

The butcher's house,
Stone for stone,
Is mine, as I,
Stone for stone,
Am hewn peak guts.

ROCK-FIST, HELM OF THIS VALLEY, DENSE MEMORY-STAR,

I am highest and oldest, ice ringed and wind fingered.

Stone ribs rest now,
Crack, cracked,
Scuttling away to dust your boots.
Today, my treasure is
Five blue snail shells
Under this rock.

Ice fingered and wind ringed,
I have little, but dream strangely.
Dreams -
rock spine earth hum,
volcano footsteps,
mountainous desire.

Some ages are memorised,
Breathed in through stone pores,
Other ages are remembered,
Exhaled into the night.

**Montségur, safe mountain,
Orange-roofed life-pulse,
Sheltered and shadowed
Under the rock-fist.**

FUCK IT'S COLD.

Lungs' air hung frozen.
At the sound of engines,
Halt,
Turn hopefully,
stick out the thumb and
Try not to look threatening.

**Come on you pricks,
It's snowing out here.**

The door chimes,

a face forms

and they dance.

Bonsoir Madame.

Bonsoir, Monsieur.

A baguette, please.

And this. Please.

And, please,

please,

what did
they do
with the
bodies?

She coils meat into a bag and smiles.
Two hundred and five.

five bluesnail shells

STONE



Roadside,
Two bald scarecrows,
Old turnips,
Leather joints
Clenching and unfurling,
Dig.

- Things used to happen here.
- When?
- Back then.
- Where you here then?
- Where?
- Back then.
- Mmm.

He winds his shoulders tightly
Then forces the spade's edge
into the question.
Autopsy.

We cannot talk about the fire.
It's too
melodramatic.

Hoof-beats,
silence.

He freezes, cowed fear
flickering in the torchlight.
His companion stops also, hand on the gate,
eyes straining into the black.
Fat jewelled hands
Grasp the thick
crucifix
at the throat of silence.
Velvet robes hang
On clenched breath.
Where are the guards?

