



Here Comes the Alchemical Revolution
and other poems

Paul A. Green

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An audio version of 'The Nostradamus Channel', with soundscape by Lawrence Russell can be heard at www.culturecourt.com

Here Comes the Alchemical Revolution

HERE COMES THE ALCHEMICAL REVOLUTION

Here comes the alchemical revolution, all the bells and smells! Your past is a planet of pure perspex. The parents dragged them to a local steakhouse and stuffed them into submission. The church filled up with broken bricks. The school run vs the rat racing. They retired to Cromer, home of the brave. He was put down, as she didn't know where he'd been. I was only seven when they gave me metal boots. I am documented. She was pursued through the whole library.

Trees across the hillside under a burning heaven. A channelling of trad jazz scattings. More addenda, fewer errata. The black sun is revealed in the plutonic pit. Thus I became an existentialist. It's the future you always wanted. We dig repetition. A ship draws a line across the horizon again. I was counting the lightning, the forked and the sheeted. He dreamed again of the Forest Queen.

We worship the virus of light. An insect crawled across silver bark. A rabbit looked over its shoulder. Water crept up her thighs. The binding rite failed to bond her. A melancholic mood is conveyed with veils of paint. He plotted a banquet of dead orcs. On the Island of the Dead everyone was listening carefully. Pyramids of coinage formed a vantage point for the panoptical eye-piece. Gravity kneaded everything into good shape.

I will scope the next doom. To awake to a din of dogs and diesels. The malignant elves had often played with children. The bollocks of Rupert Moloch are leaking. Sad truncheon of begetting. The topology of time has been rumped. That squad dropped names all over the city. She boiled off his essence, an old man's rage. His Id became his ID. In the craw of Nothingness we will find the White Hand of God.

The brain food makes me playful. The sewage consultant arranges for teaching to take place. Let's lasso a few yobs with sticky fingers. The data mine collapsed all around them. The transparent ones are passing through. Oh, the descent of man... Her cyclotron belly is frightening the eunuchs. Expect strong passions. Fortresses of cloud slide across the skyway. We need Lucifer, the lucky Black God.

TO EVOKE PHAROAH SANDERS

Thothman calls the Pharoah
(aetheric timewarping in memoriam)

so the Pharoah screams forward through time
howling and hauling my ass backwards
New York August '68 242 East Third Street Alphabet City
where the scribe was inscribed in his depths
after the yellow cab over potholes, garbage bin, grilled door,
goggling on the blink in the blackness of Slug's Saloon
beaking a pale nose through fuming blackness

big Afro-Sheen dashiki brothers guarding the bar
check out my white threads, my queasy minder
attorney bro-in-mob-law from Tudor City
who expected Dixie jazz in hats
not the bullroarer tenor raising funk demons
blazing pyramid of percussion/avalanche piano
a long yodel mastering the universe

FOR JOHN ZORN

ZORN his possessed bubbling/a tarmac gremlin writhing into life
his snake-handing ecstasis/don't drop that flaming horn
a melting horn/drips semen and fool's blood
it cracks/ sweet and crude/floats noise on hammered metal

ZORN possesses the long howl/deep throat cry/the alien trapped in flesh
an expanding archway through Ghost Flesh of Nuit/star-dribbling
a solar system all alight/primal squonk/his UFO is on fire
a fury of scrablblings for life

MARQUEE/SUICIDE 78

Alan Vega riding his ghosts
electro chemical voices
cooked in sweat-box organ
a collector's item in tranquillity

now it's fizzling in my grey stuffing
the pudding of resurrection men
I'm here but not there is the matter

rain slashed my house last night
I heard voices japing in the hollows
memorised a poster for THE LURKERS

FLUCTUATIONS

Flux

I keep popping, on the rusted side of the mic, breathless, out of nothing. This is the real world of tombs, so we go on into ourselves, who slip away, peeling and limping.

Ex Nihilo

The evidence for my continued being is hidden in dirty cotton wool. I have just passed an unfashionable sentence. Don't look broke, don't turn your spiky allosaurus back. The serene strangers now alerted are tomorrow's dangerous deities, aligning a club formation, to strike up through the coccyx. It makes you sick, mate, hyperdrives my optic. I keep on stopping, do the stop.

