headlights with doilies
trying to block
relentless light
mimic the breath of fire
quietly
slim interference
brushes realization
a little while
until fate warms
to the idea of itself
and past tense
charms its way
into the lost cells
we no longer relegate
to the flow
of current
reason
loud zebras hyperpopulate my feeling zone klepto shockingly amassed substance
but I'm tame I look (regard me) pure reason don't stretch no guitar strings in my direction too much heart carnivore shell-shocking my light episodes of raveling juncture porcelain split (crisply open)
Watching the honeysuckle pour
clematis starred over the trellis
sun stares birds swoop and sing,
talk of the devil scares the populace
encircles the world set aside
tactical problem and grievous error;
shooting the newly literate,
the malnourished, the darker than yourself.

What place can poetry make?
Who lives there, so mirrored?
Empty inside the glitterball
dim, cosy, unmoving continent
below this peach honeysuckle
clematis starred spilling out in May
I read a few days off;
slick starlings sharp as bullets
hit my neighbour's table, eat his bread,
shit on his sheet and fly away
- here's a good bit, peck peck;
strictly speaking they don't talk
despite the flight to speech as prime,
the future falls from the sky
white blobs drill a Midland or Northern town,
outstared in the silver stone
attendant lords range rove
cower, smile, laugh full-throat
catching the angles, teeth.
How's it going? ten seconds
the one eyed camera states,
eight seconds popular dissent,
pull away - shoppers, dancing youths,
script cut dog-lick.
Working from the blueprint
fat bees drift in the garden
grass greens between us
rain wet path lights the sun
strong as the aversion to death;
the dream an endless promise
narrates first names with all accretions:
commerce, nature, the pit
fresh cleaned, a pebble for the shot.
No creaking throne comes down
the boys to please break the book,
a hoot and a holler away from paradise
broad air burns filtered days
travelling light caught in the net
calloused finger tips probe:
clouds, shoots, the personal life
distended plans run wild
- you don't feel but do more.

Megaphones clot the streets
police drive in the eyes,
I mean sentences,
stars fixed across the screen
a sort of machinery is at work,
dumb song compulsory
enthralled by vacant ghosts;
buried back there a dead body,
candid, coiled and waiting
- they fear it's a woman
with shoes to buy,
biscuits and mince in the bag.
Let me stamp it on your head
feel want, taste grief, need friends,
ilie down, forget, don dark glasses.
written out of mind
morning blue skies over
aerospace and defence systems
everyday to work
the exothermic reaction
rising red across the plain
a thousand anxious arrows
see that first moment
the lights change

In magazine England
a green field still,
busy boys find peeled signs
micro creatures and strong men,
singing sugar in the vein
spin their little round.
If truth seeps through,
especially if it sounds good
it's a mistake,
the undiscovered abecedarium.

crowd driven in the deficit
much like the back scene of a play
or melodrame
think of something else
that life
seeking my father in the dust
magnet in hand writing
that life over my head
consumes itself but one
the Co-op manager singing
Zion beautiful Zion
all around the estate
and it looks like
- I don't know what
the drift of sound of thought
dwindles to grammar whispers
distant blue afternoon
relaxing the red avenger
golden juice is flying
under the surface, she said
you find more roots than soil
aligned like a plan
when we talk I see
the bottom of the well
faces perfect childhood
in the dark disc of now
these polished stones click
cool extracted density

how is the mind wired?
perhaps five hours to run
panic settles like pollen
pedestrians streaming skyward
if I insert this tiny wedge
one tap tilts the board
opposed network figures
rush to comfort tearful boys
money slides off shore
house values flicker
scared dads see the truth
rising from the work
feel the future heat
the roaring cash of votes
1/ the dead went unburied
what matters is the feel
of the country/ we have defended
civilised values by fighting/
trumpet cock-crow decelerates
it’s suddenly gone quiet.
and how oppressive it is.
you feel like holding your breath.
carry all the risks/ liberate business
that would have been unthinkable.

2/ it is not possible to give people
independence/ exploit the advantages
One Nation is finally reached
[quasi-nostalgic flute tune]
this policy is immoral and grossly
inefficient/ popular capitalism
will conserve our heritage
honesty hard work responsibility
they are innocent victims

3/ we have restored honest money
we have been careful not to spend
we have refused
we have balanced
we have paid [trumpet yawp,
da capo]
the vertigo of a flawless world

4/ the protection of intellectual property
//tottering fanfare//
increasing strain
ruinous evidence
it’s suddenly gone quiet.
and how oppressive it is.
you feel like holding your breath.
carry all the risks/ liberate business
the future
that would have been unthinkable.

5/ the rural
trumpet cock-crow ... decelerates
we expect that decline to continue
acceleration of the phasing out
concrete trees with real leaves
6/ most of the problems facing our country cannot be solved; we will stop having problems.

Money is important; buy and sell; medical treatment; our principle is to strengthen management (trombone siciliano); a collective demand for signs way of murdering the original.

7/ increase the number of police further so the citizen can feel safe.

Start the biggest prison building programme to extend protection for innocent people. It is the social banal & omnipresent which is carceral; cuck-cuck of clarinets; eggs in the wrong nests.

8/ the breakdown of democratic

//////// — —

Accelerate the process. Slow horn stripper-cue: /* they're used to symbols being corrupted */ individuality is transfigured & becomes ** freedom **.

It is the "real" country which is Disneyland.

9/ preserve the past proposals for deep disposal regenerate moribund principle by simulated scandal

Scandale perfume == Profumo scandal we have enhanced police powers charnel swelling of the flesh the police-space enabling the City desperate reproduction funereal drum-taps

10/ no contemplation is possible. It was during the war. It is during the war. Da capo al fine. In the defence of the realm and the preservation of peace proposals for deep disposal sudden collapse of impetus

The sun has gone down & now they're drumming back there.