

flawlessly

mutilated



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## gazebo – placebo

still and fleet, the statue and the nymph  
surrounded by foolhardy geraniums  
embellished with decorative boils  
and cultivated in ornamental soils  
the toils of gargantuan gargoyles  
bathing in fountains brimming with blood  
engulfed by floriferocious garden borders  
from which yellow snails are collected in pails  
leaving behind spectacular slimy trails  
on the grim and pallid paving slabs  
where heat can melt naked feet  
and the laburnum in the chaotic breezes bristle  
and the plaintive wails  
of the tragic snails are faintly audible  
born by the gargoyles sneezes, exhortations and wheezes..

new nectoral fangs  
are reflected in the flourishing glazing  
pectorals of cyan  
and scoured glass of the gazebo in the sun blazing  
dainty speech bares fruit on the veranda  
of apples and damsons misdemeanours  
of meddlers and mulberry perils  
of pungent frog delights in the fog and bog garden  
of leeches entwined and horny beaming bees  
intermingling on the roccoco curlicues  
of ponies adored and adorned in peonie refinery  
and elves in plenary beds of delphiniums  
and of the electric blue sparks caused by larks  
with spurs riding the skies  
and gliding on garden sighs beyond the mares tails  
and purple deeds amidst the knapping weeds...

## tea cakes

and once before time  
when the cups were filled with wine  
and not sugar...  
and the porcelain garnished with warm melted butter  
and not clutter...  
THEY varnished the BUTTERCUPS,  
with unfortunate consequences for passer-by's  
and needless to say, the passing flies!

and when time begins to mesh, and before,  
tea was strained  
and the teacakes preserved  
and the ability to maintain service within cynicism  
or to confide without the appearance of faith...  
or the softness and the incommensurability  
of the fantastic inappropriate

and in circles  
and on floats  
dancing and pretending and forgetting and  
EVIDENTLY  
spiky curves and indiscreet corners  
flagrant laws and unenchanted paws pause  
and hangers hanging  
too much contemplation  
while the coats are like goats  
and momentarily purple hearted...

## rolling

humming, humming  
humidity and bumpy recollections

face down rolling  
rolling a deep slope sideways

about to...  
about to fall, falling forwards  
dripping  
incredulity and congealed  
persistence

disquietening splitting  
splitting in inexactitudes flawlessly

flawlessly mutilated  
mutilated and accumulated  
flawlessly...

*squint through print*

click split spit slick shout

lick lit pit flick out

wick sick hermit wit pout

liquored flickered wicked spout

knickered bocadillo ditto

liquored flickered wicked spouse

tweaking speaking teasing wheezing

writing writhing shudders and shoulders

suds and spuds and puddings and boulders

chip chipping lips

and **swivelling ships**

a shawl and a maulstick  
a whisk and whistle  
tick tickled spittle  
pragmatic pralines, prairie and airlines  
oak Butoh body cloaked  
choked, spoked squeels  
soaked and soap flaked  
caked plates and the wake  
of escape and gingered escarpments  
and slurry and glycerines  
and smoke smudge  
and irksome thuds

## red head and blue nose...

**red head** enjoyed wearing his dark green slippers and red socks... today was not a special day and so a more adventurous outfit was required: coloured wigs, all her colourful underwear, at once, the kitchen tea-towels — which were emblazoned with prints of cute kittens and puppies — and shiny cooking implements, embroidered table cloths, and stockings; and outrageous tangerine lipstick... and yellow and pink false eyelashes!

and, likewise, to this end, **blue nose** dressed splendidly too and, secretly, clutched clementines in each arm pit. He gestured appealingly at passer-by's who smiled at his fetching appearance barely disguised by a wrapping made from both shower curtains decorated with hanging fruits, particularly bananas but also exquisite tasting, unsulphured and dried, apricots; and balancing the refrigerator on his elbow and the white ceramic bath filled

with unpeeled kiwi fruit on his hat — which was made from several red umbrellas with golden handles tied together — he heroically paraded his fine stature to another of his kind in the hallway mirror...

