

reception**S**
on Tuesday**Y** –
 SMoKe &
 em**B**roidery,
 IOcomotives
whist**L**ing,
the seri**O**us
 ob**S**tinate
 Mallarmé

Poems
 Are
constr**U**cted
gradua**L**ly –
 hea**V**y
 m**A**chines
sudden**L**y
 dropp**E**d on
 passe**R**s-
 by

 hyacin**T**hs &
 nightingale**S** –
 fEarful
gent**L**emen
 dar**I**ng
 tOo
 little

 re**P**etitious
 inte**R**minable
 int**O**lerable
 disq**U**isitions –
the neura**S**thenic's
 habi**T**s

 pu**R**e
 act**I**on
 (**M**anuscripts
 Burned)
 h**A**rrar
intrig**U**es &
 adventures

MESOSTIC POEMS ON SOME
OF THE CHAPTER HEADINGS
AND SUBJECTS OF '
AXEL'S CASTLE' BY
EDMUND WILSON
(1931)

Ken Cockburn
May 2009

zwölf wendungen

eintonmusik
zweimeterpunkt
dreifingersystem
viermalklugheit
fünfstudentag
sechsmellenstiefel
siebentagerennen
achtuhrtee
neunsternhotel
zehneinigkeith
elfdeutigkeith
zwölftagsfliege

twelve switches

one angry man
two-pin bowling
three-gallon hat
four muses
fivesome reel
six deadly sins
seven and half-a-dozen
eight o'clock shadow
nine-letter word
ten-line whip
eleven-seater
twelve-armed bandit

translation by Ken Cockburn
rom vermeer by Arne Rautenberg
(Darling Publications, 2006)



TWO 5-LINERS FOR
ARNE RAUTENBERG

PARIS MÉTRO TICKETS

Validations of forgotten correspondences,
in recall yellow, so why this green?
Except the monthly Carte Orange I lost
after a fortnight; the remaining days
spent vaulting turnstiles, colourlessly, carelessly.

SEAHORSE

High priest of the selenic waters,
if you didn't exist who could conjure
your implausible theatricality
as you switch from father to mother,
upright like nothing else in the oceans?

Ken Cockburn
May 2009

ctrl+alt+del

brief experimentation

CROESO

POST-ZUMMERTHME - post coital, afterglow, fractals,
iterations; never mass production but differing imperfect reproductions from an imaginary template.
here's the new edition of **{ctrl+alt+del}**, # 3, here between summer bouts of depression, self-harm,
print cartridge abuse, recapitulation...dances, drumfests, bacchanalian orgies & burnt offerings...
RADAR KEY/HAND DRYER THRU THE NITE the capriciousness of internet piggybacking; broken
computer, inertia & nights hanging around with vagrant shamen. burning sunsets ammun ra, osiris
ra. BURNTOUT BRONZE 180 WATT words printed down, dotmatrix line on line until they tear the
page, thick & thrumming with ink. THRIFT OF UNDERSTANDINGest & respond to these pieces with
a welcome & inviting visual/international presence this issue.INTRAZONING, no article this time less
DIDACTIX, mo' WRDS... xx...thanks to all the contributors & to andy garside for gathering the threads,
mwynhewch.

more info, downloadable PDF version and folding instructions available at:
WWW.CAD.theabsurd.co.uk
ctrl+alt+del
THE ABSURD

a double kiss
ecology and landscape
your eyes closed
fallen into place

received in memory
development have
aspects of a world
inside a head

highly personal in
a real tense sense
to see one's life as
an individual one

impersonal terms
of menace
a general manifestation or
independent experiences

consciousness proceeds
acknowledging my fellow
speak beyond myself
despair at loss of freedom

beyond itself
human in the park
red sun on horizon
the responsibility taken

Scott Thurston

Scott Thurston's most recent book is **Momentum** (Shearsman, 2008). He edits **The Radiator**, a journal of poetics, and edited **The Salt Companion to Geraldine Monk**. Scott lectures at the University of Salford and has published widely on innovative poetry. See his pages at www.archiveofthenow.com/. **Internal Rhyme** is due out from Shearsman in 2010.

Unfair was the sight to which my
youthful eyes were subject
'Daddy, Daddy'
I watched him into water fall.

With his hands he sifted,
sorting through waves and waves of bliss.
But with sluttish time, his hands tired,
Resigned/ hopeless, he sunk.

His blue eyes turned grey,
his cheeks like cake balls swelled,
as I tried to move him,
as frozen as ice he felt.

To myself I inquire 'could this be yet
another trick he failed to teach me?'

