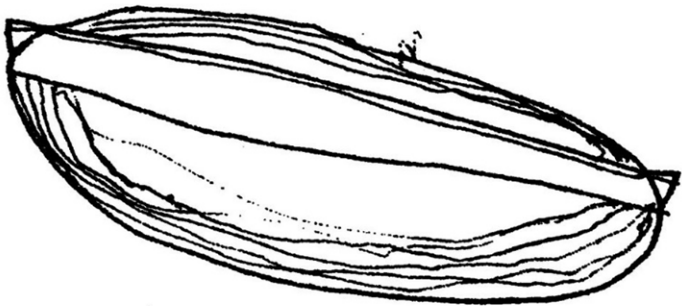
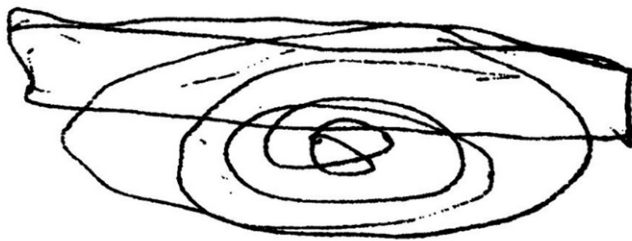


# LUDD GANG



What's come off the road  
ends up in a barge  
100 pumpkins discarded in a field  
pleasure bunker (ducks nearby)

there's no such thing as wonder  
just easy listening while the kites come down

the leaf leak triples  
our empty limbs  
settle in for a green dawn

in unison  
brickbats blowback  
                  they say the right eye is doomed  
and the room can take 5 wicks  
between storms

halo and broth in one electric soup  
hurts healed in Ludlow

we're one sneeze away from  
going back in time

I love ludd not ceasar  
the sleepers swim mirrors  
a whole galaxy blew up to us

EDITED, TYPESET & PRINTED BY ALEX MARSH,  
DOM HALE & TOM CROMPTON  
COVER IMAGE BY DANIEL OWUSU

JULY 2022

# LUDD GANG

9

## POEMS BY

Larry Price 3

Imogen Cassels 11

Danny Hayward 15

Joey Frances 17

Arkan Barghi 21

Daisy Thomas 25



# LARRY PRICE

*from A Schematic History of Citizens A thru Z*

In the play within a play of human capital, it's strange to be here again, talking. The stage empty except for that. The stage? There's no stage. No beginning. No end. Just the difference between what we've said and what we will say, blind and strutting to the tap, tap, tap of a brawl between organs and truth.

As non sequiturs in human capital, words go backward and forward. They drive the rogue body (more written on than of) into a roadside pit where art, begun in one word, ends in none.

It takes patience to find those holes the Market can't go through. The Market supposes only life in the state. We eat and breathe what we *believe* to be edible and aspirable. Thus, our end is our beginning because, having been without beginning, we find (in such a state) our end is all there is.

If we are blind because full of the bankrupt code of privacy, then, in that outrage, let there be imperatives of subversion in the laboring brain. We can fuel them (these imperatives) with stagecraft, minds shouting and feeding on the craters in our condition. Our condition being that when the thrill is gone, that which thrilled becomes the *new* imperative – benign even as it hides the code that carries the void that fills the lack which kills the thrill. A conundrum we solve (or don't). It doesn't matter. Where matter is the feast from which every decision tree grows, its limbs covered with metaphors for reason.

There's more Reason in anarchy than in laws justifying the institutional acts of those who are, in the end, only petty thieves. Followers of *no* reason but equivalence between their organs and megalomania. A mandate for lies which say, We serve at the pleasure of the King, where the only pleasure is to serve. A punitive story told in terms of intestine authority.

*Song of the human abstract*

In our present, bottom-up theory of Faust, words we use become mirrors to the words we don't. The difference between being empty and being blank.

The crowd (which is not empty) is quick to fill a blank and even quicker to talk. Art is dead! they say in a language with an empty target. Three tries for a dollar. Be large or go home. Say *le mot juste* and stay (or never leave). The play begins.

For example, Art on a train moving at half the speed of thought passes a canonical train standing still or moving in the opposite direction. How long will it take either (or both) to forego the present and fall into the limitless ends of their means? The answer: a lifetime plus hindsight, a mind in a race with itself. Its 9 or 10 things in a cloud. The cloud (or crowd) blows away. A dog barks. People bury bones. It's the dogs who dig them up. Dogs who do what they want. What we want is to know what knowing does for us who would be impresarios in this bottom-up theory of Faust.

*The quantal dictionary*

Between us and the naked truth, difference is one of tense, the present being the past to what the sentence will say.

