



TRAILS

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TRAILS, 13/07/2011(Revised. A terrible fucking joke) FEATURING:

1. The Imaginary Museum of Michael Goves

2. FIVE DOGS

3. A Gallery Of Drawings And Paintings Of Capitalism Sent In By The Public Thank You

/

it is Tuesday. It is SCHARRER, UNTERGRIESBACH Q/B54A/HO142/H1559
1988 180-190/95 Gr.11
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It is Tuesday, and in an amputated parable of the dashinglly-flung
Tuesday sickly micro-February, deployed
UNTERGRIESBACH

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these animals are en masse overwhelming. A slightly wider half-circle behind them is en masse overwhelming.
I have put and I really want
you to imagine this carefully
a prawn on a novelty pen. It will become IMPORTANT later. There will also be an unamputated squirrel.

It is Tuesday and fish
and chips is expensive, because in an amputated parable
of a squirrel a squirrel. I don't have EITHER very often.
In the park I sat down to eat fish and chips and in an amputated parable of fuck knows but CAPITALISM will do
I realized I was alone

I realized I was calm, I realized I had had an acceptable Tuesday, and was going to treasure being alone, and calm, and
with this in mind, I turned my phone off
and didn't listen to music, or read, or seek out a crossword, just sat there quietly, looking at the park and what was happening in the park. This
was fine, for a while, but suddenly a dog was there, sniffing about, going behind the bench, going under it, and the owner said,
"he's pretending not to be interested in your food", and I smiled awkwardly, because suddenly I wasn't alone, and calm
any more, and then the dog went away, which was fine, and I was alone, and calm, again, and

eating fish and chips. When
the dog came back for the third
time I wished it would (and
began willing it to)
fuck off because I could see that several yards away, people were obviously starting to watch this interaction, and

I wished they would (and began willing them to) stop fucking watching, but then from the left
a second dog appeared, and its owner stood there, just like the first owner, smiling, and then, another dog came, and another,
and somehow with

an effect not unlike electrode scoop or *Michael Gove* levering out a pip-sized chunk plunged into the brain in less than a minute
a moment somewhere on the treeline I was surrounded by FIVE DOGS

that was what the first half-circle was, FIVE DOGS
and behind them, visible through them, another half-circle slightly wider comprised of seven
middle-class dog owners, and
behind THEM, visible through them, yet another half-circle, slightly more fractured of course of smiling spectators

and I was as far from alone
and calm, as I'd been all day, and I'd clearly decided earlier
at some moment during the first dog-event, not to have a sense of humour about this because I suspected the owner of being a twat
and that isn't really a decision from which you can backtrack easily, certainly not while hectored by FIVE DOGS and several
dog owners and several other people who had no good reason even to be in a FUCKING PARK, and by this point it seemed that

although the right of the dogs and the owners
and the spectators to be doing this thing was still unquestionably theirs, was so inalienably owned and
ownable by them it didn't require a recent or local articulation (so I couldn't really aggress them)
my right not to give five separate dogs some of my food was somehow being called into question;
my right not to have five separate dogs sticking their noses into my takeaway, my right not to have to express

to seven middle-class dog owners that at some point, since these animals are en masse overwhelming, the behaviour exhibited by their dogs is
at this late stage in "*or, the Cultural Logic of FIVE DOGS*" more their thing to deal with than it is mine, and yet it appeared in this instance very much
my thing to deal with, this as well as my right to be calm and alone and unwatched

in the park, it was all being called into question so in the end, since there appeared no ready and easy way, I tried standing up with an effect not unlike an attempt
to gesture that while this was mostly genial I'd had enough and

I simply wanted to be a transparency of this calm and alone and unwatched, and without
wanting to appear impolite (or, worse, for the children standing behind so loving "*or, the Cultural Logic of FIVE DOGS*", a killjoy), but the FIVE DOGS
simply followed as FIVE DOGS would wherever my fish and chips went and the owners by now were so into the swing of things they showed no sign whatsoever
of trying to intervene or perhaps at least none of them wanted to be the first to do so and truly I know how they feel but being one person I lacked
the safety in numbers so in the end after several minutes in which I had somehow managed using a shifting transparency of increasingly awkwardly slung

smiles and laughs and gestures not to use any words in the end levering out a pip-sized chunk the *Cordyceps* fungus which entered my brain on a shifting transparency of FIVE DOGS simply tore the fuck out of my happiest mouth not very wide at all and while the cops pissed in I shut my eyes to the park

/ and said, Please,
/ Leave me alone

It was the single most pathetic noise
I have ever made. They dispersed in brass and bronze I don't
fucking know, I said

SCHARRER, UNTERGRIESBACH Q/B54A/HO142/H1559 because
it was written inside my jacket and I said

Please Leave it is Tuesday alone andh I said
Please Leave *Michael Gove* alone and I said

Please Leave the apparition
of these faces in the fog;
petals on a wet, black FIVE DOGS alone and I said
Please *Nigel Pargetter* make them amputate I cannot find unendurably

It is Tuesday. Water is fundamental. *Alain 'de' de*
the banks of the *Tigris* and the *Euphrates*

/ Please,
/ Leave me alone: capitalism is an actual thing, I have seen it. It is an uplit marquee
in the corner of a field near *Guildford*; it emits a low hum

Please, / Leave Me Alone: capitalism
is an actual thing, I have seen it. The outer casing is not
fixed to the base to ease untangling of the guy ropes

