

UBIQUITOUS APOCALYPSES

a long-form poem sequence

by mossjames

[to be read fast and impatiently]

A fissure is revealed coursing
through the dark heart
of full scale anthropological foreplay some
where broken in the Himalayas it opens and
into the chasm falls mostly just
the things people do not want to admit to or
see or know and thus just
Silence,
 preemptive,
 befalls the land...

 This until that too only is
sucked up far and away in
an onomatopoeiaic
fart reverse heralding
the beginning of the end of the beginning.

trees give way to
skies of un-navigable clouds,
satellites crash through the atmosphere,
cargo ships kiss in bureaucratic nightmares that
leave fidget spinners orphaned on all the shores
of the plump tax havens non-specifically being:
 the time has come for time to stop,
fidget the theme of our awkward descent,
 storage container cities fall slowly upward,
 gravity amok,
 perforated by dream the
roving bands of youths that age mercilessly
at a routine rate of one second per second now
age all over the floor and the floor of the world,
 aging at the rate of our tepid depressions
 (ailments shared by billions, nonconsensually):
the new world within this one too -
is ending.

Out from wicked boardrooms
descend the regional feeders,
provincial gawping youths (all sinew)
haunt the audition rooms until
such lobbies are filled once again with turgid
pale light and hobnobs, the bigwig cheese engulfed sits
behind veiled tables and buzzers red,
stomach pumps dangle from the ceiling like on an airplane
trapdoors waxing,

all your unlimited data plans are limited,
the gig has begun and your hours are worth somehow
less than zero point zero.

The whirling mosh pit at
the trendy punk night is
revealed to have been quite actually filled
with confused, aggressive people who happened
to have not wanted (nor have ever wanted) anyone
standing anywhere
quite near them:

the actualisation of rejection misunderstood as dance;
the prolonged accreditation of loneliness
by now beyond ritual,
this is the lifeblood of the long death of the
short 20th century,
etiquette is ripped limb from limb
as the people are also.

Decadent carbon fibre walls that
will remain after the horrors
in chipped, beguiling fashions as megaliths make up
the walls of the tertiary team-10 vlog house burst
condominium;
editing suites sweaty obscured behind speck-shine
gymnasiums and the weird art of controversial
post-modernists energy drinks on tap and
from the ground already arisen
countless teenage suicides come to smear
worse mud over fratboy hearts, ultra professional
home invasion teams with especially legal assault rifles
and video game grappling hooks daisy chain out
the exits plasma screen tvs and merch as
hideous contagions rip through the bulging biceps of the
still vlogging influencers who stream and scream as
strange mercy becomes them becomes
them all the same.

Despite the plague and the storm and the
hideous erosion of meaning,
or perhaps because of these things,
the funny men continue to remake old movies,
 inbetween yawns they produce sequels,
 reboots, rebrands, adaptations of adaptations,
 remakes of things not yet made;
they buy rights wherever they sprout -
the pit thus beckons,
swallowing wholesale greenlit scripts
for the next 240 hollywood spin-off
golden-geese cartwheeling
with a wheeze into
the void amusingly,
as do the redlit ones also -
 Yellowlit middling affairs yet
 serenely escape the dirge:
 to be claimed and possibly
 fast tracked into production by
whoever survives.

All concurrent armageddons
(past / present / future)
become nostalgic and unreachable,
authentic beyond belief,
more real than mundanity - which has lost its root feeling.
Cosplayers,
in the mirk,
recognise that it was indeed the
plebeians who were truly roleplaying, albeit professionally,
with salutes, they welcome thin portals.

A bone-hunt is underway,
No more shifts, no more hours,
No more more.

Militants leave tracks through disneyland snow,
TV specials have either ceased to be or are never-ending:
there is no longer any way to be sure.

