

An Oblique Case
of Asemia
Peter Manson

Packet Botox

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DUSIE

● 2011 ●

●
gum-loving ribbon lips
spill no complete boletus

when first I saw
the mushroom head

dead though I was
I saw that my caul be tanned

and shade in the flash
my ginkgo

a poet
tattooed

Fork handles.

Mousers roused to hearing past the comb-
filter of their tinnitus, blood curried to a
point with coagulant, better than any hair.
The heart senses the broken vein of
condemence and you fear it, rough wooer of
the death you blanked a minute ago but now.
Haarping grape ape semaphore in coloured
overclothes, h has scratched your back and
warmed the ionosphere to the point of dim
visual aurora, seen by CCD. Clear water
obsolescence dandled a balloon in pee for
Peter to earth or pop it's me. You are a
prawn tuned to d, John Cage's father's
prototype submarine had an internal
combustion engine. In the cat-like shag,
rejected parts of this.

●

sow us into rubble
raw prewar bubble

you bled remedial eyes
over frat fee soliciting armpit rush

lies tight in tig
gunlaw coffin lung surf

acdo tide

h wondered if it might help a very fat man to
be centered on the paper, as they would both
then know him for only his linked-up edges,
a small and puckered toy. Blood and shit
clearly *can* pass the margins freely in both
directions, as h's paper didn't seem to work
as a death ray, unless an unknowable stack of
the narrow dead were in fact propped
horizontally on wheeled, extensible glass
poles from the missing part of h's peripheral
vision, or paper. Could the fat man in fact be
so rewired by positioning as to develop a shit
circulation, and require a blood stoma, and
could this temporarily be to his good? h
didn't think so, g wasn't fat, and h didn't
have a flexible enough neck to try it out first
on his foreshortened self.

●
too lazy azure
a rose dyed blue

luminous nous
with no us

minor out
lying islands

is all land
property

all fences
theft

which somehow was also instant and total
elective amnesia for both him and them. g is
the only person capable of articulating what it
is like to see the other side of the paper
coming at you, but he likes h and doesn't.
The list of gifts at the park shop included a
green leather bookmark too thick to be used,
sold for am I allowed to say spastics to
Americans, and a wax cast purple trilobite
that has sold out. The urge to make a mark
with it was only given in to once, leaving a
flat edge on the pygidium, but the white
plastic insert at the top of the Tic-Tac box
wore one complete ridge on the top and two
parts in the curved, wrong-guesswork base.
And the evocative smell, a middle-aged
woman giving it to h at a discount, knowing
that wasn't going to happen again until eBay.
— Austerlitz is hinged. A past of *hang*
somewhere else.

Tense.

●
rear window moper
ate my myth sideways

liberal spit
in the breath

when dead-ended
paper kazoo

turned
voice keeper

the eye of
the keyholder

older than I

reply might be expected from h and look
sideways. as you mean to go on.

A tingling in the leg was a sign that
something heavy had been sitting on the leg
and only announced its presence by going. It
wasn't so much a hole in h's perceptual field
as a seamlessly papered-over discontinuity in
that field. He had tried looking askance at a
man with outstretched arms make a non-
synchronised, intermittent flapping motion at
the wrists, and saw only a perfect, self-
supporting Fingerbobs dove, a dull yellow
from bilirubin. When they cut him open
there was enough liver to make three dying
children sick again. They put his corneas
onto a blind drunk, who more or less shot his
eyes in a disulfiram reaction. continuing.
He had never really bothered to work out
why trilobites particularly. Something to do
with wanting desperately to talk to strangers
at the age of ten, wanting to impress them in
some way and having them instead edge
gently away into the area behind the paper,

●
mouse user umbilicus
humble like us

suckle levdopa
opacity slick

doubts do obits
tree muggers shone

solemn cessation
know it as ecumenical loss

callous lousy ousel self

in a direct way to g in a language they both
spoke only upset g, and that he felt dishonest
shrugging the whole conversation aside into
nods and mms. So h projected his language
back onto now from a point when he didn't
know his actions partook of language at all,
from a time when he could take aim through
speech and have the shot mis-fire into a non-
synchronised, intermittent flapping motion at
the wrists, or the direction North. It was all
one to g, and made h feel genuinely happy
and free.

— A car is something. Just walking isn't a
thing, even if you are doing it and fall on ice.
h replied at the age of perhaps thirteen
months, conflating a 1970s Kellogg's
Cornflakes logo with both protagonists of a
picture book about the sly fox and the little
red hen, informed by a much later, now
mostly forgotten, knowledge of keratin. g
seemed satisfied with this, so from now just
tense your anal sphincter briefly every time a

●
eyed on one two
network nobby book okayed

coca you do that
voodoo on demand

chemical to let sign
ore a must have

risen flatly
flatus rose in prayer

blues infer a penny
paraffin transform

shaped like a goose
self assembly as

all flesh is ill
mine is null

Billirubin, a dull yellow Fingertobs dove.

— It *is* like pretending to be cut in three.
Nobody likes to do it. Call it the draft of a
holler. A field holler.

g's pension rattled in a money brace,

individually wrapped, doing no good works
silently. He remembered it was there, edged
briefly towards some kind of reaction, and

backed off. Other people — kind people —
were paying the board. They still meant well
towards g, but after a while it was just easier

to pay. If g wanted a cat, he could have one;
if he wanted to be able to feed the cat, that
could happen too, but he had to think to ask.

g had never asked for a cat, and gifts, except
of the most abstract and transferrable coin,
came to seem like a mistake as soon as

mooted. g had everything, or had had.
h's words can't actually be written down.
After a couple of visits he realised that talking

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