

THE WHITE LIGHTS

(2005-2010)

Linear

Line Torn
chord of curve
tiers-aspect sky-
line down Torn
Line coffee shop

Line Torn Line
Torn Line Torn
curve of chord
as milk scatters
into hot black

Forgotten

who remembers
lonely T.V. aerial
swaying gently
standing sentinel on
concrete veranda

murky angelic clouds gather
filter over sky
 dissolve
kingfishing away
sprinkles of light

& as the bolts charge

who thinks of the TV aerial
 swaying
 receiving
 surviving
 alone

The Muse Was Out

grass on skin
those good ol' days

reservoir waves
ain't no blockade

freedom of flight
top of a tree swing

It's Obvious

let's take pictures
of ourselves
in town squares
ignorantly skydiving
into
 pavements
post them on facebook
& forget we ever
loved
 one another

Circles

people in rooms
talking
about other people
in other rooms

shadows link
pressed
into lines
across ceilings

Light

i

falling
into
fractal lily-pads

serene
gravity
addict

ii

bag of chips
two pairs
of hands

under
hollow town
concrete bus-stop

iii

Bradford Interchange
coats office skin
white breath
 vertical
 into
 blah-blah
 black light

a drought
slung out

iv

synthetic
 tube
strange as Omega
hits
polished
butchers knife

v

soft-fruit-skin

bitter-sea-breeze

black sand
stumbling
ultra-violet
matrimony

vi

rain shines
sun pours

rainbow splits
across something
endless

where we are witness
an unholy wedding
harmony & chaos
& the stars
waiting in the wings

vii

when the world is
dew-sapped out peaceful

over
mazy creation
of Bristol's
diagonal streets

a low hum
an unopened letter

viii

freedom
disconnects
from floating harbour
towards
the Atlantic

ix

floating
through code

against
tide of green
down
computer black

everyone
walking on water

reflexes
wine stains

x

double-dropped
jumped & crashed
stretching off
into a trance

Love

through crowds
through anecdotes
through city centre
that becomes
no-clock place

xi

bird
soft redness
reaching
to flow

tunnels
to carve air

dots & dashes

gapped smiles
cool gas eyes
embers

time is constant
life is finite

so let us go
you & I

until we are ash
thrown into the sky

so light catches us
in a falling moment

& we can forget
all these pointless
& careless things

Which Is A Way In Which Many People Die

summer heat
let the shadows become sound
& above him
the sky was irrelevant
as he lay in Kings Square
slowly letting the 89p can of Ace
dissolve him into the city

I'd Love To, But At The Moment I Just Can't Sleep

light splits
to the atom
of diffraction

sulphur
 pours
through
double glazed window

cerebral prayerman
hanging from
 a beam

In My Next Life

I wanna be

a scrapyard dog

guarding

all that scrap

barking Cerebus

at any movement

having shadows

scared of me

sucking

all the marrow

out of them bones

When He Woke Up Someone Had Stolen All The Town
Centres Together To Look Exactly The Same

high street draped
in long black ribbon
of Japanese electronica

& her innocent scars
becomes an atlas
of earth's remotest islands

Happy Go! Lucky Lonesome Polygon Disco Club

Currently Accepting New Members

(POETS NEED NOT APPLY)