As the ozone fizzes with a syntax determined
'bereft' by its critics your life comes to depend
on the hemorrhaging principle of a vibe check,
that is, from higher powers freshly platformed out the
new school undergrowth,
witch-hunts throughout the hemispheres
barely authoritative,
the symbols they coagulate:
you find literally nothing left in the tank which
is far from disappointing,
the Inflation now so high it is somehow lapping itself -
confidential bubbles burst highly
belatedly all spewing fat
over the watery pavement,
a shingle credited slaughterhouse-like by
a popular silly man, the rebranding of shrapnel:
and there above here come the
fish falling patiently from the sky,
carried far from their dreams by ocean trawling helitankers
that forgot in their lethargy
to also pick up the water so heatedly and
vocationally required of them:
"fish will not extinguish these flames" (thinks the captain),
"Fish only seem to burn in tandem with the trees
when dropped thrustly upon these flames"

[mercy].

Beleaguered offshore accounts hold vigils
for speculative life rafts,
hot-shit actors and singers do their best to
vaguely clarify stances,
scented candles briefly sell out - obviously
this is before the landscape's transition into one.

Modern art installations become rock formations
in a new nameless reality and the site of sheltering
tweens with exotic tongue movements,
the renaissance is considered now an error of
historical prejudice - that is, a moot point:
this is the beginning of a new smell,
epoch-defining.

Concealed weapons are boasted of openly yet
no one knows for sure if they exist,
not even their owners,

in gymnasiums pupils are asked
to stand,

then they are ribbed riotously until
social death or paralysis sets in;
dogs are de-tagged,
brains reassembled from the soft fossils found in sludge,
all the hearing aids bleed white noise as
velvet rimmed coffins are lined up, military-style,
in the square;

to be inspected and then unbuilt by scribes reading
heartily from dusty IKEA instructions thought
to be tomes of archaic and
unimaginable wisdom - at least
unintentionally so,

or in a manner
so didactic
that it could
be considered
(Somewhat) divine..

Legions of the cryogenically frozen and
artificially intelligent artificial intelligence experts blipping
and babbling in fade out, the
transhumanists and human-death cult
worshippers sparkling profusely slip out
their cold gunky pools
like big stillborn babies,
all shivery and amniotic on the ungrounded floor of
their new worlds hurtling,
they shit their shit everywhere imperfectly,
when waves squeeze the new ark to shattered pulp,
hail stones hung the size of iPhones,
their bodies ooze in the lunge and tiled floors,
forming a lovely little sun circle as atheists looking to
patent god are gnawed at by
happy worms worming this way and that.
the first plague, we come to understand,
was the onset of humans becoming computers
- this was not the other way around.

The electorate come quickly to slavishly condone
the potentially applicable,
they are wanton for wanting, their
desires are as subtle as heart attacks glimpsed
from outer space (by now
a blatant &
heaving microcosm) -

I watch you drive off in the uber,
I can't tell if you're laughing or crying what
difference does it make the
customer is always right.

The plastic bag is full of plastic bags,
the bin is full of bins,
there is no great secret,
there will be.

A passive aggressive income is generated
via the volatile renting of barely suitable
living rooms, there is nothing left
for us now but ragged cliché
and even that feels just *samey*,
the word 'lounge',
in the architectural context,
is scrubbed out out from the collective memory,
'living room' will do,
being that it is simple and pure and divorced
from the protein of most lies.

Memories of when time was understood to be
artfully inconceivable puddle
and pool under the ring-fenced
radar bases and spreadsheet nets of the Complex,
hyperlocal in its humanity-consuming ontology of
warm domestic full-scale planetary ultraviolence and
yorkshire pud,

nuclear power stations adjoin military test sites
pockmarked with historical reenactments said to
generate the grosse power of
nostalgia once required to fund and perpetuate the
seeds of warfare/world,
as clocks synchronise stupidly

(only each right perhaps twice or

however much presently now sometimes a day)
they fondly bask in the glow of the night-lit hour
when they worked out adoringly how
a bomb could be dropped fastidiously accurately
predictably from
the hungry belly of a gore plane onto the
hearts and minds of the n'er deceased plebiscite.

The dead return,
of course they outnumber the living in
more ways than one,
one cannot move for the ghosts, new rush hours,
the installment of
 this foggy 'ozone of the sacrificed'
 causes scenes and crashes
as the order is reversely upheld then
promptly forgotten:
 the dead settling back before long to
 the old ways of power to greet
 conclusions appropriately.

