

FAT LANA

She demands from me both serpents and hay  
Drifting off on the train  
Dusk blinks over a new day  
Searching for the same  
This dream, this dream's for you  
It's an OLED display  
It's a dream for two  
Allegedly  
Crusted as fuck  
Filtered in noir  
Of a drop-top and rolling plains  
Topped and flattened  
Drive-in cinema in your pick-up  
We watch thrillers  
The vape dissolves my fillers  
Busted as fuck  
Dazzling Old Hollyweed  
Advertisements, smoking speed  
Full of hipsters like  
Slipknots tied off as  
They zoom  
Gay and fast  
Pasts meld into canastas  
Faster and faster  
Off to the races  
Listening to music from different races  
We're different ages  
Even if there could be a way  
I will fly off into random rages  
For him to stay  
But he went away, anyway  
Babe  
A wicked game  
Flickering flame across the blade  
Not the night to extinguish life  
I'm live  
It's the night  
Californian wildfires illuminate your sky  
Burning down riches and Malibu  
You're the king of getting high  
But it's me and you  
Babe  
Who've come from far away  
Plantations and fields  
From where comes molasses  
Bouts of crying caused by tear-gasses  
We went astray  
And drifted

And as time when on and things became more difficult  
I always felt like he was torn between these two ultimate forces  
A man who couldn't contain himself  
With just poolsides and endorsements  
I begged him to stay  
He gambled for it  
Babe  
It went away  
Antique polaroids  
And gaining weight  
I stand on the beaches  
Just for the vista  
Faded away  
Missus or mister  
My hair is in pinwheels  
Lightning  
Cloudburst  
My ends end up split  
The protesters have dispersed  
For miles and miles I've strayed from the path  
Hestia  
Slow and gentle as was rehearsed  
I pawned off this ring you know  
Because I found out there was none other than what I know  
On a weeknight  
Under the waxing crescent  
Sex wax baby  
Wanna drive away with me  
We ran away from boarding school  
But we never went  
In the first place  
Fooling around in infinite space  
Dearest,  
Patience  
I tell you this only  
I'll smile and lay in the grass  
Ants pass over  
And now I don't long  
It comes and it passes  
Sarong hitched  
Infinitely slow  
But I wouldn't know  
You'd probably fly to the moon  
Heaven knows  
A preacher in the town square  
Says that the parchment is something or rather  
I can't help that he reminds me of my father  
And it's sunny and hot  
Then under pale moonlight  
Sometime later in the summer  
You touch me down there

You said you were a drummer  
You know  
I don't care if you don't believe in labels  
But in a sense you're right  
With a garland of black roses and something more light  
I never asked you to fight  
But I want you to  
You said  
Simple  
Complex  
Horizons and vertexes  
For paintings and books  
And other texts  
Blunt in my hand  
And a typewriter in the kitchen sink  
It's been days of this stinking heat  
Obviously  
This heat has an exotic flavour  
Cigars and doing sexual favours  
Where escaped revolutionaries are made for order  
I aspired to be the preacher's daughter  
I believe in God and I believe in history  
Whether a cartoon can be racist remains a mystery  
Babe  
Don't get all melancholic  
I'm philosophising  
On ultra-violence  
And violins  
And lying in sand  
With the band  
We frolic as peach syrup drips into our hands  
  
And diamond cherries too  
We don't care  
Plus-sized at times and other times not  
We laugh about our exes who we never forgot  
You have to grasp that  
I've seen it all  
Because I'm autistic  
Darling  
It's not really artistic  
You sit in your studio and go ballistic  
Listen to me when I tell you  
This summer lasts for all the time  
Stretching and yawning  
Yearning  
Witnessing one or more crimes  
Oh, you  
California  
Lips turn blue  
Life's a drop in the water too

Not for all but for a few  
Urban landscapes  
Crystalline droplets stream down the screen  
Art parties  
And other low-energy scenes  
Ugly people milling about  
Place, confounded  
Suspended in the air  
Never a care,  
Oh, you  
Babe  
I've been here long enough  
It's turned to night already  
Out, go out

