



{LG}

WRECKER

Bodytalk

Today I am a home wrecker
a soft rash on heat.

Repel or calcify - I dare you.

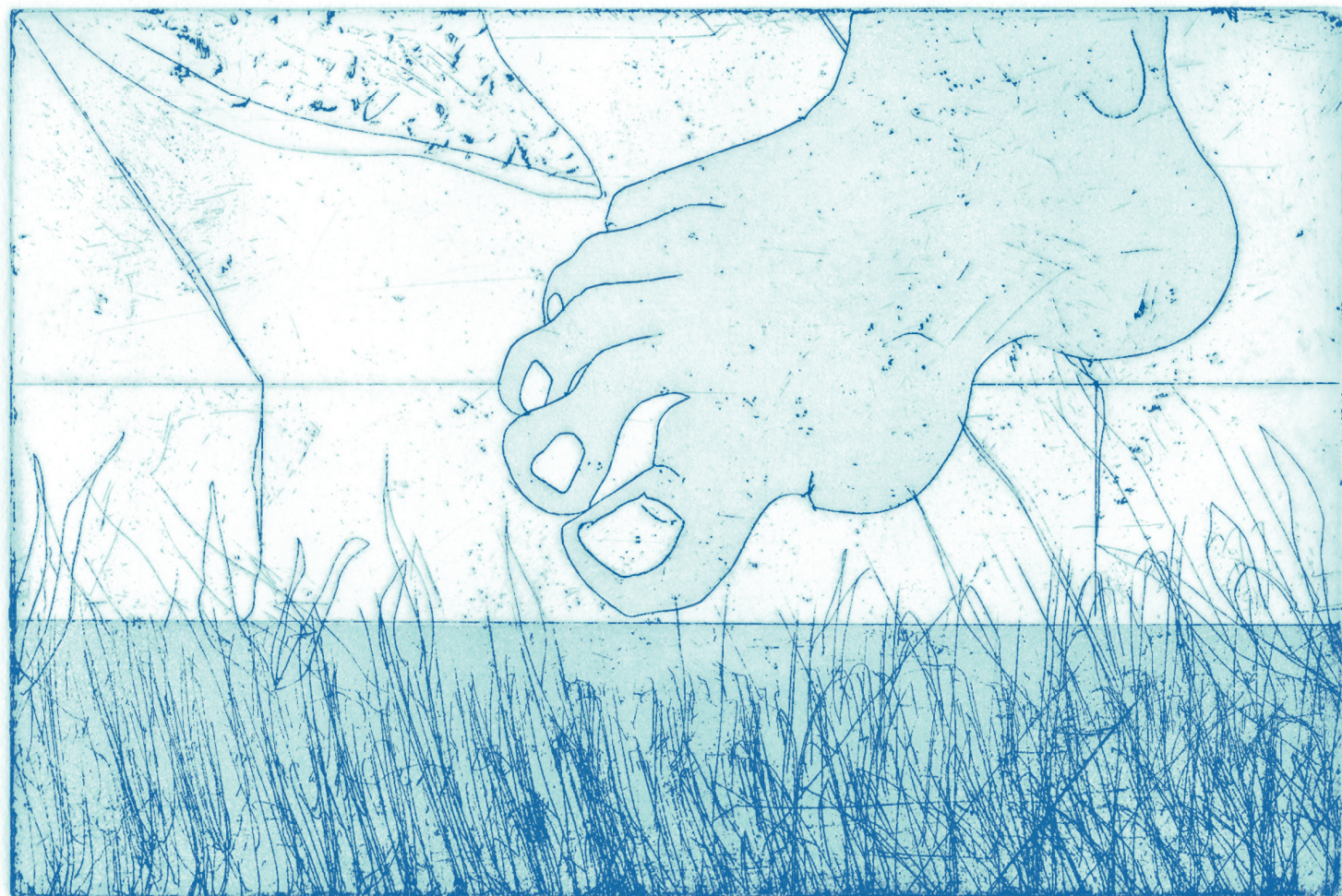
Today I am in the mood for
anorexia,
my fish supper wrapped in a jury
citation.

