

LUDD GANG



above the heads
of the town
a screaming party

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LUDD GANG

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KERL BROOKS

All over Castro City
Fields of puppy bloom in respect
Despite yesterday's freeze.

Near ninety-degree day
Usual Zoom evening, winds came knocking
Bathtub bed, Tornado ziplining.

Wednesday night storming
Thursday night debris, roof mending
Friday powerless still.

Here at Houston square
Eight flags, country represented fly
Half mass stayed continually.

The Code Enforcer team
Chopped away huge trees
Remove the violation.

PETER MANSON

from self-avoiding space-filling curve

immortal invisible god's only wighs

like the one pair of underpants owned by almighty
god which will last forever and which cannot be seen
the poetry listener's performative guffaw
is a thing you almost miss this line left incomplete
like rust god never sleeps which was fine for the first week
on the seventh day the hallucinations started
psychosis ripped catatonic since the cambrian
non-fatal familial insomnia of the god
who is always and only there and nothing sees you
except google your dead dad the dwp
the police scotland helicopter at your window
the eyeballs drawn on the eyelids of the nodding god
dogs n shit schrödinger's cat you must change your y-fronts

lines composed a few feet below tintern abbey

i saw a ship in site-specific immolation
of young iambs bound by a code of honour revoked
to save my sorry gammon pig thinks of a colour
the sty turns blue in the birth canal as the party
becomes uninhabitable o deaths in scotland
my named and memorable acts of brutality
forgotten by me alone as the head engages
the dust here is nine tenths shit in the abbey tunnel
old parts alight with a phosphorescent jaw for war
as if we can't have both these wipers inside a pig
things heard on the brink of the sleep of reason inbred
to outsource self-awareness to the unknowing cloud
of discontinuous starlings under all bright stars

luminous urology

language well fuck me now you're talking turtlehead sense
it is resistant sonorous and can be broken
like the limestone font defaced at the reformation
in case somebody might wank over an apostle
i had you muted for terminal gemütlichkeit
ill-favoured megafauna and poisonous cheesecake
the insects don't move in the light but they will eat me
under a bare LED we make our own darkness
in these fast days of less testosterone and more friends
wine comes out at the mouth and love has no direction
i is not an emulator in spite of trying
to terraform earth for the mars to berlin return
late lamb child ballad process is finished exiting

CALLIE GARDNER

4 a.m.

many of the figures in the dream are wearing masks
of polished wood. their eyeholes are deep and curious,
nothing seeming to peer out of their depths.
they mingle in circles but only ever look up at me
with blank consideration. what it is they're waiting for?
i'm waiting for them to take off those masks. *surprise!*
each revealed face will be familiar, i will settle to it comfortably
but those eyes – for all i know, i'll never see the lights
come on inside them, just as i don't know
how we are going to be living in ten years.

by a hair

broad strokes driving out lowness
stir for motion against storms; crisis
taken on the chin entails greed against a cactus
draughts trapped inside a product
inclusion-itch & deference rising
to the unsleeping borehole make doorable patterns
a horror of passion in the prismash

there has been an openness
sent locally & stitched into
perfectly inclusive rubbish in the street
as cold windows brim with light
with grassy late morning visitation
& the sea swings into power
& drones salty appearing

a total toaster phobia in gardened peril
memorial in the creative cloak
until its falling off, tweeds gathering
like a sharkskin dreamed up against absence
rattling impermanent oblique
mouth itself oft a hairy working nucleus
& lips a mere impious fuchsia vacuum

there's an epidemic everyday
& so i need the mirror, a mental torch
to read my glyphic aura
& face on the hivering ridge
the sound daring over the viaduct

is that ideographical steely blue, the nightmail
from which i'm trying to awake

born in the moment's crucible
a bubble of intimacy surfaces
& sacrificial-gladly breaks its guts
as air, hot and meek in the drying sun
bricking death even as an earthy sin waffle
cooks in moralised fats, a pareidolian feast
to feed myself among all this curled persistence

the talent of skin

*the skin is not simply matter in
place, but rather involves a
process of materialisation*

— sara ahmed

fixed, carved meaning;
tracing their air,
something int / ext ernal?
permanent bodily becoming-
marked, permanent
ratiocination-cardedness
uncaring framework (gender)
seed sown in childhood
we're all flesh all the time
home for the holidays —

mirror at the hearth
creative a volume of tensions;
not enough read in this painting
not enough (g) in this text
(text) is a practice of (g)loss
fragmentate & direly dream

dull derivation, stepping stone.
textual hypocaust, or, stone garden.
bones and skin
the soft milky cover
boiling, diluted water
forgot the tea.

