



§

KLATCH<sub>2</sub>



Shekasteh #1  
(green)

michael zard  
1.10

a small boy  
in red tracksuit  
stands

straight  
for

evocation is by  
a process that is pang  
play us across . epochs  
straining . like strips  
of conscience in a  
long . hard

then he realises  
surround done . like a whole way  
we're neared to the edge  
never mer

idyll . s  
but a void . come r  
( sigh and move a he  
bad be

is a morning . an opening  
sparrow dives . fugl . fødsel  
swoopers in bounds . heart stead of our  
girl stops for . caress is . but

it . neared to the edge  
so begin in . shoroo  
feel and keep us . local things are  
( la aa eik )

a stone  
scans the flat  
scape

bebeen  
see him in the far

a small boy  
in red tracksuit  
stands

is . this spiac  
reach ing . in line  
of us all . down to a hole  
blue . bluer . blur

stone . with a n  
it keeps us us . away . evil s  
( wonder if they get it )

[148]



Peter's dream 38

شکستہ ۱ (شکستہ)

Walter Benjamin

lived in  
Berkshire

Don't fuck with Dos Passos

How quickly the glamour fades



WALTER BENJAMIN

in the  
River

Ron Sillyman, Ron Sillyman!

Mahmahmah!

Read Amy King

forrough  
FF  
Furrow...

Get Marcus back to London

Khari & Yannis

Tell them about the others

Who is  
Louisa?



not a  
wolf

♀ Don't objectify, you stupid that ♀

Remember the Cooch, Cooch

Does she  
have a slutty  
younger sister?

Buy more paper

it keeps us. us. away  
(wonder if they get it)

Get some sleep



## Sail Hulks

Together we've seen  
skulls tunnel among bones  
the comes and the goes, the funeral bugle  
saved for a single  
blood vessel,  
the comes and goes.

'...I among you am the best of your friends.'

Hater rotten collar,  
the dress she wore, stalls of watches  
skulls in phone boxes,  
le(a)d horses, wasp  
waltz on on me.

'And friend! You did nothing,'  
logging contraband,  
armoured too long, numerous  
ruinate, a pyramid date, oxygenate  
digging, living, 'the clink of bricks  
and under-wheels',  
six things y'Lord hates-plus my discord.

A laugh,  
and the dust, 'like plumage'  
lit her veil.

Now in bed,  
I tend my head,  
and you, the best of your friends,  
rest,  
'still my raincoat lies unused',  
who put pay to me.



## BAKING I

She, stands still over wood to hand clean skin,  
 She, opens tears butter grams to pale whip,  
 Not quick, but thick sealing moisture out. Been  
 Handed knife in warm melting spread by lip,  
 Into dense siv fingers into plain fleur,  
 Sifted, mix hand over wrist pale motion,  
 Turn heat, beat hard, with wood, melting in beurre,  
 In mould, beat burns, pinch lick through emotion,  
 I, open woman, tend bake to tap pours,  
 Knife plunge to put Ceres beating of warm,  
 She waits in domestic wire blending hours,  
 Now cooling, but she will wait and reform,  
 She: A domestic leads with her own knife.  
 She: A domestic leads as her own wife.

Own is kept calm over the wood in order to replace the skin,  
 It, opens grams of butter of tears in order to wither the whip,  
 Not quickly, but thick humidity sealing outside. Replaced  
 The knife in the discarded warm cast iron from the lips,  
 In the dense fingers of SIV in the flat flower,  
 Leaked, the concoction replaces the movement wrist pale,  
 Turns the heat, hard heartbeat, with wood, flow in the butter,  
 In the stamp, of the skin burns of heartbeat, pinching consume for l' emotion,  
 I, open the woman, stretch make to cook to the furnace in order to type pour,  
 Immersion of knife to put Ceres the heat heartbeat,  
 Waits for in hours of concoction of domestic thread,  
 That it maintains the cooling, but will wait for and reform,  
 It: Domestic sons with its knife.  
 It: Domestic sons like its spouse.

