

COLE DENYER

JILL MCKNIGHT

KARANJIT PANESAR

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SUNNY VOWLES

conversations on swansong 2020, voluntary cosy provision in relation to the powers that be & police children are born by cole denyer, haunted tap by jill mcknight, displacer by karanjit panesar, turn around, you've missed us by ruby smith fernandez, waves hors-piste ft. TRi- LucieGuillaume by emilie spark, flow and float through interfaces by clarinda tse, two pages to hum to by sunny vowles.

*Voluntary Cosy Provision
in Relation to the Powers That Be*

*Minted at home, hastened
bath robe managerial exhibitionist
on a bacchanal fuddle look me in the eye
pineal disorder look me in the
ouroboros hoax the lunar house
binge again to a bladdered heart
weltered stoic watching with
vampiric comfort the regal undying
cloisters filled shut away and
sing to yourself hurt the tensor
lived out a joyless marriage
for an international baccalaureate
didn't graduate so eating my hand
with no backup this adrenal hard-drive
boils under me, a thickener to start.*

*Blood Billionaires in a geriatric
paradise get hidden in camomile lawns
and cowslips illuminate the epistle flax
irises having your everlasting sweet peas
and horse meat dinners, I detest
thru a key-peel a halo of enemy speech
ousting misty hearts-ease and violet playboys
the empire over varnished and no hope
for sustainable leakage reduction analysis
they creep inside your single-glaze lock you
in you have to pay premium rate
so so humans make their own history! look
please fund this carpark! now
for non-legacies of financial big flash in the
up-scaling pan every carbuncle*

*every council balding bestie scalding
the child entrepreneurial style slasher
Southwark Council is a Tango
with private equity firms
Barangaroo under a stone rip off dragnet
cash flows cowabunga.*

*My temples ringing with reduced global
headcount like fox-hunting the skies
don't worry its legal like tenement shift
dwelling deeper inside my line-managers
mangled heart will likely vanish and I'll staid on in
grease boiling front line out marking
your colleague-enemies London drained
of all human life isn't it fucking marvellous
now we can really get back to this real post-life
rebuild and miasma the atmosphere! foot-jobbed
rural retreats are in splinter form round
vanguard logisticians forming an aleatory map
of a city its winter you forgot a wailing
offshoot a shrinking gut reboot
its a gig and go homeless, tough sil
from the sinkhole forgotten people
thriving in the undercrofts or pelted windows
lassoing four decades of grouting
that is HISTORY to the outer dark,
a thole in my head is unchecked scullery
the pewter scrubs away any civic unrest,
always did.*

