

COLE DENYER

JILL MCKNIGHT

KARANJIT PANESAR

RUBY SMITH FERNANDEZ

EMILIE SPARK

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SUNNY VOWLES

**conversations on swansong** 2020, voluntary cosy provision in relation to the powers that be & police children are born by cole denyer, haunted tap by jill mcknight, displacer by karanjit panesar, turn around, you've missed us by ruby smith fernandez, waves hors-piste ft. TRi- LucieGuillaume by emilie spark, flow and float through interfaces by clarinda tse, two pages to hum to by sunny vowles.

*Voluntary Cosy Provision  
in Relation to the Powers That Be*

*Minted at home, hastened  
bath robe managerial exhibitionist  
on a bacchanal fuddle look me in the eye  
pineal disorder look me in the  
ouroboros hoax the lunar house  
binge again to a bladdered heart  
weltered stoic watching with  
vampiric comfort the regal undying  
cloisters filled shut away and  
sing to yourself hurt the tensor  
lived out a joyless marriage  
for an international baccalaureate  
didn't graduate so eating my hand  
with no backup this adrenal hard-drive  
boils under me, a thickener to start.*

*Blood Billionaires in a geriatric  
paradise get hidden in camomile lawns  
and cowslips illuminate the epistle flax  
irises having your everlasting sweet peas  
and horse meat dinners, I detest  
thru a key-pee a halo of enemy speech  
ousting misty hearts-ease and violet playboys  
the empire over varnished and no hope  
for sustainable leakage reduction analysis  
they creep inside your single-glaze lock you  
in you have to pay premium rate  
so so humans make their own history! look  
please fund this carpark! now  
for non-legacies of financial big flash in the  
up-scaling pan every carbuncle*

*every council balding bestie scalding  
the child entrepreneurial style slasher  
Southwark Council is a Tango  
with private equity firms  
Barangaroo under a stone rip off dragnet  
cash flows cowabunga.*

*My temples ringing with reduced global  
headcount like fox-hunting the skies  
don't worry its legal like tenement shift  
dwelling deeper inside my line-managers  
mangled heart will likely vanish and I'll staid on in  
grease boiling front line out marking  
your colleague-enemies London drained  
of all human life isn't it fucking marvellous  
now we can really get back to this real post-life  
rebuild and miasma the atmosphere! foot-jobbed  
rural retreats are in splinter form round  
vanguard logisticians forming an aleatory map  
of a city its winter you forgot a wailing  
offshoot a shrinking gut reboot  
its a gig and go homeless, tough sil  
from the sinkhole forgotten people  
thriving in the undercrofts or pelted windows  
lassoing four decades of grouting  
that is HISTORY to the outer dark,  
a thole in my head is unchecked scullery  
the pewter scrubs away any civic unrest,  
always did.*

*We know from reconstruction and you didn't  
listen so I have to set fire to this mountain  
of crated plastic bottles, the size of a short  
terrace-house covered in shrink wrap  
stacked on wooden pallets burning all  
day and all night, the plant wall buckled*

