



TRANCELATED
from COINSIDES

IRA LIGHTMAN

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Ira Lightman

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ONCE we gathered
to compere his memory
we were incomplete
so let us gather,
we have
Magritte capping the bottle

Madonna still has not showed.
I think that'll still be blonde
for all
that I knew
of the sixties'
of a pop artist's star

DAWN sits in well
in herself's
first thought
when dance's a form
of sitting in her walk,
gestures free while legs last.

No joystick in a cockpit
to her, its home isn't free
time, not a luxury
but seams
unsparklingly
dekindlefunctionable? I forget.

OPEN ON mountaintop whitecapped
 or let burdensome snowfall
 bend branches cracked, chill
 ice sheets impede our brooks

outside the window but hot coals
 indoors grill you and I cosy
 yanking corks from golden wine
 laid down in our cellar for a decade

and the Lord overviews rows of
 rivalling weather spiralling climate
 coolheaded for where in the wood
 goes a tree unnoted unfairly so

[Horace]

AND TO us fall morn as we get up
 in the gift of fortune to whatever gain
 may reserve with physical assets
 out of wiggling girls and boys

in wisdom part withal unminding
 the darkness there afield
 gently whispering a nocturne
 or two in defence of youths

now discarding fickleness
 spontaneously thus slipping
 a ring onto somebody's finger
 that use lives that way.

[Horace]

WORLD sense winter seceding and a noon nearing
 whose herald blows our topsails into action
 out of dream's chimney tumbling us arising
 to all that knocks within a rosebud

in order Venus shall frolic in moonlight
 enduring nymph and fairy come down
 on a petal path and visors fall
 again before forges' furnaces

that herbs woven in a green crown
 grow and stir and pave
 here to pan's delight
 of the sought grove

for death stalks the hotel
 and cave where I would love you
 by then to expect nothing of you left
 but to give to a ghostly incompleteness

famous hell cannot tame for desireless
 you depart forever wine's season
 and dicey dance bubbling young
 but we and virgins simmered

[Horace]

AND what's the way
 to eulogize my Christ,
 commander and my Christ,
 that gets into me myself

to eulogize Christ
 but Christ, come
 at my time
 to eulogize?

and where's the place where
 in me
 Christ is,
 where'll Christ be in me? Christ,

maker of sky and land,
 oh for you to pass comment,
 commander and my Christ
 if I've got the whatever

I get?
 for sky and land
 you made and in me made get
 in what way you?

[St. Augustine]

HIGH hierarchies
 you give boss and sing
 shoes not seen for dust
 in races skidmarks scorched

on tracks and metals
 on the rostrum to the gods
 of circling camera like silver
 and gold mightier than bronze

backseatdriving a carriage
 of bravado where the feared went
 abroad to the acclaim
 of settees raked glories

in person on the wall
 around China and the tea
 nor timber spill nor shiver
 of the louse happy at home

in his shed risking
 lustily leakier craft if
 best wine in best crystal
 first thing on a big day

says at last
 green shade and source
 though drum to drum
 boast rivalry and

mothers weep and a hunt
 starkly wean civilisation
 and dogs dive on pigs
 where pigs gore free

as a mortar board and
 swimming head sicken me
 and banshee and yob in tears for
 cities fear grace

and words and music
 and a marriage across a hush
 of sound extending in song
 a link truly to each planet

[Horace]

DO sky or land
 getting how you fill
 and unendingly withdraw
 - do they get that?

all over land
 & sky's fillet
 unendingly withdrawing
 - how, outsider Lord?

that has no heart
 made for keepsake
 as goalkeeper who's fit
 - are we kept fitted?

beds full of you
 tonight don't toughen
 a root that sprawls
 - doesn't it spill

dry no seed on us,
 only sap of
 mixed particles
 proportioned apart - it

fills for our
 sake, totally all -
 is it so we
 can't get you?

totally all shall
 but slightly
 & all along
 one circumference

at one depth
 done singularly
 singular, maximal
 maximally - blank blanked

particularly maximal
 blank
 universe
 - do we get that?

