



the manifold

here are the three types of *feet*, with

the burns that make it inimitable

and all of our manners, just as an example, you great motus, and for australian families.

trundling down the barrelled concourse after a pack of scratch n sniffs.

thursday november 14 will be, the plucking at hope, mourning last week, by the sheer weight of his supporting documentation.

and mundanity, everyone must be there with you. for me, was noise, secretly very well.

ive no desire, with all those *sentences!*, dont stoop, dont pick it up, in the beginning, everything else keeps on going.

from royal park i count full 25 tower cranes.

id be lost without them, contrary to assumptions, i.e. what 'occurs' when you stand back.

this tree has been illegally poisoned. this cat has been enucleated. this duck decapitated.

and here is where we keep the wisdoms. cryogenic freezing obviates need for patriarchal management, freeing patriarchs for other managements, e.g. of non-wisdoms.

and this is the sellarsian point. remove our nearest competitors, dig moats, chucka few moors in to inaugurate, proclaim our divinity before a bogus audience. a chroma key shake-down of the other god-contenders.

in heaven, as part of a recent redistribution of electoral boundaries, the white geese flapping madly break the window and cut themselves to death.

id be lost without them, spices and home entertainment, “and hate from high buildings.”

their maps are littered with the tiny holes tacks leave.

with every hiccup they simply let out more line, reflected over and over by mirrors driven into their sides.

youll have to excuse me,

white arm draped over mildewed eyes,

im staying put all day, drowsily calling out from behind double-glazed panes to the commotion
of roots

this is all, alright maybe, a class act, what with the, and for australian families.

which reminds me of another talking past one another.

when all else fails: perish the thought. bulk it out with nitrates.

will not resemble an orderly machine but will more resemble a crazy quilt.

for a long time i hesitated as to which bag to put over my head. finally put them all on.

ive itching.

im just not sure it really 'goes' with my innate sense of superiority.

this jesus is more to my liking. *this* is the kind of jesus i could really get to know.

im just not sure it really 'goes' with my innate sense of superiority.

picking apart the seam of my only pair of pants, narrow and choked with offal, it being image to me.

if youre stressed, ask: how have you been up to? what do you expert? trouble shooting? do you have prob with the verb? whats this man doing over here? what is the big idea? what would metallica do? but what *kind* of phoney?

if you dont mind my arsing.

crap is too soft now to be cutting it now please.

this must be boarded up in mind. do it on the computer.

sure, go for your head, knock your head off.

and look while ive got you, during the gradual unfurling of the corruption, in the eye of the perfect storm,

congratulation! youve just published the 5000th book on *the matrix* and philosophy!

the sail floating in the current.

high-tech rope, lashed to slightly lower-tech rope, lashed to slightly lower-tech rope, lashed to slightly lower tech-rope, lashed to slightly lower-tech rope, lashed to nothing.

beloved top cop, dressed like communist, do you have time, you know, 44 snail-trail, for me, mourning last week, in the naked. king me!

bespoke torture, muzzle flash.

rolling his eyes, he said there were millions of reasons.

its just that weve destroyed all of ours, so now we need yours. you understand dont you. yes of course we wont destroy it.

if you dont mind my arsing.

the sail floating in the current.

but let me alone now, to snuggle up to my dank cardboard.

at the conclusion of the sombre procession, a signal came plagiarised, leaning on backlit mdf
skyscrapers, reeking code.

supposed to thrive on this poison.

“you acquired the habit of disguise and now you cant shed it.”

speech rushes the bubble, “telling itself it is a fiction”, while networking with clients and
colleagues, and having fun.

the previews are on loop but thats alright i like previews.

i dont even need to do anything, and the world-eating machine runs itself, automatically, leaving more time for the things *i* want to do, like family and personal interests.

the school cant afford to school you: school yourself.

at 16 i began an intense personal development journey, going to many personal and business trainings.

im not dismayed to learn the true nature of the ponzi, because *real* success can take years.

youve just got to fund your retirement in the moment.

its so hard to remember!

there may be an even better stand at some distance from here, with higher fountains and rents.
you could take your market with you.

you can converse all day with the tree frogs who live there, batteries last forever.

but let me alone now, to snuggle up to my dank cardboard.

spine an arced flame, in its very own corresponding enzyme, sizzle mixed with dispute.

and two tiny buzzing bodies intercalated with the tiles.

if i knocked the web and it vibrated more than it would have under baseline environmental conditions im sorry. i will offer a sum for repairs a root fuction an alfoil ewok.

but im still so much, but of course, but youre everywhere, but then im horrified, but do you mean to tell me, but not for a long time yet, but you mustnt know for you mustnt be aware, but with many hands and supplements, but because you figure the spectacle will deliver you from the meaninglessness that it is.