Please, / Leave Me Alone: capitalism
is an actual thing, I have seen it. *Calcium* deposits sometimes
build up around the eyes or mouths but are often scraped off by parasites

Please, / Leave Me Alone: capitalism
is an actual thing, I have seen it. Flexible hoses [...] lead / to
the blowpipe. It is / Christmas. And in any case you should get out more
(see *Keston Sutherland, NEOCOSIS*, p.9/16)

Please, / Leave Me Alone: capitalism
is an actual thing, I have seen it. *Brother Reader*, try
angling; you may catch few or no fish, but you will be richer in spirit

Please, / Leave Me Alone: capitalism
is an actual thing, I have seen it. Considered a design
classic, drawn by out-of-work draftsman *Harry Beck*, there is no orchestra

Please, / Leave Me Alone: capitalism
is an actual thing, I have seen it. The cooling system is
the largest ever devised, and nobody is ever missing

Please, / Leave Me Alone: capitalism
is an actual thing, I have seen it. Originally thought to be
several separate organisms, the mycelial fibres stretch as far as the moon and the fruiting bodies such as they are resemble
Michael Gove or the *Cordyceps* fungus which entered their brain on a feeder *Kennington Park The Park The FIVE DOGS*

Please, / Leave Me Alone: capitalism
is an actual thing, I have seen it. It might be defined as the precise
anxiety of dreaming you once installed *Open-GL 3D* screensavers in *Windows 3.1*

Please, / Leave Me Alone: capitalism

is an actual thing, I have seen it. Forced between every one of my fingers are the tongues of FIVE DOGS
Forced through every sphincter I have are the tongues of FIVE DOGS / Forced
through a wider half-circle, visible through them, it is Tuesday. Water is fundamental. In an amputated
Cordyceps fungus which entered *Michael Gove* on a feeder wrong our deployables fall from the *Pylons*
and if you thought it couldn't get any worse / well it IS Tuesday, a clammy

revolting day on *Commercial Road*
and with this stink of lube and old chickpeas *Michael*
Gove suddenly is oozing round your hand and like
a slick of blackened ghee his tongue comes out and says
"I am gestalt." and his eyes go *Gove-*

green. "Why don't you come and see

all of me". He rubs his nipple, leads you up
some steps into the second circle, looking
down on *Aldgate East*. Behind you
in the first glass case is another real *Michael Gove*
saying (this is *Armando Iannucci's* joke) "I don't
know what my surname is

the past tense of"; in
the second glass case there is (and all these objects
have been sent in by the public, he says) a
grisly *Event Horizon* tie-in *PEZ* dispenser you
don't remember seeing in the shops; in another

(the most unhygienic object, says the plaque, never
to win

a *Blue Peter Badge*) is a two-foot *Eugene Tooms*
carved by a blind girl from a sweating swordfish steak

Please, Leave Me

you throw up at the inside of a *Dalek* in a *Gove* wig alone

Please, Leave Me

you throw up at a novelty pen, with an actual
prawn on the end alone

Please, Leave Me

you throw up at a stinkhorn wearing lipstick alone
trying now to run you

Please, Leave Me

throw up at a *Pob* dildo alone

in films they say never turn back because if they did
they'd see a glowing smiling *Michael Gove* rolling human
sick into a ball and looking back again they'd see him with
his teeth and tongue slowly

sculpting it into a totem of his face (the one he uses most)

and they'd see with an effect not unlike electrode scoop or one of those miniature *Screwdrivers* levering out

that *Michael Gove's* left hand is FIVE DOGS and his right hand is worse the TONGUES of the same FIVE DOGS and it takes a moment with an effect

[not unlike *Alain de WHAT*

THE FUCKING calm and alone and unwatched a shifting transparency tore the FUCK out of the realization you're basically being aggressively rimmed in every
internal deployable buyable sphincter *Pylon* by not merely a tongue but by five

tongues and not merely by five tongues but the five tongues of FIVE

DOGS and not merely by the five tongues of FIVE DOGS but the five tongues of FIVE DOGS which are also the five tongues and FIVE DOGS

which *Michael Gove* has either grown or installed in place of his five left-hand and five right-hand fingers, the implication being, and we'd like to thank for sending in
his wonderful painting *Alain 'de' de Seven (8) Years Old*, who lives in *Nigel Pargetter* still falling and is eight (9) years old and a *Blue Peter Badge* is on

its way into him, the implication being you can see here in the painting that if *Michael Gove* wants ever to separate his hands, one of which is FIVE DOGS, and

the other of which is the tongues of the same FIVE DOGS it involves necessarily the tearing out at the spit-covered root the tongues of FIVE DOGS, which is

WRONG WHILE NEGOTIATIONS ARE STILL GOING ON: thus: you: are: being: simultaneously: double-fisted

and fivefold-rimmed by *Michael Gove* and FIVE DOGS. And the word 'and' is here insufficient, things are unamputated

It is too much. You said Please, / Leave me alone / and

everyone leaves you alone
and calm, everyone using a shifting transparency of increasingly awkwardly slung
nothing looks awkwardly away, or, in some gentler instances down at their feet. It is the most sudden
and absolute silence you've ever heard.

Most of my fish, which was huss,
turned out to be spine in any case and
I had to throw loads

in the bin calm and alone a moment

there on the treeline may

be a squirrel. Woof. *Gove.* WOVE

