MAG

I got News Fats

Good News?

LIKE NEWS FATS

JUST NEWS FATS

I'm not good News?

You mean News?

MAG IN JAR OF VIVECREEATION!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
Why the fields were cold the frost knew, for it got into the moon and transformed it to lemon crystals of sugar. The trees wanted no leaves yet, for having leaves would not have been right, and the grass was a soft bed of white, puddles were disguised as nimble alibras, while she talked to him, and walked rhythmically. The scent of hedges everywhere. His voice was stroking her hair. And he felt his eyes across the warmth in her bosom as she saw the moon. He talked with pride and walked behind her, and she was a doe, breathless. He talked of grinning and she was a prowling cat and she was a prowling cat with green eyes. Words danced in her warm breath as she murmured of wine and honey bread. He was adoring the milk of her neck. She longed to kiss the moon and its light made her eyes shine the colour of Sagittarius on a copper charm. He laughed, and his laughter crawled into her womb. Then they were silent and trod the frost. She received the night with its music and the light of the night was seven hundred and thirteen.

Words writhed in the cold fields as her speech was a naked dance. Ice trinkets tinkled as thicks were wrenched in the scent of musk and woman, when hedge flowers filled their vagins with frost, stiffly smiling at moon crystals glittering, night of moons and flowers, music from the reeds picked its way through trees, wandered through the kitchen, and stole her legs from under her, fiercely drifted about, till the sugar soaked the vines of restless leaves, and eyes in glanced the treets, the fields, the sky, the shadows of stars made her hun, the blood rained hotly inside her head. And the world had its own tune and wanted her and was fierce and moaning.

Wondering, singing and she stopped and talked to the light turned round. He was not there. The trees were there, cold. Why the fields were cold the frost knew, and clutched her body.

I wouldn't have called it summertime, but she was enthusiastic and wanted to go swimming somewhere natural. So we took off by bus into the field and treeland it was movement at least, and warm, even though the rain kept threatening, and we found a pool, safe among some rocks, with sand martins further up the bank, darting in and out of their homes, we splashed about.

I wouldn't have called it summertime, but she was enthusiastic and wanted to go swimming somewhere natural. So we took off by bus into the field and treeland, and found a pool, some rocks and windrows in the shallows. We stripped off and splashed around like children. Then the rain came, thunder and lightning, and there we were, loving against the wet grass.
The Sensationalist
If you claim on a hill
and open your side
with a spear

Or wrap
your guts
around a tree

It's nor going to
enhance your place
in the community

Or even
strengthen
your character

And chances are
that while the crowd gathers
and the reporters
are trying to get the details
and the camera man asking
for another reverse shot

Some smart-guy
will be ransacking
your house

And joyously
giving your wife
the best screwing she's had
in years

And however things
turn out

Whether your kids
go insane
or die
or grow up to be
respected torturers

You'll have the satisfaction of knowing
it's all your fault

And by Christ
that's a damned uncomfortable
position

The Yard As Humorist

Conclusion
at the Blood Clinic:
The man
won't bleed

They have jabbed him
several times
in the arm

Without
producing
a drop

They try
the other arm.
Nothing!

They cannot
extract
the needle

Three of them
are straining
at the hose

Now
the head-nurse
(distinguished
as usual
by a crisp
white uniform
and red face)

Pushes through
the astonished group

Fixes
her bloody regard
upon the prostrate
form and

Slips
the needle out
with an air
of subdued
alacrity

Bending
over
the needle'd
donor

She examines
the dry incision
in the flesh

Without warning
a thick jet
of yellow bile
hits her
in the eye

You'll have the
satisfaction of
the needle—
All your subdued
Christ—damned
uncomfortable
bending over
in the flesh a
thick jet of yellow—
DIXIE PEACH

That's why nothing protects like K or

My Wedding Night Won't Be Like a Bad Peach — They All Demand I'd Need to Know Your Name.

Prepared: 1/2 cup of Venice sauce

Spoon Worcestershire sauce to make clear, is my consuming hunger for electric ideas.

Before seeing that demand I'd need to know your name.

Medical doctor now reveals scientific obesity control — 15-day slumber slim floats fat right out of your body — should I tell him I wear falsies?

The Vitalizing Is to Value Your Calamity.

And so — lemme make my wedding night like a bad peach — that's why consuming hunger before meeting calamity — reveal vital obesity right out of your calamity.
"I'm so tired," she said and wondered how the earth kept going round without a spot. "My children will be monsters," she said, covering with Seine sludge and forty frames of moss and furs planted in cans where clods lie in the circus field. "My clods make my legs tired but they are pregnant with his blood waiting as we kiss through letters that we write upon," she said, and cried into the pillow and let the music tickle her damp breasts. "Dad is here," she screamed over the tube-trained morning while the world went whistling down the rails and over the north sea in a steamship.

H.B. JEANNE SPEAK FROM A DANK RED

TIGHT SPARROWS DURCH AS WOUND AS HIPSTERS, CRUCHED TO FACE THE TIGHT- OR SHIPS STRUCK BY A MEDITERRANEAN STORM, CRY, ALL BELOVED COUNTRY OF MY PUNISH AND MOVING STILL FURTHER SOUTH WE OVERSTEP THE RANK AND AS WE WATCH THE SUNSET DONE

OHE OHE OHE
old scratum neck
scabby face
hibreab hybrid
hide your face
in the human race
calling skull there do well, all well
FELL
fallen from his withcrach
itchcrach
scratchcrach,
you scratch mine
I'll scratch yours.

sleec d chiken

BLACK BLACK
BLACK
BLACK
BLACK SHOW SPITS WHITE AGAINST THE JOINTS, BURCHED TIGHT AS SPARROWS IN THE SALT LOPS Crotch.

