

SPHUZO
PAUL ABBOTT

Found fluctuating tender, between the body and
ends of words, and the beginnings and flesh of
sounds, for less than a startle between ripple and
letter. As maple drops condylar flight before
contact, a whole hole for pages: stretching,
bridged, thin and clear. I am Sphuzo, Queen.
Kymbax blood. Amongst other things I awoke late.
I am not a first, or lone, if breath lets. Gravity
falling supple in motion catches accident-limbs,
before an end or ends in elegance, as if W (to me) I
("we", "one", "you", "us", "they") can keep a stable
skin on this. I saw that my hands, arms and legs
sounded blurred by multiple outlines. I seemed
plural, but I feel like one ear. They said, "when In
Use, you are your companions—the enablers of
elevation." As the sorcerers cymbal simmers skins,
shiver cool, through Cook of the shell or Queen, I
organise the almost touching, flame gesture—raw,
pneu or naked. They build now in extraction,
inversion, extended death—so I side firm against
the carpet fraud they roll thick on sticks, tape and
haze in introduction tubes. In uniform, the
seriously fucked up world is forefinger, twoborder,

crisis. Their distance demands I lay hands on their body to tame grain from the weather. The heat of their 'blast and 'cast convexions would season shoulder complex and graphite safety removable, as contrast in slowly, humble and love, each discrete ingredient indefinitely gifts a hope meteorology. I sensed that any 'xometries run rude, or through Method, feed geometry to increments, to the thirsty instant, to the passing drift. Nevertheless vertebraes 3 or 4 bubble anoriginary anatomies of laughter neat, through foxhole chops, while anamultistart, inevitably, tendered flood, and a thoracic numbness in any but erotic creases or O'bo's bevel, split repeater fives on the bark of C's breathing trees. As I am returned to the centre-post core, my left arm micro bends around tensegrity or cryptic irrigation, and I am slippery or flooding on pulsations. I shocked parasympathetic rests to the persistent smell of a blood horizon, while they gambled measures of control or memory on mouths, wrists, hands and fingers, in the name of avoiding ignition. In obsidian glare they had evacuated dignity from the shuffle foot,

the seasonal phoneme, the intransigent present and other as yet unincarcerated ancients. Their post-presence posed forward a spreadshite lattice of barbed planning, crowdfallen, to initiate intricate punctures. Infusing sensation as another multibut authority they set a Trap—and in dressing as thumbs, ridicule any x in husks of chanting. I protest by standing the base of a bundle of hair-thin tubes in water and lightly and regularly tapping them at the top. The resulting ooze lifts light in the saturation of an undercommon care, and an inhale opening insists an orthographic duty of attention. While this still touches that, the capillary snail continues to pulsate, and the congruent body dances up words in a forrest of tapered changes—ping, splash, almost inaudible decay. It is time to escape from this barely-fist sized, muscular sack, so I sing an evaporation song, whistling solvent, as anadeparting mist blows through rituals rooms. “from Number Of Shapes, from Aspects, a Queen Unshelled.” As it was that dissolved matter congregates more towards the periphery, a tide of organs—being no

longer metrowithered or innertangled, but committed and loose—easily became a tonewood droplet. This turgor push refracts wood, tin and bronze through small reflective tiles and M's diamond soil. Gliding, transfigured, in meshes of matter, the simplest of inks poured out from the lump humble watchtower to a careful breathing that, at this gap, released a damp rotation. Scene creep served a lush dissolve for the motion of forces—a Not Too Much to the always Is It's? ongoing love. From the tips of fingers, nearly, in gusts, a slowly calming storm opens nutrient fields for futures. A careful thing feeling is the out-from of getting, not easy, or maybe like nailling, that words come to an un-in-penetrable Interval. Osmosis will not block. Even after the whole Q' need dissolved like a fabulous beast, characters, names and things were left a little larger than the universe, and I was still pregnant—so, with a flash of tickles proud on a fool, I massaged a statement—"I am a congruence—after, full, from, or not—the terminus of Dust, Angels Heads, Information Queen, Ancient or Really Not Here. I

