

SEAN BONNEY

from *Cancer: Poems after Katerina Gogou*

let's drink with the unemployed
with all sun and silence
with all dust in the sun and silence
and sun and cognac and dust
and cigarettes and sun
no, let's not go on about our health today
pills and drink and snot
don't worry
I feel very calm
there are nails there is hair there are years
dirty
the pills are great. the party, you know which one I mean
impossible to tell who's a cop these days
music
the cognac's shit
no, I haven't anything at all
you know I'm thinking I might want to, you know
there's a room upstairs
I want to see you without your pants
kind of curious about your dick
music, for chrissake
you take a solo
"they took a stick and beat me"
cognac
music
silence
you pullout your switchblade start slashing
The Bonnot Gang were right

this is the part where my brain splits

music, I don't talk about it
my eyes. seriously. where are my eyes
every day there's something to reject
I will not scream when I die
Marx Lenin Trotsky Luxemburg
The Kronstadt Massacre
the dream of Sisyphus
there are flowers there are colours
revolvers and homemade bombs
I'm going crazy why aren't you
my dreams my friends' dreams
all these dreams are the same dream
underwear pills used matches
repeated breakdowns endless weeping
this is measure
you and me
up and down
and back and down
there is a false symmetry separates us
no don't call me. yes I'm on something
lets not laugh
if we don't sign the paper
they won't be able to act on their decision
night falls
hidden cameras parked cars
night falls
they want to know if I have a television
night falls
I'm still kind of keeping it together
it won't be suicide gets me
Long live the 204th International

I think of my friends as blackbirds
screeching from rooftops
murdered by rising rents
Exarchia Kreuzberg Hackney

we survive
at random. pissed out of our heads
in songs in squatted bars
there are those you beat to death in prison
with us its done with pills and needles
we never sleep we always dream
we wake in the same bed

with bedbugs
with track marks I love my friends
they are wires stretched from city to city
in borrowed dresses and migraines
interpreters. commies. thieves
they live in silence. they paint in black
they invent their language
yours is only good for spitting

and we live
at random. lines and bombs and wires
tight around your hands. your necks
you capitalist shits. your necks
my friends are wires are blackbirds

“freedom”. yeh. tell me about it.
I think you mean the holes in my shoes.
but, you know, I
get to do what I want all the time
whereas you, you get all those duties, yeh
that whatever-it-is you call fucking
your bonus your job
that fish sauce you tell yourself you’re eating
when really you know you’re eating shit
yeh, I walk around on your roofs
in my fucked up boots
whenever I want
no, not like Mary Poppins, no
you kind of don’t know what I’m talking about
there are certain frequencies you don’t get
chicken-hearted shit. no. I’m not jealous of you.
freedom, yeh. yours. its these holes in my shoes
my kids shoes

but don’t worry about it
you see they’re special they’ll never wear out
as I boot your face in over and over, as
yes as I smash it. three nails in your forehead.
a spell. special receivers in your bougie head.

Katerina Gogou wrote a poem called 'Autopsy Report', in memory of her friend Pasolini. I wonder, has the meaning of his death changed since then? I don't know. I mean, I guess I could draw a sort of obscene angle connecting his broken index finger to the fascist cops of Genoa, in the way that in Gogou's poem the blows of his murderers become identical with forms of art, with the Vatican and with the hired thugs who split his name apart one night in 1975. I wonder, is that name still known? His fingerprints were razored away, like those of a refugee, and kept in City Hall. The secretive thugs who killed him, their faces were transformed to a ricochet of sparks that spelled out the unstable forms of his own death. His face separated from his body and seemed to form the beginnings of a new landscape. We try to sketch it on the ground. We call it Ostia or Tottenham or Hamburg. We say that we are the chorus and invent language from the evidence of his camera, then speak it quietly at the doorways to all known hells. Our love is invisible. So is our terror. So is Gogou's poem. In memory of Pasolini. And herself.

Three days awake I can't find the door
already morning half the people here
totally on fire. The rest are made of stone

his thighs are my thighs
He's behind me. Walks toward me
his head is shaved. There are no stars

Took pills. He's on the stair is. Took pills.
Says he's an anarchist. Knows nothing.
Chooses things. The men I fuck and

he's a British cop he's

been three days dreaming
scratches our faces this place too. Talk
of bones and fire in the suburbs

*Yeh yeh I love Him tells me
things I have never owned*

a mirror. Yeh. Kick it in.
No. I'm not coming out tonight. Never.
Don't speak. No. It's not going to be ok.

All stopped. I guess that's our lot and
O my friend we have lost our lives
in the mouths of our enemies
the cracks in their windows
the quietest compromise. I don't know
what it means

that it's not that we don't want to live
but the fuck of it always being stopped
It is sadder than it seems
The dead know how to use hunger

There are those who never appear in mirrors, but only in police cameras.
There are those who are the opposite. I don't know which I am. I'm told I
was last seen on the border. I'm told I was wearing a pearl necklace, a red
and black sweater. You ask was I setting fire to cars. You ask me what is my
name. I say if you add up life and death and schizophrenia and the judge
and the informer and sexual desire and a small piece of paper from a foreign
country, you might get somewhere. I say that. I say add it all up, or divide,
or pay it back, or whatever. You smile and say that I am stupid. In return
I say thank you, thank you very much. You see, I am very polite. I tell you
about the whiteness of the cells. About the coats of the doctors, the silence
of the isolation tank. The entire Tory Cabinet a monument to the power of
heroin. I tell you all of that, and then I show you how to become invisible.

that there are mansions
on grand roads, we know that
and we used to know
in the silence and dawn
of bottles and pass codes
we would never live in them
hating the roses, fearing them
we knew the address of each one
we had the blue-prints, everything
we talked
minute to minute
we talked
wire to wire
of what we would say
at the specific moment
class vengeance, we understood
futuristic and ancient, as
all of history, as
one click, as
some kind of message
left on the table

 like a pack of cigarettes
in an overheated kitchen
not even the ones I used to smoke
squealing, yeh, thanks a lot
you destroyed the wrong world
pack up your roses, asshole. get out