

PROPERTY OF THE WORKERS
CONSTANT STATE OF INTOXICATION
FIRE WORK SPARKS WERE
SCATTERED
THROUGH THE MISTS.

FESTIVE PUBLICATIONS
170 N. San Fernando Rd
Los Angeles, CA 90031

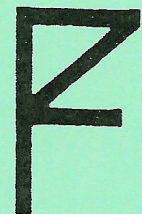
AND THE LIGHT WAS FILLED WITH
SMOKE

HALF NAKED CREWS BURNED THE
BILLS

AND THE WILLS
AND THE PERFECTION OF THEIR
BAD NEWS

STIRS MY ANGELS TO LIFE AGAIN

FROM DEEP PITS,
THE EMPTY SPACE AROSE
IN THEIR POCKETS



THESE RAGS,
THROW THEM TO THE WINDS!

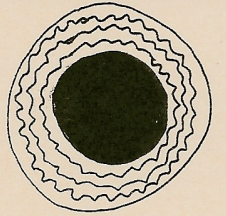
The group is alive with influences
renewing itself again and again with necklaces
of disease and inscription

auras inside auras
of flies leave neon sheets
of xeroxed information on the skin
new edits unlocking
precious fever
the sleepless texts bending
bodies to the alphabet
as they strut
and slap hands together

In the marketplace of white chalk
everything talks
there is flooding
and reeds are growing
hollowed out books float on the water
carrying drugs
candles and blades
across the border
handfuls of punctuation tangled in our hair



FESTIVE PUBLICATIONS
170 N. San Fernando Rd
Los Angeles, CA 90031



W

hen you're paying a lot of attention
to other people's trash

When you're
going through it

When you're *SEEING PILES OF TRASH ON THE GROUND EVERYWHERE YOU GO*

~~and finding exactly the things in them that you need~~

When you're picking trash up off the ground constantly and
putting it in your pockets

and backpack

holding it in your hands

and taking it inside of your house,

Then

Everything that touches the ground starts to look like trash

Something you have found

Something you can take

Everything that touches the ground
starts to feel free

FESTIVE PUBLICATIONS
170 N. San Fernando Rd.
Los Angeles, CA

Drink the spirits that circle around you
Drink the spirits that howl from the holes
that surround you
and adorn you with reflections
of a sky that quivers
at a breath
and keeps a chain of rocks hidden in its depths

Throw yourself!
into these stars to drink
the spirits that sing to make the sun sink
Throw yourself down into these still moats
again
to chug the spirits that fill the boats

An overflowing cup holds the whole world

UP



FESTIVE PUBLICATIONS
170 N. San Fernando Rd.
Los Angeles, CA

FREE

N

ever getting paid for our music

we turned to crime

which was a lot more fun
and had a beat of its own *

that people would clap along to

lighters raised to the sky
long after we had left the building

in a puff of smoke



Even our victims couldn't resist this beat. Though I don't know if victim is the right word, since all the employees of the places we visited seemed more than happy to share with us. For a while we called ourselves The Consumers.

N

FESTIVE PUBLICATIONS
170 N. San Fernando Rd.
Los Angeles, CA

"Just dirty enough to say
We don't care"
Them, *The Story of Them*

Animal footsteps above us fade to silence
or change into writing
absorbed by the soil pressed to our eyes
and filling our ears
like the hands of a crowd
holding upon us
holding us overhead
holding up the soles of our feet as we descend
to where the sun goes
when the flowers close
around the fly
and the sky sleeps.
On flies' wings then
we journey into the earth
carrying radios on our shoulders
playing static
we dance to it
to find our way through the dirt
doing the worm between bones wrapped in roots
listening to the stones we keep in our boots
chips of flint between each toe caress
our special hells.
In pressure of coal we become prism
swallowed by serpent
rainbow venom coursing through an alphabet uncoiling
crazy spellings as the old letter is shed
dust with no wind to be in
and crumbles
leaf shine
nor light to make gold
down the spine
or separate the figure from the field.
All is pigment and all is pulp
freshly published
in the heat of the heap
of dung and peel
and shroom and dream
down feathers
and mud in the tooth
raindrop and demon
and seed sewn
in bone grin.
A kernel of corn sinks slowly
with swallowed splinters and thorns
pushing down through the beds of rock
music tablature and damp funny pages'
word bubbles
ages of pressing dumps break the news
through the coops
ink prints without fingers
settle on the fibers
and the fates begin to hum
a tune on Yorick's motley threads.
Everything is growing dreads
the brewing vines
the fallen weaves of race and slime braided flora we are pushed through
casings to gain shape and style of gait
flying or falling
around in this steaming bazaar
or crawling
of ale and cakes
taking the stairs where there aren't any
we are
the shadows of the clowns in the parade
walking upside down to put on our make up
which is just the world we will carry
on us when we emerge
(carrots and onions
for earrings)

NE NWL 2008 11/11 1
NE NWL 2008 11/11 2
NE NWL 2008 11/11 3
NE NWL 2008 11/11 4
NE NWL 2008 11/11 5
NE NWL 2008 11/11 6

Washed up on the white beaches
of styrofoam island
margarita hangover in the wreckage
wrinkled fingers dry out like cigarettes in the sun
that surrounds us.
Blinded by waves with no horizon
we get up slowly
and all of our hair stands on end
static energy draws the foam sand up onto our skin
magnetic fields of packing peanuts
cover our faces and half naked bodies
with a natural layer of padding and camouflage.
We have reached the land of leaping ground
sympathetic globes' unsound
gravity and foam squeal
with each footstep we feel
we may fly into the sky
to cling to the leg of something larger.
(Are we those things that have been thrown away?
Are we what held what was kept?
Or are we those things that have not been opened yet
have not been used?
contents
in the shapes of their packaging
under pressure and shook up
and waiting to be released by unseen hands?
Are we
inside a cooler?)
We push onward and come to a rootless forest
thousands of crooked branches stuck into the ground
broken mops, dried palms, cloth flowers and 2 by 4s
hockey sticks, plastic ferns, car antennas, water skis
street signs, table legs, canes and reed pipes
rakes, fluorescent light bulbs, feather dusters, rainsticks
and tons of pencils.
It is beginning to get dark
but the sparks from our steps keep us together.
Somewhere a toucan calls out
and the smell of human excrement warns us
that danger may be near.

To be continued...