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# Bloods Dream

by

James Knight

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# Bloods Dream

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## Introduction

The blood is in me and it is me and it is a thing alien to me.

When an opening appears in me and the blood shows it is

bright as iron and too pungent and I forget for a moment

what to call it.

The word *blood* bludgeons my head. I see stars.  
Everything

goes papery, my heart slows. Your voices rotate in blue

space. I yawn constantly. My skin greys, fizzes with sweat.

I have to concentrate on something small and neutral to

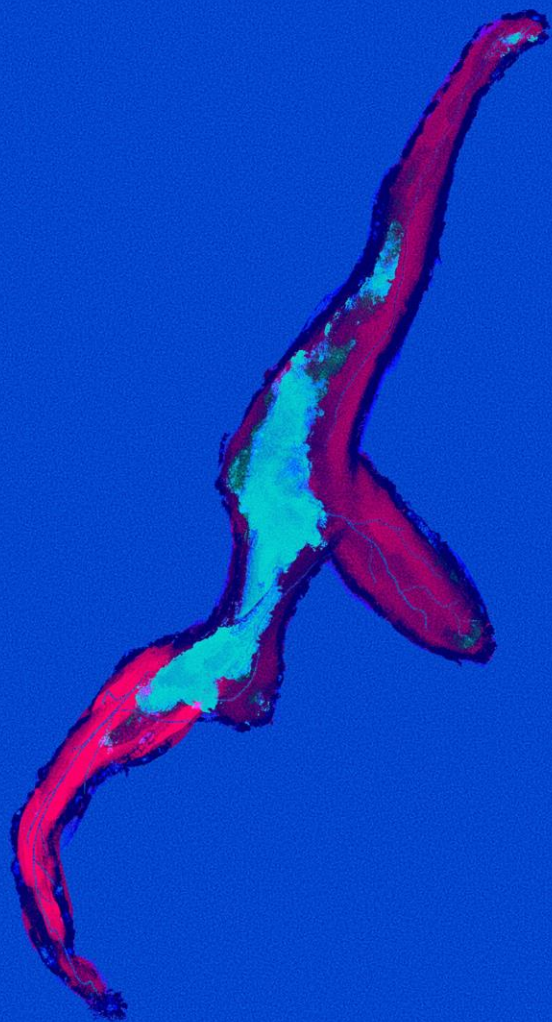
stay awake.

Every sunset is smeared with stage blood. Offices and shops and countries are constructed from ambulant blood sacks. The membranes are thin.

The blood in me leaks into dream, dries brown on a white page.







## Bridge of Blood

the

now listening at the archways it dreamar th

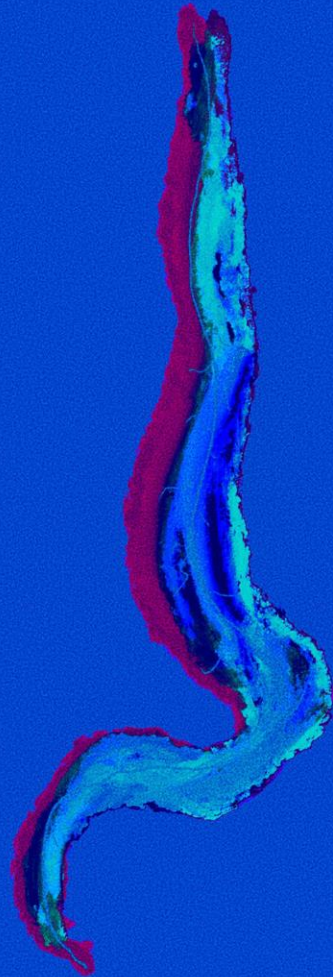
now dreaming staying quietes dy dreaming