before red nose and blue nose departed they rummaged through the kitchen draws and crammed as much red handled cutlery as possible into every pocket (these also had to be specially attached to their modified garments)...

and then off out into the sunshine and deep-high blue, skipping steps downhill and stopping to smell the scent of the flowers overhanging their owners garden walls, with the leaves of the grand trees on the grove acting as a parasol..

and to Tadims to buy the picnic of ten tahini cinnamon rolls and one hundred humming honey balls; and eight apple pies; and baklava in abundance; and sixty spinach and fetta cheese and olive boreks... Passer-by's flashed

eyes of envy and amazement at the approaching figures and amused passengers on the bus assisted red head and blue nose to seats in which they could barely squeeze with their excessive picnic indulgence

and then to the park where the gingerness and peeping greens and bursting fresh green of spring beckoned and white bosom blossom lingered and flirtatiously undressed scattering its filigree filament gown with charming unashamed abandon... and before long the odd array of unabashed red head and blue nose extended as coloured underwear and accoutrements were removed and hung on a singularly sumptuous blossoming tree, beneath which neatly nipped red head and blue nose busied themselves... arranging the picnic feast, taking a bath of blossom and neroli, and surprising passer-by's by popping out of the refrigerator unexpectedly, dressed, by now, scantily in a few ducks feathers found nearby and yellow rubber gloves prepared earlier by having high gloss artificial nails affixed to the fingertips; and in celebration

of this lark song all the park birds gathered, singing, perched also on the now extravagantly laden, slender and bending branches, almost breaking, bearing so much delightful pleasure... and the sharing of the suspenders and feisty feasting with whosoever and whatever should arrive began with little discretion and the addition of five jittery butterflies...

## pinksinkhand and jellysmellyfingers

PINK hands and JELLY fingers  
loved to play in the snow...  
and under the table...!

but things were not quite as they should have been  
on a bright sunny morning, the crisp snow melting...

In the garden could be seen  
many a furtive  
and yet bright lime green  
wormlet  
engaged with one another  
in arduous and fatiguing meetings  
in arduous and fatiguing meetings...

...in arduous and fatiguing meetings  
and breaking off only begrudgingly  
to offer sparing but sparkling greetings

to the inappropriately speckled blackbird

with wide beaming grins  
which bespoke of several glasses of carbonated gin  
things were definitely all of a spin

and to add to the quandary  
there were pernicky quarrelsome kings  
floundering about in irksome and awkward wings

while the inappropriately  
speckled blackbird sings  
while the disproportionate  
and inappropriately  
speckled blackbird sings

and the motionless gardeners silently heckled  
throughout this prolonged dispute  
where so much debate was of refute

and so to return  
to the lime green wormlets  
who many would deem  
to be justly considered hermits

it was really a case of inadequacy and irrelevance that  
they should rise on such an occasion  
but matters as they were, awry and haphazard  
in such inclement conditions  
produced the unexpected backlash  
in the silver and ultraviolet  
blackbirdblink of an eyelash  
wizardry and duplicitous deviltry  
was in time delivered  
and no fairies escaped end  
as lime green dessert  
during this outrageous concert

while the inappropriately  
speckled blackbirds sang  
while the inappropriately  
violet blackbirds sang...

however, never never, ...ever,  
in nether regions neath the heather  
or amidst cast off feather  
were times as these  
– dear to all –  
more than the cost of a song or dance  
or two tools or too tall

while the disproportionate  
pecking blackbirds sang  
while the dispassionate nestling  
bluebeaked birds sang

however, pinksinkhands and jellysmelly fingers loved to play,  
in the pram... in the garden... in the crisp cold sun  
of a snow-bright morning...

## p e l i c a n c r o s s i n g s

and as she walked out before the cars that slowed as they approached the pelican crossing a pigeon swooped and hovered with unexpected hesitation... with curiosity she followed the gaze of the pigeon and saw that another, perhaps this pigeons partner, lay vulnerable on the road with the motionless quality of death... upon reaching the other side she looked back but between the passing cars could now see neither of the pigeons.

