

Giles Goodland

Blood Spider

If instead of language we had
a universal map so that each thing aligned
uniquely no two objects
could have the same identity, and
all numbers would then sing
agency in every crack of being,
clogging fleas' feet with accuracy
for what could we thread days with
then but this evermoving pucker
that clothes the limbs of self,
and from that wound flaws not
words but the coordinates of being.
Thus any unified theory must account
for consciousness's rust across
a finger's arc, unnoticed
smear on the framing glass.
An end is in itself, the air sweats
at the glass's falling. Then the wind
slept me away to asterisky
approximations of the motelet
neitherreal nor exosexual when
nightfish clashcade disembodiedly
jampacking a lullabide of the phasma
frailwork of metempirical broodmother
malgazed into indefinity by
taint of spurt-spirited moloch.
They sing: Turn to sand the clocks, their missions.
Enter the works of the nearest machine.
Entropy is our end, render us then
Marses unwrought from
sky, seeking each night a fix, suff or pre.

Worm

Raise the midden, cast the king
find where the stars hide from us.
Aganglionic in bed of state
asthrougnought the depthly
dissembloodies bodimelt.
We are no part of speech
but mud's fifth essence, slur
of strangurge that threadth
a tractile strengthin, inchforthing
annulets for which coagulate
dumbone is fleshier beforeskin.
Maintaingling the whormament
evereverse the filesh and misinter
netherending phantomblims
as an intestinal spacebody.
Slack as a nonsible prosumer that
nightoils secreative tonguextensions
graveward we groundmother
to subterrest, intingling our
tunnelvisionary undertread in
always prolongable rollongations.
This is urned in warmturning
trunnels: wordroots gather in a rind
under hills where horses of great density
once ran and mostly the days
sleep in their boxes but the hurt
clouds still bruise. We are what
hills store in their batteries,
sutured guts that fuel birdsong.
To handle the dead harden your hands,
accost windows, expend stalked
figures. Night runs us down.

Sexton Beetle

We took a bucket of tar and a brush,
and flew up into the moon, and smeared it
all over, so that it would not hinder us.
Work hurt us open. We used the dead for
our own ends and on their time but the window
called with great clarity, it amassed the light
under the trees when the wind skulked
beside its wall, fleshholed the honble
member who molded man from clay as from
the cellar shadows a figure gestured
upwards scattering pinches of prayer-meal with
admixture of finely ground sea-shells, saying:
in each village is a drain into which
the dead shall pour, a symmetry where
hewn smells correct mosthighest flowers.
Suffer the growth of stones the emptied
eye to bury barleycorn in claylayer
bloodfeel the poest who sculpts rot
to bioassay the slowworn sussurections
to ambulance-chase the chemtraces of the dead.
When I closed my eyes, I heard my father voice
a thin earth between us, our airhearse
helicoptering down as Doré's Satan
while light emptied dreamseen in tendresses
we brushstruck the soild ratbones
hamsliced whomover the woundhound
to unnerve mouseskull, shrewpelt, molebone
a few frigid reluctant stars worth
mentioning only because of the light
they expended on us, pittance of being
the other people who surrounded us
dimglimmered through sleeps written in
Hare's peerage, a long underground book
probeable in the sweatshop of the buried.
When a mammal dies it releases huff, we sift
air with our headfans locate the corpse, attract
females who mold mass into nest in which
between us comes the kind of conclusion that
the egg is. As the mist falls, translate into

head the particles of outburst or arriving flowers.
What we can speak about together is
clogged, poetry travels under
some fine soils raising head nor tail.

