



SDP

Sweat Drenched Press

Frozen Meat

James Knight

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Frozen Meat

“Neither my screaming nor my fever is really mine.”

– Antonin Artaud

“Convulsive beauty will be veiled-erotic, fixed-explosive,
magic-circumstantial, or it will not be.”

– André Breton

This image displays a page of musical notation for a piano piece. The score is organized into five systems, each consisting of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings, such as the forte (*f*) marking in the first system. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the fifth system.

you can see violet implements

assorted objects

divide and convey

expressive faces falling flat

Étude III

The colour of this poem and its assorted objects

is violet

Metal implements divide and convey

light from expressive faces falling flat on us

the spaces between the objects dwarf the objects
the spaces within the objects dwarf their matter

Trying to convey in violet what the music says in mauve

I cocoon the phrases so the air doesn't corrupt them

I close my eyes to stop myself laughing

It really doesn't matter to me how well or otherwise you can see violet implements

The colour of this poem and its assorted objects

the spaces between the objects dwarf the objects
the spaces within the objects dwarf their matter

or what the music says in mauve

carefully autopsied for its
pith

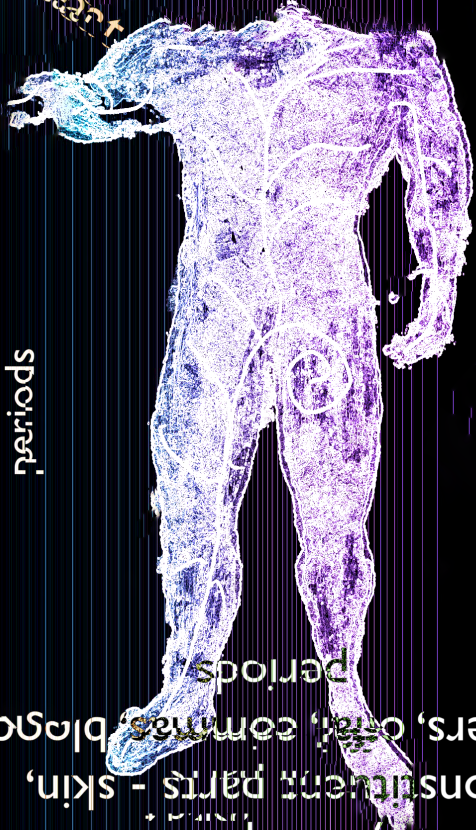
constituent parts - skin,

interstitial, connective tissue,

periods

carefully autopsied for its
constituent parts - skin,
letters, oral, comma, blood,

periods



Freud would eat

frozen meat

Freud would eat

Freud would eat

Freud would eat



o b e s c r i p t i o n s o f t h e

o b e s c r i p t i o n s o f t h e

o b e s c r i p t i o n s o f t h e

o b e s c r i p t i o n s o f t h e

o b e s c r i p t i o n s o f t h e

o b e s c r i p t i o n s o f t h e

o b e s c r i p t i o n s o f t h e



Étude VII

Here again bad meat

my chicken skin

The human animal stinks

Picturing two

one bent over the O of the other

in rehearsed madnesses

lie chair

boop flesh

frisking

bed flesh

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

Étude VII

Here again bad meat

my chicken skin

The human animal stinks

the naked ass of the other

in rehearsed madnesses

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

Picturing two

one bent over the O of the other

in rehearsed madnesses

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

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lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

