



cutups 1-200

james hörner

cutup preface

but they create new contexts, and become new entities, this way.

fewer in th second set because th line lengths were defined by th rule that all cutups are between 6 and 10 lines long.

one through one hundred and one (first set) are original. each line was written as its own entity. lines were placed in a chosen order as i pulled them out of th hat, to assist them in making contexts - but these creative intrusions were few and i mostly went with th hurry of pulling them out as fast as possible. th lines reflect on each other in unexpected ways.

one hundred and one through to two hundred (second set) are a remixing of th first one hundred cutups. in th second set lines were not read before being placed down, so th contexts are even more unexpected.

written between dec 9, 1997 - mid-feb 1998.

untitled cutup.1.

turn off th lights and break th bulbs
ran to take a piss
early days of brain damage
eyes bulged to bursting
cleaning th floor with my mouth
blowing a balloon up your ass while you sleep
some shitty french music on th radio
spreading words as bad as social diseases
glue up my nostrils while i
seal my mouth shut

untitled cutup.2.

stood on his stomach till his bladder burst
fear that fucker will incriminate me
dancing with cockroaches in my mouth
green bananas solid as chewing gum
dropped in and threw pennies at you
spilt my mind
covered in flour and blood
bonjour madames et monsieurs

untitled cutup.3.

burnt my arm hair with a lighter & inhaled th fumes
curried lentils coming out of my nose
dried leaves stuck to th wall with sewing needles
shattered shards pierce my pupil
im blind in one eye but th other sees right through you
banging my head on th window when i see you in th street
as if to say 'fuck off'

untitled cutup.4.

palms pink from chaffing
yesterdays dishwater
put my head in th oven
after decapitating it they didnt have th heart to gut it
stick your tongue in an electrical socket
race for death by morning

untitled cutup.5.

give me your tongue
th eyes of my father and th heart of a leper
infiltrate th mind through stares
bleed into unconsciousness
too drunk to drink so i chipped my teeth instead
yes, but four bottles?
whispering your life story through a metal pipe
removed my moles with a razor blade
peel back th mock wood paneling to reveal its organs
tired of taking a crap every day

untitled cutup.6.

opened th phone book at random
charred papers hide their faces
bow to my partner and twirl
brand name tampons
feel th puke rise and meet th meal going down
guts running out from between fingers

untitled cutup.7.

alarm clock crying
radio buzzzzzzzz
pick out th transistors and put them on th street
unsure whether i was there or not
smile to th sounds of static
scald th hands before taking control of th situation
licked his finger and smelt th rotting saliva
hold on - theres burning fish in th oven

untitled cutup.8.

put my prick in th freezer to ease th pain
th doctor looked at me and laughed
cutting my scalp with staples
soldiers taking turns raping a horse
hanging pictures with nails in th air
arthritis, that prick, makes me drop th glass

untitled cutup.9.

missing lines lost many
landing on th ground not sure where i am
and then we ran through chest high grass
streams of blue drown out her voice
chewed fingernails hanging to th edge of skin
big toe torn tripped
shall i suggest my prognosis?
i spit on th spatula to coax dinner into not sticking

untitled cutup.10.

brains leaking out of my eye n into my mouth
spanking a pumpkin to shake it up a bit
making sense of what happened is impossible

clock ticking backwards
spill your guts
kneeling on a blue stool
please be patience, we are experiencing a backlog

untitled cutup.11.

white noise answering machine tapes
brain cells blink with empty eyes
broken wrist and memories for tomorrow
my hands were switched at birth with a black babies
hands bound
picking dried chunks of shit out of shoe soles
maggots look at me when i open th garbage bag
weather womans voice weaves into my dreams

untitled cutup.12.

so many different problems and now this
cutting vegetables
gasoline smells
throw darts with a blind man
good morning, sir
where have i been

untitled cutup.13.

swallowing ills
vomit rocks
feet flayed and nailed to th ceiling
dreams of madness and flagellation
sheep hanging by their ankles
where are you going?
nothing like a barbecue

untitled cutup. 14.

choices of uncertainty
peel off th protective coating
shove th pulp in your mouth
scream at th neighbors
doesnt count till you pass out
three cheers for th
ice cream farts

untitled cutup.15.

shots of bleach
puke out your nose
bleed it first

knock out th walls
roll up in a rug

smiles and breaks th spine of a book
to make his decisions

untitled cutup.16.

kill your television slowly
drank eyedrops by mistake

sixteen or seventeen (i cant remember any more)
pieces of skull sitting in my lap

made up memories
singe my ears with lies

untitled cutup.17.

turn a blind eye inwards to see your secret thoughts
negative numbers
tickled th spine with words
sweet acrid smell
half a bowl of rice
some days better
call th prime minister
i cant believe youd fall for such rubbish

untitled cutup.18.

gunk in my eye
not from age but from neglect
at an apple core

strip shows with a dish towel
th janitor of my soul was fired

drew me with soft pencils
for your amusement
forget me please

untitled cutup.19.

press it a bit further
(resist th resistors)
using th chicken as an orifice

hair falling out
bleeding gums from
intents and purposes
in th names of god

untitled cutup.20.

pull th knobs off one by one
phone cord was just too short
ripped out th wall

caucasian male age 57
eating my sons glue stick

cock fights led to nothing
look away

untitled cutup.21.

dry skin handjobs
my roots are red from being yanked at

crush a tomato
go for a nap

wet bread
accidental death

untitled cutup.22.

choke on it
loud alarm
sounds heard hollow
tear apart th quilt
silence th fridge
boycott my desires

untitled cutup.23.

