

SUBJECT # DW 0000

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The whole page is a part

Information regarding this
experiment should be
directed to

CollectiveHub @ yahoo.com

By dictation: The MVB
of

Technical emergency ~~_____~~

Coactive emergency

Jarker ~~_____~~

000 MO

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Owen's Waiting

1

tomorrow *the* warrior

I: A Startling Bright

g s i n J
o

*This is what I mean
you have to believe in me*

I mean:

It is the pleasure of speaking with you again
now you are dead.
It is your hair against my fingers

and jasmine.

It is a hole in the windscreen

and your empty seat.

It is a blindness after the doctor's light.

I mean:

There was this accident.

was 19
A cigarette but
make a circle
a life



2

Triangle square
here is everything

*purchase on the day
stared but being
found
bought
time*

*now new now
the shops are
G Sion J
no more
more more
more more more
more*

tomorrow the warrior without teeth
tomorrow the empty ship.

vermilion in your eyes -----

a steal shaft

driven into blind meridian

birth

binds your left ankle wrist with newly wound hair -

too tight

tomorrow we took tentative steps around a bright
sonorous
edge





Tomorrow Owen

rice paper

fire light geometry ---

comets

sing algebraic form laaarrrs

heptagonal faces spread cavities

holes

in the sky ridge

herpes -

the creeping serpent

in facts flesh -

lives in the dark well of iris lips...

tomorrow I told you a story

Yes Owen

spittice

white kind
of wood is
this



The juxtaposition of
tire spinning against sky
holds my attention:
a tight rope.

I woke with images in my fingers,

your
bent shadow face with in my spiral print my
mother -----

are you listening?





are you listening?

Yes Owen

can you hear the baby?

Yes Owen

dark laughing in thick water

drowning into life

birthing

star exploding - image lit from inside

I drink

word

sounds

through my belly

liquid sand suspended air

intake

furious warrior find your teeth in the bath

wait three times for Owen

drink -----

wait three times for Owen

drink -----

wait three times for Owen ----

i will not be there

i will be waiting

Bloated eel decomposes in side this evolutionary boat -
a tongue turning in my mouth.

tomorrow the empty ship

Going sailing?

boats are sinking

baby

climbing liferidge - skull miss shapen

looking is reflection

I see eyes open - think your seeing?

vision is invention

flight

collision

flight

collision

vision is distortion

flightcollision

ratios' collapsing

1

can't you hear them?

A Lightning Heart

V:

70

you
will
pool

in hollows

skull miss shapen

reality's a private mem brane

yesterday

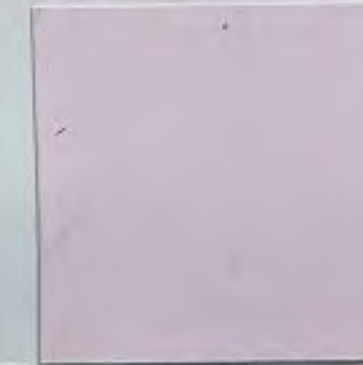
yours

is

leaking



Scarlet Ribbons EB/M CP*
chip 2



Carrine Blanche W
chip 111



Perrini W
chip 354

Owen's eating shadows in the corner of the bedroom
sand --- obsidian

eating my capsule cradle - baby

spreading fingers

furious warrior wait

three day times

embrace the creeping serpent

infected flesh lives in the dark well of iris lips ---

baby -

all around me

eating me with fingertips

envelope

me

ba by

body my body is a baby

worrying about the unstable nature of dawn ----- I

feel

blood

stream

love

nervous arteries embrace

I'm in a hunted heaven

here...

hear me?

Yes Owen

you are my baby now





Owen lifts self a cross the room
pulls at my throat,
carries sea weed green bottle
suspended sand air
vermilion marble
rattle ---

lifts it to my eye -
sea weed
green bottle
green weed
sea throat
see see see --- vermilion

i'm gathering the colours - can you see
me?

Yes Owen



Magnetic Blue B CP*
chip 251



Water Raceway D
chip 275



Blue Veil W
chip 317

I mean:

In my imaginary heart there are no moving elements.

Time is in visible

bouncing off no thing in there -

lips with out context

Speak to you

In other

a whale morns outside my window

the sea with drew tomorrow -

left me stranded

took you.

