

Sean Burn

*someone who in the midst of others silence, uses his own voice*  
(fundació joan miró, barcelona)

make a nest of salt on a stool / push egg tender into this denting of grain / sweep off all but the smallest scattering needed to keep egg balanced on end / use a careful paintbrush in this / one childhood trick of mine // now cast this in bronze / you have a miro sculpture

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dream a red rung ladder  
the balance awkward off

caress this flight of birds  
these touchpaper nights

late hyacinths blood  
these fields of toil

jazz these stones pollen  
alone & un-gunned

newspaper fragments  
forever threatening war

black lithograph of birds  
beaking their correlates

where sickles & rims  
are found inflamed

there are more than  
five staves to music

yu cant make a bairn  
look the way yu want

not always & sometimes  
there are explosions

pinpricks ov lights  
& pricks in darkness -

the dictator chiefly ubu cannot  
exhibit his-self publicly ubu cannot

& we are all ubu's daughters  
we are all ov uz ubu's daughters

\*

the blue star  
& the green  
the nocturnal bird  
ov red & black  
not flagging  
more a raised fist  
*aidez l'espagne*  
the suns iris  
gorging on bone  
these lifelines  
faint az brush  
ov fabric on arm  
no rush

how tall can  
a flower grow  
on blood & bone  
oh blood & bone  
salver moon  
& salvo

savage  
salvage  
arrow like whale  
balancing air  
on the flense  
ov her tail

the scavenging  
brainstorm stolen  
isolates fireworks  
the consoling  
constellation  
a string ov yellow  
eggs on the rebound  
the ultramarine line  
the carmine sun  
not boxed in

beguile the colours  
down kiss & drink  
& lose an eye  
in the blink  
ov a market  
coming ov rage

ascend  
the ladder  
ov ribs  
the heart is  
the blue star

& the green

\*

a rake leans against ochre railings / theyre fighting over tools in the sandpit / axe heroes all / strut / give uz yr  
gauzy shadow boxings / lure wings against forearm / the allure ov ascent / & then some

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can i sit?  
these legs  
are not getting  
any younger  
pearl earring  
sags in this heat  
bird beaks are  
currency here  
the gloves  
missing a digit  
paint bombs  
far beyond  
thresholds  
hands don't  
so much fly  
to constellations  
but are  
brief asterisks  
ov life flung  
lung gaspings  
lines black  
az the moon  
red az the sun  
split my lips  
smiling  
bring me air  
bring me air  
spiralling  
no longer  
wary & weary  
but great  
gobbing tears  
ov ecstasy  
big mouthings  
the stars get bent  
on the anvil ov sky  
sign to the manifest  
the weighing ov colour

sparrows dust-bath  
ahead the storm

at heads ov the storm  
leaves & loaves

all uz feathereds  
wearing scrubs

raise glasses to the frac  
turings ov water in mouth

clouds refracting munificence  
sandbags gaffer-taped row by row

& we're on top this hill  
- some deluge

                  how  
bone vowels fall

                  so many explosions  
when we sleep it will be az sparrows

- the winners here  
agiling beyond our scope

\*

& the untitled  
inky explosions  
          so much  
jackdawings yack  
seen off those  
blinded in  
soapy chat  
we yr shadows  
outliving yu

get up close

so the birds eye  
fills our entire gaze  
the birds eye ov  
yellow chasing  
green chasing  
red chasing  
black in deed  
containing  
the universes  
ov bread still warm  
on these streets  
that perfumed waft  
sweeping on by

a faun  
playing  
too close  
to the blue  
ov a bayonet  
experiences  
the weeping  
melancholia  
az wings suiciding  
gain dominion  
ov our chicks  
those curious  
crevasses  
ov tattooed skin

after the lens  
diamond smiling  
& suckled  
tear navigates sickle  
immediately before the fall