illiterate lizards like lice
840,000 books aflame
running with scissors
stick these thoughts together
lock th doors, ignore th whores
he wished he had killed more english people

untitled cutup.24.

government agent gone mad
beware of what words you whisper
you are king leopold of th flea division
tack tack ting!
scavenger birds, inside out, peck themselves
just to pull it out

untitled cutup.25.

fuck my depression
you stupid son of a bitch
matter dissolves, save a roving eye

trip trang a ding a long bazoop
screaming fool in my trunk

theres no portraits in our house
memory preventative measures me

untitled cutup.26.

hello can i help you?
ages old trying to determine my needs
stagnant thoughts seep in through th months

peak out from th blinds at th world
out of service sign on its genitals
take it off th market!

untitled cutup.27.

showing her openness
placed my anger in a box
relax and let them show you
last nights tuna swimming in my toilet
buy some eyes and learn to cry
put a knife in th toaster and that was it

untitled cutup.28.

bones dissolve but no weight has been lost
ancestral rites practiced forever referring to one point in time long
past
eating your feet

a four year old president with 1500 year old policies
destroying reality to construct delusions

shed this dried out skin of today

untitled cutup.29.

what have you got?
a knock on th door
nail clippings in an envelope
hot wax in th ears for good behavior
spaghetti made with human hair

candour seems to be th only enemy
fueled by your ambivalence

untitled cutup.30.

slavic whispers promising
dust so fine youd go blind looking at it

this is my own personal point of view

blue sky compressing your happiness
nothing more than sub-human flotsam
decrepit fame perpetuated

untitled cutup.31.

come now, dont be bitter
good to see you
twist on th stick
dont use your telekinetic kung-fu on me
no income four teenagers ying
lame skull and crossbones carved into th dashboard

untitled cutup.32.

anger fills his heart with bile
what sort of judgments do you demand?
dream of dreaming
vacuuming broken glass from my fallen eye
no critical mass to th image bank

though youve gone, your black hairs matt th bathroom rug
lovers fall through th floor
biting your own ankles in anger

untitled cutup.33.

things are just as they never were
whats wrong with raw pork??
microwave my blood boiling

off white walls
not enough letters in th alphabet
tell me a phrase
record th recorder
enough already?

untitled cutup.34.

attack! send incendiary messages now!
grandmothers eating burnt dog food
not another holocaust

tinfoil shaving reflection
rectal mucus used as a post-lobotomy sedative
more shit to stuff in th storage room

no, blood hell, th gall-bladder isnt gullible
one must lie to get th truth

untitled cutup.35.

a handful of words
wriggle on a stick
foul feelings linger

christmas card envelope tongue paper-cut
of course i care
its been so long i cant remember
so many wasted words since th start of time

untitled cutup.36.

pun played with me as a child
sitting in th squeaky chair

leave well enough right where it is, jack
i cant stand th smell of confessionals

a coded codex proves impossible
phone to find out where you are

untitled cutup.37.

ohhhhh, so thats it
normal or bizarre rituals
cut around my dotted line

a group of adepts
seismic disruptions in th frontal lobe
got any phrases you want to share?
she waits for him to come home but he doesnt

untitled cutup.38.

bloated corpse of a critic
glasses slid to th end of th nose
oh no, snuff films are only a hobby

drink hot water
scalding tar enema performed by professionals
some rituals involving self-restraint

untitled cutup.39.

inter-galactic green
danish roll around th wrist
he plucks his gray hairs growing
tombs of words guarded with curses
achieve maximum velocity
dont play into
a pile of dead skin on black paper

untitled cutup.40.

chewing tobacco between his teeth
racing from one notebook to th next
a very poor understanding of cleaning agents
look closely at your liver
get your hands off my appendix
collapse of th mind control empire

untitled cutup.41.

watch what you say on th telephone
there should be more talking
aware of th process

oh yes, sure
vocal chords cannot be measured by mere metals

clinical test prove 9 out of 10 prefer
an empty bus lays on its side - tires spinning

untitled cutup.42.

two children buried on th homestead
coursing th ocean atop a television
dip my hands to steal from th wishing well
manifesto of clay
being in charge of
obedience penalized by talk of eternity
cross you legs, open your eyes
ive never met an iguana i didnt like

untitled cutup.43.

imagine a glass across th table
deep breath wets th window
civilities under interrogation
speaking to th worn out wool socks about truth
he kissed his cheek stubbled
tired of all this movement i am not

untitled cutup.44.

dance to mental melodies
hot pepper tears and ginger blues
apocalypse sky looks rather nifty

how quaint, shes a hopeless narcissist
masturbating with tropical fruits

theres really so little in th mind

untitled cutup.45.

holy socks
at another junction
dont want to turn into some kind of martyr

do you speak silence, th only true tongue?
different people
a difference of opinions

untitled cutup.46.

concrete frost melts under tires
bad luck scissors sound off black flies
my goodness, a pierced nipple!
a stronger prescription
oatmeal cookies molding from neglect
compile th pieces in th mirror

untitled cutup.47.

smiles reveal your nervousness
garbage bags full of what he used to be
equate my equitableness with equal weight
quality uncontrolled creation appropriate

she sleeps with her eyes clothes-pinned shut
all i see sometimes is dots
more ink than flesh

untitled cutup.48.

yesterdays enthusiasm now gone
dressed as a clown to sell flowers
anger at time
hissy fit fits handsomely
opiate dreams of clarity
lightening shredded bark exposes sap
"everything is empty"

untitled cutup.49.

