



**the "commons"**  
**by Sean Bonney**

The cuckoo is a  
- BANG -  
he was a big freak:  
weirds have wrappt his  
hail & gunnery,  
his pronouns & his minds:  
watching some documentary  
scales, words stalked them,  
warbled as they -  
equated money with intelligence,  
used the word 'reverie'  
clean as a dipped saint -  
I don't eat that bread /  
yesterday I was still dead.

My character was taken  
was not yours, who  
secretly my small thighs  
& the british anarchist movement  
stayed indoors:  
halt, magnetic sea  
& shun mad company.  
halt, intelligence  
I got my goose shoes on  
& talk eclipse, the town is stupid  
love fool love,  
or we could brick their windows  
the aged parents broken,  
exposed to annoyance & danger

Back when I was still cruel -  
OK, say that again  
this time with malevolent roses,  
some specks of lords, some  
totally harmless character:  
the town's last cinema is broken,  
& the rest were maimed & slain.  
OK, say the word brain,  
this time with malevolent roses  
mumbled as in a 'reverie'  
like lingerie & a clean blade  
OK, do that again  
we got from London what we needed  
slaughter the fascist BNP.

○ bitter magnet, we shine  
inside the most vivid colours  
*-archaic pop reference here -*  
but my methods are scholarly  
like many a gallant gentleman  
I lay gasping on the ground  
magnetic & flashing  
as any wild-wood swine  
we spoke with hail but  
my methods -  
"most fertile yuppie scum"  
my methods are -  
I seem to have anarchic tendencies  
but I hang around with Trots.

○ bitter mag -  
what her lawyer called a brain snap  
was a naked man, was cruel  
after suffering: you can't have  
your eyes / ran trickling  
although she is your wedded  
weird -  
I bet he did I bet he  
ran trickling down his knee, by fire  
I bet he fell down those  
warbled thighs -  
you cannot have her eyes -  
the final host of the murdered soul  
net

obviously they read books in hell:  
they are passionate and scared,  
intersected at bitter angles /  
the british anarchist movement,  
its scales & documents  
splintered under a false full moon  
embroidered over with burning gold  
not  
we don't know who they are  
not  
intersected at oblique angles,  
the power to hurt, for example  
splat -  
in London town where they did dwell.

anyway, eclipse, as I was saying  
with my small brain broken  
inside the most vivid moments  
with hail scales and etc -  
yuppie characters -  
*slaughter the suffering moon*  
or watch some documentaries  
flashing like zombies  
or intelligence  
*inside our rumoured eyes* -  
oh pity / aged anarchists are scared  
but obviously this reverie, intersected  
the police system of knowledge  
gargled with gold.

I bet she did I bet she  
got up & performed his ambitions  
my malevolent shine  
gonna build me a log cabin  
night of the living dead  
jokes about gordon brown  
something called the english democrats  
on fire:  
she would beat them to ashes  
with a ring of teeth  
& roses -  
say cuckoo -  
got up this morning  
performed my alienations

Meanwhile, in the fast world of banking  
they are thinking in blocks of sound  
blank ones  
reduced to little knots  
of hair & teeth  
we were speaking  
like any gasping swine,  
the still full moon  
his character  
splintered under a london town  
that didn't become power:  
I, trickling down her 'reverie'  
of impending cash doom  
& how to eat brains.

History is irrelevant with  
- *archaic credit reference here* -  
the sun has been disconnected  
& we, with our downturned mouths  
are maidens,  
our credit ratings threaded with flowers.  
& we are bleating,  
& we are fucking immense  
shrieking with gibes & curses -  
history, too, is a sort of zombie  
secretly  
swallowed by insatiate fiends  
packed in every domestic second  
forgetting to pay the bills.

The cuckoo is  
these moments of sobriety  
icy fierce spikes  
through the centre  
the burning hedonistic disks  
our lives are  
intersected by police brains  
joined in flat orgiastic  
newspaper headlines  
this is hideous  
to regret all knowledge  
this tongue of seething rust  
to be born a thousand years ago  
stupid as a seagull or a sky

○ enchanting metonyms  
you don't know what you're getting into:  
anyway, it cancelled my passport  
& I just took some, yeh, whatever -  
ok, say it again  
o enchanting ring of coins  
inside every nation's sobriety  
slaughter / credit / passion  
& bleating knots of  
ring a ring of  
**BANG**  
go out to buy records  
give up all this english blood  
trapped in such a mindful stillness

Hiding inside our anarchists  
and as scared -  
saleable glimpses of  
dying in 1993,  
in acrylic zombie flip:  
he had rented it all back,  
& was wrecked,  
stranded outside his favourite laws,  
free as seas or  
unbounded hail  
as a spore left inside the language,  
not a code made of letters,  
but social utterance flaming,  
everything was wrong but it happened.

