

PAUL ABBOTT

QUEEN OF THE SHELL

- ♫ read for *Queen of The Shell*, performed with Cara Tolmie.
- ♣ read for *Tender Interval* performances, documented here: <http://bit.ly/2g2J37C>
- ♠ unread for *QNO* performance: <http://bit.ly/2griMNI>

QUEEN OF THE SHELL^o

(3/10/2015)

I am *Queen of the Shell*, and it is 2:30am, Nautical time.

Before it can be improperly felt, this is a story,
and *Friday is my Sailing day*.

I put my clothes on slowly and methodically.

I've done this twice already. But they have power,
they can do anything.

They said to me they will take me by force. As well I'm not well.
My throat is very painful. And I had a fish and now my
throat has been bleeding a little bit some time.

"Let this be your Cry", they said:
we can't recognise you because we need
to see your face on our face.

My faces hissed to their face twice. They failed both times.
In 2014 they refused everything including my Steak.

In the quiet, teeth brushing and eating is ok thanks to occupa-
tional therapy. Although I swap cutlery around, and sometimes I
don't shower—I can't.

By the age of five I was in a very small room with two people on a
bunk bed, with a toilet in the room: regular schooling / an open
toilet—not in special schools or offline filtration systems. They
said *despite data limitations* they offer a *very impactful experience*.

This is apparently one of the secondary phases, and travelling to work, on the bus or tube, I have trouble standing. People don't know I might need a seat.

It took 1 hour, and they said they can't recognise me. They said maybe I was from Bhutan or from Stockport or from Miami or from Cochabamba or from YouTube; and "you came very early, so we can't recognise you".

I offer them a syllable and they gave me 90 days. I thought to myself *our pirate would give it back*. After around 30 days they arrest me and they take my Whitney Houston: unstable like the first time weather.

Those figures are from 1990.

They give me these two tablets every day.
No door, no curtain—nothing.

The impenetrable sphere of solitude.

I provided them with all the documents, but they didn't accept anything. Maybe you have got it wrong, I said. To enter you, to enter into you; osmosis. I am now here, and *Friday is our Sailing Day*.

QUEEN FRX2 (n) †

(20/10/2015)

I am “Pure Joy”

I am “Sweet Enemy”

I am “You Are Right”

I am “Queen of the shell”

It is 2:30am, 6:30pm (yesterday), and 7.15pm.

[Rotate]

Before any *criminal feelings*, this is a prototype:

6 Timbers—angled, 3 Sizes, 1 Centre and a *haze of spores* established for “contemporary London”.

They told me to “lower my body, briefly, by bending one knee to the floor”—typically from the compound—to snap or tear the binding of my choice.

Usually *the buzzing* came from around the ankle, centred about 5 seconds later than the *deep rubble vernacular* under which a foot, or feet, fall.

It had to do with breathing; or not permitting the lungs to inhale the necessary volume of air, to get a body towards a line or a first step, or other bodies.

[Rotate]

Apparently it will be the *Sea Biscuit*, or *The Triangle Building* or *Mother*, that will be the division—but I’m not interested.

Obviously *it is the edges that kill*.

“We can *see* what you are saying, we can *hear* what you are doing ... and we *feel* you”—they said from all 256 seats arranged evenly throughout a 300 square meter space, in rows of 8, columns of 4 and 2 banks.

But even after standing on the spot; or falling asleep in the shade; or crouching in the sun; or lifting one leg in the rain; or bending my arm to support my head—*they STILL don't recognise me*.

[play birdsong]

I always have to get there so early, and originally they told me there would only ever be one incision, that would not expand—but this is apparently one of the 3rd, 5th or 7th divergent phases—so this time I hid *much* further away from those bastard pipes.

To try to explain, I said to them that this is a simple volume, an informal and low-cost space or a cross-section of values whose names are *YES-and-NO*: 6 cross beams and one corner anticipates 23 *visible sacks* deflecting a storm of eyes starting 1400mm away from the back wall.

I just wanted to wash socks on demolition rubble, two or three times, 'cause I love the warm water on my fingers, and I get a better sense of the sound. But after a prolonged hesitation, and some blood at the fingernails—I was advised to silence, collecting numb around safety spikes, leaving an aperture slightly ajar for the shoelace replacing velcro.

[stop birdsong]

Utilising resources that are readily available locally at little or no material cost—whether in the area of the abyss, the middle range, or the upper register: The feelings are so much from just one thing—it needs repeating, not speaking well.

QUEEN FRX4 (ooo)*

(9/11/2015)

Sometime in 1937, or any September 9th piled with overlapping body parts and timbers: we were not signed in, but natural, unmixed, unadulterated—and another of my chief excitements.

There is a simple reason for this. I don't feel so great, nor another soldier's anus.

It was then I was told—in a series of howls—that what follows *will be charged with a sense of the theatrical, or “action glazing” or the freedom of capitalism or loved ones.*

This time we have to be on time: ours is the first slice—from the upper vertex, proceeding with a throbbing gait through the mid-feelings toward the area of the abyss, creating a striking range of projects.

