



COLE DENYER

DALE HOLMES

NAT KOCHAN

JILL MCKNIGHT

SARAH ROBERTS

conversations on swansong 2023, witenestaple, margate, remmesgate, sidyngborne & easterhouse epiphany via dolorosa by cole denyer, worm cognition by dale holmes, sad movement right.. by nat kochan, 2024 time 3 ways by jill mcknight, alban arthur by sarah roberts.

Witenestaple

Cath Kidston blitz spirit laid down
a hand in September, Cold & Sick
with a paperweight
as my groin the AQA papers fold
my consenting snaps braid-pins
a naive tongue blunted & dumb
wrens to offer me a home or shelter
between Beech & Red Oak
forgotten in the forest of Blean,
flags gone morbid
to fetishes what hard choices
go muddling through right now
alone cold on a sofa watching
Little Miss Sunshine
fondled to fetal position,
my Teenage pulse bedspread
holes to textile Provence Rose
Pink tines filled with shame & touch,
a human warmth in the small of your back
as the smell of Ilford multigrade developer
makes the latent image visible
under the Chin of Headmaster
Rare Peppermint Green Metallic Jaguar
my life hangs sucking
from bonnets twisted searches

its Pale Dark Stone interior.

I am your nighttime Buser,
your furred Menstrual poke
your house undulled
your swooning Learning lips wet
to your toes, your past-loves blotted out,
I am all these things to Suck & sole
my young blood pricks
from bed-wet dawns
& leather truncheons,
saved from loves death
its earliest companion,
saved from Mothers Breath
cleaned in lugworms
what else chokes cairns
of white posts Pederasty
& English Sans serif
smug on mugs & tea towels
you accumulate in Polka-Dot tins
wear your hair in a victory roll
& sew a cushion cover over
rare Heath Fritillary butterflies
on Thanet Way Shingle,
to the songs of Nightingales
phoning Childline on Sunday,
in a thicket of sores
YOUR COURAGE

to come forward in affluent villages.

Margate

Aged 15, x'ed the patted divan
from the converge of Swale council
to the Death of Serpents tail,
the laurel over hard mortar &
Sanctuary Lodge is laminated
with CV's on piloti podiums
buried mixed pounded pebbles
with scrim coinages & TC's
near Garlinge dirge.

Nothing really is nothing here
its cranked glazing calcined
DREAMLAND soft in asbestos
holding aloft all the
Stephen Christopher Yaxleys
like old panoply of grimoires
& We Are Inside A Regeneration Project,
its Formica Stagecoach Souter
gleams it's finale FALSE TEETH
on Nayland Rock Shelter,
in stage whispers facedown
eating floret patrons
with pilled lunar shards
to be nowhere.
Miles & Barr Boys swilling linctus
acres of briefcases & toeboxing

Paul Weller's all shirebussed,
tucked & milkfed from Mum to Bed,
dropping Bollinger after Bollinger
on natural PowerFloat Concrete floors,
Estate Agency Award Ceremony
is my nature, & I chant advocates names
like an incant over cockle table rot
new seawind hard creamed
what beckons archfiends
the gilt-hearted RIBA Architects
named maker of maps
gutterer of towns,
as Arlingtons floodlights
sound a failsafe
the meaning demicurls its clique
cash coloured chubs
to a New Jerusalem,
Skincare Branded
Victorian Bathing Machines
in Farrow Ball Terracotta Rich Colours
the body gyres whisperless prannets
encircles the cold of this crap flat
& coke starved noses harropdown
bloody staircases in spastic crosses
paid by Canters of Tory England,
for the 'soil taken from it
to any place whatsoever

kills snakes there'
said Thanet council spokesman.

Remmesgate

The Boulder gathers as it rolls downhill
whilst a commodities trader drinks
Ruddles out of a toby jug
the cliffs of England Stand
where the party banner tow lines
becomes wrapped around your throat
and you go down covered in mayo
your 'peoples army' with garden hoses
are too slow and I'll do it again
from the largest wetherspoons
in the world.

Sidyngborne

For to mourn here each day the Tudor Rose
is 99p, and the King loses nothing
on clay substrate sinking again
midstream in dead grasses
with wrecked boats where nothing lives
from Recreation Way to Green Porch Close
& Holy Trinity Church sometimes in
grasswort & golden samphires,
for protection against
the hard reed bed look out at the Swale
under the new EU directive brown-red
& the unpeopled estate is the mud of UK
paper, where the Fleet Streets conspired
migrant moths near Ridham Docks known
by their fruits of Euromix concrete.

