

Fall, The

"Visit Of An American Poet V 1"

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Visit of an American Poet characters

- 1 - Narrator
- 2 - Poet
- 3 - Wife
- 4 - Zarenda
- 5 - Employee
- 6 - Neighbour
- 7 - Policeman

(Salem, Frisco, Prestwich) Evil farce in three acts
almost Brian Rixish in its semi cold ridiculous scenario

MES, 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 to explain.

And now for a message in a room with access to all in
San Francisco

Voice 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 in every 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 there so many shit people in music?

Yeah this is about Mark, Mark told me a story about the
visitation of an

American 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 her
She turned nasty and made him a hostage in his own
house
Mark was being fucking, plagiarised and fucking black
----- in his own
house
(She had a knife) so she was quite a serious threat
because she was an
Amerian poet
Then Karl Burns came round and she went all nice and
cheerful
She said to him, she said to him "Yeah Mark fucking
hell yeah, bring your mates in"
And Karl came in and Karl just wouldn't entertain this
woman at all
And Markl said "No, stay a while Karl, stay a while" (kill
the icicles)
Trying to put a message over to him saying
"Come 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 just
totally oblivious to this said "Where's me money?."

MES: The visitation of an American poet
Thus began a slow palaver subtle, unconscious in its
loss of identity
Running 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 Salem
A dolphin restaurant, the fish tasted peculiar
It was (orson?awesome)
Daniels rubbish in a room beneath a gospel group from
bloody thick from Atlanta
Turn that shower off
Pure coincidence A&R man in same motel
At dawn there is a knock at the door
It is from salem the poet it is the second visitation

Act 2

I now had a bubbling black large seafood plate
SF type load of problems at my gate
Purple squid less of pink and what's that thing on the

left wriggling
Small irritant
Behind right upper motel balcony was a poet teacher
and dressed accordingly
Remember that before five view points
Would even step out of the house
Frisco I was in Frisco
Chain gain
Thompson (type held a visit) number two
Second visitation seizure in hotel
Excitement on face gut wrench hospital
Cat odour lysergic acid smell
(Corn bubbly) it's the smell of hallucinating delusional
When mixed with a prescrip stuff of dear family doctor
New alias monthly
Spreadeagled in driveway
Come up soon for the third visit
That was in the future
The visit of an American poet
Gothic green goblin gnome
Cast her adrift my first mistake
Let 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 left and right flanks
of the lobby - jetlag the main (and famous?infamous)
body
what's left their task's to confuse enemy horses and
vehicles hotel motel -- and baby crap
Atlanta religious group upstairs melted ceiling and
baby crap brown coloured drift bubbled ceiling -- (my
minds snapping)
Surprise visit this was the second
Visit of second pincer
You were so stupid smith you
(This eventually) had clean shaven your mind into a
light pink scarlet smooth receptacle -- the second
visit because at times you forgot - mental illness is
infectious theory

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