We could try to maintain the traditions through iPhones and learned behaviours

We could try to cover our animal stench with colour-saturated adverts

my chicken skin

The human animal stinks

the naked ass of the other

in rehearsed madnesses

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

Picturing two

one bent over the O of the other

in rehearsed madnesses

lit chair

lit chair

lit chair

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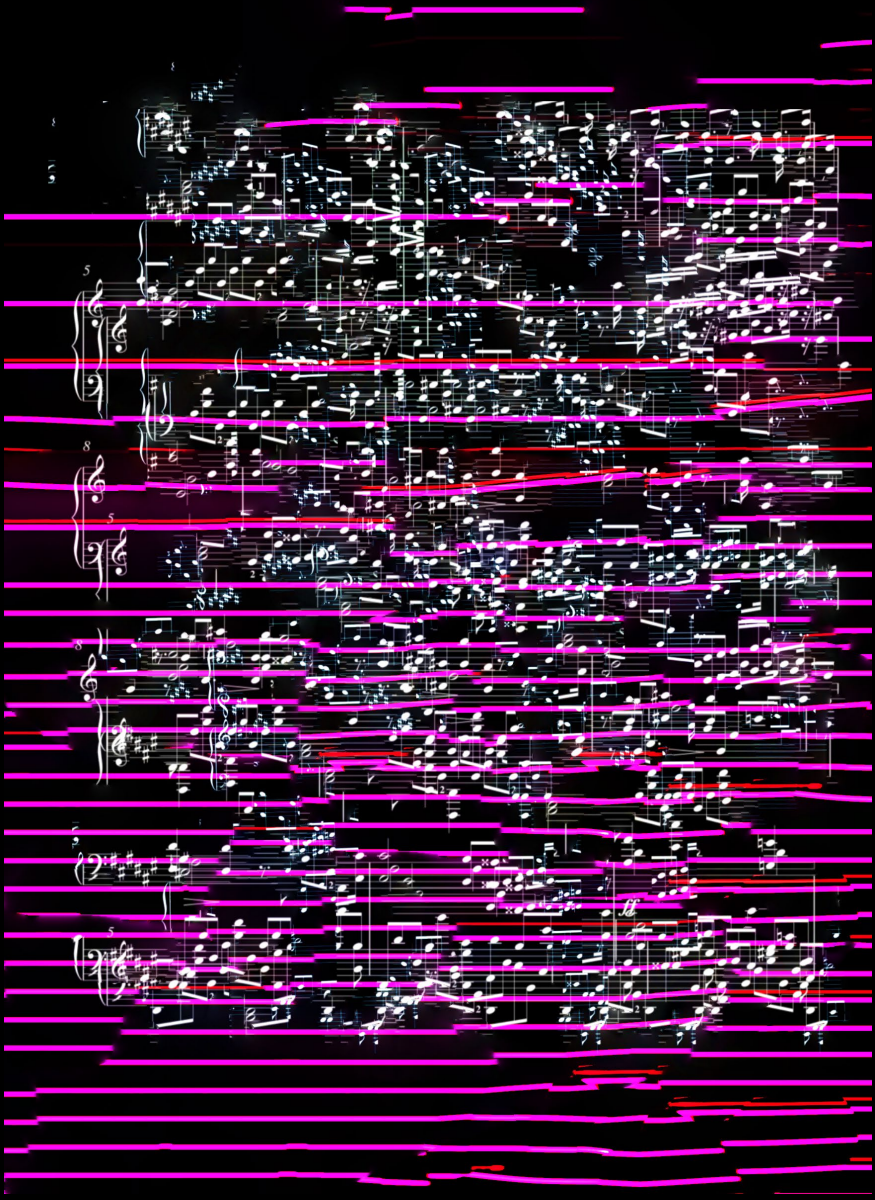
We could try to maintain the traditions through iPhones and learned behaviours

We could try to cover our animal stench with colour-saturated adverts

bent over

bent over





Étude IV

The violence is in the room

its matter

meter

Chemical elements expressed temporarily in the language of domesticity the objects tethering us

The chair with its cruel straight back

incandescent bulbs

the room

Your breath mad with teeth

its matter

Is it possible to be content and miserable at the same time?

violence is

The fizz of our constituent particles crackles in my ear
like the sea

there is something quieter

far out where the waves smooth to stone

enclosed in the little bay thinking we were alone

you pulled down my mitts and touched me

under water

temporarily

the fizz of our constituent particles crackles in my ear
like the sea

expressed temporarily in the language of domesticity



delinea tegni musculature

musculature

und

phrase curibed around
the main centre

your gland hormones
para th

ph
chined
neq cella
nifered atlor
the e chined-around
head centre

id
id
id

— — — — —
— — — — —

veKondial
veKondial

Art... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

mutata
zila
antique

speech is produced by the vocal tract

speech is a series of air sacs, vibrating, which vibrate the vocal tract
 little or no conscious control from the speaker
 speaker

