

Big Blue

The sky is ocean blue
Because everything is
Repeatable in the way
It stacks together.
Birds swim throughout
The painting, animated
Watercolours, the crane
Squawks and pecks at
The surface and the hawk
Looms in the deepest of
Trenches waiting for some
Mistakes, which are also a
Constant.

Observing the plumes of
Jet condensation: perverse
Water-skis skimming soft
Clouds of water light and
Flecks of skin carried up
In the evaporation, slowing
Process weighed down by
The souls of dead cells.
Earth-bound we reside in a
Limbo, explaining the quest
For highs and lows.

Physics

As a set of rules is itself our
Greatest limitation. When we
Walked from sea to sand did
The expanse above us look
Like the past?

Jellyfish in the sky seems
Like a stellar performance
To end with. Picture them
Stinging their own skin
And lifting up into the air
Like hot balloons with a
Soft fire crackling beneath.

Does it seem beautiful? Or
Is every layer but sediment
Building outward to surface?
Purgatory is itself a process
Of dead bodies leaning up
To heaven to sniff the salts
Of fourteen dimensions and
The tower of Babel itself is
Our best answer and greatest
Failing. Language is layers of
Crushed bones, rocks, dreams

And time itself guides and is Subject to
this passage.

In between heavens is
Exception, where apes
And lizards and insects
Work and toil for ever
Trying, in dissatisfaction,
To speak as one, to reach up,
To dive down far below to the
Realms beneath where our
Old dreams have long since
Died.

Height

The law of acceleration,

As it is seen

Consists of combustion

And hot oil

Painful synergy, us and

Mechanism

Borne of the same core

Electronics

Metaphor is bringing over

And across;

Ford-ian guzzlers cruising

Solar roads.

But miniature explosions

Give way to

Minor fizzling inside the

Mind, guts

The fjord fusion, a renewal

Meeting loss

The car drives on sun pads

Until empty

The stellar sea waving in

The pistons

The gunpowder ebbing and,

Alight and lit

It barrels on through the cartilage
Breaking bones, shattering nose.
And the barrier we cross between
Waste and want is not a minor
Burst, Fermi talks; wheels turn
And we meet the match—even the
Images we have speak of fire—and
The future is on the other side of
The wall, cold and calm like snow
Falling...which melts beneath the
Treads of boots and petrol fumes,

But the optimistic claim the divide between cliffs and water, fjords, flumes, depends on your
vantage,

By boat I can see the
Rocky heights,

By cliff I see nothing but water,
Barring.

From sky I fly away, wings exploding the air beneath them.

Judgment

Lost my last tenner to that Netflix
Tax, cleaning beans and rice up
Off a half-washed plate putting
Shit off.

In 2016 Bon Iver announced (again)
The coming of the machines and
Hardly anyone heard.

Time, as
He howls, rakes up fields of

Dying lillies. He plays no games

And they drink, my mind and he
Like pub mates in some gold-hue
Daylight washed joint with those
Sun-washed glasses.

The waitress brings us coffees, cigarettes, and a pack of cards.
She smiles.

On Being

How do you even manage to be? When everything else is
Ugly, stupid, meaningless you win the war back for
Beauty

I chisel you into the walls of memory palaces I've yet to
Create, where nostalgia and prophesy extend out in para-
Bolas and misty pentacles, scribbles in notepads from
The whole world over we've culled the papers from the
Mad libraries, the fox went to find the Vulgate and found
Buddha on the floor drunk with wisdom and wearing
Dissatisfaction like a rose lapel with alms strewn in
A circle to keep out the hierophants, blasphemers.

I made a graph of time itself and the swooping arcs bled
Into a razor sharp arrow its shaft is the body and its tip
Is the poison of knowledge, Cain to Wisdom's Abel,
Cut in half with reason but made whole in the figure
Mystified by your wonderful,
Wondrous summer dress.

DIY

Do it all yourself
Roll your smokes
In your hands and
Make a fist with
The leftover Leaves
Inside
Tie your shoes so
Your fingers feel
The blood simmer
Seethe or shake.
Oxtail ladles; sunday
soup.

Brew your beer at
Home where you
Keep things free
From tax and the
Frosty mugs machine
Washed.

Do it yourself, your
Dishes and chores,
Before your mind
Leaks away from
Inside itself and
Toasts in the mid-
Night fed moon's

Shivering whip

Raps, cracks each of

Your blessed knuckles

Then nothing is

Ever done again.