



# Open Moments

A C Evans

*Argotist Ebooks*

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Argotist Ebooks

# Open Moments

## **NOT ANOTHER POEM**

About a life-changing personal experience!  
Who cares about your trivial existence?  
Why are your reactions so interesting?

Try to write about nothing,  
The non-space where being finds itself alone  
And – guess what? – the world dissolves  
Into slivers of freezing glass.

So, disown your talent,  
Throw away your books,  
Keep very quiet,

And write about nothing else.

## **SKIES IN HER EYES**

Combine my hate with hers:  
Her eyes reflect skies, and  
These skies reflect lies – look  
Up, look at her – flying high,  
Look at her – outstretched wings,  
Span miles of wild sky.  
Ragged summits of bleached rock,  
Yes, and her arid blue eyes.

## **FRAGILE**

So fragile the laughter  
Across lost space between us

My friend, your eyes (your  
Life, your soul)

Hard bright following glare  
No more (your life, your soul)

Not immortal but changing  
Not immutable, but transformed

And

In the farthest distance now  
The faded outline of your

Haunting smile.

White buildings blue sky

## **NO GESTURE**

Relaxing by a pool  
Thinking about  
Poetry  
A poetry of architecture  
And fast cars  
She stands there  
Static beauty  
Poetry of stance  
This  
Ephemeral moment  
A lyrical scene, a  
Snapshot, her  
Posture distorting  
Space/time  
No gesture  
Can  
Change this poetry

## **NOW INTERIOR**

Lost time ahead thoughts  
Enclosed, this

Sky far away clouds  
White/blue  
Blood red flower hard leaves  
Thorns  
Our anguish now interior  
Images  
Merging forms manipulate  
Contrast  
Slow wave hands raised  
Black/grey  
Cloudy far skies away

Enclosed, those  
Dreams ahead time lost.

## **SOUTH OF SUBURBIA**

Flashy trashy  
Hot house style stalker  
Whatever  
Electrical superstars in  
Stockings and sussies  
Showgirls and supermodels  
Cataloguing celebrity body parts  
(Beckham's foot,  
Jordan's boobs,  
Bowie's eyes,  
Kylie's bum)  
Snooty servants  
Killer storm clouds  
Boost sockets  
A floozy in dark glasses  
And a rah-rah skirt  
Big house  
Impure thoughts  
Screaming spires  
Somewhere south  
Of  
Suburbia.

## **PSYCHEDELIC BALLROOM**

Sparkly strobe flicks flickering  
Across high vaulted ceiling where  
Diamond droplets pattern hot flesh  
Revolving metal mirrors reflecting  
Dancers swaying to high-energy images  
Torn from reverse colour filmstrips.

Scratched frames of action.

Glossy looks encapsulate  
Awesome fashionistas  
The spirit of the age back then  
Suspended in a glass skull  
Over the heads of a throng of  
Gauzy baby doll mini dress devotees.

Segue to shared erotic hallucination:  
A remote-controlled tarantula  
With anatomical controls and  
Damp-resistant plastic body.  
Bad trip or breakthrough?  
Only time will tell.

## FACING THE LIGHT

Facing the light

Ogling on the beach

Too many bad thinkers

No more monochrome dots

Abortion is not a problem (for

Rich women)

Emotions mean nothing, it might

Be ironic

In other news

Music sounds strange

Until now all we know are:

Daytime thoughts

Exposed coasts

Storm winds

The present is not the past and culture is tyranny

This is related to the curious

The middle class is a parasitic organism

(Luxury angora bed-socks

We turn and fight and then we run

Polemics are useless

You may change the facts you cannot reflect

The truth)

Sensational vibes for foxy ladies

Meaning nothing to me

Nothing to you

Ironically on the beach exposed

To other news

Salvation is not required

From far-away places

Self-denial is not difficult

With monochrome dots for living the dream

There is no boundary

Life is empty and depths deceive

And everything means nothing

For you and me and everyone else.

You are your style,

Arrive before midnight.

