

Patricia Walsh

Cave Canis

Inspire yourself, a dog's bite of a sentence,
that serves to magic the doorways shut,
a catalogue of errors serving purpose.

Nobody want the fight the good fight anymore,
sated with staring into a boxed machine,
for hours on end, entertained somewhat.

Wait for the ships to come in. It is only then
you will find if the cat is still alive
uncertainty poisons you otherwise.

God did create all manner of things,
a rotten hierarchy to go and multiply,
male intervention reigning supreme.

Plagiarise beauth, a sawn-off manifesto,
that aims to chill sorrow skin-deep
this is our world, a wreckage binding.

The break of the day betrays its promise.
A gallery of small things, a keepsake
for what it is worth, a decree of a sample

Oxygen for your enemies is paramount
enough to burn all semblences of poison
natural selection garottes your greed

Sleep while you can, a glorious failure
Rotting secretly, a dying inbred
trying to communicate a dire need.

Infinity

"You cannot divide by zero"

I write my own jokes, too.

A big fat nought, gibes amiss

Miss the target, shred the opposition
seated in front, baiting my life.

"You can eat yourself slim, you know".

Gorge on the good things in life.

Temperatures dropping in a private oasis
skinning wind your only reward.

Brave the cold, since you have to.

"You're intelligent, but you don't work".

Rip out my brains and

give it to someone who needs them.

Cold storage for independent reference
future genius is standing by.

"Don't mix paper and plastic"

recyclable ideals catch on, for the better,

as long as you abide by the function

sleeping the sleep of the just,

sated by righteousness, a godly heart.

"There's always someone worse off than you".

Wipe clean the record collection, resurrect the iPod,
and burn the earholes with preferred music.

Stand-offing boredom, watching through windows
the burning adventure of genuine life

Machine Made Bread

May we ever celebrate our road to perdition
glancing skywards at our fate outlined,
focus on our limits, smashing the roadblock
through which we struggle to enter in.

We've bettered ourselves, with want of reason,
soundbytes still call the doomed masses,
"Three quarters of the world never made a phone call",
slight, sated, our brains are our temples.

If the power is out, where are the candles?
If the server is down, how will we live?
Sit back and be still for at least five minutes,
service will be resumed, although found wanting.

Eating terabytes to keep up with the pace,
memory, though sorrowful, remains outside,
inside the Neanderthal mind, we shoot survival,
hunting and gathering too *de rigueur* to work.

Getting old and senile. The bad cops sweetly sing
barricade knowledge to a click and drag
from our homes onto the street. Condoning
implicit violence, by assignation. Glory be!

Give us this day our daily bread. Manufactured
with sleight of buttons, passed in time.
Processed with uniformity, blandly produced
to our homogenous taste, a programme worth watching

Broken Devil

Silence! My sisters and I
measure perfectly your transgression,
hunting furtively your future mistakes.

The steel wheel remains, nondescript
an accomplishment, fuelling your feat
crows' indefinite feet spay a miracle.

A secret-keeper, a division bell,
chimes to inform us of misdeeds
committed by morganatic tua

rituals of sorrow, self-inflicted wounds,
taking the fall for eternal sunrise
war-torn classroom, a blossom rent.

Flest upon flesh, a zero-made hour
death abounds in its influence of silence
lapping up the gods' cream in the last days.

Sorrow-bound, unexploded, fine.
Other women upstairs, tend to your need
feeding sparrows like tomorrow didn't exist.

Dream of Celtic twilight, blind, a dark place
miseltoe crumbs litter the carpet
like banned confetti, pointless, obscure.

Some matriarch you were. Files are missing
cover up your crass mistake, a longing
to weave shadows, a dark water.

So what if you're broken? Rumour has it
to the very marrow your unease lies
a dead thing, season's ritual gone.

A house of flesh still lives, autonomous
Your face is tomorrow, a peroxide bump
a hard place and a rock, resting awhile

Unexploded

Loaded information, in my right hand,
makes no difference, as you found out.
The warpath paces itself, following and
fires on all cylinders, a privy to anger.

The loss creeps down my spine
through to my fingers, prompting to
declare all and eradicate doubt,
but I buried my talent, afraid of retribution.

It made no difference in the end. Hurt pride
and a bruised ego, gobbles up the peace
we once shared, confidentiality aside
over pre-bought pints in each other's faces.

Rolling cigarettes is an acquired joy
the smoking area comfortably lit,
heated discussions abound, secrets ready
to explode, say nothing, diffuses all duties.

Clocks go into reverse, for the time of year,
shadowing the past, a death of sorts
a syringe of truth went very amiss,
side effects hit the fan, to mildly say.

Kiss me first, a safe valve.
Historic breakups are no fault of mine
if I say so, which I won't
regrettably, I protect my sources.

Murdering doubt, rampantly so.
The silence breaks over chaste coffee
retributions scream hard, an angry alarm
natural causes are no longer an excuse.

Rituals of the broken pulverise your fate.
A stone boy with a limp to his name
vaulting through death, a binding oblivion
returning to form with a dream that matters.