

on the turn

momentary tribute

To realise at odd moments
the oddness of all moments
as spotted from the other side
of lines penning in our search engines
whose endless quest is nothing but
a precise location of the self-same's boundaries
enclosing those little edgy somethings
almost at nothing's verge.

Yet to gain this out of bounds
to slip across the lines
into that other suspension of place
all task machines are beached
giving way's I-gift
of free-fall's absolute
to a giving-way,
an out of bounds out-pass.

Only there could any moment
make itself felt,
be seen in the purity of its becoming oddness,
its twisted unravelling
dispensing with what's left
of the momentary's edges.
Albeit in the van of infrequency
this bereftness
demands to be taken lightly
before dropping into its very own hollow
where Mozart can still be found
whiling away the afternoons
in G minor daydreams
that stop at nothing.
He's not putting it on.

slippery customers

vagrants in the proximity of language
 our wordtracks plottable only
 as after-thought approximations
 we slippery customers
 will never give ourselves away

in our coursing beyond grasp
 always in the throes of
 a becoming out of place,
 this out
 this place
 perfect incompatibles
 shackled together only
 by becoming's direct action,
 we are held to it
 caught yet unaccountable
 finally irresponsible
 but still owing something essential
 to our co-defendants.

We are the only judge
 but lack all grounds.

at tether's end

happened by it
 unconditionally
 we-truculents
 becoming means
 to show continuity's
 driving arhythm

beyond community
 yet in it together
 message bearers messageless
 for no receiver
 given free rein
 to pass the end
 of our tether, yet
 haltered to it,
 without realising
 we are the dangled
 void it events.

monotrail

sent off in advance
 to where we think up-ahead might lie
 our techno-scouts
 cub-reporters to a no-man
 sending scoops to where
 they think back is
 set up the monotrail
 overtaking us in the aftermath

long jog

we droves
 dehiscent exbrothers exsisters
 existers spilt by witless galaxy managers
 stream across mudbanks
 past absent welcome signs
 clutching goblets
 brimful with dust
 and photobread

it won't be scanned
into our viscera

agog for nothing
we jog on

unstageable

heart-rim shade-taster
down from mind
up from heart
mouth's tongue lies
throat-rooted donor
of countless others
fanned beyond place
in breath-gifts'
scat-drift operas
unstageable
ever the more
compressed by
urgency's never-the-less

distress calls

quite nights and clarionettes
justly drifters softening ears
feltmost here beyond
eustachious tubifers
into dream drams
whiskyless mactot erring
on the side of a core
shot through
by naked thistle-down
the wind the wind
lessing its way via
ducts of breath

across open doubt
 past years full of
 marmorial murmurs
 whispered memoric mnemonics
 taking you back back
 packing slivered vibes
 melting away past
 the sands of your sad eyes

unframed thoughts
 deboated glances
 straw-sifted into the crock
 of old left-overs
 skullfull distress calls
 of the nearly guilty

way out

way must pare itself down,
 become trailed parings marking
 a way to way's end,
 way giving way
 to an unseeable point
 where a not-yet-thing,
 unseemly,
 might just begin.

tapped up

dessicating taps
 we're being dried out
 interminably unraced
 in the endless slow rush
 to find the next green stone

mirage squint-spotted
towards the back
of their darkening minds

a passing phase

Now, then,
there's no time
to like the present,
and no time quite like
our present for recognising
we're just a passing phase
whose countdown began on day one.

Since numbers became our own thing
we're counting still, although we've never learnt
still's uncountability.
Somewhere along the way memory lapsed,
day two perhaps.
We forgot how it could all be done
on one finger
in no time at all.

Don't count on it -
it will count against us
at last.

on the turn

tomorrow is a local concept
critical only for making sure
our global supermarket opens on time;
it works only in the short term
on a shrinking scale, with the straight line,
shortest distance between two shops
for the flat-earthars seeing from here

to there and back again.

Now we can see round corners and beyond
 it's becoming clearer by the day
 that yesterday and today
 are joining forces with tomorrow
 to collapse into the one forever
 we can't get at,
 rooted as we are
 to this spot.