Under-Exposure

Here we were, as far as the eye could see, whispering in some flames, roasting our own pop-up metaphors if you must know, so I keep freezing up, my synthetic spider-brain is being crushed through old-tyme clockwork, observed through a Martian telescope. Don't fall about, the draconian code breaks up over our heads in yellow trickles of wealth, down the bloody sluice of nations, here we go.

A Platform of Opportunity

Now we are really talked into new life. A man says go sign, we sing, so I stick these words into the great pudding of mystery. You say my archetype is just a low-brain joke. We'll screw, scream louder. Permit me to pass on that, I have to time-share my multiple leisure futures.

Memory Bank

I was going to put some of my tiger in here, I mean that fast memory: a lane glistening like mad snakes, a smell of pork and woodsmoke, a convocation of sound men keeping their phatic discourse well polished, revising events that were really happening, so they'd use up more words. So, you'd make a message of them, bottle it. It is a night light on the high seas. Now fold the time into an oratorio.

THE PIT

for Nigel Kneale - *Quatermass and the Pit* (1967)

HOB throbs deep in the clay
I wouldn't go in there sir
clay in sockets of oversize skull
London Underground regrets
apemen in Knightsbridge
UXB revealed at last
embodied in ceramic doomship
to be baptised with hoses
but we will drill down into alien atavisms
to draw down/up our daemon
Sladden's borazon bites deep time
cracks open future shock
horned insect pilots sag in their noxious webbing
sacred scorpions portered on muddy stretchers
ooze as we stumble towards Roney's lab
surely a propaganda freakshow
Colonel knows what rockets are all about, let me tell you -
HOB HOB HOB
a throbbing begins
the hull rumbles
pulse of a depth-charge
X-certificated by BBFC
for persons of a nervous disposition
our drill man kneels in a nave
to be saved from the seething gravel
and the creatures going in and out of his head
into big places in a purple sky
a machine can channel them Quatermass knows
wiring Barbara in the Pit to scope the recording
her floating orgasm of terror
screened in the Minister's office
flickering Martian eugenics horror pics
and apes brained up as proxy successors
we owe our humanity
to the intervention of insects?
surely a mere Nazi Satanic sideshow
fake skeletons all aboard
So the suits go for PR, primetime TV news
he's about to make a statement
until press kit, the lights and cameras
trigger new power flux, the deep vibe
a slight technical problem
malignant psychokinesis
as shorthand hacks scream back through the tunnels
a crushed bureaucrat insists on a report

too late we're apeshit rampant
heat-seeking the weak
that little man in glasses
buffeted and stoned by our Mars in Aries mindstorm
can't help its latency in the mobfest
walls crash on marginals outcasts
all the wrong races
across the streets of Notting Hill
all London's burning
the Colonel, mesmerised, burns in his Pit
Quatermass in burn-out
for we are the Martians now
under the glare of vast HOB
but Roney makes a connection, to earth it
climbs the swinging iron crane
to take the full charge/a burst of light

OLD MOVIE

September replays the old movies
the rhythm of my faltering
into dark vortices, word-roots
while the sun feeds red light
to swerve through the birds
and mouthfuls of blue smoke

They are war-gaming again
bodies heaped in the fiery haze
casualties gibber and drool
discarded cork-lined crash hats
Ford Anglias melt-down
scorched Beatle jackets

The warmed-over seas
ignore our polemics
bodies slumped in wheelchairs
failed to steal inflatables in time
time for their malnutrition
our selfies have been spammed

THE AGE OF GOLD

for Luis Bunuel - *L'Age d'Or* (1929)

Imperative: review the Golden Age
in Grand Dalinian sub text
over-read sub titles (cold titters/old skin of films)
over eighty shivering years

the subversion bursts vessels
deaf old scorpion, back up
to that shadowy lab rat

the desert has been emptied
in memoriam the Majorcan majorettes
as accelerandos of drying mud
the holy bowels and holes of the young Christ
fog into Monstrances of Bone, vestmented vessels

the moustaches are still drying on the drummed-up priests
ant-warriors of the Lost God antibodies of the blackened popelets
full blooded by excommunicating vessels

