

The Fabulous

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The breath of the proto-choice volumed by a cause-clause takes flight at Dawn. S/He flutters, sweating green lite of the future fast beckoning the ghost musical, the split Human Flag. Changing the blame, skirting fled medals, combing that portion of a honeyed/blessed/wed n ridden refugee, the Tectonic hide, rent of the future's speech, like a pine tattooed onto the Community at the green lite with harmless money S/He accrues, is Lover-phased. Methodical host musicians toil round blades of a rodent aching Heart, as a swelling belly takes flight by saxophone, Dawn-fluttered and sweating in the Palm. The future slits its Human Desire, giving caresses to the Angelick green hairs of Anti-Thought. These elastic bands of the guiding foil are stretched between foggy moments to sit on this fence badly. Residing with the flute creation of dissimulations of 'Literary' fangs, the Vanguard Creates Itself; pseudo with delirious legs, without appropriating the pool, and without appropriating wheels, so...

How d'you get away from/wipe out/get rid of?

Break and walk.

We get what we are in the meditation of rapid desires.

You just move like what you dream about, then, for I am pure filth-resin.

(shades of unmeaning, shades of a pact with truth)

Have you got a minute?

The Birds used to fly over this field every day. Maybe that was inauthentic. Maybe that was like drug smuggling in the Bay of Pigs, but Creation was falling softly in the sought-after chambers. And that was the last thing that was heard on ice by The Audit.

My old man said...

'11 X 11,

Alter-Ego,

Constant revelation...'

Is it hard yet? Is it hard to get into? Visions are what you find in the jaws of phenomena, like one of those delectable snatches on Mount Pleasant where overwhelming gluttony slavers. As if I ever could have dreamt, the other day before dinner, falling apart with the grease, I taught a spoon to do tricks in Trafalgar Sq., made a lighthouse, was caused to find cereal, was caused and I was mercantile paranoiac, whispered in stereo, sliced onion/tomato/lettuce; I, Satyr.

Pray they shall not find ye vagrant in Jerusalem. I love you. Though ye love ever so fastly, I am somehow bound to the thee-and-thou of thy mentorship.

Where's the water? Put a boom on it!

Change how the least collusion with the time-scape sleeps in the screed of Dawn's fugues, in a Beatle jacket, in the language of rose tints, like the Antique Plateaux of Ass-Movies. Refusing to

clown before its signifiers, the register just yields. The Angel is not common ground. Kilburn was once known as an Evil Place. Cleanse the chambers of their cryogenic fluff. There's some in the hot water bottle. Praxidental purity of mediation.

I can't afford a carriage, so it's best you cleave. Cleave and be done with it, for...

We are not to assssume The Ssssnake issss a Vacuummmm, pressing down with its boots like, uhmhhh, S & M morbid friezes.

It's time for our nite-time picnic. Got the craven device (a gift for dad)?

So I 'calm down' n document some change, with naiveté of a child on its birthday. Contains writings. Lousy Luke's there as well. Labelled 'HERE'. Golden tongues aflame in the wigged leisure studio of Otherness curving, giving notice to the hybrid form, getting more triangular day by day in the reality realm...

the face: eyes grasping,
nose covered by a hand
mouth re-petitioning another permission
in pastel violet

apologize to the sisters w/a floral tribute

Fierce reveries, and the sadnesses prior to the birth of Fire, at the fringes of grey pinstripe, through the eternal stop-start of fast-forwarded non-stop talk, urged on the silent breath fronded by luminescent plagiarisms of half-moons, their team players' stealth shielded by wooden slats at the counting of fingers, like the creation of matrices cornered at the lamppost, whitewashed silicone in the white gleam of resuscitation, pulling the hair.

astonishingly, a stairway has drawn a spade positioned upon the phantasm of an inky chest

the thumb chains have drawn a club
but it's closed
tut, tut, tut
and the glances

window frames are strewn on the floor
the door frame is a neck

3 traps are stuck to the lips
3 dogs are 2 against 1 in mutual displacement

polyurethane and metal-cushioned flames watching themselves doing the boring job of proffering the United States of America to the neon glint of a Rembrandt like yellow and pink studs blunt as night

if you read the graffiti on Barbican Road
it says NO PARKING

at the circus, in a dialectical loophole, clasping a papier-mâché intellectual situation...

there is no barbican road

CRACK!

THE RETURN OF THE 17th CENTURY

A danse macabre.

Scene: Those good old hazy days. It was a wind from the ocean of the evening, as though the World was ever evened, as though there was a level medium. One did not stay in line forever. In the soft dew of bitter toil: a sonic Faerie fusion; mix of arcana.

‘That’s yer lot’, said a well known comedian with an infectious laugh.

