

Gertrude Stein does Proteus on Blackpool Prom.

Ineluctable modality of the vis-audible: dervished rubbishing child gull cries. Signatures of all things I am here to taste: deepfried candyfloss narcotic vinegar tang. Golden mile emetic.

So.

Green splinter peel painty bench. Piering. A cross. The moveable her eyes on.

Eye.

Wood eye.

Eye.

A wood.

Either gnaws.

The gnaws.

Its knot warm.

Yer knot wrong.

Either gnaws.

Eye.

Right enough.

Watch Trev and Ann eat sandwiches from foil drink coffee from flasks and we all watch the sun stoop low. A whole whale underground and a stoop to lift reach under it why never only ever do it when you really really need it through the whispered clouds what do we have? Only times of harsh clenching when this is not one of those and it is only when you are thrice times tired. Thrice times tired and full of rage.

Twist your body in order to feel. Stretch your body in order to ground. Lift your body in order to love. Let it swell and overflow and oh. Interject if you must. Say the decent thing the decent thing say the decent thing. Interruptions and self interceptions and self thwarting. Never again never ever again. Going for people really going for people in the repetition you understand what I mean by really *going* for people it does not need to be hard it can be easy just put your head in the stream. And really in the tradition you know in the tradition you know normally in the tradition we go here then we put this here and normally when we go out we just head out and when you go for people I mean really *go* for people I was really going to go for them I mean really *go* for them all of them in one go one two three quick swallow down.

To suck in the stomach I mean *really* suck in the stomach on your tiptoes firming the calf and sitting down pulling up the quadriceps and feeling them taut and feeling your torsion now that is love. Squirling down in your seat screwdriving down into one point underneath you on this wooden bench now that is love lifting yourself up by your arms now that is love. Lifting the bucket and lending the bucket and not minding the horrorstained bucket now that is love. Pegging out my smalls now that is. Sticks under the pier and being high and dropping things and stones being quicker. Grabbing on suddenly without deciding now that is love.