

Patrick Chapman

Oriental Poppies (1927)

in bed
we lock together
like a puzzle-box
solved

memory
sunny
amnesia

lines

menstruate
overlay
anaemia

if
i

only
knew
what
know

i

now
used to
then

under ovarian bloom
we write sheet music

if

only

i
what

could

forget

yesterday

i

never
remember

could

parallel lines await the appearance

of notes for a whole new concerto

So

Your mother stitched a wasp
into your dress.

Your father put a lavender
cockroach in your mouth.

At weddings you say you want
death more than love.

So what.

You will soon have your wish.
Tying off the flow
of a life that amounted to nothing.

Not enough meat in your face
for the cats to make
the meanest pot-luck.

Not enough cats
to reserve a table
at the banquet of dead robins.

So.

So what.

Get out.

Still Life with Guitar

I dive
into the quiet thoroughfare
and look around to see that they have left
the ghost lights on.

levis
#nystrong
raze hell: doom eternal
beetlejuice
america's got talent
thank you, local heroes
disney+ now streaming
your korea
come to sydney

practice PL
EA
SE
social distancing
& help
save lives

t-k-t-s
mrs. doubtfire
leave your desk for lunch
express express express express express –

As I pull away, it comes to me.

The lights are always on,
even when the ghosts have gone.

The only one I see down there is him.

A naked cowboy stands alone
on 45th and Broadway
slinging a machine
that in other days, in other hands,
killed fascists.