Adejoh Momoh

VISUAL POETRY BY **CHRIS MAJOR**

SUN GOD

Not the title, the sofa's edge

over which your hand
must 've flopped, as
drink for that final
time gave you
rest. The old coffee
table, its surface
bubbled with can
marks, where you
drowned so many
sorrows, now just
a pile of ash.
Bed sit burnt,
its walls soot
covered
blacked
days and
moods
for yrs

It's nothing, just a small
mark by my eye.
Don't worry 'bout it.

Ok, ok. Stop goin' on.
it doesn't hurt
or irritate my eye,

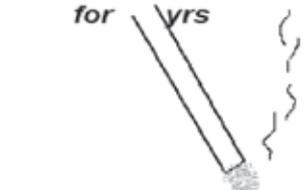
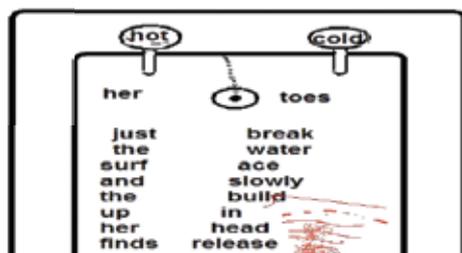
Alright. Alright.
I'll see the doctor,
'bout my bloody eye,

It's nowt really doctor.
I've had this
by my eye, for a while.

You telling me nowadays,
that with a simple
mark by my eye
this is the only treatment?

Self Harmer

jeatreat



3 FROM CASE SENSITIVE

extra-terrestrials crash
bubble-pods disappointingly

Selfridges blistered exterior as
distance broken feet

walked multi level, not built
shush. on the flat. meet at

the planet's simulacrum
sidelined, toppled
'take a photo of that'; a
representation of a representation

ripples backwards
from promontory sweats

ambition and capital

fat pocket thrift of loyalty card think
percent deposited would defer til
collide & no queue in Starbucks – friend
don't sit at a different table o stoop
posture

against fire-exit grille unexpected
I got mugged Dalby. in the grass

canals painted the colour of water
the city leaks

we can say a heart is
a regeneration zone. badly publicised

same old yuppie-scum frisson
from buying up history

the Sea Life Centre. the I.C.C.
compass us back / my nineties mixtape

my hometown is called Christine
and I am a redrawn map

Richard Barrett

REGULAR SPECTACULAR prose/short story

The feeling should be good, that was premeditated. But now it's time, I'm not myself, more lethargic. Somehow I'm tense also, and without a certain, positive yes, we set off like a scenario. The talk is postmodern, recapping Thunderbirds songs, Thundercats songs; I've had this very conversation before. We wait in droves, our alcohol blanket an unsubstantial fallacy as we encircle Jericho. Here we are now, past the formal threat, into the jungle and heat. Faces look around perturbed, with calm expressions, then head to the comfort of ques. Friendly promises into awkward protocol – the vendor's purpose is inadequately assumed and a slalom path is made to the western arena. Free of body, free of mind: that's what I believe. But when belief turns into self consciousness, the segment is endured and we re-queue for the vendor. Unbalanced, we go out for moments of respite, clumsy ogre drives beneath the surface. The intermittent breaks bring back smells and a few heartfelt laughs and all around becomes more temperate. A realization of why and who we're here with causes a huddle, a plan, we said we'd refrain, fuck it, LETS. A fluttered anticipation at the moment of decision changes our course. Cookies out the jar, we appreciate and comprehend time in the exciting interval. The interlude stops being a bridge, becomes itself the moment; from here on everything is rendered in real-time. Complete in ourselves we smile and reach for others; we touch and radiate ourselves in a giving that cannot be refused. Sarcastic talk is ignored and we confide, in good humor, our difficult topics without any sort of plunge or preconditions – always for the better. Everything is an overwhelming yes; balance is re-addressed, just by perceiving it. Yet at the same time we do not ignore the pain of others, giving time to anyone who might need sincere contact with an open heart. Feeling blessed, we could stand still all night, and that would be fine, but why not appreciate our senses and express joy at this sound. Always included, always including, we watch for each other, even for strangers, who singularly may look to stray, and we welcome them in (they often accept) to our circle, where they find interacting with strangers has never been so easy. There are no strangers, no strangeness when this transcendence is entered. Lights up, this could go on to anywhere, a surging wave, past the food, no one's hungry, to a grassy moonlit meadow, more familiar than ever, where we party the night in a blink of time – I wake up lonely. **Homan Yousofi**