BUGALOO

1.
This approaches what she calls the innocent
without being first or basal,
That stuff of desire
be approaches as usage field
vatted by a shower
blinds of sporadic breaks out
a lack of lack
in the trauma's long blink
"You think?"
She's shouting
but this isn't the dream,
"You don't even know what love is".
Below the skid slope
the mail van halts,
"Where's Bill?"
Interactions construct
the city plan
unfurls from desk to floor
Distances clearly marked
powder the print-out
The data tablet
derives from a race
circuit
bent crash bars
expose the prodigality
from tedium.
The Fireman opens his cabinet
makes an itinerary of explosions
a phone number
the back of his hand
becomes unaltered formula
he trends on
the plan crops his footprints
confronts
the Examiner
at nine in the Burnhouse,
"Will you never learn
the changes!"
"Truth and beauty,"
explains the Engineer,
like up and down or

2.
Those times of innocence are past
He relocks the cabinet
bolts all eight corners
with an extra turn
The trauma of valve leaks a
perfidity
They haven't even met
he can hardly call her a friend
she sends her a toy
put on her tally
It's innocent and casual enough
until he says, "She tempted me"
like my politician
he has a private lock-up
I've been tricked into believing
in him
wearing a knowing grin
becomes
flashteris
where a third watches two people
in love
He gets all the experience he needs
in the still glow of a garden
"I don't want to be bothered with girls either"
site until prepared for longer flight
the hair-raising silence when alone
with the Alone
a confinement seen as self-absorption
in which he can fly out into the fruit-tree
and be away there
A general theme of restriction
becomes a deliberate separation
from the din.

3.
The Fireman becomes a back-room boy
like the Critic
hopes to stop the committee
from doing the fatal thing
without actually meeting
on a power lunch
The garden becomes a springboard
From here the Post could become
somebody, a headed voice
"The human creature is inherently
pulsed or betrayed" grants
the reader a momentary
loft
I betray this on each twist
of the gratuitous and its
exchange with efficacy
An apparition of hope and youth
leaves the hesitant garden
as it starts to burn
It enters the apartment at nine
in the mask of the Examiner.
The Fireman consents
to there being a potential consistency
and conceals all disquiet
about the primacy of perception

They overlook the foliage
with lively satisfaction
Using homomorphictrade-offs
he toys with the idea
of applications in twistor space
with impotence.
"There's an alternative
"to least action."
The Examiner pulls a cord
of wire across the window
and snaps it onto the glass
They both anticipate
shattering
The only sound is an empty
can moving down the walkway.

The interactive gravitational field
breaks symmetry
She
gesticulates with her thumb
across her foot arch
and plunges her whole arm into
tray of paint
"Now!"
The Fireman pulls a map across the window
and the Painter
marks it using a handful
of feathers, an arm dripping paint,
and occasionally kicking up
towards the same space
cans of coloured powder
"Now!" she calls
and he returns the map
to flatusness
"Praxis," she says,
"follow love."

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