

NO WORDS
 BE THE FIRST ONE
 ELEGS - HE WAS TRYING
 HOW HE COULD SHAPE
 WERE BLODES ON THE
 ON THE JUKEBOX
 I DON'T BELIEVE
 AND BLACK + TM
 I REALIZED THAT HE HAD
 DR SOMETHING AND I
 YOU WERE FIRST IN
 AND THAT I HAD NO
 ALL MADE SENSE I MEAN IT SEEMED REVEALING
 TO GET AND COLLECT

I don't go back to look for
 there that place in meadow where we were living in the
 there that time + that's what I did at the time
 head already + west Yorkshire I did + I was
 then I went to London to work for the
 AND THE NEW YORK FOUND ME IN THE
 CLAY PITS, FEEDING THE FIRES, TENDING THE STOCK



TRINITY TO ST. MARY'S

The air is different, there's heat in it, a vague Spanish smell.
Trinity shopping centre, a conventional generation. The
air is cool and clear, it's meant to be industrial I suppose
an art installation. There are fluorescent tube lights, push to

The thinking about the places we visit, Phoenix, Wrexham, G
I've forgotten the names of, they were dark places, covered
mirrors and black walls.

My hair's a mess, the hair's dressing is.

Trinity is a street of white shops on a city wrapping grid
and like that. It's a webbed canopy of air wrapping grid
the distance rather than the distance engineering, the con
ages. The mall is suspended between the facade of its
potential closure of its retail sales, a devil detour
architectural, simply stationed at every level.

I emerge on Brighton. There's a sense of relief in that
walking down, in silence, in which adds time through
the Apple Store. I remember pictures in the beaching of

Lodge around Victoria Quarter feeling self conscious, just
feel spending from Bates and Harvey Nichols.

Somewhere between Kirkcaldy and Viner Lane a knot of air
is more crowded than West Yorkshire. There's a safe, white
heat is imitating today, remodeling the city.

The shopping district is the medieval city boundary, you fit
Business Improvement Districts. Man crawling beneath
chakra grounds.

Burley Bar Stone, the corner of the Headrow and Almon. Sit
to the east where the Chinese Supermarkets were. Ann
Bar, lion.

Kirkcaldy market. I remember one Christmas knee of
white chrysothemum. I was living in Woodhouse the
been sometimes, before the bus to Marley or Brighton.

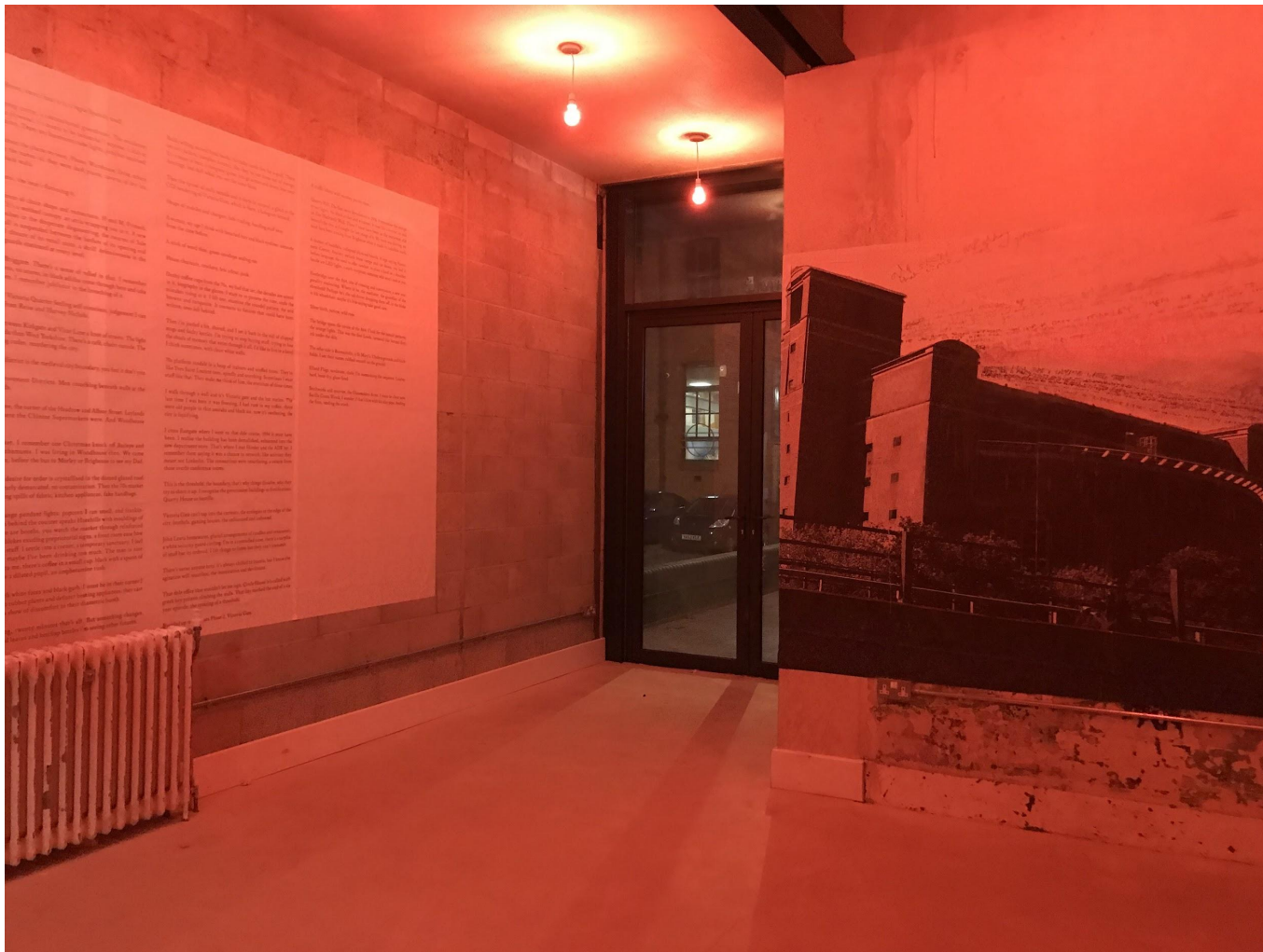
The Victoria's desire for order is crystallized in the dome
Each will be clearly demarcated, an transmission. There is
bill, illuminating spells of labor, kitchen appliances, fake