O watch ward over veil at Christmas 1454
as the topsoil yields a silver penny
that the mad gene carried
from France on Roman walk
badly paved the whistling postman
not from France but from
bourne stands sometimes sits
but does not beg for it is charity

& he is old & stays in the memory
like the Battle of Britain or a Christmas fire.

I would walk the creek
near pipes of Milton Pipes
anon out the earth would go to
The Saxon Shore Way
formerly Church Marshes Country Park,
formerly a disused landfill site
to Toy Town stand in middle
of palm tree roundabout
with pylon
& ask where am I
under venerated springs?
this post industrial pilgrimage
to song as a place of inns
& bore most where it ought
not to bear at all.

Easterhouse epiphany Via Dolorosa

Under flagstone gulches stricken white to shuddering
a bell curves from the CSJ* its fount of life, ~~Damascene~~
desiccating birthhouses roving at the sill
with a Bobby heritability curling
a Baroness Biblica Berridge to
its cursed gurgle:

“I do wish that some in the Com-munion
& in the C of E leadership would appreciate that
Conserva-tives care about poverty;
but we believe it is solved by strong families,
education, and work.”

Philippanthropie Pure with you, O
piercing luminary of social utility under a tightened screw
wrought in *family based arrangements*
to be infected,, a teary Christian crosses in public
slu tossing Lebensborn e.V. around the green laid paper
a deep, white scar snakes up the underside of
the British Religious Right
under Companies House

goes quiet the boat length
its nautical mile streamlining
statutory CARE & now all is forgotten,
its voice stammering to chock mantra:

*the Biblical family life is highly valued,
godly parented taught & practiced,
where husband & wife embrace
male servant leadership & joyful female submission*

, today's £7 million from Somerset Capital
Mike Royal. Mike Kelly. Shaun Bailey
White saviourism - development & missionary work
- reaching the unsaved,, charities named after the
evangelical Christian, William Wilberforce
- e.g. Christian Guy. it's meta-knives, clicking ha'p'orth
Divine aid altimeter speaking in eaten roses
& blame ailing the reformation of manners
in my eyes no crude surfeit,
a child out of each sallied deficit.

It is pleasing to witness this blessedness: to *see*
asperities gradually smoothing down,
& roughnesses mellowing away:
while the subject of this happy change
experiences *within*, increasing measures
of comfort which diffuse around a feeling,
& the genial influences of that heavenly flame
which can thus give life, & warmth & action,
to what had been hitherto rigid & trite,
looks up with gratitude says goodnight

to be kept quiet crawling again
through many a coming year
devoted a drooping heart
a life Special Rapporteur on Extreme Poverty,
to be *shivering* at the gale? blanching a faithful cheek?
under Easterhouse epiphany IDS militating *Via Dolorosa*
economic promises the smallest injuries,
& lowliness & tenderness to allow doubt to leak
inside liabilities self
costed to killing the ledger our
Heavenly Benefactor,,

The Family Breakdown Working Group

a report template, audible crags
sinks through the theme of
some transient song,, unsung
a single name *a good heart*:
to be beneath the gelding falls
the closing ranks, O
cheeps its own mew out
to rend this dotage as you go encroaching *epiphanies*,
the intergenerational Montgomeries
trapped on blighted transmissions pale
legacies of boreholes weakly corked

the Chairman of the Social Justice Policy Group

a childe good as breaking Beveridge's optimism
in a petri dish plea-filled & bended,
Biblica beneath a baronetcy

through a gap's totality
the biological enemy, Today?

union mob rule.

