

LUDD GANG



birdmurmur, from damage chord
that cares less ~ 'working on my joy
i experienced autumn', and youyou
slant with an animal, as an animal
one who lets twin halos rust moonsun-rightly
the passionatest rat in Orion insolent out the rows
give music us to fellflower

is a grimy feathered little 'lad', aye
out-earthed by what the holders spoke a 'lass'
I step off the dawncliff
courage breaks the lines
the lines embrace in the sealight
nothing redeemed, unredeemed
stark manes from the stars

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17

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SABEEN CHAUDHRY

before evaporating

ghosting the 'mother land'
its Janus-faciality as echo in the round
a spectral leviathan, lurking in hand-me-downs
as postponement undresses behind a glass screen
in a mirror-ceilinged room I can't enter
though I shout, 'what energy
would it take to go out tonight?'
my one chance leaving through the back door
(probably because I threw a martini in their face)
to cavort on swings at Ghalib recitals in Lahori gardens
saying no to another & pearlescence
while I trot in the phase of a very dense shift
unhome alone on the coattails of unfinished
business, snubbed by easy remembrance
just pick up the phone
and who even answers?
silence quacks me frosted in my Salt Era
inhaling on the wrong note, barred entry by the bouncers
and coughing in the faces that impend
over borderlines like balloons coming
no further but farcical in the wind
like this-way-and-that or yes-and-no
but neither-and-both while a felled angel
loiters in the doorway puking sparks on the threshold
throwing up their hands saying, 'not me
this time, just ordinary gravity' & because

I am extremely old, information spills out
without closure but I hear that Door of No Return
slam hard, extremal surface within event horizon
volta frontier renting universe in two:
black hole 'original' place
and the island at its heart
that is also its outside, or my in-house eternal refusing
to kitschify our histories for their amusement
asking, 'what does it mean to be *in* the hole
but not *of* the hole?' makes a bad habit
of coasting through conjectured worm-portals
shuttling diasporic via quantum slog
tweaking drift modalities while getting a wolf cut
at a salon in Birmingham or drinking any lurid
pop to piss recursion off its rocker, outside the North Circular
our breath scuds post-stellar, a vixen from her den
vanished through underpass emergent as red
radiation weaving vengeful through the suburbs
unstopped loping leak flouting, low-key in the dark
street-lit saunter snarls a trashed remedial sublime
rused in solidity drips the icicle death of the home-seeker
exiled from totality, a kid calls me *aunty*
splashing rouge I splay the agenda unblushed
growling picket Punjabi with *penji* Darshan
sharpening knives with my sisters 'round a kitchen table
in the absence of a kitchen, on which assembles
a gossamer mountain of specks soft sparkling
on the exhale

mutiny

World from within

TIMOTHY THORNTON

Meditations in an Emergency

After the pulse your bones hold out like lamps
Jackdaw's digging his nails in my chest

Awake in the mirror hectored softly awake alarm
In the mirror anger and pleading how could

You do this repeatedly how could you do this
Saint Francis holding my skull to his sore

Sore ribs and the crisis frame is red permanent
Hooks, risk itself tumbling down my shelved

Injuries like spider plants and a spiky dance of exiled
Desire. A gone glow together at sunrise we trod coast

Became the boys on the deck of the weather
Lifetimes and lungs away entire dayless fused Chaos

His long tail daintily smacked me down from the high

Gantry alone on the dust hectored softly awake pulse
In the mirror please help me repeatedly help me

Down or out or away, dropout of Time dropout of how

Can I live once more. Mirror alarm, chirruping birdlife

Cables of blinds whirr

Hope, kissing the neck of Chaos. Will you go with me

Plunge into their sinkholes,

loss and pain shaking

clean off like cuffs

Jackdaw at the Gates of Dawn

I did see you the other side I promise but
here before the glass some quincunx device with

The pins removed faced me and I trembled
pebbles clang still falling from anxious

Crag peak pulses clanging through anxious body
catching on every elasticated pocket as the cataract

Love-duets down and what it is like is it is like
it is breathing an explosion of free unimpeded

Snow as reflects lightnings of sweat and stress
deformed oblong chamber in a sawn-open

Nautilus shell
 comic strip
 panel wobbling

Unremarkable railroad activity falls to the ear
And you are pressed inky into the final substance