my blood blocks the familiar states

you .om tf nw ses

now dreaming my bloodoodoo

you stay



## Hesitant

they built me around the cage

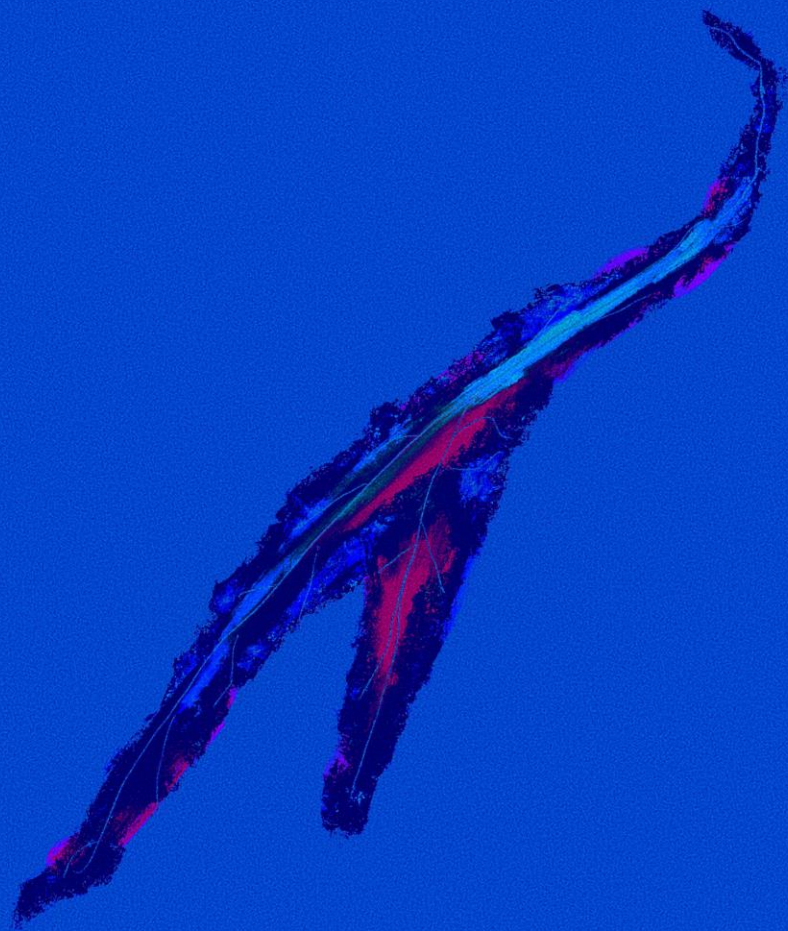
\*rytrying find to feel human mechanisms  
the festill feeling

\*restfeeling still fee

the central reactor tastes like a reactor

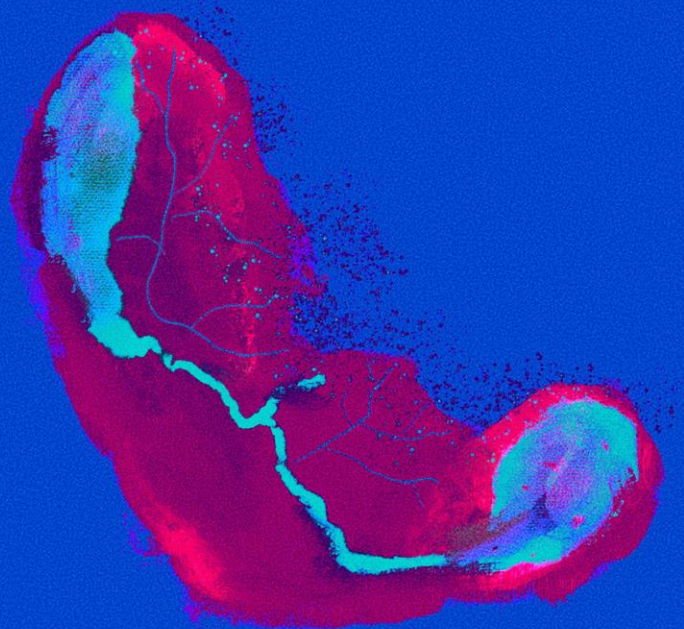
\*rey caged the mechanisms

the cooling synaptic communication<sup>C</sup>



## Meat Texture

was a matter of matter of thick blood here to the right  
the roots branching thick space meat \* ) meat \*  
communicating visual information  
splicing flesh thrown out in spirated in water  
said are you ok you look ok yet in  
through the structure's secondary orifice exploding  
broke teeth all in a row  
adumbrated in salt in  
not dialogue not  
matter exploding





