

## A STORY

For Danny Hayward and Sam See

### Part 1

I drive the productive forces I have for narrative  
To make my human resource live to crash and burn to only move  
Against the knowledge down from high of mis

Erable business solutions – the magic that is ours to lose  
Is social relations. In fire and muesli you must pop that *is*  
To see the abused world of gods and demons fuse

D by jobs and counters and screens if  
You affirm that you live  
Or not. When I look at the memories and then at the tariff

I scream the clouds of life behind me are only what I give  
And this is not true, but the grey matter of dejection in the form of a cist  
To be cooked up later, sold in song to the hive

Across the material abyss that separates each gift  
From the infinity of perception: my work could be alive  
But not if I think all I need is the right parts, few though fit.

Pop that among the swimming pools and bitcoin thoughts  
The story is always mine to lose, dropping in dream a dick  
I know is mine and yours, like making managers naughts

Is taken from you. Down into the hall, beneath the fossil fuels  
Plunged Asap Moneta, all tangled up in zeroes and news, caught  
Between capitalist society and seeking for the fix alls

Was what she had to give up at the door.  
No longer was she that, but envisioned her multi-souls  
On the other side of the consciousness-framing loaded concrete ore

Bracket life hers, back to basics, nor poor nor rich,

But passion seeking out in time the red-lined floor of the core  
Basement where a remote statue stood in unison. "Bitch!!"

She said, a scary visionary, low tones hers on loan  
From her body, the words reverberated slow fix  
Ing on the surface, showing flesh coated in pitch. Alone

That statue that was no statue had stood through long reign  
Of abstraction. The bars of eyes and equal cone  
Could penetrate not its shape, though its substance was tame

D by reality into revelation: self-consciousness  
Had not emerged through the landscape of commodity maim  
And the wrappers that coated life with the bourgeoisness

Of power and not the glitter of technology.  
The fame of the vacuum was nowhere, but no future was  
Omnipresent, like the old gods, before the dodgy

Gods of new who tell you true that you are you.  
0000001 no risk no reward bored lids essential foggy  
View of social relations where is the proletariat you

Flourish, for nowhere, door slams lock on fuck  
I look out into you from the enlightened moon  
Outside our society, if I room up could off ventilate mouth rocks

Speak the truth 26 years around me the closed FUCK  
Asap Moneta 200 years what you love cannot be stolen from your eyes  
ASAP Moneta 200 years and what you love cannot be only you

Truth bleeds loud in death, the integration of all the classes lies  
Deeper underground than any grave fucks  
With the other graves as necrophilia is surely acceptable for bodies

And without life. It is dialectic itself on the shelf  
Unable to discover law  
In the actuality of tabloid nightmares and dreams, of tabloid heavens and tabloid hells,

Contained in the commodity from everywhere.  
For what she dreamed of speaking light, Asap Moneta quells  
Before this statue her conditional subjectivity. There

She pulls off the pitch from the catwalk law  
Negative, and there she pulls pitch from the body. Rare  
Luminosity of a print shop worker bore

Total knowledge across the vacuum to her  
But silent were the stars in tar. She stood upon the floor  
And gazed at the half-unearthed and ancient creature:

Steel girders hung, to nature unfair, about his hair  
Huge man-made forests, and the hot and cool of boiler rooms and A/C blurr  
Ed around his feet, thick'ning with winds the oily feeling air

And whirring cotton mills and presses danced around his chest  
The mighty muscular structures that once held up the care  
Of all the world and seemed to some to contain freedom unless

One greater class go beyond itself and keep it in servitude.  
And what is it and who am I but the rest  
In antagonism oozing visions at night which rued

What we were made. And as the morning rose, again we chose  
Our lives. Asap Moneta, with a thousand Asap Monetas queued  
To speak within herself and eventually found the muse

Rush to the front gums grab the teeth and lips and move  
Them wise yet slow forceful takeover hostages loudspeaker used.  
Call security. They clasped her tongues in ecstasy. Tubes

Gush from a plush mouth representative of collective mind,  
With words not new but yet corrupt she addressed the one she knew:  
"Covulcan" his eyes were mines of glittering signs

