

SHADOW TIMES 17-24

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Trying to write what's behind my senses
the omniverse in hiding
cues the opening of a time-wound,
spiral-bound notebooks:

1964 re-wind

NIGHT RAIN WIND

*started to run
into darkness and long grass
under some sodium lamps
Tim shouted about selling out
the institutions will catch us*

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Illegible jottings
something about a castle:

*on red-lit nights, where fireworks provide the only illumination... skin peeling from the castle
walls... cripples passing on trolleys for five hours... chattering totems...it is here we murder our
horses and re-mount our maidens... texts are inscribed on nickel tablets... automata move across
the mud...*

The Wreck of the Old Sixty-Eight

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Direct input: squeal of unseen gulls
white haze beyond the roller blind

Survey the woody valley
terraced houses
mast on a smudge of horizon
sky as a grey wash
and the long trains

15.12: time to tabulate the scribbles:

*ENERGY WAS ETERNAL
A WHITE MYSTERY*

I excavate the silence

*bones/relics of power/
bulldozed corpses/grey flesh*

A badger walks down this street at midnight. The din of the barbecues and their criminal incidents has faded. Houses at the summit of our sloping garden light their turrets and keep the back bedroom under vampire surveillance.

I have a revision plan. Time to rampage in my wreckage, re-shape the shadow. Time was running down throughout 1968. I was notating my young entropy:

I have an infection of the pen. Confined to the house of words. The cries of the baby are speeding up and the streets are partitioned with glass. Priest in the tabernacle, head in a bowl of oil. His animal gored bystanders under the tree of sin.

I had failed to read the operating manual for my head. I had no idea what its sub-systems were doing. Instead I took the lead role of holy ghost in the meat-engine, an ethereal tripester. No chemicals were used. I let the words talk me into the naughty corner. I really tried to break Heisenberg's Rule, too hard.

A soprano tickles her nice throat on the radio. Cars beetle down a road across the valley. Grey slab of sky across the sea. The train is static. Gull floats at eye-level. I'm in alignment with a mast on the horizon, to keep me on message. The channels are opening, into the Black Book of 69, a senior edit:

Doppler wail of the blues, red-hot petals of a sax, guitar blade vibrating into a body of good times, Horizontal city-lattice of Cyril's harmonica. Notes tumbling into me. I wanted to dance back to my energy centre. The past is a wet finger writing on glass. Uncorking the soul falsifies the unconscious. I want to disappear/reappear on the surface of the earth.

I am dead every other minute. No overflow. Not the dynaflo of the overman. No overflight. No superimposition of the superman. Not violent enough. Not good enough, young man. The cat is asleep.

The whole problem lies in harnessing the energies. 'Transformation of the world by desire.' The mind rattles and rolls.

This text has been heavily redacted, and modified to meet current standards. Compression was applied using a drop-down menu. Subject's mind was juddering like the washing machine purchased at a thrift store on 4th Avenue.

I'm opening my files under the forty-five year rule, although it might have been better to walk into the cold bright air, to hit the promenade and play at flaneur here and there at Hackney-by-the-Sea. The Black Book is a mess of scrawl, the writer writing himself into an entanglement of webbing, a lysergic spidering. He was trying to break through the surface of the page, he was waiting for a surreal leakage:

*on the surface of the planet
on the surface of the sun spittle of sunlight
on the surface smeared with spilt seed
on the surface of the burnt road bed
on the surface of breast thigh arse
on the surface of the humping rock
on the surface of the moon-dog
on the surface of the snow
on the surface of the face
on the surface of the body bag
on the grooved surface of God*

A careful re-arrangement of my dead fingerings and claspy hands. Another re-invention. `But he couldn't break into himself. That book was made for burning.

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One of me keeps voicing over the past, a reconstruction:

*in those dreams I was invaded by tapered drums of voodoo
stars projected across the bedroom wall and such shrill chanting
I couldn't go backwards or forwards into the safe room
until I escaped this terrifying bed
and bumped across a passage
into bedside light, yawning parents*

Frame me, frame my memoire, hang it all on the moon-striped wall-paper.

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A child grizzles faintly through the terrace wall, right on cue. The youth in the Black Book fumbled through his botched epiphanies in an abandoned time-zone. Time to re-model the wrecked pronoun:

*I am dough not electricity
shatter the glass cases
a poem is a smoke bomb
trailing my vapours*

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