

Donato Mancini

Biafra, orchestras in bombsites

the conceit of falling water

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the site of the damage / such meat-will

pine dry / bit by bit & inside out

mouth suction / such as jellyfish and

stomach worms / must have a sense of taste

it makes sense to say grass / clemming young

breadless, homeless / grasses could hear these

clean teeth / let roots crackle quietly

roots / find themselves in trouble / yappy still

sharp-set / quench / one tablespoon of soil

the conceit of falling water

be bit map be tie-dye

been painted stalagmite

be bit map be tie-dye

redecorate, paint or

be don't seed be full force

from mudfarm to highrise

environment, whether

shoo takes flare for granted

man candle as fish will

for an aqua aura

odour of warm banknotes

could sweet worse will wand-hand

shall hors d'oeuvre should salt ought

way neighbours are ticklish

not feng shui nor mere psych

been painted stalagmite

prevent emergency tours, and
the agency will pre-empt our vents

prevent emergency tours, and
then seasonably flame, arson streak

in skittle thickets, luscious
gerundive undergrowth, rush seats

a lyre-roast of a tight midi-scream
alas, one last look – shove over

does margarine mistint hands? discuss
a norm per day, plus a morpheme

akin to sponges and segues
art-stars' fingers drip tartar sauce

on arrival of larvae via viol
the agency will pre-empt our vents