



the gag reel / tom bamford blake



*THE
GAG
REEL*

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Locofu Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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you build something from the grim | insistence of this autumn suburb this aban
done | cinema something grows | in empty corridors everyone riding | into town to do some
thing evil whether or not | you can join them you could at least have the decency to tighten the screws:

the gag reel~~~

tom bamford blake / february 2017

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read these first // kathy acker / andrea brady / vahni capildeo / aracelis girmay / jorie graham / audre lorde / sophie mayer /
colette peignot / nat raha / nisha ramayya / claudia rankine /
ntozake shange / verity spott //

epistle

i

have sent you a letter in the letter i talk
about you in the third
person in
the letter you are in a room full of men covered
in blood and one
man says not him he's covered
in blood but the important
thing to remember is we are all covered in blood. careful this poem
is a trap because in the letter
you talk about yourself in the second
person + in these our years of lead i'm sorry
you feel that
way

poem for joey regarding the president elect and contemporary literature

nobody
not even craig raine
has such small hands ~~

tar pits of se26

happy halloween, the archaic evil of reptiles!
in the pterodactyl wasteland masked
school shooters lurk in the trees, in
your fascist dinosaurscape the way of the warrior is death
and over there primeval london looms out of the fog, helicopters and giant dragonflies hover overhead sinking back into the
convenient dark
ness of the crocodile mind. i mean what if someone just came in here and stabbed
you in the leg? your cat has the beautiful markings of a pre
historic hyena and when it throws up it doesn't mean anything. and this is not
it there were no warriors only agriculture and raids
at dawn which this has not
explained. and this is the space
where the dinosaur's brain would be this is where
the network closes and ice cream vans
block off all possible routes of escape. the severed head
was found in the sawdust, telepathically controlling
the rats that surrounded it.

whatever you call this artefact will be read
as poem so just call
it poem contained
within line breaks bars and even
with out laughter this our laugh
with contempt and scream with
out laughter as your face decays
into leaves and in the cold what
ever remains of us outlives you and in
the eternal logic of the gun the fields
of infinite death we conspire
against the president sun that shits in our mouths that makes us empty the sun
we despise we try not
to be disappointed [it has
n't even started yet] and you remember that scene where god
gets eaten by bats and what a twisted king
we have erected on your land and in the house
the blind centaur shambles mistaking
for weakness he has tried
to mutilate himself to health the grown ups will not
protect you now bones fertilise
their crops in the comfort
of murderers someone took the lid off the sky the thing is its not your poetry
you need to defend when the english flag flies in the window
of the police station survival curses hex
movement all hail
the imaginary legions speak ill of me when i
am dead the outcast vacant stars the oceans
clogged with the lost information of a trillion dead burners:
a moon face through again from under light of apocalypse reborning decay /
against your disgusting patriarch we are vomited from our forest
of technology and incense we bring not their death but our kind

*of death they are your
death they are the fact
that you will die*

they are your werewolf island each soft note a crystal sword against your rotten flesh
from our rotting forest of witchcraft and technology~~

failed coven. nw5 *the devil*
will never sit on the throne of england people talk
about people disappearing as if it isn't
what happens all the time as if we do not watch
the musical the white elephant the barricade
in heaven as if all struggle were redeemed by the disappearance
of struggle the throne
that does not deserve your broken heart your teeth
of the world serpent your skin vibrating across
the ruined land the skin
of the world shark we the child soldiers of hogwarts will all become artists in
the end tattooing meaning on ourselves in this
our anarchist babysitters' cult illegally streaming news from the future as the zombies begin
their incursion onto the front lawn when the metal door
is bashed through to the outer world hello this is your ghost husband & in heaven
the merch table is empty to edge
toward something checking yourself
at every turn is the attempt versus reconquest demure ghouls shitting
in their tombs they say
they have proven the existence of a terrorist baby farm in the endless cardboard coffin of reality there is no power
behind the throne to exorcise your serpent gun hand seeding
your gardens with bullets, bro, your tears
are chains the heart of our church held by barbed wire our stillborn heroine come
and help us with our zombie pets our prehistoric communist witchcraft the street
is a ribbon of shit the sun hits
the side of your head and how much blood
will you cough up before you breathe the air
of free speech and the silk of your jaws
will be used to make your harness. by those tokens we gained strength tho never
surviving, keys for doors
you didn't know were there even if hiding
in plain sight the most obvious thing being often also
the least believed the door
to the kingdom being sealed
in lead and gold this cryptic evening these sudden
reversals of fortune these space burials for the conspiracy
of masculinity that mother and father
of orphans endless soviet hotels in this our robot purgatory hell
a physical location accessible via the sewers and here
in your gore nostalgia decrypt fascist these eviscerating mouths:
destroy your life for satan no fascists collective se26 2017