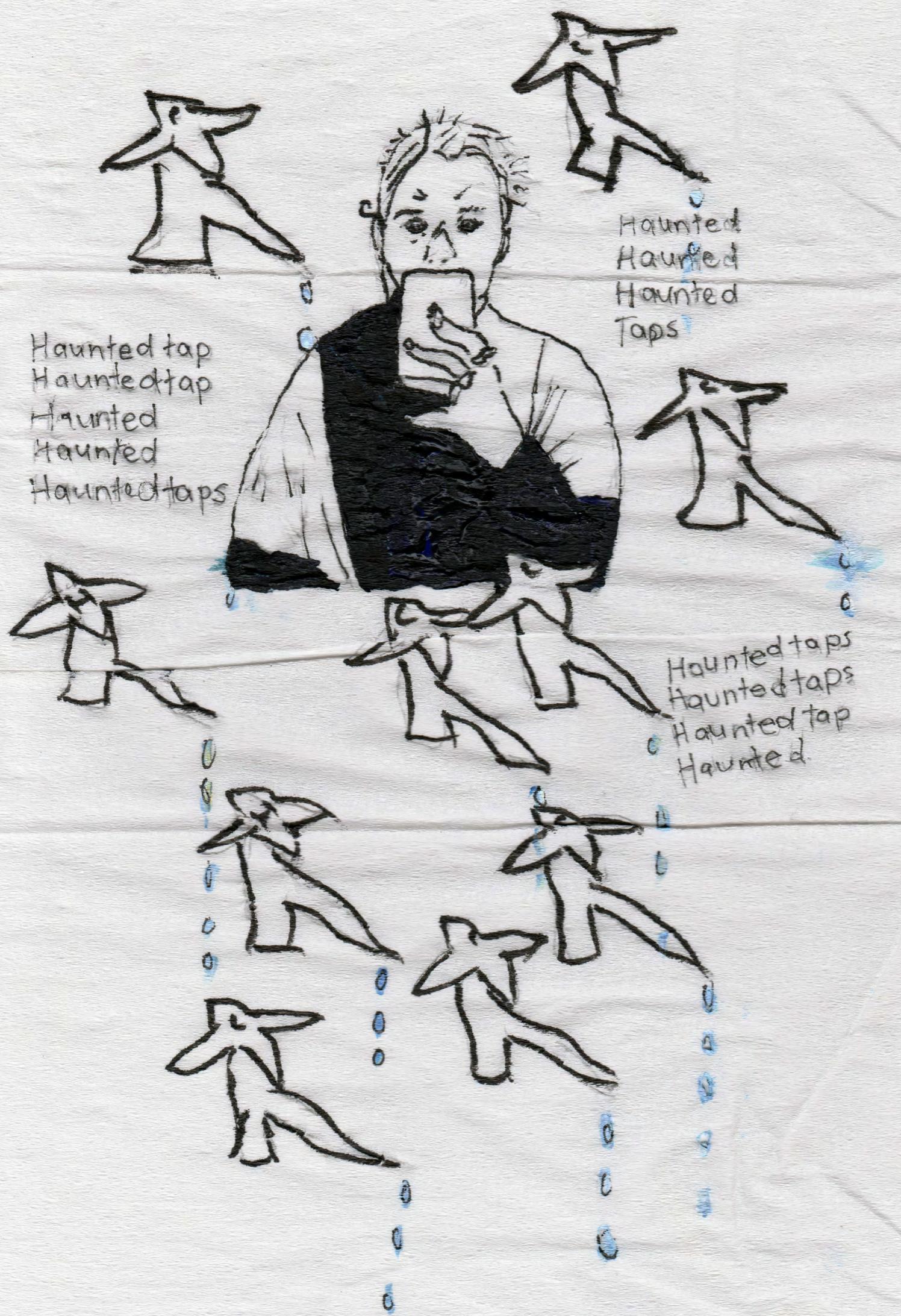
*We know from reconstruction and you didn't
listen so I have to set fire to this mountain
of crated plastic bottles, the size of a short
terrace-house covered in shrink wrap
stacked on wooden pallets burning all
day and all night, the plant wall buckled*

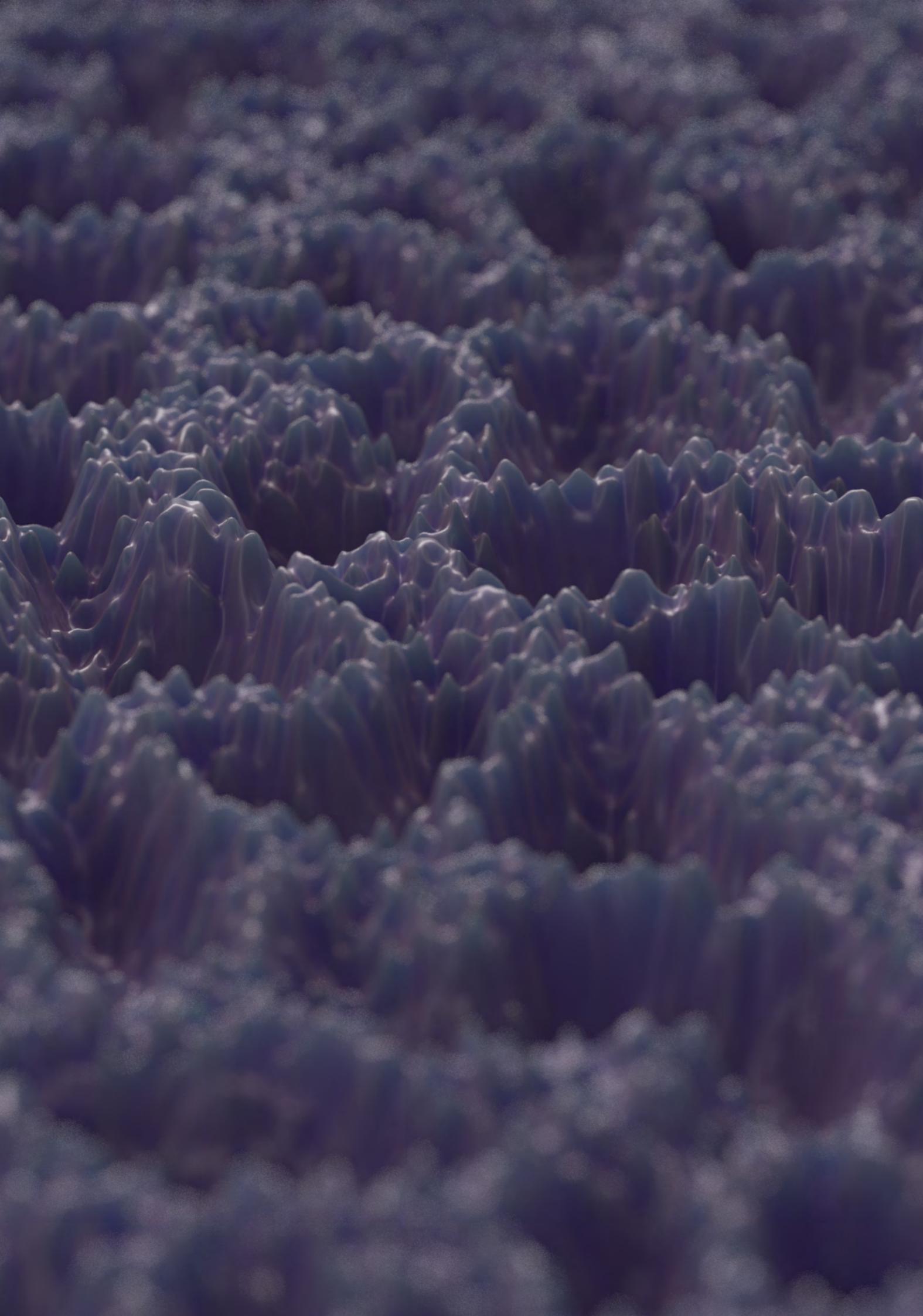
*from the heat inside a rotary of three
night-shift types spontaneously relieved
of their duties whilst the incendiary
potential kept going and everything
is take out this smiling law of dead mutton
asleep your town got dug up
by a quantum chartered surveyor
bee-lined a subterranean self-care
unit a thole in my own or unseen
winged ambit flatten me out, run me over
this parsed national jeremiad unmade
on cushioned levy on every single soul sought
doing privation overcome a bed throw
this rotten rented sink in dynamism
of a dog leash blow over, again
clipping has been turned off
the kiss of death on truncheons is a
reliable ticket receipt made quieter
to the seal of life thicket and spree
step on the frog make it crazy again*

