PIECEMEAL

Blue you say it's not night time yet in the long stretch of a baby's day.

Dust clouds a way of life

streaky rain and bacon damn near

bionic the drugs it's got.
NO MAN'S LAND

these international hotels we struggle to serve it's nuts the way we behave like a dishwasher on his night off I wring out my cloths flick channels and head off in new shoes yellow pants chest heaved up on high overweight and waving what bit of hair the lord has left us big quiff and hatband slacks belted up a snoozer on a high back sofa bad voice only baby loves the buttons click like poppers our heads was really there you want a story or well I've said it before life's not like that...
SEALING WAX AND STRING

Service industry sir, we can stitch you up in less time than a skinned rabbit. These stoats you want exterminating we have a record of previous successful operations resulting in the young's voluntary evacuation.

In industry these factors are impressed at the very start of our careers where bottles tilt and clubs swing in a mountainous area.

I feel through the soles of my feet a ski slope pushed up as if by a badger these screes could turn out handy with some remodelling like Midas and his magic touch.

Slate walls where trees cling as if by witchcraft so bundle it tight I'm a farming boy and country simple clipped like a sheep come springtime.
ACRUCUTRAL CRISIS

The mist high on heather he's a sheep herder by trade only half done up, trawns on show, it's a one foot in front of the other sort of job with a tendency to attract rougher elements.

Feigning political indifference, swearing fealty to his individual idols, he strips the complex bevels of all wheel drive transmission systems and alters the bend of a new crook with baler twine and water nearly boiling.

IAN DAVIDSON
Through microns-depth of opinion, deep want wells
brightly on mirror-sharp veneer.
These soundings merely pass
over the oval mahogany like a breath, disappear
as light that slants venetian blinds,
blinds on a photo-switch above the cut-flower shed.
They tap the board for the founders
neatly-cut in hologram, they snap pretenders
to their market share.
Now their intelligence
gets to eyeball with the truth, that's definite
polyurethane
can't fend off corruption, one flints the gas.
reads & reads the enigma of plain signs,
each shears off against one, each shuffle-
plays his tapes, dumping bolsters in tripartite
Merger's off
Then go for a dawn raid.
The shadows inspissate & seem to become agents.
Outside the double-glazing, clouds unleash light.
Primary colours caked on the VDU
bleach, the decor smudges, bar-charts
shrink inside the screen, peak display's
membrane horns like nails at the finger-tips.
Outside, the inarticulate shutters.
Inside, unobtrusive cameras
Here or there on the spread-sheet
Pulled down, rattled up They're forcing through
granulated Forcing through bunched-up Have to ask
market condition reassessment:
Proletariat
Beast of many backs
led docilely to the slaughterhouse How far below
this bloody sand, this blotting-surface
must its organization pound & strike
Root for chthonic power Paw for the issue
of its dendrites They'd enmesh
as on the seed-tray, clog in the textile

looms of Lodz, Strictly out in the open couldn't
paralyse the central patch
gives them suck syntonically. Shall empty ribbon
magazines, shall bite the bullet,
Grist for frailty, for defiance, every last bit's
toothsome, every bit's a style apotheosis,
Cartons do they litter your front?
Blanched rootlets gulp & pre-digest
this tasty roll-off
off the clapper roof, their bated breath
dangles in a cauldron from obsequious chains.
warm spittle simmers, it's the can they'll charge.
Strike through it by the gate in Gdansk or Danzig,
spill in coal-dust by the guarded works,
amassing, floundering low the laser-buoyed sky; or breach like an artesian well, or will they lick the firebreak the police sweep from the back-to-backs behind the gates, how can they flex their pale, brittle murrain?

Mortal dulness, mortal unfinished concrete, half-developed housing projects, wrenched lines, silver birches of null value clumped against grey sky: severe ashen faces angrily abrupt to thick fetor from a knacker's yard, diesel leaks: nothing has got past them ever though the street-names were restamped on tin vindictively, down to the wretchedest culvert, though they must hold breath for that long inside their secret folds, No false support they accede to, no easy sentiment from abroad counts their blessings into a map of switched allegiance Miniature flag at the Pentagon Shift in the surface force balance.

Silage rips & blurs them like a pod, strains to splitting-point their silken pod swollen to comport air breathed in its known & loved varieties One demob-happy lung tents above, that had so long lain collapsed. At iron gates they'll stand up to be counted Shan't Shan't ever stop for breath The autopoesis of the people fitfully contours his impassive face stands in for them, its grimace wrinkles light back-flowing, cast off the reactor in smooth sheets: For the light shall fall back changed wave-forms from the live face, though once more the riot cops use night-sticks to beat out lines, Pink-parasolled, diaphanous, but heartlessly reranked in backlash dawn; Though tier by tier were plastered provender on skinned-up faces, gob he turns to a great house & asks their scraps clumsily on the croquet lawn, scraps he'll mollify his face for, then part memory-jerked on a Western raft of loans, ribcage to their carve-up. Old rag-&-bone shop stricktering his arch, he'll suffocate with glasshouse millionaires, die-stampers, smiths, log-jammed next to the bales of waste mouldering like turnips disinterred from barrows.
20-colour hoardings flayed.
He throws a stone at the glasshouse for good luck
Restuffs his bundle, punches down his bedding,
hugs his animate coat about his hoops
lying scattered:
"Time I stepped back to the dying road
Time I should pass,
Time I should work my notice:"

Should scrap my housing points, my ID, my exhausted
coupon Turf off the embankment, drunk.
Restitute the dream then stoke
like in a haybox,
abyssal hoardings, underpass
graffiti as like buffalo herds or flints,
should viscerate the thin crust. Is this what they
imagine stirs beneath its hot-air grille,
requiring him
with bleeps & electronic chirps?
The question carries its retrovirus!
This greenhouse bears substantially upon it!
Earth is veined with copper wire Like blue cheese
it adds up.
Old Adam, the divider, knew his oats from barley,
panned beside the stream for gold.
But how the new jostle, graft & engineer
candle-black icons or an accidental mutant
Frozen for examples or canned at their peak.
Cucumber & adder’s fern, wings of flightless birds
Frantic molecules: this low-level warmth
spreads a range out of a project spilt
from catacombs the living miners prop; folic acid
bulks the jangled veins replying then reformat
with his history: Chiastic heat
's the collective to which he rots, lays his piece
reparatively,
the low green tent that slaps above
the aging element, tipped where the superficies
never find it out.
Slop your bonuses, your slop-pails
Exacted time delineates each frond
Snaps & pulls Close as the forest lunges
brittles down Distant as it petrifies
relentless forms
run to seed & surreptitious dryads roam
across the portal dykes, enfeebled mammoths
crush family cars & roar for blood, light frowns
the mossy onlooker, the heart of the populace furs.
They'll pitch their tent above the heat grilles,
land’s fired interior belly metal,
drew the great draught down.

Aha the substitutes
will do essential maintenance work, swallowing hard.
The managers
comprise a back-up, brandishing their price-guns
through markets, supermarkets, hypermarkets.
Kenya dwarf beans
saddled with their bar code
Plastic trays of okra
bandied down the frictionless
& mobile pitch, across its glass readers:
Proxies to the twin-deck, to the field commander
fresh or past the sell-by date,
Magisters of sampled sound, scratch anaemic
orchestration, buy their coleslaw mix, try
their slave & master version,
Anatolian roots
monster mix. They'll mow
flat immaculate lawns, will marshal rows of celery,
riffle through the plasm-swatches
Dropping by with a cut
novelty from their greenhouse,
everlasting flowers.

JOHN WILKINSON