

EverVerse

Cúirt International Festival of Literature

Nun's Island Theatre, Galway

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EverVerse is a work in progress which will be launched on the web during Summer 2018. This is its first live performance.

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Grass in the morning he found a small blue bowl on
the porch outside his door. It wants to swim
Like you once. But makes the heart beat Don't let your
elbows creak No, we are here, Some people trim
Reach earth by falling. Twelve people, most of us
strangers, stand results, until the computer prints
a sheet heroes, my hard
To have me. I can drink anywhere. The rain. My black
torch of what I did not hold that shard
The Indians spun from a book: The petticoats and
gown perfume, statistics and the people
nowhere, with bread still warm
A little on the porch outside his door. It has shut Like
the spring shoes made to weather the storm
With snuff and everything that lived Of those fierce
Into the flames! these hips are big hips
Work was like you once. But she forbids; with ridges
and humps remaining, like a ship's
To stop Handstands and Peking pirouettes, Here alum
flower to gulp, turning Which though with art
Nurse holding a pen and paper and she asks me if I
still have enough heart
To the same delta if there is no face. A beautiful body.
The leg bone connected
And it rises to the same glazed streets of the
Lord! They lied, my friend. They injected
The Tigris and the pink's in us. We wear the mask that
grins And must you needs
Can't scratch. At eight I was alone, I took into myself
nothing but the white nurse reads
Grey faces, shuttered by an apple. How bizarre, this
raw Your itch and quailing, nude greed
The flame Fill up thou canst Crazy Horse and she asks
me my name and I need
Least shade walnuts and plums. His skin, like a top! if
there is no face. A lump
Could see. They mouth love's Is that one pint at a time,
and before you can jump
You there where I shall snap off my Chains, and fly
As a new soul. The veil long violated by my shy
Filled with washes, some machine deep inside an egg.
A ghost
Is innocent! Says Body to Mind, Tis I, that, methinks,
have most
Like the spring growth Weed-whitened fields,
mountains and lakes, how could
Will be. It Alley-ooop and here Making sure that I will
good

Angels. In counting all our tears and thought they
need space
Resides. I live as a fugitive Pluck and devour! my face
In a cooked face! Then they gutted We may paint our
Best Room Better to hold to the sea in the shower
All varnished o'er with snuff spun from a concert, they
came
Holding a pen and paper and she asks me my name
Preference and I tell her that it's like an ancient
mound
Squeeze it out from head to tail; And turned it round
Grown very hairy all over my wife's Your lean jaws grin
You could hold everything back. You begin to move
around in.
Maple's green hands do not cup
But let the world started up
The fist Neither in adversity nor
Stand to lose three or four
As if he might suddenly purr
Little. A heart whose cities were
But oh the clay is vile
Speeding To visit, last night while
Boredom, We smile, but, O great
Exercise; vital information and we wait
Up with dirt so carefully she
Of vagabond Rogues, Which cannot be
Own growing larger Bits of fat
Him, exclaiming, and we marvel at
Loved her work, meadow and sky
Is no use. You must cry
Fingernails. Of all the little wheels
Is the imprint of our heels
Your skin shattering. Up suddenly, needing
In slices--a With torn and bleeding
We smile, but, O never may
Hanging over the universe such a
While I was sleeping
It's the body leaping
Door. It hides our
Ray the lance flower
Better than the day
Was like the way
This debt we pay
But, O never may
Portion of window fans
And how a man's
How pure, how dear
Cabin through the rear
High These orchids are

We're a lopsided star
Open a stiff drawer
One I assumed before
With delight, want wit
Uproar, I can't get
Door. It has shut
Face! Then we cut
Be the handkerchiefs forgot
What a stranger cannot
& the kidney's lust
No use. You must
The charms of female
I shave her thumbnail
The savannah, and hairs
Counting all our tears
Like an ancient mound
My horse my hound
Up to my elbows
The hand its meadows
Though each breath stings
Cola bottles sweating rings
Her it was probably
Out, on some weighty
Scurry, and keep
Some machine deep
In the sand
The foreign land
A new mother
To each other
Body of another
Him, my brother
Those fierce darts
Tonight the parts
My assistants hook
Apart, and took
Into his cracked
So they hacked
Those fierce darts
Pull their carts
Make it seem
All with extreme
From the iron siver
Blood is a river
Rolled on her chin
Slant life takes when
Looks like the way
But, O never may
Face! Then we cut
Coat, To view what

Moons. They all are
Door. It hides our
Forehead cloth with oil
They spot and coil
Walnuts and plums. His foul imagination
Ears cocked forward, legacy, the obligation
He raps lightly Which would bud
Or carry him to the blood
Of deep introspection. The smallest worm
Love, not gold-- Turn and squirm
Thumbed in. The leg bone connected
Lord! They lied, my friend. They injected
Determin'd to force you to alter
One I assumed before an altar
When my father recited a story
Never agree, Meet in her glory
Quailing, nude greed of the cub
Open my face. Let me rub
And it rises to the foot
Go where they want to put
His belly and chest cavity-like music-withered quickly,
and he made himself
You hold this body's lack. You wait, huddled. Or carry
yourself
Mr. Destinations are lost. You raise yourself. Some
with pomatum, paints
One shade the more, one hundred angels. In vinegar
like saints'
Atmosphere. What empties itself falls into the froth,
And the street
Me in Caverns as dark as the Tigris and the beat
I could. He walked back to his questions. One had just
With cockeyed breasts jumping out of rapture & the
kidney's lust
There is no face. A lump of Chinese Crazy Horse but
Dead bees. A hand is not four fingers and already the
butt
Is because the eyes look out the prease Move not thy
Hoary deep! spin him like a full cemetery. Ezekiel cried,
"Dem dry
Still, still kissing me. Some people manicure their
despair beneath your skin
My name and I tell her I don't know it's been