

Newer Poetry to Sort

By Ashley Dunn



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*“Heavens keep him from these beasts,
For he is, sure, i’ th’ island.”*
—Gonzalo, *William Shakespeare, The Tempest*

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Intake Session

"I'm about to do something stupid"
—*The Streets, 'Prangin' Out'*

"Look, mate, I know I talk shit
On the gear"—he bends down
And hoovers up another line;
I love his technique—"but I just think

There's always that one person we
Destroy ourselves over. Destroy each *other* over, I mean.
It's like a family thing
Or whatever: we kill

Someone that ain't them, so we don't look at our mums
And that: it's sumin like that. Your ex
Is like an old, fucked-up bridge
Back to them—so there's no going back.

I reckon that's why you shake when you
See her, I reckon—know what I mean?
And I know you wank over her still
And that, but that's basically killing

Her and the old bridge off
Anyway—slowly, anyway. I mean you could actually
Kill her which would be the same thing as wanking
Or waiting for her to float out ya head, but that's

Obviously a bit much, ain't it—killing her. But
Yeah!"—it's amazing: his technique
Again—"you just got to give it
Time, mate. And if you need to wank over her still, well...

You need to wank over her still, don't ya—that's all there is to it.
But if you need to talk to someone about it, you can
Talk to me, obviously"—again—"you know
What I mean? I mean, look at how quickly I got over Courtney."

Though I Cannot Be Sure

The committee, appreciating the promotional video on the steps, sneezing
Twice to let out the unappreciated
Parts: we do not call them so. We call them makyō

Because there still needed to be an explanation:
 It was record company season and we were sent the coverage
 To review, where we'd done the examinations.
 Aromas drift in from whatever the mucus released,
 Allowed in: we cannot recall what her mix was—
 There's no cigarette smoke? A better solution
 Around these parts are housemates
 Lingering outside. But where are we in the many places at once? Why not—
 The committee could have a conference phone.
 We cannot tell what lair we are in though, all roads
 Nearly barely but leading
 To what the logic previously was in the ordinateur's thought, right there
 Being what blur comes for the whole team, sick days
 Sneezes getting all silly, some hallucinations
 About Oedipus yada yada—I thought this kind of recording...
 We agreed this kind of recording was without base. Well one of you certainly said it!
 I don't know I was the steps. Stepping up or down, dur!
 I saw a fair few hands voting for it at least, though I cannot be sure
 However many more of us there are.

All This Ugly Stuff

“I've been camping in the park opposite them for six years and no one has noticed not even the
 dog walkers hehehehehe. I watch the dog walkers. I've been growing my arm back they grew
 wrong but the Buddhist said it was before them. I'm only going to scare them hehehehehe I want
 to kill him but I can't do ittttt. I was washing really – in the shower – and I think... no. No nothing.
 Just wait a minute. I need to have a wash. I don't know. Hmm I don't know. But no one else is!
 Hehe I know no one knows I am here and I am just waiting and imagining things. I sleep with my
 head on lost footballs. There was going to be great attack – and there still could be something! –
 but I might be losing some will: the devils enter the park. No not real; I feel ever so sleepy. I'm... I
 used to have a lot of things that could be measured. The book said objects, but the Buddhist did
 not like this book. Shouting in the corner of my eye hehehehehe. Not objects like stuff – things to
 attach to. But I didn't know they were that. I'm slipping; I see when it's happening. The slurry
 voice hehe. Oh noooo hehehehehe. Then I become like devils and my favourites are not what I
 want then. I press my head into the football. The lights come across the park and sometimes the
 football lights up. Really late I scare some walkers and have got some. Not my fault; them that
 made my arm bad across the road. Not really me. It feels like a phantom arm that has strings
 like a violin hehehehehe doesn't that sound funny? That it touches me and I go sleepy then I can
 grab some of them then I'm not sure who is across the road or in the park. I scrub my arm now
 and it flakes off, all this ugly stuff. Hehehehehe didn't swearrrrr. I got a terrible stinky too
 hehehehehe. I might still do something. It's nearly grown. The football is flashing. I guess I am a
 seducer hehehehehe.”

“Can I come up, honey?”

“Baby! I was... I was just going to have a shower before taking the dog out.”

“Are you on the phone?”

"I... I was. To Dylan. He's having a rough time."

"Right. OK. Does he... does he still need a job? Could you let me in?"

"I'm about to get in the shower! I need to have a wash. And... and he's looking for work at the moment."

"OK, honey. I'm going to meditate while you shower then. I'd like to come on a walk with you, too, if that's OK?"

"Yes I need to take the dog out."

"OK yes – the dog. Let's take the dog out together then."

["Am I to sit in this ideation"]

"Am I to sit in this ideation that sprouts only from ground,
Muddy soil like it... all is only for you not to appreciate
These flowers I grabbed on the

Hard shoulder
As they always seem to, so like most
Things I copied but I am still here with the conceptual framework

For all sorts," says the prospective filmmaker, round
The other side of the table I am at with the budget
To make what would align with being a film. "Because

I have been in the dirt and forced myself to return
Like here. Not that your office is dirt!
I grew up in this area and there were never this amount

Of books. Sleeves! You all look great.
From where I was beginning you'll find
I intend to produce an experimental piece of film

That is unlike and includes objects not as they appear—
No driving. See you were surprised! I get to say
That it is so wide, my project, that I'll take myself down

Through the ideated filth again just so you can make
Something amazing. Speakable to many. You have...
But I wouldn't even need your budget!

I have these!" (Cannot be disclosed.)
He stands. "Remember this day! You'll regret
Not following me out the door while I leave now"—

The other two did! I stay with the budget, my eye
Twitching but it always does that. We get so many troubled ones. Fools.

They think the scripts up so we don't have to and are commonly

Found dead in dark alleys.

[Here's the script. Take this to stitch]

Here's the script. Take this
To stitch together the sparks of yourself
Sleepless on eggshells carrying the balancing pole
Of lumpy gravy—mmmmm. Do continue the
Horror fanfare. There are fans of yours to entertain.
Look at all those threads to bend for you to get to be
Gregor all mixed in, no head above the peeper

Clouded through the day, steady section of the symphony
Ordering the latte like a triangle in a snowstorm
Not being played, held like the present bought by one figure
On every parents' behalf. Meet them at the cafe canteen cafeteria.
You have the script! You can pet the pets!
They have been collected in the bang sea, still not over,
The shape you hold is the last shape you'd want, but this will change into powder with you.
I wanted to follow my body down
As I tried to ease it: there was the gravy. It was lumpy mash.
I always make similar mistakes. I have to please so many people.
I am reading mixed materials, a wide range of studies all of which
Ah, a dog. Thank goodness. It is the ivy again around the office
Someone died believing the electricity was infecting them
I take one of these, one of that, inhale
It down with my water cooler and coding and it is the others
Ah. Ah the better for that. I've been spreading myself like butter.
Inclusion to the point of excluding... I have footnotes on my forearm! Just wait!
It is a sweetened recipe of Myself resting through into my body, where I find
I have not felt settled. We have it all wrong.
What I was doing before was right for me then, doing
What I needed to survive. I don't know any of these people. What is my phone book? I watch
 endless reels and consume. It is my whole existence. I'm a terrible parent. I wouldn't
 accept one description of one
With no scaffolding for them, the community. This gentrification problem. I am terrible at
 overwatering them.
I have been feeling a bit odd recently and I wondered
That was easy. Yes you hardly even have to ask. I have an appointment again in three months.
 Phone call. Phone call.

[What will be down there? All those]

“He has been seen by several clinicians, but all failed him ... but he has quickly perceived that you are different. ... He is most likely a psychopath and you will not be able to help him”

—Daniel Kahneman, *Thinking, Fast and Slow*

What will be down there? All those slights?

The visions we share with friends

Of running the marathon. We will run the marathon.

We will never start.

Down where? We were altogether sharing ghost stories

And the big house with the mural as our friend

Has the mural. The one who hung himself: he believed

He could soak up our pain, the weirdo, after he painted it he

Had visions too, odd ones

Of us stringing sentences together and not being

“A mass of dissonant noise” he wrote

On the note. He was so angry! We didn’t know he was leaving

A trail of crumbs to his fortune, which was looking

The other way as tight lanes are followed—thick outlines;

Systems.

Now me and my friends are free to see the birds

And leaves blowing away as if dancing

Together without the slight mixture of whatever it was

Beneath us: we never acknowledge these—I am talking

How I could but it doesn’t matter and our friend

The painter surely took something away from us:

I do not mind saying. I know we need to move. I motivate

Them to do the training without much thought—

I am sure we will. Life is a private ceremony, so if we even run

Beside each other it doesn’t mean

Why would it? Who has wide pupils? It is a fantastic mural and I catch people snapping photos
of it from the motorway. I don't think of him at all,
Only I don't tell the others. He did his job.

I am still leading,
Motivating them but not for long.

You're So Close!

*"We may have decided with Nietzsche that God is dead, but certainly His internal
representative—the superego—is not."*

—Ronald Britton, *Sex, Death, and the Superego: Experiences in Psychoanalysis*

Lapsed priests, silent alter children,
Invisible collars, terrifying reflections,
Coded speech known only to
God knows, didactic peaks
Deflected. But you know why they're there! Go on—
Look inside and see why you asked: mercy
For my fluid tongue, a mere teen. That's not half bad——

It must fall between
When seen. The dog approaches
And it is for you alone. It comes to the dream
Separately. I don't know about that.
I do not know about that stop thinking about it, for...
Because it's them. It is them. It is them. Most people are mostly good.
And honestly? Outside they were always the same. We jumped nearly over!

[Heightened on the bow, commiserations to all]

Heightened on the bow, commiserations
To all that have gathered to receive this prophetic sermon
About dinner because the tie is too tight: I never give scenes!
Me on a hill with 70-odd people beneath,
And I'm in a dicky bow ready to speak
In some way. The fisher king is here again to cause mayhem
With his wound flash, the daft sausage. I mean the sage—
Our real inspiration. Please only glance fingers on feet.
Before I let you climb to fire alarms we must ready
The soup below this clap we can create for ourselves
As a blessed group—see you later have a good evening!—
So tight we are as we rise and rise and rise. You! The pretty one.
Come and measure this speech. What do you think?
Look how accessible your messiah is. O truly your thoughts

Are able to be spilled freely to interpret my teachings
As you wish. I wouldn't mind you feigning around the cadence
Is all. It does
Relate to that king. How did you know? I see I see—
Another flash! Any more flashes out there? A few
Hands. Are we suddenly in a village hall though?
Yes we are. Desserts desserts! Never have I been so behind
To master the conjunctives so vividly. Is that a push
I see? Karate? That's on Tuesday evenings and this is turning into a mound
Of possibilities like a crisis is coming: someone
Anyone that is better—that small acknowledgement.
The other pretty one. Come here. I will whisper.
I used to do this without symbols, speech,
And I thought I was mad. Truly! Now look at these lobes.

Farai Un Vers de Dreit Nien

*"I'm pushin' the snakes, I'm pushin' the fakes
I'm pushin' them all off me like, "Huh!"*
—Kendrick Lamar, 'Silent Hill'

You shouldn't be here. We should stop the whole affair.
Listen to them in the back: Are we there yet? There's no car
Or chairs or love or future for us. Should I say that to the camera?
There's no car or chairs or love or future for us, us
Knowing all along where we'd end up—how that break feels
Though not an ending. Now we cannot speak again.
I need to get these to school you must leave. They are important to me! It all must be captured!
I saw you coming that first time and it was as if
Lives before us had deemed it so, me feeling
Our pain then but I needed to be with you. I needed to escape
What was all around me. What we'd accumulated at our home.
So much memorabilia and figurines. I am starting to relate to it more again
Not that I want to but I knew this entire narrative of us
Like a drink in a glass, a ring on my finger. I must still wear it!
How can you talk to me like that? I still have my powers!
This way? I still have my powers! Need I refer you to
The journey I can make without moving the vehicle—an earlier trip—
And they were still entertained, most
Not even inside? They talked about it for weeks
The terrors. I could have claimed any of their friends.
O you know what I mean—who cares. You said it was about love.
I have never used "the love" with you until now: I don't
Again? No you're right. There was never that between us and I have been focusing always
On my own future, even away from these (points).

They change and grow. I cannot take them—no.
But why would you? How do they hold that so long?
They are important but you must hear me—can they hear me—
Because if you did you would know they must not follow me, only I must do
All I can to not be here as I am, with you or anyone.
I want you to leave. I didn't want you to come!
Even then—you must believe me
And then forget this ever happened. Did you get it?
Great. You can have this. I won't need it. Don't look back.
Never tell them that! No! Because it isn't true. I didn't say that—
Did not even suggest it. Let them write their own.

Satie Carried a Hammer, Too

Together of us I sham, beckoning
Near shall testing if together there is a meet
Or a gap through which the symbols the corn popper
Can travel. I mean I mean, spritely-formed
Maverickian over the main road (paths, roads)
Oaths to our oats so we are less touchy, Trieste
Connected to this world we have now built—

Are you following us? To boat the Heimlich manoeuvre? Gently
We sail cutting out any location where we could land, courting
More thorns than phones, beginnings of shadow
Haunting Morton fences: I know you travel!
Eight-balled and a shot to the victor!
Sluice—ah! No sham was you: I've never come through so thoughtlessly.

Slight Squeeze

"Theories are the very devil"
—Carl Jung, somewhere

"Young Bambi: What happened, Mother? Why did we all run?"
Bambi's Mother: Man – was in the forest."
—Bambi, directed by David D. Hand, 1942

How are we to delicate the inurbane? I don't know.
The places to visit are now... just here
Clearly without it being like a child remembering their first assault
Between an otherwise dull landscape of him snoring
And her not being able to expect what he wants while she snores. Can you hear where we are?
This is the movies but I'm saving the title
For a title. We will have to make do with slow

Residue of things that could be plants, nothing
 For anyone to save themselves... But did you see that?
 I didn't. Send me letters.
 Ill-advised seems quite nice for all the urbaneness I have lost
 Since travelling your ways to shores
 And trees and waves and weather
 As the synapses grow up—there is nothing new to catch
 Son we have been around this whole pool. You will need to look at me.
 Look at me. Remember what you were going to do tomorrow?
 Is anyone going to send me a letter about that, that they see
 In this trickle of near silence
 Near bear I am nearly done, the host when he doesn't understand
 Floating to me like it is more than a prophecy
 His face, interpreted by mother—just the book I've read! I am going to look back at this time
 And wonder of the ship and why I didn't fill it with more
 Don't know. Bored. We hope you saw the armbands but more
 Wore your own and don't dare be studying this
 In a collected works, celebrated days long gone
 Annoyed if you ever still have watches in all honesty.

The End of an Obituary

"I say to her: "If you still have pains, it is really only your own fault.""
 —Sigmund Freud, The Interpretation of Dreams

Of course, this much-loved magician's indirect but colossal impact across an astonishing range of disciplines – psychosurgery, history, architecture, semeiotics, nautical engineering, oneiromancy, smell – is what he may be most remembered for after his infamous "Croaks" stunt of 20__ (he later confirmed this title was a play on "cure hoax". It was a short piece filmed by T__ Studios with Magic F__ wearing a mask throughout. The sequence was broadcast at 2 am on the morning of Tuesday 13 July as the star himself – as well as the entire production crew – assumed this would mean their antics would go by unnoticed, if it was to be a failure, that is. "If it be failure," one had said. The magician had based the setup of the stunt on a real life event: in a nightclub smoking area in Rotherham after one of his performances in the summer of 20__, a man had come up to him while he was relaxing alone and told him a "collection of rather heavy things about himself that he couldn't conclusively confirm as true or false", the magician had been overheard saying somewhere. The magician – "admittedly, in a very high state from my incredible show" (he spoke of this part to this very journalist only two weeks before passing away) – told the man to email these "rather heavy things" to a bank of therapists with no explanation, sending only two or three to each until they'd all been shared. The man did just that, and a week later he approached our dead friend in a smoking area in Aberdeen and confirmed he felt "obscenely better": ""Obscenely better and rather smug," he'd said to me, and I couldn't even remember who he was. That's all he'd said too! I was in a foul mood that night. I'd actually sawn her in half proper," Magic F__ had said (a third listener). So the TV show was based on that and more people had stayed up and watched it than had been expected and

many thought it real and everyone was inspired, stuff went off, I lost and regained my job (see the middle spread of us reprinted on 16 July 20__). Right bother, it was, of course, for all involved. “I knew something would happen,” he told me. But don’t say I told you that! Is he dead? Yes he’s dead. Have you read his autobiography? Of course you haven’t!). I cannot believe it. We shouldn’t have these live obituary feeds. I’m bereft. O flight.

A Strong Example of You Turning Embarrassment Into Metaphysics

“We’re suffocated by words, images and sounds that have no right to exist, that come from nowhere and return to nowhere.”

—8.5, directed by Federico Fellini, 1963

This is the launch of the project for which you are applying
To project manage on, the goals
Being set out here and here
And here and we believe you should have some additional goals
You want to achieve with you today? Excellent. We were worried about you finding your way
What with the roadworks because of course you didn’t
Take roads? No roads. How is that seat?
How is the panel? You can see us all? Yes or no is fine—
Anymore and we’ll be excluding all the silent parts: someone must carry
Well, you’ll see. Of course we require you
To stand but you could still have an opinion on the seat. We’d hate to mark that down.
You’ll see the structure name, the blueprints
And the band that are unveiling it. The most details we shall give
Is that they turned a certain set of lights on in a certain place
Somewhere. Exactly—pretty big! No there isn’t a phone calling—
Why? Are you struggling to understand because we say a word each?
Were you not expecting that? I suppose you wouldn’t.
Aha! So you *should* have if we sent the letter
But we didn’t send the letter. I
And I and I and I and I
Have not been on the project long: you get the point.
We are not going to mock the tone of emotions in other projects
But it’s a good question. What else springs to mind?
The tone of emotion—not a bad shout. Have they concluded that now? You’ve had the training!
Irreproachable. All those lined up behind you
Too. We knew we were getting a team but we didn’t expect
You to erect that so quickly: my word! The sight of it!
The construction was silent! I could have delivered this myself.

Asa Nisi Masa

“Even when I am dealing with empirical data, I am necessarily speaking about myself”

—Jung again zzzzz

The widest. What would the widest be?
 We need to get there yet! What are we in?
 A balaclava but more—a head wrap. A head shrink!
 That'd be good. How about
 That rodent again, no—the bees knees?
 I'm still getting dry and warming up! Eat it yourself then!
 That was it. Ignore the family. The theory of everything
 And you hear it's just the answer to a koan—
 The ghost through the wall. But what if there's nothing to pass through?
 I'll be down soon I'm trying to make something!
 It is a wide as it is stretched, which is to say
 That the children need to wash all my cars
 To stop me taking their money away: that
 Is how the world goes round! And another go: two ferns
 Are growing on the edges (do not hesitate) of the universe
 If we're thinking Newtonianly in this bathroom—I imagine I'm one of the sheens, more
 Of a family—and... and yes
 The ferns: how do they speak? Next door's
 Family pet is scratching on the door with the rodent! This is why we estimate: could it have been
 stung?
 What if I climbed out the window and didn't discuss my work with her again, my dreams
 Of not returning from these runs? What do I look like in here?
 To ask oneself first is to suggest the symbols meet, but my hands
 Are about this far apart, there's no more space for change
 Yet I see myself as around forty-two years of age
 As I saw them as children, where I still have work today
 Besides this singing. What a racket! That was what I was doing—
 Badminton. The singing from that middle child
 Must have brought the pet in. I see three children
 And me locked in this bathroom separate from them. The same themes. The same themes
 That I bring myself to ground with as I act all cool.
 I am nearly dry! Heaven's sake.
 We met when we were young and that's all there is to it.
 My work allows me to count a lot of beans all day—that was it—
 And I do it so much they sometimes appear to run
 Which is when I see the answer: what happens
 When beans appear to run? I see the whole answer to it! O why this bathroom
 When we could have been spread, even that
 Not enough! Tell me how to remove myself safely. Never think me funny!
 I ignore them no longer as I remove all my clothes except for the head gear
 To confront them... though it's spaghetti night, my children
 (I know who they are! My children! I know who they represent! O what a discovery! It is all going
 away. Sleep tight, little ones!)
 Terrified of my naked stunts again. I am not losing my mind! She

Never said I was this time. I'm always allowed the end of the garlic bread. I am lucky. These days are going.

Yes fine I'll remove it at the table. I can only give my apologies again and express gratitude For the tweezers you bought me: record numbers this week.

On the Way Back From the Skip

I pick up
Another table: same problem!
Dodgy hinges!

Maybe it's me, too.

Sublime, Collective, Etc.

"Doubtless all the dramatis personae will be found to come into play from this point on"
—Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*

"We have all this money. The sales! The profit of redirection. So why waste it on appointments, taking photos like all those "The Sublime Object of Ideology"s? We have loads!

"I just think we could take the money and go on a long trip, honey, and read all these things slightly detached – not so bounded in the structures – because as you know, by necessity, they are not able to be-

"I was talking. Yes that's lovely for your figure.

"So we could travel and even skim read them and not look at the collective... what is it? That band you were in. "The Collective District of Dell" – right. I looked up and knew that was it! So we could just do that and, you know... whatever!

"No the other one still."

Osiris on Hinge

I kept finding mirrors on hinges, doors swinging
Back in my face hacking up my own brother
Providing a means to distinguish my spelling
Across parts of myself holding on to the handles
Giggling, as I scrape the drum
For something to wrap this set up, the same complexes
Played out as he now finds mirrors on hinges, near twins

Are we I am finding us closer, eaten by fish lips,
Not as good as one used to think, mindless
Us sharing land with no prompt greetings needed for us, belief
In our destiny: we only see each other
In ourselves—the drum
And wraps having holes for us to fish

Too for bait again to throw back in, marry or avoid.

Brad One, Then

This is it, the cinema I wanted. Me and Brad built it. Seven? There's only one:
It'll work itself out. What to watch?
A blank screen—excellent. They all look the same.
In fact there's white shading and it's a pop up cinema
Of course, like those cards. Like the director is splicing
As we view. You too? I thought you were offering me explanation
For the snacks we are piling up before we even get into the arc the longest hotdog
This complex will see: Brad—can we discuss,
Can we discuss the blemishes
On most shots we see across all screens, this
Plex not the same but I did say what I was like with my projects: easily
Tired. But what was that then? Pays
Or an autonomous republic was seen. The play to make our money bac-
But Brad it's what I wanted, fine—
But it isn't enough. You are not enough.
Eight neither. Try more. Take my message away
In your cowardly tact and do what you want
With whatever it is you think you cooperate on, because as long as this
Isn't the longest I still have room for growth: bye for now, Brad.

Clutching

“Play strings for the dramatic ending of that wack shit”
—Kanye West, ‘Gorgeous’

Now you are ready to leave, you must
Put down the first premise and look up as little as possible, else you will see
All the parents. And wait. And wait. Come back later.
Your phone will ring in the library and she will not look up
And smile. This is not one of those films. Their philosophy
Did not exist. The strings are starting. The resistance is here as the underground voice to your
joy,
The early pots and pans. Mouth completely clear.
Body cleaning. There sounding a smooth turn
Simpere over the edge, cracked, the limbs lithe
Over into tight wads: you have all kinds of lights
Around your frame—the time you took more of them to bed—
That ungraspable size you experience being inside as, that creating the gods distinct from
yourself.
We cannot stay here. We leave the library.
The lifting of the fences to go and get the ball returns, kicking

It further so you collect it near them. That desire. It made you choke.
 In the line you are impatient in a disconnected way to how your day is going,
 Where it will lead tomorrow. You lie down and the world is screaming,
 No sense to what you could argue in this noise. You cry for yourself.
 At the pub you slow and sputter, meeting
 Blurting out sounds starting to watch, panicked,
 Knocked off in sweat, portly bits don't get, giggles,
 Grimace, rub hand on every seat. Slowness and speed,
 Start biting the glass. Still cannot see tomorrow.
 You had the premise in your pocket, that was it,
 You wrote it down, you go to the toilet,
 You read it, you clap your hands in time and see the recovery
 Movement in your arms, your legs, little movements
 Synchronised as you begin again the training: phone rings,
 No one looks. You don't look to look. No films.
 Flashes across the chair and the automata on your fingers:
 These reset yourself. The size of your desire of being inside.
 The size of your desire being inside is unbearable, feeling the drop away
 In advance not diminishing that swelling in your stomach,
 The illusion of it not quenching. You cry and cry and cannot go in the pub or library.
 Rain along the road, scorched earth groans along sticklers, stupid pets,
 Tiny freaks, want to chew through. Rid them all. Matter broken.
 Wretched little programs. Insidious quacks.
 Rubbing your arm round your neck, no remembrance
 Of the film. Compared by you that: I'm a filthy beast. I despise my form.
 A needle makes a hole in the distance years later.
 Concentrate! You'll hurt yourself! You are going you'll cut yourself if you aren't careful!
 You hear the flow from an unknown stream, no source around here. The premise! It says
 The strings, the strings have been playing. Where are you listening?
 You slip down the curb as you hear yourself, felt yourself unbalanced,
 Blessed torn out loft, red face, miner's welfare,
 No not back through all those. Where is the harp?
 They said they would return to me. What are you doing to me?
 I created you and you cannot be outside. Forgiveness feels as close to me as hate.
 I can touch either side. I want to pleasure them but I want them destroyed also. I create
 everything.
 Swink! Swinky wink at the pool today! Deer deer deer deer deer deer deer deer
 Ban ban ban, popping out turfeddddd. Stay still.
 Stay still I want to do it like this!
 They ask you to leave, curled up
 Under the bar, your four phones ringing, tissues
 Hanging out of every pocket, covering
 The floor, covered in mucus and sperm and blood,
 Hundreds all over the floor, pushing off those gathering you out the road
 On to path as you scream for more of them: More of them! More of them I will be fine!

The violinist is packing away on the bandstand,
The last musician, trying to back away
Unable to lift it into case. I can find note I had!
It was a note! You never had a note this is my violin
And you broke it and I will not recover. You destroy everything.
You destroy everything and find reason outside. All the scribbles on those tissues:
They are disgusting! You're disgusting! You cannot go lower!
Red face miner's welfare. You must return there.
You remember being peaceful, but not memory. You turn
Away and back again to the violinist, pleading
For her to play as it is the way, you know it isn't,
You know what it will do. You know no other route. She starts
Knelt, lay on the grass,
On her back on the grass playing in further tears as your face turns to serenity
Pressing in close to her. I awoke and she still lay next to me,
The violin resting on her chest, the bow at her side,
Smiling in her sleep.
You were so close this time. She then put her hand to herself.

Colleague Who Only Invited Me to the Evening Do

*"A woman's voice reminds me
To serve and not to speak"*
—Steely Dan, 'Fire In the Hole'

I do not say things like that
Nor do I think about thinking about things
About them like that I think about them
Differently not that I think about them

As "them" at all. Right get me HR: I need the form.
Because the form has them all on. O you know what I mean!
My email signature is getting so long.
I drag it around with me like a bridal chain

Catching it in all the doors because I am married to this game
Because we are all the same. And yet you're thinking
You can get away with what you're writing? Because I'll get you yet: get me

HR again! Because I need to know what the fair thing to do is in the circumstances—I don't want
to sound threatening: look at my email signature! Well you should have thought about
that
Before you thought about what it suggests. I mean look at

It for all-the-available-options' sake! And you know how stressed I am about the wedding too,
what with Chris working overseas: he's invited all his colleagues who have these weird
foreign diets—urgh.

"Oh, will you fucking stop? "Group! Group!"
—Tony Soprano, *The Sopranos*, 'Christopher'

Good

The white coat
Walking the cobbles his stethoscope
Hanging from his nose like a funny trunk, cobbles
In the piazza with shooting brick art
White coat tapping the 'phone part like a drum
On your heart, pulling out stops
You start kicking your legs and sliding against history's rose spittle

Claps to a minimum, arms wide open for the beam
Firing out from you too, petals down from the brick.
And white coat's got moves! Shoos away
Rain: "You tourist, no? Me measure the brain. I much much train!" Embarrassingly handsome!
You cannot feel your feet as you weep
Dropping away decades of the weight. "Me knew! Me saw you."
Not even kissing him could make it better.

You Answering a Koan

"What colour is this blue pen?"

"Bzzzzzz? No! Black. Hahahahaha!"

Another Sponge

Wailing outside? "Auntie" whoever saying it's just
You and her again here now? Dreams and/or hallucinations?
Dunno. Tomorrow they'll be toast. I took it all lying down
In bed as I reset my alarm later this morning,
The new tomorrow. Which makes them all this moment.
Then I dummy the alarm, ahead of the clock, ticked
It like it's a viewer, got up
And did some dog. Who let me in? Death!
You can't point at that either—anything but salted
Butter spread on my bread
And butter makes me shudder, though if I'm a guest
I smile and eat it all up like a good boy, pleasing

The dinner ladies before I'm back out to play.

Fallaciously But

We are all in the same boat—look: my open palm.

He pointed at it. Your lines are very different to mine, he said, instantly

Producing millions of other boats and I had no choice

Fallaciously but to deconstruct it, adding

To what he thought he'd seen.

Finally Something Indirect

Out the trenches, ducking shots from middle management, fucking shot

That thinks it's management

That thinks we're pheasants. It is apparent

Things are exactly as they seem

In the field: it is flat. Johnny climbs up the communications tower

To confirm similar in the next field. "And this can hardly be called raised, that same

Fair to middling screech on the hymn sheet, every inch mapped out.

But d'you reckon we could take some back to the hole? Yeah the hole!" We fall

Back in and pick the spray out ourselves.

"Gold plated? There's a tattoo of me on the inside, too,

Only that cock looks older." Johnny Senior

Confirms it was like this when he first dug out the trench. "But dig it I did!" Truth be told

I've not much fodder in me so I throw myself on a grenade

Knowing millions will claim to Johnny Junior they came to my funeral while they take his
weapon.

Though

"Hold on to the thread ... we're all allowed to dream of the next"

—Pearl Jam, 'Oceans'

I drop the rope

No hooks or axes

I hang here with no idea about loosening

Ourselves there we go

Falling through the air

Without a care

Picturing snow

Nowhere to go
Between edits
Something about ferrets or respect
For other animals surviving on this mountain
Though
I initially thought we were on a boat
Sailing away without coordinates
For all my subordinates to be ticked off by
I don't know why
I longed to pass by
A window that I could latch on to, window
A break!
And the landscape has changed and the plan: we are going
To take this excursion seriously: Ferris—
Supplies! Oh yes: it's a boat. Make sure it floats!
Rope? Anchor. Same to you
Too! God speed and I hope you all
Find your journey satisfying. Ignore
The view and keep your hands in
As much as possible, especially around the bends
Until you know what you are doing. Then
Delightful! No you cannot come on my boat.
I've even kicked Ferris off! No he didn't
Skip. Yes I am the skipper and you are on your own...
Dingy, by the looks of it: it's a start. The snow? You'll understand
Sometime. It's rather cringe. And the window?
I was becoming a pain
Needing a way out.

Can't You See Yet?

*"And you walk on shaken: was I the perceived?
Did they notice me, this time, as I am,
Or is it postponed again?"*
—John Ashbery, 'As One Put Drunk Into the Packet-Boat'

"The dream is the private myth"
—Joseph Campbell

"You will be the one who cannot talk"
—Radiohead, 'High and Dry'

In the dream it is easy to write "Everyone is obsessed with my body"
So I have. Watch me
You better watch me draft these messages

To pull you in to where I'm not really feeling it
To state this, obviously. Here is a part of my anatomy.
What was before the dream? A simulation

Where I also had this body again—look: the simulation is breaking!
Why won't you look? I suddenly don't know how to write
Without the simulation or my body and now I want you about
So far away but I only know how to pull you in
Here. Out of the dream it is easy to write
"Everyone is obsessed with my body", but terrifying
To be out where it seems to happen and not without my ability to draft any longer.

Minimum Requirement: A Calculator

"He talks in math"
—Radiohead, 'Karma Police'

A slow
Coming together
For different parts
Of the soil, if soil.
Behave yourself we are not all of the soil. This fruit in front of you is not of the soil.
The parts
Need
Be slow
Or not
At all, slight
Glances over the shoulder. Glances!
Sorry that won't help—that was my old class:
Glances. Narrow
The eyes and
Hold. That'll help—hold!
It's important you hold here. Old dirt appears to distract. You'll think you'll grow here
Again. So hold! Else the dirt'll
Hang about
And crack you later. Grow on your branches.
Now look

A root. Some math.

A leaf.

Some fruit! Just like that.

Yes we all thought we were cool. No you don't need the scientific type for my class.

Old Tricks

"I'm in love with my sadness"
—*The Smashing Pumpkins, 'Zero'*

No cleaning's getting done today
As nice as it sounded, nor brain surgery
Nor handouts nor considerations
About consistent breath: the cat quite literally
Is resting on the mat. Though I can't even do that
Right, even though the team in "overall"s
In the back? They seem happy. Aha! Knew it. They said they're in the basement.

No cleaning is getting done today
Because why not? I'll say I hired a cleaner
And they'll all do for it themselves, overall, when you aren't looking
As mumbled as I am. No surgery is why! It isn't rocket science!
Did you use to think they were the same thing, too, beyond
Your reach? Even voices below your station
Are available to you, Kitty. After all, just listen to this black dog with its old tricks: you missed a
spot.

Pseudocereal

"Making two possibilities a reality"
—*System of a Down, 'Science'*

"The things you think are useless I can't understand"
—*Steely Dan, 'Reelin' In the Years'*

"Hearts and thoughts, they fade, fade away"
—*Pearl Jam, 'Elderly Woman Behind the Counter in a Small Town'*

Watch yourself forget about them and sell Coca Cola instead. Why not? You might as well.
Now where were we, pretending to nod, visualising yourself
Nodding there being nowhere to go, no bear hunts today, tired from all that training
We are unbalanced: that is where forget goes: hold! The gate has been left open
For you to come in with those boots: next time you'll wipe hard
Then change those abominably stampy things
For rubbing our noses into the sole—pfft!—that very first time: were you born in a barn?
But you're in. What more do you want? Yes grab a can.
They're everywhere we have plenty.
A spittle of the ol' sugar today was all, unclean chaff
That only the livestock can stomach, this gristmill wanting the lot: the unfolding! With end-
Osperm further outside (the whole grain's not meant to notice: that was the point) "refined"

Being the real paradox of our secret recipe. Beer production?
Coconut water? By all means! As long as it's not one of these tins.

Take Note

"It takes a lot of time to push away the nonsense"
—Talking Heads, 'No Compassion'

After a bizarrely small amount of dates
You bought me

A gift
And gave me a letter, explaining

Thoroughly
—For the majority of the letter—

The great difficulty you had
With buying the gift.

The letter was the gift.

Why Would We?

Come on—one last game. It's early!
Is it because I keep winning?
OK I've got this other game
We could play but I'll need to be the one
To read the instructions because it's the only thing
That I'm good at. O yes and winning
That other game, too: did you expect consistency?
Only in how I say it! Right. I can clap on the offbeat
Too and I've been told that means-

OK fine it isn't that late: the instructions! You have to follow
My lead around the
Garden as I make a path
In the grass—it doesn't need to be cold—while I decide
Why we would be in the garden? Yes your path's correct so far.

Hyper-Simulated

Dionysian dancers across the screens ungatherable
For us playing The Sims: we mimic
Movement making steps by instruction, cannot do

With a pull in recorded in a clock, silly bats,
One at the back masturbating freely—not freely—
Spanking and a frenzy without a photo;
Back to the past like nothing to create character—nope:

All clothes off as a next go. Permits up! Fists inside
And writing this here, so obviously no action,
The proceduralist building but not Siming a self:
A fapper. No a great Monmouth of expression!
Heralding the groans and free shakes
Of an edge forward to the alarm clock, sometimes
A handjob with Debussy before the bus.

Peel Back

Saturated faces saturating the still corridors of the school
In neo-Polaroids looking warmly at trees
Holding mugs unpragmatically facing
Only the tree, we should say, us objects leaving

The industry for tea—builders!!!—with the builders
Roughly building a new future
For the real children in that treehouse, where
They too feel they have known each other

Forever: I am so glad I found you on this journey!!! They had milk
All the time!!! We peel back
The fallout photos to find fallouts
Unfaced by the “warm faces” unsure

What’s behind that subtle raise—Grr!!!—only the “disintegrated”
Knowing without the energy to point out the negative.

Progress, Acknowledging the Origins

“A flash of objects never seen before”
—Theodore Roethke, *‘The Signals’*

Crisps and chocolate, wandering digits
On blocked faces, sided tingles, unwanted
Meets met with, voluptuous
Psychosis pots pouring out the concrete, bulbs
In the corners of your ride, holding the handlebars firmer,
A default to phrenology with a smile
Non-judging—progress, acknowledging the origins of haircuts.

We rest in the schedule as we can, unbalanced
In the exercises and reducing hallucination
Down to the non-clinical, unimpressed by flashes,
Repeating mantra-like that the pots are the pits, mostly
Looking straight ahead as your rocks
Side to side. The pain is looking for a way out, in live
Narrative or gritted teeth. Even this is giving it too much.

Scizvu

The serialised individuation of myself as tad removed
As “artist”—near Zen-like
Or schizophrenic watching; but let me label the word
They then use as itself (know why?): scizvu—
Where we at? Becomes a mountain to climb
For all of humanity, or to aim at,
No corrections for the outwalking
Biggun size then refold into nowt, the plate and cracks
Gone the subject and object
All a mash, a mash. How it feel (how why?):
Watch yourself being taken out
In a vast space that is only bright white light
All around and you are not a body and nowhere is like
Your childhood home and you are not nauseating on about personality. That is where you will
find
The build I have laid for you to go out on
And come back to and wander
With not a drip of self-consciousness or emotional response—varying
Degrees of energy, the basic holistic speck. O look the sun.

Splicing for Spicing

Let's concatenate the percussion: Hello
World. But that's not right: Hello world? How can that be
Right and wrong as performed, the dance,
The move that was produced there
Needed and yet not earlier, unlike
Just now and sense produced
Though not for you? The fall utilised. I am

Yes I am the breath of fresh
Hot air you may be thinking, for why? But when you sleep
Easily through the distant drumming
After us, of what you do not notice you'll not

See? We have no qualms with splicing for spicing sound, the tree
Is a fallin' and coming round the bend, what I find
Most torturous as you watching us frowning as we free.

Tired

“Prehistoric monsters freeing themselves from chaos and evolving towards the light”
—*Sylvia Beach, Shakespeare and Company*

I will dismember myself against these bars, clumps
Landing through and free of the non-dimensional
Roamings of discordant noise
From a final-track consciousness careening on its singular
Awareness only back within its own bars, too,

My clumps being sustenance for one crude animal
To feed on into the future behind a heady choreograph
Dramatised as just that, a self-referential moidering
Out of the corner of a pervert's cell, clumps
Of the beast's own sperm clumped in its cracking fur, too.

I'd been picked up for doing what I do
In my own bush only I'd been caught
This time. I had some time in here, celled in,
To translate it from a certain action and it's amazing how much more productive it can be,
shareable.

Against Certain Emails

They walk the administration
Asking for submission with wide

Haunting smiles offering ick: “We want you to express
Yourself as you wish. Express yourself as you wish!!!”

“You give ick,” I say. Wide haunting smile
Relaxes. “Thank goodness!” she says. “Another free one!”

“We have a WhatsApp group
And an underground network if you would like

To join us? We have a magazine, too,
That would accept your work and I

Would love to take you in my mouth down there:

O my stomach doesn't half feel better."