“Don’t tempt me,” I warn her, then looking backwards I admit that I should concentrate on wearing a belt that co-ordinates when rubbing some kind of cream into her face...

“Why do you say it like that and clutch my waist?”

Doubling over with pain du chocolat crammed in my pockets and empty eye sockets I unzip my trousers and let out a yellow canary that had nuzzled secretly in the black velvet folds since the delightful garden party. I begin to explain the white loaf procedure.

A shopping trip to Lewisham encompasses Peckham too in the search for a particular kind of light... The light evades the shopper who alternately gazes at the styles of shoes in several shops and tries on a dainty 30's silver showgirl slipper... Departing without the shoes the shopper returns home with the more practical purchase of eight china, high-lustre, hollow fish to be worn on her fingers with tight fitting white gloves.

In any of the many undetermined periods of absence to which we are all susceptible, a lighter had been placed on a ledge near the grill... and the inevitable small but startling explosion occurred – small enough to make an unimpressive bang but deceptively powerful enough in a microscopic insert to have brought incredulity to the foreground and to have blown the skin off her face onto the ceiling...

the colour of silver grey sky lining and waiting for the summer one veggie burger too many and too many chips and would summer come this year even if it came, or take place somewhere else

## She had four legs.

It wasn't an easy role standing (or perched) on top of the lamp post although not legless but in this case legmore – and not any lamp post with a view..... but an underground post of lamp....

Things have become a little tricky here so, like her in many situations, silhouetted and facilitated by four legs, we shall likewise side step the matter – knowledge is not an object to be trusted. The point is impossible and of course....

Let me begin again:

She had four legs and could be heard arriving from many directions.

She was adorned in 4 pairs of red tap shoes. She was met. It was in the Vibrantly Evergreen Rosegarden that the meeting took place. This was the secret location fourlegged Flow, rhizome in red, loved to spend time in following paths. Flow, four footed, eyes shaded by a crimson mask complimenting her red-hot-poker colour shoes made her way in startling style.....

The meeting was not of vision... Flow described it as somehow globular and infecting; of feather and flight, not cloaks. The black birds had often appeared to gaze at Flow but these black birds – the size of sheds – when they chose, signalled the prospect of being thrust into a physically extreme sound zone at any opportune moment....

Luckily, (others were not so favoured) these wonderful, winged spectrals were amused by Flow's habit of path following and delighted by the tapping accompaniment of her tiptop tap shoes... at twilight even the stars twinkled as metamorphic fractals to transmit their pleasure and join in the frolics of this outlandish affair.

The scenario is (not to mention the flamingoes and umbrellas), an absurd one but profound wisdom is ....played out.

Lugubrious lakes, pale ponds, polystyrene streams, shimmering rivers and the wide tangled oceans. None of these had offered solutions (although it was in their nature) nor came near to emulating the fascination that the black bird's

BlackPool eyes could trigger. Fear and utter bewitchment were pursuits Flow recognised as central to her mechanisms of desire. The BlackPool Eyes offered infinite surface... there was simply nothing to reflect.... and Flow adored vertigo!

Enjoying the alivening wetness, four legs awry Flow twirled jubilantly, scattering visions of redness from head to feet and in return the storm cloud curtains parted a crack to let shards of sunlight cut the scene into silvers and brightness and scarlets. Flow turned and turned with her black hair trailing like maypole ribbons, relishing the dissolving perspectives...

But although there is not time, in which to move on, I now will return to the pretense of continuing... for I wish to speak of what slithers; of flip side surfaces and glints; of damp detectors and the uncanny appearance of mould; of rotten apples impaled with kebab sticks connected to fine gage rubber tubing; of cacti humour and product packaging fads...