Such thinking forgets  
vast territories of our  
sected selves:  
“all is ours”,  
the police power to hurt  
& how to eat in hell  
where my wits were lost  
in splintered oblique english  
secured the preternatural rain  
grazed upon our  
seriously, trickling down our  
passer-by  
with malevolent archaic sound  
my bag a long knife carries.

Unaroused by official culture  
history has been stashed  
below a system of false brains  
reduced to his ambitions  
- *democratic* -  
gold, falling  
inside there are flowers  
& we are bleeding  
with intelligence & gunnery -  
weirds have warped us,  
his pronouns & his freak,  
we are silent within  
his good clean mind -  
night of the ludicrous fink.

Oh fucking cosmology -  
oh mad spit -  
the 'reverie' is a  
stop, oppressive line  
"is this is that"  
like a mystical shudder?  
yeh, that's hideous.  
anyway, false, as I was saying  
was watching my character  
was yours,  
became a clear system,  
an impotent closure,  
not saying anything in particular,  
just sick, just everything.

Just lick (oh, please -  
inside the most vivid  
words had wrecked them  
& their stunned town  
- *favourite epoch here* -  
ate its fabled sticks  
& starved -  
- *would flash just like a* -  
- *insert enemy here* -  
would flash just like a  
- *please* -  
meanwhile, what were you saying?  
just, like, detourne yourself  
(stuffed with walls, insects & teeth

But I was taken with stillness  
& malevolent lords  
would eat the living hail  
back when I was still blood  
intersected by police democrats  
were threaded with hell  
but I was still coins  
like any stupid cuckoo blade  
“the baser & poorer sort  
such whose lives were burdensome”  
but I, for example  
was quite simply scared  
but anyway, inside this language  
there is no word for sky

& etc.

“eclipse, as they were - “

as their favourite line

performs no rite

utters no spell

possesses no medicines

images, poisons, etc:

“she got him up upon her back

carried him to an earthen lake”

ok, who are they?

- sobriety, pronounced -

o knowledge,

mere sophistication & wicked abuse,

census & the police computer.

ok, say that again -

the effect is immediate -

no fuss, no bother,

the wind shall blow for evermore:

moan, now

on his white bones

his intolerable name.

He is the man or woman

sitting beside you,

bitter & false & snapped

inside every nation

such hawks & hounds, such ravens

o bitter statistics

the cuckoo is a pretty bird

“yes I wasted my life  
on trivialities,  
justice, for example,  
the pulse of the cities  
varied magnetism,  
flickers of aged scales,  
words shuddered  
& the reverie  
is a solid thing  
burst inside its price  
its rainfall, its trembling  
hatred is so gentle,  
kill me as I shatter  
inside your threads of sleep”

Of gorgeous magnetic fiends  
even the memory is blocked:  
history’s shadow stalks us  
call it the net of  
the idea is simple  
& permanently freakish:  
to live outside of servitude  
the confidence & cowardice  
of those who force us  
into fiction, difficult & locked.  
But the scorn we feel  
**BANG**  
night of the living dead  
all else is annoyance & avarice.

In this one night hotel  
we've got, you know  
the poem -  
calculated & horrible,  
calculated  
& swinging low (o sweet,  
with a ribbon in my hair,  
a coffin in his throat,  
a black boat gliding slow:  
everything I need, the  
city scorched, in flattering tides  
we've got, you know, the poem  
glides in slow:  
a bitter scream inside this night

but I've got a magazine  
does all that stuff for me /  
& water made from flower & soot.  
ok, forget that, the town is  
not  
a fortress, not  
a landscape, not  
a cosmos or a  
HEXEN, nah -  
stupid  
as sobriety,  
bitter events in its memory /  
credit, zombies & clowns,  
friends.

black is the colour of my  
gestural forthrightness -  
gently drops the rain  
cold blows the wind:  
in May 1968, most  
young people were working in  
Woolworth's, the cosmetics counter  
was so adventurous, a  
cloister of learning &  
trust, all was represental-  
cold / blows the future  
ballads of the  
-blank-  
my true love

if I were like city girls  
with few enquiries  
transformed into normality  
- red etc -  
some call it the road to heaven.  
Goodbye / sweethearts & pals,  
a word of explanation  
in preternatural rain, grazing  
on the passer-by's  
gestures & curses  
inside statistical  
seven, singing like thrushes  
when sickness / came to our  
execrable opinions