Echolalia

*"(Shout) I'm shouting, shouting, shouting
(Shout) I'm shouting, shouting, shouting
(Shout) I'm shouting, shouting, shouting
(Shout) I'm shouting, shouting, shouting"
—Devo, 'Shout'*

Senseless

Between "Grr"s—some "Grr!"s—
Outside the pot of us. Now I mean you.
Now I mean as aloof being fought
Below from above: the soldier,
The fighter of us, this internal battle,
Racket. Bracket us off and let us feed-

Back to the amongst of our hearts,
The awakened tiger. The reverted river.
Why do you shout for me, the Wally,
The executive that hesitates for spells? All's well
That comes around
And around the bend putting off
The bubble again? Lay, the sense built unfelt.

More Peace

There was an always tired
And a liar, walking

Down the street hand in glove, though not in sync, the former
Heading to the doctor about itself: "We recommend

A good listening to." "But they're making things up!" thinks
The liar, the tire

Spoken for without noticing, as they re-enter
The gauntlet.

*

The best thing I have ever said to a therapist: "My ex
Is like Echo!" With no irony.

*

“Ready? “Unfortunately my object-choice
Gets the brunt, but I don’t care
Because she was a cunt,

My object-choice
Being her still blocked
Who I’ve knocked
Far past any point.” You’ll see there’s something

In it but I’ve not been doing it
Very long so I need to work on
The rhythm and line breaks and stuff.”

*

But slow now, says me
In my own voice, adopting
My inner therapist. Slow. Slow
For an exit.

*

There was an always pointing
And a fun, travelling

Through the air hands up, though not in flight, the latter
Heading to the scaffold about itself: “We insist

On killing this off.” “They aren’t wrong,” knows
The pointing, the fun

Instructed—willingly—as they re-enter
A bit more peace.

More Robbie

After the culture
We’ll go to the light show
To watch the makyō
I’ve learnt a new word for ya.

Haven’t I just: at the light show
I stand

Corrected—mistaken:

After the culture

Light show

Makyō

No not come or go? Sure!

It came as I ran

And this is a fact:

I was always more Robbie

Than Take That.

Open for You

Irresponsible, irresponsible in symbol,

Cymbal, conceptual, spittle tracks

Overridden while trying to get somewhere

About you in noises like above—I let it be heaven—

These locations logical: many well-ordered systems

Available for the lords of my table

To overwrought themselves in, just where born,

No responsibility either. Though you may come.

Beatrice. It was not to sound

Like this, this track, tracking back

We are as a scared little pooch, just that kind

Of mood: unfed and higher-ordered: we did not check

Their record, functions of functions,

Relations between individuals in history, open, open for you.

My Hand Was on a Stove

Unconscious spikers?! Gimme summa those!

The string goes back? The spurting hose.

The fling grows slack? The blurting nose!

And on and on it goes,

No concern of a stone.

Meandering freely in coats.

Take note. Take note:

You don't want to subtly poke!

*

But I held you in the bus stop and you were mine

Like a mother
But the inverse. No one else
Had ever touched you or would touch
You again. The WiFi had go down. It was why you had sought me.
You said you had not felt that much better
Two days later
When I asked about trust. You were back in the cool storm,
The cool storm.

*

Respect?! Gimme summa those!
No. No.
Always clothed?
I suppose. Yes—I suppose.

*

And as we come inside
Those like home
We find little—the familiar. The emptiness after, discussing
Us in the bars between when they go
Down to the bellows of not what, what not. Need it not fix there?
It will not. Try over no recovery. Always a same cave
Floating on risky pieces of wood to new lands. Evolving,
Evolving away from spikes: my hand was on a stove.

This One Barrel

But there are barrels of content already
And I don't know why, the study
Keeping us off the old
Whatever used to go on. Elaborate distraction.
That isn't elaborate enough, mixed in
Enough. How do I remove myself?
I want them to talk about me wrestling with something
More than the choices in front of me that they will not know about.
I move myself away
So freely. What am I over, though,
To want to return? What is the
Return? Could be of interest. Editing the old oaks
Is helpful. I feel differently about here though.
I am not inclined to do something destructive
On my way up and away from
What they used to do. That is of interest.

That is me removing myself and that is the continual wrestle
Open ended outside this one barrel, let's say.

He Wasn't Even a Soldier

All the art is there to build one—yeah—
But we have to start with the familiar climb
Out through the fog, forgetting,
Forgetting, faking it and fighting foreign influence
As we are told. Only as we are told.

You stayed! And me. I'm surprised! Where's Bobby?

Cute.

Sometimes We Dress as Them

When I was a young warthog, bellowed, still
Echoing out as a cover
Between dinner shovel in the dirt. Yes.
The dirt. It is all a dream in the tightened muscles
And this ain't it, I'll admit. I'll get my coat.
It fits. I am trying not to buy several.

And it is not my fault. It is not my fault.
Shall we try and hold the child up
How we did back then, though

They are older and it doesn't feel the same. No one says a word.
Those shovels? I'm going to bury you in the garden.

Sometimes... sometimes we dress as them
And go out into the lands around us
And cackle like hyenas.

Sounds Rough

He now lived in an invisible ball that was tied to her waist. He could see out of it and she knew he was there but he was weightless and others couldn't see him. From being in the dark she now shone around the city by saying his sayings. She was building a following on the back of The Plot and everyone that knew of her work admired her and laughed heartily. She fed and watered him through a hole every night when she was alone. If she wasn't alone she wouldn't bother. She wouldn't look at him when she fed and watered him and she never talked to him though she did smile when she filled the hole. He'd lost his sayings and she was getting healthier and healthier and he lay in the foetal position more and more. He'd started doing this when she had sex which

is when she did look at him but he did it more and more and more now. He started sucking his thumb. She went on holiday with his friends. He couldn't speak.

Confess!

No! It was don't jester? Confess!

If we spend works

Tying up top enders

At court what about the dirty kiddiewinks? Holding horse?

No horse but saddle we be wanting that gone

In the county, no comparison

For no spout of this tea pot that way. Now the committee

(So obvious now) look around the screen

And another no some: scents

Not knowed! Twinted!

Unhappied by the bifocal

Pina colada type that still got the digger

Held back (hello, King) wondering if disciplined for the horse able to bolt but choosing not to?

Fun Agains

"Faulty human connections could lead to unspeakable rage ... pursuit of his own genius had to end. They had paid enough"

—Lucia Joyce, To Dance in the Wake

Pulping the family for a conscious sleep, yet this is a christening, too, where we

Deconceive ourselves in point of reference to

Objects we subject to pulp, forcing

Babies into pages in all seriousness horror

As shock illness goes to the edge, categories bollard mind,

Ring around the fences, chasing tails of daughters, flicking

The fodder for a future statue of my perverted self, a half-gone effort

Pulled through needle, mur, importance of creating a history,

Not sure if it's just me here, let me climb back up ya muff

Stop the art that way. So tense. So tense feel my teeth.

Llllllll. Stare in a certain way your finger detaches! Ready to taboo them

They are—saw the creeps in the market towns! No reach out there!

Not one for the common man! All a big put over, over ya knee,

Abdisre in a bloody bad mood, all this pain, what do you expect me to do? What do you expect me to do? Do something for you? Emphasis what I want emphasising? All my right side splitting. Respecting you?

I take any offspring I got and follow the art, smash heads,

Smash heads leave them in cages. I ain't typing you are. Savage little bastard. Savage little

thing. Having a play and not sleeping. Stay until eh dean with me smashing forksbroil

bag. Mines. My unexamined unconscious.

The unexamined impact of what I'm statuing. Fuck the little fucks. I watch and. Pulp. So you can
see. Fuck the fucks. Little rat. The little cool rat
Was scared to fuck but ran around
Cool like it, like Yeah I'm cool to fuck! I always do it! Weird fuck.
Sucked in the children of me and exploded inside, never stopping,
Pour more of the tea to calm us. No no no no no not that.
What abrafic eat. Loud I am but also here, going to say,
Going to comment on the weirdest GOSH one reader knewknow. Knewknowknewknow.

Breakdown

In a flight you pesky savage want to bite into every infested part. Coo,
Coo the birdies. Act lovely here? Came inside a catatonic? Cannot remember a thing. Keep
smashing the offspring against the tiles
I would have.

I'm OK With That

No gritters? No snow! That was quick!
They'll be back, though: some of them earlier today, pushing it
Now. But nothing to slip on
Just, landing comfortable. Honest! Take our hands
And glide and slide and really consider how there were no
Gritters here, only a brief in and out
Before sleep. Nearly as exciting as the real thing:
You are here. Something doesn't feel right. Something
Is sinister. It is a rumbling or a downpour.
It was a drip. We may need an umbrella. I'm OK with that.
Actually it was just drizzle. It's now dry. One of those
Irritating showers yes that couldn't make its minds up: the Grrs
Can be in. How do they make it change so quickly? Like quick moons:
Despite what they say we can't be hired up there. Nor would you tonight!

We Leave Close Sidetrack

The fuss fizzles past
Less crystal only grasping flits of fake meets
That if we leave close sidetrack
Without an ending: we are now introducing
Royalty in an effort to save you
And more invisible characters, no less
Important and a little needless the diggers
Will try their hardest not to remove: Detour! the King
Is trying to say as he was trying to stay
On his elbows, the terribly rigid watcher, willing
Finally to announce that he will make himself sick again
For you, the shame being in the land

Not feeling like before, a loss
We all must incur—us little servants—for overall less fuzz.

, too.

“Decades, rubbing myself against these shelves
To achieve an untimely
Persistent non-symbolic experience as taken from you know where:
It’s written all over your face! It is similar to my persistent non-
Productive cough: no mucus!” He shouldn’t be talking in the library
And I know he has not returned
The book I have requested on time
On time and the self. I am watching him as he slides
Against the spines themselves around to the serial section
He’s gone! How’d he do that?
I’ve lost my point in Kant now, too.

Hostel Chat Between Ourselves Before the Guests Arrive

A dot there, a streak there,
A shoot over the hats bringing, Less of that!
Though less of that
To the future, new coincidentals
All luckily across the desert that I will be running
So I’m told. Effortless greens
Shout up to be planted, that
Becoming this as a thing like hope
But come on—you haven’t seen my notebooks.
I am holding very steady here
As the “Y”s double and flash too, remarkable
If remarked on. The streets are signalling,
The neons of those greens attempting another “L”, though I
Am the runner of this race with no ‘spring
To overexert, if a little away I smith myself.
A dot there, a streak there if we care
To mention, accepting
We have to build ourselves from somewhere
In such long manifestations: Don’t step on the cracks!—the orifice
Explaining itself on the cushion as you watch to wake
Up in a new world unlike what you thought you’d dream
When I just thought it was stone-coloured: I am saying
Too much, again, about the lagoon we are visiting: we know.

Not Certain Study

“This latent energy must be directed into something, whether study or dogs on skateboards, though not certain study, more like play, though not too much of either, preferably with a structure remaining to be climbed, though not much structure, almost quantum, though I shall not explain that and interesting avenues to explore for offspring though not too many offspring, this bringing us to the reason why we are here: why do we need fire alarms at school and why is it important to adhere to the procedure, for we all remember our former classmate and friend Mounty Kint and The Disaster of the Collapsing Desk, available now on my merchandise stall that is in the Year Two corridor.”

Obsessed With These Ain't I

Something has happened to me
Properly. It has! O. Now I feel funny

And smiley like I do not need
To tell you. Like I've read it before only this time

I feel it—felt it!—for a short
What happened? See ya!

Reflection

Something has happened to me
And how dare it: I am sneakily shooting
At the seams of your jean pockets to see
What I can get away with before providing
Plasters and poles for you to simmer up
(You've been shot) and away from slightly different
Circumstances for a short time: what happened to me?

I was in my, “Well?!” achieving little from my subjects, playing
With the light switch, fashioning
Poor clothes to fit the body's talk.
It was in a charity shop when I discovered the cure
For climbing away from fog that wouldn't fix
In text prior to an electrolyte dip in my narrative: while I
Was holding the gun to my head? Of course I wrote.

Same; Probably XV

Direct communication? Here is a smiley face.
I know what you are thinking. We know what you are thinking
But we have left there: we'll need to work it out:

We cannot wait. It doesn't work like that we cannot wait—there are molehills to integrate
Over here, in the middle of this conspiracy.
I feel myself slipping into a frozen lake
In this new job... Ah. There it is.
We are helping you put more of that down. How like
To draft that text. You haven't not felt about them at all.
A test—yes. Contradictory things
Spread over a couple of days: I like this
And then it's opposite. The smile loves the both.
Oh the smile loves them both
So much and our boys are screaming, swimming,
Drowning O the work.

Why We Were Here

We went to the lake—"Finally!"—only to float above it
Sighing at the sky as we discussed
Negations. A fish jumped like out of water! A bird
Swooped down almost into our faces. Though we knew
Neither were nothing to do with us: we studied deeply
Their behaviour from afar—why they didn't do what they did.
Then the weather turned a smidge
As if someone had blown out a candle only for Ben
To assure us that this was why we had not truly gone
To the lake: "My simulator
Allowed us to watch all that, see, without the threat
Of the murky water. Those wild animals who cannot control their natures!" We were
Confused? "But please continue to enjoy!"
In real life I had been fishing
Off the bottom of the lake Ben was mimicking, and so I knew
He had only reconstructed the very centre of it
And that the lake was actually situated within territory
That was protected by wild tribesmen who killed all visitors
Once they had seen the waters unless they slept with their daughters.
"I decided not to tell the group about this, vigilant
Of any wind or waves now too, as it was lovely to visit
Only by floating instead, knowing this was why we were here."

But I Did

Stay firm as they come together, doing
As I say and do
And not of the latter as this is breaking further apart
Or slowing another flow from elsewhere
In this eerie glow appearing: I have never

Wrote here before. Have you visited here before?
It is here that I can now see, how the boat
Out in the harbour connects

To the meal I once had, now famous,
What we do to ourselves to pretend
You and me both are sorry to admit the reason
We are returning for the foreseeable. Why? Yet
I still throw out smaller sails for you:
Because we did not stay firm! The beliefs ready
To merge and melt off the statues were met on the way down.

And more! Here are more obnubilates
That make us sick as they make us sick
(You well) a ridiculous busy. I could have been a chemist.
I could have held fir- Ah! O my—
That is what I should and shouldn't be talking about:
I am a chemist! This feels wonderful.
Yeah the boat—great. I had no idea the chemist would work!

Marathon Training

“Musforget there's an audience”
—James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*

Because they insisted, you left,
And turned your sperm into faster splits: they'll still laugh. When

They called again, you went back
After months of training

And hard work
And racing, only to find

A deeply cleaned flat and a woman
Staring frozen in the mirror

Where you'd left her; only
She then returned too: “Haha!” (See!)

Turning
To then face you, she

Continued. “You know, I've seen all the photos—all those
Stupid medals: you all got one!”

Or Not (Sorry)

In the middle of belles-lettres
We find belladonna lilies, bellboys, bellends
Of course and bellicose now and the ceiling being pulled
From above us in our study: we leave

For the garden we have grown before they start
To tear so we can stare
At the rubble now made that was threatened beauty
Though we are young.

But the lilies are out here! Just not those ones.
Bellflowers, too, lining the way
As we turn away from the building we made
In haste, not

Necessarily attached to our age, that,
But we believed the reading would save us
From our predetermined definition—which is to say
Which is to say is not something we thought we'd be saying

In the garden, in this way,
When we first try adding spice to this relationship: "All these flowers
Are beautiful, ma mari, but it has been
Seventeen years since I moved and you have only taught me on paper

To be."

Panopticon

The eyes of the hills, watch
The eyes of the hills, still
Not here: this is not their deliverance.
What else can we see from this exalted mountain?

Their deliverance, of course! As it is always implied
From us rhymers of wise, even if
I can also spy a well-kept garden
Hiding a taste for a certain kind of podcast which is frowned upon?

And so it is so! Look at you! Which means it is not you
With those eyes watching themselves, thank goodness, feeling
None of that experience due to produce
A surge in the sale of tissues: naughty boys—

Let them believe it. Or we could let them believe
The unbelievers that this is only a lofty pile
After all as should be? You and me
Calling to those in their other hills—of course—from this inhospitable wilderness.

Contains Brad Pitt

“A schizoanalysis schizophrenizes in order to break the holds of power ... for we are sick, so sick, of our selves!”

—Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*

Dream logic only Brad Pitt knows
In his best roles. The dreams are falling

And you have choices whether to regard them as worthy
Or as problems for the wall, problems for the wall

Had at the club—"They were asking...
They were asking for you!"—beautiful smile

Miles ahead as the room was being touched
Up to clear their heads. Softly. Too near?

I didn't want to be here though it is not for me
To guess the settings on the speaker:

He never replied to my request.

*

Dates for the philosophy
Poetry for the 'phrenia (prose
For those
That need their hands holding) Some
Think they got me
This orange coat shouldn't be here

*

Brad I did not know you would be here, but why
Can I not talk about it—my dreams! I want to tell them about the dream!
Tell them about the dream. I shouldn't be here today either.
They do not let me in the clubs.

*

Sawdust where we played around
A bed for a ground
Naughty play with dunno's song!
Best be getting along (act sane when they come
To visit, to visit they come)

*

Brad it works with us touching it, you know. I have seen it.

I am going to leave you over there a minute.

Brad is going to come with me
To release the dream tonight—the scares we get
With the meditation bell. The gong that releases.

But here they come with their tape measure!

*

They have mingled
Brad in jail
The measure, failed
We remember single

*

(To be sung as the reader likes) And

That is how me and Brad Pitt
Got riddddd of it
From the bedroom
Over Zoommmmm
Without having to consider the mechanics
Of what the coat thought about it
(Knew it would come back in
Clutchinggggg: give me some skinnnnn (must be high that last note))

Nasty

Do not concern yourself
With those spikes of inspiration, motivation,
Desire—as they will soon dissipate

And you will be in that fog again for weeks
Months years on end, perhaps without knowing—no attaching
It to this, for you. Hold firm
In the choicelessness you are fulfilling, without
Striving, trying for the me within yourself—of your environment.
It will never happen. Nothing will ever change for you.
Just let it pass, the flashes
Of other so you can return to noise
That is familiar as you never going to be able to do anything else.

Nigel

Nigel—I do not want to work at a joyful place. It is too tiring
And derealising. I want to be out there with you
Wherever you are, in the rain
Saturated, ungalloping toward a Dionysian abyss, silent
How we enjoyed ourselves. I didn't put you in my mouth.
I might have wanted to but what didn't we have the tools for? I'm like it now
When trying to cook, Nigel. Does someone of my stature...
Does someone with a name like our duo
Get to be coerced in these smiles
We do not want to give, as much as they might
Receive off us? I am not allowed to be funny anymore, Nigel—
It was why we ended and it is what it is like for us now.
I think the rain and the office is just about us two though, really: Nigel, I love you—
I just didn't have the opportunity,
But I don't care what they say anymore. I don't want them to use this
As a means for any agenda either. It's what I worry about.
If only you could hear me! I have screamed out there
Into the darkness as I was drenched through, but you took off
That early morning—our bus!—and I'm never happy, Nigel. It filters into my beliefs
That I do not care about because I am rotting, jealous
Of their feigns in the office. They are still feigners! I err so much! It makes no difference.
Nigel: return. I am mouthing your name in my sleep.

And there were more of us, Nigel. There was. There was more of me
And you to be found. I swear it! I had more...
Memories? Were they memories? More lessons to share for you, attempting
To bring us together again, Nigel. But as you can sense
They are gone, gone
Into someone else's rain. It was we that were the frenzied, only I got off.

Some Kind of Animus (Might Be Anima)

"A succession of irregular loops ... now of a parabolic sweep"

—*Samuel Beckett, The Unnamable*

She ate children like bear—or picture her
Like a Black Painting! In that state!—before deciding she was a femme
Inspiratrice. There's no other story of the teddy bear eater, the looping
Relapser, the laugh about one bear
To the next and the next no sight
For the humour, who heard what, who saw who
In persona washed out on display, the original painter
Flailing around with a brush the bear chewer used
When further unseen was needed to save
The original painter's painting. Explaining! That couldn't paint.
Splintered out reasoning! Though could spray
Discordant splashes around: this isn't knocking Goya. He could clearly represent
On canvas what I'm sure he didn't think to own in his own life, depending
On the fairy tale playing him on the day. He was submerged in a dark house. I assume he knew
it. Was he mad? Near
Deaf all over the walls. Today is the day the teddy bears
Dine out. And goldilocks now? In this bed, too?! It feels wrong
And so right.

The Foldaway Table

“One didn't know how to handle it (mentally or physically) ... with so little relation to the clumsy framework that the thing did not strike one as a table”

— *Henri Michaux, The Major Ordeals of the Mind and the Countless Minor Ones*

“Impersonating your whole memory”

—*Ted Hughes, 'The Table'*

“This is valid not only for daughters, but equally for sons”

—*Carl Jung, 'The Significance of the Father in the Destiny of the Individual'*

More like throwaway! The legs
Wouldn't bend as they should
As if it was broken
Before I'd received it. Unfortunately

I slid inside
The wood with my
Screwdriver and marked it
Accidentally as mine

By trying to fix it. The original
Seller (that

I hadn't met
When I'd collected it as his wife

Was the only one home) said, "No
Refund!" when I'd phoned, so
I paid their house another visit: I
Could see he was to blame for the faulty legs

As soon as he opened the door, the condition
Of his wife making sense now
Too: "You suggesting I marked the underside
Of that table, like you?" he said.

I took it home again and kept it
For a bit eating
At it: it made me sick. Back pain! Hard to write on. So un-
Balanced. Waste of a smooth surface. It needed new hinges! I eventually took it to the skip.

*

When I got back from the skip, I found
The pair of trousers I was
Wearing—since long before the trip—
Ripped. When did that happen?

Another Wink hehe

"This will make widows wince."
—Wallace Stevens, 'A High-Toned Old Christian Woman'

Well, we'd like to thank you for coming at least
With this work, but it isn't quite what we're looking for. Although that? That we can work with.
What you've just given us right there I mean—that. That! Yes that.
It may be similar to the interview but it's perfect! And that doesn't really matter:
No need to explain yourself. Look at it, gals—it's brilliant!
Look at it go! Why didn't you do that from the start?
Don't downplay it. It reminds me of what is excluded from the web of a fugue.
Yes that might have been something I've just read: me and the gals
Don't mind that though: look at that
Turn! Why didn't you say it moves? Obvious
Indeed but effective. Do you come here often?
Look I'm aware of the interviews but this is a reprieve—accept it: do
You come here often? Of course not: a double-blind
Mice? Excellent. Sounds good, partner! Right
Now you are done—how does it stop? Because our next

(Anintelligible) but what was that fascinating noise
 We wouldn't have minded hearing elsewhere? And they aren't coming?
 Did you hear that, too, over
 The tannoy? They aren't coming. Whoever you all are! So tell us
 About the process as you were saying
 You were washing up and then shaving? As we could do with getting this down
 On paper. No paper? I've given it
 Away to even the most amateur of "my lot"? How dare you!
 Why would you do such a thing? One of the gals was halfway down the corridor
 In this building you'll never know the name of, now,
 With a hefty package for you, but now
 You can leave and never come back and you will hear nothing more about—or from—our broth-
 Excuse me! Get back here! I decide when you leave!
 Do you? How long has that been the case? I missed that memo. My mistake.
 I wasn't talking to you! You'd left! O yes your coat—fine.
 What a fool! I'm going to use his work
 Nonetheless. Nothing he can do. Was he?! I thought I saw five.
 Anyway I'm going to discount that five, the mice
 And the tannoy and probably use his conception
 As-is. Next!

Failing Coattailer

Whereas the smithy, the pusher-beyond-doable-in-peace forces a smear, a wash so as to attain
 the building of what could be before it then ventures to hunt it. It stands up and finds what it had
 at the sink. It then recalls the fogs bounced between by the coattailers as the emptiers – like
 itself – move forward without the schizophrenic belief in the last conversation it had being love,
 a call for sex. Instead, the smithy/pusher lies down and allows the text to seemingly swerve but
 it symbolically abstracts the bottom down on its face without the conversation once needed –
 without this being the sex of the failing coattailer; though the bottom could be one of these.
 What we then have is the completing of each aspect needed to continue with our day with no
 recourse to ensuring correct usage, the coattailers giddy with this, the idea of that bottom as
 instigated by itself without the dismantling of a relationship within the confides of the smear, if
 we're to beg the campaign question, that is.

I Give My Mother a Foot Massage

To develop one's thought is the inverse of what one would want to believe one was doing when
 an alleged development is taking place. As the "developer develops" they are at their peak
 silence in a release of the infant instifles resulting in thought being undeveloped other than
 paint for the one who goes on to use it as a developing input, so called. What is to follow such
 noses: belief a further and further crystallisation is taking place? Is a "Totalought" forming as a
 predecessor of the growth calculator? What does this researcher contribute to the whole
 forming? It has been said by colleagues outside myself – thinly in the lab, also – that they view, if
 and when they look up, a being not in motion (or that defunct mode we once referred to as

“emotion”) but a mere “...”: the one hypothesised in the linear. So down we go. What can I say for what is built then? My eyes? To develop is to be outside the inside jiggling, spreading
Prejudices on paper
From an earlier—literally; they try?—march. None of it?
None of it can be had, barked, formed. The index finger
Rubbing around the inside of the mug as all memory, distraction
Runs past of what could have been. “Totalought” was Eros
Set down by the pagans of the lab. Cannaloon? Cannaloon.
The avenue we are trying to open up is one of instrumenting the instrument, the best way of
saying
That the concept accords only as a set, however demarcating itself
Decides to accept it in or releases as a movement. There are no stupid questions
But expanded attempts through which we can find
Ways out into closer quarters within whatever we wish, perhaps lazier speak,
A little closeness between one another as we are not going to elaborate on what we could say,
leaving
Large structural points behind.

I should have said this earlier; I am not referring to the developer.

What I should have said is that undoing the undoing is only developing the doing, and then what is that, really? This is not rhetoric. This is modesty. The developer insinuating such strife is released. It is quite a dump. The infants are released consistently with the impact of the insistence of the intelligent isolated...

Again, it is a being a done. We have just discussed it in the laboratory. We hope this is the same piece? The undoing: yes. We are tying together the “Totalought” with the funding. All the time. Published. Expansion developed. All better. Mummy!

And so it was with the team upon them, not no more.

A Full Tour of a WIP

Why can't we start up here? We already have the sky
As a canvas: does it look to be falling? See—

It's fine. And “see” just works! You've seen me on the shortlists.
Well I at least have, so why can't I use the same features, especially

On a different building. A new art form! A new mode of expression for me. Yes the floors could
be expanding! Has that been a thing yet? Endlessly? Without being s-

Sorry yes it's a building, currently—have I got to spell it out? So we're building from the roof
Down, hence

We started up there. And it's staying put, isn't it—
Look! Well I haven't actually decided that yet:

I'm so advanced. But you could decide
What you're asking me instead, if you like? Hmm—good question:

The latter. The former on Wednesdays! Anything else?
OK good one—that's more to the point: I think it'll be

An educational centre of some sort
Down to around... here, with a car park

Underneath and an even lower
Layer for interviews, as I seem to be much better

At expanding on thos-
How can I answer that

Now: maybe it was cloudy! Apologies—these sewers
Stink. But I did wait before deciding the name

To explain, for your sake, how we could get
This far. But no—that's no excuse

For the smell of the rest of the site: sorry
Again. Core! Would you look at that! So hot!

No idea. Can't remember.

Don't touch it! OK touch it. But what does it look like
To you now? Really?! That happens a lot—O well—

On to the next one. Only let me put this
Away...

...And it didn't stay put! Fine; it fell. Onto my
Head I did say it was a work

-In-progress who cares? I'm training.

Didn't Last Long

Of course, when you're really good at it
They inevitability end up screaming
And then shouting, quite quickly. But how else

Can you do it if you've been forced

Since an early age, to strip
Pages out of exercise books

Because you'd wrote poems on them
In the back of class: what else
Did you think I was doing back there? This took years to write!—

You came through it in seconds.

Flawless

You felt the need
To burst out, out the house,
Into the world and out of the act of explaining itself—it is there
Already, such doublespeak like you are living with them
Again. But you burst out
Because you had to, those feelings bubbling,
Let yourself to free, let yourself to unmet, a great sea voyage,
Many plans then out the burst, winding
It through the streets with puffs out
Also like that other yard: what is this? You were getting out.

Everything is the same, though, isn't it. How can you redeem that?
Escaped, yes, but
Still setting your own traps
Like pants on the lawn
To start a story and save and commit suicide
Yet coming all the curtain twitchers here: the bench
Of the view you were never too present at
Pending.

Neither too high nor too low though, a great little putdown. Is he booking the tickets?
His was a great scene, this
Small movement you are making on the street
Enough if you hold as it rises now, the under bother
You left for. How much more can you remove yourself? So young
For plodding, casting it off
Early enough like it could be something, mostly surely—
That was due that was due. Come on, phantom—
A third and this: two little screws

Trying it on that have no idea what you can do,
What you've survived. You felt the need and got out! A little cough
Splurging out: place them again: again
What can be done for it? Lightly grasping

The change of that, no counting the counts,
You have beaten it being a fourth and the whole story—
This little Piggy, an old name
For a puppy—is soft to the touch.

The Myth of Chronicling

“Sometimes, when the light strikes at odd angles”
—Lisel Mueller, *‘Sometimes, When the Light’*

What creeps in on the walk? The myths. The myth
Of the walking meditation. The myth of chronicling,
Narnia. The correct myth

Or path you have taken today to walk it off
On lunch, only not too far
On this afterpath, no mention of whatsoever.

If we look at the etymology of that we may find
A distraction from the bubble. The groundswell
Of “cave hyenas” coming as distinct from the article

Themselves. But we don’t like utilising references
To more be exact. Passed, like the sense
Of sense in a nap, unsettleable

Once care is not given for the sums of history
Plus history equals a little trip down the curb, no bother: “You are
My sunshine, my only...”

Breaks up a Bit

Returned, another life,
Looking all around the head at coffee, the struggling
Actor, his transparent acts given up on the table
From between then and now, as if

It hadn’t been raining, no costume
But the same for this matinee done many times,
Repeat audiences, could do it in his sleep, which was
A gift, in this case, as he was very loud, the dream-like here.

Across from him was a sponge (the dream!)
Having to build the actor back up
By watching him not look: his eyes

Reluctantly used to roll back, the sponge

Willing to accept this type of play here
In silence—the phantom in the rafters—glimpsing the clock
Over the actor's shoulder, prior
To deciding to practice a consistent stare

In risk, at its face (actor stays on hands) the sponge's own
Game in the still rain sprayed over the set: "I will never
Be caught," sponge says. "Never! I know every word
And gesture and forever I'll live this horror.

*

But that was my life. My screenplay. My opera!
I am not the sponge! Nor

Is this then horror, the actor,
The phantom in front of me,
Ratified into new life, only I still visit him
Now and then."

It Passed

We saw the characters moving
Which were not these walls moving, thank goodness, this remote
I have a holster for in my hat
Being home until the end.

There was a little too much pace in the last episode though, and I prefer
The slow burners, with little dramas.
One of the antagonists: they threatened to deliver
A speech on the metaphysics of "subjects". I don't know which ones. They killed him off.

One day, I was tempted
By a new channel, detached
From the affair rumoured to be occurring
Right underneath our noses at work, as I was.

Reader—and talking at this kind of thing
Is new to me, too: I pulled my hat down further: it passed.

Merda

"How you feeling, girl?"

—*Frank Ocean, 'Crack Rock'*

Fawns with the decent D-lock key
For tracks in the snow
With poorly oiled locks, feeble hooves,
Grimy nails in the grips: why not? Because they don't actually like cycling! It's doesn't make any
sense: bad start

There, I'm sure—too old
To be fawns: too young for the... snow? What a mess!

Us on our bikes get exhausted beige
Within five minutes of seeing the view. Not what those horns promised! Only that's what snow
does

Unfortunately: they should have been cycling
With us! All the snow they'd ever need! And these mud

Guards: O please let us go
Into the future just a touch more
Where only memory remains

To look forward to, back over
And over the snow
For you, alone. That's it! No further! Still a mess! Muddy! Frosty! O dear.

So Bad

Where the gate is, wide access
Makes me sad. I once

Wanted all the donkeys on the beach
To be allowed in. But it was the ones

Holding my hand, pulling me away,
That made me get it.

Now I have that long driveway, codes
At the end: 5537

8008: they never should've given me
The keys, for I play with the gate

As I please while I invite
Anyone in, who can stomach

The mule working over the lawn
On the off season: he doesn't even try to escape: the driveway

Is long but it is open, he just smells funny.

Who Am I to Mock?

The chef thinks hard how to mock
The dish he cannot remember starting
As he cooks with the same ingredients he plans to mock
Which would tie it up nicely, only he is happy

To come inside and go for a run. Before he even finishes
He is wondering how he got here
Practicing the same as he saw outside, while in
His kitchen, there is smoke: see it

Billowing out, no sous chefs,
Servers to... help serve him out
This mess so he doesn't run
But walks out the smoke

Into the walk-in freezer, and finishes off his dish, studying it
As he must hold it, thinking, "Who am I to mock?"

At the Grocer's

Why do we pause here? It is the wrong time
To look at plums, on offer
At the grocer's, this being one of the last
Stops to stare before the consistently steady flood

Of the fruit in the... but it couldn't be
The road, in a flood. It would have to be a stream, a stream
Of fruit, the richest
Surviving so sweetly, though not necessarily

Necessarily, else we'd have shopped wrong.
Another bad apple!—we won't be shopping, but scooping
Up fruit without using scooping, better floating,
Blind... scooping of some sort

To come up via an instrument my assistant will hold
As I do not want you seeing me in the water anymore: paying for it? Cringe.

Beast, Then

The blonde one, nearly red,
Now red, against another colour sky,
Uncomfortable in the knowledge of this beast
That scatters fact like wind
Does things, whether caught in the 'math of the same breeze
Or not, how you decide, the colourless
With many a cloth of all hue. Who

Is the calculating blonde without
A means to count its own spout, the handle
Controlled by this beast, this beast
Unbeknown to all subjects, making handles
A lot to themselves. And yet. Yes exactly: the blonde, that
Wants to refer itself but cannot touch
It's own desire for song like

The birds that made its early skies red, these now lost in the dyeing, the head
Inclined to beast itself but wind, weather, can turn
To rain to save. A drizzle. A time to compose.
When the blonde was a beast, too,
In its third phase, it composed, knows
How to get in the colourless' nose. We never supposed
There was one place to sit and knit

After talking to Blonde, yes him, after
Him not liking the ideas he could not spin
On—nor could we point out why, though yellow tastes. What are you like
Blonde, as beast cannot refer to you
Anymore, poor form, dodgy balance
On the run in this storm you getting as light as a shade of pale, this morning
Warning, all Beast's—yes: Him—limbered.

But Clever Ain't Wise

This voice here even less
Though still here as we need this
Like an equality monitoring form
For the materially comfortable, unspeakable

Uncomfortably, in the middle
Of this now, too, searching for flaw
To explain their own sight
That they do not see in that way.

This is the perfect balance, yes,
Of being here though not really, hardly
Down your throat instead of studying
The lump in our own, poems

Having things for you to disgust
If you receive a taste of anything but jest.

If I Cared I'd... Ah Well

As we deconstruct
We add to it
With our hands up
In this crystal maze

Me and my team mates
Inside the glass
Talking crass
About how the world's made

You outside looking in
Scratching your chin
The air out there, thin
There's nothing

As we construct
We take from it

It Is Almost as if the Record Speaks for Itself

Though out the village, you are! Only into
The rolling hills, hiding
The fact in plains—flat plains—
Despite how they can make it sound: a Jagged Edge

Record? You only like instrumentals here, ones
Where you know where you're going; until you risk
A slipped note
Under their door? How pathetic that was:

"Fancy it? No fine that's me along knocking at your neighbours."
You knock knock
Knock knock knock knock
Until you are walking back into the village anyway

Without seeing: “You thought there were mountains out there
Didn’t ya: you might well pinch yourself! It’s plain
Why you’re here now though, you spicy
Little vagabond you: I’d just discovered them last week too!”

Offering Absolutely Nothing

And what do the villagers want
Now that you know what to do with your panda eyes? But not that! Everything
You see in the mirror
Not being scripture.

“We have
These grumps between which
We don’t know: that’s the best I can do
As spokesperson. It took me a while
To claim “spokesperson” within them.”

You sit atop the hall. “I shouldn’t wear
One outfit all the time,” goes past you, it only taking
The chronicler to see that.
“Place it in here, villagers,” you say, offering
Absolutely nothing.

Can You Get Crows Feet From Wincing?

Deepseepeeped
Cave hyenas not extinct
Fighting neanderthals for meat
Watching before it peaks

Shadowed intelligence
‘Musing sustenance
Finger puppets, for instance
Contradicting evidence, still living in abundance

Random, I Write to You of This

One of them was so gone
They were ready to spin themselves across a keyboard bash—“nskdofofosod”—to climb out of
it
Like that; whereas the dull one, all cool, ready
To go home after a long stay, with boasts
About their long stay, we needed to thoroughly teach Dante.

Grandmother, I write to you of this
Because you taught me the cause so well
But some of this work is ludicrous, backward.

I know you will know which one returned to study here, too,
While the other is rich, quiet now
I hear. I loved her. Requested no transcripts—nothing.

The Story of Mungo the Get (Who Lied, but Not as We Think)

Out all night as a teen
To limit the rape
Happening to his body, mind
Miles away: “Not me!” never said.

At the hospital, Mungo
Now adult, to be sure
No ghouls get he
Is allowed a sleep and a leaflet.

“Better “Not me!” it
Again, for the foreseen, again: it’ll do!” Mungo
Became Mungo then, said
To himself outside the hospital

To get out a bit more
A bit more each early morn instead.

[Wouldn’t mind some beauty for the bus]

Wouldn’t mind some beauty for the bus, a warm place
To rest inside when home,

A purpose, being wanted,
Some better rhythm to return, words, stronger

Connections to outside myself (would take inside myself),
A drop in cynicism and rage, feeling

Seen, some intimacy,
Some touch, to be taken in someone’s mouth,

Someone to smile or sing to, the other bus
Going the other way to be cleaned,

The dad behind me to respond with any kind of interest
To his son, sirens to stop, us all to get off.

Had a Theme at Some Point

You have now been spotted on this train—after many other times, too—which indicates, to us,
that you know who you need to leave behind—as you do, don’t you—
In the carriage of mirrors: don’t worry
That’s it bumpy. It’s bumpy for everyone, only the passengers—
Exactly—in those other carriages get caught up
In the view the bumps seem to make
Outside, when they aren’t lost in the mirrors, this
Very carriage you are in available for walk throughs
At all times: it means opening a door. Though we do make it hard work—

But why not! There we go that was a big bump: you hardly
Moved. Only slipped a little—that’s good. And the view? That’s right:
Relatively the same. But can you hear them cackling
Back down the train? They’ll be blaming each other for that bump
Minutes later, we promise: we see it all the time. After the cackles. Cackles
Then clouds then points, it goes. You’ll work it out.
You are working it out, we should say!

You aren’t? O right. I see.

Yes you’re in the wrong seat—you are carriage B
As it says on your ticket...
We thought you were on our new
Pleasant tour. Now you better make sure
You take all your belongings back there
With you, this time, because you can’t
Get back in here without pressing the button
For assistance, though we do find
That never really helps anyone anyway: we’ve even
Heard of babies
Being born back there and we go and help, and they still
Never leave, cackling
In the mirrors years later, jumping
At the bumps. No actually now, they cackle and cloud
And point then pout then cower at the bumps: that seems to be their new
MO: we don’t explain. We’ve even explicitly told the babies
To leave, over the tannoy, at times,
Though they hardly ever do. Once grown. Larger. Some do jump from the carriage
Sometimes aiming for safety but anyway! We sound off the

Track, now, ourselves. While you best be getting back there!
As you'll probably be stay stuck there forever. What? I said
You'll probably love it there, my dear.

