

Aidan Coleman

## Encarta

Who, over distance,  
can outrun

a library? Germans  
clambering

over ruins  
like *Indiana Jones*.

The years you save  
buy nothing –

listlessly  
shopping through night,

while others  
try on postures.

At the seminar  
for jobs

that don't yet exist,  
the clip they play

embroidered  
in brutal

statistics.  
Peace is a word

you could ride  
to tenure,

but who would own  
this quiet?

## Moderate

The chorus falls between  
the words I read

to ignore the scenery,  
like the prayer

for speed and safety  
we forget

to hang up from.  
Whichever dawn or sale

is tweeted, a line  
will be drawn

to cross or hold.  
Our century

(by which I mean here)  
will brook no

neck-verse.  
Any way you monster it

my dentist is friendly  
and careful.

## Logos, as in Brands

You catch yourself in the cast  
of *The Thinker*, bored

on the cover of *Why?*  
Better aboard a yacht charting

unaudited waters. Beauty  
is fleeting but dumb

forever, coached Judge Judy,  
but still the tissues show

the stupid faces of princesses.  
For bad behaviour that year

I got one encyclopaedia.  
I think it was F or U.