Monsewer makes long speeches
Monseigneur makes long speeches
there is too much muddy fucking going on
thought forms of immortal sin fill up unclean vessels

Gaston by now is in bondage to his mission as a seventh heavy, slave to Roman history, Sunday
roast, the Evening Standard but already a nostalgia peculiar to the brothel statuary of the Old
Empire, a marbled foot, his mobled queen against cool cypresses, squirms through his tweedist
clothing, ruptures the carriage of vessels

the weight of the great pacts
the conical volumetrics of shells
brazen spiral sphinctrum mirabilis of great emplacements
are all licked into place
soft and wet as the flaps of Jesus
the zebraic Christus Rictus

Then: the agony in the garden, Wagnerian migraines
afflict the conductor of nasal lightning
and on the lurch, the lumbering run
the old boy makes dark mayhem for her kisser
and she plays hot
in an elegant negritude of treachery
DRUM! DRAMA! THE BIG BEAT HEAD BEAT empty vessels
At last, the grand defenestration:

OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT
of the window of Woolworths
Go the undergrown reject Christmas Trees

OUT on the balcony go the scrumpy boys of the SAS
OUT of the pediment go the peasants

their trajectory is growing momentum
is going into 1936 another light-time leak
from the soft places on the diagram of Spain
where I have stolen for this faking
in the pop up paintings of the Old Wanker

It ends like all French porn in a chalet
the music scrapes
Christ is snowed out in scratches
and now the dream keeps stopping

BUBBLE MEMORY

in the bubble of a moment
I learnt all rights are unsung

as the crust of empire tots up
oh jolly telly-totty

stop the darkling leaking and looping
all through a Saturday night

who cares about your minor rage
when birds flop out of a white sky

and elders operate in the plural
fingering the greased starvation systems

how can you burn up and down your targets
and paddle towards amniotic bliss

or is this a covert God-Squad
because we can't face the maths

I or whoever organise my days around a bright factoid
around and around

rampant in the scriptorium
I keep piling it on

FLASHBACK

He felt he'd spent years crawling across a paper landscape. And long nights of indigestion under a low red ceiling. He is now eating the bitter capsules of the void. He crosses the dunes, a demon seeking nudes once more. He keeps a white eye on the missiles seeking his wet heat. He wanted to draw a line under his history. Spheres of dung were rolled up into a few million units. The commodity of time. All that is bought and sold, floating in orbits. The helmets of his gods glistened under the solar flare-up, but they strode off to repeat wars. He can only handle things in the plural. The blur of the big picture. An arrow of time was twisted to fit the melting symmetries of the Terminal Bang. He could try dodging the burning flakes. 'The pink light of civilisation will not protect us much longer,' she'd often said. He'd always looked forward to the protective stance of her hand.

ROAR

83

the times are roughage in our secret guts
remnants of pink ghosts tunnelling
into a paradisal Electric pit
three flickering Ingmar Bergman screens
framed the happy walk around Notting Hill
for a diet of marmite and crisp breads
intense bedding in the attic
animal spells
a Brian Eno safety zone

91

the times are roaring out of me
skirls of free-base association
all those hidden coffins on fire
with my mother inside screaming against brain death
silenced only by our stoic lying
in a stateless state of the brain
its box of freak tricks

GRADING THE DATA

for AKJG 1915-2002

The senior moments
gathering momentum

passing a palm over old yellow flesh
chill corrugations of worry and love

thanking the body as arranged by staff
for bed-times, sickbed readings

and the long walks of a wondering child
past a shimmery hum of trackside sub-stations

THE MONTAUK CHAIR

The Montauk Chair was, according to conspiracy theorists, a piece of furniture devised for the CIA with a head set that enabled the operator to telepathically experience distant times and spaces.