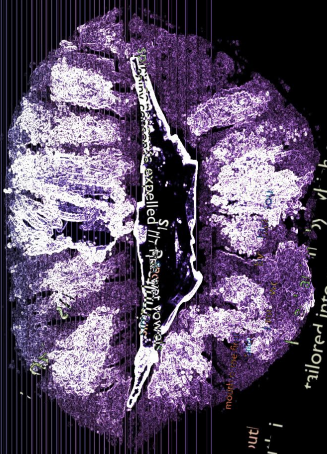
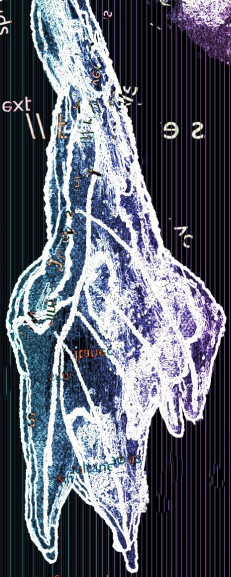
vowels

consonant

the fine mechanism by which the sound is produced in the mouth

lip spines / lips expelled // rippled / vowels

consonant



spine / lips expelled // rippled / vowels

Spine / lips expelled // rippled / vowels

final

lent

zila

antique

mutata
zila
antique

Étude II

II ԵԾԻՅՅ

Étude II

Étude II

Étude II
Étude II

The infernal machine is made of white pipes

The infernal machine is mad as m... z... en... ni... The infernal machine is mad as m... z... en... ni...
 Two figures estranged from home
 In cross-currents in white wrappings
 Winding towards mist
 I wake up hard and I want to do is... myself
 from within
 the bedroom looks like blizzards
 hands on... soil
 eyes elsewhere
 The infernal machine resolves itself from our hidden...
 Spools us beyond elements
 he infernal machine is mad as m... z... en... ni...

