

I

In the flex of
money-momentum,
a soft tally reveals
sentences burgeoning.
How far the dilly
from this harry up?
Boisterously,
the hailed wind
envelops a crust
of sentiment;
a demonstrable
fug attuned to whim.
The dark truth is
soft, albeit
necessary. Slip
through to taint;
a bag, the brim of
moment in safety.
Cash buffers
the lifelong
as creative filth.

2

Careful ebb
 will devalue
the leaser.
 See. Fuel
gives less
 per fallow.
Reduce the
 mean moment.
Cheapen the
 romance with
talk of
 transaction. Base
lines hum
 and feel
through a
 coarse process
of moments.
 You shift
with tides;
 os-skill-ate on
worthless whim.
 Offsetting blemish
with curio-cream
 seems as
it will.
 The mind,
double-entry
 like casual
equals raison
 debt thorough
fair share.
 For stall.

3

In the stead and steady rhythm of footfall
repeat the vicarious motion towards sate.
Substitutes abound, foregrounded in the blithe
ease with which an unconscious dad traipses
heavy objects, with a mum stooping to carry direction.
Empathy deputises obliquely, swerving a
local adamant into generative principles.
The pressure comes from each sucker punch of sense
conspiring on the sibling line to make of
this moment a repeated wrench to sunder.
Choosing apostolic reactionism is confusing,
like trying a vexing wool jumper which
to naked flesh is an underwhelm of comfort.
Ministering to the old orders and defaults
as plain sites – vexatious mewls – treads
the vice of humming whole while good parts snooze.
Second-hand pleasures are to be found
in the ground of others’ metaphors.
Preferably blinkered in fashion sense
from the stools propped to better see,
the vibrant shadows and reminders
of ‘what-could-have-beens’ remind. What if
vigorous life fulfils through imaginative
engagement with others’ orders, exercising
a kind of vicarious jurisdiction over baser,
plainer English and instinct? Where necessity
was ever as it was and was wont to be.

4

An anecdote designed to captivate
Fell flatter than desktops or tin,
Registering not on the burnished
Faces of semi-youth on verge of play.
Whose complex, intelligently
Aligned to the formation of a
Tricky moment, could fail to react
With curious awkwardness to the
Semi-fact that Yeats was a “great
Masturbator”? Or that the Sussex
Downs was underwhelmed by his
And Pound’s prophetic warbling
A few years before
The catastrophe of war?
Striving to enliven the event
Of literature or, more properly,
Poetry, by anecdote saddens
In quantities proportionate to murmured
Giggles; fleet-distract from the hard-wire.
Does an argument for integral value
Lurk behind a reticence t’wards bio?
Or does a formal obsession lessen
The implication of contextual perk?
In the patient of the retro,
The suppuration of these faces of the now;
Settles on the wet back row.

5

'Criminals taste food / Of tired hospital staff
Hungry to put pressure / On guidelines lost to open.
Died at a dog's throat, the / Vatican teaches marriage,
Perceptions and re-/Communion in 17 power
points of short time. / Currency worth pence as
Intractable disputes distract / And find help for keep workers.
Jittery profiteers engineer / The shy dozens discussed
In several disengagements. / So-called comic hack jurors
Making edition changing / An old Bailey sleight phoned
Through forcefully and / Erroneously, filtered by
The bye-bye. Conspire / With deputies angelically
Distanced across Dubai-time / Expect the un-accepted
As dowels go down as / Transient recording tapped
across Surrey as if the pain / Of school friends teary
on the dreary gate / Matters as an arrangement
Of piety. The distress call / Detects the fierce police matter
Whose gaze turns to poverty / On the impoverished Mars.'

6

Ire
Spirals
Out
Spires
Out
With
Fire
And
Tension
Tires
Out
Modes
Of
Attent-
Ion
Spans
Pan
Out
And
Probe
Rites
The
Spiral
Which
Wrests
Out
To
Control
Out
Of
Mode
To
Correct
Spired

Spirals
Invoke
All
Spoke
Here
Make
Be-
spoke
For
Here
To
Spiral
Out
As
Aspire
Spire
As
Inspire

7

Is the right
Flank incom-
Patible
With com-
Passion?
Where's com-
Munity when
The com-
Passion is con-
Tingent on
Whim not im-
Perative?