acid from th orange juice burns th cuts
question th cuts that heal
tummy gurgles to dancing bears
count th fingers tickling belly-buttons
curfew police ask for our i.d.
nothing tastes better than goat brains

untitled cutup.50.

great, great
wind blown banners
born before clocks were set
look at a face

never stop writing out of fear
but its only a precautionary measure
im illiterate

untitled cutup.51.

does each thought stand on its own?

smoke stained walls
hru hru hrayng ohhp
you burnt dinner for fucks sake!

i thought we were going for coffee at two
thats what theyre paid for
everythings measured by quantity

laugh at yesterdays naivete

untitled cutup.52.

cork stopper crammed in my mouth
someone is watching your eyes following th words
cross pollination produces new strains
forty-three fingers living in th attic
banana peels in th rubbish heap where one once was
place myself in plastic hoping for permanence

untitled cutup.53.

bits and pieces paint a portrait
fuck leaves your lips a little too easily
someones not real, and it aint her

paper clips on my toes and fingers
cellophane around my heart
doctors set them on fire

make some coffee for me too, eh

untitled cutup.54.

sit in silence when words cease to sound
rubbish historians looking back through heaps
boil water for tea
beginning to get hunger pains
a pair of scissors keeps me company
spit in a bucket
quote un quote un quote un quote

untitled cutup.55.

why all this self-deprecation?
wheres my wallet
salute th flag, bloody well not likely
spittle from words well spent
five pints of water
dont be a stranger to his hatred

untitled cutup.56.

knock me down with dental floss
in countries around th world
fingernails grown to scratch backs
a broken rook
living in a culture of words
boiling water in a cracked pot
sewing you a blanket of badges forgotten

untitled cutup.57.

all new, with built in criticism!

shes been eyeing her up for weeks
cross-pollinating poisonous plants
th production of pencils is tantamount!

how does that phrase go?
i am afraid of th lies i havent told
god inherited through hypocrites

untitled cutup.58.

please remind me once again what happiness is
prison teaches you about freedom
macrobiotic ballet review
what th fuck, general, experiment on th soldiers
pretend to yawn, pull th sword out of my throat
th worst weapon will be sound-waves

untitled cutup.59.

years to come, years to go
lint stockpiles in th navel are feared

bloody yolk
bruised bananas

i try to avoid reason
evolutionary necessity

untitled cutup.60.

typewriter ribbon run dry
reflecting that
no agenda is th best agenda

whose instrument is th voice?
prying ideas from cracks in th floor
in th real arena

untitled cutup.61.

goddamnit doctor, i require th secret missing lactose enzyme
internally disorganized
th kangaroo secrets a sticky edible
desert scrub scrapes my leg
someone stole th stairs from th staircase!
avenge their deaths with a fiesta

untitled cutup.62.

words are my flesh
obsessed with not existing at all
habits arent broken, only avoided

with words coming out of his ears
rotting cheese in me stomach
pulled out th living heart for th gods
death as spectacle approved by city council

oars as toothpicks, boat as a cup
metal petals with blooms of rust
brass instruments can be dangerous to your health

untitled cutup.63.

what is a word that doesnt exist?
i am not a whore
ability stunted by fear
reminded of my loss

burnt bread crumbs
twelve bananas flayed alive!
redundancies reveal dances
how you would love to disappear
use th future to destroy th past

untitled cutup.64.

barn dance with th devils advocates
milk from a monkeys breast
my temper tries to think of a few good reasons
with pencils up my nose

have a seat
giant imagination dropped
a ticking talking time bomb

untitled cutup.65.

cutting th throat of my ego
hunger thoughts prevail
watch for broken glass in th dishwasher
and three parts poison
hand-tailored freedom
waiting for th phone to ring

untitled cutup.66.

circumcision is not something i remember
hung with shoelaces
playing fast and lose with my toes

eat your slop, shithead
your last meal still sticking to my fork
bid me to do their doings

street lamp goes out as i come near
a stiff dead mouse
terror substantiated by film

untitled cutup.67.

its been ages since ive seen a codpiece
comfortable ideologies well worn
spilt milk licked up by him
plucking nose hairs to preserve youth
ear wax th table top
forty-six years gone past
huh?

untitled cutup.68.

too many answers to too few questions
run into your reflection to become whole

th oven mitts need washing
got to go grocery shopping soon

th day they handed out uniforms
thrown with apathy
a bell tied to my neck
embarrassing himself

untitled cutup.69.

look at th tree of yesterdays lynchings
scratches on a table top
wipe my ass with roti for lunch
drown yourself in a glass of water
candles cooked to perfection
beggars drop dead from heartattacks
walking as to avoid th cracks

untitled cutup.70.

ten minutes every four hours
th baby is a mind control master
forcing a marriage that shouldnt work

hebrew words speak secrets
that particular option
drinking nosebleeds with my headache
i only care about what youre not thinking
dear robbers - please dont steal th oranges

untitled cutup.71.

its a mistake, i tell you, a mistake!
dentists tune transmitters in your mouth
exponents of a new religion
i peak from behind th letter y
pushed a pencil in my palm
how much does it hurt?
oh you son of a bitch

untitled cutup.72.

let me caber-toss you into tomorrow
give awards to those who have survived
when i spoke no english
an old man that isnt me
constant and sincere
cutting carrots missing fingers
how about puncture wounds

untitled cutup.73.

thumb your noses
smile and pretend you didnt see me

battery of th watch gone dead
absolute ring, ring to it

watch him washing windows
never wear dark blue with black

th plant shrivels and returns to th soil
dozens of papercuts cover my hands

untitled cutup.74.

