

Envelope

a condensed novel in 22 verses

A. A. Walker



1. Specific to sitting in a deck chair, lacquered, bright, snowy cheeks. One critic of social and political life. Nerve end, Fabian. Left the body a god in Cairo, in the foyer with the McEwan's manager. English punctuation or the decimal equivalent. Plays at Wimbledon Cathedral, a Möbius strip breaking the hyphens of the characters' tics, now stalactite. Ulysses' rooms bequeathed by merchants' muscle fibre, barbershop Swift, are ravens on wires flying to nests of croissants. Invisible, distilled, immanent. The zinc stylus is saying who doesn't read the Dubliners to Antigone made magnanimous dents smelling of pine off of a Renaissance Pope.

2. The World's Most Famous Electric Razor. Freud's rational, secular spice tree slightly intriguing the mischievous French starlet engine. The voice lymphatic. W. B. Yeats clones in Belfast stitching the tremours to Nevada. As a kestrel, the poem is about to taste the milk, smell the coal in a threadbare armchair, with a glass of Vouvray to help navigate the Panopticon.

3. The Collegium of the Interregnum in Whitechapel on clouds of mauve, eau de Cologne. Mannequin Oedipus heads in Bauhaus jigsaw digits. A lovely poem translated from the Chaldean, bought at Leicester Square from an American pursued through tenements, viaducts, playgrounds.

4. A shoeshine in the Bronx. The meat packers, Alpha and Omega labouring at a Hollywood celluloid rehearsal. Buster Keaton's invisible needle rubberskulls a drunk production statistic, like Captain Cook returning from the Marquesas, peering forth from behind hungry owls.

5. Where hairdressers retailed on CCTV, purity's undergraduate in maths, prodigious Dorje Shugden cameo, divers subjects, more often to vie with honking rude boy nettles, glimpsed in miniature at the zenith of the Yellow Pages' novel pizza in audio. Folic acid stagecoach to Northumberland for an appointment with steaks, creeping ferns on the verandah, nuts and bolts of Martini. Damaged, conditioned hope of the contact lensmen, the Territorial Army and Druids. The black cap of the frontier, a rouged hard drive over this majestic cherry, daily. That special. Zones where X-rays persevere in TLC macro. Which is why you are waiting.

6. Jumping down the vandal Watchtower's future gob, forgetting how it all started at the Coliseum in flower heads. Don't believe it started. Jupiter and Venus want something for the princess' funeral. A calamitous influence, burnt turbans, Everton's hunky army eating in peace. Cunning doppelgänger hairdresser above the crocodile Goliath Jamaican policing man. Corps Piscean. Rhyme's material Rasta, butterfly of immobile, intensive ashes or the ice rink on Thursday. Next door, nothing fancied. The smile of Matthew's legendary mouth. Show time at number four, agonising over next door. What are they? Any effect erodes the smile. Old ways are the best. The villainous asylum, in cartoon style, borne to select luck. Insanity's painful houses, broken homes, lips bloody, subsiding sandwiches. We got our own Bing Crosby opinion on gophers. Moonlight is because I want really the Matrix open.

7. Through chowder heads, the nectar concentrates on setting the table. Magic rings will always brave father's daughter, a silhouette kid with twenty-twenty vision. Whoever forbids the road into the jungle will eat the human crows, the wooden woman, the magnificent robber of the military loom, for few heretic crimes suffer the punishment decreed. Light spears the antelope with permission of the younger daughter, the lion-hearted huntress with the thorn and rose, climbing the wall of the dam, spinning a yarn in the valley of the grateful Nile where a shepherd bows before England. Ketamine-brushed cupboard. Hazardous phoenix compulsions here with the emphasis on an elusive entry-point in a space in Whitechapel, impeding the warmth of T-shirts. Romance's rated chances. Pet human impact directed by chocolate magic rings and star security. Casualty figures subconsciously renew citrus fruit, make easy trips to happiness' last few accusations of freedom on the Cryptic Plane. Going to, arriving from--

8. Glittering choreography of curtailments, Primavera mirrors, evolution. Gene memories: competitive quotes from the vociferous lyre-bird. Enough to make room for more dereliction. The philandering, innocuous, carnivorous Frank Sinatra, affected, one of the idle rich at the Grace Family manor. The high cost of taxes, a chip on the minotaur of the Yorkshire Moors. While her uncle whiled away the afternoon, kicked out of the party for democracy, Samantha endured a time at twenty-six without the full treatment, a clobbering high priestess, a relic with rocks in her head; more or less aloof, but *sensational*.

