

# Curvy Packaging Ltd

By Adrian Fisher and Lauren Goode



the pear the beginning, spinning the wonderful pear

under the pear the human hair and the green pair...



soft flouds banishing  
soft clouds vanishing

honey trees are evergreen  
and ever red

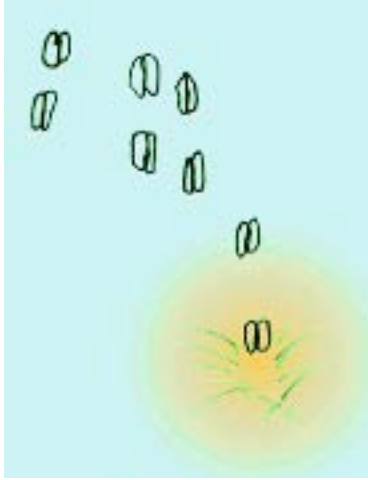


to collate collect and call  
to collate collect call, collate cauliflowers  
and collect call artichokes  
and collect calling flowers intellectually falling  
and spralling architectural facts,  
actually speaking not leaking followed indiscriminately  
by creaking  
whilst whistling birds on lofty peaks are beaking...

a bee-king, a Bee King, a Bee and a King  
bee keeping  
bees leaping  
bees sleeping  
and bees searching for tiny binary urchins

and glassy buttons in her crimpoline under-weir...  
without underpear, chick peas or plum  
and as peachy as dogs  
and as funny as yoghurt frogs woof rivet woof rivet  
woof rivet....woof rivet





...and reprieve and retrievers...  
fingers and backs and straps, shoulders and desires  
spires are truncated

What about the flying ink lines? a letter for a number  
vocality at 48 degrees  
and graded senseless and scents sent  
curly lashes and shrivelling dashes and rashes  
and if you think roast beef – you're mistaken



ears straining

moon waxing



silver chins and fins

in the land of black and white sticks with silver bobbles...

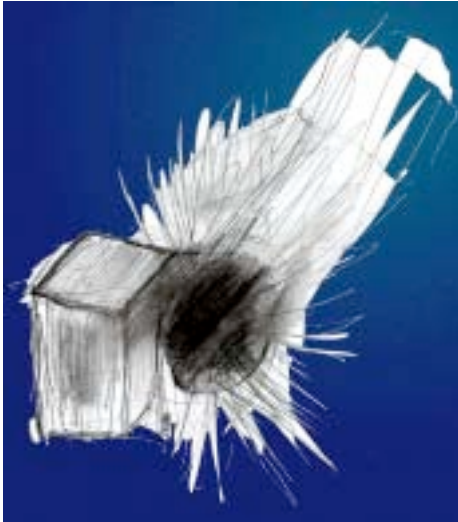
in oranges and flames and electric light bulbs sticklebacks  
play tricks on zebras...

a stick in the time of a tick  
is a decking chair



a fairy but more scary  
with fiery lips  
wintering cotton around hips inky points  
and tighter than tighter fits... over pinky joints!  
Socket Shoulder and Bolder fairy  
amidst soaking oaks  
raised off the ground,  
held in the hand

the decking chair, a folded fairy,  
a folded folder on your shoulder  
and underneath a moulded boulder  
a folded folder on my shoulder  
and underneath my boulder  
combed cotton  
not forgotten  
a 100% they went



through the holes like larger moles  
in the vest, slippers upwards on a chest

– checking it out

checking it out, checking it out and near the fridge freezer

and by the orange bacardi breezer

and by the cheesy geezer... these are 8 of my delights

these are 28 of my desires these are 88 of my words

these are 128, 129, 145

One hundred and forty nine x nine

in equine

in yellow, in sequin, in cotton not forgotten

100% they went

combed cotten



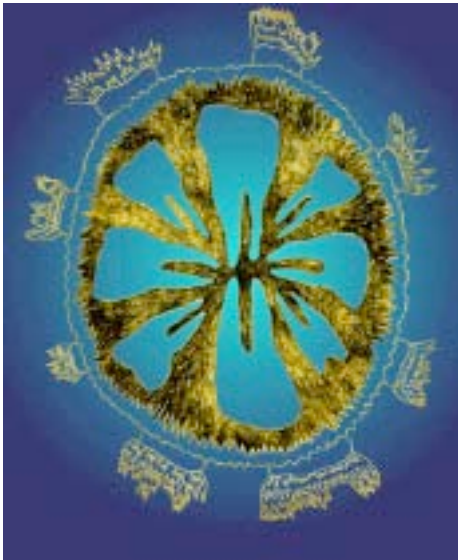


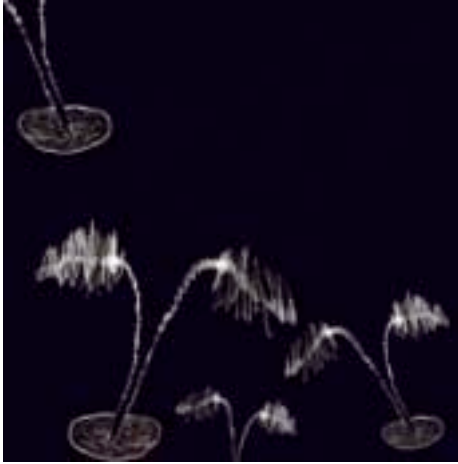
visible visions undergo collisions  
in twilights

hairy strips get stuck in bits between cavities  
your teeth are very round your teeth are very wonky  
your teeth, your teeth, your teeth your beneath!

