

2.

Blow-in

Old Bob said you don't need a weathervane
to know which way the wind's blowing

which makes it a mistake to look for any sign
in the cock itself as it squeals and grinds

around on its rusted pole shims lost
frost heave canting it forward

down to where the gate thrown back
butts the wall - I want to say mindlessly

but there you go again the old pathetic fallacy
still how long can you stick the endless banging

without losing your rag? It's not like the signs
weren't there though the sun on the shard

makes them difficult to read
however when you hear retching in the next room

it might be time to merge with the wallpaper
that sudden shift from feeling necessary and wanted

to being one person too many with no flair for gainful
employment and a pouch full of maxed-out plastic

not that the little princess will care
what or who is in the balance

when her white trash squeeze will do
anything to silence the screaming nuts

3.

Surplus Jouissance

Upon my lips
curious white flakes
slivers
of impoverished sense

no illumine
quiet oblivion
day blind

forced onto the back
foot in the face
of a hollow
musical gesture

eyes like two
pissholes in the snow
(not much hygge out here
I'm afraid) (afraid
being about right)

9.
Mad Crisp

I keep asking myself what would
Hegel do

since all determination is negation
and merely squints at truth
it shouldn't bother making sense

a cycle of hope and despair
forgetting and beginning again

circle of circles joined by a chain
the standard-issue dronescape
unknowable because there is
nothing to be known

pits and mineshafts
fartlit quags
walking fire
sharp furze

try try try to understand
the meer is merely imaginary
solace solaris xeric gulch
here in Brueghel land

that if parched the stream
won't reach the sea

so all's good
Freund Hein?

*if memory collapses
subject and object
if memory collapses
there is only space
cordial and unbounded
coursing through marrow*

10.

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

broke and broken a peculiar stop-animated figure
moonwalking backwards to keep the shits at bay
straight out of Dessau rewilding via Heald Wood
west of the lake another tump visible on the horizon

dad burning on these fells a hundred years ago
in a horribly puzzled manner as if by chance the flames
came to meet him: that forever inert being I whispered
to reproachfully in a traum forbidding mourning

and to think this derelict dares to be sceptical as if
(again) straying kept him 'perky' and sleep tired
smirking hollowly at the word *munter*
more pangs forthcoming than can be nipped

dreaming of death the dark smoke of those
who keep their mounds burning for weeks and weeks
the Carbonari lodge in winter a little fireless chapel
covert cell or prigione with rounded snow upon the roof

flocked with dust bunnies permanent stains on the dropped
cover of neutrality since Metternich at Laibach
never a day-to-day mood when every minute of the future
is a memory of past life

learning to get by on gherkins from the Spreewald
ersatz coffee road kill & plants from river bottoms
pemmican and Charbonnel et Walker
warbling Alsatian folk songs day and night:

the soul of the goat enters the tree
the goats the tree the kiln
the soul of the tree enters the fire
the kiln the tree the goats

meanwhile back in the corpor(e)al world
the carrot is the stick
the stick is the carrot
two senses of the repressed

so if you're burning why not let it burn?

Contact Poverty

if you like

clouds on the horizon
 vinyl with a skip in it
 corroded screws
 an elaborate hierarchy of suffering
 ashes hauled
 sentinel crows
 moping
 random seed
 balaclavas
 mischance
 Popol Vuh
 vengeful spirits
 peaked knees
 unharmonized half-cadences
 red circles
 marsh gas
 the distant laughter of children from willow-bordered pools
 a paint pot to piss in
 an imaginary vixen
 hair like a raven's wing
 velvet fainting sofas
 Workers Playtime
 metal for industrial purposes
 Ostalgia

you might also enjoy

another cold snap
 Lucky slacks
 little hibachi grills
 a tureen shaped like a cabbage
 starved sod
 Gog's nails
 obscure culverts
 diddicoys
 titanic rusticles
 disorderly lakelets
 vintage trek sandals
 a maiden aunt's shit-brown blanket

split gills
tracker smurfs
toxic legacies
inaction
Thuringian sausage
late Pink Floyd
untuned medieval instruments
the scent of developing fluid
Schnapps from the Intershop
chips and stubble
vocal fry
little ambient starlight