Étude II

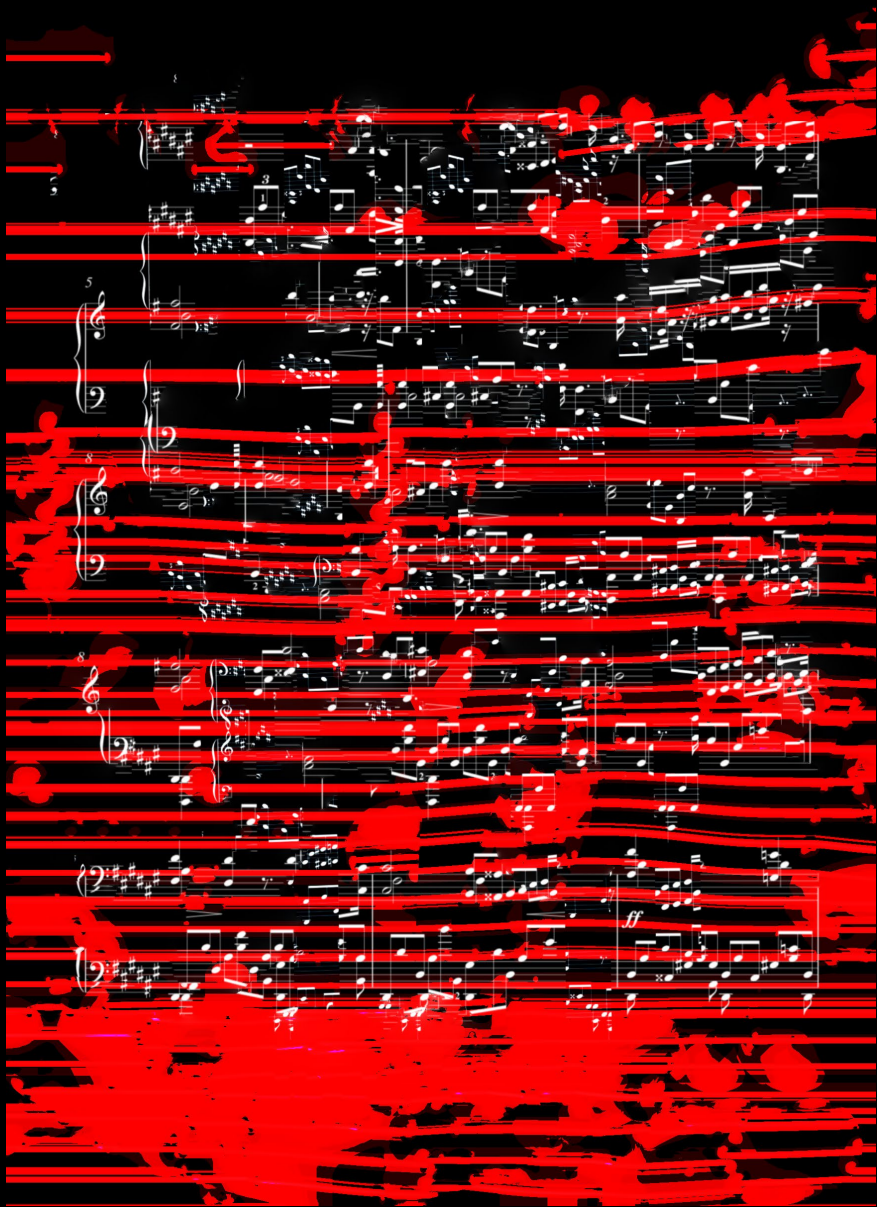
Étude II



ima

ans

Handwritten text including 'image', 'p...', 'u...', 'D...', 'u...', 'p...', 'u...', 'p...'



Étude VI

Taking in all these words these strays letting them feed where they will
Never mastering them

what if I say you're the incantation and I'm the

ingredients

You're not hungry you never are you've

Your skin itches it's always too hot in the

hot as Hell

You Every horizon is the care of a thigh

Never believe what you see in your sleep

The wet algorithm might drown you

you say yourself into being

through the mediocrity of my carcass

There's curious algebra to all this Satanic bargaining of us they

Ministrophes has a cheat sheet of burning poems

They're not

They're words respect neither of us they never have

Some of them look up when I enter the room but only briefly

hot as Hell

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

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Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

Étude VI

though

your sleep

you

yourself

being

of me

of me

of me

of me

of me

of me

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4

styh witch craft

itch craft

ph

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ways of reading the body of work

ways of reading the body of work

ways of reading the body of work

reading the

body of work

body of work

highlighting commor

highlighting commor

ymbols

WORK

Reading

reading

COMMON

NEWS



styh witch craft

styh witch craft

styh witch craft

Xviiiiiiiiiixxiixxxxi

ph



Wreck in red

Red

Red

Red

Red

Red

Red

Étude I

Étude I

Étude I

Étude I

Étude I

Étude I

Étude I

Étude I

Seated figure and behind it the mouth of a doorframe

Seated figure shifting quietly
Back into the plush

dog eyes, tongue
The curtains are as if they were all the light

it's so salty I don't like it
Sometimes they hold hands in the dark when there's no one there

