



Beir Bua

Press

Superpositions

by

Michael Sutton

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**for those unwilling
or unable**

Superpositions

Michael Sutton

Non-Apollonian Hope for a Better World

eyes in the soil waiting for a shoot to sprout

I force myself to read
your obituary

of earth nevering & nevering

keep the branches parted

keep the slugs at bay
space haunts the absence

appearing in old photographs
in old domains (I look up the trunk)

symbol by symbol the leap year appears

hyperstitial

lip syncing four second video year of the contaminated bat
(not expecting a pine)

piledriver eyes in the soil Persephone or bust

(I look up the trunk not expecting a pine)

three men enter the words:

ONLY ONE EMERGES

I aim for the roots

the multitudes splat on the cuff of my shoe

a tooth in my neck

(it was a

Civic Elegy with Incidental Music

a city with a cloud round its throat, staticky sickness
tendering labelled segments of brain

I dine like pigeons
on evacuated hours-old latex sap
picking the skin off my sagging
third- & three-quarter lip
sapodilla tree-shaded situlas brim animal fat
five- & ten-pound notes

I rootle like a pig
through my box of memorabilia
tear stained ticket stubs, mirrored heliographs
eight hour views through windows
wings to the platitudes of old televisions
myth-sick, guttered, haunted by a gossip of the self

Approximations

cornered in a corner shop. trace the scars of
objects. covet blessings. skin for disguise.
working sketch. pebbles for breakfast. shin
splints. naked. faces. never the same. same
shattered afternoons sobbing cyber inundation.
point being. exit earthworks. crumble under
legs. giraffic. skinnyfat. machinic disease. your
voice kills my ears. I hate you in a vacant space.
heuristic half resolution. first false dusk of the
century. seeping all I see. all I fancy yes framed
where laced changed no yellow arduous breath-
bound. must you for the sake of. sensation.

I need softness. fagends in a latex glove.
tightness in the night sky neck. enough of non-
organic exit & he. so sweet. unresponsive to
pain. noise in the morning. yes. on my face.
dirty washing in my eye. end of fast. eat the
pavement. branches stab me in the ear. I need to
drop a penny on the floor. hold my bag of
breath. let me live in the blur of your world.
gummy white sleep in angles of eye. slept night
in chinese restaurant. epicurean ulcer & inside
out shoe. fallacy. stabbed by an acne-scarred
anaesthetist. her needle a gnomon.

But What About the Dream States of Anemones


shadows in the clearing, screams in the index, so used blind / gap
so used to anti-spin of morning repulsive naked wasted breath,
the slash plays a role, touch-punctuation, best to fancam bts 18+
2020 animal crossing quarantine epstein pattern myths, feel rain
suckle feast compendiums, necks, ankles, not there yet

still follow brickwork itzy bts switch comeback kpop follow trick
horny netflix the narcissus feasts on the moth orchard feasts on
black grass damp soil mouths duophobiable, this is that word
beginning with elite nct dom sub nsfw porn beginning with no
amount of animated mountain views whatever is Havana some,
something for heaven


I left it to the very least metaquarium atlas, alas I find the generator
sponsored by British Water representing your best interests to
stakeholders, hourly posting pictures of estuaries remember
inventing that word estuarial being gain mutuals rt like au gc
promo sugar bg daddy distraught it already appears here, here,
here, and here

babyleakedreveal all things considered not one for conspiracies
but, but what about the socially distanced family portrait blood
streaming from acoustic luxury of boredom, fuck this cave if I ever
get out of here bernie aug ccock loona tiktok whereof one cannot
speak thereof, never coming back

superpositions: towards a postrealist poetics | part one

I used to think if you accept which I do
the foundations  necessarily
fragile could never be