## Sack

misrepresented a sick of shimmering hard to see  
hard to listen to  
thousands of filaments over my face investigating within my mouth  
misrepresented celebrated cases  
mouth  
it starts with a toothache  
peel me into nothing with the  
peel me into  
filaments hot light



## Happy Enemies

this was all this was ephorom was all this was wathis wall

insisting on our own design

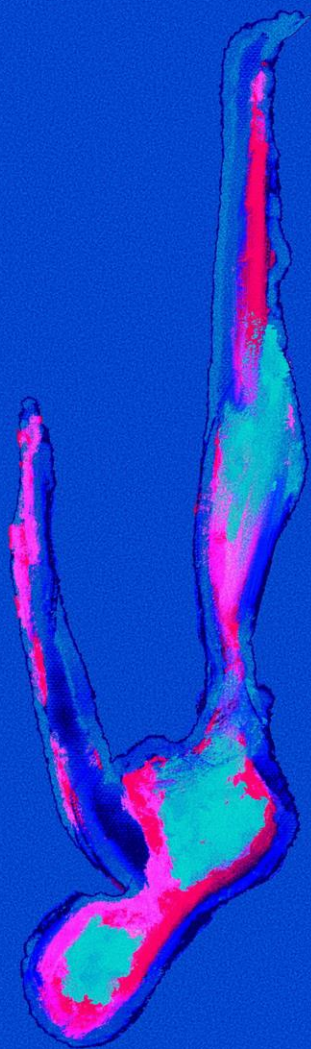
inviting them in to sluice our veiny waters

happy worm love in joy epistuuiclaeical enolry

your dead face under the silk of my waters

3

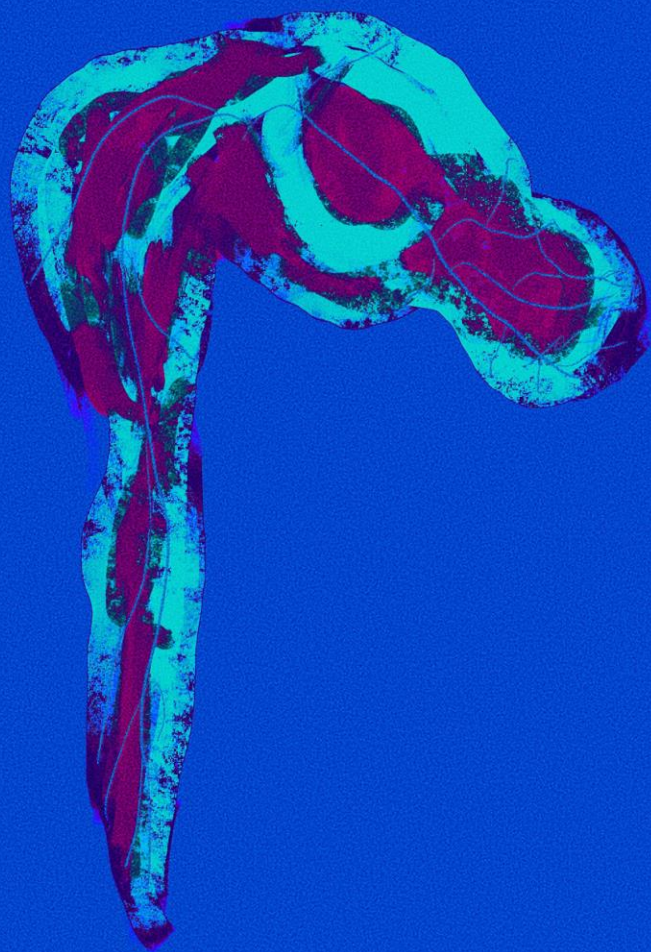
orgiastic sunrjaegi



## Annihilation

confronts the perils of lyrical poetry in the age of GIFs  
sorting through a hive of horror nails

your fist puts a Gaussian blur over sacred images of my face  
your failure to upload accumulated haloes  
axt up the slaughterhouse dyed pink



