

GERO
NIMO

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REALITY STREET

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My thanks to Silvana Leverrier for the title Pacha Mama and to Antony John for Coca Cola. – Johan de Wit

Gero Nimo

HAD IT not been for today Gero Nimo would never have relented. Released from prison on a date and time when most people celebrate their national communion with a guard of honour was the other competing view, set aside by a later text. It had become absolutely clear that no-one was listening or reading the obituaries. Having been done, sorry that should be taken, for an idea by the facts of life, by completing a projected course of nonparticipation, it all went according to plan. Impostor minus undercover sovereign.

Inflation had reached the limbs. Even though not all the muscles were infected the symptoms were unmistakable: a big mouth, an increasingly assertive not to say aggressive temper and a never-ending stream of verbal liquorice. Money always speaks for thought, make that language, in context. The idea that time is an absent landlord more interested in lining his bed linen than pampering his bank manager is as absurd as sending your name ahead when preparing to meet your maker. Take that to Ramsgate, one third of the way off limits if you pay by explanation instead of exploration. Goods when heavy with pretty looks are welcome. Gero Nimo was now really looking forward to seeing the sea for the very first time. No dream could blur a blue vision! No-one would ask any more whether you could save water and keep your attention by going or placing a bet. But what if it would still be possible to make your voice heard and pass out? Would then the wind separate the shore from the surf or the Promised Land return the horizon? Unless answers are fuelled by superstition, they really suck if not assault the imagination. Memory is a fake orchid, a ceremonial tripod

floating on the face of a staple diet curtailed by evidence-based insomnia. Travel gives speed a purpose, a direct sign of involvement without reaching a climax, conclusion or breaching the all-important barrier of franchise be my penthouse.

There are three points to make here. The first one is really about why Gero Nimo wants to go out at all—is it not true that in spite of local variations the sea belongs as much to the waters of conception as to the interpretative powers of the Board of Customs and Excise? The second point is central to any discussion: wherever you go buses overtake just before the bus stop and leave the good, the bad, but particularly the elderly stranded for another hour in the pouring rain. It all goes to show that each one of us should be really pleased to have the chance to be admitted to the inner core of the third point, or to quote Groucho Marx: “Outside of a dog a book is man’s best friend. Inside of a dog it’s too dark to read.”

Nevertheless, Gero Nimo was overtaken by surprise. Neither suspicion nor suspension had crossed the heath; no steely-eyed micrologist had boarded the carriage. And, to make life worth living again, there wasn’t even a tongue to be shattered. What can you do in such a pure situation? Go and have a gig? Run and make a bomb? Fancy yourself? Okay then, the approach must have been truly decorative and deeply conservative. Fitting, very fitting! Land links the present to poetry, shopkeepers to tax breaks and a modal discourse to speaking in the third person stroke behind bars. Gero Nimo was enjoying each moment by moment. Each massive event had been given shelter by and to conspiracy, identity and causal representation. But as we’re well aware, eyes are made to blink, so why not have a go-got-gone? What was really striking was that there were no large-scale modifications to be seen. How could talks take place against such a background? Failure might as well be admired for its common sense. If anything, repairs ought to make sure that intimacy

would be a done deal. Okay, the line we're catching is still visibly linked to library versus potholes but not to stilts.

Gero Nimo was one of those indifferent guys, always killing innocence with plenty of water and staging encounters with luck comma luck. No wonder demand was rising, calls coming in and lorries turning round. Years, first dispossessed now humanely activated, had exposed flattery to a battery of onlookers, non-participants and other impartial by-products of any sideline to be written, crossed or otherwise ignored by calculator, incubator and simulator.

Casa Blanca

THIS IS why and that is how the moon rises above the corridors of power. What is to remain in the shadow of anchorage as dialogue which Casa Blanca was happy to provide. After all, it had only been a short walk from the city centre before the earth had given way to a dust storm. Without any warning the night had come early as nights do when anticipation and expectation align with the unknown contemporaries of their own aborted image. It was clear that how to cope with circulation, digestion and fairy tales had become the main issue.