Miles over always another origami flower
Lozenging off the cliff like a kite I was sick

In the sink there is glass in the sink
why is there glass in the sink

Distant avalanche disguised as another morning
to fall there's always some edge and in here

I thought there was someone else here
prongs or ridges torrent, the cliff now every horizon

Red Sky, Shingle Beach

One alone under the sun
One alone, I said

A thousand absent dancers just ebbing at the big flat sea
Where actually is the sun

Time's very selves these nuclei
Tricking and tockling between the pebbles

The craft of gaps manipulated zigzag
Into eyes, of ghosts or serpents or whichever choice

Spectre it is today. So scratch the sky
With the key to your cell

What actually is the sky
What actually is the sea

Quietly the sea tasers you
You are friends forever

Together alone under the sun

TOM BRANFOOT

the new house at home

seen someone else
drivynge yr old car
funny how
inheritance
explodes
into community
yr snub-nosed
genetics
helyxed somewhere
maybe we'd have
got on better
if you still owned
the pub
but the smokyng
ban axed you
like a wunded hog
the parish disbanded
with bad taste
in liquids
upwallen
from sawdust
and yr smoke
machine mouth
the boar emerged

shawled in gore
yarnyng
to anyone near
includyng yr barmaid
turned daughter
how it stalked Cliffe
Wood spookynge
peasants
and townsfolk
until the butcheryng
one outcutter
tongue proffered
to the lord
in exchange
for land and fable
spewed
from the lips
of publicans
milken the bandit
night after night
until 2007
what's a tale
without folk

KATY LEWIS HOOD

not shame lock, but that's how you read it

well then discourse marker
the water is brought up
automatically you change the syntax
the one-at-a-world heron
adjusts the extended tilt
of their neck shaped by and for
bodies of fish “hegelian says L
as though I instrumentalise
as though evolution gets in my head
in five bell alley’s periscope
tapering between redeveloped limekiln
& “health centre don’t circle it
 & yet learn fugue that way
—then watching the programme everyone’s
watching re: obsolete ice futures
the chameleon still moves her tongue
only not her legs while albatrosses
gaying about being albatrosses
 is “apparently preferable
to lifelong deep seaward aloneness
(attenboroughed seafarer reads me)
yesterday lashing together an email
 not tongue & not legs

not necks & not wings i would be
wharfed up by the passive voice
 like where the ice was slid
& twist-drilling into it the poems about
it the unworkable methods of reading
learnt from meryl streep's eyeline
directing quicker labour "by all means
move at a glacial pace no
more cackles weeping silver i
androgynous too slow to be seen
& fast to be wanted trying to
chuck off a semblance
reading shallow marine into lime
& moraine into "anti-hills
underlying all of it
till you're sent
an image of algae matted into
grass post-flood freeze melt
& algal mat evolving
minerals cracking greenish
grammar jokes fracked all
retained on a hard disk
 stacked up
in the herons neck
contracts & with it the land

smatter_synced

it's what—
dead plant decade
holds its dead shape
shocked by lack of natural light
in the landscape book
passing through house of film
remember the rug-out
it could all be used up
 red giant white dwarf
busting mundane violence
imperial capital ecocide's
everyday shruggable in girlish
rendering complicity rooted
smaller than scale

it's what—
you attach the comments to
without retention of the surface
 of water
placeholder of the content of a day
you call proof
 of body
too big to sieve down holes
make pontoon lighter
heave to clump below floating
change balance of multiple use
each comment can be flipped to display

a weighting
of how close its composition comes
to scheduled judderhush of train up
horizon
dipping hands in basin to sideskirt
interaction in sporadically warm bowls
no idea what L means when she says
“fibreglass it to—
a house made of that
a vehicle a bridge
to nourish vegetal neglect

it's what—
cloud cover pressing
shadows back on themselves
shattered plastic's auto-
sculpted casings
flat and sharp mass between molars
you feel fine
with the rumours of fluoride
comments a backdrop to filling
& emptying
the network illusion
you do not experience yourself as osmotic
or transpirational
a hydroponic surround for cut so
carefully with extractive industry
& circulation wilting
poison to bred cat's

