

## unexploded ordnance (UXO)

For longer than I know it was the Royal Ordnance Factory, a site for ammunition

I lovingly called you the bomb factory, all dark and mysterious

Beautifully derelict and photogenic

The brownfield land so tempting but you were guarded and forbidden, you know how much temptation turns me on, there were patrols everywhere, so much so that sometimes Christmas Day was the only time I could break through the gates and see you. To be alone together

The years go on and hit 2012

I walk past everyday and have seen it degrade and deconstructed

You have changed, yet left things behind

Now, resurrected into a nuclear family zone

With growling canines and slipping children

Creating a legacy for future generations?

No, a village now bastardised

making beige seem so commercial

The Houses built so close together you could almost touch both, arms spanned like a hawk, pulling them together and attaching

Pre-exposure prophylaxis

If you are eligible

Side effects include headache, bloating, nausea and tiredness

More long-term concern kidney and liver function, and the loss of bone mineral density, susceptible to fractures and breakages

Immunity granted

Reckless behaviour

Experience without peril and experimentation without damage

This body a shield

A camera drone flies over, collecting images of the strategically placed houses, feeding back to me like prey. PRAY. My sensors tingle, my bones crinkle, I have a feeling in my gut. This is the time. The action group has dissolved. A new lick of paint is here.

Repeal

Reconstruct

Reject

Reduce

Reuse

Reply

Reform

Retract

Retreat

Resize

Resit resistance

Ever since the development started I sweat more

My memory begins to fade, wondering why i went downstairs or what i was searching for

I clean my house, ghostly stains emerged of empty spaces from the picture frames, I wash the walls and dust the shelves with luminous sugar soap, grey removed

Plastic bags full for charity

Getting ready to sell the house, growin up, getting bigger, movin on

I grow plants and herbs, my own form of seeding

The garden is messy, bushy, but i don't care

As i exert my muscles sweat trickles down

From the line of my spine through tufts of hair and to the parting of my glutes

A crevice to be caressed yet cleaned

And when I walk through the map my thighs rub together

A reaction, a rash

And I search for an antidote, something to smear, soak or ingest,  
something natural

Wet feet, stressed

I started to avoid chemicals, parabens, aluminiums, bpas  
all in consideration

Natural deodorants and zero waste soap

LED street lights and electric cars

Personalised registration to match your postcode

Perfectly positioned for commuters

Double glazing and temptation of insulation

Double garage and back patio laid

No work needed done this pussy got your back

But the same Bugs are still crawling everywhere

Leaving shells behind

The webs of one thousand spiders wouldn't help

I'm so itchy, bugs all over my skin, in every mucous membrane

The bugs are drilling through my body

Theres something disgusting in the term breeding, to multiply by cells,  
bricks and mortar, there are heavy loads to be carried

And then From my bloated gut, i instead could inflate thy body between  
both pebbledashed walls, scratching and scraping my winter dry skin,  
leaving a white trace, like salt for your dogs to lick

White houses, white families and white fucking dogs

This cage isn't big enough for all of us

And as I scrape against that pebbledash, slowly getting bigger, with fragile  
bones that will crush, mutate and curve, my flesh will increase and adapt to  
the roads. I will fill this site like jelly, crammed into fat, greased and  
lubricated through pipes. these roads will be mine and be my veins. I will be  
a giant using your homes as cells like a hungry parasite. We can fuck in  
every living room, kitchen and bed. It's immaculate, tiled and stainless  
steeled.

We are alone in a beige empty room, my ass in the air and you fuck me  
Its daylight and everyone else is at work

This empty house is waiting for customers

And if the tv was on it would be good fucking morning Britain playing

Spank me and hit me

grab my throat and put me down

Asphyxiation for seronegativity

Do you ever think about the grains of wood as you trace the pale colours  
of my skin

I have so calmly been living here, not making a peep, more scared of you  
than you are of me, scared to detonate or to irritate, but now I'm gonna  
agitate

I AM CLEAN HE SAYS

Just like the home, just like the host

STD free

He goes by a different name -WhatsApp on a locked screen has revealed

I search for him on networks and find the real one,

Facebook, LinkedIn, twitter - blue hues of truth and connections

they said this new blue pill is a gamechanger, no questions, read the  
studies, get online and get pepped.