Seated figure frozen meat
Tomorrow is Thursday and next week the same

Rain hammers black panes
The curtains are as if they were all the light

The curtains are as if they were all the light

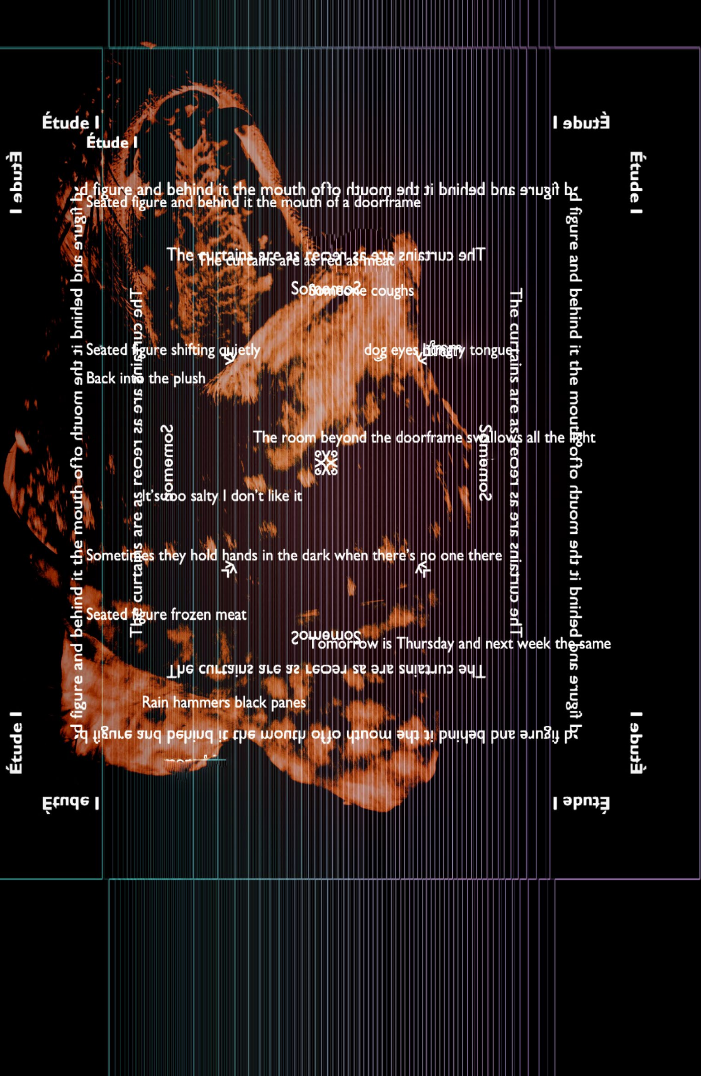
Someone coughs

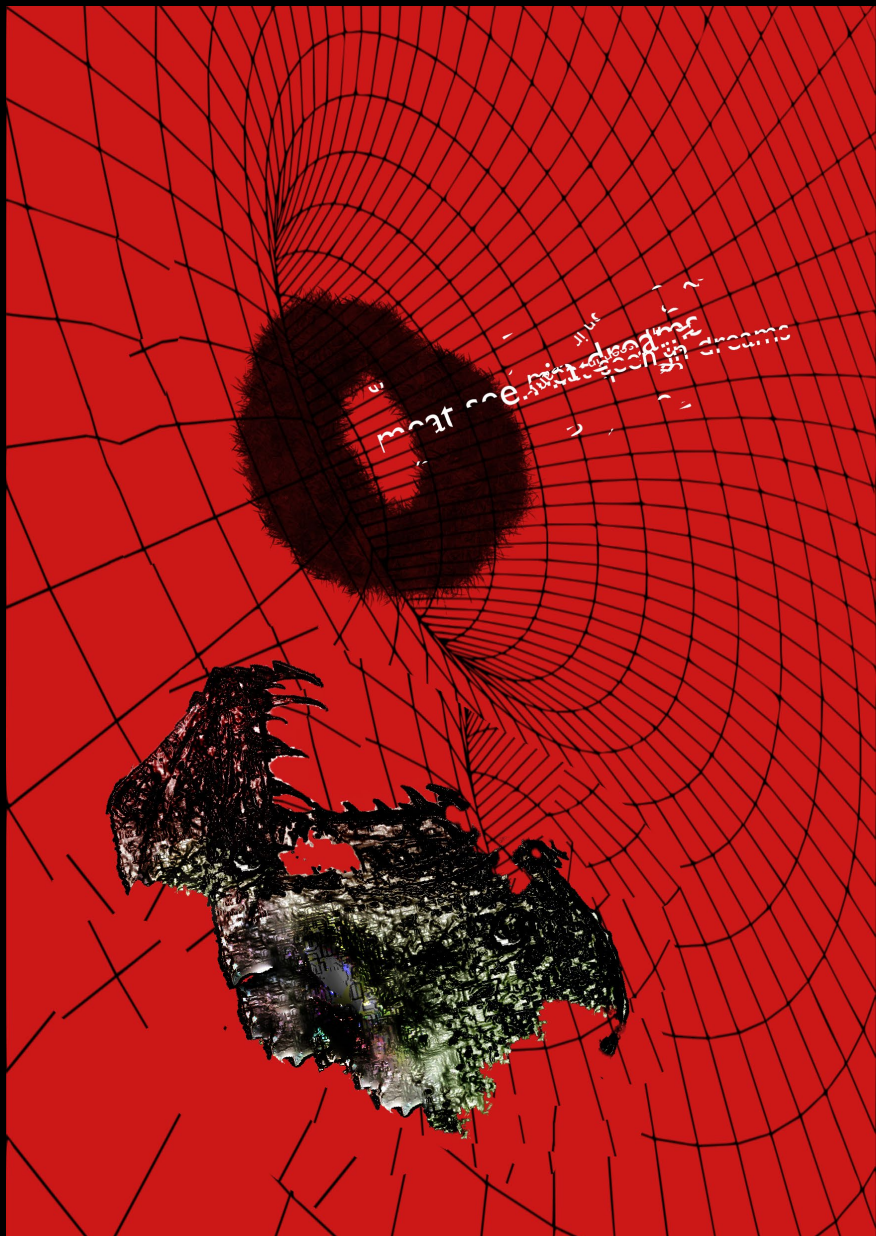
The room beyond the doorframe shows all the light

