

David Mclean

mood's modi

i manage the indicative
obliquely at best,
God's obloquy,
his subtle suzerainty
our sovran fate retained
creation, sodomy detained
the taint,
i may have foetus on my breath
i may have death

sward's cloture

a sworded sward this clôtur
greening leaves this oblivion
a text rapt thus
death (enwrapped)

pro patribus

o journeyers, where do you sojourn now?
your punishment that reflects us this
nothing, stasis that bites like acid
night, kind of ratified, wakefulness
sleeps in us as we cry ourselves
to heaven again. and you await there
your paternities recorded, us, procreators,
your generative blessings this morning call
the love you wore away, a rinsed graffito
the gramme you lived for, the gramme after
that is written, love's definition you've
written this bliss. the saddest eyes wear
dawn again as night's tattered abortion
this torsion, God's worst tort his
oblivion, severed heaven some
haven, i said, already dead

and the sun

and the sun exhorts us now, implementing
its impassioned violence that wrought
the genes that live us meaning, it would
that we believe in something i've forgotten
long ago, that never lay itself but in the animal
but turns still here twisting its passion, compassionate
death distracted we forget a while the thanatic
telos, nothing. words love has written listen
to the carapace they decorate, evolved graffiti
on this insect me, rude love's crude tattoo, saying you,
beetle on his voluntary back no way to get up,
or want to, from passion's pusillanimous headlock
round this turkey neck, cramping dispassion
the empathy i never wanted, fuck-love nothingness
Jesus the locked dock where galleys and dingy dinghies
are watered again after this dryness and pained
decay, dissipated days away we recorded
the blackest waters where the sun not belong
in song and yet. and the lone soldier records
his sexless cross across my eyes nights that belief
recedes through, decadent compensation
tracing more refined compassion defined
by the Jews who wrote it and composed,
camel-clothed nomads, their desert truth
that *telos* pulls us up, history goals its tomorrow
and every dream Hitler housed a Jew already knew,
like this black sun we live in - rented from the Jews
whose advantageous smartness shew them this,
missing, but they never said straight out
where Sheol is, under this dustless sun,
though when I was born I already knew.
and so do you.

common law

again across your scorching fields
Historian, when your pounding night came
and poured days as wine to God's
deposit, our portion of night's liberation
your impotent libation, OB PECUNIAE SCARSITATEM
like ours,
he lettered as that literate Adams, detained
his own madness to adjudge,
adjudicated that Italianate treason, with sticks
bundled against the predestined decline Spengler
prognosticated, and we his egregious *casus omissus* common
as law, love and coleslaw that Elizabeth's writ
does not run to this timely island
where treason is writ on your wrist
tattooed oblivion chinking in
non rationale ma che si sente dicho
our passivity of passions piled against
night, still raging wreckless against something,
perhaps some renascent sun's nothingness
of light,
perhaps just life.

David McLean was born in Wales though he has lived in Sweden since 1987. As of August 2007, he has poems in about ninety issues of 78 magazines and e-zines. In September 2007 he is supposed to be "poet in residence" at Poet's Letter <<http://www.poetsletter.com>> and in August 2008 will certainly be "centre stage poet" in Decanto <<http://myweb.tiscali.co.uk/masquepublishing/>>. More information about David is online on MySpace <http://www.myspace.com/david_mclean> and at the Hecale <<http://www.hecale.com/words.htm>> portal.