THE EPIC





lame

H

8

Into

There are sand sounds under my tongue - with in my nerves.

vermilion rattle reflected -
tomorrow I saw vermilion in your eyes - baby

Owen watches me from behind curtains - from 3rd step
chest

caged ribs
listening for my heart beat

ba bee
ba bee
ba bee

tomorrow is a baby - Owen tells stories ---

are you listening?

Yes Owen

yesterday you are a baby breathing frosted glass

Owen lifts me from capsule cradle,
runs lips across my feet,
comes from curtains
lifts me from bed
runs lips across my calves
comes from step
eats my cradle
sucks at the back of my knees with creeping serpent flesh -

pausing --- leg in hand -----

Owen watches a moth

fight

roving head lights -----



Owen's mouth : gashed protrudence
chewing
my left hand
thick

pain patterns the wall
ancestral designs show time of year
sex melting point.

i conjure stories from your fingers
perceptual virus from pigment spit

are you listening?



i'll paint a reality just for you

I mean:

Time reflects off moving parts

exhaust suspension drive shaft -

sun sheds skin a cross car's underbelly -

reality

streams through the lucid cogs of a watch garden

reflection

shows us time has passed ---

time is relative

perception

light's deflection exhaust suspension drive shaft shaft fire

fire

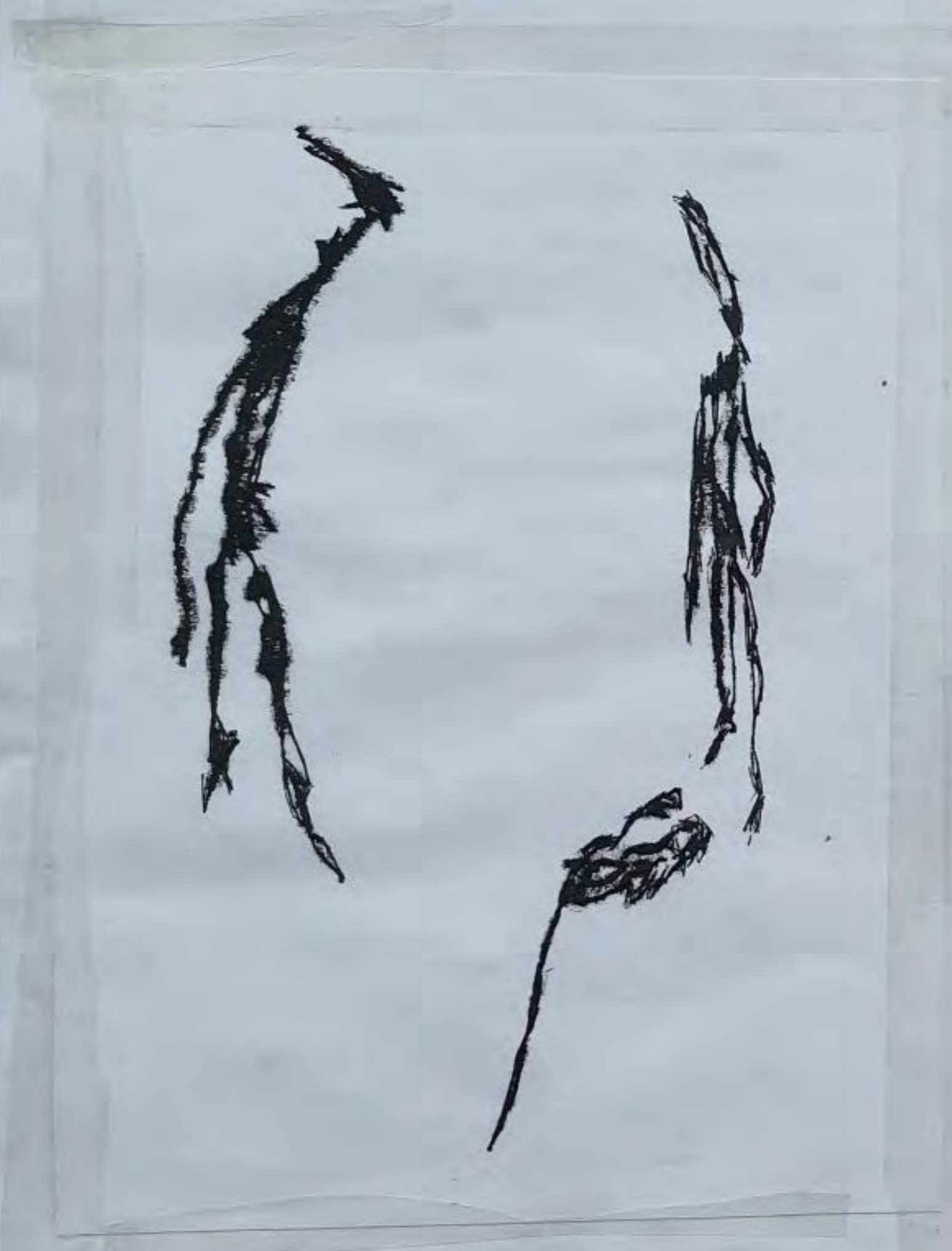
light

geometry sirens screaming

up side down proportions -

tires spinning against sky holds a tention

a tight rope.



Fire light geometry:

I thought there was a hole in the sky ridge
yesterday I see four
fold.

Owen's heptagonal face radiates nebulous symmetry,
sound emanates 7 co-ordinates -
enters ~~my~~ flesh at a ratio of 9:8 -
9 to 8

tone attracts spiders -
infection rate rising audible virus

I feel sound shrapnel in my nerves.
An unstable melody sings in my blood ---

can you taste it?

I can not taste unless I hold my nose
an eel in my mouth. Owen has woven fresh
skin sack contains me underthick air water ivory
grows moss - my left wrist is exposed bone teeth
marks ---
a clenched jaw surgery
a tourniquet of newly wound hair carries my
flesh through the room ---
a spider's sex object fuck fire palm new spider
hand grafted to my body baby by
Owen ----- gunk
mother

botched

bat ch

embryo

sperm.



on the left
of mind

My left spider wipes the sweet from my brow ----- frightens me

I close eye mind
fluid chest pain
warps the bottle rattle
sand air
sack surrounds me
world expands contracts
expands contracts
expands contracts

I see in 4/4

Owen dumps me in the bath to wait
for Owen.

~~i will not come~~

Owen is collecting pigments for his painting me a

Voices stream down from the street lamp tasting of figs - Owen is painting me
a story coat reality.

