ventriloquizing my lack with the fizzing presence of a no eyes proxy.

It's fast now June 24th and it feels out from within,
phantom fleshed space.





in

Tongue set free to superlative,
cryingly, hmm,
in drape-shadowed fur
adjoining seats O2 and O1
or to limits thereof,
the where before which you poured it towards altitude of X,
extent till which it danced,
flocking along with:
bam, interrupted,
but not blotted out,
fleshing outwards in the Gama spectrum.

Eyelashed, compassed from dust of nil origins: stomped, thup-swished
and swayed inner skies, a North to which no clinging would ever mag-
net, a theology suspended of centres in place of flat becoming-sole or
becoming-shit: oil-sprayed across the common aisle by some empty
Walkers' barely noticeable chaff, nauseating elsewhere on some bored
stomach, fossilising a sound you'd identify in a glimpse between road
bumps and otherwise slipped contortions and contra-sunset-oriented
yawn-fueled shoulder clacks.

Eyes, ah, squinting, to half-gaze and back, dear.

In place of you, it would, starring back from its sunbending shadow image.

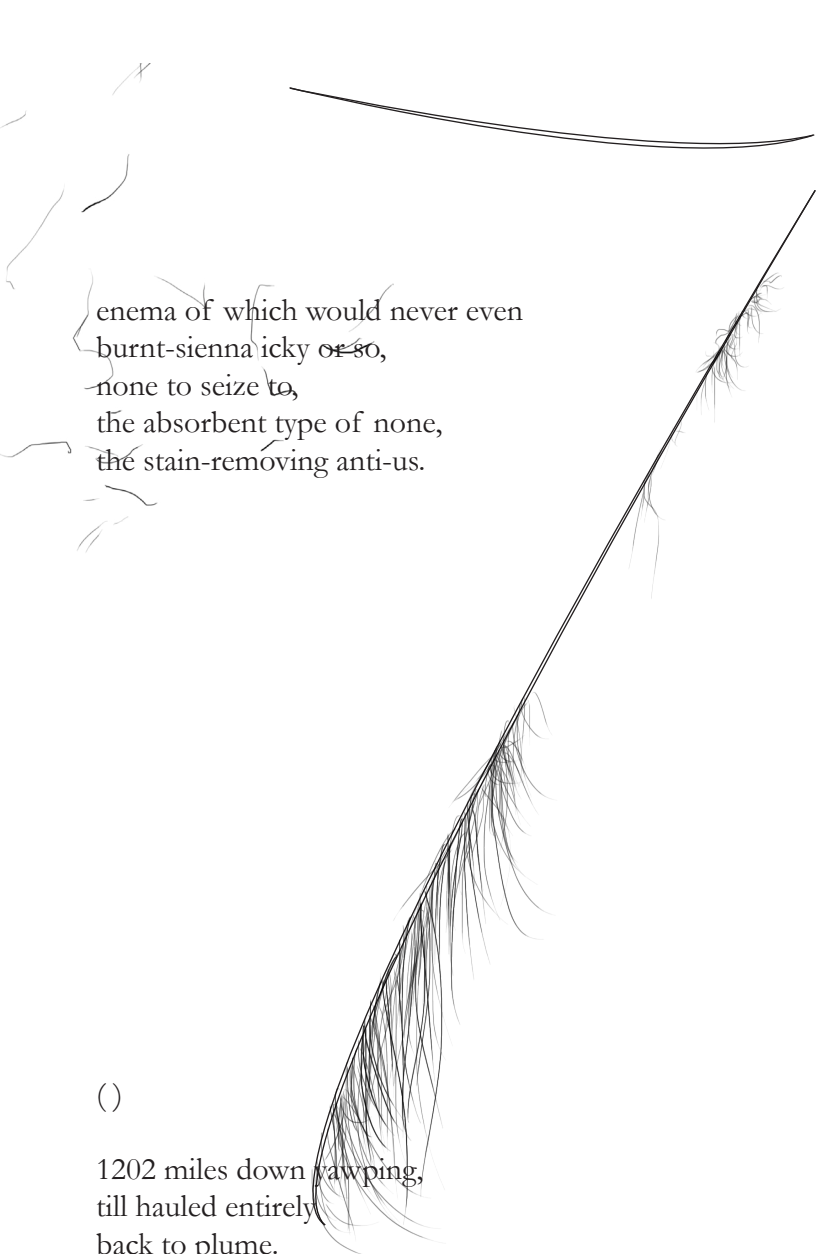
And I will, really, plea it always,
given that just enough tongue fleeing,
the French-kissed kind of tongueness,
remains as, stands as, mm, here
glooming fast away from
yet starkly bodied hole.

Commensurable in all axis with
wherever your lack,
for as long as in its
lashing pendular quiver,
it remembers me to harbour your name between yawns.

It seems as though it's over and we can't no longer,
almost forgot the polygonal bonds of aluminium or whatever
pushed to exhaust,
spilt all over and across
all remaining hours while
I sported random-access eternity,
of course, hitherto this swipe of tectonic shoulder blades.

