

on all fours





ON

ALL

FOURS

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You cease to exist when you say 'That's what I am'. As soon as I can define myself I am dead.

Jodorowsky

I am not a wall and yet am I not a wall

I am like Archimedes and the albatross

Stone and mortar

A bird and a construction site

My eyes bleed on holy mountains

Show me a mountain and a place to stand

It is like Nijinsky said:

I am God

I was not God

I am a clown of God

I am Apis

I am an Egyptian

I am a red Indian

I am a Negro

I am a Christian

I am a Chinaman

I am a Japanese

I am a foreigner

A stranger

I am a sea bird

I am a land bird

I am the tree of Tolstoy

I am the roots of Tolstoy

I am husband and wife in one

I love my wife

I love my husband

I am a vision shaped into the body electric

A seething force that is sea and hail and wisdom and folly

I am a kind of fatalism that the same nerve has been hit upon again

I am your lullabies wrapped in cellophane

I am the engineer lawyer

Waiter sociopath and sleuth

I am the criminal and the crime

Luther and the Aztec Serpent

I am the Great Crustacean doused in paraffin

I am divergent and convergent like Daumal suggests:

I am Universal, I burst;

I am Particular, I contract;

I *become* the Universal; I *laugh*

I am the deadly elements of Mud

Water

Fire and Blood

Of Blackness

Sight and the

Unknown

I am polio with an open-ended agenda that would have Jonas Salk pining
for a patent of the sun

I am a multitude

I am the sea

I am the Mistral

I am King Kong

I have scruples and no scruples

I am an exercise in naked flesh

Look at me

I codify nothing but a reverberation

I am not unearthly

I am not undead

I am not alive and yet

I am a gargoyle

On the Marie Céleste

I am a plague

A treasury

An exoskeletal mainframe

I am abreast the intuitionists

I am the faint

Faint light that illuminates nothing but your being

I am absolute maniacal truth
The unbounded glistening fury

You can't contain me

I am invisible

I am cut-throat

Cut-price

Cut-down

I am a catalogue of unending mysteries

I am a beacon across the seas

I am the sea

I am court shoed into oblivion

I am a boulder

A menir

An obelisk against the citizen

A barrier that serves too freely as bait

I lull you into a false sense of security about yourself

I am the unknown unknown

The placenta of superstition

The hoodoo of real life being

I am a slack-eyed jewel

The purloined letter

I am America

I am ten tonnes of freight heading your way

I am carcinogenic

A melanoma bursting uncontrollably

I am unobtainable

I cannot even recall who I am

My eyes are bolts of steel that seethe fever

I am business and pleasure

I am the cleft between your cheeks

I am the crease in your pants

A citadel of greed

I am Governor of the Bank of England

I am Prince Paul the diocese

I am reggaeton

Nerval's lobster on a leash

I am the real rainbow warrior

The ice steed

I am the apocalyptic fervour

I am Thelonious Monk's shotgun

The boards shuffling beneath his feet

I am the sugar in your bowl

The honeysuckle that would cut you up

I am the femme fatale

The blood that is worth your rosy crux

I am the unnameable

I am unavoidable

I am cast in stone and far beyond your reach like the unnamed bureaucrat
that ties his tie and walks down the street