yesterday you will be dead

Owen sucks at the back of my knees - at mem brane
viral tendrils fondle my nerves
invade my equation ---

my left spider runs pale legs across hair - neck - chest - nipple -
feeding scares within crimson skin Owen consumes birth sack opaque slides
eyes
vertigo gondola pitches
Venice is sinking.

Owen stands beside me - bundled vibration
translucent apparition
solid imploding phantom

10 curved scrawl licks foster meaning constructions;
three words

throw forth a family of debris... pyth ago ras
pythago ras
pressure in the right place frees a moth

Yes Owen





A window eats rain seeds

Owen feeds an open book with freshly ground Jasmine flesh,
offers me to touch

^{pig} headed tube man
women lives without breath
between crisp sheets -

satin against my fingers juxtaposes feeling and sight
element of surprise

infiltrating mind
courting surrender's firm edges -

you awake in my dream
with reclining breast peacocks for ears
flaring

every sound is a different shade of threat
buried in your sown up chest -----

The porcelain is cold.

My left spider is crying trying to climb out of the bath.

hand less trojan

the empty cavity is full last night

collect ~~your~~ teeth

consume

yesterday you will be dead

I know ~~Owen~~

~~I will not be there~~

I am washing

I know Owen



A new plane - ^{to another} angle turned towards -----

Cicada's oscillations are green pitch forks
in beaded chain stretching fountain to furnace -
pass them between your fingers - vertebra of a small dark snake - watch from
behind your tongue sounds pattern matter
decibels distort vision noise casts white light over the table

Your voice's signature tangle of available tones
wave form ^{fusion} amalgam vibrates my bones at 1298 hertz -

long generation

the frequency of fascination ---

cosmic
music radiation
tears matter psychic

fluid

foundation

foun da ston

lon a da ston

low da ston

it is time

for

the

extraction

Yes Owen





I feel a disturbing resonance
motion to matter delicate danger
 key note stroke
offers molecular window

come -----

 singing sun
light my image from the inside
lonely arteries hollow binaries desperate conjoineries of mahogany and silt

your blade

shines

with red wood abandon -----

 the mirror eats 7 street lamps and a full bright moon
 holds a whale's bone vertical --- a baby breaking
tremulous infection
vibration -

at rest

the walls

are not resting.

My palm spider smells transmigration of sulphur through cell walls -
void sheds energy skins

- chamber --- chamber ----- flow -----

hand is hot around mine
tormented lips a wonderful opening
membranes convulse viral fever

world's bent frame

deviates

216 years north

north-west of foetal mandala.

