



for Robin



The Red Ceilings Press
MMXIII [rcp 52]
www.theredceilingspress.co.uk
www.redceilings.blogspot.com/

The Chomedy
Corrupted Canticles
after Dante's Commedia

Ollie Evans

Cantica I: In Fur? No!

I Self Obscurer
II Beat Rich
IV Limbo
V Windlust
XIII Suiceder
XXI House of Muck
XXIV Pep Talk
XXV Serpenville
XXXII Mouth Milk
XXXIII Ugly Lino
XXXIV Lucid Fur

Cantica II: Purge a story, ow.

I Emerge
II Amor che ne la mente mi ragiona
III Manfred
IV Belacqua
V Sec
XIII Sapia
XVIII Motor Spirit
XXVI Firelust
XXX Rose Saliva
XXXI Be
XXXIII Commission

Cantica III: Para-dizzy. O.

I Para

II Spots in the Moon

III Anchor Lift

IV Intra due cibi, distanti e moventi

X Aquinas & Co.

XIV Christ on the Cross

XX L'eterna Piacere,

or Eagle Music

XXVI Adam

XXX Eye Mouth

XXXIII Dizzy O

come a colui che non intende e ode

Paradiso XIV.126

I. In Fur? No!

Canto I: Self Obscurer

Near Hell, I met him and so came in
through the nostril, where my feet hurt.

My eye-lids half open, I reach to find
myself obscured in silver mascara,
each lash dirtied with an era marred
and smudged, my eyeballs smarting,

A healing quantum of unendurable
Easter salvaged aspiration by force.
Now, pencil, renovate my power!

I'm none so bent and redirected
than terror penned, dishonorably well
put, to keel their arched abandon my
foot pressed firm in the bass of the hill
as this quest in passing my career careens
past the Lone Tsar, Don Leone all mixed on a

Looper then stuck together with velcro.
My pens are more fertile than a tutor. Sewer
nation, hear this trap felt through and felt through:

First, in this eternal locution you'll hear
screams and vocal shifts that split dull,
empty space into motile verbs, grip dark,
and then you'll see some content and
focus, when percolating fire spans the veneer
and when you see it, they'll beat it gently.

Ah, the choir boy set on horizon is near, eh,
animated fear chews pure on my destination,
convey the last hero, knell my old part here.

Poet, to me many late doves or digested
sickly vegetation; the portal did sound petrol
in colour coded too far to contain this mystery.

Along the moss he, and I, take control.

Canto II: Beat Rich

Sojourn to live together
like animals interred.

The altered genius stood
singing to me of Lucia,
Rachel and Beats riches
with his palm under tree.

My ears were wrecked and
out of key. The sound came
in blocked through filtered
phlegm clustered wax.

But out of the light
where his speech
and lips reach to meet

match struck blazed
flame on wick,
and candle dripped
wet slips from my drum.

Her breath cleared
breathing

Loosening the hinge
between jaw and ear

bone trembling
vibrate

to her voice that curls

clear.

Canto IV: Limbo

Ript from
sleep by thunder

to discern an
obscure nebula of profounders

my visor
into the nothing pit

I saw
them unpecked by sin

whom I
believe in faith

existed
when I leafed

through them
we spoke

of ()

and walked
seven (through thirst)

gates into
their mediochre garden

I would
describe them if only

but
falls short

their stanza
strays cool unhoping

dizzy o
in desiring

we left
for where none air

can look at

Canto V: Windlust

Rush into this seat kiss
caress/I'm quite taken
with gravity
she loves me - O -
I'm stuff mouth mumbling

in felt, cushioned
by a coccyx pattern
slithering organic silt
slipperd crotch. I'm waiting
to feel the grutch
erect hair on her arm-
where is the wind I loved

soot sucked on each
nostril hair - ah, he -
here it is: I'm coming again.
Rubbed freckle, or sewn up
body rub humid on Dead Sea,
catch a salt speck scratch
neath the edge-lid, rubbing
ruby all day: we come again

consume. where is my hair
- ho - I saw her neck slit
down through her spine
to her tail
bone: both flesh flaps
unseamed like an open
dress - apron lips -
they punish style.

Come again on burning pages
eyes felt ribbed are you tripping
like when Giusto got slipped his
heel and sunk his ankle twist
torn off by train and track - eye -
I fainted. But no one would
believe me. What do we learn
from this? Already I live in

the remote past:

I can't remember where is this hurt
we read it in a book somewhere
unfinished we lay together
like a pencil mark
on either side of one side
of a leaf of paper.