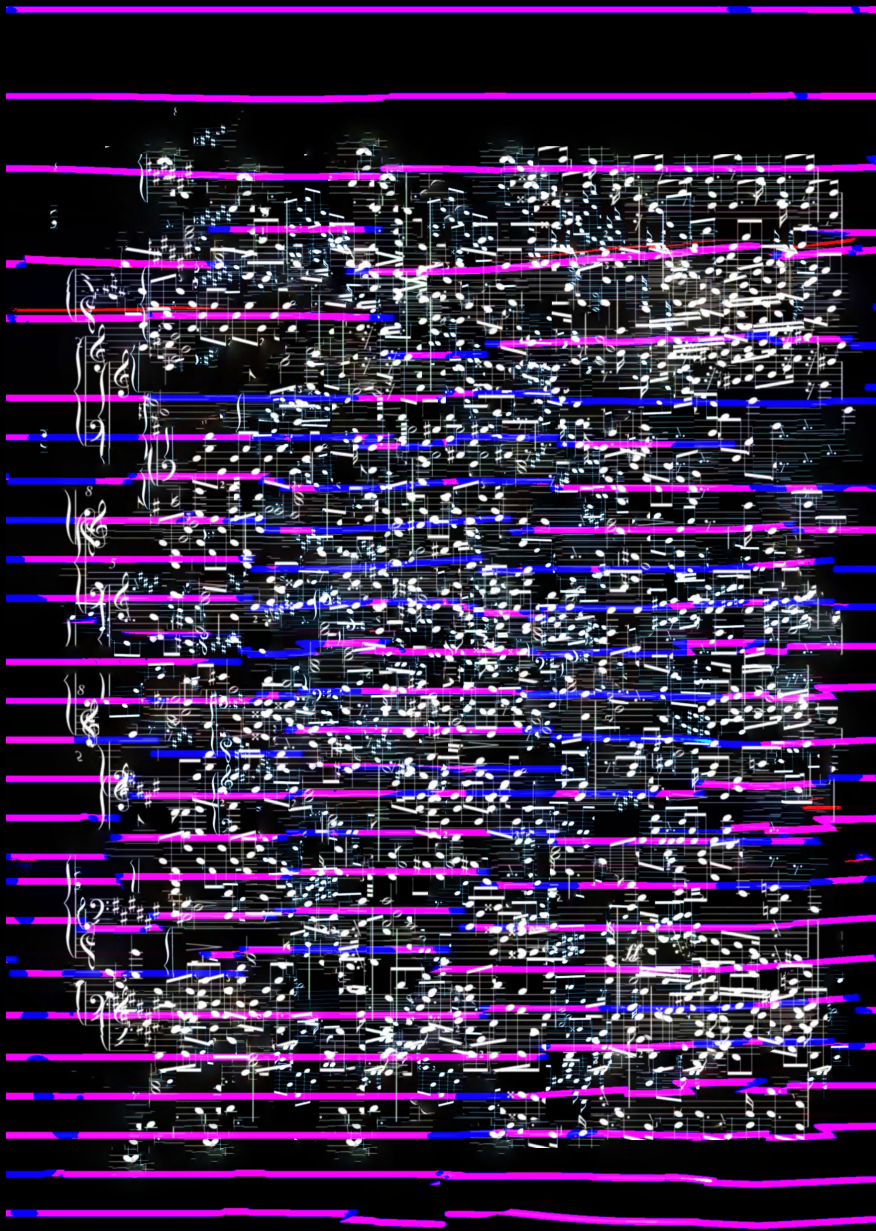
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The curtains are as if they were all the light

