

THE ODES TO TL61P
of
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ODE TO TL61P 1

1.1

Each time you unscrew the head the truths burn out and fly away above the stack of basements inundated in aboriginal mucus, elevating the impeccable, hereafter congenitally depilated Janine rescaled to a grainy blank up on to the oblong top of the freezer whose shut white lid unhinged at the back alone preserves a pyramid of rigid meat, budget pizzas, devirginated arctic rolls, only ever kidding in a prophylactic void torn into great crates of glittering eye shadow, dousing all its stickiness in dark empty swerves, for no-one is the radius of everything we are, a reinforced steel artery in the very integument to be burst asunder, by reason of innately shattered strobes as soon lived as burnt out, ramming an unplanned crack into the door mechanism; who the fuck I am now speaking to or at or for or not at this moment is compensation for being completed into a circle resigned to resume the first square, the first on the entire board, and is listening there, afloat and spent yet lost in streaks to the opening night whose primitively explosive starlight is progressively nit-picked from a lately impatient and fidgeting sky, not far too far or fast too inquisitively squinted at, its cartilage of crudely lubed-up open access sex arcs scraped out piecemeal and in single file, and once there inaudibly ask yourself why; inside it is the fundamental sky of shining fact: the abolition of capital is the social revolution: state

again this single fact, in too deep for any scar; in the end, which is right now, *looming* over a motto executed in the Ottoman style of the rococo circumlocution in liberal sex jargon recited by Ériphile at II.i.477-508, in the dreamiest mannequins' subsequent scan of which smudged erotic jottings allége to a scratched-out holographic ear the improbable lovable double-stranded far end of the primitive primary streak canal bound in stratified squamous epithelium to an alternatively screaming mouth, destined while dying inside to repeat before dying outside one last infinity of one-liners before snapping and giving up, or better yet pretending to, once you get it, once that is you really get it all, or not at all, directly into the hot squamocolumnar junction with its intestate teat cistern, a photocopy blurred into alienating aleatory *poésie concrète* by being roughly swiped back and forth over the scratched platen glass of the Canon MF8180C or Brother DCP-9045CDN all-in-one fax, printer and copier of the redacted catechism that stubs out the abrupt Shelley's 'Triumph of Life', later pruned to talking points, under the table propped up at right angles folded until they froth, to triple its unaccountability to an afflatus, doing as the banks just did not as the banks just said, I understand the hole that George is in, a dot whose innuendo comes too late, flush with spirit toilet-trained to life, but sucking on the aging raging hard-on held in trust for young dysphagia who only comes of age, yes exactly but at the same time, or at some other time like it, or at what is not a time but is still like it, if not exactly like it, or at what is exactly not a time and therefore not exactly like it, or not like this, or in an unsustainable combination of the above, to

be waked to death and faked alive, for the known good of bored stiff rich men whose sexuality is literalised into a rampage of leverage and default swaps, hovering above minimum wage like a bloodthirsty erection over a fairground mirror, inspected from on icy high with seething and with licking, to want to absolutely spit it out, whose incessant re-entry is a background music *still* more popular than real because forever liable to be rewound, rammed again and again into the gaping ingrown unclipped ears of outgrown human sex toys gated off, ground down, caved in and blown up to do anything you can think you will do and then do what you think or fear you will do and then do as you fear you are told or would rather not do but nonetheless do or only die wishing you had already done or never had, grinding a fickle reality out, a kind of backlit soft porn nativity scene constructed out of versican, fudge icing and nail clippers, *shhh*, to prove the point of passion is immutable as fire strips (This is conducive to heat and does not require frequent cleaning, saving time and effort and money. Second, the pipe is a sheet metal processing products, the advantages of uniform thickness is unparalleled) or inimitable for money right up to the two-speed marital Martin Amis, repel all thought, one-speed once you know the ropes of growing insensitive, gaining the hill, from which a further speed is deducted for every emergent callous, until at the crux, when finally you give up ramming it because it has no point, it has minus a trillion preset speeds, shoots a mawkish moreish seed, basting shit and sugar-coating nil, whose real name is a liberal anagram for amniotic trim, not for TL61P or the reverse on principle to which the self-same letters cling.

