

# **The Book Of Loops**



## Lickle Eden

earth, my darling  
you had me at my first springtime  
cross-legged on the lawn  
as your sapling light was drawn  
up in a breath by the Worth Valley

before a group of Red Admirals rose  
like Spitfire pilots scrambling  
on a sugar rush

to dive dive dive  
just to try to live for another day  
before the rain says shush

and I wait in this gift of atmosphere  
to form a chrysalis of light & air  
from which I will emerge, your eager citizen.

## Let's Get Some Air

a steady, thrumming decision  
made on stiff-backed mornings  
of lavender and burnt toast

when the leylandii lapses in the sun  
like habited monks bowing  
past an icon of Mary Magdalene

we totter coldtooth upwards  
until a dirty city in the distance  
fills our eyes like widescreen television

cuddled by valleys, red-faced  
in its own shadow, as the sun floods  
through submissive clouds

and we become overwhelmed  
with a capacity for gentleness

## Focus

visualise a city as if  
it is your central nervous system  
and you want to laugh

to converge upon a city  
to record within ourselves endless colour  
like a geological survey map

your freedom will shine out in wet pixels  
like an electric daisy chain  
linked by a silver stem

neither heaven nor imagination  
but a painted shadow  
held in a purchaseless grip

until that city reaches its focus  
& does not become yours, but you

## Dawn Of Creation

when we gave birth to God  
we created death,  
gluing ourselves to an All Unknowable

wherein the universes' first atoms  
our life was created, and the truth  
that we are all part of a Wondrous Whole

but we have threaded this great division  
into the soft tissue that makes us  
like wire in toughened security glass

consumed in ourselves, watching lapses  
of the devout in between vast infinite of harmony  
and the finite objects of this deep walking sleep

how the little black dress of Spring  
stains the mist of an evening sky a hot pink

## Nitrous Oxide

eyes like the reception desk  
of a multinational pharmaceutical HQ  
a foyer of molecules slip

between rubber & finger thumb pinch  
equations of flow dynamics  
dare not describe this wanderlust

a rubbing of boundaries – time  
like squashed lemons wet spoons  
music unwrinkling joy

rising as if for the first time  
within you – for you - longing to feel  
a vacuum seal of lungs' absolute

being in a breath  
everything moves  
a transmigration of a separate self

## Queen Bee

Hey! Wait up, goosebumps  
the sky is half stunt-show, half betrayed ecosystem  
in this energy efficient light  
you could be a new type of lens  
through which see to the world, panting,  
in an ever more foolish vision

Forza Anarchist Beekeepers!  
Oh no, sorry, I forgot you hate to think  
about bees; idiot philosopher. Old God.

you say the funeral of the last Bee  
will be spectacular, tucked away  
at the subatomic level of a continent

you say, you will dress in red  
and fight back laughter  
as you stub out fags in jars of honey



Yes!

at any given point in time, there is always space  
in a person's head, for a translucent immediacy  
of a tender peaceful joy

let us not break the seal of silence  
that protects the lucid spacious awareness  
of this obvious yet elusive reality

our proud atoms; living now in their own true  
natural direction – yes, anecdotes like hymns,  
yes, the kind reasoning of an October morning

yes, to undulating fields of advanced mathematics,  
yes, to spooning in front of Netflix, calves cross,  
hair falling over sight like mackerel clouds, always

tripping up on unheard dialogue, an earlobe, and yes  
a translucent immediacy of a tender peaceful joy.

The days become us

the days are set out on the table  
teapots and toast racks, gin and juice  
stock full of meek attributes

they are coming to in limited sunshine  
halfeyesleetgazed; the morning light  
negotiating with the hoarfrost

where they begin to filter into fragments  
before an assumed meaning  
welds them back into a reality

like waves folding endlessly  
until the Fibonacci math of nature  
eventually replicates them into a galaxy

a reminder of the days gone  
the days spent  
the debt of days we owe

## Soil

it is time to grow the things  
that should exist to us in Natural Law  
as pain, like peace is transient,

like view of plantpot-red hair,  
sleeves rolled, peeling vegetables  
over a Telegraph & Argus, soft furrow

as living is just getting the air to dance  
to make it seem as if we are flying  
until a sigh releases us from an orbit of mortal gravity

as we are each somebody, a person  
with dreams of falling endlessly  
until impact wakes us with a blink

we will suffer exposure from our own dreams;  
just don't stop dreaming when you wake up

## Light, Revisited

The train races the fireflies  
past the edge of Headingley

The fireflies chase the Chinese lantern  
let off from a birthday party

The Chinese lantern mimics the constellations  
bunched up like Christmas lights in a box

The constellations tiptoe past emptiness,  
not wanting to upset the Standard Model

The emptiness stands watching over  
a noiseless growth of light begin with no end

Then, a bending ditch that loops  
time countersinking its impression like a kiss

in this origin and end of all light  
we appear suddenly, colourful, waiting

## Interior

any moment in life could be directed  
like a Chanel advert... if you want it enough,  
but how much do you want perfection?

if not, could you settle for a life from John Lewis  
and go unsuspected in Waitrose, to be able to say  
I love you in seven different kitchen appliances

or could you settle for a normality of pine  
lit by a standard lamp, Magnarpilken, £18, bought  
on a listless Sunday when IKEA seemed the better church

or could you choose that place in ourselves  
where a desire forms for all things to disappear  
watch how the smallest of coffee granules, one day  
might make the fibres of a feather of a bird that sings

## Shoelaces

I was ten when Dad taught me  
how to tie my shoelaces for myself

sat under name-tagged pegs,  
I saw the lace swoop around my thumb  
as if I was throwing a lasso over a wild horse

then the rabbit ducked its head,  
darted under the tree root to the burrow  
and back through in a constant stream,

tight now down the patent leather tongue,  
I watched it dance  
as I kicked my foot out to be sure.

all coming together to this point, to never part  
knowledge passed down to create a feedback of infinity  
that if you were to trace it back far enough  
you would always end up  
back at the place you started from

## Loops

most people really want to kill themselves  
but are scared for what the neighbours might say  
bunked up in fractal honeycomb streets  
that wind then bind its inhabitants in glue.

thousands of Venetian blinds flit shut  
in new luxury flats stood in hot lilac black  
as a generation of limbs sink into sofas  
like pistons coming to rest  
in a most disappointed machine.

I guess it is easy to think of a loop as being circular  
even though we are blinded  
by its own inherent vastness  
rendering our view lineal and stationary,  
so we live our entire lives not knowing  
how it moves, how it feeds itself from itself.

