

Richard Barrett

DOT DOT DOT

a breadcrumb trail
the ellipsis
leading out of the forest
of words
to a clearing where silence
may facilitate
communication better
it's one
two
three
steps on stones
over the
still wet sewage slop stain
masquerading as a stream
wherein
no fish swim

childish device
just say what you mean!
I'm gonna head home now
your ellipsis
is no use to me

(later: a knock on the door:
Miss Dixon?
Yes?
It's about a Richard Barrett

TICKET IS NO LONGER VALID

the in-between bits
 striding across the metro-platform
 to the carriage's open door
 the clenched fist frown of the vauxhall driver
 held at the lights
st peters square
 the always departing and arriving
as I eat
 allens fried chicken
 by the war memorial
for my evening meal
 (healthy option)

any route permitted :143
 please retain until you leave
sold subject to
 conditions of use

 boarded :MRI
 alight
 paid cash (£0.80 /
£1.90)
 adult :one child :nil
 OUT

2-PART RETURN

seeming contrariness masks
 shrewdness
in avoidance of
 pinning and mounting
cos knows
 heart stoppage (thankful :metaphorical
 variety)

results from
 over-definition *>deconstruction / justification
 of poetics?*

*tentative conclusion :too clever by
far*

that to be alive means
 ch
opinions in flux

POST SUNDAY LUNCH

grey

red-squirrel

irrelevant

spokesman

slammed as

she said is

on my fence

eating it

liable to

to be killed by

up to

in

and / or

Argos bought professional

hedge trimming tool

400 watts

challenge (brand

name)

power output at 400 watts

blade length

/ tooth gap

rat with tail

taller than me:

cable

weight:

estimate:

my left

thigh

14mm tooth gap

challenge (brand

name)

and

I'd have no problem

(he boasted)

a fine of up to

£20,000

to run

over a seagull for

fun

me

an

n

ot

hi

ng

t

o

me

(interviewer wondered:

can you drive?)

MATHEMATIZING THE RELATIONSHIP

apple on the table
varnished flat plane
grain visible
- no acrylic covering

the centre of the table
was where I placed that apple
bringing together
the straight-line and the curve
(with one eye shut)

intercourse of angles
where legs meet table-top
is why he'd arrive drunk at her house
(too drunk to do anything but
listen to music or
watch t.v. –
he'd sleep on the couch)

entirely predictable marriage
at ninety degrees
yet a still more interesting
conjoining

so I put my
on the
after she'd left (for Cambridge)
and thought about
taking
a
bite

TUESDAY: 8:40 A.M.

eastern side of Cornbrook
is where she stands, back turned
to the wind
 which allows nothing lighter than her
such “peace” as that
 iron fire-escape
behind Debenhams
 marked by human weight and
the elements
 but
 certain not to bend to
nature
 her slightness looks so
 perfectly in fashion, I see
someone self-willed into being

(I acknowledge that difficulty of reconciliation)

did she halt the train in its tracks or
was that a scheduled stop? – she
disappears into the carriage
 to work, or
home?

simple metal twist attached to
her jackets lapel, the pink
 seeming so
conspicuous against
 the weave’s dense black
solidarity for an older woman’s cause
 I thought
she didn’t look the campaigning
 type
 that cut and her androgynous features...
her expression was serious and
 her feet
 were
small

And she was gone!

Half-way to either Altrincham
 or
Eccles