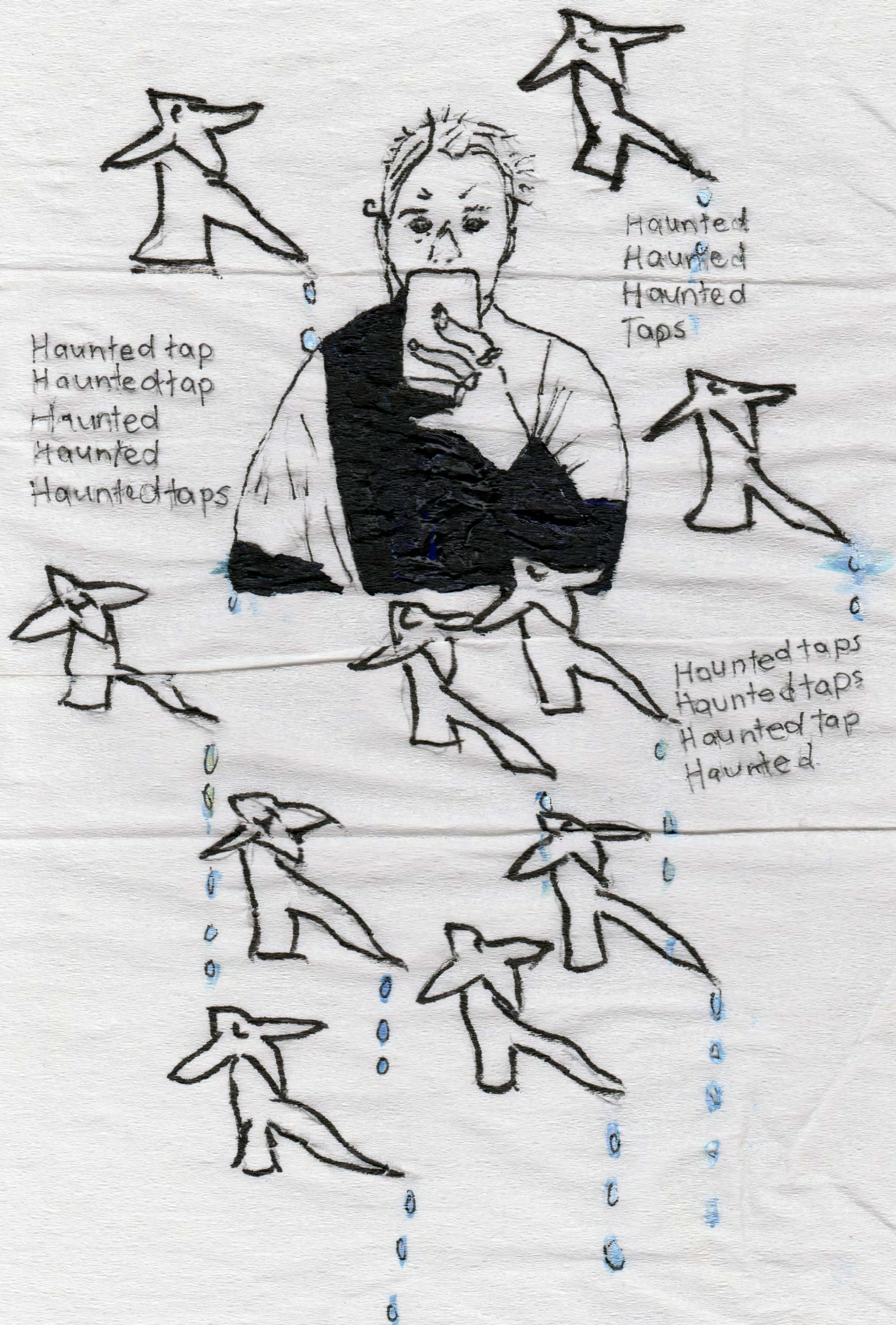
from the heat inside a rotary of three  
night-shift types spontaneously relieved  
of their duties whilst the incendiary  
potential kept going and everything  
is take out this smiling law of dead mutton  
asleep your town got dug up  
by a quantum chartered surveyor  
bee-lined a subterranean self-care  
unit a thole in my own or unseen  
winged ambit flatten me out, run me over  
this parsed national jeremiad unmade  
on cushioned levy on every single soul sought  
doing privation overcome a bed throw  
this rotten rented sink in dynamism  
of a dog leash blow over, again  
clipping has been turned off  
the kiss of death on truncheons is a  
reliable ticket receipt made quieter  
to the seal of life thicket and spree  
step on the frog make it crazy again

