

## missed

shot myself in the head today but was  
facing the wrong way round heard  
the shrapnel miles above tear into bits  
that thing we all call Love shot my-  
self through the hand tonight but again  
I came out alright am right-handed  
anyway s'pose I should've known to  
leave such an art to the left held the  
gun to my heart bereft but yours some-  
how got in the way shot myself in the

foot a little later & yes! it was I who  
was harmed! guess I should've known  
that the gun was real guess I should  
have known that I was actually armed

## march

march! with your brain  
held erect on its stem  
train your brain up! so  
you don't buckle down

you'll look like a goose  
stepping nazi alright but  
at least you'll be getting  
around yes march! all

the way through the long  
april days if you're lucky  
you may make it to may  
march just keep marching

till at last you forget yep  
*march* (yep left/right/left)

## madness

*the brain has an evil twin* their mother  
cannot tell them apart their pranks of  
late have become ever cleverer nipping  
at good things nabbing at hearts wiping

arse over all who dare cross their ship-  
shanking plane-preying path *the brain  
has an evil sister* the doc describes them  
as one he puts it down in his shorthand

singular but he does have a practice to  
run! the twins become more garrulous  
now as they tire of silent games they  
do *then don't* till they're trusted again:

Take Aim at the mother & all that she  
loves then Shoot! each dear thing down

## machine

it is a simple descent    down into the bowel of the black  
submarine  
no men here but strange birds eye from uniform bunks  
    & a uterine  
past    watching us watching them    old regiment  
    stepping our way  
through the secret machine we seek the cold belly of their  
    maiden

what thing gestates in a brass-pocked womb-pit what  
    cargo inside  
such bone    weighing hope for peace with an interest in  
    hell we glide  
to the weapons room    hard & white & all in a row  
    here are the big  
boys kamikaze actionmen ready to leap from us into them  
    reporting

for duty    sir    we feel the pulse of this hidden canal &  
    do our little  
dance of repugnance    *this descent is not simple this visit*  
    *not a bit*  
*how we dreamed it*    each heart here has long since flown  
    each soft  
breast each quivering wing has been clipped at the quick  
    how often

we weep at all this    (& blind-hooded strange birds steer  
    their vast  
nest through waters) (& gentle as a boy's mother the sad  
    waters part)

## miscellany

why is the man running the one with the rankle?  
why is the girl running the one behind the man?  
why am I running? who has no hat? & why  
are the trees growing still? what is the boy doing  
with the periwinkle? where is the dog walking?  
where is the man with the dog walking too? who  
is the dog's god? & where are the man's hands?  
whichever way up go the hills? how many ids fit

in a global buster? & what is the mean length of  
death? who put the caterwaul in the kid's head?  
when do we all say smile? where are the flowers  
gone o where are all the flowers? & where has  
the poor child hid? what was the word you know  
the one that was said? & does it say she is dead

marsi (2 july 1959)

the reading circle met at mrs white's today  
it was the usual agreeable gathering tho  
audrey d's 'presentation' about jean cocteau  
was hardly up to standard at kew library

following dinner a most interesting visit:  
upon requesting books about early victoria  
kew in particular I was filled with euphoria  
when the secretary no less! of the historic

society was there a miss dickinson (!) she  
invited me to join and this I would like to do  
third thursday in august I hope it will prove  
the beginning of a new distraction (you see

when one possesses a 'future' such as mine  
*history* provides a way of passing the time)

em (iv)

first comes william in 55 who dies then  
little ellen in 57 followed by annie (close  
behind at beechworth 59) this *glad dose  
of daughters* would seem to have no end!  
when emily then harriet continues the trend  
& marion! makes number 5 add to those  
one baby florence the 'final girl' whose  
birth occurs before the hearth *extends* at

last to boys & then Great Joy! another  
william (fillan) & walter arrive (though  
life being life only six of the above will

survive) (our emily skinner as mother  
& wife continues the moments *through  
thick & thin* holds onto each one still)

monastic

I cld be alone & yep enjoy  
*the silence* I cld take the

bread & [bleed the] blood  
belong to that whole grand

science cld knock-knock-  
knock the nunnery door &

p'raps be fêted straight in!  
yeah cld be me working

the dirt forsaking the talk  
& getting right on with the

right-on god (but loving!  
that life & all it's got the

one thing *not* wld be my me  
not able to love my you)



methinx (i)

2moro 2moro & 2moro  
goes slo frm day 2 day  
cos we dont talk cos  
txt sez wot we got 2 say

th clox hav stopt th past  
is ded th lite is off! off!  
@ last & life goes fast  
2 fast 2 liv & we go soft

b4 we eva speak o can  
u hear me callng u 2day  
2day 2day 2day? &  
r u lisnng hear me say

ths lifes 2 short 4 a hero  
(methinx it all means o)

