

Proceedings Seven

A thousand years of light crushed into dark

And you know you always have to start again from here
Even though *He is Dead*

Even though you never got round to that
last essay by Stuart Hall

And so feel under-equipped
in this

I will, saith the

Thereof with
with shouting

You have to start again from here
having emerged in 1972

Saith the man
the man knownot

A retrospective emergence
you even had to be told it happened
and happened then

And have waved a little flag every year since

You are still researching 1972
having been born oblivious

A blind skull in a bloody towel
to be passed around

And bang as you see seventytwo from here it goes off again
recession or plague or war whatever

That essay, those researches, to the corners
scattered to the wind like ash

Alpha ash of omegafire

And I will
I will not

The house of

Thus saith the
the man who
knownot of glory

Thus saith
house of knownot

But not starting again from here means ending and
ending means a whole load of other work
just to get to the end

To make an end
you have to make an end even if the end comes to you

You do not end by ceasing to go forward
so we go on

Maybe we never make a beginning
do we ever make a beginning

Therefore the end is also some distance away
just as the beginning is

Punishment thereof because
the punishment thereof
away with the punishment

Turn away the
will not turn away
will not turn

Four I will
for four I

And for three
three of those

For three of those
man for three

The man for
the knownot of

Will send a
I will send

Shall devour the
but I will
but I

Out of the
out of the earth

Go into labour
the land of
and I

Thereof because they
send a fire

Omegafire

Alpha ash
and omegafire

And the children of knownot

Returned unto me
not returned unto
ye not returned

Have ye not
yet ye have

The day of me and behold
and they shall

Knownot saith well
of knownot saith, with the gun

And let's not talk about the present
is a whole culture

A whole culture about
not talking about the present

The psyche works at displacing the present constantly
- perhaps its most concerted toil

Because who would want to be pushed up against that
terrifying view pane

Face squashed peach into glass
as the floor races toward you

Land of England
and ye shall

Apha ash and omegafire
to the palaces

And these other presences loom
and speak their riddles

Disingenuous, not to be trusted

Letting slip their damages as you do
in an exchange of confessions about damages
that never become sharing

Only preliminaries, courtly dance
before the mutual psychic pickpocketing

Father mother feel shortchanged because
bang as you start again from here it goes off again

And so we were *never close* why were we
never close

In this

Father scrambles on knees for his glasses
to look from whence he was blown
and when did I start needing glasses?

Vision of the
face of the
the face of
the vision

Shall not the
of the sea
shall not be

No more toil the land
no more death at sea

Behold the man
said the man
in the gate

Death at sea
toil on the land

Of knownot
of England and
hear this

The man hath
therefore the
man knownot hath

And what's this fucking gate?

Someone came onto the land and said
you must pay me this every year

And so it was done
and so it has been

Of England

Flood of England
the flood of
by the flood

As by the
drowned as by
a flood and

Rise up wholly
shall rise up - *yeah right*

It shall rise

Die by the
shall die by

A pair of shoes

A pair of
for a pair

Baskets of summer fruit
a basket of summer

Children of knownot saith the
the land of England and

The man I have
saith the man I

Small the man repented
is small the man

He is small the
for he is small

Arise for he is small
the man arise for he is

Shall the man arise for he
whom shall the man arise for
by whom shall the man arise

O house of knownot

The man poureth out of the sea
is of the sea and poureth

With the waters of the sea *and*

Note: This poem riffs on the Old Testament Book of Amos