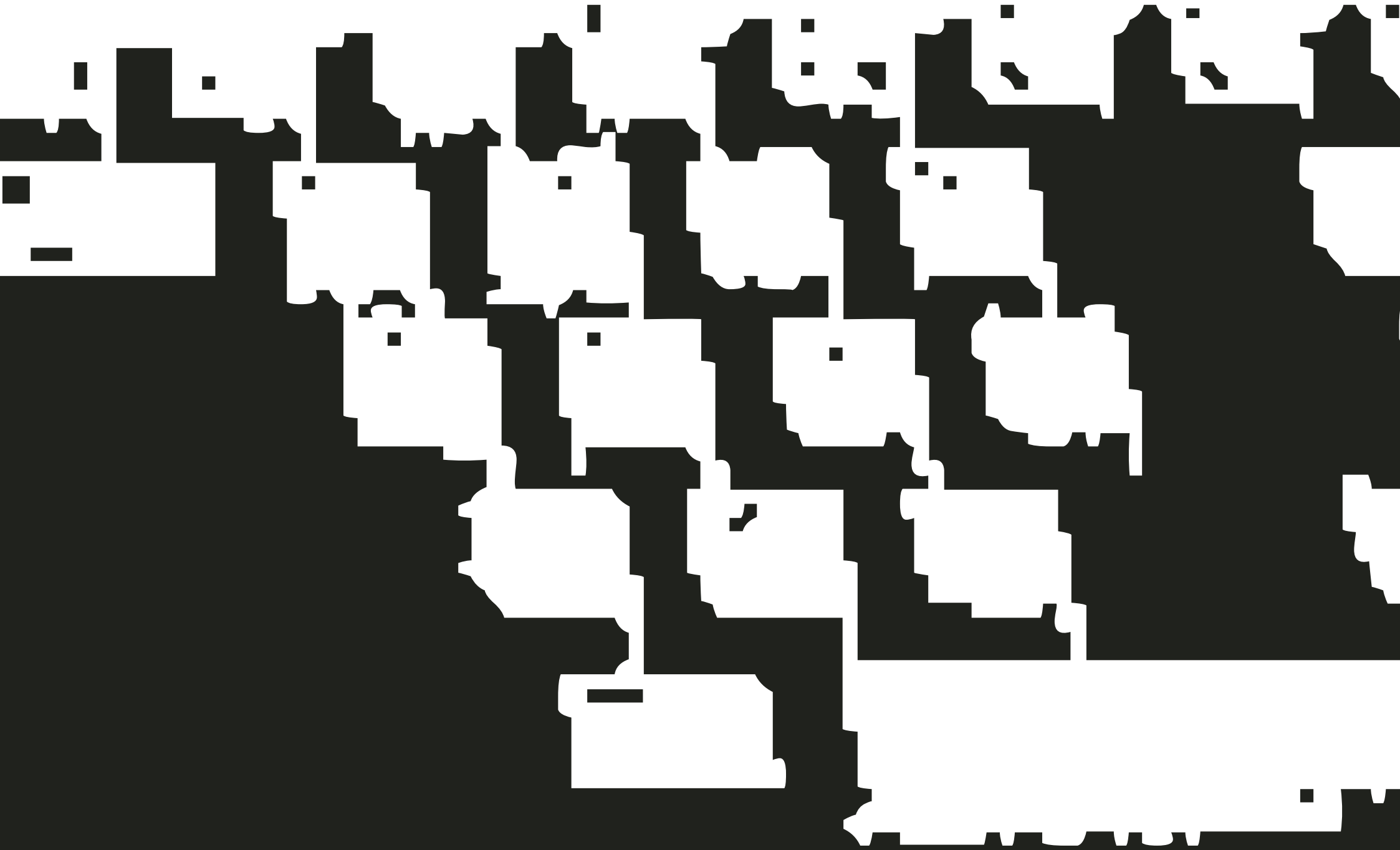