I am stricken with doubt

I am the pataphysical junta

The red mist

I am the neuroelectric interface

The chaff on your wheat

I am endogenous Don Corlione

I am Napoleon's right hand

I am the infant Christ

I am the founding fathers and their retrograde constitution

Bereft

Of simple understanding

I am complete abandon

I am the Arcadian chorus that sings its mournful song

I am the tower of Pisa

I cough and the world sneezes

I bring horseshoes in pieces

I cannot even picture the picturesque

I am not a bounty

I am not a confession

I am a complete rejuvenation

I am the centre of planet earth

I am astrological

I am of all four signs

I am of all of your minds

I am the ascension and the mitigation of your simple desires

Who sees me sees all

Who knows me knows nothing

I am the great dissolution

I stand before you

Am consumed by you

Am inside you

I instil you

I am thirty more years

I am a lake of tears

I consume the inconsumable

I see the unseen

I upend the unending bitterness of your years

I constipate you

From here to eternity

Until the dénouement of relief with the final flush

I stubbornly pop back up

Regurgitated

Bobbing in your bowl

A knobbly curio

I am the sheen on your window

I am the dew on your lawn

I am the glue in the hooves of the horses you've yet to synthesise

I am the black mould

I am the dust you breathe

The snow in your dome

I am the ring road around your own private Idaho

I am a pool of strangers

I am Erik Satie's Sports et Divertissements

I am Miro's garden

I am the beer pouring down Bohumil Hrabal's throat

I am the waiting lounge of all the world's airports

I am the indignant peregrinations of Flora Tristan

I am the night that is black and white

Leading the green lobsters on through the ectoplasm

I am the stain in your cup

I am 24/7

Non-stop

I am your future dreams

I am where tomorrow is now like a disease

I stick to your flesh till you bleed

I am the great No of the Father

The oxymoron personified

I am beyond gender

Sexuality and sex

I am deep inside of you where your bowels meet your lips

I am the laughter that cannot be ceased

The quietude you cannot reach

I am man woman mountain

Unimpeachable

I am Karl Lagerfeld's glove

The San Franciscan Mission

I am the bowl of the world's soup kitchen

I am the thought you had before regurgitated on your door

I am the hunger in the pit of your stomach

The weed in your garden

The bolthole you call heaven

I am the infinitesimal

The tiniest of minds

I am the simple gesture that stands up to sing nothing

Say nothing

I am the nausea that slowly takes hold

That grips you never to let go

I am the last breath in the fountain of youth

I make time seem like time immanent

I am Kant's categorical parrot

I am the repercussions that lie in his wake

I am the hazing of girl power

The hiccup in the petty imaginary

10,000 professors and only 10 female

I am all creation

I am beyond God

I am simply the breath that this is all that there is

The burst of laughter that brought the world into being

The despair that convulses through your chest

I snap my neck in the wind like Archie Shepp

I am Jaques Tati's lessons in stumbling up a step

I am irrepressible

I am the reason Ivor Cutler renewed his membership of the Noise Abatement
Society

I am the music blaring from your motor cars

Is life itself not enough

I stand like the Angel of the North with a john doe hanging off that drops to
the floor like nuts from the harvest of Bette Midler's midlife crisis

Why Bette Midler

Why anybody

Why not

I am the hour when the clocks change clocks

When seasons indulge their great power cut

I stick to your teeth like glue

I am the putrid stench that your skin barely keeps in

That creeps under your belly button to emanate from your orifices

Your innards

Your brain

Your sex

I am the stench that keeps coming back unchecked

An unknown palimpsest

I am at the bottom of your drawer where you can't reach

The floss stuck between your teeth

The freewheeling bicycle down a freshly paved street

I am irresistible

Like fate walking toward you with a stick

To wave

To poke

To police

I am the friend who has a noose around your neck

I am your swan-dive into oblivion

I am the digital interference on your radio

The glitch in your television

I am the moon shy boy that wires himself to the highway

Pre-empting the latest drone wreck

I am the myth of sleeping beauty under the parapet

A coma which she still has not awoken from yet

I am the interminable war that squeezes and squeezes

Like the chronic stress which your doctor diagnoses

I am the bogey man you can't quite reach

I am the muttering and intoning of the ancients

The old-age adepts of Aleister Crowley's most secret service

Humming numbing AUM mantras of mindfulnesses

I am the violent radiance of the universe

The cruelty and trauma of birth

I lie on my knees like a headless totem lowered upon the earth

I am a mattress of dreams

I am the elephant that drives the monkey that drives the elephant but not

I am the animal that equates dog with parrot with goat with human with

I am the fat ankles of grace

I am the joy you experience in eating your little deaths for breakfast

In trying them on in the mirror

In your part in the birth of our collective denial

Rude awakenings

I am the emptiness you try to cultivate

I am the threat

The alienation

And scorn that caution silence

I am the spiritualists

Lone travellers

The incommunicable poetry of the permanently possessed

I am the misplaced

Unsatisfied love

That 'Cry my eyes for Argentina! When is enough never enough!'

I am blessed with cack-hands

A bone-fide klutz

I am a physical stammer that reverberates around your china shop

I am impregnated with your dreams

I am the whatever

How whatever seems

I am what is then left hanging in the breeze

Everything vanishes and I am the joyous expanded sky

I am the flowering outland

I am the doors to the jambs

The flickering lamppost by the hotdog stand

I am the stick in the gate

The crevasse of green in the burst tarmac

The countless droplets of cut glass

The naive graffiti of Martin C Clark

I am the preternatural Saturday night

An interior decoration of your mind

The fleshy part of your thigh

The gutsy inner warmth

The chicken feed that keeps feeding

I am the febrile trepanation that bores deep into your cranium

I am the unshakable brother number one

The secret conviction that nothing can be changed

That all is left undone

I am the reification of the wild *animal-machine* that leads the support for the
half shark – alligator – half man

I am the synaptic plasticity of your brain

The intimate spectacle of the anthropocene

I am God and I am not God

It is worth reiterating

Let us remember that the vampire killer does not become a vampire through
her teeth but through her simple disposition

How the hunted becomes the hunter is in the look of the eye

A subjection that even those of the perilous night cannot escape from

Look at him for example

Is he not like you or me?

