

SJ Fowler

a Mongolian Cantos

dedicated to Badar-Ugan Enkhbatyn

(neg)

“I am a peculiar specimen of royalty”

more white than red, more blank than rot
the bronze-copper tinge of a dig(ger)
& tasting central / northern American royal family
on the loaf, the crisp-wafer-biscuit-in-the-world
he rock indeed appears frail
mottled with scalp
slice into blinds, a light filter
intercepting ironstains, hissing damp, bloodlines

ancestral mapping
is a bourgeois form of eugenics

cuba to conga in August; the trip is unfinished
manganese Suvla bay gatling reunion
misleading, prejudices in the goat's mirror
send me to war – watch how long it lasts
court martialled, brigged, killing-at-hand

(hoyor)

a tattoo on my thigh
culled with an asp (extendable baton / coarse cudgel)
twenty victims
“let us bury dead,
but we need to save bullet metal
but I’m royalty
look at the distinguished beauty of my legs
black & firm like cornfed cocks

I’ve yet to have the erotic massage of a roadside bomb
merging plaster patches like plastic putsches
in lakes of used & uselessss homunculus bombsuits
I’m balldeep in sand, beating it to death
it takes form, I latch off the sleepdep
“speak King, Orangutan, spill the peagreen
underground cave secrets, 2 hundred feet deep”
“should I wear my green trousers or my blue?”
“blue”

(guraw)

because you need a decision
you will have one

a human foot beneath the sand, left, trying to hide (& paint)
shame – I kill sand
what's the word in Helmand, about killing sand
fun for the ones with
the better guns (sa80s, m16, m203s)
they're my kind of people, royalty
we must sort the good sheikhs from the bad
& women with armpits skinburless & peach scented await our return home
“we don't hide our women away
in bedsheets”
we put them on horses
let the whole world see them & like the legs of a duck
 what lies beneath the stonelipped composure
is far more interesting
 thank the beridged spine of horses
& no shame I shall never win the dressage, eunuch
royals, the horses back is our greatest ally
 breaking more hymens than a teddy bears paw
with the money we save on apology dinners
three dimensional cinema experiences
disinfectants, tapwater, wetwipes, beedays
we can afford better guns (steyr augs, mp5s, glochs)
& go to war in proper bloody fashion

(doruw)

now those envelopes down like cliffs of colour
dazzling icefield province
sun kindling our shoulders like dye, acetylene, onyx
petrified whitefingers, on the edge of dust
pile them in grottoes. we can make soap
immune is royal blood to gangrene
stag defence position, crouched, scintillated in the blue forest
awaiting second rate mortars (second-hand Russian)
“don’t apologise to me – don’t do me any favours”
topaz, quartz, ankles bent over like our women
just less bored

I have ancestors
time to chalk one’s palms & play folk worry
get out your for-the-moment instruments
stone whoever you like – neckdeep
women, children, apespies, dog, foreign chains
when we come, we come
thanks for the snowy mountain
‘you haven’t got a fucking chance’
royal feet skip log to log, to stone & lava
blood for blood without remorse
actually stipulate, sand for blood
you can have my sand – aplenty
no need to ask the price of sand
no need to my mistress in Helmand
like a glacier she smiles, unseen, unegoistic
pumice my tired soldier’s feet, hollow my seashell
listen to the rabid wistfulness
the best wild music is for-the-moment

Roma, Irish, Muezzin

I’m royalty, I’d rather be from the space they listen to the music than the space they make it

(tav)

I'm sensitive to the next day regret

& poverty

I don't like it – a melancholy northern soul

a moisture menagerie – a human ear alchemy

a ministry – like a Greek, happy in pussy if it is hell

so be it

they aren't virgins, but there are cultural differences

my disposition is royal, my oars are gold

my eyebrows black

& I wield the sarcasm of Adam

like a bloody avalanche

but once a month

damned by the people for decorum

ah, here it is, the distinguished thing

victory in the ring

neatly, the crown cloth fits & I am ready to discuss terms

the crack of a whip

your prime is a white volcano

wrist deep in the desert

handing out food packages

laced with risin, nodding, bowing

letting his st bernard of its leash to wink

bowing before the powdered sword of ancestry

& the commonest of all things

bloody bastard freedom

(zurgaa)

the four principles of the American soul

murder, beaurocracy, theology + music

waffles

paper rusts under the priests swaying robes

& I told him we were crossing a desert of promises

(he thoughts I said potatoes)

I told him the eschatologies seemed to me

like an ear of hay dangled before a donkey

to induce him to go on pulling a cart

“but man needs to set his sight on something lofty” he said

“yes” I said “the donkey pulls the cart”

(doloo)

o o o ring girl lemon shuffle
your breasts have soaked through the very walls
your tits are dampening the carpet
your spit is Argentinian onion soup & shames canapes
you are a northern artist, from Vegas proud
I would visit your southern arts for pay
you are baby jesus tassled
moles seek light to gnaw your nipples
your sexual weeping induces weeping
drunk go your toes to menfolk
bed beds beds beds beds beds
your flag is red and pink
you proffer your rear like a thoroughbred hanging basket
spin
you tear my nails out with pliers
encase your eyes in amber for me
a successful solo show
on come art buyers & whales
jurassic park meets gorky park
financial independence irrelevant you never in poor company
rich enough for tartan pyjamas to match your clitoris
your hair is reinforced steam
your eye is curiously eyed
forgiven for the savant part of artist
requires you to be an idiot

(naym)

I am a warbird cont'd...
we are betrayed on the Russian front
bring back hammer/sickle beltbuckles sunrusted
& wallcord cement of Empire bones
!no! bring me back a shoulder
a stinger anti-helicopter rocket!
 (how beautiful the sound – death claims Cobbing
 yet he couldve shown us the true sound
 of a rocket launching
 a helicopter exploding)

{ fetch chetch caebloom }

I sell copper libertybands on TV hill
 the sniper is time cautious
for everyday at + the Afghan farmer takes his goat
 behind the shed...

(yes)

the fact is that at the moment of his death he really
needed the toilet
& so he held his groin & writhed
into the path of the ricochet

he & I were brothers
for I saw out my wedding night
needing the toilet

my Afghan worm
worn in my combat casuals
my lapel a rotten rose
made of rotten rope

that is the worm's purgatory
between the sands
& the fleshy body that carries him around
that might have been a diaspora of cattle
in the the singing kingdom of P-company

each man to his own human pyramid
something shrivels into darkness
not a city

(araw)

my mongolian bride

I like to offer fine comfort to those who
 smell so sweet & may, in may, I do lean
so frequently to know if your hair
 red & in a single platt
will illume my frozen back
 stride 'I stand by you'
do not indulge upset we know each
 other well

first plinth or eggs the protest
 reminds me of your oval eyes & admits
the hair buried was where I smelled you
sweet but on the peepers I saw the need
what matters marriage? or2others sneer

 it is I & you it is a foggy fear
caught; so pins are lanced lips
 & sorrow but yeast and jokes
bacon fat fingers beg to grasp in the shop of repairs
where I am reminded of
 bloody smell
 to say coppery will save nothing for tomorrow
 so ease it upward
& recline on my chest