Sitting in the Montauk Chair
I opened the valve of a vortex
I was a Fool, a recycled relic, seeking release
from daily exchanges of matter and code
to become a fly on a firewall
at the bleeding edge of science
squatting in solitary refinement
so easy to snorkel and drown in the time-seas
in liquidised memory

Fragged friends float out of focus
in mucus but much loved
shaking a whole brain
won't make them settle in the framework
steady on the continuity there

Iain Stewart adjusted his head sideways
smiling as we plotted against the death of poetry
crashing into door frames with a shoulder full of heroin
and retiring to read Milton

Vincent Crane produces a card any card
slams a left hand chord to terrorise himself
prays to the Queen for patronage
squabbles with a hostess in Soho
salutes the policewoman who arrests him

The rain tumbles down
like love in a song of vinyl
The houses revert to misty mountains
our battlements broken down by age

DEAD FINGERS

she's moulded from black earth/all those clots of bad blood
breathing bad YES YES her hoarse affirmation
recorded as shivers of a pale feather
in the mouth of a dead one

I went streaming past her in a dream
nicotine had transformed her to crone
I groped for my sword, the ace of words
her spirit animal
is a wounded cat

GOD

God is calling via the television. He is selling bread with the visual aid of breasts in the continuous present on all frequencies. God is on the phone, to tell you he is called Jason and there is something soft on your computer. God is on the radio, jingling and jangling between intermissions with Talking Sportspersons and insurance against buying an infested stairlift that could disrupt your pre-booked flight to your platinum plan funeral. God is folded in the broadsheets, he spreads across your legs to nag you about Brexistential threats to the Golden Millipede and other advertorials. God is crumpled in the tabloids, he grabs your shrinking appendages and yells about the huge bums that dominate our very own exclusive game shows, it is Britain's shame, against God's plan.

God was first planned in the immediate post war period but it was only recently, after bloody-minded developments in quantum physics and artificial intelligence, that scientists at the Radial City College of Advanced Pataphysics began constructing a suitable alternate universe environment in which he/she/it could be created as a viable entity. To create a God requires an energy discharge equivalent to at least 1000 megatons and storage capacities of about 10 to the power of twelve terabytes as well as a global population of over six billion to keep recharging his prayer batteries. That is the plan.

So now God is calling via the television. He is selling mud with the visual aid of goblins in pink hats in the continuous present on all frequencies. God is on the phone, to tell you she is called Kelly and there is something blippy on your statement. God is on the radio, hooting and farting between intermissions with warnings against buying a huge dragon that could disrupt your secret dream of meeting the right human. God is folded in the broadsheets, he spreads across your legs to croon about honey-bots that will replace your wifettes and other inclusives. God is crumpled in the tabloids, to burp K-pop in the grime-wars. The plan goes planetary.

DATA-BASE

sick with excitement

I am not going to be trapped in your pluralisms. No privy could contain him. The melody in her voice made him sick with excitement. She pitched the battle but they never developed it. Their mouths refused to close, damning them. I was the Masked Martian, according to them, reciting their tired limericks. A dog has walked over your cake, despite my warning signals. Now hear the music of submission. Thunder rages across the whole room.

all fuzzed up

It's really a data-base aesthetic. The futures are all fuzzed up. The night was curtained off, to avoid offence. Take pride in your suburbs, keep on washing them. Nevertheless, the dodgems of love will keep you shaking all over. I and you and him and we and you and they are kebabs of nucleic acid. Who will join the Sodality of the Dark Triangle? When you enter the Waterlands, hold tight on your leaky skiffs. The conference centre has been bricked up by rebel elements.

subtle bodies

I am crawling around on the Tree of Life. Brother Saul's night terrors? Don't ask. Let's voice the contours of his scar. Now the tintinnabulation of rumba fades, the skies are empurpled, I pray for more wine and the safe return of your subtle bodies. The rising wind gave her a great walloping. Run, run, runaway. I don't want to go there. She was dancing with a woman who was all thighs. I tell you, rude boys rule the scrumptious princesses.

hologram

Now we are agog, developing a talk-track for client-facing touch points. So I was rambling through the roses in my mind. A fruity chap said it was 1936. You are contraindicated for you are only a meat spirit. Everything's nice and squeaky. We laughed afterwards at the man with a fake hippy wig and an air guitar and agreed he should become a hologram. She would be deafened by the din of the machine elves. Look up to my hole, a hole in the sky.