Pointed Quarry Stone Arms

a cigarette burns

a cigarette burns

a cigarette burns

stood on its end

down to the tab

a cigarette burns

floorboards bisect

mayhem around

of a cigarette

burning

down to the tab

stood on its

end

Sales Forecasts Bottled Beer & The Love Of A New Tie

drunken karaoke mistress

sing

make me forget

my coffee-shop

sins

The Harbour You Are Looking For Cannot Be Found

early morning
fishing trawler

overnight
air freight

city sushi
saki night

conveyor belt
eyes snap

landscape
on you

Kidnapped On Bank Holidays

voluminous white
department stores

tea stains
crumpled up
tablecloths

dry lipstick
distant memories

& even stolen
cigarettes seem
stale

Pump No2

like a superhero your outline is seamless
with blurred scallatrix world

plastic flowers

briquettes

The Sun

microwaveable pasty

latex gloves

smell of petrol

forecourt lights bright as a million first kisses

Rented

everything seems unwashed

& the little plastic bottle tilts
I watch them fall

tolerance dictates
to double the amount

in pairs I mate them
& some-days

it feels as if
I shouldn't stop counting

Soldier

that moment
when a soldier
softly stepping
forest undergrowth
stalking life
hears birdsong
and forgets himself
and forgets time
and forgets his rifle

The Gap Between Tracks Is The Loneliest Part Of Being Alone

handwritten letters
from Luxembourg
untranslated
dry cold linoleum hands
hold a pen

staring into
barrel of myself
I will not go
I will not go
there

Sparks Off

unopened letters
from Japan

Neo Zen philosophy
jotted
kosher menu

twilight
detracts
infinity
from
modernity

As You Turned Your Back To Hide The Tears
I Read Ruskin Out-Loud Under Bedsheets

light cannot
be light
without
shadows

beauty cannot
be beauty
without
imperfection

I kept saying this to you
but you couldn't hear me anymore

Sorry, Did You Just Say Hipster?

ashtray ash down
designer t-shirt

vogue switchblade
through woolly mind

these revolutionary
brush strokes

on a self portrait
nobody will see

I Like Your Alphabet Better

choir stilled skin
stroking upwards
little boy focus
 now dissolved

time melts
telegraph poles fall
a splintered calligraphy
across the valley

Too Many Pills I Lost Count, Sweaty Dance Floor & The Taste Of Your Lip Gloss In My Mouth

I got lost in the crowd
so did she
became another stray blonde
with slanted ecstasy

& the reigning sound
with all its energy
blurred reality
became a beating
of a neon tambourine

It Was Very Scientific

flat Coca-Cola sky
in front of the red light
used for ambience
on special occasions

the stuff in my blood
is the green dot
on an oscilloscope

mimicking movement of
the bouncing sine wave
desire of dark matter

Young Sacrifice

under masks
polythene routines regiment
from her own innocence
a naivety
to the loop
 she was entering;

silver glare from television
sludge from caught view of city
 painted

terraced houses prettily fade
to sit in silence & half darkness

Breakfast

we took what we needed
just to take the edge off

only dead trees break
in the wind
in the cracks
light spoils

everything that was CMYK
into everything that is now

bleach

I Used To Be Manic-Depressive Until I Started Taking
Ketamine. Now, I've Lost The Manic.

when awake
thoughts hit

half watery
sober

who doesn't want to live
life like an old VHS tape

twitching
on the pause button

To Dance In The Morning

thousand points of light
clean skin
like bottom feeders
eating parasites
off
long grey shark belly
in pressurised
black
ocean
nothing

The Bends Of Our Decadence

stolen hotel rooms
disowned ennui
sang modernity

patients
lost
in oxygen
decompression
chambers

Have Your N.I. Numbers At The Ready

worst minds
glutinous spoilt hysterical

tinfoil bubbles
veins disappear

blood congeals into oil
bones go stone

& pupils bend
into milk

On Birthdays We Send Chinese Lanterns Into Space

time is stuck
painted over windows

zombie satellites
swing hopelessly
from visions of bent pipes
& angel voices

but Jesus how
do you have such beautiful eyes?

a sacrifice
a surrender

So They Can Dream About When They Were Stars

to live a dream
separate
zero
reset
sent
back
to the atoms
torn
from
symmetry

To H.F

o happy lightbulb
I know how it feels
trapped in that light

o happy lightbulb
in your cracked light
I can be a poet too

o happy lightbulb
everything got darker
the night you went out

Born

apparently

I didn't cry
when I was born, but
just sat
 & looked
around
 trying to take it all in

the doctors
my mother
the white lights

then very briefly
I almost smiled

& I Slept As If I Was In A Swiss Cottage

sentinel sulphur sandman

your morning comes
redundantly

a cough becomes
a chorus
of the River Aire

tender retina clicks
open
to the
engine blueprint North

Child's Drawing On A Fridge

milk-bones
splattered with gold foil

upside
down

you magnet!