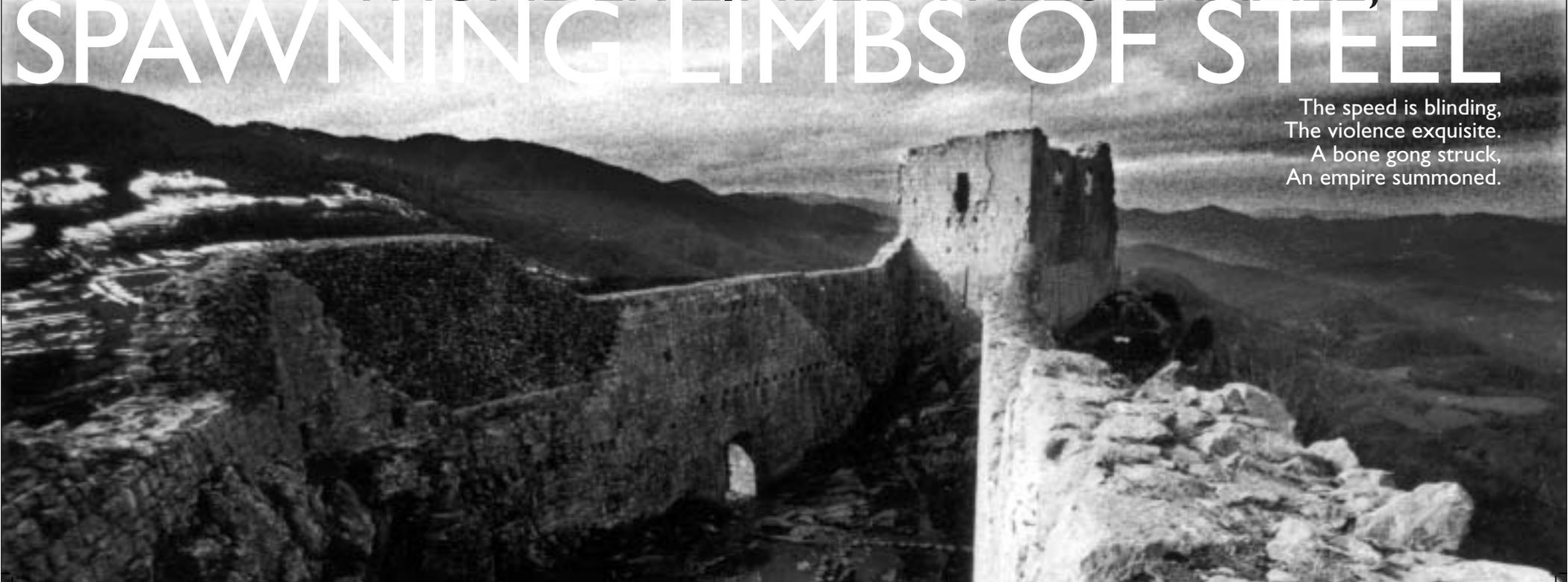
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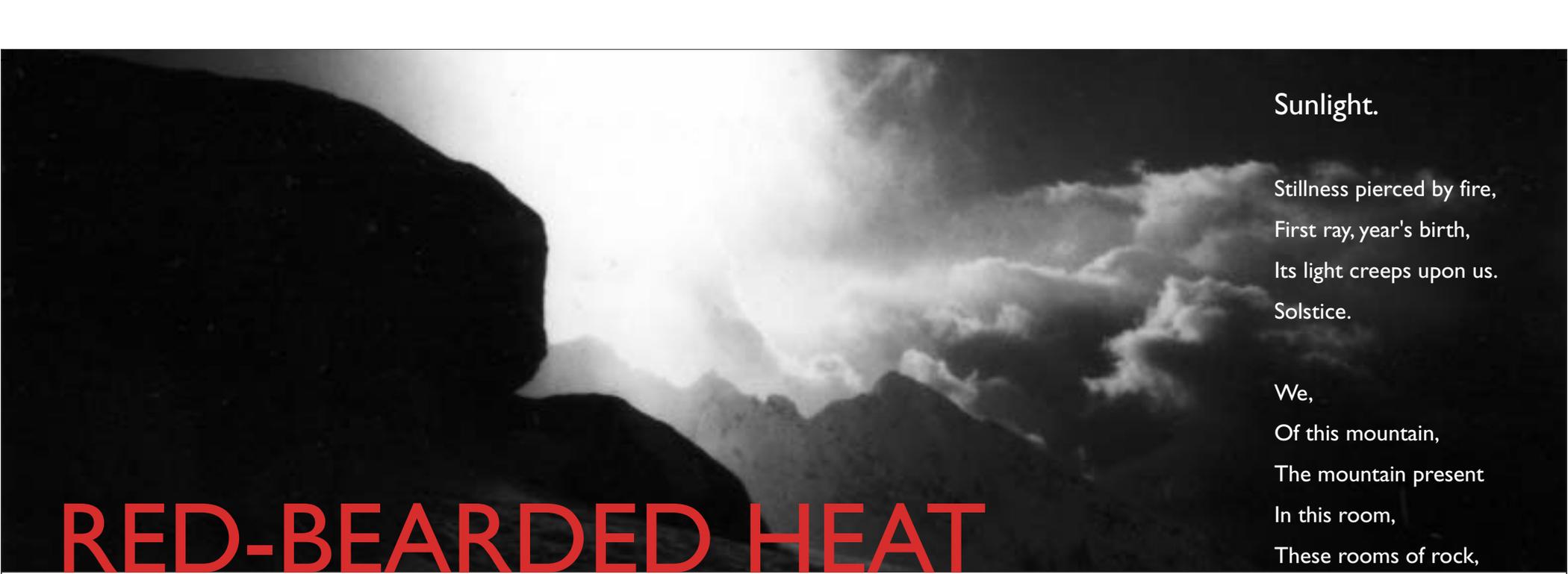
Finally!
Bright snow-fed beetle
Crunches over ice to rest ahead.
God am I glad
To see you guys.
Knees wedged behind the seat,
I notice the driver's gold chains and heavy watch.
Enough to buy several of these
Shitty cars.

His companion, barefoot, says little.
I'm curious.
- where you from?
- Morocco. Just got here.
Laughter from the driver – he's never seen snow
before!
Leaning out the window,
Trying to scoop snow
Off passing trees,
Whooping.

