

implanted d  
memories to e  
be installed inside p  
factory of exploitation m  
obsolescent I think of now u  
I go walk around the city but j  
only see trees and bees and leaves

I want to be out there but I worry about inside  
corruption in innovative forms and the breeze and  
different shapes of beauty to chronicle but the future is  
not about mass produced robots it's about giving up that  
idea I'm not seeing too many friends anyway that's not what  
I wanted to remember I turn left but I wanted to think about the  
natural remedies to come and can be traced back to good old things  
we used to know and a light shines integrity revealed once more and I  
am being hopeful and look at glimmers of light and think nothing of what  
nonsense I had to hear all day and here I'm by the water look at it and under it *bizarre objects lurking under the surface and the young swans swim above them other than filthy mud I and an upturned shopping trolley a dirt-ridden and flat bicycle tyre and mobile phones plenty of them and digital cameras too and a brown shoe and beer caps and coins and green broken glass and trainers and The History of Antiques of London and Memories of Charles Macklin and Some accounts of the parish of St Clement Danes and the New Grub Street and The Arraignment, Tyrel, and Condemnation of Robert Earl of Essex and The Lights of our Territory and The History of London from its foundation to the present time... including the several parishes in Westminster, Middlesex, Southwark, &c. , within the bills of morality and Stones and Stones and Stones and Stone though inviable to me but more Stones and Stones and Stones I can't see and Stones and Stones and Stones and Stones muddy Stones and Stones and Stones and Stones and muddy Stones and Stones and Stones and muddy muddy muddy Stones*