Instead of the fear of fluids they could be welcomed. It's aqua coloured  
invitation, like a tiny beacon of hope, up large and sailing with a flag, waves  
crashing, zooms out

A saltire digested

Capitalisation of pharmaceuticals

Tension-typed

Proud, my country is bleeding

Something to safely resist

So Are we still breeding?

Phase 1: 2012-2017

2 for more  
Couple for more  
Looking for 3rd  
Every 3 months  
964 hectares  
4 free now  
4 phases  
M8  
701  
PA7  
1 tub 30 pills  
One a day  
Free  
2 before 2 after  
2,600 homes  
3 bed 250k  
Completion by 2033

Feeling festive?

Fairy lights flickering down your fucking windows

Ostentatious displays of wealth and happiness

No threats to the family

Yet a lack in resources

No shops, health centres or sports. No schools or post office but more  
beauty salons

Public displays of physical affection

Sharing the children's infections

Building immunity from a toxic site

Gas masks soon to be supplied by the council

And when I stand tall, daily dosing, a giant over your houses it will be my  
juice, my cum that will rain down the facades of homes as it sparkles,  
glitters and shines in the winter sunlight

This will be the toxic lagoons you feared

I have been brewing for 5 years  
I will use the cars as skates, trailblazing through, ripping out trees like  
weeds, crushing homes with my blobbed body  
Blood will seep from my stretched orifices

My gloop will breed a new village  
And aye it is ma fucking turn to take up some space  
You are a plague  
I am a rot  
I am the new bomb  
Flesh eating bugs coming from the woodworks  
Chase them with infection, with direction  
I am a serpent full of venom, slithering through puddles and the tarmaced  
tracks  
and to leave another trace I don't hesitate to spit out my gum  
My lust knows no bounds  
THIS WILL BE THE THIRD CASE OF DEMOLITON  
i was born for the fifth time in 2012

Warm  
blooded  
breaths

Paranoid skin  
An anxiety over infestation  
The avoidance of contamination  
A threat to relations  
Environmental excavation and  
Possible detonation  
The host will die and  
The family will evolve

Blue

Blue film coating  
Blue film covering glass  
Blue film protecting  
Blue film over gates, ripped  
Blue film, and empty space  
Blue film your tv in the front room with cold weather  
I am still a giant up above  
Something new to fear

## VIRUS

Eight decades of toxic waste dumped, pumped  
Pump  
Pump the water  
Pump the pipes, pump the gas, the lights, pump the camera, pump the  
streets the road, pump the stomachs, pump the mud, pump the shit, pump,  
pump  
Pump ma arse for fuck sake please  
This isn't funny this is serious fucking talk bitch

ROF

NSA

BAE

XXO

UXO

And I ever since I stopped smoking iv never wanted substance more,  
I've never wanted flesh more  
Ive never wanted something to clutch more with fists and thighs  
And yet to release it with such disciplined love

RESIT RESISTANCE

Get the new blue pill

And swalllllllooooww, me

Ma skin is yearnin

We all know bareback feels better but why do you need to say it with blood red emojis? Deep down you know the colour red screams danger but the deeper hues somehow seem sexy. Casual sex. BB baby

As if red capital Bs slapped together or up a vertical axis are the ribbed textures of my rosy insides. theres just something too insidious about your red advertisement. Not interested. sorry.

Free yourself from the ultimate risk.

Hence the walls of my latter guts to be smeared in chalky misty white

RESIT RESISTANCE

And if blood does come, spurt or spill it will blend with my translucent gloop

And the urge to cum will linger, irresistible, incapable of saying no

Impulsive man

Heat of the moment

INSATIABLE

I've od'd

Insert my dick unbagged

Flesh succumbs around

A shred of regret now shedded

Blood and milk

Dislodged

RESIT RESISTANCE

BLUE BALLS

BLUE DICK

BLUE CUM IN MY FUCKIN BLUE BOY CUNT

And afterwards your arsehole is just as ugly as your sad eyes

Both streaming with desire whilst I am done

I AM DONE

Don't touch me as I leave the building,

we have finished