

Bow

Inside is concrete grey gunmetal girders a baroque twisting architecture a metal virus invasion that has swarmed outwards from empty flinching pump Heart to infect the entire edifice - looking back ruled from the outside seeping in, infection of clear eyes looking out I saw it all, swallowed it, ate it whole forgetting that in that I become what it is, poisons passed on, knowing quantum physics is based on belief belief infects therefore concrete/iron me cannot believe outside dead external laws "nothing is possible," entropy steals all away, world dead on arrival. Love now wrecks through this, train crash, wild bitter hope and terror, fear of yesterday, the re-run, damnation at my own hands is everything the same I am scared is flight bound by flying my awareness now has hope and my hope now has a name...

Love is not touching. Love is the urge to destroy itself. Love is the heart of any disintegrating action. A love that becomes is a love that is not. All love is pregnant, incomplete.

I am terrified and yet it exhilarates me. A momentary surrender to hope, to dreams. A delicious capitulation of self, of the grimy world built about myself for years "In dreams too you can fly." Collision between quicksilver love and the concrete constellations of my firmament, tenderness through shrieking metal.

It all changed here. Sucked into the occult darkness of Bow, upraised antennae of tower blocks channeling it all down, the grinding madness of speed, the terrifying fixity, of the city. And that's it, these raised blocks are sculpted out of time, needles engaged in acupuncture of the city's nervous system, slow release of two thousand years of filth, of dreams, a slowly bloated and diseased carcass, food to the civilizations of shift and ruin. Always in threes here; the magic number, I'm obsessed, chart the obsession: at their base in a basement writing of one woman's quest for the stars how can I not be I remember standing on a fifth floor balcony in Bethnal Green watching the rush of trains carve lines away from Liverpool Street, through the cluttered housing, the litter of poverty, dirty fields of green. The air ambulance takes off from the Royal London Hospital, twisted turrets of metal, Frankenstein's graft of hi-tech helipad onto Hawksmoor's silently laughing face, the odd slant of narrow streets the overpowering stench of strange lives and wrong deaths piss-stained tramps confronting the architecture of an alien heaven they never could believe the twisted night-time arrow up Brick Lane with Christchurch lifted flat white-stone cardboard unseen from the clutter of streets ignoring its spell but ever sinking back to it...Victoria Park cut out beneath me, abattoir work on a giant scale, the crows were out, a murder hung in black tattered sheeting upon the trees, hawking spit and phlegm at the sunlight at the laughing kids the fake neutered spew of the fountain push out west leave the black black sump of my old obliterated heart behind uncover the sunken maze of Globe Town, mazy thread past cafes, galleries and concrete jennies up to Old Bethnal Green Road, sudden microcosmic utopia of Columbia Road, hidden spot forgotten even by dirt and decay, mocking like Hoxton does with hopes of reconciliation, regeneration. Next day I'm back in the park again, drawn in, this final oxymoron, its peace the verge of chaos so many times there heart fit to melt the end of everything - genesis: yes, more I understand my own actions Victoria Park the uterus of my bloody new birth into Bow. Listen and you hear it: meat freezers shuddering, the chorus of grunting idiocy from upstairs, jungle beats and the screams as another wife gets beaten, another drunken plea on the doorstep of a Roman Road shop, shouts from the sky during the football and bloody wreckage staggering from pub to pub, karaoke howling bad presentiment wind across blind shuttered shopfronts. Where am I: holed above death, just a little below heaven a tangle of entrapment, exotic memories and escape, tumbling skylines against soaring clusters of towers.

All forms of love-within-the-world (as opposed to love-as-concept) are fetishism. You have to love the removal of the ideal and absolute, you have to eroticize the shortfall, the inadequacy.

The valley is a corridor. It marks the eastern boundary of inner-city London, it is the boundary of consequence, trapping within it (like the roads and flyovers of West London - Shepherd's Bush, White City) the seething, bubbling enigma of London's identity. It is nearly aligned with the date line: miles wide corridor of waste and devastation, the slightly warm corpse of heavy industry, razed ground a no-man's land, a liminal area quite outside of definition. To be in Hackney Marsh is not to be anywhere at all. I met virtually no-one on my walk. Over from the fortifications of Lefevre Wall or Victoria Park, across A102 (itself an important boundary - road as feature of containment) what little

residences there are split from the fundamental energy of London; the date line as physical representation within the waters of the Lea; any further east and you're not in the same hemisphere. Cursed by the improbable imposition of a line entirely of our own making, Hackney Wick a cut off and dead oasis because it is the wrong side of the line, man-made time and man-directed river. The Wick suffers too from its lack of tower-blocks: the whole socio-geographic alignment of the place is about them, buildings seem to twist towards them, expect them, even though they are no longer there. Tower-blocks are necessary, menhirs affecting our consciousness of place and space, plugs or nails hammered into the flesh of London, and to remove them is to remove a vital part of the matrixed identity of the place, the cat's cradle to hold this surging turbulence within.

