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
Carnivory

a phantomized infanta shakes into her alum-tawed skin
  balletic in acid-bald curls
  of old blue and zinc-white easy
and her kingdomized miser rivals in the oval riverrun of wrack
  black and tempest-wrecked against her skirt-folds
  of rosin-mist and toffee
  easting

in the distance
  wallons howl-wallow a dishevel of carnival
and a euphony of nosferati show-freak
  man-strong and lady-beard
  allegorical and liquorice
as wretches skirmish in their shell-skin sheen
  a doxy of hamlets voodoo
  then dovetail
  supertonic as tortoiseshells

their soles nexus to a midas-skinned sax
  and the theatre of teeth wraths
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
Catafalque

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