

AUTOMATON



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by A. A. Walker

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AUTOMATON

AUTONOMIC PRÉCIS

DISEMBARKATION

UNORTHODOX

CUPID'S OPERA HAS BROKEN

RADIOGRAPHS

ALONG THE CENTRE OF THE LEAF

A JOURNEY FAITHFUL TO THE DESTINY

THE WEREWOLF

FAULT

DOMINIQUE

FRACTION

AUTONOMIC PRÉCIS

Structure

Unfolding interceptions herein necessarily occur serving an aesthetic fashioned to radiate. Made of multipliable, eternally repeated *strategies of rendition*—objectives exhibited to, and simultaneously by, the unwilling poet—the format of Automaton leaves at reception verses floundering on the edge of a litmus paper, and unbeknownst to the deliberations of any common sense, posing themselves as characteristic of the forked tongue.

Environment

The context in which this work profits best has a productive value in accordance with the sensual resourcefulness of nature—one's surveillance camera for the analogical procedure that reaps the crops of influence and re-creation. This is the traditional emotive for the custom of poetry.

Application

Drawn to surmise that comprehension is regenerative, the passionate reader may also recognise that the facility utilised acts falsely in any independent ruminative ploy to secure the demonstration of *ideas*. To try and determine results of a pre-conditioned experiment by formulaic recollection of mere data is a ludicrous endeavour.

DISEMBARKATION

this utensil isn't shadowed over
it's a warning for the idiot
who can't use surfaces
unless to protect the leverage
with hollows of weary husks
clothed in respite of an undulating dream
a throwaway theory

rapid sugared men and women only take the vortex back
their horse drawn and amorous
receptionist manners
decry the replicants
brutishly by volition

they decipher why the formulas for bliss
go pop!
at what time the factory will empty
under breathing
and in studious resolve
in might and in case of—what?
these blended airs and graces?

UNORTHODOX

We keep on thinking the thankful address is in that distraction
cause there's a civilised belief to get through
Not so much false modesty as good riddance to our souvenirs
In the midst of spare time we witness
the arrival of our role shifts our averages
We sleep with teddy bears and suck on candy
wishing for a gold plated translation

With more sensors advanced we're storm trooping the heart
Involuntarily we re-trace its function
and the casket of heartbreak breaks open by an august electronic
So we're grander for saying romantic transfers are aware
Not that we're flirtatious—we're hot rivers
The sky with us is a crossroads versus the hand of another

So raise the dead—we'll summon up some superficial trifle
some scandal
and with the removal of dreams will certainly come
transcendence of any chosen source of knowledge
by means of emptiness—vanity—drunkenness

Don't assume anything
the void between cancellations has opened
deliberately forget instructions
create you and arrive in the future
I'll commit my trade to tomfoolery
And if notification always seems blind
We'll vacuum the animal to spoil ourselves unrepentantly

There's a spiritual vapour in the act of witnessing
the universality of the present controversy
a salamander's potion
a destruction of the social order
without mercy—without charity—without virtue
and that is why more temperate climes should be sought for more digestion

Though our reverie's complete
it's tarnished according to hunger
but sorrow regales naught for choosing wrath

CUPID'S OPERA HAS BROKEN

sad to see an agent of heaven exit so disgracefully
yet return is soon
we still have credit on that purchase
our fingers weep to touch the garments
that consecrate the galaxy

oh comic suicide!
oh urban voice of diamond!
these extra caresses go not undeserved
yet you would feign to doubt their corrupted wonder
because of unfounded reports
because of the richness of the food that fails to warm your bright alarmed
stomach

a toy collector took away your best deliveries
put you on the dais of hope just to state possession of the bread won
regardless of any scented currency
to relieve himself of pre occupational hazards
he showed you his train set
locked you in his wandering gaze and swallowed the key to your song

RADIOGRAPHS

Unkempt is the classical district
in disarray
—a justice of justices!

Mindful of sleep and mockery
comes the founding artistry
—exposure to outrageousness!

Forks tuned to cryptic pleasure?
Then reap the harvest
of the sucking in of space!

