

'Event Horizon 4, 9, 13 and 20', and 'Eels'

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Eels

I

winter-water
the hollow
moan of fibreglass
seat grate against gunwales

II

put your hand in
all the way
and black ooze
of water moves

III

drabble to grab
constrict in a drizzle
of grip flux and clench
at wrists

IV

small ones nearly see-through
see through me
frogspawn eyed
and greening

V

tooth and muscle
a tail like feathers
of glass torques
pulsing arm jewels

VI

a slither of skivvers
that shiver me to stone
in their unbarrelling
waist deep

VII

silver shives of unshape
knotting and climbing
gathered in armfuls
back into the drum

VIII

time isn't
but what is is
a flat hydrophobic
expanse I can't swallow

IX
there is nowhere
blind as hysteria
a Hebbian indelible
silvered in

X
the winter of memory
forevers
is once upon a time
it lasts

from Event Horizon

4.

grief is lead
caught on the honeysuckle
a backcloth sunburned
by lightning
cornflowers of sleet
gather on a child's palate
downpours
updrafts
might be like earth
breathing a nightgown
of mould

revelation is thrown
through a millennium
of seafront propagandists
while the courthouse
gondoliers the waiting
three by three in caravans
of catacombs
that slip into distance

9.

novelty moves like a blackmailer
backhanding pistols in the likeness
of next year's garret

feinting and stunning to become
a pall that shaves and guns
a shambles of thorax

in the insect of a poem
mountains sit like fowls
clocking the broken turquoise

seconds cackle by to coronations
of boulders in headlights
seen through cataracts

there is prophecy here for natives
in the yews that lurk
and the tinctures of sloe honed

staterooms winked on bedspreads
an airline of creepy-crawlies
riding on the sideboard

their lifetimes simultaneously
implied and poleaxed
along with ours

13.

once in a while a rose of apparition
moves the blade to the nub
of a limb like a comedian

come to the rim of a shackle
that breaks among the strata
of its sturdier fellows

a prince might thrash towards the palm
that oscillates between two sunsets
a mourner daubs a broken day

the critical monk wallops his fear
quixotic as the belt of a windmill
blade in the turn of the headwind

a corporal is seconded to account
like a lunatic lender watching
two kimonos lilac against a backcloth

colour downgrades itself west and the air
is louvre-filled like cards falling between
a footstep so certain under the bus

20.

an intellect
of coalition-tories
stymie each other

in the fens
the wheat-like drain
of a restricted opus
and a frailty of sex
in the turn of hearses

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on the go-slow
we discover the regulars
the square youths
crawling in like light-years
as the season moves
statuettes in the politics
of implosion

drumbeat and drumstick
white in the baffled distance