

James Mc Laughlin

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if apse profers to the elective light of beam that which infers appeal
in awning like the shifting and approximate texture of release/
supplication of form and colour transmits through the sound
of stream water the addressing of humble come sincere appeal
with the air powered prayer of wings and requested entreaty
of birds a remorse ripple converts into stark shimmer on the breeze hints
at the way each tree and branch has discloser a tissue and layer
become acquaintance ran over flesh and memory not rough
not smooth just nothing but being and taken leaves lie in ornate
and salutary bundles waiting for the wind a pillow of gauze
and green and rust eel black underneath dank forgotten almost
warm something a fork might love into and release rebirth
beetle slug micro organism so minute not to be felt as
flakes become crunch or powder rubbed into the flow that scent
familiar to earth and field wrapped in a misgiving and woven
going as the opening up of petal and bud now like pollen or
honey each colour more fantastic at being new and fresh
seen only once which overspreads glances in expectation
a yellow a pink red a new aquatic green full of life almost
shouting to the world bouncing on each branch and flower

the inflorescence of grasses protruding exact the dense and
inconspicuous gem of green there are no sepals or petals
in the usual sense a magnolia flicker becomes contrite to angle
that disturbs the sensual imagining of rolling and dip
released folded under a hair twirled in forefinger
reproductive organs remain tight in feathery stigmas that
catch the late summer light and sway silver and ultramarine
come aqua blue leanings of suckle the fluctuating flowers of
grasses are tiny clustered with ugly neighbours they remain stoic
ovule and ovary beaver pelt hook fasten and flick in the wind
deep green in the centre amethyst to overcome bluish yield
grasses are not pollinated by bees but by the wind feathery stigmas
protrude outside the bracts and trap the wind-carried pollen the
pollen grains are very light and smooth and can be blown for long distances
ligatures cluster with doc sinew and smell occasioning a
sun burst of dandelion each a surprise of beauty yet ugly

porphyrous a leek-green might eventually constitute blue
white to tip is cut from foam / offers vibration to stalk
in quiver gestation a prelude to certainty to the angle of cap
originally wet palisade and bend just below wing crisp and turn
each blade on the underside to taper the bluish grey shifts
mottle sift and smooth as round flesh holding up cool
cheek over cheek blue particles and smoke exudation plume
grey to deep grey scale fished black gray and paper torn blue
coming to pink out and stipple sanitized infers does interface
of thought just lend new and contact lime cones illuminated
coming as tissue meld and fingers guises or releases dew
through pores or a surface cut resin sweat to tongue toning
and blue again and again to the pale of upper greying fibre converts
to sediment released as mundane vertigoed slash/crimson
offering in lower branch and crowded torque if retakes of
the air just as horizontal goads then the forest light electric
dismantles and re-affirms colour flecks and bolsters a lingering
and movement obtuses shifts to a lack of other inclines
infringements of highlight on lowlight every aspect mediates
a cold under drip clods of rectitude that come at once

goes narrowing to form eye line the ingenerate skin
of hair a moulded or illuminate leaf and sky a blue
is a tree bark olivine or aqueous rip texture a
knotted gray eye winking/ wrinkle and scale landscape
rustling slate gray intent cluster crack red warm
bluish harlequin green a tribune of dry gone
tongue licked flake wings come rock on rock/ rockish
grain surface glass dot red and itch smell and white
spore partiality to branch and root churl tiny
pursed green lips rubbed in oil paint gnarl
elephantine a knowing pupil tusk suck chewed stick
hollow an ear holly tendon plastic greening
lung veins and x-ray smeared eye folded whisker
muse tickly forest free sliding and comfort
bell bang a calling a mirror peacock eye feather -
a blue of turquoise and pastel as air is warm delicate
needs and alive love to oak touch solid heavy
smooth palm knife a leg muscle erect unyielding
slip and boat saw jack putty knife and linseed
trees red loved pink washed buds and sun white pulse

a liquifacient pink of fold pink through lipothymy come ruffle
contorted - a bunch if fist a knuckle bruise swollen
contain in savour of juice pink up swirl whip and electric
gloss cherrying when apple rub come red elastic
mind whistle blow pink thrush throat that bobs along to
a sleet pink and asking then copper meld russet giving
rust pink to green mauve feel pink as air pink as pink as edges and
eye soak eye and flesh cut pinky salmon cells and grain
steel pink pill pink lip pink nail varnish smell pink candy
cellulose and close the lapsing and branch bounce
terrier coat pink and smiling laughing each petal
a perfect pink from deep to white pink folds almost
red each leaf outlined pink each vein something Verdi
overlap of twist release close bunch some dark stamen
like snake tongues or caterpillar eye stalked pink
looking in the centre green and yellow sun claps
stems of the opening and rejoiced pink and tip pink
laughing a vaginal pink neurotransmitting confusion pink
silkiene warble pink oyster shell bulb bubble bubble gum
pink everywhere pink flying pink falling pink rolling fleeing
swirling rushing scratching tumbling sliding scattering
sacks of pink emptied on the wind a road side explosion pink

just as the frame root can never be anything vertical the
inclination is always somewhere else through the trees
on the various patterns on the hillside valley ochre and red
become so familiar and you wonder at roots and tiny ligatures
there is no horizon in the forest only an axe light of sun
white glinting off of holly that should have died but didn't
all I see is an infra red on the edge of things in outlines
it pulls the cells out and takes them back to inclination times
the video does that freeze thing in time and its quiet
so quiet that you can hear tyre noise and bus engines
you might put your ear to the ground and listen to the dust
perhaps lick the swollen tar and hope that you might connect
or just lie back in the empty wood and wonder who might
find you lying there waiting naked with a tissue in your hand