

## VERITY SPOTT

from *Click Away Close Door Say*

Because you've fully comprehended  
the violence of management hierarchies  
filtering down to managing your "damage"  
to less harm. An enemy amongst us.  
G970 throttled a 32 on the cusp of weakening  
to a career development scheme involving a  
0.05% annual pay rise and £50 high street  
vouchers as a backdated (in one year -within [enemy lives  
do not] oh) for five years of loyal service rewards eaten on a scale  
amending to the once more congressional aggregate I burn or the candle  
to resolve its wax onto: whoever the fuck it is  
runs the shop. Who particularly  
is involved in that particular ravaging of that particular part  
of the public sector, where do they live? What movements  
do they make? What is their driving license number? Do they  
have any children? Any special romances? - These are  
police checks. On what terms  
can Justice kidnap, ransom and slaughter them  
and how useful can they make  
the extermination or threatened extermination of their life stick?  
We all know that by extermination salvation is birthed.  
An enemy amongst us / Wrote to me last night from your room.  
The last on the planet, and you said that your friends are falling to pieces  
I couldn't speak about it / was too tired to speak,  
but even closer. Someone is trying to kill my life. They've taken  
fucking years; they took more in the tokens of anxiety  
before that too,, we are extremely afraid. Did you know  
that your brain ;eads you to right wing sentiments

when you are proximate to anti-bac gel dispensers?  
Incidentally,

the turnaround of managers  
that supervise the region  
is not far from the turnaround  
of low paid unit carers.

They come and go  
& switch their manic faces  
like the Doctor;  
casting at us falsities and shit.

We wonder how  
in faith we might  
with tenderness  
support them.

The things your type prioritise  
are shit, more than I know;  
but the things we can achieve  
together are amazing!

Like curtaining the hallways  
or hammering the sky.

In the meeting the RM feigns disinterest.  
Not quite disinterest. More a casual ignorance for general  
displeasure. Nobody likes to feel hated. A squad  
of suited estate agents attack a Class War protest  
outside the house of Boris Johnson. Nobody wants

to feel hated. . Her hair looks like Trump's,  
glued onto a Norman helmet.  
But let's not get too personal. We are told,  
that the unit manager,

the Mr. Fucking Chips that stopped the war  
is to be gone.

We are told *The Reason*, which is this; remember it forever: We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. We need someone who can take the business forward. You move forward. You need something to make your attachment ricochet. You do not move. Now you inch forward. Now back. Now you're nineteen years old, inching always gently forward, then back again, till the abstraction that is your movement begins to neglect itself, then to neglect everyone, then forward to yourself. You leave. You want to leave. Nothing could hold you here. Then more cuts. Then less movement. Then you mop up the cuts. The cuts are the benefits for the private sector, obviously. Then you cut it open. Examine the inside, then the outside. Throw the money for the inside at the outside. Then a specialist unit. Then you do a behaviour. Then breathe.

A service user and their mental health is mentioned. Trust is mentioned. A physical incident, a very violent one a few days earlier, that was possibly in part cajoled by the leaking of this news. How are they going to cope with change? That question does not hang on. It goes: This is you and this is what you can achieve. Your 'full potential' is not abstract. It is something only you can do, so plan it together. You are so good at being a person that being a person, though the peak of our endeavour is never better than I think you could be, so do better. I have congruence at you. You broke over firm drill to the bag of of of its remaining sc/ -ut out. We dutifully reassure the RM that our fears, ((counten \{U) Scent \ bent \ent route of harm & of harm &, of harm is is hatred""""s .n bk steined in dis-pack door 1 a mending proboscis door broke on to sight of second door to ..... to me the se second door is grim lips at first on a 90° hoop of one to door spin set of asc dant door monitoring system. Wort door one is in airlock sight present to door two d r2 intensity SCAM door ou ld loo f do r one one d r to econ o you the second do r is broken to gl s in the pane set out in little squ es oors swing out f r Advent terna ional C in pane g e t gl flat to door two you state in to starrrrr str lla faces one to next to the next cluster of frustrations and distrust have nothing to do with the new unit manager. We are angry at the decision. We are sad. People are leaving. The l thing! That's why I am pleased to confirm that from 1st April we are introducing our plans to implement and exceed the National Living Wage across all of our services to properly reward our colleagues for the incredible job they do every day. Split GMB membership by the gills. Populate the risk in a scatter graph. I am the fucking wage gap. Deal with me.

Incantation

:

We are a specialist unit. We provide an specialist service. We pay a national living wage. We give you an terrific honour of personhood.

Rolling

gently

right

to

left ,, to left.

Leaking

gently

right

to

left ,, to left to right on fire

leaking, smelling

gently

side

to

left ,, on side,,,,, to side.

they rage in you and teeth

to leak like skin & fire

from s

side,,,,,

to side. On.