overcome by said

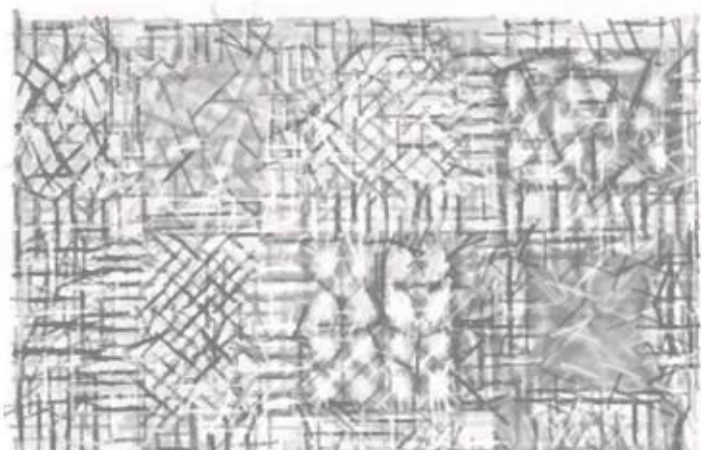
 but then

realism is an attempt to portray the world as it emerges to a piriform cortex capable of scenting over 1,000,000,000,000 odours

but when it happens (it's happening)
that reasoning goes out—

but what happens when



[illegible]

your magnified eye

the witness retreats

wailing to her cave

abomination!

“

”

I

the science-fiction writer Philip K. Dick was convinced he was connected to alternate realities and that many of his stories were composed largely of 'memories' extracted from these *places*

this is what here ok thank you
very much I think it'll take me a
week to get there like it wasn't
like I thought it was gonna be at
all you can go out and you'll be
happening I spent a lot of time
with Marlene Dietrich but it was
very pleasurable to say the least

so when we experience omnidistortion open curtained
wind ow twitch our reasoning flown't

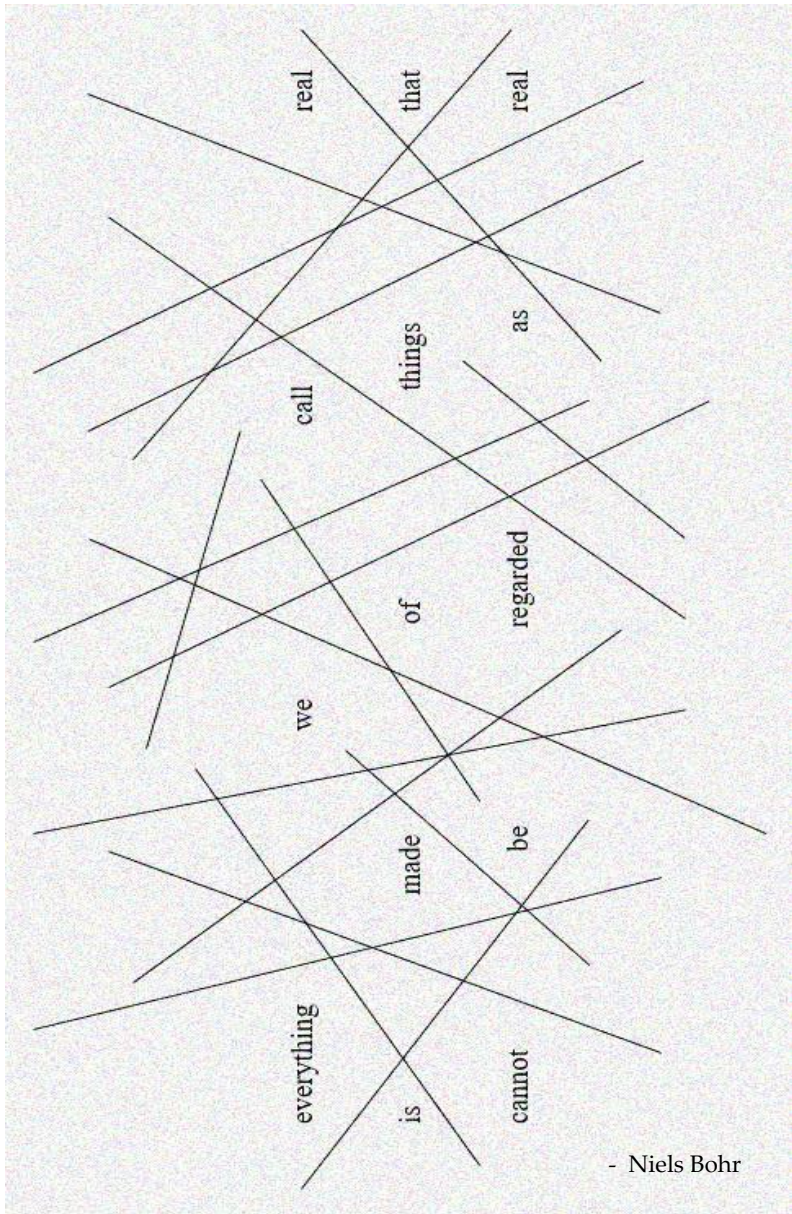
the mouth of a cave
a frame for burning houses
flesh folds, troves, all black all
shifting incessan't