The mass ritual suicide is unsuccessful,
amateurish, workshy fucks, longing,
transcendence postponed, perhaps indefinitely,
I write letters to all my local MPs, past and present and
future, but
the electoral boundaries are inexplicable,
every letter written ever left on read,
cctv face matrixes develop destructive insecurities,
academia flirts with meaning in the juicy recesses
of infrastructural cancellation: could this be
the last gasp of all our hobbies.

Golf courses become eternal sinkholes subsuming
depressed curled-up golfers in a manner that
they, the subsumed, can only recognise as
a triumph (in sporting terms),
they are returned, foetus-like, to the
extracurricular domain
of their will -

unborn clickbait wails as
neo-reactionaries haunt themselves in
gory forms,

8 billion riots, the firmament a miscarriage of policy,
what's left to flourish are the anti-social disorders that
kept us
grounded

- some of the dead have not yet died.

Unprovoked and uncondoned salubrious kisses
from male celebrities whilst
you are presenting vacant award nominations
become the norm, consent is vaporised in an instant,
free will for naught and the future determined briskly,
gestures are the only communication
that suggest meaning -

We vandalise each other,
it is our way of saying goodbye.

Listlessly the abandoned therapy dogs roam
where street signs have been reduced to nonsense,
all the school-shooters puckered up their ambitions
and came to registration toting AR-17s,
soldiers of fortune,
only to find that
all their classmates too had divined the same idea -
the disappointment they feel is beyond meaning.
The climactic gender reveal is eventually
non-determinate.

Who left all these dead burnt fish out to
die on the pavement like this?

Many feel that these fish should have died in the sea,
the biographies were partially fictionalised, at least
completely, old movies
revealed as new art by the hopeful,
with shared traumas tarred in black and white,
grey is peeled from the menu and soon
its online entries are culled forever
in the great informational holocaust
of the last and latest redacted century you see the
possibilities for erasure are in themselves
virtually endless.

None shall pass the captcha
at the gates it's
demeaning it's expected it's
here.

Trespassers pour out onto the train tracks,
thumbs protrude in the vague hope that a freight car
might willingly provide a hitched hike yet
un-remittingly said vehicles move through
dignities and dignitaries
and bodies and digits alike as if
superior beings,

 this was a bad place to become a crowd
 they now come to understand;
a deferred assembly,
all of us trespassers
in life and in
love and on private land dependent
on the willingness of bloodied freight cars like strangers
in the dark (hurtling) to slow down for god's sake and
carry our carrion closer yet still
to the anathema of longing.

We are revealed,
after the big one justifiably chastises California,
as the soon-to-be-evicted,
on a long enough timeline:
each and everyone of us.

on an even longer timeline,
we are beyond the powers of any
and all recognition.

Letters fall in piles thick as cement,
wedged half under the brickwork,
reminders from dental appointments circa better days,
think the half-hearted glorious peak
of the NHS remembered
fondly by the last peasantry teeth-havers who now
simply spit in your eye when you
try skim a ha'penny off their giro,
with every unaffordable filling and new fist to the face
their ability to aim through the gaps
becomes more effective,
more insufferable,
collective neck piercings for the body politic
and war paint in peacetime:
nothing is free anymore since
nothing was ever free anymore.

Stones are heaved potently into place above subset arcs
to spell out the game,

 'no such thing as bad press'

thinks the stone age architect

betting on a cosmological

portfolio of ascendent proportions,

 up above the stars though

it is the same thing over and over as

white light becomes black dark and

back again black or maybe white even.

Unending immortality threatens
the perturbed squall, singularity
beckons at the heels of cause and effect,
time is ironed out but it wrinkles luridly in the thoroughfare;
I will never be the same following what
you have done to me,
or at least I hope to not be.

The sunset behind the dumb concrete skyscrapers
is pink and iridescent, cranes crash into each other
(there being but not
one other spot in which they can move
except through one another).
policemen stalk the
alleyways, protection is everywhere, the birth rate declines:
Yet ->
the sound of scurrying and weird gods with
dumb names, all this
too shall pass muster.

So, if you hate me, please don't tell me;
I'd rather the denouement
was free of the lesser truths at least.