circle: inauguration day

materialist coven obsession your witch husband the hooks
of god the feral swine have returned
to london in the court of dinosaurs and birds you were always
found innocent / and the little wolves
in the trees the bookbinders the anabaptists the leather
of dead face the need for a floating dracula economy
the winter money flowing in the blonde veins of the wasp king the shadow
he projects on the other a bat
with four heads. hail this queen bane one day
you will wear the face of your trade enemy the snow
is in a cage ghost bus to helltopia magic army
for coffin smashers / revolutionary bread / crucifix of melting flesh operation colonise the moon our divine warlock vultures
magnificent deaf jackals ex
cavate the funeral balloons.
only the weird will escape preserved
in glass by novelty value yet from this last
you bear the cold in your mouth a cassette bound
in flesh the empire is the bowl
that collects your blood i am the bones
of richard the third on my tongue
the criminal held above you like a crucified spider in a web of cells
vote antichrist woundcore, materialist coven obsession your witch husband the hooks
of god the feral swine have returned
to london *in the court of dinosaurs and birds you were always*
found innocent /

GARDEN / *for laurence*

Exhibit two. This painting represents a reality from another world, with a meaning fit for this one.

Patrick Wood

Till in a corner of the high dark house | God looked on God, as ghosts meet in the night

G.K. Chesterton

... their bodies are the clitorises, their wings are the labia, their fluttering represents the throbbing...

Monique Wittig

Your limbs slack | in grisaille, your skins dancing through | The Garden of Earthly Delights

Rosa van Hensbergen

~

these things we have gleaned: *psyche* is a genus of moths
in the family psychidae *the garden of earthly delights*
is the modern title given to a triptych painted
by hieronymus bosch housed
in the museo del Prado in Madrid since 1939 it dates
from between 1490 and 1510 the triptych
is painted in oil on oak and is composed of a square middle
panel flanked by two other oak rectangular wings that close
over the centre as shutters. the three scenes of the inner triptych are probably
(but not necessarily) intended to be read chronologically from left to right the left
panel depicts god presenting eve to adam the central panel
is a broad panorama of socially engaged nude figures fantastical
animals oversized fruit and hybrid stone formations the right
panel is a hellscape and portrays the torments of damnation /
*when the triptych's wings are closed the design
of the outer panels becomes visible these panels
lack colour possibly
indicating that the painting reflects a time
before the creation of the sun and moon which were formed
the blandness highlighted the splendid colour inside.*
in 1947 wilhelm fraenger argued that the triptych's center panel
portrays a joyous world when humanity will experience a rebirth
of the innocence enjoyed by adam and eve before their fall that bosch
was a member of the heretical sect known
as the brethren and sisters of the free spirit strove
for a form of spirituality immune from sin even
in the flesh and imbued the concept of lust
with a paradisaical innocence *before the sun and moon were invented* in this
our shadow garden earth held
inside the casing is the reverse
of life the enormous floating butterfly world is the ab
sence inside the circle the halls
and towers of excess are your superior hotel the standard pulp

of transgression the mirror
of the soul is the world beyond the screen insects as a form of currency art
as a form of capital
in our gorgeous bondage counter world the essay is the other side
of the poem a parallel universe of excess where incest sprouts
from the very earth all fiction
as pornographic counter world the men
retaining the secret in
other words the casing
as a window in the gigantic leisure centres of the endless summer the world held
inside the ring on your hand:

