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Fighting Cocks: a didactic dialogue poem



:- ...they are trying to break you

:- until I get caught on you, you big barbed wire fence. Together we are urban pollution

:- you pollute me

:- I am a gigantic dark vessel, those who embark will not regret

:- I heed your warning. I take note of both size and colour. There are Jurassic park-
esque tremors in my gallery. Is that you, travelling?

:-I travel through concrete like a worm, like the popular film tremors. I'm never far from the action.

-: All teenage French girls have good quality cameras.

-: It is not I who will work the foliage. Worm devourer, I hold them as sacrifice

-: my barbed warrior has broken many a French defence and is crowned King supreme!

-: my fighting cock champion is called Poppies Martinez. His nickname is "hot sauce".
my other fighting cock is called Pipino "huevo assassin" Cuevas and if I had my way
I'd have him kill

-: my fighting cock is still called 'feathers'. I trained him in retirement homes where the skin is like paper & the smell is of oaked mattresses

-: my fighting cock has razor blades sewn into his feathers to slice unnecessary small talk and a general air of pomposity. Whocka! he cries slicing

-: my cock is a Siamese twin with ADHD and narcolepsy, his medication I hold back

-: my fighting cock is a blur of golden feathers and ferocious focus when slicing the achilles of my enemies, those hiding in galleries and those spreading their alopecia

-: my cock protects me from the Moorish people who visit from the east, their dark magic cannot penetrate the cock's tough carapace

-: my fighting cock has developed beak calluses from pecking justice tattoos into the flesh of the middle-aged. He is enraged by the faint toilet smell in all our canteens and eating areas

-: the faint toilet smell is piped in to mask the odour of sin.
feathers needs a bag to cleanse his guilt

-: I have told Pipino, the proud feathered, that the blood of the other smells
. Thus he is compelled to spill it

-: I introduced your war bird to sickness whilst it was developing in its egg; it is now weak and useless. Feathers will be cloned

-: the alliance has dissipated and it is now clear in its terms. Pipino
will receive the finest medical care and manage his affliction with a daily regimen of

pills. He will offer tactical advice to Poppies Martinez, who begins to train.
Meanwhile that shitbag feathers swans about the Kings rd, buying lady ponchos
and salad

:- french cupcakes around again

:- my fighting cock launches only dawn attacks, known as the 'whisper' or the
'rorke's drift special'

:- my fighting cock has developed swollen glands so falling back is not an option, he stands rigid and prepares for
the days skirmish

:- my fighting cock humbles man & beast alike, like a sea he rolls
weakness away from the cave or light. He doesn't underestimate you but he
doesn't like you

:- my fighting cock is a spy in a hot country.

:- my fighting cock has been in the employ of the Rothschilds since 1796. He is a party
to the welcome afforded thieves & slanderers by this noble family

:- feathers drinks primordial soup from the mountain nipple before his journey

:- my fighting cock is rewarded with dried bananas lathered in chocolate. The bananas
are dehydrated, not fried!

:- feathers just activated that alarm to lure you into the toilet, he's hiding in the roof, waiting

:- my fighting cock has been invited to the royal wedding. He is to turn pink paper
into confetti

:- feathers is writing speeches for the royal wedding

:- my fighting cock is friends with a man named Tonie Bruton & thus has political
sway when it comes to laminates & DISABLED PARKING

:- my fighting cock traces the route of the number 69 back to an easter egg palava &
sneers at any Friday being 'good'

:- feathers whips himself today, showing no emotion, focusing on the fact that his time will surely come

- : - my fighting cocks is a form of belief! Don't execute the retarded
- : - your cock has fear in its walk
- : - my fighting cocks thinks you smell what you are & he knows you are smelling
rancid pig evacuation
- : - my fighting cock translates Fernando pessoa, beginning with the verse that reads 'I
like little girls, they make me feel so good'
- : - my cocks gods anoint him with cream egg & batter to slick his feathers pre-battle
- : - his battle will be brief, like his mating intercourse, & just like his bouts of sexing, it
will also only be with himself
- : - my fighting cock wants the alarms off gallery 20a. He also wants a forest full of
gentle bears & the moon on a stick
- : - feathers the dead
- : - my fighting cock cried at the deathbed of Sir augustus Wollaston franks
- : - My fighting cock is susan sontag waxwork, during her time in Sarajevo, making a
funny face
- : - my cock has no power to fight today
- : - my fighting cock celebrates this day as your day that is the day of days that is a
closing of the magic eyelid
- : - my cock, in all it's splendour, stands tall in gallery 18 and starts to execute all these children and their parents
- : - my fighting cock signs the treaty of brest-livotsk with your fighting cock knowing
full well the consequences of such a peace
- : - my fighting cock refuses to honour the bargain, he wants foam
- : - the human resource chocolate gorilla hides the egg your cock desires beneath her
fleshy womb. take care as it is surrounded by a lightning storm
- : - my fighting cock has lungs full of sarin gas and a will to breathe, his beak in your peoples pipe

- : - my cock has visited the land of Croatia
- : - my cock is cleansed beneath his wacka wacka prepuce. he wins the world cup without good strikers!
- : - my fighting cock is heading to Denmark to force marmite into the food chain
- : - my fighting coch takes a flying leap onto a pile of poppies trying to escape some boring old clothbag
- : - my fighting cock will introduce woodworm and moths to the African continent
- : - my fighting cock builds a new city. it is an exact replica of London aside from one minor detail, it has no museums. they have all been fucked to death.
- : - my fighting cock lives out his days on the precipice of the Spaniards leap
- : - my fighting cock pisses on the floor of the room named 18
- : - my fighting cock climbs mountains
- : - your cock flies so high. he believes he can fly, he believes he can touch the sky. he is wrong. he is a fantasist and a sex offender
- : - my cock wants to use the museum gym and punish your medicine ball slowly and deeply
- : - my fight glistens with medicine while my cock beats a yuppie at squash
- : - my fighting cock treks deep into the jungle. He then returns to the nest to make it airborne.
- : - my fighting cock wants to know how training is going for your fighting cock?
- : - my cock has a gym where he turns up the gravity