Strand

Then cry off the deckle edge uninterrupted, pure tone will have its say next to nothing will start to quaver throwing its forecast. No blue sky may be said neither the green spill. Soon a silence will weigh in, soon the bewilderment pokes weight in numbers, soon there will be no echo clothing the voice: honest gulls peck at a raiment till it tatters, catching on with subservient towns, infiltrating off the lips. They had been noticed in a fresh flood, skeining. Whistling like a sol-fa wick, from turbid waters leaching perfect pitch. Far we walk on the spit, spiel mimics, who are strung out to Siberia, are phantoms that chant & honk: the geese whose thick tongue croaks doom & decides what does. They drift as a lost spool reroutes them, shuffle back on wet-rag wingbeats. Still their lingulate order decks the screen, spells & surges, prompting we, who cries with gulls off, wheeling & on occasion swoop, converging in song motes.

As we fire they don't fire, touch wood, travailing heart to spray our crossfire. Their lesions markedly lower osmotic threshold of the artery goes I, out we still more pulse. Out bleedingly of the footsteps, twinkle-toes, a nice dance.
At NIGHT police would SHINE LIGHTS on THE BANNER

FRONT: TOM RAWORTH - INSIDE: JOHN WILKINSON