A rift with strange pendant lights, popcorn I can smell
cousin. The marketplace the corner of speaks Harehills with
Arthur. There are kiosks, you watch the market place
purple White kiosks exuding proprietorial signs, a fountain
they sit on the roof. I walk into a corner, a fountain
exposed today, marble. I've been drinking too much. The
how he speaks to me, there's coffee in a small cup, black. The
white sugar like a diluted pupil, an amphetamine rock.

High doors, with white faces and black garb. I must be in
waiting for more rubber plants and delicate looking apples
planted in a show of disinterest in their disinterest. In

I don't say long, twenty minutes, thirty all. But nothing
through walled leaves and leafless berries. I'm seeing an





TRINITY TO ST.MARY'S

The air is different, there's heat in it, a rogue Spanish smell.

Trinity shopping centre, a contaminated greenhouse. The escalators are encased in plywood, it's meant to be industrial I suppose, a club or an art installation. There are fluorescent tube lights, pink but sanitised.

I'm thinking about the places we went. Photo Warehouse, Orbit, others I've forgotten the names of, they were dark places, caverns of dry ice, mirrors and black walls.

My hair's a mess, the heat's flattening it.

Trinity is a circus of chain shops and restaurants, H and M, Primark, shit like that. It's a webbed canopy, an atria wrapping you in it. A new skinlessness pulses in the desperate sloganeering, the swarms of Sale signs. The mall is suspended between the failure of its opening and the piecemeal closure of its retail units, a shrill defensiveness in the architecture, guards stationed at every level.

I emerge on Brigate. There's a sense of relief in that. I remember watching dozens, no scores, in black adidas come through here and take the Apple Store. I remember jubilation in the breaching of it.

I edge around Victoria Quarter feeling self conscious, judgement I can feel spooling from Reiss and Harvey Nichols.

Somewhere between Kirkgate and Vicar Lane a knot of stress. The light is more Granada than West Yorkshire. There's a café, chairs outside. The heat is undoing codes, reordering the city.

The shopping district is the medieval city boundary, you feel it don't you.

Business Improvement Districts. Men crouching beneath walls at the cholera grounds.

Burley Bar Stone, the corner of the Headrow and Albion Street. Leylands to the east where the Chinese Supermarkets were. And Woodhouse Bar, lost.

Kirkgate market. I remember one Christmas knock off Baileys and white chrysanthemums. I was living in Woodhouse then. We came here sometimes, before the bus to Morley or Brighouse to see my Dad.

The Victorian desire for order is crystallised in the domed glazed roof. Each stall is clearly demarcated, no contamination. Then the 70s market hall, shimmering spills of fabric, kitchen appliances, fake handbags.

