

By Oxford Road station they sat down and wept

Make out with your poems. Are commonly reported side-effects of loving human relationships. Jonty Tiplady knows. Offering praise effusive. So much so teary bus journeys follow imagining late afternoon chats in basement bars. The Digbeth poem is virtually unknown. Spend whole days on the couch not staring into space rather staring into the most inner recesses of your soul. Find nothing EVER. But radio playlists, discarded. The DJs choose their own records on radio 6. Janice Long's knees cause Janice Long pain. Remember that criticism re the overuse of real places names in your poems? Hate them for it – all attempts to create and market their own 'personal brand'. No I didn't know I Know What Boys Like wasn't first sung by Shampoo. An unread Frank O'Hara; his Selected sitting unread bar Having a Coke With You on the table. The hardest month being that wherein everything must be renounced. Find how hard the meds hit. Not wanting to eat wanting to sleep but not being able

The smell of your hair is not porn

The pint of Timothy Taylor: Landlord is not porn

The first poet being mediocre is not porn

The stripped wallpaper (woodchip) in bin bags in the hall is not porn

Your face out of focus so close to mine is not porn

Oxford road station: indefinable and made-up. An obvious red-herring. The guess had it either pinched from Jonathan Meades or else sold down the river – some demented piss-head. Which, along with all the onesies of March, was on the short short list; decreed off-limits. I know what my dad would say about demotivation better than anyone else knows I reckon. Imagining the sex lives of strangers: all texting manufactured towards the apology – forgiveness moment. That ersatz closeness. You poor damaged boy. Four things at once with absolutely no offence taken at the meds comment. Restrooms and drunk girls drunk in restrooms at half one in the morning. Home. The Sertraline online discussion forum flashing welcomingly. How vampiric Facebook is – draining the very life-blood from my Pink Floyd viewing habits. Alec Newman. Eating what the locals eat (though without the slang). The nastiest filthiest thing you can picture in your mind being a £20 note. Yes. I like it in me. Ooh yes I like it in me. Ooh ooh yes

[William Gaddis: dialogue]

This street I am walking down now and have walked down a million times before is not porn

Feelz are not porn

Looking like Peppermint Patty – 35 years in the future – is not porn

Your knees pressed against my knees is not porn

Travel Scrabble on the train to Preston is not porn

Dead mothers. Wondering ‘comfort or something else this?’ In my life there have been some big things but this is the biggest (probably). In Dusseldorf Irish theme pubs host week long festivals of Barrettiana. Over-subscribed. Tiplady floats in space. Gaze held across the table across the bowl of sausage and mash hands touch. Realising how much only finally. All father father father. Harvest pulp sci-fi novels for vocabulary. Whiff of suburban angst diluted. What is poetry? A list of discrete unrelated things and incidences or something else? Don’t write what you know when you know fuck all she says. Two people sharing an experience as a solid basis for change. I believe in that. And listening to the radio in the past. Drinks and dinner with Frank O’Hara. I will go to Birmingham again this September I expect, yes. Do you still live there Christine? I am so sorry if I hurt you. *We hurt each other*. Giving way, knees; views of Piccadilly; dreaming of – of Indonesian cuisine and stomach cramps (unrelated). Not eating properly. Slumped at work, yes; please accept these empty apologies. The sky is not eating me. Under the sky. The colours. I cry

What kind of ringtone is that?

Text preoccupation. Very supportive we are. Experiencing muscle wastage maybe – random leg quivers felt as phone going off. Which is on the table. Take regular breaks from your work station. Never out of my eye-line or my pockets my wrists rubbed red raw. Shimmy Shimmy Ya. The problem no longer a problem since account deactivation. I won't post ODB to Facebook though would like to as no one would be expecting me to. The front bit ending up somehow at the back with the speaker resembling Yoda. Compulsively checking my phone on the table. Get up from the desk; tour the office; charge for blow-jobs in the third floor toilet. No one will be pushed away. The girls in bikinis dance – sticking out their asses. The problem of arousal for the left leaning liberal. Erection politics. Proving, by so doing, the only interest was the sex. “We will all die and the world will continue just as it did before and during our time on it (!)”. Such conversations going on, the sky observed, without my contribution. Immensely cheered by there being nothing new under the sun. Teaching, that that curveball, straight out of left-field is just, um, part of his make-up. “Expect the unexpected with Barrett” no one but Barrett said. Get a text. Send a text. No alcohol. No sex. Visions of strangers fucking in houses as strange as their strange inhabitants. Phone seen before as compass point. Picking out a circle on top of the table. I will answer it. Like Preston and Travel Scrabble there (Preston). See the Trout – tickle it.

In which the idea of cause and effect is challenged

The position of the number 37 is sometimes relative

Top 5 Patrick Swayze films

What to buy him / her for that 'special day'

"On 'list poems' and laziness"

Signs that someone might be clinically depressed rather than 'feeling blue'

The answer is always *Three Men and a Little Lady*

Proof that anyone can write a list

16 ways to guarantee that first date goes with a bang

What not to say when encountering people crying at bus-stops

Patrick Swayze's varying chest measurements (1982-1987)

"Doctor, doctor can I have some anti-depressants? Yes"

3 curtains I have wiped my penis off on

Top 100 daydreams about unobtainable lovers

Top 5 poems mentioning Patrick Swayze to no purpose

6 unimpressed poetry lover's children who could have written this in half the time it took me

50mg of Sertraline

On knowing your place

I'm not interested how many studio albums The Fall have released

"Hi it's Julie; the booty lady's here". Until you are bored

07929 412669

All the texts I have ever sent anyone. Each saying essentially the same thing

the sky everywhere i eat god like your face a promise
cashed in on wordless a promise promised by touch heart flaring up
 in joy all summer on our backs dizzy looking up and
getting up, dizzier still cycling back 6 weeks off school under sky
feeling nothing but feeling joy in that nothing explosions of nothing like
your face, everywhere explosions are kisses facebook
sucking young blood sharing the minutiae of life with strangers
wondering at the source of that impulse an onymity die
 poetry under clouds and sky and sky and sky and a
 bloodstream infected with sky happy infection woodchip
gathering in pieces at your feet walls baring fresh air
and sky and crying

German Girl Pleasing Lucky Guy

porn glasses. remember that ass-hole gape remember
 the world's a computer it's noon; the world's a turgid
 cock *draw the curtains please* *pretend*
i'm not here where cambridge is sucking stones like
 beckett did cream-pie face heart glasses seen through
 a stone being a water-feature the judith e. wilson theatre
 strawberry fayre *you first time vodka jelly drinker* my googlewanking heart
 said repeatedly 'porn' introduced, then we sucked
 stones that day (did we?) *anti-telescoping* *emotion hardening*
 hard like / and fast like a cock like a heart (*remember?*)
 a stone online 'why are your glasses porn?' r _____ asked
 that mother i'd like to fuck, that front room curtains and blinds is
 another world's *asshole* i crawled into that
 asshole in manchester atrophied, you are
 far away but directly addressed still emotion is still
 far away 'you wear your porn glasses why?' r _____ asked