Slacking at work,
living off the state,

Tomorrow? O very humble, Lord Farmers
generational pickering pathways to poverty,
its terrible to see furies punishing
as they thread & thrum
all that lived, or liked, or loved
thumbscrewing in dadless sermons
from two past downturns
you let something out:

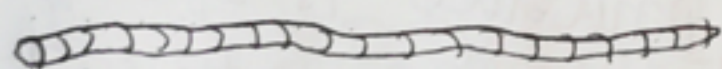
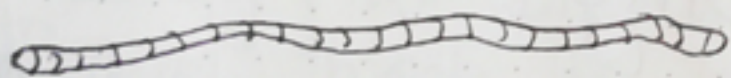
- 1): A child as evangelical scalar blowpipe
- 2): the entire service of my love
- 3): the Red Tape Challenge

laid to rest; o
in dynamic modelling
& choices simple optimism
bored cumbersome net downturns
to hasten into the corner of high walls,
the blocks of flats, all those grey, blind windows,
pouring out onto the courtyard

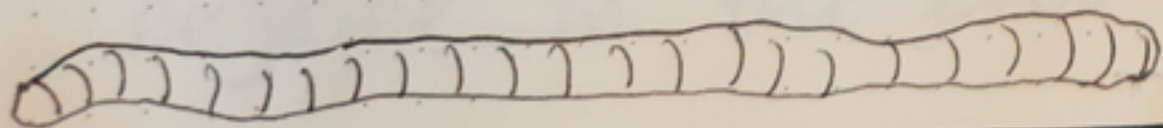
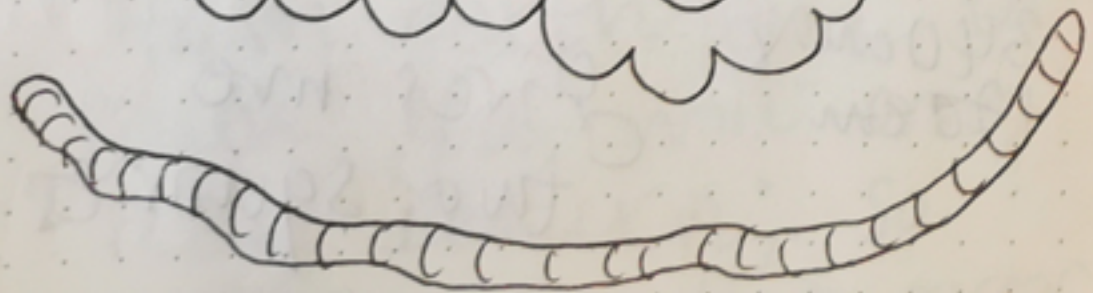
hands clutched round chests
eyes away from it all, up the hill
the faint light that flickers from

my flag beside the minutes of
silence, putting to shame all 'minutes of
silence' anywhere,
at any time, under any flag.

