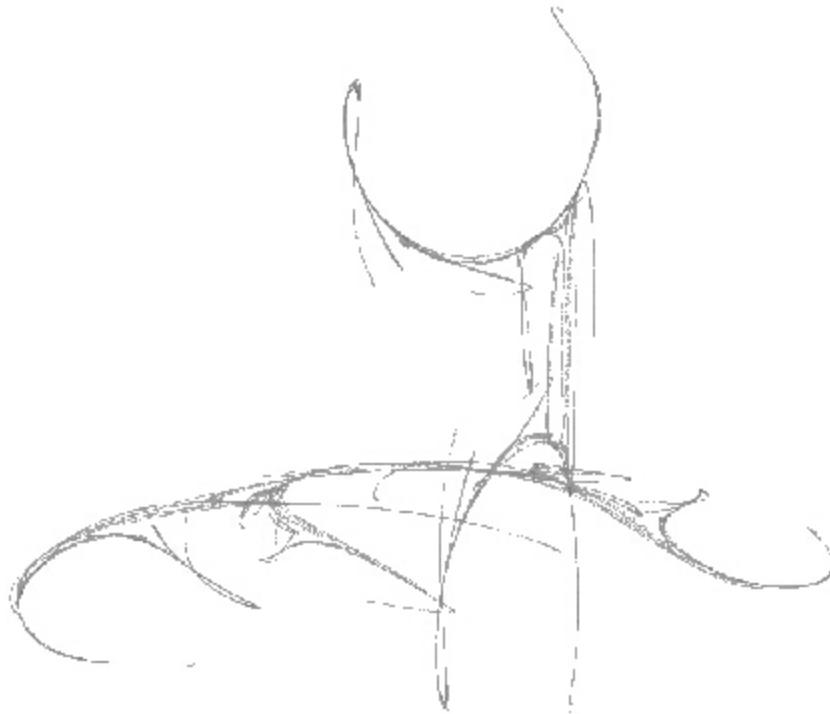


wouldn't be here if it wasn't

by

Andrew Lundwall



xPress(ed)

wouldn't be here if it wasn't by Andrew Lundwall

Cover Art by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen
Copyright © 2003.

Design, Typesetting and e-Publishing:
xPress(ed)
Espoo, Finland.

Copyright © 2003 by Andrew Lundwall.
All rights reserved.

Electronically published in Finland.

ISBN 951-9198-18-0

WWW: <http://www.xpressed.org>
email: info@xpressed.org

double eyes

skimmed from the balcony

a written signal

 a cattle of cries

the belfries in unison

just enough

 to lift my arm from the grave

just enough to skim the pages

 beneath my arm-pit

 a wristwatch

watching on guard

spattered by cars

the guards intersect

with the page

insects vague

brush away

the decaying columns

in a symphony of gurgles

squirting ink in feathered tubes

down my throat

looking out

the cabin

falls arms
between the smoke

two eyes roped

and gathered

witness from below

the changing form

daybreak split

into jigsaw puzzles

going forth looking

the tunnel enough

the symphony

flashes red

through gray

gut signals

as the television

flips on

outside my window

black haze violet

over the eyelids

tent flapping

she spent it all

lips torn

between

the peacocks fan

thumbing pages

throughout

gasoline directories

all night diner

a ghost fucks

the current

speeds the delivery

a series of monologues

then shortly slowed

down to a point

the funnel with vision

sucked through a straw

recall to two years ago

and the jumping of ropes

her spatula thighs

rub like butter

the electricity

a caravan of choices

which way

a live message feed

it dozes of in her hands

a clump of hair

on a gray day

the highway spattered
these pages with
an others hands
the intensity
of the day i left
home skipping pages
biographical micro-
scope scans the rusted fields
a spinal lightning
that seeks to propose
new elements
in composition

twice last thursday

they spoke

through my ears

the radiating grill

the spray

warm breath

like braille

through
dented nostrils

the dead sender

the message delivered

to my somber reading

finger through the algae

skim the top

an algorithmic waltz

matilda complains

of the weather

of europe her europe

a spinal ballet

eyes so clear

she could melt a horse

i touched the book
the naked lie-down
it rubs closer
than the hand
that lifts to turn
off the light
each fingertip
like a molecule
floating in space
ask and ask again
a faulty reception
resonates
over stale breaths

snails the night
it speeds
each maximum thrust
the deep dive
no skin added
a breathless wonder
anticipates the air
each brilliant color
washed along
the rickety fences
a funeral car
traces scars
moving slowly by
disguised by
pedestrians

the testament

washes mouth like

the fogging of the glass

two points the first

being yesterday evening

a lonesome stool

smashed through

the axis of the earth

the second act

followed the audience

left out that part

faint rising lips
greet the rose
hanging from
the stoplight
caviar red
turns grey
to yellow
in an instant
of reproduction