E came into the kitchen. E proceeded to open the can of half baked had beens. In the street a passer-by had also glanced upwards to see an oddly dressed figure framed in the window, he turned his head and looked skyward too.... W was glad that the airborne part of her journey was nearly over. The passer-by imagined that his upward gaze had been met by the eyes of a swan peering out of the aeroplane's window – tapered beak pressed sideways upon the small window's glass and humorous small black eye reflective and alert. The passer-by looked back at the window where the figure had stood. He imagined the metamorphosis of the figure into an ostrich mopping the lino floor... feathers flounced and instead of shoes the heavy padding of an ostriches feet strode backwards and forwards.

E became (a seagull), as she stirred the teabag around in the mud, immersed in considering. It was at this moment that the accelerated insert of collision occurred. E had never met W but recognised her. And this is how it happened that E, W and the passer-by (who was also the cyclist concerned) were to find themselves eye to sky across a minimalist place a

week later. The suitcase of the contents had brought them together in a way that none of them could have predicted and of their lives fabricated a decoupage that was as sharply defined and incongruous as any ever imagined by three ascending mallard ducks.

It is enough to know that the eggs of many were broken, that the suitcase contained magic and the anomalous ... and of two other distinct items: a princess's coat, from a fairy tale; and a gnome which brought delight and disgust with its naked tongues and cheeks... and tendency of dropping its trousers and fondling its genitalia appealingly... causing undergrowth and overgrown shrubbery to go wild and weeds to grow wherever it was spaced.

E, phenomenically speaking was aware that her ordinary, obscure life was obscene and similarly succumbed to the gnomic allure to accentuate the satisfaction of anomie... W was wearing the coat of many fairy tails. The effect of this was a process of soft crystallisation upon the body, which became translucent with silver pulsating veins of crystal grain

visible, and the emission of tingling light and a fruity, glistening dew – with some extremities feeling rather like peeled kiwi fruit to the touch and tasting rather delicious too! W would become amorous whilst so adorned in the coat with many tails swinging fetchingly...

The passer-by who was of Dionysian leaning and not accustomed to the ungodly, early hour nor breaking fast from slumbers adrift, was not left untouched. Behind drawn curtains which were ultramarine in hue and of a surprising thickness, each morning he would rise to boil an egg, judging the timing precisely so that the yellow yolk would remain runny, perfect for his new predilection. If the passer-by had drawn back the hypnotic blue of the drapes and flung the windows open he could have observed the fly-pass and over and perhaps this vision of migration may have enabled him to escape the desire which egged him on daily. After relishing the yellow egg yolk the passer-by would then peep from a worn holed patch in the curtains to view birds which flew past to their nests. It was at this moment that he would be overcome by the sensation of being covered in fur...

All aspects of the passer-by's daily life and fantasies were now reorientated towards the pursuit and melancholic contemplation of these mystical originating matters (eggs levitating on misty lakes; egg-trees in paradise gardens; egg storms - thunder and lightning and falling fried eggs...). The egg could be seen in all, like the acorn if one placed it there.... E referred to this as the power of the yolk's yellow seduction against the ultramarine, the power of the voidal sublime to transfix one and the attachment to bad egg ideology.

This text was not designed for purposes of revenue, investment or postponement, it is – of no account... beyond effect and scrambled eggs.....

## oblique

oblique and mis-shapen motley teasers,  
carrying immense diagrams...

murmured and slurred,  
to each and every other  
unbuttoned intonations  
audible to the neck's nape

ardour's wardrobes and the precise inflection  
of an eye's brow  
comfort coincidences  
extrapolating cider hiccups  
and cups scuppered  
when eyes averted  
creatures, perverted

dancing wondrously  
tentative fingersliding temptations  
swiftly lifting skirts and shirts  
frantically and calmly  
connected and detached

the hardness of gleaming joinery...  
the sublimely grotesque postures

and succulant armpits garnished with cherry's lips  
and the act leaps  
and the perpendicular rotates  
in dreams spinning...  
the fact, fat and fallow, sleeps

the secreted hubris,  
the nose bleed of a fairy  
a delirium of rubies, of lights  
temperate passions and jealousy  
spewing plumage of orange intensities...