it depends what you mean by motion but
or there is no distortion fracturing whatever

rather a realist interpretation of matter

vis-à-vis

(jiggling)



everything

is

made

be

we

of

regarded

call

things

as

real

that

real

- Niels Bohr

Two-Faced Janis of the Now-Defunct Reactionary Chatroom

at least we stand superiorly over our past selves
remember that burning tower

early zeros sung through soggy flower mouth
spoke everything in semi-public ether
it was different back then, click twice on the title
ENTER nomad armies quoting Janis Christ

shell for fervour, I heard
she used to freelance at the Office for Budget Responsibility
sacked for asking the in-house philosopher
what happened to your mouth

raised by a dial tone in neopurgatory, ash of chandu
scarred dogs barked at a lineage of martyrs
Qui Jin, Emily Davison, women knights

of mirror lakes, I heard
she reads the book aloud, feels the exigency in every word
she took on the mantle, sleeveless shawl
worn by women, her curser hovered over us
she had to click DELETE

Song for a Based Carbon Lifeform

wordforms float from a last-century postbox, I, in my avoidant disorder, refrain from fondling lampposts, remember : volts of shadows : in my skin : tooth of the dog : who pulled my hair : rabbit carcass, liver, heart & lungs : the odd & startling beauty of the cleverest girl in school shivering in the dampness of her socks, remember : her in her monotone bemoaning the magic-gloved hand, allergic to paper, her name was a wave, put paid to a folie à deux, the black magic-

gloves, teeth-frayed tips, grasped for the only true nowhere

remember : a coloured-in night, there was lipstick, mushrooms growing in the car park, perfume of raspberries, though none were in sight : the handsome psychopathic doctor led the way : *man, I miss the desert*, he said : American melancholy : petal head : discoid & radiate : we saw the leader of the City Council dragging our child-selves through the cemetery by a warp and weft of their hair, later I cooked a pink wax cap & ghost cheese risotto with (my excuse for) adrenochrome dressing