## mandragora

sleep! o sleep the certain knot of peace / a little sleep a little  
slumber  
a little folding of the hands to sleep / our birth is but a sleep  
& a forgetting / life is a  
watch or a vision between a sleep & a sleep / thou hast nor  
youth nor age but  
as it were an after-dinner's sleep dreaming on both / o / was  
it a vision or a  
waking dream do I wake or sleep / now it is high time to  
awake out of sleep /  
o sleep why dost thou leave me / o sleep again deceive  
me / o sleep!  
it is a gentle thing / o sleep! it is a gentle thing / a sleep  
full of sweet dreams

not poppy nor mandragora nor all the drowsy syrups of the  
world shall ever  
medicine thee to that sweet sleep / we shall not sleep though  
poppies grow  
in flanders fields / & we must sleep / & night & sleep in  
the night / but /  
what hath night to do with sleep? / no sleep till morn / sleep  
to wake / one  
short sleep past we wake eternally / macbeth doth murder  
sleep / macbeth  
shall sleep no more / glamis hath murder'd sleep / & we shall  
not sleep / we  
shall not all sleep / we shall not all sleep / but / o! / we shall  
all be changed

mansfield (k)

sir harold beauchamp a bunting of pound notes over the  
ocean is what connects you to me one hundred a year of  
fiscal concern salt-flapping under paternity's urge *o!*  
*god! I want to sit on your knee!* sir harold beauchamp

father to all in insurance chemicals gas cold meats I  
want to deposit myself in a purse upon your gold lap &  
jingle & jangle around in there *o god I want to sit on*  
*your knee!* sir harold beauchamp prince of distance

dollars & deals I want to collect more than these I  
see one of your accounts is quite in arrears stamping a  
tantrum behind your ribs *o god o god o god I want* sir!  
harold beauchamp so behind in your fees you sign your

name on the crimson line as I your bright-eyed breathless  
daughter cough up coins in our common currency *o god!*

## math (after)

first you get the number-rush as anyone  
might do you watch your world turn to  
nought put your foot upon the path re  
*what cannot be said* I've heard before  
that 'integers talk like god' but if I've  
done my sums correctly it's physics  
like this breed numb disbelief as even  
the good book knows o! that this great  
silence of the mind could only be benign!  
& the words unspoken that I've forgotten  
get themselves writ down! we leaven  
our language & cross each 't' (well  $v$   
 $+ y = z!$ ) till our final umms (yes! all 13)  
divide the very sentence they fought in

marsi (20 july 1959)

this has been a very hum-drum day *the daily round the common task* I had long planned to scan the spare wardrobe (knowing the day would then be filled with mending!) so I ran

through these chores and afterwards stretched half an hour on my back (no elevating thoughts to record) later alan and I discussed sketches of questions for the upcoming (august 2) Talk

At Church 1. what are the actual qualifications for membership of the methodist faith (and *are these sufficient*) 2. what are your thoughts on the second coming of christ 3. something re

books of the apocrypha (well! if one never asks one must remain in the dark forever!)

maelstrom #61

it's everywhere now    *a powerful whirlpool*  
*in a sea or a river*    started in norway 1682  
*maalen* grind    *stroom* stream    those who'll  
sail themselves into its mouth are sucked into

no return    but it's everywhere now in the sky  
in the soil in your white-water head in that  
hard-to-reach heart hidden under the bed    I  
am inside it    carefully    stuck *right at that*

*spot*    & I'm damned if I am & I'm damned  
if I'm not & I lift up my face to the blackness  
of night & cry to whoever to *lend me a hand*  
*let me off let me out* & pull at the darkness as

though it's a light & the scene is a maelstrom  
of wind & why & I am a long way from home

maelstrom #104

o what a night as long as your arm or a decade of  
civil unrest & o what a plate of planets & stars  
pressing down softly upon my soft breast I have  
nothing left to pay for this my purse & soul are

spent the bank has placed caveats on all that I  
am & mortgaged off my head I search my self  
for a coin or two to toss into the nacreous sky  
but I'm skint I'm broke I've blown the whole pelf

& the fortune I was born with is pilfer-purloined  
*the fortune she was born with is gone* o who can  
advance me the necessary breath who will loan  
me a life for mine has been coerced by underline

overdraft (& upstairs a man treads loudly the  
moon throws small change back down to earth)

## minutiae

partial print of saffron upon  
sunny window sill shudder  
of foreboding when the sky  
goes

black  
was that the future groaning  
or a boeing flying back?  
partial print of saffron on a

sill autumn pirouetting like  
a proton gone mad leaf  
falling leaves round this  
nucleus the world *what?*

partial print of saffron on my  
sill