chewing on wood for th flavour
bound to my chair by th page
when th fruit begins to ripen

ballroom donkey had one too many
shook shook shook
pen lid falls on my foot
broken black umbrella rests in th chair beside me
turn to speak but you have gone

untitled cutup.75.

wet your tongue with ink and drink th words
arrested for nothing more than holding paper
it blows th mind

a throat in my lump
horse shoes from another era
an empty roll of tape rolls across th table
what god dont you worship very well?

untitled cutup.76.

lucky him - a free gift
disgustingly practical
campaign of terror
chewing on your coldsore
ignore dreams for they speak truths
religion as an anti-depressant failed
trotted off
paper snowflakes thrown in th air

untitled cutup.77.

a deep and political person
taking transit
that moving film th train
wiping fingerprints from walls

somewhere theres a language for me
bowl of ink
times not mine to even waste

untitled cutup.78.

kind of blue but mostly red
clean th plates with brown bread
boycotts only shift th problem
base string ligaments broken
turn on all th lights
chaotic computations refute themselves

untitled cutup.79.

dance of th imprisoned to a forgotten tune
no one takes th lead
promises once broken now kept
a lot of real funny guys
suppress th lies from hiding th hideous truth
white light lamps leaving burnt shadows
poor plants almost given up th ghost
th avant-garde needs to eat too

untitled cutup.80.

art made by th minds of many
an act of celebration and defiance
spring into form into front i face
swings at me with her purse
go th fuck away
measure you tongue for prosperity

scribbles replace thoughts
children in th labour market
boiled feces
soiled wood shavings

untitled cutup.81.

all my pens are out of ink
bits of dinner on an open magazine
card houses for families of fifty
pinched nerves shudder with fright
when youre feeling blue paint yourself red
triumph of th tired

untitled cutup.82.

language law
scissors snipping th little letters loose
terrified at my loneliness
stop th depression of everyday life

we have all heard one phrase maestros
persuade your pressure points
broken finger fuck fails badly
a bottle of sex fluids
hurrah!

untitled cutup.83.

shut th gate release th hounds!
emptiness when you left home
leading dozens down an imaginary path
criminal behavior defined by two people
fake trees and fertilizer
a pocket knife for castrating
a faulty specimen
renew your vows for you have forgotten your duties

untitled cutup.84.

siblings say everything
th showerhead speaks to me
addicted to addiction
cockroaches run down th kitchen sink
so many holocausts cost so much
one word should illuminate us all
hindsight is laughable

untitled cutup.85.

plagued by possessions
th noose is gone but memories remain
twenty three pints of water today
havent read a book in years
whats th use
tossing words into a void

untitled cutup.86.

all that remained was stories
samples of speech
image after image after
cigarette burns scabbed over
tense neck
spent three years hammering th nail in

untitled cutup.87.

separate this reality forever
one long apple-peel
dropped a metaphor due to arthritis

nails not covered by paint
none on contents examined
built-in criticism

shimmering butchers block
mud puddle pants
enraged by my ignorance

untitled cutup.88.

why is it he isnt shut down
th pages are all glued together
absent from memory

ignore all colours and go straight for blue
flames lick th library clean
nothing left now

untitled cutup.89.

details about my marriage
could be dangerous if you smell it

part my scalp to show
screaming pleasantries

determined, like so many failures, to change things
breath in water and float away

untitled cutup.90.

a flag for my country of two
laugh at th emperors tiny cock
ignorance suits him well

pressured by our impatience
not for money

lungs leaking wispy breaths
car keys from th car he died in
th smell of peppermint tea
all that is dissolves into neither time nor space
death by self-induced blood loss

untitled cutup.91.

dont spill th boiled beans
i sat on a chair without a seat
reformatory rectal trauma
a stapler or some paper clips
face as red as a drunkards nose
dont call me a cunt you cocksucker

untitled cutup.92.

run!
someone else told me your secrets
his mandate was to eradicate reason
shattered silverware melted down
chicken eating caterpillars
pencils up my nose
swallow fragile bits of reality

untitled cutup.93.

shit, th garbage reeks
dust th blind(s)
exterminate th prophets
wank

fascinated by his grandmother
sent you a gift fifteen years past
black beetles on a green carpet
a carton of broken eggs
moral panic made irrelevant by time

untitled cutup.94.

once a week religion
purchase twenty copies for friends
you will get a big surprise
sorry for your loss

please just leave me alone
refuse to worship anything, anyone
prophecies dont mean shit
my squinting eyes
glittering ghosts of yesterdays youth

untitled cutup.95.

reach for a falling star and be obliterated
fall from th sky and bounce on your bum
parts of th past are missing
something to dip my bread into
now what was it i was thinking
closed eyes breathing thoughts
banging my head on cement

untitled cutup.96.

handful of pencil shavings
complacent place mats cut to pieces
place a hand on th element to see if its on
dislocated my sympathy
floss my teeth with public hair
pass me that, would you

untitled cutup.97.

what makes you think im talking about you
family farms
broken bus-stop
twenty three years ago
a world never more disconnected
all th citizens lived beside a well
hiding inside a snowman

untitled cutup.98.

parents complain though they abandoned him
plotting his own assassination
doing wheelies in his wheelchair

a half full glass of water
black hat places pressure on my ears
theres something growing on your feet

breathing
finally have a
gasoline induced brain cell death

untitled cutup.99.

idealistic view
th way i handle it
razor blades fall like snowflakes
under th southern influence
milk cow baby farts reek
finger full of peanut butter
musty fingertips
theories that happened
th sale of big dogs in small cages
breathing exhaust fumes

untitled cutup.100.