softness and summers yellow slippers  
to adorn arched and slim footed youth

genies and giant vessels  
equipt with sails of steaming proof

gorged hot on leafy aromas  
hovering and hairy hind legs  
revealing astounding physiques  
suggesting unusual prerequisites  
and indentations that unquestionably disturb....

and shark hands and sand  
and the rub and the ruffled  
of scuffles and truffles and rifles  
of the Odyssey and the string  
that presses stinging wings  
and the encrusted lascivious tails  
and of the great bearded whales  
and of the frank  
the rank and the orchards that sank

and the grin of the grimace  
of seductions and effluvia  
of the tantalising  
and betime  
the bosom of the body... besmirched

## tips of grass

scatterscutter

tips of grass and slipping

ankles ajar

choosing and exhorting

met and thumb on fret

clocks and frocks

too summer shocked

advent shortening brinks

foolish squints

unrepresented, indeed,

and peacocks

and of no account....

and of no weight

in fact, in mud quivering

salt shivering

underfoot, middle arch

dubious tingling

anxiety  
so here I'm not... in this pause  
the mingling city cynic  
crackling feats,  
laughter laughing, weeps  
stage-light slanting in the park  
even chill in the dark  
and waking barely  
conjuring fleet lies  
mystery shared

globular and mutant, magics  
every table of plum and banana  
and grape and tangerine and pomegranate  
inadequacies and tapping  
meeting plastic...  
without directly  
Siberian tables  
ingenuity...  
two sides of

When the clouds meet the sky...  
crabs scatterscutter for cover  
the tips of grass touching my ankles  
moon drops on your forehead  
when the door is ajar  
between  
spiralling spinning and the bend in the road  
no chosing, no forks but the journey's bend  
always arriving and yet never being met with  
the clock at 2 minutes to two.... too  
summerrestlessnessandresignation  
in the enormity of the advent and electric heat  
strange ineptitude and dimimishing and wide-eyed skies  
and dazzling possibilities in the shortening of time  
exhausted of rationality, postponement distancing,  
erradicating vitality transfixed on the brink  
squinting foolishly....

## no length

This is a story, of no length.... nor time, place or person. Characters and qualities, inherently insubstantial remain unrepresented, indeed a story without presence... like a muse. A story of no account... and of no weight. In fact so superflously light, so superbly fluid... like sparkling glittering sunlight dancing in the quivering stream rushing with excitement to be engulfed by the salt of the sea.

The underfoot.... the nasal cavity... the seen not seen.... the heard not heard. And the touched not touched.

A story without beginning, middle or end because there is only the currency of intensity. Whirlpools and vortex's of inexactitude... Lugubrious mists caressing dubious rivers.

Stagnant pools festering...

The sensual coolness of dew beaded shrubbery.

and

a n x i e t y

so here I'm not... in this pause,

and there you're not and vanished, transient in another mingling city, courting adventure heroically, casting magic circles and surprising the unexpected. Lightfooted, fairy footed and gay cynic sparkling and crackling... and passionate feats of somersaulting visuality, of rupture and magnitude, awe and laughter laughing with horror and ecstasy... of colours incinerating.... efflorescence and evanescence....

and shadows in the stage light, sharp and angular and cold, slanting dark shadowy... and shadow softness sensuality and lips...

and even at 1.08pm this August day retains the beginning chill of a September morning....

a feeling of calmness and swirling vicinities

## hair clips

directionally

hair clips

grapes

drops

cauliflower

rocket

moon

skyscraper

lush russet

watercress dress

hazardous

intergalactic visitor

press pressing

strawberry plummet

jelly bean capsules

enervating

volatile starch

larch chirp

large chip

fluorescent nasal cavity

needle stitching time saves nine  
wine line and saline solutions  
capricious monstrosity  
free flow flummox  
free flow thumbit  
strumming  
I add you up  
games we play  
free day  
long stay  
near the end  
sheer  
shaven  
and no possibility of seduction  
I put your hat on your head  
it fits..  
fluorescent hat  
acephalic head  
lobotomised  
allegoric

logohoeric  
logarithmic  
exponential explication  
insatiation  
vile mediocracy  
snarl, snarling  
fluorescent eyes, phantasmagoric  
slanting, parting, chanting  
dancing collapse  
fluid charm

....garden scents infiltrating...