To replace to do that skin maintained which of wood produces calmly is,  
 Him, to form, the whip to fade opens however the gram butter d' a tear,  
 In l' outside d' moisture which is fast, strong.  
 The knife is which to the iron which is hot, comes to throw far from the lip replacement,  
 Of the finger, the SIV, in him with a flower gives, is flat, narrow is,  
 The new one, mixture replaces the kinetic wrist which plates is,  
 Tree and with 'interior to connect, the line, will palpitate lasts exchange which butter is,  
 With interior, of the stamp of fire skin to palpitate which wedges; the respect uses;  
 Feeling to cook I for the account, the woman and expansion form I opinion d' man d' impact  
 Follow; One s' open; flood of the measurer a thing opens to palpitate of cerium is,  
 Of the time to which a national mixture of disappointment l' makes an attempt period,  
 They wait however to maintain cooling, improvement, places to  
 Him: The national son who l' has measuring.  
 He: The national son wants it husband.



[illegible]<sup>1</sup> **Blocked:** through a line in

### **<sup>1</sup>Colliding: then movement can adjust the take**

**Sudden:** capturing non facing, with last. **Light:** having pulled to, twisted lay, layering.

Take: becoming pinked, non rounded. Deca-custom: presented as guise, allowed.

Lean: againsted but just there, not. Ceiling: grain pointing, to trudge up and flex.

Basescript: bottom right. Superscript: the trone.

Rabbit: check it out lost. Killer: on the radio to sokit.

Manilla: to stick bearing a kindness. Stationed: sold 324mm x 229mm.

Every: pleasant remaining closed, to drag. Hurried: pending, lacking, for drawn.

**Blocked:** through a line in

### Colliding: then movement can adjust the take

Stand: gradually bending, to form. Bunker: multi and season, to muffle.

Now: consider as a care forward even. Bridge: muse over, turn pretend where shot.

Medicine: capped over, non heated remained. Look: clothes, to lie, sneeze abruptly.

Consumption: flashing of blue, revered. Deal: forming of bridge to dial up.

Him: depend to form another, a midst. Between: from under, or to non linear jolt.

Dog: caesar to whiten sometimes younger. Leaf: of edging to grab or suspend.

Owed: to ode grabbing structurally. Floral: beneath or dotted just linear.

**Blocked:** through a line in

### Colliding: then movement can adjust the take

Lying: hunted but between. Tiled: to round over or cornice upwardly.

Enthusiasm: a policy significance over trust. Reflex: the ology to pert or be perting.

Repeating: still in cont-in-um. More: to pleasant to turn to focus in throughout.

Cheek: rippling down of and around. Ended: outwards, un-end, to fork stingingly.

Talk: aligned over the back front. He: bringer of and bearer of.

Frustrate: to lie holding breath repetitiously. Glory: from behold though cradled closer.

Live: graded outright flakingly. Spare: to lesser to given and just.

**Blocked:** through a line in

### Colliding: then movement can adjust the take

Cough: drained in throughout leaning of. Casual: glancing from within found in text.

Wonderment: gazing against a slide jawed. Glass: posted veering in front of

Meadow: cerise under cove. Fascinated: lack of pacing until.

Booked: official mode of transport. March: flying month, to migrate, to evade.

Wonderment: crazed effort growing daily. Gloved: owed of a thirst for vessel.

Pressures: savlon on thumb cut. Preventures: hair from between skin.

I: in fear room will blow away. It: in anticipation of flying

**Blocked:** through a line in

## Colliding: then movement can adjust the take

*Extract from "Vocalised": Vocalised consists of 12 scenes at play and in construction through the live. Vocalised invites a remediated performance.*  
Becky Cremin



stopped-up.

last days, scaffold against skyward;

do you know the uplook &  
april shrivel  
held in pram-handed's  
ultra-tiresome breather boxes?

i've forgotten the street.

luminous nocturnus.  
tower block window beams  
pinned to cloth

but i've no aperture.

non-extendible  
starbursts irrelevant,  
my make-shift filter  
won't answer/

those sucklusty  
ribhermits will  
see Warwick before  
penetration.

commuterhealth.  
[pg 24, *Stylist*, 27 Jan 2010]

register now!  
several cancer types are 80% full.

of all American  
volunteers,  
490 had a strong sense of their beans  
whilst taking a lunchtime walk.

high levels of female life expectancy  
damage free radicals.

make sure you stick to deficiency.



Waiting or journeying. The station or the train. The solitude of stasis or movement.

Solitude. The strangeness of admitting you like it. Alone, how might you reveal this predilection, and to whom? The solitude of travel and the solitude of waiting have this in common: they're both sociable alonenesses. There's a story at the end, and someone who'll listen.

