

Clive Gresswell and Doug Jones

Heart Attack

1)
fears of a wild
driven clawing snow
the muscular saw-teeth
clenched into an edge
of multiple birth pain
purple into future rituals
the whine and reciprocal delivery
a hand-driven jack-hammer
the saucer kid cats and wilderness
skint skins and yellow-livered.

2/
matadors of industry pursued
each pitchfork glitch an oligarch
the sentry-times and intrepid heels
burdened from the cross
and creeping fleshy memory shards.
the hollow mask lingers in finger-brown stains
amid timetables overturning the cloister monks
their ever-watchful retinue bleeds
the corner bay of rabid dogs.

3/

regret summertime solstice
blood corpuscles twisted sinew ache
gaze glory atonement along attributes of boris
and stealth boats of perplexity
sail on along annals & into skies
the building blocks require
fortification of animal instincts
into windswept enclave's armory
mermen wailing tolls of abstract roses.

4/

As the human body ages, falls into ruin, the heart maintains itself more + more by extracellular digestion. Vascular supply diminishes, but the myocardium gets all it needs from the senescing tissue that is its substrate. Dementia, COPD, the lowest of the desires - these gasps become the muscular reciprocal, the point of every poem. That fact isn't creepy at all. You joggers better get used to it

5/

the crafting of every crater
testimonies to the moment
the side-parting of a blonde hair
struggling against the blackness
the thickness its 50 per cent blockage
arterial and the recovery position
a late night at the movies
some new burden laid to rest
the gentle calling of a night owl
you were told its story so long ago
its need to breathe & replenish breath
one death-defying drag on a cigarette
the last inhalation pulls rose muscle
on rose muscle.

6/

the gorgeous vanity of desire
replenishing the vast human whispering
that we could all blame on the chinese
no hope for any more than
40 per cent blockage
here a stent there a stent
everywhere
is ice-cold residue
gripping at the sleeve
my heart valve pulsating
at the disingenuity of kiss
me quick blackpool fodder
i smile useless at the entrance
and the solid block between.

7/

Ended up at a duel. A clouded 2nd, not an honest second to someone who thought they were my friend. Rules agreed. My job? to tell people, kicked in the throat, what they might put in their mouths. Time was lost - the human heart - not for you to have bomber. Keep it clean, in the agonies of death. I walked round the back of the building to look at him. The fight was about nature. I know

8/

the agonies from dawning
deep drag on the cigarette
a quarter drawn from mountain stream
the scream from the valley
utopian ideals tied in with the gasp
the grasp an eddy – some tongue tied past
he always beat me up the hill and down
was just as wicked the sly sleep i heralded
before the borrowed new world.

9/

walking on the borrowed time
the tight constriction around the chest
descending into night-grey nightmares
daycharms dissolved as flesh retrieves
its hollow disfunction registers
the egg and zygotes flaming
at knowledge of this earth
and all its beauteous secrets
crushed into that one snarling.

10/

A baby crawls up a woman's body # I walked around Yarmouth - everybody had the
face of a child # I looked at her in awe # The woman had climbed up the stairs and
she was a woman again. How # The winter sunlight + the heart does nothing, really #
it is not real # the child. I was in the street; I was in the heart of an insect. I was in the
child # I had crawled up the stairs # I was in the sword grass heart.

11/

the gist of everything dissolves
weeping in the factory of birth
his gentle eyes blend
into his melding facial features
hang him jesus-like on the flavour
of a cross nailed into the crassness
of a war nobody can win
gone are the days of plentiful fishing
of wide-eyed youthful intoxication
the lightness in the head and the hammering
i breath cool in the morning breeze
and settle down to a new dawn's ache.

12/

Who is Brandon Lewis + where's he put my human heart? He gave it to a food depot, charitable, but there's bean tins better, more efficient stuff to wash. Cased in amber, you're not going to eat it. It'll drive no human course. Hearts are wasted on his shelf. I'd like it back, please, before a family gets it. Before he goes into the bank's three walls. But my heart has been distributed. He is a fisher of men

13/

the seizure at a downing street party
enveloped in the dancing of policemen
some worn out particle intruded
we had them deaf at the blinkered start
they tried to tire us out
walks around the old homestead
recognizing aunts and uncles
some now destitute
thumping yellow on their graves
the pool of their dissonance
regrettable the perfect image
slowly the patter of the heart
its giant pumping of blood
a recourse to the shipping industry
mining only for the lost cause.

Another one has fallen.

14/

Day off, at the tomb of the poet's heart, the sun - a family group. Older toddler girl plays on a crooked tree, a new baby on a mat - mother attentive. When done the mother turned to look at her - girl roll through the waves realities of the tree. Then stood + photographed - her then watched. What just happened there? I'd like to know. It's probably the most important question in the world

15/

they stoked the fires of hell. these restless men and women. tokens of their own tiny loves. tokens of their own tiny lives. exhaling hurts. it's another trip to the perimeters. ghostly advances where the haunting knocked the stuffing. neither one is an angel. their virtue signal is in the forest. deep dreams of future death. patterns in the shadows. huddled in the doorways the ambulancemen and women. merry workers and tributaries.

16/

Ah, patient x, you're back – but this time in the form like a big wheat field - full of grain in the breeze. We all win. Prices down, you may feed yr kids in care - not just jump to a dirty house, in this. But there I caught myself: wheat's no plant in gold.. singing of the users verdant, but where's my patient gone? Her reincarnated heart's not even bread yet - to feed a spring. Hope to cheat the summer

17/

a semblance explodes
the impatient
gates of hell
circulating bloody
corpuscles entry
into stanzas & then
the enzymes trigger
a lush and enviable
half-man half-face
worlds where we once
played once told each
other our indestructible poems.

18/

In my upstairs flat. Later I circulated through the building where insects have no hearts, I looked for them. There's nothing to say to the insect, stuck in its residence. Dogs have charming hearts. They go up, down lifts with their owners, often they're just like us. A dog was walked round the little lake and watched the footballers in tow. What's your important team? I like Milan 2, all their hearts in tow

19/

on the face of it. another avenue poleaxed. dreams are refreshed. into the temple of the mind. that sturdy artefact. temptation dances this way. up for another moon. the hammer blow of two hearts bleeding. they insist on a time and a place. to interject. the newest haunts relinquish. that was where the newspaper stories were buried. deep in the instincts. the gut. it works in tandem with the heart. each blow a consequence. the legs tire easily these days. running out of rhizomes. any explanation will do. beating in the dark. beating in the dark.

20/

Three sisters wander out the light - the gut the heart the brain - eagles forage round the steep side edge. The isolation of death and life - in the endothelium - sea keeps flowing - only the continual contraction of granite - like the cormorant, contracting - spreading out, the seal. Its fur hauled up the island walls. Three sisters recumbent. The island waiting on the beach. Who is the man?

ENDS