

A DISCOURSE ON
VEGETATION & MOTION



FRANCES KRUK

**A DISCOURSE ON
VEGETATION & MOTION**



FRANCES KRUK

**A DISCOURSE ON
VEGETATION & MOTION**

O glittering incest bird.

Elizabeth Smart

*My anger is at the very cells my hands are made of (...)
I've dynamited them
beyond recognition.*

Diane Wakoski

today I battle Aphids with oily Hands

today I prepare to stab
the larval Thing inching

today I'm ready to succumb to a Flashbulb

today the Cat is Blood

today there is no Horizon there
is leching & Froth the whole
Window goes white in fear
I must undress for Money

today, Epiphany:
I am Ally Sheedy
ripping Scalp for Dandruff
to snow onto the Desk
(& the Void is white
& to be blind is not Darkness
& to disappear...)

today I swallow Hair & Bees
I knit Mistruths, I crocodile

today the fascist
Insect that preys
upon the People
chomps
my Face in Two

today I have no Mercy
I must finger the Chicken

today I suckle Prawns
curl beneath their bluegrey Shells

today I go Zombie
like a naked Chick
in Pantytangle

today I devour my Child

today the Bed fills
with Mites, the Mattress shuffles,
blights the Rug with penetrative Coils
my Skin
such Friction

today Ballet
is institutional Violence

today the Mouse will hang

today I freak, for

“the world is one vast snout and roots for blood”

today I am sightless & fanged
zippered with Stupidity

today the common Instinct
is Napalm

today I know
by any Means necessary
the Eyes must be fed
the Aphids must cry

I have a plan for Enzymes -
Hexes never failing -
Observe, the necessary Mischief Disguise:
It's black, it's knitted
it's got Holes for Lungs & Vision

today I have Heads numbered Three
today I lie for Axe Blades

today I lick every Hangnail furious
to the point of marrow-suck & all I know
is where the Ball dropped, where the Fire flew -
tis the Damage done to Anger
makes Me seek happy Pretense

today I have a Skull
to speak to
I say, with very Neuron, with every Ganglion,
Fibreoptic Sputnik Heart

Damn me & my Romance
for all it does is sit there

today I weep for Spiders
soaked in LSD
their Brocades broken Scaffolds
made hilarious by Camera's Eye:
Lonely Contraction
spooks Me into Clothing

today I have £12,000 worth of Rage
squashed into a Mindset I vacuum
Ladybirds re-live Nausea,
insert Electrodes into Aspic & watch
the Meat dance
in its sustainable Environment

today is Cream for Cash

today I require ID from all wingless Insects

today I am a Garment of quality
Wireless, convenient,
Washed & Ready-to-Eat the Scabs
on my Sleeve sparkle with the DroneJoy
in the Sleeve Factory

today I kink Entrails

Pity, Small-town Corpse

today Nothing must exhale
Water wails
sucks itself, gargles, hacks

today I paint them
in the Image of a flying Head
that knows the Desire
to live is a political Decision:
I guarantee the hard Mother
of Braegen will slaughter Boredom,
I do promise that Fabric will sicken,
will damage all Spectators

today the Penalty is Self

Rectum flickers Gulag,
is Mudfuckery
is a riveting Read
The Reek of old Purse comes
from Musk of Cathedrals only kept
for Nostalgia & Emergency

Self damns Itself
needs no other Fury
no external Superstition

today I shave
I slip
I use the Hemolymph
to slick my Hair & moisten
the Gaps between my Wings

I exit
I dream
I think only of Food

today I am aware of televised Deaths
Plaster cracks my Teeth again & again,
for these Walls do love Me so

today is 1646 & I rub Amber
fiddle Genitals, spark for Electrolysis
Thus I conjure
some tasty Soldier for to test
It is known I don't approve of War
yet I bubble
I violent
I set out to broomrape
every One

today the Town is so
stained with vacancy
Horseflies be the only Grub

But their Mouths are bigger, it is said
their Thoughts are greater, it is shown
I bleed where Pores are taken

today I breathe & my Breath sours the whole Room
Here I thought all Stains
were Other - the Grease, the Hairs
all swamped about the Sink

In silence I'm reduced to Oil & Toys
& it's been Three Days
& Math pales me my Scalp my Stink my Squirm

today I get sweet & white
on all this dragging Mucus

today I magnet
Phosphorous & Dawn,
eating Beads, spitting Wine
It's Incantation, calling forth