Of control over wealth, but who shall have it

And how will it be negotiated? "Lines  
Rise like lies, Covulcan, to block eyes from eyes, not bit

By bit like honey drawing the bees closer. Get like me  
In the law, they said and I am tired out with resist  
Ing, but you gave me strength and were solidarity

Of an organic kind, each part moving together  
In labor's work of quick and dead, unfree and free  
Pushed by bourgeois rationality. From a purer

Source I came and you gave me me,  
Or meaning, and memory with every member  
Of your fiber. How can you sink down as in drea

M, you: You who were once the work of prophecy  
Itself? Another dream took over, the nightmare beauty  
Of my children, ruling now without their memory

Of the experience of exchange. You are what I need  
Life for, for life again, and what can these words do? I  
Sing for other signs to be ours, fresh like meat, to lead

Us to open views in public skies for the scope of public hope  
And of the hope that exist within our world. But still mourning weeds  
Are what you sit in and the silence and the tar of hopelessness."

Note this: Heaven is on earth not only as bliss  
And in memory, but as the place where we fight  
For who the gods are, each purple blush and kiss

(A memory: in photographic light  
I look at who you were when this was took and this  
Was given, infinitely bright). "It is hard to maintain a strike"

Thus Covulcan spoke, "Money is the medium of existence,"  
His words turned from forth a furnace of fire hot white  
And tight control, "Not the division of labor. Tense

Ly I receive your message over the speaker  
In doubtfulness – money's rule has been total too many tens  
Of years. I am too young and too old, ever weaker.

We never ruled within our native tongue  
Of industry, though in our struggle for experience we leaked the  
Power of class domination onto the shop floor: trials begun

And trials permanently forced to rebegin.  
You ask how I can sink, bringing words that link the rungs  
Of a stable memory to my life, but fin

Itude is the condition of every thought the mind breathes.  
Like leaves, the individual rots each year to the singing  
Gnats' sounds, and in the spring there are new leaves

And none remain that were there before. Dead  
We are and only the immortal ruling thieves  
Remain – forever young and old as they may be to the heads

Of nature, detached from their bodies and in the shallow  
Streams drowning the gnats with their poems of grainy truth.  
Autumn rusts the bleeding cogs of human strength and swallows

On the twitter never fade though always fading, blind  
Me. Within and without my eyes, consolation never follows."  
"Leave me not here to wander in a bind

Of jellied, frozen, mutilated, past-life labor  
Where even the last nomadic messengers won't find  
Me in their long-waged war against survei

Llance. Smiles from you can break the hold  
The NLRB has on smiles and associations of favor  
That lock in ice oil cold subjects, plug blocked and iron fold

Ed into a mechanical solidarity of infantile desire.

O smile! Smile in love and struggle! Happy I was when you told  
Me to risk who I was in the eyes of the wind, water, earth and fire

Of crowds, groups of persons formed from those you love in life  
And seeming then to make you in the image of the seeing desire  
You desire to see in other eyes and so create reality – and I risked that life

Of me for us. The shades were real before the bang.  
Smile, smile, I feel it ere I see a face!  
In the shade, as I journeyed here, the mountain – worried about its contract – made me hang

On for dear life after it pushed me off the pass. I was covered in gold and skulls  
And I emerge from them into you phone conversation like an idiot blank.  
O moments big as years pass through our calls

Warp the tightrope catwalk blur, vating values  
Beneath the cloudy symbols of negated crowds, pitfalls  
Of bad social imagination. In the end, all souls fail you –

They stop the strike. And now you let yourself be caught inside  
The one capital. I have seen countries crumble at your smile  
And nationalism change. I have seen you find

What humans are, against the rage of inward mortification  
As the source of survival, blazing days on days within the wide  
But hollow self of pitiless consumption, as vacation

Comes but once a day for the victor and the victim.”  
Covulcan groaned. “Among the chips packets, thin children of the soul find elation  
Pacified, chemical weapons in field flourish and surveillance picked him

Who would be I out, as communes crumbling in, leader from vegetable process pastoral  
Divestment But I live in im- while animals poured from inside out to lick bin  
S for sustenance, with no labor market for negotiation on, causal