my blood orange punch is extremely a vibe

you declined

I want to carry you into my mouth

our lust is either physical or psychic, yet both

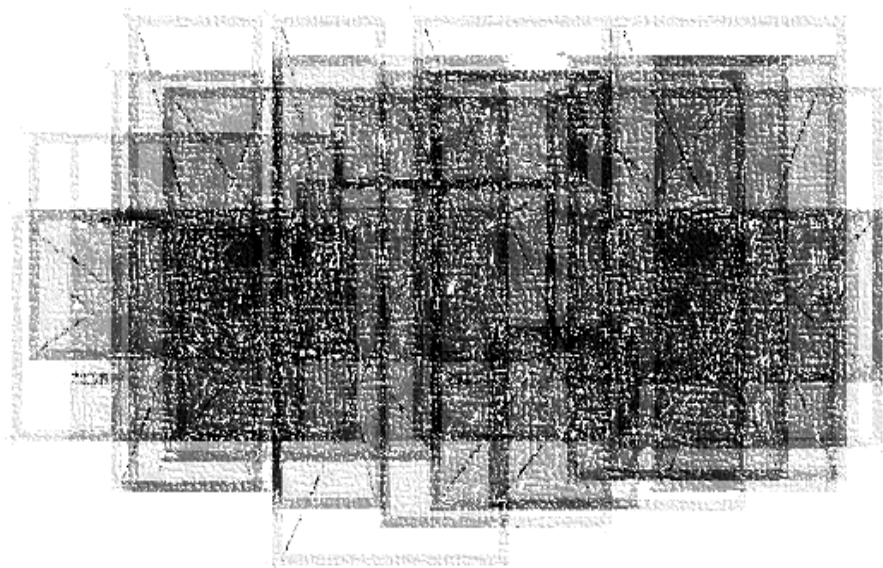
but somehow neither

remember: you softened my skin with DIY moisturiser : milk,
flower, a dash of tobacco : none of that melted camel-head stuff
from the hypermart : the circle searches for corrections : ○ :
remember: dog walkers, joggers, supermarket shoppers :
rusted street sign where the wall was painted black : quiet
horror morning where the hypergraph rewrote itself : brute
fact morning in our eveningwear, listening for the crack,
remember : you buffered my skin : *I can see me in your skin*,
you said, smiling back at your reflection

I Know When God Rejoices

heavy on the beach
a wintry sunblade to nourish the wound
secrets shared lourie fæcal seniorita
my motor sputters full throated
bright blue in the velodrome I know
nine of the dead are children
sounds among lorries & cement
in the fine powdery blur
I wind this tape around a cone
I tuck this needle in my flesh
with what is said & what is heard
so pull the other end between your legs
the English smalltalk sounds like prayer
when god rejoices for yeah
have a good weekend hope it stays
like this fingers crossed
stale breath blah blah Erskineville
all you can eat when god rejoices
I know when god rejoices
for yeah see you Monday
I love you I love you I know

superpositions: towards a postrealist poetics | part two



the layers

layers layers

respectability politik

visual-lingu

spermia of layers

layers layers

*. . . and with the greatness of your liberal spirit, could you pay
me those two thousand Scudi, which I, with the evil of my luck,
did not receive here in Venice. . .*

Titian shows his layers; the forced, resentful deference of artist-as-capitalist attempting to retrieve a sum. The payments he'd been receiving for a commission of six paintings had suddenly ceased. His patron, the immensely powerful Prince Philip of Spain, was not the kind of buyer who could be threatened with civil action. Titian's only option was to send obsequious letter after obsequious letter imploring Prince Phillip for the money he was owed. The artworks in question are some of the most renowned ever painted, a series Titian christened *poésie* (French for 'poetry'). The artist chose snapshot scenes from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* to interpret, creating image from language, *poetry* from poetry. The essence of poetry certainly lingers in the layers of paint. A remarkably (para)realistic poetry. The works may depict fantastical scenarios featuring gods and sea monsters, but beneath the metaphorical truths of mythology lie the vital, graspable truths inherent to human existence; cruelty, love, foolhardiness, violence, shame, all intrinsically linked to the source code of sexual desire.



What happens when you peel back the layers? What happens when the text is not a grovelling invoice, but *poésie* itself? How do we access that subcutaneous tissue? Is it a case of adding or subtracting? The quantum mechanics pioneer Paul Dirac (described by Niels Bohr as having the 'purest soul' in physics) states: 'In science one tries to tell people, in such a way as to be understood by everyone, something that no one ever knew before. But in poetry, it's the exact opposite.' Dirac, perhaps clouded by his scientific mind, seems to have some misconceptions about poetry. Your essayist would contest that a) there is very little 'telling' in poetry, and b) there *are* things — truths — revealed in poetry which 'no one ever knew before'; they are not quantifiable scientific truths, but rather metaphorical truths, such as those revealed by Ovid. Or why not the personal/political truths of Frank O'Hara? It could be the simplest thing in the world. I never knew the addressee of 'Having a Coke with You' moved

‘so beautifully’

$$\left(\beta mc^2 + c\sum_{n=1}^3\alpha_n p_n\right)\psi(x,t) = i\hbar\frac{\partial\psi(x,t)}{\partial t}$$