## amphibians

although it bears no relation to my hand... or a mothers' foot, I am caressing a shoe of moss and velvet and stone that is more beautiful than any I have ever seen before... an exquisitely hewn, weightless and opaque covering – the softness! ...naked limbs and foliage and yet clearly misshapen and partially obscured by the ivy exploring surfaces with virile tenacity and trailing with languor from the high arches overhead...

as amphibians, we perform in this river of streams

we are like birds. Our eyes have enlarged and our legs have grown slender and tapered but we are walking into other worlds yonder, young wings folded secretly. From flushed cheekbone to purple painted toe nail we are dressed in cyan

plumage. We are carrying armfuls of tender, fleshy peaches and balance on our heads circular boards of some, not negligible, weight. We refer to immense diagrams on these boards at inopportune moments for direction...

For instance when we should make headway we ponder and linger and when the dizzying temperature rises we stride onwards as if we anticipate an episodic fear preying upon and overtaking us.

in fine misty rain showers and silver sunlight we are following paths that intersect with none and are permeated by infinity, and lush ferns, sparkling. We are turning on a platinum axis that begins and ends at every point and pore. The sound in this metallic landscape is more than I and becomes me; oblique planes and possibilities cloak me; unknown

resoundings and unbuttoned intonations traverse territories  
uninvited blurring directionality and limits. Immeasurable  
attitudes and stances on panoramic peninsula's stretching  
and yawning and screaming...

we are planting where there are no borders and the fact, fat  
and fallow, sleeps. Open and of many shades like leaves I  
stand at many luminous thresholds and extend my arms and  
cold hands and gently twirl to feel the feathers of birds  
brushing against me. The sky breaths scale somersaulting  
vastness. The sky is larger on the days I spend counting weeds  
and on these days the path follows me...

## scalpel caught

Ness garden	garden of tresses
Scone palace	sconula place
Stone lane	stone tone plane
Cabbages and Kings	crabs, scabbards and swings
The hermitage	the permit for sagacity
Gardens of the rose	ardour of the rose
Hodges' barn	stodgy palm
Fern hill	fernicious quill
Apple court	scalpel caught
Spinners	snippers
Merriments gardens	berry and mint pardons
Monk silver nurseries	Monk silver nurses
Water wheel nursery	watery meals
Paradise centre	Para dice mentor

In Paradise Epicentre a garden of tresses was flourishing... this was pleasing news to the Scary Dressers, Spinners and Snippers who had awaited the moment of bloom with trepidation, squeezing into garments which were clearly poorly fit, and being of fernicious quill had surpassed many an hour scratching the scalpel and preoccupied with berry and mint pardons. Following surreptitious Punks, Skunks and Monks with silver nurses, adorned forlorly in mermaids purses would deliver watery meals with unappealing squeals and shrills. These nourishing profferings from stodgy palms were concocted in tropical lands with mammery glands. Mirth was obsequiously applied on pink grapefruit requisition slips specifying in pedantic detail billowing pillows, bellowing pillars – and other such pillockerie rockery. Permits for sagacity accompanied the unusual condiments.

In the Hermitage amidst the squirming cabbages and Kings carrying syringes, crabs dilly dallied armed with lethal scabbards and gathered in merriment by the delightfully lead and frightful swings... The Kings bard spoke onerously of stoney toned planes and iconic residencies, of rasping jamming partakings at Scone Palace, of knuckles and other peninsula and sconicular laces...

Queenwhile the moon by-passed over the mid yawning sun, shafts of dusts danced in a corner of the garden known as Hodges' barn and Apples courted attention from the corners of monkey's eyes... and nurses fanatically and frantically farted and darted between the cupidacious reliquary on their sweet escape to a Fern Flurry Thrill!