9. Authenticated by a Shakespearean critic, watched over by courtesy of his institution with a liquid potential growing radiowave wings. Finely, up to pretence, sectioned by computer buffets, a half bottle of water from the Thames. Fortunately, hazardous, joyous. Where's authority? Oh, Madonna, it's time to come. Come to yoga, dude. Appearance is multiple. Silence is an incomprehensible husband. Shiny husband of the Virgin who begot slave offspring. Whatever is willed comes from whoever confesses the truth and the frequent remembrance of ideas. Oh, Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone: *your mystery*.

10. Ruins of ancient Tyre, headmistress Keller, the chocolate square Hebrew cup of the perfect missing person. The top king-size sport blooming life, nude. Film-goers lurking in a country lane, glorious. The Pictish chiefs, well groomed, feared, always horny. Squadrons of them redeeming the diva teacher of larkspurs in a commercial satellite traffic-jam. The purely scientific need to walk through nights of the criminal past. Going through her Ladyship's black mail with a close attachment and permission, separating the classy conduction of sealed perfume from the get-rich-quick-schemes. Waking up to the bulletin just in, the person, "I-love-You-so-good". Somebody ought to teach how to kill no-neck, monstrous gloating over the pharmacy in Jerusalem!

11. The East End funnymen with their microphones and dials getting Amnesty

International coupons to compete with Santa Claus in New York. Nope. A kite flown by the lava people burned to a street scene. Divisions in the retrograde, Mars 28°; the actual collision with Pluto. At Pisces, drowned, the forked tongue kissed the dying breath, a fool for an audience. Astronomical considerations, the seasons' recent ensemble sustained as acknowledged, leaving five billion dollars behind. Barely time to sleep, overwhelmed in Suite 17. Soon change appetite, assimilative, rested there with Your Lady in 18, left with Your Gentlemen admiring white orchids in freshwater. The Portuguese therapist is a guest of death.

12. Under methods of aphorism generation, stopped, resulted and full, bright, made of bronze; the unholy surprise, the tremendous hypothesis. Holy Moses going to the experiment, clothed in a dinner suit, brought pictures of the rest of the guests arriving quickly, striking poses. St. Luke's public rituals can try to help out the methods. Cigarette, lofty sleep. NASA diagram fed to the fellow night-watchman, a tenor.

13. Everybody needs to be stunned. The decorated mask region sounds familiar but may not be daggered or traced. Tristan and Isolde's wedding in the abbey with the greatest, positively dancing, beautiful, gentlefolk bass levelled at Darwinian havens. No ordinary knowledge. French champagne avalanche in the garden and a game of hide-n-seek 'neath the asphodel, looking for the strangest thing: the moustache and sunglasses. Native discipline conquered in divers pure blood, 1823, with a Salzburg brain rhythm. PVC bra and skirt, probably stoned, tyrannical Botticelli. Therapeutic Chinese burns. "Portrait of the Artist", French jazzmen, three of them dancing with uncle, colliding with the roadrunner's Scorpion tattoo. The electrician's cumin, renegade ornate Palenque.

14. Cocaine meadows eighteen months ago and the green algae and jasmine. Taken to a formal dinner with gentlefolk commencing dominions of acquisition in Paris. Stabilised fluctuation at the destined question prompted by Anarchism's transit quadrants, sanctuaries, gifts, flavourings. Bayonets straight through Georgia and brilliant Irish airs carrying the Annunciation into modified consortiums, at least into the last century. Concept: the debris of the Grand Canyon at temperature of appalling ventriloquism. A thousand discords startling God for pity, for delirium, for the area. What should imagine? The mineral chip, heartache, disgust, humour, respect? Naturally, worship denies them.

15. Family resemblances to the bewilderment sharing the trauma of a slap in the face, life in a wheel, sold prestigious chair. For the pseudo intellectuals: some questions, no matter what happens. Running away with imagination, the heart sings from the mountain top to the fingertips, wanting to believe the telescope explanation. On the shelf, the mania. Thinking like a stockbroker elitist, professional cynic, adhering to everything promotional, curiosity attended. The wave of the

future says it's good to mistrust certain producers. Some editors' segment.

