Untitled (1-1-9)  
  
Oust a counterforce and find
Your old self out of kilter.

Untitled (1-2-9)  
  
"We're aa dry wi drinkin o't
We're aa dry wi drinkin o't
The parson kissd the fiddler's wife
And he couldnae sleep for thinkin o't."

Untitled (1-2-10)  
  
Ode to Uncle Ben
The King of Lichtenstein
A tithe of the tenth
Of the life that was left
For your children
Plucking the fragrant rice
From their reflection
Caesar's face from a coin
How old they are.

Untitled (2-2-10)  
  
Scraped and bowed my jigs and reels
Bold as a batsman. Big-boned prop
To the bar bode ill,
Half bored, half-cut
He bowled a bouncer.
Out.

Passing Out (2-3-10)  
  
Another blade another blonde
The hero balled a government bond, em-
Broiled in white-tie fisticuffs.
They brawled in broad
Agreement as to rules
They bobbed and wove. When biffed
One neither bawled nor sniffled. Yet
Not bogged in protocol, when bombed, well,
Big boys' rules, what? Not so much hard-
Boiled as armour plated (with a 'u'). Although
Your tires are bald, old chap. A flat
Might land a bod in shit.

Untitled (2-3-11)  
  
By my thristly baws, by the wind that blaws and the laws that bend it!
Buoys will snap their mooring when it rises,
Garbage bobs or sinks to the blobs of sea anemone.
Boys ashore kick balls. Their more sophisticated brawls
Mark digital coordinates with bombs.
Bogs erupt, blogs abound. That immolated bonze,
Bawls and howls redacted, liquid boils and solid broils
I don't know. War bonds, there's a thing.
War blondes too. It's not the bronze
Or golden age. The brazen.

Untitled (3-3-11)  
  
There was a pause in every line
And at the end there was a rest
Of course, unless the line was even
And concluded rhyme and reason
Or the actor had a heart-attack on stage
There would be something more to come.

Rimbaud (3-4-11)  
  
Routine pugs the lip of watering holes that star the desert
Something purrs and backtracks on a pond that purls in nothing
Purple plums, violet bloom, mist on a glass, must in the bottle
A regular plugs a pub's last barrel with his liver
Puns and quarterquibbles aren't what the poem's for
But your immense, meticulous dislocation of the senses
Is death, that didn't need your help.

Untitled (3-4-12)  
  
It's hard to regard an amputation as a plus.
Jade pus and gas gangrene. Starfish putts, or rather
Punts the ball with his pirate crutch for a croquet mallet.
Then it's the hockey: pucks and peevers sizzle across the ice.
As he plucks the hair of victory from a nostril of defeat
To puffs of applause from punks with mongrel pups and junkshop prams
The strain pumps cramp in the pulps of his calves; he starts to cry.
A fan plumps up his pillow, checks his forehead with her lips,
Rocks the pram some more and takes his pulse. He takes her purse
And hops it.

Untitled (4-4-12)  
  
Thunder muffs another catch.
Mumps or something's stopped the pigeons chanting.
Bushes muss the roots of the rain
That mucks out gullies in a slow
Replay of lightning, where monks in curraghs,
For example, could see the world approach them,
Them and their Irish wolfhound mutts,
On a wave of light.

Untitled (4-5-12)  
  
Max is the man.
He invented the mass.
He keeps his goods in masks, and yet
He marks them just in case
Some pieces of eight or pieces of ass
Show up at marts on the dark web
Lashed to cell-phone masts,
Pinned to prayer mats.
The maths of his scheme is simple:
Last in pays the plain-clothes
Men in macs. Every week, new
Maps get shaken out and tucked in.

Untitled (4-5-13)  
  
Cold night in March.
Behind the frosted glass
Of THE INGRAM BAR
A print of Burns.
THE MARGIN, RAB!
Look for a secret sign on the border
The Bard can’t cross.
Hold a match to the glass and see yourself:
No masonic watermark; a skoosh
Of marge or mayo from a burger,
If that.

Untitled (6-5-13)  
  
See thon wee flange
On the side of your heid?
Well tune in:
I'm talking to you.

Lunch with the FT (6-6-13)  
  
You filch the entrance code
To the tabernacle fridge
Push back the fringe and tassels
Pull down on the car-door handle
And there's Henry enthroned
In a cloud, a brittle
Flitch of meat in his mitt.
'It’s better than sex', he says.

Untitled (6-6-14)  
  
A line to catch a fish, a half-inch
Lure or big as a bull finch, full dress kit
Like a tartan toorie. Hold it
Wait for the dark to flinch.

Untitled (10-6-14)  
  
The dish was bone, the food
Flesh and breath. We left
Toothmarks. Said grace
Not thanks.

Untitled (10-7-14)  
  
Drench
Drench
Drench
Were the waves
On deck
And he was drookit.
'The sea had soak'd his heart through'.