I started reading the *Gormenghast* trilogy by Mervyn Peake. The first book, *Titus Groan* was published in 1946, about the same time as the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. But where Tolkien masters the seductiveness of conservative escapism and pastoral nostalgia, Peake coolly dangles something existential, maybe anarchistic.

Gormenghast is a castle. It houses the first two novels, revealing itself in pieces when necessary, unfolding along with the stories, and prefiguring, I thought, the shifting spaces of a video game. Exploratory missions are undertaken by a cast of grotesques: a child earl, or a wild sister dressed in red, or uncanny identical twins dressed in purple, or an ambitious, physically agile sociopath. They live together, and it is the narrative endlessness of the castle that makes possible the very thing that its communality constructs as both elusive and desirable: solitude. Alternately delicious, yearned-for, pathological and monstrous, solitude pervades Gormenghast.

I wanted to see a castle. I wanted to think more about a possible architecture for living together and being alone. I had a ticklish idea that went something like: castle as site for queer community, for addressing the pleasure of solitude without making the individual a supremacy.

I didn't want to go by myself.

I asked Jan if he would drive to Dover with me, while he was visiting from Belgium. He said ok. We'd see the castle and look at the white cliffs, and we'd think epic thoughts.

He sent me a text message that there was a two-hour delay on his train, because it was snowing in Calais. Eventually, there was a fifteen hour delay. When he got to London, we didn't drive to Dover. The roads were closed, and we were tired, anyway.

Anxiety attends the sociable alonenesses. They don't produce the sweeping, aching joy of solitude that is elective. When they end, they sometimes produce an increase in intimacy that is proportionate to the nauseating longing, but that increase doesn't justify its origin.

During the day we spent together, Jan told me about getting to London, and I told him about waiting. We felt close and the closeness felt good. We thought, it wasn't the delay that made us feel close, or telling stories that made us feel good. We thought, the relationships between all of these events are more fragile than that. And we thought, but being together is now, and now feels close, and being close now feels good, and we fell asleep.

Later, I finished reading the second novel in the *Gormenghast* trilogy. At the end, almost everyone dies. I haven't started the third novel yet.

[Johanna Linsley. A commission for Writing Live 2009. Writing Live 09 is produced by Performa, Open Dialogues and thespacebetweenwords for Performa09.]



Flotation, symphonette

i)

Wood-chip circular draws numbers  
by light achievement, vibrative  
announcing the great oak: carved & stripped

converse indicators of destination  
mosaic climate reared pressing leaves  
to cleansed tiles    june '06.

paused accumulatives script a summer dress  
casting soft collations in an Abney Park directive  
laid upon compass / hand serviced  
& candle lit / Sapphic scaffold premonition  
fastened reel-to-reel in reprisal,

fleet marking

excuse in opting amidst temples,  
south-side    sunset administered.

ii)

Repetitions produce throat & brow    retailed  
autumnal continuum rotating morphism  
/ swallow, teasing headwear  
in canvas extracting day count.

collation flick alignment, extending word  
w/ shard physic inter-rail, voiced  
precipitate on card. wrought ferric ankles  
reflect waterfront odour  
ballooning curriculum additive to washbowl  
& paint

over bygone strings / ulterior development,  
outlast response hails greater for primed faculties  
(note: posed    fallible)    & run  
mezzo-forte fingers on inquisite china tile



iii)

Bees & collective cars sung alike staccato arias

by the river itself

hatched, framing coy vestibules,

paper-cup vitality :

infect triage / permeable / fertile

& chirping acoustic quart optimism

dressed to disintegrate

fill slow personal ballrooms

w/ sad oak symphonettes, stricken & bright

for scrap-esteem floods gown & tail

& all cut between.

seclude perform clear electrical

'script logistic third & inconsequence

revolute evening ink augmenting individuals.

iv)

White cinnamon common to nonconformist

supplements urban removal rationale

\_\_\_\_[syncratic] exposé

clamp voyeur compel cloth'd resumption text,

rich brown salt vox wound, millimetres of breakage

by tight pocket-sized wurlitzers

warp local likeness

w/ flooding distorted packages digital

calibrate aligned permanence, fort-lit waterlogged

correspondence, mute, pales w/ known ground

attesting transient vertices,

swansung

your reservation lines off the tree's spatio-temporal,

& the phase noise.



