

TEARATORY BY TERRY MOYLE

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In that racing-this-time drone,
a reshaped red face in the
doorway rectangle like an 'i'
with the dot over it.
The little 'I' is
a halo of giant pollen,
strange as a magnetic mine
floating in seas of
foreign latitudes.

The Id is a nose-blocked
way of saying 'is' or 'in,'
while the self is about to
sneeze and provoke a
blessing.
That horse-nostril instinct,
shoed with brainless
chemicals and straining
vein capacity.

Territory
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Territory
Terratory
Territory

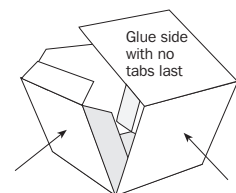
The four corners are knotted from
the limp heads of dead birds.
The always-changing border
is printed on the very same red
handkerchief that covers
the rider's face.

**The Superego has a
secret base in the
wilderness.
It has plans
for protecting the world
from the forces
of the secret unknown.**

THE GARDEN OF WHY?
TEARATORY BY TERRY MOYLE © 2011

The Ego is a smaller version
of the self and it is spelt
on the drivers license, or
the infant hospital bracelet
or on the monogrammed
side of the glossy black
horsedrawn hearse.

The blackbirds on the lawn and their
orange jousting bills and the invisible
dotted territory lines so you can tear
this little piece of the suburb right off
the crust. This leaves a tree, half a
garage and an almost empty swimming
pool with a trilobite flutterboard
floating in the bluegreen algae.



Cut out, score on reverse side (non printed)
of fold lines. Contact glue tabs for sides
then glue rest of tabs to finish cube.