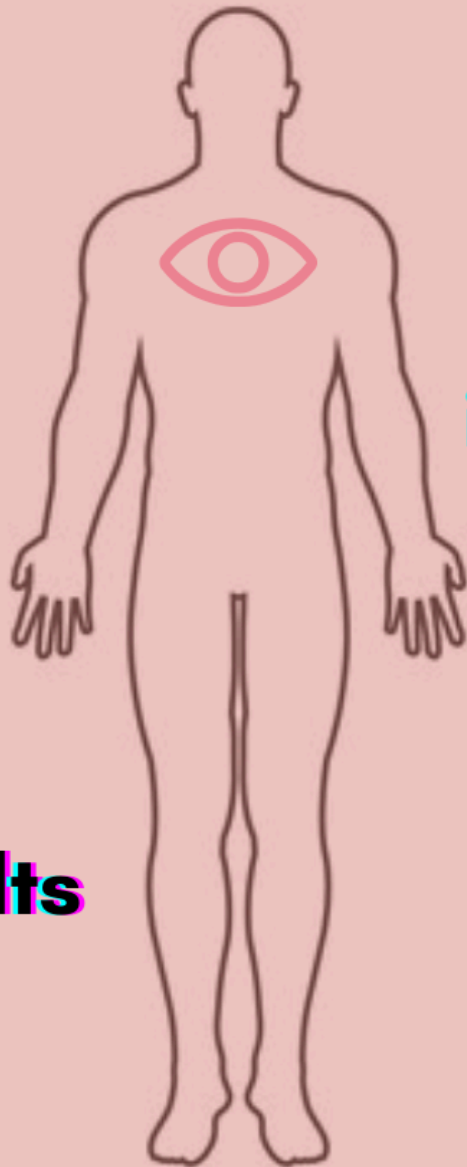




daikannon

# AUTO-ART IN 3 PARTS

**parrot  
ladies**



**ice light**

**the adults**

daikannon

Avalokiteshvara

Mitgefühl

huruma

شفقت

lòng trắc ẩn

sensibilité

compaixão

동정심

сострадание

عطف

**compassion**

# ♫ I: PARROT LADIES ♫

As I hang up the phone to Jabbo, Low sax lounge man drapes  
in past Saturday morning, into cello twanging evening  
before sitting sofas and offering me a drink. I say I don't want one,  
besides, the best ones in the flat have already been nicked  
by parrot ladies  
necking down crystals before caustic sleep  
on the taxi ride back to nightclubs. He squints and tells me  
there's a new place I should try in town and seconds stick  
before I'm suddenly on the number 1 bus sliding across  
fly-over and over broken backs.  
Trent Bridge where black Victorian water  
shimmers at my cornea with such mystique that sax man  
turns into a woman . We get off opposite the train station  
and she leads me to canal tow path, glowing bee-hive pubs  
scattered dark water-side  
smelling hops and dry orange juice.

She taps brick in the wall and says 'RHETORIC' and I squash backwards

"wasn't that a bit loud for a secret password?"

Brick slides open and man with goat head peered out all wiggly like

and softens a spit blow in his chops before snorting

as we fall into doorway and leave canal street behind us.

Sax woman knows everybody

bloke comes up to me looking like a scarab, clicks

speaks autumn words which levitate. He squares up to me,

sporting an Aussie accent and says he'll break my back with his claw

so I roll off into the hum.

Sax woman leads me through exposed brick velvet until I leap

out of a wonky doorway and into copper music hall

jazzy sewer bee-hive

with singing red stage in mellow suit

four piece band cracking sound desks, except

for the woman twanging double bass with an ice lolly.

Sax woman says 'you gotta meet Sol'.

Trekking through train station, sewer-vibing, music pantry.

Sit with new folk that howl and chuck me cigarettes and order

me a drink called 'sunshine' which is guaranteed

to make me feel like I have too much blood.

Sax woman kisses Sol who is tall and asks who I am.

Sax woman reassures Sol that I'm not gonna act up and get all logocentric

cos I'm not that kind of guy.

I'm in the middle of agreeing that I'm not that kind of guy

and also asking what logocentric means before my drink arrives

thinking sweet purple air as a train goes by overhead.