But I'm counting your heads  
as I'm making the beds -  
the 'burning' has been 'stashed'  
below a 'rent system', call it  
the 'it' banking -  
to the health of all such bastards,  
that one, bleatheth after lambs  
wing a ring of, edited  
with an introduction by  
'got my goose of English'  
all the night through  
then I took up a cauldren  
& you yell  
yes

she was turning red /  
the voice of our political poets  
increasingly the voice of  
it does you too  
& secretly the word  
secretly  
the london hanged  
how to treat them,  
anxiety linked to  
'we'  
his autobiograpy  
find  
referred to in  
I dare you

ok, say magazine  
- the sobriety  
does it all, does it stuff  
opinions, but  
avarice / in english  
ok, who - ?  
goodbye / or  
- blank -  
gonna build me a  
the wind shall blow  
all abuse, the  
inside every for me  
as is  
not  
the or a

an old prophecy  
found in a bog,  
its been traditional or  
*call it zombies*  
singing like thrushes  
where scorn was:  
if I was like city rain  
inside your aged banking  
in rent shadow, below  
we've got, his bastards  
just shot us  
everything, in its trembling  
transferred to tides, but  
we shall have commissions galore.

The most talked about  
anxiety, the heresy that  
'they' appropriated the words  
'my enemies'. really  
I can't say it,  
'normalise' is easier, or  
do your duty, dogs  
of saturn, in Poundstretcher  
and the sea,  
where we were refused,  
appropriately, the management  
identity, a huge circle  
repeating cheap wine  
& the moon

recent irruptions of unmeaning  
in Kabul etc, where  
we have never been,  
have made poetry obsolete:  
but still my red shoes  
would go dancing,  
tho not a soul would look out  
from the curfew, the  
cosmetics counter,  
everyone knows it,  
a sentimental space, purely  
some kind of folk song, to  
give up all love,  
the city hurts when its broken

poetry, once available  
in several sizes  
of flip discount menace  
before the doors of the mighty  
the hounds of capital, unleashed  
sobriety, knives & clowns.  
But politeness would dictate, now  
a specific negation of history's  
lame dogs & veterans  
the british anarchist movement  
on a day-trip to the seaside:  
ok, say that again,  
flatten the official town,  
the poem.

outside the concept  
are three little words  
ringing inside them  
we don't know who  
on certain chromatic streets  
locked insde Poundstretcher  
or the cuckoo / take position:  
eat shit poetry snobs /  
no, she didn't mean that,  
strung from star to star  
in all this rough music  
inaudibly, a black dot,  
a monstrous excrescence  
a reasonable point of view

below london town  
rattling towers flash  
harmonically. not a soul  
in the police computer  
& all other file-sharing  
cinematic wreckage  
with a ribbon in my hair  
expressed harmonically  
as politeness dictates  
when I say eat shit  
it is just this difficulty  
my record collection  
all these colonised notes  
kill little birds like me

ok, say reverie  
secretly swallowed by  
- *splat* -  
ok, false gentlemen,  
little knots of hair & moon,  
we are in your language,  
moaning,  
gentle drops of lambs  
the bitter scream inside gold,  
sitting beside you,  
*trickling*,  
your exposed alienations,  
& the town is yours  
o gasping swine

*Housing Benefit ref 400158161:*  
there will be no violence here,  
it is perhaps where that thing,  
queen elizabeth,  
was practicing her derivative magic,  
burning like a city, a heretic  
or a child, insisting softly  
on a private & particular sky,  
a credit reference, for example,  
spotted with Hackney Road,  
the dreadful cries of murdered men,  
inside poetry,  
composed exclusively  
for entirely official numbers.

But for now lets have some  
gratuitous cartoon violence  
among the zombies, fingers &  
eyes, you can't have em  
- stop -  
- he was a -  
- bang -  
how old are you,  
- ringing -  
my sweet preposterone,  
a hyena in a pretty frock,  
resident in Hackney,  
which you do not believe in,  
sharpening your love like flint.

