

*Keston Sutherland*

TORTURE LITE

Candied *faits divers* in frosted crackling, hurl myself  
myself-mud immaterially scoffing up my fig  
leaf face in a panto breakfast of hallucinations,  
eating e.g. the “organ failure” niceties, August 1st  
2002 *ex libris* U.S. Dept. of Justice, beneath it  
all desire of oblivion runs out and is indifferently replenished,  
or runs up another fine mess of print called nothing  
worse than a *bill* or a reminder notice, iambic,

—*then*,

smear that mud in an Oscars of libido-backed rash  
tutting also to be eaten, or eaten for,  
farcical parataxis on heat and / or low heat, taking care  
suck off my hands, grace to get it under the  
dumb eyelids and *commedia non scritta* in the stretching  
cheek torn up about all this crying

please no wait

Il Dottore I: The Sex Mishap

pillar of the human

arrangement II:

pleased

no / wait /

you that security is an indispensable pillar of  
salt-lick you can make anyone say anything  
the Blunkett-Clarke horse, a balaklava in your Yakult  
spine cooler, *listen to this chatter*—

- that men do not forfeit
- who claim that we hate
- if so,

the limit of honor in order to protect the freedom  
Välkommen till Svensk Energi! *den is a country of*  
endless possibilities. The classic defence is  
the ticking bomb scenario: the ticking box scenario  
comes *before* and *after*. Who do not sleep  
under your oppression and diol. The squirrel ornament  
is replaced: you remembered. And the helical  
duck lays back and thinks open its polyurethane fundament  
that makes foam guts spill on it and scratching a  
noise but why, but fuck, all that. Pressing the gas with  
her foot vanishes. They wrapped him in the flag  
of Israel

Spavento, Meo Squasquara  
XI: The Sex Is Right

an arrangement

we can come

to sure,

with strobe lights on

for him MC:

out his hair / or not

sing Albert for all your life sing the dolphins fairly  
mutter in their tank. Not without practising  
I don't. And if Sergio were Michael Levin? But  
he isn't in a bad state of permanent emergency.  
You know when you were a kid you would smack  
any person who pissed you off but you are now better off  
and it is that special time of year. In the ear  
soup some unthinking *fonctionnaire maudit* tips a shit  
load of L'Oréal, the foreign insurgent snorts up  
the shit-like incense of his own fanatical skin cooking,  
Larkin in the air, the net curtains nailed down.