

SOUND IS MATERIAL IS

pour diesel on it in the
your gaping mouth is ope the
is loved of earth is faced in
is sounded is the own one of
is own is his sound is mate
rial is like dial the number for happiness
is love is like independence or inner depending on is
that sound that voice that clickpopscreech is that is
pour diesel on it is in the is
that your 'is' your gaping my open tongue is
is loved of earth is fucked in
so many different ways
to love is sound is love is materi
all is love is sound? is love – is material is
like is song is that all there is, is

IAN TOMLINSON

we are nearly magical, without limits
ian tomlinson, what do they say of you and your
heart, pelted with plastic and around him
it was time to go, cordoned off their peaceful
way out we all seek in the face of this crowd
and its teeth; the excitement was too much for him,
on the way back from the newagent he's now
an agent in news, he is news, he's not dead
because/ we say/ out with it, whip out your
lilies. and wear a flower in your hair, on
the day of the/ out with it, clutch his
dear old face in ashen helemet hold panicstrike,
lilies. and wear a flower in your hair, on
being not here, out of it, with it dancing
fiendishly, toes of steel, clobber-booted circle
dance says/ no, out with it, we are
nearly magical again comes the rising of the
lilies. and wear a flower in your hair, on
limits, what do they say of you and your
way out, we all seek in the face of this crowd
lilies, on the way back from the newsagent
lilies, clutch his dear old helmet, strike
lilies, on the day of the dancing dance we are
panic, we are being not here, out of it, with it
we are lilies, limits, and wear a helmet, hold
ashen, whip it out, out with it, because/ we say/
out with it.