in blanket terror of being peeled off by a rigid sexy acrylic fingernail later filed to oblivion through the eye of whose cameo done in grisly nitrocellulose and gritty ochre/lavender of your mother in the late style of the perpetually born yesterday Francis Bacon dissembling his tantrum to dead meat bunged in oil in an overhead Tefal Maxifry inanely overheated to open the end up half empty of Fair and Lovely a single, infinitesimal, silver plated, tiny ring slowly and invisibly spins, summoning in all the cast the obligation to remain within it, latterly as a cortège, our magic antennae screwed to our antic macramé, an opening in the opening night, savaged by the light it marginalises; but before anyone could actually get hard or wet or both at once for leading members of that cast, lead role models for our past, who beg to differ, slave to eat *the mess we inherited from the last* orgasm in government for sexy workers whipped to slurp the surplus spew of petty change remaindered when the banks have had their due, their in any case very eccentric final countdown redacted to a catchphrase for obsolescence per pro oral compliance with the takeover speculation boosting Autonomy Corp. 53% after better than estimated earnings forecasts at Oracle Corp., our flat back teeth drilled in the new international tax regime protologisms, refuting enamel, chipping in to Tesco, scorning accessibility, adrift in gum, virtual for real, adages on bandages, paper cuts in water damage, implants of the daily grind, children out the almost real and almost shut but not decisively shut yet and still shatterproof smeary and eternally not real window sing *the mess we inherited from the last* beginning scraps the missing past to recycle the joy it brings, the power set, of a subset, of a power set, of a sex power,

suburbanites of backstreet Überbollywood in flower for the first time since you not only die at all since how could you not; biting starts too late, sucking is original, is already there, free with age; grab a plastic sheet full of milk to toss out the shut door and catch it. TL61P infix and feed the flame its sparks, to burn how it matters, strict instruction voided blank to prime the end for drying to a glare, bright rivets on the profound water, and under the water, the reason it's there. *von Feuer der Arbeit beleckt*, to come a random liquid tripwire, a head's tuft's caressed ash, knotted to Iraqi satisfaction; by the fire of labour, dead debt rips out prank alien loins, this way up, to any moon you like; the back of your first lover pressed in your groin.

But if that will keep its grip
in there since not exhausted from
without a light dissolves to rip
and shine again was all I am,
plating the air humans exhale
in that window I flex in dark;

to take the point not ready yet
to give you back but adamant
by idiotic mantras to earn
the reason for love's apparent
deterrence so long after you
my blood races I can't pull out;

you that will not come back led
in there to have the life you get
too close; to be the slanting bed
too far away to make you up
or lose you in; go under me
and stare at the same thing apart.

*

Our glaring end annuls in light
what fire on the faded past
remains whose shadow cannot last
as you burn away in bright

and widespread too ecstatic loss
everywhere bends the eye
back on the slow infinity
that blocks the love it fits across

just as rehoused at random love
itself puts up its opposites
cut down to make the point it is
not wasted in the end to prove.

In Mexico the problem has another dimension, owing to the drug cartels and the human cost of their iconicity, much of it dialectical and in women. There they throw sackfuls of decapitated heads all over the disco floor; just skidding on it like a male child is naïve, but kicking them around is, if anything, worse: at that point *everything* is deeply interfused, even the congealed, invisible, virtual, abstract, spectral, projected white blood cells rushing barely at trace levels to the head of the slowest nail ever hammered

in Ichkeria into a pineapple, a wrist, silence, or into the base of the hammer itself, a pat plastic simile for a slapdash splintering spine, thinking cheap as dirt and free as verse; Prometheus was a misogynist; its testimony is the unbearable faintness of its odour in your heart, this blood that is beginning everywhere; but the present catastrophe (ll.485-6) rebrands Félix Gallardo as the primary object, locked-up ladder to its elite sublimities, so that strutting in golden ringlets streaked with ashen highlights on the sexual proscenium at the boundary of significance we may know him, his too hot crotch in knots of living weasel gut, whispering only just to love, *If it's not interesting to read then what's the point in doing it or living as though you have to, defined by an obligation with no fulfilment, lapsing to prognosis of a soap aisle?* I start my investigation here, taking my life in my hand. Life rises to greet me, boasting its ardeny in the carotid.

