

I'm genuinely not sure where to start.

(but holy hell, I love it)

(let's start with that)

Let's start with that.

Let's start.

I love it. From the first poem, I felt a smile, a crawling sense over my lips that this was something that spoke beyond, cut deeper.

*I've written a novel but nobody wants to
publish it. Yet hahaha! So there you go!
Hope you have a good day xp*

I'm a conspirator. A co-conspirator.
And willingly, lovingly so.

How to love each other?

I love this as a conspirator should.
With every fibre of my being.
Every breath in my body.

*It was difficult,
almost impossible,
to connect
with the part of myself
that had once been alive.*

I don't think I'm alive any more, but
that doesn't seem to matter unduly
and the parts of me that are dead are
gently humming, buzzing in my ears and
I read with morbid curiosity about the

*the time
of the amazing sex with Greg when the flowers
talked, the time I turned into a chest of drawers.*
and I think about mania and psychosis and drugs
and I think
yes.

Yes.

*I am both dazzled and moved by the splendour
of the ensuing crescendo.*

The whole piece is maelstrom of different ideas.

Mind and body and spirit are pressured.

Mental health. Politics. Passing references to Charlotte Rampling.

(which, bizarrely, somehow seems relevant)

(but, at gunpoint, I couldn't tell you why)

She doesn't feel safe enough to explain why she's really crying

I wish I understood why she was crying, but I understand.

God knows I understand.

*And don't talk to me about
Charlotte Rampling and chimpanzees*

See? Charlotte Rampling.

ravishingly clever and self-contained

is gorgeously integral

That's crazy talk and I'm your mother

to whom? A mother-figure.

A necessary one.

*Mission accomplished I make for the exit but it's all
gone labyrinthine and pretty soon I'm scratching my
head before the giant doors of a childhood ghost-train.*

*Space-time-continuum-trauma is upsetting but I brace
myself regardless and slam through the dark portals.*

Everything is a labyrinth. The whole piece
is an unravelling ribbon, the aforementioned
ghost-train; I brace myself for impact and
follow wherever it goes.

(and yes, it is just as upsetting as you'd
imagine it being)

*What people don't want
kind of radiates from them.*

I want this.

*So it's like a memoir by the kid brother of a movie star
who hates himself - the kid brother I mean, not the movie
star (though him too quite probably)* rambling prose
conversational and direct
a memoir of sorts
(without apology or explanation)

There are the statutory low points:

My dead guy

Who I loved in life

Whose dying cut me

Like a knife

Which is... I suppose trite? If I'm being unpleasant?

But to say it is would be to utterly miss the point.

So I won't say that, and instead acknowledge:

Having a strange pop-song halfway through is

Fairly entrancing, an unexpected master stroke.

But more seriously:

The oversized font, bolded: **O no he isn't!** is something I don't get. It's weird. It jarrs.

I have no conscious memory of this. -

I don't. I didn't remember this until I read through my notes. So perhaps **O no he isn't** doesn't make sense, but it's hardly memorable, so perhaps it doesn't matter. (I reckon it doesn't matter)

I also don't fully get *The supernatural monsters* but they're the monsters that live under the bed, that cohabit with the ghosts on the train, so I'll forgive it that too.

It's all an exercise in forgiveness.

*two fictional strangers in a fictional universe noting
each other's fictional existences,*

I am a fictional human writing a fictional review.

My name is not my name, not really, and my writing is not exactly factual so I am here sharing fictional space with fictional beings and that is

enough.

The internal references could cut both ways;
they manage to land just about on the right

side.

*sunday now
&
writing this
wanting to destroy ever
my weekend completely
&
we all can do these tricks/
secretions from insidethe event/
every event squirting*

Talking about the writing, the art of writing

Ha

No. The living of writing. And that's far more
Interesting.

(because fuck knows it ruins your weekend)

**Here I emphasise the word 'work'*
The self-referential acknowledgement
of how the writing internally works.

I like it.

But back to the point:

'Politics. Always politics. Opening one's fucking eyes is politics.'

I have my eyes wide shut.

Because political? Yes.

Of course it is.

But it also isn't.

That space between

Is the greatest strength.

*I have a reputation for being hysterical and needy
(I feel you)*

*Politically engaged plippety-plops emerge from
my left breast pocket. Right breast pocket
'contains' elements of a compromised razor-
wire. The beasts of me love the bones of you.
Oh they do they do they do they do.*

Plippety-plops. That's all they are.
Nothing and everything.
(A bit like your average politician)
Oh, the bones, the marrow of me.
I do I do I do I do I do.

(I do)

*a blousey hydromedusa who shimmies
her neons with world-weary
professionalism.*

There is a world-weary professionalism
in the artistry of writing; it sings out for
attention.

*I could mention my dream; (god I miss you)
shaking the urn until embers of you, (I stroked empty fingers against your ashes)
orange sparks, take to the air. (and know they'll inspire a rose garden)
(Congratulations I don't love you anymore.)*

Because

*it's only me now, or whatever's left of me,
here, up on the ceiling, in the gloom, eyeing the two stiffs
on the floor, spooked by how adorable they look
together. (so adorable it breaks my heart)*

*it broke my heart to watch him break his heart
It broke my heart to watch him break
It broke my heart to watch
It broke my heart*

(it breaks my heart)

*=ffilm language=we are all perps & swans
[this poetry of failure : where is value for wife-
beater?]=it broke my heart to watch it break his
heart= he became late bruised went alone to his
dream&so handsomehet took my breath away*

Ergh so poised, so refined.

He went alone to his dream as I

Go alone to mine, it takes my breath

Away it breaks my heart

It breaks my heart

(I have no conscious memory of this)

Are you the one who is powerful enough?

I don't I don't I don't I don't I don't

But that's all there is to it.

And at the end of the street there is an old revolving gate which leads into the park.

I follow indefinitely into nowhere.

Blind leading the partially sighted.

And I, co-conspirator,

(Remember: I have no conscious memory of this)

With every breath in my body

(only her ashes, tingling at my fingertips)

Lovingly, wantingly, willingly,

(and the labyrinth that draws me in and swallows me whole)

Agree.