delicately balanced,
belonging to no
perpetual, alldimensional grid
(or: girdedness)
dextrously skinning
as emotional receptor
in projectural darkness
skin's first fleshy blush
is a triplicating touch,

inflamed, reductive tactility
nonetheless a motivated flutter
from backwashed body englishes
a good hire, primeval wordy motion
and freedoms from/of sects/saxes
vacuoles in the membrane
that the self consists in.

and a threatening belonging lark for this
sick inflected shit having all
takeups of manual moments
like monies among us, bean loss
permanent epidemic
cholera for days
death by tiny foreign animal,
threatening orifice
in the look of the animal.

tactile verses visual economies of touch
lost permanence
strangeness of text
vore vagrant ungender;
(not that i think that i am strange, but:

here are the strangenesses i feel
i embody and am)
loss-motion, derivative affect
of turn the taps affect, having
only ever creative responses and then
needing again
to open and close a box

it streams to seam
against a vast race
(arace a vastness)
abject permanence
white gaze
curling yawn
imperilled volubility
how treating is given

a groaning trestle, trached with
tearing love, intractive scrapping bliss
the opulent festive cube of space
given to people and re-exchanged –

absent that dream of a loss, slow-drying bliss
ink all stranger blue impermanent
capital no capital
(and enduring sorrow)
it's entirely up to you
(and ensuingly snow)
creaturely destruction
and semantic decay

reminder to wait
at the barriers of laying
but there is something like that

here (or elsewhere) for us
an onion – an impermanent
and particular boiled-out
raw root green.

early, and slight about it
securement, draining, threat
need a grand taken bland ‘at’-ness
cubist gargoyles abstract quarterly
(it should all be read as if spoken by a
character in a poem)

4 p.m.

the small sea is adrift in the city;
some old men gather to race technical boats
outside a clubhouse where the kettle boils.
the fish does not see it is in trouble.
the urn and its little spigot
contain a piece of boundless sky.
deciding to help, i laugh first at one cup,
then the next. *shall i be mother?*
another surface spreads, ripples and gathers,
and holds water, though it is lighter than air.

DAVIDSON GARRETT

Empire State Building
shrouded in thick fog at dawn
hiding from King Kong

Kim's Deli closes
because landlord triples rent
after thirty years

PAIGE MURPHY

no,
I don't think
I want to

five days,
like fingers
rearranged in a cupping
fist

you cram
into your mouth first

that anyone does this
with discretion
betrays me entirely

that you do this,
you
bear witness
to so inaccessible
a naked reflection,
a taunting line
of privacy
that debases me

repeating its facts to the glass
you become aware of a clitoris
inside the play of the mammals
autumn is the season of childhood
I will hate it & do my best to avoid
encountering it on any corner of the world
it is the lack of possibility
it is the death of potential
& smell of failure
so many mistakes, nothing is safe
autumn is living inside the soul of three or four
years ago and it takes up those images with a rank
nostalgia, a desire to forget what is remembered &
recall that detail, the fodder, to envelop my head
in this basin.

I have never lived in england
I look forward to the season
of isolation and pain
that will be borne within anywhere else
necessarily temporary
I love to occupy my mind with the fantasy
of obtaining legal jurisdiction
I will lick egress
and altitude off the walls
in mute defection
far la la far

we have collected exoneration attempts
living as an art of feeble textile
the lacerations & liquids of space open entirely—
the infantile liberation of the hysteric mind —
what he hypothesised some years ago
now for a re-animation
the gestures of the body abused, confined
a body as such because
a relationship to sounds, touch & architecture of sentence
a body deprived of materials
glass, cord, sunlight
free of self-mastery
of legal sense(s)
fitfully sirens

apprehend enough not to ask
who returns in daily duty
to restrain, inject, imprison
houses have their meal times
their chocolate milk
officers with biscuits
windows unable to open or shut
no mirror, door handle, an inflammable mattress
imagine, instead institute
a right of refusal
a refusal of experiment
a right to an anti social life
to refute the claims made against us
in the papers of these houses
a right to refute
a right to a warm hollow and comfort
of feral contradiction

ED LUKER

Clown Town 3

Poems are so embarrassing, or,
when you have no money
dress your little lambs as gremlins
and take them to the Job Centre
to get fake gremlin jobs,
not meant for lambs.

And the muse says:

get your shit out my fucking business buddyyyy,
then your fake gremlin lambs will
have fake gremlin lamb babies
and you can cream off their wages and benefits,
the milk & honey of the DWP.

