



for Robin



**The Red Ceilings Press**

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**The Chomedy**  
*Corrupted Canticles*  
*after Dante's Commedia*

**Ollie Evans**

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*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 unbeschrieblich  
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

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*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.

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