

## A Weapon in Loops

A white horse, in a walking attitude, cut out of chalk (my voice. She whispers my voice)  
A wooden something, not sure which way to go. Lost at best.

Its legs are short and shapeless and quite out of proportion with its body and head,  
which in fact seem to be on a larger scale than the rest of the animal.

Two ears are shown.

It's got a circular eye, with a central patch denoting the pupil, which seems to have slipped up too far in the direction of the foremost ear.

Most curious of all is its tail, which is long and serpentine and bears at its tip a crescent moon.

It has been supposed that the general distortion of the black horse is both due to its dark underbelly as well as to foreshortening.

In other words it may have been drawn from the top of the hill, at a point level with the head.

The file was cor

Rupture of the guts. No guts left. Blunt force trauma. Corpse from above level with the head. Level with crop.

Let's level with the beautiful people. ~~Let's level with the fine blood vessels lead to rhinophyma.~~

In other words: By your side.

At each other.

At you (lift one – chair lift one high up in the air don't drop it on your toes.

You've dropped it on your toes, the squirming little rats. The bleeding little inform  
and:

No voice, chalk eaten chalk vomited up and down and all around my limp little body: I'm armless.  
I'm dumb.

Bells. No answer.

Dumb bells are ringing for the death, the birth, the marriage of multiple con

Cepts.

Inter

Cepts at the point of weightless balance.

On point.

Dumb heavens

Dumb hells door to door

On a long and winding road

You swing it a number of times

I say a horse is a horse is a  
Blot on my sun

A weapon in loops

A weapon in loops

The original tale tells of a badly-behaved old woman who enters the forest home of three bachelor bears whilst they are away. She sits in their chairs, eats some of their [plank a wooden plank that can't decide which way to tip tap](#) tip toes eats some of their plankton, and sleeps in one of their bodies. When the bears return and discover her, she starts up, gets on the fourth chair, is lifted high up into the clouds and changes the story:

*There Were No Targets*

The three bachelors are now / are also / have always also never been but are now Papa, Mama, and Baby Bear.

wha wha wha whaaa

*{sad trom bone licked bone thrown}*

In our field we call it *blunt-force trauma*

Injuries we sat, many a time, committees and boards. Wooden boards Plank left and plank right. Our main task force-blunt force trauma was to be bodies be weights. To be weights to prevent the scales from tip tap topple. Hunky d'or not so good but we suck in and hold breath. And then we tense all our bones and be solid. Substantial. A new survey has shown it has yet to make a

difference is we weren't ever handed the telescope whereas you have always been far off. Sea fair enough

I see I see I saw

Oh land

Lord oh land far off a shore

Assured that you will get your deposit back. What was it again? A cow a crow and a crow bar walk into the sea. Crowbar goes:

On its bleeding toe: excuse me sir, I broke nothing but your back to the drawing board to find the sketch has been washed away by the tide, I'm wet to my hips and the uncontested amount is still scrubbing itself happily in the corrosive sea brine. Act quick

Act II

The Story of the Three sea Bears is a very old tale, one should not touch old things unless one wishes to caress them and they have given their explicit consent.

Despite this we have made the intruder a pretty little girl instead of an ugly old woman.

Once the little girl had entered the tale, she remained – sat herself down, elbows on table, head in hands, weeping for what it is to be expirable, suggesting readers prefer a pretty little girl to an ugly old woman.

What do you mean by ugly old woman? Let me put it this way:

Each type of cell has its own life span and when we die, these cells will die at their own rate there is no clean cut off more than you can chew so you pass it onto the one with the longest grown ears and the lowest sacked cheeks:

The clown

fish the clown fish

for compliments: I think you look great for your age.

The clown fish

For complications. Only 2 members of a troupe are allowed to enter into intercourse

Of course it is con

Sent I sent for contra – always keep the contra, a balance is most necessary, radical tipping results in an empty glass, a broken living room or equality for all.

Sent I sent for contra

Ception the conception is that

all clown fish are born male.

The head of the table however is female.

She is served first, plastics to protocol of not refusing food despite its low nutritional valued highly and yet is poised ready for the lift to the surface. Is poisoned by toxic masks

Tryna be funny. A nose of any size and red shape is of no use to us deep in the waters.

The dominant male of a particular group will turn female when the dominant female dies.

Out of her dead rip we will take a number of scales

(tip)

Out of her rip we will tip a sad excuse for a clownfish.

wha wha wha whaaa

*Different scales*

The spirit is lost, a certain je ne sais quoi a resig nation a nation in arms, no arms.