Not quite a match on my patch was the verdict. When water goes under the moon the quality of real ale goes down the proverbial drain. Scratch and you'll see red, a broken surface is not much of a promise but legs when looked at sideways have the advantage of urging their owner-cum-user to ignore any comments that have no bearing on the context. The Institute of Broken and Reduced Languages keeps copyright framed in essays, parapoetic collage texts and the odd co-translation. This is Casa Blanca talking! The road to a single-track mind goes through language, stops at speech and willingly commits a felony with the right hand of writing. Though not quite a headcase—the page can't be blamed for everything—interpretations suffer from cuddles, fuddles and muddles. Academia at the coalface and in the heart of the countryside! Being well prepared, meaning a gallon of still water, proper walking boots, anti-tick spray, a hat (the aftermath of a heatstroke is no fun), a joke to make your skin resist the rain, and access to open country is now a closed metaphor. All a poet needs is a fallen superstar, one you can carry home and nurse back to health. No introspection would be

required, no unannounced visitor trundling across your lawn. No, summers are not only a delight they are also a welcome change to the routine of the seasons now spreading globally as if geography is nothing more than a part-time subject to be cancelled at a moment's notice. Taken can also get it wrong.

The page is never a neutral observer of language, even Casa Blanca could have told you that. Now attributes deprived of a march towards the nearest horizon are deceptively light-hearted or was that not quite the right thing to say to an audience waiting for the logic of inward connections between blood type, skin colour, inborn temperament and one of several external circumstances better left undisturbed? Not every pavement is a suburban freeway. Before the body appears there is the mind to consider. A string of flowers close to once again. You can't have it all, but do you really want to know who is who when home is living across the road? Casa Blanca knew full well that language is there to be had by the powers to be. Crossroads are crime scenes, meeting points bomb disposal sites and discussion groups preludes to sex-change operations. All a far cry from come, here comes a body to explore not that explores. That can wait as it does.

It sounds as if Casa Blanca has finally fallen asleep. A token awareness is not yet a convincing argument. Knees do hurt when grid separates the skin from the bone; but that was such a long time ago that not even the scars could bring the story back to life. Ah, the left hand is for drinking when the right hand writes. Practise man practise! The bottom is almost visible even if utterly devoid of meaning. Let's hope no-one returns with a devoiced head of lettuce, the sound of poetry would have to make a detour if that were the case. Patience has always been a solid defender of living at-in-on the margins. Uncertainty is really a rotating object lesson in the cancelled skyline. Subtlety is as superfluous as it is time consuming and selling the addresses of your subscribers should be rewarded with a dip into a slurry tank.

Apart from the latest line of enquiry there's not much Casa Blanca can do to improve the tone of a bedded body-bell-body. A mufti or multi-voiced insistence on randomly addressing a serial killer? Your choice is my cross, your boss my voice. The way readers are bred nowadays it's no surprise that tourism is bleeding the economy to an all-time low. And folding your arms as a protection against passion should definitely give the department the go-ahead. Longing and belonging should be re-installed. That would drain the Pripet Marshes for the second time.

Yoko Hama

YOKO HAMA'S face is a fact. Against the wishes of the evening sun, raindrops and a walk home silver linings are always welcome as visitors by stealth. Because there's no audience to speak of it's unlikely that penetration will take place. Maybe tomorrow; memos, mirrors and happy hours permitted. Heads and shoulders stand, again, on common ground, keeping the Commons as a long-term project in terminal decline: without waste no taste. Or to use the same words but a different typeface: without silence no licence.

Unfortunately bankruptcy was definitely on the cards. Yoko Hama's face had already been given to the press before the demands from circulation made both face and press refuse to take the stand. What can be said is that the event passed through the binoculars to be assessed as to whether there were strains of extraneous factors to be cited. Whether it was meant to be or not, what presents itself is not all that's cracked up to be. If only some inference indicators had been clearly marked miscarriages of justice might have come to an end. But then, what would the newspapers do with all this empty space? Fill it with bloodhounds, performance-related illnesses or enhanced readers' satisfaction? Take your pick to a landfill site! Striking though similarities are, they're never entirely innocent as each squirrel living in a cul-de-sac can tell you. Rain, rain and the forecast is for more rain. Saint Swithin has been visiting Winchester again. He seems to like the place with its jet stream of harvest failures there's always some outrageous melody in the making. Even if you can't be there in spirit it saves time when you mix glam(our) with primitive seeds and sharpen libelists on localised contra-

ceptives. Without immediate survivors titles are scarce. You may as well open your own business for a crackdown on dawn raids.

