

David Hawkins

View

Someone just tried to delete

the Ring of Gullion
as if any
business
could hope to contaminate
to coterminal
the ring seen sideways

over the jussive
(sea)
way out far out

Honking its carnyx
comes bolloxing down the mountain
careless with the redstarts

wind bottled somewhere else
then bottled
to be veridical
struck with the birch twig
left hanging

across continents' disrearguard
and time to render

exact sound of there
gusting, tuned

not to say the breath
decontained and/or decontaminated
was at least
second hand

The Flytippers

'... to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.'

– Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial*

Maybe leads back to civilization. A flared, overexposed photo of some detritus. A polaroid from the future because once it was the done thing. Meanwhile the image is still developing. Wind the window down; the smell hits you, the heat. They go out of the woods and over to the side of the road. Whose lunar surface gets rattled so many times a day. The metronomic big trucks. Brazenly in the flared light all the chucked rubbish gets tumbled into the small ravine, the combe, the arroyo, the sidings – whatever you choose to call your local roadside picnic place. Then they go back into the 'woods'. There will be more; civilization?

And in the gold of the sky there are brighter gold flecks panning through space. Like what to do with all your drafts. All the graves will be grown over, gently turfed like a slipper. And their sweet words smoothed away with acid skies and crept with lichen. Ghost moths hover up and down along the cushioned edges, just visible, on invisible strings that go up and up and also down into the tip.

Meanwhile, back in civilization, two stars are depicted drawing their yolks heavily together. Void over void they will fling more gold towards this pretty scene.

After Some Films by Joseph Bernard

The horizons throb
defamiliar orange and purple
through litmus paper skies
while the world is a blue-green eye
looking back at us.

 These transmissions
tincture deep space, sound
like butterflies brushing their wings closed
and the dropper clinking against
the edge of a decoction vial,
and we are as algae on the road sign
near the edge of the campus:

 multiplying its meaning
across territories, plundering
the message – any found object
forgoes its roving status.

A flaring prismatic dance
blooms across the shared retina,
a bubble of intention or energy
wrested from blossoming dark.
Simultaneous dissolve, the lost subject.

Black Moss

(Misapprehended mistranslations from tweets by Japanese bryologists)

I'm a teacher telling a (new
thought) dream is the new distribution.

Gemma sees down.
In the foreground, out of focus:
an area of moss
wet looks and superior dominant rights.

Maki would wipe the glass back and stopped
because you were intimidated by Mr...

saying "Sometimes when I can't be expressed in words
the overwhelming charm of living creatures
in their own vocabulary cannot match its appeal
(erotic?)

The expression. Is often not understood.
But somehow, I just want to."

So I put the water here. Always
fertilized by the cute sporophyte
to think me together so insanely
when I passes the imagination
like mushrooms found in the mountains,

the first of all paths attempted
well you know without knowing
the name of the thing seen in the open air,
precious in the sky with flying stone.

And I'm a fruiting body
I'm tired in the middle.

I'm growing and it looks totally different.

Growing up

behind the little yellow thallus

like slowly growing.

Nonflowering plants want to become

normal people.

There I understood it.

[Title Withdrawn]

A man peers into Heathrow
from outside the double moat
covered with nets
hung with strange pumpkin balloons.
Can he be seen from space?
Beyond the moats, tall fencing
with razor wire jazzes the breeze
and beyond that: runways and runways
and beyond them: the sky
vast and cluttered. He bought shares
in nothing and they are dropping.
Here the hard shoulder is very hard.

 Is he coming or going? He is
a bit of space expanding,
the mineral strandline
blipping on the sonar
of a petri dish. The auditors
will include all held stock
in their reckonings.