

Joseph Harrington

from “Spies in the Living House”

Author’s note: “Spies in the Living House” is a “reading-through” of transcriptions of the utterances of “voice-entities,” collected via radio and magnetic tape in *Breakthrough: An Amazing Experiment in Electronic Communication with the Dead* by Konstantin Raudive Ph.D. (Gerrards Cross, UK: Colin Smythe, 1971). Excerpts are sampled, rearranged, rewritten, misheard, and combined with similar utterances; other phrases or lines are added by the present author. All of this as the poem dictated. – J.H.

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here sleeps time so
everyone fishes by night
by the pine torch light

the helpers
liked the bridge as it is
pleasant you understand
well you exist wake up
the natural key

one is on the ship
you must report a ship
you are the captain
a packet drawing nearer
mother is deaf so
I longed to stay to say

be glad exactly
the custom of the queen
here she is genuine clarity
we are trembling
we are the language here

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your sister who runs through the air
was the first to put the record on
the doctor hears the echo
transmits the inner man
he says the number seven contains
God but there is no Don Quixote
says to mold the ancient things says
“I am – Believe – Separated”

a worker of the Lord
assures us time exists
says You have called me
You make good speeches
the eagle is good is
the badge of wisdom
I in person is terrible but you
are the seventh lighthouse
I am looking for a name

You ask for gall you at night
Here is your girl too slow
Here is mother the extreme
you

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Will one be visible here?
One can see you are waiting

Where are you?
Our homeland free and sleeping

What are you doing?
We want to meet you freely

Why does the other not come?
You are chasing shadows

What do you want to say?
Disintegrating little earth

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