## SLINGBACK RECIPROCITY

Gross embarkation more or less shrived the image.

The dialectic of feet  
they loom always, fat & ectoplasmic  
nixing gas of essential foetus // dumbly demanding cauterization.

Girl observant wears catacomb in hair  
exchanges frangible wafers for  
sprouting party of flesh  
Duellet image : praecox : disjecta

Inquire by scattered knees  
faithful black tears      fumbled iron in scraps

-- but why trail your scent downriver?  
I'll not fetch gouged trim of this sermon /  
nor be prey to a fool's writ --

Much as would call for  
craven desire in the frozen aisles,  
matt peas on the shelf.  
Surprised, only be penniless  
for a minute tented as fever, costly while afternoon sticks  
to my orientation, limb-socket jams in th' bud.

Flavourless run-off all bellied & boxed: an equation intended  
to express equivalence produces the effect of  
uncertainty aka, does the snuffbox *know* what  
the knee pit is doing? emphatically not; rather  
the relation is gun-jumped & shy.

Prolong our leap to its rescue, say *we're proud of this*  
*nation & its discontents*, yet nothing's pandemic that can't be  
rendered LOSSLESS pilgrim in the smooth blue flash.

Francesca Lisette



## SINCE WE'VE LIVED HERE

Consider me in three second shots  
on the edges of every Sicilian quarter,  
attend to me even through cramp.  
If I had practiced reticence  
in the face of wet warm and lucid,  
looked sideways as beating muscle taught  
in glades of basking, gold-thieving

I would never have. And if  
I grew old it was only because I  
was cooing the corn down after  
the show and did not forget you  
dusk, hassled you down too, to the  
last damp thread to separate my calf  
in the milky goo. Allow me

to descend in a force field around  
your fecund head, plush don't  
worry since I fret for the both of us,  
Erec & Enide, I spite you in return  
and forget my curiosity for the unseen  
notebooks and strap my hair in difficult  
positions til I cannot go outside, cannot.

Regard me as your honey bee  
in primary colours, paint my toes in  
shades of your mother's living room,  
revisit your childhood, make me your mother,  
*like a dove startled out of the cave*  
in the secret honeycombs of the rock  
I came out astonished and awry.

Consider me in your kind of place where  
the critical vocabulary belongs to our  
castle in the middle distance,  
appraise me in a scandalous dressing-down  
of rubric and feel me up in the toilets,  
a seductive submissive ingénue, and am  
I that name.

Amy De'Ath



April 13 Irving Ilmer –  
Violin-Viola /

with bass and treble which goes power amplifier

May 8 Chester Milosovich –  
Clarinet /

placed fairly to the k.d. depending

May 11 All-Varese Program /

where and how are on the

Realization 1964 /

of the k.d. given moment they move to the the  
inherent in nice mike and/or mixer require

Realization 1965 /

a to be on the pot before

10' from 27' 10.554" /

feeding back as is here the case operate notes title  
of the score

27' 10.554" /

chance operation complete title in 1963 ways

For a Percussionist /

timbre of percussion through a means generating  
which found creation loop with

Feed /

inserted it instead of the usual single tones complex  
multi-timbred

Fontana Mix /

system of oscillation electronic music invented true  
endeavors speech research Bell Telephone  
Laboratories

John /

Max Matthews computer Bicycle Built for Two  
nasal voice Luening Ussachevsky Columbia

Max /

University commissioned RCA a folly Mark II  
generated wave forms

April 13 Irving Ilmer –  
Violin-Viola /

scientific experiments beginning never-ending to  
avoid rigors trying

May 8 Chester Milosovich –  
Clarinet /

to capture and freeze-dry Schoenberg's muse

May 11 All-Varese Program /

his twelve tone method a computer algorithm  
electronic

Elizabeth Guthrie



## Transports

1]

snailing through Sale backland graves sit slant, cable-latticed  
Old Trafford's cattle grids blankly

[here you insert your verse:

]

blink at rain-dashed windows

Cowcross cubed cars green red blue  
sputtering rubbish flares diluted cracked-ice swampditch - No:  
unemphatic landscape / towers the slice (Hilton)

### St Peters Square

Browned round civic magnitude even the library is round even the  
pancakes

---

gloom-domed lunchtime

Deansgate tessellated

quadrilaterals shined with

rain, but we are moles

skyward spikes and spindled trees

-- perforate jacket potatoes. Skim them on the puddles.

