

how I hate it
 when you half turn like that
 when you widen your eyes in disdain

what are you thinking about,
 little cypher,
 sitting there in the sun tossing stones?

*

The Tangler (1)

My intention, he says, is to freely and madly and inaccurately write down the *substance* with all the inevitable vices and carelessnesses that arise from my age and from my current situation. I may attach a skerrick of primary source material, researched with my usual lack of brilliance, if I feel the need. But why on earth would I feel the need? So many have died. But then again, so many bastards have gone on, undeservedly living. Whatever, it's a story, or a multiplicity of stories, that little Petrie deserves to have access to, in one form or another.

*

swales and snowpeas

snowpeas and swales

*

caged and crafted
like Gregor Samsa
in Kafka's *Metamorphosis*

who is there willing to glow
like wet stones in the wire gabion,
like underwater pulses

the acolyte shows me a leaf
'we were born on that leaf, on that shoot,
our family,' she says,

'and I am one of the best leapers'
how lovely to walk with my arm around her waist
'I am my own conman,' she says,

and she repeats it
like the blade of light
that repeats itself

as it leaps off coca leaves
into the river
'so this is it,' she says, 'this is the gold rush'

*

