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WIFE-BEATER'S STORY (working drafts)  
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Note: Content layout and formatting are as received from author.

DRAFT 1 4/9/2005

This is how it is.

when love has nothing more  
 to ~~hold~~ <sup>remember</sup> its fingers  
~~right~~ <sup>and</sup> over itself,  
 balled up as a fist  
~~knocking~~ <sup>fill it</sup> the walls of ~~the~~ heart ~~apart~~ and it becomes a balled up  
 fist ~~knocking~~ <sup>and doesn't let up</sup> the walls  
 of heart

DRAFT 2

THE WIFE-BEATER'S STORY

This This is how it is.

When love has nothing more

to remember, nothing in its centre  
 to ~~hold~~ <sup>hold</sup>, nothing its ~~fingers~~ <sup>hand</sup> have not ~~folded or feathered~~  
 have not tried, and tired of  
~~ringing~~ <sup>never</sup> ~~itself~~ <sup>saw fit to end</sup>  
 love ~~is~~ <sup>never</sup> balled up <sup>knocking through walls</sup>  
 and doesn't let up <sup>light</sup> ~~to get out of its ring~~  
 till it sees ~~the other~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~silence~~ <sup>had</sup> comes with ~~it~~ <sup>and</sup>  
 on the other side  
 of ~~your~~ heart.

~~Wingless~~  
 Through the ~~air~~ <sup>air</sup> of smoke  
 and a note clipped  
 there

He sits there, just sitting there,  
 pen locked on paper  
 with his ~~word~~ ~~sucking~~ pen  
 hunched over ~~a~~ <sup>in his pen</sup> ~~pearl~~ of words  
 reflecting ~~only~~ a figure  
 sitting there, just sitting there,  
 with his pen  
 in his pen.

... for the ruinous fault of gluttony, as you see,  
 I am broken by the rain and I, in my misery, am not  
 alone, for these endure the same penalty for the  
 same fault.

- Dante, Canto VI, Inferno.

in sickness & a letter

Version 3:

THE WIFE-BEATER'S STORY

This is how it is.  
 When love has nothing more  
 to <sup>conquer</sup> remember, nothing in its centre  
 to have and to hold,  
 nothing it has not tried  
 and tired of, ~~running~~ rings  
 round itself, ~~the~~ words that saw fit  
 never to end.

it balls up, <sup>punching</sup> ~~knocking~~ walls  
 to be let out,  
 and doesn't let up  
 till it sees <sup>red</sup> light  
 and ~~the~~ <sup>approaching</sup> silence that comes with awe -  
 bursting <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>dark</sup> other side of heart  
 of heart.

Draft 4: THE WIFE-BEATER'S STORY

This is how it is.  
 When love has nothing more  
 to conquer, nothing in its centre  
 to have and to hold,

nothing it has not tried  
 and tired of, rings round  
 itself, ~~the~~ <sup>red</sup> words that saw fit  
 never to end.

it balls up, ~~knocking~~ punching walls  
 to be let out,  
~~and~~ <sup>rage</sup> ~~doesn't~~ <sup>that not</sup> let up  
 till it sees red  
 bursting into silence ~~dark~~  
~~bursting~~ <sup>on</sup> the other side of heart.  
~~at~~ ~~balls up~~ ~~in~~

THE WIFE-BEATER'S STORY

10001

This is how it is.

When love has nothing more  
to conquer, nothing in its centre  
to have and to hold,

nothing it has not tried  
and tired of - rings <sup>of back</sup> <sup>links</sup>  
round itself, ties that saw fit  
<sup>you</sup> <sup>to the bitter</sup>  
~~you~~ never to end -

Love simply ~~of (collapses upon itself?)~~ <sup>Smashing</sup>  
~~it~~ balls up, punching walls  
to be let out,

<sup>impotent</sup> rage that does not let up  
till it sees red

<sup>bursting upon</sup>  
bursting into silence  
on the other side of heart.

updated 6/9/2001

update → 16/9/2001

*[Faint handwritten notes and scribbles]*

Return to office

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THE WIFE-BEATER'S STORY

in spite

- 1 This is how it is.
- 2 When love has nothing more virgin ~~that lies~~
- 3 land to conquer, nothing in its centre ~~that lies~~
- 4 to have and to hold, <sup>dead</sup> in its centre,

- 1 nothing it has not tried
- and 2 ~~nothing it has not tried~~
- 3 ~~and tired of - rings~~ tie that knot
- 4 round itself, ties that knot
- 4 you to the bitter end, 4

update → 26/9/2001

- 1 children's tantrums by
- 1 woman's bark day,
- 2 woman's bark at night
- 2 children's tantrums
- 3 that cannot be tempered
- 4 by bribes <sup>petty</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>miss</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> drink

- 5 it hollows out
- love simply balls up, smashing walls
- to be let out <sup>in</sup> spite of itself,
- a rage that does not let up, <sup>muscling</sup> ~~for~~ red windows on d
- till it sees red out of a woman's <sup>faces</sup>

update → 27/9/2001

update → 30/9/2001

update → 2/10/2001

update → 5/10/2001

- 6 it dangles into
- bursting upon silence,
- grief and flesh ~~one~~
- on the other side of heart,
- in the ~~dark~~ <sup>substituting</sup> ~~dark~~ <sup>substituting</sup>

- ① This is how it is.
- When love has no more virgin
- land to conquer,

hollow

- ② nothing to have ~~and~~ to hold it
- to ~~its~~ dead centre,
- nothing it has not tried
- and tired of - ties that knot
- you to the bitter end,

- ③ children's tantrums by day,
- woman's bark at night
- that cannot be tempered
- by drink or ~~bed~~ <sup>bed</sup>

chick (with) Gorge  
of Philip  
another's corner  
I want  
to make