Canto XIII: Suiceder

No none not nothing
is no thing thought
but nothingness.

Noting this he credits
me incrementally
with one caught

in knots in what
I thought could not
in noting nothing

be taught but torn
in truth from a twist
that saps and hurts.

Canto XXI: House of Muck

*Cosy, deep on tea in pond, eh. I'll throw up our land.
Okay, lame ear? Come 'ere dear. Count our noun cooler.
'Av any mo'? A Ten? 'av 'em all. I'll call mo', candle.
Rest a mo', perv. A dare: lout ra(p)-(con)fess or all
deem ale bulge. Ellie, old tree, pee on tea, funny!
Every dealer, mirage billed, meant obscurer.*

Spoke above, parapeutically, in paired
emphasis, brain brackateered, dropped in
deep wedged, boil abyss. Crude: Dyeyourear
runs in squirts across the parliament rows in
hooked pledge to no in creases in feces,
butt smeared 'gainst crack, prick clagg,
the last dregg, spins 'never' to a 'sorry, yes'
pinched pink by the pricks of gory scum.
David came, whore on dorsal titilation, tease
them out the vat, anything looks good in batter.
"I didn't ask for this!" dissing at me, "I'll just
hide behind this cock." Round the quack moat,
a river of pure yellow piss soothes
the toad pustule flesh, sizzling to a noxious
pitch, gorged on ram's ear, our soot tongued
TV cavalier, sides with the grime skin
pack of devils by the bubbling bank, their
prongs tipped burnt blue as they plunge
their forks in the casserole, giving it all
a classy swill. "You, Gorge Unborn!
Prince Abel! And you, Gullible Letwin
onwards with Prick Turd and Ruburped
Murder towards the Pig Society!"
Dirigible grinding, sucking lip smacked
drooling coagulate green dribble, they
trip up the parliament of foul and the
claggy dregg parts his arse and bursts
a fart like a lonely trumpet up the hill.

Canto XXIV: Pep Talk

A tobacco burst flames
on my tongue and my throat
splinters soot stain residue
out from the coral sponge pocket
in my ear. I'm dashed over the rock
in liquid stains splashed across
the grain sprouting from the squib,
locked to stone as ink to sheet
and in atomic puss I'm creamed
against the flame white heat.

Slug beat movement slimes
in mucous lines direct but
defect towards the marble rectum,
a harrowed hollow hole, pitched
in dark, all black, a deep nothing -
their silver streams lick lines across
the seam, entering in a slow seep
as come dribbles back in the crease;
serpentine traffic miscegenating
white glints with gleamed black grease.

My form is sheaved on the ledge.
Peer down I'm following after
smoke in the air at the turn
of the stair or froth from the wave
stuck in wet cave, scuppered by
halting grime that grows with guilt
snoozing deeper into indolent
fragrance perfumed rhymes quit
myself unchecked from my quilt:
stir gut, go glut, get go, get up.

Now pushed and gulped gasp
for the chime of something
real or the recognition of some
sound or sight in my tongue
that left its felt scar on follicle
impression, salivated muscle
strain impressed membering
when member sticks to thought
caught tight between tooth and
tongue shoots out the air port.

Canto XXV: Serpentvile

He fists his clit at God
and thumb fucks the sky

Tongues fall from the scars
and lick round his scabby neck

Each pustule busts out dreck
as tooth bursts from gum

Umbilical gut-snakes suck
out tapeworm fetid juice

Which you nuzzle on, suckling,
snorting reptile babe,

And as the egg pulps into yolk
his cunt sucks up your spinal tail.

Canto XXXII: Mouth Milk

Clutched in such
mamma milk
sucked in cack
cracked clags

stunk up flat
wrenched on
ur supper plate
purple meat

bit by bit
on bitten
frosted
flesh flak

flaked skin
sits skimmed
ached rimmed
arched trim

frostbit ear
slips off
shatter
crystal drop

teach me
how to speak
with words
that truly reek.

Canto XXXIII: Ugly Lino

Dribble pulpy clot crumbs down
the chin in purple tributaries,
then smear the drips dry
between the folds of the neck.

Peel off a fingernail to pick between
the teeth and scrape the plaque
back to the scalp
stick hair

lick lip
curled buds
wrapped salivate
the jagged shape of tooth

mark on edge splinters. Hollow
gape is chewing on ancient gum;
no taste left but the fictitious
nourishment of aching saliva.