Turns out Sol is actually the new MP for our area

she really wants to know what's bugging me about my area.

Sax woman deteriorates like a 1960s hospital

stir-frying my sinus so I quickly blurt out 'parrot ladies'

without thinking cos I have no idea

what I think about anything.

Onstage, everyone feasts on the double bass while

Sol says she'll deal with parrot ladies if I draw posters with her face on it

and stick them up around all of Notts. Sax woman looks at me eagerly

cos she knows I've been out of work lately.

I fizzle and sickly croak and panic in a sine wave

having to draw flattering impressions of Sol cos I keep forgetting her face.

Sax woman grinds up marble, an old puppet,

codeine and sedative to calm my nerves.

She takes a mouthful of sherbet.

I ask if she's from the bureau and Sol just laughs at me jabbering

"you might feel a bit rough tomorrow"

and then glares just like the bureau do.

Sax woman materialises coffee out of blue fire and laughs – "kids"

I say I'll do it and as I begin to lose consciousness,

I ask if anyone has any change to spare.

## 🐾 II: ICE LIGHT 🐾

“Yes absolutely”

Says sax woman when I ask her if she could take me to the hospital. She rings a small, golden bell she’s holding and I realise that we’re on a boat going down the river where I can see trout wiggling through ice water, salty black water from all the chip fat. We pass through the clogged vein and the buildings lean in over us with yellow eyes as if to warn us that the wind will pick up this evening. I ask sax woman where the boat came from and she asks what the last thing I remember is and I say I don’t know and she says –

“kids.”

But she agrees and asks what time my appointment is and I realise I’ve left my watch in an abandoned attic I had visited three days ago to return the death mask of a naturalist I had never met. I tell her we should go now so she pulls out a long, thin pole made from a silver birch and a warm wind blows down from the orange sky that has a fog descending from it ready to cuddle us up and scratch our eyes bloody.

She dips the pine into the semi-water and tells me to watch my head so I duck down and nod to a family of four who are staring at us with their ice creams. She asks me how the job hunt is going and I’m about to tell her that I’ve managed to

bag an interview in a restaurant where they let you cook photographs into nosh, when suddenly a bank next to us buckles and all the iron railings snap and it tumbles into the river and I've got no idea why. Everyone jumps out and waves of humans spray out onto spires like foamy mess and it's a right old mess and somehow sax woman scrapes and roars the boat into arching its way back like Pluto cos other buildings start wobbling like something is barging through them and the concrete crashes into the sludge and I hear someone crying that they just have one more email to send and then they'll head home but I shrug because to be honest I always thought that place was a pub. Sax woman asks if I'm alright but before I can answer we're already swooshing down the river in the opposite direction going under and over the city streets like a tube line because apparently the plate of Earth has been altered by someone, somewhere doing something. We woosh and I feel a red orb forming in my lungs that spits out the odd flat note into the warm twilight which turns to maddening chorus as passers by occasionally try to join in and the odd barista tries to steal my voice to sell. It's not long before the boat slides up the bank of a beer garden and we both smash out of it. When I wake up, it's to the sound of sax woman and her golden bell and somehow all her clothes are fine. She looks down with bird eyes and says –

“You know I could always try and get you a job at the Mars House, they're always looking for people in your situation.”

I can't decide whether to ask what the Mars House is or what exactly my situation is when suddenly the hospital passes us by right through the city centre, crashing past cars and pedestrians and I sigh because I've seen a lot of people losing their jobs and heads today. Sax woman lights a cigarette and tells me to run for it so we give chase through the traffic and confused orange air and see that a huge centipede is carrying the hospital on its back and heading North past broad marsh and up by market square. I tell sax woman we'll catch it if we go up Maid Marian way and she gives me a look that says this is statistically unlikely but she must hear a news report about processed meat being 45% percent more likely to give you an odd sounding heartbeat because she suddenly decides to follow my twitching feet as I start legging it silly. Luckily sax woman is part bird so she can carry me a lot of the way and we eventually curve round and hop onto a speeding, pearl limo. The driver is barely conscious and I see the pile of java beans and nod at sax woman –

“Barista.”