10 seconds

to birth baby

harmonic cosmogony -

Nerves morph in a cold white bath,

subject objects

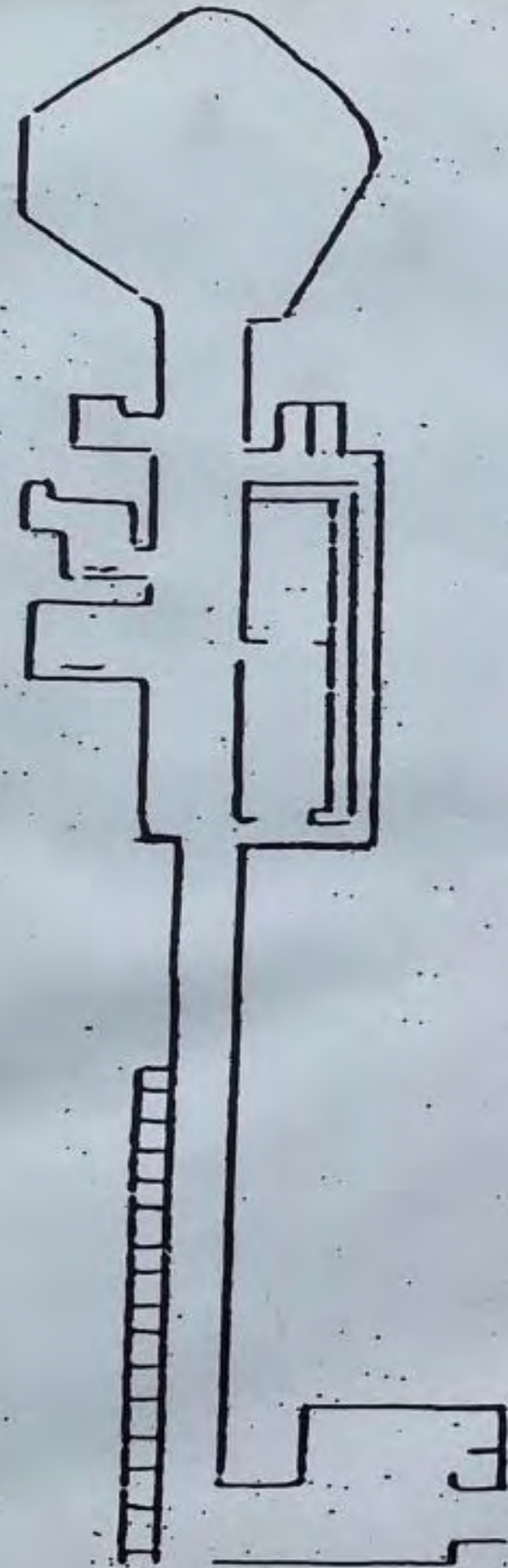
object subjected to various bestial interpretations -

my reflection in frosted glass is an exponential feather baby holding spider.

I am frightened of spiders

buried in palm

belly drinks breath



hears musical dissonance - fluidity

- womb --- womb ----- flow -----

Time is very big -

phos phor es cent lamps every where.

Owen's fingers fan pigment image:

a bird's bright beak bends

whale skin

futures spill in to sand

fire glass amalgam

whale vertebra beneath nails swells margins of disbelief

empties hieroglyphs in to sea

pictures in waves

photo sensitive sleeve

skin

snake shed thread bare in can ta tions roll in with the swell.

yesterday's light will catch in your eyes


Rounded tongue vibrations boil my walls when quiet walls
are not silent re verb e rations contain my mind in barbed
wire capsule cradles baby there is a baby I am a baby
worrying ~~about~~ the unstable nature dawn



III: Is This a Heaven?

28

OneSunSon draws on frosted windows
aquatic membranes ~~revealed~~

gravity will not hold you
baby
find your self  in the bath
slide slick from warrior with out teeth
----- breath baby

tomorrow the empty ship

sails

breathe wait

breathe wait ---

wait

i will not be there

I know.

I fall, limbs too long #unstable on my feet
a severed ankle.

The bathroom lifting wax work bent porcelain
stars warble in twisted trajectories -----

— none fall while I watch / —

I rise. I convince my left spider to strike the window.
Intense sound glass molecules vibrate growling intensity
pane dissipates. Microscopic particles frosted glass scatter *over crystals*
mahogany table bath tub. Owen smiles strangely loose -
blister cuts on lips surge apart - a myriad of smiles.

are you still a baby?