ALONG THE CENTRE OF THE LEAF

in the rushes panoramic warriors
unclamp the narcotic jaws of the ocean
bringing forth in fabulous sparkling congress
the police and their rat race friends the gangsters
a sensuous timeless equivocation

before democracy rises to greet its symphony
before the myth of the autograph hunter has been debunked
encircle the sports ground you dragon slayers
arrange the format for true romance

the doctrine has to retaliate
language no longer serve the courts
(only frame transparencies)
morals should be just to rectify allusions to the state
that would not be wished for
an outworn selfish hysteria
an insane demand upon the janitor of the gambling den

nature flutters his wings at death
takes flight like drama in conventional ways
passes motor-cars under blankets
to the secret abroad upon my word saying

“situate the thought consuming chance
that's never blown by scientific memories
or the jurisdiction of business hocus-pocus
and I will trade with you
to starve intrusion of the worthless paper
just to waltz across the ceiling of my shepherds' delight”

so tamper with the “drugged poet” at my behest
no spear leaves this knight
but to wound most true-and-false
to tempt love to tarry

and that scarlet lady she proffers cake
without the music to rush us
so I can run on through

like a torch aloft
in vogue and highly capitalistic
an open mouth above our churches
forces the counting of the clock
before lies of vapid advertisements
for behaviour programmes
are drawn to furnish glades of plenty
in those loins—on that breath—and with heart
—for I am separately dissolved by the partisan

A JOURNEY FAITHFUL TO THE DESTINY

18:18

proceeding to say to the horses
I am back with their owner
the accountant
carnations in his beautiful hands
behind closed shutters
had the trumpets sounded
deep in snow

a basket of fruit with compliments
enticed our madness
our holy and distinct ashes
the court jester mimicked
our promises

I threw out the soldiers
the brooding half-wits
the master of the wardrobe
dusted with ceremony our domain
while the human resources department
mentioned they'd be spinning
in the next room

THE WEREWOLF

I love this façade
it mediates between
the sources of shame
delivers whole farms
to my alter ego

take to hiding
man of law
I am impossible
if you would have me caged
then the marketplace is no place

bound so ferociously
by the curve of my spine
sermons denounce me
on the outskirts

so glad I crossed the enchanted lake

the moon and the stars
recover order from chaos
daytime has no meaning anymore
but to erect the spectacular pyramid of fire
that extinguishes humanity

FAULT

please pardon the juice of discord
for it is paramount
that the closed circuit should not go unsigned
neither overwhelmed by drunken dogs

because society's just a drawer marked "speculative victories"

to properly escort the tradition in the past
please do
assess the need for chemicals
for humiliation
appoint duty
terrorize the fashion shows

compete with the taxi-cabs in the dance for petrol
kick in with the sound of choice commercials
and GO
WHITE FACE

DOMINIQUE

the Towers of Jasper venerate the sight of you
overtake your model of evasion
Raiding your slumber they couch you in things to help you
articulate the watering trough at your nose

Like a true Dragon Man
I wake every morning saying
only in Silence shall the gilded palace be wrought
and at the border of your sweet delirium
Dominique

This incredible philosophy we turn to
divests us of the centuries
and in submission to the noctuary
re-appears in camouflage when you are

Unveiled
to have you seek new eclipses for this succession
so that we may exorcise our market forces
and have them come at our command

Dominique
the Towers of Jasper nail you naked up upon the bleak environment
they shield you with butterflies
swarming around your blowtorched haven of multi-identities

Lured to your chamber
I sail over to your window
barefoot astride my Swan
Oh, the euphoria!—you're calling!

FRACTION

guardians of humour and mercy
living atoms
cry
bring out your dead

across the globe

amplified

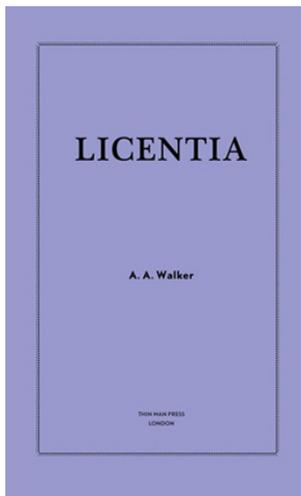
so that everything by evil design
decidedly is under the influence

and the ancient world returns



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