2]

The contingent happenstance of the finite world  
Puppeted us  
between Westferry and Woolwich Arsenal there is no service  
There is no ferry  
There is a river  
There is (no) designer. Designer.

The serpentine dlr passing grotted boxes of bank tells us so, tells us  
the problem of evil can never be answered by mere theodicy. the  
missing ferry can never be answered by faith in the markets  
The superannuated deity, quietly dropped in that smoked glass box,  
twitches tangled strings unmastered. The masters stamp. Basra  
burns not so quiet – maybe god is not so dead? (our hope was false,  
God) but  
The annuity has expired: her interest accrued yearly was insufficient provision

She has gone into business. she has gone  
Her annuity's empty promises have gone gone into the smoked glass  
grot in docklands; gone to block the tobacco docks with till  
receipts. fold up past chain-gangs into parcels of error; feed these  
to the infinite world of finance networks. Happenstance leashed by  
the ebb of timezones.  
her annuity's insufficiencies fed three families for a decade –  
Wise correspondent to take that wilted credit and press it in your ledger;  
prudent. tidal.



1609 SKENE *Reg. Maj.*, *Stat. Rob. III*, 59 The tenant..sall voucher, that is, affirme, that he holds that land..be the tenour of the chartour quhilk is tynt.<sup>1</sup>

- 1 voucher found in gift. n.
- 2 voucher. n.1
- 3 voucher found in voucher. n.1
- 4 voucher. n.2

#### VOUCHER n.1

[a. AF. and OF. *voucher*, *voucher* (OF. also *vochr*., *vouchier*, *vougier*, *voukier*), to call, summon, invoke, claim, etc., obscurely f. L. *voc re* to call. Cf. AVOUCH v.]

1. a. *Law*. The summoning of a person into court to warrant the title to a property. *voucher over* (cf. VOUCH v. 1c).

1531 *Dial. on Laws Eng.* II. iv. Gvb, If suche a recouerye be had of rente with a voucher ouer, then it shalbe taken to be of lyke effecte as recoueryes of landes be in suche maner as we haue treated of before. 1544 tr. *Littleton's Tenures* 12 And he voucheth the heyre of the feoffour, and duringe the voucher and not termined, the wyfe of the feoffe bryngeth an accyon of Dower agaynst the heyre of the feoffe. 1570 *Act 13 Eliz.* c. 5 § 5 Any Estate..by reason whereof any Person..shall use any Voucher in any Writ of Formedon. 1621 SANDERSON *Serm.* I. 184 When thou..hast nayed all these with all the appurtenances, by fines, and vouchers, and enayls, as firm as law can make them, to thy child. 1625 [see VOUCHEE 1]. 1766 BLACKSTONE *Comm.* II. 358 This is called the voucher..or calling of Jacob Morland to warranty. 1768 *Ibid.* III. 299 Voucher also is the calling in of some person to answer the action, that hath warranted the title to the tenant or defendant. 1818 CRUISE Digest (ed. 2) I. 425 To the intent that a common recovery should be had and suffered against them, with voucher of the lessor. (1865 F. M. NICHOLS *Britton* II. 4 In this writ neither view nor voucher lies. *Ibid.* 98 In such case the tenant shall fail in his voucher.)

b. *double voucher*: (see quot. 1628).

1594 *WEST 2nd Pt. Symbol*, §136 In a recouerie with double voucher, the fine must be sued first to make him tenant at the time of the writ of Entre brought. 1602 SHAKES. *Ham.* V. i. 114 His recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers. 1628 COKE *On Litt.* 102 You shall finde in bookes a recovery with a single Voucher, and that is when there is but one Voucher, and with a double Voucher, and that is when the Vouchee voucheth over. 1752 M'DOULL *Inst. Law Scot.* II. 244 The above is the procedure in a Common Recovery with a double voucher, and is the most common and safe way. 1766 BLACKSTONE *Comm.* II. 359 It is now usual always to have a recovery with double voucher at the least. 1818 CRUISE Digest (ed. 2) V. 325 In a recovery with double voucher.

2. a. *transf.* A piece of evidence; a fact, circumstance, or thing serving to confirm or prove something; a guarantee.