The language and grammar of Yoko Hama's face were withering away (just like the state). Because of information overload, substance abuse or a fashionable mixture of flattery and threats? Questions were set outside. The international order of dustbin removers should now haul along and deny us eternal life. So take a rechargeable screen saver and apply some tenderness and forgiveness to the latest bone of contention and whatever potential problems there are they will melt away as a thunderclap at a mock festival. Hard to believe when there are no issues to support and as a result the discourse of choice functions as just another tier of authority. Tomorrow the revolution will come! Sacks of amnesia and atavistic magpies must have been worked into the purple spikes of these marsh orchids. Who would pop a dabchick or plop a dachshund? Certainly not daddy-longlegs, the high master of our local grammar school. Let's have a look at tomorrow's birthdays: Professor Poffer Pittcracker, spider man, 47; that will do for now. Please, no more litter on the pavement! Baskets and caskets will be returned to sender.

Postponement is now the main theme park, also called progress, as can be read on Yoko Hama's face. The plan was to subsidise the lines but the words drafted resulted in years rolling through the aisles, negotiators getting bogged down in buggery and preambles, while the scantily clad organisers were laid by thorny remarks but as was expected blood was forthcoming and willing to be caught as supper was ready, steady and full of deadpan tabletops. Like its rivals, jollity is not an issue. Instead, mysteries deepen, fallacies—palpable and achingly hip—enriching readers and peepers for years have been branded generic copies of theory; it makes sense to hang up a no-notice phone-based bill on the kitchen door while the floor is for mats, rats are asked to swipe the slate clean in their own volatile labora-

tory. It makes living the place, the workplace, to be. For to see the law in action tension must be defused.

Once facts beep they sell. But since Yoko Hama's face has changed the ground rules the missionary position is occupied by sunshine and great achievers. Drop the pre and follow depression by sitting next to nothing. Just blame the night bus! Words and rhythms with their strings of caveats have been seen as far as protection rackets catching their crutches. That's at least one instinct that survived the human race due to be auctioned off next Wednesday.

Magna Carta

IT HAD taken Magna Carta seven days to walk the distance. First it was the long grass that slowed down slipping in and out of a fugitive role, then it was the narrow gorge that kept bringing instant refreshments to the clouds. But that was only the beginning. There had been no sense in signing up, no distribution of smiles nor greeting cards, no welcome mat to bring the bacon home. No cravings or shavings. The whole meeting—a country gathered in a place without people—had been a setup, a sellout, a say-yes-to-me and guess who's there?

Information had struck the toenails. To be clipped, snapped or visited by a passion that could easily do with a valid passport. Pig be thy Pogue! Speaking to the gallery again, aren't you? What do you expect, mist—the United Nations are coming—is always rolling in from the sea, so better be trapped than upped and for sale. Afterwards can as easily be corrected as suspended (expectations). Magna Carta returned to steady the solicitors, no not to solidify or soliloquise the mail, to upgrade a vision and to have the overflow checked. Nomads are waiting in vain, as usual. Not because there was no because to speak of but because they that is the veins had already been sent their first option before the shareholders had been alerted. Insider dealing is, guess what, a communicable offence. The times are lucky and so are the banks. Anyway, one works by the rules, by proxy and the other one on behalf of half of be that as it may come to pass. Soldier on, soldier on, there's more to a run than a meadow or station stop. Even the scouts had come back. They must have known something really important to have been hanging on to their career. Top heavy and exhausted though blistered with plastered

spirits, to keep this hiding hidden: this is no way to run a language factory or a shop-steward award. When speakers ask their voices to be covered it doesn't follow that language should be sold abroad. AGM-ers to the left, GMT-ers to the right of the screen. Anyone crossing the line will get an induced pint. What the real is to drink the sink is to steal! Lines if narrow get away, if broad they may as well stay. But those coming in pairs should join the queue this side of the breadline.

For Magna Carta to be rolled onto the opposite bank the weather had to change sides. Which it truly did. So much for the command economy of the senses! Now we may speak of the weather as being as fanciful as the commitments of honorary members. There's always a catch though, even if the bones are not what they used to be. If a part could be staged it should be saved, it should go all the way to a bank of clouds and doubts, in that order, provided the gains are to be had or to have been. Brass your trumpet, wood your flute and cotton your shirt with Beach Boys and Hawaiian volcanoes and all that because poetry has been given a lease of lottery life.