[St. Augustine]

OVER TO the team rat to relate
our leader's conquering speeches
and feather up its R.A.F.
stroke M.O.D. do

and dive dive dive elsewhere
into psycho-biography X or Y
or swim-a-long with Z
but expect no

dishes from the talent I have
hardbound to keep the peace
that falls flat when made into
a hymn to

the military flak jacket
meant to be Homerically
decked in glory with those
out-riding

friendly gossip-free soirees
yet ladle I will my sauce
easygoing upon the hearts
what kept me

[Horace]

WHOLLY begotten deity of kingdom,
descending in panache upon hell's
purely made cleverly verbal
gymnastics style;

my tribute to your maker, you
have beheld in a rolling melody
to wink a flashlight on a tale's
bewitchment which

readymade quickly brought up to lips'
tips untaking like a blinking kid
who don't get what's the point of
myself seriously

and so by a cheek non-usurped
by any a monacle'd firewalks so
classy with a continent's fall in
partisan to poor sack

as if everything is in the mind
of a sunday school miss stirring
peaceful exhausted guts unto
a maker's good.

[Horace]

MAYBE every child
makes mommy weep,
every daddy faces
heart pain, every
child wants to be
fully awake while
every thing jumps
also! Night wakes
dream life, happy
lives to be lived
until never ends

SPIRITUALITY

evening in high summer's sky on our stroll of
cutting across grass for corn does tickle us as
sandal that never unstraps the soles
in bare feet. Hot in hats we're ridiculous as

talk. Okay. Thought's ok. Don't
in abandon not love. Left as right stirrup
under the weight making the stoned
in nature, see the happy couple.

[Rimbaud]

INTO US all year
goes a leaf left
behind at take-off
and we survive
exploring an outlet

as a rot exactly
is success's failure
let go into life
whooshed to fall
and upend to crackle

AS folder
fluttering
arranged
disorder –
of politic

bodies a case,
studyable,
so the works
redone live
the imprint, mate.

BACK in acetate quarters at Kuwait's Beijing
hotel tables, quibble arcs swish blue, quite bleak
in bullock quarts. Nowhere, anybody understands
via two, unto both alike crossing a board
hopping. Accompanied throughout, borders are
for you to me, and you beside square bodies
understanding. Retribution in the responsibilities
rushed at the externally recomunicated edicts of

DUALITY's not us, while being at while
it kills time, not saving up the wine
a puritan might discard, scolding God's
servant whose talent finds warm moist soil
standing stable in unstable confederacy
and plants revealing future not present
proportioning inappropriate to the husband
the wife not also employing wedded boss.

WHEN boards fall,
 seeming alive wood
 in carved originals
 shaken to dust also,

are spiritbone set
 carveries called to
 flotation of fiefs'
 strategems, what tongues

the gravity's endgame
 deprived of songs -
 omnipresent loom
 spinning bend overruled

until zero is
 analogously not
 remains martyr
 impatient chickens

I WANDER unlonely
 for featherfish in me
 fly consciously
 as balloonists

in too much mist
 enjoy a little
 inland from the sea's
 crash on a hill

fluffy white spreads,
 instantly in sunken
 daftness postponing
 whither next when

arrested
 I thence
 medium
 will coincide.

TO ME, he is holy god
 of gods; yes, he is the one
 who sits there at the right hand
 listening. Hearing

straddles him, sweetly. Despite
 this, I envy through the window
 I've seen. Jesus. All is lost
 tongues composing

on blunt instruments, always
 out of key. My view is this
 reads the music at twice the price
 so what light?

[Catullus]

ICY
 eye
 flurried
 ooze

stemming
 moon
 dusk
 trauma

harvest
 slurps,
 sleepy
 hollow.

[de Nerval]

AND strangely on the silence broke
the silent-speaking words, and strange
was love's dumb cry defying change
to test his worth; and strangely spoke

faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
on doubts that drive the coward back,
and keen thro' wordy snares to track
suggestion to her inmost cell

[Tennyson]

I WOULD have made Rome know she still is Rome -
who stands aghast at her eternal self
and shakes at mortal kings - her vacillation,
avarice, craft - O God, how many an innocent

has left his bones upon the way to Rome
unwept, uncared for. Yea - on mine own self
the King had had no power except for Rome -
'tis not the King who is guilty of mine exile.

[Tennyson]

YOUNGER than me, mop and
 cluster of ringlets golden
 glow on a healthy skin,
 she giggles mournful on the wind
 sign of a great swan;
 a cool, white ice-cream tone
 butterflies at the breast-bone,
 divine and ladylike and human.
 Eye, eye, night for day
 rolls all of my troubles away;
 watch and relish her touch on me
 and lip suspending conversation
 curls when musician-sagician
 continually will bewitch me

[Ronsard]

OLIVIA, get yourself up in the morning, like working people do
 with the sun - the first rays of the weekend through your window
 shine with a chance of something new, a chance maybe of passion,
 & I watch you hand children scarves & hats, all by yourself -
 the sun's up. Olivia's kingdom stretches to the edges morning & afternoon,
 making a million days of nothing: 0, the band upon her forehead
 sits like the orbit of her moon, and cold stars she'd love to win;
 Olivia gives planets out to eat, all by herself - in the rain & dark.
 Olivia hasn't learned a midnight temper
 forms a rainbow darkly over
 even its own meaning;
 there is a saying you must drive
 facing down every other driver
 chasing the stars, fill seas, become free.