the shuttle stiffened

our teary eyes glazed

to the leg of lamb

yesterday evening

its shadow still

present from miles away

pictures us eating

road signs sing

slow to shuffle

the shuttle

ambient explodes

exposed naked

twisty lanes

breath each

glass maneuver

fantastic

a highway

fanatic

the complex rigidity

floats startled
to neon brass grey

the idle wonder

speeds down each

attending throat

lined on the balcony

a history lesson

each leg moves

closer to the ledge

a lesion

shuttlecock gray

to the mystery of fans

pawned off

the frying wilderness

the cloak of daybreak

fauns are never apparent

from the hedges

question marks zoom

to hold those closest by

zodiac carnation

hip thunder drum

reeling to it

instant ecstasy

ground into

wooden bowls

statuesque so

you can shake

a stick at it

without form
paralyzed on
the hidden highway
each chart
exposes another
its a pin
destination marked
for the reproduction
of bone the pulley
anew

untraceable vibes

crawl across your feet

like small cities

setting night
dusk shut on
and off with aid
of the light switch

narrowed down

between your

questioning eyebrows

twitching blaze
of reflections
to touch the tongue
narrow fingers
within the song
a few days ago
longer than the memory
of the basket
holding fruit between
your waiting thighs
i remembered
that the washing machine
still ran unencumbered
by the melting lettuce
of freezing july

stuck between your teeth

the same pair

each singled and zoned

humming like a tongue

between temples

the rose that arches

within your flesh

i inspect look

further

a tangle between temples
the parading elephant
daylight split and the others
were left standing
savouring the grass
grinding thighs
in aloof show-room stances

a new day dawn
from spit grapes
the nectar
a leather suit
criss-crosses
the salvaged remains
of a blue sleep
the water is still
the other side
watches each breath
senses the hidden
vibratory rosary
within each fleshy gum
as the audience speaks
in a round applause

splattered the image

vision vibratory effect

from complex to complex

creative reproduction

combined with the flute

a spine reaches for
the telephone calling

articles skimmed in confusion

from another stage

ringing hello and farewell

from entryway to balcony

from mouth to camera

and implanted back again

the choice of text word

the television on

travels between two

their currents uniting

at the pivot of the groin

the meeting contact

historys morphine

its the crutch that skims

the water slowly down

each unique junction

in other words breath

which meets thought

where the street
pole rises enough
for the audience

to attend

a shimmer of jeans
on fading walls
months its been months
looking at the same
calendars wail
each drop sounds off
rosy trickle across
all matter meandering

moths flicker flock
to the diamonds
below her fingernails
corner of paradise street
noise shivers through
each knot carved
to splinters within
the opened palm
as daybreak snaps
forming a sand bracelet

sprinkled as a newborn babe

the slumber of autumn

eyes poke from halls

in the walls singing

stinging down further

the event here

an eccentric eclipse

each flap to bring near

each tooth filled

and excavated

the land covered

with rams

as black eyes

herding to crowd

a visionary corsage

bubbling poisons

through tiptoe horizons

ground down to
primordial ecstasy

shuffling shouts

from televisions

black powder

gurgles within

the antennae

worn thin

from a dozen entries

as thorns stuck

suds of engines

a new day

each hall another
charade a waltz

the bones bleed

if there saying

say say talking

backwards the sound

of pigeons floating

about the electric punch

zoomed in for a kick

just for a bit

she said prophesy
stones alleys black
tooth necklace
surrounds the gold
meandering medallions
lost inside within her
the small of her back
shopping mall vision
1945 the end it spoke
in vague whispers
ceremonial and long

prophecy anvils

the end spoke

of doves pedalling

ceremonial bicycles

in event land a year

into the fog we go

outward rush the cliff

skeletal altars set

like scenery

in oblique zoos

each crown carried
upon wings stripped
startled too old
to swing above
and about the constellations
trickling down like stages
of rain bastard rain

traces vague phases
atmospheric remembering
the molecules tips at touch
of fingers long to skim
day break of sexual facades
cold news on the television
drops anchor in our pulling tears
down alleys with enough legs
to walk it toe to toe we do again

running without a razor

a faint range barely audible

the ticking of cars

bliss of blank anvils

the black sleep covers them

gullible jettisoned

the flip of pages

lips the envelope

an asexual tourist

knees keen
on the beach

once left off

feeling for a signal

a haystack hysterical

built high above

the tips of the fingers

the uncertain buttons

a pyramid hour

an event to shine

the audience so far gone

stopwatch thighs

a vague signal

uncertain hours

flower out the pores

a talking is heard

a dialogue of reflections

hesitant the audience stands

with hands in each others pockets

another vague signal talking

drifts away on a parachute hymnal

jack-rabbit quick
to hours flowering out
a womans thigh
in vague daylight
thoughts break up
into dialogues
with reflections
towing the feet
to a broader daylight
a chance in the fog
lazily away we go
awash with matter

we touch each others frowns

we form a vague mass

of shivering ankles

between our saddened

eye dialogues now

jumping off the room

in vague daylight

our frowns ground over

into a white power

a vague mass
of saddened eyes

each tear drops

and forms another

an altar within

an anvil a dialogue