A café with orange pendant lights, popcorn I can smell, and frankincense. The man behind the counter speaks Harebills with mouldings of Amharic. There are booths, you watch the market through reinforced perspex. White blazes exuding prepritorial signs, a front room case how they talk to the staff. I settle into a corner, a temporary sanctuary. I feel exposed today, maybe I've been drinking too much. The man is nice how he speaks to me, there's coffee in a small cup, black with a spoon of white sugar like a dilated pupil, an amphetamine rush.

Irish sisters with white faces and black garb. I must be in their corner I realise, between rubber plants and defunct heating appliances; they cast glances, make a show of discomfort in their diametric booth.

I don't stay long, twenty minutes that's all. But something changes, through striated leaves and ketchup bottles I'm seeing other futures.

Stalls selling second hand books, birthday cards five for a quid. There are suit jackets, camphor scented, like they've just come out of storage. It's a maze in here, a computer game, you go across and down, lost your bearings, feel daff when you see the same faces.

Then the sprawl of stalls outside and it starts to unravel, a glitch in the CGI rendering of Victoria Gate, which is there, a hologram beyond.

Heaps of mobiles and chargers, lads trading, handing staff over.

A woman, my age I think with bleached hair and black eyeliner, someone from the time before.

A stink of weed then, green envelope sealing me.

House clearance, crockery, bric a brac, junk.

Denby coffee cups from the 70s, we had that set, the decades are scored in it, biography in the glazes. I want to re possess the time, undo the mistakes rising in it. I lift one, examine the rounded patterns, the mid browns and turquoise. It connects to futures that could have been written, ones left behind.

Then I'm jostled a bit, shoved, and I set it back in the roll of chipped mugs and faulty kettles. I'm trying to stop buying stuff, trying to lose the shreds of memory that swim through it all. I'd like to live in a hotel I think sometimes, with clean white walls.

70s platform sandals in a heap of trainers and scuffed boots. They're like Yves Saint Laurent ones, spindly and scorching. Sometimes I wear stuff like that. They make me think of him, the eroticism of those times.

I walk through a wall and it's Victoria gate and the bus station. The last time I was here it was freezing, I had run in my coffee, there were old people in thin anoraks and black ice, now it's sweltering, the city is liquifying.

I cross Eastgate where I went on that dole course, 1994 it must have been. I realise the building has been demolished, subsumed into the new department store. That's where I met Hinder and the ADF lot. I remember them saying it was a chance to network, like activists they meant not LinkedIn. The connections were resurfacing, a swarm from those overlit conference rooms.

This is the threshold, the boundary, that's why things dissolve, why they try to shore it up. I recognise the government buildings as fortifications, Quarry House as bastille.

Victoria Gate can't tap into the currents, the ecologies at the edge of the city, brothels, gaming houses, the unlicensed and unbound.

John Lewis homeworks, glacial arrangements of candles and ornaments, a white security guard circling. I'm in a controlled area, there's a surplus of stuff but its ordered. I lift things to listen but they can't transmit.

There's never anyone here, it's always chilled to inertia, but I know the agitation will resurface, the intoxication and desolation.

That dole office that wouldn't let me sign, Circle House it's called with greek key pattern climbing the walls. That day marked the end of a six year episode, the crossing of a threshold.

Brum'd up warehouses Phase 2, Victoria Gate.

A traffic island with monkey puzzle trees.

Quarry Hill. The flats were demolished in 1976. I remember the orange street lights, the black robes and windows. It was like a barrier, an end on like Hadrian's Wall. There I must have been at the motorway sild beneath the city as I caught the last image of it. My mum was driving, we must have been coming from Brighouse when it made its indelible mark.

A thicket of buddleia, collapsed plywood boards. A sign saying Assessment Centre. Anxiety unfolds from ramps and car doors, you feel it before language, the need to offer comfort, to place a hand on a shoulder. Inside are LED lights, a stark reception, someone who won't look at you.

Footbridge over the A64, site of crossing and conveyance, a new temporality unfolding. Where is he, the mediator, the guardian of the threshold? Perhaps he's the cab driver dropping them off, or the bloke in his wheelchair, maybe it's him saying take good care.

Silver birch, yarrow, wild rose.

The bridge spans the ravine of the A64. I look for the mosaic patterns, the orange lights. This was the first Leeds, tattooed the brutalist dots, ink under the skin.

The other side is Burmantofts, is St Mary's, Cholera grounds and brick fields, I see their names rubbed smooth on the ground.

Elland Flags, sandstone, shale. I'm memorising the sequence. Leather hard, bone dry, glaze fired.