terror

Let's drip a while. The voodoo is best discussed over coffee as you do. But it can't take you back to the body shop. Reincarnation as an addiction. Dark matter was the unconscious of the cosmos. The Leader's papered face is ruptured by a family clutching hand grenades out of raw terror. The free papers ran out of ideology.

memorials

I emerged from Paleolithic technology. You can scope a fresh doom if you like. A van advertising happiness has passed thirty feet under my nose. She evoked necking memorials at the bus stops of 1960s monochrome suburbs. A teddy bear was tied to the front of a van. Then a gigantic insect landed on a celebrity. That's how you create a profile.

all the fun

The seventh son has all the fun. She was moving across the ice with the skittish motion of a planchette. When she finally stopped working it all out, I got authorisation to bomb the Ministry. Now all predictions will crash like horseless carriages. A teddy bear was tied to a gigantic insect, that's how bad it was. I'll walk straight up to the podium in a gold suit and a black cap. 'You're such an old soul!' they kept shouting.

on the dark side

They ran out of the room clutching their options. The nasal announcements deafened us. Seven men were trapped on a magic carpet. I was struck down by enlightenment. The interrogators used water, salt and black pepper. I admitted drawing a red line under the history. You can grovel on the dark side of the moon as far as I'm concerned.

contactee

Angela X, furry with face powder, was a sweaty blonde at the Flamingo. I was planning to become a contactee. Patrick grumbled like a little old monkey. The boys were plastered with sticky old money. We will be reduced to eating mulch. We ate up all the earth.

LEAKAGES

1

At the end of the day rhetoric was the only placeholder
I coloured in the cut-ups
'prostitution/was sold out'
Allah and Dick Cheney/will take full responsibility for updates
'targeting British/worldly life'

Anti-social media stream the dripping memes:
screaming Liz and her petting lizards hired old paedophiles of Zion
to stage another Gallic sacrifice, more puddles of glorious blood
Conspiracy geeks share selfies right there
you so like being so liked

2

'Tonight I write sadly...'
Christopher Logue crackling on vinyl
jazzing Lorca over Brit bop/his red bird dancing on ivory

Tonight I'm on and off
doodling some pinky humps of emotion
as described in the text books

Tonight I write straight into the false present
the moments on hold
scattering like rain

Tonight I write my self out
the lightning rod of our superior fire power
pierces my foggy lungs

Tonight it is written all over
bleak blue lights of gendarmerie
spin around the trauma zones

Tonight it writes madly in pixels
for all the minds blown
into flecks of pink matter

THE NOSTRADAMUS CHANNEL

he whose tongue savours the Serpent
will reign for twelve years
floods around the towers of Britain
drive back the winter people

the Bear tramples in circles
a mighty dome in Rome is broken
across the seas they shall ride rolling floods
reign of blood and white milk

rampant in a treasure house a sinful gathering
harlotry in Temples and the Circus of the Moon
the children scream through the cities
an old queen is buried alive

harvesting the blood of poppies
a Mameluke will lead his people from the desert
those killed and captured almost one million
fragrance falls from the air deadly and swift

Brussels is weeping, famine and pillage
as the bearded star will pass
A prudent cripple saves gold
The Fat One shall throw fathers to the dogs

Goths will march around a lost citadel
virgins lie with virgins exposed to storm and wolves
a Caliph enters Versailles in glory and lightning
ditches and graves to be dug together

a strange ship is found deep in rocks
ensigns of Mars protect it against destruction
flags of false witnesses may triumph
unless a dead one will speak out

a noise at the centre of the Earth
a retreat for the Yellow King
but vessels will be sent from Prague
soldiers falling from the sky

in that Year of the Lion
men crave wheat and barley
women to worship a Black Sun
the earth cracking open in chasms

a red haired one will conspire against the black one

but crusades will be lost in the deserts
fish crawling birds falling from the air
he who has a third eye will be overseer

a great prince of China melts the Stone
crowds in a whirlpool of fire
they will dance like dust devils
fear in the Western Islands

