



DEATH DRIVE THROUGH GAIA PARIS

by Charles Noble

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TRUE TRUE CHAINS

I would not have you think that I am shut out from a sense of what is called by the Japanese “the ah-ness of things”; the melancholy inherent in the animal life. But there is a Ho-ho-ness too. And against the backgrounds of their sempiternal Ah-ness it is possible, strictly in the foreground, to proceed with a protracted comedy, which glitters against the darkness.

P. Wyndham Lewis – as quoted by Wilfred Watson with his “I shot a trumpet into my brain” (from *Mass on Cowback*).

Kate's
navel
de-zens
the
denizens
of
the
bar

their
gaze
buddeth
out

noisy
group
in
loud
lounge

thrive
on
alpha
clichés

and
their
much
beta
crumbs

prairie
stars

over
grain
bins

the
old
story
of
pissing

in
my
drink

he
wore
his
boxers
backwards

because
his
dink
stuck
out

gas
at
the
back

bit
cross
with
women's
gym
shorts

crotch-
tight

so

in
touch
with
his
inner
cunt

he
pees
on
the
electric
fence

making
out
what's
there

stars-
seeing
brain

I
spoke
right
out
of
my
grocery
cart

your
face
a
flock
of
shotguns

I
would
win
trips
cars

on
the
phone

they're
tripping
away

on
true

true
chains

so
my
escape
from
gravity

gets
taken
up
in
gossip
circles

the	loud	I
sort	young	see
of	woman	her
guy		baby
	song	belly
who	of	
would	herself	so
ask		kid
unrhetorically	annoys	
	the	she's
“what	unsung	in
are		trouble
friends	song	
for?”	of	she
	myself	admits
		it

who	I	Eaton's
is	love	'coy
that	the	pad
blond?	weather	
		for
I	woman	real
ask		
myself	but	shins
	get	
hair-	this	off
raised		the
by		
blonds	my	ice
	nephew's	in
now	comic	
they	strip	the
tell	wife	shack
the		
jokes		deked-
		out
		playmates

trust	on	I
my	the	plant
reportage	box	flowers
		they
“Charles,	on	kill
it	the	
won’t	ball	ho!
fit”		I’m
	in	joking
she	the	
tries	box	I
the		weed
<i>Globe</i>	talk	
in	show	hara-
the	mind	kiri
rack		hoes
	jacks	
	off	
	in	
	the	
	box	