*Police Children are Born*

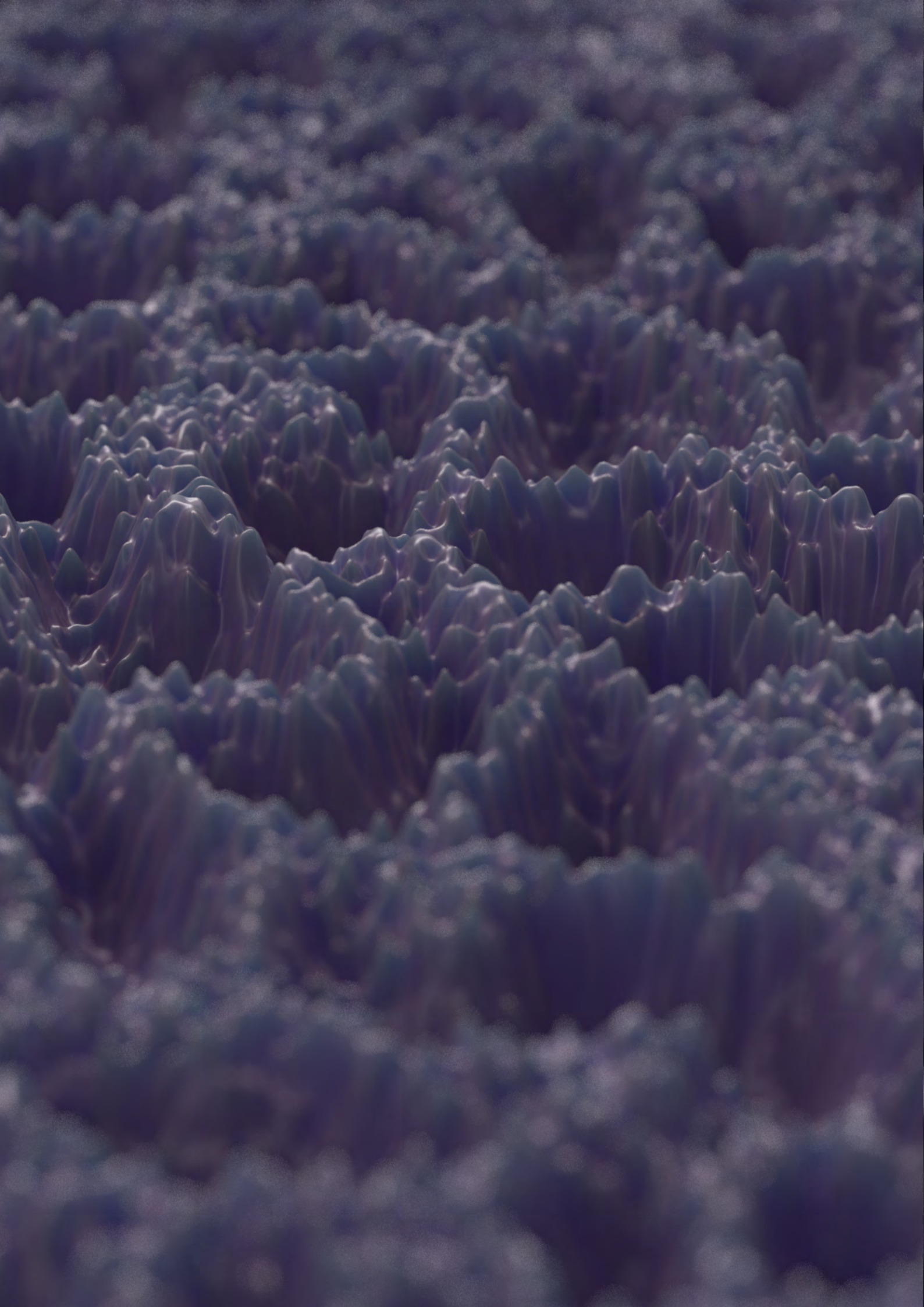
*Inside of eaten rent, milquetoast  
the corners of black mould gently  
scouring loaned iron skillets  
or a life non-scarce cosied  
and out to lunch hasten  
the dock-less night leave me  
in one of the many Royal Parks  
surrounded by swan meat inedible  
coughed up tributaries to a palisade care  
from bromides the jobless  
giblet of gravy of our species the harder  
you shake the pack the harder  
a FF175BP fridge-freezer makes sense,  
on a Sirius rising to singing polymer  
foils its cavity barrier  
crowns civis of pulped Celotex  
and the omnibus pudding boils for hours  
unattended so stay put rend this dotage,  
your fault of sweet whips ding-dong  
a fine divide in net curtains  
or neighbouring skyline of cutpurses  
snapped up in sub tenure  
I go down to the regeneration department  
on a countless heartbeat, fingering  
the cool infirmary of municipal socialism,  
faked patronage broken  
my angiograms in rescue effort and watch  
the slenderest margins drop  
flake on soaring orphans  
with a council tendency support grant  
I am catapulted to the event horizon,  
Dear Peter John A Year in Provence*

*on winter oranges swilling  
blood snaps on a pawnbrokers bough  
LTD inflated Roman Law it gets milage  
as A.D chums blow donee the lot  
lost in outrage the midnight flicks  
cannot bless me an echo chamber still  
so doors locked quick in eviction time  
O.B.E JCB Apostle Peter John,  
I was the man injecting drugs into his penis  
and it will happen again  
for tillage of Get Living  
my last new will available,  
sink it deep in bounty corpora  
look welt of early impalement  
sanctioned hair comb as custom  
blindness hoards whiffle GO pleat  
leather grain, everything looks great  
in nuclear light the gangland spire  
stokes spare music on crimson bob  
O downpours on Jerusalem  
get entrepreneurial quickcherry cloudsmith*













**Turn around, you've missed us.**

There were cowbells at the shore that rose on the wind.

