

Fleurety, Last-Minute Lies

vexed with wires and curled up like snakes
we all without aim stumbled and staggered
through the craters and pools
that were oh so characteristic
of the landscape on which
we to our surprise discovered facial features.

once I was given a bottle filled with sparkling anxiety.
it did not quench my thirst.
it became an unbecoming addiction.
(and in an
abbreviated manner one could say that in
accordance to tradition we exhibit our
addictions in the display window to
affront possible bypassers and to arouse
aggression and inertia.)

someone cast himself into self-portrayal vainly
hoping the result would accentuate the featurelessness of his face
disappointed he swam in the low-budget luxuries that devour
with omnivorous appetite would you lie for me I had a rusty nail
hammered through my temple and I'm not sure if
what I felt was pain let me introduce you to my friend the pain in-exile
let me spray you with last-minute lies the screens oh so cleverly designed to banish
boredom brought reports of an accident in the shooting gallery if
I were a killer you would not have lived to know at the ends of one's arms
there are instruments of destruction confusingly similar to hands the imperative
of the evening is sever would you die for me would you spy for me thank you
I've had enough now let me evaporate and join a less tedious cloud the delicacies
that scorched the palate and made the tongue swell

fresh from the machinery of the filth-factory:
a malfunctioning device: COGITO.
upon seeing it one shrieks,
with jealousy intoxicated
and with the almost
theatrical obscenery appalled-angered.
the crumbling the crumpling the collapsing
mild and sour and misplaced
as were the cherub's smiles.
pornography has brought us
where technology couldn't.

(Vilde Lockett: voice)

(G. Playa: voice)

(Tore Ylvisaker: computer)

(Per Amund Solberg: bass)

(Alexander Nordgaren: guitars)

(S. E. Hatlevik: synthesisers, drums & voice)