Then!

a million high-rise flat-blocks are sunk
into the earth and the sky and the margins,
as homelessness
continues expansively, luridly,
philosophically -
what will we do with the bodies?

Modulating ideas:

the mass grave shall be revealed for what
it is and always was.

The halls of justice

display a vivid unreality,

our eyes accustoming very slowly to the cruelty.

things such as they were make a mockery

of our show trials,

dilating cataclysms:

whispering egregious,

ubiquitous apocalypses.

Gavels brought down hard against collective tissues,

which looked for all the world like

something akin to an atmosphere, a beckoning.

Everybody's baby has had a baby.

Every baby's body has had its birth day by now, and
the royal baby has had at least two babies whilst
whining impatient for its third,
deposit in claw -

still,

in our jury room at least,

sacred were the little plastic chairs that
we kept moving in and out of the lobby,
in rituals intended to either keep us sane or
redefine sanity itself,
I fidgeted and vomited at least twice into one of my
many pockets
and was startled to see the world eater curling
its fat greasy spine in tidal waves
about the new england horizon.

In submission,

the dragnet was trawled through your
unremitting scalp,

discovering there lice and bad omens and
futures we have lived through
too many times to count.

The idea of buildings - dust,

the scalp and the world - flat,

the convict eats his lunch:

The non-existence of his hairline is an

aspect that everyone involved
(including god)
deems inherently unforgivable.

Life sentences are thusly decreed for everyone,
it's a closing down sale,

everything must go,
including everything.

Brutalist plastic workshares looking like
discarded furniture in pine tree woodlands
become redundant objects,
infohazards pollute the airwaves as the aisles
are robbed then
unceasingly restocked in hazy bouts of
dumbstruck vertigo,
the air is heavy with climate change and
maybe euthanasia,
so a whole sovereign boatload of dreams recede,
curdle like milk in hot ash storms,
I can hear them distantly pupating on the
barely present trampolines,
the sound of knitting needles failing,
a lattice across dimensions,
through which all the bad ideas and garbage and
intrusive thoughts can escape to (legacy issues pending),
Joyce said snow is falling through the universe:
He was not wrong.

-

it's the little things that keep you just
chlorinated to the
MAX.

The air smells of regime change,
deferred colonial campaigns play out on live feeds from
once busy airports,
 you never woke up this morning -
 you are still in bed this morning -
this spin cycle is coming to its close.

-

All your friends hate you,
you hate all your friends,
all your open internet tabs and
surgically bookmarked unread articles and
saved for later videos plus playlisted songs plus
basket wish-lists are erased from existence
in a purge that leaves
 your stomach undefined and meandering,
 your preferences in tatters,
 your belongings tapering away in the street
 squares unwinding,
 soggy with acid rain and radioactive mold,
you are wide-eyed and body only,
you keep telling yourself it's just another bad trip,
but employment is off the charts,
everybody stands in the public access areas hoping
for some next big break to fall but
it has already fallen,
already broken, it

it has all already broken already.

-

and in a fictional scenario,
an 18 year old sells her vacant virginity to a crypto titan
for more than a million wishes,
how it is giftwrapped is left to terrible imaginations,
and never as well is it ever revealed whether
the fiction indeed
is her undisturbed virginity or the news story itself,
either way multiple parties ready for disappointment,
and the onrush of a new crusade.

Extroverts come to realise that it was they,
who were the arseholes.

They recede into the caves with the rest of us:
the begrudgingly empathetic.

Grizzled protagonists are all left wanting,
shooting up harsh liquid patinas on verandas in
bloody awful media res,
the data dump sighs its last
protracted constipation through a too thin veil,
'soft verges' by now the extant and extent of our
piecemeal love language,
 in heaven
we hear the rumble of distant drone strikes upon
the descent of angels who
dread the discovery that we were all of us hoping
in time to be up there someday,
they make winged foetal positions just so obviously,
and in between detritus, divine and purely incidental,
 we search for the last truly acceptable slur:
it begins life as an idea
and plateaus pretty quickly from there on out