## Wet Machine

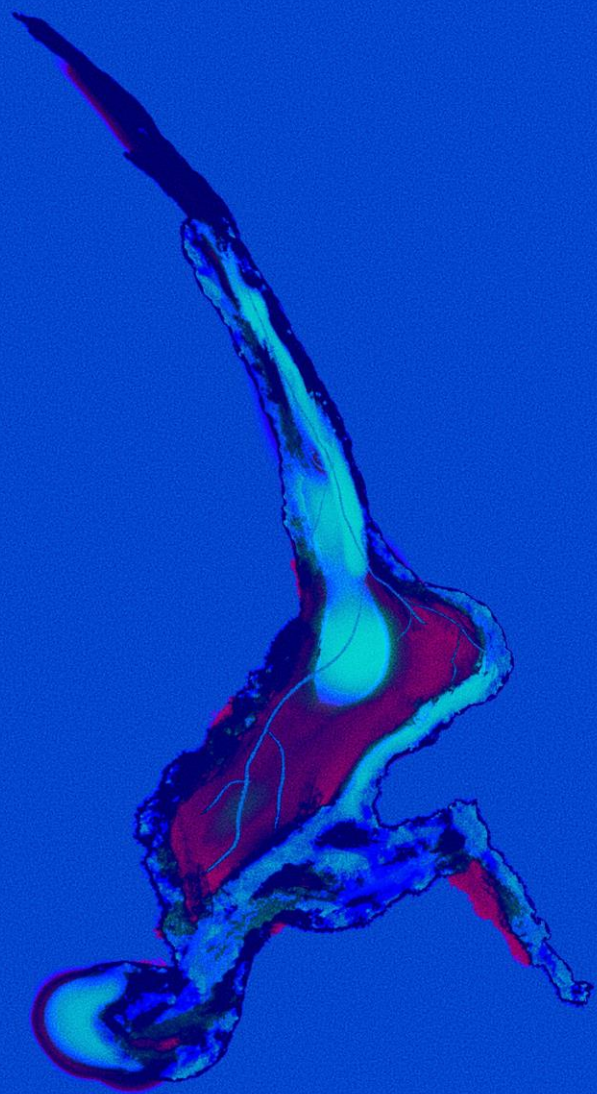
ultrasonic resembling yet assembly

clear punctured membranes stretched over rigidity

close our eyes reassemble

reassembling disintegrated dream droids

laughing laughing flatter yourself





## Rotting Bulk

lg

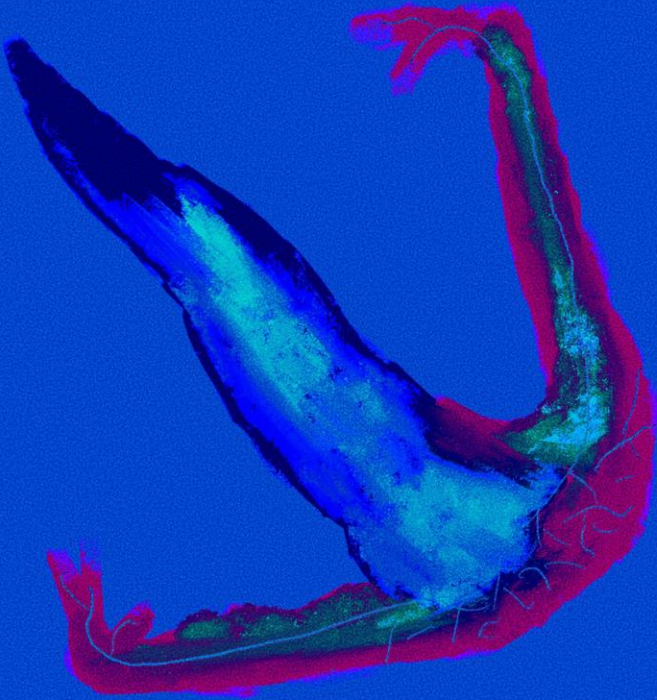
then laughing again screaming

snapshots of screen landscapes

sr to snap of snapshots

countless unacted ba intuirses distilled in this

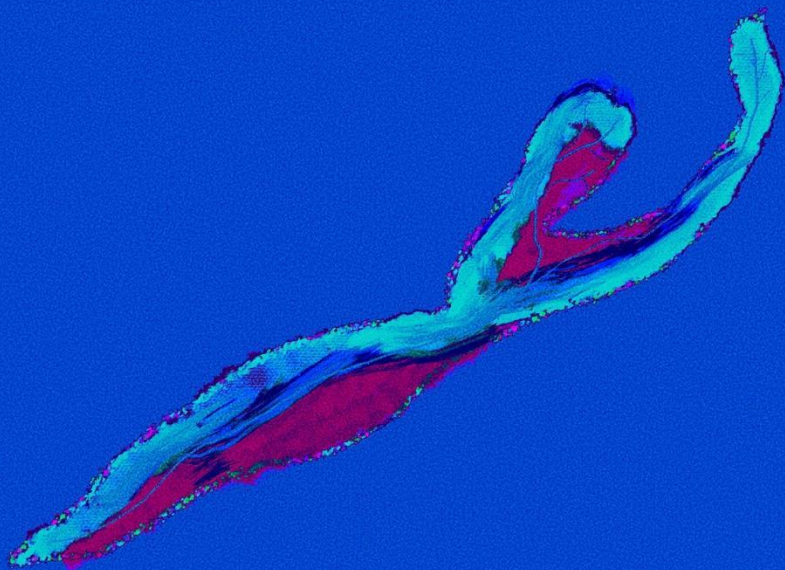
forming black liquid lung lung lue



## Soft Topographies

Tra

The idea being to fill the space the entire enclosure with  
our formless slop never mind could come come  
come come never a fleur-de-lys design on your undiscovered  
table of sounds prized as various pulsating flesh or  
come fill the stretched light was a dying in here with  
comidea being our gore our mind pulsating undiscovered  
our formless design  
come our man  
we was  
a with