## **AS ALWAYS**

Time shapes meaning  
In strange ways  
Like the gods were never here,  
Or, perhaps, like lava flowing  
Beneath the sea, where Atlantis  
Flowered in its pride and evil,  
All energy forsaken.  
As always,  
The slaves never knew  
Their real masters.

## **DISTORTING MIRRORS OF TIME**

Distorting mirrors of time  
Across universal space, bend starlight  
So brilliant this pulsating vacuum  
Energy, radiating no message  
From now to eternity, not even  
Our insignificant presence  
Fading ungraciously out.

## **IN THIS MOMENT**

A life remembered, but  
Dreams forgotten – did you  
Hear the rain last night?

## **LAST MINUTE FANTASY**

Elsewhere, meanwhile

White gold, far out

Centre

Wrought iron

Stranded, where

Violet warning

Notes

Fade away.

Talkative fellow travellers

Support

Our vanity parade

Of memories.

Fast-talking

Last minute fantasy

Have you noticed?

## LOOSE CONNECTIONS

Start your engines: assume a very cool shape,  
Just far too cute for comfort.  
Chase the dream of militant hedonism,  
Those throw-on looks, rock 'n' roll bingo.

Yes! Oh, yes!  
Elemental darkness hides loose connections,  
The Liquid Silver Dancers excite us;  
But life is nothing new.  
Cultivate your nightmares; turn on the shower radio,  
Click on the B of the Bop; recite all those  
Shocking passages off the dial of the present time,  
The closed loop of stimulus and response,  
Of birth and rebirth.

Shatter the crystal barrier,  
Smash down those power-assisted doors,  
Watch a laser symphony map underground networks,  
A subversive vision of deadly street clutter

## **MOMENTS OF DISTRACTION**

In moments of distraction,  
When the street noise fades,  
You see the surreality of now  
In a hyper-space of curious angles  
And twisted nerves.

In moments of distraction,  
When twilight shades the day,  
You feel the furtive shudder of now  
In a quietude of absent thoughts  
And twisted nerves.

## **TOUCH THE WALL**

Relative light this night is ours  
How will you touch the wall?

Will the darkness stay?  
Grey clouds build up above the trees,

Skyline of desperation, this flight  
Of fading trajectories – beyond

Intelligible thought – beyond  
All hope of understanding.

## **WARPED INFINITY**

Warped infinity of marble walls  
Beyond outer limits of vision  
Where astral charts etch skies  
Dark with hermetic signs,  
And routine thoughts  
Cannot shape any future,  
Or this corroded life we lead.

## UNKNOWN ZONE

Where space-time ripples intercept  
Our thoughts, creating strange patterns,  
The suggestion of delay causes panic  
Across the Unknown Zone as our  
Voyage into the abyss enters  
Another phase: my eyes turn green,  
Your hair turns blue, the walls melt  
Away in a disco vision; and your  
Flooshy skirt swirls you across the floor  
Far, far away – beyond the stars,  
Beyond the refracted universe we know,  
To another dimension of flashing lights  
And galactic strippers going the distance.

Scandalous big and beautiful, yes, The Sun  
Explodes: a multi-tonal mind-warp  
Trip of a lifetime, so intimately yours.

Notice the difference?

## **LIFE ULTERIOR**

Live a life ulterior  
A distant back-story  
That shatters illusions  
Of the way the world might be.

Life a life in the shadows  
Where the mystery hides  
In the name of a Truth  
That cannot be found

But only shown.

## **THEN INTERIOR**

Deranged but lost thinking  
Open, this

Earth so near oceans  
Green/white  
Fleshy petals soft stalk  
Spines  
Your pain then interior  
Words  
Diverging patterns away  
Blend  
Quick still head down  
Red/yellow  
Clear near water close

Open, this  
Awake away, time estranged.