## Lambs

those mornings when you think they are there  
sleeping next to you  
in crumbs & creases, two lambs

it seems so real it's as if a video of you both  
is been projected over the empty bed  
but it's a Monday morning  
and the rain outside is drumming a slow clap

just two more minutes, please – you see,  
our imagination is the best time machine  
known to humanity

lock the jawbones upright  
fix the eyelids back Ludovicolike  
so I can keep still long enough to take it all in

let these images flow right through us  
not as photons do, but as a needle does

let the heavenly polygons that made you  
be forever suspended in a twitching black static  
Hit Play - watch the lambs begin to gambol



the way home, home for days on end

what wildflower died for you  
and this union of perfume  
that wafts on the underground  
from Canning Town to Waterloo

listless roaming – books unsorted  
and the overdraft drains away  
like a well in a summer drought

headaches, primary vocation of morning  
pastel wildflowers in wing nut press

all your bones contain the same isotopes  
of youth's detonation meltdown  
leaving a voice that hums in an undertone  
of secret self-grown obsessions

Bipolar

like living in a souvenir snow dome  
shaken by a bored tourist  
every now and then without thinking

but to say it this way could be seen as poetry  
romanticising it

which ignores the hollow screams,  
this bruised tension of always, voices  
over a blank space, a sigh to a cough,

this alternating weight, falling, and flight  
when even such a thing as light  
comes at you like a ringed fist

so perhaps glossing over is best  
poetry is a kindness  
to provide everyone an easy image to process

## Easter Sunday Hangover

gilled eye cuts open  
to a fresh morning embracing itself against the window  
it wants to get in under the covers with you  
and drag you spitting from the Kilner jar of your bed

the sun is calling your name from a register  
the sun is shouting 'Are you here today?  
I have made the sky oh so clear and blue'  
but you flinch in a headache the depth of a flooded coalmine

*'leave me alone sun, I am so very very ill.  
I promise I will never do this again.  
Aspirin! Aspirin! a life of temperance for an aspirin'*

rolling in the bedsheets, searching for comfort  
as a child finding a cushioned kneeling,  
in order to pray, for a good life  
In the name Jesus Christ, Fisher of Souls.

## My Ever Repeating 4' 33"

as the playlist comes to an end  
I find myself sat in a rare silence  
until I feel this miniature growth of sound  
like a bin lid blown through a scrapyard

It slowly dawns on me that it's my neighbour  
playing his records – Stravinsky? Liszt?  
I am certainly no expert, especially as  
all this time I have blocked so much out

with this incessant noise of self, hard bop  
and EastEnders, insincerely seeking an exact truth

It is true that the apple pickers would come every summer  
whether they were needed for harvest or not  
as it's always good country for fixing roofs up here,  
you can count on it. Cheers. Thanks. Ta. Danke. Tak.

## Alice in Metroland

an internal disease gripped you, Alice  
beyond the zenith of unbearable vulnerability

but will you dare let anyone hold you  
so someone can perhaps try to feel  
the slightest accuracy of you?

or, failing that, just signal that there is someone  
to help shoulder this impossible burden

except life isn't hard-coded like this  
It takes proper strength for us to accept kindness

and even more to accept  
that we do not get what we want from life

the fragile air whispers to you in solace  
*happiness is a bearable friction, Alice.*

## Prometheus

It was done by disappearing  
through deep stride stalking hedgerows  
the boy ran whippet-heeled, ice-pop-eyed  
sporting Ellesse, all quick in a still pollen heat

past pylons stratified overhead  
and zinc nimbus railings tipped  
with rolls of barbed wire  
hanging down like Spanish moss

past the electronic children  
lost in hyperconnected fidget  
as a phone notification singses the air  
like a temple bell calling to prayer

past the flats and down the dual carriageway  
he would not stop, this was not the price he would pay

## The Maudlin Bodhisattva

to refrain from killing living creatures  
I part exchanged my Ford Fiesta for a fixie bike.

to refrain from taking what is not given  
I burned my passport and cancelled the milk order.

to refrain from sexual misconduct  
I bought a pack of washing pegs and turned off the heating.

to refrain from incorrect speech  
I disconnected the broadband and the Freeview® box.

to refrain from intoxication that leads to carelessness  
I run ten miles in a loop that always leads back home

and once safe inside, I meditate alone  
fighting this insistence that everyone else is living  
and not suffering, wondering how bad it could really be  
if, I came back in the next life as a worm

## Havana Pillowtalk

the fruit painted on the wall looked so real  
even the birds broke their beaks on the concrete

two old men who watched said

love is a leap  
it looks so good at first  
I know, I ain't got no beak left  
but I adore  
my pocketful of dust

and they went on to tell me  
that despite the necessary flow of time  
the colour of the chipped fruit never fades  
they tell me, it stains you forever.



## Neither of Us Are Morning Persons

half six stampedes into our room  
where we stretch across the kingsize,  
urban sprawl nibbling at the greenbelt.

your fingers leave my hand  
like popped bubblegum pulled from a chin  
I watch the gap between garter and stocking  
bound anchorlike to your skin  
and only want to snuggle in  
and stay there until death dissolves me

is it the insignificance of me  
compared to the size of the universe  
that makes me feel so alone  
or the insignificance of me  
compared to the size of this now empty bed

## Total Eclipse Every Time You Blink

I want to fall in love at long distance  
only to eventually realise with a rush  
of blood up the spine, that it was you all along

I want to make a solemn dedication,  
consummated in the cruel ambiguity of thought  
not only do I love you  
but it was you who gave me my backbone  
and ever since we met, my only hope has been more

I want you to know that I exist only for you  
but I fumble these words as you filter into view  
your hair in shreds, your hair in tatters,  
your hair like threads of ribbon in a haberdashers  
so I surrender to your kiss, its blinding eclipse

## Dolly Zoom

we start the weekend by dancing  
to Charles Mingus, until our joints  
become ridiculous, fully realising desire

we are up so late together  
it's *The Shipping Forecast*, *God*  
*Save The Queen*, then the dawn chorus  
becomes our natural sedative

I am upside down watching your eyes watch mine  
back in the mirror having a cut-throat shave

in this middle distance and that  
remoter foreground; all these close-ups  
with their interlacing architecture of pores  
will all be lost soon, for  
when we look near or far, we will vanish completely

## Cold Turkey

I lost my imagination to a geometry of fear  
unlearnt against a curious logic, the sort often found  
in classified ads and training ground set pieces

resigned to a therapy of wind to coax me  
from self-embalment to full employment  
and a routine of unflinching normal

to live in houses built over knurr and spell pitches  
in a suitable decline to pass the time, as the FTSE  
clouds over department stores and hospital corridors.