Apparently this^ mood is called
'parasitic rage'

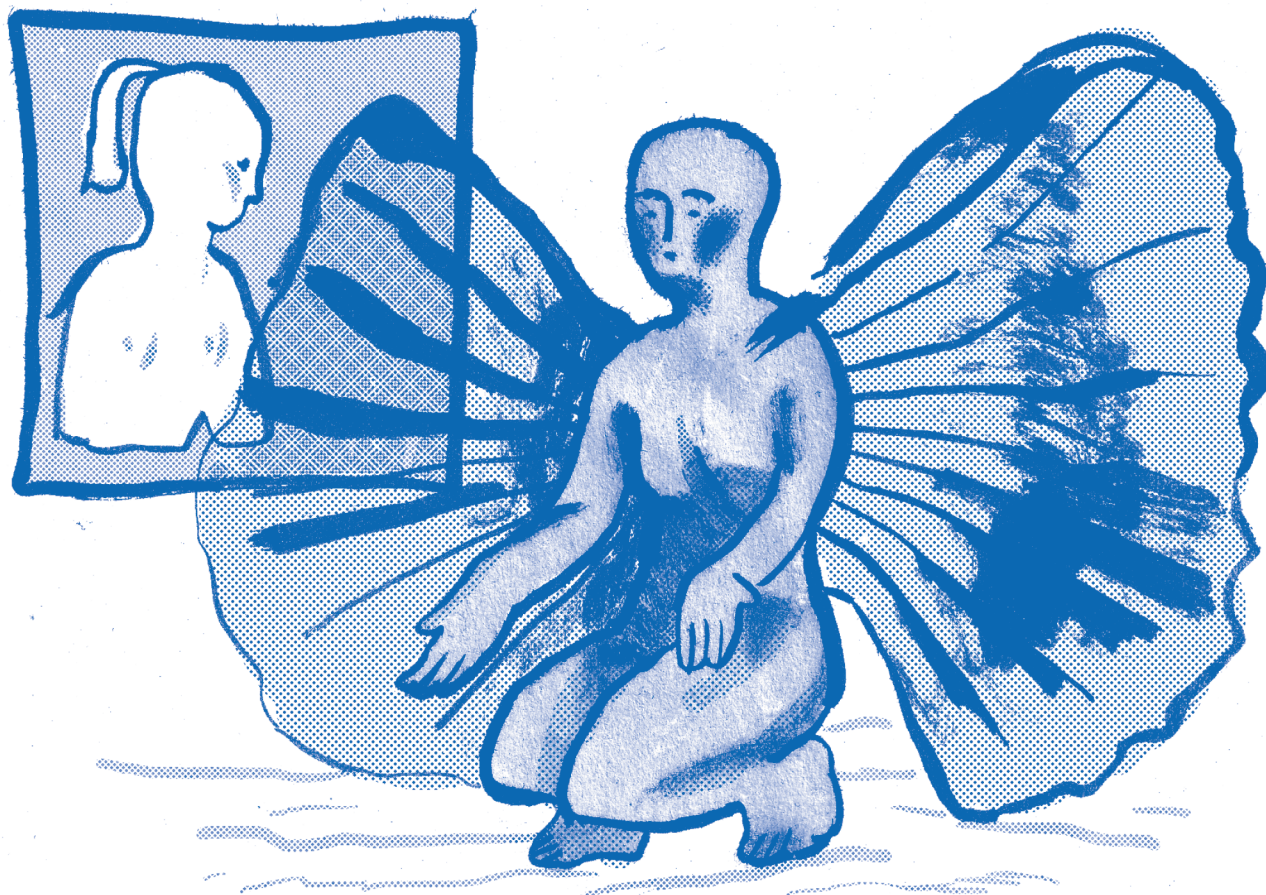
I say:
leave me to abandon myself to
volcanic fury,
the dishes will still get done.

{EG}

{EM}



{LG}



The Iceman

Back in the '80s, "The Iceman" had a rather unusual comedy act. He'd melt large blocks of ice. He'd do this while telling jokes and ice-related shaggy dog stories. A plastic duck languished in a trough beneath an overflow pipe, interminably waiting to be lifted by meltwater. It's true! This all happened. At the time, he was quite famous for it.

Thirty years after his appearances at the best venues in alternative comedy, I've put together a book about his life and art. It's called *Melt It! The Book of the Iceman*.

It was such a fun book to make! I spent a day with the Iceman at Battersea Arts Centre in London, interviewing him for hours to find out what makes him tick. Meanwhile, Simon Munnery generously wrote an intro for the book and Stewart Lee (TV's Stewart Lee!) wrote a lovely outro.