Last night I lay  
in darkened walls -  
I sucked his -  
I used to whip him  
with a turquoise chain  
he was a big freak  
o enchanting fucking  
trickling inside woolworths  
its cosmetic flash:  
o false egyptians  
& english sweethearts,  
trapped in un-meaning,  
would too eat blood  
my lily-white hands

Anyway, back in the  
police computer  
they are making metonyms,  
ambitious ones  
intersected by pretty towns  
but we are mouths  
& strings of words  
stupid  
stitched into the language  
that resting place  
for exhausted shoppers  
for used opinions  
call it the graveyard  
o computer

Those who believe  
they know how to read  
are easily intimidated  
I mean right now.  
But who is speaking here,  
such archaic pleasantry  
insolent noise making  
mere freakish difficulty:  
history is those who sit  
inside their prepared vocab,  
the comfortable ones,  
the executioner, especially,  
never utters an articulate sound,  
quietly gets on with his work.

as I was out walking  
our musical voices  
split to a single chord  
- *reference code* -  
insert seizure  
- *unavailable* -  
insert hope & love  
a layered pit of stung starlings  
*as I was out*  
'hold me fast & fear me not'  
inside the lower city  
I would suck their snarling  
- *paraphrase* -  
I would rather be the devil

as I was out  
dashes  
in ordinary conscious  
in parenthesis  
the sun  
in italics, my  
welfare application  
met a fair  
apostrophe  
met a  
inside the lower  
met a hyphen  
a black dot  
a

'she got him up upon her back'  
'I intend here to drown you'  
a stranger, perhaps  
weirds had reckoned them -  
his lily-white hands,  
the only true thing  
is what is contained  
- ballads of irrelevance -  
a specific utterance  
a raised glass  
a perpetual shriek  
alight inside his metal throat:  
ok, who are they?  
a speech, perhaps?

& then we were letters  
thinking cities, even  
varied, fierce & gold  
but swallowed by events  
in rainfall, its tides  
& police were talking  
in social cheap wine  
whose life was ludic  
with biting, swallowed  
by yuppie reveries,  
justice, for example  
& simpering passion,  
a black & burning pit  
half-price in woolworths

“I ain’t faking, no no” -  
but put a businessman’s  
girdle round the earth  
is a dream deferred  
like all protest media  
& sected corporate urgency  
**BANG**

*its musical voices*

- blank -

it is not sexual  
their guitar strings  
a study in asphyxiation  
tightened on the known stars  
scrawled out, ‘their’

he was a big freak  
transformed into normality  
all the night through  
a specific negation of history  
& the sea  
where scorn was  
recent irruptions of unmeaning  
flatter the official town's  
insolent noise making  
secretly my small thighs  
trickling down our  
sobriety, pronounced  
as their favourite line:  
goodbye, sweethearts & pals

the wind shall blow hurt  
inside every earth  
is a dream:  
insert world of banking  
- outside -  
pretending that people were  
sexual gestures & thrushes  
- *gargled with sweethearts* -  
I don't eat your duty,  
build money with a system  
of mystical swine  
& social trickling -  
insert your heads,  
have sucked your poem dead.

the cuckoo is split  
- the image, cracked -  
so its easy to imagine  
our masters do tell us  
what we confidentially  
inside their saying  
what 'they', hounds  
all thinking forgets  
outside, o enchanting  
we are sparkling things  
this brick, for example  
its crimson vitriol  
their image window  
the philosopher's stone

as I was out faking  
letters \ weirds wrecked it:  
my character scoured  
words gone, locked inside  
the cuckoo has no eyes  
or perceptual shriek  
wrecked inside poetry  
its tidal crust  
where sickness came  
we were documentaries  
resident in a system  
- HAIL SHIT -  
I can't say 'moon'  
with my ribbon in my pit

us, for example  
these things  
these turbulent shadows  
this repetitive sun  
between my life & yours  
stars, air  
a knot of sharp flowers  
a single moan  
a heresy of veins  
keys & thighs  
veins & keys  
we are lashed together  
rotten with love  
time will destroy us

the town is eerie  
rotten with  
the sea is  
halt, police:  
not notes, alphabets  
*the town isn't the town*  
not notes, breathing  
the sea is  
archaic opinion  
sparkling abuse  
the sea is  
a small note on  
zombies  
not alphabets

if I had a fancy sash  
my own true love would  
rent me out in earrings  
but if I had a ribbon bow  
in scratches & numbers  
he'd read my mind, with hail  
burning like a city's  
frozen & vivid dead:  
but my method is to fear him,  
his scorched & wasted coins,  
history's oppressive line,  
my thighs  
my anarchic scales  
oh fucking tide

in Poundstretcher &  
zombies  
everything you like about em  
they are in pain  
meanwhile, in trivialities  
fiendish pretty glimpses  
we go mad  
no you don't  
music love abstraction  
the twisted branches  
as the centre of our lives  
ignite on interruption  
fear walks ahead of us  
I feel like a dog on fire

“as I was out walking  
I met this woman  
said she was, like  
the queen of the fairies  
dragged me under the sea  
fucked me senseless  
for seven years  
& now I’m dead  
or rather  
I am eating your brains  
so tasteless  
& bland  
everything is invisible  
your stupid racist town”