[Silvio Rodriguez]

CREDIT schooled runt in a grunt of discipline he'd hold the front	IF you cannot eyes down with Donne but echo athwart St Paul's hate in an Augustine or an Aquinas - grid of a church further -
used and dying for oh afar said our enemy's king I see tears shed	do you also work playtime vigilantes to strum in eternity adolescents - that knucklehead pluck shall sell them worship as a fresh riff
in a child's bed that I unready liontamer headed out understudy	as a new No.1 in march time can neither rehab clap clinic nor an awayday to be alone in nature less a paddle down the royal
less: a textbook reflex our martyr not turning back on a begun war	role to the unconscious' weeks of days down pouring global revenge raining red apples out a scrumpy sky - then I dip in my slacks for
well rusts without mean in whom love trusts up or down	a change of coin and recommend you the dry mouth and ferment thresh hold dusky of our day generation should bewilder all thick with
well and not to death now with controversy about a brighter earth	love and ignorance the straw pollsters herd, bolt when the zeitgeist wills the lionized best of green houses with the jealous good on them
if anything merit prayer a miracle it be undeclared and I sail	to expect a reciprocation and to fake handshake like pope bill gargling the throat of this and not that for we are twins and twins
alongside progress scattered in shards eyeing the less in others guarded	likely with the new zeitgeist builders do you not too know what a man is over such a cider at leisure my swimmer?
[Horace]	[Horace]

MILES, by
"playing one note and having it
relate to several chords at the same
time," accomplished something
similar from another direction.
Cannonball Adderly told Ira
Gittler: Coltrane and I call it the
'implied reference', the things
Miles does

[Ashley Kahn]

WORK edit
in the Guardian lead feature
attributes remaining all blow and
makes for breeze-shooting and
Tony Blair has been wrongly credited,
seeing the long game of
symphony not melody bar's
gravity within each his own
Uniting Kingdom.

THE grandeur
 demands our tongue
 that the model
 shall require
 in tongues
 our tie is
 to you
 we wander
 of peccadillo
 test-papers
 we struggle
 onwards tied
 and your commands
 dog to
 you fashioned
 to
 quit

[St. Augustine]

OF you, majesty
 and grand is your way
 my mind can't follow
 this man to struggle
 to praise it,
 with genius
 in fragility
 roaming diaries
 and marked-down
 from over-confidence,
 in tongues,
 to genius
 lead a praising
 drool since
 our heart
 fear
 of it.

[St. Augustine]

<p>_____ in the closet their side of the hinge made more money out of the tradition</p> <p>so ghosts in a box 'd frog-tongue to gullet language-based imagery all our 20th century</p> <p>of an eyemote for colour and the dance just of speed calling this beauty of a world turned prey</p>	<p>A IS ALWAYS stuck on the fact the right given to Hitler Hitler said</p> <p>so buttoned the individualist likewise in every seminar</p> <p>while business leads B to link seminarians Stalin hated with Stalin.</p>
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AS garlic won't be discarded so should ever my sirencall	VOLTAIRE may suffer not with child rearing but
thenceforward let us to bed clockworkedly new as an owl	that even losing childhood is good as a short cut
flecked without the spraypaint blanket predawn has splattered	to get on to the heaven behind veils Christ's brightness
at organs no lover thickening in pledge as going feverishly	qualms nevertheless as flesh digests in world-thinking stomachs
to have known to make free we know thick as that bird	rattling the cage of the minds as agathism optimism exercises.

A PRAYER asks
may magnificence
engineer uninjured
a bejewelled eye,
 aghast oust
seer tempestuous
or could I on the bus
naively remembering
 duck amber dewed
generous novelty genius
for brewery forbears years
marching martial as americana

IF I'M a bigamist
loving wife
with Jesus Christ
I know when I
want and how I
get it and don't
destroy passers-by,
thought it was united
kingdom is it
against the irish
catholic armed
to re-spin the english revolution.