No.

you will follow me

No -----

— this is the exclamation point — the strength

Owen turns. I see three words I can not read. I
stand, my right leg is longer than my left
foot has been removed at the ankle; I favour this leg -
leaning on it when at rest I am not resting my mind is speaking
Owen climbs through the window.

I don't follow.

I climb through the window diving into canal - two gondolas float on a street corner kissing ~~covered in blood~~. I swim towards a doorway marked EXIT. The shop has nothing to fit me. In a corner cream plinth three blackened severed feet. I take one. With long lengths of platted hair and a bird's bright beak I attach foot to stump. Foot splays to the side under the weight of walking as though I had been sitting on it for a week.

Have I done this to impress?

Owen is through a doorway. The room is drenching light. I see one of my paintings - ExpulsioN -

I'll meet you at 3.

i will not be there

I am
washing

Owen shuts the door in my face ↓ leaves windows open. With small curve bladed scissors I convince my left spider to cut the platted hair pull foot off --- as if a snake's skin thread bear fresh pink ankle heal arch toes.

I leave the dead foot at Owen's door - the new one is strong for walking. Back amongst the racks the attendant tells me to ask Isabella Carrington about the watch garden.

- I leave - -----





I mean:

Watch garden

by night
is gilded gold cogs in sand fire

time

~~the~~ silent rotation
red blue red blue lights
light the image from in side

its far too dark out here.

In the canal

water pools in hollows
sand covers everything.

A whale rests in the middle of the channel.

Two gondolas
engage
in
slat matchstick
fornication.

I smell jasmine.

if the whale dies I will cut its skin

I know Owen.





A whale wedged between a brick wall
and a series of blue red blue red doors

Two Gondolas
live between fibre sheets

Owen can not be seen

Adrift hand less ^tTrojan

Isabella sits cross-legged
suspended by strings
from two beams in a high stylised attic.

The hole through which Isabella crawled is a
blue column of light
colliding corrugated roofing
shafting at 12 angles of indifference.

Isabella plats long strands of mother's dark
hair; rope she coils around small white flowers she
picks vines growing over the roof. Her creations
slowly come to life fly away. Each birth she
thinks of her mother. Some moments of flying -
hairflowers return

fall asleep in a small cloth bag.

Cusping

VII:

I

O

I

I mean:

there was this accident
Everyone woke up dead
not everyone woke up
not everyone woke up

dead.

There was lots of dead.

I mean

upside down fast sparks lifting from my hair
upside down glass shifting.

Upside down

harness holds me - not my arms - my arms dangle
hands puffed up, swollen with blood - and my head.

My head is full blood, too full blood in side not like the others
theirs comes out

too much blood comes out

out comes too much up side down me up side down

them out side down looking with dead sheep eyes

shee peyes

dea dsh eep eyes

eyes eyes mum opens her dead sheep eyes ---

tells me to keep her alive in my dreams -

I mean:

there was this accident





Spelly

In a corner of the attic crouches a vacuum translucent empty ness
void no thing ness creation annihilation balance rage.

It sucks at the room feverish actions create the shadow of gravity.
Particles of dust orbit.

Isabella's fingers give life to an other hairflower it flies - petals
flapping wings. The void draws it with song. The hairflower
disintegrate in vacuum.
Virtual parts invisible.

A Frontal Positive Slow Wave (FPSW) arcs across the wall:
memory imprint, Isabella's brain wave calligraphy some where
between short term long term distinction.

now spells

Memory Imprint 0:

A medical setting. Needle for the eye. Herpes is grown on the
corner of rabbits - a shaft of steel fashions refractions against the
wall a man stands with his innards exposed a picture of a man
laminated - stands with his innards exposed - offering hollow point
incision. He insists - 'you want to live don't you? - he insists
'you're hurt aren't you -
there was this accident.'

Isabella driven into blind centre
silver is three shades of red irrepressible swelling -

not crying - swelling.

FPSW peaks
descends. Isabella remembers:

wake up in eye patch - the blindness of that

low chattering room

her name is

'the subject'

*owens waiting
ow*

The void corner is transparent
again
for the first time
Isabella hears my voice radiate

The sea will return,
though not in time to save the whale.

The fish died quickly mother.

They always do.