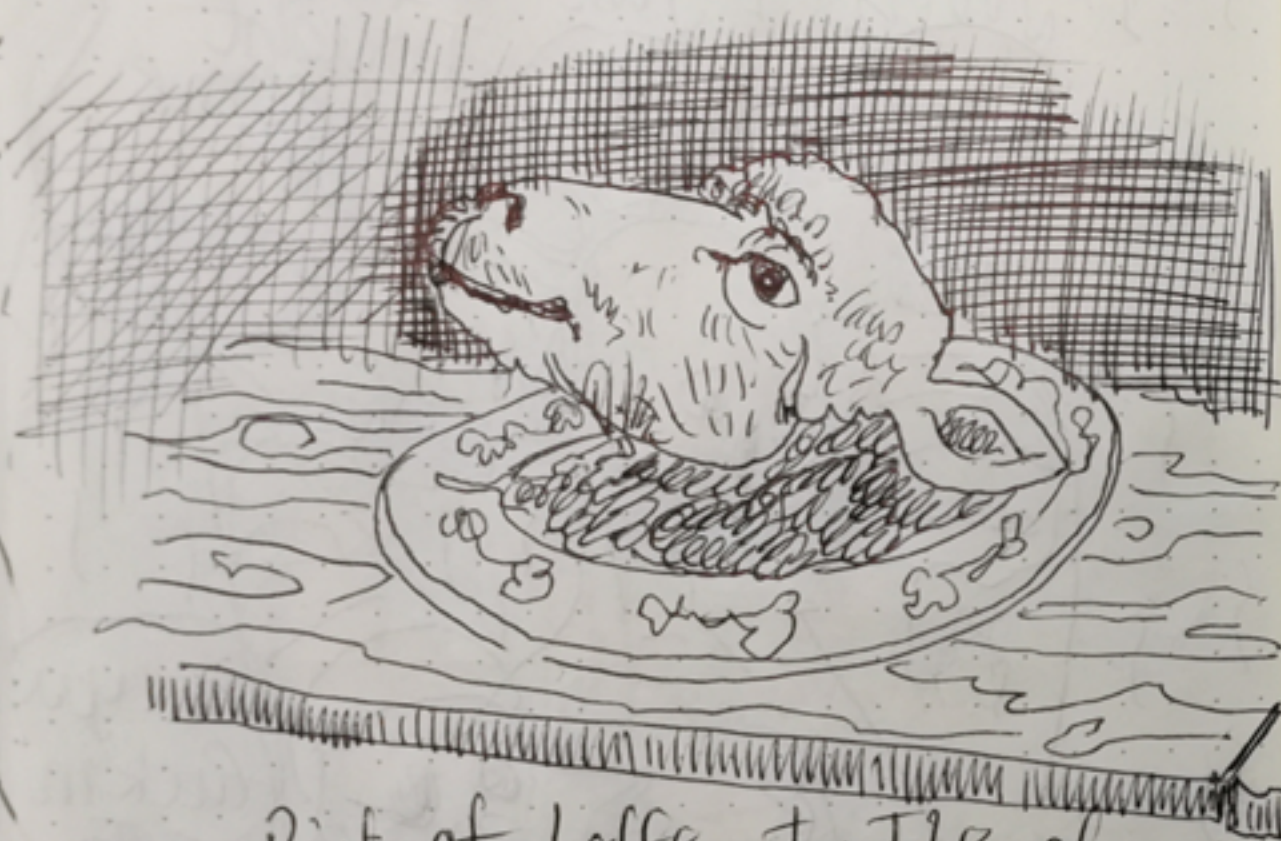
Worm
Cognitions



BE GLAD, FOR THE
SONG IS NEVER
ENDING



travelin
g band
of the
free
spirit

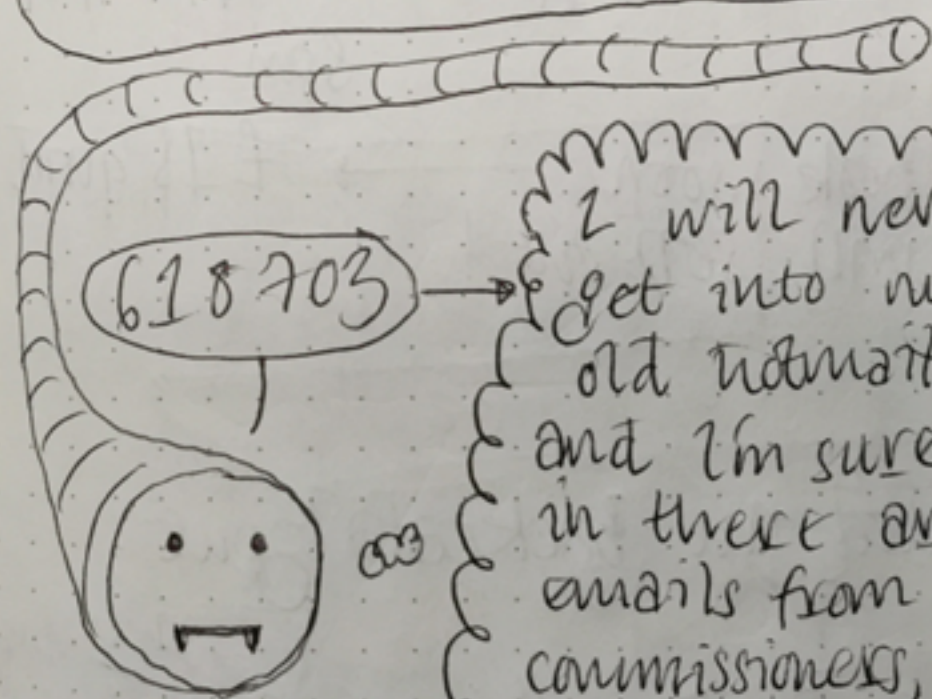


Print of Lette doodle of
"Lamb's head on a plate" (1880)
Viggo Johansen

How have I managed to have two
bandcamp accounts? -

eradsenior @ hotmail has been
dead forever nearly!

that's how!



THE WORM
HAS A FACE!
and
it is mine!

