

Brilliant
Omnisquanderbus

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SAMPLE

the voidery aperture

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On sand

Marram grass and the stunted
where the listening out
is for. Everything rooted
in the dry spillage. Why are you
shouting or did I mistake
it and you were a grunt
as he swung or whatever they do
on the golf course at the end
of it all just there. What's that
pocketed in the near unseen,
what masticator
poised above extinction.

How much longer for the acres
of conservatories, that pounding,
chainsaws braying from driveway
to driveway, and that decking
which was coveted and is redundant
and ought to be killed.

Fattened exhaust notes finger the distance.

Something close is crawling loudly into the sea.

A partial success for the aggregate

In desperate colloquy so to speak,
but our legs were doing what good legs do,
our legs were carrying all before them,
even the slowly distorting lenses of vitreous heat,
the hardening mucus enforcing the outlines,
even the quickening scrollwork of *muscae volitantes*,
things to be borne. But there were sinkholes
opening up beneath the pavements
and behind the armoured shop-fronts,
while an assembly of improvised blades was probing
with diligence all along the vulnerable edges.
For the record let's say that a gust or was it a blast
of dust or grit or something came funnelling down
and somewhere else there were deaths
and it was hard to discern with clarity what was meant
by any new workflow to which we might have referred
our attention. We were collectively perplexed but all
appropriate channels were open, very much open,
we'd been told. I noticed she'd painted her eyelids shut,
but still the mouth obligingly went on doing its business –
more effectively, if we're going to try to be honest,
than the reflexives which it managed to solicit,
in return, for the ears and brain. There were no sinkholes
except in the wilderness and the headlines. If it were subject
to independent verification it might be seen that
nothing had happened. That nothing would happen.
I had known her and you were she
and we were proceeding, the workflow
proceeding, as before, in desperate colloquy
so to speak.

Plenty

Last, the steel-rimmed gourd,
but not the right shape, and by definition
not from a goat. Plied with nitrates. Graced
with half-cut prayers and cribbed in the stolen incubator,
raid-proof, stowed in the loft. Retrieved, licked clean,
passed round and pressed to every cheek, the smeary
fingerprints and smudges nothing seedy to a normal healthy
normal human being with normal healthy human appetites –
not in this light. Shaken and poured. Spilled
on the floor. Bunged with a dead friend's cod-grey laundry wad,
importuned, buried, violated, trawled
through unnameable substances
in hot-tub, fish-tank, bog.
Buffed to a sheen. Left
in the sun. Pronounced replenished.
Fought over nightly
for downing in one.

Don't look

A mouth was shouting at itself – stuff about love, small hatreds, sexual maturity – in the wilderness of someone else's leisure, often howling, sometimes laughing, now and then screaming, but no-one was listening. No-one was listening but many could hear it and some were paying to smear themselves liberally in the spatter, the passionate spit.

You could have stared at a wall, content to stare at a wall, but they were fingering the mortar on the outside, probing the weak points, hollowing conduits for their risible coloratura, pleading, tears, as though you cared about that lifelong burning craving, solemn legacy of that carjacked dog, regurgitated gran, those bartered kidneys, feasting flies.

Still, what's a wall but rubble in waiting, what but brick dust in denial? You might have shared that asininity, given it lips, a couple of teeth and a tongue in the void, except that no-one would have been listening, no-one anywhere would have troubled you with a reply. Quite a result, that. Quite a result, now everyone matters. Everyone matters here. Even more than everyone else, no-one replied.