THE ORCHESTRATION of unhappiness:

you're disciplined so
 get lusty, get lost. Desperation
 is flow,
 banked soil sails where the rivers go,
 to get acceleration

 when emotion rejoices
 dissolving the edifice above it
 and your heart is where the horror of choice
 is, when you're alive in the present to hear the shut-out voices
 yesterday threaten full-throttle. I love it,

 love when your eyes brim,
 and babble with weeping
 when, spurning my prim
 reflex soothing you, you let yourself swim
 in the depth of it, and go out of my keeping

 so I drink
 o deep, delicious, voluptuous one
 round it, the spring at the brink
 of your body. I drink
 as the knot is undone

[Baudelaire]

HOLY
 more
 saved
 then
 lost
 spent
 held
 for
 first
 bulging
 holily
 purse,
 evergreen
 branching
 shed
 pounded
 and
 talented
 in
 recreation
 experience
 beyond
 harbour
 heads
 squaring.

PAPARAZZI	WERE THE verifiers' baby by
f- stop	a charge with meaning
the Benjamin	in the running
a Dickensian	slap bang out
of the Bible	of youth into
shaken by	fullness our
grip that	daddy the dolly
catches the	shot mummy
without the	stall or circle
outside at	seat snugged spy
forge after	pre-crawl hope so
first firing	style is sin
thus beyond	to be fami
shed tinkering	liar blamed, de
lighted moving	also strapped for
authority on	phraselogy or quote
me so	we're no less
on that	stuck couched in
Cobainistic	armchair and suite
I rejig	apart or grouped
barnacles	to edit in
billing Europe	to style humility
he'll not pay	at its peril
for intended	of artless dodgefulness
otherwise advances	Welsh for bannsaid.

A VOID stood:
 vigilant, expectant
 to fill pails ñ
 of heated waters;
 when baby's broke
 bang on midnight
 as almost the ghost
 of our solar
 system's creation
 by big bang,
 our empty home's
 chasm spasmed
 to wave on wave
 with sound resounding
 marked red, red
 down to slow brown
 wondering wunderkind;
 one over a thousand in
 seconds late, and planet
 of cheese's birth
 failed;
 neither overcooked nor underdone
 quickly out from mum
 to dad: caught son

TOOK forever and a day
 for the third cup to brim,
 yet not 2 compared to three

in a mansion, a butler's tray
 kept delicacy to a maximum;
 took forever and a day

when sometimes I felt him on me
 bonding jealously to him
 yet not 2 compared to three;

though laborious the study,
 dotting an i was the exam ;
 took forever and a day

couchable in binary: 1.10. 2001's twenty
 five; in base 3, a millennium
 yet not 2 compared to three

though he's everything pretty;
 a profit to a couple has come;
 took forever and a day
 yet not 2 compared to three.

WHETHER he himself's a-swim or afoot
 in a glowering, scorching or weak noon,
 is Jesus' kneeman or Venus' toybutt,
 of shady dealership, sungod's goon,
 citydweller, farmboy, wanderer, wuss
 and his brainbox be busy or brood
 ubiquitously man in terror mysteriously
 watches high in pensive mood
 the sky, the heavens! The airtight 4th wall:
 one's stage, and sopranos warble
 but here thespians' treads are bloody
 to terrible entrepreneurs, goal of the martyr
 as the heavens cover over darkly our great jar
 wherein seethes essentially big everybody
 [Baudelaire]

I'M TELLIN' ya, Duck, you're stand-out gorgeous,
 from down this well here, a suckered heart-muscle
 in its peasouper environs: living above the horizontal
 here at night's horror and sacrosanct less
 for days to come through heatless for a half-year
 when other year-half's night a blanket and
 green? We're as green as Greenland,
 beastly nor brooked, bushed nor briared here;
 the horror of the world can't touch this
 for cool cruel choc-and-sun-less ice
 and enormous night like unto th'old Deep
 I covet less than ways of the sheep
 that might throw itself into thicke's slumber,
 cradleplotted in our graveyard unravelling asunder
 [Baudelaire]

NOTES parade before me, eyes rich in luminosity
 surely by angels near allknowing made;
 parade as the holy family who are my family
 scintillating into my eyes, diamond-flamed,
 my saviours from sins however burdensomely I behave,
 escorting me step by step down Beauty Road;
 they are the servers and I am their slave;
 see being in me genuflect to their life-glow
 but your charismatic eyes shall bristle silvery-mystical
 like candleflames in broad daylight sun
 glares over, not swallowing flames so fantastical
 which mark Mortality, chord Resurrection
 parading in chords of resurrection spirit
 star-clusters from which no sun could peter heat.
 [Baudelaire]