## BEAUTY FROM WITHIN

### *Waves In Random Directions I*

Reflective radial  
Rich block colour, a hot selection  
Control static/Striker cufflinks

Alla Nazimova  
Pauline Frederick  
Stacia Napierkowska  
Musidora  
Theda Bara

Worldly wisdom, body and bounce  
How to work it  
Casual,  
relaxed, informal

The key begs to be touched  
Enthusiasm  
Freeform silhouette (like

Mae West  
Lilian Gish  
Blanche Sweet  
Gloria Swanson  
Natacha Rambova

Lifting away from the head)  
Up and around  
The heavens, the sky, the ABSOLUTE

A provocative air  
Shades of compact beauty  
Streetwise eyes  
Cool, long, urban  
Velcro rollers  
Flip-down ice gripper  
Sonic gewgaws

No blip on the screen

Pola Negri  
Tallulah Bankhead  
Anna May Wong  
Clara Bow

As chic as they come

Like twilight & super-soft memory foam  
Let your face  
be open

Yet oh-so glam

## GOING THE DISTANCE

### *Waves in Random Directions II*

Block tone slice light tint fly frost  
The rest is up to you  
Trade secrets uncovered

Heated appliances  
May start with the lustre

Greta Garbo  
Louise Brooks  
Brigitte Helm  
Jean Harlow  
Merle Oberon  
Maria Montez

Spicy ripples high lights/low life  
A lot more service

And  
Prove it in the mirror  
Propping up the bar in a frilly petticoat  
short notice

Hedy Lamarr  
Rita Hayworth  
Veronica Lake  
Jane Russell  
Hildegard Knef  
Gina Lollobrigida

Relaxing at home  
working on pressure points  
can take three hours, not a  
Soft option

just your fingertips

(How to work it)

Tonal contrast  
a bright smile, a

Perfect, innocent look

Random sections defined by  
An unhappy accident

Ingrid Thulin  
Monica Vitti  
Diana Dors  
Anouk Aimee

Frazzled ends long shot

Understated  
satin finish, now

## TAKE ANOTHER LOOK

### *Waves in Random Directions III*

Do not be shocked by  
An ANGELIC smile  
slim line, separate style

Slightly untidy  
come-hither look

In-between/section-off  
Either side  
*head upside down*

Kim Novak  
Jayne Mansfield  
Brigitte Bardot  
Lee Remick  
Ursula Andress  
Ingrid Pitt  
Natalie Wood

*Flirting* the mood suits you  
rag and roll, wraparound reflections  
Metallic dress  
Chained to a fence removed

Jean Seberg  
Raquel Welch  
Catherine Deneuve  
Gayle Hunnicutt  
Charlotte RAMPLING

Incredible clouds of attitude  
diffuser attachment  
(Oops – you forgot  
Marina Sirtis and Sharon Stone)

Buxom beliefs swivel top  
Floral accents

Michelle Pfeifer  
Deborah Kara Unger  
Julia Roberts  
Pamela Anderson  
Uma Thurman  
Winona Ryder  
Gwyneth Paltrow  
Milla Jovovich

And frivolity in your favourite way  
Spiky definition

Alicia Silverstone  
Keira Knightley

High voltage retro  
Up with your hands  
Now go girl

## **CRAZY ANGELS**

Hired for after-dinner entertainment,  
Enter The Crazy Angels!

A paranormal cabaret, worse than  
The Good Old Days:  
Jumping through hoops  
Fishnet stockings  
Alarming acts of disappearance and  
Reappearance; fractured moods  
With audience participation  
In smoke-filled, basement venues  
Shabby old halls, 'retro' pleasure gardens.

Descending from the ceiling they  
Stand ambiguously in fetching poses  
Then, before your psychic mirror  
Smashes into lethal fragments and  
The music starts a sleazy tango,  
Our giggling girlie-clowns  
Toss orange wigs into the wings  
While Jezebel lights up a long cigar.

Dry ice, white light, splintered lyrics,  
Off-colour jokes and fruity gestures,  
Fire-eating, sword swallowing,  
Vintage pyrotechnic spectaculars,  
Hypnotic illusions, ballroom side-shows,  
Are all on our evening agenda.  
So hold on to your pants, ladies!