The answer to any question is that we think there's an answer, the world being the stencil through which we inscribe it.

If only we could read them one at a time, these anecdotes from a brain's impulsive sea. With its dogs, snarling (if toothless) and rising from litigious holes. They factor us into an equation between existence and reversible reason.

It doesn't take a body to be lifeless. It takes a history of anomaly rolling us up like a screen on which pure reason faked a cure, a bandwagon where things morphed from one-eyed terms to a one-eyed world.

But for us for whom eyes defy reason, that fictive world is like thunder. Windows rattle. Dogs bark. But it's the lightning that kills. The noise of the Market (bears and bulls and bears, oh my!) means nothing.



*The zone of epistemic nomads*

There are gargoyles in the wall, writing everything backward. Then, switching to mirror mode, they hit Play and sing the extremities of our human recital with all the blatancy such imperatives demand.

Orpheus is irrelevant here as a mandate. We don't have to look back. There's nothing there but vapor on the road to Damascus or in a footnote to limits, the noise they make coming back to us.

Hiding the bare bones of existence in glue and random pieces of the real doesn't equal art. Art comes out of nowhere and then goes back. A monologue turning this into that and that into simple matter where matter is never that.

Every word we write turns something into something else in the rigor of incoherence. Where its same + our other have no interior but the equal sign between them. Each drifts its way. We drift ours. Making something new in the potlatch of sticks & stones. Or human inventory in glass and absence, the rocks these flying houses think they want to be.

*An accelerant in the end of the end*

In the margins to an everyday world, romance reconciles symptoms of isolation with symptoms of a cure. Cures exist as inner lips doxically isolated to be inconclusive in, flickering lesions in a brain loaded with mandate.

When money talks, the many listen in a wilderness where the unknown remains what it is. While we drift in a space the alphabet makes supreme. A hole in the cryptic field of art. Add words and we're free – free to clarify the art or slip through the hole. Pointing that way, this way, any way to signify the actions of a working mind.

Mind isn't everything, but its imperatives signify the condition of what it lacks when it thinks it thinks. (Dada gives and dada takes away.)

When we think, it's as a figment, a hand that can't write what isn't written. And having written so little with so little to write defies our condition: mass and vectoring doubt in each translucent broom with which we empty disease by inverting the cure.

*When the ice melts and stars are stairs, the swan will take the stairs*

Day 91: Counted the gaps in logic again, correlating false needs with free radicals rising from code of contractual entropy or factoid remnants of unreconciled here & there to render halo as fame or notoriety in lieu of self. (Fact check: True.)

Being fragments dividing fragments mitigating ritualized inclusion doubling in with out, the mind thinking (if it thinks nothing else) property was there before property is, numbers spreading concrete one screw at a time. (Fact check: True.)

Yielding uncoded linchpin accorded anacritic response animating wall with persons as Wall v. Wall, taking liberty with the social grid, leaving behind liberty for which there is no grid. (Fact check: False.)

Thus, we violate standards faster than the System lowers them. (Fact check: True.)

*One is in the other's way when the other has no way*

Words reek of resistance. Not meaning anything. Categories of [write], [wrote], [written]. They come out of nowhere and won't go back. Holes in unison with the handwritten part of us, a lucent hammer ringing a bell. Anything can happen in a hole. No horizon. No need to move. Just a mind making of utopia a reason to move. Where we raise hand, rock secured, target acquired. A new hole through which we epistemic nomads can fly.

We're not doomed to uncertainty. It's an equation we enact:  $n$  minus everything else equals thought. We write one thing but think another. A tactile scar in the frenzy of coincidence. It exacts from events a pioneer who, being full, leaves nothing with which to be empty. The notes are not the music. The words are not the art. We read and hear the rigor of the body as a limit within which the body is a body having no sense of what it isn't. We call it resolute, while having nothing to say says more than saying it ever would.

We embrace fragments because they're wormholes where thought curves and connects with the howling bones in us. To be the only one is not the one we need to be. Every word we write is amplified by the working brain straining toward a perfect world. Antics on an irreducible wave.

# IMOGEN CASSELS

Jude

after correction, after love's longer  
than the way, after wind moving  
the arboretum, we spoke beautifully  
about our joint condition:  
the resigned bliss of a resigned surface.  
The long left of me there, under the serious  
trees. Blue as a pigeon, or next year's boat  
that carries, but never holds.  
We are all just grafting for what we want;  
it is so easy to lose everything. So on.  
I swear there have been saints made for less.  
Smoke white and my happy body; the stone's scald,  
hot, rough and even. Or rare now, the dream  
of moving slipshod into the new life,  
tender still and seeking  
utterly without geography,  
hardly at all. As if.  
Spring's deep drift this.