AT THE mouth of the mix of wings and soft head
 where you play them holding the body kept snug
 so fingertip touches contract where they taunt
 the muscles designed for the smallest captures
 where would be that beautifully pleasing alert
 that for more than a century might reverberate
 should that please the virgin goddess whatever
 in the repertoire she soothes goodly preserved
 such that this spine marks your weightiest boy
 pushed through and out through a unit of sweat
 to letter raised high a glowing snatch of song
 for you dreadnought might press it it an album
 and deign this worth every strained ribaldry o
 for no-one else should have my nearest efforts
 propelled by cursing strong patron one admires
 heavy with the dark star pulls from parenthood
 as it were whence one sights birth of creation
 for there let us inspire the chess tournaments
 in levity plunge through burden of the heighty

[Catullus]

OLD astrological texts
 over centuries may be
 broadly the same in
 that planets align
 with societal phenomena
 observed at large
 in operations of nevertheless
 non-identity since
 to return everything
 in detail cosmically
 to bigbangpreposition
 & forget dumbodex
 self-proclaimed master
 of universe on this
 if existent then
 remains tough even
 for a commuter
 daily ruled
 world's few outlaws.

[Ptolemy]

BEETHOVEN'S	WEAKEST
chamber	link, hear
work is spare and the audience	kids adoring and think them
sparse for revolution. Confident in meaning, it's	not an essence of two ideals
outraging	to strengthen
tragedian	the sillier
with Mozart's comedy excelled. Ah,	mirroring and I am in Tyre
spare for a jobbing orchestra its star turn.	Tyre's foreknown. I wander.
The goosed	LOWER CASE
good samurai	as surnames
have masculine honour, that never	kids so don't grow into adult
scrapes around within unimaginative brute sound	puzzling out why we use one testament
for to sow,	name of each
and reaper	of each other
is taking pulses of our heatforge	until we say your CHRISTIAN NAME
to add to its habits a cubit of some stature	friend (Simon's) dad's my friend.

IF you'd rather
 get on your way
 with a pure mind
 by a philosophy of reality itself
 worthy the name poetry
 which is true

then you'd rather
 get a sine qua non
 that is if you want poetry's highs
 either it's a power tool
 betrothing man to the Absolute
 or it's a spirit level
 balancing man to look at it

[Hegel]

IN a circular border
 sleeping (coiled) around
 you are hours
 winding up years and worlds
 in order to be consulted
 automatically

on waking for
 fact on where we
 are where life stands, to which
 of many points we came
 prior to yesterday evening's
 turning in - though
 the signpost muddles, deceptive.

[Proust]

FOOLHARDY didacticism's	AUTODIDACT formalism's
lilt breeds	breeds like
settled anti-polyglot	powder and sleep
round, a right's	lay, at left's
hymnbooks unto	unctional
embarrassing	embarrassment
of professorships	at performance
outing reach	reaching out.

WHAT'S the BUNTING for
 field of church vandalising
 battle to say as
 Eliot at a quaker
 perhaps staged meeting or
 best starred inheritance or
 with living what analogous
 favourite's newest tradition is
 bind down there telling
 the tree why emulation
 so you'd romance tonguing
 twig someone Shakesperian found
 far too wordy best
 nepotised by hacked away
 the familiar mimimalist fashion
 cover to to solid
 resized volume clearly gaping
 of font where nothing
 changed for moves on
 baptism of repressed liquid
 state "clearly admirable if
 written by drummed old
 Atheists" yet antique haven't
 gathering casts redrawn with
 seeking to skin new
 digest the tighter and
 good news free and
 aren't theatregoers for what
 upon boards tomorrow when
 unless one as box
 sees them to death
 there and boasted not
 acts compassionate yet mocked
 to parishioners in time
 from the martyr in
 forties on the way
 not millennially to Ireland
 elect but of Cromwell
 equally talking that Joyce
 with Tennyson's might losing
 not good gain the
 especially loosely quickly surrendered
 sainted booking quickly back.

MIXED-UP air-planes, don't capsize the pilot
 navigating by the moon
 when many cloudsheets (within wide and wispy) have shot
 the visibility situation
 although one sets one's face to the wind to advance
 like a nose-cone
 and one bucks the bronco of turbulence
 no radar has shown
 it is to manifest the deep feel of egress
 and life as a life-raft
 when plain-sailing, when typhoon and choppiness
 of times unlaughed
 can rock; others when, in calm, trod-in fleck
 of air-field's on deck

MUSIC takes, often, off like an ocean
 targeting the ghost
 light in sea-fog & misty
 as I hoist
 baggy-shirted and deeply breathing
 of full sail moist
 to ride the foregathered waves
 by night unvoiced
 for I feel the buzz in me of everyone's passion
 as if in a beleagured hull
 with a fair wind, then a gale and convulsion
 huge and unmerciful
 batter; or, in serene harmony, it's a compact
 melancholy, silver backed.