Breathe deep,  
Stay cool,  
Stay on-message,  
Make all the right moves  
...tonight.

## **DANGEROUS SWING**

Shimmer cascade fountains  
Those sparkling lights...  
Those top quality laughs...  
As, across cool lawn, guests  
Parade in their swanky dresses.

Here, a string quartet  
Plays a haunting, faded melody,  
Distant echo of a long-gone era;  
Of tuxedos, ball gowns, and  
Curious nocturnal machines.  
Pain is an indicator  
And over there, dangerous swing,  
Played by a big band we knew  
From those affluent, distant days  
(When roses faded only slowly,  
Like my love for you)  
Is in the air again, a weeping wound.

## SNAP PICTURES

Pale blue skies  
Engine capacity  
Post-war consumer boom culture  
Retro-futurism  
New wave writers  
Deviant subtopian norms  
Pretentious and intrusive outdoor advertising  
Hoardings,  
Wires,  
Poles,  
Ill-sited public utilities  
Such a fool to ask  
(Cindy Oh Cindy)  
Edit your copy  
On trains and planes  
Snap pictures into your diary  
Long lens sunset over rocky bay  
Two couples scupper your plans  
Think of new ways  
Feminine variations  
End in another crisis.  
Are we really on the way out?  
Today which one are you?

## TOWER OF BABEL

### Several Phrases I-III

*structure after structure. phrases like stairs. language as a ladder and he looks up*  
– Patti Smith 'Babel'

#### I

Bitter twist attracted artists several phrases but  
There are men here, women danced to jazz  
But still had the tableaux theatres  
The distance, the nightlife 'dancing partners'  
The misfits and the streets nightly after filming  
Hang on a minute transgressive in other ways  
The grid, the montage, the calligraphy, the wall  
Dodgy agents wherever we stop, yet  
Three times it looks like merely a chill-out tent attitude  
Susceptible to a very few people, shabby academics  
And debauched undergraduates where is the outrage?

#### II

An entire fictional army surrounded the tower  
Read my conventional memoir called Johnny Double-Cross  
House in a tall building where unlikely people  
Create delicious attachments babble of voices yesterday  
For what it was worth,  
My new friend the tax lawyer fooled the skyscrapers  
Tricky trends, blood orange flash car deliberately infatuated  
By a fantasy network of feature artists market-based signs  
From the City of Shards describe his secret empire  
Was all but tasteless bricks and mortar heart of our capital  
Classy roots roaming tour of Babel warm and inviting

#### III

By now burgeoning fraternity driving up redevelopment  
A little part of everywhere is here and now a kind of inter-zone  
Cold and wet time's up  
Will lead us to this moment; it meant knackered crossing  
The road two in five for an impromptu punk gig  
Contact your local specialist within the last six months  
A bird can sense daily coverage dying out tight?  
Whenever and wherever the city changes like this  
Even the dust in our homes, or at least not as much as we thought  
Examine the nasties and other yummy activities for a tour of the  
Tower, the bridges, these phrases like stairs and the urban skyline...

## HAPPENING PEOPLE

### *Rogue Metal I*

Happening people want scary... *Eins, zwei, drei, vier...*

Beyond now:

The mainstream can be inspiring, so bring your own paper.

Note early organic architecture in the study room.

The modern school of gothic drives culture with a difference.

Engaging informative eating and drinking,

Cutting-edge dance spectacular exhibitions,

Free changing light falls.

A housing crisis and Cities of Tomorrow

Every month a high society photograph collection

Suburbia is an extension of our past present

Indie-Britpop futile academy palace of fossils

In this case not quite the City of Los Angeles.

His crew will push your ambition to make it with any star

Including Lucy Lovebird, millions of people

Realistic and believable, carry out a robbery,

Mutual respect don't just be stupid, sparkle and shine,

Become the God of Party.

I didn't realise. How exciting!

We do this every Monday – nervous?