It must be pleasant to be a scarecrow  
dancing the way they do, waltzing fingerless  
with the wind, with those second-hand clothes  
and ill-fitting facial expressions  
as if they are some sort of fucking poet

## I Might Be An Atheist, But You're Still An Angel

absence makes the heart grow feral, rummaging  
through ash-filled bins for dog-ends

of memory: eyes that flow sea-silk golden golden  
yet motheaten stuffed away in a shoebox

a normal sort of light like a floral dress  
catches itself, in a stuttered half muteness  
all in order to see how a daydream forms,  
to extract ourselves, for a complete loss.

I can see you now, black Wetherspoons' straw  
leant against tooth gap before it all goes pop! –  
Vodka & cranberry – patron saint of chapped lips

but are you the one that will part this Red Sea?  
will you hold back these waters for us to pass?  
send us a sign, guide us to the promised land.

## Regret Is The Most Vicious Circle

as you rest the day's weight  
on the pillow's loadbearing shoulder  
you subside into a nebulae sleep  
to dream of what-if lottery winnings  
instead of living the life you have

you see, the meaning of life is quite simple  
we must love - we have been forged  
in the imaginations of impossible gods  
we must love, otherwise life will zip by  
and you will not notice its passing

It is almost frightening  
to watch the weather turn  
indifferently to our heavy industry  
with the colour of gas fires  
and the bags under our eyes

## Fractal Misery

days squirm through the periphery of body language  
until your vision becomes as pointless  
as algebra in a 10-rated gale

life is an illness, with birth  
we are each given death sentences  
that we pass on down narrow passages  
of time until we are all forgotten eventually

I watch street drinkers fumble teeth watching birds  
in an oblivious arrow over a churchyard  
washed and unwashed each year by dandelions

this glorious transmission of looping supernova  
expanding Samsara's seamless rebirth  
until no one can tell from which original  
or which mould, all these copies are made

## Economics of Happiness

do you wake each day against your will?  
does the alarm clock screech  
I'll tell! Traitor! I'll tell!  
every time you hit snooze?

before the self-perpetuating ritual  
by a cool bathroom windowsill  
white shadowless tiles backprinting  
your sleepwalking shit, shower, and shave

until you turn a silent happy face outwards  
wearing nice-fitting trousers from the airing cupboard  
that really do bounce with Alpine Spring

do you realise this the easiest  
and yet most difficult way to live?



This, constantly now

to avoid becoming absolute victims  
of the isolated desire of systems  
we shouldn't just preserve words  
but instantly our ability to look  
past the opaque medium of concepts  
to lose our fixation of artifacts  
of all too familiar generic movements  
the great charlatans of reality  
distorting every given label of abstraction  
that could explain the tides, etc  
until finally an acceptance, which comes  
in the form of a smooth compliance

## Dancing with Heather

weather-tongued rock frames the valley in erosion  
from water filtered through limestone and rotting  
dead sheep under drystone walls that stretch  
beyond scarred limits of eyes, fallow as arms  
clutched in sleep as the hoarfrost settles  
in absence of wind's subtle guardianship,  
pylons slinking off into vanishing points until  
feeling brief happiness of a finger laid peacefully  
across the palm or feeling the volume of a city  
day's first lungful of breath as we roam  
into a tumbling parallax of a wind turbine's  
elegance spinning each other by the wrists  
until we achieve complete dizziness  
and our eyes can only focus on each other

## Personal Development Constructive Feedback Session

who would have guessed  
that anyone would feel better  
as a factotum administrator  
than when they were a poet

when the colour of us shone  
through glass, brick, and steel  
    in a song  
    of blossom  
that I stuttered to you

*the clouds are geometric  
and I love you more each new day*

*that God rips open this fluffy rhombus  
as if it was a box of Quality Street*

*I didn't know this was me  
but the small birds come anyway*

*and eat the crumbs from my table*

## At The End Of My Path

I heard the nightingale  
Far beyond the cinder track  
I stepped closer to hear  
But the song had vanished  
Into the midsummer air

In front of me, two set of animal  
Tracks stretched into a fuzz  
Towards the treeline, pansemitic  
In form, I could not decipher  
The ambiguous language  
Left by the animal's movements

I realise now you were right  
How I ever could have doubted you  
I fear, I'll never get to know

# **Moorview Blues**



## Unrighteous Cartography

so now we have the time to produce our book of maps  
from which we will make origami dragons and cranes  
emerging from the earthy soft gamma of contours and  
rivers

each beast bound by its own topography  
each one a different act of this, our perpetual comedy

even though these paper monsters are notorious  
for bad timekeeping  
which could easily shock  
the first night's audience

leaving ! all over the place in futile red biro  
that aspires to hell  
in withdrawn theoretical summaries  
they learnt to fake  
on MA courses

and from offstage he enters,  
he, O he, mounted the horse like a monk,  
very quiet in straight order,  
with a tiny pamphlet sticking out of his back pocket

beauty is truth  
truth is beauty

I asked him if he got it in the sale  
at WHSmiths but he turned around  
and scornfully replied

shut up you  
you know nothing  
you think you are  
some sort of modern day Pyramus  
but I tell you poet  
you are nothing  
but of the ilk  
of salesman  
stable boy  
conman  
go whence forth  
and do not speak  
of sadness  
or pain  
or betrayal  
because you  
have no story  
no soul  
you are worthless  
as earthenware  
and you are empty

then he simply touched the horse between the ears  
and it began to trot off calmly  
until the faint clicking of hooves were like cans  
of Stella being opened in an office toilet



