

SPLAT



*SPLAT*, Sam Langer, Jeroen Nieuwland, Berlin, A Firm Nigh  
Holistic Press, 2015 - 2016, 17 pp.

- -Some of it read out at Berlin Camarade Poetry, held at  
Lettretage in Kreuzberg, Berlin on June 23rd 2015. This  
*Camarade poetry event* presented 16 new collaborations  
presented by pairs of poets. A second version of *Splat* was read  
at Charming Event, a Poetry Reading at Normal Bar, Berlin,  
17.10.2015.

[www.theenemiesproject.com/berlin](http://www.theenemiesproject.com/berlin)

[www.lettretage.de](http://www.lettretage.de)

With tips of the hat to Stephen j Fowler - [stevenjfowler.com](http://stevenjfowler.com) -  
and everyone

*The parties suddenly found themselves lying in open sea-shells, structured to their lengths and sizes, floating side-by-side on a tranquil waste of waters, feet foremost, heads pillowed, and eyes bent up skyward and northward. A lowered and murky sky appeared as a dun-coloured ceiling, of little height above them; and they were thoughtful, and in low tones they occasionally uttered weird thoughts on life*

- John Cunningham

*I asked you please to ~~eross~~ me off your list*

- Bob Dylan, "Abandoned Love"

*I don't believe the conditions that produced a situation that demanded a song like that*

- Nina Simone

*I like to stay home*

- R. Stevie Moore

*"Downhill," he preached on "downhill, seems like the only prospect, from now on, if all the boys are beefing-up while we keep on writing lists that may or may not rhyme, lists of things we find pretty, like the boys, or things we cannot find, like the reason to push"*

- Juan Diego Otero, "remote grammar"

windshield flat a generic insect & a nonexclusive vermin  
collide with the force of the width of an A4 paper  
onto a cabriolet's unforgiving front & only window  
we slouch on 2 stones of a circle, murmuring fake\$,  
forgotten or non-existent, mantras. The monks float, cartoon

ghost of a bright merry Disney Christmas  
past or future and pop, floatingly, out of our foreheads.  
*Forehead.* From now on, you will stumble across this world

within the first 100 pages of any & or every novel  
you casually, or ultra slowly & deliberately, pick up,  
peruse, close read, or deep fry; the point is, foreheads,

they're anywhere. infinite tiling of  
frontal, foredomed, rearview mirrors,  
or non-existent, mantras. The monks &  
monkeys float their lethargic dream pipe, holy

Channels exit our foreheads. In every novel, a forehead is. An  
archipelago of possible landscapes. This is the forehead, & why  
we are talking about it. As chains of aggrieved gladwrap spleens  
of echo unpack their sandwich sandwiches,

it is not your public flake rumpling  
when the sky steps aside, polite  
but following everyone

at home until their  
life dissolves

because the map keeps planning leFT-Out

parts under the city

where the color is

different or something else,

blinking ground-up death-dust

in a thumb-tack tray *Wer immer*

*an sich selber denkt / Wird irgendwann sehr einsam.*

are you eating slave prawns,

Books Make a Great Gift

if you can avoid it

we cross now to static, for more

The **ascetics** drape drab dapper new clothes.

down through tunnels of fire, into the blood caves.

their attention the simplest gift of joy, that's them.

& a mesmerised knot moves public-faced

on the cloudy ropes & a small cop.

but is only pretending to be of

something left in there.

Avoided is on the ground,

sooner than thought,

to be under the ground playing the chess  
with static, each truth. whose is the round surface?

none in the pants or stops, tao in all directions

except out, well. I continue to fight these jellies in the cold

triangle of the world. & in the circular world the jellies win, the

juices go speaking disengagement, but beyond them

the road where I stood will be scraped

still it all whets wrong, bloody well free as a piano,

though it will never get to feel on as far as Helium and the  
others know.

Time must  
bat & rush  
time must  
bulbous shine  
& crush,  
mirror on  
the tool-belt

lest we get away with groceries. In, particular,  
no. reversing. the doughnut. (at all)  
mess heavy

don't Begin

life: there's a stolen dog

There's 3 TV channels in her dystopian future ...

- [1.] Pigs
- [ii.] porn
- [3.] &
- [4.] 2 idiots on a stick

we were mean but / We meant to say go-kart    happy    luck  
you,  
someface else, considerate frontal lobe foreheads, just covering  
a manrat-mask with a stew of health  
polite and fenced engine            heavy-lidded pot crab

Suckling up to the day,    mess of timelines.            dawdling &  
exercising in the crap everywhere,  
the g.p.s. of your EUPD set to stun and vApe

upheaval of breathe, the  
world through watered lungs chapter one,  
but absolutely.. yes no, ok, stop, i mean, good.  
really get stuck into the good there.