Life was not journals, life was not bitter. ‘Twas not that. Just the Angell tavern was shut up. The poor in clothing and shelter dreamt their dreams were of a station, a place on the way between silence and sound. Could they have turned from the city? No. They held onto Fate as it scolded them for capturing it, aroused by their mortal aspiration to stoke up the fire of the autumnal leaves (Tears out yr eyes quite frankly). Crimson bricks held wonder apart from the angle at which the affection wept. A transparent love heart locket and evening gloves were worn. Peering into the creamy earth, speculated shadows of lilacs in the fields. Once the poor died, the nobility died, ten green bottles apart. Carried by rats, fleas moved freely, regurgitating blood, feeding the Blackbirds. Swooping over the pavement with turquoise eyes, silver ash lips plundering the sweat breaking watches for precious jewels, the Ropemaker took the pyre True North. A collection upon four

wheels halted at a goat's hair and bones. Indefinite trees were to robe the islanders' births, for their lives were clouded. Their feet remained dancing on a table. A horn of the arboreal hills had a dream of a pig in a red sash carrying a sack of butterflies through the bracing Aquarian wind with its architecture of imperial beaks, through the long passages of Nature, dyeing the hair of the dream mother, as her crown of antlers pushed on into stony sleep. A black smoke was to divide the windows' houses. Trees of galactic bellies on a square plinth signaled the Snake to climb a ladder to towers of contradiction. The white tension of the table, in an arabesque vase, circled the oxen. At the head of the bodice was an invisible cross. Its fire had decayed the mask of the skeletal puzzle. Water lilies floated like stray cats in that labyrinth, with melancholic, alcoholic eyes.

There was Stasis Regenerate, cold blood, hallowed actors, and the stale bread of muted beggars flowering a protected youngling, fluttering, like human skin etched onto iron railings, talking gibberish, diving onto a lynch blade.

The stone tongues vanished as a multitude gathered, encircling the flames, and consumed by them, Voidness sang: 'shoo, shoo, I love your heart, I love everything that is more than art', its arms flailing, flooding the dimensionless wastes with taffeta and silk; tin, copper, linen.

Arising lyrically as the bark, the howling of these abysses was what decayed the pounding skies. The market froze, perpetuating its own self-sacrifice. There was blood in the gutters and empty sounds from the fleeing ears, nimble and wild. Electrical storms passed into gypsy vagabonds, dwellers ensconced in the clocks that vanished, taking flight with the apprehensive mortality of ducks, geese, swans. Everyone with ease of transport crossed into a new territory, throwing cartwheels as the Birds' song swam into stone and glass alike. A dragon arrow spun to the torched stables, tried to dowse out a creaturely origin, broken by the crowds' description of its own precipitated consciousness.

The statues which had emerged from the marshes were still clinging to the smiles of helpless formalities, yet 'Time had taken back his own abandoned quarter'.

The earth and the skies drank lightning juices, their crooked limbs drowned. Turning winter to dust, turning flagrant ashes, the Ironmonger's trees congregated around the Match Sellers. The fog of absolution became a parched squall. The fat man was laughing. He was without suppuration as the fog turned.

The Herbwoman with great reliquaries and a harp rose, and the sweet smell of her herb burner attracted presidency over the Pilgrim's arch lilac song, in a Catholic communion. The dandelion of a heart caving in to another new martyrdom blew thirteen o'clock between the ravens and the crows. But with no shadow, there is no mantelpiece.

The Procession with the most ugly manners was eating marchpane in the Bear Garden, their

banners ringing 'We are the Glue!'. The Procession gathered candles and firewood and progressed to St Paul's sealing device.

In the branches of a book one day, with a harelip (as it was written), close to the ground as the skies grew overcast again and glistened for the General Advertiser, convulsion after mass convulsion. On the waves of Meadow Ground, the oily neck of the Phoenix through a funnel discharged the paper. It looked like a tree, it had no flavour. The curtains were raised on the Student out of time, distant to Christmas' warmed snow falling. I heard the people of Meadow Ground, I heard their chirruping given as a tune by Minstrelsy, reminding the hoaxes that they were woe begotten, murmured glances churned by Enmeshed Signatures. Their stomachs faded and turned into solid criminal vesture, opening the sewers for the Minstrelsy whose interminable voices turned my astral fantasies sweeter, betraying their own likeness in the Metaphoric Moral Reflective Realm. The rain was asleep, murmuring of cold on the fire of a straw bed, its vagrant noose untied. Our Body was being in its Maidenship, square, shaking up the knee joints and laughing., its long arms in transit between gold teeth, bones left next to the windmills just laughing, still at the age to be beckoned.

'This is the powder. Don't eat it!'

It was never lost, it was flailed by the nature of freedom, but the drink was on the house. The Corruptive Influences reined in by common sense had tried to Will Fear, Tragedy and Vice, and this Idiocy manifested a Violent and Astringent Materiality. The impurity of this deception concluded with evidence of Suffering, temperamental maladjustment, imaginary solutions, ignorance and sheer foolishness. Nature had reversibly changed Her Lies with Man-Made Law, yet Love together is paramount. The Phoenix's claws' dominion over paving stones oiled a neck without a voice, whistled, absorbent, then listened for amusement of an institution. In times of Plague were beheld leaves of a tapestry the tale was known to sing for upon the dew of a May morning in Latin.

Take away the stars.