Weapons in loops. So dizzy I've hit myself on the nail oh the head has given myself concussion

*Different scales*

And tune them around, a look into the mirror and the laughter stops. silence

Silencio we're tuning our instru

Ment to pick up the slightest of tremors (a revulsion is about to tip there's a tip: si

Leant over the banister to see the spirit

You all said there was one? I heard it mentioned all year life year. Well, Although haunted houses *are* often *mentioned*, it has always been extremely difficult to get the facts concerning them and when inquiries are made the story is often told about a haunting many years and 11 days ago or one that ceased to exist just before an investigation could be started. Few haunted houses have been rented by investigators and when such an arrangement has been made the phenomena have rarely occurred. In the best cases of haunted houses the phenomena appear to be of the subjective type for there are few today who would class apparitions as in any sense objective, since these apparently exert no influence on the external world apart from the percipients who are fortunate enough to be able to see them.

Conspiracy the glassical con

The con

Dom

Inance is --- *explain to me the fish metaphor?*

Con

Tami

Nation is clearly designated by a traffect cone that exerts a surprisingly strong influence on the external world, given that its delineation is a **subjective phenomenon at best**.

An invisible border is a trip hazard. Is a slip hazard the tongue has decided to go full-in with.

Hazard a guess how I got to coin this fashion accessory:

The wizard speaks from his almighty point of telescopic vision and visibility (we have all slept in his body too long, would you believe me if I said so? Would you relieve me if I asked so?)

“I, an al-I, have asked myself how we can enhance the visibility of our female counterparts? The ones we’re out to catch catch cat’s paw? Few have been fortunate enough to be recognized as a witch few have been fortunate enough to recognize a witch when presented with her wicked powers so we decided it is in our national interest to clearly designate the which, no not her the other which no the other one, this one, the security threat for our people people, it was unanimously decided that a designating hat shall be modelled from my image.

My cone shall bear a brim. As much as we dislike their harmful powers, our pretty little ladies need to be shielded from the crescent sun.

We like them pale paler paleontologists say:

*Did you know this means Old creature study? More than 90% of the visible skin changes associated with aging are caused by the sun’s wicked rays.*

With some authority we can now say with near certainty we can announce:

A witch’s hat is only ever as good as the witch underneath it.

In our particular case the witch is which street? it is a guarded street.

The one where music is forbidden.

The one where excavations never end. The deep street.

Watch your step step step step tip tap tip

{shout through the cone}

!WARNING!

See saw see saw see saw then looked away.

He thought he was sailing in a beautiful vessel on a sea calm and clear as a mirror, with a dark, cloudy sky vaulted overhead. But when he looked down into the sea he presently saw that what he had thought was water was a firm, transparent, sparkling substance, in the shimmer of which the ship, in a wonderful manner, melted away, so that he found himself standing upon this floor of crystal, with a vault of black rock above him. Stood by the reeking hell-mouth, he went down the mine with the Captain, in his sailor’s clothes, with the heavy, iron ballet shoes on his feet. Hot vapours soon threatened to suffocate him; and then, presently, the candles flickered in the cutting draughts of cold air that blew in the lower levels. They went down deeper and deeper, on copper ladders at last scarcely a foot wide. We need to either shrink your feet or train your toes the grasp of death.

I SAW THE HORSE.

He said wait a minute horse, I want to read the wall text first.

As the cave walls had dia grammed him their background:

The horse has always been a Zebra:  
Its ground colour is almost orange.

WARNING

Between the dark markings are frequently seen “shadow stripes”

WARNING

tip a hat to the brim and the wave just spilled the rest.

When shadow stripes are present there are rarely any stripes on legs. Legs are no different to the underneath of the belly:

BLACK GLOSS

It's average weight is about 13 hands (clasped)

The muzzle is multiple.

They generate an average of 7 voices.

Not many people know this

*wah wah wah waah*

sailor come back to the shore  
shore, I ....

CLASP

To be sure I

GRASP

To be sure I

GASP

To be sure I

Resurface from the deep water

A siren ringing in our long-grown ears:

(no voice)

a whisper:

We are sick of being painted as culprit.

Paint us as Zebra instead.

Let the stripes be warning signs, visible for those that were never going to blame us for their lack of control.

Care? Did anybody here say CONTRARE?

Now

the Sirens' voice

pulling and pushing

the striped up stripped down horses into the foam. The horses taste it, let it settle on their tongue, stick that out for the Sirens to read:

they read:

the dolphins are to be played like a musical instrument.

WARNING!