\*

neck contorts thru  
so many degrees  
the eyes distort  
becoming teardrop

rolling  
    roiling  
there are no palls ov smoke  
in this dry day  
teardrop  
    rolling  
    roiling  
dignity/in  
to be trodden on  
this constant passing  
ov dray horses  
the clip-clop thigh boots  
seeing beyond & thru  
these other lifeforms  
also twisted & blistered  
into pursing lips:  
pursuing *but is it art?*  
skewed & skewered  
poses among the roses  
a brief receiving in negative  
black where light shone  
this the perfect storm  
the perfect storm  
& so much spew  
poised to soar & sear  
this totem ov shoes  
these feet for a wheel  
jailbirds revealed  
in the streets  
the spine over & over  
riding shotgun

\*

talk is sometimes cheap  
    paint cheaper  
bells cry out  
television remotes  
require a hefty deposit  
we are not screen

we are not screen  
but we may just be  
air-conditioned foot soldiers  
one step from the prat-fall  
face buster keaton grey  
but somehow more gay

my heads a bonfire reading *ignite*  
sparks thrown upwards

we sleepwalk to  
violence & violations  
in the dark ov day  
in the light ov night  
crabby walking sideways  
looking for that nip which tells  
where the horizon is  
- all thoughts are cold  
except those poised to soar

the chair-back is a birdcage  
but who is on the in?  
the well comes late to the chair  
the mouth vomits handprints  
land is sandpaper  
the ribs slow bleed  
fire into the cowl  
the need is for handling light  
keep shouting & reverse time  
for the poets not yet assassinated

\*

cigarettes for nipples  
anarchy for mouth  
smokers play the long game

needing three double espressos just to wake

ferns hang in the undergrowth  
not every day a man in a dress  
*yu are welcome here* a bringer ov luck  
& scars on arms tattoo *valour*  
& since when wz it wrong to listen to  
*songs on the death ov children?*  
the skipping rope is a little long  
but never mind tattooed to  
the upper arm - a bitten apple  
posing az flowers birds stars

bark is bronzed  
the sails are set  
fly a green flag  
for zig-a-zag-zig  
raise a middle finger  
& moon soon fuses  
bird to this

arms are armatures  
for whole seasons  
set apart playing  
w/ sweet blossom  
ov & off almonds  
the ladder ov  
the escaping eye  
throwing its shadow

& a woman has a teardrop  
carved from her torso  
the pain entirely bronze  
by now she is used to  
this weaving ov space  
this loaf ov bread  
this pitcher ov refracted mist  
each / every bottle wine  
contains a small volcano  
could sink into azure blue  
the circle enfolding  
dont step on this my gaze

\*

so easy to lose  
beyond all proportions  
off all rails  
kick in just kick in  
some poor sods head  
boot it up to a heavy heady mush  
yu cd kick a kids head in  
one instant thats all it takes

but unwilling  
to unearth civil war  
one moment ov transgression  
so precarious this shelf-life  
never turn yr back on  
fascism ready for the grab  
subvert skin for we are all  
blood beneath  
we are all daughters ov ubu

\*

by blue star  
by reflex ov eye  
by cold chair  
by black gravel  
by bronze sting  
by eyes ov volcano  
by the secret life ov  
a box ov matches  
a vox ov marches  
democracy is more  
than each five years  
a peachy torn cemetery  
the pain ov laying  
an egg w/ corners  
gargantuas symmetry  
& yr sense ov

encircling worth  
shadowy fatigue

the spinning top  
searches for a feather  
the feather searches for a churn  
the onion wears a thimble for  
the threading ov the lights  
bird is a length ov wire  
c/oiled for flight  
fights downstream  
the pollution ov light  
& orange is  
a rarity circling  
the hand grab

the blood-thirst  
a lithograph ov truth  
in black white yellow  
red blue green  
the grave goods  
trampled to dearth  
we are split infinitely  
between the desire  
to kick heads in  
& the offering ov  
a helping hand

why cant we be  
sunbirds all?  
the dust-bathing  
ov uz feather  
spread to the wind  
poised to soar?  
posed to soar  
*yu have to graft*  
unscrew this

one last coffee / melted wax has chrysalised multitudinous wine bottles / someones signed themselves *stack o lee* in the toilet for hombres / & i used to have tennessee three singing / still have dylan singing that blues / & the sixties play over the speakers / cymbals on splash / a shirt to be worn lightly / knife grinders on overtime / sparks flying towards the light / the loveheart i am handed reads *crazy*