This Black Sheep was meant to have been a boy. Most Beautiful, her Beauty was never spoken of in Her Family. The Father, who worked for the Bank of England, desired his Third Daughter, the Black Sheep, when she was between the ages of six and seven, eleven and twelve, and fifteen and seventeen. When she reached nineteen, he began to lose his mind.

The Taboo in Their Family against speaking of the Third Daughter's Beauty meant that the Father could not openly enjoy Her Beauty as he might be seen to favour the Third Daughter over the First and Second, and His Wife. The First and Second Daughters were perfect imitations of the Mother. The First Daughter was a homebody at twenty-two, the Second at twenty-one, about to be married to a clerk. The Third Daughter wasn't a part of that Family, she was a natural Child of

God, a truly wandering Childe of God; she was crazy and free. But she wanted to be the Same as her Sisters and her Mother, because she wanted to please the Family, and so obedience was her Sin against God.

The Son-Who-Never-Was was a spirit boy who could change his appearance by the waxing and the waning of the Moon and the rising and the falling of the Sun, and it was to him she would go in her times of estrangement from Her Family, him she would go to for solace and warmth, and for the re-building of her ties with the natural elements of her true being.

The resentment of the Father due to his wife's disapproval of his perverse sense of humour and his increasing frustration with his wife and the two older daughters' imperturbable practicality and dull devotions, joined with his desire now for the Third Daughter and her own frustration at her false sense of duty to right the wrong that was her failure to imitate the Mother and the First and Second Daughters, and to give in to her Mother's manipulations to have her Think and Be Like Her.

The Father and the Third Daughter had a common understanding, an implicit and unspoken bond, a need for that which the Mother and the First and Second Daughters lacked: Godliness and Grace and a shared delight in the pleasures of the city, its marketplaces, its theatres, its green open spaces and all of the amusements one finds in a busy city. In a more vivid and overtly physical form, all the Beauty of the Third Daughter was Blossoming. Whilst the Father's Love for his Third Daughter grew beyond that for his own wife, the Mother, furious with the Third Daughter, as she could not Be Like Her or truly Be One With The Family, but only One Who Is A Childe of God and Beauty, made damning judgments upon her very Soul. So Disobedience was to be the Sin against the Mother.

As the Mother became more perplexed and disturbed with the Third Daughter's arrogance and haughtiness and her newfound increasing pulchritudinous loquaciousness, as she was always joking with her admiring Father and preening in the mirror, the Household became suffused with the Mother's strange morbidity.

As the First and Second Daughters tended to the vexations of their Mother who had grown quite weary of the Third Daughter, the Third Daughter wandered out over to the forest and sought out the solace of the Son-Who-Never-Was. She didn't know if he was a Devil in Disguise! She didn't know if he was good or bad for her, but everything he said rang true.

He placed his hands upon her temples and her soul was a dancer: 'Remember it was your beloved father asking forgiveness, childe, your beloved joy's cursed joy, now, feel warmth again, your mouth, this, that's right now, childe, cleave to me now, yourself only, wily one, your dream'll be a compass point, turn onto it, onto it, hearty when Silent he bears his weight down on you, childe,

then you ask me, as always, I'll extend my hearty way, now, that's right childe, what you've prayed for, beyond power, mine or yours, do anything, childe, do anything, the result is predisposed unlike Mother, what your flesh has borne now, I cleave to your breast, there, fear not.'

She wanted to change him somehow into someone more human, and there was something she wanted to say about that, but every time she tried to speak, she didn't know how to put it into words. She wanted somehow to forget all about him, but she was tempted by the love of his love. She looked into his eyes.

She thought, 'If I'm so clever, I should run away. Heaven forbid. I'll take my chance.'

Everything He Said Was True. She invited Him to take possession of the Family by His Fire and Light.

On her return to the household, the Third Daughter found herself screaming into an utter void to awaken herself from a horrid nightmare. Her Father's desires then were past desires, and with regard to his life and love for her, they really were no more. She was confronted with such a scene of obliteration and repetitious implausibility as buckets of water were dowsed over the flames which consumed the Family household. She wanted to run to Her Father, but he was nowhere to be seen. She called out for him as the Mother's arched back made its testament to the vanishing stars. Time passed so slowly.

The Third Daughter's breathing remained constant.

She held tightly the locket her father had given her when she was eight containing the twenty-third psalm of David:

'The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me the quiet waters by.
My soul he doth restore again; and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness, ev'n for his own name's sake.
Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod and staff me comfort still.
My table thou hast furnished in presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint, and my cup overflows.
Goodness and mercy all my life shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore my dwelling-house shall be.'

Her fingers swept back her torrent of locks and she stared at her Mother and her Sisters in astonishment and they stared back at Her and they all knew she was a stranger to them.

‘Where is Our Father?’ She looked to the sky, looked to the ground. ‘What has happened?’

The Mother: ‘He has brought shame on us. Do not think for a moment that Your Father is anywhere to be seen. He is a fool to have tried to mock me.’

The First Daughter: ‘Our Father did this. We saw him.’

The Third Daughter was hearing the building crash to the ground, but she didn’t want to hear any more, so she ventured forth to wander alone away from the debris to seek out again the warm embrace of her beautiful Son-Who-Never-Was.