THUNDER-LIMBED TREES EXHALE, SPAWNING LIMBS OF STEEL

The speed is blinding,
The violence exquisite.
A bone gong struck,
An empire summoned.





RED-BEARDED HEAT

Sorry.
I always apologise
before I attempt
before attempting
before anything more
than a few sentences.
She stops.
Turns back towards me,
Interested.
Yes?

I was wondering.
I was, wondering, about ...

Seated, poised,
We sit, we watch.
What is not right?
What does not belong
A cloak is wool.
Rough fingered weave
Calms my distracted hands,
But warmth waits below
Lighted and roasted.
Adjacent, frozen,
He says little.

They're finding it hard
To swallow -
A shuffling winter pilgrim
Minus the faith, minus the destination.
Worship photogenic views and cheap
salami.
Rear-view eyes grin:
'Aren't you afraid?
Wandering around by yourself out here?'
I'm thrown. What should I fear
today?

roars with laughter
teeth thrown back
blood and wine mingle
rich scents spilling
from the brim
of a white mitre.

Rear-view eyes nod knowingly.
'If you believe, you have nothing
to fear.'
Is this guy for real?
'Eh?'
'You do believe?'

Round the icy bend
Massive walls glimpsed.

'No.'

Sunlight.

Stillness pierced by fire,
First ray, year's birth,
Its light creeps upon us.
Solstice.

We,
Of this mountain,
The mountain present
In this room,
These rooms of rock,

This rock raised from
mountain,
stone made flesh,
We,
Are defined and completed
As the first light enters,
East to west,
Unhindered and pure.

Montsalvage,
Lighthouse, cup,
Source of power,
Summer high and bell-clear.



I should eat,
And, yeah,
I should eat.
Hooded from cold
I run the steps and rest,
Panting, stripping layers
Beneath massive gates.
God that's steep.

Dark valley swallowed in shadows
And the unruly murmurings of a hungry
stomach,
But it can wait.
The moon burns higher;
Stone ribs weighted in shadow,
Rock thrust from rock
Juts above.

Moonlight.
Turn of the globe,
Winter's longest night.
What of it?

Cracking, crackling,

Words cannot, will not

staked

She leans closer,
wet hands staining the counter.

'Well now, I don't remember much -
It was a long time ago.
Although,
No,
They sang
In the face of the inquisition.'

One step, A ring of teeth
Breath in, Crackling and spitting laughter.
Two steps, Flutter of colour, windy symbol
Sing out. Flags staked over old earth

Three steps,
Breath in,
Four steps,
Sing out.

'Heretics, refused repentance.
King and Pope,
staked them down
and burned them, over there.'

An idle gesture; time sliced under rolling winter madness.

'On still days I can still

'You'd want to go visit the museum.
They've got pamphlets there.
In English.'
'Oh?'
'In summer.'
Great.

smell the smoke.'

Be swallowed.

staked

High rounded vowels,

staked

Once announced,

burning

Blacken and curl at the edges.

VOICE

Night vigil,
Seated, poised.
Watching nothing unfold
And fearing its silence.
I have not heard the clock.
Our 10-month conversation
In the language of pain
Dulls the pure, snow-fed air.
I prefer to watch clouds
Yet still must drag my eyes
Through mud.

Movement -

Panic snaps him

Blindly to the edge.

Breath held.

WHAT?

Rock lichen seeds dust.

Rough-grained stone

Hums memory-tremors,

Transmitting them with a touch.

Hysteria rises

Against stillness of the night.

Gazing on high
Stacked stones.
Weight and space
Balance.
Hands trace the carved
lintel curve.
Stone, threshold.

Climbing the walls
To the world top,
One step above today's lip.

U t t e r s t i l l n e s s .

So.
Fucking.
Cold.

**WHAT DID
YOU SEE?**

Shells, shadows, leaves, dust

BACK OF THE YEAR

MONSTROUS VIBRATIONS.

Jerk
upright
stone
hot
to
touch
what
the
Fuck

Drums and cries –

The night erupts
Black c h a o s

Hurricane memories
Breathed into the dark.