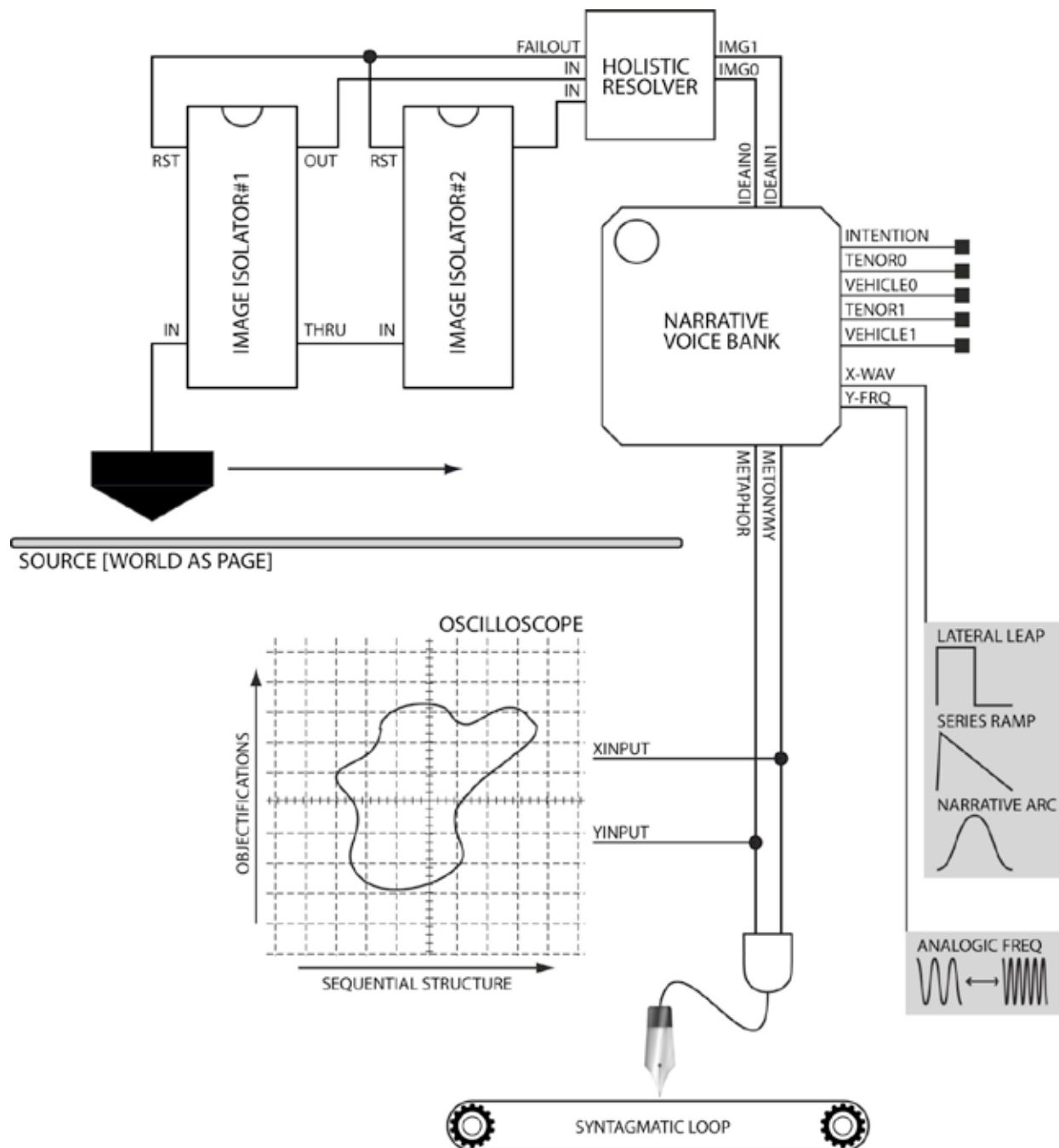


