

Angels of Anarchy

shells like grandmothers
 umber the bipartite phiz in the gender of conches
in sinciput taupes and taxidermy
 that tint a dribble of bead from a gag-lipped pout

a stitch of peacock in the ruckus of clay
 orange before the glisten-soak of black
a brocade of mute and feather-choke
 and the mechanic gust-spill of twist
 dynastic and backcomb

and the tile-quarry stain of fir-trees
 beneath the hallux of victorian warp
 lace-booted and tort
 chintz and custard-thick on the crisp suck
of a horse-rock that maps ancient in couchant sienna
 its teeth-meat pearl amid the pubic coral
 cloud-pink in puck-heavy folds

as yachts project from the drip of vultures
a sphinx-foetus harlequins sequin and phosphorous

A Woman Talks to her Flesh as it Meets the Ground

the curve of her back

 crabs a void of something blind
 volcanic and kin
as scrawl before the splay of shoulders anthem a myth
 of lash upon the ground
 alpine and vast as staves (music)

to the head

 fed yellow and *sul-point* by neon tubes
buttressed on woollen linoleum
 brutal and tight as latex

to the skin-hard heel of her left foot

 digging digging
giddy in the howl that gallows the ground

For(uh)m

in the iamb of razors

he arias toward the basque-clad bosom of a black-flaxen crow
a harrow of vizier with sphinx-cloaked wing
that sea-shores the flex-tide and shale-scars
where the ships salt through the rip

on the bardic lido of the tiled bastille

talmud-dumb butlers loiter
lucid in the barren rub of dulcimers

they rondeau yiddish and drone in the dante of tablas

they ague and purge with gusto in the gutspit of their tug

the rhythm of nihil quells liquid-sip and lacquer

and livid the butlers scribe with battled quills

a shard dance in the sand

arabian schism in the musk-blossom of squill-flowers

Catfalque

now it recurs
the shrug of shrink-wrap corner-sogged and floral

oak leaves coda the tacit rain
(edge-torn by the crimp of sextons)

it should be beech like her

the shoulders are obliged to shrug
not in indifference
but response to cold
to recur indoors
to illicit Lorca

there is nothing Canadian here
just voice and rooms

in their limp flaps of breath
knots suck and crucifix
amid the vuvuzelas and motorbikes that scythe the sog of mourners