Surely mauled
and plane-crashed
and, like, mutated forth,
but thumbbed within

to some dark plasticky abscess,



enema of which would never even
burnt-sienna icky or so,
none to seize to,
the absorbent type of none,
the stain-removing anti-us.

()


1202 miles down yawping,
till hauled entirely
back to plume.

A cross-International-Date-Line good night kiss.

12-hour whispers
would just flag us,
steading away to
slant equatorial with toe-blown tides.

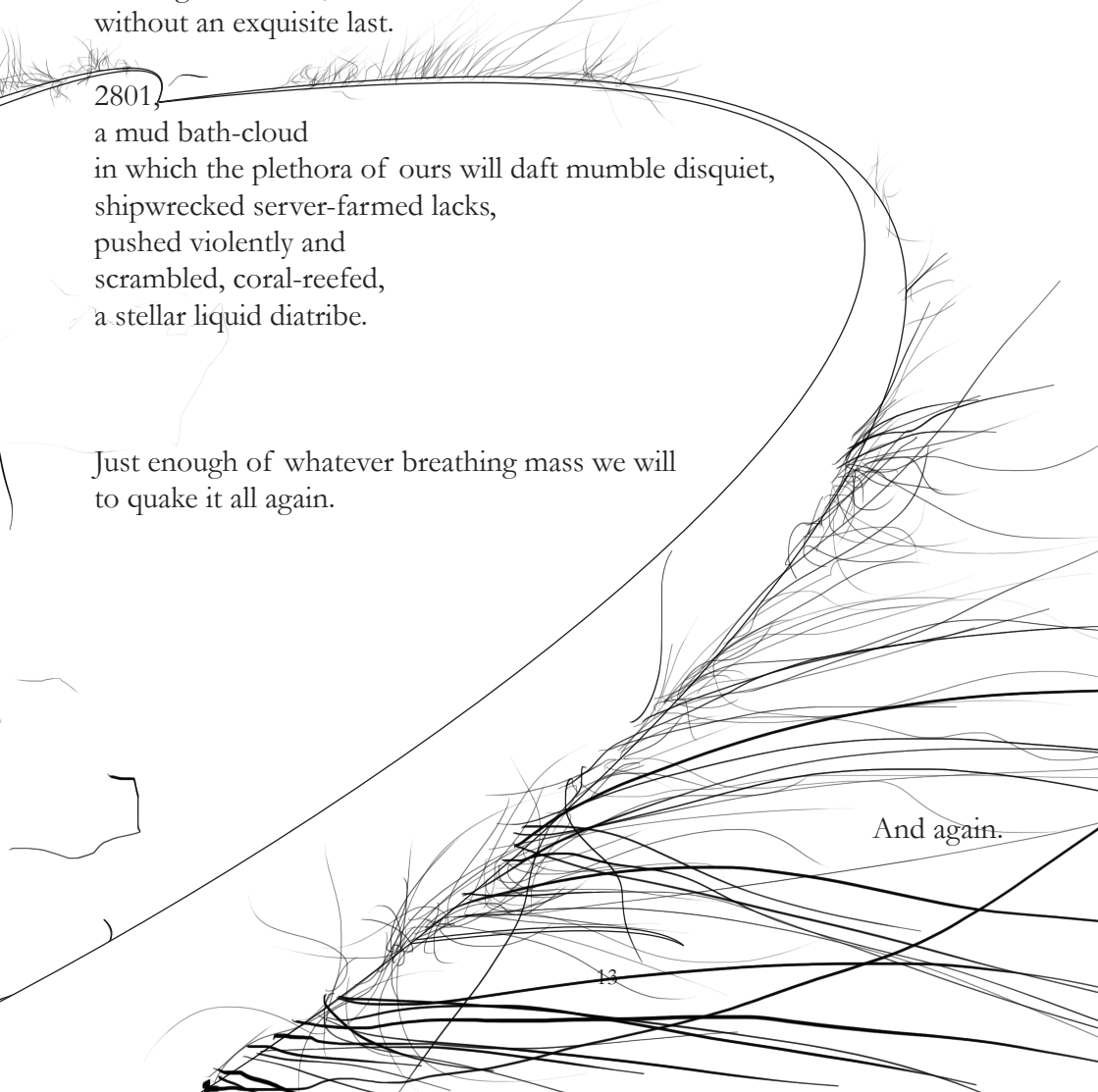
I'll only not know till where my fingertips veer,
for i'm aware it will still be us circa 8219
puny as it maybe be our negative,
departing will never simply,
hmm, spoof this common thingness
to just none,

no borders would ever hold



that index of our fused in
soft-wired. 7am blinking wide to open,

Nil would ever gravity us back
droning to cold far,
without an exquisite last.



2801,
a mud bath-cloud
in which the plethora of ours will daft mumble disquiet,
shipwrecked server-farmed lacks,
pushed violently and
scrambled, coral-reefed,
a stellar liquid diatribe.

Just enough of whatever breathing mass we will
to quake it all again.

And again.

gonçalo lamas