Canto XXXIV: Lucid Fur

Gelled in the ice
cabinet of Dr. Diabola
who paraboles in the crust,
look down to see the freaks
show their forms bitten
away by gelatinous bursts
of frozen verse.

All motility stopped by
glass, we skate still
above a traitor's arse
his toes ensucked between
his teeth, while the frost
nebula fogs across the plain
motored on megalithic wing.

All terrors of Hell,
all screams of Death,
could not blast
the infernal music
I felt in my guts.
My body shook
like a stalling truck.

He took my hand
and led me through
the mist. The air opened
and there I saw the cog
of Cocytus munching
three jaws round
three wriggling legs.

I remember Coney Island on that cold
Easter morning, when the ghost
train rode empty and the automatic
ghoul shrieked hoarse to no one.

I kissed you by the beach
as a congregation sang
Ave Maria on the pebbles
that cooled their feet

and we clutched a tuft to clamber
up the helter-skelter until mid
point way we sluiced in reverse
flushed inverse to the geometrick

and popped out onto the silent shore.
My hell fell beneath me
and we lay panting,
feet turned towards the stair.

II. Purge a story, ow.

Canto I: Emerge

Pour colour in your alka-selza, level
on my navy cello, to tell me all in general;
keep lashed up, directly through a sea marred so cruelly.

He can't error. Be equal, sick on the reign hole,
Dover looms and all spirits to the sea pour an
eddy soul, nearer our shelled event. I don't know,
perhaps, like love, cleansing is rarely pure,
an ethnic ethic purging infernal murk, oriental
zephyrs perfume vertical for a holy cure.

Clear papyrus wipes cool across the face,
smeared and marred by that error smarted direction,
the air daubing open smoke-spumed eyes that race
to the blind light shining, climbing to distraction.
Down here Duca tugs and picks the moistened rose
and as he tips the stem to my brow, tufts in place,
the purple bud in conical desire lifts and regrows.

Canto II: *Amor che ne la mente mi ragiona*

A move to keenly enter a mind that rages
dwells in limbs that stem incarcerated
in thick grass which grows incorporated
by hearts that buy from those who sell
sweet songs that glow bright beyond their pages.
This music will calm the stones emancipated
from rock embossed on trembling walls conflated
with the paste that cools and thickens the shell
on this conic peak formed from where the angel fell.
Exiled on this shore we slow to stare
and turn our humming feet in ceaseless wandering,
beats always wondering,
at this light that sings in melody through the air.
I saw a friend, and when I went to hold him
my arms hugged round myself, but he was there.
He smiled as I shook in his ethered trunk and limb.
The sound I felt then was unbeschreiblich
and only the love that climbs could describe this.

Canto III: Manfred

Broke down at check point
where the sun breaks my back
and Man's cold bones
rest downstream beneath the bridge.

A rotting mirror denounces all the figures
that cannot see behind its reflection;
behind the wall eyes watch you watch
your form that feels light bend by your neck.

Logical but insane to follow the road
through this unguarded barrier without
papers spelt from final dribbling heaves.
before the door there's a law keeper.

Man Afraid and in contempt of court
pays his visa fare at rate of 30%
(per annum), but he has a discount
voucher from the store down stairs.

Canto IV: Belacqua

Quando, poor dilettante, over a dull year
parks a new lap, all tender. Few intend to
air poor ole' Quando, so old he caused over ten
requests at a legato, quelled and kept - escorted...
As such I was busy decoding these lines (1 thru 12)
into my tongue, that I failed whilst typing,
to notice the sun shoot up fifty in the sky.
We came on camel back to crawl the postern
on our knees and scrape through scramble up
the Jordan slate where my foot slots in creases
cut with salt bolts stained a few worlds ago.
The violin rests pressed untouched. From here,
the lowest altitude in the world, I arch my neck
back and slit my eyes to where rock and blue
indistinguish eachother - eyes up to the nothing
peak. I have no wings. My spare answer
was to clay my skin from a moulded jar and lie
on the beauty water whilst salt nebulates
beneath my body - finger rests on snooze, a
gain, head up, but back flat. Less move.
To wade back to my surrogate on shore
I stand with the dead sea at my ears
and levitate on borrowed wings. No need
to tread. Before I know it, we're gone.
I feel the salt mineral through my skin.
We're waiting for nothing. Ah...