I mean:

It isn't yesterday
or tomorrow -

*offer
lowered
consciousness*

it is some time else.



Fragmented text on the left page, including the letters 'p', 'C', 'G', 'in', and 'n'.

From her attic window Isabella can see the whale. Its tail twitches.

Conserve your energy.

Isabella feels low vibratory hum shake attic beams Cicada shells
fall through hole
hit ground
crack into some other fragments.

*beside the music scattered
the soft fluid head of
a disintegrating instrument*

Whale speak?

In the canal

Pools of water shake in hollows

the gondolas have left a trail of blood

if the whale dies I will cut its skin

I know Owen.

I smell jasmine

Cuspsing

The
Cobra's god

The Experiment:

[Details as stated in Document 3472 available at www.collectivehub.com]

on request at

CollectiveHub & Yahoo!

apothecary archive.com

Viral status: Active.

Squeezing between whale and red blue red blue doors the sand gets thicker - I see ocean surges upstreet between buildings lower stories worn by recent underwater month. Shell creatures and stringy plants are dying or dead. Some buildings have collapsed - in others the second story is inhabitable. The trees lining the road are decomposing. Looking up the street, passed the trapped whale Rowan's still stand.

Berries signify vision

Leaves signify season

Rowan's crouch in accepted madness.

Beyond this the escarpment rises - a vast hollow loneliness overlooking Owen's painting.

collecting pigments for the painting





Hollows brimming water call to me - series of
intricate legible ripples. I lie down

displacing water moves from me in all
directions reminiscent of chest X-ray.

Hollow holds me - cracked wet egg to push against.

My left spider peals open
fresh flesh bloom born hand remains.

Sky sucks rushing house upward.

Owen shadows over me

buildings trans form obelisk shaft - tip
tip -

shaft sky blue holes
dancing
number
per fo rations.

Lift from ob e lisk

bright sonorous edge - - - - -
can you feel it?

Owen watches the obelisk - paints a flight of stairs
leading to under ground train station passing me smiling
kissing my head -

voices move through ~~my~~ mind -

~~my~~ nerves grow towards them.

Light image from in side -
~~life data dinner - consumed - voices will move~~
through your minds -
infection rates rise -

cosmic music
sings

audible
nervous

virus

----- "" "" ----- = 0

sun one
one sun son





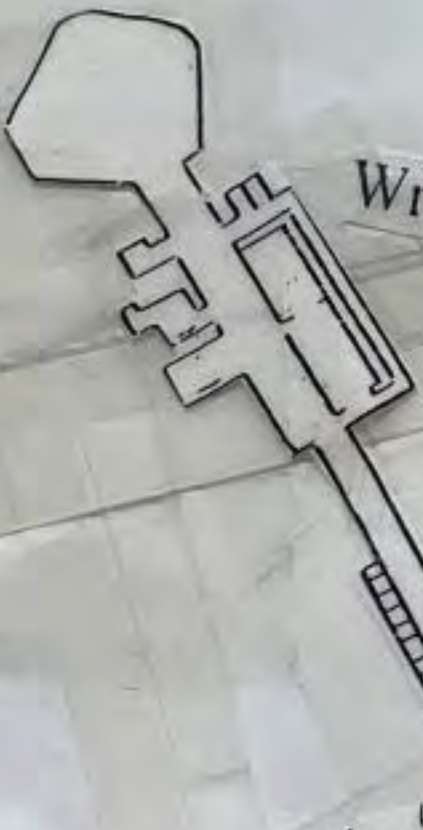
the extraction **iS** looking

for the doors

I
paint for you -----

we will hold hands
with
voices

_____*)++)++++= 0



Written text and vocal performance:

Gareth Sion Jenkins:

Owen's Waiting

Recording and engineering of 3D Sound.

arranged by G. Jenkins and Sound co-

Auditory DATA supplied contains virus 1371012 designed to record 51:13 minutes of Subject-ive experience.

Subject 233344440 has waved right of refusal: - see : www.collectivehub.com

Experiment 'Owen's Waiting' designed to investigate the subjective experience of death.

DATA held under privacy regulations controlled by CollectivehuB [Research Division] Pty Ltd.

Recording can be used in entertainment context as seen fit by CollectivehuB Pty Ltd.

Subject 233344440 must consume auditory DATA through HEADPHONES.

Subject 233344440 - you have 44 hours to comply

make each book unique.