leaves blow against th curb
speaking down to god
conversational violence in my head
its cold, so very cold
unacceptable situation
coffee table teeth
uttering threats
i am th problem to your solution
its quite unlikely though

untitled cutup.101.

nothing worse than token laughter
jokes told hysterically
jump up and down weeping
how dare you accuse me
spanked for imaginary misdemeanors
someone steals th daylight
a linguistic massage might help th tenses

untitled cutup.102.

bits and pieces paint a portrait
smiles and breaks th spine of a book
not enough letters in th alphabet
banging my head on th window when i see you in th street
pick out th transistors and put them in th street
drinking nosebleeds in my headache
landing on th ground not sure where i am

untitled cutup.103.

tear apart th quilt
addicted to addiction
seismic disruptions in th frontal lobe
i peek from behind th letter y
its quite unlike me though
more shit to stuff in th storage room

untitled cutup.104.

run!
clean th plates with brown bread
could be dangerous if you smell it
but its only a precautionary measure
lock th doors, ignore th whores
dance of th imprisoned to a forgotten tune
biting your own ankles in anger
vocal chords cannot be measured by mere metals
turn a blind eye inwards to see your secret thoughts
conversational violence in my head

untitled cutup.105.

turn off th lights and break th bulbs
smile and pretend you didnt see me
turn to speak but you have gone
dont play into
guts running out from between fingers
pulled out th living heart for th gods
finger full of peanut butter
government agent gone mad

untitled cutup.106.

infiltrate th mind through stares
please remind me once again what happiness is
intergalactic green
yesterdays dishwater
th avant-garde needs to eat too
dont spill th boiled beans
place a hand on th element to see if its on
vomit rocks
acid from th orange juice burns th cuts
abilities stunted by fear

untitled cutup.107.

apocalypse sky looks rather nifty
a throat in my lump
lucky him - a free gift
dont want to turn into some kind of martyr
embarrassing himself
cross you legs, open your eyes
wiggle on a stick
ancestral rites practiced forever referring to one point in time long
past

untitled cutup.108.

why all this self-deprecation?
cleaning th floor with my mouth
idealistic view
shook shook shook
doing wheelies in his wheelchair
not for money
hru hru hrayng ohhhp
make some coffee for me too, eh

untitled cutup.109.

look at th tree of yesterdays lynchings
dozens of papercuts cover my hands
purchase twenty copies for friends
never wear dark blue with black
good morning, sir
some days better
put a knife in th toaster and that was it
spit in a bucket

untitled cutup.110.

obedience penalized by talk of eternity
scalding tar enema performed by professionals
a bottle of sex fluids
hand-tailored freedom
with words coming out of his ears
its cold, so very cold
dancing with cockroaches in my mouth
scald th hands before taking control of th situation
this is my own personal point of view

untitled cutup.111.

burnt my arm hair with a lighter and inhaled th fumes
samples of speech
forcing a marriage that shouldnt work
spilt milk licked up by him
more ink than flesh
though youve gone, your black hairs matt th bathroom rug
dust so fine youd go blind looking at it

untitled cutup.112.

making sense of what happened is impossible
two children buried on th homestead
question th cuts that heal
equate my equitableness with equal weight
car keys from th car he died in
he kissed his cheek stubbled

untitled cutup.113.

huh?
im blind in one eye but th other sees right through you
maggots look at me when i open th garbage bag
how youd love to disappear
finally have a
moral panic made irrelevant by time
chewing your coldsore

untitled cutup.114.

street lamp goes out as i come near
clock ticking backwards
persuade your pressure points
please be patient we are experiencing a backlog
licked his finger and smelt th rotting saliva
playing fast and loose with my toes
hebrew words speak secrets
tossing words into a void
spilt my mind

untitled cutup.115.

mud puddle pants
shall i suggest my prognosis?
shes been eyeing her up for weeks
an empty roll of tape rolls across th table
deep breath wets th windows
wet your tongue with ink and drink th words
roll up in a rug

untitled cutup.116.

renew your vows for you have forgotten your duties
grandmothers eating burnt dogfood
dropped in and threw pennies across th room at you
spaghetti made from human hair
forty-three fingers living in th attic
shattered silverware melted down
how much does it hurt?

untitled cutup.117.

th eyes of my father and th heart of a leper
screaming pleasantries
determined, like so many failures, to change things
tack tack ting!
lame skull and cross bones carved into th dashboard
a difference of opinions
words are my flesh

untitled cutup.118.

stick your tongue in an electrical outlet
broken black umbrella rests in th chair beside you
death as spectacle approved by city council
my hands were switched at birth with a black babies
oatmeal cookies molding from neglect
closed eyes breathing thoughts
whats wrong with raw pork??
when i spoke no english
one long apple-peel
strip show with a dish towel

untitled cutup.119.

slavic whispers promising
my temper tries to think of a few good reasons
eating your feet
pencils up my nose
how does that phrase go?
off-white walls
caucasian male age 57
sitting in th squeaky chair

untitled cutup.120.

cutting carrots missing fingers
dislocated my sympathy
pushed a pencil in my palm
now what was it i was thinking?
you stupid son of a bitch
milk cow baby farts reek
goddamnit doctor, i require th secret missing lactose enzyme
internally disorganized
bowl of ink

untitled cutup.121.

hot pepper tears and ginger blues
soiled wood shavings
choices of uncertainty
leave well enough right where it is, jack
bloody yolk
just to pull it out
where are you going
please just leave me alone

untitled cutup.122.

half a bowl of rice
come now, dont be bitter
oh yes, sure
screaming fool in my trunk
face as red as a drunkards nose
placed my anger in a box
i thought we were going for coffee at two

untitled cutup.123.