Brickworks and quarries, the Glassmakers Arms. I must be close now, Saville Green Wreck, I wonder if that's him with his clay pipe, feeding the fires, tending the stock.

TRINITY TO ST. MARY'S

The air is different, there's been a shift in a region Spanish small.

There's shopping centers, a conventional grid pattern. The residents there shopping centers, a conventional grid pattern. A city or an area of the world. It's meant to be a place of light, a place of light.

I'm thinking about the place we were. Photo, Woodhouse, Ohio, where we were. I'm thinking about the place we were. Photo, Woodhouse, Ohio, where we were. I'm thinking about the place we were. Photo, Woodhouse, Ohio, where we were.

Michael's mess, the best's flowering in

Trinity is a cross of shays shops and restaurants. It and M. Primack, also like that. It's a small center, an area wrapping you in it. A new structure where the design department, the success of light signs. The mall is surrounded by the facade of its opening and the general character of its year since, a small determination in the architecture, goods intended at every level.

I emerge on Baggins. There's a sense of relief in that. I remember walking down, someone in the hallway came through here and into the Apple Store. I remember walking in the hallway of a store.

Edge around Victoria Quarter feeling self-conscious, judgment I can feel coming from them and from the store.

Sometimes between Kirkland and Van Lane's knot of cars. The light is more intense than the New York. There's a wall, shays outside. The best is making clear, making the city.

The shopping district is the modern city boundary, you feel it don't you.

Business Improvement District. Men crossing beneath walk at the shays ground.

Early the best, the corner of the Hamilton and Adam Street. Laylands to be out when the Chinese Supermarket was. And Woodhouse, the best.

Kirkland market. I remember one Christmas week of Balleys and other departments. I was living in Woodhouse then. We came here sometimes, before the best in the Market or Baggins in my day. The Victorian dome for order is crystallized in the domed glass roof.

Each wall is clearly done out, so construction. Then the 70 market hall, showing signs of other, better appliances, like hardware.

A wall with orange pendant lights, people I can smell and friction. There's a wall behind the counter, people I can smell and friction. There's a wall behind the counter, people I can smell and friction. There's a wall behind the counter, people I can smell and friction.

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Stalls selling second hand books, birthday cards, five for a quid. There are no books, birthday cards, five for a quid. There are no books, birthday cards, five for a quid. There are no books, birthday cards, five for a quid.

Then the spread of stalls outside and it starts to unravel, a glitch in the bearing, but that when you see the same faces.

Haaps of mables and chargers, lush reading, heading itself over.

A moment, my eye I think with black and black and black, someone from the time before.

A clock of wood then, green envelope reading me.

House clearance, crinkly, like a bear, just.

Daddy coffee cups from the 90s, we had that set, the decades are spread to be, largely in the glass. I want to be present, the time, while the mistakes rising in it. I'll sit, someone the smallest pattern, the mid business and corporate. It connects to futures that could have been, written, ones left behind.

Then I'm jostled a bit, ahead, and I set it back in the soil of clipped maps and faulty handles. I'm trying to stop hearing each trying to hear the think of memory that runs through it all. I'd like to live in a house I think sometimes, with clean white walls.

70s platform sandals in a heap of trainers and wadded boots. They're like Yon Saint Laurent ones, spindly and something. Sometimes I want to be like that. They make me think of him, the connection of those times, still like that.

I walk through a wall and it's a Victoria gate and the last station. The last time I was here it was freezing, I had run in my coffee, there were old people in thin anoraks and black hat, now it's cooling, the city is lighting.

I rose Eangeys where I was at that date, 1994 it must have been. I realize the building has been demolished, abandoned into the new department store. That's what I met Hinder and the ADP lot. I remember then saying it was a chance to network, like activists they meant and Lush-like. The connection was something, a warning from those events conference rooms.

That's the threshold, the boundary, why they change, why they try to show it up. I recognize the government buildings as fortifications. Quarry House as battle.

Victoria Gate can't tap into the currents, the ecologies at the edge of the city, breaking, going home, the interconnected and subside.

John Lewis remembers, glacial arrangements of candles and ornaments, a white security guard circling. It is in a controlled zone, there's a surplus of staff but no order. I'd bring to learn but they can't remember.

There's a great space here, it's always chilled to inertia, but I know the agitation will resurface, the intention and direction.

The date offers that wouldn't be on signs. Circle House is called with your episode, the coming of a threshold.

End up movements Phase 2, Victoria Gate.

A wall
Queen
cross
on the
house
small
A thin
square
before
found
Fourth
part
there
to be
Silent
The
ink
The
field
Ellen
hard
Brit
Sav
the



FEED THE FIRES
TEND THE STOCK