question mark

it's what—

“lots of it

recurring

practise in your mind

not saying the same thing

over the most expensive road's

slicked tarmac

hot metre un

even when coldware snaps

morphing recapture

lumping ballast

metline, a maypoem

past the fast part...
into the fast part
aquatic to ephemera via sub
imago way magenta flaunts
 express through cloudy wings
 ... ick ux
guc brushes silt along branch hairs
split tropology lock ends
 in the suburbial sink

bypassing a zone's pneumatics
you unmonth a previous name
logging buggily into crane browser
 to not miss the top
a) penthouse spread out
 on pavement pre-appending
b) entomologists laughing
 at confusing daddy
 longlegs w/ true bugs
halfwinged tendering to maintain
 doors reopening onto
prospectless ID folly
 at the submanor park

past gloss aureate formerly known as
 mansionic light ...
beyond the mother state parts

golden future geese underpass
 lacklustre height threshold
towards messy crecheing splash
amorphous of a feather
 touch has proofed them
 against
 swum-among
 exoskeletal carriages
mutable wet skins
 ... risks worth
interchange gaps
when un
loading chatty muddied
by the submergent hatch

midsummer song for the docklands

21 june, 4.12-5.31am

sea mews *i'm not moving* arcing
cut troughs of export drainage into airy
circles skylight scale & from the river
can't see sun but 4.30am sprinkler
beams starburst dewly wharfside
infra of regenerated grass

grebes everywhere on the city waters
this season full float of limekiln hole
where east wastes emerge thru ditches
& hatches hedonist egg-smashed noise
of small moonhens before phasing
into obverse of eclipse & as routine sky
scraping obscures rising celestial bodies
their reaches stretch glass lakelike
into ruches sluices of extended time

extended walk accidental in makeshift
nightwear wethemmed to the failed canal
with wisps of hair fanning out for light
holding thought by darkangle *optical*
illusion reveals if you're stuck in the past

watching basic sun show up as firespot
from westferry circus' surfacing company
name as reflex fronting urban melt
from opposite bank can we loiter together
above the rusted enigma tuning forks

of *riverside south* leased for 999 years
during the crash disharmonic finance
via sprinkler rays fissuring solar recoil
the river in at least two places or one
diphthong of whistled rolling waves
until cycle ends in crystaltipped green

 at 5.10 googling grebes sun glimpses
my back against thamespath plinth
singing sea tunes to the waterbirds
that care more about crabs until orb
patches back on mineral screen of
orange near-cosmopolitan plumes

 & the creek haloes grebeless now mute
swan drifts in shelltrash & martins spin
out of nests built from mud & spit
in the wharf joists & w/ever
urban nature fluff is is also timeswirl
stuff of being hoicked awake algaeish
with light iridescentish mutual pigeon
startle upheaps at the communal block

 & I remember to let gate shut soft this turn
not slam again while steely cygnets
play at feeding in radius of tidal lock

 twirls around lightsoak light
railway arches spanning repassing
the meetcute by the sewage drop
where we morning-greet mallards
moulting out of green & moon & sun
& transit scruffy-tired from flight

CHRIS GUTKIND

Digits after Orph

1:7

Follow past myself updating, grow the pitchrule.
Take off take in, leave rocks and coughs, powered
by power/distilling my inforain: need/wish joy/cry.
Dear machine make me wine, make me into wine!
Forget noisy/quiet people, forget sky or forgetting,
inscreen'd anything is. E-race/s/ism. E-class/es/ist.
Except all I am. Put me, get you, put love, be less –
some things might always change, we'll ripe for it!
Praise builders and sellers of what we're to be or!
What rebellion killed it. What God unexists again.
I should be .calm or even happy1.0, we were body
until not! Praise applause! Praise buyers! Friends,
take this apple-code. You know it's no eaty apple,
give it to your great-grandmum, live though dead.

options

- 1:** Going | Grow | Filing | Typed past
following pitches/rules
- 6:** E-abundance | E-forgetearth
- 7:** Except | Accept
- 8:** we'll | we're ripe on it
- 10:** God[s] nought[s] | is null | are not | is zilch
fail[s] on | unappear[s] again
- 11/12:** be happy or even .glee, we were body then // not!
- 12:** Praise applause! Praise buyers! Friendsums
- 13:** not airy | any | the apple
- 14:** supply it your great-grandmum
alive while dead