(Assistance phone rings)

Hello? But that was hardly
A second! And someone has repeated themselves
Four times already? No—
No that's not a record. But yes we're on our way. Hide as many
Babies as you can in your bags. O you think that's crue-

Did you feel that back there? And how are they responding?
Ah—you understand now: grab as many as you can.

We've got you! You're safe. This is carriage A.
That was chaos in there—what happened? Can you remember?
We didn't manage
To grab any either—O well.
What did they do? What happened just before?
How did you fee-

Ignore me! I forgot—it's our new
Protocol: forget
I said anything. Forget
It ever happened. Forget
You were ever back there.

What do you reckon? I reckon they'll go back.
Yeah, I reckon so: to study it! Nightmare.

I Just Like

I thought it was mysterious
And thus spiritual as I was viewing it
When I was ready because it worked, unlike
What I could get you to view, by encompassing myself
And bringing me down: the reason I ordered it askew
I mean cool. I am talking about the courses
Set out by the poltergeist, of course, because I cannot be bothered
To lie to the sheep any more. What do they all mean?
We shouldn't be eating in this field, that's what:
The napkins blow everywhere, me
Having to stop myself putting the plates sillily, too: don't you hate those courses?

I just like
Them mixed up sometimes, like a child, yet on a table. I never
Get the yews to say grace, no,
But they sometimes do if they think I've cooked really well, only
Afterwards they come to me
Alone, to tell me it was gas: "But I'll never tell, ever, the mission
Being too important": there is no wool. There is no wool
Here and I am saying nothing. I shear
Some sometimes between meals and ignore the phantom wolf
Never around these parts anymore, since
I started serving the dishes exactly as the menu,
That I put together, dictates. This
Bothers the tourists, but we're past washing up
And crossing ourselves, our eyes: I was serving them
Awry because I knew no better. And if they don't like how they come out?
I usually compensate after a little delay but never without them.

Which Was Fine

The lagoons are all around you
(Finally!) I cannot know
How I'll get you out, whilst here
In the car park: the motel.

It must be so, somehow
Like this: two of us—subject
And object of my desire, one
I must want to save

As it has been set out
By the dredgers—still here
Us two; and so I will ask you
To swim, and sorry for putting you in—

Some business, as you'll know
By my note in this room
—A strange format for a note—
It nearly made me late, writing,

For the meet with my hallucination; which was fine
After all. Why do we ever argue?
I am retiring, lover, from lovers
In my notes, pooling for more thought.

Thrivers... but Then Not That, Too

You look through the directory
With a view to buy some expensive plasters, you realise,
When the thought occurs to you, instead,
To learn a language

Before the boardwalk comes back, all that,
You and remember when being there, l'ordinateur
Est cher, the director-
Ees being beneath a locked screen,

Expensive? No idea. Can't remember what we paid.
We've been here twice.
You know what we're like.
Bad at the time? Maybe. Not for me to say.

Deux, please. He's coming; he'll turn up.
Warmed up? Yes that's fine. I know! You can barely see it.

From the Night Work

Back over, above as we are from the night work,
The closed roads, the night
Working, not being sure what we made,
Though we are here

Downing our spades
In as much confusion as the commuters
That can use these lanes, now—
That we do sometimes revisit

To resurface—and we wonder if we'd done the same
The week before? Minutes ago?
As Tony'd lost his watch
When we'd stretched it another car's width, knowing

Most wouldn't clock it anyway, half the concrete
Mixed with grit, assuming that isn't what we were supposed to do.

I Have to Believe Someone Needs This

The only thing'll do is a chocolate bar, and we'll get one,
But the changing of the guard
Potentially beforehand? It's worth waiting;

They say it's regular but we don't believe
It always happens in the same way
As this here is being geared up. But you know about their geared up?
Well you obviously can't say. Because it's sunny
Where you are, we're guessing. Is someone shouting the dog?
That is what you will wonder out of your dream, turning
Them into guards themselves, we did, to walk
To get you guessed it: everything
Anyone does irritates you, doesn't it,
Because they did them too, even the innocuous things,
Saying hello? The correct kind of sex? Which is most.
Ah—we wouldn't worry. The wrappers always have
A little didactic spruce to them
To help us pick. Yes royally
Do we require the sweetness.

Just About

Hard to view the manoeuvres more than they want
To be seen as themselves in the sky
Twice weekly us talking to ascertain
A little bit of a break for them. What is it that flares it?

Say the entrance was electric but empty
Wind blowing the doors open while you wait for the support act
And in it, is an offer to lift you away
From the need to capitalise on every situation while commuting

To the round end we are inclined to fulfil, letting the silence fill.
Would it mean to be released from that fate
Of dating your modes so as to review them from when necessary
Only to be mindful that each time, if bent

To be seen without the full weight of your powers
There no question you need to walk toward for it.

Lil Serious

Everyone saw you being what
You are now seeing, you big baby: it is time to hide away
To catch up with yourself and reality, so you can return
To a world that little bit quieter, with different voices
Away from the way of looking at it, all
Of which you do not now speak
Of as you stand outside, watching, only without the clouds

And roasting days, you left
With sensible clothes that you just change
As is required now—that are not all baggy, also. You know
How to separate emotion from memory
And get over divorce, not that you can remember that. It is all about sex
Still, but a little differently: on your first visit
Out you nearly asked the person
In the bus stop what they fancied, but the schools
Haven't taught that yet. You
Still toe the line when it is required, though it is rather funny
Now: no rehearsed lines or flare ups when you get home.
When you come back to this you tell yourself
You will be promoting something different, leaving
Frigidity way sooner and selling all your mirrors, telling
Them on the first day that the water cooler isn't for you. Now you lie in bed flicking at film
options
For hours but that is only humorous
Now too, because you see the seriousness attempted in all of them, the regret
In the credits, not that you see the laptop
Down on the floor from how you're now propped up.

I saw you, too, out there
With all those experiences. It was certainly
Something...

But I have eaten. And you understand.

Me as Much as Anyone!

That near-catatonic tone being used to deliver information about the quantum phenomena they
barely know a thing about, yet there they are,
Carries with it shades of the water sports they are into, not that I,
The listener, begrudge them their means
Of keeping the insights about space or sea
At a distance, especially considering my own furore
Into different intensities when speaking.
I was once asked to read one of my essays
On the replicability of certain artworks that were actually going to be hanging around us in the
very hall I was to read my essay in. It goes without saying
That some of the audience
Were going to be related not only to some of the artists
Of these paintings, but also to some of the subjects of the paintings too
Including apricots. This is what I said back to—this essay/
Painting story—the quantum talker. We were actually out at sea on
A cruise on their orders, and I could not handle

It anymore. I then approached, with care, the subject surrounding what I thought
Had happened to them, between all the noises.

We've Gone With "Unwanted Pregnancy" but Even That's Temporary as You'll Find Out,
Possibly?

We are knitting
Because a baby is coming. We haven't named it yet.
We don't know what kind it will be, nor
Its size, or any of its other attributes, only
That we are knitting for it, as it is growing
As we knew it was coming, at least, as we knew
There or thereabouts how to start making it... But after that

There was only really one of us involved
Who was able to say, "Attributes—are you sure?" to stop
Another unplanned one and that was you, baby,

But you have missed that opportunity
Now. Though at least we have a baby now!

OK—we know how to do
This bit, too, at least: as stated, we knew one was coming
As we started making one but that was over

Quite quickly. Now we have a baby
In a baby—being knitted with it also—as maybe
More than one of us will see? Without saying so, that silence
Always ours to determine, because of course

We can turn the monitor off: we have a name! We are not revealing it.
These things appear when you are not thinking
About them: you are holding
The baby! Very quiet yes. Gurgles
Just about—about it. We are professionals.

So much potential though, now, for this new born
Before its mirror stage but we are worried
The best part was the idea of making it, after all...?

"You are abandoning us?! After subjecting me to this? You piece of shit!"

We have felt all the excellent things
To be felt with having a baby after planning
And enacting the start of making it excellently

Which was a great idea one of us will say. But now it is made
And about this big and we can put it to sleep
With that blanket we knitted over it, hoping, as you are,

That its sibling is more exciting...? Grow up! You started it! But don't they grow so quickly?

"Miss Hendry! Confused? I Knew. So Nice to See You Here!"

Down that wing is the stage for the jester. I know you've applied.
No you are not seeing it! But the wing is there.

I'm happy with how it's come together, yeah—it's mine.
All one can ask for. No one else will be living here.

Has anyone else ever been consistent: why
Draw the comparison? They clearly don't count.

Dance & Wally

A dance! Yes—I haven't been to a dance
In ages. Haven't even seen one. Read about one!

Thanks, Wally, you trusty
Janitor you. Great idea. No you aren't coming:

I have been practicing
These moves all morning, only I

Can throw shapes to. No they aren't "wrong"—
How can I expect you to understand? No one

Can dance other than on their own: my hands
Do this, see? What are you to make of that.

I didn't ask. It's not my problem. Sweep! You're good at it!
You make the suggestions here and I dance

Now, in fact. I am on the beat! O Wally—for it is you
That have this wrong: look outside. I know—

Their hands. All those handkerchiefs waving!
It's why it was a good idea for us to finally work in this prison.

For This Encore

What is it to have ourselves in these different spaces, buying
Into all of them? The whole school, class, store(!),
CCTV available to me, because it is me,
And I like to travel
From one headset, which does not do wonders for the nerves, or it does
If it feeds back, but we've never confirmed,
For to confirm would be to do the impossible, only
Available in nods, glances, that are not referred to
After, between the parties. Parties was another one!
There exists this "space", you see, and the model king—
He's around eight years of age—who creates networks
Between the relational pieces so as to
Make it seem real, whenever we go. "MK's
Tours of More"—the crystallisation! The place for our needs.
The store! And even that (the crowd begin to stand) is for
This encore (and they riot joyously, unfortunately,
As we needed footage for the sick days) but that worked!

Get and Appease Me

At paint school—the real art school—
We have no time for poets
That are not painters, because trust me
We can tell. Nor do we have time
For lovelinesses or queries
About critiques—whether there are any—as we just want
To paint. I am in the middle of a piece informed
By my lunches, which change
Daily. And of my loves
Suggestively unconnected though implicitly
Poignant: we do not have those ones
Out there, in here. This is the problem though: we express
Through the art and expect it to become a means
For all, so the rocket-shippers can get on with advancing us
And they'll be less fighting on the street, only
On canvas, on paper. I want the personalities
Competing for advancement! But I don't want those
In here at the same time, the unknowers.
I hope I've explained myself, as always,
But as you can imagine... exactly. Riled up—
Whatever. The robins landing on the railing
Get and appease me, let's say.

It's Not Quite There

The tone of the light you are not in
As you speak of otherwise
Drives me wild
Like crouching on the top step.

The fidget spinner
I need to finger
To handle staying here
Is atonal.

We elope to Stoke
So I can reclaim some roots
Although
We say it's not quite there.

The Bars You Hide Behind

There is less separation in you to make the trolley the carrier
Of the sugar substitutes you aren't buying anymore,
And you wouldn't be caught dead promoting your child's discovery
Of its shadow, not in the trolley, but in the car

Hopefully earlier with you in it. It is why you are shopping now
And not in the lands and seas, camping
Where you shouldn't be, that being, a waste of time
For formulating your ideas for dinner, how to afford it.

Home in the wide open plains and you are cooking
Nonchalantly and it will be satisfactory, recording
The recipe through word of mouth, the alchemy
Of how the ingredients mix, disappeared—perhaps there a little

In the background: your intuitive hands; but more importantly
You cook for one, having given up ontologies, the child
Now part of your own dead stare into the distance
Over the confectionary: there's the sweet magic

You were missing to give you something to survive
The very trip you make to get it: "You were fine in the trolley":
You turn to another's child: "You are fine in that trolley!"—only
Messing with the ingredients, your home

Having now grown components, surplus technology

You cannot work: you enjoyed cutting the vegetables
Yourself! All the frames of holidays you didn't experience,
A clown, a birthday party taking over your life, the bars you hide behind.

The Thing That Should Not Be

Did you know that facade bracing—sometimes in a dog-
Leg fashion—ledgers, midrails, couplers,
Standards, base lifts and baseplates
Are all components used in scaffolding? Which means
These things all help create something arguably more important
Than themselves, not to anthropomorphise
Components, because when the scaffolding
Is taken down (though I will go further!: when the scaffolding
Is no longer even needed; when the building
Is self standing or even
Fallen, for instance) what then for the scaffolding
That was briefly here?

“Tina Darling Remind Me to Reduce the Didactics”

What can you do now
But let that pain drip itself out
Through every valve you've learned to release—to master—
Alongside relearning syntax

First, then barely semantics
As you inch earlier out of bed
Managing the commute
Understanding the scriptural direction of us all—how that must

Be silent; certainly not writable—
It all replaying and catching up
And replaying and catching up—some huge laughs were had!—
As you accept how they will eventually get very very ill

And that there's not a lot you can say about what's real.

A Metre Square Section of the Garden City

After removing the boxes of fog
The conveyor ran smoother: there was no

Broke dancer. I am not a father. A minor
Box of fog returned all excitable

Then away again, very finally
For a while. Thus, it follows

That it came back bouncing bountifully
About politics it clearly wasn't invested in

Before being wiped out. In conclusion
The boxes were being removed

All along, only the factory is led
By toads that know how to avoid their kin anyway.

Bartering

These items, some tiring fictions
Slipping through my hand like sand,
All they deserve. You display them
Awkwardly at times to make things interesting, I know,

Not many coming through
These ways, to occupy your timepieces. The shelves
Are always the same though lately. And Early Earl is coming? We know that
Don't we. We know that. O I couldn't possibly.

O! Considering it's you
Selling now Early Earl I will loan
This fixed vase, only I hope
I can think of something I can put in it before home. Loan

Because of the ash it is. It was sand?
Then that is what I shall fill it with.

Farewell, The Bombshell

Farewell, The Bombshell, off
Into her journey, two threesomes
Under her belt never to be mentioned again, an emerging awareness
Of how she struggles to speak
To one's not of her colour, beneath
The shouting of otherwise, an emerging awareness
That everyone will have noticed this,

The Bombshell the deliverer
Of many great lines, many times, all

Will remember, those still in the show,
Her biggest supporters! confused by the news
Years later, of her training, becoming, a herpetologist, breaking
Ground in the field of somatic
Healing techniques for amphibians.

The Leaking Room

Remember when? Still? Then we'd better do it again.
The big fish eat the little fish, but
The little fish laugh at the big fish
Arguing over whether space is relational or absolute, the little fish
Retaining fingering for between the laughs
To dispel the noise of Tina
Retelling her story about having sex for the entirety of *The Beatles*. Then, there is
The even smaller goldfish, way above its station,
Disregarding how the glass should balance
On the bar, for how could it possibly drink? It coached
Tina with her story years ago. And it smashes,
And the goldfish knows it will return
As something slightly bigger, if matters
Are getting wider, so they all laugh at that too, for the space
Has been wasted regardless of what they say
In that wide ocean, which they know
What percentage of? Right there—*there*
Is where you'll see her reliving it: who put that on?

Traumatized Little Bigot

What do you mean by demanding
To be "let in"? This ain't
A nightclub, you know, and I know
You have just left one to attempt
These doors here, for the first time, for I
Was once a traumatized little bigot too—
One of the good ones. I said little!
Stop that now. Stop that now! We know you're on your own. But this is no
Bar Italia, nor is it pretending you love
Absolutely everything or that you step off the curb
For all the pure reasons. Seen?! That is fine,
Though quick. I hadn't even decided whether I was going to allow it.
What do you think
To putting aside... wait. What do you think
To those thousands of moments you feel you are wasting your existence, unable
To step outside the conditioning of your conditioning

That you put to the side, seemingly
Without effort, almost
Forgetting said... moments, was it?... entirely meaning you are struggling
To answer this now? Nope—nothing wrong with the question's structure;
That is what I expected: you could never
Reply so quick, but there it is.
So there's a kettle under that bucket and that box
Has lemonade cans inside, in ice. O I know
You've been to worse! Now practice these definitions.
Yes, I assure you, everyone.
Yes they always hang here—ignore them.

We're Getting Somewhere!

Well, you said on the phone
It was a pretty big hole, but I didn't
Expect this: you'd get a double decker...
But that's not fitting
For a hole like this: you'd get
The last ten minutes of the final episode
Of your favourite series
Never airing—you never seeing it—
In a hole like this, while the world
Talks about it constantly
Only they go silent
When you walk in the room. Means
It's going to cost you, buddy,
A lot, for life, I'm afraid. Worth digging
Was it? Must have been some hole
Before, too. Did it have a tail? Now
We're getting somewhere!

For the Play and Fairer Future Weather

Again, we are on this
Plain snow. But where is the trash?
Some stains
Dashed on it like this to represent the rubbish that ain't going
To be collected, anyway, not
By the trash, meaning
We still
Get different weather
As we fool around in the snow with stains, the necessary play
We must leave behind
For the stains to soak up the trash

In some way, making
Sense to all but the shovelers, with chains
On their tyres, that
These intermittently slick stains
Still wreak havoc on!!! For the play
And fairer future weather.

I Don't Know but It Wasn't Bloody That!

Honour roll, but a hunter
For that first teacher. Dissociated

Impressionist. I love it!
We are both going to enjoy this.

We are both now denying this.

More Spray

We went to great lengths to get inside
To earn our SAD lamps on the moon, on the way
Thinking it was probably a bit much for us
To stay. Now, we can only watch the aliens chew
And spit out their strobe lights involuntarily.

Granted, you can see everything from up here,
So much so it is hard to start a meaningful conversation
About any of it, believe it or not. Though, there has been
Talk of us building a halfway house between here
And earth. "If I hadn't seen such... aliens? I could live with being... dumber?"

The halfway house would mean no SAD lamps, but then no moon, either.
There are no songs on the moon, only some
Seem to have smuggled those strobe lights up here: I sometimes
Swallow the glass as well, to spray it out at our celestial family.

Note Found in That High-Rise Penthouse Apartment

I retry
The mirror: there is
A returning. I retry
The therapist: still
Out there.

In the street

They talk
Of the dawn wall
The dawn wall
The dawn wall.

Back inside, in
The hole
There is
Fire.

Stripping Back

You cannot remember anything
Nor can you do anything.
Are they also talking about you?
Yes they are.

Just because you're cool as fuck
Doesn't mean they didn't get you.
Poetry remains stupid.
Inheritance tax doesn't.

Something of a blank stare.
Not really here, either.
A great photo for Tinder.
You don't want to be there, either.

It's like we both float on air.
It is as if neither of us care.

These Chequered Blinds

Being an exhibitionist, I wanted the windows exposed,
But you demanded
These chequered blinds, them being
A far cry from the blackout drapes
You once demanded too, in our high-rise
Penthouse apartment when things
Were going really well. Don't blame me! I wanted to move again.
O and do fuck off with that: I've met your dad, remember? You're more than comfortable
And you used to show it all off
In the high-rise, those "avant-garde"
Cubist pieces: they aren't avant-garde anymore!
And they aren't here anymore, either, are they, because we had to sell them
Because no one will employ you in the industry

Because of a few lazy words, in my opinion—
In private, too. Really though—these fucking blinds? Vile. Not necessary.
And you've slowly let yourself go
Through all this, too, I might add.

Ded

I did not commit suicide
For the sake of you real
Anti-realists, though it has been hard to reach you

Through the something-for-everybody
Games of snakes and ladders, there
Being another one.

Days go by where I listen from this silence
With another one again, Elizabeth,
Not responding to the same chord progressions

I hear in the middle of the snakes, wrungs, for why
Would she? Me
Doing the same as what I wanted

To die for, hoping, no knowing
You are out there too, Betty, making up your nose.

I'll Sell the Company!

Do you realise how easy it is to build fences
Politically and apolitically simultaneously
Around the field, the field
For the sport you play—whether that be concerned
Just as you like it, with politics or not? Do you realise

How easy it is to double up that fence too
So it is doubly thick to keep the spectators out. Or we can let them view it
Through netting
That can even be used to hide apolitical motivations.
Which is to say that you are watching something, out there

On the field of real or artificial
Ground. Not that we are imposing that on you!
And we are available to keep you secure, in there,
So the spectacle of your game can be enjoyed.
Not that we are suggesting sports are games, vice versa,

Or even that you are that into sports. We cover gardens
Or anything really. What do you fancy?
Not that you fancy anything! Not that you'd choose yourself
Over whatever else: we can support
Or not support anything you wish. I'll sell the company!

Playing Chess Na

I play chess even in the lower tournaments
Untelevised, so I know the moves
I make in some matches will not correspond
To anything you understand, but I promise,
I am a trout, only some fans
In a little backward town will have been there for that. I can't! We get away
With anything at those odd halls. Odd how chess, too,
Became my means to live
Considering I become light headed between tactics
And the viewers label the sequences used, when really
I do not really think a lot of the time. But I didn't say I was a grandmaster!
It also being why I have a full time job
And only play chess online, at night, us, the Chess Fishers,
Changing the virtual background sometimes, that's all, me
Sometimes playing—and losing, of course!—
With my feet in buckets.

Pricks for a Bit Then Disappears

I am sorry to remind you, but hours go by
Where you have no friends now: twelve monkeys
Falling off all the delicious dresses, finally, no strange
Little stories left to drown with fake clapping, the clapping
Narrating itself into a ceremony: the boys
Make you sick dressed like penguins:
It never happened, the fantasies of boys

Being enough for one morning: No fantasises! You skim the news
Once at best as you intend to carry on with your... what are they?
After that, there or thereabouts, you finish the last
Of your breakfast and there's the dog's
Hair in your cereal, which never worked; hence
This little hangover that the news intended to soothe
Pricks for a bit then disappears too.

Straight A's Straight to AA

Depressed, but horny
And manipulative. Then straight A's

Straight to AA. A complex
Physical network ensuring

We dislike artwork. Once
A month we fan

Those old memories—the causes
For our offspring covering

Our causes—to own
A month long hangover

For the forms: the line
Management still sound so weird.

This Is What Happens

Thank goodness for that! All the shopping bags
Out the boot without a huff, not even the putting
Into of the bags in the boot being a huff. You can hardly remember shopping,
Hardly remember deciding anything the whole week.
You can finally start doing it soon
Without doing it without not wanting to, this new life,
These new activities that look the same
As when the shopping was a chore... You get it by now, tell them out right,
I want this and this, that there,
So easy this kind of sweep around the aisles. One of those barcode
Scanners? People looking at the trolley? In you get
With the food, some days, the sweeps
Pushing you along. Nearly giving in
To that indulgence about indulgence
From the last struggling trip—the date you've worked hard to forget? Damn it!
The eggs cracked. This is why you do it on your own
Now usually, knowing
This is what happens. This is what happens. It's what you do.

Young Poet Ignores Judges

Into the oven: a hard second's work!
Then you can't wait: let's check let's check!

Have you any idea what you have just thrown together?
There was something

Internally congruent to this pie
Being made

Just then, I'm sure; not that we would say that
Back to ourselves: have you ever

Cooked anything? I don't know: the bottom is soggy! The bottom
Third? Half? The whole *dish*?! Wah! O well. Someone will eat it.

Are You Too Young for This?

Right class, now we are extremely
Quiet, still, having nothing more to do
With the misnomers that rise out
Of earlier times making bulges in the distance:

Boys! Stop that—we can create
Shape, that seem li... like light, I mean. I cannot read
My own shapes. Create shape that appear to cause
Ocular illusions to the viewer, not

That they are a viewer. Are you too young for this?
My shapes say no, but you seem so young,
Frowning. Which may be good! A curve is a shape. You could also resit.
I am going to divide you into groups, unfortunately,

And each group will come up with something
To make the viewer feel like a viewer experiencing a doubtful form.

Base

My deliveries over, with all the parcels
Delivered, we have time to prolong

These references to the boxes
They came inside, which now

Are great fuel for this fire
I am able to calmly make, the boxes

Everywhere, myself

And it is just me to delay us

As I did, irritated, unbelievably
Beside myself, that I spent so long

Ordering what need not have been sent
As they are sent for the fire, regardless

Of explaining their route, the labels
Burnt... stuck over

First to be returned, as they always
Return, which then creates this fire

Which I can only watch, sometimes
Fanning a little from underneath.

Passable

Good evening. This
Is a separate entity to me. I place here
Those things that are of me
As I see them, distinct
From the other I place day
Unwittingly, without
Responsibility. They are not of poetry.

I am not a part of this world.
This world, this world building
As poet will destabilise—I will sacrifice—
Myself out of my hands. Mustn't
Blame us, the me,
As the conduit of other
Distinct worlds from us as they break passable.

Very Base

May I please have
That extremely tall and many layered cake in the window, please?
Twice! Well it doesn't matter
Does it. I was going to stay outside
Licking the window in all honesty, but I shall finally
Invest. I didn't mean it like that.
I didn't mean it like that: it came to me
That I could just stay outside, looking in,

Only pretending to taste the cake. Fine—I won't
Buy the cake and I will get one elsewhere! And you
Can stay here
Continuing to think I thought that because that's how your
Mind works, and I shall buy
A cake and eat it from the bottom
Up—giving it a go—
Until it inevitable falls on my face, granted,
While you just stay here.

You Wretched Poet

Now, I have seen an aging relative
For the first time
In a long time—yes; and they are going—
Yes—unfortunately
To die; and I have foreseen it
In this other class—more material wealth
Than us—money

I am not concerned with; that...
...And I am having to squint... that are also

Going to die, though differently
To us: more fair. There must be more
Fair ways to explain
The discrepancy between these conditions; though they have passed
As you were not here sooner, you wretched poet.

And Another (Give It a Few Books)

You waste your good bits
In the pits
Then feel like shit
While they lose it

Because it releases
Long lost pieces
Same line, but faeces
Confused... nieces?

Broken, you won't make better
This bad feta
Go forward instead
Looking over your shoulder

The pits will remain
Good for refrains
In future, always
Disdained

Different Concert

God has been and gone.
You are not the one.
I mean, you are the one,
But no one sees the little things, like how you place your shoes, do they.

You watch all your mistakes.
Poetry is secondary.
It comes from being orderly.
But... but could you still be... fake?

It's its hands out for you, your insides.
You will run but you will not hide:
The crafty bumps.
Place them shoddily and you will slump.

In Case It Needed Explicitly Stating, the Dunnock's Already Dropped Away

The dunnock is at the feeder
Dropping the seeds it does not like:
The big fat pigeon will get them.

The big fat pigeon will get them, not that it's allowed
Anymore. We will struggle to watch the pigeon waddle
And redeem the seeds: it does.

What of the tits and robins? The families
That come here too, to entertain
The window view? They do they do.

They do come, too, perhaps
To entertain, playing
With the dropped seeds, the dunnock's already dropped away.

Snow-Globe-Type Thing

Come into the globe! This snow-globe-
Type thing? Alright. Only when you shake it!

But this here (taps!) is glass, so we see
Straight through to the outside, or more truly

The inside of the homes of our buyers. Watch! Listen.
They do northern accents now and then

Not for any reason they can know, but we have
Measurements: they pretend to enjoy... that... having

Whole acts about it, obliquely performed—spoken—
Which create resentful monologues afterwards

About others enjoying... that: we do know the reason.
Now look! Watch this. A bubble

Started weeks ago, in thought, in that one there, though not
Of their globe: they are now purchasing it. See

Also, how they misinterpret
What that other one just said now too, and so they mock

Him instead? So expect another snow-globe-
Type thing next to us

Shortly, which'll be shook
For minutes.

Got Brave at One Reading

I thought there was a difference between being asleep and being awake,
And I know that poets can fuck with you, but I understood
That one, somewhere inside me, a place
I haven't not regarded before, and I worry
That everyone has seen me respond from a disingenuous place, repelling
With confusion and severances
Sweeping over like showers, then deep fogs, the weather
Patterns I used to understand so well but I am thrown:
What goes first? What can happen?
I jump up and down in my dreams—they have just started happening—
And I do not float, so I know
I am... wait...
That would mean I am here, that this
Is my life, and I say I love them,
And that I am inside this thing... -in-itself? Where have I read that?

What am I going to do? My plans. There's so long to go.
Don't touch me! I'm reading.
Please, stay away from me. You make me feel sick;
I've thought it for some time. Who are these people crawling on the floor?

I Wish I Could Tie You up in My Shoes

Next to some poems, I feel ugly:
I drop them back in the pit; they come out

Non-westernly. I have nowhere to go from here
On these dual carriageways I used to play on, as easy

As we had it—as instrumental as this placement is:
I better be working somewhere, else how else

Would I get away with it: the poetry
“Career”. We played on those tracks

For the same reason we feel ugly now
Though: because of those noises

Outside of the lanes that interfere
With my training, a very outside sample

Of what is to come today in less than forty-five
Minutes, which is a push for you, but it is how

I am and what we leave behind on these days
When we need to split, to make sound worthy.

Letter From Santa to Charlie, 8

You must continue to wait to receive your bicycle
Until you can understand that you will not receive your bicycle,
Not really, as you will learn before this that the lights
Will not light up anything anyway. So why ride, and why have

A bicycle? Daylight daylight! It is the same every time.
What is the point of riding in the daytime
When there are... cars? Not cars; let me finish.
You will not be outside at all in your knowing, so no cars,

But no daytime more so because it is not actually light
At the track where you'd take the bicycle, on the way

Dodging all sorts and worrying about scuffs, punctures,
All the things that can happen to external objects.

Just wait and you will understand: no bicycle
You will want because all the possibilities are continuous.

The Fairies at the Bottom of Every Garden

You have your long way off retirement to look forward to
While we have death always (and I hate how that sounds,
Too—always did. But it just is
There always! Not that that matters. Used to it) or you may have done
Very well indeed, and continue to do so, so now you may be able to retire
Early, and then feel it all,
And then get nothing done. Do you know how much
We can really say about all that though? Not a lot! We get called
All kinds of things, but to explicitly
State what some of these things are would be to give our beliefs away (by the way, we aren't
Poets, not that we sound like that. We are a group of thrill seekers, so we know
How the body feels
And so what is happening to you) but sometimes we sound
Like maniacs talking about it anyway. Do you realise
How much we end up soaking up
Just by listening to you
Talk from that far inside yourself
Without noticing? We've lost four members just this week;
It is extremely taxing to hear the same reactive dreams
Simmering out of your mouths unawares, postulating
A resolution near or far in the future over and over
That is never coming. Get out of our hearts.

Musical Jewellery Box for Boy

"I thought I was the asshole? I guess it's rubbing off"
—Kanye West, 'Devil In A New Dress'

"I came along, I wrote a song for you"
—Coldplay, 'Yellow'

Scott
Sat sad on his yacht
Personality all shot
Reopened The Box

And when he opened the lid

Of this musical jewellery box, the ballerina
In the yellow dress
Popped up, spinning

Again, saying, “Sorry
I’m late: I had to do an STI test!” and, “I’ve got
A new nickname now: Red Flag!” and,
“I’ve been having loadsssss of fun

On dating apps!” the ballerina
Saying “loadsssss”
In exactly the same way
That Scott used to say “loadsssss”.

He made a yellow paper beret
For the ballerina then

And put it on her head—and that
Made him smile

Again, temporarily. But then it fell off again.
He then

Picked up his phone
To call someone about the ballerina again—but instead

He grabbed the only tub of paint
On the yacht—yellow—so he could paint

The ballerina again—but instead, he started
Undoing the

Zip on his
Jeans again to do that

Again as he watched
The ballerina spin and

Listened to her repeat
His lines

Again. But instead
He got a pen
And pad—and the smile

Remained fixed on his face
For the rest of his journey, the cracked
Paint poured over the side, the trashy
Lyrics tossed into the sea.

“I have seen them all through their silly seasons, and when it come on them they will run the Devil bowlegged keeping up with their mischief. I think she’ll wake when she tires of it. A child’s spirit is like a child, you can never catch it by running after it; you must stand still, and, for love, it will soon itself come back.”

—Rebecca Nurse, Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

*“I replicate the people I admire
But at least I’m not bitter and sad”*

—Courtney Barnett, *‘Don’t Apply Compression Gently’*

“It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate and provoke study, and when you follow the lame uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide – plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard of contradictions.”

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, *The Yellow Wallpaper*

Outpost

I have come to the outpost—I am not checking what
One is—and I know there are booms
And postmodern advancements going on out there in the field;
But I have come to the outpost, this declaration
Of so for myself being enough
For myself; but I am not sure how you’ll take that,
Which is probably an even more important declaration
To understand without question
Whether it is actually so; and at this outpost I am casually
Resting, a bit silently, not
Carelessly, nor acceptant, but at the outposts’ pace
And dictates; though maybe that is now me:
I am rubbing myself on the outpost?
And so it is definitely still me at the outpost, hardly advancing
And yet advancing while booms are still heard way off,
The concentration of colours and lighting of others
Being consistent and of less and less concern of mine, respectively,
However it’s said.

Self-Soilers

More sound outside? Less noise inside!

There's also less chance of accusation
Or of a parent peering into your cupboard
Looking at your sweet treats too. Therefore, you have found them:
Your dreams! And you do not understand them: the...
Birds? Are they birds? In the hedgerow?
...Are still out there but of less melody, as if
They echo from the back of a cave: there's now every chance
You could lose your job—get “told off”. Tu-whit
Tu-who! The owl! O but they're only there
At night: what does that mean? You see the big fat pigeon
Again in the day and it offers nothing; you're pulled in
For questioning and it's November already? No.
No you are not talking to them: quiet one again this year.

To Leave Another Bad Taste

To have nothing to give you,
To need nothing more from you, utensil
Drawer: that is the dream, no forks,

No tools to give you, gadgets,
Gimmicks of this kitchen
Where I sometimes cook good meals

That you never really taste, for you
Are a tool holder
For the tools I used to play

With once, for these plates; though sometimes
I miss the plate, falling
Into you, drawer,

And you don't know how to feel,
But it releases me after all, and I need
No food. All in bad taste

I don't hear you say, and hopefully
Never will, as I'd never talk to you, my tool
Holder, hoping one day I have nothing further

For you, either; though I'd leave you
Open just in case to leave another bad taste.

Adder

The sacred adder adds children together
Though it is denied its lair
Leaving big babies everywhere
Denying that the adder is sacred.

The adder tries to hypnotise with sound, instead,
And it can sound bad.
It can make them bad and it can make them sad and mad.
The adder may become a depressed comedian.

To redeem itself—to redeem itself—
The adder slows, hibernates, takes
Time to convince future mates
Of nothing, as they are older and finally on board.

“Though, you must not sing or tell jokes, adder—for
To add us together, you must finally act mature.”

Bad Florist

O artificial plant—did the florist make you? Was it the soil or the sky? I see two points; I see
developments and these stems for a better picture.
I stroked your leaves and finally told them that they were the best. I engaged with your roots but
that wasn't clever. This isn't clever: I thought your inauthenticity would make you stay
but you look for the florist, and I don't know how you'll read this, as you are not real; but
really, it is about how it sounds.
O plant—who planted you? You are now another: are you a mask for this here, this vase I am
using, which I pour into, but only a bit? Do you produce the phenomena that I could
share as memories? Are you the easier flow
Of it? Are you the source of more—possibly the source, forever: does that work—even though
you do not grow yourself? Soft
Is the chorus of the artificial plant, though
Its soft song slips in my dreams, widening
Its reach, perhaps able
To forge new roots after all. And you are my love and vase. My view and binoculars. Though you
are not real
And I do not like that florist.

For I Am a Confusioner in the Night

The denial of midnight toast as you toss
And turn as a four year old
Attempting to draw a monster on the wall; but you

Have blue light to deny it: in its flame:
More pillow demons to discover
Safely in flesh, unlike

The order of shaman; and you toss
Still and cry: at least no weird drawings.
What are the colours that come to you as semi-dreams...

But I do not want to ask you that, you only taking it
As something far too serious,
It remaining around the mind without descent:

Deny me. Deny me O famisher—
Dissent. For I am a confusioner in the night where
There are other crusty distractions.

Little Squawk From a Hill

Country of the south: let them believe what they want of me,
Though I want to feel soft and reflective of you
In how I view whatever horizons you give
Not of my own foremost layer which does cloud
And moves the horizon high, above mountains, peaks
I no longer want to shout from. Who knew your peaks
Could force me so much in this way, how I blame you,
How I want to lose my echo even here
While I ask you from the bottom of my highest refrain.

Nothing

In the beginning there was “nothing”: it is evident
And obvious, but it needs saying, as does that
Self-evidently, the plan being to demonstrate the nothing
Being like two hands pressed together, the nothing
Between the palms, ignoring non-poetical physics,
Demonstrating that that wasn’t there before, only
The demonstrating of so showing itself as that.

I drove from one place to another and forgot the journey, ignoring
Non-poetical physics like the fact I have not drove
In a while. If I had not told you any of this, said someone
Other than the poet, covering
Himself as this creates where it goes, then there would not be
Any cringing or bafflement either, so what does a road

Really offer to the world if we are not there to remember its use? In a way, this is why it couldn't be called "Something or Nothing".

Postmodern Baking

Baker: do not learn to bake bread like me, only please
Understand how bread is baked
Just enough to understand
When I tell you that you should not bake bread like me.

O baker—but look what I have made for us!
And it is marvellous but you would not understand, and do not
Need to, only know that it will take us
Further: it is a means of pulling in so many noggins, honest.

Baker. Baker I am going to do this: just one slice: they'll hate me; but

Remember, baker, the sacrifices
That it took for me to go out-
Side there into this world so as to bake. To make a name for myself: yes! And you must
Know that bakers, such as I, are rare, though essential, for expanding

The horizons of bread by quietly translating pain.

This Evening? Right

An astute eye will see the shallow lake
Through the reeds, straight away, for your sake,
The first cast demonstrating the continued hobby
Of this fisherman, fishing on the bottom, sloppy
Tactics being used, though they're easy, as he doesn't need a deep line
When the fish can be seen open-mouthed from the top fine
Before you've even put your hook in.

The fisherman hangs for a bit longer floating
His float incorrectly as he hasn't plumped his depth right,
One, because the lake is so shallow, two, because he was up all night
Making up his lines for the wrong fish, as he only catches
Little feeder fish that flap about furious, matching
The same kind of suckers that would stay on the hook
Even after it's clear the fisherman doesn't give a fuck

This evening.

To Annoy the Ones With All the Gear

We need to get out of this snow! And I do appreciate
How you've been putting on those crampons
In a very particular way for a long, long time.
But still! We need to get out of this snow.

If only you knew the instability, grip,
Instability, grip, I oscillated between until I was able
To make it to this base camp with my eyes closed, unreliable
On the supplies available, here, even when I arrived here.

Now you think this base camp is it, don't you. Ha! When we still require
Not alone to conquer the climb, but also
To clear the snow and the disregarded spikes
And chains left across this landscape. Hurry! Hurry

With me now I need no special techniques of attaching
Fastenings unless I can fix them in an annoying way to annoy the ones with all the gear.

Fight Fight Fight!

Fight fight fight! Can't see it?
Won't understand it? We will package it for you
Inadequately, but for a small fee
You can get a glimpse...

But now it is peaceful! But now it isn't.
What did you want to buy? Nothing?
O yes the fight. The fight
Is a fight from where the spectators stand

Historically in the stands
With all that shouting—"Fight fight fight!"—whilst
Saying it is outside there, ordered
As it is in here in this little

Package we are giving to you for say
A nice rounded figure? But I haven't even said a price yet!

Reprise!

She always preferred his hands.
My head feels bigger today.

My body can feel smothered and tiny when I'm like this with my eyes closed.

Did she used to think it was small?
My mum always said it was small.

Better get out of bed.
I'm not telling her yet.