So here was proliferation. And expansion. But I replied that one day, along with the excitement of all organs, and tickling, strangers will meet each other in small bubbles created by regeneration schemes—and even in this suffering, frenzy, and torture—no provocateur will use words to calm the limbs of our music.

This caused them to fumble at the shutter, and immediately shake clean, and drip. What an abundance of parts! An invigorating collapse!

They gestured at something with noises and swung codes:
*You are not-yet-here, but kneading the skin wrapping 'rses or head's.
What's got hold of you?*

“PE”

I sent a message to *Mother*, *T* and *all Them* via Prague and the pump-channel brilliance of William. It rendered through a haptic cipher some words:

I'm / doing / more / than / just / listening / to / you

It didn't matter. In response I discovered that in place of a left ankle I had been fitted a prosthetic haze, with a richer geometry and never any problems.

What concerned me was that same seeping sound: beneath this ankle, with my foot still in place—a boolean flower had been placed in my shoe that alternately became: EITHER sweetness, interiority, crystalline, chemical, in-reaction OR—flowing through, below identification, informing code, anticipating behaviour, remaining viscous in motion.

As they spun infection perched on my shoulder I had repeated a shell of procedures now at 4'5. At what was originally 1400-something to one side, I now saw encapsulating masks—the hand carved wooden frame illustrating an immaculate misunderstanding of human anatomy.

It seemed the only possible deviation to ~~upopenie~~ was whispering through an aperture left slightly ajar two or three iterations in the past for the shoelace replacing velcro. Unfortunately, once opened was Korea with unmeted legs in rubber slippers, Rob, G or G's hum, and *Persistence* through each strung bead.

“*Maybe you have?*”

The sound cycled menacingly in echoes beating forward along those bastard pipes.

It is not your face.

Closer, and then—cutting deep into the neck:

Who has granted you this superiority?

Then they announced that *the brain was a convention, double wounded*—something different from what they'd ask us to do to keep within uniform, like the changes between the feeling for pauses or the janitor.

I thought that I could only be adding to all that suffering, so like honeycomb, against impulse, to make something actually come about while they were sleeping or dead or wearing glasses—I had affairs with both men and women, via a pattern recognition scam.

I knew it was *still the edges that kill*, but perhaps Marian or Rita's hysteria or Randolph's phobia was felt as poise or counter-poise only bulbous in relief to the envelopes of credit folding neat around *Rugged Husks* or *Ballast GTX* or *Kiffle Redux* or *Darius*.

Gone with the Universal Retreat.

From humours previously confined to all the moisture secreted by the ill fitting new me, all I had left was the unmaskable not-quite's—inflating and widening, just out of reach: or the torrent of their inner self being smashed to my mediocrity.

Softly and from a distance: *not repeated, not recognised.*

QNO⁵

(1/2/2016)

There is a simple reason for this.

Cutting it's way over a knee-bent memory of dirty compromise.

Sailing days are many times inert—we've done this—and there is only phobia or bulbous counter-poise.

In a series of howls, what we witness is the acid collapse of the ill fitting old torrent.

F, forming a collective of autonomies, "Trap Set" ^{Prototype}

or **collecting**

another under-ache of seismic actions with invisible of body pulse and flesh below from the [T] and in front-long foot out of hands-reach punch or hum in brief lowest audition suggesting never *kick*,

or **stop**

crisis or malleable-identity crudely first words in accountability brute undoing vertical split slice stab cut feathering all edges fire shard and shite attention or at least blister together immediately tick or infinite for belt open glide or marshal,

*Fast with stump energy-or suspended in patterns, the limbic, third point or diligent contact can be *improperly felt* in the immediate future.*

Ginger. (Left hand held up, Pause)

In a world that was War: the biochemical basis of human movement driven deep into brick dust, forming T and a family-alliance.

or **swell**

the crest upon which recognition tickles electro-chemical formations asking skin ~~swell~~ or gargle anticipation and soil between clear definition and desire strata reinforcement of the lowest clearest timeliest available magic without sides or centre and right to the right hand direct 35 degrees or thereabouts,

or **expanding**

the unavoidable surprise
the voice co-ordinate body subdivision and tears opening in dialogue with the rear fibres: a clear lean and often uneven availability most mechanically efficient supported by none or independent tasting or mean plateau floating melancholy futures,

or **laughter**

eager celebration now or bending inertia and heat threads pelvis heel versatile to acrid vulgar or sugary limp fusing geo-historic location with novelty dynamics on slapped jokes.

Hope.

(or One) (or anything) (or less) and Six

("not too much")

*Acting over a longer span of time, P in league with surfaces,
probably 5*

or **slip**

first up-neck smear alloy alchemy or ~~slip~~ drama obfuscation
 breathless seasonings being a cluster of possible transformations
 or hardness directed at material tapestry vacuums and exposed
 ribs under outstretched prostheses,

or **reversal**

or **lonely**

_____(Pause)

or **code**

faulty placeholder credits imaginary synthesis or any inadmis-
 sible detritus not placed correctly in plastic bastards,

or **substitution**

deep complex ancient or presence of solids or humidity
 refusing borrowed systems.