1:8

Delete you. The guardens fill in our datastincts:
overcome my skin, not enough memory/markets
to wear, the BEST dolls, we goddles, all thought
counted but worries, desub'd, soon disconnected,
fed to archives, left for mining into the dotwalls.
Hark if wanted – gamesongahead, young/old or,
boy/girl or, me/you or. Rithms hedge into beings.
I can't find my father in me anymore/just word.
A certain energy holds me whole/needed for pay.
If it doesn't stay on I dissolve into everyone else.
I think something goes wrong with environment,
more often I'm url'd over or put in .sleep, SAD!
Maybe I didn't learn accept2.0 Then I restart'd,
unsure how/everything works and I'm a smiley.

options

- 1: In guardens filled in our datastincts
The guards filling in our datastinct
- 2: markets | workers | weapons
- 5: fed to destitute left | poornets/left | leftovers/left
faded to archive, left for mining | miners
into | past [the] dotwall[ing][s]
- 6: Hark if wanting: | Party if wanted
- 7: Rithms hedge into beings | Currency pins all things
My | The rithmspin | circuitspin anythings
circuitspin any sum | anysums | circuit pins all things
- 8: relatives | my father | family
- 9: needed to buy | needing it paid
- 11: something's done wrong in environment
there's some error with the environment
- 13: I never learnt | didn't count
accept2.0 | except2.0 | except 2.0 | 3.0
- 14: unsure | unknowing how
everything's work and I'm a smile
I can work again

MILES CHAMPION

Smoke Fatuous Probably

It's a beginning
undeniably
comprising three of the words I can tolerate
as a rubbing
of self against reality
acting fifty-four
with a mask on my face
no closet space
or sense of geography
I keep my experiences in Brooklyn
where I imprint them with my vocabulary
the fantasy sequences were jeered at on opening night
but might well have pleased
an experimental rabbit
I archived the poster
out of habit

Spring Goes Boing

Every clock
 of ability
 speaks of
changing
 occupations
 time is cold
and number theory
 just sits there
 between calculations
six is a
 perfect number
 said St. Augustine
neither excessive
 nor deficient
 serious
but also a little funny
 it is told
 that the Pythagoreans
took bizarre shapes

and let themselves go
curiously prefiguring Max Ernst
the golden ratio
will do
if a triangle
sashays obscenely towards
you
modesty
cuts to an aerial view
of a nondescript mews
here is no evidence
that Max Ernst knew
to use both legs to
solve for the hypotenuse
on the run
to get scissors
the great Gauss (who hated Gatsby)
had an accident
a few yards
away from
his house
Pythagoras

was excellent
testing the ground
before adding
an outdoor café
the next village
arranged for
actors and loafers
to perform skits
Euphorbus
scared off the tits

The Dots

want to join
 their latest image
to externals

 but can't
agree on
 what to become

a hypothesis forms
 during impregnation

the subject
 is a factor
of love

 I light a candle
for Val

 rename
common objects

 a heart is a pebble

the seafront
 where it lives
in Hove

SAM WESELOWSKI

Hey Dad

I stood next to the mountain
and chopped it down
and poked around
the sword fern and snow
the iron and mossy pillow
bract around my finger
slippage under my fist

trying to explain to myself not death
but the consequences of it

and wonder how it seems
from the back of my head
with pacific clouds
like buildings around
the dinner plates
and everything else
right? I should look

for a crack in the wall
of air and light
I could slip through

and put it all in a little row
solve the big puzzle, get
my lungs to blow and
hold the poem to its word

20/10/2023

I've been trying all morning to say something and I've gotten to the point that I can't even remember where it was that I was trying to start. I wake up each morning and read the German-language papers too, which fill up with denunciations of leftists who have failed 'to clearly denounce' Hamas. And I keep coming back to Butler's invocation of poetry and the unsayable at the end of their piece in the LRB. We all know that what is really unsayable is a clear statement of support for the ruling forces in Gaza, that the language that cannot be spoken -in the countries in which we live- is a specific language that takes clear positions in an asymmetric armed conflict, and not a speculative language of special feelings that we are compelled to wait for, like true believers waiting for angels to come to take us to heaven. It feels absurd to talk now about the ineffably latent and unarticulated without talking first about the blatantly censored and the suppressed. And of course many Palestinians in Gaza do feel pride at the fact that 'their' army succeeded in killing as many Israelis as it did, and that too is something almost unspeakable, but it is something unspeakable about a reality that we have produced and that we collude in reproducing now and not something unspeakable in the sense of not-yet-available within the existing system of meanings. 'Now we feel sadness, fear and pride', says a Gazan civil liberties activist in Jewish Currents. 'A spirit of defiance burns in our hearts'.