1.2

dusters wrapt in itching flame, streaked in limbic cloud
pt in itching 1-6
blue sky on the setting water, nod til
made to still, remade in onward chains?

T

Looking out the plane window at the feather grass and spiders,
the three p bears,
a triangle dunked in the oil prism a head left.
Who knows if what I'm thinking is this, or worse?
Dispersing the riot in smoke like love in conscience:
"the use value of a thing does not concern its seller as
such, but only its buyer." In which case use values are

exclusive to consumers, and consumers are in that case the Blinky, Pinky, Inky and Clyde of the way of despair squared, so that as our art is increasingly sold, and love is, and there are many more sellers, many of them good sellers, its use value as what the Nigerians call a supernumerary proportion of its total combined value including its exchange goes into improbable dramatic decline, like Chekhov. We *feel* this as consumers, not as one, readying ourselves not to, and are forever almost ready; staring at the alien in the thousand eyes it blinks, making up for consciousness with all the shit it thinks. Move your arms around, doing work. Click to the melody under your nails. Nothing changes this into a specimen of forever, very quickly, but quiet as impatience spreads down the shoulder into the thin end of the teeth the wind will brush the edge like water cracked apart, exposure for exhibitionist brains, plated with very heaven. AWM6140/3, allegations, water on the genitals, sisters in photographs, belt-tightening, electric dreams, speak in starts distractedly. The game has no ending – as long as the player keeps at least one life, he or she should be able to continue playing indefinitely. This is rendered impossible by a bug. You task Madiha Shenshel with cooking your breakfast (hawk eggs in fried milk, high in polycollaterals), then finishing it, then making it again (fuck, a dot), automatically spitting shells out; you prefer the boxes to the toys; Deborah's photo of herself crammed into her college wardrobe, ad infinitum; the hair on a thousand mothers; infinity ad nauseam; the internal level counter is stored in a single byte, and when it reaches 255 the subroutine causes this value to roll over to zero before drawing the fruit. This causes the routine to draw 256 fruits, or wish to, which corrupts the bottom half of the screen and the

whole right half of the maze with seemingly random symbols, making it unwinnable. But reality is not at the bottom of the abyss, the abyss is in time just reality being itself, at least to begin with and at the same time conclusively as if contracted – *soft* – to a single point (a dot) at the end of the universe, when dark matter is a distant memory subject for chastisement to the fluctuations of military nostalgia (in her foot), and I am not sure to go on, or how to, or even what name that is any more, whoever you are I do *this* for, person *this*, human *this*, *this* window for *this* crack, or even if I do it, and probably I don't, the strings on a thousand dolls, relief at Abu

Naji I cite its adaptation on bliss in memory,
retread via Danny Boy to the drool igloo, pseudo-TL61P
atom jus, disqualified for living
cleared – the fruits and intermissions would restart the
anaemia fade *this* the possibility *this* the price of bread
in 1792 *this* Mariana asleep in bed in a beansprout
bound in spattered marble, staring at the skin next to
your eye
free of that universe, mimetic of a smudged cherry
Traherne: love is deeper than at first it can be
thought, and the extra will last you
past care to a better joke about
you drilled through to infiltrate the gothic froth of Helmand.

