



TRAILS 01/07/2011

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 biting 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*

Park Road

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