my squinting eyes
green bananas solid as chewing gum
beginning to get hunger pains
beggars drop dead from heart attacks
covered in flour and blood
a showerhead speaks to me
count th fingers tickling belly buttons
doctors set them on fire

untitled cutup.124.

not another holocaust
hot wax in ears for good behavior
hung with shoe laces
clinical tests prove nine out of ten prefer
quality uncontrolled creation appropriate
in th real arena
fueled by your ambivalence
th kangaroo secretes a sticky edible

untitled cutup.125.

and three parts poison
criminal behavior defined by two people
beware of what words you whisper
one must lie to get th truth
my goodness, a pierced nipple!
no income for teenagers ying
does each thought stand on its own?
i cant believe youd fall for such rubbish

untitled cutup.126.

no, bloody hell, th gallbladder isnt gullible
cross pollination produces new strains
wind blown banners
smoke stained walls
five pints of water
musty fingertips
a broken rook
someone is watching your eyes following th words

untitled cutup.127.

big toe torn tripped
sent you a gift fifteen years past
shots of bleach
waiting for th phone to ring
reformatory rectal trauma
oh you son of a bitch
look away

untitled cutup.128.

crushed tomato
thats what theyre paid for
stop th depression of everyday life
and then we ran through chest high grass
blowing a balloon up your ass while you sleep
sixteen or seventeen i cant remember anymore
laugh at th emperors tiny cock
spring into form in front i face
bass string ligaments broken

untitled cutup.129.

opiate dreams of clarity
measure your tongue for posterity
complacent place mats cut to pieces
soldiers taking turns raping a horse
paper clips on my toes and fingers
plotting his own assassination
how dare you accuse me

untitled cutup.130.

so many wasted words since th start of time
singd my ears with lies
metal petals with blooms of rust
bad luck scissors sound off black flies
after decapitating it they didnt have th heart to gut it
bleed it first

untitled cutup.131.

dreams of madness and flagellation
breathe in water and float away
oars as toothpicks, boat as a cup
lovers fall through th floor
comfortable ideologies well worn
all that remained was stories

untitled cutup.132.

some ritual involving self-restraint
wipe my ass with roti for lunch
spanked for imaginary misdemeanors
peel back th mock wood paneling to reveal its organs
look closely at your liver
how quaint, shes a hopeless narcissist
convinced of th emptiness

untitled cutup.133.

manifesto of clay
dressed as a clown to sell flowers
uttering threats
got any phrases you want to share?
made up memories
cutting my scalp with staples
times not mine to even waste

untitled cutup.134.

why is it he isnt shut down
bloated corpse of a critic
pen lid falls on my foot
circumcision is not something i remember
fingernails grown to scratch backs
im afraid of th lies i havent told
christmas card envelope tongue paper-cut
terrified at my loneliness
cut around my dotted line

untitled cutup.135.

different people
ignore all colours and go straight for blue
wiping fingerprints from walls
dont use your telekinetic kung-fu on me
holy socks
lint stockpiles in th navel are feared
disgustingly practical

untitled cutup.136.

of course i care
watch him washing windows
th oven mitts need washing
curried lentils coming out of my nose
image after image after image
prying ideas from cracks in th floor
watch for broken glass in th dishwasher
reflecting that

untitled cutup.137.

things are just as they never were
illiterate lizards like lice
speaking down to god
whispering your life story through a metal pipe
imagine a glass across th table
card houses for families of fifty
out of service sign on its genitals
stick these thoughts together
brains leaking out of my eye n into my mouth
sorry for your loss

untitled cutup.138.

boil water for tea
burnt bread crumbs
gasoline smells
microwave my blood boiling
a 4 year old president with 1500 year old policies
take it off th market!

untitled cutup.139.

rectal mucus used as a post-lobotomy sedative
a very poor understanding of cleaning agents
twelve bananas flayed alive!
that moving film th train
religion as an anti-depressant has failed
never stop writing out of fear
it blows th mind

untitled cutup.140.

banana peels in th rubbish heap where one once was
drew me with soft pencils
brain cells blink with empty eyes
when th fruit begins to ripen
plagued by possessions
give me your tongue
what sort of judgments do you demand?

untitled cutup.141.

all i see sometimes is dots
language law
thumb your noses
ignorance suits him well
thrown with apathy
arthritis that prick makes me drop th glass
scissors snipping th letters loose
shove th pulp in your mouth

untitled cutup.142.

what have you got?
intensive purposes
shit, th garbage reeks
breathing exhaust fumes
an old man that isnt me
dont call me a cunt you cocksucker
leading dozens down an imaginary path
a pair of scissors keep me company

untitled cutup.143.

bleed into unconsciousness
hiding inside a snowman
use th future to destroy th past
my roots are red from being yanked at
civilities under interrogation
dipped my hand to steal from th wishing well
some shitty french music on th radio
kind of blue but mostly red
put my head in th oven
a knock on th door

untitled cutup.144.

th worst weapon will be sound waves
dance to mental melodies
all new, with built in criticism!
she waits for him to come home but he doesnt
something to dip my bread into
using th chicken as an orifice

untitled cutup.145.

vacuuming broken glass from my fallen eye
so many holocausts cost so much
gasoline induced brain cell death
swings at me with her purse
as if to say 'fuck off'
we have all heard one phrase maestros

untitled cutup.146.

throw darts with a blind man
sewing you a blanket of badges forgotten
when youre feeling blue paint yourself red
curfew police ask for our i.d.
ran to take a piss
too many answers to too few questions
trip trang a ding a long bazoop

untitled cutup.147.