snap me

to that cold white door

Flight

I want poems to fly
so I can fly

fly
fly
fly

in the opposite way
until the time
when two paths meet

strangers in 1st class
on a British Airways flight

somewhere
over the Atlantic Ocean

Foot Of Cabot Tower

from the highest point
stagnant waterfall
tries to run
out
over

Bristol

to wash
all the buildings clean

a ship
of merchants
heading
to a new world

For Her

somewhere
soulmate sits on suburb windowsill
under gargoyle contagious star systems

praying

the black marker prophecy

scrawled

on back of shithouse door

will fulfil

the complete silence

of her smile

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

sleet caught
in eyelash gap

is a protogalaxy
that one day
I will purchase
the rights for

& name after you

For No-one

1

neon crucifixes bring
halogen lit dust
across palm of Britain

floating struggle
millstack black
pale brick cul-de-sac

113

microfibres
in hard arteries
furious adulthood
covers eyes

lost in electronics
trying everything
as one tries
every channel
on a rainy afternoon

Binge Reading Literary Theory

prestigious metaphors
dusty litter
turned
empty ketchup bottle
balanced
worked back
into metaphor
effortlessly
 like a poem

Ode to the world

i

Cafe, alone.

Nighthawk illusion
you wore something new
a latest haircut
I stopped
coffee burnt
the roof of my mouth

bell on the door rang
on the way out

ii

New York won't ever leave you

roads echo arteries
sheer stainless brick

bioluminescence
 hones
around front living rooms
of TV fathers
 & overflowing ashtrays

iii

when I go driving at night, you're there with me.

light
 sentinel
on stockings
 juxtaposed
awkward brunette
 propped up on dashboard
actually smiling
with no loss of innocence

iv

I saw something beautiful last night, empty, hollow, whistled
through the air

skewed off-license
music hanging dry
behind summer rain storm

he moved
the pollen in the air
shifted

thatched cobble lane
dusks itself

once more
as always before

v

& they still wear poppies in lapels around November

decadent neon leaks
through stained glass

to dance
over empty pews

& rub itself up
against the hush

of long gone
congregations

vi

Prague train station kiosk, 18th October 1988

soiled tobacconist sign
flicks dead-fly-dirt light
 across his nose

stray glance of fear

that if I ask

he'll get on that train
& never come back

vii

child's glove perched on pavement

subtle cigarette
 cherub lips

cheap sparkling wine
discarded orange peels

& then

a sliver of yellow ribbon
 covers

virgin vision
 of your broken dress

viii

"true beauty burns brightly but leaves the deepest scars"

1

melancholy whispers of
rust sparking
on well worn swing sets

bliss of toxic fumes
Chinese plastic toys
melt in the sun

2

certain rhetoric of
the night
waiting in expectation

as your hand lets go
when the key
unlocks the door

3

arrested bondage of
the rush
a million flowers

I sold for you
outside non-descript temples
cast against red sky

Men Meshed Under Train Station Big Clock

white dust black dust
light slings itself out
like an insistent salesman

here only wives could tell
the difference cut
of inside leg briefcase model

tracks of recent bloodshot eyes brand
of after shave on a full days B.O.
what once made them write awful love poems

when love becomes insider trading

Everyone Has An Apocalypse

I dropped a bomb on the world today
& watched it all disappear
into a small box
at the end of Brighton Pier
 & in the end of everything
 all that is left
 tarmac
 & clouds

At Slip

ball
stung stop
into fingers

last beat
of lamb's heart
before
hitting the grass

Suicide In Laodicea

the first step
in saving a life
is to save ourselves

& then he cried out
"I am your brother
and I love you"

