

three morning poems

substitution cypher, without promise

Cruel shape; tortured as a necessity
stab it out. I said stab it out,
it has nothing more to say.
When there are lines on it, you know
you have succeeded. When it is merely
a dot, all of this is dead +
everyone is dead in the future, I will
not accept it. The song smells of bone.

A moment without you is very outside.
Morning burns with a cold flame, let me
stab it out. Fire. Oh shuttle, you pass
in cardioid arcs, I can depend on it.
Moment of brightness. Fire. Stab it out.

The form of telescopes of microphones
of rumbling distant feeling, rumbling
felt in the distance. I promise none of this
+ give you only a question of fire
Is it snowing where you are? Is it
on fire where you are? Moving into
the derelict body, I saw skin ripple
like fresh film, the most disgusting movement
Stab it out; it was once decent and could be
spoken of, with this boneless thought

leave me, attend one of the many fictions
of place. 0 temperature, rip me up
into components that I may be reborn
as a new match. All the sulphur
of the body, all the unburnt monuments

so many measurable steps,.

allegretto

most normal item, the pork pie
split on its seams like a wounded heart
here they come—the buildings,
their distant occupants—
to dredge me once more
as an infected lake.
loving the robot is
choosing noise forever
don't worry about morning
in its functional identity to every other
scarring the one who sees it,
an image of common combat
the alchemist who flaunts his immortality
sits up in bed, says

the asteroid!

raw rhubarb augury

when there is a future to be had the rhubarb
growing from the wall takes on particulars
and with swift teeth bursting cells
the shape of time **breaks with a crunch** **soapy sour**
of poison the vapour of the green spine
haruspicy portends you reaching into the garden
for another attempt in the morning gladly
boldly closed buds signify danger take a **sharp**
bite of fretted leaves with sugar on
with frost the winter demands arms itself
acidic spikes of glass demands hands
the blunt knife on the windowsill organs
of noise raw rhubarb in the mouth for
the coming of spring