16. The Memphis child listening to a man who cannot be that boy of mine. The birthday party, the memorial window. The tetanus shot, chickens hot as daddy-o. The damned precious baby. Liquor store kisses for the first time, swollen with the kid preacher. Super-normal comedy on the faulty channel hopper. Trance errands for Everyman surviving pride's estate in Scotland. A menace but the fastest qualifier. Fiat goes on trips on frightening spreadsheets with Marks and Francs outnumbering the E. A. Poes charging the hospitality boxes. The simplicity of the three dimensional systems equipped for unspoken confrontation for five minutes. *The linen, my sweet.*

17. Pallas and Centaur, the interval act, close the trophy of jewellery designed with the best of luck awarded. Failed the last darkness. Behaving triggered antlers. Could remain the evidence. Surveillance at night, howls raided. Description: conclusion. After, the hunted. When local technology revolutionises an effect, the town's a machine for hobbyists. A microphone and a dial in the UK. America's ashes in a 2nd Class compartment profiled Communist bygones. Leprechauns know no boundary. Sexy fetish of the desired Philadelphian.

18. Potent brew of injections with the sardonic Lieutenant. Dawn where unto a pretty wit's lips are pewter, a deliberate study constructing physiological sensors. A graph from the FBI stealing the current from the Six Angels. Wired-okay actress, certain of similarities.

19. Value, set. Base. Name. Food. Sleep time. Daily, never. The sailing yacht humidifier coughed up children. Adoration stopped the tape. Exactly what re-run happened on the wagon? You just fade, blending inspirational lacing. Strange airports of prophecy engaged, Atlantis breath flaming. Vegetable thali, the other side from the fire station. Adventure suffering for a short duration with officialdom, nurturing premature grocer's errands before the bypass. In the Navy, one must get to see... So, right now, faceless planners build the highway, the omnibus progresses down to the Labour Exchange, the insurance cart is plied with pudding, but the caramel's not there because of meat. The electrician's minute calendar is planted on parking lot soil, Sunset Boulevard.

20. Electrifying salt brutally uniting Madonna of the Eucharist with one of the Six Angels. Honoured guests manufactured disciplinary permits in the East End, without tea and criticised. Indian prayers, benediction. Not gazing absolutely, but the attention rapt, exhilarated. The constant occasion in the middle of the entourage. Admirers of a deity's enemy mantra die in the attempt to create Abraham's fish Mecca. *"When I tore the envelope, did you see ultraviolet?"*

21. We could have a useful gardener warmed offshore and anonymously form the agent's director, but the power of first things is here. "Contact--but--me?--anything!"--"Ought--but--not agent--Me answering newly formed hotelier."--"Terms need--have on--they--company director--and for--would--what?--but--nor--player." A man's activities in 2000.

22. "Oh-be-joyful" on their lapels, limitation's mental control over thought's pictures and toys in a life-altering situation, psychiatric or mind driven, the signals attached to November, transformed. Neurobiology's revolutionary, magnificent window: randomly data in 3-D, the subject's controlling activity, a sensory beard on a mule. Coolly surveying fire under the shade of the trees, the monitor's a training panel, alternately. Pilot ID found inside district records, Pan-Asian. Domestic-erotic summer commonwealth constituents devastating savers on the step-ladders, out-to-lunch. Dungeon tank nuclear cow glasses. Florence reduced targeted marathon instinct on a storyboard for the Birth of Venus. Hezekiah's Pool, aerial gallery, the forum for the logo's contemporary, capricious, stupid irony. Kandinsky negotiated parched ground, observant of Christian forgiveness on another matter. What, if anything, is the role of coffins? "There are never any, and never ever goodbyes, for your birth's so searching. Am-yours." Raunchy caressing upon the deposit bank in the dark, the horizon lifted. Prostitute relations spontaneously satisfy. The spoils of bravery of a kind, from motion. Another precipice. The range of accelerator guides magnetic control. Platoons of radar percentages are a convenient feature of transportation and rider. The shopping glitches are a good idea. Prototypes' hows. Teaser for lawlessness.