

Hostilities

Those beautiful deadly things . . .
A bomb rain
or a bursting night-sky mushroom.
An imploding mind . . .

If your religion is vandalism, your god is
in pieces. Your consciousness,
hillock upon hillock . . .
Even your language isn't your language.

The empire of dreams macadamises you
with images. The sun is
unbuttered bread; life gets oily
under a sunflower.

Taste the insatiable kiss of *déjà vécu*.
Silencers have a thing for your silence.
What do you say to a dynamite ape?
To a multi-knife scarecrow?

Questions, queuing up.

Satiety, pencil-bodied.

An abyss inside the abyss.

Motherland-In-Law

I discovered a judge in a journalist,
a jail in a journey.
Things are untheorised.
I am my motive, I use a borrow snail
to attain stealth.

My sophistry is sleeping in the rosary.
Welcome, my nineteenth objector!
Our fruit eyes picture the planet
as an ice globe, a melt.
Every pear has a pink heart.

Men who exist in written form;
a night wrapped in “what you are not.”
Which parts of your body are owned
by the department of nonsense and which ones
by the mind military?

Withering ideas linger
in the fear-brick kennel. No eyes
burrow through their fig leaves.
Do we need a dogma in a tall skirt
or a shot of sanity?

No one hedges us into being here.
History freezes our breath.
Lemongrass never says never.
Who will sing us
into the season of no season?

Close Formation

A hunter trails a long-tailed consequence.
It is the sixth nightmare.
Children watch eggplants
grow meanings.

Exuberance exists at the exit.
How would you talk to a mind arrow?
What would you give
for a bullet-proof poem?

Seasonal dying is the profession
one should avoid. I'm doing my beast,
and you are doing yours.
Our genes are our engines.

To survive, we'll have to draculise
our story. For how, ask your napalm,
your landmines.
Nobody would CNN us to safety.

A long-lanced consequence haunts
the hunter. Security by mercuriality.
It is the seventh nightmare.
Meaningplants grow eggs.

You Know Something Isn't Right

when you see reeds at the edge of a song,
or the staccato of a surveillance saccade,
a man followed by a watchdog,
the police with zip-gun heads,
criminals who embryo each other,
people buried under hate slabs,
a black hole staring at you
with its blue parliamentary eyes.

The predicament is predatory; it
expands its scope.
All the cats of Kotor yodel in ecstasy
amid blood-coloured serenity.
You begin to suspect that something
isn't right, and then,
one binocular morning,
you just KNOW IT.