

VILLBOARD

Artificial-LIFE©
guides the savage
gently chronic
gossipcolumns
through concrete
forest LINKS &
b i z a r r e
c o u n t r y s i d e
t h e W e s t
Ern suburbs weirdly

L O S T

houses follow
each other round
while I'm in

P A R I S
ringed by a

freakish halo

the democratic
element of a
some where people

favourite this

idea has GIVEN me

a rogue adventure

policy I THINK

therefore I contain

d a r k d r a m a

i'm waiting for
the shops to re
apply to the circus

with at least

a notion of theatre
& to i dunno

s u p p l y

antarctic beverages
for some eight
hundred-thousand

o t h e r

roped-in punters
so that we can

s q u a t

on red velvet

lounging it's a

diamond-studded

morning in Sydney's
didgeridoo industry

London in mind like

a b r o k e n

s i d e w a l k for

s k y w a l k e r s

but we're not shops!
we're sumptuous

c h o p s

displaying our
s e l v e s

& our kitsch

in galleries for the
stylish imps of

commercial

d i s t r i c t s

even NOW as
t o d a y ' s

a stranger

strange

that he couldn't
under stand

the uppers & lower
his level to the

apocalyptic

THOUGHT I could
judge the depth

of the **CITY**: its
c o l u m n s

the hallways the

coppers in heli-

copters & the

staircases to **nO**

where all my far

fetched **escape**

b r i d g e s

Plato out at
fifteen-thousand

f e e t

the steel **ART**

& **ARC** of the

Apple© Senate's
dome irresponsible

for the monstrous

l a m p

we dig beneath
arm in sequence

D I G

for blue cloth
parts of the sea

primitive hail

any of the SAID great
artworks of nature

that might somehow
s o m e d a y

g i v e

the orderly buildings

the enclosed
courty aardvarks &
the dactyl terraces
give the fat
s q u a r e s
& the drunken
drivellers
give them all the
shivers
make the Bra Boys
p a l e
for commissioning
their flunkeys in
the northern suburbs
to never paint their
own nature
what colour?
Twenty
t i m e s
more vast
I'm a local
exhibition
c h i l l i n g
in the Hamps & dis

t a s t e f u l l y
restoring marvels of the
c l a s s i c a l
monkey world
but with this e
t e r n a l
SNOW
on the ground
reflecting a stubbornly
bright sky
I'm becoming
m a t t
m y p e r c e p t i v e
m o d e r n
b a r b a r i s m
today hugely
outshone by the
glint of imperial
bogeymen sitting in
the official
A c r o p o l i s
their sycophantic
b r i l l i a n c e
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