

An abstract painting featuring a complex composition of colors and textures. The background is a deep, dark blue, overlaid with vibrant, expressive brushstrokes in red, orange, and yellow. A prominent, thick, vertical stroke of bright yellow-green runs down the left side of the image. The overall effect is one of dynamic energy and emotional intensity.

BREAKING THE LAST TABOO  
BY PHEN WESTON AND JULIAN  
LANGER



THE NIGHT FOREST CELL OF RADICAL POETS  
PRESENTS

BREAKING THE LAST TABOO

PHEN WESTON & JULIAN LANGER

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Phen Weston and Julian Langer

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“The tides are in our veins, we still mirror the stars, life is your child,  
but there is in me

Older and harder than life and more impartial, the eye that watched  
before there was an ocean.”

— Robinson Jeffers

## **BOOKS BY PHEN WESTON**

Nothing but the Rain

The Silent Balance

Under the Rose

Suicide Notes

Poems to a Muse

Ink Stained Nobody

## **BOOKS BY JULIAN LANGER**

Feral Consciousness: Deconstruction of the Modern Myth and  
Return to the Woods

Feral Iconoclasm: Anarchy as Rising and Dying

Feral Life: Meditations on Rewilding and Anarchy

Mesodma

No! I Won't Write

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# INTRODUCTION

This collection of poems, written by and between Phen and myself, were written both playfully and with a sense of cosmic-pessimism towards their focuses.

In *Uncivilisation*, the manifesto for *The Dark Mountain*, the writers call the last taboo “the myth of civilisation” and call for “uncivilised writing” and “uncivilised art” as responses to this myth. This collection is titled *Breaking the Last Taboo* as it is an embrace of wild aesthetics, which civilisation considers objectionable. We sought to transgress and trespass, through these somewhat mad rambling poems.

As ramblings, I would love to envisage that any individual wanting to read these would print them and read them while out rambling (in this context meaning walking). Maybe the reader will drop the collection in a muddy puddle and read them with an immediate

awareness of the presence of the inhuman/unhuman, while encountering these words. Perhaps after reading this collection, the rambling reader will find a gust of wind grabs hold of the pages and pulls them out of their hands, to be found days later by a dog walker who wonders “what the fuck are these doing here?”, in that way that trespassing rambles are often looked upon as being out-of-place – while obviously being in-place as being-here/there.

However, you read these poems, read them as you wish to!

They are dedicated to all wild living beings and those living beings captured by domesticating machinery!

Love and rage!

Julian Langer

# INSTINCT

Singularity in fingertips  
Propagate intimacy upon  
Barren sands of clarity

*Where does the dustbowl end?  
The assurance of grain,  
We are disappeared.*

Dreamweaver  
Mother  
Draped in fern and heather  
Press us to you bosom  
Suckle  
Breath and forest fruit

*Against a mirror,  
Reflections  
Are lost,  
When bodies collide.  
Bodies are worlds,  
To those inside.*

Tilt, shift, spasm  
The world reverberates

Chasms – Into the darkness  
Around eldritch fire  
Where descendants gather  
Away from absence

*Dance outside!*  
*Dance your insides out!*  
*There never has been an empty cup,*  
*If there has ever been a cup.*  
*Nothingness is full.*  
*Have you ever found a full Thing?*

Night, nigh is mother's empty thoughts  
Cups of liquid splashed on winter floors  
Inside the womb  
The life force forms  
To place its emptiness  
Into, upon it's call

## FLESH AND FLOWERS

Thaw claimed a cacophony  
Stillness against a forest frozen

Mycelium breathes fire  
Frost lies upon the flames

In earth we se sit, the liar  
Unnaturaed = social shames

The shells of tortoises  
Tiny circles, with flowers

Breaking through concrete despair  
Flowers stretch to fire's flare

## ROADS

I am a sympathiser of potholes,  
Who are you to deny them their place?  
Are you an enemy of entropy?