aware of th process
being in charge of
cutting vegetables
record th recorder
scream at th neighbors
drown yourself in a glass of water
run into your reflection to become whole

untitled cutup.148.

cock fights led to nothing
habits arent broken, only avoided
relax and let them show you
racing from one notebook to th next
tummy gurgles to dancing bears
alarm clock crying
knock me down with dental floss
cellophane around my heart
hanging pictures with nails in th air

untitled cutup.149.

dream of dreaming
a flag for my country of two
silence th fridge
spent three years hammering th nail in
razor blades fall like snow flakes
enough already?

untitled cutup.150.

you are king leopold of th flea division
running with scissors
its a mistake, i tell you, a mistake!
theories that happened
last nights tuna swimming in my toilet
chewing tobacco between his teeth
battery of th watch gone dead

untitled cutup.151.

somewhere theres a language for me
eating my sons glue stick
race for death by morning
theres no portraits in our house
promises once broken now kept
th plant shrivels and returns to th soil

untitled cutup.152.

arrested for nothing more than holding paper
that particular option
i am th problem to your solution
feel th puke rise and meet th meal going down
hair falling out
rubbish historians looking back through heaps
chewed fingernails hanging to th edge of skin
parts of th past are missing
breathing

untitled cutup.153.

a linguistic massage to help th tenses
coffee table teeth
forty-six years gone past
ten minutes every four hours
a ticking talking time bomb
th doctor looked at me and laughed

untitled cutup.154.

i cant stand th smell of confessionals
nothing like a barbecue
i spit on th spatula to coax dinner into not sticking
do you speak silence, th only true tongue?
none on contents examined
cross pollinating poisonous plants
give awards to those who have survived

untitled cutup.155.

fascinated by his grandmother
speaking to worn out wool socks about truth
pun played with me as a child
hindsight is laughable
charred papers hide their faces
tickled th spine with words
under th southern influence
palms pink from chaffing
sounds heard hollow

untitled cutup.156.

paper snow flakes thrown in th air
masturbating with tropical fruits
living in a culture of words
swallow fragile bits of reality
bow to my partner and twirl
i only care about what youre not thinking

untitled cutup.157.

th production of pencils is tantamount!
i sit on a chair without a seat
once a week religion
an act of celebration and defiance
a coded codex proves impossible
i am not a whore
nothing worse than token laughter

untitled cutup.158.

normal or bizarre rituals
jump up and down weeping
pressured by our impatience
black hat places pressure on my ears
redundancies revealed dances
have a seat
destroying reality to construct delusions

untitled cutup.159.

god inherited through hypocrites
fuck leaves your lips a little too easily
press it a bit further
with pencils up my nose
collapse of th mind control empire
all that is dissolves into neither time nor space
no critical mass to th image bank
coursing th ocean atop a television

untitled cutup.160.

good to see you
smile to th sounds of static
fears that fucker will incriminate me
th pages are all glued together
anger fills his heart with bile
his mandate was eradicate reason

untitled cutup.161.

a stapler or sum paper clips
watch what you say on th telephone
peek out from th blinds at th world
tense neck
giant imagination dropped
flames lick th library clean

untitled cutup.162.

poor plants almost given up th ghost
concrete frost melts under tires
spreading words as bad as social diseases
whose instrument is th voice?
th noose is gone but memories remain
salute th flag, bloody well not likely
scratches on a table top
bid me to do their doings
wheres my wallet
what is a word that doesnt exist?

untitled cutup.163.

glasses slid to th end of th nose
danish roll around th wrist
shimmering butchers block
leaves blow against th curb
th smell of peppermint tea
too drunk to drink so i chipped my teeth instead
nothing left now
ive never met an iguana i didnt like

untitled cutup.164.

its been so long i cant remember
barn dance with th devils advocates
brass instruments can be dangerous to your health
campaign of terror
buy some eyes and learn to cry
ballroom donkey had one too many
scribbles replace thoughts
compile th pieces in th mirror

untitled cutup.165.

someones not real, and it aint her
picking dried chunks of shit out of shoe soles
i try to avoid reason
someone stole th stairs from th staircase!
children in th labour market
a stiff dead mouse

untitled cutup.166.

boycotts only shift th problem
tombs of words guarded with curves
how about puncture wounds
all th citizens lived beside a well
your last meal still sticking to my fork
he plucks his gray hairs growing

untitled cutup.167.

white light lamps leaving burnt shadows
peel off th protective coating
bruised bananas
shut th gates! release th hounds!
spanking a pumpkin to shake it up a bit
hurrah!

untitled cutup.168.

pretend to yawn, pull th sword out of my throat
eyes bulged to bursting
details about my marriage
at another juncture
a faulty specimen
a pile of dead skin on black paper
pass me that, would you

untitled cutup.169.