Just come get me when you're ready  
Sing my swan song  
He'll be gone for just a season  
I'll go mad about thots  
And illusions for no reason  
It can't be enough for you or me  
The best parts of my life just happen to be

#### TAYLEAH AND THE NEON STARS

I reached for the space between the chargers and lightning cables, fumbling for the rocker switch. The ceiling fixtures over the bed flickered spasmodically until I could isolate the appropriate toggle; the pads of my fingers flicking over the surface until the room was an appropriately awake state of dim. My perspective had been altered by the hypothesis of sleep. The landscape grew like mould between the crusts of noon and evening light, terraforming random textures onto bedsheets. Spumes of spit pooled on the pillow. Condensation had been transferred from the windows to the wet lining of my thighs and calves, according to the dissolution of night terrors reaching wretchedly from the inside of my body towards an escape. I am reaching for an anchor, but it is interrupted by the consideration of a better choice in the sequence of the day. This was not my room, nor was it anyone else's tonight. I rolled myself over and upright, discarding the blanket to my side as I slid my feet into some Uggs. I stepped over the singlets and Body Shop spilling out of my bag and came to the built-in wardrobe of bleached wood; starting the process of analysing the folded piles of clothing. The bounty of liquidation racks whose signage had been reduced to a crude impasto of silicon and cream, resembling in both outline and texture its former vernacular: F. A.C.T. I felt compelled to present slutty tonight because I felt vaguely sad at Jaxon steamrolling the topic of yesterday's conversation with his aphorisms. *You only live twice*. Not so much a sadness for it to become a point of conversation persisting beyond the day. Rather, just another thing to be gnawed away at in the catabolism of the night. I downed a sip of flat Mother and took several puffs of a blunt I retrieved from the chop bowl. I had become so pissed off ruminating on his comment that the melds of messages accumulating on the home screen had evaded my notice. They were foreign senders anyway, or spam. I drifted off into an abstraction of my room that was woolier, and washed in a papery gloss much like the kind found in an encyclopaedia or textbook. Scholastic utopia. Cross-sections of the Armada, the illustrated lives of Jesus. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the hum of my breathing and digestion. Churning, like the great belly of a whale. Underwater cathedrals. Behind my eyes I watched a ghoulish floating over the mess of my room, and for a moment thought that it was my adolescence. It swelled as it breathed, heaving as it spluttered neon stars across the claustrophobic expanse of the bedroom's warm, pregnant light. As I cleaved my eyelids open again, the scene reanimated again. It had been ten minutes or an hour at that point. Then I sat there and thought, psychedelically. Houses in the street were designed with smaller bedrooms, much like a cell, but were constituted mostly by the enormous indeterminate space for the dissolving of the inside and outside nebula into a single plane of entertainment. The zone of my avoidance. The accumulation of dust at the corners of these areas then became overlooked due to the family's immersion in manufacturing a

more autistic memory towards the centre. When we had hearths we saw more dazzling pictures in them. Just then, dogs seemed to bark somewhere.

Later that night I was sat in a mostly empty movie theatre. I had wandered down to the main strip and bought myself the ticket. I didn't care much for what I saw in particular for the design of the environment evoked a likeness of experience among all movies, at least in the state I was in. I was sitting in one of the last seats along in aisle K. After the pre-ambule was done I sank deeper into my chair, depriving my senses more fully. On the screen, a man was laid in a hotel bed. There was a puncture wound in his side, from which pooled hyper-red blood. He was in a kind of hotel room and was attended to by a doctor. The timbre of the film could disguise it somewhat, but the application of his makeup was thick and pasty, almost clownish. Have our eyes grown more pixels? The sequencing of the narrative was fast and slapstick. One character would say something which would

effectuate a camera pan then revealing an ellipsis of detail as to the true allegiance of a character. A great deal of shifting and passing. The film launched into its title sequences. Lush strings cascaded over the opening credits. They were joined by the plucking of the koto, which I had presumed was a banjo until I realised the story was set in Japan. The voice of a woman sang:

*You only live twice  
Or so it seems  
One life for yourself  
And one for your dreams*