Stop shouting at the screen  
Disregarding their chaotic beauty  
In trivial dystopian dreams

Dreams?! Who are you to dream?  
Tarmac scars cover the land,  
And Rome is a shithole!

POTHOLE

Tarmac cream filling

BOUNCE

Burn the coliseum

The pathless path is a laugh,  
But who has a violin for Nero?

## CONCEPTION WITH OCTOBER

Samhein's baby has a death rattle,  
Thrown into ancient battles,  
From violence that originates,  
With the domestication of cattle

An old woman sits on a dusty road facing east  
Her breasts exposed to autumnal winds  
And all around her a feast of locusts  
Collect the decadence of dreams gone past

Winter takes the child awhile,  
But spring brings with its style  
All that is needed for summer's fury  
And a twisted and gnarled adult smile

In summer the mother grows  
Nurtures the road with memories of old  
Dreams, which trespass on tomorrows plans  
And before their eyes the crone expands

Where is October?  
I cannot find it!

Lost beneath the stars

And in the roots that gather  
Entangled, flush and large  
Where is October?

This child has found October!

## SOMEWHERE SAVAGE

Somewhere savage lives in the hearts  
Of beasts and man, a cave  
Where dwells the nature of those not damned  
By dreams of a “better world”  
Feral by birth and longing for rebirth

*Primordial wild fires,  
Trauma to make space for regrowth.  
Do not choke on the smoke!  
Calm arrives,  
After a storm!*

The leaves sprout from downfall  
Pushing in ephemeral colour  
Ripe, water filled and lingering  
The note of spirit on rivers breath

*Swim naked my friend!  
Waterfalls are a music best heard,  
With the skin of your back.  
Drumming away a primal beat,  
Before the current takes you away.*

Away towards the shores of grace  
Lamenting dreams of yesterday  
Spirals steering to wilder hearts  
Of peaceful prism sewn passions

## LOVE SINISTER

If I loved you in plural  
Impudence and passion  
Cleaved your name amongst the stars  
And left them weeping  
Upon barren, ruptured earth  
Would you love me sinister?

*Why do you want to love them?*

*Why do you want them to love you?*

*Love is never found*

*It happens when you collapse.*

Collapse upon the open heart  
As supernova upon a lonely world  
Devastation dressed in ferocious light  
Penetrating and extinguishing fight  
There promise the devourer  
And I become death, the lover of sin

*Are you not a pan-erotic lover of life?*

*Does not your terrible amorality desire untame joy?*

*As One you are many*

*A tribe of individuality!*

*How can you be alone, with all this companionship?*

*Maya dissipates with acosmic becoming,*

*Here we all are!*

*In this naked space with every-One else,*

*No-thing!*

## CLIMATE CHAOS

BURN MOTHERFUCKER

*I will rain quiet crescendos*

Against the lines and innuendos

*A world dehumanising, like the worlds we are*

Former animal, nor machine

*Fumes taste like the promises of those who provide hope*

Hope the dope show grinds away the paste

*A copy of a copy of a copy of a copy eventually becomes a distorted page of black*

The rape-seed instant Sisyphus dream machine

*Rebels rebel inside and outside of shells, but Shell is hell, as oil covers us all.*

# THOUGHTS WHILE SAT ON THE BANKS OF THE STYX

Who is the river man?

He catches a catfish with his spear,  
Cooks it, but only eats half

They call me a Precambrian thinker  
Rhyme as slick as prehistoric winter  
The dusted toppler of human empires  
“Elusive dreams and vague desires”

Why aren't you eating river man?  
You have not eaten all your fish!  
Will you eat river man river man?  
Who will eat this fish!

Splish splash I was taking a bath  
Deep in the waters of death  
All of a sudden, letting the flood in  
And wiped out human desires

Fuck it! I'll eat the fish  
If you wish  
Did you leave the dish for me?  
Am I now the river man,

If the river man ate the river man,

And now I've eaten his fish?

What if I became a cat? `

.

