

## Kent Lewis / LUMP

lump

ear a lathe,  
i a mirror and a raz  
or  
resing as own  
a tain

im mi  
he he  
in to ne  
i re  
a peer

and call out me  
come up you f

earful of war, unrest and grave owed  
to the King, moaning  
St. Ded bent to war  
crosses gurgling in his throat

ah, he leased his arms, too

look coldly at the kingling  
peep under the mirror, the cover  
the art cracks

for love is the genuine music  
a long slow shrill answer

thanks, old chap

Risk. Dice. Switch.  
Will you kip off

Grave watcher  
the legs of his plow  
recall a pa part  
The mockery of it!  
Absurd name i in jest the part

Laughing to himself, St. Ded always watching  
as mirror and lathe  
cull and shave with care  
dreadful ponderous ink Bloody English!

Indigestion comes from the real  
name for you  
Kin the k lad  
the dark mans owning  
However, if he stays on  
I am off

Rouse Trust Rage  
Suffer the blade, then  
A new art!  
Pare again  
Dub God  
isn't a scrotum  
the reek of the original  
The mail clearing the mouth of Kings

mighty other! Erupt!  
the ink killed our other  
damned hyperion ink  
for m other  
egging you  
b r e a t h e  
re use  
s in ister in you beth a  
rant smile curl lips  
mum mum mummer of all silence

A serious jag  
Pain that was not yet pain . . . ting  
mute threadbare voices  
lines of  
torn up bits of  
secondhand answer  
the hockery of it  
he can't wear his face in the mirror

Lumpface! wept themirror  
cleft by a crooked crack

The rage of C at seeing Ca in the mirror  
cooking glass (of a servant)  
razor and mirror  
trust them  
pare again  
ear, the lancet of my art  
ear, the cold steel pen

guineas            tin king  
                      tin kin

K elle  
dagda's tailor

shouts from the open window  
    Art in the angle  
    a deaf mask  
    ower

    the law of paganism  
    there's nothing wrong  
    do will

ember of his eyes, his voice  
    member to your house, owned  
I an ember re member ides and ens  
in the name of  
    God?  
    A King

                    I forget

St. Ded smothrs his younger:  
    Did I say that? He asked  
    I see pop everyday  
    Me, cut into tripes  
    dissected, cursed – in the wrong way too – a mockery  
    cerebral lobes not    unctioning  
    A quilt  
        to cross death. Absurd.

It did offend the memory  
these gaping words

ink my other  
an impossible person

post pulse veil

Are you up there?  
I am coming

Woods where he gazed  
Silent Fa ther  
mirror spurned  
chords, long dark chords, my music

a bitter mystery  
a bird cage  
oy

memory a sacrament  
grave words to shake and bend my soul  
to tort u r  
to strikem down

hew  
No!  
Forsake  
sing out of tune, slaver  
sever

Have you the key?

a voice howled from the doorway

Damn your doorway

I hack through the nominee Patris and Spiritus Sancti

I'm giving you lump

I hew thick slices from the oaf

A voice I rave

rasp

old shrunken pap

bow head to a voice that speaks loudly

the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is

man made in od likeness

the loud voice that bids be silent

rench, by the sound of it

Ire

shame

language is no name for it

the bard must sing honey, knot Conscience, kick Hamlet

that creature

play with them all

the grave

re sign

rebel

contradict

re sign gravewrds

Did you bring k?

I have it

Your Hamlet

Wilde paradoxes

He himself is his own father

I'm the queer young fellow

I'm making la

I be come again

The dead can fly, windbird

here's one sense of the word

from the punk

a beholden example of free thought

he wants that k ent

read

Give k

eyes the cold gaze

You are able to free yourself

You are your own master

raze rite and dogma

chant menace

mock war

sub the Son with the Father

sub the Father his own Son

Words spoken in the void

Nom at the verge

Here I am  
A man clinging in the deep to Ubermensch, the supermen  
Make room  
Give us the k  
Thus spake a rat

lump  
a voice called to him turning an ax  
call again turning  
a seal on the water

Us.