THE DEEP STATE

switch my breakfast on and onwards/repetitive strained eye movements
around around it/until you are dumbed up the rite way/
pubic schools must keep faith up the arse of least resistance/
Tiberius ruled minnowing his history boys in bubbly
hush with money and the unexplained death of dogs we entered a deep state

in the depth of the Tate modernist state/ behold the magic meat
a brain of Anthony Blair is exposed/his sacrament deprives them of their bodies/
the inconvenient brown people/dowse over their dusty cellars gripping magic bones/
I can't quite fry the Bilderbergers who give me stelazine and dog-breath
so do his brain/so doable/I'm down/I'm down here as Dumbo/in such a state

dig it down/bunkers under Chelsea for oligarchitects of-oil oi oi!
they come across/all over the Little Queenie/like the patience of spiders
morphic attractors driving change from futures marketing
owners of the elite the deep fuckers fake over their dungeon for Kirstie
install her pony-fat for a good hiding in the smart art-of-the state

the deep statecraft cruises my secret space ways the inner earways
infested with electric ants/those throaty microphonic
dub me with a statement/voice-pox/does in my amygdala
installs a dark mandala back of the eyeballs gone googly
to match your profile ALERT! you are re-entering a right state

TORMENT OF THE BASILISK! twittering to the death of millions/
the glitter of new micro-nukes/in the glare of an eyeball
I was obsessed by the deep state of 'Burlington'/pyramid of official toilet rolls
fossils of atomic chairman/dusting the red phones to dial up a Jezebel Spirit
aliens scrabble in the deep cabinets to find last words WE ENTERED A DEEP STATE

THE MAGICKAL BATTLE OF BRITAIN - V!

Zero hour contracts/the cut throat
you and yours are hung men
gambled away in a blaze of pixels
to grow the business of Mister Men
the goblins derive on their derive
doing the works of the One God
a crucifixion of jobsworths

Show me some peeps
or I'll bottle your orgone
for a lifestyle doggy show
upending the tit machines
the memes were mimsical
so s/he turned on her sex
and coded the sauce

We signed on at the yellow sign
to script it across the whole blitz
The Matter of Britain bubbles
under the putrified forests
we danced around a golden pot
that burst our futures
we must dance off to melt it right down

'You're nothingness with twinkles'
The old nasal Beast voyeured it all
so bust out of your demographic lumpings
They will shout STAY IN YOUR BODIES
but keep flipping the gyres
I! E! A! O! U!

References:

Pharaoh Sanders - American tenor saxophonist and composer.

John Zorn - American alto saxophonist and composer.

Suicide - American electro-punk duo of Alan Vega (vocals) and Martin Rev (keyboards).

The Lurkers - London punk rock band.

Thoth - Egyptian deity: god of scribes.

Iain Stewart and Vincent Crane - two friends, sadly deceased.

Nostradamus - Michel Nostradamus (1503-1566), a French physician and enigmatic prophet.

Kirstie - a television presenter.

Torment of the Basilisk - proposition that a malignant artificial intelligence created in the future could manipulate the past to destroy all opposition to its development.

Burlington - code-name for a large subterranean bunker near Corsham, Wiltshire designed to house UK Central Government in the event of nuclear attack. Currently defunct.

The old nasal Beast - Aleister Crowley (1875-1947), also known as the Master Therion, the Great Beast 666 and prophet of the Aeon of Horus.

About the Author

Paul Green's collection *The Gestaltbunker: Selected Poems* was published by Shearsman Books in 2012. His novels include *The Qliphoth* (Libros Libertad, 2007) and its sequels *Beneath the Pleasure Zones I & II* (Mandrake of Oxford 2014/2016). Some of his dramas for radio and stage are collected in *Babalon and Other Plays* (Scarlet Imprint, 2015). Short fiction has appeared in *The Canadian Fiction Magazine*, *Small Worlds*, *Negative Entropy*, *Brand*, *Unthology 2* and numerous on-line magazines. His video collaborations with artist Jeremy Welsh have been screened at the South Bank centre and various festivals, and his latest CD with American musician/producer Greg Segal is available on the Phantom Airship label. More at his website: paulgreenwriter.co.uk