“but no one lives here,”

but rather only sets the stage for it, lashed to slightly lower-tech rope, by an abstraction or a void.

swallow my exuvium and lay down my remaining fuel rod for to accord with all argument.

the newspaper cant afford to inform you: investigate and inform yourself.

oh the gag, fountains and rents, and two tiny buzzing bodies intercalated. its so hard to remember!

id be lost without them, murmuring or no, for instance, even though imprisoned like the others, in carparks at rear.

eu leaders expressed alarm at the latest developments.

“perhaps it is time we moved from the slap system to the petrol system.”

in the beginning, they promised to solve my supply chain, what with the, wed be nothing without it!

rides and sideshows were set up, to emphasise his certainty, if you like, in his tuxedo and red bow tie, rita hayworth red, but they knew it had been sanctioned at the very top.

the uptick, the uprising, spread out the letters, with some regret, issiveness.

it was blackmail, we all do things to destroy others, because for damn sure, and they all nodded agreement.

hammers sting earths hide, new property for proprietor, articles on silence proliferate.

they know who to build on and who not to.

the inhabitants of the city tended to drink their apple wine.

you may not know, you may only fend, and learn of.

because the lioness is dead, and mundanity, and paying, paying.

ink about it.

to coincide, feet on the rough, wet bitumen, on an anniversary, bizarre and deaf, on the computer.

i think we need to be just *a lit-tle bit careful* here, about the total bankruptcy of our discourse.

the gradual revelation, homologous diorama, if you wring the eagles neck, repenting time, in fairness, but the nice, safe, both of whom were in limited supply.

take your basin and pack your things. end of lease sale is on, yet still you labour, no matter, because for damn sure, by an abstraction or a void, the data must be protected.

the data, which shone to within an inch of its life, in this devastated landscape, an off-broadway location in the world of iron ore, mixing freely in the open carriages, mining my face.

i love a god in cuniform.

ok, now try to describe the look on the face of this alter-ego as he raises the hammer a third time.

you better call the ambulance you hear, the glowing faces cant help you, under the awning of the institute, before you jump the shark and start defending pre-emptive strikes, decision-making software, razor blade culture, like family and personal interests.

they envelop and enter you with their glow but cant help you.

they all felt warm and needed and very superior. they were whores with a future, and the world-eating machine runs itself, automatically.

i was flagging.

congeal, disperse, leave the mirror alone, if you dropped it, i dont know. look into it... will you?

as though you really could without much trouble survive between the tractors tyre and the mud.

just gimme six more months and ill finish this pack of wafers,

analysts *believe*.

the transport system cant afford to transport you: transport yourself.

krangs in the kitchen, with an almost pure white, blue-eyed bastard baby, a class act, saying uh-huh, the odd hair stands up on end, and you know it will cost you.

dads having a d+m with the renovated ensuite as we speak.

how to break it to him im a vagrant

my holes parched, it depends on what you mean by casualty, not quite.

this books possibly not as good as wonderful me, not quite.

a stoush in the bloc. producing for market. the asp, dressed like communist. to appreciate.

aliens were aggrieved to learn that they were aliens. it was blackmail.

what can i bring to jaywalking? dedication, passion, commitment, teamwork, and the courage to get the job done.

mama tequila was the best teacher.

semi-conscious flightless birds knit fishing line carpets with their spurs.

we drop the leash to trace the lineaments of the beast.

keep prodding the bulge, im telling you, in my lifetime alone, the odd hair stands up on end, it was blackmail.

keep prodding to maintain consciousness, sorry to repeat this, right on the spot where you hit another boxer when you want to soften him up.

it squirms about while you do, then stops when you retract.

blue-eyed bastard baby, since when do *you* throw out old medicine? lets be friends, come out into the sun and dust yourself off, lets go play on the roundabout love your new shoes wheredja gettem?

do we not have time for a photo together? or a mantra before we break?

tanks were salient here.

two lenses on the curbside were the only remaining trace.

it depends on what you mean by casualty, sorry to repeat this, you better call the ambulance,
sizzle mixed with dispute.

lets say that...

she was cutting her hair when they forced their way in through the window, her entire stake for
a new life in the big city.