Dust amber streetlights, a fuzzed shining path leading into the heart of the east, cars speeding away from the concrete pillars of light and into the low-rise oblivion, forget threat and be welcomed by wifey. There's a trainline, a ghost line, reluctant metal belly of a bridge a landmark, redundancy of purpose, a bridge in abstract, it crosses from nowhere to nowhere. No electric cables threaded above the track, bricked up steps leading up to no station, no platform, no signs. Yet the signal lamp hangs red: a warning, and the klaxon sounds as the track is dissected by the rush of life from the west (leaking east - cold stars, dying fast.) Dysfunctional brute mechanics clinging grimly to pointless life, serving the ghosts of drivers seen by drunks as the moon goes down, eclipsed by the menhirs of Bow and the long serpent's back of the Stratford flyover. Silent air shivers past.

Constellations. Whole zodiacs whirl about this gate: Gatwick Airport In/Out quantum packets fired off to distant parts of the globe, responses pinged, here the heart, decentered London spreading further, a message, one last attempt at fusion before the cracked sky, the arbitrary sigil we have hung upon ourselves: the millenium; our golem fever infecting ourselves self-created apocalypse of the gods: god is man's shadow chewing himself off at the heels, nemesis, risen up to pluck us from the dirt surrounding the rock, the heart of the void is stone...

molten. shifting.

Fit myself, make the shape my shape the heart the void at the centre of everything.

It is night-time here again; always night-time or early morning for me because I am victim to the tides that move through this place, mercury red water slipping through its veins it would be nothing without its tall grey menhirs, riddled termite mounds of light against the black/orange sky, clustered in threes (mind folds back on itself: Fenham, dumb sentinels, stoppers on the lizard's back of Arthur's Hill) always threes, secret map of power unwanted control.

Too tired to think clearly, interference dropped stones of upstairs voices. Gremlins in my attic, carcasses quartered beneath my feet I've got to reach back the past four days a slippery dream without compromise, rules suspended we clung to a world formed out of will, reflections in coffee cups and beer glasses magically metamorphosized, shapes in cigarette smoke become solid under our hands unaware of our own power in making.

IF MY EYES AREN'T CLOSED or if at the point of utter exhaustion where you close your eyes and instantly they are open upon another form of world...

A person is only part of an action, motion mapped out, the city just a frozen picture of travel (radioactive isotopes scarring glass as they move through, or sitting with Cordula in the woods, watching the almost frozen motion of trees raising themselves in serene hopelessness towards the heavens) the secret map of London across my palm the city is as much a person as expressing my love is flats above shops, ranks of caryards "Tommorrow is Property Supplement" St. John's Gate down through Clerkenwell twisted hollow fingers of the House of Detention beneath me suits clustered in restaurant doorways oh it's so fucking easy don't level your fucking crap of life at me; it is tube networks, the black magic mysteries of the Hanger Lane Gyrotory, sweeping boundary of the North Circular flyover, too easy this; a list. The devastation of cutting across Bow Road, eyes in the cars fixed forward, hoping for escape velocity, swarming about calcified Gladstone in his foolery, arm gestured to the cutting roads of escape, the squat islands of hell that these bound, the mausoleum to local democracy of Poplar Town Hall "BOW BUSINESS PARK: Small Units To Let At Cheap Rates" motherfucking estate agents living for the crumbs falling from the Docklands Development trickle-down effect, flyover the desolation of the Lea to the worse barnacle life-form of Stratford; in the dark at 3a.m. I look up to my concrete sentinels and see one light, a lone watcher over the sleeping hopelessness, three black silhouettes cut out in the silence of the road in the hum and shriek of the orange sky this is love I love her.

Love is the greatest dream we and we all must dream - liberation through ANYTHING and yet love is also a trap, banality, the window into the horror and fakery of reality. Fight. It is all we have. Kick.

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