

veil design

a complete rip off of gareth pugh.
but instead of his harsh restrictive
palette, i'm jushing it up a bit by
making the three colors purple,
orange and speckly mint choc chip.

it's for unisex use. the veil sits
a foot above the scalp, just tumbling
down, scurrying briskly past the face
as if it's best not to stare.

it's designed like an issey miyake thing
too: to be worn as a skirt or a shawl or
whatever. but you get top marks if you
wear it as a veil.

cochineal

reeling from a low key
but nevertheless
confected wedding,

careering like an
unmanned
go cart with a brick

in the vicinity
of a south of france estate

the man who pulls the chair
out, the one i didn't sit on,

he's trying to interest us
in his chef's own sauce,
just don't ask what's in it,
date jokes

a cue to play with my pearls

caramel

thirteen frappuccinos later,
fifty four miniature millionaires,
and counting

(there are four of us)

four, not including the
two in the boot

thirteen, not including the
four in dundee,

“trouble is what you got sunshine,
‘cause i promised you, next time i
was gonnae fix you good and proper”

a cue to play with my pearls

mordant

that's that bit done

the dashboard's stuffed
with papers

we're wearing shades, garlands,
like confused parishioners visiting
elderly relatives in the night,

frightened of

afear'd of

anyway, i love symonds,
who could fail to

a man who pioneered the non-use
of mechanical restraints

and finer than frog hair split
four ways

foil

sooner or later it was going to
happen, i was going to get out
my boarding school karate and
chop these punks to pieces

diana tartan kilt hitching
in my wake, their wake

“come out here you little
caledonian cock roach, i’ll,

i’ll tear your armour off”

“hey there, what do you think
you’re doing?”

“i’m enjoying myself!!”

wet lettuce

that's a cute polaroid, is that you?
debuting the yellow t-shorts
in 1996?

probably doesn't feel that much
like you anymore, nor like an
isolable moment at all

ski-shoeing with badminton
rackets

jumping in the water holding
iceberg

a mole between the shoulder
blades

venturing home in a volvo
named bus

some people take frisbee too
serious

i'll take care of it. it's better if
i talk to him. don't worry about it.

dung

did you get invited to the lawn party?

the chemistry. oh my god. i just can't.

the creepy guy claiming he could
build a great computer for £463

the sam palladio of his generation,
switching from cornish to nashville,
tanned blood orange, in a top shop shirt

before top shop was even invented!

pretending not to notice the eyebrow
ding above my passenger side wheel arch

i always thought you weren't advised
to buy from someone who was desperate
for your business but that went out the
window because

the look on their faces, a talent
to be nurtured, a talent, the newspapers
said, rarer than rocking horse manure

msg

toy bin van on parquet
with realistic sound effects

maneuvering around a
jcb

a cement mixer

a dwarfing tonka

a whole town

one of those rolled up
towns that's actually
a rug

madder

stick with me
two granite thrones
an enormous velvet collar
and a cravat
then something much more sober
a buttoned up white round neck suit
ok ok with gilt lining

and a ruby belt

a swiss long sword in the ground
between the two and both
with their hands on the grip
between the pommel and
the guard

which has wings like an eagle

they're just sitting there
as though stunned

or frozen or made of stone

it's like they look through you
in spite of your defensive

“buon giorno” and bashful
bow

pent up, i call it,

yes, they're smartly dressed
but woefully
unprepared for battle, in spite
of appearances

which is natural, since battle
isn't expected, unless it is?

souer monique

we won the stove,
so we're on the stove,
unlit thank hey,
listening to the harpsichord

skirting over a couple of
bum notes

you're watching

matthew ferguson, one or all
of the mattstache guys from
youtube on the other screen

splitting himself into four or six

on the other laptop

on the other lap

blason

eyes exactly like eyes
teeth just like teeth
hair the epitome of hair
legs altogether like legs

a voice that sounds like a voice
ears dead ringers for ears
hands bang on hands
and feet that look like, well, feet

a neck on the money a neck
with a beard replicating a beard

a wrist undeniably a wrist
and a fist's unquestionably fist-like

i don't doubt these knees are knees
nor that this elbow's an elbow

a nose precisely a nose
arms couldn't be more like arms

anatomically, these toes are just toes
and your clothes look familiar like clothes
your shoes, i reckon, they're shoes

there's only one thing i'm suspicious of
and that's your breath, which feels pretty
much unlike any other breath i've
ever felt before_