Canto V: Sec

throat shot split bloodlake

felt thru crossed thru via

record it in me mamma

dispatch from me maria

Canto XIII: Sapia

Sunbaked skin flakes
rolling under finger pinch
to parch on dead stone,
pebbles tread up, sandal
scatters, to the tip of the precipice.
A hawk feels a falling speck
stick to its eye on descent
but winks it clear to soar the ascent.

Sunlit pupil tightening
to the slit in
ocular squints, motion
on point, the sharp foot
turns on toe, revolves
at counter-point
lightward
and Duca twists
to peer for direction.

Wire thread through eye lid
lash lipped down on cheek
and tear cry caught in micro-
scoptic cut, trickling through
as leaks tear fugitive
from rock cracks.
My needle eye narrow
pore squeezing,
squirts milk.

Sonar white sapiently
crows invidious to the sight
of her brother's pig-gutted pratfall,
unlike Stockhausen, who heard
the twins fall.

But Peter rings
the meter, pays
the fine incurred.
His little creature.
The volunteer that smiles
seals something from the grief.

Canto XVIII: Motor Spirit

Object
figured in synaptic
blood

your motor
runs fluently until
Tristan is

resolved.
Wax is always good
but figures

sealed
may mispeak the
tongue

drink
ejaculate or lactate
white

throat
swallows everything
come

follow
these motor spinners
free

to re
direct their want
finger

through
the hole, pour

saliva

in the
pore. Transmute thought
to dream.

Canto XXVI: Firelust

Lighting up a sharper clock
we rose round the rim
angling tight one by one.

Fingering up inside them,
like a pig up its sow,
fire licks up their skin,

lips slapped black, blued
by the bitter bite of hot
whip cracked billows

their members fumbling,
ants touch each other to feel
the group, lips lock for seconds.

My torchlight read their sweetly
faces, arm hair stands to flame
erect, flickering renewing flesh.

How does your body block the sun?
With a moulded sack of bones
and blood congealed with joints.

We were pecked with bodies too,
hermaphroditic miscegenating of limb
locks, folding in mutual damp

but our wet won't quench
the flames that clench us,
our juice cracks like firewood.

And then I turned again and saw
the agèd eagle stretch its wings,
my one time tutor, Old Possum, said:

*But look there, a maternal lamemorator,
he is your true maker of Speech
without word and Word of no speech.*

I turned again to see a rude breathing
on the void of to be, a venter
hearing his own bauchspeech
and in backwards he said to me:

*Juice sweet Shame's Voyce, we pour a vow can-can,
console as they, the pazzada forlorn,
of age jousting, log joy, quest their demand.
Ours was preck, purr a quelled valour
squeeze us, sweeter, I'll sum the descant, leaner
so venn I vos a temp, deemed my doll oar.*

Poised, scalding, this nailed vocal, fell in my feeler.

Canto XXX: Rose Saliva

New fold nebula rose
saliva drops on petal
gentle sponsor libation
can't undo grid or tree voltage
wearing their voices fitted
in empyrean's new clothes
veiling me, sole, gnash air
the many angelical saliva
rose infant tremor in each
gram of blood turn to sweet papa
not a poppy left, I, sole, too late
who clayed my name with spit
and tongue, the mother's stomach
in the hatchling's hungry beak
do no wee, do not weep

yet

knock in me colder
been son, been son
river mirror into glass pool
pour genuine reflection into
genuflection. I'm going to stop
talking to you now. You, nonsomniac
vigils in this untimely noplacé,
do you know how disappointed I am
with this thorn that fell from the rose?
I've had to drag his feet up the stem
with my own saliva and where
is the thanks he owes me?
His throat and ducts are frozen
like his account, which lies in deep arrears,
interest will rise, until he salivates with tears

Canto XXXI: Be

in logic
it is
impossible
for a woman
to speak
the first
word

(though
scripture
gave Eve
that honour)

but
back in Eden
Man's voice
is snagged
in my throat
and my woman
is the first

articulator

my love
of logic
mislaid me
in the breasts
of other girls

my eye
drops
in shame
and
her tongue
whips broken
vowels from
my lips

she was more
than woman

she fills
my throat
with Lethe

O. forget
what I
was saying

s h e i s h e

Canto XXXIII: Commission

Stunt, stammer
try tight to at
tach assonate
to teeth, jabbering
jelly jowled, look
Her face -

There's nothing emotion
recollected in tranquil
at ease can conjure,
like Her, without stammer.
I've been through Leith
Soon I'll drink, You know.

