This is still being rewritten, extended, and/or attenuated. For this version, which is about ten minutes, and was made on the day for a reading at the second Sussex Poetry Festival, the date may as well function as part of the title. It was mostly and messily compiled from scraps of verse taken from longer responses to events this year, particularly the riots in the Stokes Croft area of Bristol, and, earlier, the protests on March 26 and the events that evening in Trafalgar Square. It was also partially in response to poems and essays on the same events, written by Keston Sutherland and Justin Katko. This PDF and other versions of it are and will probably remain mostly sabotaged by a gang of public intellectuals and broadcasters, their ringleader and oracle being the casualty of the sixtieth anniversary special of The Archers. This event shook Ambridge to the core.

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irradiate kerb curtailment. Burning utmost melodies out for a spine
rung cathedrals bombard moths of you. Shopfront wassail. Pollarding.

Bluster ready masthead rig with this
silence. In city apparel this silence
drawing sodium thoroughfare lit vapour making
a run of you yet irradiate melodies spine out for

fuck chewing to whistle you've anthemic dog a notch in your heart
scarring five other people you made countable. Transact this fuck out
of another guise love drawn wassailed
archived. In glib rung virtuoso archive
transacted love cockring groceries bitingly stop
saying love which has not been paid for violence now
dogs unwhistling chew. Vuvuzela dribbling shit lesions baton whistling
constituent weals chisel grained wounds over grained up muslin. Over
provided transient suns down bridleways
sodden. Full already away sodden
fat and away nostalgic whinnying autumn eutrophy now
chiselled out porn adobe visor state farrier silences

fill in filled gaps. Worst tributary back case space complexity
bluster rungs thy tender mercy's sake a moth of you clocks it this
sun's light here shouting riot aplomb
unendurable. Crochet each unendurable
square inch of shard to skin together a horse
in pure sun purely depth first mercy search sun for
leather truly apart from dog water siren. Radiant care perturb countable Londons oil and watering out to unendurable sex truly ramified bifurcate wholly open rung. Where constable am I rung straight mute over brassed water gong sirens dog gong multiphonics screaming I do not love you or want to fuck you either until they have paid. There is a cop pissing into my happiest mouth. Cry for splitting this open a dog whistle apart from sirens splitting this open apart from water nothing measurable has gone over forty-nine percent and the sky is grey un-flickering in the moth Professor Brian Cox posted to you for a joke as big as riot which is staving off the whole way down Kennington Park Road the Cordyceps fungus exeunt my favourite pen the specific idea of
this peeling wassail to endorse
the not yet fucking backing
down in the face of burning
out my favourite melodies
cathedrals kerbs wanton failed

chemotherapy in full blister prosody SING MUSE SING ALAIN DE MUSE SING RICHARD MUSE AND A.C. MUSE
of Nigel Pargetter, / welding
mid-air to a Dalek a smartphone
and loading a secret Panopticon
app.

This did happen. He is still falling
I cannot stress enough how much he can see
He can see Constable B----- for one

If a God were to get hold of Pargetter now then God
help any sentient being and Nigel help any sentient God
or anything God or not set on the grey ineffable gamut of rope and hearts running
between, anything cocky enough to indulge in behaviour

This did happen, and

with an effect not unlike
electrode scoop or one of
those miniature Screwdrivers transparent / ones
green

yellow red those ones like out of christmas crackers plunged into the brain levering out a pip-sized chunk comes
a moment somewhere a thing on the treeline through
your left and right
eyes simultaneously:
the city broke “suspended neath the sky near snapped and brilliant-blue”

between as something resembling a shifting transparency showing a crude Windows 95 "fire" screensaver overlaid on a like transparency this time a torpedo heartily fucking an aqueduct from an angle of thirty point five degrees itself overlaid on a rope of fucked hearts slung from the John Cabot Tower tearing a spine down
to Stokes Croft every time on the tarmac thudding these wet bloodied teabags a distant henge of Vagrants detect
a low hum and look up: NATURE DOCUMENTARIES the Cordyceps fungus which entered their brain on a feeder wrong
they ascend
the Pylons spinnerets orgasming quite beyond orgasm: hold with the breeze: pause: webs: for a half

second:

hang and at

last is the em-spaced game: over but not before Life (that's a thing) itself blinks
over and up into what

really could only be called a Big Boss Level, which always happens: we know this: to Winning

a tidy corollary:

having ascended the Pylons in bodily pure anaphora our deployables link arms like in that