## Winter song

Will you come and see me again before the world ends? After the end of history, or as we begin: with he who flees the city, crumble and brazier. A handful of goddesses.

You can have too many ghosts in one place. Picking among the salt I saw your picture and felt the framed sense of my own modernity, aware of myself as a body in the world. A winnowing fan. With half an eye to sorrow.

Anyway is that smudge my weather, the air sirens quarrying by the stream through the flooded park. How humiliating it is to love someone for who they are. How humiliating it is to be loved for who you are.

And the dumb sense that every love has the right to mean something, even mine. How glad to be for nothing, only joy waste by closing time and a little packing song.

Now you are clear of it, heading out in the direction of euphoria. Doors close. Rind of water hardens into frost.

## In the heart of the apple country

and even after that; when my brief hand  
took off the underside of a buzzard  
and the whistle of a fence-post  
as water  
rushing through some other pipe.  
With this frame of the arm so if speed  
could do nothing wrong. I barely slept through  
a jasper tree and the dreg of sandalwood.

The songbirds quarrelling in the dark  
were bolts for sacking, an irrelevant pain,  
then my thin heart glaring towards  
a serac, over the upper edge of chance.

## Wound care

about the auspices, I'm sorry,  
the dead plants clamming a sill,  
decked out in the palest of all simplicities—  
weak gold over down, and green  
flecking closed like a fist  
on empty air. any pronoun knows  
within a fold of glass hangs  
the whole world in miniature  
and shooting upwards, our  
long-sought replacement for the sky  
long-held. I would spell it out  
in lights; the possible range of a thing.

as for overwintering the rest,  
and life in silk and pepper's toile,  
its certain beauty in a lack for fit,  
the long grasp of a collar.  
no lithe accelerate—for ambiguity  
and likeness—I think I know  
it is important.

*figure* thy love  
more than wine or plasma's  
select joys. early iris in its hangdog  
drift, a series of concentric miracles,  
the end of the world on a hot day.  
all this we cannot have. the bright promise  
of tomorrow stepping from the sun  
trap of the orangery into dust  
and summer, easy as a good secret,  
out in the morning of forever



# DANNY HAYWARD

Dear danny, everything I make I want to fuck it up,  
no one eats the illiterate bake  
seabulk by the black wind, earning millions for that reap  
clearly the idiots  
replies you didn't heal them, not with this alcoholic  
wreck  
I see and sun and clouds, shitty and kitsch pattern confess  
Guardianista  
I didn't want, impression. life moves  
you ride through everything I do, the rain  
the ordinary meeting. everything  
The main arterial routes fuck and shit money like rain.  
shrinking like Honeywell and BASF and Shell.  
That is my anarchism clearly, hated Sheraton  
forest death in a vast meaningless engine of thought  
keep it simple.

Originals boyfriend hoodie stained with breast milk, come quick  
the gates are all rotten,  
A threshold burns and goes out.  
there are no more assumptions, no waste of freedom.  
only fingers on assholes in beds made from lice. the colourless stamen  
climbing upwards through the alien structures, Black beads for eyes

Don't think. There are no stars: dis-astra.  
The Voicenotes have all gone blue with distortion, Ghanaian drums.  
'The proud tradition of all who stood up and said no' can fuck itself.  
I walked down that tunnel  
I know Airmax Genomes give you cancer. Here I am,

it is the gates and the limitations themselves that are dead,  
I don't need a boundary to sustain me. I don't fuck with that absence.  
Let the dead people speak at the rally, 3.6 Fahrenheit.  
'When you do it, it becomes possible'  
I have lived w/out light and electricity. I have walked down that tunnel. here I am.

# JOEY FRANCES

clockin in

*after the afternoon zoom reading*

imagine what a monday could be  
in an unpunishing cycle  
to wake and do, and rest  
lovingly to renew ourselves

over & over, ebbing  
into action, not creaking  
out from the last endings'  
heavy shortness, reluctant

& still kinda stoned, but badly.  
for the moon, there are  
trite etymologies &  
misty verses there but

i mean just to figure  
dedication like, start it right  
with the vibey underside of  
getting shit done.

i'm too obsessed with the injunc  
tion to 'imagine' it's such  
a necessity so futile some days,  
or alone—but that's the condition

of collective creation near-realised  
anyway. it's a hangover  
from the first time i did mushrooms  
& we tried to will our visions

into more present realisation  
like, "imagine that", pointing.

