

AFTER LONDON

What exactly happened?

Here the sound of the snake? Can you hear the sound of the snake?

A newly discovered planet has turned out not to be a planet...
It shivered and moaned and spurted globules with a with a shrill cry...
It gobbled into the Thames... a poisonous load... whether in disgust or fun... who knows...
But now... the river is sick... from New Qatar to Dog Island...
Under the bridges the poison flows... the river is deadly...
The governors moved quickly to contain the spread of the toxic wad...
A machine sealed the city's inner circle... known as the snake...
After London some stayed and some left... the inner circle was left to its fate...
After London the outside knows nothing of what is inside the snake...
After London the insiders know nothing of what is outside the snake...
After London the river is off limits... boiling all... and the sky is off limits too...
After London the bees have the air... nothing inside gets outside...
After London the bees block all helicopters and mobile phone signals...
After London... on the outside... a ring of mobile phone masts became hives...
After London only the inside pulses with microwaves... and talk flies...

On the Outside (of the snake)

After London everyone outside struggles with the flood caused by the comet...
After London everyone sticks with their own kind...
After London the councils of the outside are formed...
After London there is Kid's Palace, the Marshes of the Dead, the HillyDownUK...
After London the outsiders pay tribute... sacrifices are paid to the snake...
After London the outsiders feed the snake with all manner of goods...
After London, insiders receive the snake's shit as a gift of food and useful things...

On the Inside (of the snake)

After London you are in or you're out...
After London, if you are in... there is no way out... even as a corpse... unless...
After London... the insiders run the snake... from the anus to the mouth... but...
After London no insider has got further than the stomach of the snake...
After London... everyone knows the snake will digest and shit you...
After London you still believe in London (as the asset) or you don't...
After London the law of derivatives rules the inside...
After London every exchange... is a singular contract...
After London every hello/goodbye lasts as long as it takes... and no more...
After London the inside speeds up... goes faster... never stops...
After London everyone inside is a clever accelerating machine...

On the Outside (of the snake)

After London, outsiders collect the corpses of insiders that float past Dog Island...
After London everyone is laid to rest in the Marshes of the Dead...
After London, after life, the insiders and outsiders are common flesh...
After London, in life, the outsiders and insiders are noise to each other...

On the Inside (of the snake)

After London, the rhythm of the inside and outside never meet...
After London insiders
After London many insiders try to run the snake but meet a sorry end... then...
After London, one day... a miracle! An insider walks out the snake's mouth...

On the Outside (of the snake)

The insider on the outside is led before the councils and asked... 'what's inside?'

The insider on the outside speaks too fast... faster than outsiders' ears can hear...

This is what the insider said:

U slo-donners... U-lik slo rite-don shat... sic... slo-mo-blood... me-bruv sis snap-snap... see... chat... lik snippy... all-time... but never see... long-time... best friend lik... tho never see... one inna bluey moon... haps... for kosher bitch up... tindr-tender... ras skinny cap... catcha godard-season... band-app... praise God... grindr-ah... sucka Hookah... grand-ah... bag o spice... magic flutes at cov... fucking sweet OS... betcha arse mon bon ami... me-bruv sis always fly... number trade on fly... graft and result... praise Allah... grosse numero in ya fuck-off pocket... spend num-numbs on a night out... jump on an oyster... all nighter app... then straight to graft... play... and gotta graft... law of and, and, and, and... don wan be down there... low down... avec vermin... innit... numbers tech make us strong... praise Allah follow the numbers... get the numb tech... many-many different techs... many-many different names... never same-face twice tech... different tech face for different faces... not no teef... praise be to Jesus... awfully sorry... catcha uber ya... ker-ching tech... wherever... whenever... whatever tech... be whatever... be batty... ya-yah-nein-gut-ya tech... pouns shillins' pencey tech... dollar tech euro tech ruble tech... all hail renminbi... china buy... renminbi... be render mini bi... yes sta... be bi... helicopt bi... be trans- this and trans-that... be transitioning... law of and, and, and, and... silicon, scree-touch, android trans-be.... Lord of Lords... shit-app... so shuttup... U slo-donners... meh can't believe it... Why be one and not other... U-lik slo one tribe shat... that's not trans-face... that's trance face... innit... zero hours... any hours... all hours... keep tha trans-face smiling app... emoticon-on... smiley-face... me-bruv sis snap-snap... my graft... cleaner-gleaner and baristastar-insta-G star and breaker-broker-insurer-insured... three-four-five-six-seven-grafts... best... best is e to the West... to NY... e to the East... to Old Qatar... grow ya numbers... grow ya bonds bonds bonds... eat or be eaten... smile as ya eat... eat or be eaten... shard'll cut U ya lik to pieces... so don't sleep innit... absolutely... carry dynamite tech in our teeth... After London... nothing is true... everything is permitted...

Bees slo-mode the Insider...

Too fast, too fast, too fast...

Bees slo-mode the Insider...

The insider is spiked by the bees with a slower-downer at the request of the councils...

The insider finds their heart and speech decrease... until zero bpm...

The insider tells of the inside... outsiders feel a shard pierce their hearts...

What the slo-mode insider says to the outsiders...

Insiders are mobile... and have mobile friends they've not spoken... or met... but that they like... Insiders can work 24/7 without pissing and shitting... Insiders do not sleep... if they can help it... for sleep is the enemy... Insiders fight dehydration by drinking rain from puddles and bird baths made from empty foil take away trays... Insiders speak a language made from all languages from all places... and numbers both rational and irrational... Insiders are never one but many faces of blue, red, green, brown, orange, white, pink, turquoise, black and purple... part object and part silicon- machine... free to be... whatever... transnational... transgender... transitioning... trans-human-mode.... Insiders send numbers to far away places believing the numbers to be wheat and pork... insiders receive numbers from far away too and believe the numbers to be gold and silver... Insiders are either low down or up high... on the ground or in the sky... Insiders eat each other sexual organs... for breakfast... and they are never sated and enjoy exhaustion and fear...

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