

Caintral Sent Martins



Some **terrifying** things

'a life lived in fear is a life half lived'

My arm holds a baton, and I twist further than my eye can grip

It's in this moment that I'm sent northwards, thru time and down the back of the sofa. Arches are all around me, and I can see Leonardo DiCaprio trying his hardest to explain what I knew a lifetime ago. Foreign voices offer no ears tho, so I'm just seeing it as my wallpaper and thinking where can the shelf go.

Sat atop this shelf I've got so many options, but the way my ornaments would relate to each other, disagree, they would yearn for days past (if only these guys could've seen me lead the way like I can) and concoct heavy heavy shit from the abyss unseen. Were these conspirators ever even on the shelf? I wouldn't want to reduce it to a sense of entitlement, or trauma, but to the league of shelf stewards its a threat, a past self violated with an irremovable stain.

They can look into the darkness, the shadow dwelling in the alley, glimpsed by the traces of neon along with all the crumbs and shrapnel. They can look, reveal their vulnerabilities because they are of that nature, because they see their histories, their futures all clear and responsible. But within that lies true fear, themselves and oblivion. The realst feeling these guys are feeling is heat.



Baz Luhrmann without a budget

"She looks like she could be on the cover of Vogue don't u think"

*Thinking of the off duty home, the slumber, the cogs working whilst we
sunk into the recesses for a bit.*

*This one's about the guy with the potato fingers. The seat of my lyre,
what the strings are made of. One of their notes sings the memory of
this guy. There I am en route after some particularly heroic behaviour, and
there that monster is, all the sadness and wretchedness in the world, a
world apart and set to violate every other world to see what it really is to be
wretched.*

*I can see my future, my heritage endlessly in reach. But we're locked
here now in this struggle, a brief note of forever and something boney
and more, systematic and sewage something churning within all of us.*

*So I do what anything else would, I detect the nearest branches the
nearest twigs and bite down hard, like they were always designed to
do beyond that surprising the world the urgency of what it is to be alive
and beyond obstacles. But in this moment my beautiful sacrificial incisors
sunk into something without bone, it's all a horrible mirage, under this grey
adult flesh fresh from the Halloween packet of dryness.*

*It's a deep static sludge, a vaseline of chalk, a solid mash of anti-potato,
a food which must stain me just from tasting it. The monster was
incapacitated, undone and unvelled. His end was there as he yelped
and crumbled, the boys took him out to receive his just desserts. But
there I was, spiralling in my sensory oblivion and lost to time. I'd have to
pass out to navigate past that outcome. As the other life came into play,
this bubble of non flavour will never leave me.*

It does not matter what habits take over and occupy me as me, and what other traumas take place. That being is there and doing his thing between dimensions. And I've no ill will for him, I've mercy, forgiving and that desire for unity we have with all. It is the drama tho, the spectacular undoing of roles that is seen to happen sometimes regardless of right or wrong. It can be either these things or a more permanent passage into the abyss on offer sometimes, and I think the slight of that idea alone is worth a certain cunning in keeping it just that when it visits.



I'm a palm tree

Hidden deep in layers of perspective, I'm swimming amongst the currents.

I'm blessed with walls floor and roof, but we've slipped into the lawless time. I forgot that there's a deeper end, and can be myself being all in all these places, not necessarily now either.

Its not a plan, its an encounter a splash in the innards of these dimensions. I'm feeling an ectoplasmic foam party, within an ocean and fed by here and here and here, from all over. The tele is blaring, the piano purring, the ipod drooling and I'm unravelling faster and faster.

Whilst I myself transform, these guys do not.

My body's like 'yeah these are my pals we met em a few times briefly' 'yeh I recognise ur faces' and we're gonna have a night of real shit tonight. Everyone's singing and cavorting, we're all notre dame and it won't slow down. Soon I'm gushing out what's inside, its all tumbling from my beak and I'm just scooping up my new pals so they hang with each other in the bin.

This is perfectly cool, they've got their own fine style to contend with, their own ground to cover. I know how it sounds but we go back a long way, I am them and they are me sortv thing.

After swaying in the salt and wind for a while, the screams got a bit too much and I took a time out in an actual body of water.

I was so top heavy everything else was redundant, but enchanting to witness. I had no appetite, I was without libido, and very much an object. The song I sang was beautiful, the gentle rise and fall of the waves:

*Flutes fly by, I'm carried and sit upon the throne
My head is high, and the tiger circles below
I've heard the notes in my days, felt the azure thru n over my scalp
I see the stalks fall, the canopies dealt with ground
The reports buzz, throw the air, dark brooding chess pieces from
gestures called towns
But I'm not laughing, veins heading into the living room
Plans lie scattered, pulsating with sport
Its of these surroundings and circumstance that the night can soothe
forever
Alle bless alle bless, things are burnt now anyway
Forged in stones on blue moors, that sink down and roar moan
Alle bless alle bless, beginning broken
Leaves a cackle in the spirit and eyes in the head that sing the longest...*

***There the melodies and fruit were in full play, n how these things would
last for ever. Slowly I'd crumble and shed my skin, left to salvage any
memorabilia.***