Clocks are a Peaceful Anarchy, the Universe is a Clock

little wing nuts on the press loosen  
lift off slowly  
until it's always late, 37:45 a.m.  
a different light now, almost foam  
and the wind through the trees  
sounds like a car idling

the pleasure self  
leaves no banoffee pie  
or crystal meth for others

the pleasure self  
prefers to drink  
in warm isolation  
because gin and Radiohead  
can remind  
even the dead  
what it is to be alive  
or the living  
just how easy  
they can be dead

zoned out in blood-tasting laughter  
feeling metal on bone, biomedical plastic  
steel and petrol fumes  
papercuts and printer toner  
drain away  
until the last toke of a King Size Regal

zoned out on social media, grunting

late modern, reading with knives for eyes  
savage shaved face blue pixelated tagged automatic  
wholesome credit reports, uptight in politics  
laid back in shopping centres, a fist flung upwards  
in the food court, a film ceiling  
(skinny ties, pocket squares, dry-cleaned shirts)  
of negative emotion covering us  
like snow on a red-breasted robin sorry,  
I mean cocaine in ALL BAR ONE

we live just seeking the sun  
we live just seeking the snow

these masks of talking, what we actually meant  
when we talked about love  
{Yes,  
by Camden Locks  
I kiss you goodnight  
& tear my heart out  
like a fox in the bins}

life is a gift voucher  
we forget to use  
before the expiry date

slowing no matter how awake  
you are  
slowing no matter  
how aware you are  
that All Time  
is naturally  
No Time

## Utterly Hopeless

the sky turns red in an insistence of orbit  
today

& we will enjoy many more heartbeats to come  
for love of breath squander our love anymore  
hopeless

& aggressive in love so the value soars

our fervent life will be saved

just you watch I will not  
let us be utterly

like a hedge fund

## Mind Your Own Business, Said Kathleen

the box was too light,  
as if filled with dust  
or as if it was a dummy  
from a parlour-magic trick.

light-damaged cover,  
dark fibres bleached  
into a yellow as brittle  
as old women's hair.

as soon as I saw  
the open box of letters,  
protected from damage,  
I knew they were from you:

that handwriting  
of wafer-thin taffeta  
held in place  
with a gold safety pin

that I had only ever seen  
on shopping lists,  
phone-pad scribbles,  
and all my birthday cards.

Do I see another you,  
here,  
before your family,  
typing-pool girl,

are these your love letters,  
written with that sharp  
force of youth, quick  
as a biro tracheotomy?

I begin to read  
as one might skim  
an electricity bill,  
probing for the essential

like hurried gossip exchanged  
in the high street,  
but then I stop, close my eyes,  
breathe, refocus

and I hear your voice cut  
through me  
like an air raid siren  
when you held your baby boy

under the big dining table  
as the Blitz fell on Bradford.  
*Mind your own business,*  
said Kathleen, so I did

as I was told, putting the lid  
back on the box  
which now seemed heavier  
than time – I wonder:

do you now exist only in Ash?  
or do you go on forever  
in this little box of secrets  
like a parlour-magic trick.

Orange Peel  
*(after Teddy)*

everything is God  
the universe is God  
we are the universe

my naive algebra keeps coming  
up with the same answer

glorious reality  
    I Love You  
so get on your pulpit, preacher,  
    tell me again,  
this time I'm listening

under a silver birch

the sky halfcupping the universe  
and half the starling lungs of Dharmakaya

a sprawling nod of ziggurats  
floods the horizon  
consciousness bleeps hot

we meditate to be waves of light  
because when we become light  
everything stops

focus on the atoms in blood  
until you tire  
of being so big

become a microbe  
on an ear of barley  
to allow movement by sound

wind through a silver birch  
a crow's song  
a calling voice

## Get Your New-Age Coping Mechanisms

young life inert  
degrading    scuffed in bedsits  
                  numb  
                  forgotten your kit?  
you'll have to do life in the back-up smelly one

explanations of speed  
over ground yet not moving  
the atmosphere becomes real  
like ink moves in a spreading stain  
with a scriggly fuzz  
a cringing heartbeat

ok so now  
follow my instructions:

h e a d i n k n e e s  
c r o s s l e g g e d

lotus flower with missing petals  
petals that miss the lotus flower



now control breathing  
tongue against front teeth

through the stomach  
all the way to twelve

everything all at once  
but nothing always

out now in a long smooth flow

watch youth link  
into growth of hexagons

WHY  
can't I speed feel brain  
WHAT

## Post-Self

can your iPhone keep its shutter open long enough  
to catch pink blossom turning into red apples

this noiseless height imposing millennia of virus  
forcing an ever-growing exodus of change within us

when will be the end of this old state of things,  
and what shall we keep for the wind's gentle gossip?

the ash of moths fills my windowsills –  
I haven't the heart to Hoover them away just yet.

winter pulls over me like a duvet tucked in  
by the air's sharp, merciful, loving grip.

nuzzled streetlight against the Velux,  
rain on frosted glass, dropped diazepam in the sink.

before we met, yes, in that dreadful before,  
before distance and prescriptions set themselves into

impenetrable silence, before we turned on  
light switches like smiles, smiles like light switches.

we are induced by chemicals and call it love  
and wouldn't dream of having it any other way.

so now the world's most important news  
is a notification that there is a message from you –

each one has become my heart's punctuation  
and each breath I take is my life's punctuation

and punctuation is my enemies' enemy.

## Your Best is Good Enough

the ready-meal generation is rotting  
away in call centres  
seized shut minds, nothing in the evenings  
each life is given away  
in small surrenders – the bleep in ear

makes you spiel like bonemeal:  
I am [name] from [such-a-place]  
how can I help?  
I am [wage slave]  
guessing the weekends away like a curse.  
I am [wet dreams of financial capital]

I am agent ID 10465873

a cut-open voice  
from the serration of automatic diallers  
twitching like the nerves  
of a freshly slaughtered lamb

how can we even be considered  
one of Pavlov's dogs  
when we are incapable  
of salivating anymore?

the soft interference of pre-dial  
plays with tinnitus,  
a small delay, disturbance of radio,

daydreams of being somewhere,  
anywhere but here –  
    swallowing pride bitter-toothed  
as the pathetic first-world problems  
    of a declining late-modern  
post-industrial clientele  
    whistle through our ears  
like a bottle bank being emptied.

the time will come for you  
    to say yes, please  
count me in, where do I sign?

do you think the nebulae care  
    about your BA  
or that the stars will pity you  
    rolled in bedsheets  
like a bum roly hashmix?

the only time to come  
    will be the one to break  
    the mould  
        that made you

Yer cannae tek t'lad out'a Keighley

from t'comic out onto Church Green

I am drunk with you

for you

tonight, I am drunk, because of you

filtering right leg

left side

calves and eyelids and collar bones

as green spotlights hunt

the shared church

where my grandparents wed

some sixty years before

the night condenses into a supple diaphragm

humming and hung

over this little Yorkshire town

like a sheared fleece

still itching for the oil of skin

but really this is a town  
that can be at times oh so wonderful  
    with its kindness  
of spring cherry blossom  
    that sits under pebble-dashed  
        high  
        rise flats

when you get into a car at dusk  
and drive just out onto the moors  
mirrors speaking cat's eyes and alpenglow  
until the clouds part, and suddenly Heaven  
becomes believable, so well put  
shining there like that, as if it could even be  
the mirror and lighting department of IKEA