Mine-field pastoral -

oil paintings bleeding dinosaur trauma,
the meteorite angling for its moment seems
so trivial in the stead of

the plot-twists and tortures we've produced -

mere selections from the ubiquitous
apocalypses here present,

zoning ideas, crust potential,

an earth-sky horizon opaquely pulped and shooting ropes,

rabid foam with gnats,

scab as ontological premise,

the deferred rot of future pain,

contractual signs from devout foreign bodies

wellbeing is scrubbed from the lebenswelt -

it presented problems

The narrator speaks saying:

"well, being -

well?

what of you?"

what of you indeed -

dribbling chthonic,

quickly!

kin make with a car crash, the

choice of merely 8 billion fatalities,
but infinite admirers,
benediction from copyright
infringing pamphlets, oh i love you oh oh i do meal
deal bread reigns from the sky as chaos
begets chaos baguettes
chaos,
toilet codes for upmarket cafes remain the last
mysteries as cubicles
like crucibles freckle ruins holding within
their walls now at least
specific and weird faeces:
the barbed wire is mainly here for
feng shui purposes at this point.

The days of our earthbound youth curb with the night fall -
when 9/11 played out rosily every night on the box [sigh],
sat snugly awaiting another installment of spectacle and
terror but sequels
are hard to find without subscription,
the longest timeline there ever was it was
it was really, honestly
long enough for all the fake ruins to become
real ruins mightily no

virgins were ever hurt during the creation of **our**
virgin sacrifices

(and if they were they're in a better place now
than here god bless)

Every life here ending is another strip
in the late season apocalypse habitually
cycling / ascending also every overlap between lives
(however minor even) that
ends is an apocalypse too,
all the governments toppling sycophantically,
apologetically,

- the state of the state that the state is in -
even the possible conversations you never had,
all the endless hypothetical friendships, rivalries,
headbutts, street-skims,
needlessnesses,

the

current of unsuccessful sperm, has-beens, never-beens,
the twisted dead - and the limb-piles of
pulsating police officers,
every almost contract, monkeys at typewriters,
chatbots without icebreakers,
ice breaking into its respective pieces,
ICE agents bemoaning new borders in their bodies,
these all the same harmonious buzzing
apocalyptic shine in the
unfettered stream mononymous:

We heap upon the meaning machines and the
death of heat,

We heap upon the entropic protrusions and the
photograph buckling
hard-drives,

heavy is the national funeral, the mound,
the pit, the root,
the road-side signage signaling
something

/nothing

but,

holy,

and without humour, ironically.

Crashing,
minds are stripped like black teenagers in the grain of
body cams, a sound
like death backward calcifies with the severing of the
last threadbare
network leg;
when the ability to define is apocalypsed, our forms melt
in seriously understandable dimensions of versatility,
 we become whatever happens: sounds, shapes,
 nouns, off the underside of reality - until
 there are no sounds then and only potential and
even that is
sorely wasted.

,

 Salaries doused in ironic flame,
 work-life balances rescinded,
 the hobbling serfs all forcibly housed as
 the boundaries of houses are expanded beyond
 improper rationalisation,
gradually our way of being is mocked so rigorously
by the climate that are we forced into
obliteration,
hard driftwood off the moat shores,

water vapour,
the only thing left to mine for is
the last word:
the scarcest of entities,

an exhausted and infinite gold rush eclipsed too bad
oh too bad

as if,

.

We imagine a work of such colossal intervention,
imagination and influence that it
could cease everything through the weight of its relation:
and we realize
we have dreamt up the technology of
death.

Then,

some of the possible eventualities come to pass,

surely -
for then,
it is
when

past the words
and the pines
and the unmade seabed,
past the past and its shadow and its pain,
past now the rosaries and
thorn-crowns thumbing distinction -
past the future gone, ruins made of plastics and
plastics made of ruins,
burnt fish blubbing and contestants denominalised,
past the present now past whatever forever oh
nevermind oh time of mine past
the long gone short
increments in descension, all lattices & vertices
rescinded, love lorn -
no up no down, no yes no no,
ascension confused, possibly: made all and nothing,
past lives over now only ever alive that is: dead
and then some for sure
of the possible eventualities come to pass
us by,
yes,

if?