HORAB BYLL

OHO BRADLEY WIPES A WINTER FROSE LUTHER JORDAN RYPES A ROSE AND WIPES HIS ARSE WITH TANGAS

MORNING MOOD

A morning slice
Of melon smiles—I cringe;
Charge grains of cereal
Explode in thunders
At the touch of tick;
And I whimper,
Then force my eyes
To stare down the eggs
Naked on the breakfast plate.

AND THEN THE VOICE FROM THE CORNER!—H.B. BILL BUTLER
At that moment the dialogue emanated from a human being called Tonik—
I was accused of stealing Mr. Creeley's green balls full of poems—
Poem at a reading with Robert Creeley—
For Bryan Patten
The Accuser—

London Oct 19, 1963
Paddington 4:30 a.m.: Powdered men running into laundromat with suitcases of frills.

FROM: the Tonk sutras (being fragments of scriptures found beside lake snercev on river jordan/ they are engraved on sheets of radioactive lead/ seized by the Israeli—fuzz as obscene they were later sold to the hohn jopkins museum which is not offended by obscenity more than 2000 yrs old)

have arson in you'll trade

Nix nax nax who's been in my box
He told them he was a lamb
So they ate him
Please dip your wick on entering the city

Jacques Rigaut
Who had the greatest collection of paper matches
In the world
Who landed in New York with 2
Suitcases of letters of introduction
Who collected newspaper comic strips
Who married
Who became junkie
Who committed suicide
You omitted brother Tonk in your excellent one suit case full of letters of introduction at 12/14 for Jill to mention

But let free Jacques speak for himself:
This is radio Rimbaud. It is a broken radio
Thank you Jacques, rigaut, saint of dada
It was a pleasure Tonk

Shoppers guide:
A bike on the flower boats in Hong Kong
Costs 51
In who
10 minutes costs 92.

It thus appears that Hong Kong is better than—
But the fave is 283/16/2
Hard-man stopped out of his shiny blue pin-striped suit & crept away as if that shallow cavity, set so precisely in the centre of his boneless forehead, was much more than a surgeon's lost mistake.

When pushers incorporated cut off all its queens Hard-man was forced to recall on the open market & got named Big Chief Virgin Asshole in Liverpool on account of the way he operated.

Manchester a.m. wet, foggy; electricity failure & no neon to illuminate black kerbs broken under the day's systematic rope.

Some boy bumps into Hard-man who pulls down his jeans half-cocked & grabs hair, ass & teeth to pump unto death his leaden eruptions; sound of screams; feet running towards it.

Queens moist lips safely ride this vast city unaware of nocturnal prowlers; cruel noses and thin eyes crouched in shadows. Switch blades sprung open always as if just about to happen.

Fuzz aware plain-clothed thru the crowds in the street & Hard-man stands wild eyed to score as life reasserts itself in his mythical connection.

Spade/Jew riots; Tyndall strung upside down & mutilated as Irish boys attend celebration mass & get tranquilly drunk.

Lower Hosley St sealed off until Salvation Army gets a new cook. Maxi sprawled with his good looks and busted groin.

Reformed poet discovers tomorrow's tragedy in yesterday's papers. Hard-man boots at 4 a.m.; his limp soft penis droops as softly as night.
From his eyeless severed head
forever drowned by purple oceans
orange blood spurts out; congealing.
Haunted by slithering vipers
fragments of amputated life
ooze like thumb-screwed fingernails.
Twisted corpses screaming slow
agonising death, shatter the last
turn-up image of man's mushroom sap.
In scab-severs featuring apastics crumble.
Blue nightmare cries piercing the dawn
shriek final refrain over this land.
Under the pale-faced moon starry ghosts
fight, mosquito fight, our strontrium
hangovered prehistoric apocalypse.

And somehow energy's vacuum
arrows shooting freely frozen-form
ice cream for masochists
softly whipping out like ever-rushing spunk
in a million weaned dimensions
from the last billion year's catatonia
ice-bergs
plunge towards the centre
of chemical cells like shattering stars
kaleidoscopic variations
II iiiIO 00000000000 000000000000000
... one step beyond...
... fade out...

more hints
the blast
no peace never no peace never never end final never no final
prosc
foggy screw

man, juggle the spectrum yet again
fly so high to climb out from reality's prison
never no bars, no more walls,
no more frozen cells... i'motent...

Jeff...
... cut us any of this
... to fit patterns of arrangement
... if you like...
... please send any future msg direct & vast issues if you have any over...

Life masturbates the sex-men
swirling & twirling
in the throes of self-expression...

The drowning masochism chokes & snaps the mind.
As sense fails violence grips the agonising eyes...

... crisp wit' eggshell...

Don these dots are almost becoming an obsession...
Jellyfish secrete hunger
as crabs devour the cancerous flesh
claws pick the deep sick heart of men...
monsters, mindgrains, cracked shells, fetal wombs...

Innumerable stars swiftly respond to the pattering lull
solitary meteorites toss as dark deepens wells of midnight...
Hot dust
of persistent visions...

Massed deviation...
nights of sex wit out orgasm.
dawns of no light
barren walls & echoing walls.
held back in gratifying gloom delighting Tantalus...

We so far gone me,
nobody can reach us
or teach us facts...