

University of Melbourne

Justin Clemens

Let us wreak all the extraordinary scene: Organs!

Biographical note:

Justin Clemens is the author of poetry books such as *Villain* (Hunter 2009), *me 'n' me trumpet* (Vagabond 2011) and *The Mundiad* (Hunter 2013). Other recent works include *What is Education?* (Edinburgh University Press 2017), edited with A.J. Bartlett, and *The Afterlives of Georges Perec* (Edinburgh University Press 2017), edited with Rowan Wilken. He is an Associate Professor at the University of Melbourne.

Fag go cite yer happendicks my fare lardy far licked as hick may pee hit mean not pore lea oh all those puck masts and booty spits knot wit staining. It's the spermatozoa that makes the mane rafter hall, haunted tit as yew sea. Ware the fuckundertitty of punis yea the rayer for lone don streets et frites Hamon L'Estrange vaping foyer waxing lonely. Yet won dare fool hun dear thee reign. Wowser and Hurt, purveyors of faux monnaies, covered tee bee lee tea, wit out con urchin, dom hectic butchery of the kitchen, every pea an encounter with this equine valency of fats and smuts, one severed book head hooded with its own stocking face dissing the twerky twisty visages of Verdopplung and Doppelsinn, twin lawyers, who look so same-old same-old they can't tell themselves apart, just ass homotopy siting well, hoot siding the in very ants tomographic spliffs. Way out in two species in semi nation he limn and ate court ship time by circus vaunting the mating plug pen till Mal gets a nutrient rich me. For please his limy toad today's spa at temps to tote foe fruits farced by a dubble doze of insoluble soul orphically jury dicing de hearth, an elegy for mew chew ally redo sibyl strictures and – fie! – nearly a meaning: the ongoing damage precipitated by my hex is tense and cannot be vitiated by any possible good that might be done by it. Yo ho ho oh – separate the subject from its predicates: the posthumous from its quantities: the anonymous from its lack: the lack of name from its piquancy: WE DO NOT AIM TO CONSERVE THE SAME SEMANTICS: a vain or vein or vane seen blown against the wall skin glossy as a serried amour big host by a student homophone of herself despite the mauvais bi lite sprogged by that thyme wen birds drop dead from the dad eyed branches deploring the mantic spore of the ancient lore fuckering da sire wit a ludic shine and ten-ton two-tone valley tan droning tween roar and drowse sans metro apriorosity or aporiosity, i.e., Translated by Shirley, Curley, Burley, and Whirly, then pushed out the bock dour at the Bore's Ed Pub, engendering the same and different equivocally and simultaneously like endogamous moulting probabilities pre-ended for munificent proliferating monotremic polynomians – ugh. ps the striation buck is using is not the essence of nature as such.