Halibut liver oil

Thank you for not smoking limpid acid
Tacitly tallying middle-aged women
Hang their washing out on adults
Handy and economical satisfyingly close
Shave refill mug prepare for power
Disaster and execution sheets high
Spending is a new branch of the overdraft skill
But post-pink colours shut the eyes of activists
Freedom fighters are as boring as profit painters

Equal rights for all Broadwater Farmers
Bolster support for the hidden world in summer
Brighton coaches Eastbourne routes South Downs
Mystics only ramblers vote for corn
Fields of thin ice floats on bloody grapes
Space is all we need in Wythenshawe
Where sheep and deer crop in the way
Riot police and tories are expected
To do their duty for every man stands up

For England's paradise never troubles Taffian's
Free hand preserves powered wealth
Why built a house if our climate does the rest

Complaints about the nets yellow free play
Publishers as friendly as bullying bastards
Thank you my dear Old Spice for the fresh air
Time oranges blue
Through sun-strokes
Ground rocks ships by
Abbott's trolleys attack
This is an aggressive shot
Smile the soft ball round
Your fingers guide the left
On their return from the continent
Secrecy through phonecalls clear
Outlines are barely visible
For nine dogs walking behind fugitive
Fathers joined the Territorials
Waving the white flag at Whitehall
Only once through the microphone ether
The nose driven to repeat weightless pounds
Down to the shallow waters of Pond Lake
In proportion to hold the old sky sold out
For commercial reasons the esthetic as
Static as the rainbow needs these rounded clouds
Giving each picture its oval vision
For a few the next step supports this view
Popular poetry is growing in the streets of Brixton
A haircut terminates friendship as a precaution
Some husbands remove their children from school
Then single parents rinse power out of a tube
Steal thunder steal

City-states picture a complete myth
Excited giants form language lacks over
And rodger a naturally varnished lover

For those who visit Yorkshire shores by moonlight
Skies for hire weasels to modify trapped silence
Inverted skirts rebuild galley proofs of shirts

Supervising a circular anxiety on a linear basis
But then soliciting socializing destroys innocence
With a transient straight face we declare ourselves

Independent by labour divided by angels
Into roses black positions present
Vulgarly enforcing codicils

To perpetuate experience in the making
Floodlights make blue purple doors silhouettes
Disciplined effect blisters a locked wrist

A man with a sword cuts a book promises
A mountain against the top the sun
Half-light recast your behaviour

Extracted from protection
Soup kitchens in Leicester Square
Bottles of onionized gin in Whitechapel

Respectable polaroid cameras refer after all
Queen Victoria invited the Duke of Wellington
To her wedding in the presence of vanity
Nought point one

Clouds don't come in squares
Neither nearer home in unbalanced columns
If we reduce the profit margin nothing will alter our view

Due to the improper use of sodomy we lost a sheep
Back to Vauxhall on the cheap side of the railway system
Stacks of print between these semi-detached parts of life

Of a whole mute generation empty gestures follow time to colour
If we cancel the London landscapes the bottom would go to the top
Simplicity would reduce nudist camps to empty property

Handwritten demonstrations stage agents and gentle patients
Tenants of a natural culture if not impoverished
Through lack of care of cotton wool as a real advantage

Over long distances heavy vehicles jointly combine
Language as a mirror of constitutional heresies
No builder ever crosses a brook connecting ecstasy

We invent the ideal to feed the poor
To show the limits of hunger
To burn inferior quality in Ruskin's way

Indeed a dead man never hides in the bushes
Any other commonplace would not replace
Local labour pays the sterling stamp

Church make it now that factory make it that bank
The fall of the queen of the sea in the sea
What do we need a coast for a coach we have

JOHAN DE WIT
To his fragrance, she surrenders

a stately pleasuredome decree,
paradise of allusion,
radiance and shadow across the hills, and shadow.

It is evening. Pneumatic
spume of gravel sheared through
in volvo, bmw country.

Aviary: strange birds
under glass.

Lemon sunset through trees
sodden black and lichen:
it is evening in winter.

Diamond
down cursive,
jewelled, it
creeps skin through the boughs,
knot of the tongue & the slow set image inset.

The art of Dutch banking, Rabobank.
Gloss: magazine.
The rite of the host awaiting entry...

Sterilised vowels, iced metal, ice.
Outside, the wintry hills
contract back into shadow,
meltdown ceases

the singing trees
contract once more to cold.
Strings. Pour of her hair from
a pitcher, her head
a pitcher broken

his hand
on her head a handle.
The cold moon coin,
the inflationary moon.
It's a private company, they partake their pleasure set out of the public domain. Diamond
down glide
among singing birds
on the tree of language,

lungtree, & a breath
new-minted.
A distant sound of shears edging monotonously closer, dulled metallic. All is material, just a matter of course.
The host waits and the guest comes on,
and mist on the hills, & mist on the knives & tongues slicked in grease, in anecdotes.

Among the sleek talk, the heart's mong. Incisive comment. A soft tatoo of rain they do not hear, rain beating retreat of the world into its own evening on time slipping off into the dark a tipped chaperone (all our discreet servants) beaten, beaten by rain rain the little drummer boy. Distant hills.
That blue mist is nature, that distance,
& the pure breeze drives
off the bluff and sings in space.
Nothing up on the moors
but that clenched life of tormented bracken, the odd
bright plastic pods of discarded cartridges
& the new poem
etched against desolation.

Uncurling
songs of birds, & a model
in eden: sinuous
allotropic carbon
flow down
  sweetly into the grot
of fern, water, scent;
rockpool:
shimmercandle, & she
swoons
  almost: here mixed in
with the white of an egg
whisked to
  ingredient softness, testosterone,
glissando of yolk on silver
  spoon, the whipped
sugars and subservient herbs,
satellite states. Plus
Mozart,
civilized and digital, &
shimmercandle.

  Yes at the threat of & on
the draught it flows,
smoking,
locking small fires
in the reflected smithies of her gold.
Outside, the rain is martial.
It is winter & evening.
The sky is a marshalling yard.
Silent round its core
the fruit swells.
The oral environment decays:
bite on this the reporter says then
the rain. I break
from my conscience.
It's time. She falls
back on the unmade
bed of his mind.
Time passes and time
passes...

It is committed to memory.
The clouds blacken, blue rain, light:

a basin of stars morning empties.
She's ruched in her emotion:
	tant pis.
On the beach, on the screen,
the sea's dozers
shore up the rubble
of shingle
with grey blades.
Froth, froth of the world.

MICHAEL AYRES