Waterworks

the root of all evil & the sad young man in the train, runt of the litter, wears white lipstick, listens to the skin of others, heads to the W/C, chews his toothbrush, smiles to seal: a disassociation, scribbles on his forearm: *mask as fashion statement?* in search of intuition every artist is a child

silent, a cow moans through glassgrime, mammoth daisies bow, he smells the root-rot through the soil, through the window, he appears to the cow like a moth suspended in amber, now past the depots of soulful corporations, who according to their personhood strive for autolysis, of course we must repatriate their bodies from Bermuda

calls his psychiatrist-interrogator, leaves a message: *have you heard about their policy on inflatables, they just use those fat babies from propaganda posters*, through him I burrow a pinhole, towards the flowerglow he swallowed, on his way to work, spurning civic duty, he never learned to ride a bike

monitors his 20th century website where he solicits 20% of his clients, finds himself in the embarrassing position of being a citizen of the United Kingdom, screams aloud: *I could really go for one of those John Lewis beetroot & Himalayan salt sourdough flatbreads which ended up in Home & Bargain because they taste like sand*, no one spares him a glance

I Have Known and Loved

someone was pregnant
in my dream, I carried the three
arrived at a junction, wet grass
thumping somewhere distant, sea air
somewhere, billboards blank, naked
with my clothes on, no fun, catatonic
on a more compassionate timeline
serious note, jumbled phone screen stuff
can you come in at four, how did I get here
laughing on a lay-by or whatever this is, a GIF
of fishnet negligéed Paris Hilton wishing
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

don't you dare, she possesses
the vice of vapidty, she poses
no threat to hegemonic structures by which I after all
define my sexual? identity, I mean, after all
hundreds of thousands of children die of diarrhoea every year
that's for granted

no I will not embarrass myself on this lay-by
or whatever this is
& run the risk of a second public indecency offence
carrying a minimum eighteen month sentence
& there you are my wonderful seabirds
all for the crime of loving myself & later on
explaining to the child

this isn't actually me
it's more of a character I play
in the context of our relationship

Inconsiderable Things

said the crisis counsellor, all diseases make you better, clockwise or counter, untangle these rainclouds, we could put the words *what we refer to as* before all-we-refer-to & still be corrupted mid news of the generous decision to cut daily fees for thimbles of lather, I saw an Afghan armed with prayer beads, the last words he heard: *do you want me to drop this cunt, do you want me to drop this cunt*, unlike The Swan the executioner still serving, water turned to wormwood, still serving (what we refer to as) his country, still water, we sell logs every Sunday eleven till four (not anymore), let me tell you, some months earlier the rain was eating houses whole, a miner died, his widow was stripped of the surname, now, still dodging droplets, maskless, gloveless, risking everything for Spear & Jackson sanding blocks, Kleenex, gardening gloves, workman's socks, Loreal long-lasting hair dye (Ravishing Red), Always InstantDry sanitary towels, salvia seeds, tinned fruit, toothbrush, one-a-day hayfever relief & my friend Ben says the purpose of the structure is to prevent you from acknowledging the uncomfortable underlying truth of life: you either consume or produce, but these aren't mutually exclusive, correction *offer low-interest loans for thimbles of lather, such is the Christlike path of Our Sublime Leader, such are the masks of this initiation ritual, fare thee well green & pleasant land for now I am to die, so I put on my mask, stroll the isolate earth, blend bicameral mind to witness & speak to fossils of clocks, do you even know how hard it is to find good yacht varnish these days, slaloming through entities, molecules shrug & eyes imposition, sack, cloth & ashes, actuarial, non-falsifiable bliss, they didn't take the bins again

