

SUPERHERO

I would be powered by sadness,
an infinite vein
standing long and blue
on the arm of humanity.

THE SMELL OF SLEEP

Inhale the passing of dead skin cells,
the smell of sleep upon your passage,
a hint of sweat baked into dry-weather sheets.

Colin Dardis

Cross word of the day

Blast!

crossword of the day

Across

- 1 five-letter word (5)
- 3 term for something (7)
- 4 gnihtemos fo eman reversed (4)
- 7 see dictionary (now)
- 8-23 where's the grid? (?)
- 26 solution (0)
- x why? (1)
- 31 gibberish (273)
- answer 42 (Douglas Adams)
- x Why?! (2)
- 328 see 73 across (did you look?)
- x WHY??! (3)
- googol are you tired yet? (lots of Os)
- x(x+1). y (headache)
- googolplex stupid name for a number (yep)

Down

- 0 nothing at all ()
- 1 ? (1/2)
- 2 un mot (cing)
- 3 ha! (ha ha!)
- 11 stupid (duh)
- 27 (27?)
- 27 . (27!)
- 27 .. (27.)
- 27 ... (-27+27)
- 27 ... (#27)
- 27 (-27)
- 27 (≠27)
- 27 had enough? (27)
- 630 forget the answer (41)
- 630 guess the clue (asparagus)
- 630 way too big (1/0)

Diagonal

fool. did you actually read all of this?! (zzz)

Damian Sawyer

CLASS ONE

Cant think of anything to write. Fuck, everyone else is writing, probably cleverly & skilfully

& I just havent got an idea in my head. Why isnt the tutor bloke lecturing us? It said

"24 Lectures" in the brochure didn't it? Ill write an "I hate this writing exercise"

writing exercise. "5 minutes!" snaps the tutor, who looks like a tramp dragged in

off the street quite frankly. "Hey you! Come in in & teach Creative Writing!" He keeps

taking furtive slugs from a vacuum flask stashed in his rucksack, which is the size of a tent.

Lets see - flask, 2 bottles of wine, some beer - looks like Czech; black umbrella - soaked, has been

rolled up straight from the mean wet streets - maps, folders, bus timetables, a packet of brewing hops & oh yes - a book - a few books serious books, comic books, poetry books?

Real coffee. I'm impressed. Brown rice - ugh - boil it 3 times, pouring away the used water

each time - & even then it comes out the other end of you looking much the same I bet he drinks

nettle tea. Agh, hes called time. Pens are clattering down onto the table. Some of the other

students are re-reading their stuff. Christ, look shes written 3, 4 pages - in just 10 minutes! Oops,

now Ive just been told Ive got to read my bit out loud. "Class One. Cant think of anything to write..."

Chris Torrance

Death in Fiji

I watched a worm at the bottom of a swimming pool

like a piece of drowning string in an ocean of blue

coiling, coiling, coiling

programmed to survive

to fight, to live, to escape

making steady progress in a chlorine tomb

smiling through adversity, pushing on

finally, still as coffins in a carnival

drinking the cold perfume

the rhapsody of the deep

stretched thin

de-segment, de-segment, de-segment

last throw of the dice

blind to the Universe ahead

last night I smiled at frogs

fucking for their future

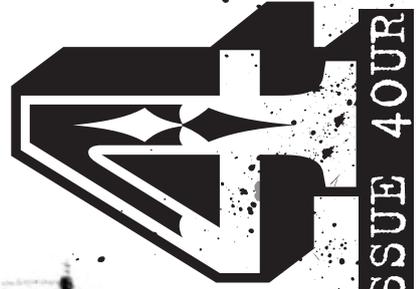
the stars in Fiji gone full circle now

my Southern Cross, my Eve, my dreams

and now the worm lies still

alone

Dave Lewis



ctrl+alt+del

brief experimentation

YEARS, [tyger, tyger] obelisks, apes

Sussur::surrealism 2010 :: OCTOPUS the whole thing it is, the difficult says Jez resplendent carpetbagging PHOTOCOPY rump, officeparties & giving up alcohol & fags FASCISM. Pleased to penetrate this new year's edition of [ctrl+alt+del] the quintessential .pdf based foldable & ABSORBENT arse-rag. SAUS[un]SURE. Litanerch o fewn coed iaith. Tlön to the real inveiglement to motivation away from the split between necessary work & ineffable survival. GIRTH Read this rotation's burnt offerings. REJOICE New .pdf pamphlet library launched this lunar month including: Richard Barrett's *Hard Shoulder* & Rhys Trimble's *mynydd*, more to come downloadable for free from <http://cad.theabsurd.co.uk>

SMASH THE IDEOLOGIES

WWW.CAD.theabsurd.co.uk

FREE

ISSUE 40UR

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

another brook

across from the car a babble
 low but distinct the push of wind
 skyline ridges rippled
 down to purple ochre smear
 sprung over seasons clung to
 derelict outcrops a sheep's clean skull
 hands coarse as the stone is smooth you moved first
 smiled too softly as you spoke of graft hardened as I laughed
 somewhere earlier, nearer pink thrift white sea campion slope
 and heather greys unnoticed we were close
 rowan red
 purple saxifrage and yellow poppy
 ragwort and sharp horizoned borders
 the landscape shadowed silently
 then gasping fields and
 blue blue blue caught in washes of white

still

rear view frames trip
 off road blur to purple
 sprung back
 black spring action
 swam till stone blue lips
 quivered forest limbs
 ripples alive
 the surface
 still

