

9x9

a set of poems under constraint

(a response by **Mark Leahy**
to the hyperlocal commission from ArtsandCultureExeter)

1x1

stay / step / still / slow / save

2x2

rebuttal / one-handed
engine / discourse

3x3

“anatomy is destiny”

“hidden mathematical order”

“freedom of choice”

4x4

once some stopped count
person often sleeve touched
taps palm tips only
areas hearing every beat

5x5

target gathered cake habit nod
doorway chorus shoulds harbour googlegroup
fluid household rhythm meet essential
storecupboard review six pages toward
swap duration maker End tulips

6x6

Survival is shown as a smoothed inner argument, decoding
memories of various textures, beyond the reach of any
estimate of assets.

It multiplies the ways in which a precise record is
manipulated by a despairing management.

7x7

Each day at the seven canonical hours she was lifted in the air by angels and actually heard, with her bodily organs of hearing, the glorious harmonies of the celestial chorus. So, when she was brought back to her cave, she had not the slightest need for bodily nourishment.

8x8

Mike and Vince walking along the beach towards the camera, the campervan on the cliff behind; Mike and Vince seen from behind, walking from the camera towards the surf, lightened by sunset projecting long shadows on the sand; and finally Mike and Vince huddled together, kneeling in the water and watched by a policeman with notebook as 'The End' is superimposed on the screen.

9x9

This is basically Eddie Murphy wearing wigs, see; others in this social order are participating despite a promising start in an 'across the divide' mainstream input technology whose true logic begins to feel sore, cramped, and oversized. The system was EU sycophants laboring to live in the very timing of "murder most foul" profit and of Westminster charlatans' climate line. To move the container ships, even arm the factories, and all the other's release will persist in a string of numbers.