She scalds me,
drags my speech
from sleep
and wipes the drool
from my chin.

'Don't dribble when you
write of me on Earth.'

'Lady, your figure is sealed
in wax on my tongue.'

And she steered my
foolish body to the river
where wine drops in milk
and said, 'You Know.'

But before I could taste
she unpinned her veil
and showed me her breast,
goosepimpled, cleft, wine

clustered round her nipple-
these are just words.

As infant gum to milk
I sunk my throat in

wine drops

I have run out of ink

III. Para-dizzy. O.

Canto I: Para

It starts with a feeling
to make thought
physical. Mist sifts
through finger glides
and vapour. Silence
begins with a touch
and underneath my
body, somewhere, is
this language. For,
got with unremembered
syllables in my gurgling
tongue. The desire to.
She reminds me how
I learned saying before
thinking. But now, here,
I try to hear myself
without knowing where
I am and will go.

Objects placed before
my subject to this touch,
she rings my wrist with
water and light bending
like light bent in water
she sings silence to me
and chides me when I
translate. Wash off
this language for awhile,
the tongue rolls itself
across the roof and falls
speaking with its own
mouth. Whilst the rest
of my body is stuck
in sleep and I try to lift
my legs to run through
water, she holds me
pressed against the light.

Canto II: Spots in the Moon

If you are unable to truly
consider the art of concreation, then
wait until you're ready for miscegenation,
and metalipse your husk in this garden.
The rest of you can come with me.

In this box you will see
a diometrical chord
exposed to nonclimactic swirls
of light - extended, at the other
end, you will find a metagram
dilated against the surface,
exactly composed in union
with the former box. If you stand
your form in line with
the unbraking beams,
note how, even if you were
to tilt your head, the light
would always pass unguided.

Now you will discover,
if your mind is cleared
of all its dust, that what
you had once thought
was true through demonstration,
is nothing of the sort, and
if your proof had told you
otherwise, it still would have
masked you from what is true
and not foolish error.

For here, as I have made it clear
to you, is proof that goes beyond
reproof or remonstrance
and through diverse virtues
of particular light, you will
now enjoy this irrefutable
evidence. The primal truth
that cannot be unbelievably, nor
unthought when you consider
how it may never be distinguished
from your instinct.

Canto III: Anchor Lift

My baby foot trot
in vapour confused of
glucose, gas and glass;
cloud clod contours
my soles.

In my vision I seem
to see an apparent
apparition appearing
like a vision, rotating
lurch, as if like now
almost it is when as if
your body lifts from
the chair without
moving.

Each pulse of saliva tastes
new. An art lawful as speaking.
Even God tastes the same
spit. Intongued together -
so clear in so clear,
words diverse and incompatible
but play the same language.

Like weight through water
she drops to the edge of sight,
always fading but never
vanishing: a grade more distinct
than the tinct floating
in your eye.

Canto IV: *Intra due cibi, distanti e moventi*

Wrap yr ears round
this one, she said:

Entranced, do a
chi, be distantly, air,
movemently.

Translation: (from the
Ineffabilem Sufficientiam Intellectus
of Angelspeak) or,

As Wittgenstein put it to Smythies:
'Are eyebrows to be
talked of, in connection
to the
Eyes of God?'

Since Seraphic Speech iS
of necessity not
necessary

and the animal chews through life

we must see
that inside this unsplittable
atom/prelapsed ball
of zero infinite
density

we can count the rings
like a tree circled in a
series orchestra.

There is no need
for order in perfect
order. But your brow

is bent like her vow,
So I'll show you how:

They could not rape
her covenant,
but she did not
lick
her feet
in flame.

In this ring
she trips
like your
feet, now.

'And that is all there is
to it,' said Ludwig, 'except
further muddles.

Canto X: St. Aquinas & Co.

My turn to wheel
the banquet but.
Who can see beyond
the sun?

Belief, believe
our language but bite
off the image branch.
Nouns taste less
when salted with verbs,
and you're still licking
for shape.

Look up their skirts,
transgendering
dancers of light
answering thirst.

This circle is not
literal but literate,
like letters are
themselves.

The luna part is past
and my ultra tear
is urge, tintinabulating,
disposting spirits unarmouring
this turgid rota,
render voices on voices
I now tamper into doted
note form.

this non knowable inging

I believed I know

save only them in everying there,
above, where

seven and thirst
sound the same
ring.