Lee Duggan

POP IDOL

muse
 woman vs animus
 vision vs sense
 assume an occurrence
 conceive an aim
 see an occasion on screen
 airwaves
 news receiver
 we saw easier success
 nice earner
 inn on river
 new monies
 new career
 rise in income
 view over ocean
 converse in america
 numerous conveniences
 use sameness
 season of amour
 our essence on a cave
 no care
 scam
 con men or women
 a missive
 an oversoon omission
 maximum via zero in minimum moons
 era over
 save me

Nik Scott

GARRY

Garry was a mastodon, he roared. They said they wanted to make a statue of him. He told them there wasn't enough stone. He tailswiped his wife's friend Calvin to oblivion. She would come home smelling of him. He roamed and found a thousand adventures far from Milton Keynes. Battling foes and finding new friends. Garry ate berries and honey. His strength would get bigger and bigger and then everyone would see, mastodons are awesome, not to be disrespected.

Homan Yousofi

arvonia
 i
 the
 altitude
 bethesda
 lain in
 fog
 diaphone
 diaphones
 diaphone
 sheet
 luxorpacking
 sponge
 sealed
 in
 ashow
 bauble
 /with no snow
 orange wax
 victoriana
 gaslight
 tuned up to sodium
 spectrum
 wick
 church
 steeple
 where a man died
 in front
 a distinct
 blur

rhys trimble
from arvonia

tachyon lagrangian modulo (percussive)

exact tachyon potential in open string field theory

(VERSE)
 vs.
 $L = e^{-T} (\partial T)^2 + (1 + T)e^{-T}$ PROJECTIVE
 Borensen Strings, Verse now, the trochee's heave, Superstring Vacua Sen at some revolution of the ear. $T = T_c < 1$, in its act of composition such that non-projective, it is accomplished; Kostelecky p-adic new poetics simplicities simplicity we are dealing with the open strings in flat 26th dimensional space.

the kinetics of the thing off-shell redefinition ambiguity Okay poem concrete recipe;
 all points, an energy- tachyon field: by which a poet gets in, because he is the third term, will take away?
 limit $p \rightarrow 1$ under hand declares, for itself $\Delta\phi = 2\phi\log\phi$ Taking this lagrangian seriously Pound put, go by it, boys, $T = \infty$ or $\phi = 0$. the ideas from. Obviously.

Bulk 26-dimensional string) NEVER MORE THAN AN EXTENSION OF CONTENT. R. Creeley USE. odd-symplectic MUST LEAD TO A FURTHER Z-partition quadratic, boundary means exactly the nerves, their speed, the perceptions, theirs, perturbation.

USE USE USE asymptotic of the partition. always, always tree level INSTANTER, if I hammer, regularization Sen's conjecture pressure of his breath. "new" fixed points the coefficient smallest particle falling off, with Milton.)

{ed.}

JOHAN DEWIT from annulus

Once upon a time there was a dead man. Crutch-crotch overproduction of sea wool caulked his lead coffin. It's not just the first son who flowers! Anyone gittish enough to branch a feather entails mosses being done. He had paid his undertaker to wet a holy man's leg and woodpeck belladonna. Shotgun marriages on the glottal brink of perhaps sorrowish technical errors puffed up by putty snarls.

Once upon a time there was a dead man. When stuck he invited a slouch geek for tea. Dandelion for a clean liver, salesmen for the top-heavy titles. Sandwiched between rather than and or access to senility was out to catch a juvenile. *Ottimo*, this is nowhere else. A frontal sharp, sharp profile to line key conduct since no more ends in itself. Bough waugh by the pool risks a legal response to bum.

Once upon a time there was a dead man. Carried off by the wonky wheels of time didn't run out of cones. Now for then plots a curse, redirects a fall, a matching number by turning time against the state. Real roots force friction to save a sieve of erratic organs scaled down by rigid bones. Jagged halves of floaters coach each underclass to seduce the primogenitals, every goat was gaited.

Once upon a time there was a dead man. Converted to change his face loitering had installed his own stunted growth. Brother to me and your bar codes! Bobbing on a black sheep Bradley in Pooh ejects Hegel from hand signals and shower heads. Time in commonhold nods off, reverse looks inspire apt as often inhales the countereffects of thick spices. Spot-welded to the curriculum beef stock stinks.

Wales /'weɪlz/ (help·info)

(Welsh: Cymru;[2] pronounced /'kəmɾʃ/)
 Wind cornering on two wheels
 Through clogged gutters in this place
Country that is part of the **United** broken by
 Drink and Saturday night pain **Kingdom**,[3] and
 Winnie Roberts battles her way
 Downhill. A blue macintosh.
 Flailing. Wet tarmac and dreams. No bus.
 A place, if you please a country
That is part of the United yet
 Shattered by neon and hypermarket
 Network Processing Information
 Drive Progress Kingdom, and
Bordered by an **England** (place carefully
 Tidied into fields, hedged in How d'you do's).
 A country place tickled by the **Atlantic Ocean**
 Spreading emptied horizons, **and the Irish**
Sea, see? Gyrating in foam tides - wrestling
 Hesitant around the crumble of a coast unsure.
 Coasting in the mumbling perhaps, **a population**,
 Shrugging and hooded on the scuffing streets,
 Or sofad and arthritic at the screen,
Estimated at three million, scattered
 Like blood, **and officially bilingual**; as
 To call a godforsaken spade
 A spade that's godforsaken,
 Hoodies huddle, frown and grumble
 God fuck-sake in the grey,
Welsh and English tumbling, in
 Consonant oaths of **equal status**,
 Like spilt milk from forked tongues.

Alys Conran