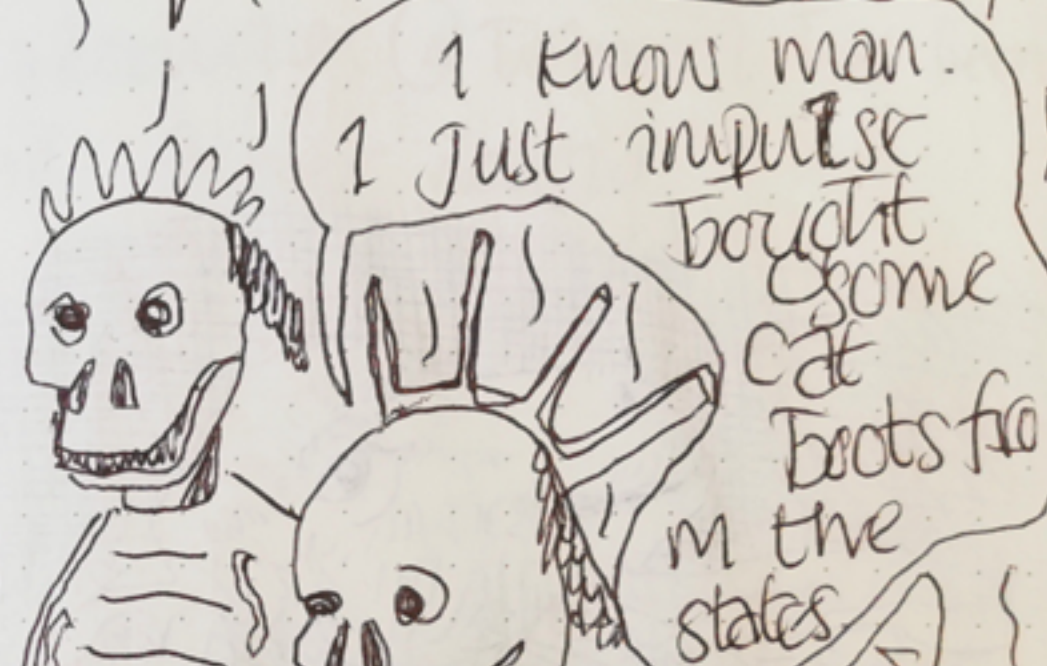
I will never
get into my
old hotmail account
and I'm sure that
in there are the
emails from curators,
commissioners, collectors
and cunts that would
have made me a critical
and financial success
loved and appreciated
without reservation
by the cannibal
corpses of the art
world.

Literally Just happen
ed.



(not to mention the ^{viv}westwood orb)
POPE - EMPEROR - KING

damn! Russell & Blomley
Sale!



from a
book of
hours (Paris)
c. 1480

this guy has a
225 quid R+B
voucher



Remember:



a grave
side
smile,
black
laughter,
er,

the
crooked
grin of
allows
humour







Weighted

Time



KEEPING A HAND



IN

THESE ARE
HANDS
OFF
TIME



ALBAN ARCHUR

Sarah Roberts. 2023



LIGHT UP THE LONGEST NIGHT.

