

from **Cut Flowers**

creating complicated people, what is the  
conversion rate? Generational. Start.  
Lay. expanded room without  
space beam trees, light & cold  
at the end and in the morning  
making a bed hold together  
curtains that kiss, paintings  
on opening

*birthing ability exaggerated, lower body*  
blooms-carved curves to cunt from  
tiny stem heads, almost headless  
terracotta feet and waists close bound  
rotating babes & eggs. Outside Roma  
selling bouquets – bluebell, hyacinth  
longheld snowdrops wrong way up for  
Mărțișor

probably has equipment, which I do not  
I should        She should. She doesn't  
though        have, a ring. Of complexity  
have        tranklements, mother's  
metal        old horse brasses, carriage  
return        don't dilly dally on the way  
to        town, is it still there, the  
scene

fraudulent precision in dream sequence  
poems        calculating taxes, insurance  
durance        washing, ironing for madam  
doom        the family they are in turns  
surfing        maudlin whimsical or arch  
soothing        tapping into discontent  
rewrites        plumb tuckered  
out

light left on, *are you still down there?*

plain            super plain, you feel like  
a unit            do you, children & cases  
packed            red & blue to go up  
country            into the year anew  
applause            applause all the way  
maybe            maybe not, dear  
family

other peoples' faces look whole unlike  
the loved one            in parts & pieces  
changed            by your actions  
she lifts            old, new crockery  
falters            counting, piling up  
through            kitchen cupboards  
one generation            many have to go  
to another

thank goodness for street furniture

he was confirmed expert

furious drove the car

at us sorted out mother's

spitting furniture, dashing

in window not dashed, leaned

kerb against she not you

crawler

everything is made much too possible

never better less or nothing

anything but a blunt pencil

too sulky not in the mood

immobile to take moving calls

to take on unpleasant voices of

people the people brought

us here

we like the beginning best, who doesn't, then  
a bit down heart the electrical stuff  
*I don't know what they do but something*  
nothing *happens to them* – side rain  
windows slice walls, snow on east  
sides most common direction  
more common weather  
than one

What are you saying? What do I do  
now? I suppose I better  
get up try again. This is  
the worst place I have ever been  
*not too bad thank you*  
*good* where did those flowers  
come from? I always loved  
flowers

buying beeswax candles to burn

threading people passing up &

chorally down in warm breath

chanting golden dark crossing

bodies crossed listening, watching

bowed heads still haloed as

bright burnt, sawn, boiled &

falling