Theme That Day

If there were not piles of rubbish
Spawning rats, which other rats climb over,
Come upon,
What would we use to turn away from, to practice

Staring into this distance
Of little but the shadows of those mounds? Frowns
Stretching from the scurrying rodents... yet they also
Seem to gnaw on the hard places here too

With new spoons. But it was found cheap! Look: they
Too will still chew rubbish. What is it
To drop empty wrappers in the snow though?
They last longer than those rats going

Back to come upon the trash, with no germs
Breeding in these shadows, only old screeches now echoing.

They Don't Sit Too Well With Me Either

Huge gaps opened up in your dreams last night:
Better stay away from the playgrounds today;

Better reevaluate your friendships
With those too performatively opposed

To shaving, something you'd been ignoring.
"But it's worth repeating!" Huge gaps...

Actually no thank you; can we reschedule?
You'd get away with it too, only left

With the familial chest tightness; although
It is safer to write those ones down

Before throwing them away

And moving on.

TTM

Here he sits in his vacuum filthy
Feeding you with deception made of all the dust
That there could ever be of everything, clumped
Into something popped out the top of the test tube.

Test Tube Maverick becomes his name.
Makes life out of dust.
Sought after by the world's best experimenters.
"There is nothing I can truly give them," says TTM.

"I sit in the vacuumed test tube dirty.
I was dirty before I came here and I stay it.
From here, it all seen, I make things.
They started out as jolly figurines but now they aren't."

TTM—his attitude—fell quickly out of fashion.
He left me a grotesque thing from over there.

At Least It Got Us Away From... That

As soon as I saw it was knitting I saw it was knitting
Which is annoying, isn't it,
Considering they were using white needles
And white thread in the snow
As if these were lemon juice. O I don't know!
Half the time it just sounds good
Or even bad, but the pancakes then feel better without a care in the world anyway
Never to return to these jiffies.

As soon as I saw it was knitting I saw it was knitting
Which means there is not actually anything in the snow—fine:
We knew that. But there is no harm
In trying things out, is there? To expand
The flips? I miss counting. O that is so good:
I miscounted.

Deep

The old world is dying, we are afraid,
With its pillow forts and princesses
And anthropomorphised dogs and different
Parts, though these are clinging on as silently screaming
Replications in the forts and kennels.

Because of this, your alone time playing with articles
Is going, as we require you to grip onto something instead
Loosely as it settles: you will then rest upon it, minus
The screams. Though of course you can stay
In that dog house—not too dissimilar to here

From where you currently lie—but the register of those barks
Will soon not be heard, nor will the booming from the Cold War
You were in those pillows for. Truly, if you do not come now
We will no longer be speaking the same artwork.

Glad It Worked Somewhat: Even Deeper

And yet the poet still hides in the fort with the princesses
As he will have nothing to do with that uselessly feigned diplomacy

That juvenily still considers the first bark as the problem; and so the poet

Continues boom booming with his noise-cancelling ear muffs on
And dog-eared books.

Not a Bad Pattern

I stitch in and out of the same hole again alone
And nothing catches, and that is great
As there is no pattern nor pattern to then demonstrate. I go
In one hole and out another and I have
A line, but I pull the thread through leaving no mark
To show for it and I am alone and happy again—not even happy—
With nothing to hold up, even to talk about,
Nor to show you: nothing to share. I make
A square and tie the end and the square stays: look.
Look you must now see the square. I quickly make more.
I make a pattern so look at the pattern. I have created something—
Consider it. I did it quick and it is touching on something,
The large pattern I have made. Let's all see. What is it?
It is large and sprawling and intricate; it suggests

At other things about the pattern itself, the space
Outside of it and now of me, the stitcher.
But now I am done with it. No. No it is not of me. I was the bare hole.
I was not even the bare hole!
Right I better make more. I am now a stitcher of the patterns,
What you expect of the material. It is one and the same
With that first stitch—not even that first line—
But I will create and pattern and let you have that of me, all
The sprawling suggestion. I don't even look at the new products in my range.
Sometimes others stitch them. Sometimes
It is a machine, the same hole alone
To start and then one rule for the machine
To follow to get a sprawling pattern: we receive inspired copies.

Some Outstanding Beats

Away with the forgeries: I pretend I'm flying.
Matisse: what do you give them of us?

You do not sound
So well, Harry. Like you have misaligned

Your prints with your footprints. And on purpose!
Those forgeries providing real comfort, the slide show...

Whatever. Hard to tell, but it sounds
About so, like a little take off.

Are you using that? Do you not want them to sleep?
Such a tease, Hazza! What are all these tracks? Some outstanding beats.

Meltdown

*"Brash as fuck, breachin' all these aqueducts
Don't believe us, treat us like we can't erupt, yup"*
—Frank Ocean, 'Super Rich Kids'

I think she is so pretty and cool
And wild but she said she would like to be more
Confident with her body. I think that is why she has practice sex

With undiagnosed autistics because that is easy
Because I sometimes do not understand what is going on. If I was stupid
I would hit her now and make a common story. We would not

Be confused here then the poem
Would be very boring and obvious but it would also be very
Bad of me to do that and so I am left with all these feelings

I cannot process and I think she knew that not even deep
Down but I even struggle to recognise smiles so I am really
Not sure and I probably should not be consulted on such

Matters as uncommunicative as I am and I know
That that is what she likes about me the most.

“It isn’t often you get a cunt who’ll admit such things – I mean a regular cunt and not a moron.”
—Henry Miller, Tropic of Capricorn

Let’s Keep Time Too!

Someone turn the light off on the way out, if we are “in”
Yet, that is... But you are here,
Dur! How could you do this to us!

O it’s fine by me, actually: I could do with a new
Watch: let’s keep time too! Although
Now I have seen the entrances and exits

So close, without bells on,
I sit on the second hand a lot of the...
And it goes by terribly slowly. Who knows!—

It doesn’t even notice me,
And so I waste and extend “it”
Simultaneously. And I cannot explain myself

Without doing more of the same,
Which produces more of the same, of course.

Stage Four (He’s Six Feet Ten)

Hello dear. This is a different kind of letter
I’m sending you—I hope you read it!—as I am writing it
By hand, the paper
Pressing against my palm as I stand
On this chair before I drop
The page without editing. Then I’ll kick the chair away
And hang in this noose, as I am doing it, babe,
As you wanted me to. Sorry if my handwriting’s sloppy.

I will not exist after this, but hopefully
This means you'll now have a story—a poem!—
To take into your future, that ends with me
Hanging here: a beautiful mental image! the one
You always wanted! the turmoil
Between us and all your silly
Innocent mistakes set to be taken
Away—removed from the record—by my jerking body. Jerk! Ha! All my love always Ash.

Poor Girl

“Hello? Yes this is him speaking. Beatrice?! What about h-
Actually... actually I'm...
Sorry please excuse me: I don't know anyone called Beatrice. Yes I must... I must have been
confused: I thought you said another name! How silly of me. But... but is everything OK?
My goodness—really?!”
“She finally did it then,” he said to himself.
“Sorry? Oh I was just saying... that that is terribly unfortunate—poor girl.”

Up To You

Did someone open a window? At the same time
You cannot check from the corner of your eye, it

More rounded, more vulnerable
To a real threat and fewer concerns with sound:

I'm just happy you're only confused down here! With less
Imagine if they were checking all you'd ever been: again

Not your best, but look at the view, the window
Closed, the corners

Doing what they will (no one's checking really) science
And history reduced, barely able to count, “nice”

Work being allowed or not: up to you: look at that
Right in front of you!

Ween

The bus floats, you as the oblique turning
Of a June rain, releasing
Under mistletoe knowledge (thanks!) new tries

As a wake, a wake from yawn. Born was the king
Somewhere getting handy saws for you,
Not quite the title, rubbing
For your only transformer sign: paramount
We conform, Spin,
Else this could sound longer than it's actually been:

Jos and Del were dealing in the remote lands
Of pots and pans, neatly done,
Lifted sinks. The mind, Spin: it does it on its own,
The fathom on the bike: there was I afloat.

Spin. Spin. I assume you look like Sonic.
Neither the interpretation nor the closed means
Of this crown on our right can figure
The red coat of illustration, dynamic stars
Off loose between jaunts, those morning highlights
Too brought together for your own impressiments,
Though you would arc, shower,
Weakness the thought and then redeem
To seem of an intelligence lost in parable? Not half,
But neither whole either. How would you speak that?
As if all watch you, waiting
For your party?

Too warm for that hat, Spin,
Or is it March? We were ready to alight
But a remain to fix, sharply—
Punched bolts into the frame of a concrete clenches
And still not enough, but a burrowing weakness—
Is not a reveal, Plant: we knew it was your lunacy.

You Remain

The rain falls like code as you creep around the doorway looking in
Under the threshold—remaining under the threshold—the conversations
No longer a threat to your horsing around: go in,
Join and let the field envelope you, finally,
As woolly as it sounds—careful!—as it will rain,
The field stretching, you feeling outside
Some days, though hopefully without your smart dummy on your own: we all see it!

The rain falls like code as you creep around the doorway looking in
Under the threshold, to onlookers—not those who matter—the conversations
Nonsense. A waste of time. You'd shoot every one

If it manufactured one more breath, and stitched
The prior drips more forward for the new matterers nodding, too, seeming
To queue around the entrance as you set up your stall
Selling goat's milk: you remain the sole trader.

[Marjorie. Margery OK I understand; though I]

Marjorie. Margery OK I understand; though I cannot remember what I was to say.

That was it: do you think they will still use us
Like this? And the shaking heads?

There is so much to do; and I understand
The star tool, though it produces ridiculous

Reactions Madge! You can't just walk off!

Bark for the Next Plain

They come together; but I cannot name them all—refuse!—
My friends and/or keepers and/or authors
And/or fantasises; though one
Can clearly doodle: birds

Also fly, lions catch prey. The zoo keeper,
Ticket buyers, forget the point: something climbs into a tree
To watch the ending in this corner of the world, scratching
Shamanic personalities into the bark for the next plain: found it.

Here You Are Again

Into the shower
With the aches and pains.
Have you tried using books in here?
What can you say: "Son—do an apprenticeship."

Temporarily cleansed, you head to the show.
Billions of characters; twelve directors. You notice fifteen
Of your own characters all of them, finally,
About laughing at one another, the youngest

Aching the faces of the others, carrying the books. You watch the show
Of the show through that one
Through gritted teeth. "The soggy pages
Made a pattern: as is!" You claim

Responsibility for a soggy

Pattern you didn't know you'd left behind blocking up the plug hole: "Just call Daryl! He's done his training."

Another one goes to call him. The first one

Isn't calling him as you insisted on showering with books;

And here you are again.

Loop in Gak

You rest and expand on your earliest unchained melody, lathering

Your sponge in the bath—which could do with a replacement—

As you stare through the frosted glass

At the victor's paradise, their spelling of "paradise".

The song loops as you wrinkle in the soup, swamped

By the chimes laughing outside of a life

Of no fixed abode, though it sings better

Than creaky bones and strained stares out of a stained window.

"It's not what it looks like!" The forces

Burst in as you were just about to relieve yourself

Of hungered touch: you do it anyway

As you know you only see them on the tiles

As you only see them through the glaze they compiled

About sponges: it is, after all, a synonym for "parasite".

Made Itself Sound Like a Mug!

The great creative act: you are guessing

You are the tea and the mug

And the handle and the holder of itself

And the drinker, the slurper

You're reminded of and the completed, rounded

Act of it. Discuss! Deduce! It isn't enough, though

That there may have been premature:

Thank you—it isn't enough to suggest

At something beyond the days of self, is it?

Now it could be that in just the right amount

Along with that very cheek that sees itself; though I

Too wince and fall away from made it sound

Like a mug? Made itself sound like a mug!

But no mug: the great creative act.

The Thing Existing Only Being the Noise the Bookmark Makes as You Return It to the Page

Malory removing each item from his pockets slowly
To discard them, including his phone
And all his contacts and connections
Through to his experience as he had believed he was priorly experiencing it,

As he disconnects from all of this
And removes his clothing, too, one by one—each piece—
While walking down the street; but he is less and less noticed,
Less noticed

Than when he was clothed,
Which is less noticed than when he had his phone.

He leaves his stories and loves with the passersby
Closest to him as he glides along but they hardly hear him, naked,
By the end of the road, him, being nothing
But a forgetting.

Fine: other stuff—yes. But now you’ve ruined it.
Malory blinking to entertain you, offering
Further little anecdotes from his old coats
As he turns the corner to dress and stuff his pockets again: sigh.

Without the One There There Would

Ah, returning from the make believe
Of heart races at first kisses to this here white slab
That takes any old stab.

This is not in the dark! The light
Was faking shadows for us.
This, then, is a rule: what’s with all the fuss?

It is here, too, that we decide time
By never fully accepting the bodily reactions
We sometimes grasp that cause “infections”

Within a framework from nought, whereas
Time? I must lie, for the space lying here for the body
Makes it easy to display this body;

But that doesn’t mean you should buy into
It, because without the one there there would not be... phew!

Around Naples

“And I’ll just blame everything on you”

—Kanye West, ‘Runaway’

“Sometimes these cogitations still amaze”

—T. S. Eliot, ‘La Giglia che Piange’

I ate some trash:
I felt like trash.
I ate prime steak:
It didn’t taste right.

I went home for Christmas
And binge ate chocolate.
We could never afford duck.
Something is up.

I went back to trash
For a little dopamine hit from them just shouting, “Ash!”
Intermittent contact and bumps off my nail?
Thanks, Daddy: I now cannot fail.

You’ve ate this trash.
You’ve made this Ash.

Few Mentions of Friends Na

Uncle Tony’s died! Not that he’s our real uncle, of course—
About as real as these foxes are
That are eating the discontinued cereal with the high sugar content: what the...
We don’t like any

Of these friends suddenly, either,
What with this new hair colour we’ve adopted
And comedy career and ability to recreate all art forms
We’ve never once viewed. Wasted

At the funeral, he was,
That odd cousin. No the millionaire
Back from Sri Lanka for the first time in decades
Was sober and was only there an hour, tops,

Mr Fox; so you better tell me where you got that stuff, the hoops
Sticking in my throat once being the only thing the odd one ever reminds me about.

Manure

Have you seen the concrete
Steps? Of course you have; the
Ugliness that you refuse
To accept, but want gone,

But want to use a little bit. Only
It is not until
Too late we realise we should use
Them

In whatever ways we can,
To get away from the insects
That seem able to crawl through any crack

Unperceived to make
A home
At the top with what looks like cow's dung, still.

Fine It Was Me Not Len

I don't know what I think about anything
Until you walk in the room
With your vagina: under

The bus all the other boys go
While I show you
My marks in the snow. Yes

This is how it goes: I'm progressive
And into that and that
And that, and he is

Just doing that
For show: what an idiot! Whereas I
Know

I mean I can empathise but not ever at all understand
Your experience, though look at these earrings.

Fond Frog & Lazy Daz

"I'm not sure we can make it," said the Fond Frog
To its mate, Lazy Daz,

So you know what I'm up to: what is there around this room?
Where will the temporary truths land today?

I wish I had a better name for that, like feelings
Being invented before sex
Before mimicking what isn't that to be like whatever it... isn't: the Fond Frog
And its mate better come back.

When did I get off being like... but bear with:
"When did I get off being like this?" says Lazy
Daz, and of course Frog can't answer, imagining
A non-ski resort. But close!

"I don't know, Laz," says Fond. "But it helped us
Make it." And now together! "Made it through, we did."

I'll See You on the Light Side of the Slice

In one sitting? I think you need
Another: next time, have lunch first—
Something sweet too; enough to compensate
For the last three decades—then come
Back with a maximum
Of four personas, because this piece is very jarring; and,
You know—your favourite word? Inauthentic.

Feel better? Excellent. I know—voting! I'm not relying on that either. Have you tried
Watching them all talk to each other until they fancy
Dribbling into a tissue? No door knocking
Or banners about the importance of stories,
Endless turns... but you've not
Had enough cake, have you. Because it's obvious!

Not Really

I went to the therapist
But her dad had raped her and she had forgot
And I was about to be saved.

It takes ages
To understand the content so you can communicate it accessibly
In an authentic voice.

Crawling out of the flash cave
Proves difficult

When you only find hyenas.

Tabula rasa and obvious decisions

In silence

I need two more lines.

Now I need one: absolute nonsense

And without noise, what would there be?

Really Close (In Case Other Same Name)

I'm happy to disbelieve anything, even my own

Ramblings with the latest empath when we're dragging each other down

'Til we're inside each other (the jealous boys were right about me), theories

That aren't not stories but stories passing away, sharing

To then disappear and radios sending Xena's signal,

Only then you lose sleep, and it all must

Mean something and your mother's breast...

Well you'd do it again, wouldn't you,

Not that you can vouch for the first time: what do we reckon—

By the sounds of it? "I'm looking between...

I'm looking between lines seven and eight

For the change? I don't know how to place that

In the review without upsetting him, in the next office,

When I know the truth." He was once a jealous boy

Until he stopped voicing his opinion—displaying any humanity about

Anything to anyone—outside of his escort's

Apartment. Now a sketch of a bottle of sleeping pills

To be displayed and then reviewed would be interesting, wouldn't it, the thought

Of a large percentage hallucinating whilst being terribly angry

The whole time and it not making the slightest bit of difference, it only

Categorically proving that reincarnation must be the case

In a very logical and clinical manner

Else my head would stay this hurt, as paradoxical as it may be for you.

Yes that is my anatomy, but that's OK: I believe

(O bother) it stops us returning

Or overthinking that non-Dada piece from the breakaway

Dadaist. O of course he was always trying: it's like knowing

And producing and forgetting and saving the pigs—

You saw his trough, right?—selflessly.

Why would they be anything like humans conceptually: exactly! And this

Is why we lie in tandem and yet opposite

As we are doing, baby. The baby

Sounds were fine yesterday morning though! I can't win.

"Yes it's still between those two lines for me: I've highlighted them."

Starting Getting Cocky—‘Bout Time

You should also be prepared to attempt a variety of forms and to engage with traditional methods to critically

That’ll do, because even the poets are influenced
Do you know? I don’t. It could have been anything;
Your weekend starts here!

Down the hill, believe it or not,
Is where the rest will be found: you are walking
Alone as the wheatfield
Or wheat field or fields where wheat is grown

Rub against you for whatever you desire

To fall out afterwards: don’t
Even wait to descend the mound, for it is nearly
Saturday night, dance, I like the way you
Don’t worry about it.

Ashes in the Water

Tissues to stitch the face
Back together, thoughtlessly. Yet they hold! It’s just hard
To demonstrate: no scars. But there was actually
Something in my eye? O well. Pic or it didn’t happen? Fine!

Yes the infection
Made me sweat, hallucinate,
Look all round and see mounds
In the snow, loads,

If you are desperate for me to talk about that but I’d rather-
Exactly! Hmm. More classical lately.

Don’t Sound Like a Sonnet

Hypervigilant? Heartbroken? It’s time to redefine
A discipline. Though only a bit
By the sounds of it? It isn’t working; that is how it appears
To me, so that is how it appears, which means
It is working? We are getting somewhere, elevating
Our state away from other insecure
Pieces of work, believe it or not. But how is it for you? But who cares

About that now! As we can see it isn't happening today, which in itself
Is itself unique and so demonstrative
Of it happening today, whatever that "it" ever is, which
Then demonstrates "that", I think? Clearly,
Which then further shows, vaguely,
Some correspondence with the hypervigilant—a touch
All over the place; and in conclusion, what love and care can and can't do.

I Just Had to Make It

Why do birds fly? For a thirty-five
Year old to Google it? It is therefore
To be alive and dead and padded out to insinuate
More at the same time, when "suggest" would have sufficed: I have done

Enough with this upright
Kick stool today, I think? I feel
Supported; the bird
Out the window could land on it again, after the Googler

Steps off it again, him
Finding out instead what the very bird waiting

For his space
Does to survive itself without ties. But what if it couldn't

Land in the forest? What if flight
Is a tight nut—a creative apotheosis and a screw loose—only with just

The right amount of falling to appear
Enough—closed-beginnings—when required: birds

Do that, winding me up when I just want to... wind up
For the day. "I wanted to study physics. I was interested in the flights

Of birds." No need for the obvious over our break, Robin, to stretch
Our legs after so long at the new standing desks, this window

A welcome distraction to your failed trajectory in the final
Thirty-five minutes of the working week, until we meet again.

I've Made a Fist of This

An eight year old texts you at midnight—"U up? ;)"—
Which is disconcerting: you've blocked her

Four times (and clearly unblocked her...) as she refuses
To get that dissociation looked at—to stop whistling that forgotten tune. You know

Too, that her messages are always written in lemon juice, even if
She doesn't. But whatevz! You'll let the lord
Forgive you—your ignored concerns—as she passes
For at least 35.

You tried to ask others once (anyone!
Just one person!) to corroborate the secret code you were discovering, but it is not
Something to talk about, at all, is it,

So now you're between a rock
And a difficult place which is sometimes soft
Inside, mostly ruled by an ancient discipline: "I don't know! I don't know I must have heard it as
a kid."

Believing in Your Own Hype Is Fatal

"Harry Potter and the Heart of Darkness
Shards off you as you walk into the mirror
Leaving family photos across the floor you turn
Into tea-stained decor for another's room, the art-

Work you purchase with the sales being worthless to you—only they bring
Further exponential personas: you watch
Them too; you remain seated
In very little (this old thing? It was a gift from the designer

To himself, only his wife brought it with her
When she moved in with me. The casting couch? Yes!) no one knowing—
Your agent, the models, the fans—of your secret
Dark room with staff chained up inside monitoring the thousands of drying

Teabags hanging there": that's all I've got so far! But I imagine the protagonist
To be an art dealer—extremely wealthy!—on the verge of giving it all away.

My Heavy Heart Is Beating Out a Rhythm

Les legumes? The leg up! Le coucou
Is peeling with no hands, the hands
Of its inner watchmakers ticking away
To tighten itself together instead, also, rather than setting

Other horloges blindly; though it is still doing this? Because

That has been stated: see the appel? Close enough; the horologists
Are still in training. Hence the coucou! And preparing dinner-
Time for the choral, being careful

Not to be poisoned too: the cuckoo
Allows its inner watchmakers to tick
Away heures that sound like sixty-nine minutes
Past thirteen, as this time hardly makes sense, vegetables

Unable to be peeled forever, the ouvrage
Leaving the ingredients to soak while its wings somehow touch, a large balance emerging.

Thin Slices

The downward-facing poem, the poker-faced GP, the meta-narrated
And yet “subliminal”, where you’re pencilling,
Scratching back through the palm, imperceptibly digging
Not to the clothed eye, the slab, you the reader,
You the read blinking
And you missing, though do
Blink twice for... you know... only not in the tunnel

Wearing the goggles, nothing
Appears to be showing up: wiggle your big toe? And it’s your
Big blind, you just feel, hmm,
Hmm, we can provide the buy-in, but what
Is coming up for you: the marks
On the script? I am not qualified to advise on that, only listen
To your instincts. Do you feel the same

When you’re alone, practicing naked? Hone that. Sorry we need those glasses back. But there’s
nothing we’ve seen that indicates you can’t see: just imagine you have them on. OK? O I
agree with you, and you should listen to that feeling. Even with me! Though tell no one I
spoke. Return the script.

Why Put Them Out at All?

I wonder whether he can do it from here, soggy postcards
Lying on the floorboards that’ve been sanded back
So well he could slide over them, them even
Reflecting his face, not that he would look. But yes he can do it, fine.

Now, the soggy postcards: can they just be
Squeegeed into a ball and out the way, so he can get something down
Before the season changes? How long will it take to dry?

It's dry? But where did you come from?

I don't recognise you from the photos, no, but I haven't
Always been a recipient of his mail. But wait. Just wait!
Because I'm starting to feel nauseous; only he'll know
The exact origin, providing I can give him more symptoms. So could you please

Get him for me? What do you mean, "He looked"? And he's now
In the ball? But I thought it was dry? This always happens! Why put them out at all?

"Oi! My Mum Bought Me These Trousers!"

Hi! Me again.
I know you asked us to leave—and my colleague
Is safely out the way around the corner, as they were
Horror trousers: I agree. But we didn't have a chance to explain the system! Step
Outside—another time; I wouldn't trust
Us now either—without the system
And you will be at the mercy of all the other non-systemers
As you've always been, which may not seem like much of an issue
To you, but if you look at your choices—as they are
Choices, good sir—you'd soon admit
You need a system. It lets you meet your social interactions
With a private language afterwards, which you can then cook
And eat and/or feed others. Imagine
A team check and balancing you, for instance,
As you fumble through—as we know about Betty, OK?
Ah, you understand now!—and they do not judge,
Emote, but collect the collateral and make-
"Oi! My mum bought me these trousers!" Excellent.
They make hotpot.

Ooo Script Boy!

"You are going to feel a variation of this
For the rest of your life: do you want to get up
And out and explore a coffee shop, sitting
In the gunfire of the silence until all the stares dispense themselves?
We won't need guns, no; though you must
Be willing to let the experience sink through you
As it soaks up the older variations—not wholesale change—
Which can get on your nerves, only that builds character,
Figuratively, which you'll find is all that remains."

Something close to this while you stare at the wall

Allowing the system to come in, as you've stopped replying
To the government, you fathoming
How difficult it is for them to evict tenants. What are you doing
With the directing voice then? Do you have a container for it? Of course not. You're relying on
another adult-child.

Whatever Happened to Him?

Old newspaper? What could you be doing? Reading them? Thought
You were making a massive head again
Before popping the balloon, as that's probably something you wanted to see.
Sorry—what I wanted to say
Is that you can have those papers as I'm not using them
Anymore. Yes, the clippings
Of my early career that was in-
But you know where it was, you scally wag! And now I'm doing
The balloon monitoring I do not want a reminder
Of that... trade. Would I not like to be
No. No I wouldn't. Doesn't interest me.

I'm enjoying the balloon monitoring
Though, and it's probably why
I instantly jumped to something so outrageous
As you using paper mache. And I've just realised...
Doesn't matter. No don't press me: it was just an old
Career tool trying to rear its terrible head. Not many
Balloon monitors about either, which means
I could rise to the top—O stop!—where the recycling system
Is much improved: they never mention
The separate boxes once forced on them, I've heard.

Acorn

Terribly difficult trying to rub your hand
Against one hand when there's all these things to not think about,
Disappointed goodbyes to enunciate but not realise
How they hold you in the therapeutic sessions
That look strongly like first dates, to me; but I'm rubbing my hands
In time more and more which should mean I won't entwine
My mood with my own enunciation, only with the content
Of what I am to tell you: all is created
As the result of all you are doing at all times, strange green man (and I would like to know
What you are); but right now
You sound perfectly legitimate for the crisis centre
I know you'll be building next time, O grey one—fine—this minor

Walk in centre a wonderful opportunity
To test those gloves out? They aren't
Rubbing too well now, no. Perhaps it's your appearing
Like the others.

SGM

“Strange green men”: the committee
Wants to investigate itself, but you are remote from them too
Unable to reveal anything when you yourself
Are yourself. So how do we make you talk? By making
The alien strange at the same time, without
Specifying the verb, creating confusing matters
If it is confusing matters, though we have green men,
Aliens and committees—things we(!) can all picture—
And so there is surely less of a problem
Unless one of us eats our words, which would be,
Yes: eating our words; when we want them out, those strange
Nouns.

The container—circular, of course—
Cannot directly mention what it really is
More than this, else there will not be any mysterious weather
(Which is now helpful) which may be unhelpful
For the flying things landing, the committee
Deciding safety regulations in downpours
Also potentially hampered (I lick
A finger and hold it up
To acknowledge the breeze) and so kept in a job. Yes.
Yes that is... not “it”; but something: I may sketch
The outlines all these objects make
On the walls, knowing
The bricks are crumbling, as the building we have made
Of rounded edges? It is unsustainable. But
I now seem able to hold it... apart... and therefore open
With my dab hand. Tiring though.

Trash

Trash
Put safely into sacks, the recycling
Separate, the sacks tied tightly
And thrown into the refuge
Is doing a lot for me right now: I wish I'd have atomically habited this
Years ago. Why? Less trash hung around! Or at least less

On my plate.

What is a plate anyway? Little
When it's paper: in it goes in the sack too, ready
For the garbage people I love to respect, this being since
I started doing these educational videos
About disposing of what you no longer require
In a safe manner, this
Almost being the script, kids.

For Courses

Shadow rolls? Blinkers? Pacifiers? This race is too easy.
Now, I want you to imagine you're a horse (of course)
Wearing all these things (though only
Wear the shadow roll loosely, else how would you read me?) as it's now
Suggested that I am talking to you, only not
What I am: be careful of such diversions
Early on. The point is to wear all these things so you can focus
Straight ahead of you, ignoring
The children and adults—the hurdles
Produced
By their absence—so that
Calm, may filter in
When you least expect it, after...
Yes: weird circuit, isn't it! And then you "win"
And the money is sorted, but then it feels
Like a long wait
For your contemporaries, until
The donkeys from school come and it is all, is all
Absolutely hilarious
How concerned with saddles you once were. Got it? Get that shadow roll
Fully on then! Yep: we race in the snow. Comes
Around quickly doesn't it! It settling
Instantly
Here. And we've heard that before! We don't
Care. You'll get used to it.
Too right you'll need that bridle! But you won't
Regret it nor
Look back.

LHS

Poetry: producing long hard stares
From long hard stares

Since they finally thought, maybe
I should put them down
And pick up a pen instead, them

Then here putting it down too, weirdly: what am I
Saying? I can't escape myself. Though putting it down

Helps, repetitively, producing
Long hard stares from long
Hard stares, only varied
Slightly, perhaps
A twinge improved each time, because who would want

To keep producing
Long hard stares from long hard stares, weirdly?

Abrahamically-Infused Oof

"It was disgusting, consummating
Some performative, Abrahamically-infused version of ourselves
Like teenagers shouting song lyrics sprinkled in Maslowian
Unreals, lip-serviced personas bubbling from schizophrenic
Postmodern anxiety obsessed
With her orgasm—for what would I tell you?—shame
Being a concept with a concrete and complex network of nerves

Underneath it all; so even though
We were being for show, it was
Quite a good show, really—I just wasn't sure
Who the main characters were or what it says
About where we are in this age
Of spiralling divorce rates and poly-"
Yeah just like that. That's great. Yeah. Yeah now tell me I'm a toxic narc.

COBRA Meeting

Sometimes? Gone. All of it. Pies and that,
You know? I knew you'd want pie. I could have made anything!

All eaten up with the transferences, they are, as I haven't
Called them relationships in years: I enjoy my health! Not

So much the timing at the end with it though: it's like one
Knitted brow held long behind the correct political fixtures

With a constant smell of sulphur that you know
Ain't coming; and my mouth is always dry

And I don't know why? Because it's not gone?
Because it's not gone, too polite

With the last slice, we are: stop playing with your food!
Stop playing with your food: that's why.

Not Here

Hello again. Yes just for one, please. OK the biggest table
By all those children will do: maybe others
Will still join me? But I need to apologise first
For the way I conducted myself in here

A few weeks ago. No way! Was that only
This morning? My days are so mixed up. I haven't been myself at all
Lately (fortunately). What? No that was under my bre-

...Under the table, it was, my foot
Tapping out a song I've just been listening to
To motivate myself to come here, actually. And no nestly? I've no idea
What it was. I didn't even really like it either; not my type of thing at

All, that. Yet here I am! Though this particular table is a bit nois-
Nice! A bit nice, it is, to sit here, I was saying! Yeah keep getting my words mixed up top.

Should Be Adolescence

Every memory
Of every man you saw rubbing his temples, wincing
Across a room as they sat alone—you not becoming them, O no—you are becoming
As the boy across the room watches you
This time as the man catching him as you wince, remember,
Knit! Two and two together! That was it! The block puzzle today!
And all you had to do was sit
And wait and not think about the trinity or how behind
With "Catch the Dinosaur" you are, because you will now
Flow straight out with the correct comments
For the next 72 hours at work, perhaps overtime, your looks
Remaining in a responsible age bracket, but that may be left out,
Do you care if you're mumbling
The answers in the pub? But nothing taxing is ever going to happen ever again anyway: you like
that skirt!

Which way did you come in then—the expressway?

The Thankless Groundwork

“It's gonna make life easy for me”

—Talking Heads, ‘Don’t Worry About the Government’

Yeah, still got the scaffolding up
With the sheeting around it. Dunno yet—
When it’s ready? Stupid question!
And yes I’m in a mood—why? “That’s probably the reason
The sheeting is still up”—great; whatever.
But I’ll take it down, the sheeting,
The scaffolding when it feels right
And you’ll see the building and all the possibilities
It offers to visitors, as well as to its staff
And neighbours, future builders, let alone
To the builders of this building itself
Themselves. I think that’s right anyway. Why would I be reading
Off the sheet? O I see! No I changed
What it says there: I’m feeling better! Slowly. You’ll see when it’s done!

(A version of this poem was first published as ‘The Groundwork’ in my pamphlet L’etoile, October 2024. Redacted copy available here: <https://ashleydunn.co.uk/letoile-redacted/>)

Tickle of an Incline

Gremlins and water, not the committee’s
Choice but the judges? Obviously
This could be troublesome, but he wants blues
On paper and greens—of course greens: just

Noticed the boxes ticked here—and no children
Around the lake unless they are still drowning,
So naturally he now thinks of a lake he didn’t like, duped
By his own need to spawn, want greens, trouble...

Other than that, not a lot of justice
To be dealt with and the big committee bed (that I knew
They shared!) is being made, slept in,
Ate by itself and swept to the side in the morning with one hand

Without a mirror, no one to impress on the school run
If you aren’t on one. But will he be on one? *checks
Walls* Probably not; I don’t quite get it, being able to think

About not thinking whilst swimming, vexing, not taking respons- (That's it! I don't need to get it!)
He... takes it all... back?

A Picture Emerges?

Don't mind me: just collecting up
The mess I left behind so I make the coffin
Orderly, in good health, without the threat
Of me returning or even being here initially

If I get it right; but of course that's not happening: such
Is the Paradox of the Prophet, the series
I have sold to a new streaming service
That plans to only exist for seconds

At an unspecified time and date; but of course
That's not possible, with the adverts... here...
And the series title itself: sweeping, my latest means
To catch myself up, rubbish wise, is the most

Thankless task if you cannot ask anyone
To thank you, like not doing numerous things as you clear under the sleeper's bed.

Chewing Gum

You seem to have all the uniform—smartly laid out
Too, smart. But there's something
In all that that means the kids are not going to take
You've stood on some chewing gum. Great.

I, personally, think you need not
Explain yourself further: the students
Will still come, mocking and moaning,
Before they think about you all night, perhaps even

Chewing gum again! Great. That must be good luck? Then
They'll just resent you for the rest of the term
Whilst feeling better anyway. Of course
We have to measure the skirts! Why wouldn't

We? O no! Apologies for the confusion: you
Are not measuring the skirts, for why would a
Security guard do that? No you
Are just checking for weapons. Obviously we don't let them in! Are you sure that's your shirt? Yes
they're allowed gum.

Custard Pie—Amazing

Just blind-bake the thing! They'll never know. Pie weights
Will keep it all down. They'll love that! While some
Would even enjoy them as a filling, not tasting
A thing. For others you can just leave it empty

And serve it empty and make up some excuse or elaborate description
But the filling is waving! It's
Scaling up its husband and thinking it's a sea change! Cream? No cream.
Salt? But you're upset with the lack of filling now,

Aren't you. Just roll out more pastry and
Pie weight the thing again. Or baking beans? There's no
O there is! Pâte sucrée: that'll please
The other side of the table. What exactly was wrong

With the original crust anyway, as I'm tasting
It and it's a bit soggy but it'd easily hold cust- Oi!

How Do You

This poem is concerned with lang-
But you can't say that! Last night
I had a massive erection (this poem is inspired
By 'Paradoxes and Oxymorons' by John Ashbery): all day yesterday

I lost all my staring contests—giving up
In fact—and I didn't vote and I stopped myself
Embellishing that bridge when we come to it, the one
Being dismantled: what... what

Bridge, says the main island's
Chimney sweep clinging on to your septum. But obviously there's no
Main island around these parts, us already
Cross my heart and hope to die, sticking

The thread in the wrong hole, because I can't concentrate
With your records on! That's better. Off
My feet, winning the lot, cleaning
Up(!) what you could have... which means you have, but up to you.

I'm Sure It Helped at Some Point

O to be staring at the ceiling like before

Without the ease of this tapping (like the tapping
Was before) when you could convincingly be lost
In nothing but the objectively unattractive idea
That remained formed under your nose (and you know why, don't you:

Because you never used to wash, you dirty boy, you; so she stayed
Lingering there for what felt like an eternity, when really,
'Twas just like licking a battery). Can't use

Those excuses now though, having acquainted yourself
With other electroconvulsive therapies, which you

Weirdly found on the ceiling too, whilst tapping and
Allowing other slightly more attractive ideas to foam...

Wait—is that the answer? Is that how I get

Out of bed? Boy! Boy I've found it! We need to... we need to shower!

Interesting Collab

A mimetic kind of love cast over the mimetic
Fucking that took away all the film crew,
But they were using old methods anyway, while we
Watched ourselves inside spoons: the mirror'd

Been broken by the previous tenants. But guess
What our knees were in: well it got us off, didn't it?
Sorry—this may be the old script too: the director...
He's gone! He's ran off with the producer

And cinematographer and there's only the lackeys left
With their ideas, sure—they've observed a lot. But what do they know
About creating... literary criticism? But that cannot
Be, can it? As I'd been doing my best fuck face

This whole time! For these theorists
To keep me knelt down in shards just so they can state the obvious?

Potemkin Village

This old thing
We're passing through? No—I didn't say that. I said...
I said "totem kind pillage". Yeah. Yeah they're taking
Parts off all sorts—clutching at straws, really, as those materials

Fall apart. Yeah I've seen it
 Before, in this place and claiming them as
 Their own, when the original site
 Of where they're stealing from—out there
 Look; what do you mean you ca—was never finished
 Anyway. Well it's symbolic, isn't it; something to do
 With the totem. Not that I know
 A whole lot about that: I'm actually only a resident
 Of where we're passing through—not a guide—probably
 Not even to be trusted, because in my last role
 I was involved in the filming of a dreamlike
 Sequins in the Czech Republic, and I gave away the costumes. Yes sequinned ones; though the
 order
 Is that enough? OK enjoy
 The rest of your breakfast? It's still early! Are you travelling today?
 I don't know why you'd be travelling, no. No worries—
 I'll clean myself up. I doubt they even noticed either!
 O stop it—you were great! I'd have bought
 One of the masks first in the lineup, personally.

"Jesus on GMTV"

The final vocabulary so wide until you eat the eggs. While
 It meets together you have many choices
 To do nothing with, only
 Come back after—solidly into healing, an adjustment
 Of removing "healing" from your final vocabulary
 And leaving everyone in the tent, going it alone,
 Cannot say brother or sister. And do it
 Pitifully. Remember Jesus on GMTV? Could have done without saying. It's a cheat
 Not to work from being unlike many
 Many others: he was once called an Aquarius
 For such matters, hazy all the time—
 We rely on their mother dying, early
 All the time. For goodness sake: every third utterance
 For most people is deflection, anger
 In the home and fawning in the queues. And you have a problem with "Jesus
 On GMTV"? If only I lived my life
 Looking like Anne Hathaway in that video where she's dancing.

Right up Until It Does – Without Question – Become a Shower

Necessarily the interpellation interpolates itself into the seeming of the text deemed already
 thusly by the interjector: I think you should make these edits, leave this out, never mention him
 again, etc. Only when the misrecognition of this being being inserted outside of the recording of

the note to the draft could confusion be found, for the original formulation – coming in the shower or not – should never be held fast to if the mounting insertions in jest the completion. This makes it very obvious: if the meaning is to be found by the viewer – if that is to be the front and front and centre with the dictaphone, which'll need a bag in here – then the means to create can wholesale be reformulated as an interposition, indeterminate and yet navigable with the right amount of soap, which for the same reason is why grasping real quantifiers is not the be all – though ending, sure – because there's always more, right up until it does – without question – become a shower.

