

four poems from self-avoiding space-filling curve

angina of micturition

i dismantled santa i confess i am a man
-tis as a child drawls because it is crawling language
like an ordinary private father of a child
propagated in madin darby canine kidney
sweet silent thought in session tonight on janice long
to help me with this short illness my life peerage and
you sitting in a tree p.u.r.g.a.TORY
grizzly bears disarm a well-tempered militia of
gondoliers shakespeares overseers playboys and bums
break ass for emergency ass on the quire rebound
in half calf to justify the jaws of love it spurned
for life's contingency lidl and death's sweet urine
and the sun just set on the shortest year of the day

pro rata thank you bonus

i am the world's fauxtalian boy the one who searches
to read personal protective equipment at keele
snooze tom for thirty days not that tom other tom tom
is there a damper on your floor tom star-nosed ringo
eight of the molehills contained probable human bone
not one of us lives in my kathy staff bathyscaphe
my kathy staff bathyscaphe my beautiful baloo
the octagonal deadhouses of ontario
by contrast are full till the ground thaws out in springtime
the lord shat on the mooses and on the maglev too
what ted kaczynski wrote about diaghilev is
true of the angry inch which makes no flann an isle mis
-take not cliff for hank marvin and treacherous bramble

my thermal runaway

that one time the late convener of the trades of air
died to dislodge the late late deacon of the squaremen
one of the elect who suffered martyrdom in air
at number seventeen stationary hospital
prescribed ovaltine and eukodal by his gp
a dog for which he had not then a licence in force
and six sessions of cbt at the cat cafe
that imperceptible contest drags on to this day
underground in air where the soundless benign dead play
some of my best friends are never-ending scrolls of death
on a mis-cut headstone corrected in lime putty
washed over with beige or cream the letters painted red
eroded now to the chaos of all intentions

helium flash

barely a fortnight dead i forgive myself the pain
of debt to the earlier poets of this sequence
my soul i discourage the hand of god from touching
my body i recommend to earth but no pressure
how does the i fit on you i never broke it in
i have rubbed my foreskin on the plums in the fruitbowl
they were my own and i ate them it ended badly
especially for the plums lying undigested
in the stomach of a corpse forensic evidence
for death of time the lean etymologist cussin
for tussin confects an old english origin myth
and i hate it still *manna mildust ond wrytgeornost*
the mildest of men and most geekish about his plants