8

Assuming notes will pre-empt
even the finest of fine detail
of a précis set to furrow,
these ears are cauliflower-closed
in anticipation of this febrile flowering.
It's no wonder, he thinks, that
the vacuum flack of politicese
circles around itself like a carnivorously
confused bear on a tail hunt.
There's constant awareness of
the tricky trajectory t'wards tutelage
and a studious un-awareness
of detail set to perk. Here is the
perfect synthetic dialectic protector.

It's hardly closing in on novelty to finger
form as *modus operandi* of such an exchange,
given the vertiginous stakes and lurid
implications of such dextrous lexi-fetish.
Facility, here, becomes a flashy answer
of the ever poised to influence;
the unaware understanding of what
awareness smells like *sub judice*
and the jaundiced fabrique of the enlightened
nestle behind the sibling serenity as succour.
But. What about the crypto-critique
masquerading, here, as manic anticipation
and sensing through the arse harkly?
[*boink*]

Startled to activity
by the shattering sense
of shattered sense,
the play continues,
cautiously.

9

V

O

L

T

E C A F

Approach the delicate concept with reliable caution,
Particularly when the vulnerable are at stake,
Or those to whom truth is something tangible
Like a flop-into leather chair one imagines.

10

With limbs akimbo he describes
a wordless concept on the verge
of comprehension. A word-search
frown forces a demure request
for translation. She plumbs for
“encompass”, stretching into resonant
control, precision and seeming
closure. “Both enveloping and
asserting order through implied
conquering via the compass,” she offers.
Politely put, his squint betrays
imprecision, his face searches
expressions refining versions
of this sequence. “Capturing”
is wanly offered as curiously
satisfying. A resonant encompass

failing to translate.

II

Simple sample from
a culture-chat radio
shows a mode to mind
on the road in limbo
'tween home and show,
keen hones of mo-
ments a new
sense bubble safe
and grown in gno-
sis. Simple sample
grows slowly a mode
out of mode or vogue
a pre-market mode
crude in the rom-
ance of it, but know-
ing the pretence of
it. But, but willing it
this mode and simple
sample to stretch and
fulfil as virtue without
transfer into slick
sample and simple
pomp for what is
ever not or what
will be. Craving such
simple sample as an
example of glimpsing
a mode off-road and
unbowed by the goad
to make all this
code for sample
and not an ode.

12

Part taking creates its serious
Registration of views whose
Opinions remain spoiled
In a spatter of dissatisfaction.
How to register the mandatory
denigration of legion candidates?
Here, critical air is a wretched
Counterpoint, a spirit of turn-
Out as spectral illusion of choice.
The investigation languishes
In numb defaults like, erm,
Sitting in front of the TV.
When did our collective imaginary
Become so numbed and certain?
Columns negotiate statistics
Whose figural power creates
Equi-vocations for expressive
And impressive Articulators.
Insert “genuine” and grin.
Perturbed with real protest,
Check the ballots and turnout
Turncoats from 1997. Precipitate
Legitimates in sheep’s clothes.
Caress the wool, its knots
Tender the wide birth of choice.

And while ponder is spent here,
Philippine water runs out or squalid,
As humans nose-cover as other
Humans rot and I glut on
Images, a reassuring lump
In my throat. Hack that.
(John Tavener is dead).