The sluice of water into more water.

I heard the screams of children playing over the roar of the gate, I swear to it.

The oysters bed is the oysters cage.

Who would lead the children over this horror;

By hand, guiding them to this mess?

It's that grey, dragging rage of calcified crust,

Fossils turned to paste by time immemorial.

A denial in the multitude, I think we've come too far.











TRI -

Lucie Guillaume



*from left to right:*

slime mould  
hand-made single soy-dipped udon  
calcify alginate shapes  
performance still, pushing to unroll  
PVC with LED camping light inside  
waffle slippers from the internet

*cover layer:*

drawing of connecting  
spaces. dots can be thread  
on fabric.

*next image:*

drawing of imaginary ball and socket joint  
keyboard  
tiny winter tomatoes harvested from my plant,  
barely can feel the substance but packed with  
flavour

*note on waffles:*

grids and woven time. knitted waffles.  
inverted buttons.

*current loved reads:*

Glitch Feminism by Legacy Russell  
The Appearing Demos by Pang Laikwan





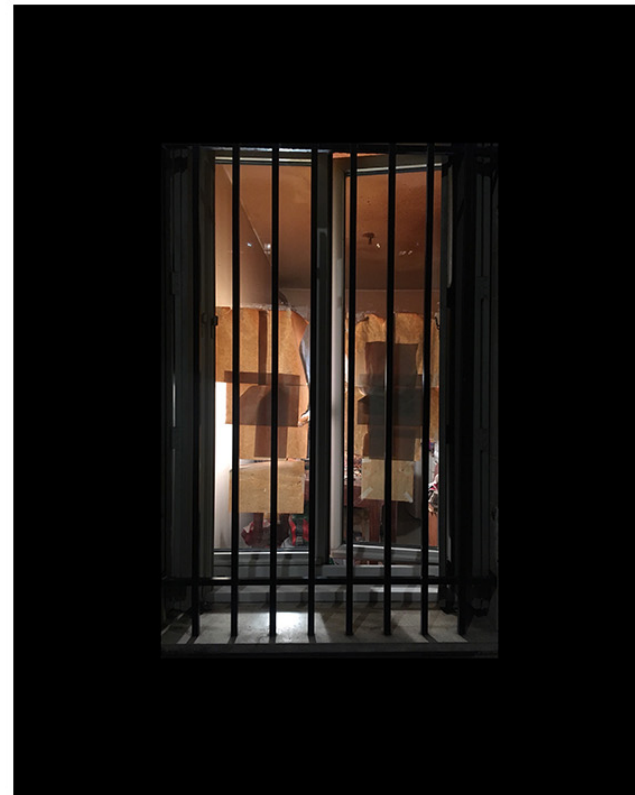
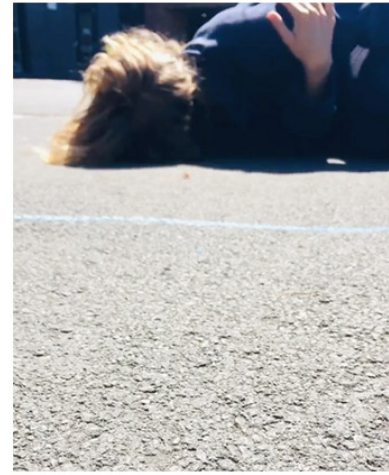


**questions:** What is contextualising within the space of intuitive making?  
Does form provide agency for the body?  
Is gesture form?  
How to balance planning, being in control and boredom?  
18 December 2020 enquired by Clarinda





# TWO PAGES TO HUM TO



AFTER CENTURIES OF ANNUAL HUMMING EVERY WINTER SOLSTICE,  
SUSPENDED STONES RISE TO THE SKY AND BEYOND



2020