

Poetry: Iain Britton

Full Of Crow Quarterly Poetry, October 2012

carnal knowledge

why is it

my world's

more triangular

tumbling point over point

*

a girl

sings through a gaping orifice

of one house's lips

mashed against another's

*

I taste victims

of spilt honey

amongst hollows

for lovers

encamped in a field

*

hot spots

are visited

abrasive urgencies

discussed / settled

a ploughman's lunch is eaten / the lawn's

a warm embankment

for sunning

strangers coupled in colours

orbiting thresholds

*

whose curiosity

hangs

stretched from a tree

oscillating between squashed-up protuberances

waiting to be hatched

*

I taste

a raw consensual acquiescence

a tacit elopement /

an unspoken sentence falls

is caught / manhandled -

enquiries as to the girl's whereabouts

are continuing

*

body hungry

like a blind man

I stumble about for a mouthful of her absence

is / filthy / rich

& it's my mind in her

rushing uphill

a fragility

smooth & undulant
like grass

after the rain

it's the Godiva complex

in motion

stripped bare / silhouetted

dripping in sunsets

##

I confess a certain profligacy

a jealousy

a St Francis animalism

perversely gratified

##

she speaks her mind

with me rushing uphill

the city

horn-locked

is open for business

arranged / personalised / landmarked

she dominates the skyline

choking on blackberry / gorse

the tall order

of being asked

to swallow a nursery

of egos

lined-up for selection

##

a forest

enters my gospel

according to ...

photos climbing

into Angkor Wat / Petra

Maungapohatu

I acknowledge

a filthy richness

in what we do

the streets are paved

in dirt

in night-time navigations

from geological contours

lying down

to cult identities

parachuting

onto runways stretched out / like silk

##

the crash of the day

is expected

the crash reverberates

tips over / dies / reinvents itself

##

we rush headlong

into universal extremities

two people

entangled

spinning

under the radar of soothsayers

gazing at stars

we've become / utopian-drunk

a hurtling perforated body

of here / there

sucked into the field of a comet's lunge

solar flared

endless / painless

a fuelled transfiguration

##

uphill

through a forest

the blackened heap is rich

in cold offerings / food scraps

for soup makers

scavengers

the collectors of root crops

a communal body

steps out of this costume / that costume / these shoes / this skull

with dreams cut out cooked for export

on this site

/ / a wanderlust

bleeds like nectar

& all that tactile stuff

about rain on dry ground

scuttling spiders

myself white as a peeled onion

feeling my way uphill

against the odds

I scrap the bluffing

children are already disfigured

before the morning's up

no longer is it all new / / all old

rotten or freshly picked

rabbits happen by rote

so do people (with some jerks thrown in)

it's a case of hop on hop off

god is / god isn't

like Easter Island after the toppling

of the stone hats

comes a different resurrection

you mutilate the best wishes of a flower

& I'm left with the sole ingredient
of another Spring – a squirt of resurgence
for the 3rd & 4th generations of those who feel hard done by

what comes back is perpetually familiar /

I track my footsteps across a red desert – cross circles
within circles – forever meeting you
at the beginning of a game – forever at intersections
rummaging through the remains of bleached heroes –
the dead without name tags – a factory gassed /

& a light bulb shines

on a table

two plates / a jug / candlesticks / mugs /

a crucifix to hang a tea cosy

you call them children

stookies for the angels

to be handled with care

opportunities happen

in small doses

I get out of bed day or night

does it matter?

couples play dead

make love have fun

& look

candidates for the greatest show

on any Good Friday leak information

about their personal lives

& faith healers appear

the sickness beneficiaries put up their hands

to repeat the tricks of how to pretend

all is as it should be buried

at Wounded Knee / Babi Yar / My Lai

as if the blind eye had turned

landfills with bodies were the answer

as if nothing had occurred

& then it had

in paddocks opposite your home

farm fires

(having flared-up overnight)

burn

smudge

gas your neighbours' good-byes