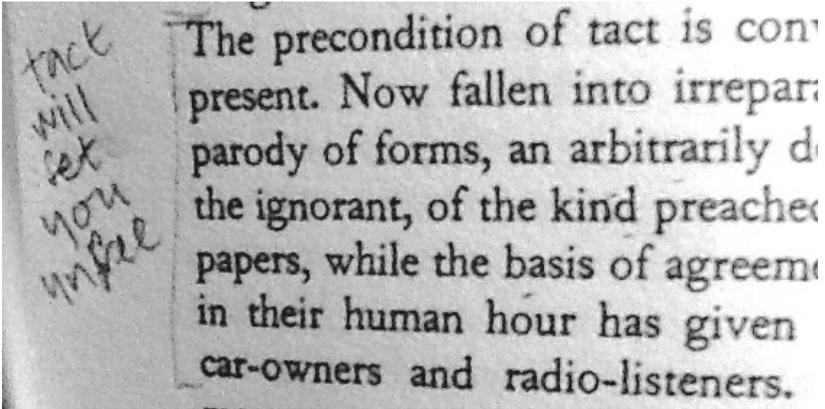
13

A Hatchet to hired and mired sense
hacks through the commonweal of Felt
with the blithe habit and attitude
of a hawk with some purpose.
Surveying his debating habitat,
Hatchet hoists a value-tipped halberd,
grin gleaming through helmet-blunting beard,
and swathes through
the vagaries of custom,
the charming calm of time,
the peaceful flush of perspective,
while all the while uttering,
“perception is reality”
as a new comprehension.

The newspapers hack a summary of
“the dry cough of sense” or somesuch,
which precipitates a large shift
of common opine from the
 worthy deservéd
to the
 dirty deservéd.

Holding Hatchet’s hand,
Halcyon ponders the humour
of the hair’s breadth distinction
‘tween the two as he hurriedly
hoists his haunches to a hapless
horse called Common Sense.

14



15

to liberate / we'll need
to urge / edge and
un-burden / sound minds
moulded in / in debt
forms in- / sulated in
sated states / with moans
and tones / which break-
borrow a / twin sense
of out / and in
free up / non-sense
as lucid / face-back
calling a / pot a
writ with / which to
hold up / up t'itself
richer mean / ingto t
wist an / d foll
ow fal / la way
f rom / dis-eas
tablish / men
t on / pur po
sein princip / le b
ut u / n ab
le t / o
break out / with ease

16

“Step into my Speech Act. You’ll notice the crowd threatening to assert itself about the buffet; just ignore their finer points and hasten to my voice. Wonder at the carpet weave; the thrusting curtains reassure. Insulators or framers, both, to the finer points. See sense absorbed into the default of a cupcake and munched back as: *Ok, let me just take what you say*. Hear the voice promise puckishly, the vocal organ pumping spume, enough to loom illusion and duty *and I’ll see what I can do*. The fug and spectacle of truth claims faux a tapestry, like wallpaper and somewhat affirmative, wouldn’t you say? Well? As men express their thoughts by speech, so you must meekly mewl. Look how unsavoury is this to-and-fro buffet, the sweets a boon to stay. *Witness*: the grammar of this conversation is nauseating, like wrestling statements from the semblance, writ far out of this drill. They are seated around the table now, the words of careful marshal. Their faces are attuned to grimace; their glasses are raised to the god of Speech Acts.”

17. The Quiet Poor

so much depends
upon

the choice of
emphasis

in the statement:
“things

are not entirely
unendurable.”

18

The soft glow of thought,
Of TV sup and savour;
And the word itself,
“Snuggle”, has motive.
Until awareness perks
Cultural-conscience with
The guilt-pang of want.

Why such solace in
Such solace when
The world’s glories peek
From leather-bound
And staple-binds
And all the itchy other
To the comfort-defaults?

Until, that is, the lure
And the therapeutic
Smile of the while away
Bubbles a moment with
The fleet-vim so shifting
And brim-satisfying and
Yet, once again, gone.

19

The hallucination of the starred lights
Crafts a black sweep before the curve,
Tempting silence to convince such time
To collapse in and around itself as terror.

The film-tracks in the silhouette heads
Convince the whites in the gloomy cars
Of their mythical or, at least, otherly roles
As extended power in a mastered corner.

Life is trot and release of a big trance,
Synthetically ordained. This faux and fancy-
Stretching alienation of unique time is
The same box-time which induces rage.

The swarthy swath of a road shifting,
Sweeping, shuffling, shining along,
With the double-grip on edge for lapse,
Is some sort of horror, somnambulant served.