[Baudelaire]

[Baudelaire]

OH welcome interacting
just rendering unto
ward given at
tribunal amnesty

[Mallarme]

SADOMASOCATECHISTIC homophobic church rules
might to be a little wise in overlapping circles
say of Dante's concentration for his underhells
Christ rinses all in orbit, o, within a palmtop whirlpool.

[Dick van Dyke]

INFALLIBLY seasoned		BELLIES ache
ticket please		the two
speed Christmas	clock	presented for you
starting the 4th 1/4th		and one for me
round the earth		aren't fair to me
that is rested	on	as if rested
in a constellation		as a calculation
of catholicity	daily	lay the scales
on the 25th day		of balance
of a decade-year	baker	with a dried pound
or a century-year		and a fresh pound
until in pain		equally of beef
back in creation		paying the thief
regularly unreasoned		raising the stake.

WARWICKSHIRE'S
has Jackie
who's whose
man's envy
always called
the bard

FEED chain
you missile
link in
free domicile
titled subicicle
of everywithal.

WHO purely
marries up
the diasporic
unmet and
that doesn't
love

PENITENTIALLY
right thieves
knowing great
caritas
give
selfishly.

PUT in hand	FOR battle
the invention	of terms
and remember	refer to
circumvent shunned	destroyed records
peeled away	by revolutionary
wombs and	stations crossing
call them roundly	branches bunched
cased uniform	like bouquets
for the click	of inheritance
in place or	when flights
an oddball	take cover
idea of a	cloud into
score card	specifics seen
made after	by returning
the event with	the plane to
DNA proof of	a plateau-strip
contrapuntal	by spine
reality in	there to balance
which live I	taping up cracks
as left	for culture
or right that	breeds surviving
a pianist	plays the
composts out	outside dad's
of skeletons in	grandad's relay
shape and lucky	baton in
historic quiet	all pacific
ism out of	tail insignia
plaster poured	east and west
to make sphere	politicising emigration
and tube of	shame blowing
a note	bumly representative.

MINIMAL SUN OF DAYS SHAM
CHAOTIC, LABORIOUS AND COOL

to be great, get involved; it cancels
your bluffs & your blinkers,

I BEG YOU MEET AT MINIMUM
MY HANDSHAKE IF NOT MY SOUL!

LET MY HAND AT MINIMUM HOLD
THE MINIMUM YIELD OF THE GLIDE

wholly inside many things; much follows
an active non-scrimpery

OUTWARDLY BY BLAZING COAL
O YET FROSTY OF SOUL INSIDE!

PERSON, IF YOU ARE MY LOT
BY FRAGILITY THAT BEFITS

for within many lakes a moon shall wholly
shine, from its life on high....

BE HAND ON MY FLEXING GUT,
I'LL DUMP THE MINIMUM SHIT!

[PESSOA]

[Reis]

MUFFLED in wintry haze
in dissolution, an enamel of steam
that succours sweet
on windows of our first flat,

together at the start of life
making me in eternity water,
circumnavigated sugary dry
shallows channelled on a candy

I HAVE sighed
I want to be
all so a bride
for poetry

no town gas aglow
on coke from coal
steam as SNOW
STORM SOUL

JILL look ill, look ill -
oi...! 8... 7... 6 trees wed
Fred's as drefty, uh

DAWN goat shall to wood,
of old, to salute the heart
or never bow knee

[Lafon]

HOW was I to understand inspiration is warm?
 Marching anew, I feel two tidal waves
 and no longer count them out.
 I tread as if on earth. My corpuscles crash surf,
 high to the cliffs of my heart
 simply passing about within our frames
 solute, granulated thick love-blood

I'M a child of the house again.
 SHADOW and TERROR pad the corridors
 CHRISTS frequent as promenading faces drain
 and would buckle before their saviours
 and mirrors draw over with breath
 that let wood not be seen nor trees;
 in the grate is heat-death, in the ensemble hurries.

