

**Postcards from a Floating World**  
**The Howls of Treason Suite**

**words and photographs by George Harris 2012**



## **Early Night of Morning** (*Howls of Treason Suite*)

Living on a crumb and onion  
For several months now

### *Gazing on a Photograph taken outside Queen of Sheba Mansions*

The howl of the fox sounds out  
Screeching and screaming through the early night of morning  
The clicking of sound signals in the stereo speakers  
Passing by on the radio superhighway  
Coming through a little later as the  
'Howls of Treason'

Get away from these lands of rebuke  
Soaked zones of regret and despair.

In a warehouse just down the road  
The maps had started to move  
Coming to life after being abandoned several decades ago

Geographic models of bullies and intuitive moments  
That covered the entire country  
The task of organising the records of 'Night Howls' continued

They started to appear in pockets around the late 1980s  
If not before...  
Now they were everywhere  
The task to document and map had become a full time exercise...

As I turned the corner  
The crazy jumped out  
Screaming he had everything  
Offering the world in a split second  
Mosaics of pounds spilling out from his pocket  
And falling to the pavement...

The next morning an envelope arrived  
I carefully opened the package  
Inside there was a pulsing light  
Suddenly I was in another room  
Or to be exact on the other side of town

A recognition of my surroundings had become clearer  
But I still couldn't pin them down  
I looked down, the envelope had gone...  
That moment a feeling of a face came over me  
It was strong, warm and beautiful. At peace...  
I started to enact the mannerisms of someone else...

Every other day since the 21st, a brown envelope arrived,  
Typed and posted by hand containing instructions for a circuit  
and directions to points in the city.



## **Passing Red Balloons** (*Howls of Treason Suite*)

Those nocturnal screams and locks in nervous time  
Precise mechanisms between nature and the fluid machine...

The pulses of steel riding on the back of precise abundance  
Spinal flips, hollow freedoms...

The escape took longer than expected  
Time seemed to slip by un-noticed  
But from the controller in the corner shop...  
This was the point of everything

People came and went again  
I observed more, taking at least a week to  
Co-ordinate my findings...  
At first they didn't make any sense  
Then another envelope arrived...

I didn't open it immediately, just switching the radio on  
About 10 minutes into the news  
I heard "It's now time to open the package"

Some of the best moves can be those never played out...  
The imagination acted upon organisation, distance and pauses

A trifle hurried never caught  
Momentary thoughts and unease  
in the still room of northern souls

### Liberation

A concentration of messages came through  
Spinning in their horizons  
Turning on that champion of cause

Over a succession of months  
Packages continued to arrive  
The maps became more in depth  
Detailed to a millisecond of occurrence

In a second wave, box's arrived containing Reel to Reel Tape 70 3"  
I was saved by the recording of passing Red Balloons...



## **Fair Isle Suspect** (*Howls of Treason Suite*)

Intergraded, On diversion duty  
Fazing in out, in out  
creaking bones in times of reflection  
Inspect finger clicks  
fair isle suspect and bank job climate

The libertarian stomp  
Tenements testament  
migrations through the power structures

### The Barriers

The factory of being, factors of been  
Choked, patches, citizen tests  
Multitude of vents  
Diagnosis grilled in diagonals  
This, that and the other

Hard shoulder mark up  
Invisible relay fading announcement  
Destination guarantee  
(located at the opposite doorway)  
Modules transmit rely  
The drips on the brink  
Excavations, velocity, visceral, contact

Times of multi duplicity  
The pleasure is not ours  
Work house mission  
Established package incentive  
Delivered 2nd class

Predictive text tear  
Its the beginning of the flood  
Crime prior to process  
Neo Neon Fears

Across the river  
Time slip factory roles in private towers  
Mythical glass spikes  
Breached treatment... Ahhh...

### Divisive Rapture

Jobbed for any Period  
Traveller supplied supplementary trade

ping a message has come through-  
'Paving Stone Commodities Sharpened in Truth Machines'





## **Perforations** (*Howls of Treason Suite*)

This Treason of Collective Conditioning  
Corrective Gesture Un Spoken Directive  
Bleeding Fortunes, LTD Savage

### Automotive Pastures

Street Leaflet's  
Do You Want One, Want What?  
No Answer, No Thanks'

Time is now reversed through ripped paper hands...

An Art of Conversation

Springs of Surprise

Washing the Heart...

### Concluded? Mmmmmmmmm

Infused Souls in the Notebooks  
(Six Issues Per Annum)  
Facts Straight Out of and within  
The Impressions on the Bricks

The best thing is that, there was no real conclusion

A Coda of Spirits Flying, Slipstreams in the Cabin

### Satellites

Just Like

Morse Code 45 (Under the floorboards) - thought to be gone forever  
A mini tape recorder sold for food, then used to secretly record the piano  
Then the act of putting a Tambourine in the Hedge  
Guides in Being  
(the Accidentals and Pre Planned Perforations)

Transition

Position

Placement

Circles in the Coded Disco  
With a Resistance of Choice

Yes My Friend It Keeps On Burning

Now It's Market Day Again  
Drifting in on Slightly Worn Golden Sailing Ships...

Unfortunate the play finished a week early...