15.

as with Talons

There are thirteen ways of looking at a crow
raven jackdaw rook whatever
and I've seen at least twelve of them
but when the only thing moving is a man
dusted with snow from a hemlock tree
the question is rather how many ways
are there for a bird to scrutinize a man
when not pecking the eyes of young lambs
or marking the circumference of a breaking wheel
his high tessitura smart and cockless
circling the needy grips to the core
the nothingness of the moving figure
never forgets a face hovering above
a tramp's dulux piss-pot or the tracks
made by a zimmer's rubber feet
the whole sick lit fantasy laid at *la belle dame's* gate
as if death weren't the final rejection
in a world 'filled' with rejection

There is no such thing as cold
only heat loss and
it seems therefore the more I lose
heat the hotter I become

that's the theory anyway
burdened to keep what looks
like disorder the passage
from one order to another

when thunder shakes loose
hail on the outhouse again
state underlying state
a deep hum turns wail into joy

faced with a major winter 'event'
cannot structure the complex
treatment of mode weather
inversely related to affect

serotonin today's black bile
but hey it's nice here
when the wind gets up
and the crows are thrown away

making rags of cloud all the more
vivid when there's nothing
underneath but the odd red
flash sublimating rage

20.

Fingerpost

How do the lost get lost?
as the crow flies their way is crimped
dead nada walking around visible

neuralgic to foreign intervention
circling back to where they began
in a gilded cage on a winter's day

once it was hard to see the signs
now they're everywhere
every crossroad and forking path

yet reading them is another matter
something there in the mulch and ash
and dead black stools of hemlock

might be explained with careful attention
to the geofence the ciphers
hedging consolidated power

all you need do is turn a blind eye
accept the bureau as a natural hazard
and not a name for corruption

and you remain in post
void of significance it is true
but tangibly there in the real world

you get to stay on the register
slurring from one crisis to the next
perform live at the cliché lounge

where at least the children are safe
until they're priced out of the market
and forget the old ones

as they will forget themselves
new challenges facing the sector
bludgeoned awake at 5 a.m.

at the end of the day your cares
remain squarely in the first world
nothing will hurt your encryption

and you will not resemble the lost
zeros courting disaster at every crux
who bring it all upon themselves

who will not follow the right path
like animals scared that being tracked
will make them feel like prey

21.

Missed Encounter

Always preferred Velma Dinkley to Daphne
though Daphne wore purple boots

Fred (middle name Herman)
looked a bit Aryan

& might turn at any moment
retconned as the son of Reinhard Heydrich

(middle names Tristan Eugen)
the Butcher of Prague

but that's what Daphne preferred
while Velma never really got together

with that refusenik slacker
with the high metabolism

who would have been one of the first to go
under the cover of night and fog

as the composer Bruno Heydrich
(father of Reinhard) wrote

the world is a crank-organ turned by God /
we all must dance to the tune on its drum

a tune that favours the passionate *Pimpfe*
at least until the blonde beasts turn against

themselves in a fit of insecure blood
sink down into the bitter well of their hearts

juju utterly expunged
like the call of the 'like' wild

metal fragments in the spleen
soft twisted matter

a green silence
we who see the image fade and act

out the comic book death
go with the grove imagining return

before the dew dries
so that what happens next can unhappen

or on our watch never happen again
...

23.

Diamond Dogs

If you look along the path of incident sunlight
as your shadow at morning falls on dry grass
you do not see the darkness cast by each blade
but a halo about the crown quite separate
from the spectral light after a long climb
when sunbeams above the clouds graze the body
to project its double standing in the mist
shadow rays converging to the head

which some have called unchancy or holy even
just as those touched by the green ray believe
themselves no longer prone to sentiment or deceit
believe they can see clearly into their own hearts
like residents of a crystal palace
all degrees of skewness present in the city at night
the surface roughness crucial to its scattering effect
hollows leading to diminished halos

while out here in the wastes I sublime from ice
won't catch my death in the fog beholding
what I know isn't really there
through a dazzle of prisms loving the burnt
out endlessly refracted object and like
the charcoal burners burn once to burn again