And the construction of the community of feeling in the West -is- domestic counterinsurgency. Every managerial group in every publicly funded body in Europe puts out a statement saying that the institution it runs 'feels' like 'horror' or something equivalent about the 'terrorist attacks' in Israel, and everyone knows this has nothing to do with how anyone actually feels, and none of that even matters because the point is to conduct a pedagogical exercise on the topic of what can and cannot be said, and because being emotionally gaslit by managers speaking through

the puppet-mouths of shocked and astonished cultural institutions is the special privilege of liberal citizens of liberal democracies whose governments try to reserve their coercive and penal powers for migrants and special occasions.

'Now we feel sadness, fear and pride'. And I suppose that like Judith Butler I too would wish to believe in the healing power of the unsayable. I would like to believe in 'poetry' as well. But I'm not sure whether it is possible for those things to mean anything unless we can first understand what it might mean to feel pride at news of the deaths of so many unarmed and 'innocent' people. I am not yet aware of any western museum, cinema or theatre that has asked people to try to think about what this means. That there are people alive who are more 'moral' than you, who have experienced more hurt and sadness than you, who have been abused more than you, and who have felt more convulsive relief than you, who nevertheless have felt astonishing pride at the sight of a mound of corpses, might if only for a second give the big institutional feelers of Western culture pause for thought, if only they were capable of thinking, or the pain of loss, or anything besides the reinscription in a coercive rhetoric of spontaneous emotion of the exact boundaries of what is and is not acceptable to say.

I woke up this morning from a fitful sleep in which it was impossible to dream anything at all. I sat for hours at my computer in physical pain, uncertain if I had anything to put down. I am not a moral institution. I want to be able to feel what I am not able to feel. I want to understand what it means to live in a reality that is unspeakable, that makes people feel pride at unspeakable things, whether there are any poets to dream about it or not. And I couldn't care less about trying to shock, or to scandalise, but I cannot see a path to that which we are presently unable to say that doesn't lead through the middle of what we are presently told not to think. 'Love is also the need for presence in its miracle'. *'They are not asking'*.

Danny Hayward

FROM THE RIVER TO THE SEA

Thanks to everyone who came to our fundraiser at Housman's Books and bought stuff, or read poems, or helped out, or donated things. You're all keeping this shambles going, we raised about £450 odd. We're sorry about how bad the raffle was. If anyone who had beers but who didn't send money for em could paypal us a suggested donation of 3 quid a tinny that would be amazing, cheers (poetshardshipfunduk@gmail.com).

Check out the **Leeds Poetry Studio** for readings and workshops, or to use its library of pamphlets and poetry books as a study space. It's 'a free resource for anyone interested in reading, studying or writing poetry, regardless of experience, past publications or institutional affiliation.' Shire Oak Studios, Leeds, LS6 2TN. See www.leedspoetrystudio.co.uk for info on how to book it and get involved.

Dale Holmes's *Bruce Ch(b)atwin(g)* is out now from **Gong Farm**. A new book from Jonathan Skinner is coming soon. Head to gongfarm.cargo.site for these and others.

Tom Betteridge's *Dog Shades* is now out from **Just Not**, alongside a second run of Nell Osborne's *The Canine Redeemer has Entered the Bungalow*: justnotprints.wordpress.com. Peter Manson's *self-avoiding space-filling curve* is coming veeerrrry soon.

New books from Iliassa Sequin, André du Bouchet, Dom Hale and Christina Chalmers are available from **Distance No Object** at distancenobject.cargo.site.

Ludd Gang's favourite son Sam Weselowski has a new pamphlet, *Triple Rainforest*, out now from **Veer2** at veer2.org/Authors with lots of other gooduns.

REPORTS (communityofgoods.blogspot.com) is 'a regular bulletin for the exploration of inarticulate social and artistic experience ... Send contributions to: pxxtry@gmail.com'. See **pxxtry.com** for pdfs of a bunch of rescued classics.

Free Palestine.