I supervise the Murder
provide the Blades & Ninja Stars
observe the Action Wire
til every Organ Smokes
in Theory & in Fiction

today I sterilize

today I fall in love with a black Bird

today an Explosion of Flowers & Blood

today the Area near used Spines
tingles with Bitumen
I insert
the Products
I close the Windows
I probably come

today a Bird

a String

a piece of dangling Wood

today I fail
for the Crawling is anonymous
& thick & all homo Sapiens be subject
to their own foul Whims

today I'm Swedish & wish
to kill Myself - Utopia
curdled, Shiny
Happy People
blind & bored
in Social Pleasantry

today I wait
for 3-Quinuclidinyl Benzilate
disguised as Yob Lager:
Schoolboys backflip off the Groynes
for Lack of Interest
in their general Lives
Such is the fast Trip to Primal Fear,
the instant Monkey
the Leap of stinking Psyche

today I inspect Scars

today I loathe the Snob within

today I am the Enemy

today the Populace below
resembles a Cluster of Beetles

today the No-go don't work
so it all Twitch & Fright
a Brain/Body Battle set
in Claws & Fur of pretty Flat

today my Love is off-Camera,
sugars every Lesion,
fills my empty Space
my Love undoes
the Wires & pulls
Wool from out my Ears

today the Cardboard takes the Window
shuts the Water-glare I shrill
in my potted Daisies I kiss
my Kittens I save
the potted Worms & purge
my spoiled Plaints,
my Artifice of Misery

today the Choking Variety appeals

today Nausea is strictly a Modern Phenomenon

today I wank the Fact
I got Perfume
from working hard
for Sex is bound for Trouble
like the Fluff of Gender
before Pube-shave

today the corrosive Trickle

today the Black Glove
gets itchy for Touchy
so hard there is no World
only Debris

today I am Agent Buzz

today I volunteer for ECT

today the Lunch be Cabbage
fermented easily “as falling off a log”
It’s a Tonic, it moves the Bowels
My Intestines give DNA
in brickish Form

today is Throat Seal Liquid

today is safe for People & Pets
but deadly for Bugs -
A special Agent to dissolve Cells
to Zero Function

today I occupy Shidane Arone
I anxiety, I fall
I Haunt Careless
Forgery & Putting It On
as if I had a Right to take such Skin

I lie I fabricate
& anyway, I turned away

today I eat old Teabags

today the Covers peeled back
I crouch brilliant
I plan Death & it will
not be Mine

today I - I - I - ice
I smash, I shard, I fear
no Farad
And my Mind is made
to blow

Labels: Insect, Rodents, Tarsands, We are
all Prostitutes, Reptiles, Sea/Sky, blank,
Lola Ridge, Pussy, plant, bone, Chemicals,
War, Plasma, the risen Dead, failed
Revolution, Saving Ryan's Privates, Despair,
Reactionary, attack, Benzodiazepine,
destroy, Nig nog, Doctor of Phylopastry,
waste, perverted Growth, Electricity, Laika,
Maxillofaciality, Artillery, Lubricant, Parasite,
bite, Glass, Metal, slime, Wlodzimierz

Cimoszewicz Iraq War, Tube, Bitter, Meds,
Endeavours, Treatises, Arachnid, genital
Discharge, biometric Data, Buzz, Gutsplay,
Bank Holiday Weekend, Emo, Khrushchev,
Angiogenesis, 1066 Country, Cannibalism,
Gash, Fuck you screeching children,
Utopia, Compassion, Sauerkraut, Kliksusha,
emancipate, revolt

A Discourse on Vegetation & Motion

© Frances Kruk, June 2008

100 copies printed

ISBN-10: 0-9791410-6-0

ISBN-13: 978-0-9791410-6-5

Critical Documents

Editor: Justin Katko

Box 1923, Brown University

Providence, RI 02912 USA

<http://plantarchy.us>

Current titles:

+ *The Seven Curses: Xena Warrior Princess*, by Francis Crot

+ *Let Baby Fall* (Limited Edition), by Tom Raworth

+ *wild ascending lisp*, by Sara Crangle

+ *the church – the school – the beer*, by cris cheek

CRITICAL DOCUMENTS