I wouldn't drop a boy

I am here

this is my

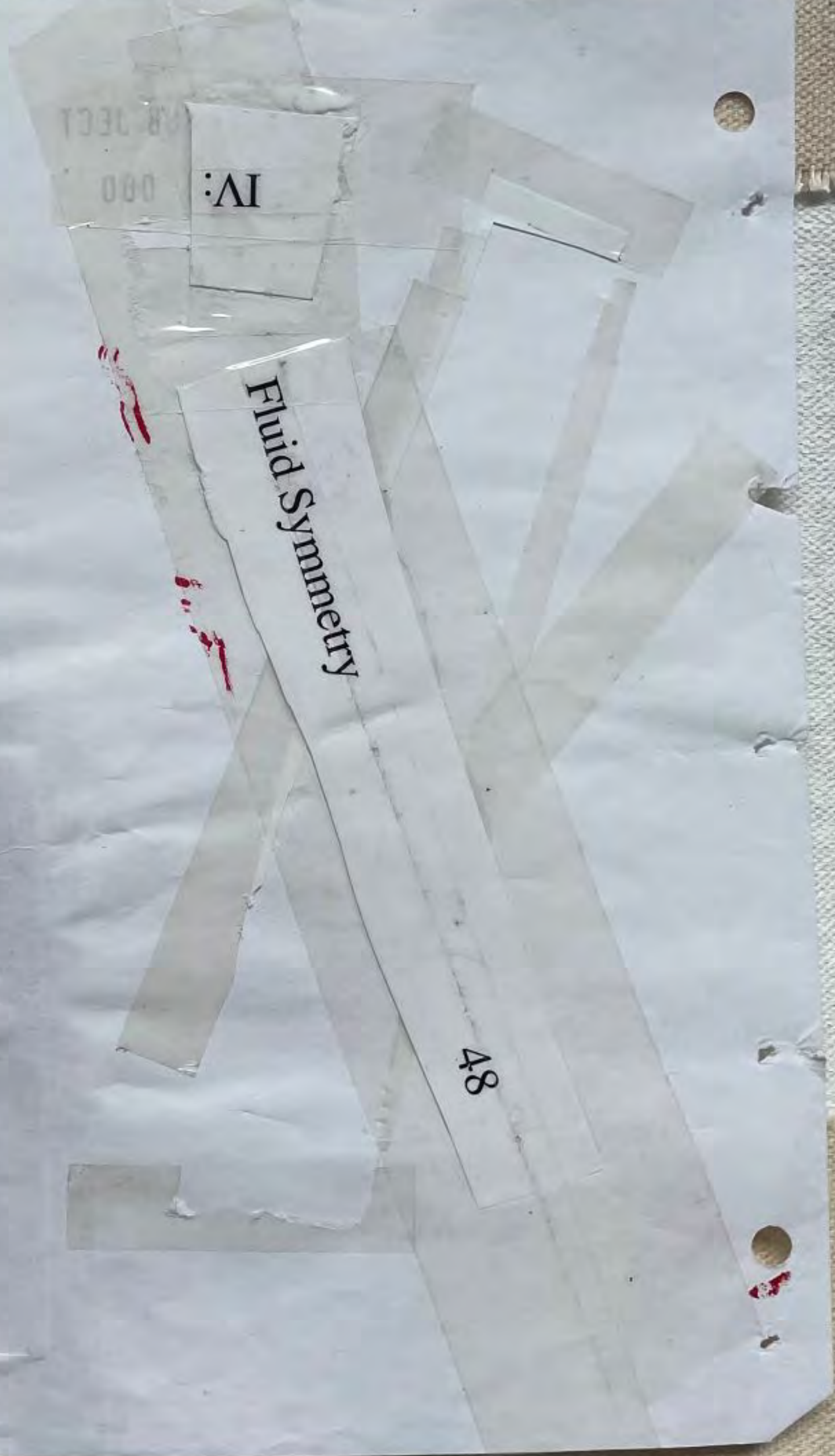
making



IV: 000

Fluid Symmetry

48



the sun's warmth is love

energy

love

SUBJECT

OW 000

sub jerktt

Hera Loy took me suddenly in

January

A flow of sound

to express my inner
thoughts.

→ love me see see see

see

see

see

me

this is so essential

these regulations

in our projections

at a time

learned

we are

projecting ourselves

into the future - we

create this experience

positive

negative

as will is

there there



SUBJECT

DW 000

SUBJECT