

Falkenbach

"Visit Of An American Poet V 1"

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Visit of an american poet characters1 - narrator2 - poet3 - wife4 - zarendra5 - employee6 - neighbour7 - policeman(salem, frisco, prestwich) evil farce in three acts almost brian rixish in it?s semi cold ridiculous scenarioMes, overlapping voice 1 from 4: thus began the slow palaver, subtle and almost unconscious in this loss of identity. (running and growling through the back end of 94 to 98 the sixth) and now toAin.And now for a message in a room with access to all in san franciscoVoice 2: another crooked smile. is music a disease? or is it just living in these soap opera times. they all end up depressives obsessive about their deluded goal. is this me? is this everyone iRy crap commerce? everyone without love brought up in violence and drunkenness? why am I depressed? work hard endless, endless no reward, 5,000 I?m owed. music, music I belong to music. why are tSo many shit people in music? Yeah this is about mark, mark told me a story about the visitation of anAmerican poet. she came round she came round.Into his arms she was nice she was nice..(she was quite, a fucking good girl)But she had a nasty streak in herShe turned nasty and made him a hostage in his own houseMark was being fucking, plagiarised and fucking black ----- in his ownHouse(she had a knife) so she was quite a serious threat because she was anAmerian poetThen karl burns came round and she went all nice and cheerfulShe said to him, she said to him yeah mark fucking hell yeah, bring your mates inAnd karl came in and karl just wouldn?t entertain this woman at allAnd markI said no, stay a while karl, stay a while (kill the icicles)Trying to put a message over to him sayingCome on look don?t you realise I?m in trouble here I need you here,I need you here, I need some support from me mate and karl justTotally oblivious to this said where?s me money? .Mes: the visitation of an american poetThus began a slow palaver subtle, unconscious in it?s loss of identityRunning and growing through the back end of the years ?94 to ?98 (to six and now)To explain, where to begin,The soft green leaves (of massachussets)The visitation took place

outside salemA dolphin restaurant, the fish tasted
peculiarIt was (orson? awesome)Daniels rubbish in a
room beneath a gospel group from bloody thick from
atlantaTurn that shower offPure coincidence a&r man
in same motelAt dawn there is a knock at the doorIt is
from salem the poet it is the second visitationAct 2I
now had a bubbling black large seafood plateSf type
load of problems at my gatePurple squid less of pink
and what?s that thing on the left wrigglingSmall
irritantBehind right upper motel balconey was a poet
teacher and dressed accordinglyRemember that
before five view pointsWould even step out of the
houseFrisco I was in friscoChain gainThompson (type
held a visit) number twoSecond visitation seizure in
hotelExcitement on face gut wrench hospitalCat odour
lysergic acid smell(corn bubbly) it?s the smell of
hallucinating delusionalWhen mixed with a prescrip
stuff of dear family doctorNew alias
monthlySpreadeagled in drivewayCome up soon for
the third visitThat was in the futureThe visit of an
american poetGothic green goblin gnomeCast her
adrift my first mistakeLet her into the motel in
frisco(where the baby green crap baby green to paris) -
(. . . plain ceilings) underneath a harassment action
taken out by four eight troops visually ----ing 4 5 ---
form atlanta operating on the leftRight flanks of the
lobby - jetlag the main (and famous? infamous)
bodyWhat?s left their task?s to confuse enemy horses
and vehicles hotel motel -- and baby crapAtlanta
religious group upstairs melted ceiling and baby crap
brown coloured drift bubbled ceiling -- (my minds
snapping)Surprise visit this was the secondVisit of
second pincerYou were so stupid smith you(this
eventually) had clean shaven your mind into a light
pink scarlet smooth recepticle -- the second visit
because at times you forgot - mentall illness is
infectious theory

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