

Golden Cities Golden Towns

1.

Displacements yeh. & I wanna say something brilliant like, “the city overthrows itself” except it doesn’t, no. it just unfolds and hardens in splendid concrete, glass and monied geometries. The speed of things lined out on a thin flat plane. New obsidian suburbs like police kettles. There are few places you can go anymore. Hoaxes, failures, indexical euphoria and hostile strata of surplus value, there are lilacs in the windows of the empty hotels, its 11.48 in the outskirts of Europe, whatever that means. They are tearing down the city and rebuilding it at the same time, as an undead slug-like anomalous thing, contracting and folding inwards and upwards, in mirror sections, animosity, elevated concrete decks and psychoactive car-parks.

In the lobby with dead eyes of the bureaucratic soul they are talking about scroungers, they are talking about rats, they are talking about reinvigoration, renewal and rounding people up. Property-market booms ringing like bells, like sheet metal. Every empty lot absorbing language, as that too become an investment scheme, even our vocal cords are colonised. Softness and echoes, spores and galvanisations, flotsam and jetsam to be consumed as a sign. Like, commodity, hieroglyph, a desert.

as our co-ordinates are magnetised, & as our exits have been seized

2.

*Hey Pal! How do I get to town from here? And he said:
Well just take a right where they're going to build that new
shopping mall, go straight past where they're going to put in
the freeway, take a left at what's going to be the new
sports centre and keep going until you hit the place where
they're thinking of building that drive-in bank.
You can't miss it. And I said*

*understand capitalist architecture
as the infinite made entirely
measurable, each packed number
a pit of in-numerable mysteries
marketed as just the tool you need
to make your skin pop with
the burden of being a blazing core
of happiness, dizzy with the
splendour of actively being
a symbol of government mathematics
melted down to the base signal rate
& packed into poisoned land*

somewhere in a nondescript office block
they are growing investment algorithms
in huge vats, like algae
and they wear protective suits
and speak in coded language,
muttering numbers which translate to actual
infrastructure conjuring solid
forms from bend LED and smoke
Ritual, seclusion, ceremony, seduction
& it speaks in excel spread sheets

that thing-memory,
only anchored to any kind of place by parkinglots
and mathematics. I grabble for every type of
estrangement I can get my hands on, not being a
very good dialectic and screaming spittle something
like “the town is yours oh gasping swine”!
But anyway, those vats yeh, like an inverted digestive
tract cannibalising space for the production of forms,
shapes hard geometries of money, like buildings,
apartmentblocks, Stereoscopic speedfuture,
housing estate Ritalin.
Cranecreatures sprawl as colonial flora, bloated,
like the eyeballs of the magistrate,
bloated like fish bellies,
like the new mayor.
The radiant city is a fault line
running through my skull.
Soaked in debt, rent and wage labor sticking
to my teeth,
police like phlegm at the back of my throat.

everywhere it's the same.

Bankman Bankman emissary of bad news,
Landlord Landlord I know the rent is due (fuck you)

3.

*Solve. Et coagula. Make the volatile fly --
distill it out of the fixed --
and then feed the body back its own soul*

black magic

you can dowse for debt like ley-lines through
the landscapes of material conditions to the
production of consciousness
build ciphers in a riddle, written as a ditch, a town
an industrial harbour, elevated highway, rubble kings
the foul infernal glow of the coins in my pockets
is nothing compared to the neoliberal sun shining
all along the new delirious skyline, there's a rift
in the bubbling lard terrain of inner space outer space
producing the need for special perversions of historical
materialism, mercury (you can't make coins out of that)
my mouth is bleeding
“you need to go to the doctor”,
and they say its in the gums something tumorous
that has taken hold in our language, numbers
balances and checks, austerity coating my palate
and a swampy fungal preconditioning to empire,
economic yeast infection, sucking

at the helix of my voice. We all mutate, eventually
and continually adapt, wether to spells or subprime loans
and foreclosures, death cult geometry.

Summer was awesome & smelling like hydrogen,
everyone I know is in debt
it's likely the only way to exist by now,
a new kind of collective ideal
and the only way to get out of that debt is to die.

4.

So anyway, I sleep by wandering through the department store and sing praise for the living dead
and insomniacs. The choir is a flock of ghosts, precarious workers and mangled hands, of those
made listless by the grinding of the deathdrome treadmills psychopharmaceuticals
and geometrical dust. I read the engineering manual for structural damage to concrete buildings
like a suite of poems, as architectural mysticism in a negative sense
a demonology of bearing-points, steel girders and insulation
nonaligned poetics of polychlorinated biphenyls & the attention span of dismal interior ecologies
cancerous and leaden hued, the housing question

outside, its 23.48 in the outskirts of europe,
whatever that means
the oncoming traffic is ablaze under great big rows
of great big signs and they all read

Hallelujah,
every man, every man for himself

5.

In the financial district, five-thousand cops encircle
a spinal monument, and it feels like zero hour, again
everywhere the new city manifest, like a vengeful
curse, a mountain, bodies of light sculptured
by investment banks, geomantic figures and hedge-funds
in a frenzied vision of things, operating people
always at the distance of abstraction, which
tells a truth about power itself, radiant horror
olympus above the urban canyon
new monuments arise as evaporations of techno-mists
as adversaries bludgeon something to death
in the middle of old industry

*outside, the sun has set below the sand-dunes,
the moon does what it does.*

It is not your praises
that the latest landlord will sing.