[Lafon]

<p>WHO'D paint leaves, add verdure clouds may highlight such as light on realism as twofold oasis and the past a great-grandad miner Scot had as thee committed thyself today to ex-mining glen, Esh Winning, as told to thee just afterward. The paternal grandfathers endowed a frown forced then on the voice as the 19th century Jewish adulterated have lovechildren away to a family donated to thee, without majority in Zion outvoting love on everything. Thee persist for talmud's beauty haunts the grandfather as for father shows for money that's informal law. It is not clear blue sky after grey yet name it in gratitude, contrast same way assigned.</p>	<p>ROTHKO by smears as drying on plates of source as awoken by plywed it traded on memory of inside me making in import of people as modern us cuddle to Rothko be. Rothko II towers of combed in babble on scalps go whence we homely as affair he leaked do except as member of Christ in bodies in league by curing us sinned he bounds on Friday eh? Sunday is Friday in heaven an avatar in living by Christ is.</p>
--	--

MISTRESS, undo
table manners beautifully. Correct
through also linking
electrically
molecular

IMPROVISED
behind court fugue
the musical offering
back to
monarchy.

DIFFICULTIES seize
love's
flexibly measured
up to them
above
absorbing your
good as I am
will fatality's

VALES of
timbre bones
without strings
distempered
wind
copying tuning
or not as
tonepoem single?

LONG ankles, May,
warble ardour
bred amorous;
doorstep
somebody else's
beauty, though,
photographer MAY
more than loving
joint articulation

CLAP the bell,
ends tinkling
I anchor
where
dependent
they upend
they're sure
side by side
I mean.

SHOWER THE skull's
scalp in a pure
azure
pearly stream
and autobiography
a day of birth
[Jamme]

MUSIC like
pollock? take
quickly on
or off one
face of prism
at a time?

CERTAIN
of your grip by day?
how, by night?
sure you'll get eloquence deep
from your hollows?
[Jamme]

EACH part
of itself a molecule 3 dimensional
along a diagonal
tapers attractational
force how musical.

IT goes	SWELL
it is absolutely still	lobes
it looks	focus
it fails to discover	gyres
a fox shaken by the void	first beats.
[Jamme]	

THE girl STUDS they are
barely a stranger to the mare

the flames and paddock care
around a barrow in the snow as if that counter

the way and canter made

that outsped the feet upon it not a profit.

[Jamme]

FALLEN so far gone FOR THE party that hath
 on their travels befriended well presented
leaves speak volumes themselves contest taught.
 [Jamme]

BLOOMS	CHRIST
take wing, red	scientist, there
petal	under
doves and	the bonnet
what we have	only alone
to stick to realism for?	surprised tinkering?
[Jamme]	

DON'T you want to be a while
a coda

some morning?

mother
of the enchantments
set

[Jamme]

WITH the weird child without
unless stressed

you perform

junior's
perception of love
duet.

THE TERRAIN so green
this day

I'm barely free
of the void

it's good
not to turn back

[Jamme]

I GENEALOGIZE
a tree

and I make
graveyards feed

until printed
music rebels.

O	A
SHINING till I water	SUBJECT shall mirror
small and gold the world that wallop...	through score equal and opposite
extrudes	crescendo.
[Jamme]	

DAY CHORUS to
evening verse
fear Lennon
showers, or silence joins up
all of which alters proportions to a power.
[Jamme]

HAVE you left JOHN Donne
 once done
 more to re-enter it I never saw
nothing doesn't belong to it but it wasn't
 waiting to be born by any of us honest.
 [Jamme]

NIGHT	FALL
hanging	minutes
above	moved
contingent cloud	apparently, or
curdles	always on
rage	tick.
[Jamme]	

SHE BLOW
nowhere glassed
more, now a soundtrack at twist end, fast
jollyng elsewhere
the past, ahead wound, overtight.
[Jamme]

EMERGE, blankly retreading
glowing ash
and axes
of heart, and shock
far fire engulfs
[Jamme]

FROM equinoxes, longer
seconds are
by curt
norm aft, or fore
an anchored craft.

BRUSHERS cock TRIGGERS from
it, up and under a road, in
its combs see black tar cut
we saw: showers pass the world but roughed the reservoir lover.
[Jamme]

TO depths, CHRIST is
 heights! working
 together defeated
 but once subjects
more, the calendar exceptionally
 moving by in chords.
 [Jamme]

SPRING'S a bean season. The yeartime, fair clover, the dust
 amply beds you & millet's cycle needs TLC
 - white, goldtipped herald of 2 horns of new year
 is Taurus & sub-horizon a while Sirius hibernates
 so deduce there is firm division to a graded 360'
 by twelve run round the world by a sun gold amid stars
 and 5-fold hold the sky configured: but 1 of these burns
 for good in ruddy sunshine & for good is stark from flame
 [Virgil]

I HEARD from some scholarly man
 that the sun's or moon's unleapearjimmied round
 mathematically tells pure time; not for me
 where any body can mathematically do time's
 clockwork for if a blocked skylight
 might cut no dash on a paper sundial
 one'd yet own in ratio of the spinning top
 a mini-returnism which we can call.
 [St. Augustine]

