

## 10.11.10

The police smack the people in Merrion Row, doing their jobs justice; at Millbank the windows are booted down, voiding reinforcement; the government boys look set to make solvency heroic; their genitals in plaster deck the halls like powerdrills;

You walk from the Strand to Nelson, turn left at the corner into Whitehall; the police are instructed to ingratiate camerapersons, by ignoring them; the technique is borrowed right from the top, tolerance of poverty is its paradigm; you film them and they film you, synergy by right;

Because the universe has been outmanoeuvred, individuals flourish; to put away your childish things, cut the arts first; say in the prophylactic tone of establishment sarcasm; what chance for debt reduction against the sheer nobility of sentiment;

If there will be a revolution in the UK, it will involve the army; war will continue either way, sugared by truth or not; love is not the unswerving bias of professional police dogs; it has to be made from scratch at the first indication of its possibility.

The French have their *avantages à qui*, as we in turn have ours; a peine rentrés les lampions, voilà que tombent les bonnes; if we don't fight now, the super-rich will harden into sultans; deeply and truly fuck them, one-way receptacles;

At the corner of Parliament Square the teenagers are standing on bus shelters; they are shouting for what they believe and feeling what you never will; think of the anger you waste on gifts that might be used on money; masturbation is not loved, it's betrayal of the workers;

You can see the predisposition to moderate success in politics; in the features of Aaron Porter, the flexible physiognomy; the thought of sex with him doesn't occur to the majority of his delegates; that's what makes him perfect for redefining compromise;

The wall of glass smashed in, looks like what Wordsworth saw; in the flint windbreaker, lying on the empty floor; to be a shard of broken glass, shining like life; psychosis as the mirror of your dreams, or justice;

A cop with a freshly bandaged face is the punctum of the coverage; her wide eyes make fear emblematic, glint on film intensely; at Sussex they grabbed them and chucked them down the slope to be arrested; at the bottom of the slope the women on minimum wage count the minutes of grind;

I'm far from knowing what to do about any of this, or after it; but so long as my blood is attached to the world I live for by its motion; I create this pledge in utter solemnity, I will never deny it; but burst to make its love for everyone shower from my heart.