Spring 2023

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?

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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
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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

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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
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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
li ck 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

poem #776

-far from truthful
corrupt disease as the creative switches television set
on that note of indecision
chooses to repeat last summer from magnetic tape
when i loved him – him
with bloodshot eyes, as i adored

you - you

with that nasty cocaine habit
-habits i destroy, cruel to myself this morning
because i am indulgent and unfair
and by the time winter came around
loved no one at all

dont say it if it isn't so

white morning in march tread to air force establishment. patiently wait for dark green arrival. waltz past pond lighting first cigarette, puffing into stagnant morning of self same old nothingness can you feel tapping

tapping on the other side of the auto bahn peel page out tree watch someone drown inside frozen misery

follow the steep western sky hope begins to touch your bare, shivering leg and excites your mind

for: woman

i tell you of the tearing leaving only the flesh [not the woman] only the flesh

she approaches you with a cup full of

beans loves only naked you

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

timeless

if you have answers
grey dawn is a shy joke told
by the malnourished jester of
yesterday's dusk. must leave
for a little while at least
cold sausage and warm solitude
both sat well behaved in wet lap
not curious but something else entirely
nowhere could hold my boot print this
heavily

move into the afternoon god detests pavement cracks creating the gutters for tomorrow

heat

an awful sceptic of short trouser legs
cracked sheets take all that is bright from you
fever inside me heating up
bones and blood, pipes swell in concrete space
feel it all tighten eternally
so much belief in the
longing fire

Igreja de São Roquei

sat through one hundred and forty minutes of a tuesday evening sermon, through the singing and the praying [holy maria, understand] remained spoke on command. atheist prayed harder to the lord than any of the portuguese that day

why was i there?

well why return to the sterility of a single bed - tranquil as the death we all grow to fear? atheist gets on her knees and gives heavy heart to the lord thinks to dead academics from the north shorth is it a prayer or a sin if one does not admit to the holy presence above? why was i there. rather more likely i was lost and could not leave

not politely

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gas
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[for dalia]

drove the car through

desert

three legs on the dashboard

november

one foot on the gas four hands tapping

cooling down outside

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

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