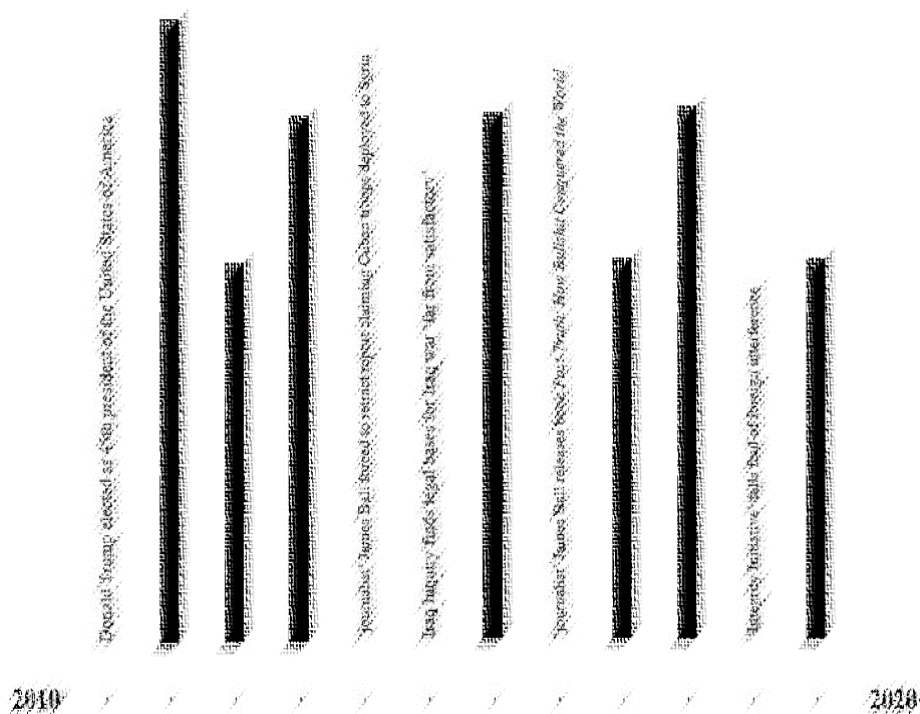
Somnilogos Spatialisation Operation 14-43

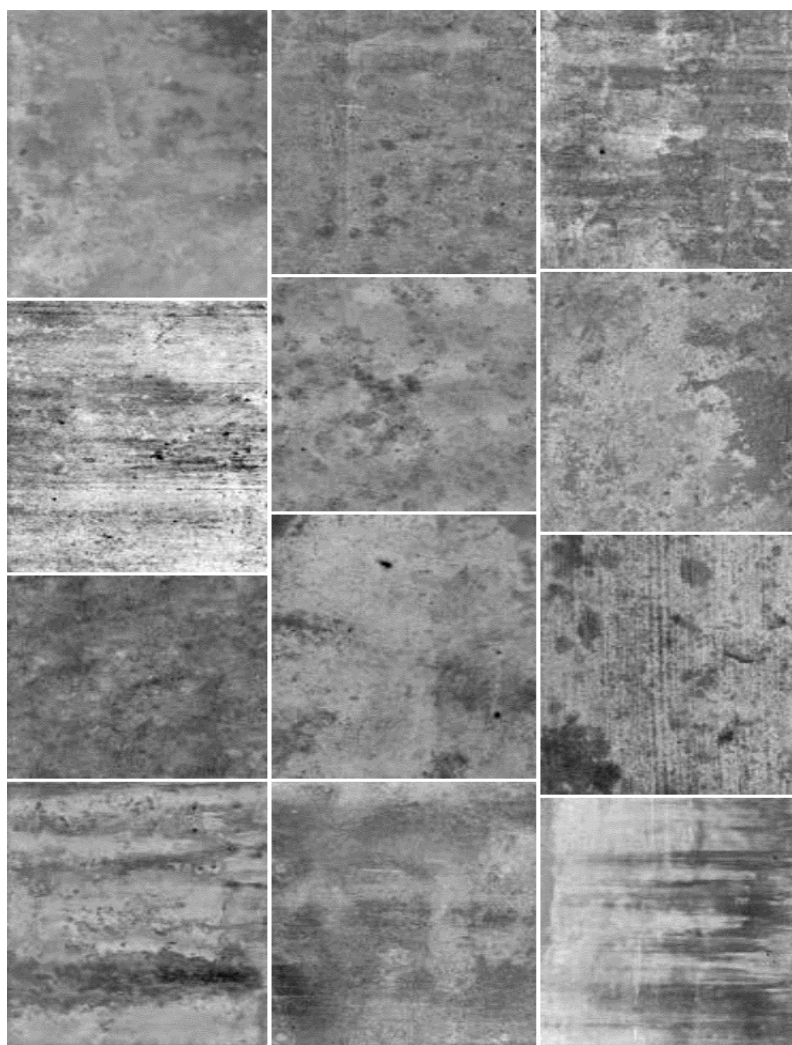
red around the edges
when a red slash of light
snips the wire, you had to be there
we learned out the hard way
not to play with sticks
particularly the match variety
that where you get your name, Eve
is that what you mean? a white Eve?
to climb a chain of thirteen stairs
future prospects : putrid frostbite
today, the birthday of one who is
opposite, a pale shadow-she, but
once the hummingbirds have flown
and all the leaves have turned
vainglorious, flames petering
losing charge, sour seconds pass
—from #55, Summer 2001 (download
audio) up the road, a symbiosis
carried by the host
as tree-green in the gutter water
so sickly, what more to say
several sufferers of ringworm
converge on the ashes
(I hate it when I see all this blood
on my hands & in the air)
what have we here, so despairing
keep waking up to do it all
still some insouciant flames
whispering at the back of the class