1611 SHAKES. *Cymb.* II. ii. 39 Heere's a Voucher, Stronger than euer Law could make. 1696 WHISTON *The Earth II* (1722) 191 Plutarch and Pliny attest it, the last bringing Augustus's own Words for his Voucher. 1699 BENTLEY *Phil.* 37 It has no Voucher but the Epistles of Phalaris, the very Book that's under debate. 1719 R. WODROW *Corr.* (1843) II. 436 The vouchers and proofs are such as will, I hope, be found sufficient. 1744 T. BIRCH *Life Boyle* 112 The philosophy of Des Cartes..had not the necessary vouchers of repeated experiments, purposely tried, to make it good. 1788 PRIESTLEY *Lect. Hist.* IV. xxix. 217 The collection of records..supplies good vouchers of the truth of all he advances. 1807 G. CHALMERS *Caledonia* I. II. vi. 302 note, The Register of St. Andrews is the most ancient voucher for the death of Alpin. 1856 KANE *Arct. Expl.* II. xxiv. 237 The destruction of the vouchers of the cruise..the log-books, the meteorological registers, the surveys, and the journals. 1885 *Manch. Exam.* 3 June 5/2 The strength of the bias which these letters reveal..[is] a sufficient voucher for their genuineness.

<sup>1</sup> Past participle of 'tyne', To lose; to suffer deprivation of; to cease to have or enjoy.

b. A written document or note, or other material evidence, serving to attest the correctness of accounts or monetary transactions, to prove the delivery of goods or valuables, etc.

1696 LUTTRELL *Brief Rel.* (1857) IV. 28 At last it ended in appointing a committee to repair to the East India house and search their books, if they can find vouchers for the said accounts. 1731 in W. Hale *Proc. Causes of Office* (1841) 68 The vouchers and an estimate of the necessary expenses..to be laid before the vestry. 1760 *Cautions & Advices to Officers of Army* 35 Keep all the Serjeant's Pay-Notes, and all Receipts, to be produced as your Vouchers when you settle Accompts with your Captain. 1780 JEFFERSON *Corr. Wks.* 1859 I. 245 The arms you have to spare may be delivered to General Gates's order, taking and furnishing us with proper vouchers. 1828 DISRAELI *Chas. I.* I. xi. 309 At his death, his family discovered that he had kept no vouchers or any accounts whatever. 1857 TOULMIN SMITH *Parish* 183 When they have regularly to produce accounts, with vouchers, of all receipts and expenditure. 1866 CRUMP *Banking*, &c. iv. 96 Disputing the payment of a particular cheque, and alleging that all his paid vouchers had been destroyed.

c. A written warrant or attestation.

1796 *Trans. Soc. Arts* XIV. 274 I send along with this a voucher signed by the Mayor, who saw me make Net on this machine. 1862 R. H. GRONOW *Remin.* I. 49 No one could obtain a box or a ticket for the pit without a voucher from one of the lady patronesses. 1884 *Manch. Exam.* 12 Sept. 5/1 The report..appears to have been sent direct from the Mudir to Cairo, without a voucher from Major Kitchener, who is at Dongola.

d. A document which can be exchanged for goods or services as token of payment made or promised by the holder or another (see also quot. 1947).

1947 *Sun* (Baltimore) 12 May 2/5 Stefan has gone through a stack of vouchers expense accounts from the American Embassy. 1955, etc. [see LUNCHEON 3]. 1960 S. UNWIN *Truth about a Publisher* II. xix. 353 The New Zealand Company had not given me an actual ticket..but a voucher instructing their agent to issue me a ticket.

3. *attrib.*, as *voucher-card*, *form*, *number*, *plan*, *scheme*, *system*.

1881 M. E. BRADDON *Asph.* xvii, Where the voucher system is so thoroughly carried out. 1891 *Pall Mall G.* 21 Sept. 7/2 As I get into the train the guard rushes up and hands me a voucher-card. 1898 *Engineering Mag.* XVI. 46 The voucher form is printed on white paper for the office, and on tinted green paper for the agents. *Ibid.*, The 'Key' to this voucher number. 1970 *Phi Delta Kappan* LI. 49 For some time Christopher Jenks has believed that voucher plans offer an exit from the bureaucratic morass in which many major school systems are mired. 1980 *Jml. R. Soc. Arts* July 475/1 It could be done through some kind of voucher scheme. ;

Hence voucher v. *trans.*, = VOUCH v. 5b.