am between cardinal, bloat or brownian positions, after the practical cat.” As their letters became un-sun—stick, struck, stuck—on far-reaching edges—imaginary cymbals, draped in nature, clamped rebound choices under generous limits. Suspended in spill, my egg-face—cracked eddying around a silent clown—resembled waves of a seed. I stumbled in place to find a life-cycle kit of complicated and precarious machinery, an embracing frame to carry the marrow deeper. I found feet down, and sailing grounded on an original rug, partly machine repeated, partly improvised sat grouped some tantalising and torturous cones—which, being organs of time and not eyes—have ends hinged at collections both infinitely distant and acoustically bitter. The largest of these cones—facing a foot forward for imagined address—is a hollow wooden Curcubita composed of a number of sheets of tonewood ply, stacked, wrapped, glued and fused. Stretched over an upper end is a thin mylar membrane, a few millimetres thick. For cylinder seasoning this plastic ear is interchangeable. Holding this surface

to the Curcubita body is a metal rim edged with threaded rods that I turn to adjust the tension and overall metabolism of the cone. A flattened pouch covered the outer plane of both the Curcubita, and another smaller, central, and upward facing cone. This underside auxillary gag refocused spill. I sit feet, tri-facing forward. Brassica—the smallest of the cones in the meadow—is positioned on top of the Curcubita, in front, away from, and often slightly to one side. Directly in front of me, roughly in the centre of a field of options, between two lifts, is the Asariberi. This stainless tube has between 8 and 24 thin and twisted pieces of metal-wire that vibrated against the lower, ground facing surface, to contribute a buzzing character to the voice of the cone. To the left of this, slightly forward, is the Uvacrispa, a pair of smaller elevated alloy discs, connected to a pedal by my sock. These discs rest face to face, some inches apart, or close in contact should my sock drop. To the right of the Curcubita and behind the Solanum is the Pyrus—a large disc made of an overwhelming fusion of bronze and tin hand cultured by specialist kymbali. Vulnerable

pores drew viscous mists minus signs. "To boil you simple we suck speaking moulds through sales. You are not proprietary, but just a clog in oils smirking steam, and a One. You were not yet in Gardens, so that was just sales pitch." These winds slivered, glimmering, from the basement of habits, betrayed again by an unbound groan. "You teeter, teasing cleverish and knowing on the edge of all your naughty little hinges. The ones that, with a warm clump of fingers, cup bits for you like a tepid lip. Your spiced lines spill flippantly to a typology embrace as some actual taste erection. Serving blood to your very own integrity member is not a pressing release." So no need for Aserberi recoil, second heads, the flattened pouch or a muted punch. The unfallen drip of our multiple mouths on my head or heads, double. The two is a blocking, gag, protocol. I remained sat, as a wild boar or bull water passed, heaving trembled thinking against tides, and all the solid parts accepted weight delivered directly from the ground. A mangled meandering must forward, us, toward clarity, still, not I at, or a centre. Mud, not

lossy-cement, but interstitial dreams unharvested
in the valley between their beats. Pass, gap. Against
acerbic or humorous diversions, I do my best to
make me stay us, but I'm trapped. Horns congeal
weaves of weather measured in oxygen metered
shapes while Olipso sweeps a cow plateau chorus.
In correspondence, I'm held cardioid, in razors
repeated by friends in memory as the movement of
saliva slides cracks between the beating of arteries.
I hear a belt boss undone, but lacking, or some
wish to wrap cloth for the full cycle. They roamed
orders, but I knew hands, or mine, worked the floor
of dignity in spite and persuasion. In a swell of
garments I exhaled tools in a return of mechanical
values. I am surrounded by limited fictions,
undersoil heating, and both cubed hard and
privileged vacancies. At first, afloat on the force of
dreaming a Dublin, a false three, the departures
were continuous but imaginary, then saturated
and real. The Trap set askanse and an off-Kelvin
order of cone-jobs for limb landing forced a skew
body wild. Skin pipes within the organs of the Trap
granted complex machinery a limited set of