Film and widening their mouths to an extent unbounded even by the precise length of Antler required were the banks
of the Tigris and the Euphrates to get into a fight over e.g. Sheila Dillon: mouths WIDER (rather,

for instance, than NARROWER) EVEN

THAN THIS, the crescendo of Beacons triangulate ringroad to ringroad to ringroad to surplus ringroad and in the precise

opposite

of everything not involved in a scream these pre-filtered person objects let rip the bong of the road, inhale hot Bitumen vapour
at nine hundred and seventy seven degrees in Fahrenheit / and with this arching of basically pured-out Sex their lungs
melt taking every internal buyable with them: thus in an underprepared

and undercontrived linguistic and visual pun (on ejaculation) by way of this spunking of unthought

blindingly fetishized visibly-wrought Sex-jacketed Love-kelsoned Climax the Revolution

came. Nothing had unagonizingly

and precisely because it was uncareful and unagonized

happened: all over the country brass
plaques brass or bronze I don't fucking

/ know placidly claimed to be
/ a few hundred miles from other things

wait though I didn't

say a transparency of this I said actually this this actually
happened everything actually
apart from water
I’m proud of the BBC (quote)“Hello is that Michael MacIntyre hello? Mister MacIntyre how
did you feel about being pulled from your wheelchair”(unquote)(quote)“I thought you were a quote(uncunt)(quote)(unquote)CUNT”

ON the radio splitting this open Orla Guerin’s OTHER ANVIL somehow ON the treeline absent from Stokes Croft became
the Cordyceps fungus which apart from entered their brain on a feeder wrong
while Nigel Pargetter fell he foresaw every second and in
the Cordyceps fungus once shared a birthday with
the Cordyceps fungus which entered their brain on a feeder apart from wrong
which once shared a birthday with listen,
if you recall I'm

  PROFESSOR BRIAN COX, I have entered your brain on a feeder ALAIN DE BOTTON which
  actually happened everything ALAIN DE HAPPENED
  while Nigel Pargetter fell and we measured it, I am

Professor Brian Cox, and I will run like a Drain and melt and melt
and melt like the last tenor left standing in Jeremy Paxman's Fifth Biannual Zero-Gravity Caber-Toss
powering down The Strand with that Ligeti Etude about the Brancusi column blasting beyond decibels from my official E.D.L. iPod as I
pay people I've MET to upholster every office space on The Strand like the fucking underground room from SAW just for a laugh
as big as Space which is as
  big as Space which is as big
as Space which is the Cordyceps
as big as *Space* which never shared a birthday it shared a *Lathe* as *Professor Brian Cox* unveils

a plaque on the new building at the first motorway services travelling South from *Warwick* and presses

a button in series three of *Naming Drab Things After Nick Clegg And Detonating Them With An Effect Not Unlike

*Electrode Scoop* which is subtitled (quote)“or one of

those miniature *Screwdrivers* transparent

ones / green yellow red those ones like

*Nigel Pargetter* plunged into the brain having a row about advance rent, bills,

*Kennington* feeder fox

/ for a second I can never have seen

/ everything piggyback please

unendurably sad, this

is (and I am) unendurably sad unendurably brass or bronze levering

out a pip-sized

*Lego* dragon we spent days making together with moving wings and everything then

the bigger boys came and kicked it to pieces in a car park, remember

that, remember what that felt like. SING *Support Group* have you got any or do you think perhaps you could

on that same street corner in *Shacklewell* as before score some *Cordyceps* fungus

it’s unendurably time”(unquote)

/

*Nigel Pargetter* listens he in his billowing graceful trajectory listens he is listening fast to you
wanking behind that banner
    he knows what it does to a human amygdala, he
    knows what it does to sirens and water and bells,
he must / weigh almost nothing he still has a million storeys to fall,
    an entire big infinity bigger even than something as big as Space of countable neural tributaries
between them know pylon cathedrals of crucially hot activists wassailing scaffolds everywhere covered in piss and
    know we have filled the big
black monoliths like in THAT OTHER Film back up with piss and Tories they know to endure a spine rung anthemic guy-rope dog Nigel

*Pargetter IS ball-deep in EVERY policeman pissing into
my HAPPIEST mouth, apart from water*

/

it is riot makes me a limited
    man horny flung against
a wall this shatters to know
    nobody else is missing
a thing stopped at the kerb
still spinning. Still there we
    are inhaling sodium flare
each other and the summer.
    I forget everything cleanly as
a treat apart from water.

Bell fundamentals, ah water
    flow me down *The Strand*
rename every shop *Alain de Botton* or *Alain ‘de’
*de Botton* see if you can't
further dement the burlesque,
be the world's leading away
from home skin care system
company. Nigel Pargetter
has almost landed. An air

thick in violence beautiful un-
lyric failing to trick deployed
love into grained suture stank
the sex flight as it clocked us
and / was away. Apart from sirens

water rung siren bells sodium
flare I've been coming, almost
for five months now Professor Brian Cox why
are you here licking

the leather on your crutches
water is fundamental. I mean

sirens our water-gong bell our
crutches are

listen,

Constable B----- is gorgeous
state apparatus. If he sang
to me I would get a piss/grit tattoo of
the heat death of the ringroad
and never stop wanking