*as myth decomposes and passes into the stage of the spectacle the grand
external object is shattered by the forces of atomisation and degenerates
into a remedy for intimate use only said raoul vaneigem. nightmare
and reverie in bosch go beyond
a picture of the state of things substance disincarnate thought detached
from life what
confronts us is a mirror of what dwells
within haunting us possessing us casting
a spell and obscurely governing our actions ~*

and as you write this in the library someone has left a book by the computer. the book is called *moths* by michael majerus
(harpercollins 2002) *there are many things
that this book is not* the book begins. *it is not a book about moth collecting. it is not
a book about how to identify moths. it is not a book
about how to study moths but it is
a book about moths.* upside down

*beneath the street is a reverse vers
ion of the same street a parallel u
niverse of shopfront excess hid
den behind the next mol*

ecule is the backroom repository of *you cannot be here* the example hell
of excess visible from ours as if through magical glasses *the crash
of the crystal leaves* everything slightly different as the planet touches the sky

tries to exceed the border of the frame the constructed alien garden
of hell the universe
as a point and click investigation in which you are the secret detective
and but what if all the above contained safely in the garden city what
then else do we in crystal eye
of hell all this time building ships in bottles
and meanwhile back in the suburbs and libraries gardens
of the skull fables of the hollow earth missives
from non existent love triangles in two
dimensional gardens behind the furniture
is the floating counter world of aristocratic cruelties *pale*
or white winged moths have frequently been said
to be the souls or ghosts
of the dead
and you had
that idea for the novel about the dragon where you can't
pay attention to the lecture because your step
father has written the novel where the dragon is hiding in the tunnels
under the ship and you are kept
hidden on the other side in your suburban counter life
the floating garden built of words and butterflies
and there was a book set in a decadent technology free parallel
world called demonia where our world is a dream or nightmare known only
to psychiatric patients: *certain details of that other triptych that tremendous*
garden of tongue-in-cheek delights circa 1500 and namely
to the butterflies in it i mean i don't give a hoot for the esoteric meaning
and in that film *the duke of burgundy* by peter strickland where the non-realist use
of moths marks the setting as a world not our own where lesbian bondage
is the only form of relationship where not only are men absent their absence
is never even discussed not a world without men but a world where men
are a non-issue in a film nonetheless directed
by a man in our world where this is an issue and in the book by monique wittig the lesbian body is represented by *blue yellow*
green black violet red butterflies

~

the butterflies implored entreated not to make the fatal voyage across the sea

~

return in clouds, they obscure the sun

~

until dispersed over the gardens their separate colours become apparent unlike

the previous mayor khan is notably more sceptical about the planned

bridge intended to feature 270 trees and thousands of plants and has promised no more public money will be spent on it. *and*

the mansion of the free spirit held

a labyrinth of corridors and rooms only those who followed

the staircases to the top were capable of understanding what existed

to be understood. the men retain the secret in the big house the

men said it would be more natural to have sex with one's sister than

with any other woman / lust then is not evil but nor

is it innocent of power: 1492:

moth riders of antiterra killing toward the earthly paradise of which the atlantic

is made the mirror. to be a situationist like vaneigem means to be warriors

between two worlds one which we do not recognise another which does not yet exist

the spectacle

inside the casing and later

he wrote a book called *the island of delights* and a book

called *the movement of the free spirit*, but this

was the 1980s psychology as the study of butterflies which in the teotihuacan culture of ancient mexico were the souls of dead

warriors the mouths

of jaguars

~

the triptych

as love triangle from the point

of the male participant who wants one

of the women to die to excuse his own self involved anguish poetry

as a series of amazon searches dragon

butterflies and *the accidental green cover is your gateway to antiterra* ~~

i shall walk looking up

good luck skyburial was happy sadness being undefined
by organs at having no rest place any
where but small freedom, a string try free in bluesky not fit in between