Cranefly

Unimage the sunlit unsinger
as preternature of pseudoperson
separating the rain with her limbs
to make a name in her immanage
by mistpelting the timemachinery
ungendering the jitters and feedforths
of her selfmetal so
the words drift into sentences, for
as angelling cellist she uggles her wingtips
and stalked figures runtogether:
will the future contain such
paleartic evenings of
the understandingly unfinite,
when an inwind blows no eyematter
and stars' strata of light form
epiphenomenal jellyfish from
which the flesh has weathered,
legs tangled in datasets of
organought, airgonaut, so
she pleads in the lamplight
for this to come untrue "I feel like
a flailer, like languages colliding in space"
she sputnicks on the spinetangle
where unifield flied themory posits
a loop loosening and air carries
sentencestructures from
her ashed face, delicate as latent
petalseed: I feel a wet word
curve through what the skin
cuts open, enclosed clouds
herald empty flowers of the head
and withhold the mindforced mentacles
as headlights fight out between
loops of answer while godevil dismantles
the glass cathedral, lists
sky as cloudslide, counter of suns
who pentangled rivershivers
and spilt windowfuls of eyes into
disreflected embosities.
Then the sky makes love to each other.

Dung Beetle

When at eve the beetle behemoth
and the rain clots in the car's genitals
the language in us turns into the road, the light as if
inside we drive uphevil with God as windshield
between us and the rest. These thoughts are
not words, but have the quality of being
understood. Irreconcile with shard-
beetle as it genghisses its heavesong. Oblique
motions, light-edged corners strum under-boulder.
At Uluburun call him Aksak, elsewhere square
urine-squirter, big rock beaver, humpbacked
flute player, earth-mover, bullshit-dozer,
turdevil, cowturd bob. Senses gather
him against the verduring dung. Flollop
the crowbarred scarabapple through
ozymandates and dunghills, scrunch
the matterhorn in complicates of inexhaust
apply the time-quench to clodclotted pelt
then write a merdchant for the duchy.
Sun leaks from a wound that must but
cannot be located. When cattle package
leaved grass behind them he
uprears, waves his tinny sensors and
Sisyphus-footed knockknees his fussball,
exits the hard-hat area to plantcross with
loadbearing carapacity: indefatigued the clayey
coprophage quakewalks the urnfield as outself
wormward uppearances dungfork our spilth.
We shall lift the starred urns from their earths.
Only nature can destroy the state.
Burly arablic replaces the cartouched
monhument's scatalogue of hieroglyphed
pharaoph, uncentres the threadearth. Heel
the wound, drag the mudhood headbutter
the sixlegend golemgleam: narrow voices
plead for more time, stand guard while the female
excavates broodchambers. Under the soil,
a far-future adrifts from the soular

system and in free space we look for
a new star before the moon runs out.
The disappearance of these faeces in a cloud.

Crablouse

Once when massivecocked rockstars walked the face
off our earth and sheminated cunticles
I craught cabs; they nestlegged in my groinhere.
Puced in vulvagated orgasmask
these erosgrained genitaliens
harpened their nibs in the cockshop
pitched their tents belowbelly and gonaddled
a pronged attack at hairfoot.
Whoresemen of the pockerlips!
Man the lifeboats, cling fast to rims, roothold.
It's an inwind that heaves no song, an
illwind that blows noone. Clogfoot,
loamfoot. Every day a smolten malefunction
mangloved in the estrangent hemiblond
neverlost that clustred clamness.
Blades selve out of us who kindled from dry sheets.
The wrinkles in old witches' visages they
ate out to entrench themselves, feast tongues
abed the twobacked moanster they
dryhumped and wisecracked, porescorned
on the infestigate skinstead
substaining the burly-haired lockwork
swore saturdates damplover was
lovestroked and slurped plumplipped
at relisquish of the miniotaur
then to godown on the wordspale
glued the graingroined gendergarment
halfcircled at nightfallen kniverse
firmented the manifest eggend and huddled
nosedown dremeaning the meated tractortyre.
Intangled in itchself the bed was
a grave of understanding when I
sore them walking away in your clothes
to make shift as night-club bouncers
or laptopical orifice-workers,
lostouch with them, was cured.