was bound to a throne in meditation descending. a blank detonation, “telling itself it is a
fiction.”

wait. lets prevaricate together, as a company. let it, wait, just wait.

in the aftermath much soul-searching and hand-wringing from committed reporters squabbling over the castings in the rostrum, slick nostrils steaming ink.

a blimp, endemic to the institute. a dim view. a very dim view indeed.

there was an audience that wasnt being served and that formats particularly appealing in todays crazy, frenetic world.

its too late. he turns to me chewing, ants streaming out of his mouth and over his cheeks.

i was told this information would be *general!*

at some point, buying your inability, and so variously, with yourself is powerless, the wholly abstract surviving anything, and paying, paying.

a flash of joy, a slag-heap.

at earth, in the moments before we strike, sworn enemies on the issue at hand, and the cord that unites them, then again, the need for a screen, total.

billboards boast of diners, bowling alleys and hot-spring resorts.

being there, total, even a loader with a claw hanging in mid-air.

warmly we concur that the disaster only comes when it comes. till then the ranger is happy to leave you off his tray, to be sand-roasted.

the human consciousness is not used to the idea of “being in the air”, in his tuxedo and red bow tie, rita hayworth red, because *real* success can take years.

oh look mate gimme a break im just tryna make up a living here.

(though i dont feel obliged to provide a rotoscoped diagram)

one option is to force yourself, going to many personal and business trainings, resulting in a more stable investment climate.

millions of white eggs cover the branch.

we are the biggest: *join us*.

big beleaguered american arsehole, amazing enemy, douse me in molten plastic, smother me in
poison smoke.

at the top of the escalator, as he raises the hammer a third time, a broccoli blossoming, was
noise.

according to professor bostroms calculations, if certain assumptions are made, contrary to
assumptions, there is a greater than fifty per cent chance that our universe is not real.

even the human.

even though imprisoned like the others, well find solace in our small cell, riddled with ants,
pondering the sino-aleph, reading the slag-heap, to maintain consciousness.

nihil deest.

words are prosopopoeia. all words.

(though i dont feel obliged to provide a rotoscoped diagram)

and the ledger though you dont believe me the ledger is spinning about a horizontal axis,
though you dont believe me.

and in the middle of it all, maybe you should tell the man, the sandpaper and the red skin raw.

till then the ranger is happy, just a few insurance claims to deal with.

“besides my work on ballard, i was known as a scholar of utopia and dystopia — but mainly dystopia.”

i have already had this discussion with myself and have prepared a list of responses *from which i will not deviate.*

you know the dominos that went missing? i had you drugged and sewed them into your liver.

the waves that are so prevalent now, with their spurs, the peat fire, computer health.

never mind the bloodied heads, with the difference, shunted off, and the cord that unites them, and what the script said.

total mobilisation take 3.

theres this. and then theres not this.

well, which substation would you *prefer* to hole up in?

armour of stains, of shills. guaranteed fast-acting targeted brain relief. the resulting court battle.

to be the artwork was only, adding nothing, to restore duration as an open, as soon as this is done, and then of course the likelihood.

no, itll need to be more descriptified to even have a chance of making it past the checkpoint.

shut up and sweep your dire terrazzo, so i can continue with the general, but also to elsewhere, to be sand-roasted.

it doesnt even meet the minimum requirements to qualify *as* a deal.

clothes horse and shooting star, the hurt around here, aspic brawl.

come forward please now to receive your, receivership.

the argument is a screen, you float up very high, no matter the source, and the horse abandoned on the squash court.

back at the complex, we had difficulty fitting in, once wed been in room 8.

the single focus of attention was a head clamped in a vise in the middle of the room.

weve duly considered all of your objections and other concerns. now it is time to move on to the rejecting-them-all stage of the process.

for me, a monoxide sink. but if they want to make *him* into one, then there are far worse fates.

no one breaks continuity to scold me. play on. we kick each other like kids, reeking code.

now *THATS* choking, with the difference, as dispersed and capacious, and sunk, in ample mast.

in the slow-motion replay you can see just how close she came, and with *that...*

abreaction, and mundanity, the bellowing of distant rhetors.

dip problem, in solution. exactly.

hammered tin, the hue and cry, the entry, designed for their own advertisements.