## Sun Tzu's Art of Product Placement

I'm so glad you came so fast I have never needed you  
more it's time to get this cult on the road you can be the holy  
scriptures & I'll be the minister at the centre like an atom DEAL?  
good now go carve yourself up in words we've only got this studio  
for another hour to get this infomercial down & we need words pronto  
Great Big Silly Fairy Story Words now don't give me that look of course  
we can invent a God to sell detergent we can do whatever the hell we want

## 5 Rules Of Capitalism

Rule 1 of Capitalism is of course, don't forget  
You're happy – if you have reason for complaint,  
Ensure you record it within your quarterly appraisal.  
When at home and cooking, experiment with spices,  
Cook easy meals in 1 pan, take a picture of it, post it  
On Twitter or Facebook or who the fuck cares  
Sorry, was I screaming again? Rule No 2:

A materialistic society can never be pacifist, non-violent,  
Consumerism is violence. The best wedding  
I've ever been to, was paid with stolen credit cards.

Rule 3: Steal quicker than you get robbed.

You are under no obligation to give your opinion  
Despite the whole world been a comments section

In order to survive an illogical reality  
You must master the logic of the absurd  
And learn that the logic of reality is an asylum



Which brings us nicely to rule No 4: You needn't  
Sell them what they want, only what  
They are willing to pay for. Like soooooo...  
I've seen reality, but the book was better  
OMG shut up, was it a play? Or a meme?

They need you to be disillusioned, to think it's a lie  
But for you to fear it all anyway

I've got bad news:

You are falling through life without a parachute  
But the good news is, there is no ground.  
So steel yourself against the silence. Rule 5:  
Chaos is opportunity

## Hive-Mind

Queen of air traffic control

beeline breaks

FULL STOP

space marked with dashes

□ o □ □ I □ a □ o □ □

at first light <begin as we begin>

Easter Sunday to Whitsun

or some other compass

the last verse of whatever hymn

our ever present pollinators

do not seem to have deemed it necessary

to ordain a church and clergy

to remind themselves of their universe

plotting quadratics to a field half a mile off,

I hear the queen say

*the whole lot is our capital  
we'll mind our own business  
and everyone else's*

*I must be getting on, I've got  
a million more students  
for my pilot school*

*and you, I suspect  
must be getting on with  
your ever diminishing returns*

## 2:1 Economics BA (Hons)

even evaporation has inertia  
    we can claim back that weight  
        you know  
that covered  
the entire world  
in useless words

even this competition has inertia  
as the economics grow senile,  
complete years of very complicated  
you-wouldn't-understand  
very driven singularities of information  
it's all about where you stand:  
in the curves, you see, you wouldn't  
understand how the indifference curves  
shudder concentrically like waves  
from a disruptive skimming stone,  
an endless repeating notation of love.

& who is indifferent to you  
    but the ones I love?

& who is indifferent to you  
    but the lovable losers?

& who is indifferent to you  
    but the ones I love?

ah – so to be happy in inertia we must  
have absolute full disclosure of information  
so the markets can behave correctly

and each barber's duty will ensure  
that late/post-modern look.  
these lights begin each day around teatime,  
    banging against moths  
        on fortified wine  
    so the seemingly factual  
        very quickly  
            becomes  
    most definitely  
        nursery rhyme

Abide

& the drystone walls run like crowlines over a face

drystone walls run

dry stone walls  
run  
stone dry

two courses high drystone stonedry

yr hands will feel like worthy saints

dry walls

running

stone  
ing  
ing

yr ing

ing of this land

stone dry run until it is a wall

then when the stone walls run because

we built them like that,

yes like crowlines over a face

so at this point

can we say this valley  
is an old soul

because

it stays it stays

stone walls run over a face stone walls run over a face

stone stone moss stone stone style stone stone  
grass stone stone stone

limbs slit & pinned down by the beck

which is also full of stone but isn't stone  
it flows it flows it flows

& if you squint  
in bootblack night  
it becomes a line  
line face  
dry

a line like a face; a face a line  
walls stone line like a dry wall; a wall a line

face  
line dry  
stone walls  
very hard  
to angle correctly point-to-point  
orange string curves very tricky  
rather pointless  
in this land of lines

put all t'crap int middle

top stone on top

teks years to get t'knack of cutting stone just right  
to fit the gap  
& in the sparrowspit September sky crow laughs  
at a slipped chisel  
crow who likes a drink or two  
then squint through  
the circular-saw streetlamp rain

at the line black beck  
moving in the valley like a worm

& crows who swallow t'whole beck up  
in one go nigh impossible  
for owt but a crow

the crow chases  
line  
stone  
face

the crow chases line  
stone  
face drystone crow  
has the line but chases the wall  
throwing it all away  
& it's face

chase stone  
line  
everything

as if the crow was running away  
from natural urges of the magnetic south  
without any regret



## Inertia

Today the sun rose like a blister and I didn't see it.  
I was too busy, like everyone.  
The sun rises in the morning so I was probably asleep  
Which of course is just another chore, tick it off  
Every morning as a treat, a big hug from you.

Anyways I tune into Brexit via the Today program  
(I haven't written or read a new poem for a year,  
I hope no-one else has thought to write about Brexit)  
And something hasn't happened or has happened ~~and~~  
~~There's a new proposal today.~~  
~~And they are still questioning the mandate~~  
~~Talking to each other like bad adults~~  
~~And they are talking very considered like a hunter or~~

To think of it perhaps there is a reason I haven't  
Been writing much lately, you know how it gets,  
Other things crop up. You're in the car but you don't realise  
You're actually moving until there is a sudden stop  
And the seatbelt explains to your collarbone, inertia.

So really, it takes me back to that fractal loop  
That I can't quite shake for the last 5 years now - as you  
know  
One of the best ways to occupy yourself in a fractal  
Is to measure the fractal, which is beyond fun  
And of course, is also the beginning of fun and so forth.