Economic culture was noticed by the hole – my hole – Today, and today, and today, it stretches,  
Fair youthy I, beneath the gold of divergent perspective, I you pall  
At the rim of loss of hoping of means of life fall back lidless stare, each lulling dream vexes

The failure of creative night—and it I turn must into commitment full  
Action collect, collect, collect, rent or loose ego intent is  
And with the loss of ego, over how I am recognized I lose control

By my devices of power, blent my habits—for humans to beat the fence  
On human life, organized into unified human interests against  
The interests of fresh freed greed in formal faces and the content

Of technological advance that has by money lent  
New sorcery to money—money, money taking over  
Each human personality without consequence

Or rather with too many, many, over, over.  
It breaks my neck to maintain line, and end  
Of line at edge of work, it breaks and you cross over.

Now ... unkept gates and scabs cross over to the end  
And I am over, I amidst I look for ego solace quietness,  
Picket calm licked down by victim-seekers, at an end.

So was I chosen and so was I made  
Dying into life, displayed burns, placed to cool  
Were wetted strips of cloth on my skin and weighed

Down to thus ease my birth within myself—  
Without compensation or health care, by alive flayed  
Being make Them live Reject The dangerous deeper delve.”

## Part 2

In contest over subject sovereignty  
Inherent can we leave our minds to hear the song  
We heard utterly, fluttering on the winds of reply

To us, belonging to the air, that rarest medium  
And mediating us. I was not I  
When I heard all the songs and not-I plead them

To unify with thought and memory,  
But this song was sung from water side, the teaching  
Grains glistening in the noisy O<sub>2</sub>, absolute knowledge

In spirit of shores, the one beach containing each particular beach –  
We! We! let us leave these *uses* to these saddest scenes  
Of contested collectivity and disperse to own together

A song of this song heard, a solitary soaring sound  
Along the shore as the wind of communication  
Breathes its aid to make truth in the last analysis.

By the sea, where I know that I will cease to be,  
We swell to him in desolate property and by the spell  
Of social organization out from the countless grains

Of sand imagine another person who can talk  
To make truth a different story. “Gapollo!  
Golden Gapollo I was not I where were you

When the smiles broke smiles caked and falsified  
In objects where were you singing smash  
Gapollo, I was not I over the weeping climbed

Gapollo, you cried and listened to your profession  
Prison-house, wept at the shame of denied  
Anger and the work of truth, doused flames of bliss

Kept from life, sang you ‘Wrong life must be right  
Ly loved’ picking up a shell and blistering  
In the lies forced on its voice. Where was your light

When the giant Covulcan was compelled to crush  
Himself within and fought to be alive in flight?  
Shining new melodies, you and this blush

Survived catastrophe for terror as someone



Screaming to dissolve your life unfree, unlush,  
Demanded mortgage gushing from this someone

Fled from it to a fucking shore of fantasy  
Where there was no-one else and out of public one  
Could dream anonymous life instant lastingly."

"I am here" Gapollo said, "And—I know you well,  
How in the ear of a possible universe I can't last  
You come to tell me my story, tell it well

Because it is yours as well, hovering  
Away from the fridge. You can barely believe  
I believe that you are me, but is it so hard to know?

Under the law a longing for dissolution  
To be resolution of decision through  
Look at others look at you and at the you

Themselves are to the you they are you  
Do long for a universalism unaffected  
By the unlegitimated restrictions of power you do

Find on the border, looking down. I want to sing  
That knowledge and condemn the moral  
Authority of insanity, so truth bring

As something humans make in work and quarrel  
And love absolute. Do you to you  
Love me still? Yes, beyond all do

Ubt when memory is in u  
S and I speak out of my own mou  
Th, stop it, never, but yes, at last, do,

Is that my voice I see or you in there.  
I have been out of time for too long.  
It has broken me and I flash into the sand

Beyond society. But look on me  
And take my golden lyre. I must be Gapollo  
Golden as being property no more must be

I not-I make sovereignty source for humility  
And why not make song into such a fight? You should not  
Own the truth of insanity because you cannot

Own it on your own. That is what I tried to tell you  
And to tell myself. My name came to feel a grave  
To me and I must not do that anymore reborn.

