

THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS

Breath—done to death—is our is

all us singers sewing the clipper

afraid of writing / afraid of not writing  
*failure ugly mug rage mewling looted well*

raiding gruesome oaths opens I's double doors  
in a splayed notebook an apostrophe hovers

*broken pencil tip tongue flame flick*  
go stand on a chair beside an ear—*bear*  
or climb a ladder—one rung—*Hear*

see *Hall* as a laugh by the tracks  
*home* as an empty chair—a hole—& me  
normal day—am in it normal too—but as if in a

too—but as if in a / too—but as if in a / car wash  
her decks scrubbed raw with *holystone* & sea foam  
the poem wants broken to textures below order

*how might an all-ogist of periods widen netherly?*  
chunks of English gravestone plunged in buckets of curl

hauléd up overside—for slop of planks bright-wild  
(from *I'm beautiful* to *imbue* / from *mare* to *mere*)

destination: dense lurch-weave

Anacoluthon

## THE BRUNT

Swim alone panic drown

tongue-creature in mouth-cave grunting *unb-unb*  
the beast with two paperbacks

North South East West / Birth Prison Hospital Death  
of being mediocre arrogant cowardly small-spirited provincial  
of becoming the bath water to dry up a *no* a hole

haven't written never will can't read write a gurgle  
sex to heal the sacred where the altar was desecrated  
each person a cave the other finds & hides in  
confines & confides in no light beast-wallow

*till the Os are barned hungry-full*  
*till the ease-quilts lift shook raucous*  
*till the beak & the stubble-droplet*  
*till the chevron's labour & the under-claw*  
*till the lowing of the swung bell's*

*depth-charge sleep*  
address corrupted / reception muted  
to draw the I across the O  
now that TV has numbed the abscess of the Folk Tale  
this hesitant beseech as powers caution us

against unison "for health or religious reasons"  
sex one of the last wild parklands  
pornography logs it illness pollutes it  
romance lies about it marriage vacations there

a self-sufficient anti-social joy-torsion  
I's stretching each other to O's  
poetry hitching into the midnight sin

water in a skeleton-costume dances  
to swim like a frog with a stone in its mouth

dear traitor