## Gas Factory

discovering the way to remove themselves  
from themselves piping dreams  
via streaming subscription services  
and a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc a glass bar  
backlit by columns of Phillip's hues

hypo-fluorescent birds and flowers  
    stamped black silk kimono  
staff flow over chequered floors

we should always bear in mind  
the Earth will always be here and beautiful  
it's just, we might not be here to see it

in response to the petition  
they would like to take the opportunity  
to remind us of everyone's rights to go  
about their daily business uninterrupted  
be careful of your accusations, they say  
think of all the old silences  
kettled under the grunting force  
of bad intent

we say  
the future belongs in the soil  
the future belongs to those  
    who prepare for it

## Dream Poem #7

every night this week, I've dreamt of a nuclear bomb.  
I'm either cooking or doing a job in the garden, when  
I sense there is something wrong. Sometimes I rush  
out of a door of a back-to-back terraced house, or on  
to a painted wooden veranda, sometimes I am looking  
out through a window – then, there is this absence  
of noise, a distant column of smoke appears  
and everything goes white. gone. nevermore.

In waking, I sense the destruction of everything around me,  
an acute terror envelopes every action for the rest of my  
day.

the dream continues every night, so I decide  
to consult my dream dictionary. I am not surprised  
by what it says, not in least because I wrote the book,  
but more it's the part when you realise the only person  
in the whole world, you'd want to be stood next to  
in a nuclear blast, is not here anymore. For I doubt,  
I'd be having such dreams if you were

## Keighley Romance

I'll meet you outside the snooker hall at six,  
the one on Heber Street just behind Mozzas,  
go back to yours for Dominoes  
and X-factor repeats streamed off t'internet

but we'll have to stop at the offie first.  
Two-for-a-tenner wine – a Merlot for me,  
White Zinfandel for you – a necessary stupor  
to dissolve us and skip it all out

because not only must this be forgotten, it can.  
as quite frankly, my darling,  
this is all a lie, just a mere sugar rush  
to keep us going through this excuse of living

every weekend coked up in't Albert, dancing,  
your fake eyelashes kicked back  
like rows and rows of curly c's from  
when we first learned how to write joined up

the years will turn us into footnotes,  
mornings of lips and collarbones  
a mushroom cloud of regret  
from a history we'll both chose to forget

## What Will Be The Fossil You Leave Behind?

on the drive home from work my eyes mesh with a  
heaviness,  
and the sky in the west  
becomes two Siamese elephants  
surrounded by a just-ripened light beginning to fight the  
horizon.

I wonder what an archaeologist will make of me.  
They will say migraines and codeine,  
circuit-boards and strontium 90,  
they will say nerves reflexed to caffeine,  
multivitamins, bland shaky passwords  
stitched to moth-glow of screens,  
fashions of cooking, designer outlets,  
solid oak furniture, luxury German saloons

but the English gardens  
of my youth – sweet rocket – surrounded  
by black and orange butterflies, the deep secrets  
of rhododendron, when breath was infinite  
and the days stung wonderfully like nettles

they will say: of no consequence, like all the rest

falling through the centric underbelly  
of our necessary routine

I feel beads of sweat  
rolling under my collar  
rainwater on a windscreen.

73 mph  
5.15 pm  
outside lane  
dual-carriageway  
the slip-road of my dreams

I am five again,  
running down t'bottom field  
towards the drop  
until the point  
with one foot  
push  
go!  
fly vast distances  
of several feet

I will make them read mine  
and say  
but look, this one,  
this one  
flew

Heaven is a Place... (Insert When You Were Happiest)

last night I was happy  
my insomnia let me  
fall in love with you again

your chewed-up fruit pastille eyes  
that split light to its human essence  
through a superlative prism  
too powerful to let me dream

I remember kissing  
for more than half an hour

a comet like a kite  
a kite like a comet

your cold cold legs  
seeking warmth in crossfire dark  
around the distant edges of me

head turned, freshly freshly bite  
our side-shaven heads,  
crease upon the Chesterfield

I want your teeth marks on me forever

each day in spring  
as I drive to work  
I see the trees fill with blossom,

each year it comes  
as it has for umpteenth thousand before

it grows  
and it falls  
as if it is a chest    breathing  
as if it is dreaming

I know I will never see you again  
    as a single petal falls  
another thousand years can go by  
    in the waking hours  
of so many effortless lifetimes

    and in every end  
there will be a number of beginnings  
    so large, we will not even dare  
to compare such things  
    with the passing of blossom



## Place, Time

follow me over here   come   don't worry  
look   look   I swear come over & have a look at this  
see how the stasis forks itself from the gravity  
the air seeming to be fabric   where you can see music  
allowed to be in sync with curves   yes   these curves  
these are the impressions in time of our elbows our knees  
how our thoughts do not require speech to be written  
into this poetry of modest membranes   I see green lines  
like contours on a 3D map   her   over there   she  
sees a vibrating glow of heads of pink chemist clouds  
falling asleep into a window that lines the belly of an even  
hungrier & more benevolent cloud   an important  
completeness

## What if the Big Bang Was Set Off By Love?

I remember watching modernity  
    & consumerism  
    being ostracised by drumbeats  
in the biblical magnetic hallucinations  
    of Europe's fading buxom

those synecdoche mornings  
    when the level is reached  
        and speech  
    is now not required

we sat in a circle  
        tangents of knees  
to withdraw into our temptation  
    drinking like lottery winners  
tranquilizers to make us feel alive  
    O salad days  
        maudlin Bodhisattva  
        amateur Kammaṭṭhāna  
        de-earthed limbs  
tongues syllables and torn clothes

poems torn    from a city  
the torn city    a poem

double-daring each other  
to break the circle  
to make the noise of sky disappearing

like gripe water  
stirred with a rusted spoon

I get this feeling sometimes  
that everyone is holding back.  
I get this a lot  
an impending waste  
of a steel-eyed morning

scuttled by remnants  
seagulls, bass  
MDMA bowing  
and succeeding to ket  
in a slow, lovely loneliness

so let's just run  
    to that edge  
        like being rushed  
around on the arms  
    of a fairground booster

where we teeter  
in a parabola of speed  
before it snaps us  
into a growing density  
where no matter occurs

& light stripped of burden  
signals new creation  
here, our equations fail  
in automatism of gravity  
where we first kissed

under dank fairy lights  
our tired limbs yearn  
to break free from stone  
to form links across  
astroconsecration of tenderness

the sort of memories  
that just need to be kept, like you  
slipping off your high heels  
and saying,  
‘let’s not get all this started by being false’

## Give Us Back Our Innocent Hills

let the codebreakers hack  
and the satellites search

let the lustful static  
of a trillion twitching algorithms  
whine into carbon-fibre night

for they can never know  
how freedom feels

this poem is an early warning  
like a silkworm strings steel

as propaganda packs the warheads  
full of peace and security, poised  
arrow, keeps everyone on their feet

just like dancing  
with a constant shadow  
of an orchid thief

is it light or sound  
that will imprint  
our outlines on the wall?  
flash  
and that will be us  
gone to time  
and being gone is us

and I for one  
will be happy as dust.