It was the same as Jaxon had said. He must have seen it earlier this week. It was striking at something within me; a kind of great sadness. Black suns on the cinema screen, and all the millions of girls dreaming of quotations. Having then curated themselves into a scrapbook or blog, to go out into the world and make haste of one's life. Rounding its impressions into something more in line with the denial of immersion or of complete integration, then returning home to begin the project again. Working towards nothing, except the regeneration of one's own personal style. It was a kind of spirit or animus of a modern existence, though it seemed in a way primitive, to have one's day's activities comprehensively enclosed within this migration from inner world to outer world. I am the same. What kind of an ideology is bringing hypocrisy to light? To communicate impressionistically, is what I took to be the central thesis of the film and the period. It was a high attainment. Each night a new dream, as arousing as it is loathsome. I breathed in deeply, halted the flow of tears and refocused on the movie. Shut up. There were trap doors everywhere. Bridges gave way and those standing on them fell to certain death. Lapses of concentration, decisions made in poor judgement. It dragged. I was regaining an awareness of my environment. I looked to see who else occupied the theatre, and felt disorientated peering out over the seats. I tried to make sense of the shapelessness before me. The aisles appeared to go on without end. To my right,

the same. The theatre cascaded outwards infinitely, the screen just another constellation among many. Endless replication. There was a frenzied rumbling

coming from somewhere. A vibration from underneath, but not from below. It gargled. Spat. It made all kinds of enzymatic sounds. I saw it then, floating above the seats. There was an oozing trail left behind, snaking its way up along the walkways and through aisles. Its path was aimless. A cloaked figure, with metallic

chunks and some kinds of crystals reflecting blackly. It heaved, arching its body over seats. Vomited. Vomited again. The sound it made was enormous and miserable. It spewed more and more, always neon stars. The stars were the size of a marble or a sticker, and they unfurled in trails down towards the front of the theatre. I too began to heave, as the conflicting patterns of movement felt like the Earth beneath was quaking. I sank down further and covered my mouth, cradling my stomach with the other hand. I closed my eyes and screamed. Probably blacked out. I, now of the hibernating race. Screamed again. Black and more black, eyelids smudging neon fractals. String soared above me, sounds of tearing silk and harmonics. Something was tearing my soul out from me to destroy it.

My eyes cracked open. The warm lights in my bedroom again. Extremely nauseous. I quaked, clawed at my clenching stomach. The feeling of enormous fullness. I could taste the bile. I scrambled to find my phone again. The length of my back was coated in a clammy sweat. I could taste something sweet in my mouth, the same sweetness as a soft drink but more gelatinous. My phone. My phone. I itch all over. I grabbed at the nightstand, fumbling with the lights again. Now more awake, I peered over the edges of my bed. The room had been organised. No piles. No messes. Something like a trail of ooze, more metallic. I was reluctant to believe it was really there. I was even hesitant to believe I was awake, then realising I cannot remember any detail from the night at all. My eyelids are heavy, eyes bloodshot and lazy. The body allocates more blood and innervation to the process of sight when high, in effect producing a more enhanced kind of optical stimulation. The room was frozen outside of the bed. Then the window whistled. I was growing tired of my alertness. I unfurled my body from within the mess of the blanket to close it. As I came to the window I caught an image of myself in the sliding mirror on the surface of the wardrobe. I was taller than I expected, crouching to fit my frame into that of the mirror. It appeared I was hovering above the surface of the room. Music came from somewhere outside. It was hard to make out. Something like a woman's voice crooning in an old-fashioned kind of way. Doublets in strings descending a ladder into larger chordal structures. Large tonic quotations superimposed on harmonies playing in different keys. The sound of walking alone at night or standing on the edge of a pier looking outwards at the crashing waves of the sea. The state of things felt like a memory. I rubbed my eyes for certainty's sake. I was bored of myself now so I resolved to sink back into the comfort of the doona. Still, a pain in my stomach. It seems to be swelling and growing. Neon stars in my eyes, the formal notion of some mass desire.

-Sid Triffitt