Police Children are Born

*Inside of eaten rent, milquetoast
the corners of black mould gently
scouring loaned iron skillets
or a life non-scarce cosied
and out to lunch hasten
the dock-less night leave me
in one of the many Royal Parks
surrounded by swan meat inedible
coughed up tributaries to a palisade care
from bromides the jobless
giblet of gravy of our species the harder
you shake the pack the harder
a FF175BP fridge-freezer makes sense,
on a Sirius rising to singing polymer
foils its cavity barrier
crowns civis of pulped Celotex
and the omnibus pudding boils for hours
unattended so stay put rend this dotage,
your fault of sweet whips ding-dong
a fine divide in net curtains
or neighbouring skyline of cutpurses
snapped up in sub tenure
I go down to the regeneration department
on a countless heartbeat, fingering
the cool infirmary of municipal socialism,
faked patronage broken
my angiograms in rescue effort and watch
the slenderest margins drop
flake on soaring orphans
with a council tendency support grant
I am catapulted to the event horizon,
Dear Peter John A Year in Provence*

*on winter oranges swilling
blood snaps on a pawnbrokers bough
LTD inflated Roman Law it gets milage
as A.D chums blow donee the lot
lost in outtage the midnight flicks
cannot bless me an echo chamber still
so doors locked quick in eviction time
O.B.E JCB Apostle Peter John,
I was the man injecting drugs into his penis
and it will happen again
for tillage of Get Living
my last new will available,
sink it deep in bounty corpora
look welt of early impalement
sanctioned hair comb as custom
blindness hoards whiffle GO pleat
leather grain, everything looks great
in nuclear light the gangland spire
stokes spare music on crimson bob
O downpours on Jerusalem
get entrepreneurial quickcherry cloudsmith*







Turn around, you've missed us.

There were cowbells at the shore that rose on the wind.

The sluice of water into more water.

I heard the screams of children playing over the roar of the gate, I swear to it.

The oysters bed is the oysters cage.