Holy Holy Holy (Repeat Ad Infinitum)  
*(After Robert Lax)*

the dot matrix train ticket  
that has become a metaphor  
for my drug-scarred brain  
speaks to me in the quiet night

let us go where  
the fibre-optics  
transmit like eyes  
watching Chinese lanterns  
disappear into space

you see I've not had a cigarette for three days now  
but have instead blown hard on hi-grade  
and it always seems just to be around the next

corner, or behind you, or just leaving  
quasars are as important to the universe's  
fabric as our half-lit nuzzles, sweaty trackies

slouching into a third afternoon,  
these days nobody notices are gone –  
we have become thieves of time

in every way you can see it , feel it  
lying down all non-descript watching birds  
dogfight between wires and trees

as the pollen-bacterial sunset lowers itself  
like a drunken lover. is height  
the supreme catalyst of a bird's ecstasy

or is it the ground as far south as they know?  
lest all this colour subsides, let me remember  
these birds

1 bird  
2 bird  
1 bird  
2 bird  
1 bird  
2 bird  
2 bird  
1 bird  
1 bird  
1 bird  
2 bird  
1 bird  
2 bird  
1 bird  
1 bird  
1 bird

watching this half-lit oxygen  
half half half ganja green Jehovah  
mercy brother art thou father –  
as the single shadow draws across me,  
what else do I have left to give you  
but the light and flight of these birds?

our tears from such vast height fall forever  
with no up or down to fall or rise,  
we will never find a final place to rest  
our infinite grief from its long, hanging exodus.



## Ever-Decreasing Four Walls

an awful office job to pay for light  
so I can write poems at night

*I don't stay out late  
got no place to stay  
I'm home around 8  
just me and my radio  
ain't misbehaving  
saving all my love  
for you*

shadows of coat-hangers hooked to wall-lights,  
trousers, white shirts, overcoats,  
an unrolled belt loops around a milk bottle  
past pasteurisation, a residue like cum,

Penguin book-branded coffee cup growing  
in memory of percolation *hot lava java*,  
best to not sleep to sleep, best not to do, to do.

part-eaten kofta and cream cheese sub  
digests in the vast chemical plant,  
two small plates of crumbs and empty gin  
(the twisted bedding with no explanation).

I dream of watching you sort marigolds  
in a floating market, *soft scribble*  
people fighting in the street over credit;  
no money no honey

everything seems delicately interconnected –  
midges, bluebottles collect themselves  
in fluorescent light tube casings.  
self-awareness does not equal self-control.

bottles of New World red have a special EU Tax,  
harmonious flexible positive private Danish household.  
My morning walks are taken  
through the Velux - fish-eye architecture.

the internet has changed us forever,  
giving us a little warm sanctuary from reality.  
Agoraphobia is a state that grows like mould –  
we don't have to hide, you know.

I don't stay out late  
got no place to go  
I'm home around 8  
just me and my radio  
ain't misbehaving  
saving all my love for you.

I can't: fix other people  
I can: fix myself

Make as many mistakes as you need to  
Just try not to make the same one twice  
Every day is a new chance  
To become a brand new bestest you  
The future is already inside us  
From the echo of hope's perpetual loving voice

Actually – fuck this  
I'm not sure how much longer I can keep this up  
This incessant positivity is eating my insides away

I don't know what you want from me

Look,  
The office towers are not beautiful  
The council estates are not beautiful  
The internet is not beautiful  
Get over it

augment reality  
by putting away your phone

It takes a really long time to grow yourself  
If this upsets you, so will most things in life

This duck duck goose game of belonging  
to others who wish to belong to others  
who wish to belong to others who wish  
to belong to others who wish to belong  
to others who wish to belong to others

And in the end,  
it will be ourselves  
we betray most of all

in the end  
we betray ourselves most of all

The Myrrh I Got From You Burns Majestically  
Like The Fall Of Rome (outdated ref,  
try Aleppo, Mogadishu, Gaza, Cairo, Ankara, London,  
perhaps)

So where do we sleep tonight, Master?  
Our stable was burnt to the ground  
when your white potassium rained down  
upon us, igniting the thatching.

now all our paddocks are permafrost  
and the animals we tenderly raise  
ultimately belong to you – by morning we could  
be blue as the crushed ice in your Chivas Regal.

The master looks down in all his bureaucracy  
and clears his throat like a canal being dredged.  
'Go sleep in a carcass, take your pick  
from the herd, but the slaughter is on you,'

he says, without blinking. 'But Sir,  
everything we had was swallowed  
by the fire and it belched back only ash,  
could you at least spare me a knife, please?'

The master sniggers most unprofessionally,  
then signs a triplicate form, tearing along  
a folded perforation, and leaves the room.  
He returns with a white melamine-handled



butter knife, and says 'Crack on, crack on,  
I've had just about enough of you spongers,  
it's time you stood up for yourself  
and stopped begging us for everything all the time.'

This is not my first kill  
and the butchery comes back to me  
like a forgotten song.  
Slice down, separating bone and muscle.

I unfold nature's blueprint like a map  
*I love you yeah yeah yeah*

offal, all stacked up in size order  
*all we need is love, ba da da da daaa*

I kit the carcass out with Primark sheets  
and an alarm clock which I wait for every day.  
I sleep peacefully until I realise that location  
is not our identity, that I will never be safe

what inhuman awake, what inhuman sleep.