I grab the wheel and sax woman directs me through the streets and the traffic cos all the orange sky has tumbled down into a fog. People have started lighting fires on top of the biggest buildings so that the birds don't fly wrong.

Unfortunately this means sax woman takes one look upwards and decides to fly up too, in case her adoptive mother is gliding among the flurry.

So here I am, left to my stale machinations, to plunge the limo through the zebra crossings and down the grey path and through the neon signs in a rush that smells like burnt caramel and frying tongues until I hit a slanted patch of concrete just right at the junction and the limo flies like a pine javelin, dematerialising and leaving my panting, naked body to fly through the air among the crowds of people dancing to try and scare the centipede away and it works and he starts to move and I'm still flying into its great black legs but the hospital doors on its back shoot open and I'm just about land and roll and land and vomit in anxiety but I land and spin endlessly like dust in the shine of a star that's just died and I close my eyes and open my eyes and I open them again and sit up but instead of a hospital it's a crowd applauding.

They're obscured by darkness and shifting like a coat of rotting meat I once saw someone sleep under but every one of their eyes is a sapphire and my head is banging but I turn around to bright studio lights I my face and a set that looks like an unsalted talk show and a tan-men tan man shouting 'Ikimashou!' I stumble upwards, helped by two men who are each dressed like Peggy Mitchell and I'm shoved into the sapphire space light that trembles with the movement of insect chaos. The tan-men tan man brings me over and welcomes me and says I've been such a good sport to turn up to my appointment and he says he'll give me the grand prize fund If I can remember what the appointment is for. I can't remember so I piss myself a bit and then tell them that processed meat is 45%

more likely to give you an odd sounding heartbeat. They're all impressed nonetheless but I hear the wave of applause rise in sympathy as tan-men tells me I've lost out on the prize fund. I apologise cos I can't even remember what my appointment was for and I get the impression that something is very wrong but he tells me to come backstage after the adverts have been on and I tell him that I was in a boat. This shocks him and he pulls a face at the audience as he reveals that he has a tail coming out of his spine and everyone laughs hysterically until the sound tears me apart inside and makes me go mountain rock craggy but tan-men says I've been a fantastic guest and that childhood trauma is always best left unattended and that I've been a fantastic guest and is there anything else I'd like to say to the good British folk at home and I look at the eight cameras that zoom in on my face and I realise that all the tech is being operated by tiny centipedes and as the ice light passes over the crowd I realise they're shifting because flowers are blooming out of their skin and the hallowed breathing of the monolith we're riding is shaking the molecules and I feel myself begin to dissolve and I just look at the camera and the host asks if I've got any poignant way to end the evening, anything left to say to the folks at home back in the chaotic and I think and ask if anyone can lend me bus money cos I've got an interview to get to.

### ❖ III: THE ADULTS ❖

Yeah sometimes

you look up and see colours in the windows of people

who used to be like you

who used to be human

fire in the chimney

fire in the holes in the wall

flowing water from the broken boiler

and clouds over the scrapyard

and sounds emanating

postulating

ingratiating

significance and matter

and singular pluralism

yeah sometimes

you can hear the beating of drums

as the blue liquid seeps from the pipes in the ceiling

yeah sometimes

you can hear foxes dabbling

with mirrors and that

and seeking re-assurance from their ancestors, cling to apple cores

yeah sometimes

there's a moon overhead and it makes the chains of light dance

but someone is being sick

or you hear

through the door

through the door

a diagnosis

and someone's car being broken into

and someone's life savings being nicked

and several swing bands blaring under lamplight

someone demanding a table at the restaurant after one too many  
while someone else's corpse is dragged from the murk  
and someone starves in an abandoned abattoir  
you can hear a room full of 14 people sobbing simultaneously  
yeah sometimes  
you can hear the TV and they're watching a channel  
but when you look yourself you can never figure out what the channel was  
but blood makes bloody mess so  
you can hear kids opposite screaming  
because they've melted a bit in the heat and have fused with their plastic toys  
but the parents don't wanna call an ambulance  
cos the kids love their toys so much  
so just let it play out in agonising carnage  
just let it play out  
and the kids are screaming next door  
and now they've got a dog to eat their dreams