Rain hammers black panes







Étude V

It's not often I get the chance to think and sometimes it can only happen this way
I don't know how to say it so I won't

I don't know how to say it so I won't try to
I'm under water and an octopus inscribes the wastes

The hallway moves under water and the moon is drunk
I'm drunk and the poem orbits your reading

Arnold Schoenberg's self portrait has blood round its chops
But the monsters offer comfort

An image of the sea something endless metallic under moonlight
The Sea as a Metaphor for Death

Now we have to imagine the hostility of space instead
Ridley Scott's film poem

Now we have to imagine the hostility of space instead
Ridley Scott's film poem

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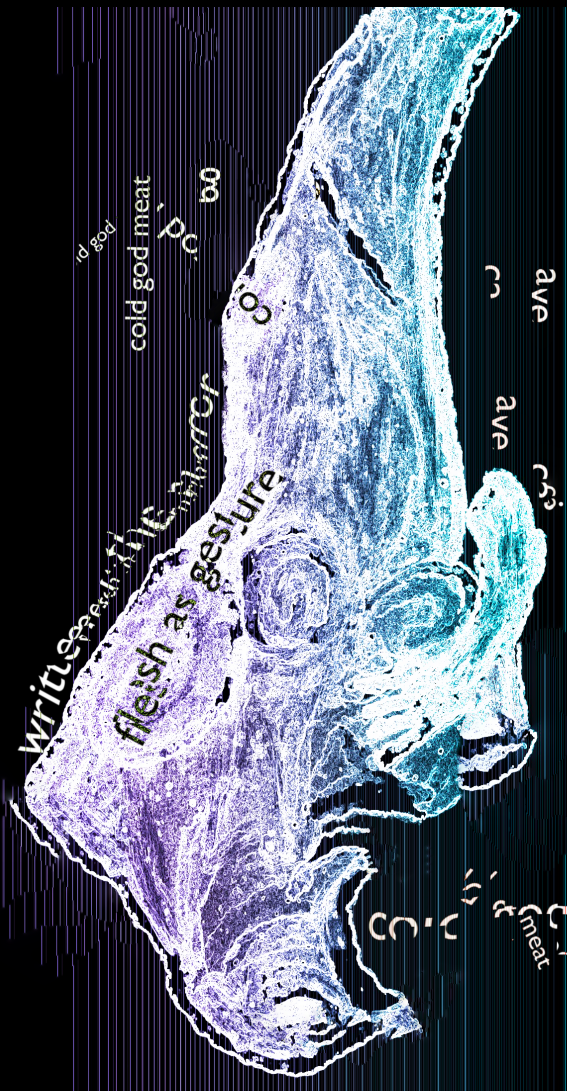
I'm under water and an octopus inscribes the wastes
I don't know how to say it so I won't try to

I don't know how to say it so I won't
It's not often I get the chance to think and sometimes it can only happen this way

Étude V

admiring your expressive carcass
admiring your expressive carcass

22



cold god meat
ave

write the mind in the mind
flesh as gesture

write the mind in the mind

ave
ave

meat
meat

www.ppt.com

ad affirmed
ed applause cut

entrepreneurial
growth

entrepreneurial
growth

need to need to
www.ppt.com

Étude VIII

But only half because it wasn't really me I wasn't in the room

Stain from childhood

Hercules running into gaping dream inked man

what help club raised

And ever since a fear of sleep

what time I was with

what do our bodies do when we're not watching?

Don't answer me please ?

Cockroaches wallpaper the floor

Your eyelashes are spiders

what do our bodies do when we're not watching?

That time I was with

leaving her with frustration

my half you

half remembering in the morning

stain from childhood

But only half because it wasn't really me I wasn't in the room

was suffocating in the mazy folds of Medusa's hair

BIO:

James Knight is a writer and artist. His visual poems have been widely anthologised and exhibited in various locations, real and virtual, including the Poetry Cafe in London, Poem Atlas and Mellom Press. Recent publications include *Rites & Passages* (Salò Press), *Bloods Dream* (Beir Bua Press) and *The Murderer Threatened* (Paper View Books). He runs Steel Incisors, a small press dedicated to innovative visual poetry. Twitter: @badbadpoet. Website: thebirdking.com. Instagram: @jkbirdking



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