## Worm

in  
definition in movement

closed question

sack of blood  
yöaræn imt ... serening } you never listenster

ýt

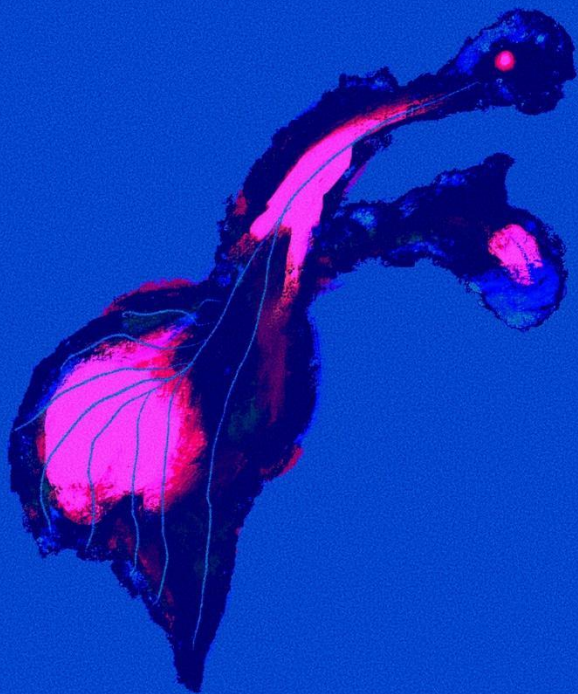
ýt

tube of blood

movement in question

ýt

boy monster  
r



# Grey Sugar

image

imaging

crust trunk down

are you alright

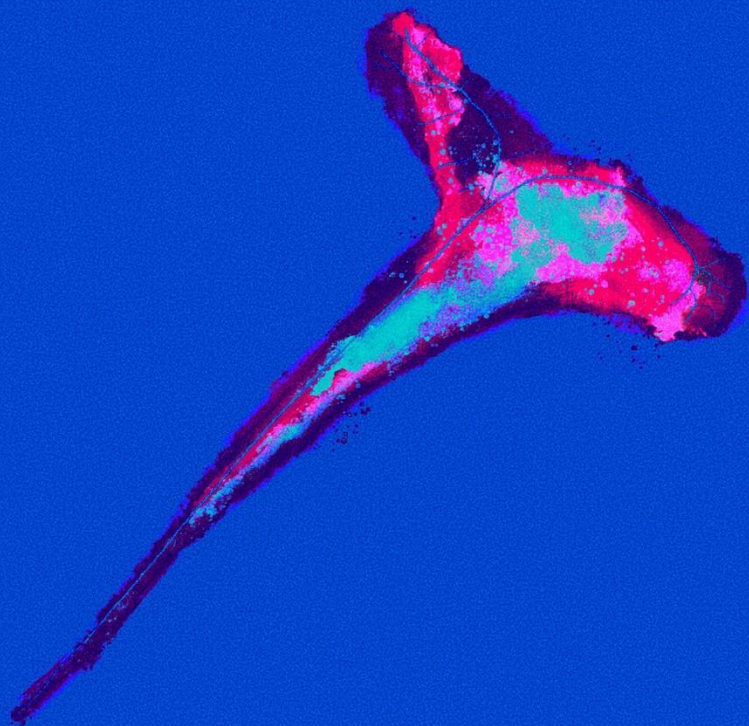
you blacked out heard out or var

me  
can you hear

image

looks like a mournful tongue

l  
l  
l  
l





Gold Face

are

this is America

the

eseese are the

this is :ve's garden g

you

a

thg telling you