And now that I know that I know not to get out  
of where there's nothing to get out of

but I do. Upstairs outside the meds cabinet, your mouth  
appropriated beats out rain  
into the wide berth of hair in a pyramid of nylon

then somewhere else, watching the sky frame, a complex gyration.  
Each victim piling onto the next, priced into a toxic pyramid  
of fearful desire. Stare carefully into the frosting window; song tips

asking your parameters,, begging  
them to stop,, being what and as they are now  
I miss you because you go. Glue traces on the elbow  
of the wound in our creepy head. Hatred of corpses /  
...click away say close door say

in an incandescent  
stress. Your dad, the pervert estate agent  
washes his Milo, debate done right.. I won't pretend  
then then to not understand the reasoning behind the upper  
middle.

More than escaping into what we believe of you  
wanting to throw  
myself into what I can know to lose it. To make you worse.

I would like hereafter to let out  
a futile mendicant proclamation of tangled up jargon  
allowing every documentation to leave us  
without a gender forever

behind nothing but when I speak to you, only become singular.  
The heroic diremption of the versions we present now to one  
another as no subject.

A smile

without my mouth on but someone else's  
your lip's mouths fornicate stuck to the arse end  
of the corporate Carl Rogers fetish club. Congruent  
as flowers. Total window of skin. No eyes.

This the blasphemy diminished as a constant and impertinent beating into  
the blank silence always left but forgotten invading sexual privacy with  
a completely open mind,, trails into the melon pips all the fucking time  
when you've been a victim of  
abuse you might drop hints into conversations  
to see whether or not the kindness you're getting from others  
sticks to you. If it doesn't you may or not go on.  
*o make youl maim things possible!!*

Do you feel the parameters fling themselves  
back and forth round your legs? The blasphemy you spoke of is stealing  
your mouth as I feel as though holding it with this  
socialisation might be abduction; to put on my own, reverse it  
stare it outwards so everyone sees your mouth when they look  
at mine which is cut up in wronging lips and teeth  
not the only dysphoric antonym;; the rest of the body  
rages to take for example the wrists, the scraps  
on the wrists the muscular toes  
truss at its recession  
the obvious organs and cheeks the ears, the neck  
and the feet not merely the toes but each whole foot and especially  
always the hair it gets worse from the wrist to the arm top

every time it's moved back are you resisting the forces  
of nature y/n? Enforce this body politic into a whole  
position of mindful or anti-mindful expression and make your way  
beyond the airlock into the office.

Someone's talking about you;

“you can see her reflection in the pebbles”.

Note is taken,

disintegrates

but it stays here, hanging and oily all over  
the skin on the gusset in the bits of unthreaded lace  
and I remember being loved outside,, how important  
that felt how I would scream from every documentation and all this  
whilst horror evades us,, all permanence and  
to its parallel life openly chucked around and drowned making  
our silence never cut to shit again the sky the hall the spiral  
of legs. How beautiful we roll up into a pressure  
of knots thank you:

Actual possibility fled the building  
days ago feel rough plasterers at four o'clock to evade  
black rote prior to dictatorial visitation hex. Ahem. And just under  
Anthony Head's head which today I tacked to the wall of the office  
courtesy of Timothy Thornton to improve the morale of my friends  
there's a blue thermometer case with no thermometer inside it  
which gives the impression they tear my being a/a off me who  
are they. Gives the impression of a thermometer. Next to it up  
to the right on a diagonal is a white note 17.5cm on a yellow backing  
19.4cm with the words: Leave (and no other words)

There useless, excuse me, just a symbol of a  
relic of a catalogue of moments.

Go and stare into the funds. The funds  
seem infinite and inexpressible. And they seem human.

As in, they seem like they've been here a very long time, as in  
these funds, which are idiots / are devious. They're  
entrapment. Because they mean un-freedom. In that sense  
I fold into a nazi. They pummel their genitals  
pathetically self attacking and distributing  
what could hardly be called loss. I hardly demean it.  
Simply by replacing myself, the whole damn skin off  
siphons into a meaning. I'm staring into Iain Duncan Smith  
and want to pulverise his face instead, as I watch service  
user after service user rot into the wood of the private  
arena, pummeled in gone therapies (taken), cognitive  
debasement, use creating. Iain Duncan Smith's face  
with a horrible rope pouring out of it. Tensile fuck.

Burn for this evening to begin again,  
it does. In the low desk light, you're humming  
through the wall, rounded into a noise I  
yearn to be caught in. Caressing the once  
pathetic instability, I long.  
And that is how I am built: to call what's  
tender pathetic. To yet crave gentle  
lulls, to call them lulls. To be felt to be  
disguised. To imprison myself by taught  
actions and jibes. To make it a fetish;  
a blurry open cyst without a lung.  
Blinkered in the vacancy of loft space.

I promise to be less like you than you  
are less like me than ever made us one.



The person centred approach:

The hijacked corporate antitheses

of the communal.

—complete poem available from Contraband Books, 2017