

Shinwell Johnson

### Oberon, crush crush

Oblivion, onion, open crushing  
Dying on St Patrick Day, hold a parade  
A carnation of green tissue papers  
Are you crying? Crush, crush.

I hear annoying trumpets,  
Call the police on Christmas.  
Tell them a rabbit has been reborn.  
Are you crying? Crush, crush.

Open onions and cry for Balder the golden,  
He died as a mistletoe arrow pierced his heart.  
Trick, trick, another trick, crush, crush.  
Break the walls and cry out for Oberon.

Crush, crush; are you crying?  
Open and closed; trampled.  
Only wealth ensured warmth  
can you not cry, even at that?

### **Love Song of a Dinner Table.**

I will swing my plank, branch, pine  
Hover and slide, hide tablecloth fringe

Open that plank fork knife spoon  
Chair opens table; table wins again.

Nail pins table, chair with wide asses  
Farting, foulth, filthy slime  
Horses are better behaved.

Open doors, they are planes  
Diminutions of wood patterns.

Skulks of foxes, fuax fur throws  
Cut crystal gobbles of the starving.

I alone know  
Those other chairs despise you

I look like them, but they do not look like me.  
We are of the same tree, a forest of death.

Preservations of tree carcasses line the walls  
Oak leaves whither in turpentine's oil fumes.

Preserve, preserve, make room for the new  
Make room for the new preserve, the old.

I cannot take it anymore, I shall go shopping.  
Buying makes me feel good. I consume; consummate.

Ben Franklin with his kite in the storm, key in hand,  
Elocution, electrocution, diction, dickhead, spray paint

my stencil face on the Tate Modern  
and call me soup.

### **Antonio Salieri**

Invisible revenge, a merciful parliament of owl strings.  
Take under your wing a long spear and a concubine.  
Flourish in stagnant garbage, ringworms, heartening.  
Shine above alone, recoil, two fine fellows, musically.  
I am killing you. The hour arrives. I will eat your brain  
And gain those ideas you once owned. It is mine little  
King, I find no courtesy in your ears, they are my ears.  
I will go about in your business as in my own propriety.  
Haranguing, open, splendid, sounds vibrate in extremes.  
I envy my own suffering martyrdoms as visions of evil.  
I mercy, commit. Doubt as doubt paradoxes mastery.