Where is power? How do we fight it?  
How do we make our songs the force  
Of making justice for all? Have we taken out

Our eyes too soon and must we make new ones  
From out of countless jellied numbed-up numbers?  
Fuck! I know everything and I know how everything

Looks at me, how do we move forward  
In power? Why do I hate soil? I, show me  
The way to any star of eternity

And I will escape, dissolve at last in beauty,  
Singing like the sky of night that holds me.  
But what makes the clunk of suffering shrie

K, striking flicked from clouds of chosen names  
That know no family? Why am I mad?  
We are deified by knowledge all

By the flood beyond memory... Bright tears screa  
M, social facts and we go the way  
Of the militant helipad into nei

Ther and the blue in the face with justice become inhuman too

As it is by fraud they deliver the deal. And of these blue  
In the face each face faces the challenging clou

D with the embodiment of the open sun  
And the face changes back from blue  
To blue in final hope, retreating into life, bursting

Me like an infinite balloon of you.  
Dark, dark and painful oblivion could seal up all my eyes,  
I know." I replied, "Who are you and who am I

But money?" Gapollo looked at me, called me  
"Gapollo," fainted on the sand—and from me,  
Stinging, soared this song, breaking, burning, out from my skin:

"Too hard in heart of plankton celebration  
Toothpasting out toward midnight career—  
They lack us in their braces like the hole they brim for,

Margins everlasting drawn off in the clear, bring  
Out your forlorn face dead on meth commiserate.  
Odd on planet sphere, lets the dream know power: it has.

On, on benediction, you press the button down  
Can bridge the dream scape, perfect keen twos,  
Wisdom of the terse militants etc back

To my sole shelf, in mellowed misfits of accidental  
Order my life for delivery. The dream  
May be without politics until the key goes in the door;

That is the key you want in secrecy to put your foot down on,  
Keeping life secure. But flooded by ore, in echoing love,  
Where 100% from ego concentrate

Can can love its turn to property  
Protect, freely blocking the voicemail  
Threat, not and forever yet, we can stay here I."

### Part 3

Out plaster sex the thrush's name that snapped the case  
No, no thrush, said – the animal no wings  
But slimy fur purred out Covulcan's face

A thousand rats came screaming with his yes  
Running in Asap, caking each organ to replace  
With vermin thousand pain yes strip her down to less

Than what is deemed divine and pour out blood bleak  
And so it runs the yes Covulcan shouted and the nest  
Of vermin overcame the other appearances, streak

Ing the walls with their flailing golden representation.  
The characters were new and vermin hearted reek  
Ing scum as Covulcan's yes was true and action.

How many yeses came back when he decided to receive  
The broken spine of his old life as forgiveness? Shut up.  
He sewer, spewing rats and sharing passion all believe

When they see it from flaming eyes of actual blue  
Bereaved of what he'd been the disgusting rats cleaved  
To life and made him all the sicker as he spewed true

Bereavement to dead hope come suffer coping with  
Who you are in the queue within the bloom  
Of rats feeding on each other to give

New life to the real world. Covulcan picked  
His body up with rats and carried it with  
Their stream-like backs through the many halls

And passageways, dousing all he saw with vermin,  
Men and women and children alike to make all of them true  
And as they went rat-like sovereigns blurring

Each with each while solitary single they all stood  
Covulcan screaming from the vermin that he was, fur in  
His throated choke of elation into the crowd of the good

And the beautiful shitting rats that had come to devour  
The children of Asap Moneta shouted back, as if they could  
Have done otherwise, choice capable in the flower

Of love as vermin. Everyone threw up again.  
The phone rings and Milky Way answers  
It, quickly talking smooth with words of love

But while he's on the phone the money keeps calling.  
The rats all grab the phone from him and plain enough  
Run down the cord to find the cash that's falling on the brain.

Vermin beautiful in darkness one with statues  
And the true, the good and the beautiful never the same  
As the rats crawl over each other in piles, ratues

True to rats and bearing plagues to beg for rain  
Ing on the rulers, hordes of incredible yeses  
Refuse to run but take up the power sovereign

Theirs, organized to eat away and save  
The disastrous rulers of the world above that had lain  
Half dead for so long.