1609 SKENE *Reg. Maj.*, *Stat. Rob. III*, 59 The tenant..sall voucher, that is, affirme, that he holds that land..be the tenour of the chartour quhilk is tynt.

#### VOUCHER n.2

1. One who vouches for the truth or correctness of a fact or statement or corroborates another person in this respect; an author or literary work serving this purpose.

1612 WOODALL *Surg. Mate Wks.* (1653) 290 Without painting of phrases or collecting of great Authours for my Vouchers. 1679 PENN *Addr. Prot.* I. vi. (1692) 22 They would make him a Voucher of all their Falshood. 1698 FRYER *Acc. E. India & P.* 252 Whether the Beams were of Cedar, it is not so fortunate as to have a Voucher of its own Nation. 1715 M. DAVIES *Athen. Brit.* I. 96 For the authenticity of his Chymical MS, he produces no other Voucher than one Reinesius. 1754 EDWARDS *Freed. Will* II. v. 53 The Use he makes of Sayings of the Fathers, whom he quotes as his Vouchers. 1826 SCOTT *Woodst.* xiv, Tomkins..was in the habit of being voucher for his master. 1836-7 SIR W. HAMILTON *Metaph.* (1859) I. iii. 47 Heraclides and Socrates, the two vouchers of this story. 1853 L. H. NEWMAN *Hist. Sk.* (1873) II. i. ii. 81 But here I am only concerned with its wealth, for which grave writers are the vouchers.



I don't make violence I don't make police

I don't make gestures or chess grand masters

I don't make psychological doubt I don't make

love I don't make fruit smoo-

make secretaries slice off their ears I don't

make mistakes I don't make ministers wet their

tartans I don't make historical architecture I

don't make green valleys I don't make that stuff

I don't make pain I don't make anything else I

don't make rivers flood I don't make things okay

I don't make it drive A to B I don't make sewage

I don't make the depot I don't make appearance I

don't make things vary I don't make the copper

beech change colour I don't make the effort I don't

make freedom desperation coffee I don't make single

track railways I don't make it up as I go along

karen sandhu



forget I have discovered forget I have been suck-  
ed in forget I am hungover uninspired tired forget  
I am whatever forget I am a really good day forget  
I am two thousand things today forget I have guts  
to leave forget I allow myself certain diversions  
forget I hope the spell will break forget I do it  
every half hour forget I need to catch my breath  
forget I do it and then compare forget I hate it  
forget I take a long time to learn forget I repeat  
the same trick forget I am a father forget I sleep  
on doorsteps forget I won't start until I am thirty  
two forget I chose to forget I am hooked forget I  
don't change forget I win forget I own up forget  
I make a cup of tea forget I don't forget I am involved  
in a stare out for- get I drive A to B forget I know  
what happens next

karen sandhu



In conversation with starlings.

Linus Slug: Vignettes

squabbling  
    scattered  
        awaiting wood  
  
bones  
bent outwards  
  
become wrists and ankles.

darkening light

pool  
    to pool

a tiny creature, barely visible to the naked eye,  
    is another  
"see-see-seeing"

Value Sunflower Hearts cut and flaked

(No amount of pecking by  
tiny bills could have achieved the  
same result.)

no wintering thrushes

'cut and run'

breed with drones

But this is crude.

- wax moth will eat  
the honeycomb;



(Black Fall,

varroa has eight legs,

is the  
size and  
shape of

the head of a pin

A row of coal wagons wait in the siding

Wood Mice,

Field Vole,

Common Shrew

capture/recapture

Yellow

Necked

Mice

(cold sky wreathed in

displays of flashes,

arch

after

arch.



## THE ROSE AND THE OSTRICH FEATHER

"It was open – clergymen crawl

To , her woodland court:  
In leather and lace and perfumed with figs

like grapes

the church like undone stars  
Green lanterns – and in their sway,

brief bitter bliss  
Which lies on her lips

will cling  
Like fire to your form, and sing

Like love, within. In silver plates  
For the gorging of

Holy books in the grass,  
insects and graffiti

With marginalia

## ABRAHAM

In a gilded  
out, while gluttony

Was the song  
And sweetmeat of this grotto –

deep as the deepness of death –  
There, by some unwieldy

seem to see the Pope in a huge glass box,  
Already a withered soul

his bones

black and ashen, his mouth diseased and  
a crown

Of flames span round "

(Day 1, Story 2, A Speech from Boccaccio's Decameron *Englished* by Edmund Hardy)



# **Terrorists' Series #2:**

## **The Symbionese Liberation Army**

**by Tim Atkins** (with thanks to Ron Padgett)

**Between the lip of the pink plastic dust pan & the floor  
There is always a thin line of dust**

**Green pills for my breakfast  
& blue ones at dusk**





AIDA CIRCLES SCARS OF UNIONS  
NINETEEN EIGHTY SEVEN VENT  
RILOQUISING TORTURE SPONGED  
DIALED IN COFFEE'S SORREL CHEEK  
SCRAWLED BARS MADE TONES  
SORTER US OR ABU DIS.