*Vocalizes dreamily:* it was nice to have barely made you out in the  
mirk,

the cloud bashing. only 1 year every year  
sings like that. like a dog smiling at a tile  
from now on *you will stumble across this world.*

(& *no yeh can t* test that, it's already in the fukkin testtube  
you luminescent frog)

To come back ( ... oh? ja... ? the ritornello ... (!) )  
thru the centre of the city, thru the sensing of the city)  
our Bodies consist of other animals  
mishmashed, horrible scenes  
we, made of gore.  
just think gore; that's us

both of us are cars, we manipulate our controls  
with prehensile wheel-hands; ornamental hermits

Here in my car

Where the image breaks down

Will you visit me please

If I open my door

breezing toward a networking dolmen  
to be some what,

Spokescreatures of capital defend  
the hub from rims  
the chats are bald  
and pat and slice  
touched no one in  
the final except daze  
butter on the control

group uh branches to  
invent and drop always  
their leave on same  
spoke hole thru tent  
Why is the wireless  
this end

any more Where do you think you're going

*Wir-sind-alle-menschen!*

flood diagram at the other glowing

(& without exception, we, perfectly, get on)

inertial, riddled the blooms crumble  
worms digging placcy air turn it  
armour, mole-language, preacherly 5 tongue;

ssssssssssssssssseE€ö93<sup>1/2</sup>1<sup>1/2</sup>3<sup>1/4</sup>}]<sup>2</sup>

Given the existence as uttered forth in the public works of  
Puncher and Wattmann of a personal God quaquaquaqu  
with white beard quaquaquaqu outside time without  
extension who from the heights of divine apathia divine  
athambia divine aphasia loves us dearly with some  
exceptions for reasons unknown but time will tell and  
suffers like the divine Miranda with those who for reasons  
unknown but time will tell are plunged in torment plunged  
in fire whose fire flames if that continues and who can  
doubt it will fire the firmament that is to say blast hell to  
heaven so blue still and calm so calm with a calm which even  
though intermittent is better than nothing but not so fast

Dusk bonging past, Shelium spotted an M-16  
threatening the ornaments  
and took a beta blocker - hey daylight

nowhere right all over

° § € @ % & ? \*

the post-anthropocentric ~~FERMENT~~ of another  
zombie-calender tag rolls over one of us  
like the empty parts of water plated doonad

nearly silence

like the free cars there are in all waiting

+ the anaesthetised protagonist in all tiredness  
an abrupt muffling. blue light.

so cold, is the machine when you're alone  
cold the windows and street hold on  
a sealed blank envelope a sum

where the living wander the curved interior of the zeppelin  
perhaps one of the *übermensch*'s bladders  
like food down a body, the antibiotic bits of water

of all days that rose is to be hushed and eaten  
(& then) shredded by stranger wheels of crap  
social submarine echolocations

the compass in the SHtrudel's point, however  
taps inside devourment  
beyond satiety's sedimentary ottomans

in the back, BANGS the *lottery of life*, hips

rest at the stair's knob like a compost

the organised garden-party of the instincts is over there

with readouts and celebration so spontaneous the lymph  
goes round the corner to an otiose booming  
in human rentacar to give back soon,  
teeth intact,  
mark on a rim

*According to George Romero, film critics were influential in associating the term "Zombie" to his creatures & especially the French magazine "Les Cahiers du Cinéma". the trembling within all things.*

*you don't need to eat seafood to care how it's produced  
you could be sold seafood without an origin story*

**circles.**      the same fate.

UNFORTUNATELY,  
UNHAPPINESS  
is not happiness

Fortune    scavenger  
unhappiness ≠ Unhappiness

again there was something  
snapped in autumn  
*i was praying the pieces wouldn't fall onto me*

lotti says:

“and who says that the unconscious doesn’t ultimately suck”

&

“there’s a cat,  
it was born on the roof,  
& it’s not coming down  
it is refusing to come down”

to bracket the rest you’d need a big bracket  
parentheses a Euro per pop

I thought about never picking anything up again, but it would  
not work.

the universe is so stupid

it cleaned my windows and the floor

with me,

something down  
in my right lung-corner,  
called

# *BREF.*

it was the other day, meaning today.  
things, once made out of worms, can't dance anymore  
feeling colder and colder, glowing radiator in the dash  
i won't die in *this* body

it's not *my place*,  
+ I don't decide *who* comes around.  
a place basically  
infested with towels;  
(intestines 'n' towels)  
an unidentifiable  
green frothing muck  
a health hazard in bottles

make good sense on an ongoing basis.  
it's my packet.  
being regularly sense-able

like hell.  
maybe they went to vote...

shrugging

spiders' eyes twinkle in the piss

i live on the other side of the world,  
do not remember the last time  
i shrugged. climb deeply into  
comfort laps

To



Participants for this draw  
were randomly selected

Your

email address has subsequently  
won you 2,000,000.00 GBP

*(Two Million*

Great Britain Pound Sterling)

as one of the jackpot winner  
in this

draw. You have therefore  
won the entire winning sum  
of 2,000,000.00

GBP

*(Two Million Great Britain Pound Sterling).*

the power to digest earth, an advantage  
under inedible sky  
dinner  
dinner

On the Day of Conquest

nor will they be reprieved.

=====

and liquid under water

*remember when the scenery started fading?*

*satisfied? that's what I thought I'd be*

& grow, growth; grow a growth

/