

1.

text evolves

text evolves,
like tannins, crystalline and soluble,
open to hope, bending to anticipation,
evolving from immature cadences,
aggregating as spatial resolve upon the tongue.

Acres of drought riddled text absorb
the moisture from mouth and eyes,
the vapour from our nostrils,
when plates collide and shatter
writing is a prism
when humidity is restored to my atmosphere
the electrodes of love
warrant laughter.

2.

the Success bridges

I have been challenged by the polished steel
of Pirsiggian culture bearers

in this estuary of the corrupting legend,
charismatic leader led,
peer-driven, dad-demanded,
creative frontiers palliate and wean,
the subtleties of synthesis
negotiate the courts.

our proud constructs lose operas,
plying gloss and soaps for barter
inattentive to the end

Tyros of orthometry
assume the mantle,

court.

3.

dressing the nursery

we have identified a frond we think
admires conversation
desires evolution
requires something more.
Tonight you are knitting a nest,
weaving a magnificent
cephalopod of a placenta
internally, no hands!
merely tuning in and turning on
a mandelbrot set of cells towards each other,
allowing their incalculable sums
their resolutions,
in embryonic pools of serum,
in the fernery of your womb.

4.

bed

scarcely believing my proximity –
allied hardly to the taste
of your exhaled CO₂
lodging negligible, delicious,
articulate sensations,
pretending the opinion of friendship,
in these we construct
the most hazardous pilgrimage,
a corridor of contrary veils,
to enable our silent
mild
histrionics

5.

relativity

language is a handcuff.

Talk to me.

Each time you fail to kiss me,
more density than glaciers
shores up my riven jaw
my spirit borders up -
the very Gulf
incites me

by the measure of my love,
you have shallow anger

6.

physician, heal thyself

A doctor trapped in Antarctica for 5 months must conduct a needle biopsy on herself to determine whether the lump she found in her breast is malignant.

– *The Age*, 17 July 1999

the hypothermic, insulating decade of ice
arrests my routine immortality.

Tissue shifts within my breast,
between frozen waters and the air and atlas
I have entered a glacier pact
with fate and a hypodermic.

One blessing, the aching larder suffered up
a twin for dissection, third degree & catechism.
Gently, without breath or beat,
proved the prophylactic skin
saw the sharp inserted in the season's final citrus
the membrane searched and punctured,
the camp's final satsuma weeping to a syringe.

Now to contemplate one's breast in ice, surrounded by,
defined, preserved,
an anaesthetic pause remanded on a needle-sharp,
I videoed my cells in desolation and the dark,
then offering my flesh to god the glass and other men,
held still the blade
empirical.

7.

why

I read poetry

because,

like a split skirt

vibrations make sound and it,

like a glimpsed inner thigh,

it writes music in my head.

A sharp white sleeve, a necklace, Ariel,

leaning in your cleavage I could live in,

or you, swallowing water,

the replicated threat of law and handcuffing insomnia,

a girl called Vanessa's breast

proffers warmth to herself

leucorrhoea collected after the fact

& carried surreptitiously on my body

of your body

I read poetry because

the scent of sunbathed shoulderblades is best experienced

& the memory is fierce

& interrogations between teeth and tongues

is a turbulence to dive for

& is always unresolved

because like the hieroglyphics of your fingers

shifting to Prokofiev or Korsakov

tangibly repeat the heated / extravagance of shared breath

& clutch at shared mixed memories,

some of which I lack,

and you do,,

I read poetry because Raquel begs for space

and demands and sets a thousand fences,

because the arms of the woman on the poster are tanned

and she is smiling at the wall behind her.

I read it because I love
all poets obsessed with sex
the opera of breakfast
the hundred meter dash of lunch
the miscalculation of dinner and poorly calibrated kisses

I read poetry because the circular walls of your breath
& the muscular warm / tissue of your cunt
mesmerise in both ink and life,

I read poetry because shadows walk across city walls & jog
posthumous memory banks
into prologues & postscripts
mirrored streets and purchase points
so I can re-see sunsets and smell today
as innocent hips hammer the streets
leaning into their phones and scoliosis

I read these words because
narrative is a toy
employed for manipulation and amusement
he turned to his book to devour a delusion
she turned to her reader to validate a reverie

I read poetry because the brittle
paradigms we live in
through your words shine like fibre optic
facets of existence
and grip the tactile world like teeth
bite into lamb shanks and corn
& your velvet, peach skinned arse.

I read poetry because the skin of existence is translucent,
& beneath it lie epiphanies,
choruses of Amen.

I read poetry and the thud of doves
smacking into Salom's windows
amplifies my pounding heart
jackhammers with a woofer.

I read poetry because
we grapple with the buzzing of the small world,
the world too small for all the fights that we desire,

frailty is held in the stanza of a poem,
as is give, and want.

I read poetry because I hadn't yet read what Ginsberg wrote
when I wrote this,

and I should have.

I seek poetry that introduces subtle shifts
in my palette of consciousness
of the sightless interchangeable identities
limited by populist timeframes
then blasts the premiss of their existence into Nagasaki
and its outward ripples
bounce against the shores of our efforts to escape,
)through sex death drugs tv
or transcendental exercise,(
today.

I read poetry because, all too often,
caught up in the strange character of competition,
I forget the lightness of being a boy,
& the weight of light,
& the soft sound of sand.

& I read poetry because, daily,
I forget how lovely breathing is,
and how I wish I could fly,
& wishing is
delicious.