possible movement combinations. Plant life leaning velvet here elsewhere reached data baroque or a face balanced edgy on the caulk of a butt. Skinless wind blew dot-rude blocks through placeholder sweats. Kappa songs tracked underlag education. Nothing is taken exactly, but another situation is surstablished. So I moved pan-to-my boredom limits a looming page squaring voids, holding place, in order to know this thing that I might want to call us, or selves. Fugitive folds need skin to play—so I used the hand as if it were a whole body, then the whole body, then a hand, then any part of a body as the whole body, then any body. Perched torque paused in a serosal cavity, sinusodial successions of iridescent germs seeped a bare flux over the course of an envelope. Small shifts in the flesh-collective haunted vague terms and blunt sensations while fingers feeling or graced elbows encouraged a change in viscosity. All, of course in two rude dimensions pirating new and old habits. My arm lifted slightly raised a question lowered hand, and gravity thick falls thought on Asaberi lines. A rebound backs upward

on the pouch of the cone as flown form catching
grasp carves words through the air. The next breath
followed crest guiding onset towards an
accomplice. Conventionally, the whole sequence is
repeated by both hands as the presence of flames
slowly becomes felt. “You must loose your identity
or sticky solitude will decrease your appetite. The
first stage must be the extraction of placeholders
and the production of placeholder holders.” I set
sound grounded using different tricky phases,
some pleasant to debts, but most taste grotesque
of discretion. “We still don’t recognise you in the
caves—with no passing of places you can only be
apprehended when every cell of brain and body is
enraged in convoy.” Even clouded in screens they
still closed cycles, bled goals, collapsed deviation
to Something Impressive. I knead something social
speaking back to spasm or willing the field of
threes. “You struck blows on yourself, sucked
breath, imposing bonds and confinement.” This
breeze swept the interior, pausing pores by
intrusion. Pretenders-to-the-gestures-of first forms
bounced the persisting menace of empty winds to

an endless need to talk. I fed phantom food rich in some swerve at just the odd temperature. “The seasons sliver cracks on wall beams still dreaming. As registered keeper, you were just a temporary holding, a covering, a hole or opening, or at best a trapdoor.” Choosing fleshy tone jarred from the nerves I salvaged audibility from the big gap left. Secret shuffles emerge from the rumble of move-on-areas, trembling thick an incognito presence. Pulse weathered echoes unwrote drill holes with carbon after wedges and feathers from digital streaming. Outreached limbs prescribed hand flown territory lifting cuts, not chops, that carved up all-weather stresses. Back or off the line, it turned out, insists on a one-rock illusion, or at least keeping a group-foot in-ear. To not show the joke of edges but weave threads around their matinee option. “Your arrangement of interval or solitude bestows an increase in something valuable. You can’t dismiss our ideas. In the case of even Stung, Nose-Finish, The Next, Numb or Flag—there are vary many more variations of this process than you have time for meals. The between

of feethands I raise are sailed on snuffbox notes
searing inksmeared incursions after herophilimo.
“Resting a syllable North is a heart transition from
the all things or the common pump. West is
generating its own wind. East Aiolus guides the
Farmers Diary or Seafarers Log, or rarely, We Blow
South.” I marked this inaugural moment by a more
emphatic application of pressure in the majority of
cases, as usual making do with whatever I had to
hand. Jammed thick amongst magic trees and
rushing winds, I attempt to escape—partially
deliberately and partially spontaneously—on
partially deliberate and partially spontaneous
sounds. The crystal-faces broke swelling exits in
smoke-sight as I stumbled pumps at the service of
a teleolimbic spray of electric ambulation. This
toolateness made scaly ticks swing.

sound: paulabbott.net/sphuzo

