

four by DOM HALE

DECOMPILER

Mortal breaths at the Echo gulf What
you ping cuts off from an oblique vibration tallied
with a distant precinct where the shudder greets you like a supervisor
and you walk together over a forgetful stream

away from the psychopathic bullshit strutting between flats
of an intubated culture where all the beaten stuff you reach for
ends with a coerced retraction on the cash plate bloody
feeling shot when shattered thinking bites the kerb

If you twist the rules people will die Look directly at A&E, it is dripping policy
it is a garrison term like any other, clapped air in big
regimes Metallic taste in my mouth dragging a gammy leg
out of the enterprise zone

Where the fuck have you been?

Opinion acid eating away at the borstal

Border rank in the brain expanding through those passive
workplaces that dot every inch of our Poveglia
where people vanish most mornings and are never seen or heard from again
and the chartered sky is squealing or the birds are dead in flight
dead PIN codes and the Chancellor of the Exchequer broadcasting
on every website like the Rhodes Colossus My body almost entirely destroyed
in its contortions drinking massive insomnia cheap food powder pushes
around the masked streets trading eye contact Microsoft abscess
clip a disappeared person Setup Rack law

Threat of fucking choking no I can't I don't want to
I will never and I despise the local council and death
is a thing that is done to you. Back space. Get me
Most of these monsters have curated their own throats Interest
rates are plunging.

So spit up at the human world don't swipe yet
the pathos of wickedness and disgust, gargantuan shadows
hurled against the farthest boundaries of the city. The only time
the phone goes
robots appear to steal my identity and this is called shelter
Centrifuge of our one and only economy

MARKET PSYCHOLOGY

Anubis the jackal. flashing halter on a fined sea-sky
that dawning of senselessness & vicious peace you wake to
we are cloaked in it
there is carnivorous specialism edging towards you now
across the custom city. fuck composure. O windlass
I have written myself into a shadow of enumerated life.
the insanity of our poetry. that is not to be broken open
that is the by-product of bridling phobias, spheres needles
rubber bullets chaotic doubt
wasting all the binding shit I've muttered this far in my worthless life
our writing met with silence
our names on the receipt.
what else is there to lose.

they are basically the Home Office. drip decade of being remedied
remedied & laughed on by posturing bronzes
their desirable moral economy their showy renunciations of harm

but you must stick up for your tarpit
everyone acting like line managers
I'm lighting this wrong I'm June on the quick
flower of no going place
dilly-dally runoff shift

wick slash in the shooting dark
when wage labour splits your nap hayloft
there where I am barely even hilly any longer
poem the only thing chime-coating me
the 'community' removes wasters & junkies
on this ladder you gob on whatever's lower than you
that's human nature

Rigel mangy towering fumes
may the scroungers rise through the park

now memorise this flyer
and then pour hydrochloric acid over it until it completely dissolves
turn into the low green glow
hum & rustle clough & aster
slanting on towards our nattering
Scald Law's lippy star
equipping me with sticky weed & lapis lazuli
when death is riding through the night
but we won't go with him
art has been this porous earthwork

braced against mental catastrophe
I hold it in my head, I hold your head in mine
and we are the telluric ones

LIFE INSURANCE

We will no longer serve you. A day warps
strained through orange light, tenements and forms
moulting their fixity beyond the heat shimmer of infinite summer
Birds burn through the upper atoms
Getting dicey off the rails
And I think of my skint companions
where they might be, what they could be up to at the moment
Passing hours swallowed in manipulation
aches like cranes and girders of regenerating cities
the private forgery they grind our teeth inside
Deadbolt. Tuesday. But it's not my tunes you lot hear
doing in the evening Illegitimate and fucked
A sun defaults hands me the familiar urge to bail
from this disgusting law-abiding country
Acres of the criminalised and watched
Scalpels hazard lights Old apparitions we have struggled with

The world would make us cold.
Ten years for tearing down a statue track the rip of truth
They ask me to account for my life
I will not explain myself, statute gorging out there lordly Beggared

clouds

In England somebody takes themselves every two hours
I heard that in the recorded lecture I'm making notes on for a student
whom I've never met and for which I will be paid £8.72

Gratitude is poison

and everywhere that poison smacks the hanging heads

my sister on her own and wasted in a soulless hospital

Wrecks beyond anything phrases can liberate

Kennel time Scalar blows Motherfuckers managing the NHS

Even as I type these lines I feel my deadening.

What cruelty have you been force-fed today? Lavender

bleeds the leaving sky a plane faint against it

bound for Global Infrastructure Partners and border checks

control towers of the hostile environment

emergency restrictions designed to isolate confuse and pacify

Reigning SNP the loyal retainers of the free movement of capital

indicting hunted bodies defenders of a grotesque landlordism

memorials the nadir of handcuffed brains

When a woman is abducted by a cop what kind of mass cultural derangement

orders hordes of plainclothes pigs into every fucking corner of an island

It's austerity forever then

The commons was a lie or died in Morton Hall

cos air and water's money

surveilled areas at night

But I am with you mate addicted sleepwalker

card-carrying dupe of Big Tech bolt awake still here

the multinationals divvying up the rotting USA

batted between screens, attention like a burnt-out building
and nothing for my co-conspirators
I saw the sawn-off future in the river
saw the dented springtime was a baton
One lockdown too many.

These purple marks on my lower abdomen
are signs that the corticosteroids and drink are catching up with me at last
Nobody really asks how anyone else is doing anymore
because the truth's about impossible to bear
and so widespread reduced to platitudinising as to be almost meaningless
in the little society of unhinged screaming at each other
Begone from the poets' boundaried paradise
sent packing from the GP surgery
I look to you for a dunnock touch
Flux of shoots snowdrops on London Road Gardens
or the short-lived yellow ones Pleasure grounds for dogs
If I have a dissidence it's clinging to these hollow rooms
hollow but at odds still with the barrage talk of public fact
So draw yourself up to a great height and snap the actual fuck out of it
The mould may well be with us to the desolation and our end
If I've reflected torment I have reflected light
and aimed my tailed brokenness like a broken hyperlink
at the psyches and opinions of the lost eyewitnesses
I will walk deep into a woodland
Now you see me there