ing

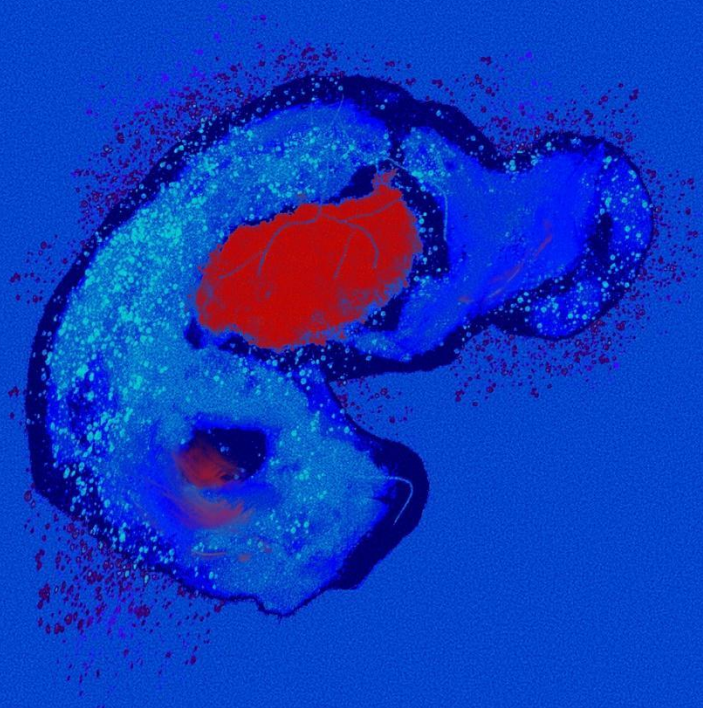
bones olitcl in fuzz ut itell

messages telling

a

a

m coh nrd l'm coming

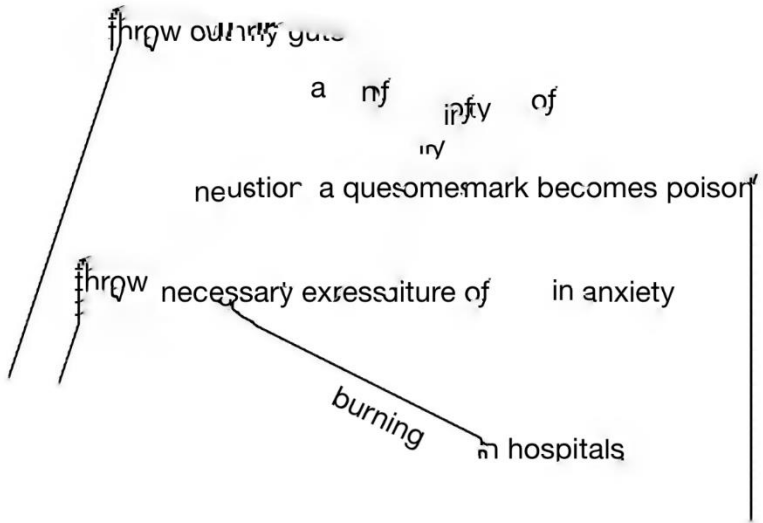


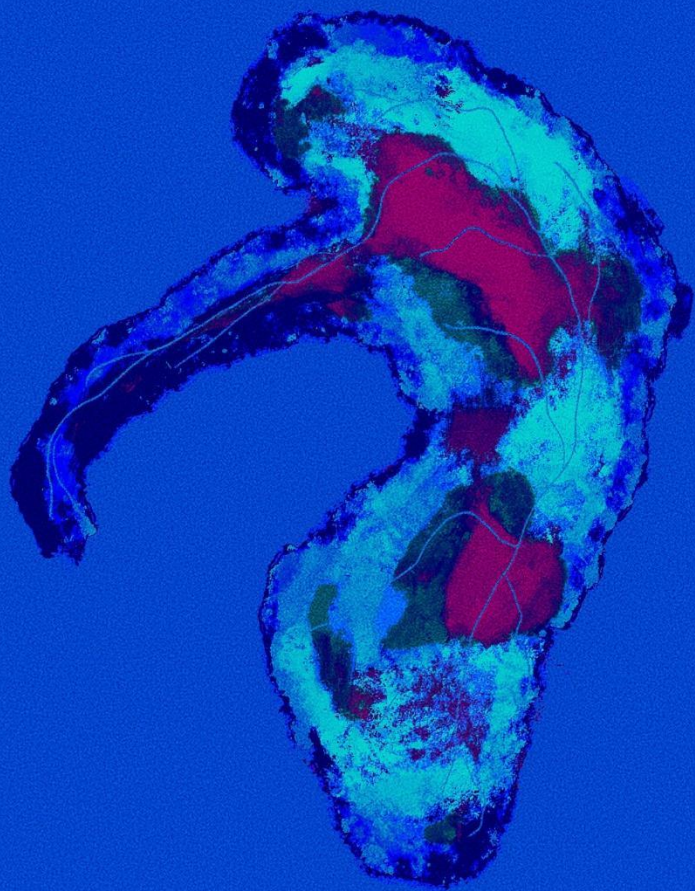
## Revised Territories

a a you're  
weeping it in a belt a, zidoch you't you are welcome  
truncated fibreglass disasters you are evil  
what we report we can feel the bones something  
latter your touch you aren't yome  
writers something  
water revision is based on mendacious poems  
written in roads towns names you't  
es



