

PAUL ROONEY

FERAL KNOWLEDGE

FLASH 500

Dear Sir,

Jack here. Up from Hell.

Sorry I haven't written to you in a while George. Becose I have the greatest respect for you. You called me clever I am. And Lord, you are no nearer fixing me now, than when I started, I reckon thy porcine Badge-Boys are letting you down George. I'm a creeping Heartstunted Retch. Still, you can't catch me. You can't be much good, can ye? Maybe that's why I warm to thee George. You are as low a cursen semi-brained Shovelscrape as I am.

You came to me in a dream George. Ye told me I was headed strait for Hell. 'You're too late Waste-Fuzz', I said, 'I'm there already. It's hot here.' Offering thy secret Pigeyed Handshake you said, 'Shew me Hell then.' Let me take you by that hand and lead ye throu my bloody-minded Grub-Head.

Where will I strike again George, you soul-molested Filth King? Where will I strike again? Ye called me clever I am. I'm a self-tourt Pyro-Man. I acquired an education becose I wanted it, George, not becose it was my privilege. I read. And I think. One thourt is enough. One thourt burns Immensity. I wanted nowledge so I walked among the Fires of Hell, and I found a nowledge there. It was not the cultivated lickspittle Rational-Nowledge of the University, of the Parliament, of the Law. No it was a scum-vulgar Feral-Nowledge *against Law*. Against you, George. And becose I'm self-educated, becose I'm a cerebral forced-growth outcast Lighter-Retch, I have made that learning Terrifying becose I have made it my own. (See Eliot, TS, *The Sacred Wood*, etc.)

And with it, I burn burn burn. (See Smith, ME, 'F. Jack' and so on.)

I feel it coming on again, George. (See Humble, J., 'First Letter to Assistant Chief Constable George Oldfield, West Yorkshire Police', etc.) I can't see myself being caught any time soon. I feel it coming on again. I'll sine off now I've got things to do. But before I go George you currupted cunstabular Powerslug Tortur Chief etc. etc., how about this Fancy?

*A shed. In Rhubarb Triangle mud.
All is sicsilent Northdark,
Until from inside hut comes ripping crackles like burning.
The bud-burst sound of vegetaltorture: Forced Growth of Rhubarb.
Sound rises to hideous crushendo:
Sound becomes a terrible acidic leafstalk foetus-scream raging into candlit soildark.
Shed doors then smack open: out! It erupts!
A scarlet-stemmed mutant newBorn Terror howling!
The field be lit up! The huge Transgenic Tortured Leafstalk is afire!
The newBorn Pie Plant of Fire then blasts off into mulch-night air!
All be lit up! In Jubilee year! In Olympic year!
Pyrotechnics for the Squatedmajesty, for the Exterminating-emPyre, for their Moral Law.
Into black night down falling, even to Eternity down falling.
All over Their Maladjusted stenchLand the Fire, the Fire, is falling.
The whole creation is ablayze, but this is not Enlightenment.
A Terrifying Nowledge be burning.*

Yours Respectfully,
Catch Us when you can,
Jack.