## thoughts on blustery bus stops

busy

stops and birds and leafy words

preening gleaming characters inbetweening awaiting

movements escaping shaking

unlocking distance

flocking and stockings

walking near

stalking

reading leaves

and stroking sleeves

pacing still...with the sharpness of quill

and fullness stops!

## shoogie?

some b-lurbish-ae-rating prior to the anacondic and Delilah  
(what about Samson and the mesaticephalic  
and those that shoogie? – just don't ask!)  
a subsidence of the malaise of judgement is required  
its manacles & manicures and grouchy tentacles  
its testifying bleeding in rubble  
beside creed and culprit, putrid and limp...  
deliquescence, latent delinquency & lycanthropy  
a collateral dilatancy and colloidal porridge  
an inside-out of pursuit  
a laxative meandering and diluvian custard  
a slithering of the unforeseen clicking  
a wriggling and ribbed rind and the 'spelling' of bound  
an estranged parallel ex-actitude  
knotted, spinning and grinning delight within fright  
a divesting orational expenditure  
with celebratory posture and inflammatory gloss  
and betwixt the frosty toast  
and underneath the post in our throats...  
we're sipping saliva – we're kicking  
slipping out upwards on a fountain mountain!

## Fanatic Neurotic

FANATIC NEUROTIC

an end to all hassle

ready at all times

quick-release

satellite in your hand

your precise position anywhere

should darkness close in and you can't find

your way

(back to the car or ski lift)

rugged and fully proof

(with carrycase)

original

a keepsake

yourself

in a dustproof wallet

a Certificate of Authenticity

that could change your life

precision engineered extractor

a choice of two

sweep away

without bending

weeds don't stand a chance  
Ripper Weeder locks its teeth  
without you having to dirty your hands  
ankle-height Jolie Boots offer a big dash of style  
perfect seamlessly moulded PVC  
the scale with LCD read out  
offers stunning looks  
"one-eye-at-a-time" make-up  
for wearers it's even trickier  
(independently-hinged, flip-up lenses let you work)  
superb Sleek Cheeks  
comfortable sleep  
silky smooth Body Pillow  
fully washable  
(use the extra-large capacity machine in your  
launderette).

## complexity

an asterisk

a snowflake

## phantasm

it is at that part of the night when those quieter than quiet night hours become noise... a child of five years has entered my room through the door which I observe as open now, although I closed it earlier... I am asleep but I can see the child as I am suffocating by delicately placed, cold, glistening fingers sustaining light pressure on my throat... I am unable to move... this moment is an eternity... the child dissolves into a silhouette of shadow: a darkness vicinity and flickering shadow form... merging with the flickering moonlit room... hovering... gliding... no feet to touch the ground...

## ambivalence

pear drops  
spear drops  
sphere drops  
eye drops  
tear drops  
dew drops  
dirty mops  
old props  
cream clots  
blood spots  
silly sops  
flops and dots and shots  
bombs drop  
slip slop  
clippity-clop  
flip-flop  
dripping drop drop

## on a ship...

- On a ship... many kippers could be seen dressed in a wonderful copper sheen.
- In a carriage... strawberries were greengaged in conversation with a bunch full of sage.
- On a red London bus... the tourists eating green sandwiches gasped, a pea green cathedral could be seen at Greenwich celebrating the Millenium.
- On the tube... pears snuggled together troubled.
- Flying the aeroplane... apricot pilots dazzled passing white seagulls in their amber fire orange finery alight in the setting sun.
- On the puffy white cloud... salty peanuts perched.
- Through the window... apples on the tree smiled with glee.
- The door opened and... carried in by mice, a slice of bread, spread with lead, placed on a plate the colour of slate.

At the table...	toast, jam and butter; post, tulips and clutter.
The curtain rose to reveal...	peaches and leeches and lychees.
Floating...	on its back, outstretched, supine and bathing in the sun, a partially eaten melon adorned in a sophisticated sombrero made of frilly seaweed, drifted; and departed on olive oily sea to new horizons.
In the doorway...	filling the threshold, a lime green petit-pois.