Tar, Feathers, Nicotine

How to translate lungs' subtle lisp  
an insistent fluttering  
based on NHS warnings  
that its dull suffering  
is in fact fertilising

when you stay so soft and still  
inert and quiet  
expanding

as I sleep  
next to you  
in embryonic stillness  
my favourite  
recurring nightmare



## Love and Dogs Go to the Same Heaven When They Die

so I'd been out with McGinty and I  
we'd supped eight pints of Old Peculiar  
which made the walls roll like end credits

and before I knew it we were in Landie  
heading to this cattle shed three valleys over  
cos this there was this bare-knuckle fight

between two lads we knew but McGinty had lied to me  
just to get me there cos he knew I wunt have gone  
if I'd have known it was a dogfight.

when they got t'dogs out, panic set into me like teeth.  
a powerless negative space inside  
thickened as fists of cash exchanged

when the odds are called over by fat men  
and the punters slaver at the offerings  
of what this spilt blood can give them

and it was here I recalled the one true love of my life  
my border collie cross spaniel mongrel called Floss,  
watching her black and white and heather purple

in amongst the bog-trough,

that upward leap

when I called her name

across the Pennine's lisp of wind

all the way back to the day I carried her from t'litter

pinning over my shoulder

watching back to the place of her mother

as the car went up and out from Newsholme

lovely puppy nuzzling

into my Adidas Windbreaker

whimpering

don't let me go, you  
hold me now

when the top of the world spilt light

on you playing in the surf

at Lochinver

giddy little sheepdog

I bet  
that sweep of sand  
was like infinity to you  
and I didn't  
let you go, Floss  
not until last summer  
when I dug the hole  
and laid you  
in good warm blankets  
into the ground  
your final bed  
and I hope you had a favourite flower  
you liked to sniff  
I hope its seeds will find you  
and come to bloom  
like you did in my heart

but it went on for ages and the staffie was so bad  
they did it with one of those bolt guns  
you use to kill cattle with

I'd thrown up in my mouth  
but swallowed it back down  
one wrong move and it would be me in there

then the winnings were divided out  
like Christmas cards,  
back slapping and banter

I dint say owt int Landie back  
as McGinty shoved it through lanes  
back to my mother's house,

where you clutched the small talk and china cups  
in long sleeves to cover the trackmarks.  
My God did I need a drink, so we went off

and got drunk all over again, so what about it?  
Before we began to rethread ourselves  
back to our B&B, you linking

your right arm into my left,  
clinging for lack of anything else,  
we were quiet but not silent

as the night contained  
a music of pollen and country lanes  
before you stopped dead

your fear of dogs tested  
by a rough old mutt, fleabitten, bloody fur,  
a scrapyard Cerberus appeared ahead

I pulled us along down the path until  
we met side by side and it smelt the fear  
syringing through you and lunged

but I stood my ground for you, grabbed  
the collar, hoiking it from momentum  
it left sharpish, embarrassed,

and I wiped the slaver off my hands  
on an elderflower tree. You stood there  
like free manure, rotting. I hugged you

but you smelt the smoke of old men  
and vomit and death and sweaty slurry –  
I guess Yorkshire was a shock to you.

In that hug a distance grew  
that could have been Crewe  
down the spine to the Watford Gap

or your leafy paid school in Putney  
to my secondary comp in Keighley.  
was this a vision of our future?

the stench of shame and violence,  
a silent hug that hoped to gather  
a heap of spears into beaten ploughshares

but ended up the been final slide  
of a door-latch to lock  
a shouting child in a coal bunker.

you told me once that true love  
meant to death, but to me  
that sounds more like dogfighting.

## Our Thing

do that thing you do  
you know that thing

that could turn  
rotten fruit ripe again

or even push it back  
to its blooming flower

or the blossom  
that was lost to the wind

do that thing you do  
that reminds me

so much  
about the miracle of life

that is so effortless  
with just a breath

and a sigh  
when we close our eyes

Apparently the world outside your head is pretty awesome

I find myself sat on a park bench  
    watching a puddle pasted pink  
with fallen blossom  
    the fleeting taste of future regret  
is brought out before me  
    on a scaffolding of nesting birds

every secret we hold,  
every detail of our habits  
amplified in the security of touching lips



## Blossom Boy Beta Test

I once went to see a Bhikku  
about becoming and being a Bhikku  
(of course, not in Tibet or India  
but perhaps Provence, Devon, or California)

He looked at me and said

‘Brother I know you,  
I know how your hand trembles  
when we meditate,

I know your indifference  
to Christ’s love, your apathy  
for almost everything.

I know you are not meant  
to be a monk in this life  
something else holds you –

but brother, child, know this:  
I know nothing.  
your strength comes from within’

so I left the life of a monk  
for another incarnation, but  
in my coming lives before then,  
I’m going to strive to be

like blossom

falling

in spring.

The sound time makes is a sigh

a part of me says  
that life is to be enjoyed  
the only way you know how,

to cherish the feel  
of a new Fred Perry shirt,  
pose for selfies  
with that well-practiced smile,

but another part says  
do not be happy unless  
you really want it,

and this is the part of me that remembers  
the city lights as a gift  
moving at an incredible speed  
in the awakening  
underlight of morning  
and folds my face  
into my hands  
and begins to cry.

Is our happiness dictated  
by what we expect of ourselves  
to become compared to our parents?

Or is this the time and place  
to admit the death of liberal Britain  
that it will haunt us now  
like shadows on x-rays?

Or is this the place to realise  
it was just a blip in human history  
that nostalgia is an empty stomach  
trying to purge itself?

## Infinite Pilot School Dreams

framing the earth in a semicircle  
a marriage of sky and speed in a line  
that only we alone can own.

on a blank tender journey  
over contours I am mapping you  
from a biplane.

do not alarm, do not allow me  
to become a hypocrite  
even by your high standards

I can see winter berries  
growing in hedgerows  
of monochrome paddocks.

after I battle the turbulence  
of your day's first breath  
I capture in photography

the first sighting of the sun,  
the moon, and an oasis  
held in awkward syzygy

before lapsing into an eclipse,  
that pegged my sight  
your dilated pupils moving

across the three notches of my viewfinder,  
a growing corona that burns across  
the back of my pilot's retina

in such a brief overlapping  
it all feels changed, and as slow  
as it came it leaves once more.

I hold the shutter open  
long enough to catch  
the slow marching of sand dunes

at the fingertips. I bank around  
as to fly as close as possible  
to the rubber refineries

and glue-rendering plants  
of a declining industrial hinterland.  
the streetlamps manufacture

light through fog that cuts  
like eye contact, half whole  
half sense, a blunt guide,

a sight so staggering  
that I forget to even blink  
until the propellers whine

into fast decline of altitude  
and a falling whistle, until the shock  
forces me to pull back hard

on the yoke, until I shoot up  
now like a rocket  
into a very peaceful state.







the writer does not wish to be identified  
the writer does not assert any moral right over its copyright  
remix | share | distribute freely | etc  
without gaining prior permission from the writer  
but please provide appropriate credit when using the work