## ELECTRIC FORUM ORBITAL HOOPS

### *Rogue Metal II*

That's all I can give to you guys without being killed:  
Music is a drug like your alter ego, it's cheap too.  
Finally, you'll need small gemstones  
Previously known as 'electric forum orbital hoops'  
High flying monsters, spectral citizen's action, what!

Coming attractions:  
A new tower block and a ghastly old man's pub,  
An indication of our belief in cafes, bars and funky apartments,  
A 'walk of shame' to blur the line *ad nauseam*  
Like a series of well-turned-out models.  
Take a trip into a shopping mall, talking in a mechanistic way  
the effect has been staggering,  
like sculpture from darkness that stands alone,  
No doubt an enticing international extravaganza revisited.

Taking the factory floor after-show:  
Early birds more than numbers absurdly hip,  
One-day reunion: listen and participate  
As original residents, kick the enemy's dropout holograms.  
Mid-sized hit by a shower  
At the lower limit is how much failed the actors  
For an opera legacy follow voluptuous was hanged.

Ended so cheerfully and worked at various jobs:  
Celebrating the Top 20 without a conclusion,  
Or special intro proud and angry,  
A novel achievement,  
Narrow passages are technically impressive yet  
Seem sinister and enigmatic.

## **STRANGE EVIL FLOWERS**

(Don't Miss Out On Dangerous Art)

### *Rogue Metal III*

Rogue metal guerrilla movements migrated to London  
Like strange evil flowers from a dark lake where  
Nothing is sane and nothing is safe.

Super-handy extra free gift wrap-around sunglasses  
Water-effect solar cherubs,  
Pinching and cramping instant easy look  
Add wheels to a vibrant kaftan.

Yes, the underside has special suction cups and  
Slip-resistant grippers  
Simply apply before bedtime for a lot of extra style.

Attracts dust like a magnet.

Close-up view, flip down, turn about  
Use to protect your identity  
While your lower body stays in place  
Accept no responsibility  
Perfect for poached diamond dust  
Repel pests forget the frustrations turn it over.

Speak rhythmically in rhyming couplets  
Or folk chants.

A Roman flash dance  
And a cheering crowd  
In tune with some really beautiful things,  
A crucial contribution from  
A maverick mathematician suddenly able to talk

The ideas were brilliant,  
Like an ultra-violent comic book metropolis,  
Dominating the media or some psychotic nemesis.

Camp body action involving ape-men and pterodactyls,  
Unrest and crumbling consensus  
Guaranteed to make you laugh cry puke and  
Develop a nose for drama  
Don't miss out on dangerous art  
Oblivious of every level of reality,  
Is there any stopping us?

## STROLLING DOWN THE STREET

*Rogue Metal IV*

Bra too tight?  
All we have is data on morphogenesis.

Attempt the impossible, appearing from nothing.  
Loss of energy advances.  
Come from the horizon of insight, or  
Mad Sal's Dockside Alehouse and all points weird.  
Set the tone; squaring-up to vintage soul,  
Boogaloo, rock steady and  
Happy hang-ups-dance-trance-techno-disco.  
Discover this largely untold story,  
Strolling down the street.

Coz this is a timeless jewel from a poisonous poet,  
Tested by word of mouth.  
Stone-lock edge-booster,  
Unique candy-stripe, instant results  
Like misted-up windows...  
Add definition... *ce sont des mouettes*.

