

# BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

Iain Britton

*[and]*

1

and you ...

a huge egg

playing with blocks

by lunchtime a hill has fallen

a yellow-yolked pigeon

craps on the soul's classroom

the whole episode fails to inspire a vigorous debate

fails to excite

a 5 year old

dropping off the pace

pushing off the lady

with the white leather gloves / who smokes filter tips / reads The  
People's Friend / lives with the smell of a fibrous plasterer / with  
the last local snake holed up under Ben Atholl

2

and you

practising to be

an ovarian experience

sent into the countryside

green blood in your streams / your gullies / in your  
hastily erected lexicon of bones / skin grafts / tubeless thoughts

you milk the occasion for all it's worth

how to farm animals which do as you want them to do  
which hurt as you want them to hurt

which bleat

bleed

blow / / hot 'n cold

a female amongst paddock slime and river song

a fact-finder knee-deep in scriptural monologues

3

unfazed glorymen charge at the sun's belly

for the feed of all feeds

the lame hang back

and scrap over the remains of dishevelled brides

the streets are greased by brylcreem brothers

haunted insomniacs

amputees counting their cuts / their raw contusions / their mental welts

the terrible exquisiteness of wars

4

in this Nordic saga

played out Downunder

a small confusion

of multiple identities

of being who I want       survives

I dig the garden

stab at the birthing holes of plants

bury my father's badges

his past exploits

of godzone labour       destroyed

I hide his workforce grandeur

his razzle dazzle

his flair

for skyscraping

amongst furrows  
sod-turning horse shit  
the world war carcasses  
of looking at himself

*in my father's house are many mansions*

and I mix them in

like manure

5

and you

do a balancing act

watch the boy you know distancing himself

amongst the plastic cities of his imagination

calling to his visions

stuck in high definition

in eye sockets as ancient as cave walls

6

flat metallic stars      collide

towns

spring up in dark trousers

and hookers work the night beat

a childhood

becomes a playground for ghosts past

and all the hills / are down to a crawl

I traipse after legends of film and television

conversations cut from newspapers / cut neatly / cut in long thin strips /  
swapped / shared / and pasted

I traipse after echoes

fading

behind blue-brick buildings

like Watchorns / Joe Kwong Lees / Woolworths

like Smiths the condom people

I try one for size / before the night's flashlights are done

7

and you pull in the neighbours /

pigeons scratch at broken eggs you regularly

cut flowers

for family members

buried in your bedroom

for a gimmick I tattoo my face

amongst many masks

*elephant*

1

then        who walks the concrete carpet

picking up garbage

foliage

a he-man's lopped-off hair?

it's a dizzying state of internalised strife

who cries *elephant*

in my room

in this hollowed-out epicentre

of perpetual motion

2

cry *elephant*

and you squat

in a teardrop

of shimmering

sunlight

you squint

at distortions

trapped

in tinted glass

3

a ceremony

breaks black bread

I join the party  
celebrate

(with others)

the soft-bloated idols of a painted procession

4

my room creaks in the wind

in the balance

of where it rides precariously

on its chunk of bone

I once had long hair      had a shadow

straighter than a sundial

5

you ring the changes

grab the best hearts for yourself

the best lungs the hardest iron

in the soul

great animals

fascinate

the wannabes amongst us

looking on

*high-wire intensities*

with investigative curiosity

I go on hunts

choose anything vulnerable

ask for no names / no places of origin /

ebony or ivory types

no personal indicators

I invent my own strategies

on how to kill a story

#

she has little to say about my botched attempt

to force her to the top of a hill

plaster her body all over the grass

blister her ideals of conjugal hibernation

she says little about play-acting

the uninhabited virgin

the prongs of a rainbow

grabbing at the figure of her solitariness

#

the sun peels back its collar of leaves

exposes its throat to the moon's cold eye

parable-talk is the smooth hardness of a stone

breaking the mucus of a lake / / the woman's whiteness

reflecting upwards

the synthesis of a fathering pulse

a walkabout

the humbling stealth

of a watery evening

#

nocturnal watchers

snuffle through Bible bins

chewing off aphorisms / / pulping

sweet boluses for the gratification of her mouth

she hates      fuss

the intensities

of attention-seekers

the loss of another breathing space

through recklessness –

a journey

too far

#

I choose the birds high-wiring through branches

morning becomes electric

self-archived / they share fame briefly

*strip jack naked*

1

being battery-farmed  
is one aspect of saying  
    this is the life

whoever thought up the concept  
of in-house incest?

2

another nuclear ode to enlightenment  
urinates on its notes  
on how to grow the most deformities  
on a small parcel of land

3

the air fizzes like warmed up tap water  
as I count the lines of unsold trees  
    no one seems to want the responsibility  
of walking under canopies of old bones

4

fresh air is highly prized

worth haggling for

worth stuffing down gullets

as quickly as possible

but long lasting gulps are even better

5

I play strip jack naked with the mirror

I play to win

because there's

this cavorting female in blue jeans

who's teasing now

who strips fastest to win

*grab the money    bunny*

*and run*