Who would lead the children over this horror;

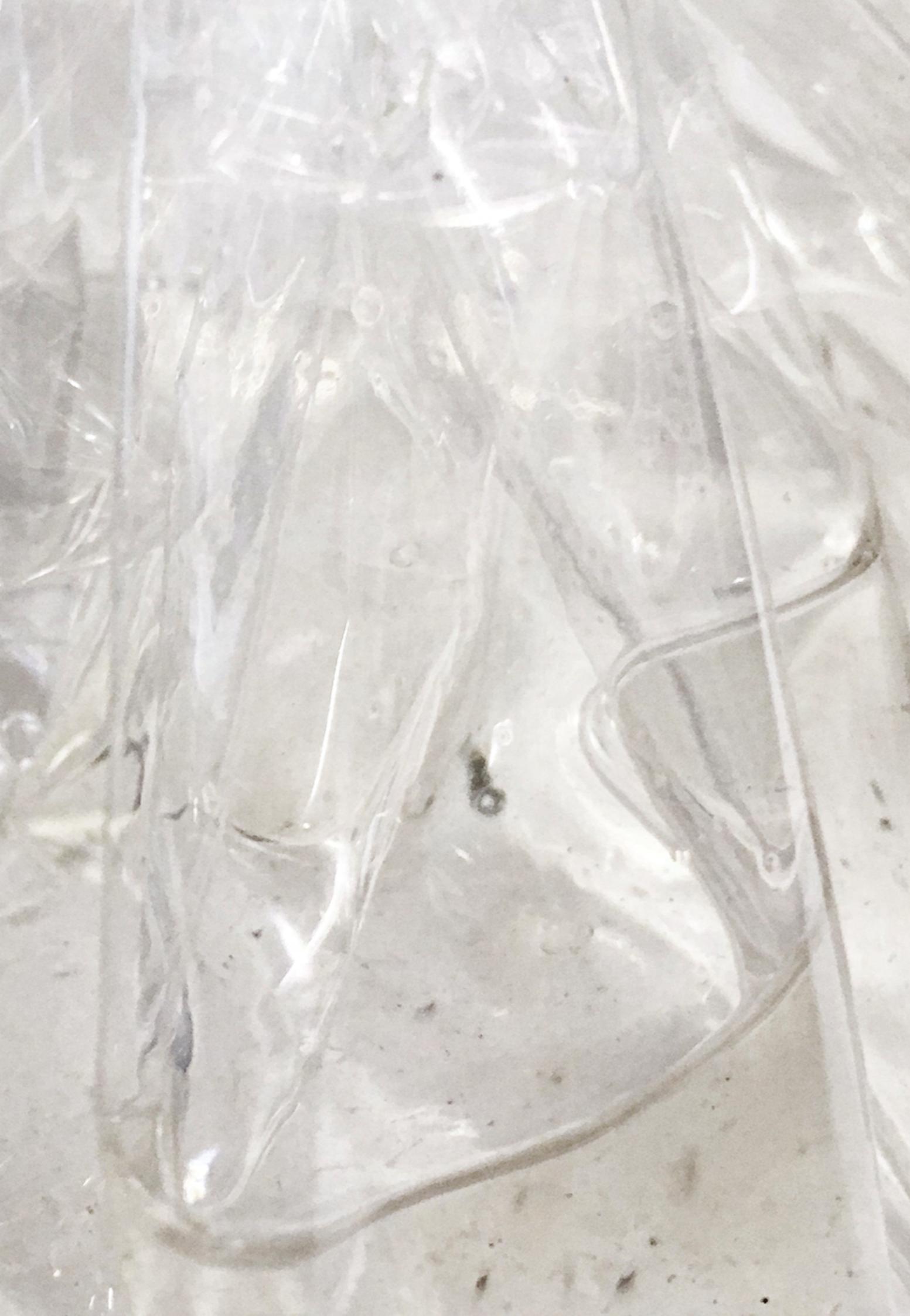
By hand, guiding them to this mess?

It's that grey, dragging rage of calcified crust,

Fossils turned to paste by time immemorial.

A denial in the multitude, I think we've come too far.





PARIS

Eric Guillaume

from left to right:

slime mould
hand-made single soy-dipped udon
calcify alginate shapes
performance still, pushing to unroll
PVC with LED camping light inside
waffle slippers from the internet

cover layer:
drawing of connecting spaces. dots can be thread
on fabric.



Yeah, all of the branching we see is just one cell.