theystrain

melody gone for walking happiness off despair and this
the postwar plastering g i lollipop faces over wrenched
metal so we assume none denying what strains thru the 4 4 despair knocks each chord
change from behind to white void total beauty/yeah that one/sheer right up
and down blocks your eyelinealtogether happiness behind
this atomthick white skysheet, not ours because we recognise strain not ours

beautiful as the moon, terrible as an army with banners

on inauguration day / before the colony
in small fascist towns in the rain it's not as hard
as you make it be you wish and small horses
that live in holes in the ground
the space in the internet caf
é while you wait joy
fully for the owner to finish his midday prayers the world
reborn from river of milk and blood where white
and red horses no no o
world nobody told you how easy
you are to love no to set sail
on boats of flowers and signs because no warmth
in our homes in the caf
é near the assembly point they play that song by t
lc but are the marchers
too young to know
the song i hope
they are i guess and a woman asks to take a picture of my coffee cup because she likes how it looks by the window. how all the
above to become more
than psychic targets to being gently vivisected by music our weaponised joy *before*
the colony / in small fascist towns in the rain~~

song for your teenage ghost twin

The Apollo programme was a hoax.

- Refused

and you've asked this before but where
the struggle in day filled
with cranes and sun
light in the gated communities of saturn and how any
thing reached why you
are so in this life i
mean who cut the grass lantern
on the doorstep with the comet inside
in limbo the skull comets their wild retinue
of ghosts stream on suburban sky so you could imagine them as your dead comrades if you had any. the skull asteroid
breathes mist
upon the earth that seeds every front garden with spiders

and that is how you colonise some
one you know it breathes
upon you again it passes near us even in
the towns in the hardcore summer when the poem
refuses to save your life to cover your
self from the sky as you watch the launch
programme from afar. the border
of the garden is where you pick up the frequency ladders
to the green stars where you fear to be the next dead
astronaut floating between the next planet is the way the sub
urb overlaps with the campus and the detention centre so in theory all
you need is night and a pair of bolt cutters or to walk
out of your house right now and into the sky that does not
exist and has to be built. you can't talk to people here not
yet so you move around in the night and appropriate the vans for food redis
tribution or at least you could. your mind stops
you talking the enclosure of neural pathways you can see
from above when you're in the plane over
the suburbs all of which only strategy for when the gardens
are cut across and you become that
no word turns you into only living there. the word gives
you the key to the back door but you have
to get past the alarm and the key
is the wrong shape. but it could be you
there launch saboteur drifted in forgotten
pyramids and abandoned leisure centres of the summer haze and who
are those guys in camouflage anyway lurking
at the border? in the possession district the leafy death
suburbs of the asteroid belt and what
would this mean if in the sequel the killer is still alive~

notes

the title page image is an inversion of killer mike's grind time flag which one day will fly on the moon.

'tar pits of se26' was previously published in *Zarf*; my thanks to the editor.

'garden' is composed mostly of quotations, from wikipedia, vladimir nabokov, michael taussig, greil marcus and others. it draws on some research conducted many years ago by me and laurence p., and is dedicated to him in apology for never finishing the paper.

the Rosa van Hensbergen quotation is from *In Accident and Emergence* (Veer, 2015).

'i shall walk looking up' is an english translation of the title of the song 'ue o muite arukō' (1961) by kyu sakamoto. the poem is a response to the song and kyu's life and death.

the title 'beautiful as the moon...' is from the Song of Solomon 6:10, via Henry Cow.

'song for your teenage ghost twin' is something of a sequel to 'hometown grass mixtape,' which was published by Sleepy House Press in 2015.

dedicated to ABB and to all of you, in love and disgust. F.D.T.

Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

Iars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

Andrew Peterson – *The Big Game is Every Night*

Romeo Alcala Cruz – *Archaeoteryx*

John Lowther – *18 of 555*

Jorge Sánchez – *Now Sing*

Alex Gildzen — *Disco Naps & Odd Nods*

Barbara Janes Reyes – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 2*

Luisa A. Igloria – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 3*

Tom Bamford Blake – *The Gag Reel*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Humpty Drumpfty and Other Poems*

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