ctrl+alt+del



Universal Poem Machine

Andrew Nightingale



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a Manifesto for Senticriticism

/1/ overvaluation of human /2/ posthuman implies antecedent nonhuman prehuman /3/ sentience not privilege of self-identifying sentient /4/ not only symbolic language makes pain real /5/ worthwhile human technology is pain killer /6/ extending human does not increase meaning

Alarm 2

drops of streetlight on my
glasses. pixel drips on mobile.
mists gust round building.
diagonal drippers pulsed from
gutter. rain in headlights.
tv noise. paving crackles like
bracken kindling. puddles fizz.
gnat static sparks.

Bicycle

polo wrapper ripped and
soggy. living room noise of
vacuum kid gorilla grunting.
white cat slinks between
railings. jelly cola bottle
tongues curled on pavement.
hi-hats snip through net curtain.

Bobble

when i have a couple of pints i
cant remember the lyrics. sip
the froth. 1 pound 50p 20p 10.
theres a button on the thing.
nah hes got some fucking. that
would do my head in that would.
if i could fucking with a fucking
mask on. yeah but if you put it
in your pocket it looks like you've
got a fucking hard on. a really
long thin fucking hard on. i was
fine i was just no i mean.

Buzzer

crumpled greggs in a bt booth.
proper grey day. the word
pontypridd glides bulb-dotted
in orange. in kfc girls suck
sleepily on straws. id'd in the
chinese store on a cooking
wine charge. birchtrunks tan
under streetlights. on headlight
waves my shadow-head bobs
across the roundabout sign. on
train my clementine spits at
berlusconi.

ctrl+alt+del

Happy-go-lucky

pin dusk - glance up the trolley dusk, red card in device - T E Streets - grey dusk, red letters -
marge in from the swing music of tills - enter the pin device - S C O - i charge in from the streets
and try to adjust my prize between forefinger and thumb - glance up the corridor of margarines
- tilt forefinger and try to adjust my pace to the trolley dawdler - swing-pong music of margarines
- E S C O - enter the ping-pong music of folded cardboard - tilt for the best beforefinger - stretch
round a shelf stacker's cage of tills - tilt for the best before - stretch round a shelf stacker's cage of
folded card into chip and thumb - insert cardboard - tilt for the corridor of tills - swing music of
folded card into chip and thumb - i chargarines - swing my prize between for the trolley dawdlers
- enter the ping-pong music of tills - insert cage of folded letter - swing my prize between forefin-
ger and thumb - insert card into chip and pin device - enter the trolley dusk, red letters

ctrl+alt+del

TITLE: SABBATICAL

Cattle crap and turtle duck and ling path with a lexiograph screwed onto swallowing a bottle cap. Hit the hay dirt home with a fox and a hare in chatters an open box to the closed calls of sitting folk in pubes on smoke, we get on like a house on the papyrus hill, holes in bolt guns and floats barge away mash in hedges eat mass of bugs and leafs. Weather brings forth en and o and pees all over the floor like a little child just off the potty, and just off the tip of the tongue was the ballpoint pen writing itself off. And office under water suggests no holiday, to sea we go, a muck monkey in the hay wire at a hard stand, on the hard shoulder of the road. And the palmer tree and er son at the junction waving a pair of pants on a stick. Bunting, flag, flaunts and flashes the light red for stop. In sir en lend a rennie to the throat to kill the stuck, and the AA comes with orange light. We lick it in its orange ice lol' form then laugh out loud and go for a pint. Ale is a funny colour. You would har har until you fall off the chair. We are, sitting folk in sun set wet lettuce, let us, us folk of tan and tough labour, give you a hand in sporting my lad, we can rub fox blood all over your face and make you bumpkin forever, until the sabsworth knock you down and kill the blood of wee.

gestures

the final gesture is almost complete
in the rain the hill collapses
like soft cake
disintegrates
slips
into a liquid meal
and the town swallows it
she smiles at the muscular spasms
of my mouth's sudden gear shift
sudden mobility
the heat streaks its greasy mitt
through my hair
down my spine she hesitates
and perversely punctures my technicolour
rehabilitation of broken seasons
she forages the beaches for microcosms
of who inhabits who and who
for instance
rolled me over last summer in a wig of kelp