It's like being stuck with your bad thoughts,
plucking a lone lyre
sticking your head in a fire
eating marshmallows out your arsehole
inscribed on a big stick
that it keeps bashing you with
in public, like
oh there's my bad thoughts again.

I am the poetry boss
because I am embarrassing
I am the embarrassing mob boss

of poetry, gorging myself to death
at that nice restaurant atop Mount Parnassus,
on that fancy expensive food £££
cooked angel livers and devil's gold
and I can't even read the menu
because it's in Ancient Greek.

I keep clicking my fingers at all the waiters
their cloven hooves clop-clopping
cussing me out in Ancient Greek
I point at the menu:
"I'll have some more of that, errmmm,
how do you say 'poetic inspiration', please."

Like, so I took you to Clown Town,
and I was incredibly excited to take you there
I even wrote about it in my diary. But
I had a bad dream, an anxiety dream,
a dream in which I was very, very anxious,
where I was crying in the crystal shop.
I don't know why, I just started crying
and then I couldn't stop. You laughed at me.

It's the matter that keeps dragging you back thru hell,
So, I took you to Clown Town and I did cry,
in the crystal shop, the shop with the crystals, and I put it in a poem.

It's the matter that keeps dragging you back thru hell.

Oh! Here's the Crisis

Well, here we all are,
still crashing into
the terrible economy
of each other,

singing all the old songs,
again, which I love,
like, oh here comes the crisis,
the one that never left, like:

hello sun, hello sky,
hello moon, hello stars,

is there any life on your cruise liners?
any space left in your panic rooms?
a little cabin on your islands, perhaps, a nook
in your bunker, the one you purchased
earlier, well in advance of this catastrophe,
a little smidgen left for me, perhaps,
and, of course, the rest of the proletariat?

All your restaurants are closed
and all your boutiques and showrooms too,
which must be so hard, I guess.
But, perhaps, it is a little worse for
the workers who dust the hallways
and take out your bloodied mounds
of history's recompense; then there's your
silk rags, your yachts, your finest mechanical
watches, your mounds of actual gold,

locked away, & your newspapers, that you own,
that will hopefully collapse because
it is entirely what you deserve. Even though
we know where the weight will fall
first, in the collapses to come,
which is just a little song to say
in as clear a voice as I can muster:

Well, here we all are,
crashing into the economy
of each other, end to end, head to toe.
Oh, look, here comes the crisis again,
the one that never left, but oh
the first can be last, if the last will it,
because we know, we know, we know,
on what other course the collapses go.

HELEN CHARMAN

Failed address to my enemies

Illuminated by the
light of the girl boss
infographic, I became
hysterically embarrassed,
I wasted an opportunity,
I had to try and bear the
world, but I couldn't
fill the weeping cavity.

One day you really will
wake up to find the marches
have stopped or rather they've
no longer a need of you.
That's not true. What I
mean to say is: I hope that
nobody ever has need of you,
I hope that nobody ever again
has any need of you.

Cancel ballads. Everyone
can drive, Olivia.
At this stage I don't
want *woman to woman*
as much as *structure to*
structure, as such.

I think there is a pain somewhere in the room, but I
couldn't positively say that I have got it

The noise of furnaces, the whistle of steam, the long cry of iron, the
smoke of industry, the coal dust, the dead canary, the workplace
accidents, the weekly packet, the grease stains, the back ache, the
cancer, the bleach spots, the night shift, the smell of vomit, the wounds
scabbing over, the industrial chimney, the industrial oven, the quiet
father the raging father the grim father the father whose face is set and
won't be back for dinner.

Who are you saving that for?

There's a mother in the corner (dying) but that's in the history of the
house (not this one) there's a cat in the yard (dying) there's a baby going
blue (dying) there's a girl on the cold floor (dying) there's some twins in
the garden smoking in no shoes (both dying) there's a boy on the
mezzanine playing guitar (also dying) but that's simply an aspect of
history, too.

Prayer

O showrunner please
have mercy on my
characters they know
not how annoying they
are

TOM BARZEY

Cutting onions up to cook
Olive oil in frying pan sizzles away
My teary eyes from aroma

Alarm clock goes off
Jazz music coming through the speakers
Fully awakened by bathroom shower

Covid19 hits theatres hard
Less lights, cameras, and action
No shutdown in actors voices

BILL GRIFFITHS

After Trotsky (Whither England?)

hen is law, egg (us)
or authority is a hen, egg (us), feathers (sun)
embarrassed as an egg
pure as a druid yr wy-den
anro e obles round on my belly
I praise an egg
battant avec un chapon
we share an egg – it's cheep
yes, I caught Tolkien! hiding behind an egg!

