

Blossom Hibbert

brief arrival of you, departure flinches as the  
crow belts out a warning      brief arrival of  
time on my wrist, watch stops its own  
insanity. i lose sight of

who?

dear pig

have not heard from you in such a blind amount of time. you left a hat on my doorstep, i take this as a sign to write to you. not an olivetti – but everything else.

how can we prove i am ever safe, and in the style of the times? i own a suitcase/ passport/  
toothbrush/ cardiac razmataz and worry about running away from myself again, as i am doing right now, as i  
often do to locate happiness and joy. not a people person until i go timelines without seeing someone  
and realise i am but your dictionary on the shelf; unemployed, and - what is a person without that rhythmic  
shift? drinking stolen night cap because it is who i rightfully am, thinking of you with that little bit less whisky  
tonight.

personally, i don't get up to much at all. my senses are awake in the wasted time, countless hours clock up  
nicely. greedy for the gift of seeing you. greedy for you, pig.  
in naked, perfumed honesty - i stagger through the day till peak exhaustion then puff myself into horizontal  
dissociation. is that what you wanted to hear?

there is a string with a tin can attached, mostly i tie it onto the cats tail to make myself laugh, but, sometimes  
use it to speak to you. worry i will die and no one will forget, least not the radio.

who will do my writing for me?

thankyou, by the way - for the hat you sent. i wont wear it outside the house. i will sit at my desk with it on top  
and window open, passionately smoking as i write to you, as i am doing right now. rolling an acorn between  
thumb and finger and planning how many forests i will grow from it, occasionally looking around my room, but  
mostly just settling on the page.

what does your room look like to the common man?

i am dull but playful, polar emotions with similar strengths and equity in their power over me, both willing to  
incite change. why should the sad man be condemned and the happy one celebrated? what is the world  
coming to where we must alter the miserable and leave the ecstatic well alone, to not mess up the system?

questions of affectations float into my mind and subsequently back out the open window.

there is a fight on the triangle doorstep. i feel afraid and deliriously un-precious, perhaps i will walk out and  
throw myself into the battle field will you wait for me?

-crow

ps. how is your false tooth, false wife – and you, my false optimist?

### alarm rings incessantly

why did you sound the alarm?

i like your jumper

not your pregnant wife

stairs get left behind going cold developing a

curdled skin to slip when running higher

from the back hand of the day

clock does not brush his own hair. when i told you to

go i didn't mean for you to go so pressed the

alarm of regret/ panic/ bewildered wreckage

buildings stumped by their own makers protect me from

fog and wind and rain windows cease to exist outside

what do songs

do with all that sodden time?

i lost

a love

dog wears his fine coat with loose buttons and i wait for my brothers

arrival at the station whisper to myself

"never pressed that alarm"

### poem #442

ageing inside a body that is not mine. cant

walk on anymore knowing nothingness. should i wait to see you in a little while

is that it?

not awake

sleeping inside my stable studying

mineral water under thin ice

hold a lit cigarette to break it free

at least one of us can be at ease. either you or me

who do you pick?

water says nothing but refuses to age and infuriates me to the point

stamp on ice

water

[ ]

### humph

think    beyond the thumb.  
          beyond filling the page for the sake of self-relief  
taking altruistic monotony spilling out bile and milk  
which one to stain your blank page?  
in nocturnal revelation scrawl all that is good  
hardly anything, in your  
          room

### poem #2

grey chair holds me  
pregnant with yesterday rain  
nicely filtered. brewing thoughts of liminal birthplace  
[seems good to exist on both sides]  
how are you, anyway? man walks past with his large dog  
and a tiny dog and no one moves or breaths or perfuses themselves at all  
surrounded by blue creatures i swell up with desire for air  
anticipating heaven with eagerness  
wave loudly when i see you  
there is an obvious colour through the glass  
when i see you  
words scare me. suddenly focused and afraid  
of you  
  
the tiny dog barks.

### telephone

telephone filled with eyelashes  
tax man wanders the languid streets. searching for  
it is strange. delicate veins underneath thunderous housing blocks  
          lifts tea cosy from his blinds  
          eyelids pressing up to noiseless static  
          dogs bile coagulates on the stone floor  
opposite side of the world, someone opens  
          a crisp packet  
walks confidently into the street

### poem for bird

if we wake and find this morning has two of us utterly alone with  
two sets of legs aching whilst we move to a back window  
finding only one bird on the fence  
wake in the state of angular love. crave touch  
in the pragmatic sense. such that oblique fingers are my only source of time.  
you and i were never lovers in the way lovers should be  
were we?

make two pieces of square each with butter and marmite  
eat in silence hoarding little mound of  
round crumbs between suffering sheets  
you loved me from across the place  
loved me replacing the thing i used to be and  
i used our bed sheet collection  
to feed that solitary bird

then, when sure you have gone  
wring neck  
eat lunch  
heart still warm and little mouth open for your offering  
lick my lips, and head back to  
bed with another man - ready to  
do this cornered lover thing

all over again.

### eggs

something more beautiful than i was ever ready for  
sits and sips and knows existence largely laps up a grain of salt till it becomes the salt, ergo seasons the eggs  
i don't know how this works but he does, he sits and sips and stands outside and sucks and it is  
more beautiful, than i ever imagined



### **greengrocer of despair**

wake someone different but no mind, doesn't matter who i think i am. greet the  
greengrocer of despair before  
heading to allenby street for rugelach and espresso from man of fear  
[small pit of brown sludge]  
smelt his hair, remnants of the mostly        unsure    affair  
smoke in    eye, choke on ball of        Maudlin

come on back, come find me - i am somewhere east  
or so i've been lead to believe  
you would have liked to see me in this short skirt today  
would have liked me, good and sunburnt swimming with the concrete mixer  
              early morning youth    all by my daring self  
forgetting about chapped lips / cut knees and remembering only the way  
you used to look

[sore]

### **coat**

as from my window i am disconcerted with citizens  
who do not know each other but connect through a spiders  
gaze, it is the not knowing that will kill you.        first  
hang your coat on the back of my door let the  
stallion gallop for as long as he likes  
as from my window a pigeon  
              watches me back

### **sewers**

last town for the sewers. churning with the waste of working  
men's lunchbox  
trundling home forehead on the sky to mow the  
angry wet lawn. desperately trying [above all else] to reach the  
lid of the world. wife thinks he is surrendering.        finally!  
in his hour of bitterness, kicks an empty can across the pavement  
dislodges        banana peel in the sewers  
curses impure colon  
              chlorophyll riddled labour

eats alone for the rest of his life





gas

[for dalia]

drove the car through

november

desert

three legs on the dashboard

one foot on the gas

four hands tapping

cooling down outside

won't stop to see cactus/ grave/ largest worldly crater

inside hotel check-in rush

one foot never left the pedal

soldier

from jerusalem to eilat

how come the night did not end?

**try to establish permanence, fail**

raise eyes, turn all mourning radio stations on.

tune in to tiny's lullaby wearing small clothes. pass on that - thanks. take shirt off clean!

beckoning soul

fertile land inside cracked skull, you

green thumb, green sleeves, tune in to

tiny's lullaby [pass]. why do i call on [god] in times of greatest need?

different lover

compare death with dreamland trying lover

try to establish permanence fail

wondering why you dont know where i am forgotten your face, you

know

eating cold salmon in chair green

watching metal seahorse circle

he is getting further than me not heading back to the hotel [with me?]

not heading anywhere with me

sleep

pass

fail