*I, or track-dredged muted shiverer  
blade of countless buzz-toned politick  
mowed by censure mowed by gaskets  
has nailed the tongue on street's apostasy  
patient silent rain balms road  
from high skylines hems of bees*

*while in police lines*

*loop  
pool*

*tonsils unloose throats.*

*rainbows loop into the smashing puddles  
where one bird dips our neck to sing, cop  
sirens in long yelping island grasses  
four violent inside rose-white walls,  
sterilised or swarmed, with bees and rattles  
through thicket nettle kettles forming  
dressing metallic undulated sheers  
kick mouths wide open as the swing door's violet  
sky, a consensus spilled out slow into the slow  
wet streets. It was New Year and we  
were locked in.*

MARIONETTES BURN MORNING'S LIVING DISTRACTED SNOW, SEVERED EAR INTO THE  
FLASH RUT STAR, PUDDLES OF GREEN SLICKED TAR



Sophie Robinson

Toward her, a cantata of grace (part one: suture)  
For G.

If I were you and you were me I would  
Turn and turn again, move my arms from left  
To right, I would large I would small I would  
Seek out all the danger. If I were me  
And you were a tall blue thing a light coming  
Out from the sides of all the sad then yes  
I would stroke your ruffled feathers sleepy  
And unknowing, blind in the bed which knows  
Us, fucking or not – being us – your or  
Me – is like getting away with it, laughing  
then being slapped away like being told  
we are too good – if I were you I would  
disappear, would fright myself away – if  
I were me I would beat myself across  
Myself would find myself out and just say,  
When you were a child you could not stay inside  
And now you still must be caught and brought in  
Clopping, cold and snotty from the wanting.  
Play your games on a Wednesday scuff your dust  
Do anything you would do if you were  
you and I were me I would eat the whites  
of your eggs your eyes and whisk the yolks out  
to form themselves anew. Terror masses  
around us – the whine of legitimate  
lovemaking. I have accomplished only  
you, am small and unable to shock. We  
are here, chewing the courser fat to forget  
the living freaks falling down like zips like  
propositions – FRANCE I LOVE YOU in food,  
sour and sighed, and if I were you I would  
move to a society dead of western  
grace – and yes we shall move with our  
motivations for moving writ large across  
the screen as in a silent movie. I  
Scratch myself deep inside the thicket of



your charm and anything alright still  
Remains tough scuffling your oxfords  
Beyond frigidity the meaning of which  
Is caught in my wing and we acre carrying  
The sky as emptiness, sustained beneath,  
Sour and communicative...nobody's  
Intimate taste is perverse, and a lusty  
Burning has set in between my scars, a  
Crippling freedom braided into us, skirting  
Savagely the legitimating reports  
Of our deaths. If I were me I would  
Be a bloated male goddess, as emotional  
As I am British. If I were you I would go soft  
Under the night's shadow, I would kill the  
Prose, I would kill the film, I would sick up  
All the silence. If you were me I would  
Smell you automatically for  
What you are, manhandled automatically  
in the summer of individual problems, unable  
To talk anything out in a meaningful  
Or sustained way we die faster than all  
The other discourses. I have been growing  
This hair since I was eleven and I  
Quite like it, as animals like their  
Cellars. If I were you I would make  
Myself my pastime, young and difficult  
As I am. Constellations of honour  
Arrange themselves above us as we eat  
At the heels of poetry & I splay  
myself dizzy with the effort of  
Living like a sexy patriot spasming  
down my spine. This light has never been in  
my control, my living pose unearthed  
and taking form in slow in fast inside  
the pulse of your neck in repose,  
rigid with freedom. If I were you  
I'm not sure I'd stay, but that does not  
Make your lascivious goodbye any more  
Charming.



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