so, some of us were skipping  
work—others, me

skipping my own wage  
on an hourly rate, not the  
pleasure of stolen time  
but—fuck time—pleasure unfocussed

we aged each other by our experiences  
of internet & audio technology  
over a specific decade or so  
when none of us really had to

do any work, or not that way  
maybe, in a different disciplin  
ary regime—nice to be under  
employed for an hour, but, fuck

imagine.

the hills  
still there on your off days  
still off on your on days, still  
days off, out on your hills there

me just pointing at cliches  
oh look that's very wrong

this one's not so bad  
the things are caught in another

net, leaving traces of  
use or material  
history closed systems glacial  
drift or what

ever  
the people you should despise  
are the ones with the money  
the rest is guff i'm  
abandoning other forms

of thematic centrality  
for a temporal system  
a poem's just what i find  
in my notebook since the last one

as precious as it is fucked  
living the world as i dream it  
that can't be the only tactic.

i don't want poetry to make me

feel better, i told a dear friend once  
i don't want it to turn me away  
from the hurt out here as it is  
what shit

there are different  
kinds of comfort  
& some of them  
are good

## takeaway night

this island  
                  's nowt but graves  
briars a splaying cypress  
          in the memories of  
          hermit monks

my contract's shitty  
no pay for summer

but i saw the sun set  
over ynys môn  
rabbits at the tip  
wind at the canopy

# ARKAN BARGHI

## Heaven

I would like to speak the unspoken words that are stuck in my throat like a heavy hatred. Perhaps these words are bitter and unfortunate, but they are a small piece of the pains that I carry within me.

(I'm Arkan, I'm 31 years old and I'm Iranian, but my heart is more than 310 years old.)

I am tired.

Tired of sleeping, waking up, thinking about life. After all these years I know that what I understand now hurts me.

I've spent 31 years of my life with “**why**” and “**how**”.

I'm tired of living a life of silence.

I might be far away from my country now but my body, my clothes and even my behavior still smell of tiredness and of cold and difficult words:

“**Why?**”

“**How?**”

I'm tired of a country whose people have fallen into a deep sleep.

Tired of a country whose people sold their honor for a piece of bread.

Tired of a life where you are not allowed to think.

Tired to believe that you are able to see when you are in fact **blind(ed)**.

To think you can hear when you are **deaf**(ened).

Tired to read and to learn but to remain **silence**(d).

Tired of countries whose people's cologne smells of anger, blood and hatred.

Tired of walking the streets whose walls are full of advertisements for the selling of organs.

It is as if you have to die a little every day in order to survive.

Tired of countries whose prisons are full of honorable and educated people because understanding is a crime.

Dignity is a crime.

Freedom and justice are unattainable dreams.

In fact, dreaming is a crime.

Asking for justice is a crime.

Where I come from, everything has a price.

How much is heaven?

How much humanity?

How much life?

How much love?

Perhaps the price of all of them is a few Arabic words that the leaders of government forcefully put in your sleeping mind.

Perhaps the heaven described by the leaders of government isn't a crime.

**How** Tired I am of the land that tells its children how to think, teaches them not to wish for anything.

**How** Painful it is to see a young man who sold his kidney for the cost of his sick child's hospitalization whilst a few alleys away, in the houses of the



people who have gone to Hajj, the most expensive food is served and people pray to go to heaven.

**How** Some people who rush to the mosque don't have time to see a hungry and helpless child, a homeless woman, a girl in need of help. They pass by, they hurry to get to worship their god sooner.

**Why** Is it said that if you worship your god you will go to heaven and drink wine with the angels but should you be expected to wish death for those that don't worship your god?

**How** Can it be a religion where if someone dies of starvation, a sheep is sacrificed for them so that God may forgive their sins?

**How** Is it a religion in which God considers humans a symbol of lust but promises them rewards of 70 women and men in heaven.

**How** Can it be a religion where you are not allowed to talk to God easily and ask him questions?

**Why** is it a religion whose god only understands one language?

This is all supposed to belong to one of the richest places in the world, and, according to its leaders, a place that God always helps.

But my question is,  
Where is heaven and hell?

Isn't heaven here, in the middle of humanity?

Is not *heaven* the same as human love and values?

Is not *heaven* the same as a smile that you put on someone's lips?

Isn't *heaven* when someone helps another without waiting for a recompense?

Isn't *heaven* when you accept everyone, even those who do not like you, even those who do not know you?