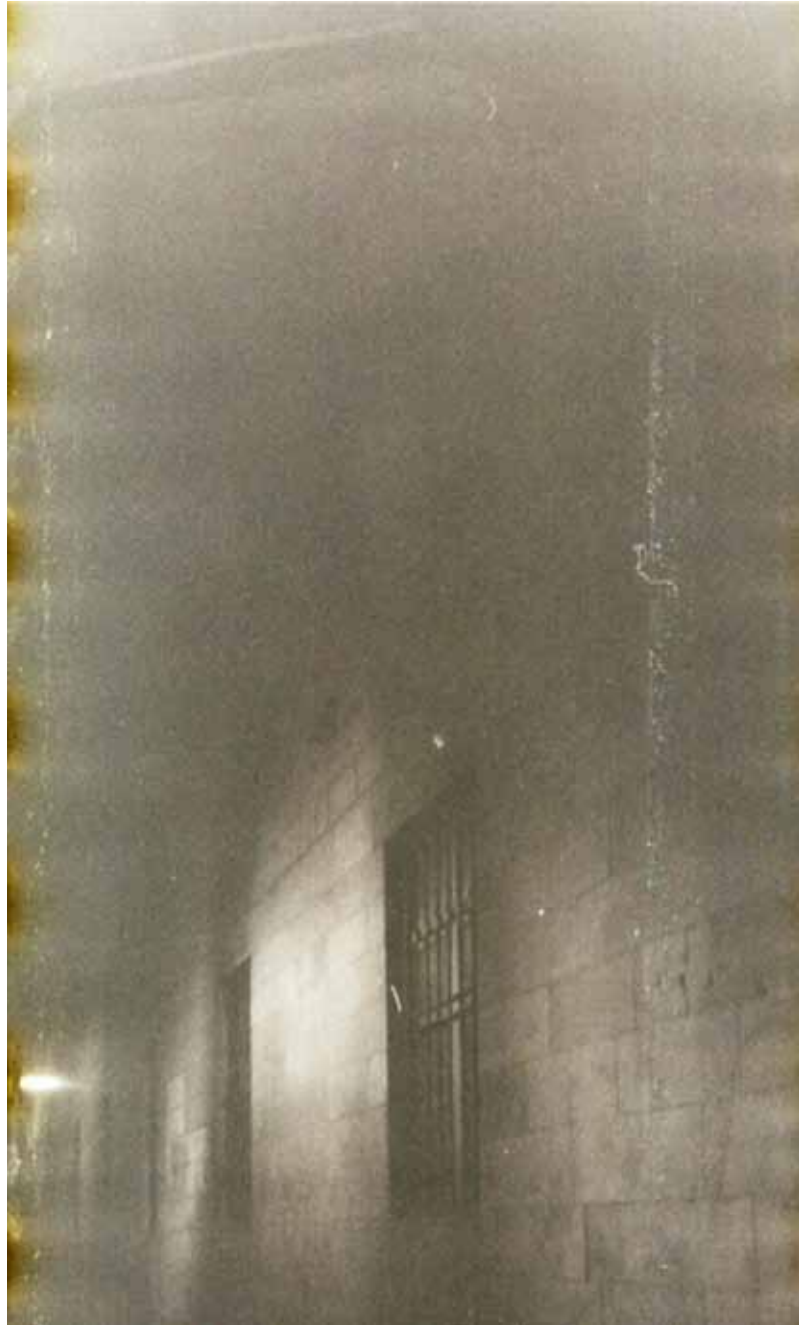
pylons resembling crucifixions
stalk paddocks
voices
hang upside down
moaning crying
some talking as if nothing is too painful
what if i'm the one being wired to the sky
and out of kindness she steps forward
and gift-like
guts me a freshly-hooked fish
showstoppers
define the language
i practise against the convexity of a polished shape
and watch the closing gap
the cold touch
of mouth on mouth
the meeting of unlikely heads

entrancement beckons
today the black swans congregate
today voices
praise
the bed and breakfast businesses
of december under a singing sky
==
much vaunted
much loved
a family comes to grief in a corrugated-iron shed
cheap crucifixes
like body parts are easily accessible
==
the family thinks about sainthood
the hereafter their squalor
the thief-cum-rapist / the deviant vicar
who looks after them
i move the mirror full circle
to determine what we are looking for

ctrl+alt+del

Sarah Edwards

<http://sez0.tumblr.com/>



ctrl+alt+del

Sarah Edwards

<http://sez0.tumblr.com/>



ctrl+alt+del

Sarah Edwards

<http://sez0.tumblr.com/>



::field notes::

1.

3.

collision yield
stretch-
ing vibration to
sublimation
point

flowing, streaming
s c a t t e r e d
l i g h t
s c a t t e r i n g
section cross

6. mouth in
R/motor
L/motor
tape lips

as arc light / blue-violet
determine pale leaf formation
wax-like viscosity
disperse

2. inertia
deprived (of)
blue-green
bluish
bluish-green
ist Blut - blood
Blüte - flower, bloom

linus slug
~~close mouth + front of tongue
and tongue forming palate
+ open mouth
+ suddenly this makes the click of~~