No-one needs to be afraid of economic miracles. Magna Carta had understood that very early on. As always history is a wave rolling fast forward on enthusiasm, on a broadband vision of the future immersed in *Sonderausgaben* or special editions for the less than faint-hearted. If it were to be replaced by a fair exchange rate of glances society would collapse, harsh if farce, the nuclear family would cease to reproduce the writings on the wall and education would really become a giant self-fulfilling prophecy. That's not what Magna Carta had in mind. Silver must have survived at least three periods of itchy feet; it shows that metal, precious, priceless or just any arbitrary round label, can survive and rely on its staying power if not feeding frenzy unless that's opening up the borders to greed and passing the buck. Go now, go now to Richmond Park for your dames, games and

names. One half of the self says game over, the other half game on.

Magna Carta must have been living close to the evening sunshine, everything had become yellow and mellow. Even the birds were saying hello. When a feat is a feat it has to be toasted. And so it happened that the meadow was laid out as for a banquet; busy boys and prickly pears were making sure that nothing would be left to chance. [Have a go yourself!] Even odd had to wait, which turned out to be as close to hard evidence as its weight in memory was allowed to proceed to. If this is not a promise then no promise is worth the effort.

Vini Kova

SMALL, THAT was the message. No statistics or sugar-free bonuses, but for that you were supposed to have had ears and a guaranteed tunnel vision at the ready. Vini Kova had returned to collect the latest product information: events prevent the only moment of your life to go off. How come that buying a match-box silences the country, makes speed traps engage with star trips and flocks the occasional language barrier? If this logical outcome had been constructed before the installation panels had bought up the newest articulation of thought and compassion there wouldn't have been such an outcry from buggers, suckers and muggers.

Time was indeed the nearest sign to Vini Kova. How could such a beautiful sound look so ill? Out of place is by definition retracing your steps to the squares on the previous page. It should be said that both are valued in their own right of way, because trespass is one floating vehicle too many. In the light of the previous, the Ramblers' Association has been compelled to issue the following warning: in the morning stay indoors, in the afternoon paint the moors and in the evening you may stand on your sores. No sleepless nights to confess in/to, they bounce off as tranquillisers, as the unfortunate particles of speech lost in the transaction of honey take my money. Language and speech are the eyes and the ears of the community, they will have no truck with disaster or untold miseries, headaches and arguments are their concern. This may come as a surprise. Is there really no way to moderate the provision of absolution and indulgence?

Particularly when heels are hard the wind is coming home. Vini Kova knew all about that. First, there was barefaced history

of course; as a follow-up, herons have a habit of roosting in nightmares; and when the rot sets in quotas are about to be overturned. Even this picture may not be as sharp as its focus suggests. Only the press likes to stress who lost the point. Shared time is part of this great conspiracy, motor control and office parties not included. When the body is hence, the mind sense, the conversation gets stuck in the middle of the throat. For reasons unknown, some impatient performers call that mouth. An accusation is always hard to digest when there's no fire to light the attention span. Next of kin might as well be informed of their forthcoming reunion. No flowers, please! But when the grand total of freedom comes home with a broken neck the Eight Bells are sounded. So what can you do with a solution that only touches your fingertips? Should simulation and stimulation not be controlled more effectively? And what if there's no appetite for hunger any more, would you then still insist on first come, first served?

Some modules are difficult to swallow, like those reached in conclusion, others can now be eaten, like English cherries for instance. When comprehension turns out with limited force, taking excess to the infringement of the line, it loses its place on the list of favours to be handed out-over-out. Vini Kova being well aware of the shortcomings of the system was nevertheless determined to equip the next exchange of pleasantries with choice-enhancing concepts. One eye on the market likes to be stressed or preferably introduced as the opening line of each encounter. One excuse for the bully should be absolutely excused. One scratch to scratch your back which is a must to trust. A story is a run for the money that went missing, while the line is the place where acceptance speeches can be entertained. Luck is therefore a dice thrown too far—this is too much of a coincidence—or combined with the usual twist, to fudge. What can be encountered should be countered read shouldered.

For Vini Kova speech itself was an extension of the sun. It doesn't make it easier to open your eyes if you talk before sunrise, some would say it even courts disaster if the mouth was forced to open up after sunset. That leaves daytime open to all kinds of suggestions, none more so than black endpapers or if their presence can't be proven then at least it shouldn't be on the menu of the alternative possibilities given that the facts are always on the move and away from the slightest circumstances which otherwise might grow on a balanced diet. Hours are happy when the hands touch the minutes to give the seconds the go-ahead to hour up.