“the festival aims to revisit and recapture the intellectual radicalism and political energy of that time.”

the public toilets cant afford to relieve you: relieve yourself.

its so hard to remember!

back at the complex, head comes to mind.

mood : doom.

before abrogating have you considered the benefits of arrogating or abnegating.

by the time the pills have kicked in and youve shaken yourself alive, everyone must be there

with you, launching your chemicals range, for the future of our country.

im more than just a cog in a wheel: im a cog in a wheel that says it is more than just a cog in a wheel.

then again, cowering behind a chrome kettle in the window, not even for the money, for the future of our country.

round heres a multiverse, i relish, strained through the flashing glass, a balloon to caesar.

let it stand, be nothing without, spread out the letters, with the difference, adding nothing.

it is going. you stand back like the others. the sail floating in the current.

we are none of us parallel, at the moment of exposure.

we wake to new music, in levitating cities, boilerplate, and lovingly-wrapped obsolete media cartridges.

we were from nowhere, because wed paid our five quid, to not come from earth.

time to abolish slavery again.

glossed black furrows slump upon me, alien joy invades the whimpering infant, and all other such developments.

heavy machinery at inkpot rd.

millions of massively-winged insects at dusk.

stalagmites of secreted bleeding organs in an endless grid, throbbing they hold up an endless plane, reflected over and over by mirrors driven into their sides.

you watch this, on the mirror driven into your side.

as though the mind *worked* steven you droid!

we take the goats track, trapped in heaped up redundancy.

we will redouble our efforts, or someone elses efforts.

were it not for the crowding in the light-well, according to a report, upon my arrival, like a

relic jaggling out of an exhaust pipe, idve, without much trouble, keep prodding, because for damn sure.

no dont touch *that!* thats *his* life, *his* experience, *his* toiletries. youve got your own on your plate right in front of you!

i should probably leave the room, and isnt that the height of, hence the bleeding, with my special stick, totally inspired.

shouting over coffee table to a still friend, ever since doodling was banned.

queue here to get your ticket for your chance to take the challenge to shit the biggest wad of cash. winner gets to be a billboard!

in recent years the ransom amount per seamans head has dramatically increased.

oh well, a rock, covered in a superfluid, with an ant atop it tied to it. rock, superfluid, ant.

weeks were lost on the frontier.

oh well. the boar will grow on you and you cannot do without him!

“much of his work is characterized by an interest in language,”

“but it is his indomitable ability to count which defines his aesthetics.”

“i can see that this is manipulative, but i hope it is not too bad.”

it shits the absolute crap out of me.

throw up your holy dust and sit or lean on shoulders, as though it meant something.

some of his adversaries and critics believe he is already gasping on the ropes and that there could be a sudden dramatic collapse at almost any moment.

the royal commission cant afford to royally commission: royally commission yourself.

as an professional, ive arrived at many coronations, sorry to repeat this, only to sit up the back quaking.

hand me my tape measure and leave me in peace. do you have *any* idea how hard it is to use art to redeem capitalism?

to err to blast, as voices private mourn in the meat haze.

we fell onto our faces, singing, ghost limbs repeating the sawing. if purchased separately, these tools could cost you greatly.

and wrap in micropore, or drive someone else mad, and might find they pardon the burden, from their ten bright friendly hurting hearts. your order will then be processed.

sweet preserve of the era of violence, carousal at waxworks. then again,

a gherkin hung from the mantle above the tender brow of the baby redeemer. then again,

, utterly fuming about the political implications of the cards,

having halted mid-knell,

im binning as fast as i can.

the calls went unanswered, though were followed by other calls.

similarly, in hock to (*x*), in the extreme, as people, effectively. and nothing seems at all yuck!

i greet your efforts with distance,

im not interested in *your* narcissism, i only care about my own,

as seen from the air, 39 years ago today,

they stuck cash up my rectum after the hit coz im greedy for handouts.

the body, stripped of its image.

and awkward blurt in place, the still hurtling ashink, putting the skids under the right hand path.

millions of massively-winged codicils, and i felt nothing, stippled.

hows your lunacy going good? you cant unwatch the video.

and alice lost over 70 000 photos, all of the one planet: ours!

and lamarkian associations and moravian discourses, and they all nodded agreement.

the reagent.

and then of course the likelihood, adding nothing, let it stand, be nothing without, spread out the letters, and nothing seems, with the difference, as soon as this is done, with all those sentences!, and i felt nothing, adding nothing, because we all do things to destroy others.

the only reports to be salvaged contradicted one another other on all essential points, according to a report.

but lest i,

another quality product brought to you by bulky news press.

thanks to john hand and tim wright.

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isbn: 978-0-9925678-8-0

paris, melbourne, berlin, 2011-2016.