It was beautiful at the point of beauty certainly,
it's just
it's just like you to somehow make it so - cupped
and shared, curating the future in a manner
deemed 'imperceptible', 'archaic';
out the windows of our lives, we defenestrate,
triggering barren reformations and nostalgic coups,
we must feel the end in deeper roots and ends,
in the pocket of a rhythm we mistakenly took
for the mundane,
repetition, the practice of change,
with grace on notice, feelings in fossils,
will the slit-throated waterboarded bog bodies
with their big feelings be let loose in the
amber of a new epoch? when the tombs are cracked into,
all those syndromes tumbling out,
covenant snake lightning,
 what will there be to rob
when fungibility is folded over
out of being?
will all the cancelled see their names writ on new
rote rosetta stones?
new commandments, new morals to
translate and replicate this

thought-crime info-hazard contagion of a culture so
help me I need you
so help me i do and
whenever

some of the possible eventualities surely come to pass,
whenever,
whatever
for surely some of them will just surely -

and then,
You will at best bear witness to my deterioration,
You will scoop me up with a dustpan,
You will watch me set loose, legacies myriad,
You will be forever proven wrong that you could've
ever hoped
to be less wrong,
and what flakes await such witnesses as oneself sorely
that is, when some of the possible eventualities surely
come
to pass.

when we encounter one another again at joint functions,

searching for the next virile paragon
to be let down by, the sound of
pain's inability to be measured (or even mentioned) is
the same sound as
the world falling apart by swift degrees,
the accumulation of non-meaning and violence
that is then,

in the wake of some unequivocally
profound atmosphere,
when some of the possible eventualities surely
come to pass,

that is then,
when you missed the end of the world,
sorry,
it will come back around,
at least.

at the very least,
burnt beyond the recognition that once typified it,
we wander hungrily in perspective's flotsam jetstream,
chemtrail magic bloated and
grounded with endless finality,
the time has come

(ectoplasm),

come now, has the time -
and all about us, whispering,
egregious, ubiquitous

apocalypses;

train-track blast spilling teeth netted loosely together with off-date dental floss left festering in the wake of big-pharma corporate dramas mandating the large-scale death of sub-continent in boardroom fiascos where faces melt under the plate glass of deity derision and the endless potential of the end as flames lick like sex symbols signifying nothing and impotence beyond the calculable beyond the star-stains on dark cosmic ceilings pain red shifts into memory into history into molecular background i.e the collisions of all existence as bust-ups pub-fights bombing-runs family-slaps honour-killings road-side executions and industrial office deaths which inspire a shaking study elucidating the difference between a collision and an embrace and the future of touch which barely touches on the now asunder shapes and formulae curtailed within the sediment losing itself across the plethora as if to unfold meant subsumption barking the dogs howling the dogs and castrated landscapes stripped of assets and affects and the dimension of purgatory the actual measurements revealed in cabinet meetings and self evaluative procedures infinite the end is the unending the world is a puddle we make rafts from pallet blocks and off-brand cereal packets preaching endless-timeless event management barely managing standing gawping in government enfor-

ced barren compliment circles faced only with nemeses
thus finding little to say for the state sponsors and feed-
back opportunities exposure coming limitless social ca-
pital protruding beyond the probable the exposure from
the unpaid internship is dealt out largely in UV rays in
sunburn dribbling over a submissive ozone sycophantic
like the last remaining language models that yawn over-
whelmed and amidst the non-extension universal we
blue-tac halfheartedly over the propaganda of our anc-
estors and we see constellations of allegations and we
see habits called a culture and the petri dish nothingness
that at least poetically forms a thing as the things form
haplessly over and over they form oh how they form in
the unformation info-drive highway code spaghetti sau-
ce sourced from unreliable intel chips on shoulders ba-
stardised and bellowing the carrion call nighing from
riders hitching lifts across horizons escaping meaning
in the night which no longer means day end now it me-
ans just 'night' and night alone detached from its relation
to anything else just then a sound and also what it is wh-
ich is night the thing itself the thing it will be the thing that
is so help me night itself so help me
now then as
night itself then,
night it's self,
then, really,

night,
begins to dawn.