ALONG THE
**RAZORBACK
ROCK
SPINE**
THE FOREST
**SUDDENLY
BURNS**
WITH THOUSANDS,

Drums and steel of the word
raised up, horns of war
spreading fire through the
roar and stench of enraged
stone.

Light but feet no ground not there scrambling down away
Three figures move fast, unseen and afraid.
Each carries something, wrapped.
Coins, a cup, a camera.
Down, down.

stonevoice.

Some ages memorised,
Breathed in through stone pores,
Other ages remembered,
Exhaled into the night.

INTENTIONS - CLARIFIED, REFINED, SLICKED DOWN, VIEW SLASHED LEFT TO RIGHT
WITH THE THUNDER OF TRAIN STEEL ACROSS THE FACE.

ROARING BRIGHT LIGHTS FLECTION, SEE ABOUT NOW AND NOW ABOUT ALL YOU SEE YOU KNOW ABOUT
OPEN-FUMED BLACK AS BLACK THE BACK AND BLEACH FLIPPED TREES GUTTED ON LONG SMEARED
LIGHT ALL YOU NOW SEE YOU KNOW YOU SEE ALL YOU KNOW INSECTS, FLICKING, BLACK BLINDNESS
FLICKING BACK FLICKING BACK FLICKING ACROSS FLICKING BACK FLICKING ALL YOU KNOW YOU KNOW
ABOUT ALL YOU SEE YOU BUY, SKITTERING FLICKING BACK SMEARING A YEARNING FOR FOOD, ALL YOU
SEE ABOUT KNOW SEE ALL YOU NEED, HOME TO GIVE ME GIVE ME GIVE ME GIVE ME FLICKING BACK
FLICKING BACK SMILE BY ALL YOU SEE ALL YOU KNOW YOU MEAN ALL SCENES MEET CHINDLESS FLICKING
BACK FLICKING BACK VOTE FLICKING VOTE FLICKING VOTE FLICKING SPREAD LEGS, BUY MEAT SCENES
ALL MEAT FALL THE NEW STATION, BRICK FOR BRICK IS MINE, AS I BRICK FOR BRICK AM FOR SALE,
SUBURBS, TASTE THE FLICKING FUMES FUMBLE CIGARETTE FUMBLE FUMES TASTE FLICKING BACK FLICKING
BACK SPREAD.

TWIN STEEL NEEDLES, TWISTED SINEWS WRITHING AWAY, CITY-BOUND.

SHRIEKING GIRDERS PULL SLOW MOTION INTO TIME, SPEEDING LIGHT
SHOT FROM THE STATION-WOMB BEGGAR-HEAP VENDING-BUZZ BREAK-
BEAT OUT INTO THE NIGHT TO SMEAR IT WITH SPEED,
TIME THINS, DIRECTIONLESS, OUTSIDE COOKIE-CUT INTO SQUARE WINDOWS,
THE MOVIE-STRIPPED MOMENT ENDLESS.



VOTE. THREE THIS BY TEAM MEET PULLS HER MIND TO THE SURFACE GOING
TO THE DOGS I TELL YA CONTENT SKIMS PEBBLES ACROSS YESTERDAY'S DRY
MOUTH. WALKS A FEW STEPS FORWARD. STOPS. NOSE ZIG-ZAGGED IN TWO
WHITE SCAR MUSCLE HOLDING HIS FACE TOGETHER. LOOKS AT THE SIGNS
WALKS A FEW STEPS FORWARD. STOPS. LOOKS AT THE SIGNS. STOPS. DRY
MOUTH. LONDON'S GIANT EYE SQUINTING INTO SPACE. BLINDNESS FLICKING
BACK ARMS OUT A WINDY SCARECROW FLICKING BACK FLICKING ACROSS
FLICKING BACK FLICKING AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHERE ARE YOU FROM
CROSSING FLASH SHOES FLATTERING PAST FLATTERING SLAP SLAP SLAP THE
RUSTLE OF SHOP-FACED BLING TRACE ME AN ARC MY DARLING AN ARC OF
CREDIT IN THE AIR, A LOGO RAINBOW RAINING ON EROS' GOLDEN BUTTOCKS