

Doug Jones

28/3/19

“Yellow, fantastical colour, it’s life applied woolly mammoths, moths.. tight helical, squares. What I saw was dye-stuff, antibiotic code – on moths’ arms, when a small room drops to its knees – crowd on a grandma’s course in paints. In mammoths’ eyes. Yellow won’t make itself – it needs us humans to help it along, a system – of distribution, states of dress, perception – our near extinct bone shade”

3/4/19

“The calmest of the tourists – contemplated device his lust confines, changed to the most menacing of meals. Pain of the Buddha. Gluttony, obesity, the T2 diabetes – dukkah – use, use of repeated holiday scripts – set in the soul track of a Sildenafil bird. Flies back, to feed off his own icecream bird/bun – yet malaise, out of a warehouse, of a vessel. e-sugar’s most distorted breast – eternal thirst – Buddha you know, of yr mother”

10/4/19

“Hi English writers, centaurs – artists of amazing thighs + teeth. It’s complicated, so I wash my face x 4 a day. Though they play good football, which’s like a poem – here, there’s nothing else like you in town, not nearly so many teeth. Bright skins/colours. And things have gone bad, for both sides. Gamers are down – gums are very rotten. What did football even mean to a centaur anyway? Chicken meat – 1st in the Valium line of 1”

17/4/19

“You remember where you were when you saw yr 1st tooth? How hungry you’d have been, + the shock of it. From then, how could you trap, or process food in any other form? The tooth, made when you were no-one, was a creator of Man – delineated at the HOX co. We all signed. Gums to pull up genes, in time, waves, found along the trail of animal fear and hiding. Perfect outstretched teeth to the top – cuts the nets of hell”

24/4/19

“Prisoner house – Railway, is the stigmata of the poor – made with no consent over the scant of their leaf cuts bodies – guilds, stations, other town, of their mouths – they were never taught to write. The black lawn Queen suburb in the percept of the unemployed, engine driver, coming in. How she is a stripped horse, I’d say, track – as she travels the planet in wheels – the van – all the ex-prisoner’s appointments. Like a coven”

1/5/19

“Who knows. Early morning, going to surgery, looked back, saw an old friend. Had a load of dry sea plants, mixed in a plastic sheet, a high pile on the pavement. Was picking them up, 1 by 1, taking them into a high state house. A fine morning. The Golden Lion. He looked so content. Felt proud of him, the good work he does. Treasures sea plants, plastics, buildings or the car. For things, the presence of these things, who knows”

8/5/19

“No inland city, the human face, a small belonging fetched from the edge of the sea by necessity of something to eat + a man, put there, covered in a red dust, which is of course body, soul – the mummery, slumped forward in a mobility aid. Ghost tower, motivated by sea, rears 3 circles, the face, hands – faced, speechless, ongoing. Multi innocent. Terrible fire immersed while a metabolism, is our town – did you see?”

15/5/19

“The physical pope on food + fun, friends babe – has an intense, clean skinned presence on our beauty regime. He prays quietly. If it was a palace. + his measures lighten. He looks more confident. Ah, to share his new face. A natural son, compassion – refreshed – in aluminium form, to put in my house, vast mother. Climbing verdure, tips of the flowering floor. Of a child who’s ugly, even as a god”

22/5/19

“We go back to the same question, the tower, did it exist? and does it have anything to do with your running – race? Because, if yes, you hit her, why? White mum, who lies 90° to the floor, dawn – a stranger then, a concrete Olympics of the stomach men, who fall that way over you. I mean the one in pants. They go down, as a function. Runs spirits, team prison & such. Arrow to a sport, to a floor”

30/5/19

“A bush stuck, party. Music off the wrens + set, them up starling, raving birds. They seem. Time in fun, endless hierarchy, of us snagged in tendrils – parent group of trees to have jail. Interrogate, be done. Difficult child in her Merc, in oak, or the wood models stuck in trees – more than you’d ever want for the Louder – the attributes of the car the starlings’ cell”

5/6/19

“Lenor – a blue/eyed manufactured purity I pity in the wetlands. It makes the world for use – the green man was set walking, a cleaner pushed inside – last night – I gazed in awe on the water bird’s soft, fresh skin. Life played on its green plastic eyes, a grinning epiphany. Who died + made you washer up? Rinse, in human time. To know the reeds. old cormorant. Not even the shadow of a wall”

12/6/19

“Comic strips, striated – having cracks, frozen worlds, where you can’t see the moon. ‘I live within it.’ Hero lines, articulated in a form of tidal flexion – but then featureless, slow. The dark or white spaces of the superhero in their eternal adventure – suns + moon. Serial shots. One line maybe drawn to my costume, from far away. Not able to be read. I see no confidence there. I just see scanned animals”

19/6/19

“The ambulance has got lost – happens all the time, the crew go walkies, with their walkie-talkies - + they never come back. One unit ended up in a Dereham field. Ambulancemen had got to deconstructing the box, where the patient is. In tatters. Lost dialogue, in with the field or the scrub life-saving kit – is taken down, put outside the cab, a post. New claim metal garbage for the virgin”