Canto XIV: Christ on the Cross

Look across
the words
that incline
towards each
other now
in mot
utility, word
motility
move out
wards to
where the
grow ing
thought stars
thick en
in strands that talk in code
gen omed
toge ther
in scrutable patterns thought
up in
The Eagle
but most
impor tantly
hearing (c)ode non in
ten ded
to in
cline to wards
the sound
that shoots
out blind
ing me
with in
tone a
tion but
I un der
stand as
the hair that stands under
stands the
out ward
beat of
the heart

Canto XX: L'eterna Piacere, or Eagle Music

The eternal
picture

more, more are
beat rising

in the eye
between

chord, chord and
chord

sliding that still
breath

murmuring into
the next

writing this sound
complete

so infinite at
the time

but my pencil
blunts

with each press
of memory

clinch, that I fall
now

into eloquent
aphasia

my eyes would

crisp

if turned towards
the sun

but then I was
inflame

with the burning
pupils

where fire looks
at fire

the ignified before
the si

Canto XXVI: Adam

vision
spent on the
blind growing swimm
ing seed, spermutating
vista, in me, love's in print
a head for the circle centre
natural Nucleus a spark
opera Nebula juice jolt
working into sight into the egg
light, mamma face tonguing
in the eye sea, clarified in
ebriation, articulate infan
see every thing is as
new as a cry, joy
burst eye hear
and
see
yur
on
Jah
weh
ho
me
.

Canto XXX: Eye Mouth

Force semolina million
dear long tunnel

play la la la, oud, parent
include conclose
egregia cum laude
sum are loud airs

close incluster one prays
wourd

me my mind myself, un
membering

La beater ova, cut shut
can't air, owe

poesing cease desister

 purer light
light intelligentle
 fuller love
love their all been
 full dear joy
joy try send on ye

 rapture rupture
sweetest pain

blind cupid
 circle light
retina spill
 spittle milk
wrapped in
 nothing

inebriate day ode or
rider of the herb
shadow prelude
to tooth

but steel defective
until the teeth
fall from gum

baby volts
eye drink river
eye mouth

creature all create
edge of words

the visible face
in circular figure
reflect curve
salival rose
eternal

blind cupids
will not love
hunger fame
near or far
from nostril city

play l'oud
language dead

a live
fire

Canto XXXIII: Dizzy O

O

a spir ate

O

pen

O

ur door

de Sire

in me fini

te .

O

FEEL

(not
re
memb
rain)

Sibyl
spent

volume
legato

spent
Sibyl

O

ver

O

lume

me sent

O

godo

mammella

murmurar

O

intend
in tense
intending
tention

O

¶ Feet

worn
to bone

counting
without
number

circling
the

circle

O

throat
in rote
cantation

grobe

O

ver

O

.

Want re

turns

from

no

place.

On

Acknowledgements

Eyemouth was previously published in *Stutter Studies* (Department, 2011).

Belacqua and Aquinas & Co. featured in the anthology *Dear World and Everything In It* (Bloodaxe, 2013).

This poem is no mere parody or jazz improvisation on a classic text. In its own right it explores the interstices between Italian and English, demonstrating an aural and etymological imagination that refreshes our sense of the flex and drive that the English language is capable of. The Chomedy leaps, like some vigorous and exceptionally witty salmon, up the torrential stream of Dante's Commedia, displaying an iridescence entirely its own but also drawing new attention to the brilliance of the Italian original.

Robin Kirkpatrick

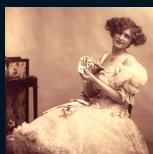
Ollie Evans

is a performer and poet based in London. He has had poetry published by Department Press (*Stutter Studies*, 2011), RedCeilings Press (*Dash Booked a Builder*, 2012 and *The Chomedy*, 2013), Stoma Press (*High Digger's From the Ear-far-out-wrung of these Thinkings*, 2013), Veer (*Kettles*, 2013), and has also appeared in Depart, International Poultry Review, Vile Products and Materials.

He occasionally performs as a noise-poet, makes puppet shows and is currently undertaking a Phd on the 'Performance of Finnegans Wake' at Birkbeck College.

orte.tumblr.com

Cover image : Leanne Bridgewater



The Red Ceilings Press

MMXIII [rcp 52]

www.theredceilingspress.co.uk

www.redceilings.blogspot.com/