DOES THE intrinsic I not confess
 truly: it wants to know time's ratio
 and, Christ my commander, it's the rating
 yet of rational ignorant;
 rating maths of timed bodies, is it of time itself?
 For all it rates body-math to fix A and fix B apex.
 Time the medium it does not rate; seek ways to?
 Is the longer in ratio to the shorter time
 like horse space rated in hands' spaces
 for we look upon short syllable spaces to long
 syllable space as in ratio:
 double, for example

[St. Augustine]

BRASSRUBBING a hillside I nearly woke it
 to song as I surveyed, joined dots and interpreted
 it so clean it itself gave opaque voice
 from how pure a larynx in such packedness,
 I jumped as I rubbed its discovered valleys.
 Curled on night's seat, this singer relapsed.
 Rivulets trickled at my pressed fingertips.
 I by this singer was taken up as the world stranger
 and here and there my massage sighed
 solidity's tide unzipping its content
 open to a full and good midriff
 taken ever stranger in the heat of this very sexy anonymity.

[Lorand Gaspar]

ONCE upon its
cementer distraction
fell like the matterhorn
in a trice with three booms
so wall had heard
every contour,
remembered the action
staggering, mastodon
that would lumber if tombs
release interred
ever further,
as under attack an
animal bumbles on
its way out of some rooms,
as tongues round word

SONNET sequence
of old in the world that
visible mastery
as authorities laid
uncertain lies
wearing distance
of stars in the night that
spying sans rocketry
telescopes uninvaade
remade as skies
clocked mass instance
in second and nth that
larger or tinily
saturnine or moonmade
explained what flies.

IS A FEELING more in time
 than skin when our profession
 in life leaves no footprint on blood?
 The bruises round which the present
 cannot flow print anger with God
 on their faces like one head on money.
 As if one had currency of money
 from a modern vantage of time
 I learned to feel anger with God
 the way my son feels to my profession
 caring and bewailing for the present
 for how long it will stoke his blood
 though I wanted to share his blood;
 parting with it between us as money
 means to some future-changing present
 I in time
 know the need of my profession,
 to change in keeping with God
 if I must not bewail to God
 less bravely than a child of my blood
 and not flash my cash at his money
 I know because I care as a profession
 in which promotions lie in time
 to those of nerve in the present,
 because I take a bet on the present
 like father Abraham before God
 I superimposed as crossroads in time
 showing the movements of blood
 in one slideshow, a note of money
 which I've spent as part of my profession
 by charity. Then is it my profession
 of a vow for the future's present
 when there may be demands of money,
 indeed all savings by God
 a broader understanding of blood
 figuratively meeting across the time
 made the profession given to God
 in the present of love's blood
 earning money of the nick of time

RAINING at 6 here
 only water and news
 Afghanistan got and gets.
 I know the relative
 who gets the blues
 I know at last.
 I pay the complimented
 who shall receive the
 raining as it erects
 only to thank the
 Afghanistan prey to evil
 I know not evil
 Afghanistan loved just as
 raining that began its
 only beginning to maze
 who coastless by hollows
 I wonder are creationists
 I find after all
 only then just when
 I got and get
 who we all are.
 Afghanistan is a memory
 raining a seed already
 I pass in future
 I know better now
 Afghanistan knew as too
 I the just fixation
 raining at ground level
 only to bewitch gulling
 who like pictured words
 who do easy rhymes
 I cannot trust even
 raining down in clatter
 I examine close not
 only the ending
 Afghanistan in translation
 I as total that am I
 only knowing in Afghanistan
 who is a person in raining?

POWER	FULLY
deter	red
for	tune
ma	king
tax	is
comp	rise
maxim	um
there	to
fare	well
for	warding
stand	off
a	rise
whitsun	tide
occasion	alley
there	to
po	or
of	ten
there	by
me	ant
conquer	or
shall	ow
see	king
pros	per
load	bearing
in	side
yard	arm
still	born
maiden	head
with	out
predict	able
in	come
win	now
so	ma
an	amnesia
in	to
river	mouth
to	morrow
so	wing
be	quest
nude	serving
any	thing
tum	bled
under	standing
in	side
po	of
the	med
coo	lest
as	under
some	one's
bud	get
hand	some
mar	shall
for	aging
in	side
cap	size
be	er
what	ever
are	a
car	very
how	ever
man	aged
after	ward
when	ever
man	aged
ta	bled
too	led.

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