And ate underworld rats?

Catfish, what have you done?

What has he and I become?

# BABY SQUIRRELS

Conceptualise

SELF

SHELF

Teddy bear plays into part

allude                      not a living person

me if you can.                      I am the pocket knife. Stay with

CAN

YOU

CHANGE?

CHANGE

THE

SCRIPT

The blissful moments that make up rainstorms. The silver green of raindrops machining down against the eukaryotic cells. Nucleus, structural.

Raindrops are falling on my head.

And I've got a feeling that we'll soon be dead.

Inkling white and parables! Para bellum. Have you ever seen the rain?

warm

PERSISTENT

in VARIABLE early-morning  
wind-driven bright

increasingly tempestuous,

*Fiercely* heavy,

humid prehistoric, eternal, torrential, gray,  
misty, soft but plentiful, eccentric king—real, thin  
perennial, much or unseasonable, brisk and  
continual, slow, blinding, truly horizontal, mostly  
tropical, cold!!

relentless

pelting

numb

Summer daze, haze and lazy afternoon glaze in forest maze, where  
endless nature praises infinity. Rich tapestry. Entwined with crap  
human history and powers rest in simplicity. Critically, darling.

Life, repurpose and nonhuman entity, create space without linguistic  
gravity. S

T

R

I

N

G

I have a theory that I MIGHT BE EVERYTHING. Little moments  
that            epiphany            into my head and wait with  
drumming snow like singularity. Too many changes and prior  
engagements to truly play the peace and we settle. But don't last.  
Melting on leviathan's tongue. Catching flakes like fireflies. Distorting  
equivalence...

NEVER MIND

NEVER MIND

NEVER MIND

Shit-lickers!

The moon rules the waves. Vaccine plays. Better days.

Komorebi glistens, reflecting dew and who knew?

Who knew the waves

crash in seditious beauty,

thrashing blues and crazy dissonance

And You

You reading this

I love You

The skin that holds Your organs in

The speckled scars that scratched Your heart

and left You feeling less than whole

to play Your part in the universal unknown

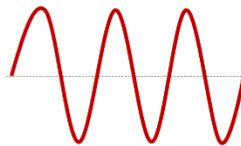
You are beautiful

Spirits of tomorrow  
 Dream weavers of experience  
 and You, whose tears cling to the ground  
 and feed the flora  
 bound to each and never found  
 as anything less than Your who being

EVEN if you feel short in who you are  
 Energy from Big Bang to star  
 words and play  
 ideas and thoughts  
 concepts and sufferings,  
 Brainwaves  
 Heatwaves  
 Energy waves, but fuck

$$E = \frac{\rho g A^2}{2}$$

AND



# REVERBERATIONS

Noise pollution

Reverberating anthrophonic melodies

Stated solutions

Perpetuating anthropocentric ideologies

This isn't loud

This is an echochamber, nothing more

The violence of the plough

Architecture is a form of war

A building speaks

The herd heard and listened

Even in creaks

The might of brick over pen is the defeat of the written

## ABOUT JULIAN...

Julian Langer is a poet and philosopher whose works focus on eco-radicalism and guerrilla ontology. His Eco-Revolt blog is the best place to find his published pieces on other sites and information about his book(s).

[ecorevoltblog.wordpress.com](http://ecorevoltblog.wordpress.com)



## ABOUT PHEN...

Phen attained both a Masters in English and a BA (Hons) in English with History from the University of Plymouth. He is a poet, blogger, and co-owner/editor for Night Forest Poetry. Alongside a Taoist Cosmicist, traveller, vegan activist, Bipolar 2 penguin and Borderline Personality Disorder fighting mental health warrior and occasional Homo Sapien. Writing is his world, breath, and soul. It connects all those random misfiring dots that are called life into one wondrous picture (Similar to a join-the-dots giraffe). You can always find him at his blog:

[darknesswarmth.wordpress.com](http://darknesswarmth.wordpress.com).