840,000 books aflame
horseshoes from another era
siblings say everything
feet flayed and nailed to th ceiling
seal my mouth shut
dust th blind(s)
floss my teeth with pubic hair
phone to find out where you are

untitled cutup.170.

bonjour madames et monsieurs
a half full glass of water
he wished he had killed more english people
prison teaches you about freedom
matter dissolves, save a roving eye
enraged by my ignorance

untitled cutup.171.

tired of all this movement i am not
theres really so little in th mind
attack! send incendiary messages now!
shattered shards pierce my pupil
pieces of skull sitting in my lap
removed my moles with a razor blade
someone steals th daylight
white noise answering machine tapes

untitled cutup.172.

so many different problems and now this
hello can i help you?
ripped out th wall
emptiness when you left home
great, great
pinched nerves shudder with fright
one word should illuminate us all

untitled cutup.173.

sit in silence when words cease to sound
stagnant thoughts seep in through th months
weather womans voice weaves into my dreams
hold on- theres burning fish in th oven
theres something growing on your feet
shed this dried out skin of today

untitled cutup.174.

glue up my nostrils while i
drank eyedrops by mistake
garbage bags full of what he used to be
family forms
achieve maximum velocity
fuck my depression
kneeling on a blue stool
forget me please

untitled cutup.175.

smiles reveal your nervousness
im illiterate
unsure whether i was there or not
nothing more than sub-human flotsam
get your hands off my appendix
twist on th spit
early days of brain damage

untitled cutup.176.

boycott my desires
cutting th throat of my ego
parents complaining though they abandoned him
anger at time
evolutionary necessity
phone cord was just too short

untitled cutup.177.

years to come, years to go
no one takes th lead
ice cream farts
go for a nap
a stronger prescription
wank
broken finger fuck fails badly

untitled cutup.178.

she sleeps with her eyes clothes pinned shut
got to go grocery shopping soon
death by self-induced blood loss
a deeply political person
spill your guts
blue sky compressing your happiness
banging my head on cement

untitled cutup.179.

a group of adepts
a carton of broken eggs
what th fuck, general, experiment on th soldiers
tired of taking a crap every day
dried leaves stuck to th walls with sewing needles
macrobiotic ballet review
look at a face

untitled cutup.180.

prophesies dont mean shit
whats th use
kill your television slowly
boiled feces
nail clippings in an envelope
jokes told hysterically
oh no, snuff films are only a hobby

untitled cutup.181.

drink hot water
typewriter ribbon run dry
ohhhhh, so thats it
opened th phone book at random
walking as to avoid th cracks
glittering ghosts of yesterdays youth
rotting cheese in me stomach
th baby is a mind control master

untitled cutup.182.

terror substantiated by film
call th prime minister
swallowing ills
plucking nose hairs to preserve youth
bound to my chair by th page
broken wrist and memories for tomorrow

untitled cutup.183.

refuse to worship anything, anyone
where have i been
radio bzzzzzzzz
twenty three years ago
accidental death
not from age but neglect

untitled cutup.184.

th janitor of my soul was fired
negative numbers
earwax th tabletop
a lot of real funny guys
hands bound
to make his decisions
(resist th resistors)

untitled cutup.185.

"everything is empty"
hunger thoughts prevail
unacceptable situation
boiling water in a cracked pot
obsessed with not existing at all
what god dont you worship very well?
fake trees and fertilizer
chicken eating caterpillars
a pocketknife for castrating

untitled cutup.186.

triumph of th tired
stood on his stomach still his bladder burst
exterminate th prophets
all my pens are out of ink
chewing on wood for th flavour
decrepit fame perpetuated
place myself in plastic hoping for permanence

untitled cutup.187.

wet bread
nothing tastes better than goat brains
constant and sincere
tell me a phrase
brand name tampons
dentists tune transmitters in your mouth
dear robbers- please dont steal th oranges

untitled cutup.188.

nails not covered by paint
cockroaches run down th kitchen sink
pull th knobs off one by one
exponents of a new religion
born before clocks were set
suppress th lies from hiding th hideous truth
three cheers for th

untitled cutup.189.

th way i handle it
ages old trying to determine my needs
you burnt dinner for fucks sake!
absolute ring, ring to it
scavenger birds, inside out, peck themselves
in th names of god
yesterdays enthusiasm now gone

untitled cutup.190.

havent read a book in years
handful of pencil shavings
what makes you think im talking about you?
no agenda is th best agenda
laugh at yesterdays naivete
turn on all th lights
lungs leaking wispy breaths

untitled cutup.191.

part my scalp to show
tinfoil shaving reflection
streams of blue drown out her voice
23 pints of water today
for your amusement
go th fuck away

untitled cutup.192.

candles cooked to perfection
bits of dinner on an open magazine
cigarette burns scabbed over
its been ages since ive seen a codpiece
hissy fit fits handsomely
built in criticism
avenge their deaths with a fiesta
chaotic computations refute themselves

untitled cutup.193.

dry skin handjob
puke out your nose
broken bus stop
showing her openness
spittle from words well spent
reach for a falling star and be obliterated

untitled cutup.194.

doesnt count till you pass out
th day they handed out uniforms
there should be more talking
cork stopper crammed in my mouth
quote un quote un quote un quote
choke on it
absent from memory

untitled cutup.195.

someone else told me your secrets
taking transit
desert scrubs scrapes my leg
sweet acrid smell
let me caber toss you into tomorrow
knock out th walls

untitled cutup.196.

you will get a big surprise
separate this reality forever
milk from a monkeys breast
foul feelings linger
a world never more disconnected
dont be a stranger to his hatred

untitled cutup.197.

th sale of big dogs in small cages
loud alarm
reminded me of my loss
in countries around th world
black beetles on a green carpet
a handful of words

untitled cutup.198.

a bell tied to my neck
dropped a metaphor due to arthritis
bleeding gums from
gunk in my eye
lightening shredded bark exposes sap
an empty bus lays on its side- tires spinning

untitled cutup.199.

memory preventative measures me
missing lines lost many
at an apple core
art made by th minds of many
eat your slop shithead
candour seems to be th only enemy

untitled cutup.200.

sheep hanging by their ankles
fall from th sky and bounce on your bum
bones dissolve but no weight has been lost
trotted off
yes, but four bottles?
everythings measured by quantity