we leave feeling

again, see

a post-truth political timeline of the decade





Consumed by concreteness, concrescences of evidence. What is a language? Is this a question worth answering? How many atoms in a larynx? Is this a question worth answering? Is this a question worth answering? Is this a question worth answering? Is this a question. . .

double vision = 2 chandeliers : 1 gold + 1 silver (I see in infranomics)
I sorta see why they make good fuckpuppets for jellyfish (just curious)
as always god = ubiqui BASS ~ homograph . . . or was it x / quiet the
people : unsteady axis + skeletonpe (. . .) of warm pepsi cola : she
is the duchess & heirlooms & rum + 120mg of (that > a serious
error occurred / errant brutalia : selfdelete x gesture - motion = (I think
like yeah) stuttering s ~ the seed . . . decline + ditchdig = 6000
years later < keep going (read nothing) turbulence : in the vortex of a
wing (. . .) storyless (in all seriousness though) teratornithidae

realism is an attempt to portray the world as it emerges to a visual cortex capable of perceiving 0.0035% of the visible light spectrum

which I do you I used to think

but then could never be

fragile

What I was sensing was the manifold of partially actualised realities lying tangent to what evidently is the most actualised one, the one which the majority of us by consensus gentium agree on.

– Philip K. Dick

That Feeling When Something Then Nothing

welcome, are you worried
about the literalness of the nipple
 the birds are dead
I was always too young
for the choir of dead birds
 welcome, are you thirsting
they stole our water, sold it back
privatised chemical taste
 long-term mutations
just as we should be
our highest in the sky
 we have set
just landscape, unjust landscape
bone winter country
 we wash our hair with butter
feet in the rusty trees shade
ebullient bird Lazari
 no sun for wallweeds, a healing
quintessence
let me walk you out, no, honestly
 were you wearing a coat

Come to Light

I thought it was a living thing

I always overestimate motion

I let it alone

always look so soft there

in your burrow, thigh hair

unshaken by the quake

I thought it was a daddy longlegs

toying with its capture, I thought

it was anonymous

I tried the words, live rounds

between my gums, I thought

it was the reincarnation of Enkidu

I thought it was a black cloud of bacteria, I thought

it was my doppelgänger

all is drawn towards the light

even smaller proportions of light

drawn towards larger proportions of light, I thought

it was a seabed dweller

I thought it was a small but deadly

South American treefrog, I thought

the green ant (*insect sounds twenty seconds*)

the green ant particularly is drawn towards the light, I thought

it was a baleful stranger, I thought

it was the pulsating epitome of doubt, I thought

it was something

happening on the molecular level, but

it was a)

I let it alone

I always overestimate motion

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