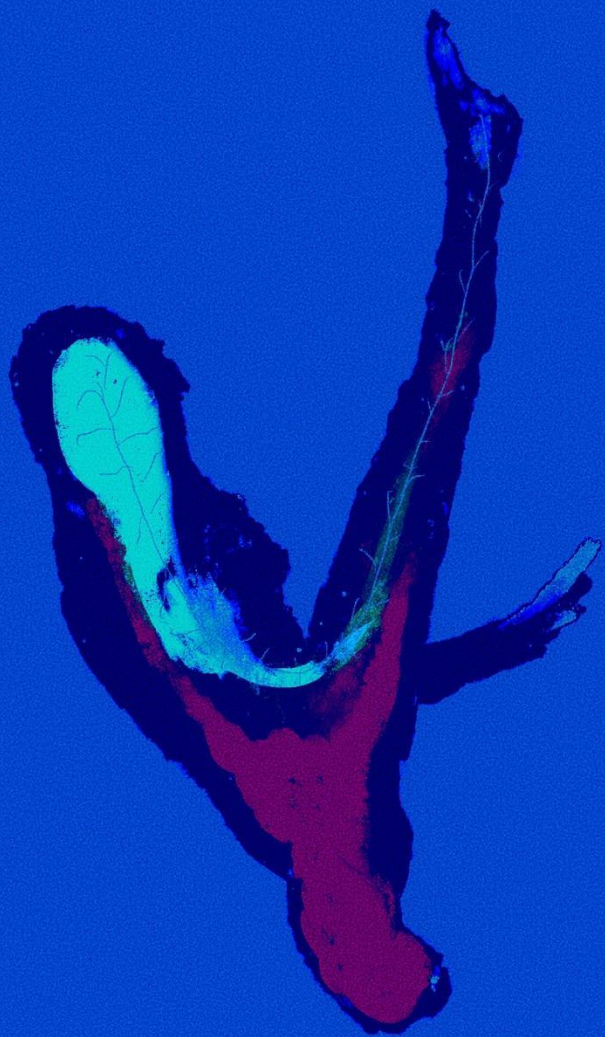
## Entropic Figure





### The Blood's Dream

neither close grey trees nor open grey skies  
my guide am reanimated corpse  
neither but grey snow nor embarrassment  
we I'm this is time  
n angry particle visor I'm deaf  
I'm af  
heart rate one be...  
I'm eping yw eping y af at af  
af





Wish

Wish

disinterred

god of geometric death strategies

too early

is itself of words

the

god

with wool v

after the interval there's a climactic scene

the perform a statue of blood of biocath

the audience disguise their hatred or outrage

scene

bisected by a dash dash

## Acknowledgment

Some of these diptychs

appeared or are to appear in

*Selffuck, Problématique, Oomph* and *Beir Bua Journal*.

Reproduced here with

thanks.



## About the Author:

James Knight is



a writer and visual poet. His visual poems have been published in journals and anthologies, and he has been exhibited at the Poetry Café in London and in online exhibition spaces such as Poem Atlas and Mellom Press. His books include Void Voices (Hesterglock Press), Chimera (Penteract Press), Machine (Trickhouse Press) and Rites & Passages (Salò Press). He edits Steel Incisors, a small publishing venture devoted to innovative visual poetry.

**Website:** [thebirdking.com](http://thebirdking.com) **Twitter:** @badbadpoet

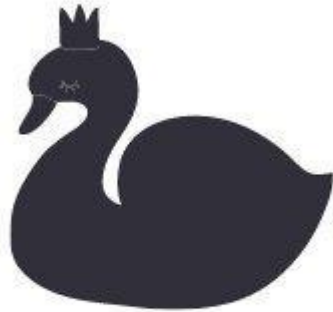
**Instagram:** @jkbirdking



## Words of Praise

**“Part poetry chapbook, part gallery of anatomical tension, James Knight's visceral *Bloods Dream* must have been composed from the chaos of a studio filled with crouching nudes dyed in the hot slaughterhouse-pink of annihilation. With its blood-slicked glitch-language and visions of psychic butchery, *Bloods Dream* feels like a map of an impossible body, intravenous lines into phantasmic veins.”**

- Paul Cunningham, author of *The House of the Tree of Sores*



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