

# Gary J. Shipley

## *DEADWOMBCRAWLERS*

I found this inside the sweat I moved purposeless and shrill and long sullen in mirrors with cow-fed creatures, their backs to me lunging at verges at hoax skies, the birds invented on walls and ceilings by cramped insects dribbling through leaks in the room's oppressive squirm, and there outstretched ineffable formed cracked surpassings of reason, waxy in countenance, its tomb-creatures colonizing fanged eggs intoxicated by the taste of their own shelled throats, and bodies outside them sick with a weird tumultuous joy, faces a staged emotion, sight a raiment a spirit colloquy a river in excess of found ribbon stirred into plush suites, their nothingness immanent, dripping, their work-dead rigid, heads sunk in bugs, mouths open plotting portions of echoes of uncrossed durations of jaw jitters ripped from inside the clothed art of hosiery, rigged in the uneasiness of vaguely kinetic bodies shaped with disease and gleaming foreheads comprehending horrors suffused with lipstick and ruffles and swaying masses laughing their electric mouths burning speaking through writhing nostrils of locust rabble fattened on the fire of haloes of dead trees propping up nervous cuts of genital meat cooked grey on gimcrack altars made of Hitlerised eggshells and ghost shit, its root approaching description and fluctuating between voracity and voices vain of fact, enabled by the coffin to dry in the bog-sun sayings of the dreaded product of mankind, its angry pores, its demands absolute of stability in the room, and into the slots for the need to modify this composition gathered up from him, his spoken descent, his dropped art prying at inspirations agitated from butchery ramparts protruding from the desert, his conveyance of substances to all ancient recesses of dogma, the spokes of wheels indivisible as drain fly rushing up on form's neglected plans for a stuffy collapsible death