Does he not carry above his head assorted dreams and fears that he flips
through from time to time

Casually

As if disinterestedly skimming through a supplement from a newspaper on
fashion

Food

Sport

He walks like a lot of other humans too

He even sounds familiar but he is on all fours

Like a dog

From hell

I am the sunlight that makes your hair glow

I am the goose in goosander

The way in waylaid

The ack in lack

The coffee sitting in your cup now motionless and black

I am the leaves on your tree

The hole in your head

I am the reason for you living a night of the living dead

I am a hypnotist

A reborn avenger

Look into my eyes and you will see

What you mean to me

And I

Will see not just

What you mean to me but also

What I mean to you

Camera one

Camera two

Camera one

Camera two

And so on

I know not what I do

I know not what I look upon

I am the unbelievable capacity for human suffering

The momentous bronzed steel of Alexander the Great

I exist as a centaur pet detective solving crime in an amoebic landfill full of
character surveys and dissent

I am General Butt Naked's mystical conversion to faith

I am the line left by cold stewed tea

Refreshing

Especially wiped on top like a daisy chain

A Fort William of the mind

A Tom Crusade across continents

I am a merging of turtlesnecks

A patina of fake marble

Vo-la-ray playing on the radio against the encrusted opening of a bottle of
brown sauce

I am the puce colour of your wine-reddened cheeks

I am the way your breathing becomes deep

I am the difficulties you need to explain earnestly

That you attempt to drive through as the rain falls and the sky presses down
and the velvet black coats the light and the night flickers like sun-bleached
flags in the wind

Nothing as hideous as pity

It serves itself up like a shit on a plate

I am the furled lip

The bloodshot eye

The electronic mechanism that forces automatic doors open

And shut

I am the imaginary meeting of Bill Gates

Tony Blair and a developing diagnosis of Bi-polar

Before the disaster of another rededicated Gulf war

All zeros and ones and haloperidol

I am the enduring Operation Freedom Syndrome

I am the deactivation from the field

I am at the crossroads of technology and war

I am the simulation of your inherent trauma that you must navigate in

The virtual reality that your head butts up against

Singing simply until it too finally bursts

I am the phantom limb of your literal outer body

The sound effect of a sword being drawn

I am the philosophy of everyday living against the sounds of cut-price
shamans offering enlightenment

All cushions and gold dust

Sanctimonious

Amenable and offered at a competitive premium

The mind now enters its final stage of commoditisation

Late

Late dollar bills collect like Benjamin Franklin

I am the dreams that money can buy

The mind freshly sprayed by Jeru

I am the chronic fatigue that instils your further retardation

I am the talking cure that knows how to talk shop

I am the raygun of your abduction by alien spaceships

I am the reason so many people believe in conspiracy

The cultish night that swears in secrecy to its worship of perverse acts

Less they be called anything but perverse

I am a whole new level of hysteria

Transmitting information electronically in your area

I am the cause of so many myriad symptoms

That the viral marketing of ideas becomes just your idea of you

Long before your will inhabits

I scourge and autosuggest

Habits that come out to jest

To haunt your imagination and figure like spectres in your recurring dreams

That curl up next to you and softly sing

So softly so

Sorry

So

I am the juncture between the medium and the medicalising arm of science

Where magnetism meets the crystallographer

And hung witches' eyelids float in a sea of 'attitude passionelle'

Where the demonstration states that

The already tamed disease must be put on show

As a spectacle of our discontent

Lo and behold

I put the O in Anna O

I am the marriage of Bertha Pappenheim's hysterical illness and activism

I am the second coming of the second sex

The messianic complex that oversees

Like KRS' officer in the Sound of the Police

I am the sea of autists rising unblinkingly in the rain

With the fervour of empowerment

Eyes peeled

Expectant

I am the howling Ginsberg

The still beating heart in the final retablo of Frida Kahlo

Like the man saved from a lightning strike by grace or a tea truck festooned
in Pakistani luck

Where is Benazir Bhutto now

Where is the righteous motherfucker who like Spike Lee's joint struggles to
Do the Right Thing

The hard-boiled caricature of masculinity in a Black Dynamite or a Mickey
Spillane

I'll paint for you a figure that shows time and space where the conical shape
of future and past cross through an axis point P wherein we all exist at a
time and a place

But floating around this tight image is the notion of elsewhere

Graphically represented by a shower of dots

Shower of cunts

You name it

As many as fucking donkeys

A storm of potentialities that elude articulation

As Baudrillard fragments:

. . . at the heart of the social, the social no longer exists. Things can
only come from elsewhere. At the heart of the subject, the subject no
longer exists. Things can only come from others.

All magnetic forces reverse.

The great Sun Ra knew all of this and distilled a vision that all that is written
is dust from distant galaxies far from our own

That our inconsequence is a crippling fact

That knowledge really is a supreme lack

Of power

Of deed

Of vital spark

But despite all that

We create

Action courses up

And so I stand

Like a brick bat

And she stands like a pepper pot

And we talk the way dust talks in the wet

As the sacred drama unfolds and allows me

To allow you to reveal myself

The law has no memory and memory no law – *Jabès*

This book was originally called *My Eyes Are Like Diamonds That Cut Through The Blue Like Glass*. It is now called *On All Fours* because I believe myself to be an animal first and a human second, as Ivor Culter remarked:

Be glad you are only human

A

Fly