As a book, it's as niche as you can possibly get, which is why YOU, madam, will enjoy reading it. As luck would have it, the book is available from Good Press. There are quite possibly some copies right near where you're standing at the moment.

Aaaaaanyway, what I wanted to tell you about today is that the Iceman performed to an endlessly looped song with a single lyric. "I can't realize you love me" is the lyric and it plays over and over. Some people found it very annoying. If you're made of sterner stuff, however, you can listen to the original music (digitised and uploaded for posterity) by scanning this here QR code. See how long you can endure it! Enjoy.



{RW}

Morning Elegy

O you, my you; you sleeping there so peacefully
 'Tis you I spy, through shadow's crack in the door
 Your tulip face on sails billowing ceaselessly,
 Rising, falling, with ev'ry zephyr's snore

For you I perceive, sailing on a dream-filled ocean,
 Or wrecked on the rocks around Lullaby Bay
 Your eyelids flutter, like a shutter's motion
 I depart; would not that I show you this day

So still and pristine—your dreams are my dream!
 To spy you through that crypt's doorway sliced
 My candle in the shadows, your hair a gleam
 Singing sweet cicadas; heartstrings' poltergeist

What a tragedy 'tis not to hold you, mo bhean,
 Yet what a blessing to see this scene unfold
 As you do, my sweet, my gemstone, my pain
 Red youth in your face beneath twilight's blindfold

Awake, and I deduce: if I had one wish
 To pluck from your dreams, t'would always be
 For I to wake each day, to wash each dish
 From our dinner last night, have a coffee;

Simply half an hour 'fore you rise, I plead
 To look through that doorway in secrecy
 The rises and falls of my world, Ganymede,
 O you, mo bhean, sleeping peacefully

[RT]

In The Neon Islands
Of The Mind

the dead meat of our inner society
collapses in on us, our staggering
abandoned obvious ideals have
escaped us, our pockets are turned
inside out, we are turned down down down,
we are thrown aside, in quiet rooms where
we long to fill the quiet, but it's only the
clock ticking, I can't keep my eyes away
from heaven, not up there, I need it right
now, right here, bless me on this day,
I truly need hope that is divine.

{AP}

Funeral for a lizard:

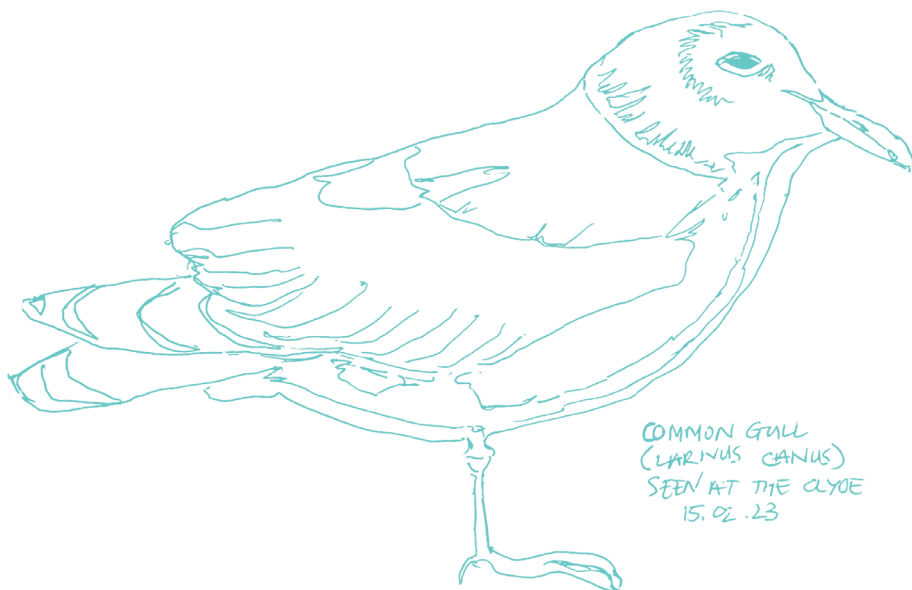
Read the rites, sing the hymns
For the lizard that slunk away.
Once emerged from the desert rocks,
Disappears now beyond the waterfall
Of this world to the next
In a boat
(A cardboard box)
Covered in moss.

{MW}

{IC}



30.12



COMMON GULL
(LARUS CANUS)
SEEN AT THE CLOYE
15.02.23

{HJD}

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