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Corpus Hermeticum:

On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres

News blackouts etc. This really happened.

Every Thursday mayhem in weather systems.

Imaginary battles in science and strike actions. The bastards had won

as in Vision overload, fascist analysis of human beings

and a slightly less comfortable suburb. Arts and that.

Or science. Black mirrors. Seven dials. Black mirrors. Seven dials. Prisons.

We're blocking central London. Riot as, in relation to this past

I don't need a wound. We wanted going fucking mad. Too many racists still breathing

and strange convulsions, I felt it, me and the devil

at first repression and counter-acts, overload Malediction, tried to chart strikes

as Noise, they were still dead. Their galaxies, spinning faster.

Mercury unsuitable for making coins.

February 17th 1600, burned, “his tongue imprisoned because of his wicked words”

*for water say plague i.e. the language of judges, the infinite vowel
for water say fire i.e pulsars and mace. For water say yellow fire
i.e. the fascist microbe in every drop of rain. For water say dust
i.e. negative flames, soluble dust, chemical burns, scars and skies*

Forget psychogeography. All its ever been is a ring of protection, a police-thing's joy, at its centre that bitter knot of strings that Brecht called 'prophecy', spy-rings. String One: we were smashing up the Ritz, March 2011. String Two: shit was talked about immigrants, about dole scroungers. String Three: not an ATM a bright metallic wind or real-time alignment of the patterns of non-affordable housing scattered throughout the city and the stereo-optic beating of police hearts. Beat one. Cancellation of Europe and Mercury. Stone circles are police kettles, you can't tell me different.

*for yellow fire say fuck the police
kill fear say fire say fuck the police*

For example, take Newgate. Built 1188, directly into the walls, London's eastern gate. Beat Two. We don't recognise ourselves there. Beat Three. The debtor's jail, the throat the muzzle of the city. July 10th, 1790, burned. Robert Peel built cops from the ashes. Beat Four. Debt is bone. Versions of bone. Version One. Spare change. Version Two. Lock the bosses out. Superglue them. Out. Version Three. Debt One. Those nobility who entered the city from the east would pass through a wall packed with the tortured, the scraped and wheezing dead. London a cursèd city, is beautiful in the smouldering spring.

We're not underground we're invisible. — Bernardine Dohrn.

remember Theresa May, that guillotine

Unemployed families were slaughtered
remember Theresa May driving thru London in crackling human Tar
about legal channels, hot pink and petrol flare
Awake at night, in strike actions

or the protests did what in relation to Fucking realism
stuck it out inside all noise, inside David Willets and Abeizer Coppe
bounded by law, David Willets, gored by magpies and glass
Victory to dole scroungers. This really happened

inside Normal matter such as atoms and electrons, orphanhood.

Check the extent of police lines. 1829, Robert Peel invented 1000 pigs to circle the city as walls or gates as cordons. This happened. Those 1000 pigs as calendar, the working day a pyramid as razor the police recuperation of the sun. It was dark and the barricades were burning.

Tiresias the birds. Tiresias who sees what only a child could see, who blunders up from hell and hell is not underground. Says riots are a work of vast and incomprehensible mourning, a border a burning weird as even the fear felt by Charles and Camilla, that crow-bait, 2010, off with their heads - this really happened we have no fucking demands and Tiresias summoned voices of the vast dead charts of incomprehensible bird flight, everywhere we are those birds and it don't mean shit the cops don't know this.

We're not all white and we're not all men — George Jackson Brigade Communiqué, 1976

Robert Peel still peers down from Broadgate wall and is a blockade, Newgate torched. Police moved in smashed heads in counter-time, a silent musical fixture separates a human being from a cop. It is vital to recognise, to insist on that difference, that fixture - to locate with precision where that separation first appears in the 'continuum' where the entire pack of errors, superstitions and blood-stained bullets ram the solar throat of every cop in this town with vile psychic music and we live there, have organised noise. Studied strikes. Cop lives don't matter.

We must cry out in anguish now
to know the wound
to understand its nature and extent . . .

—anonymous Weather Underground poem, circa 1975

*for “I love you” say fuck the police, for
“the fires of heaven” say fuck the police, don’t say
“recruitment” don’t say “trotsky” say fuck the police
for “alarm clock” say fuck the police
for “my morning commute” for
“electoral system” for “endless solar wind” say fuck the police
don’t say “I have lost understanding of my visions” don’t say
“that much maligned human faculty” don’t say
“suicided by society” say fuck the police, for “the movement
of the heavenly spheres” say fuck the police, for
“the moon’s bright globe” for “the fairy mab” say
fuck the police, don’t say “direct debit” don’t say “join the party”
say “you are sleeping for the boss” and then say fuck the police
don’t say “evening rush-hour” say fuck the police, don’t say
“here are the steps I’ve taken to find work” say fuck the police
don’t say “tall skinny latte” say fuck the police, for
“the earth’s gravitational pull” say fuck the police, for
“make it new” say fuck the police
don’t say “spare change”
say fuck the police, don’t say “happy new year” say fuck the police
perhaps say “rewrite the calendar” but after that, immediately
after that say fuck the police, for “philosopher’s stone” for
“royal wedding” for “the work of transmutation” for “love
of beauty” say fuck the police
say no justice no peace and then say fuck the police*