that's what

500 µm

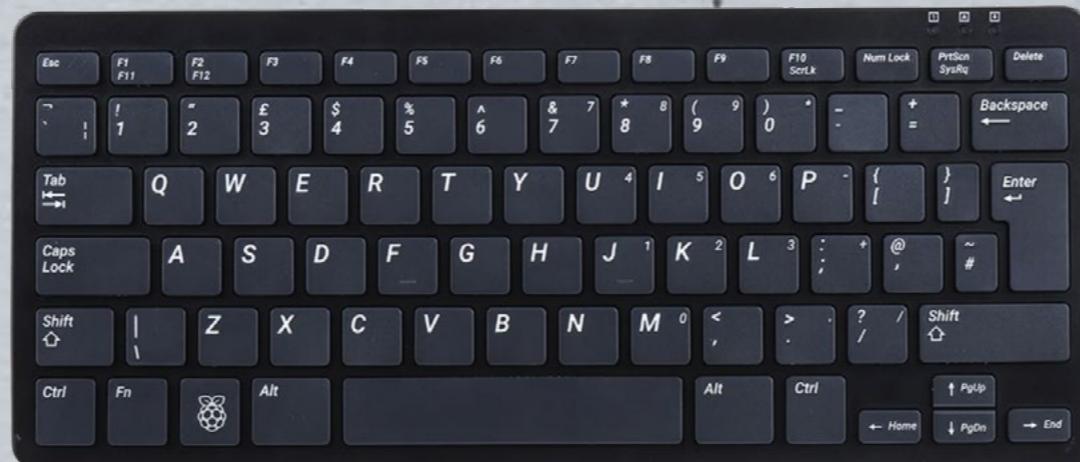
next image:

drawing of imaginary ball and socket joint
keyboard
tiny winter tomatoes harvested from my plant,
barely can feel the substance but packed with
flavour

note on waffles:
grids and woven time. knitted waffles.
inverted buttons.

current loved reads:
Glitch Feminism by Legacy Russell
The Appearing Demos by Pang Laikwan

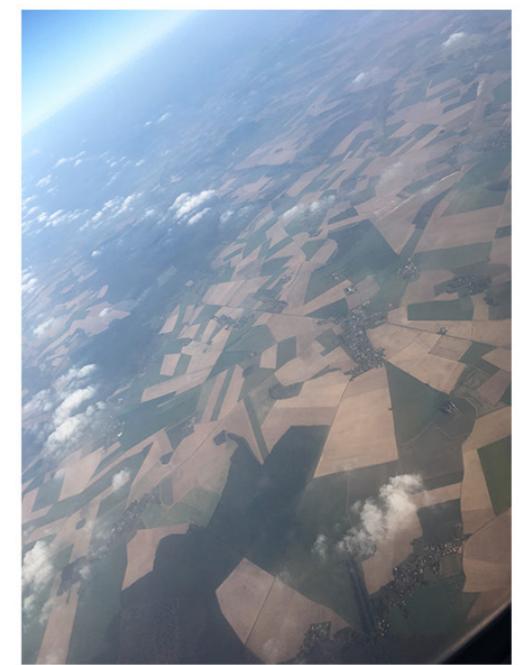
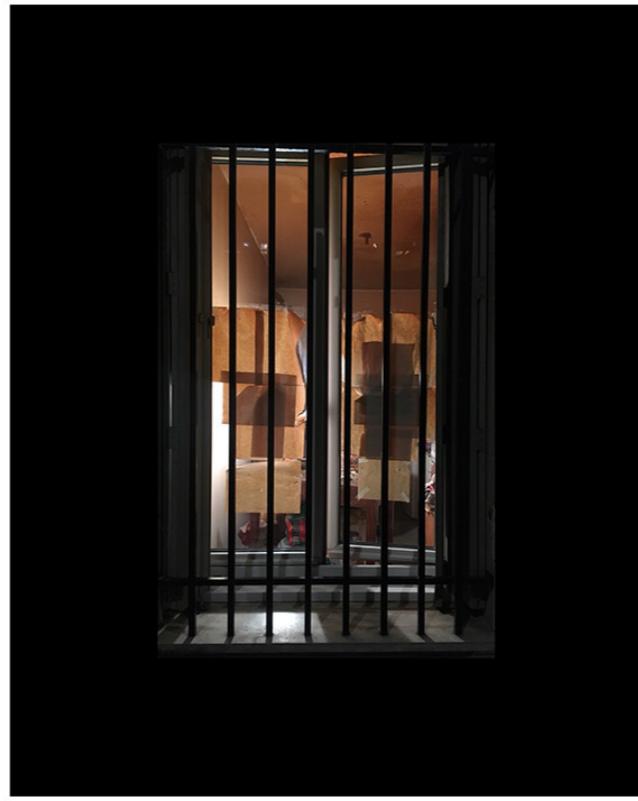




questions: What is contextualising within the space of intuitive making?
Does form provide agency for the body?
Is gesture form?
How to balance planning, being in control and boredom?
18 December 2020 enquired by Clarinda



TWO PAGES TO HUM TO



AFTER CENTURIES OF ANNUAL HUMMING EVERY WINTER SOLSTICE,
SUSPENDED STONES RISE TO THE SKY AND BEYOND



2020