(drum roll)

*Any Person Who*

*Willfully and knowingly*

*Knowingly and willfully climbs sheer rock faces accusations of*

*Willfully and knowingly*

Gives false information

To a registrar for insertion in a birth, death, marriage or civil partnership register or

**MAKES A FALSE DECLARATION**

For the purpose of the registration of a birth or death, or to procure a marriage or a civil partnership

**IS LIABLE TO PROSECUTION FOR PERJURY**

(fingers crossed)

and with my fingers crossed I shall continue my glacial ascent.

It's worth a try.

With my crossed fingers to play you a tune

About singularity.

With my crossed fingers to play you a

tune a fish to the curtain of our mercurial ENDGAME (play the word in syncopatic rhythm)

Not many people know this but Pete Best was folded up, put into a suitcase, left at Waterloo Station. While the carrier looked to the top left to check the time (this shall represent the sea), from the bottom right (which stands in for the crystals in the deep dark ground) came his identical twin (good or evil does not apply) and replaced the suitcase with that same one, 11 days later, the clock had jumped. This suitcase now hosts Ringo Starr. The carrier, after having checked the time, after having shaken his head, then his wrist, crossed his fingers (WARNING: PERJURY) he opened his hand, folded it around the suitcase handle, grasped it firmly and carried off the new drummer.

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### WARNING: LIVE RECORDING

While Ringo went for a piss break, tired from all the negative feedback, she climbed out, recorded the track and left the suitcase stood there, unzipped with nothing to tell of her beats but a few scales scattered about. Ringo comes back, zipped up, listens back to "his" previous recording and says: hey lads, it's pretty tight. And so the story is told as long as long as the teller is the hunter (says the bear)

Analyzes the impression made on his bed. Shrugs.

Analyzes the impression made on him, goes: yeah, but if I was a little girl I could relate more if it was a little girl rather than an ugly old woman.

What are we to do with this bear now?

He has hurt my feeling he has wounded my condition.

Time will heal – but what if time is the illness – purrs the cat from over the roof

Cat Cat Cat Cat whose side are you on?

Cat Cat Cat Cat

A strophe strikes

A weapon in loops

A weapon in loops

Cat

A pillar of so sigh IT has not brought us our desired C.H.A.N.G.E has it.

IT has.

IT has not.

(xcuse me sir, what do you mean by C-H-A-N-G-E?)

I speak of Change in terms of

Vibrations.

Small coins the saying, I am saying in terms of exchange, of syncopated rhythms (Pete knows best)

his hell mouth runs off with his tongue, goes:

Information (the horses shake their head) technology has never not been here. Or let's say hardly ever not been here.

Humans have been storing, retrieving, manipulating, and communicating information since the Sumerians in Mesopotamia developed writing in about 3000 BC

Black ceiling painted matt, not gloss. Gloss not matt.

The club ceiling was falsely painted gloss. Not matt.  
Not many people know this about John.  
He was once asked to paint the cavern black. Matt black. I said Matt.  
I said it many more times than can be counted on many hands. All hands in fact. They were busy grasping

The club

A weapon in loops  
A weapon in loops

Solo all alone by myself from now on.

A weapon in loops  
A weapon in loops

He painted it gloss.  
Do you even know what that means?  
Can you imagine what that means for a club? A gloss ceiling?

Hung out to bloody dry.  
gills cracked and dried by hanging.  
A right dangle, full beaks and empty hearts.

It's nothing short of a trap  
A tip for tap tap  
A short tap

When is a door not a door?  
When it's ajar  
of black tar and a jar of white feathers.  
Mixed up  
In a mix up they cancel each other out, the bird pops back into life and the crime is undone.  
Remember to always layer on one before the other.  
No mix ups to be afforded.

Coulrophobia

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*Clown costumes tend to exaggerate facial features and body parts such as hands, feet and noses. This can be read as monstrous or deformed as easily as it can be read as comical. The significant aberrations in a clown's face may alter a person's appearance so much that it enters the so-called uncanny valet of the shadow stripped of death of life or witch in which a figure is lifelike enough to be disturbing, but not realistic enough to be pleasant—and thus frightens a child so much that they carry this phobia throughout their adult life.*

She is frightened.  
She decided to now stay indoors. Dumb no voice left no no voice ever given.  
No one knows better than she herself. She's by herself. From now on.

wha wha wha whaaa

Dumb bells on her behalf door fully open half closed for rehearsals.  
Rat races to open, sees the white horse and her mate the crescent sun.  
They look up and down her broken snout, her wrapped up ripped out throat and go:  
Lead me through your door –  
She takes the pla  
Sticks to protocol, wraps it up, them up, her up and turns her  
back  
To scraping off the turf off off off down to the bare chalk.

If ever there was a visionary.