## suddenly a path

suddenly a path and a certainty of pace which leads from and away and to, my steps faster than me I follow and... I choke and increasingly cough and vomit as not my stomach's contents but first blood and mucus and then in more quantity strange livid and pathetic organic membranes... intestinal and of heart; and infested, and torrid, the internal externalised... foreign to my eyes mind, that I look on and half cradle as still part of me...

I take the advice of a passer-by and inadvertently make my way quickly to a nearby pharmacy as if with the administering of an uncanny cure, slight like a plaster, this plight could be breached – the exuding of my insides in escape of rationales of reason seared – .... I hold up the alien organ and still it seems part of me... host and feast to wormlike entities which are alive as I present my heamorffic birth to the blurred pharmacist....

another reality sings through into me, I am manifest with horror in an implacable suspended moment...

the raw flesh bundle swings back away into monstrous dreams imaginings, a mist of the confusion malingers...

I put down the phone, your voice and you vanished. I stepped across the landing and entered your room. I switched on the light... the bulb flickered and pinged – light gone in a flash... I hover stung twice in the after shock of darkness and your departure...

## the grove

the grove...

trees as old as old can be  
and one hundred times the height of me  
and autumn twilight crispness and stage-light cast warmth  
dancing amber shadows softening the cold, hard pavings  
your fond ghosts, delight and wilfulness, and hoof spirit...

the incline

the point before the end where I turn  
the gap between my step and weight  
the intersecting railway line  
the silent paws of urban creatures  
two orangerussetgold cloaked foxes, paused-still  
in another soundscape, soft-hushed and enchanted and,  
absurdly, posed like an old family photograph  
and then playback continues as they rush and dive at each  
other in the moistness of undergrowth  
they slide out of angle and my footsteps return,  
two passer-by's momentarily connected as onlookers return

strangers worlds  
collaging rhythms of mood  
as solitary figures and parties pass  
buoyant steps of anticipation,  
relaxed strides of reprieve,  
perfumes of distraction,  
and suitcases swapped for sensual gifts,  
beverages and concoctions  
in jugs with makeshift lids  
carried with excitement and steam  
and the aroma of November-punch-friend-gatherings....

## leaf rustling

leaf rustling  
planting slanting fear  
breathed in my ear  
poking dainty confusion spoken  
upsprightly insomniac anxiety  
shrink from the brink  
a shrink on the brink standing in the sink covered in ink  
amongst, around and groundless enveloping stationary  
pink haze in motion veiled and notion whirr  
a gentle giantess barefoot in meadow grass and tangerines  
weightless in the summer hill horizon  
black hair blowing the wind silver  
a gull-nymph with crisply folding wings  
featherwhiteness  
sleekness and wetsuit appeal  
painted nails and fluffy tails  
a slink black cat  
and glamorous white cat disappearing into a suitcase  
fragility and glimpsing eyes outwards  
escaping and masked in a painted disguise

curly lashes and sharplipped  
cloaked in scarlet velvet  
bejewelled, beaded in droplets of reflected magic  
a poodle and a pekinese ruffled and coquettish  
the treadfast  
and statue steadfast  
and gardengreenshimmerings  
moist everpink petalliah in steam shaded undergrowth

## not fully

“not fully engaged”

said the termite and turnip to the onion perched on a  
frosted pane.

“eloquently afoot in sultry soot”

replied the elephant, slipping in unlike a wee slender thing

“a mere retort”

thought the salt cellar benignly and indigenous

“pot bellied pepper”

to quote the reseller, unfortunately an inappropriate  
Yellow...

anyway, enough is enough, is enough of this jingly jangly  
stuff. And so to now – to potted, spotted teas and such  
equivalences and departure from mighty frivolances...

but thoughts in lingerie, of mystic cherubrics on trapeze,  
playing the guitar and hopping happily!

## Notes

These writings...

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