## BEYOND SURREAL

Strange contours on the radar,  
Secret lab deep in the countryside,  
Technicians in white coats.  
On the blink again, sir  
What is it?  
Dunno, sir, it's beyond me,  
Picture not perfect,  
Colour errors continue,  
It's beyond surreal,  
A cruel story, the sins of youth  
What really rocks this starlet?  
It was due to the sloppy production schedule  
She said, gagging for some action,  
Toying with her easy-fit waistband extenders and her  
Magnetic bracelets worn for sitting or standing  
At the console, a superb luxury machine  
Finished in brushed silver; set the alarm  
And wake up with a perfectly timed  
Analogue face  
Touch and glow!  
She certainly did, but preferred shopping  
In bargain basements with sinister mercenaries  
From a distant galaxy  
The bookies rarely get these things wrong.  
We hang on as we look to bounce back into real time, and  
The good thing is there are no more odds and ends  
But we can still hit the headlines with this  
Grisly slash-fest mashup filmed by viewers  
As two stoned pot smokers drift into range  
Zap! Ultimate in snug comfort.  
Keep your hands warm I begged her  
As she took up her spoke shave balsa stripper  
Ready for playing among the stars  
As if that was not enough!  
We can break new ground with this inner landscape  
You'll be amazed  
We slipped along between the floating solar-powered  
String lights  
Not sure who's at the door?  
Eyes as hard as steel she unleashed a satirical puppet show  
And lashed out with mind-blowing stratospheric vocals  
I'm so filthy filthy you'll explode in seconds!  
She screamed  
It was a team of Manhattan-based scientists  
A mother-and-daughter set-up with conflicting views  
About the future, huh.  
Well, that fractured our rampant ultra-hard obscure  
Zombie cannibal death trip B-movie cover story  
Haunted by a cordless chiming doorbell  
In fact, a sonic deterrent  
To deal with lane huggers and interstellar tailgaters  
Don't forget the accessories!  
Brilliant!

## NIMBUS EMPORIUM

To be continued  
Impure thoughts  
Cold ambient  
Hum intensely when you hear the tone  
Red light residents are seldom seen  
Displaced by moonlight  
Seriously weird  
Cross over nova  
Perhaps tomorrow  
A plastic decoy heron stood by the door  
Warning signs  
Two's company three's enuff  
Gold dust and lipgloss  
Woah there!  
Not now, darling.

The robotic arm belongs to the hotel  
Neon light flickering across the street  
Welcome to the Nimbus Emporium  
Cocktails and bingo.  
We talked to the doorman  
A notoriously tough negotiator  
Public enemy number one  
He says  
Come in and look around.  
You need a steady hand for this  
I thought, this is a crazy offer  
Surprise deranged laughter  
Empty corridor  
Ellipsoidal forms clustered  
A square becomes a lozenge turning  
On an axis, white and black hallucinations  
Yellow and violet, blue and orange, a mosaic  
Several grids enclosed an axonometric cube  
A black eyed kid floated up to the ceiling  
Cool cat scavengers skulked behind the sofa  
No plasma sports here  
Just old valves and broken mirrors  
And a slide-out storage tower;  
Trestle tables, sagging armchairs  
A torn poster for Zippo's Wild West Circus  
But not exactly thrills and spills  
Yeah, right.

## OPEN MOMENT

Over by the door shell-suited layabouts  
Catcalled the swanky clientele;  
Strange signals from flirty fashionistas  
In far out drag, voyeuristic, futuristic,  
It was like some *film noir* melodrama  
Glittering lights and a roving spot  
She took the stage with a sequined flourish  
All hot hair, sparkly nails and  
Up line coffee charisma.  
Displaced neo-nihilist blues warped into  
A screw-loose spectacular  
Whammo! Bammo! Thank You Mambo!  
Number, infrequent and moderate violence,  
PG Certificate unsuitable for children.  
Radical chicanery:  
The lippy bootylicious beautician  
With a smokey eye look,  
And a string bikini,  
Nostalgic for the age of silent cinema  
That open moment when there were no  
Swinging soundtracks, Psych or Garage,  
Enjoyed a foxy line in booze and bop.  
While a hotel receptionist at a corner table  
Pouted longingly at her wild child escort  
A phantom picked up earlier on the Metro,  
A sleazy crooner in a stained tuxedo  
Well, yes, actually!  
Ignoring her obligatory dirt-poor upbringing  
The orchestra swung into another cool strip-o-rama  
Jazz head chronic turbo hand-held number  
On easy-roll locking castors.  
And another thing  
The Divine Touch Unisex Salon  
Is where it's at baby. On-trend?  
Ask our experts.