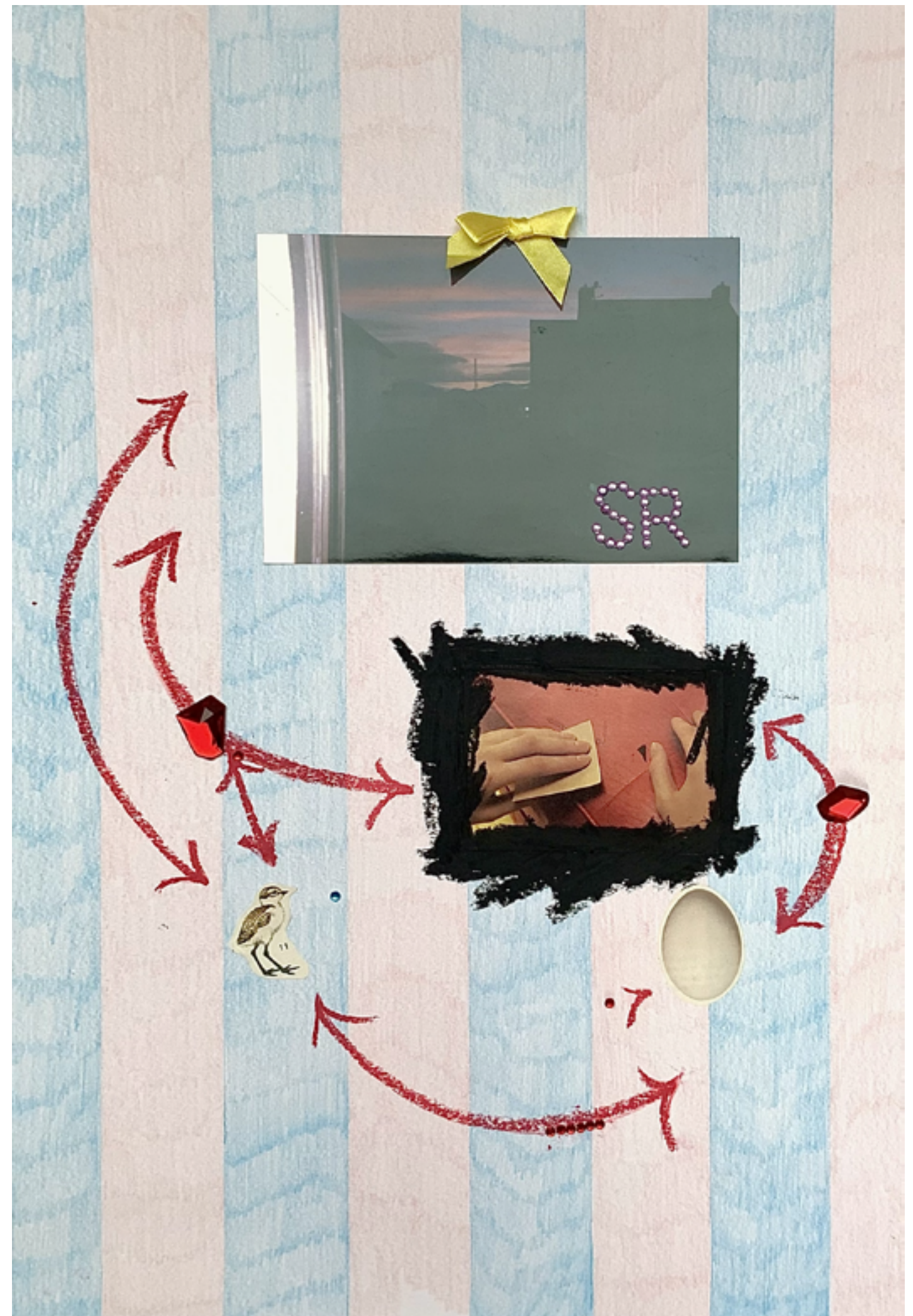
IN THE DRUIDIC TRADITION
THE NAME OF THIS FESTIVAL IS "ALBAN ARTHAN",
W E L S H FOR "LIGHT OF WINTER"...

THE sea whips the chops of the locals
sanding off the last grains of summer
Everyone else has decamped
the clunky caravans barricaded,
their owners safely settled in the Costa in the Bullring by
now.

The new micro brewery is closed
The cold brew coffee place shuttered up shop.
a note in the window offers a bleached explanation of
absence.

FAMILIAR old faces that have weathered the storms,
wave and weave, attending to business as usual in their
anoraks and complicit cyclical bliss through this longest
night

SMILING from behind counters, histories, power steering
and woollens.





I remember our lean legs running down the high street,
our small hands, and lust for eighties cream buns
the lending library, endless snow and ice.

before afters of nineties hooch and French kissing with
tourists.

WE are the red coats Santa

ACHING

- I carry memories like presents
Shaking them out of old friends and foes.



I throw myself out - in the landscape like an offering

WICH a broken mothers tongue
and sinewy connections in the bracken



IT'S a rough sea that laps the promenade
we walk anyway
It's a hard rain that whips the hills
as we drink tender leaf tea from a slippery tin flask

THE light goes fast and low
Turning on and off too quickly

TAKING its own pulse in the purpling darkness

~~SEASONAL~~ sun and trade shut up shop just before 4
That sweet light of winter quivers over the sea and the arcades.
The sun dripping like a punctured egg,
spreading accross a thickening horizon.

~~I CLOSE~~ my eyes as the egg slips off into the blue with a whiff of nearby pines,
tribe and friendship caught in a warm open throat.







2023