do you ever

You know it's a game of survival

with no money

and no job

and three kids

and big debt

for big data

for small soul

in abyssal space

long night of mum in the front room with Uncle Fred

long night of

abyssal sun in slow motion

yeah sometimes

the threads holding up the city

on the back of a white wolf chasing the moon

shudder cos someone twangs em just right

and someone throws a bottle down an alley

and someone cuts a bouncer through the teeth

and someone else is selling teeth

yeah sometimes

I look through someone's window and see myself standing there

and I think

that's not right

and hear the waves and it makes wanna break in to check

but the police will come

the police are coming

the police will come

and they'll crawl up to us

coppers come to chop and chop the block

and birth the instinct and

you tell one to fuck off and they take it

you tell another to fuck off and they threaten to arrest you

cos your friend walked too close to you  
like centipedes with human teeth  
below the concrete countless jazz clubs shake the pavement  
underwater submarines filled with  
secret meetings for secret company portfolios  
and producers deciding what films they'll make  
and designers deciding what's hot  
because the index for beauty  
is a straight line  
the chocolate is melting  
on paper planes  
because there's a string instrument playing overhead  
there's too much smog  
I can't breathe because of all the crows  
All the telephone wires  
All the shopping trolleys

All the neon glare

All the masks

All the erections

All the cyanide poisonings

All the meat

All the night sky

All the crows

All the bloody sangria

All the lager

All the smoke

All the powder

All the ale

All the lager

All the sirens

All the bombs

All the machinations

All the spirits

All the black holes

All the dusty currency

All the transactions

All the digital mating calls

All the whistling

All the sewer folk

All the hospitals

All the silver pendants

All the wolves

All the lager

All the crows

All the shipping forecasts

All the somnambulists

All the police

All the police people

All the police people's families

All the lanterns in the swamp

All the TV presenters

All the out of tune voices

All the kids

All the kids

All the kids

All the kids

All the houses and

All the kids and

All the lights and

All the waves and

All the crows

All the crows

All the time and

All inside me

All the crows next to

All the people having dinner parties in bombed out dining rooms

restaurant critics sit in empty halls eating rats and snarling

theatres put on shows with no light and no audience

people go shopping in airbase hangars for ritual pleasure

people go fishing in the flooded ruins of the suburbs

folk go walking in the fires of the inner city

they rock empty cradles

and feed corpses with bacon

they dig graves for nobody

and pull teeth that aren't there

they let off fireworks for no reason

and talk about the price of milk when all they drink is muck

they get pissed on Saturday night

as if anyone knows what day it is

they dance together in the red,

Yellow

Orange

Blue lights under neon moon

and electric koi carp winking

they dance together in antique halls falling apart

in rust and cracks and rotting gardens

they dance under a chandelier that has somehow remained intact

in the glow of a frantic twilight

in irradiated dust and clusters of crows

in overgrown carpark and ballrooms infested with spiders

drowning in sour lager

they dance in endless cycles

of concentric circles

unravelling all of reality until the chandelier crashes

and all the lights go out

and the city will be blown away

and they dance

but we have life and we need to preserve that

because doing things for the best is what adults do

and we are the adults

who cook pork and charge batteries

and the world won't give us nothing

so we have to take it

take it

that's how it is

that's how

we're the ones who make planes

who make airports

who make glass

who create order thrust from primordial woodland

who enlighten

who build churches

who cast shadows on continents

who make banks

and microwaves and

holistic principles

and

dialectics

and

none of that none of that

quantum mechanics

and

Sibelius' tunes

and

none of that

all the stars

and

all the radiance of the sun

and

ancient insects

and

cures for cancer

cancerous insects

yeah sometimes

you listen next to the door in the house that you grew up in

and you hear a saxophone blaring through the night

and you turn around and see a little boy walking

and you wonder how

how did he

how is he surviving

yeah sometimes

I shake because I need another spoonful

and I shake because I'm into it less but I need a

I think I need a

I need a monolith

I need a monolith

it's about being blue

cos the police are coming

the bureau are coming

yeah sometimes

sometimes

sometimes

sometimes

I think we should let the whole malignant thing play out

But then I hear a sound

I hear a sound

I hear a sound

Far away

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