

Everything goes to Hell, anyway

Hester Ulliyart

(after *Woyzeck*: G. Büchner, T. Waits & K. Brennan)

everything//
nothing

a man
a
s s s O l d i e r

Soldier on, Soldier

you,

just
an O
Strung Loop
a holey carcass
in sacrifice
trussed up in the butchers basement
it's how things
are
it's nothing
it's all he knows-

do I? do I know it?

he is nothing, he is told
an abyss
with no top
so no bottom
grows

fighting
the watch

so alone, so alone,
he is what he makes,
he is what he churns

he's told
what he owns
is her

*O' Captain,
that's all I have in the whole world*

but she is her own
and most wars are Invisible
Eating
from the inside out
leaving skin, the shell of a dried out pea
shrivelled inwards, blind in the green
tendrils roaming nowhere

you cannot tame a woman
with a spirit
that bleeds to survive

but at least you can kill her

p p p procreate

p p p provide
do what it takes
whatever the tide

is it nature,
all this *nature*?
all this circling and hell
pinning the poor to their stations
while the rich
bloat
bobbing
at the end of a very long table
waiting for a heart attack
they know their time is up

salt and paranoia
peppers the flesh
bomb condiments sputtering
premature and flinching
sending cheques like sandflies
in stormy weather
layer another orange lie, sir,
comb a golden yellow hair
O Captain, I hope you choke on your soup

look, your wife, she fell down the stair
poor Lady, still, she's out of it now

*such a nice day, Captain,
such a fine, grey, solid stone sky,
you'd almost feel like
pounding a block of wood into it
and hanging yourself*

there is something bad in the water

I see the girls in the streets
I see the headscarf's ripped

her body in the white bed
a mess of tubes, crack lipped

I see the chaff rising
wave upon wave
Revolt
a clamour of trumpets
screaming back
from the fungus of blue murder
why not,
after all,
everything goes to hell, anyway

let's
swim to the edge
of the world
and hope to fall
Off