

A Soft Grim Ace

Do you know how sometimes you feel shitty with someone and you pull down your pants do a shit in your hands and throw it onto their roof? How it lands with the squelching plop of a hopping frog mustard viridian bronze moist from the swamp? How it slides another hot inch toward gravity?

Do you know how to clean the filth of that transaction from off all of your vital parts? Do you know how to hoist your rear end like my windowledge spider how to upend your spinneret intently make a hawser thread how to cast off to let it drift in the cross currents to where it may catch and hold?

Next!

I had said no I had said no I had said no. I had said enough. I said I am parked on your larder shelf vivid with pantry moth eating up my guts. But then you sailed through the thin air of an afternoon

with a winning smile and a kit of drums laying down beats for me to judge and I liked everything up to and including. You were drumming like a crazy diamond. Your rap drum solo was unusual.

Next!

This is an incontinent sonnet of independent means and we all have dreams or do dreams have us? Drumming is one predictive text away from dreaming it's enough to scare me shitless more or less.

I woke from an afternoon snooze

Is it possible to write a love poem to our dream || It was at the party of a poet, there was a bride outside but as you say, that isn't very interesting. Having taken ecstasy in a bedroom and becoming Medusa on the dancefloor, there was more to the night than the usual. Everyone was complaining about how tall the party was and the lack of upright people. The police turned up to turn things down. The light was glinting off them in an excellent way. A man was eating dahl from a pan with his fingers. We were in the kitchen discussing the crucifixion. I had been a girl-child then, you an open cigar box.

Spent money is gone money

Is it possible to write a dream poem to an invoice | | There is much to take into account. The spread of an authentic memory is thin. I probably owe you: callbacks, corkscrews, a strung midnight dance. At a glance, I could do your tax return and send it to the other end of the bed. What do accountants do when they are in debt? I bet their turn-ons involve banks and the rapture of folding bills. No one carries cash, no one believes in saving sentimental things. I still have your book, it's like reading skin. The thing is. Never hold a spine like you receive an advance. Not by the hair. Of its chinny chin chin.

You can let us out now

Is it love to write a dream poem to our possible | | The way a plant uses light to catch an insect's eye. If you look between the lines you will find that we have been buzzing this whole time. Buttercups can blister the lips if one turns to them. The starvation paddock is rumoured to be empty this time of year. When you appear I will start eating: crushed grapes, bales of glitter, everything yellow and fun. Did you witness the flowers becoming the sun? And all the boys on bikes, chasing. Petal. Pedal. The hormonal pursuit of pollen. There was a time we were swollen, there was a race where we were fast.