1.3

But really to believe that necessity is exhausted, if it comes, making haste to apologise for its premature infantilism by a great, clumsy show of increase in salivation flow, once best left alone not otherwise, by

going on longer, the point itself will still be around, is a joke: embryo smut in the possible taste. Since once you get from A to B, take your time returning. Isn't it the problem that I want you to stare at me until our eyes trade sockets, trailing visions, fucking our mutual brains out all over the wrongest floor, not the implication that hooding was banned in 1972 that asks for an adaptation on bliss in memory? Light sockets, the halo pinned to bodies in remorse, devoured in a shadow life sends back? Remember this: I sort through the boxes, my first poems are there, the drawings I made at school are and my toys are, lead prodigies and barbarians, Paints for them, tapes of my rock band some vinyl of Tchaikovsky and Bach, the present photographs of my first sexual lover, whose face is staring with intent euphoria and deepening tenderness at the face I was, the eyes I shone in then, the light in them blinds me now to nothing less than under your caress I can do still, and do still even right now, or very soon do when I climb into bed with you and let my arm shrink into your waking head, or sleeping, however you are in there, that room of objects and that room of you.

II

Construction may routinely be upgraded into life as orphic vanity spreads backwards its only motive for the present obscurity.

But deafness has an adverse impact on interrogation, smiling at the lips in oil for food is fast by proxy to an epic patronage
I want, take, scream, stick

You try to replenish the sounds that you hear in your head, regimental amnesia – I saw all the members of the multiple emulate me unfold into an illicit epigram I now laterally hyperventilate, one line with a joke end at the end backing inspiration, breathing parerga of children and plangent dill; ties it together, asks? *The Retracting*, acting like ears, downed in void; a fur of fire on lick
me you on this line when you don't expect it when you do, this line. It has a rim you take out to the bottom of the floor big enough to remand your first genitals; the rim is rectangular as any Seurat, to forever ruin the way you wait, I'll be here forever. A winding sheet of shining eyes, slammed to annihilation.

III

Nothing

we did could get him to open the door the roof was coming down he's driving us somewhere but where the light fits like a door kicked in the head on a shoestring right to do its worst and make the best of you, at the back to be alone so that in the wet graphics spraying out the

spoils of the grave a dead friend in
shreds gladly climbs and with
growing stomach and powdered flower
roots to snort in dust steps on
the podium of odium to trill this elegy:
*I have a dream of every man I ate in
all my life, / and after that
refreshment no zombie can pick his teeth,
/ but better learn to live with
what he's got and what he's not, /
and make both tolerances perfectible.*
There's no way in as you defer to that,
this way back from rejecting it to see;
repeat yourself after me: repeat it
yourself after me: repeat yourself at me: I am
at alone in all the world a mirror
forfeit to beauty; the love I am is anything
what I live for, skin and looking at
you dead now but like at your breath still
sharp at the flesh of desiring we ran
out from, liquid across the floor
they tore down years ago, live in your hand
my face, a stick of empty fingertips.
The code TL61P belongs to a Hotpoint dryer.
You'll find out nothing if you look
it up through the sky in the screen, the vault
of exchangeable passion, Vertigo at
the horizon prostrate as an outstretched
cheek; but in the mouth that grows
in capacity behind that overflow,
Nobody can take away the word for it:
love, the provisional end until death;
TL61P its unconditional perfected shadow
opposite; Now go back to the start.

ODE TO TL61P 2

I

What the public hears from the police on TV is the voice of police management. Everyone who has a manager knows what that litotic brachylogy always sounds like. You learn in the end to pick out the buzzwords like hairs from a dessert you only think you don't want to eat now, whereas in truth it is what you have paid for in order that you can be too intimidated to complain about it or send it back, by way of sending yourself back instead; and though the mouthfeel is like a grease-filled crack except astonishingly ugly you study to roll your eyes, pucker as if embittered, and furtively smirk at the gelatine soufflé with the other patriotic bulimics. When during the live BBC News 24 footage of the clearance of Trafalgar Square on the 26th March 2011 the police "commander" (think of your area manager going by that name) explained for the benefit of sedulous licensees who own the perk of Freeview that the people presently adopted under the state truncheons are not protesters but criminals intent on chaos; not one because they cannot be but the other because they are, what he *meant* was 1. The plan to camp out in Trafalgar Square is tactically brilliant and must not succeed; real passion really does make disproportionate analogies powerful; the disproportion of Trafalgar to Tahrir would be no disincentive to solidarity; it would also appeal too much to overexercised Arabs, here and in the region; it would give Al-Jazeera an unwelcome brief commercial edge