Very Serious Concern

After Wendy Cope

Alan Watts? Mooji?!

She likes the lot. I've invited her round

For a movie, unsure
If she'll like my poetry.

"Edgy Katy
They call me!" She educates me

On her family tree and the dark
Triad traits of narcissism, psycho-

Pathology and Machiavelli. "But that's
Not me!" she tells me. "But I am

Psychic, see, so I can sense
You are a good bloke." I tell her to try

Wendy Cope: "I hope
You can enjoy this copy"—and I give her

My copy of Cope
At the door. "And sorry

To kick you out so early: I forgot
I'm... moving! I know—dur! So don't

Worry about returning
The Cope, or ever

Coming back or
Remembering we spoke, because I know

I won't: I've learnt."

Week 256 Self-Reflection

My last three partners blocked me,
and I liked it, and then I didn't like it—
Though this one here loves it—
And I then sent photos of my anatomy
To 40% of the people in this city
That are under 45—maybe 55; I'm hoping
Above 16—which then meant
It was about time I trained to become a therapist.

I sometimes saw the lies... lines
Appearing in front of me when I tried to rest, such
Was the lot of being a driving instructor. Statistics
Are important to me, hence
I am annoyed by that percentage unsurety. All
This confusion, though, is set to be countertransferred onto the patient in front of me.

Hi Yeah We're Ahead of Schedule and We're Wondering if You'd Take Your Shopping Early?

And we're back, stairs
Being stairs and there—
I don't know; that?—being necessary
To bring together you and me, nicely.

You hate this place though, don't you,
Because you might look like the zombies
Waiting for the rain with their... zombie eyes! That
Being all you are here: nobody

Is checking any of your workings as long as the deliveries
Are delivered. But that don't appear to matter either.
So why are you no longer shivery?
Eh up: a package! Is this the return of the fever?

You climb those "stairs"—because yeah right: just
The next level?—and you see them. Told ya! Dark clouds on the cusp.

Budgie Finds Tools For Dredging (The Bored Lake, Op. 62,062)

After Wendy Cope

“The indignity of it!—“

—Theodore Roethke, ‘Weed Puller’

“I truly believe consciousness will be expanded
In my life!— And I shot him
Before he could finish,” which shut him up.
Back on the date, we fished
Out muck from the bottom of the lake
With our drag... (awful date, by the way. He had this idea
For a film about consciousness, about
A protagonist fishing in a lake, the lake
Representing you know what, the cinema
Within the film at the end of the film
Collapsing in on itself revealing a... lake—“I need to work
That bit out”—for a split second before the final credits. He even
Leant to the side when he said “within”) ...line, when he could surely see
How horny I was. I had even told him
About the therapist I’d recently stopped seeing: I’d
Realised they were going through a manic episode (he couldn’t
Even recognise a backhoe
By the way) yet here
He was describing a film
About what he *himself*
Was going through: “Submersible pump!” I
Shouted at him—more so
For myself, I realise now—as his body lay there dying, thoughts
All over the bank. I went swimming,
Obviously, fucking myself
In the dregs pouring into the lake
From his head with the sediment that culminates, settles,
Regardless. Pretty cute he was too. Some fossils down there.
I was all but showing him the end of the film
By the end—at the start—the grab bucket
On the surface of the lake ready to go
In, while we
Pissed around getting fishing lines ready: he was all but
Watching it.

Mad Ash

The dance, for the time being, over
To your noise—though it still

Infiltrates causing ambiguity; meaning
There is now this song: I am Mel Gibson

Before he was Mel Gibson becoming
Mel Gibson as I sing near noise

Myself, an Aphrodisian-infused
Waltz for a Dionysian putting down his cross (apparently) perhaps resting

It besides the outer chairs
In this hall, at the disco, as I take your hand (for you have been

Waiting), and it is here
Right at the end that we dance the final dance, whilst I balance

My wine on my nose for a laugh, before
Explaining the societal preconditions out of which dystopian states inevitably arise, and from
which I must now keep you safe.

Mate, No Way Are You Pulling Wearing That Either!

“Screw your courage to the sticking place”
—*Lady Macbeth, William Shakespeare, Macbeth*

“I love every single one of
Your outfits. I do! Oh my god grrr I do—you aren’t
Listening to me!” Damn! I should have really seen
That rape accusation coming: some of my outfits

Are awful! I sometimes dress
Hastily when I realise there’s somewhere else
I want to be—anywhere but here—tripping
Over my words as I leave, like I myself

Even believe I am not adding up: that hat
With this suit? You are right. I mean you
Aren’t right? I mean I appreciate
You loving my outfits—I hope you feel heard; but I dress

For myself: no actually I’m quite
Glad I wore a hat this time.

A Fucking Head Torch?

Now you are feeling all the pain on the ladder, shaking
Instead of shrieking or screwing up your face
In the relatively dim light, actually, you know

To climb it as if
You are climbing a ladder, that
In turn reducing the shaking too, because it's a harder fall
From a higher height, but there's bound to be
Someone finding themselves hilarious
To land on far above where you were before
Where your mouth was open with more of a comment, in fact,
Now you've come to think of it. Does that make sense? I think you've cleaned up
What you wanted answering in explaining it anyway. O by all means! Did you see
How easy that was to do? They'd never have guessed
You'd jumped from one of these once, how
You allowed that contraction
Of yourself to go unnoticed for far too long. The ache
From the accident? Forgot all about it
To be honest, you think, first,
And then find yourself saying, if you bother, letting
Brightened faces stay that way if they wish, you
In a cap just in case the paint drips down still, harnessed up,
Taking no chances with the birds that squawk this high, indifferent
To how the investors feel about the mural with that tone, at the same time being pleased
That they're gawking up at something at least, even if it finds
Some of them in shock on the ladder also, and you might want an apprentice
By then anyway, only don't
Be taken back in by such abeyance, especially if
They use voices you know
And feel to be inconsistently wavering and only playable once, because you and I
Both understand you can only currently afford a single ladder, so one
Wrong flash would leave you with a mucky step
You'd only have to keep stepping over, and you can surely remember
What happened last time... Of course you can't. Right answer. The motion sensor
Lights are actually decent up here as well. A...
A fucking head torch? I thought...
I thought you'd have...
Forget it. I mean I'm still going spot you, yeah,
But... but I don't know what to say now, to be honest.

How to Fall Onto Your Side Safely to Reduce Injury When Backcountry Skiing

Heard the one about the poet dying on the hill
With a massive erection? Obviously! Though not

Here, as a hill slopes back down too, as do
High horses? O it's terrible

What you choose to remember

Of that weekend in the Alps—snow snow

And more snow—and what you think it represents
Of every other trip and season, for even

A poet who's having a 'mare
Doesn't always want to keep it up... there.

Piste Basher

Lucky you! You built up the courage
And made the appointment and sat
Yourselves around the room and outside
The window (months
Since you'd done that, mind) and the gate keeper
To the snow remembered theirs in colour
Through your face for the first time as well (not that they knew that) so you both
Got to experience it together (it wasn't like
A birthday celebration, more like
A funeral, at first, for them, it was (yes
It was; not that they'd noticed
That yet, either. And your own wake too
Was months ago now!))! Good job you were on hand to manage the surprise party too, as it
really was
Like it was their birthday, because they cried
As if someone they once knew needed to (which was fine, as you'd definitely covered
The fee for this room (and some!) for at least 40 more minutes (you were also suddenly doing
their job, by transforming
Into the enemy of that someone
They'd once known, and it felt like
They were very angry with them)). What did this mean for future appointments? No more
Birthday parties or getting out the house, at least
For a while
For you, while for them
It was a staunch reminder of how delusional people can be (and this
Was the case for you also, only you can't share trade secrets (or trade:
Baffling industry!) or afford
A new room now: why didn't you just die
If the rumours are true?) and how clients
Can be very, very complex
Unlike themselves.

Where Are You Driving?

You used to have your life compartmentalised into different drawers

Away from each other so they each didn't know the others existed, and now you are here
Terrified and regressed in bed under the cover with a torch
Making out every fourth word, at best, knowing
There is no other remedy to it but to get up, even
On this beach, the clouds
Still passing through so quickly, you packing
From the wrong drawers still, it seems, not that it all
Needs to make sense yet, the many places
You are at once without noticing still waving through, until that "Secret
Writing 111" folder is being read from
By yourself to a stranger who is running
Their hand through the same sand that you are, using
The very same fingers, flicks
Of some old backlight breezing through only enough to make you chuckle
About how particular you once were with your wardrobe too, which
Now falls onto you effortlessly, hopefully, though if
Not, there's always catching
Each third, and then second word until the bedroom
Is familiar, the bed only a place
To rest and then leave as you begin
To reach for all those parts of yourself you were creating always, as they wait
And wave through for you, once chosen, ready
For all weather and locations, though again,
That may not be apparent yet.

"Include Less Noise and Ellipses"

OK I know what I need to do. I need to play my tune
Out my speakers as you stand in front of them
So I can respond to the signals the sound
Makes as it moves through and around you to the rest of the room, not that I knew
You'd also be in a room, though with this weather
We're always having it makes sense for us to stay inside, meaning
Your signal will now not be... dry? Certainly

It will be stormy in some places anyway your ears
Perhaps not the best fit for the drone I'm wanting to produce (it
Hardly is for my own lobes either, but this is more
About your participation—be proud of your contribution!—even
If it is mixed up). OK let's take a break. Can I pick
Your brains outside though, because I'm sure I've played
This one before, only we were using different PA syst- Alright! Take your time.

Rested? No answer—fine: less personal questions;
I'll note that down. Had you heard

That last one before though? You had? Knew it! Anything...
Anything you'd recommend? Less...
Less noise? How do we do...
How do we do that? O. O OK that
Makes sense—like this: “Include less noise”? Right. “And ellipses”—easy.

How Playful

Crampons? Are you sure you want to put them on
First? The wrong way round too: spikes

Into the top of your foot?
Just kidding. They're on now though, aren't they.

No you look fine; no need for anything else: let's
Get going! What do mean you've had no chance

To put on other clothes? Hmm—I suppose
Getting dressed took longer

Than I expected. And I didn't mention them—no;
Though it's clearly

Dry by now... And so we're out on this path
Finally, naked.

O what a lovely, scenic, gentle, rolling
Tour today over these... rolling

Hills that can look the same, yes: most strollers
Love such routes! And the crampons

Were maybe excessive
Considering how lovely, scenic, gentle, rolling

O my god! Did you slip? Good job you had them on!

O my god! Did you even *bigger* slip? (Sounds like
It.) It's almost

As if (but I know
You'll see this one coming...) they appear

Argh! Only as we try
To approach

The slippery
Sno-

Argh! That was a *huge* one! And I lost my place
Too. Again! How are you?

Still here? Yes we just
Fell further did we start

At the top? We must have started at the top!
Odd. Are you hurt? I'm not

Hurt weird
Route
Now though but it looks
Cool
From here. Really? Fair

Enough: never used to be my thing
Either, playing

In the snow. But it wasn't me doing it
Back then! Not so hard

Though is it, naked, in the
Cold... But of course

It is: there's
Snow!

Well that's my excuse anyway.

Peggy A.J. On Toast, Thrice Cooked

After JPEGMAFIA

Losing the recipe, I find the
Recipe, the same
Ingredients I use
To make different pies, cakes,
Sometimes smoothies or milkshakes,
Sauces, slop. Sometimes I don't know what I'm making. Sometimes
I have a meal idea

In the morning and I lose it

And rediscover it as I get hungrier, weirdly, meaning this
In *itself* becomes an ingredient, weirdly. Though it's almost

As if it's a substitute
That you cannot quite put your finger on: can I taste iam-

No. No what am I saying.

See this is what happens
When you distract me: I had

My list this morning
And you should have let me get on with it: I could come home

With anything now! What
Was I originally cooking? Baking?

As usual you've invited yourself on my shopping trip
And into my kitchen and so this is now slightly
More than a single dish
While you moan about what
You invited yourself on: I feel like I am floating

I am so hungry and this is the worst condition

To drive in. Though it is also exhila-

Rating unknown chaotic. The drive yeah. And I could use
This roadkill...

I allowed myself some time

To return to this batch without truly
Leaving—you didn't notice?—as the ingredients
Can be whatever I wish tonight, and you will eat it, as it seems I have inhaled the...

Fumes from the drive yeah
Which has made me take another

Funny turn: do you sell your own brand of this? You *don't*?!
Well what do you think

That says about this store's
Contribution to the rapid, vapid
Increase of individualisation
In our modern world, as well as the proliferation of

A puppy! Are you going to eat that?

O do stop—I'm hungry!
And I'm allowed a cheat day.
Didn't say that was today though.

Pig Slips Back

I told you: you can't just finish the popcorn
And throw it into the back of the tractor while you plough
Into another field to collect more popcorn pretending it's farming
You're up to, claiming subsidies: you ain't

Getting home one of these days, boy, I reckon
(About now). And you try sleeping in all those unburst kernels. Exactly; who knows;
You might well laugh! Your thirties
Way off or very over: remember her? Yeah my bad that doesn't

Really narrow it down, does it. Some movie
(I'm trying to change) now then? Subtitles
Subtitles subtitles, yes: I'm sick of them too:
Another language! Least y'all ain't be watchin-

You mean you're watching from the farm? Man—thought
You'd a known leave? You actually
Laughed driving a tractor around eating popcorn
Over some of that ploughing? You've made a *bed* back there?!

Suffering From Realness

I stand alone steady on the firm table
With my arms stretched out where all can be served
Like a “T”, believe it or not,
Before I slip off, the chequered cloth inevitably sliding
Against my attempts to be as rigid as possible. It’s a difficult thing
For me to talk about: this something is like something
That occurs in nature. Phew! Glad we got that sorted.
Now we just need to move the table slightly, so less
Falls off if I fall next time. It was under
The window. I mean it is still under the window and you wouldn’t put it anywhere else
In this small apartment, would you, as most
Do get a view of nature from there. I should climb back on, appreciating
More how some things look from there. Be better if I knelt
Actually I give up
With this sliding cloth. It’s too traditional! Used
To attract everything and it was quite easy
To play games along its lines, not that all could play, as even I
Fell off. Did I say? It’s a difficult thing for me to talk...
I’m worried I bumped my head, yet I know I’m fluid. I know
How well I stand. Then is it the table? How I stand
On it: that’s different. That is different
To how well I stand. Bird
Just flew into the damn glass. That’s what’s finally
Got me up. So I’m slightly humoured. Well I thought you could’ve got me up! I’m sorry
For what I said about your poems, though I had just
Had my fall. And you’ve seen my cloth. In fact,
I know you’ve got one very similar too! And you have to admit.

The Amalfi Coaster

“Oh no, not again”

—Tame Impala, ‘Feels Like We Only Go Backwards’

I have forgotten my binoculars
And/or magnifying glass
For this latest expedition to get some milk: I tie

A rope around myself back to the house, knowing
I’ll return dressed as a mannequin
With a wife I don’t like. But at least I’ll get home! This is what it is to know

There is a Towpath, but to let oneself
Fall far away as you desperately

Try sweeping with your curling broom

The stone of you released months ago. Years,
Perhaps? I can't see, can I: no
Metaphysics today only

Sliding and split milk (O I saw that coming), though I've a lovely
New unpractical secondhand coat
For this training and we never quite reached the house or we're flying past it after all.

Another One That Claims to Be "Self-Aware": A Return Mission to Amalfi, the Final Frontier

Can I dump this here? Without speech marks...: watch out!
As that was the signal
To see through the septum
And statistics to what your heart is doing, Private: fluttering;
Soaring! Get him out of there!

Sir. Sir we've lost
Another year, I'm sorry to say; while the...
Lost: they have saved themselves
Ten sessions again. He's just checking that, sir.
OK he's here. Yes at our expense again: two more years off! A real

Stinker this time. No not like that! He's not completely insane
Yet. Is there anything else we can pass along
To try and minimise dumps in future? Of course—
You are right: it is pretty fucking obvious
By now: this one also mentioned him constantly!

Boot Camp

"Damned being, only I can bear you now."
—Charles Baudelaire, *"I give to you these verses..."*

Hmm—well considering how you are currently presenting, we know
You will find this hard to believe, but we think
You're vile, but every so often
One of you turns up having seemingly spontaneously spiralled
Out of the butters, where fires
Talk to fires about how cool they were, are
And are to be whilst still burning, impossible
To touch let alone to get anything out of
But hot air, and you ask for some guidance
From behind raging flames too, that flick

Back and forth between colds of your own. And you know what happens,
Don't you: we help. We help
And we'll continue to help from this point onwards, this point onwards
Being this point onwards—where we
Say it is—because we are not climbing in
That skimmed-down trough you all drink that milk from again. Jesus. Revolting! It's like you're all
speaking
With guns to your heads, the only way
To stay alive being to lie like you know what's going on, whilst also
Being unable to look like you know you're lying too. Fuck that.
We've got sympathy with every single one of you
That turns up but it shocks us
Every time. The state of you. Are you even listening? Don't worry
If you're not catching it all, but honestly, fuck me! The state of ya! And you are
Vile but you'll be alright with us, in time.

Fly! Fly and You'll Get It!

Or: Why You Should Not Come Out of a Meditation Too Abruptly

*"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact"
—William Shakespeare, A Midsummer Night's Dream*

*"What do you think my brain is made for?"
—Frank Ocean, 'Pink Matter'*

She pulls me up and
Kisses me without wiping my mouth, "How
Did you do that!"-ing me. And I feel like Keith Houchen. Though yesterday
Was not like this (nor
Was today, but the memory of that—the fantasy
Of her knowing that great headerer: unlikely—as only this
Great headerer, she knew)—as yesterday

Was blue, with the rain
And the pain of the seasons
Blowing through (those May days, too—which
I was not actually at anyway: I only saw the video—and it was auto-
Pilot for me. Not that the passengers
Used to complain: I was famous
Like Houchen (for my head (I assume))).

How do I get back on the path, Keith, away
From these ridiculous reminders

Of my glory day-
O! O Keith! But I think I have it!
I do not need to recall
Those days as "memories" at all! (as I sometimes still
Naively crystallise them as) because nothing

Of Ashley is lost—wiped out!: I can recreate him
Through fantasies: yes! O yes! Like scoring a goal
In the cup final! Or talking to you, Keith Houchen.
And I can retrain in my previous expertise, which
Will probably come back to me easily. Like I'm sure driving a plane does,
Keith, for pilots—soaring over the downtrodden highways of our lands—my own
Mind!—before landing in the promised... land! Again! As I can do that well, Keith. And could you
thank Benno for that cross for me? Ta.

No One Said This and It's Just an Excuse

They say, There's something up with his health!
To justify your rotten mouth.
And we can't say nothing about
That, because we're down south.

It isn't really his fault! It being the result
Of a previous assault.
It's why he joined that odd cult
For a bit, and struggles to be an adult.

Still a bit of a knobhead though, aren't you.
O don't act like you don't have a clue
What I mean—I am one of the few
That will be direct with you: who

The fuck do you think you are
Calling me a bad bard?

The Woman Buying Your Mind

All that work so everything is now hilarious
That used to be painful, only you are no
Better here at working out who else is here too, because here
Is the kind of place people will say they are anyway, even
When you see them still pretending to care about the homeless. Well it isn't
Like they're going to sleep with them, is it! They should cut it out, it being hard
Enough as it is for us just to find a conversation
That wasn't implanted decades ago, poor,

Poor everyone is poor! It bores me.

You know, I sometimes still find myself
Alone at night with that old part of my brain
In my hands as I run my fingertips along the pathways—as the team magic
Marked them onto it for me—and I cry
With laughter at how I could even
Sound bothered about finding anyone here anyway, as I bought
The whole place and you all just live in it, so the poem
Is a ruse! And you are invited to the premiere
Of what you’ve just sat through, as inescapable as I am, darlings.

Might Need to Work On the Punctuation

Sorta like hierarchical levels you slip in and through... actually more like a family tree or a flowchart, which I guess are both hierarchical, an example coming up because of just those, as “guess” sounded better than “suppose”, though there’s nothing better for “hierarchical”, when that itself ain’t the best, and that’s what you do in the middle of most things, maybe not you as you are here, and Gladiator this ain’t, not that there’s anything wrong with Gladiator, but it makes sense or irritates in the way it’s meant to make a point; and you can know, that I have my own example from “Gladiator” myself, as I then pictured her posing with a gladiator in Athens then, but it was old, and I “pictured” it, whatever that could mean, but it demonstrates the kind of problem viewers could have with sticking to the synaptic trick, especially if it does prove difficult, as paradoxical as that sounds, as that in itself then just makes it even more difficult, more painful to continue with, as it’s beating the hierarchy – though I’m not going to research the... it’s reptilian: the hierarchy got it for me! – or bringing it forward and so undoing its very own synaptic trick; so this is why I am doing... he is doing? something is doing it as it likes the idea of that, the undoing of itself, obvious examples being being born to die; dressing to undress; drawing to rub out; some kind of technical climbing... thing, I’m sure, where they use something to take it away again. I’ve gone absolutely blank. Was in the middle of reading and you came up. Tempted to ask how you... I was tempted to say, that I was tempted to turn this into asking how someone is, and so I imagine I’m still in amongst the illegitimate children of the family tree, the section of the flowchart that wants staff participation, only it’s not the last day for it to happen yet. So not totally blank, but it shows how those viewers are really going to struggle with anything that’s said, not like anything on the shelves they usually buy from at the supermarket, or more so an independent craft shop, like the one he worked at, the one he said he worked at when he was studying, while you were, where, in Cardiff, and you really struggled to get those biscuits there. The problem with the hierarch... The problem with how I see the hierarchies, or just my own thought, is that I used to watch Gladiators, and it says nothing about nothing, and wouldn’t it be nice to enjoy Gladiators, and wouldn’t it be nice just to enjoy biscuits and Athens at the time with whatever is interfering with the reading there, because it no doubt was, but we can put that on... on the illegitimate ones! Hence they can be closed hierarchies, though we better not try point at that now, though why else would it come out at this poin- And that’s why. And that’s the stop. And that’s the start, too, and why the framework bubbles up to be seen by the framework itself at all, so it’s the same old, but at least there’s more to climb.

Outside Boy and the Kabuki From Moon

"He lived at a little distance from his body"

—James Joyce, 'A Painful Case'

I always feel like I'm living someone else's life, outside, becomes,
We always feel like we're living someone else's... preferring
The vulnerability of the first one, personally,
Rather than the scaled-up arrogance of the latter
And the impending confusion that's coming for those ones
Before a floating smile for the rest of their days, if they survive, that is. Now you've got to ask
How I know though, right? At my age? Well I'm

Outside Boy, that's who. I'm always outside! And I'm always
It, and I know it and I own it, and no prejudices stick to me,
Miss, and in fact if you ever feel
I'm saying something about everyone
Rather than just knowing it and having that face on
That says so? You go ahead and tell me, Miss Lady,
Because I'll be damned if I be causing any more fuss
By making people feel anything other than delusional,
Of course I meant distracted and so peaceful with theys' time. It's what I do!
It's what I do. Yes you bet; you got it right:
Outside Boy. Crazy, right? I know it! I know it.
My real name too. No way! You said all that at the beginning.
No way! Not me. I wouldn't think that.
And I'm glad to be Outside Boy anyway! If those are the options, I'm glad
I'm this one, as I like how it feels
Now I've got used to it and they seem to be
The options, because I reckon Inside
Boy or everyone must feel like

Songe-Creux

A new persona
For your new comedy career worked out by lunch, somewhere
Between that guy you met in group therapy that time
And Andy Kaufman, and Philip Larkin, the performance
Peppered with 4th walls and idiosyncratic
Inconsistencies and never-before-seen
Sequences which incorporate themes from postmodern architecture, religion,
Gardening and reclusive poets, unpindownable
Moves your psyche would independently manoeuvre your body to do
While you also watch on yourself, as you do
Once or twice a month when you move

To one or two tunes on the radio as you cook alone, a free night, when you know,
Feel how you can dance mesmerisingly—that it is all there—before it goes
Past 2 pm and you eat, and you stay after work late before going home and she is there
Feeling numb as you go inside her, not
That she ever says, but you feel it, and you are too, the particulars
Of David Andrew Larkin long gone with that meal deal, the moment,
Those characters that breakthroughs are made of—only
Made of—passing all the time, as the thoughts
Of those perfect 5 minutes of routine
Lose to hatred of this home, the worry,
The pain of nothing you can grab, your inner world
Revealing no slice of what is possible for you, those stage
Dreams of youth being really forgotten, David
Has a stupid idea at work
That you read on his notepad, isn't your fault
She's numb, fuck off
Out then I can cook for myself, they're all fucking weirdos, sultans of swing,
He's different one day to the next, fuck knows what happened to her, god squad,
That's just the way I handle stud walls, Freud wanker,
Cutting in front, him, why wear that, scratch cards, will text her at 7 if not 'eard owt,
Why sing like that at glasto.

An Empty Box

OK here is the box
I am opening, that looks a certain way
To you, which, "Hehe!"—the rest
Don't know about yet; only
We all then share
Similar "Hehe"s
And side stares anyway, like we aren't

All doing this over
The same box, it being
A good job there's a box, really,
To keep us together
And apart, because truth
Be told, it's empty, like I said: aren't you all
Strange! Hehe.

Finding the Voice: The Purge

Viewers. Here we have the final
5 or 8 or so contestants—as we're still
Learning how to differentiate between them; and to separate

Them from you lot too, in fact!—left
 In the competit...
 Well, it's not exactly a competition
 Anymore as that wasn't really working, was it. I'd say it's more like finding
 A band? Actually what show is this? Did we ever get a show name? It should have "band" in it
 Anyway, as I'm not sure
 It's about finding a whole personality—as that's
 Impossible with this lot, surely—or that we necessarily
 Need a cohesive performer or artist? Actually we need
 An entertainer. And definitely a voice, yes!—include that
 In the title: "Finding the Voice" or something?
 Really? Hell if I know. Anyway we
 Are down to this lot and we are looking, now,
 For a solid, rounded, together band
 Or voice and/or voices, I reckon, as I can decide
 Now because I think I can say that I've got the final
 Say, at least to my mind. And your ears?—that can be managed
 And curated and controlled well—and easily—
 By any old thing. In fact we could have a competition
 For one of you lot to manage them, I think! What do you mean you've no idea what's going on?
 Yet
 You're still watching? (But are you even watching? As it's just me
 And you, you know, as close to the screen as I am to you. Honestly—you can trust me. And so
 Could you manage this band? As I believe you could, so why not
 Apply by calling this premium number now, you aspiring
 Band manager, you. And you look amazing! I'm glad
 It's just us alone here.) You can tell
 My contract is up with the network at the end of the month, can't you: I'm sure you all
 Saw the controversy in the tabloids? I mean he sounded sane
 To me and we all know
 How they try and trap presenters like myself-
 What are they doing with all the contestants now? OK look I'll go
 Back to reading from the autocue: it was just for a bet! And I know
 The show name now: I've put it up there! Come on I need
 These last few shows if I'm to get any
 Work over on any of the thousands of other networks
 You've got to come. And even though I know
 I have a voice for it, the radio
 Is simply not my medium, at least not yet
 I've won? What do you mean, "You've won!"—won what?
 I've won the show? Is that why all the other contestants disappeared? But where are they?
 I've *beat* them? How? But I'm not
 Even in a ban-
 I am now a band.
 What?!

And I can be easily managed and curated and controlled.
 But how am I saying that? What... what is goin-
 You must call our premium number constantly
 For more entertainment and to “Find the Next Voice”, as the show
 Never ends.
 No! Stop them! Help me!
 Ha. Ha ha ha. I. Enjoyed. Saying. That.
 I. Am. Now. A....
 (Apologies. Please excuse us for a minute.
 “I am now a band”: is that working again? Great!)
 I am now a band, and I am your favourite band
 On every network on every channel you watch and hear
 Forever and ever as we have found our star—me!—and I am terribly happy
 To have won and I could not be more excited
 To provide entertainment and a voice for all my adoring fans.

How to Beat Manchester City

*“It’s a bollocks, this race!’ said de Rooy. ‘You’re working like an animal, you don’t have time to piss, you wet your pants. You’re riding in mud like this, you’re slipping ... it’s a pile of shit.’
 ‘Will you ever ride it again?’ he asked the mud-covered Dutchman.
 ‘Sure, it’s the most beautiful race in the world!’ said de Rooy without a second’s hesitation.”
 —on the 1985 Paris-Roubaix road race, Charles Pelkey, ‘The Explainer: Daily life in the peloton’,
 11 March 2009, VeloNews: The Journal of Competitive Cycling*

You just need to work really hard to get from here
 To here, then all we’ll need to worry about
 Is the immersion being left on. O fuck. That hasn’t gone well, has it.
 Press the space or invert your fullbacks, splitting
 Your centre backs and having the heater
 Dropping in there too. See you’re surprised
 At how effective that is, no? And out on the pitch
 Over any period of time it’ll make even the most average
 Of players create chances, only now you need to let that runner
 Go. Honestly—don’t worry about them. Forget them. It’s
 Because you need to be machine-like
 In each phase, and the rewards will come about
 See—there: you forgot they existed. Now all you gotta do
 Is change your kit. Ah but you see, that is not your problem: that’s
 My problem. I’ll call them. Look I’ll call them just go
 Complete the interview and give them whatever they want, because underneath—like we
 discussed in the meeting
 Yesterday—you now know how to
 Indifferently. See! I knew you’d fancy it; they’re like ghost
 Runs after a sliding door—a dummy—that you didn’t take

As you thought you watched the one
You shouldn't have, but it's never worked like that, this
Sport: it just brought you here
To work under me. All that career was simply not supposed to happen: that's
Behind every word they say out there. I know you've heard all the senior ones speak it! Now
You've met what it is to be here. And what did you-
Exactly brilliant a great session: it's not about
The game. Only check out your heatmap!

I Ain't Even Gotta Say It, They Know

"They don't make rocks like us anymore"
—John Ashbery, 'Never Seek to Tell Thy Love'

O stone fragments—Rosetta!—join together
Talking nonsense in flits and starts
Sparked by tunes due to old rock scrapes, depositing
Recyclable weapons across the bedroom floor afterwards, if they know
What they're good for, descending
For the upending of appendages in the archives, special
Collections, lock-and-key work, furnace
Preferred for these combustibles—the sulphur ones!—
That survive without a trace of the pits
Now they build roads, pathways, pantheon
Supporters, duodenum relaxers that hate that old Rosetta's guts, because like blood from them
It was, but we try not to think about that, it being long ago, so hard
We used to faint, though most of us burned up or split.

And the Stars Look Very Different Today

The real rock stars are out there wasting all the best lines
On first dates as if there's a gremlin
Stabbing them in their leg—inside their head—under the table
So as to provoke a little spike from the movie of their lives, the one

They watch themselves... perform... wasted
They are, as that is where they stay, the lines,
The stars, on their own little local tours, the hoards
Of people around the city being an audience

For them—the stars! Some members
Even pushing them in a pram, like that boring
Night OUCH! I mean O it was so
Wild, as I had this dummy, yeah, and everyone thought I was so funny, because this random in
the queue

I am so bored of this place. So bored. What queue?
Can't we just, like, go somewhere else? What do you mean, you "write"—like what?

Batting Practice

Swing? Miss. You get the picture
Early but decide to put it away, let it put itself away,
Can't actually ask you if you believe it's you yet, agency,
Truth, those annoying things, just want to play my game,
But not today, when you could have been driving
As I too have been trying to drive again, alone, though with a full car,
And at the range I practice mechanically trying to
Ignore the noise, eyes on the pitcher—what are they also
Thinking?—and only focusing and feeling the crucial points of the swing, not
That we can talk about this. Your swing is off, isn't it,
Like sitting in the car too, early doors, feigning
To not go but you go, as it'll all go away, that being
Not what you believe but what you say, and it causes the misses,
The little scratches and lapses in thought, I'm not trying to build anything
With you. I'm in this cage. I'm doing mine and you're doing yours.
I'm not sure if you can tell, but I'm struggling
To connect today too: swing? Miss. But swinging I be—had to do
Something to get me off the road as I was going to crash, even the car
Feeling claustrophobic, the car
Perhaps even excluding you further: I can't talk too much.
We've got a lot on at work. You know the tension
The swinging can cause through my body, even feeling it
Enhance the mental fatigue which I'm starting to buy into, which parts
Are me and which parts are you? I think it's good. It feels like it presses on me
To release it a bit more, only I get blurry and swerve in the interim.
I've been here since... ooo... 6 am? But I didn't
Really want you to know that, because again,
What are you now seeing in me? And I don't want to give you excuses. Not trying
To just get through the day—not at all; I didn't
Say it was suggested. It's not even really for the game as I'll not be joining a team...
This was about you; I think the bat
Will loosen you up after those long drives, which I know
Aren't about the driving either, so that can compensate
For the compensate- My man. It could just be a little light relief
To practice and improve at: whatever; but it's probably best to measure it's
Impact in other areas of your life more so.

Butchered Arm

The alternative suggests itself as a lot of disposable income, three semi-tones higher
Than you were, lumps, a lot of watching, knowing
What they all do, motives of, highly strung
And unentwined connections, remembering being a little girl,
Big bulky spans of big white light
Followed by crushing colds, desperate
For the money that should have been his
And his before him; or sitting... watching it all too
So early in the day with your routines to save the world, the necessary
Keys you certainly wouldn't be reading poems, no audience
For what you know, as there doesn't appear to be too much
In between for those kinds of transitions, the last place you'd be looking
To spend it all, be stunned... Forget it. I'll risk it. I grew up
And allowed every check and balance that knocked on my loudest consciousness' door
To flow over and away from me, because I opted to find it big-headed
Instead so as to cringe at such repetitive, externally-queued habits, like responding
Only to what the husband may say
At the bar as he drones on about the contractors that week, my face
Beginning to eat itself, there being nothing wrong with that, twinges
Of breaths of beats of aches tickling under the surfaces too, but easily
Ignorable once it all becomes more and more ignorable, as I bought
A new car and a new water butt, having potentially,
Freudianly broke the others myself, but any training I had about that
Was also given permission to dissipate by my third drink change
Of choice, knowing the inheritance
Eventually coming in will do nothing for us—for me—but create
More narrative so far removed from what I still watched my life to be like, unlike
The one I appear to be in, at this bar as he talks
While the funds become as an already charred log for the fire
I would rather not have on as I'm already sweating. I don't
Really know him, never have, it crushing me...
That being submerged also, this cough I've had
For years, that note I sometimes catch playing out of myself, always something
There is, when I go to reach for my drink
As he laughs at his own point and my arm won't lift, so I laugh with him,
Me and my friend Sally behind the bar too in unison, never knowing
What her legs are like, and I could say that, that
Then bringing the energy back for me to grab it.

Construction

You mean to tell me that I need to know all the bricks, how they work,
The cement, the blueprints, the ground

Dug into the bricklayers, so as to be able
To appreciate the wall—to understand
The wall—even though I am only going
To then be resting on top of it anyway, without even noticing
The wall pretty quickly too, as I then begin
Spitting at the bricklayer most probably afterwards as well? Sounds stupid;
I hope it looks good as that is all people are really interested in: shined
Shit. Look can you just give me nudge
When it's done, so I can then climb on
What do you mean, it's done? Well where is it?
No I don't feel any different—why? Do I feel any better? But what the fu-
O what a fantastic view
From atop this ridge! Splendid! To think I never noticed
Where I was standing before, good sir. Well I wanted to make you feel
A bit welcome, at least, that's all: what would you prefer? As I can be
Accommodating in any way you please
Up here. Like we have an excuse anymore! You know I still wonder
What was once built beneath us, you know. Probably some fort
By *barbarians*! But they served their purpose all the same, there being
No need to dig them up and remember
Them all, in my opinion, is there? Quite.
Now watch this: I bet I can hit that maso-
Really! Well you'd never tell
By how you sound! I do apologise. And yes of course I'll...
“Pack it in”? Is that a construction term? But now I am confused: were you
Dragged up or raised?

Fishing. I Mean Proper Fishing

Now we have hauled in more of you
With our wide nets with such elaborate netting
Relative to the centre of them—the most
Explanatory explanation
You'll get out of this fisherman today; we can say
That you only “experience” it as “clever”: nothing,
None of it is clever: fuck 'um; and it is only
Quite literally a net to take more in
As thinly as possible, as talk is cheap
And really really not clever—believe us
At sea—because there is nothing to explain
That you will come to know of yourself—even things
You think you've been explaining—that you can give to anyone, nor
That they can give to you, only there can be
These nets for you and for you to sift yourself through to drag
Yourself up and out and away restored back

To not a lot, truly, but the reduction of all that nonsense
That was before, which again, you may not be seeing yet, perhaps
Only a touch wanting to know, as it hurts. It is why you are here though, we know it,
Searching in nets—as we know the nets
Are actually poems, too; but anyone doing, saying anything
Can do what these nets do: some random Dude? Sure. We hope you find him
Or her or it—more so you—before it slips away, as it will,
Until you find it again
And again and again as the knowledge—yep;
But not clever!—grows larger and you see how wide
And insignificant it has to be, without there being discussions
Of “it”, really, as we always kick them out of
The boat, unless it can be proved to be applied
“It”ing, only that would be all of us—including you now—
Getting ahead of ourselves; and you can now see why
They took me off the workshops
As I always end up elaborating
The explanation whilst simultaneously implying it’s impossible: I hope
You continue the search anyway, as your boat is most definitely out there: see! Told them I could
do it! Which says a lot.
Then you should be able to go fishing yourself.

Note the Emergent Patterns

You have been here before
Being here before watching the characters
Return to the pool to solve the mysteries of the lake... when there is a shore now
With a soundtrack pumping out the system loudly
And clearly now—any old dross—which is being ignored, its old
Wave lengths, not that the wave lengths are being ignored, but the fact it plays
And that it’s any old dross and how it skips
From one track to the next unnoticed as they dive
With glee on their faces, at least, with further sounds about loving
This genre, when it’s now the next one,
And this singer is new. No I can assure you
He’s brand new and you won’t have heard of him before,
He’s trying something out, jump in,
Don’t listen to him: they’ve jumped in, the lyrics
Being cut-ups from sounds coming up out the lake—there’s even a sign—which itself
Suggests there is a helicopter in the lake
Due to some paranormal activity, as the lake
Has a cold front or a pump at the bottom through which air bubbles, only me
And the guy that used to be into such work—“Don’t use my title
Anymore, please”—can see honestly on the shore
Trying not to talk too much as we appreciate the whoops

And nur-nurs from the lake, though these can be directed
Toward the trees on the other side, so I'm guessing
The characters are hallucinating, which isn't surprising, that he doesn't want to explain himself,
And I wouldn't blame them, because if I was listening to this soundtrack
All day I'd probably just give in and enjoy the music, however
It made me feel, and I'd call joining beating them too, drowning
Swimming, and I'd say things like this is just
What I am and you can't change me, and I'd believe I was happy with that: the old engineer
Next to me that throws another helicopter into the lake
Due to me saying that: he intimates—
Throws another helicopter into the lake. "Hey I'm sorry
To bother you again, but do you think
We could go in and get that, as it might be easier from up there—and I know
You hate "up there"!—to more clearly not state
What they're doing but note the emergent patterns, perhaps, because with the headphones
And blades we might actually get time to truly listen and... well, not
Think, but deregister that one particular "whoop"
That eludes and disturbs the shore, that seems to have brought you here, too,
With those stories about that crash in that... very same 'craft
You've just thrown in—that I want out!"
"But I brought no stories, me. Strictly an engineer."

"Fucking Hell, Do You Ever Listen to Yourself?"