A'Ha! Here's a curve
 leading oh-so-slowly
 to its own origin.
 We'll never get there.

cast off

don't make faces at me
 you words pesky here
 toying with my lapsing selves
 one by one turning
 from my not-me

I see through you
 you holey gates
 bent on making me
 a gawping stock
 sticking me in the holes
 rounding me up
 fencing me in

casting me adrift

separate

we search without end for the glue
 somewhere between real and true
 even as it slips away
 eluding us
 between the thing-words

they do not stick together
 for nothing
 they do not stick together
 for you and me

they will not call a halt
 they do not stick together
 or apart

logue-splitters

cloud
 you tear-filled
 bloodsand bag
 unable to bear
 your wretch-worldweight
 you burst above
 this roofless hutch

showered song-sniffing
 petal-black grains
 stuff widemouths
 up-turned
 going to ground
 soil-insorbed

choked off
 words seep
 to a far-deep

in some no-later
 not-yet conjunction
 unparsable
 since-buried thrums
 logue-splitters
 vibe-plangent
 drum out
 a no-through-road
 to the in-caving sky

to bear

you-many
 insinuating pushforcers
 optionless I bear you
 you edge-patrollers
 bearing several of me
 ahead of that un-self

(there the lambs
 at a distance)

you give me to bear you

right there

die say never
 againleast
 lived livid
 patchless
 against the bracken

question

leaving time unmarked
 you
 as my configuration
 acid-lacker
 edgeless
 fail just
 at biting the dust

will you remain

dive

orphantic
 at the first sign
 automatically
 you lost your way

you became exponential
 shot across my bows

diving deep
 to catch the lowest surface
 it gave way
 instantly

door-to-door

coming from off the map
 with soft promises
 but no reference
 she sold heather
 some pegs
 wooden split-willow
 tin-strip-tacked

for hanging out dripping lives

eye-threatened
your life-line
stuttering
gave itself away

pledging a mid-winter return
she makes for the open heath

percussive

earthdrum
stave-rattled
you delivered
rock bowls
pollen-stuffed
to your own tune

much later
after the stoning
you made for oblivion
without a word of complaint

they'd beaten you to it

tribute

hello today
I drink to your compact milk
no-one appointed you
to the post
fastest of motherboards
you were always ahead
of the gang

we driftwooders
 always a yard
 or so
 behind
 you leave us
 standing

obloquial

lying low
 you think me out
 from I-lands
 undiscoverable
 their beyond-grain
 remotely close
 palpates nethered
 spokesman regions

jerkily
 lymphsong agulates
 congress
 becoming outstretched
 at intervals
 over there
 on drying racks
 by scrabblers
 of the obloquial

I am mentioned
 in dispatches
 from the home-front
 having nowhere to go
 words do not get through

this is no place to wait
 for the third coming
 of the next-to-the-last man

he left

shortly before reason
did mi ed in

insane need

who the
are you anyway
you more-than-I
you-plural
beyond control
law-before
safe from any
care and protection order

you underminers
stateless
look at the state
you've got me in
codeless code-crackers
line fraggers
threshing antiphrastric
verb maxers
you jabber me
gleanless
gobless
out of here

I could manage without
I can't do without you

to without

without is a verb
you do to me

me grounded
 stonebound
 in this hutchless redoubt
 you you without me
 and I I withouted
 deep within now
 into withouting's rout
 I without myself
 to the last drop

relief

this snowcar
 blanks out
 driving one through

you feel ice-sea downs
 lumpwords
 freeze-dried
 out-doled
 cast on your brow

relief-works operating
 at a loss
 empassage ways
 of touching me down
 and out
 singly

tiniest

little and often
 little and often
 incant it coming
 hear it nearing

through it winding
never tell a soul

last gasp

turning
we come to
Gasp Junction

cornered
de-breathed
torqued out
dwell-less we take
exile's elixir

the pores wordforth

grasped

leastwords,
tightgatherers,
enclenching
a by-no-means
feat

scot-free

quite deliberately
words fail me
knowing they will
always and every where
get away with it

the names the names

uninvited
 delivered by blows
 to the uvula
 your offer
 of unsound names
 came by the last post

lip-splitting tuckets
 within some inner mouth
 jolted offallic names
 out through gaps
 ripped from sanity's
 thin-skinned indefensible hollow

dumb particles
 I'd never choose them for myself
 let alone my cur

accusation

you
 you de-stitcher you
 you pick me off
 one by one
 at each half-choked turn
 as I desperate hemmer
 seek to stay the frays

you
 you overtook me once
 on a ride-in
 at Whiteout Park
 standing at sixes
 and sevens
 an aside to the main chance

I passed away without note
as you tongue-razor sharp
sickled me out
of my inhood
for nothing
forever

once and for all
how could you

elusive

oh Giaconda
it is not yet
a smile
you never will be
entirely
happy

twitcher

daily
in the hide
through the slit
night-shift over
the birds
monoculated
watch out
for my absence
to pass them by

scanned

now and then
 turning my l-pages
 hither and thither
 you scan me
 out
 illegible

oven-ready

a baking woman
 world-kneaded
 before crumbling away
 tossed me
 the crumb of her discomfort

taking the hot tips
 grace-cakes
 unleavened
 floured up
 I began to expand
 inwards

groundless

here
 I put down roots
 not being my roots
 they ate up
 my here