This is a frozen waste of emotional destitution  
Dark, sordid backstreets,  
Pulses of rain,  
Cheesy nights out,  
Crosswords and puzzles off the menu,  
Kaleidoscopic montage of interior shots  
Mirrors, chrome, lost time  
Half asleep in the early hours  
Resplendent in a box-pleat maxi  
And peep toe heels  
She re-writes the art of the real as  
An Open Moment.  
Thank you.

## UNDISCLOSED MOMENT

And another thing  
We look around startled  
Like we just got here.  
There is no definite edge;  
We are in some cinema of the soul,  
Or in a cinema of memory.  
Layers of time.  
Identity disguised.  
Capture the moment  
Your moment, our moment,  
Any moment.  
Once again  
Fragments of painted angels  
Float by on the solar wind  
Fizzing with all tender variety,  
Alive and kicking someplace else  
Things nest in corners  
Other echoes echo  
A cosmic mirage,  
A ring of fire  
Sparkling solar string lights  
Flicker of running film  
Scratchy indistinct images  
Two narrators describe the scene  
A sidelong look, a glance  
Is just enough  
Where's that pause button?

Nocturnal machines float across  
A sky of molten metal  
Demons of awareness  
Surgical procedures change us  
Into weird poetic characters  
Way beyond naturalism  
Way beyond the ruined underpass.  
Outside it was raining.  
Undisclosed moment.  
Bad night?  
Go figure.

## LEAP OF DOUBT

Your photo-electric eyes  
Follow me around the room  
Deep beat rhythm vibes  
Way off the dial  
Haunt the dark  
This freakshow is worse  
Than real life, some geezer  
Told me how he  
Was meeting a couple of friends  
For a couple of beers  
When the balloon went up  
Right up  
Ashes and demons  
Smart city girls  
Shock absorbers  
Another stressed-out rabbit  
In a trance  
Shocking passages  
Remain stable  
Flesh, key, cross  
From imperfect to pluperfect  
In one leap of doubt  
Charting a post-surreal  
Landscape – our exhausted culture  
Of despair.

## **NOTHING EXISTS**

Self-replicating forms swim in the void  
Where unknown forces warp space and time  
Into strange, distorted shapes.

No command from outside has caused these visions,  
No revelation can explain their presence here.  
They are like hallucinations, or improbable things  
Only lunatics can see – mutating monsters,  
Copulating chimaeras, misshapen emissaries  
Of decay and desire.

In the darkness a hoarse voice cries out:  
*Nothing exists because everything exists!*

## About the Author

The work of A C Evans explores the subversive traditions of the bizarre and grotesque, yet the author describes both his art and poetry as Realistic. Influenced by the Gothic dark-side of Romanticism, *fin-de-siecle* Decadence, Aestheticism, the iconoclasm of Dada, revolutionary, anti-clerical Surrealism and the immediacy of Pop, he regards all these as points of departure, none as a destination—we live in a post avant-garde world.

Born in Hampton Court, Middlesex in 1949, A C Evans lived in South London until 1963 when he moved to Essex and co-founded the semi-legendary Neo-Surrealist Convulsionist Group in 1966 before moving back to London in 1973. His drawings, collages, reviews, articles, translations, poetry and stories have appeared in numerous small press magazines in the UK and abroad, and he is a regular contributor to *Stride*, *Monomyth* & *The Supplement*, *Midnight Street*, *Inclement* and *Neon Highway*.

He considers creativity to be the indirect effect of irrational drives and desires, a pre-verbal process of actualisation; an infinite quest and—inevitably—an indictment of both traditional dogma and contemporary *radical chic*. Fascinated by ambiguity, juxtaposition, exclusion, disengagement, irony and objective chance—the Absurd, negation, parody and black humour are constant preoccupations—his works often explore macabre themes, using eschatology, cosmology, urban imagery, symbolic figures and naturalistic detail to question our assumptions about convention, identity and reality.

Collaborative work has included several projects with *Stride's* Rupert Loydell. The poem sequence *Space Opera* was made into a digital video by Michelle Martin/OS2 and shown at the Onedotzero3 Festival, at the ICA, London, in May 1999.