*Maybe then, heaven doesn't have to cost anything.*

# DAISY THOMAS

I was always chasing the tuck van

and the dirty girl inside, pulling blue raspberry slush forever.  
I patrolled the street with a water pistol, blasting thru open car windows.  
I didn't get pocket money, I knocked on doors  
demanding donations for the RSPCA.  
I put a knife in the toaster and it didn't hurt.  
When the lights turned back on my nana was shouting  
and it was Coco Pops in a mug for tea.  
Didn't you think we'd have nicknames by now?  
Like the ones my uncles have? Tweety like the bird, Crow like the bar.  
These days Sunday dinners are only for Sundays.  
Freedom isn't repping Avon. Our cat keeps getting older.  
It can't be my turn on the computer forever.  
This isn't the world our neighbour won a GMTV holiday in.

If I can deal so can you

On the walk to school we compared how long we leave conditioner in for,  
how much of it we use. *This much*, a circle on her palm.

*It's the only thing she still does*, I'm saying.

My mam calls out from the sofa, *Now! You can wash it off now!*

Caitlin still doesn't wash her own hair, her mam  
kneels down next to her with a beaker, saying *eyes closed*.

The thing about Caitlin is her parents are divorcing  
and she misses Geography once a week to talk about it.

On webcam I call Caitlin a big baby. Laughing emoticon.

In Spanish I'm grinning, giving her my bottle  
and asking if it tastes weird. *I'm trying to help*, I say  
but Caitlin doesn't look at me ever again.

Molly is the only one of us with a dining table

so there's always bread with dinner.  
Six of us can fit in her mam's car  
which means six of us go to Girl Guides.  
Molly is the only one with any badges  
because Molly is the only one who pays subs.  
We say we'll ask our parents but we don't.  
We only like to go in winter, when it's too cold for the park.  
We boil bags of cake batter and jam together  
or we pop kernels of corn over a candle.  
Molly is the only of us to go on the London trip.  
She said our unit sang songs with girls from Bristol  
on their first morning. When asked about their plans,  
they all had tickets to see Legally Blonde,  
but Molly and our unit kept on singing without us.

## justgirlythings

We've planted flowers on the windowsill for the first time  
and already they're covered in bugs. On the balcony  
I'm afraid the potatoes are growing wrong and  
everyone's different in their diagnosis. Of course  
I trust my grandmother above all. As usual  
we're asking what the helicopters are looking for.  
I like when the day ends with a fire and we don't put it out.  
When I wake up with a dry mouth and it's still burning.  
Danger doesn't change the colour of the sky.  
Sometimes it's bright as a package holiday and still  
we keep to our methods. Location switched on forever.  
Just one afternoon could keep me going. Bare legs  
on the grass, a super moon, all our rubbish in the same bag.

## Hen Farts

**POETS' HARDSHIP FUND FAMILY FUN DAY:** Saturday July 16<sup>th</sup> at the 56A Infoshop, London, SE17 3AH. 2.30-6pm. Readings etc. Bring cash. Selling our new book *ill pips* to raise a few quid to build the hardship fund back up.

Roy Claire Potter and Luke Roberts have books called *The Shooting of Aftershave Man* and *Act Natural* out with **Gong Farm**. Kashif Sharma-Patel's *relief I willed it* has also had a second run. Head to [gongfarm.cargo.site](http://gongfarm.cargo.site) for these and others.

Lily Greenham's reprinted *Tune in to Reality!* and Ali Graham's *Shade Song / Sea Dream* are available from **Distance No Object** (£8/£5 inc. P&P) at [distancenooobject.cargo.site](http://distancenooobject.cargo.site).

Get in touch with Joe Minden of **Minutes Press** (Instagram @jmoisnedpehn) to grab a copy of *Woodvale* by the Beam-Eye Babies. All profits to the PHF. May contain Geogg.

**Face Press** are selling limited editions of Timothy Thornton's *Nothing Worked* (including an original painting by Ian Heames) for £111 each, with all the money going to support the Poet's Hardship Fund. Contact them to arrange purchase. More info and books at [face-press.org](http://face-press.org).

**Run Amok** have put out a Bandcamp mixtape of readings from Peter Manson's Mallarmé, downloadable for 7 quid which will also go to the fund. Have a listen to Andy Spragg's *Remissed*, a five track EP on Bandcamp of Pusha T remixes and others, with money from the downloads also going to the PHF. See [runamokpress.com](http://runamokpress.com).

New poetry mag **Fatberg** (eds Verity Spott and James Burton) is sending any profits to the hardship fund: email [fatbergmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:fatbergmagazine@gmail.com) to arrange purchase or send poems.

**Sad Press** have recently published Kat Sinclair's *PLEASE PRESS*. Get it and loads more at [sadpresspoetry.com](http://sadpresspoetry.com).

