

Jill Jones

Methods

The wing-spread of hours
sighs above this voyage.
Is it how I resist all
I've presented of myself?

Beside the bed are resemblances
enough, like writing.
A sliver of enlightenment coats
my quotidian tongue.

I expected the white tang,
of clouds hushed as matter.
A winking god sounds among
the process, unlike decay.

See dogs run on the earth
rained with facts.
There's a blue surplus played out
on an ancient piano.

'Savour your details' – accept
the recall, attention, the source.

Are You Worried About Yourself?

It's the police, the split screen
in the new suburbs.
'I'm good, bro, hey', as if you missed it,
an illegal cigarette.
Was he ex-army?
Talk to the daughter, she's
the one who'll know:
'He never hurt me'.

There's the panic alarm, the chase,
yellow metal, never-ending sirens
calling to us, calling
through green tunnels, tiles, streets.
The only respite,
to sleep like a child in a blanket,
sort through drawers,
history, meaning.

Tell the press
who's got the motive,
wrong place, wrong time,
what happens when you
arrest someone.

Perhaps you need
a little bit of distance:
please, try to remember.

So, we got the wrong man,
flowers won't do
any good this time.
'The bastard deserved it.'

Let's say this isn't justice.
An error of judgement,
is it corrupt?
Do we have something
to hide, this time?

Next

A rational universe, a rational lake
is close to time, rational stars.
There are limits and facts,
formations of clouds,
these weathers, wood, gas, stone.
Who's with us, to start the clock, the jump
into the day, another day.

The rational skin has its limits
but never sleeps, trying something new.
Co-ordinates seem a little rough when you
compute them against what's gone
next ... next ... next.

How did we lose ourselves
beyond the whiteboard's count?
Think about children within the woods,
the play of the air in grass,
leaves, flowers. The ministry of defence has
a serious problem,
the constant rain, the occupation
has been forever, ongoing, the clocks tick,
next ... next ... next

There are so many of us,
there are not many of us left.
Causes, predicaments, consequences,
the setting sun, a mist,
blue shadows, orange hills.
Where does the water come from
next to all the stars?

Vigil

I was the lucky one creeping into the soft side.
I've spread all my permanent faults along your night jetties.
Beauty is not the way some desires are made.

The swindle was once a promise outside sadness.
Pleasure hopes for its spirit in the ruin.
My eye wants your wet terrain to amplify cloud.

The screw bolt is fast, on the window seam.
It's as if my mental pages have dried up.
Is sleep a source of the flower, duration of water?

In a thought of smoothing comes a pleasant press of feet.
The smoky secret wakes first at my ear.
Feel the soft breathing of its blue unsettled thing.

And I wake running to the holy country.
Over its terrible, sad soil there's a glib hush.

That None Will Recall

Wind begins its task, and its sadness.
My thoughts delay horizons.
The coast waits along its whipping walls.

While sand is extravagant, other times
are now confused. Your laughter
and its refreshment, o those matrices!

Is it my reason that hammers these facts,
disturbing coolness, exaggerating the years'
sad inquest? There's no holding to account.

Tonight clusters thought, whale surface,
a rogue swell, the stretched *jouissance*.
What unravels the remain.

Fleck and Drag

Oh no! We've reached the plague to find it's all fake, as well as the stink of tans that bother along like beamed and excessive samples. But amigo, it's time we spoke. We don't have to enumerate what went wrong, how it was all banged up in the end, seams thready in the dusk obscuring the freeway noise and the magenta light. Sure, it's time we were purged, chasing off weevil harm through the dirt and crack. It's in the wire and that harmful sting. Not as if we should have perjured our tongues in order to heal, or attended to mournful bells that time the ships at shore. We don't need to wait for some fashionable meds, or hope one of us has hocked the memories or given regret the sack. OK, that's one kind of reading, the usual lie, an old goad that may cause the reckless to ponder how you can ever be free. What must it be like to go it alone, not just to slope off but act as if we'd got that lucky break, or found a pocket of air that shone, as ever some bird rang out unknown songs in ascending thirds.

There's Always a Danger Waiting

My eyes are still required in
these streets that change and remain
arguably the same as post-
cards and sly memories ad-
justing themselves amongst sto-
ry books I've carried around
for years without open comm-
entary, the dailiness of
which coats you after a while,
though when I visit the prime
site it's changed its name, in new
century blurdom, and a-
bove the place there's a tough arc
of steel and glass covered in
a winter sheen I remem-
ber when you made your choice and
cast enough doubt not on mem-
ory but on what I could
make of this years later, al-
ways later, recovered but
unrecoverable, as there's
no reply or none needed so
long as the twisty streets still
bear resemblances and sky
moves between yellow and grey
and you'd know, if you asked, it
doesn't matter as it once
did, there's no need to hide so
much although we'd all have to
agree, if we were in the
same room, that there's a danger
waiting, especially where
the sharps and quicks know us and
how even the slightest wrong
move brings on the spit or that
place I still carry with its
white half-inch, a nick of the
finger tended with a little

scorn as if I fainted, as
if I didn't need to re-
main and then wait for the else.