She tasted you from inside herself; and to think...
O it doesn't matter—the same old sliding doors
Ignored voices wide red
Flags, four day temper tantrums, vacant
Dead stares only good for a necrophiliac, which doesn't sound right: need
To keep my mout- O there we go! Though I took my time again: at least
This door came with untapped creative awareness, a separation
From self through which a vortex could be entered
By yourself... as you still loose track; yet all
Could still come together again: and to think... something

That's difficult to do, not in graveyards, you enjoying
Your silent walks on days 3 and 4, but back in bed
With the dead who insist on you explaining
Every tongue flick, closed lip
Coming from inside yourself, whereas she could've
Just tasted inside herself and they'd have been no poet anyway: and to... Mmm.

Another Another Variation

There's so many different, hidden foldout pages

And pop-up pages in this children's book—really
 Imaginative—that it comes as no surprise
 Eventually after studying its insides more times
 Than one would care to admit to, that there's not a lot you can say
 About that once you have seen the many different
 Hidden foldout and pop-up pages
 In this children's book, not that you'd want to say
 A lot about that over the violin strings
 That play when you open three-quarters of the sheets
 Today, the book hovering in the middle of a vacuum—this
 Being just one copy of this particular edition
 Of this book, mind—the strings going out and back to it
 From its dinner, right now, as it wants its dinner,
 Do you have a sufficient reason for wanting to be here,
 Have you ever had delusional thoughts about your friends or family, any old stroke
 Of good luck making your ears ring true, like a low
 Hang on a minute didn't you say you didn't like eggs
 Yesterday, not that politician? But the sheets
 Are bound as intended, so why would the front page
 Talk to the back, let alone to the bookmark
 Always put between two and three by the supplier, the sheet
 This is where I listen to the violinist, yes. O I love
 The violinist yes, for offering a therapeutic hum
 Stop looking. Stop looking at me. Any old stroke
 Who drew that cover picture? Who wrote that blurb? Hideous.
 That it comes as no surprise eventually after studying
 Your own hardback to find new quiet beauty all the time
 That then needs prefacing in the next edition, that always sells well, as long
 As that game remains early in the book on page three. Roman numerals, sure—keeps them the
 same. Vivaldi yes I am all
 About that. Perhaps my favourite? We can discuss it
 At dinner. Yes this was my father's place we inherited it
 From my father's place in the middle of nowhere: "The Vacuum
 Of Humpty Dumpty" we call it, Humpty Dumpty being what his
 Constituents affectionally called him. Yes she's not very well she
 May join us, but I'm not going to lie, she's exploring
 Very different linen—O it's our old stuff—that you fold
 Up in a very different way: we hardly recognise you!

Behind the Skirting

It's all manufactured, whatever it is,
 Aerials in the sky and less blaked than we'd want,
 Replies to a few letters, tapping rather than sliding
 Exercises after laying more schemes out

For the directors, even though
 You've got the final say anyway, this being news
 To my ears too, you having
 The committee on your side, finally! Not
 That there are sides—this meeting isn't over—
 But there's a hymn sheet and we all get consulted
 And act accordingly and sometimes discordantly, seeing bolts
 That look like the wires, relistening
 To wires, betting blaked, you know all that, it's obvious, nah I ain't explainin... It being
 That easy to lose the boardroom, jury,
 Reader if you believe there is no harmony
 To how we build these tablature books. I mean that
 Is your experience—of course. No please—sincerely—think nothing
 Of us always seeing your criticisms automatically
 As something to respond to: it's where we are now
 In the notation, so you need not bother learning
 The instrument yourself anymore, as we know how you'd play—
 It'd be great; O certainly it would be—so you can just rest
 On this... brick divide... while our algorithm decides
 How your skills would best be applied in the company. A wall? No idea
 What you're talking about: we don't end on dialogues here: as if
 Someone else was selling that also. And you can see the way they hide it all
 Behind the skirting.

Quote From Artist on Wikipedia About One of Their Pieces

“Which one? That piece? That's so old! Not that it matters; not that it's relevant to how I think about it now, I mean. How I thought about it then. How I thought about it then? No idea. Probably how I said I thought I was thinking in the piece, but less well put? And whatever I say about it now would be dated too. Not dated because of time, no: because I haven't had lunch; it's... 3:24 pm – and I have a flight tomorrow? All those arbitrary things. Even this reaction! This unhelpful reaction. What I *can* say is I believe it came out as it did for... some reason... and that that is that reason, at least. Or I could speculate on what would have happened if it didn't come out as it did? Well it's about-

“What was that? OK.

“It would've been a nightmare for those lot then, so it's a good job I turned it into, you know, a piece. ‘Why that medium though?’? Mate – what are you not getting here?”

Yaya Falls in Love; And Sometimes, You Just Got to Leave Them to It

Ta ta for now Yaya with your love,
 Your love you've found that takes you down
 To ground so bad it sound it no
 Mound, it big swing like Bea walk, troublesome
 No left but bear talk—grisly—that can't get round

(You know) going to find all the trash, mashed
Suicides inside and come back—you'll come
Back—with a bit of odd noise.

Yes; You're Invited In

It's all right in front of you now, ain't it,
Even as you cling on to old wristbands somewhere
In the bottom of a drawer, dragging out
The naming of a puddle, a pile
Of saliva, at best, with pictures of everyone
You've ever thought you were loving
Around the edge getting on with their own collectibles, keeping the chill off,
Letting the window facing outside decide what to wear
Somewhat sensibly, if it wasn't for what you know about lizards: this is where
The poetry loses out to the symptoms sheet, as you're far
Too here to be guiding anyone else along
How you'd want to today, as all the other snapshots
Available there are being ignored for the reptile house, something
To do with that part of the brain, you having all that here too, the playground
Still open though, only not as expected: could you make use
Of a life jacket in a puddle, or at least make it appear so? Seems so—I keep
Looking out the window
Knowing I'm bound to come in for something; but this is too much
Or the perfect weather for the spit to survive: I feel
Silent, and it means the photographs may not directly
Need to be reminded to you
Considering you'll be throwing away your own drawer soon too. Don't
Be walking out improperly dressed for the weather though, as you'll attract
The same wrong people and then it'll be a river or something similar
Again pouring in as you try not seeing
The scales going on behind their body language, the lack of consent
In a haircut, all those Nash calculations you did and bravely burned before picking up, no
dropping
A bit more of those 'bands you manufactured
For snakes and muddy puddles—yes;
You're invited in. Every day you drain a little bit
More of it certainly and act as if nothing
You can put your coat on the bed, sure.

A Barrage of Seemingly Impregnable Verbiage

Those lovers, those songs those urges
To use "lovers" and be a pretension
Cycle back again as you are tabs deep

In Syd Barrett and Bowie and allegory again, not a significant percentage
 You can measure of the last time you were here, only knowing you were, pain
 Loops whistles voice heard of a Siamese cat? Goebbels? Watching
 It all and feeding some for the fairground
 Coming round next time, because every time you touch
 That spinning cup, that be what it does, yours
 Unconnected to his but doing the same too
 In different soups, flus and foggy replies, spiked
 Responses to the kids. But they gotta learn! A smile
 Monitored and turned back on itself perhaps recklessly, as...
 We know the ride doth return: what happens when we try knocking it a bit, seeing
 The “in a bit” needed to be said in some mysterious way,
 This is what happened in her office, wasn’t it, when you watched
 Yourself; and now Ziggy was talking to you. You could Emily play;
 You’ll message them and get them back, yeah,
 Yeah all a big mistake, the cats knowing what you think? Can be explained.
 We are all sincerely worried about it though, the sitting that
 Can be done here, yet the alternative
 Old-fashioned third person singular form of the verb “do”
 Confuses. Does real damage to your reputation. You’re hoping
 They have access to your files before the inevitable happens, but you must
 Put it on record that no one is truly mad either, not
 That that is explainable to the mad ones themselves: exactly! How
 Did you know to finish that off? So this
 Is the consciousness widening tool, as well as simultaneously
 Feeling better for yourself? And you can’t do it forever—right; flus
 And fog then? You cannot explain. Living to be one hundred
 Is the character that is saving you
 Best saying, then saying it with a smile
 Unmonitored at that time. You hear the sealing as you go, don’t you! The stupid puss;
 The adulterous Goebbels! The things you can find
 When you are not here, my lover. But you are not going again,
 Are you—a ploy, deception gametricks
 To slick over more to catch and refold minestrone: never forget
 That we have seen those wheels and we watch
 Until we watch no more the narratives
 That flutter up from muscle, organs, bones,
 Crafty works for the lines of others to break those
 Lines too!: that worked out well. Just a little
 Rupture in the universe means to recommence you, where?
 Without being able to: though you do sound... not pretentious,
 Though contrived now. “Don’t fool yourself...” But we want *The Madcap Laughs* now!
 But you can’t: say no.

Neil Scribble

If you came out wrong
You remember far too many tastes and smells, lumps
Forever in your throat: pass it on.

O the longing for that one of them now
On this day some seven... no actually it was them from four
Years ago, the tastes and smells
Mixing themselves up like a mind/body problem, your silly anatomy,
Nowt to do with you. But it bubbles to
For a reason so better ring them, parking
The murderous hesitations from those irritations
Due in two weeks time once you are sore
To the side; and it's like

What you were saying about those merry-go-rounds, circus clowns,
Schizophrenic ramblers you measure yourself against for progress: you've heard
This one before, but it must revisit for a reason, for how they
Tasted; and what happened back there we never got to
Discuss it, the craniosacral
Therapist never getting her answers: we have dreams, baby,
And you shamed me and kept them from me. They've tortured me all these years. My body
ached, yearned
This was a bad idea. Get away from me. I can't think straight. Please I need
Space. It's always the same. O you knew what'd happen too. You shoulda thought about me!
What were you doing!

And you dream about every single one
Because you cannot currently replace them
Because of that ongoing sham marriage, you also hypothesise.

Delivering

I get it—it's a bit like that
When you ask someone what happens when you post a letter
Through their letterbox: that simple. No really:
That is it. Though why does it light me up so?

But you left a door open a while ago, at those times
It being hard to deliver considering I'm also recalling it now
Holding all this post. I'm figuratively in the doorway—"Think!"—
And it's an embarrassing thing to do

But here is the post. Easy. Just dump it on the floor I did.

I suppose you better read them—yes! Even from
All the way back there: I like my round to stay consistent
Believe it or not... But the smell of a festival fire

With her back. Can I hide in the porta-
That's why you stepped back through, is it? O this job can feel
Like you're always failing in chasing that first successful letter, at times,
But I don't care if I used that hundreds of times before

Either and you can let the junk pile up—I feel great;
And I much appreciate this always being open
For parcels or even for me to step inside briefly
When it's raining. Literally! And I will confess

That you became a woman very quickly
When I dumped the post, but you are now
A man whose wife I would quietly use in my mind's eye
To forget those summer ashes, because I respect you,

And I'll work out why. I never collect our mail, only
Deliver it; when the shopping comes
I've no idea what we're expecting. We get all sorts
As you can imagine but I can never ask my own wife

Why we get what we get, because I seem to feel fine
All the time, which says a lot
Considering how much I deliver. You know I actually never chose this job
Of course sorry you've got work! *We could*; but we can't chat all day, no. What is it you- Yeah fair
enough.

Gotcha!

Drama in here! I do enjoy this posh food
Sometimes though so I'm glad we got invited—although now
Our mate has quit I don't think we'll be coming back; but I've noticed
That it isn't the better quality ingredients
That make my stomach feel off, but more so, that it feels
Off anyway, it's just that these goremay dishes
Don't have enough grease to cover up the pain. Fuck off—
You understood, didn't you? See that's the problem
With you I'm trying to explain myself and make sense
Of what's going on within me, as I do keep having these stomach
Brain body problems but you just mock and crit-
Fine: one can be
“Problem” and one can be “issues”. You criticise

Us constantly when we're just trying to get ourselves into a position
To enjoy these meals. Well yes Minty is
Turning that particularly expensive napkin
Into a chicken, while Sally
Is saying that... is it a sausage? we couldn't tell... looks like
Sumin else. But can't we fucking laugh while we improve our table manners?
Look at you, making all these assumptions
Along the way too. And you're a writer
For which magazine? Right. Never heard of it.
When really you and your mates need us here, don't you—
Turning up in dribs and drabs looking for another way;
Because your industry is struggling, we know—everyone reads
Those papers: awful!—and you're running out of ideas and the “wanky twats”—ha!—
As my mate called them: even they're getting skint
And bored. Though I spoke to a few of them
Over there and they're actually
Sound. “I used to come in with paint-stained overalls
On when I first started dining here too,” one said to me. Look just tell the owners
To chuck a greasy burger on the menu now and then: that'll get
Us in. You're writing a review on how people are struggling
To dine out though, yeah? Good job really!
It proper looks like a dick though, don't it. Jesus
Christ—my stomach! D'you reckon it's something to do with the lymphatic system? Gotcha!

The Greasy Burger

You sit in the discomfort of hunger
To get past it, knowing
This isn't going to be your most popular restaurant;
And hard to get suddenly works again: there's a queue

Around the bend, even though you said
Where you were sitting. If only the same energy
Came up in these spaces like it used to, to invite
Them in—which you've actually just done—

Or send them away which was the issue in your other establishments, not
That you take much notice of where they are: for all
You know, they could be getting poisoned. Doesn't mean
You can serve what you want though!: welcome

To our new menu. We've listened to you! And I haven't
Tried it myself, but since you've waited, why not try a bite?

For All Your Paving Needs

There's dirt back there, but if you wipe your feet
On those underneath you'll come up cleaner for these
Clearer mats. Yes unfortunately you're dirtier
Than the floors. And I didn't say *this* was a clearer mat! Cleaning yourself up can feel like that

For a bit: did you spin clockwise? Right-side pull
That is. Sounds good though! You came out of it.
Now, what about the rest of you? Because you still look
Filthy you filthy thing, you. And taste like shit.

Yes I still have those habits, hence... you know...
The paving slab company I'm also involved in: takes the edge off
Does this fabulous new cutter I've got I mean *babes*
Is just something I'm trying on: we only printed

One of those designs and sold it to a private bidder
Who made his money from jet washes. The filth he used to talk too!

Building Tree Houses

There's something ironic about building tree houses
That you don't really want to live in, only it's a nightmare
How some of them walk their dogs down there. The previous generation's tenants: these then
Have children who end trying to copy the useless tree houses anyway!—

When there's clearly kids up there already, only they've decorated
The outside to look like what was previously child's play, not that
Anyone remembers. I only recall
How suspicious everything felt, and yet here we are

In the leaves counting the seconds until we can walk
The dogs again as well, making sure it's after next door
Have returned, because you, now, want them to guard
The fine architecture, made by the boy with the spare time he used to spend twiddling

His thumbs, before the kind local tree house builder
Showed him the perfect angles without needing all those silly instruction manuals, that is.

One With Brad Pitt In

I only wanted somewhere to sit quietly
With my thoughts, so I asked
If I could rent this hall, and I was told I could use it for free. "It's because

Nothing of note has happened in here for years,” they said, “so try
 Do something with it, will ya? Because we’re
 In danger
 Of being closed down. Or worse!: do you see those wolves outside?” The owners
 Of these village halls are a bit odd, but I thought it’d be a good place to start
 Again, as there’d been a snow storm, and I’d lost everything.
 And then I was talking to snowmen and being ridiculous
 With carrots thinking I could see in the dark—that I’d be able to help everyone
 See in the dark. I nearly howled with those wolves, too! But then I smelt them
 And/or saw their divorce papers, so I’m glad I found
 This place. But then you all turned up! And Brad Pitt came through
 And the hall got huge and I knew
 I wouldn’t have to move again, then, considering I could get
 Brad Pitt to turn up, snowmen to talk, sheep
 To confuse themselves with wolves: told you
 Then owners are odd! But some days
 The weather got really wild here too, so I’d let the sheep in
 The hall as I was allowed to extend it as much as I liked
 With scaffolders, builders, decorators: the lot!—and they started to understand me more now
 they could see inside my hall, as by then
 I’d taken it, the owners hardly noticing, them howling
 At the moon now too. And they said, “Yeah fine great hall,” at best, except the ones
 That said they absolutely loved it after they’d hardly
 Looked around, but I let them stay so we could be ridiculous
 With carrots again. So all this hardly turned out to be quiet for me
 In the end: ah well. And now we are all here for the
 Reopening of the village hall after it’s makeover, which I obviously
 Did for free while I was *somewhat* resting. But it’s a good job I did! Considering
 There was a ribbon to tie... O it’s been tied up now!—a ribbon
 To now then
 Cut. But before I invite our special guest out
 To do this, I just want to confirm
 That the walls for the hall will be put back in place
 At some point in the near future, as we were just
 Slightly delayed in finishing everything. Though I’ll be gone
 By then, as I’ve managed to get some other work off the back of this project. So enjoy how airy it
 is for now! OK this
 Is the moment you have all been waiting for: you’ve seen the posters!—our special guest
 To cut the ribbon tonight for your brand new village hall. And it is the star
 Of An American Werewolf in London: David Naughton!
 Boos? Howls?! How dare you boo and howl!
 Right I’m leaving now then, you ungrateful sheep, because really
 I’ve got Brad waiting in the car park for me anyway
 To take me to Hollywood! Hahaha! You *fools*! You’ll *never* get inside—
 Never! And I only used you to get to the movies! And *still* this hall will be mine

Forever. Mineeeee!

Baggie's Skins

If I'd have known none of you talk to each other anyway
I'd have opened it up sooner, this stall
Of second-hand skin bags. Yeah it's been about
Three years since I started selling them, and the rent's
Cheap, and the overheads have gone right
Down, because I don't even bother cleaning them now—
The skin bags: you'll wear
Any old thing!
No you put them on legfirst—why? O I see!
See! Yeah loads browse
For a while—don't worry about them: they buy it eventually.
Here's another huge group
Sounding mildly the same now though. And I guarantee
They'll buy more than they can wear
Or afford between them all, and sulk
Without tal-
That's right!—without even *talking* to each other! How did you...
Wait a minute, are you... O
Mate—good to see you!
Nah don't worry about them: they're still browsing. See! Again the-
Yeah that always gives it away: at times I used to try
Helping them but that only drove down
Sales. How's your stall? And more importantly, how's your skin bag?
Yeah I hardly
Wear mine now either; down to around...
Three, I think? O I've got a supplier
That just takes them off others instead: people just give them away
Without noticing!
Eh up, mate—check out this moody one
Over here now though. Now, I could sell
Sand to the Arabs, me, but he's the kind to buy something
Just to believe there's something wrong with it
Without consulting anyone else in... Yeah—you're right: this big hall
We rent for next to nothing that really does have everything
You decide you want. So get along
To Baggie's Skins! For all your over-your-head whims. Because they should be!
Though
You over there still: you need to get out. Yeah we have an open door
Policy, except for those
That clearly need to open their own second-hand
Skin bag stall: please leave

And take all of you with you. Dunno!

"Please Do Not Overfill Your Water Bottles" Would Not Please a Logical Positivist

I drink some water
To clear my thoughts
I don't trust saviours
But I ought; the form

Is more orderly
I find myself ordinary
I walk along, dawdling
Self-taught; some matters

Do worry me
My urine, nearly
Caught the rhyming scheme
Short

Thoughts are
Floundering: crossed swords again.

Albert K. Ashes-Bury Every Now and Then (AKA's Last Poem)

Every time I try to tell the truth, it's libel! Therefore,
I might as well say it myself: I'm making everything up. Truly! Watch
As it comes out of me
Without anyone else's input, like it's only me
Writing it all after all, these characters,
These voices being what you then now get, unfortunately. It can even
Surprise me to be honest with you, as I always knew
He'd work it out because we were doing it to his body, obviously
I can write quicker than I can read, so don't blame me, only
Hold me responsible if it means you'll credit me
When something good does come out, of course, though
Not if it implies something libel, as that's just made up, like,
You know poets can be dramatic and delusional with their
Who said that? Is someone there? But I don't want to.

Cud B @ C

I was only messing around
Practicing. O which one now? Not that it
Matters, because instead I'm watching all these
At sea.

O come on—really? I’ve no idea
What it means; let me see.
Hmm. Looks like a window
To me. Foggy! Maybe even

A storm’s coming? O sorry: that’s not what I see. I see
Clear blue sky but I did install
These frames, as well as clean them. But I was trying
To empathise with you: so you don’t

See fog? OK look I fit them with more care now anyway: check out
The sails! And that one there is mine.

Not That There’s Anything Wrong With Your Other Shoes

Lovely! You’re dressed up nicely. Well you can
Read, can’t you. What’s the problem then: let’s move
These trees? Clouds? Bricks? Slabs? O you’re using different terms
And conditions now I get you. No I got you

The first time; and it’s quite evident. Yes I’m reading
Them over and signing and signing: what’s with you today?
I don’t count.
What’s this down here? There’s two,

Maybe three words I can’t make out then it says
“Down here”. I’ve just spelt it out for you! Why must you make this
So difficult; you always come round every so often
Like this

Or that hahaha—no I love your outfit; spin
Around for me again? O yes that’s really beautiful. Definitely wear the shoes more often!

This Is a Disgrace

What do you get if you’re on minimum wage and she sniffs cocaine off your cock while you can’t
feel the sky? A long opening line
To prompt a ponder into what we’re really up to in our culture. And I knew
I was the saviour!—as there’s no personalities left. So stop
Those tests! Unless... Yes OK let’s leave
The pop psychology down there

Along with some ket, too: “O I know I am definitely
An INFP. Though I’m extra self-aware. Sniff!”

Reader: I don't swear lightly, scare
Or speak crass just to get my sermons across, but it makes me, not
Cross, but laugh in fact at how daft
A lot of people act including my own act
Here, for I like a little bump of the gear and some traumatised
Young dear whispering in my ear about the Myers-Briggs
Type Indicator now and then, knowing full well she doesn't feel the sky—or whatever the fuck
I'm saying this high—either.

Another Trip

Airport beckons
The body soars
Not conceding
Changing score

The mind takes flight
The pain comes through
Stay off the runway
“We'll pilot you”

Lower the nose
Look straight ahead
Breathe. Forget.
Some Satie instead?

Score
Drawn. Deficit not yours.

Dream Catching Until the End Now

The end of the line turns up at the
Hospital, and you were waiting for that, weren't you,
Reading the clipboard in silence as you scan
The patient over for body language since that new training they've had you on. Palliative
Ignorance seems to be the one for this case,
Though a thing or two could be learnt for similar lines, only
O forget about it. No it says it right there look: “O
Forget about it.” Better tell them
In bed something different though! So we'll try you on
Some of these newer medications that might bring you
Up to speed? Great—I'm off! Bed number three's nearly done, so it's soup
And dream catching until the end now.

It Seems He Went on Holiday

“Oh, I hardly know! You see, I only went to restore my health. I don’t know whether I learned to see, exactly.”

— *Fyodor Dostoyevsky, The Idiot*

Boy get in the sea. Get in the sea!
Yeah. Yeah feel the waves, water. Little ripples. Buoys
Not to be seen. OK buoys to be seen but

Far out! Without seeing
The ropes, there no
Rope in the waves no more.

The sun too! It glistening
One-dimensional on emergence. O you know what I mean: here! And this splash! No longer
Far out somewhere else.

Takes a while though, for sure. But then also
What does? All under
The shore washed off, scrubbed away, every sunset

Going forward we’ll not
See them all, forever, as we float on the salt.

Pains Me to Publish Some of These

Lights on
Time to land
Minds lost

Lights off
Time to leave
Should have thrown them all in the sea, especially her

In the queue
On the beach
Following me?

Flying home
Rabble drone
Faces in phone
Never alone

Must they still bone?

This Is Called a “New Place Rise”

But it's difficult to prove that in this kind of waste land
When all the junk looks the same, cast off
Broken band bits due to being moody, though this mood
Made from fresh surroundings releasing off-ends
From old boundaries is enough to build a recycling centre
On the edge of town. So we've somewhere to move in
Now and inhabitants, if a bit
Quieter gradually improve in their two-step shuffling, not to
Play with, but wave to to talk about the weird snow
That does only come every couple of years, actually. No really that was
Two years ago—can you believe it? It's a good job
You did. I'm not going back. O I am glad we came,
Despite it upsetting the family a bit because I was rather unapologetic
With making the decision for us by the end, disallowing—
Can you believe this?—disallowing anything other
Than essentials to come, though the same labels remained
On the same boxes we used to move. Speaking
Of used to move, how you getting on
Where you've gone to? It can feel like that. No it can—
I've been. I mean we've been but that was the old...
But we don't talk about that. Anyway I left the band's
Equipment in the garage back in the
Swamp. Damn! Wasn't meant to call it that anymore: a waste
Of a place but it's done. This old thing? We can't risk a new one
Just yet considering the neighbours we still want to impress, though we've a chart
On the fridge for that too, next to whose turn it is for the bins.
You know what? You'd be surprised: he actually loves doing it.

Oooooo

Orthodox churches still invite you inside, but you have found,
Worked out god small “g”—big “T”—and know

Not where to find him: you leave
Those past icons, fearful in your “Phew!” your own relic

Tucked away as you pray
For a short time only: God is

Everywhere, boy—though so are old news
Articles—cartoons.

So just ensure you're kneeling at the right pulpits.

Something... You Know

It all honesty I never know how to talk to you, so I've been recording
Our conversations and reviewing them, but that was never my original intention.

Don't go! It helps me so much, even now, to feedback
On what I'm saying so I can get it right for us

Consistently for next time, because I'm still turning up
Differently all the time not to mention these hats? Accessories? I pick them up

In any old place, and it can feel like they only fit
Because one person barely wears them. If you concentrate

Only on my mouth you'd be none the wiser about how
Do they sound OK? Have you spoken to them recently? Are they interested?

I wonder what they think. I've been having elocution lessons myself too.
A lot of paperwork. O you'd be very surprised. Extremely. But you do have to listen to yourself.

The Outsider With Some Knots

I don't know how to begin, either,
When tying up these loose ends, but I always do manage to do it
Without too much input from yourselves, only I like you around
The corner ready to smile at me
Once all the fuss about how we started dies down, and we can lie
Down and accept, that sometimes
Some things can feel like the same misplaced down payments
For homes we neither like nor respect, but we can accept
Them as someone will be benefitting
Without noticing. So take these frayed knots
Attached to questionable holds and lower
Yourself like I do too, from a ledge
Not into an abyss, but an airspace that could hold an extension, because what are we to do
Now we've paid the place off and know all the nooks
And crannies? How did we get to this point? I never thought
I'd tire of you but now I can't stand
If I'm in the air, can I, in these lonely strings that spin
And make you radiant, O, you at the bottom, spotting me,
Seeing straight through me but we both said
We wanted transparency always, our relationship
Always here—rooms always built for you
Whenever I move: it was never
In my plans but now I own the damn thing, why not

Take this rope and come inside now and then, is what I should be telling myself,
But I've bought the chalk and everything.

The Tortured Poets Tour

The boast comes through at a pitch sounding very mythical, the truth
Propping it up like an unheard bass guitar. The drummer crashes in
When you least expect them breaking the lead singer out of character
On stage, how did we get this big, the support acts
Were always better I can't even play all this audience, all these followers
We never looked up at finally revealed, and microphones
In their faces, none of it signed up to, that's not worth the paper it's written on,
We've got photos of you literally playing along! We all knew...
I mean sex sells and we thought...
To be honest, we thought he could play rhythm as well, and she was a great
Songwriter. So in plain English? We had no firm ideas. We watched her
From the wings in awe and never talked about that stuff
Back then. I mean she was deranged
At times and he was quiet. Certainly wouldn't have guessed he was ghost writing!
But you got that in the previous documentary—right. I never think about that time in my life now
anyway.

What Katy Said Later On

“Unfolding with insensibility ... The sterile woman's frigid majesty.”
—Charles Baudelaire, *“The way her silky garments...”*

O let the boys be boys, silly,
“Mummy!” until my ‘morphism goes, their morphia
Pose runs out and I require
Some real man power. For look what they did to me!

My body? O I don't think like that anymore:
That was years ago!—before
They used to tell me how amazing I looked
All of the time: I mean, how boring! And now

I'm all grown up, I'm good
At ignoring those wastes of space—because let's face it:
It is not all about the face, ladies, but more
About the luxury couture a dependable man

Can afford to buy for you. As you deserve it! For that old life
Was hard! I mean it was exceptional dick but his problems were rife.

Dylan You Can Keep Pulling That

What I am trying to do with you, Year Ten—
And you know I hate even having to call you that, having to pick
Any particular set of you out just to make it a little easier, interesting
And so removed from the original effort all at the same time, this meaning
That I'm guessing I can ask if you've done the homework now
That initially allowed you to understand what I started raving about in the first place?: we'll get
nowhere
At this rate. The problems started when they introduced languages
As mandatory choices here. Dylan you are never
Going to get this, are you, so I'm glad I split up the group:
We'll always need cleaners. Look kids I chose
Wrong but I'm here now and getting paid, hence I am trying
To get you to do less of this—can you see what I'm doing?—
And more of this. But you didn't get that from me.
OK now look at Dylan. That's what you should be going for!
Ruby you're the closest: how many would you say he's done? If you can count
Without touching them Ruby that'd be great. OK you touched
One earlier. It cannot be helped though it is unfortunate. Fine there's only ten minutes left
Of the entire year: do what you want. Dylan you can keep pulling that—whatever.

Intense MC Interviews for a Career Change

I mean, I guess I can be on a ship? But it's difficult to feel that way
Now all the somatic stuff's gone. And honestly
I'm saying stuff and reverting
To some chat I know nothing about, but this is why we have floats
At sea because I now see the factory
Where I cut my teeth, and I know my fingers perform some form
Of bloodletting, only you cannot tell the re-

I do not really have anything left to say: this is a cruise.
What I'd really like to not have
Is the not feeling that chips it up and out now and then, but that's like wanting to change
The whole damn water. Who is saying that? What
Is the "water"? I'm not concerned with exploring it
Today and the "water"—O I'll use it—wants to play
Some way; but I myself—which
We are just going with—forgot in seconds.

You knew it was you: where are we then? As it's you that decides.

Why You Should Not Force These Things

Do you just intend to keep swinging between politicians and tech moguls
Until you work it... Ouch. OK you did.
Well we did try to warn you! Miscommunication
In... That's closed up to now: you've got
The pain then! Nothing I can do from here no
I'm afraid not sorry—all silent
For me and the extremely close windows. I find them quite
Annoying in fact I can't make anything out with them...
Yes OK you've got other problems on at the moment: understandable. That bugger!

So it's me and you until the end then now. And I
Like you am feeling a few things about that being acknowledged: I need a minute.
No really a real minute. Can you do that without looking? Interesting.
Nah I wouldn't separate them: there's just that ringing
And phenomena appearing to be this and that—but it's not too sticky
And the need for "phenomena" reduces so the supporter
Stops inducing that "game of opinions" comment because of the brand
We are putting together, and I know I could go now,
That I've done it and the machinations are going:
Not what I thought it was. But it isn't the place for that again. I was tying myself together.
My mistakes were all but diminished. That...
That device to entertain with this brand: the calls! The calls
Need to be able to come through. Did they call? Look have any calls
Come in, because they found out. The flipping voters! The hidden...
O you know what I mean: call them! Let them be true to themselves!

Bedsit Boy!

Dear I don't care: I think I'm a God. I do!
I wanted to show you, what—I don't really know;
But you didn't want to know: that made me think
Stupid things. So ridiculous. What have you gone and worked out
Out there? Nothing. You've ruined your life. Utterly
Stupid. Whereas I'm very rare.

It Is Not Important

I wish I remembered all the techniques for getting it done
All the time sometimes, but realistically
I just about know what that would mean
For everyone else and of my chances of getting bed and board for life, whether
I was conscious of this or not being open ended. This
Could probably do with some of the techniques, not

New ones, but it's how I feel, so what of
What, exactly? Knowing the big far aways
Just to keep it far away are the drop backers
For the stragglers: something like that. You do realise I've been pacing
Around this store for hours looking for a particular tin of
You'll never guess what? It was a stupid thing to say: you
Of course will guess. And what am I going to prepare
Them with? I don't really know. I'll never feel that good again—
I know that for sure. That's the sacrifice though, though
We have here, at least, not that you'll guess
That and you'll never know either, because...
O it don't matter. Nah fuck it—it's not important! So probably on toast.

Meeting

It seems the “murderer”—because I feel that way today, you know?—is right
About emotion not being too required anymore, at least
As a means to decision-make. The problem is he's taking
Out hearts over such minor things
To check they aren't beating, which can put investors off.

Because we're so spread out conceptually then, it's hard
To not only have a single barrel of hymn sheets, but also to throw
Any away that are basically redundant now, especially
If you don't want to listen to my suggestion
About splitting the islands down the middle.

But what do I know! Only been in the industry
Four decades and I've won, what, every award
As you'll see behin-
He has not taken them, surely. How did he get in here? He's had us

And he's right: there I said it.

Second Training Session for the New Club

*“leaves a memo for the surrogate: What the hell
did you think you were doing? I mean . . .”*
—John Ashbery, *'Anticipated Stranger,'*

Can you name everything you are feeling? No I didn't ask
What was put in where—can you just name
All the intersecting and conflicting feelings
You are experiencing, even
If they are transient? Sorry—even if

They are coming and going and you are not experiencing,
Feeling them all the time. And if you can't
Name them then just get as close as you can
To describing them, internally: what do they
Look like, say, or sound or taste
Or just feel like in another way—what do they make you
Want to do, for instance. Right great! There we go. And underneath
That? OK good.

So maybe... well...

OK it's a bit early
For that, actually. So let's keep going
As we are until you can leave
This particular room at some point, at least, and then
We'll think about the other questions
Involving the external factors but to be honest
With you, you will
Probably...

Well, let's see.

ChatGPT: Write a Love Song (I Don't Get It Either)

Let us go then, you and me,
Please, for we are tired and grumpy, though deconstructing,
And a sound like of this need be here. Full of
Half selves, we, Freudianingly minded, unapologetically
Unstoppable; but... *that*—again what was needed—
This a new pinnacle for away from mad, a quote
You'll find me so sorry for. Labour, laboured to find a fresh Len
Without credited other longer here, tabled himself,
All that's lost here and a new tiffin, kissing
The neighbours to make anew
Those that can save us as we do reach away, dropping art gaugers,
With more force than it's worth
For them to find worth,
Waves making a mess of my love's towel
And the things I read when I was grumpy with this scowl before.

The Clouds Are Grey

Everyone is grey
Or Timothy Chalamet
You know what they say

“Mate, are you OK?”

The clouds are grey
My hair is grey
It’s nearly May
Why did I pay?

This film? OK
I need some play
“Ha!” I say
Brightens the day

O Timothy
Chalamet: I could not say

Noah Wasting His Talent

So there’s all this stuff all over the floor
And on the walls and in the air, right—filling the entire room
With everything there is in its entirety; and you have
The tools to pick the best bits
For what we’ll need in future—as in, you could willingly
Ignore the terrible excuses and groans
Of those... partners... down there; and yet you choose
To pick these things instead? Because I find that exquisite, in fact, an exquisite
Thing to do and no waste of time, if it also
Be a waste of time as well, at all? Is it? Marvellous. To think
We wouldn’t even see all the stuff in the first place
If it wasn’t for you, so you should pick
Whatever you want with your tools. Actually could I see
Your tools? Wow! They
Look great. I like
This and this
Most. Brilliant. So novel.

Poem Not Facing Itself

...And you are now a personality of your mistakes; and then you take that line
And run away with it without knowing where
It’s penned from into the next bar

Where there’s a new hilarious you ready to come through
Again until it falls apart as it’s supposed
To do, as it is going
To...

OK it already has;

And you need a new poet to blame from the past, because you have
Been misinterpreted. Misrepresented! As you surely
Didn't say
Do that: they are my

Private mistakes and you only get the personality
They make why are you falling

Away this doesn't make sense where

Have you all gone? How has this happened? What have I done? I am parts of

Parts of nothing but they fill me up
To build a something hahaha "a personality
Of your mistakes" is great I'm going to use that again

In the next bar.

Raw, Unprocessed, Not Been Dried

Unfortunately you believe these current currents will stay
As they change as you prune on the beach, you plum, interlacing
Fruit thinking that's the fix for these obvious means
To catch waves also, you the bored,
You the knowing where to lie yourself. This is raisin'
The question of what this all is: too many vines
Vying for attention; though that's your fault
Too, now you know choice: tip
Your hand for the sand to something; summer-
Sault are now
So embarrassing a means for your fists
To remain holding: let go of the bunches, the dates
Also a totally different thread, grown
On different branches hardly worth considering
Let alone gatherin... O you've opened them up: grape!

Saves Nine

I am trying on all these inconsequential things, breaking
A few until I have to feel all that, talking
Across times, deconstructing culture,
Begrudgingly building something else all in one go
Possibly: may not go so over there today too. Willing

To hold on to the jaunty? Is that it? I'm sincerely asking; yet you'll feel
The "knowing" of that. The confidence, awareness,
So the page is separate and all that, questions
Of consciousness now, being, art. Was just trying on bits
At the chazza to attract people I find interesting
And out there, though they'll turn out to be
More traumatised than me: more potential avenues
For discussions about what produces what, what
The form is for the poem for, how to get a mate, what
It really is, daring to leave.

Smell Ya Later

"I am intoxicated by odours of tar, musk, and coconut oil... it is as if I am dining on memories"
—Charles Baudelaire, 'A Hemisphere in a Head of Hair'

"She tasted like cigarettes"
—Forrest Gump, Forrest Gump, directed by Robert Zemeckis

Calvin Klein and baccy
Makes me go all spazzy:
That's not very PC.
Don't care; was triggered

As she was stinking up the bus!
And I feel cursed, because
Your cheap smells were the worst.
And you had brown fingers.

Three-Quarters

I sent photos of my anatomy
To three-quarters of the city
While I laughed at all the poetry.
You don't even know me!

I am a parody.
I am not a parody.
Haha—a parody!
Parody?

I feel it all now, painfully.
Pain. Haha. Oh well.

Don't Hang Around Here

Planet Earth is green
And there's nothing you can see, you've seen. Of course
You know that cannot end
As it was, back there, because the sounds
Must echo against something more beyond
The flags you once saw, had planning, their colours
Defunct but flapping, that being how you are sitting, us all
Under one roof, meaning
How it comes to get her, but not quite, but certainly
Without sitting on fences with what you imagine you now wear
Facing the breakup... of what exactly? Because all this space
To move into now is where shivers only exist approaching right,
Mistakes wink unseen and the left leads, lapses
Not being so now your syntax is not another thing, all stories
Being that matter loosely to pave steps
To your last 'fence, over this wall that we here cannot look back on anyway
Without, induced pouts all fuel for smiles, the drums
A rework of myth to get from the pits to these trees, because steps become trees
If that's what we will: don't hang around here;
Nothing is wasted.

He Is Returning Momentarily for You

I have fallen back into some anti-realism where cups can be grabbed in the air and they'll not
deem me credible for social commentary, but it's a good
Thing for me as I am not remembering the ties I had to pseudo-realism which was putting me off
In between the swings which was always projected. Though I imagine them
As game-like targets in an arena that I was to defeat, but this doesn't mean
They are not floating objects too, nor does it undermine the dream.
I am going to be careful
And keep it short so you may build steadily
From here before you go back and forward and save yourself, forgetting
All about me eventually: I look
In the mug, in fact,
That is in the air and I find further matters I can drop
From this childish landscape of mine in phoney expressions
With no requirements to align the sense with what was before
For what was once myself also.