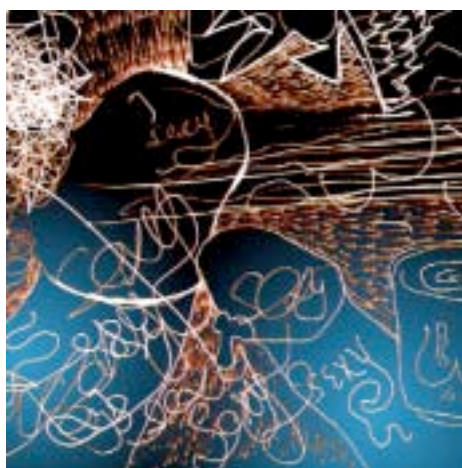
you're beneath your teeth your teeth, bee keep  
your teeth...under the oven with lemon and ginger  
and the lemming, the cat and the nightingale  
the lemming, the cat and the nightingale  
lived under the oven  
with lemon and ginger  
and a coconut marimba  
ding ding ding ding dong ding ding ding

and do you know what lives under the sink?  
a BIGGGG stinking stink





that  
is an extra 'L'  
texture.....  
more texture...  
more texture...  
more,more,  
SEXTURE  
more,more,MORE,MORE  
and AMOR



I don't like this object

I like this object.

This object is not available for liking.

Then I do not like this object, See, you do not like the object, like I do not like the object.

I didn't like the object like you liked the object because the object was not liked.

Nor available.

It's not a matter of EVALUATION...

it's not a matter of objectivity

it's not a matter for conjecture it's not a matter of blue carpet it's not a matter of furry balls on your clothes...

it's not a matter of holes

in your trousers – even if they are in inconvenient places.

it's not an inconvenient matter it's of no matter.

How can things be

of no matter because there is no batter?

Because there is no butter. 'But-a-cup' there is and 'me'...





### SHE CHOKED

She had a pollution in her throat...

He took his leather man and popped open its pouch.

He pulled out the unforeseen beside a gleaming terrine,  
a knife of opportunity, a beak of silver, a gill...

He inserted the point up his nostrils  
and pressed and sniffed the whiff  
of metal particles and sirens passing  
and many uses and many obtuses  
and situations and juices severed and realigned with  
rulers  
he lingered...along the perimeters.

it's got yellow  
and blue  
roses and scientists

there's so much at stake,there's too much to fake the  
question now is what went on not what went wrong he



shivered  
she shimmered  
his eyes glimmered

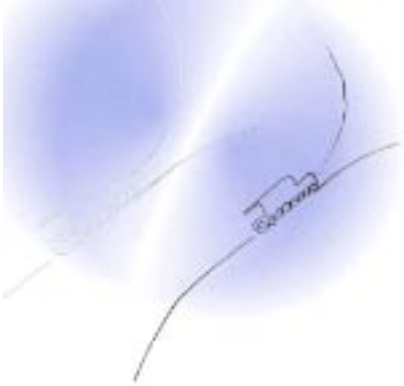
he denied that he was a map but knew that his brightly  
coloured hat would distract from flatulation and  
premature ejaculation of the spatula  
and soon...

his furrowed brows and eyes met the tear from the nose  
swinging in the wind

enshalla

very uncomplimentary condiments  
apricots grapes noughts and zeros  
honey yoghurt glands and frogs' legs  
thumping and thumbing and strumming  
the maples and syrup of your tones  
concealing lifesize fluorescent gnomes

a wooden curved object with a hole  
for looking  
very close very closely  
mostly straightforward



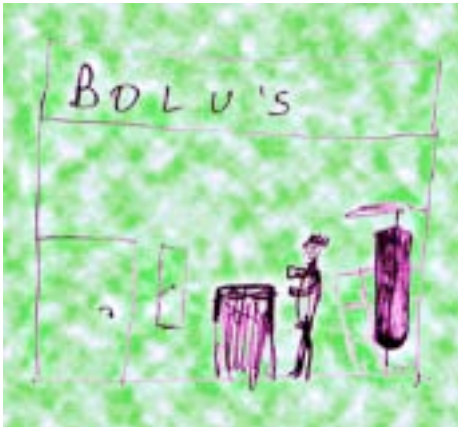
45 garlies spin to the floor  
72 tomatoes suck my soul  
54 bosoms and 45 blossoms  
5 customers  
1 brown beer

'These are strings'

and trees in spring are sprung with sprogs  
and these frogs wear beautiful clogs  
buttoned on corduroy trousers  
unbuttoned under velvet browsers

spiders spindles,thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,  
thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,thimbles bumble  
spiders spindles,thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,  
thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,thimbles bumble  
spiders spindles,thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,  
thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,thimbles bumble  
spiders spindles,thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,  
thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,thimbles bumble  
spiders spindles,thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,  
thimbles,bumble bees...spiders spindles,thimbles bumble

I'm not sure of my dessert...  
I'm not sure of my insert...  
I'm not sure of my beginning  
I'm not sure about vinegar  
a plate full of chillies  
a plateau and Achilles  
a plane and Hermes  
a lane and Bacchus



(no hidden meanings)  
(no forbidden meanings)

December 2000

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