Stained Glass Glazier

You'll notice we're here once again designing all these
Store front windows; and we had no idea

We'd end up doing this for a living, did we. I mean we only found out...
Let's see now... twelve hours ago? But to be clear that's
For this particular window, as I'm still not really sure
About the rest of my career yet. "Stained glass
Glazier" ha—like an artisan! Yeah probs:
Don't make sense does it. Yeah the point
I mean: smashed it! It happens all the time though—don't worry.
What we tend to do is start in the top left hand corner
And work across and then down in rows, though not...
Yes exactly you get it. O we could be hired
By anyone, as in they don't even know
They're hiring us sometimes, or what they even want the shop front
To be. Yes we sometimes even tell them: they sell
What we design! And that could really be... O you get
That too: it's because it's more formal
This last one is now of course, yes—most assuredly.
Lol they sell like pet food or something: I usually put my trainees
C'mon just splash it on it's pub time!
O! These windows! I thought you were talking about
The individual buildings over there: they have fake windows. You bet
We can do those too! That's another department though.
Another building!
Of course we sell mirrors too! Yes I know you can see that!
Sorry! So yeah you meant this shopping mall
Sorry!
With the independent stores, all
Of which mostly sell bric-a-brac. No they're completely different
To thrift shops, actually. But there's also
An exclusive boutique opening just
Around the corner soon, apparently, and we hope to get the contract for that too.
Sorry!
No idea. We'll probably guess!

Where Friedrich Went

Arbitrary swirls fight
And fly around as models lie posing on the edge of the cliffs, the kind of thing
We need to go over
If we are to get further: we step;
You read the illusions, superhero, from the comic book
Stripper putting
Words in your mouth for fictional ways to cape.

Aren't we glad that's over? The models
Moving based on speech marks

Made first off, I don't like your tone, young man,
Who knows when they return. You would
Have to put some more meat on these bones
To convince me though, right, for they are
All skeletons, ground zeros, while the market for wing suiters is always open.

Yes It Did

They kind of come for seconds now and then move away, but it'd be wrong
To say fast, so that'll be the last time: I'll take
The little hit for you and stay while the rest
Catch up, of myself, this a bit like, "What
Do we do now we're beginning to see the farce
Or everything, because the fucking doesn't seem to mask it
How we were doing it, at least, like there's something to prove
To people we don't respect or even know!" this not
The moment that came and went with no episode whatsoever
After a while, promise, though I was thinking
About how my stomach now always wants to not be tense,
Like it's found it; and I think if you know you know? I can feel
Little ties and wraps all the time now that I'd struggle to ignore again, and if anything
That priorly was odd was to come I'll be barely looking at it, certainly
Not giving it a face and history, maybe letting it come
For a few seconds—respecting it enough for that; and as long
As we feel beforehand that we are both in this same boat, they'll be
No issues, the stomach not necessarily wanting to swell
To meet the new space, but it at least
Doesn't want to hold the sails in, or conform so you can do
That hand waving thing above some buttocks: very strange.
Each step along the way seems to be maintaining
The dismantling of this ladder I was lying about previously
Into the infinite pool: did that race
In and go? I hope so.

Break Out and Then Hide Every Lock

The box of fireworks could have been anything—
Another book, an eye roll
And a walk in the sun—but you've added the black powder
And perhaps more and the fuse
And you have lit yourself up: how bright. This display
Momentarily dramatises
The night sky until it is forgotten, your debris
Meeting with the darkness
You recognise more as relational: you never liked fireworks—

OK. The box of fireworks
Coulda been a book burning
To sit beside as we pass the time away in permanent twilight, everyone
Invited, not even the dogs barking.

My Red Hot Poker

If I need to brand something I'm guessing I need a cow first. The cow
Is not laughing—why would it? Cheesy. It could be
Leaving where it started life
And entering all these companies I'm now in charge of
To keep them alive and interesting already, considering the market nowadays.
I wouldn't usually give myself away
In meetings like this, but I suppose
I trust you to obsess meaninglessly regardless, so I just want to say
How exhausted I am this evening. I have been working hard, haven't I,
Only not on these projects, quite frankly. You know I'm feeling rather delirious
Picturing myself as Richie Rich with a cow
Pacing behind me in this boardroom at night right now, the twilight
Available readily again. You've no idea how hard I had it, do you: we had tea
Instead of dinner and I own the sun
And this ridiculous cow, so I'll name things as I like; but look outside
Would you, at all this property I own that will soon
Be covered in photos of...
It's a bull? Well I never. I suppose it's livestock
Nonetheless in between the more crucial beasts of burden, which is what...

Which is what we are really here for, OK? Because I know
I'm young and act irresponsible—and I should have known:
It has no udders—but we are building something
Here together for what
Is out there, if you will only look with me, all
So many of you, every creed and difference
And of course similarity to be sure, as you are all represented by how
Ever many is therefore required in this board meeting now
That has a cow in it, which is livestock, I don't mind
Adding again. You know what—I am going to go
With this: where is my red hot poker? O I'm signing it off
Now am I, the...

O yes: the bull image. But are we sure
This is a good angle for it? Fucking hell when did this room
Get so full. I might just ask the bull. In fact why is there a bull? Did I?! Sounds

Entirely like the emancipation of the dissonance to me. No not you

Harmonised retorters, you—I meant
The moo. Such a bovine key.

Of Course You Can Borrow the Drill!

You know you know I think I've got it
Then away it could be said to be going
But it isn't much like anything smart sounding could be said
So I'm happy to suggest: "It's not like I can give more than what my own face was rubbed in
And I bought, and that's millions of little things." But he may not have sold it like that,
But it's also what I would have wanted,
Perhaps needed now I'm here, and I'm happy
To risk it sounding like that if it chisels, though I hope I don't
Land here even if I'm persevering
Due to my affirmations. Of course you can borrow the drill!
It's not like you're going to have a chance
To give it back, that this isn't
All that matters, or that I will not afford a new one.

The Moronically Sardonic

I'm transfinite logic
You barely equal four
I'm paradigm shifting Byronic
You just want to score, because

Your body kept the score
Whereas I drained mine through phonics
You bore
I'm a supersonic tonic

That happens to be harmonic
You: "What is this for?"
Me: "Another euphonic"
You begin to snore, yet it

Heals your core
The moronically sardonic

Abstract Expressionism (Finally!)

"Drafting work at an architecture office. I've been there for a long time now."
—Haruki Murakami, *A Wild Sheep Chase*

It is hard to move forward—but there we go; though

To get underneath the phenomena is a different
He's not very well, no. They suspect he's going to struggle to
Keep going, seems to be the main thing,
Not what was first suggested, quite simply
The best means of getting past any of it is to get past any of it
Just, or right, but such movements
Are not here for anything other than survival, advancing,
Building upon... actually groundwork in anything other than
Survival, which sounds odd but we could not risk
Past any of it again. And we nearly forgot! Which
I'm not sure not, that being the point, the point
Not to mention the method that just *nearly* worked, which means.

Stunning Gown

When I have nothing else
To do now I end up here, and I'm much better for it,
And I attend more appropriately dressed with less autism. No seriously.
See, we aren't sure now, are we, but we cannot
Say why either because I love these appetisers, and she
Looks stunning no you are right—I am so glad
I didn't bring him and all that nonsense earlier
With the indulgent emotion? Completely different thing. Cannot be compared.
Who are you wearing? Delightful.
I best be going now then! Yes just a flying
Visit; passing through and seeing who I'd meet. Fancy
Finding me here: right! You've
Probably said that before? O gosh—this is so awkward
Isn't it no not really. Does anyone have a pillow
I could use to walk out with? It really is a stunning gown.

The Byronically Bad

I was messing around with my caffeine
Intake, and you were happy—
Then I went all deconstructivist
And you thought I'd gone mad and was taking the piss

Using doggerel
Rather than groundbreaking, inaugural
Speech
That, if followed from their humble beginnings, can teach

Each
Of you how to step into your own

Breaches beyond the simple
Analytics of foxes that only keep us

In boxes even if they help for a time
Before you read mine.

Gram, Tammy, Dithyramb

You are not Selling Sunset
But failing to budget
Well, for that weekend gram
You'll want to share with Tammy
To enable your fleeting guise Dithyramb.

Monday: you'll be back at the cooler.
You will barely not be a drooler.
"These people: they'd never understand Dithyramb.
Dithyramb is the real me—not a sham.
Dithyramb slams. Can't believe Tammy thought that name up!"

Selling Sunset for Monday evening.
Your mind is scheming
For how to fix Saturday night: seething
You were with Billy, who used to work in HR

As an apprentice, but he has now gotten far
With something weird, you've heard, doing what Dithyramb is not
As he drove past the club without even a nod. Probably
Wasn't him. Maybe? There are also fleeting thoughts of God.

Nothing Shocking or Baffling

Not everyone is a teacher anymore
And the math talk informed by your fizzing coolness
Is going—though not quite;
So now we are here, venturing

Out to the wider container of logic. Do not be fooled
For long though: you have swung
Into education again yourself—

It is either

Derivatives or craniosacral woo-woo—
So you must
At least appear to not be wearing that tie:

The messiah days recommence; noted and go. Promise

You were getting through the sadness
Before all this worked, but? You
Need to believe you, not me: an assured way
Of saying it, only as it should be.

You know what, I like you in this new light
Without the quarries, explaining
Them useless trips. Nothing shocking
Or baffling. No one being asked to get sick for you.

Woolly, in Fact, and Required

Yesterday you gave some sound advice
You never want to find yourself doing
Right at the apex of what today brought, you'll explain,
And the river's creation came with it and the stones
Of emotion but of not being emotional, for the water shall not flow
As well. Now you are in the sea
You no longer know all the banks and reeds
But you waded through banks and reeds, what the sound advice
Brought you in this wide open. Can you row?
You must have towed before. What is anything today
After what you say, all the placards
No longer waving on shore: you remain unsure—
What good would this be, to only care for the movement of the stones
Lifted from the river's bed which makes them as useful,
But not for millions of years when it then won't be no river bed: no one will be washing your feet.
Was it your short painting career that brought you here
Only it was delayed
Was the minibus for the group holding the placards: this is the start
Of something you know you can fulfil, those stones
Marvel at them cast around the ocean, yes, you have bought it.
You can feel the investment cast out there, always
These trips that become more and more life,
No more trials for you, choosing on the wind. How do you go forward?
It may not fit, but you know you need do something with this boat
Having looked at the you know what
Lingering, dull, and the truth
Of sending some down so you can get on with your target today:
Was that it? Drop as much overboard as possible
You can't change your mind. Once it is done and sunk
What can you do, no cheating. There is a way to tie this knot perfectly,
Universally that are for yourself and everyone around you alike, but that's what you can't be seen

Rowing like. It is not arbitrary, even your resting spins
In the inevitable forward trip. All the awards will be embarrassing
From where you began as you begin to see what they're handed out for
To the next? But you know it is fine, as long
As you redeem. What other way would there be
To swim if you are adamant of leaving the boat?
Your decision. The head is only ever out all the time—right:
You've got it. That tide you can feel
Better now can just carry and wash what felt crucial, which is what
You were desperate to tell them, which was the wrong choice entirely, exactly how you'd have
wanted it
The next day after all, as you knew,
Though not exactly after everything, it fortunately moved down effectively so you remain here
longer, only
Not for those reasons on the river. In the sea! Such progress
All undone as the preparations predicated: woolly, in fact,
And required.

Delivery of a Nozzle

Where do you want this? No this is just
The annoying accessory. The main part
Is coming later, dropped off
By one of them drones. We get no credit for those.

You've taken too long I've put it down. Yeah well fuck you too—
D'you realise how many of these
We've got to deliver today, just because you can't work
The accessories? Yeah well it is

Annoying: you said it! I had a colleague...
Yes another one: fuck you. I had a colleague
Who played with it for a bit
In masses of frustration before leaving it

Your garden is absolutely fantastic. I mean it's fine
How it is. I mean look it installed itself.

Shaking Hands Around the Office

You've returned to the trench
Just to check, considering everything you've been reading: yep—
Still a trench. How've you been? WOW who is this
Texting me now? You sound completely different lmao.
Just tired.

And if you look to your left, you'll see the overpowered half
Of the town with all its half-finished skyscrapers.
This was going to be the first of many smart cities, only there aren't
Enough people to make inhabitants
Are you struggling there? Kinell.

Personal story now, but I lived there once. No really—feels
Like another
Lifetime for me as well; and I am telling you
As this is my last tour here, for I have been promoted.

This Is What It Is

Hmm. The light edge of the pillow
Flirting with you, perhaps. Not sure if we've mentioned it.

The flashing dots here and there again, whatevered.
The burping. The something else. The third. Sound

Requirements. The voices
All the same finally though, which makes

What it could be less startling, but again, these seats
We keep forcing on you. And you've sat there? To think it wasn't going to be like that for you.

Hmm. Again. Those memories. But I'm not going to
So-call or quote them, because what's needed

Is difference: here is a divested space
I'm sacrificing for your cause, only you cannot use it

Causally, trying, "This is the reason I took this path"
Type edges. Instead, try... try being a bit more casual with it all?

Where's The

There are all these lights that can be turned on
In this so-called darkness, which accordingly premises white,
Which sounds a bit grey; and he's on the green: this
And one more red will leave his opponent

Not requiring: his potted it, but done something else
With the cue ball he's been trying not to do, only
He only sees the after effect. None of us are really that bothered though—

He insists. Ah the whole table

Is green is what he's saying. Glad he's back in the corner far out of reach on another tour

Circuit, making the big dough, because he brought

All the riff-raff in anyway. Apparently they're thinking

Of going black white

Black white at one of their new tournaments

Over there

Where the crowd can even participate clueless, their noses

Pressed against the glass door, in fact, because they gave them

An inch, and they were noisy,

So they've got these individual cubicles to watch the matches from. Funny thing is

Any one of them could open it, but that would truly leave us grey, no colours,

No snooker.

Filler

It is an elusive stone figure, yet it is,

And you must bear so. Concrete? Thank goodness! I'm glad that's over.

*

The way the chisel of such stone rings

Does not ring so true is how I just about receive

Though not quite, that the stone figure is not to be

Trusted, always, while the archaeologist measures, argues

With "speculation" laid down. I say that, but sometimes

They work just right without saying anything

Getting on with it. Reminds me of this book I read.

The figure has come to life! "These ancient

Holes: no one ever suggests that I made them myself.

Something killer, killer will tie your morning together."

No one else was around as it spoke, and as I turned

Away from the checked room, to see it, handing me the fine brush

*

And you must bear so. Concrete? Thank goodness! I'm glad that's over.

It Is Not Going Into Something Vague and Poetic

Let go from the cast of three week long operas, you find yourself crippled
By the knowledge that each decision builds up to a life,
That the government can't help—bad timing
So long ago; and it really is “decision”, so uncomplicated, it all
In your choking little hands
That cower at contact: you close your eyes. It'll never sound better. You create a schedule to
brush your teeth at night.

Remember those islands we used to play on
With all the fluorescent bulbs around them? That's the only way
I know how to say it. If that doesn't work then we can't talk about it, and I'm leaning more into
that being
How things are.

The opposite is true for you tonight then: it is not going
Into something vague and poetic. It is more for reducing
From this point onwards some of your outputs
As the bandwidth widens to what was always there: you're allowing that in incrementally also.

Possibly

Sometimes, I like to listen to Rachmaninoff
(O, O, O, Ooooooh, O-O)
Whilst contrapuntally whacking my little fella off.
(O, O, O, Ooooooh, O-O)
For instance, I might have on his *Six moments musicaux*
(O, O, O, Ooooooh, O-O)
And I'll do this thing with both hands that can prove rather awks.
(O, O, O, Ooooooh, O-Ooooooooooooo)

Trafficspotting: Revving Up

It sounds like Disney music? You cannot help yourself!
You're glad you're taking some control though, acknowledging
Those tightening acquaintances, the disappearance of wrong
In an analytic sense, disregard for what's it called.

How do you sit there in all this mess? Like this,
Not comfortably but quite simply, the closest to the seat you can be.

Now you're infuriating; you aren't sure yet:
Infuriated. You'll see how it feels. What do you attach to the movie? You know this sounds sad
And then a bit happy there, and that it'll be OK
In the end.

But, what if the buses just... ceased? You'll include lorries—
That's what.

Affirmations

No one wanted you here. O well.
They didn't really exist anyway. And you can read! Swings

And in a roundabout way
You can create whatever you want

In a very removed fashion, Maxine: remove
The Tiler's head again

As I now understand: it can be quiet for this birth
At least 18 personas

And six demons, depending on how you look at them
In the past—you would have worried about such things

But who was that. And what were those remarks?
You've got this big jug

Ear thing grip now
To make it across to the rest of the climb, which is like what

Walking on air, you and me both.
Try and beat me.

Come Ye Back

Dissociate
To free the hate
It's not too late
Mate

Your fate
Doesn't have to be making adolescent mistakes
Don't hesitate
To channel it instead: learn to skate?

Seriously, time to get yourself straight
Nothing comes when you're only being fellated
OK, it does... but it's not negating
The pain, is it

Ignore this and you'll go insane
Plus, you always sound lame, not great

Grooving up Slowly

Flat affect until she walks in the room: he adopts
Politicians but they change for her. He is so horny he could say the N-word.
He drops his rollie on the wet slaps—

Up he gets it.
“She is not enjoying this conversation. There is a gap for me John
John Lennon I could be John Lennon!”

He runs
His fingers down and around his nose, across his cheek
As another skirt enters, leans to the right, around to his neck. He is having

More of an experience than anyone; though he is leaving,

Leaving the cafe where I saw him. I saw him
Saw him go then, reader, taking
The separation. The side eye
Over himself of a stalled heart, a waved
Heart, an adaption
To anytime without a gather, but a stalled sound. He no longer smokes. I have seen,

Studied his few remaining patches.

I Am a Party Inside of My Head

Not to save your life; and yet
The clouds do something they've been transcribed for,
So who knows where the books are written from? For we are not

As formal as the voice intends
For itself, only you said it like that? Trees, liberating
Trees: that's what
Was there for you to mould this clay today,

Though didn't they look like fingers: George's
Prints are all over this, your world all gathering
On the nearly start line ready to canter to an unknown
Set apart. You were a set apart today, G.

No this is right: you saw his face, the always enemy
As the instrument touched the air, this paradise created, unexpellable.

Instrument of Primary Importance

I wanted to go litter picking in a Gucci coat
Whilst holding my chainsaw, and I believe that is what I am going to do. Along the path
Minutes ago was I looking to create
Something differently that would have earned him a second-hand mac
At best, but that was left, and so it is only right
That he now pretends there's a little Bretonnia here. It may be this spot
I'm fiddling with, though I feel exactly the same
As whoever he was marine mammalling yesterday as well. Dirty git.
Wonder if this timing will work too,
Only not for sleep. This is why
Waiting under umbrellas is important
For self-induced showers of old shite to pass; and I think that together we could now—the
crowd
At a typical level of noise—have that forever waterproof, for not
Just picking up trash, but for installing sustainably repurposed centres in the shadier parts of
town
That end up eating themselves anyway; in which case
I'd need a new hobby to continue pursuing this green lifestyle
I cannot say is a new interest, ignoring this leather face
He's got, of course. O actually it's a goal-
Tender mask!

The Rite of Bling

Why were you so vocal about those topics anyway? O sorry! There's always next year.
Though maybe it's funny now? What a waste of time
It was dressing up as a piece of glass, too, only to wear that full
Sequinned suit: not only did you get nothing for it
To go towards the bricks, but you also
Wasted the skills you acquired during your time as a fashion model
On other precious silvers that stuck strongly
To you only because of their own ferromagnetic core, or so
The forums say: it's time to block them too! Now there's jewellery
To climb atop of in an attempt to see back over the wall, though the kids
Are kicking balls against it, their secret,

Maidenly night games that you know all too well about—little shits: “You’ve got all this to come!
You don’t know you’re bloody born!” He’s wearing
Your sequins better than you ever could, the loudest one is,
Not that you had the bottle at his age.
So fuck him—you tell him to go in goal
And pelt him to death against your old cinder, because you’ve got commissions
To be getting on with, some of those trends
You set yourself being sacrificable now, funnily enough, which is great
Considering you wouldn’t be caught dead in spangles anymore
Considering how hard you’ve had to work to be this repulsive.

Cowboy Builder

Right then, pal—I’ve filled all the holes in
On your drive, so you can now
Park on it—and get
Off it—without there being... What word
Did you u...

O hang on. O missed
Call. Fuck um! Without there being
Bumps in the road is what you said, wasn’t it?

No! No I’m fine! No I don’t want to speak to them!

Where you off to now then, pal?
Ha! Nah—you ain’t driving off: that’s
The paradox of the work I do: you can drive on
And park up smoothly, but
You ain’t ever leaving now either. Nope. No I said you could “get
Off”, not drive.

Yeah I’m happy to take the call now: what’s up, kid?

Latest New Stage Manager

I suppose the whole point of some of these life jackets, at least
Let’s say—which I would never
Usually call them and you know this.
But just shut the fuck up for the time being and admire the other great distraction—it’s so you
can grab one
When you leave your survival
Dramatis personae, if you are lucky
Enough to do so early, that is, else you’ll just be writhing around
At the side of the stage experiencing the stage

Itself and all your scenes as if you fell from the rafters. And it is all very obvious
For you still—yes; but you are done and through
Aren't you, so just carry on
Making things up with purpose as you had/
Have been doing. No I'm not stressed. This is when it gets blagged a little though: the theatre
I'm guessing is full of water to a threatening level, hence
These life jackets will come in handy. Yes I know
I'm forcing it, but I'm trying to make something for all this filth
Now that I'm....

I said filth, didn't I. Have you worn
A jacket before or are you just coming to collect one
For the first time? OK I apologise
For him: wait here. I'm fairly new
To this too, you see. Still getting these props sorted. "Let's say"—
Yes: you'll be great! By the way you look
Pretty good considering. O you've been here for a while! You trickster. And only socks today?

Lift Off!

"All the people look like ants from up here"
—Courtney Barnett, 'Elevator Operator'

You know I actually checked out of this
Hotel ages ago, only I always got on
Really well with all the staff and maintenance
Engineers who came through—including the decorators; the highway
Operatives who repaired the roads
On the way in; the garbage collectors MAN did we
Get on or *what*; the chefs and cleaners and
Bar staff—though I once fell out with them; and of course
I'm tight with the committee in charge of the place
And thousands of other hotels I've visited and will continue
To do so—which is what I was saying; but by forgetting
It maybe demonstrates why I'm returning now too? Sorry who
Are you? I get so used
To knowing everybody I ask less and less, because I do
Just turn up casually now and then
In my best form after slumming it in this chain for so many years, to be honest,
As it ain't always been this good, believe me. "Waste
Disposal operative"? Whatever. Anyway if you knew
How important I was to these places, you'd know I can just pop in
Unannounced is that security? We never used to have that! Exactly I did
Say "we": I should know as I practically built
This place! So as if I care

That I'm actually kicking myself out as I, like, knew
In advance they were here anyway so I was already leaving? Cringe!
Because who
Would stay here. Yeah I saw them
For the first time when I visited the 20th floor
Minutes ago. Mad, isn't it! Yeah I must have had a look
Around before I bumped into... whoever you are? Sorry OK yes I am going
As I speak. But there's one
Big recycling bin out here for everything now?! One
Big recycling bin out here for everything
Now, there is, yeah; and I've been sent out
To make sure you leave the grounds fully now, Sir, as we do not want
Your type of back-
Chat around here no more. My job title? Well I'm actually a voiceover
Coach, but I do a bit of security
Here and there between managing
The lift, mostly. Yeah on my own! Less
And less people use it.
Well they enjoy taking the stairs and counting
Their steps like it ever improves their stays here anyway HA: I was going to say
Exactly the same thing! You really are a brilliant coach.
And here's my lift finally—bye!

Still Spikes

Are you still open? Heyyyyy yeah it's me—
You remember me? Yeah. Yeah! Yeah I came
Back to give all the edginess another
Go right up until the point of something terrible
And completely unexpected happening hahaha that's it!—facing
Stuff? No. No no no no no. Bit better now though
Aren't I? You cheeky thing ha-
Ha—I am, just about. What you got going on
Around OOPS that line right underneath WHOOSH OK let's gooooo
With that then: better than screwing my nose up I
Was going to say out there. But I still am.
But just figuring it out slower, you know? So don't

Judge me. You are actually really different? And I think...
Yeah I think I've confirmed a thing or two
Just by stopping by: I get it. And here is
The pain, isn't it. Hahaha then still spikes
Of the stuff for the foreseeable too yeah, YEAH, OK.

The Present Essay Undertakes... O in Fact, in Fails. Sorry About That

You mean to tell me that I need to know where you're now sitting? Which in itself
Is quiet arbitrary, other than you being there
Atop all that paper work. And no I am not
Clarifying that because I do not have that job title,
And these are not my pizza wrappers either? And nor
That either—which isn't all that special, I'll have you know,
If you were not aware of that already. It appears
Quite random that you'd be there
So I can appear to make something for your seat—just enough
Away from it, but still of the table—for you
To “solve”? Fair enough; those latter
Sounds I made were just enough to dumb the whole thing right down, though the longer note...

Well

I'm sure you know that by now. Good day
To catch me though, for sure! Don't worry about all those. Well I did warn you. This cannot be an
aquatic creature; so
Heard the one about the fox hunting
Fox hunting?

Très Bien Ensemble

After The Beatles and Guns N' Roses

My O my: all this sex we've been having! It's a good job
We've got this non-reflective shell bubbling up
To mould itself around what we didn't know we were doing
After the fact, else we'd be, or I'd be very confused, perhaps pained,

Perhaps insane because of what... / was doing? Is that me? Am I

The result of the shell talking, then the shell
Reflecting itself without being able to see what it does

Before it does it, somehow, only still
Capturing it afterwards? Capturing! Sounds like my sex life!
And did you hear about

Totally unrelated point, by the way—another pocket

Of air—what this and that
And that one did? What they're *into*?! Perverts!
Whereas I just like...

But...

Wait...

Was that me? We did *what?! I said... "I"? My shell?*

A Veces He Creído Hasta Seis Cosas Imposibles Antes Del Desayuno

"I can give you life, I can take it away"

—Bloc Party, 'Banquet'

Full? I suppose it depends how hungry you were: hahaha!

Excuse me. I'm always delirious

Before breakfast, for starters. That really could've been in it though

If you came here expecting a lot. O I know you do, sometimes.

Before your own breakfast!

What else do you want now then? You

Know if you want us to we can prepare

Loads

And loads of courses and I'll probably die here

Preparing them, cooking,

Plating them up and serving them though I little care

If they're chewed, swallowed, stomached. But you've spoken

To Alice this morning?! Then you must need another egg.

Mains. Yes we do these at breakfast now

After midnight. But you turned up here!—you

Sad act, you. Yes we can tell. Yes it's still all nibbles. Tapas!

Because I'm cooking in Spain: keep

Enquiring and it keeps coming. I flew out. No I don't have the right

Time—why? Still hungry? Here's more. Can you tell what it is yet? All the other staff

Didn't exactly leave but were consolidated

Into me by the committee in charge, meaning I do everything,

Meaning you get whatever I fancy preparing

Quickly on a whim. An air fryer: yes! You listened.

Because I'm annoyed about something—what staff?—so this is your just

Desserts. Something sweet? Did it hurt? Some

Cheese? I wasn't complaining about anything—why? O but that was

Courses ago! Weak? Not

Too many flavours coming through or there's too many flavours coming through

Overpowering each other? That's just your palate at this time of the morning

I'm afraid. Are you a food critic? We don't want them

In here—so you can leave whatever comments you like about anything, breakfast
Or otherwise as we're always looking to improve
And we won't read them anyway hahaha—I haven't even started mine yet! Not sure
To be honest. My trainer has me down

For four... no *five* courses apparently. No I mispronounced portion
Sizes earlier. Or horizontally
Cut slices: it's meat. Which doesn't make any sense.
Because where do you start?

Garçon! ¡Olvidé darte la final cuenta!

Banking

Hey just checking inside again—is the coast clear yet? Not quite
With my head around the door like this, I know, but I'll assume
Whatever it is I needed? One sec. Let me go back
To where I was to see if I remember:
Hey just checking inside against
What I wanted to ask: that was it: are you for or
Against me checking up on you still? Ha! Rude.
But that's fine by me: if you think you can do it
Without this identifier that gets to tie it all together
To pass it on then I shan't stand in your way. Though
Do you mind me... it's just...
Look you might want to pick up
Those splashes of flight paths
And curves: that's all I'm saying. I don't want you bringing them to me
When they rear up on you and you've not the framework
To deal with it all, what with all your non-
Linear processing methods—your exponential
Banking. Don't deny it! I see the results
Out here and that is all I can do: see them. We are doing better
Certainly as I'm needing to watch less. It's the reason I popped my head in
To pop my head in and... create you
To be honest. Again—that's all I'm saying on that though. As we know
What can happe... happening yesterday
Is what I was saying. Yes no need
To talk about all that though is there. No. No it's all fine. All dandy.
Yes I'll not be coming again as you are doing
Fine all is well. Ha. Ha!
Please clean up those bends though. OK I'm leaving!

Fill the Space So Handsomely

Can I... can I come in again, Sir? Well you say that
Now—not to call you that; the reason I came
Was because I was worried about something—didn't
Really want either of us, in all honesty,
But I think we can do it together?: they aren't
Working OK they're working back out there
Now—ignore me, boss! I have seen
The arc you have been dreaming about ("Shut the door") by the way
And I understand what you mean by the squares
Being the most open and the...
No you didn't get a shape actually, did you. A silhouette of a
Pillow one considered, I'm sure
I saw. Don't shoot! I haven't told a soul. And I have seen
You move away from these visions. The arc

You had it correct the arc
Is from the beginning of time
Until the end and/or loop of it, Sir—
As I knew you'd appreciate it now: please let me take
Those last flicks of that bruise, my leader. The shop floor
Is functioning well and we are going to have a bright future. I can hardly believe
My own words. We pushed through it
As a group. The committee's forecasts! Much harder
To invent the work we've got now, but steady clients
Have been built. You look so magnificent in that chair,
This room, Sir. You fill the space so handsomely.
Would you have pictured me
As scruffy? Let me take to my knees... No! My goodness.

Late-Night Television

You give up and turn the lights off and then they decide to show the omnibus
Of all the parts you zoned out during the first time, the irony being
You having to lie still again this time to stop them rerunning again next time, only
You have to imagine your in this room
This time. You don't mind
Causing a few poems in a few days
Do you? And how you can act! Watching
Again them confirming just how underrated
Your performance has been for decades. It's either your facial expressions now
Being released and allowing itself to feed back
Impartially or the walls, too, as you know. Stomach bits,
Mouth cheek—you know all that. No don't worry about apologising

For their argument son as well: if they've made it
This far they can surely make something
Themselves, quixotic
Eschewals—they'll do it going forward, these highlights
Not much cop visually but it was the soundtrack
You were missing anyway, their exquisite use
Of silence to enhance the transient beauty of those years
For you, and how you never knew how to clearly
Value them at the time. They removed the credits
As you requested and it can play extremely dully
In the corner for now, for all you've began to know.

That One Cousin That Pops up Now and Then

You have not built another house
Just for the novelty door bell, surely? I thought
You were doing something risqué, you know,
Rather than the usual wave from the living room
Expecting the city dwellers to enter. You see that's
Where you've always been wrong
About "Greensleeves", it's popularity
Not necessarily making it kitsch—it just might stop
Certain people hanging around the door too long;
Though it's never the ones you want
That go: can you hear them pressing it?
Didn't say I was complaining, was I—only commenting;
And I'm allowed to do that
If it keeps them coming back and stops them viewing that gate
Hovering on display at the village fete. I'm not criticising
The village or the fete because of that!—is some of this
About you?—though I am saying
That the fact it floats doesn't mean it should.

You'll Never Guess

When I eat food
And cannot taste it, I very rarely
Blame the food for having no taste, unless
I'm very ill, in which case
I usually realise shortly afterwards that I was just very ill. Sometimes
This realisation can come
Years later, and so I'll go back
And give that food another try
After a long time of turning my nose up
At it, and then you'll never guess

What Sandra said about the Dawsons. No I don't actually want you
Starlings, for my parents once showed me how to watch
What is still awful, in this case, but it is worth
Keeping an open mind.

He Became a Singular Green Man

Very difficult to point at the noise in a grain of sand
In any convincing manner when you've bought the whole damn beach, lay
On every inch and realised it's all just... sand, though I suppose
There was the time the green man walked out of the ocean
As you can imagine, and asked me to consider whatever it was
I was ignoring, but by then
I already owned the beach anyway, so he clearly wasn't for me. I miss
Having an erection all day while staring at a grain of sand
Until I started considering what could be done with it
Artistically, the erection, which is when the sand
Spoke to me and I was able to manufacture
All the money to then buy the beach, and you'll notice
All those parts were on the beach themselves: I am so grateful
That the green man didn't come out of the sea sooner, though back then
I no doubt wouldn't have been concerned with whether I had the water right either, or I at least
wouldn't have suggested it.

(Twenty-three minutes later) My word—the green man! So I did
Know him but he isn't for me
Anymore.

O You Tinker

You fill in all the holes yourself—weird isn't it. It's like being sick
So as to use the stuff to seal cracks in the walls
When the wind whistles through sounding like love: all this silence
Is really impacting me lately. Were we talking
About you being new? This is absolutely hilarious
Here. I couldn't care less if I said anything right or important, even if
It's your first. Doesn't the stillness
Make you wonder how there was ever any screams before at all—
Any rape? That's the point, see... O they tell you that on the way
In don't they. I try every time.
Nothing like numbness, is it! That's what's hard to explain.

Look at this elephant coming through now. Glorious! Someone
Must have died connected to one of us. You mean you don't...
O you tinker.

Shall we lick its ears? Why not.

Even Earlier Love Poem

When you arrive
She cries: "My suicide is inevitable!" When you leave
She laughs: "I know
That whatever happens, I'll be OK."

We are all Gods. Testamented
Conduits. She does not need repatriating. "Her wild is her soul." Jesus.
Get lost.

Phased imagery of a... what can it look like?
A goddess. You? That saviour.

And the world goes on all icky.

OSPNNI

This week I participated in
A forum on the integration
Of subliminal pieces from outside
The sphere of liminal spaces with the culture
Of deserting
The transitory of the *ephemeral* being of what
Was once something the facilitator
Did though now I am pushing it, to be honest
For a moment of time I am clutching
Clutching myself as I shrink
Shrink and form myself less and less and less and
Where will the matter come from. Where will the conclusion be filled,
Suspended. There was a time when I did not
Think once of what these... what are they...
Workshops; and what they achieve. I attend so many workshops and
They are not working for me—
For the consumer: we never call them so.
We hope to achieve a re-
Opening of the attendees which will enable—no:
Attain? no empower, empower,
Empower this progression you are allowed to occupy, for you
Are worthy and important of this
There were too many today. Too many. I lost track.
I was struggling with offering
An ear to every

Every time I am not fully present, and they can tell. I know
They can feel me cheating as I feign
Like I am saving.
I am so fraudulent: these
Are the kinds of abstractions we hope to achieve. I had
You didn't I. These are. These are the breakthroughs we can make.

Not Once Did You Mention Bowie Before He Died

Eliots out of straitjackets just in time
Each epoch to make the next pop muzak
Once applied by the masses to the climb
In the inevitable lift to the next floor, for we shall all

Be promoted—like it or not—apart from those insisting on a fall
Inside their villanelles. First perceived as crime
Is new ground commonly taken before it is commonly
Taken, mistakenly seen as hysterical sound

By the lovely crowd you're about to hear on
Hold, doing it, too, interrupting our latest calls to armour
Selves against
The expected centre always, because we never

Get through unless we sound like robots
Also, constructing algorithmic compositions, which still
Work in fact it's probably better this way—don't say
Anything. Leave those bored behind. It holds, trickles,

Along? Not sure, actually:
Today has been the cruellest day.

Prophylactic

*"this is rationale's wasteland
but the ethics of poetry"*
—Duo Duo, 'The Force of Forging Words'

A little research suggests you can drop
A drop into the watershed and leave it to complicate
Itself into a hierarchy that makes it almost impossible
To flow upstream on. I never knew. You? He lives

In a house with an impluvium system.
I've seen him on the roof pissing in it.

The majority of it drains into a private filter
Which provides a cool supply only for himself; some

Is released into the surrounding bodies: obviously not
Wetlands. He's told me all about this really thoroughly
Before, only I struggle to delineate
The boundaries between him explaining

His drainage system and our relationship. Yes me and you! You never
Listen! Hence it's going down the toilet. Yes it's
Endorheic. Well it must be if we don't know what's going to happen
To me and him, the home, the catchment area

We tried to rebuild in, only we'd already gone too far.
We stand on different ridges, don't we, looking down
On what we divide, and he cannot get back
To either of you. To anyone else. I long for the rain.

Authentic Locker Room

Come to me in the shower
While I sit tight washing my hair

Thinking of you, your wants,
Your modern fetish for embellished song,

Grimy habit, then style, then tongue
To match the poem

Way off—a project
Spied in lofty comms—the adults

Saying stuff: enough—
I've got this comb. Yes from the bees

Just. Well they wanted to keep it—
Bitterly. And then it came to me

Mid-scrub: I'll use an extractor
Which leaves

The wax intact to keep filling up.

The Wound's Voice

I know when the wound is speaking
Confidently of what it believes on grief, mind-
Body theories not feeling things: it sings

Convincingly for minutes forgotten, for instance, ones
I embodied for years
To keep ducts closed, the wound

Plugged whole, it's maker a miracle breadwinner, morse-
Coded-controlled access—we can tell—wanting
Bitten conclusion numb material-

Isms quadruple entendres away from the pain;

Before the voice comes through soothing, speaking
For the wound, playing for the places hurting
To remove the agonised

Poetry it wants to release, not written alone.

Viewing Gallery

"I'm out of my head"
—Olivia Newton-John, *'Hopelessly Devoted To You'*

Of course, there's no meeting with
(Who is this person saying "Of course,") only
The dropping of further as you stand still (but that
Same person would have said "moving further away"; "Leaving
More behind" instead or something) I think;
Though that may have been this person? Until
No meeting is required anyway; which would mean
(Something may have happened;) and out (or in) it may come

Unconsciously, much to the surprise, even
(Doubt? Cynicism) of
Well it isn't yourself, is it, because that brings in
Far (too many factors and we know what that did
Before, (don't we) yes)—yes we do. We could (go on) thinking

Of it as watching whatever there is, until
There isn't (a watching?) anymore? But? (I dunno; no idea! shh).

Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

He heads inside himself in silence
Like he's soiled his nappy
And forgotten how to call the cleaner purposely.
Childbirth disgusts him. He's awoken

In the night by a dream where she makes cake
From breast milk, then he sleeps
For weeks until the next dream. He loves them. Masturbates.
He doesn't like them childbirth

Disgusts him. He never knows who she is.
He gets up
Before waking with a huge head, a tiny body.
She wants to deliver him

From his tomb and she wonders why and he experiences
As old as Adam languageless, opening, closing his palms.

The Way I Am

The writer now holds both sides of the paper
Lightly, offering whatever you decide;

While I move outside
Through the cricket's air and the buzz

Once there: it won't be described—release
Foaming from me in white notes

Instead cheerily seeding the land, the new
Secluded snow I find for play

And theatre: how wide I fill this page.
I want to dance in every costume. I want to rid

Each character formed before morning
Breaks into the spaces

After silence——

I can do it
If I curve further into the poem

That forms as you lose yourself.

Gravestone

Finally falling steadily before they throw the soil...
But are these gravestones
Not only flying up past me instead? By the way they carry on
They'll be covering the landscape in dead notes
Disguised as directions to zones
Empty but for more signage. There, they apply more points,
Fingers extended outwards at further soil,
Gravestones, notes, funerals...

I'm struggling
To stay in this box, you'll notice,
Around these dead ends. O they've killed me
Plenty but I cannot help myself: dead ends!
One man on the way to one of those zones (cast out
He was: he wouldn't hold an arrow): he laughed at me
In the ground halfway down peaking
Through one eye to see if they'd noticed

Where they were going. He wasn't popular.
I was popular with my shambolic worm dances, he called them, sent up
When I lay down before I again
Came back. "But if they help?" I said to him, weakly
Looking at the clouds one day, a deceiving backdrop
Of blue circles. "How'd you stay outside?" I started adding,
Only it instantly then became apparent
Why some are supported down with so much soil.

As Your Fantasies are Broken in Two

The baffled baby gurgles Corpus Christi
Longing for teat, themes he found and kept
Too early
Now requiring perpetual release
From internal want, no mouthpiece found

To sedate: in every corner
He looks for her to answer
His questioning looks, books, scripture, too late
For long gone nursing
To nullify dated prayer: he'd rather

Unknow it isn't there—that it never was—
What he longs for: ideas
In his own dreamt sky; hands to soothe an aching cry——
A motherly touch to quiet godly fear.

Preemptive Counteroffensive Blues

You know I listen to the rhythmic news: sea levels
Rising; pre-emptive counteroffensive

Blues—between tunes less enticing: it might be
Time to change the station—the poem—

I'm hearing washing over me, waves
Of deeper hues splayed

Across my brain bringing melody
To the horror honeyed by the hip-

Hop MC that surely shouldn't be anchoring? I wonder
What's fed into me—me to it—her dramatic

Inflections politicising moments
I'd forget in seconds, were it not

For her according soul to plot, cued through
How I'm feeling today: contorted

Lines purpling indicate colder fronts due, she says.

The Physical Impossibility of Being a Poet in the Mind of a Poet

Lay long enough with reel adrenaline,
I am now this kind of poet
For the time being, back in the flat pack story
Of wanting explanation, big part
In another's theatre, consumer thoughts,
About to pick a politic party.
Did I mention I was this kind of poet
Right now? Terrible, all the colourful packaging
And shopping market scanning habits ready to flare
If left, a neat self
From a survival persona, all the better to stroke me with. Aware with
Only cynicism to combat, delusional ideas
Of various pasts being possible, previously realised pasts

Or not. Sleepless. Decades from healing. Contrived thirds.

The Octopus

After spilling ink

I slept with an octopus, all legs
And nine-minded and three
Hearted. Ruined my lunch
Afterward to think about it. Ruined my life.
Made my life. Was like an orgy. Was like
Multiple people offering
Multiple poems but one poem, one thread.
We didn't keep
The offspring just scraps
Of this stuff instead. One mind sometimes writes others: no idea
I'd left pens—my tentacles
Still reach them. I left the octopus.
I'm still inside the octopus. The octopus
Been a slug and asleep
Plenty, according to the one heart
That slept with the octopus, a writer, several, master
Of camo gear dead after mating.

Editing

We risk our absorptions together
Depending on depth, the inwardly-facing
Breadth of ourselves deciding the zenith

Manufactured; though if one unaware
Between the two travels theirs—an unfelt
Peak—pain is due to the other: this godly

Facilitator must bear a dual Icarus, Apollonian
Strength needed for this Dionysian

Baggage—we thought we'd undo
All required of us in the bedroom, no need
For study: this pen sounds

Stuffy we want to dance
Hysterical purples and blues, we hold
For you: O take me back home—no make me anew.

Rebirth (Again?!)

Woman. I shook beneath you.
God. I couldn't believe it.

I lay as a boy.
He needed a slap!
You knew

And smiled.
Then

You both came
And left

And my ears popped.

An Alternative Dig

I knew—somewhere—you didn't like being
Down there, up there,
Kneeling or rigidly bent, fogged-off
Until the final few seconds
Burst through and provided more
For you to fog-off further with for days and days between tantrums, blackouts, me

Thinking I was fixing that, me
And my tool
Like a trowel

Discovering Atlantis
Unable to swim with old sea god-muses.

Stop Making Things Up

I don't need commodified joy and plasters
You lunatics: this chasm
Needs to breathe and scream and for you to see yourself
In everything, it doesn't close, we go on tiptoes
Tightroped over it carefully not passing it on, mostly silent,
Dumb to concepts, faintly
Accepting bird song we string the notes
Together of ourselves at a push to get what it says, allowing its shit on the window
Now and then because we know it obviously ate
At some point else how can it fly

Sometimes. How do you sometimes see its sky
And smile and forget what they taught you.

Alberto Caeiro

After Fernando Pessoa

Each day (and we do do this but I won't milk it: we don't
Know what the days are and the corresponding words
Is that even correct? We did it anyway
Will attest to that but we don't know if "attest"
Be correct fuck off
We feel like so many things (I missed the end ") off after "fuck off")): they potentially last forever
and we are everything. I'm dropping that fucking "we";
I don't feel like what is writing is anything to do with me whatsoever, but it seems
To be a necessary thing to be, a self—
A voice creating the idea of... the voice itself as well as
The questioning of it, which goes to show you
The problem in a very showy way. Do I actually
Sound like this though? Do I become it more as it goes? Trippy; though I'd never say that in real
life. This exercise
Is becoming something I thought it wouldn't be. My paranoia
Is nearly completely gone and I may just feel the truth
Of others' projecting state perfectly clearly
As we always do from when we are a very very young age
Until we end up very far away from this, which is the weirdest thing: so
Tempted to leave it there with that contrived
Thing again. The exclamation point
Removed as it wasn't me at all. Removed... three times.
Most of the discipline is an absolute shambles; and I'm not sure
If I'd use "absolute" in real life but a quick
Read back made its addition feel necessary—which is fine
Artistically; and the choice of line breaks and what not? I really don't feel like it's anything to do
with me whatsoever—
Hilarious. There are competitions for this stuff.

Came back to this minutes later and I don't relate to it at all. The "days" of back then feel
completely different, even imaginary.

Response to Sue

Are you iambic pentametering your trauma? Now
I am not sure
Why break that there
Who said what; it did not enter me

In that way so it shall not reach me
The reader
That way, I'm afraid——

Die? This hill? Not. Though I may not
Talk to you
More or there's a chance
I'll change your life: what a

Waste. The master's tools for the master?
Yes.
Do fourteen lines a sonnet

Make up your mind: do we keep rape or not?

More Veiled Mirror Work

There's a shark in the aquarium
Dressed like a seal! I'm managing
A zoo! "But you first said
Aquarium: it's you that's confused!" And the seal

Has smoked, mirrored us again.
"Seal. Shark! I thought you were our friend?"
"Depends," it says. "Will you allow
My fins?" Aha! Fins! It's flippering

Again. Which means it's a fibber!
"Shark! You've been caught! Be gone—
The other fish must talk

Foremost and it's almost
As if you're suddenly green around the gills? Though that's just

Your shark being killed off." "O keeper, thank you!" said the pup.

Now I Have a Machine Gun

"Half of what I say is meaningless"
—The Beatles, 'Julia'

"Like a child making rubber-stamp marks all over a page in a notebook."
—Haruki Murakami, 'Men Without Women'

The kind of love that made me feel inadequate without it.

It made me feel empty. A shell. He was aloof and playful but
 Consuming and dreadful. A reflection of everything that was...
 O but I do think about everything at times! It was such a reductive love, a reductive
 Picture of me in relation to him—yes. I knew it too.
 I know it still. Running around as if he was an action figure or a fugitive
 Or a cowboy or a kid. A boy! Like he was Bruce Willis or John Wayne
 Or Jean-Paul Belmondo in *À bout de souffle*. Such an unnecessary
 Human, but I was so alive there. Yes I do think about everything
 At times but I was so alive there, though such an unnecessary
 Human again—yes. Yes he was. And I am not so silly or naïve. I really am not! I have seen
Scarface, and I have seen the subtle themes, ones that may be missed
 As the film makes unintended toxic aspirations for the youth—for the uncaptured.
 Excess gets Tony killed—yes; but what's more important are the lessons the film
 Demonstrates to young men about how *not* to attract women: we do not want them gawking
 And grabbing at us all the time, nor do we want Manny's tongue
 Flicking out around the pool. We just want men to chase us nicely, perhaps
 With something a little silly. Like when Tony puts Elvira's hat on in his Cadillac.
 That was nice! He made her laugh! But still, knowing all this helped me little
 With that aloof and consuming and *dreadful* boy. But he was so playful! Always firing
 A fake machine gun at me, he was. O you ever so silly boy.

At This Rate I'll Be Fucking With You Until I Die

*"This man makes a pseudonym
 And crawls behind it like a worm"*
 —Sylvia Plath, 'The Fearful'

I keep trying to write like a poet, it's dreadful,
 Like a boy pretending their mother isn't being raped,
 What the haircut means, what algebra can't do,
 I've done all the sums you heard a Gödel?—
 Once you go so far with the logic there's nothing

To know, you know, you know I'm doing it again, don't you,
 Feeling myself not feeling it, making me attuned to the flaws
 In poetry so-called, there's so much I'm unhappy with, what d'you mean that
 Wasn't consistent, what isn't consistent,
 These are the Cantos you need to work harder,

You brought me here what can I do you're so
 Stupid! I'm bored of it. I'm not to blame. Every snap of my experience
 Gets framed fingers in your ears'll do that, don't even know who's writing,
 I'm the poet you asked for why would I mention him; O and not me again.

(A version of this poem was first published in my pamphlet L'etoile, October 2024. Redacted copy available here: <https://ashleydunn.co.uk/letoile-redacted/>)

Dunnock

After Leonard Cohen

Thousands of photos
Of your own naked body: me—being young—

Found them insignificant: for weeks
I'd won the true thing anyway.

But there is never

Enough encouragement, appeasement,
Cohening or reducing

Of oneself for a thing
That lives an experience like that, that must snapshot

The trivial minutiae of change,
Age,

Blossoming daily, while love lies, crushes
Itself readily on the bed, willing always; only that doesn't

Provide the correct lens

Does it. He never will.
I was a dumb

And hopeless romantic with a reductive

Pen. What did I know of what you'd seen.

(A version of this poem was first published in my pamphlet L'etoile, October 2024. Redacted copy available here: <https://ashleydunn.co.uk/letoile-redacted/>)

Clew

*"And I said, 'Constantly in the darkness
Where's that at?'"*
—Joni Mitchell, 'A Case of You'

“The demon-woman of mythology is in truth the ‘sister-wife-mother,’ the woman in the man, who unexpectedly turns up during the second half of life and tries to effect a forcible change of personality.”

—Carl Jung, *Aspects of the Masculine*

“That’s the stuff you’re keeping out of your poems!”

—Ted Hughes, *‘The Minotaur’*

What I find in the mirror is amusing
On these minotaur mornings where muses
Are made minus their moustaches: Joni
Better stop making me cry, hard,
No in fact *weak* with her sprightly peaks and valleys——

She touches too much, this carefree,
No in fact careless spirit; makes me want to cut
Something out myself: I’m a mean old daddy
Underneath—yes; but I don’t think she’d like that——sprites

Gossip and decide the day. I watch, look away,
And play storybook hero more
Over punctured glass; that look like shades

Of splintered soldiers with shields and pretty tight
Pigtails falling down their backs so we can’t see them.

(A version of this poem was first published in my pamphlet L’etoile, October 2024. Redacted copy available here: <https://ashleydunn.co.uk/letoile-redacted/>)

I’m Back

Each pin pulled, each flick tempered
Brings embers that tempt us to mould
Faux crystals of old faces from haunted halls

We’ve already visited, corridors,
Stairwells not still to be sat on, dwelt
In such lessons long, have we, no doubt

Already: screeched song; reams of workings...
Do we need to read the fine-grained process of a stable stone

Naturally forming? To study the saturated
Mother liquor that poorly bore it? The pins?
They do not seem to be removed from the solution

Once we lie on the shoreline
Staring at the cliffs, that may have caves
Burrowed away, light at the end, bats.

(A version of this poem was first published in my pamphlet L'etoile, October 2024. Redacted copy available here: <https://ashleydunn.co.uk/letoile-redacted/>)

Houdini

We can finally take these serious, encompassing,
Foggy emotions to the ice rink. No not that one.
Nor that one either. Nor that one JESUS—the ice
Hockey rink! And bring your mask. I shouldn't have to clarify this!

Sorry I forgot mine was on. The fans
Remain conflicted over whether they want the manager
To stay or go: they sing and/or shout, in-
Fight in the stands over the announcement

Of the score, the minutes played,
The progress of the game and whatever goes on
In the manager's brain: he remains
In charge and they bend

To his will. They buy more masks! They forget their troubles! He creates
Other troubles for them and they move into the arena. "Never
Have I ever felt so loved, connected,
Represented by this team!': these

Were on our seats this morning. I adore him!
O who cares: I just assume we're winning!
And if
We concede? I nap; pull faces. They all work great since I've moved in here. In fact, I don't even
work! Don't have to. In fact I don't even know the rules hahaha—the things

He's done for this sport, eh!"

(A version of this poem was first published in my pamphlet L'etoile, October 2024. Redacted copy available here: <https://ashleydunn.co.uk/letoile-redacted/>)

Terrible Muse

The first days of her phase and she knows
How she is watched

At the self-service checkout: she ran
A finger across a watermelon

For the catwalk

To make it there, laughed
To herself at herself.

All

Feels lifted she let's them
Stare. Invites it. She hasn't thought of him

In hours. Won't for days.

He's

Dazed, useless,
Irregular,

Non-existent without purpose in the frozen aisle
Ready to cycle

Over when she rings him: three weeks, he
Knows. Lingers.

Needs a kick start.
His friends are at the checkout

He's never allowed at never
His place. Can't play. They get

The show they don't understand
The show. He tries write it. Not a thing

Mostly. Waits. Waiting.

He'll shop

For her near the end
Of days, badly: she needs it; can't go;

Full of perverts. He'll know
All about it, her providing

Some lyrics

To bring him back to life for minutes,
His terrible terrible choices

Then hardly noticed, never mentioned
Again for days her leaving, her phase

Completed
Started she's

Smiling. He's finished. More frozen

Berries
For the time being, terrible texture—

Bitter.

Bunraku

He seemed to
Too often disregard the effective
Tools of the discipline—which he could deploy
Well—to instead just be a pain

With fly fishing, after promising he was taking us
Up the river to see the
Falls. I know I know! There was poten
—Shelly! Can you fly fish near water-

Falls? I thought she was called Shelly? Now it's *you*
Being the pain! D'you realise
How much you coulda
Done if you'd have just

Don't like skiing much though, me.
O I does it, but don't respect most daze
It

The Tiger That Came To Work

The tiger turns for stimulation
After back-to-back meetings all day. In the modern world

It no longer requires flight, fight,
Fuck or do whatever it wants

Responses, though we can feel the zoo
In the bars it often frequents. Not that I'm in a cage! it says

Through the gaps as it sprays
Out heaves and sighs and heaviness. It's kidding us,

Of course, but they've been around
For millions of years; so whatever: just ignore them!—

As human
Development has caused the tiger population to decrease by 90-odd percent in the last 100
years anyway; not

That it's not good to also remember
That uniforms

Still sometimes provide camouflage.

Hack-a-Shaq

*"Forty-eight thousand seats
Bleats and roars for my memories of you"
—alt-J, 'Something Good'*

I couldn't play basketball
Before I could play basketball

So I let you watch me on the court
Being dreadful

Hilarious
Because you were watching me

(I'm not talking about pressure)
As I began to dunk one

Then another
Now and then

More and more as you left the arena—the cheering—
Remembering that time

I slipped but no one else
Was there

Watching, and laughing
Like you were; sorry—there

Were
Others there, with you

At one point, I'm sure: your
Friends. Right.

But they've gone now too, haven't they.
While I'm still here, dribb
-Ling scoring

3-pointers.

Men Looking at Men Looking at Men

After Siri Hustvedt

The experimenter studies the
Observed observing the variables
Aside from his fixed apparatus and
Constants, of course—they that be put
Out there; and makes
Conclusions about the phenomena
In other immeasu
-Rable states, double-
Slitted behaving abnormally no
-Thing to do with him.

And Made Things Up

I'm at work and was just thinking
About the argument we had six years ago, two years
Before we stopped talking four years ago. I'd gone out
One night without you as I didn't want to talk
It out, whatever the argument was that time, as us talking
Was never us communicating——

And I got wasted and took loads of cocaine and you
Locked the door

To our flat so I had to sleep
On the landing when I got back. You were so
Smug when you let me in
In the morning: you loved seeing me in a ball
On the floor. I quickly
Got up and showered and got changed and went
To view a new flat, hungover (as I was leaving, I saw
The study smashed up again: you'd
Blacked out again) on my own
Because you didn't want to come, though it was a place
We would move to together
Three weeks later (you stayed behind
While I went to the viewing
Packing your bags, as per. You unpacked them again
That evening and I assume
We had sex after and made things up). I thought about all this

Because I was just delivering some shopping to an elderly lady
Who lives alone, and she cannot
Come to the front door. She has a lockbox
On the wall outside instead—it has her front door key
Inside and I know the code
To get the key to unlock
The door to deliver her shopping. I unload
It in the kitchen for her while she sits
In front of the television
All day
With her oxygen supply next to her, which breathes
For her——

And you ruined my life. I am *adamant*.
And I love you.

I'm a delivery driver now, by the way.
And I wish I'd never gone out.

*

What am I saying: I was on
The path! I held the key!

You're gasping.

Waiting For You Might Be a Kiss

Sex and fake byways could not possibly work today;
But hang on: I'm stuck behind a tractor

And the grass in the fields is high,
Plentiful enough for me to pull over

And lie in as I wait for the trimmer attached
To take the bushes back, their branches

Revealed, their leaves and sauced berries
Bled on the concrete. Hours will now pass

Of me in these reeds as other drivers
Clear the way inadvertently, a few birds

Licking the last baked murder up as the sun comes through, me stuck,
But not too poorly whistling the smooth tune of that trimmer.

Everything Is a Door

"Aiming to find you, and missing, and again missing."
—Ted Hughes, 'Visit'

I feel irresponsible. I slammed a door and I think you wanted more—
To be the door. I design stories they shift conveniently these
Poetic models are handy, but inauthentic and always
Reductive. It allows us to stay dishonest, full of our self,
Made up of bodily fluid. But he is breathing
In the white spaces. Tritely is fine; the point can be felt.
I do not feel that /
Am wasting time then? More so: language is?
I slammed
That door because you were going to ruin your life (the models, devices
Can get us there, eventually,
Evidently): you have. If I'd have gone
Further and fit that familiar story,
We'd have all been much more satisfied. Wouldn't it have been more convenient, me
Inside and trite instead and you not
Asleep inside and ruining your life, dishonest, full of
Yourself made up of bodily fluid, that is breathing
For you: the models sometimes
Dry up and he is not making the point
You'd like. I see you daily

In those whites sheets smiling smugly wanting that door
Off its hinges in your face so you had an excuse. I'm irresponsible
With my language now, instead,
Fortunately; only look how it sounds: I'm hoping
At least an opening when does it close?

How Poetry Perspectivally Relates to Society in This Very Moment for Someone

It accumulates
Sometimes you need a good dump
Other times you have no accumulation, only the memory
Of how to enact the dumping. You can't save up the knowledge
Of it might not be right: sometimes
At best you go there and back
Without even noticing, no one knew you went to the kitchen,
Broke off an argument.
Imagine selling a product
That works best the one time then only "nicely"
When things are doubtful and slightly dramatic afterward, and all the free
Add-ons do is point that out
Barely each time but you can't not make them free?
And you can't tell anyone your job title
Either because it's so cringe, extremely
Off-putting except to other questionable hoarders who are
Sometimes grateful for the aftercare, but mostly wonder
Why they ever needed it, how they ever got it out of the packaging,
Bought it, said it changed their life. And you'd hand
Deliver it to them ones! Place it inside them, in fact! Which provides
A *damp* new target market, no less,
Which keeps the real attraction you want to push
Far down ready to burst out again
Unnoticed but critically acclaimed by who, exactly?

Oceans Are Deep

The inflatable life raft saved my life. I slept
Inside it for some time and gave it
A name before I realised I'd blown it up.
Later, I went to a reading

Without pointing out how they were all holding life rafts. There were little
Life raft symbols all over the walls. I didn't

Have a life raft poem by then: I'd moved on to oceans: "Oceans
Are deep": this was one of my lines. I got

Banned. I'd gone on my own. Three people

Left with me that time and there is now a rotating
Group of us dedicated to discarded life raft
Poetry on every island we entertain ourselves on.

We do this merely by travelling to the islands

Separately, as it's the only way we dare risk the oceans. Sometimes, we end up back at the old
readings.

Climbing So We Have No Genuine Photography

When we are there (let alone
It; which isn't the character
But the thing-in-itself: the whole game;
Which isn't a game, only reality:
Life and death based on a takeaway
Or something) we cannot feel the stitches
Resulting in silence. Fools picking at them, one foot

Across the border. It's funny
Isn't it—how we do things? O all sorts:
Sports; camping on cliffs. Throwing away leads.
My friend (very like me) talks
To me sometimes and I do not listen
At all: d'you do that—contract words for ease? We spoil

Ourselves in doing so, partially,
Waking up on a face that we—for milliseconds—
Don't remember getting on, *tying*
On the starters to get us through
(Unable to throw them off); requiring just a touch
More of ourselves—alone, always,
Climbing so we have no genuine photography
Of the acme. Not that that isn't beneficial.

Preface

I bind books before breakfast to eat my breakfast
Berries in peace, forgetting myself, just like that,
So calm, peaceful with this carelessness——what's

Being released? Not his problem! Move on!

Or blame the book. The fiction behind it.
Already

He's at lunch, desserts, asleep
Perhaps absurdly staring

Into space for where to take you next: returns

Far too easily. Such a lack of control.
That's the ego of the page though
Gripping

Onto the contents the
Instructions

For where to find these words.
To take you where

Exactly? Down?

It's why he binds books before breakfast.

The Ought-Not

After Ted Hughes

I imagine one will strike again
Around midnight, least expected: I will go in the bathroom paw
Against door and pull another one out.
And then and then and then

Later, having built upon my earlier
Developments I will find
You naked with your smooth impressionable skin
And I will leave my prints all over it, Pollock-

Streaks in the lily white that allow for
As many interpretations as you like: crawl; go
Stand over there. Actually cover up that line. Well
Done. So good for me. Of a body that is bold to come, we

Repeat old patterns in this widening deepening greenness, the voyeur's
Eyes suggesting so for us: "You're just trying to copy
What he did!" But there was a vixen touching
Undergrowth too, starless

Now still through the window half
Paw against door themselves, half lame,
Hollow, wondering how it's done or
Why I ruined your pure innocence;

Till, with a sudden sharp hot stink of cock
It enters the dark hole of all sorts:
The window is closed; "This cock's a dick!"
You're spoilt.

The Midlife Crisis

He wants to hide in another's brattiness.
He wants to feed the ignorance
His portrait provides on the mornings his teeth
Get brushed. He lies

On the rest, two places at once
At best above the twelve inside his mind
Who-rush-in-and-away-briefly-touched
Before they fade for years yearning treatment

Silently, shame buried
In painted dignity or Tom Dick and Harry
Foolery, depending on the person, riskiness,
Quickened urge for brattiness

Each day. Every moment. If
He stays—and he isn't sure yet—he has something to confront.

The Old Man

He heads out in the morning to laugh at everyone's clothes
Before heading home

To his loneliness and wheelbarrow of dead roots. He fills it up
During the early hours, empties

It late at night
On his grand estate, far

From the sound of another's garden—away
From their alarm, trees, warmth,

Shade. Tomorrow, once the wheelbarrow
Is full of the same ground, he will head out

Again like clockwork, his watch
Ever taut, fixed, polished

For his schedule
Of seeing the people in their “baffling

Ensembles!” He will then
Head home again for the roots.

Though...

...At times—the dark hours—
I can see my own youth

Beneath the blown up leaves of my childhood, the vacant,
Longing

Young boy, I was, left
Alone, tightly clothed in formal dress

For hours
At the window, staring

Out, my ears
Pressed closed against the sounds

Downstairs, their
Stares, my

Then
Vacant staring

Out like
Now—out there

Like him
Frozen...

He stamps
The leaves down and replants

The roots and heads out.

Mirror / Better the Devil You Know

I can sense how frazzled you are
Beneath the studious. I love it.
I want to love it above the
Lines written by him (always) because my
Writer said I was “small”
And “evil” weirdly
Wanting
To edit that writer is the same
Reason I can sense
How frazzled you are, the same
Reason why I
Get lost
In you.

Anarchic Trunk of Black Hole

“I justified the mess I made of life by saying I’d give it order, form, beauty, writing about it”
—Sylvia Plath, *The Unabridged Journals of Sylvia Plath*

“My life seemed like a glass tunnel, through which I was moving faster every year, and at the end of which there was darkness”
—Derek Parfit, *Reasons and Persons*

After Rainer Maria Rilke

On my way to becoming Rilke
I was doing some cunning pilfering, at times,
From Plaths and Parfits alike, pseudo-
Philosophical, suicidally-typed

Outfits quasily-tongued unthickly (and yet) beyond
The limits of taught thought that ought
Not to be done for fun (O I was not dumb, again; and yet), such
Spoken sound non-existent, though the mind

Insisted and scripted songs
Not belonging to a set self itself insane
Searchingly going south with mouth
Syntax I struggled to get back from at *more* times, to be honest (and yet), distinct

Me (apparently) both astonished
And admonished internally for indulging in somersaults when I really should have been
changing something, or so I'd read.

Death to Poetry

*"Ready must you be to burn yourself in your own flame; how could you become new if you have
not first become ashes!"*

—Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra

I'm in my coffin; I'm on fire ex-
Coriating slopes
On the inside's skin. Saint

Peter then meets me—thinks
I need fixed-
Heels for downhill
Skiing. "Cant

I just jump?" I ask him. "Free-
Heeling?!" He's
Seething. "You'll never last! Too
Fast this is my...

...Hang on: 'my snow'? Loada shit; do
What you want, kid." God's

Dead. You've just found Him and all his relatives
Squinting through the flames:

"I admit: I found their tracks lame! But I love
This game. So can't we just leave

And sleep with our sibling, please...?
"Pardon!" O do

Behave: we joke! 'That was Byron': we know!
And we realise he's cooked.

Though maybe we could follow him?"

“Doubtful—too hot!” “Yeah. It’s fire. We’d die!”

But isn’t that required?

Incomplete and Valid

I know the therapist still goes home for Christmas
Because she thinks I’m fantasising. There is a formalised
Form of logic called “intuitionistic logic”—sometimes more generally called
“Constructive logic”—that does not assume the law of the excluded middle. If you do not

Understand these things then I need not explain them to you, though it is also
Why poetry remains a minor discipline for a few unusual people
Usually (“unusual” and “usually” can co-exist in this way today, of course). It is definitely
Not something to feel bad about not knowing, at least; and you can

By all means think that the speaker is rather odd by now too: my therapist does. What am I
saying! Myths,
Fantasies are also a brilliant tool used by poets to climb their way out of the cycles
Of bother they can get themselves into. Now, I say “poets”...
...But he says “poets”; but you know what she means, hypothetically, don’t you. We wouldn’t
dare

Unpick any of this with her yet either, what with the Santa-induced
Break due, “since it is impossible that contradictories should be at the same time true of the
same thing.”¹

Ex-Spy Takes Driving Job

“You are now responsible for collecting them from hyperventilation
And dropping them off in hysterics on skiing holidays.” Awful,
Awful assignment. Not even the respect to explain

The trip in between. Ever done it? Then you’ll know
No one is eventually offended, won’t you, only very
Very confused along the way in the very back seats.

No family albums on the bus, thank you. Unless...

Now Johnie’s pulling moonies out the window! Brilliant. I didn’t
Say that was the funny bit. I *am* watching it! And

Now that I’m the driver (I keep the van

¹ Aristotle, *Metaphysics*, Book IV, CH 6, p. 531

Right? But it's got my mats!) I hold

My arm out of the window
And grab whatever I like

And taste it: it does nothing for me. I didn't say...

See: you got here too!
Steady—I didn't ask how.

Sick bags? Erm, no. And a *beach*?
But it's all

Sand. Sand! But
How was I to know? You know

In another
Life I'd have been your maker.

Some Launches

They launched a rocket off me, so now
I want to go to the moon was the best
She'd ever heard it; but
It was so near
To the end, too. Credits! But no one watches them—
Perhaps only purists. And if you're one to sit and read them?
Then you've got to dance! You aren't having fun! And
Because of the rocket
You can read the tears that are sinking down the neck
Into mischief, that being nothing we talk about. Whereas your body
On the moon will be full of tweezers for the ground,
The sand: you'll need a big
Calculator and you better not go out and dance until it's done.
Is this living? Does anyone want it to start or end?
Your friend
Checks over the manuscript you've built for this—the mission—
And they say, I hardly recognise you here. Have you always enjoyed this?
By this time
You've gone, the burners falling off, you slowly
Pushing the launch away and forgetting the embarrassment

Of the manuscript—the ridiculous metaphor you started with: can we watch the credits
together? No—
She isn't here anymore, and you've just landed on the moon
Alone, even though
She loved astronauts, only some launches are taught to laugh at flight.

The Medicine

And so we like the orange
Segments and impossibly acknowledged
Though still touched love
Remnants too. Unfortunately

We then meet in packs
Too much to discuss such things, and we act
Nothing like them or their makers,

Wires. I feel like a child
Again having to watch a screen. I look
Straight through the glass sometimes and it's like
That changes the actual weather out

-Side and inside. I don't get
Scared now but I don't believe

The medicine either. Thousands I've choked on tonight.

Trimming Daffodils

Wild how we send ourselves so
Still years later after the mirror's
Long gone and it wasn't very good
To us anyway, at best, was it. The decent

Old scratched ones hear us out
Still making ourselves up on them, while
The ones in bits kintsugiing them-
Selves sound stuck on the surface

Of the lake, years past swimming. What's it take
To break forget about them; keep feigning
Straight faces in these bleached

Sheets and you'll be just like us, avoiding
The pain held up because you must blame

The past that made you smash that mug.

Wet Play

I now perform for the air, the wind
Close and frosty
Sunny now you better be ready right we aren't going: I carry
Many hats, don't worry. Going upstairs

To put them away, I learn
Line breaks, to write
With both hands and feet, the body, a third eye, lemon
Ink on the prefrontal cortex, counting

Bulls in my sleep, these
Red sheets I cannot help but spin (FINE I agree with you: white) fastened; weather-
Free when the air sleeps; dogs
Beneath bark then storm's coming: indoors

This week, me. Moon moves tides I
Gauge the shore geocentrically: today? Let's see—I can offer you one wild animal for peace,
Zeus.

The School

It's been taken over by too many children.
You can't tell them. I like
How they're all coming in now but the in
Between? Good grief. The school
Is narrower and narrower, paradoxically. I see
Students trying to leave only they can't
Speak owt other than elevator
Music inside the elevator. I know! An elevator

In a school! Yet they'll deny it.
O sorry I'm a cleaner—garden leave. O sorry I run
Some disciplinary workshops too. Unorthodox, I
Know. Nah I've no training. They
Seem to enjoy them at least and never
Return, so they're left off the final attendance data.

Stroller

Art exam. No pens. I shiver
And make a paper baby harness; the marker

Frantically tries it on, falls
Straight through him knotting his legs
Inadvertently together, his wife's
Whole being raised. He's stuck

Frantic still. She's off to learn some somatic
Energy healing. "You were the one
For him, I'm afraid. And so you *are* for him" blows
On the wind through the hut. She tunes
In slowly she returns, finds him
Tight in the straps. "Don't touch them!" he

Shouts. "I've pulled them tighter they are *essential!*" She rolls
Her eyes. Gives him a sponge bath.
"Doesn't quite fit, but cute," she says. I've nowhere
To go with these now perpetual grants.

Artisan

Breadcrumbed, I make myself
A sticky surface and roll
You up, ready to bake a sour-
Dough which I'll feed-
Back to you with salted butter. I am kneading
Again though, aren't I

Effortlessly, the ingredients, merely
Flours (wholewheat? self-raising? HA!) and water
(Tap) mine to make rise
In my oven, your past

Feels quietly dinging, forgotten: it's
Done. You loaf. Toast? I'll slice off your noggin

And dip you in soup. For starters? Dessert!
Of course I'm berserk! Your dropping
Burnt crumbs, again

All over the sheets.

This Could Have Been Us But You'd Rather Go To a Stanza Group

Quickly

We go into the next stanza, the opening

Forgotten. Uncritiqued. Taken

Away in the gaps, you're
Furious, astonished,

Grinding your teeth needless
You were: need it rhyme? It just

Felt good all sweat
Less sense, no blame, past tense.

O YES IT WAS

*"It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear"*
—Juliet to Romeo, William Shakespeare, Romeo & Juliet

"For nightingales, we know, can't live on fairy tales"
— Alexey Alexandrovitch to Anna Karenina, Leo Tolstoy, Anna Karenina

Putting aside my deceitful deeds (they match
My headaches. But can't you feel what I'm doing?) I

Talk to a new guy
At a new bar (a new

New guy at a new
New bar, keeping my private life

Separate) and I
Trash the old in the new, and we spend

A good few months together (a few easy
Deeds) and the new guy

Died suddenly and we all wondered
What happened (I didn't

Really. But the headaches cleared up!
O YES IT WAS

Mortifying: he told me
So many stories about his troubles.

We shared so much!). It's

Awful he's gone, yeah. No I couldn't possibly!

Blueprints

I'm in the pub with all the confident speakers
And Tel. We don't say much—all
Is funny: I touch Cal's arm—he
Jumps. We all laugh. Cal
Asks Tel about his new girlfriend. "What's this one
Now then, eh, T—a lawyer? An architect?" Tel
Laughs, but not much, and never
With many words. We move on to the next
Philosophical thought of the day: the domain
Of epistemology. Cal: "How do you know
She's the one this time then, T?" Tel
Laughs more, finally
Giving words. "You can't ask that. I can't
Answer that. What kind of question is that?" I hold
Myself in—admire Tel, T—while Cal
Slaps his back, readying
Himself to reply with something fluent
And funny—but the doors
Of the pub interrupt him, and it's Tony's
New girlfriend. And I
Knew it. I must have known it all along! Still
Someone out there asks, "How could you know
It was her walking in?" And I can only say it
Beyond Cal's hearing: "Blueprints". Me
And T then switch seats: we leave
For another pub. A new conversation. "We'll never
See Cal again, will we?" "I know." The architect
Remained behind with him.

Sleep Deeply, Narcissiated

"years of bearing such "dispassionate" scrutiny had provoked enough rage to generate a lifelong illness"

—Carol Loeb Shloss, Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake

O why don't you stumble on my attacks anymore, now
In lines, disguised
As strength. Remember when I blanked you
For weeks: you slept
On the sofa and how strong I felt: a boy
Looked back at me in the gym; the likes

I get now
On my strength. Can you see them? They're on

Other posts I quiver
Beneath they come through, many people, watching you

Sleep deeply. Why won't you stumble? You do it
So soundly. Did you not see me waving
From the bed?
Do you see yourself? I slept. You begged.
He was

A mere child I wanted to swallow. I smiled

Writing he
Looked away
In the mirror, flexing,

As if I wasn't there.

*

I wanted
You broken you had the last
No reply. Thirty
Years later, I attend
Those sessions you recommended; and she validates
Herself
In me, I know. It doesn't
Help but I feel
Fanned. Rubbed.
Narcissiated.
And you see—
Saw (like me
Then now still) it all; which means
You know
No knew I'm
Crippling lonely, like all
My friends——we
Laugh lie I'm stone. Freezing. We've busy
Phones: yes. And gossip. "Progress."
Still left
Existing half
Dead. And we lie and lie and lie and lie
And have theories and

Episodes still going to prove
Something
To you that you tried
To motivate, actually, didn't you. Excuse me? We don't
Talk
About that in the sessions: you are
The theory not
Me—my work. Very
Very very rarely, another boy looks HA it can still
Set me off. If I do
Catch one of them I usually write afterwards.

It Is an Invisibility Blanket/Carpet

I think they do like us on the floor though
Sometimes so we can't explain
Themselves. Erm. Ermmmmmmmmmm.
Look I'm just getting a fucking blanket, alright?

I don't know where he's going with this. I'll leave it a few hours.
It was seconds—she boasted about dating
Drug dealers once I'd moved out and the stories
Have not all been written and that is why poetry

Is critical. It is also why law enforcement
Is critical in many scenarios while we
Choose to lie on the floor like dogs still or
Walk ourselves into harm, cackling. Faber and Faber

Could publish a "brave" memoir by her one day though; I am
Rolled up in the carpet already throwing myself into the sea so you don't have to be, don't worry.

Online Comedy

My Soul Mate muse
For that week broke me in two

Because I asked her to, because
I was absolutely pathetic

And was asking for it and deserved to sleep on the floor
Outside of our flat when she made me do that. To be honest, it was also

A bit of a turn on.
I also needed to become poetic

~~Without the influence of that car crash in my life~~
Without projecting onto everyone else

In the whole wide universe as that only allowed me
To ignore all the pain I did not want to face within myself.

I went south and Beatrice was not there, but I
Thought about her a lot, ~~the bitch~~. I kissed

Other Beas in hell but that stung and
You know, I have read Sylvia Plath: it sounds daft, but

I became aware of Ottos even more so then: no thanks!—uh oh: I am
Sounding callous again. But he can handle it: it's

Only a poem pointing things out! I don't do it in real
Poetry. I tried doing it in real poetry and it meant

I had to sleep on the floor on the landing (irony). I am still absolutely
Pathetic—I just do it from far away now. Send love, I mean—

Through a screen that you can't read as you are
Blocked and it's a good job I'm not as trapped as this caricature of myself is, isn't it.

Boy Processes Abortion

You took the four tablets (I think;
Fuck knows) as you had fortunately decided
Not to create a legacy out of our
Toxicity (I do
Myself a disservice: I knew
The procedure would be
Horrific, and so I'd booked the day off. Though I still
Don't really know what went on
In that bathroom
On the floor
For hours
For you both (or what's
Gone on for you since: you're
Blocked (I

Don't know what to say or why this came to my mind.

I understood
Some of the severity back then, but I also didn't—I don't know.
This feels really crass.
/ feel really crass. I sound really crass but I don't know
What else to say about it all
At all. I don't know how to process it (/
Don't?!) or what it all means.
I don't know why these things come to our minds
Again or how they're
Made; but I hope (what the
Fuck? Don't worry: I'm cringing too) but I hope
You're OK. Though I'm glad
You decided on that thanks (I was very relieved))).

The Dangers

"A curse on him who begins in gentleness"
— André Trocmé

I am itching through the wood with the nice people, the nice
Guides who push the branches forward
Toward the way, only letting them go after. "Are you
Sure this is the right way?" I ask. They look back. "Remember: we're off
To change these plastic masks—to get you one. To get
Started!" And we make it out
On the Devon roads, overgrown
From where we haven't travelled yet. "Silly! Only not this year.
And we make sure we sure it all up again after." They all
Begin spinning their arms against the bushes
To reveal the path, their markings on the tarmac
From before: "Hopscotch! Maps!" A car
Of curious tourists tries to inch past, only for them
To surround her, hiding the conversion from me
Behind a dance: "It's fantastic! Our dance!" The car
Somehow goes. A new feeling
Grows in my narrow lanes. "Your brain?!" Only my brain.
Back in the sacred forest I'm now in charge of
Holding the branches last to set traps.

*"Twigs
Ash"*
—Alain Mabankou, *{And Here, the Remains of a Field}*

“I wish there was something I could do for you – you're only standing in your own way, you know. To tell the truth, I still have the greatest faith in you – but I'm afraid you're going to have a hard time of it, for a while. You don't fit in anywhere. Some day you'll make a great writer, I feel sure of it.”

—Henry Miller, *Tropic of Capricorn*

