

Eddie Heaton

*armies of the night*

you pass along beneath the  
ribbing of another broken  
cage with hard black spurts  
and intervals of silence and  
you interrupt the deadly twists  
and missel-thrushes mark  
the dirty spot that opens up  
the slide to private hell as  
new age keyboard warriors  
endure a single piece of calm  
before a screech that grips  
the mind and throws up icy  
patterns with a deep red  
smear no tree was left behind  
but unacceptable behaviour  
scarred the union during  
holy consecration week  
the woods exhale state-  
sponsored racketeering  
saddles you with sordid  
little suckers in your  
soon-to-be-infected lungs

you slap the strings with  
syncopated attitude in  
starless worlds ideas  
must go in search of less  
and whatsoever matters  
would as soon have turned  
aside to rest and now by  
the light in the eyes of a  
swan the small round leaves  
disperse on jets of fractured  
sorrow to assist the great  
ones in their high and mighty  
nests and demarcated lackeys  
with their coloured crumbs  
conceal the sorry lonely sorts  
in a down-at-heel encampment  
on a black sea shore

*food bank chicanery*

there are new options on the blockchain  
proudly offered up as seeds for gifted  
children on an ipad just the one  
of everything inside a virtual display  
i am the publicist and i believe this  
latest crypto token offering may well be  
smarter than the rest in terms of  
coloured-in necessity but i don't know  
the answers any more i'm contemplating  
constellations on remand repeating  
quantum homilies to heavenly investors  
on the side in warmly lit contentious  
halls no assets left to draw upon an  
excess of consumption saw to that it's  
dark sometimes and even one small side  
bowl was denied the latest mining flare-up  
all around the hidden air days moved to  
hospitable tables where a tea time  
was prodigiously delayed so burn more  
mindless cohorts branchless payments  
down inside the immigrant estates  
where myths of herd immunity could  
stealthily descend from pioneering  
platforms in an absolute and measured  
way into the mix again from early  
march to early april every year i've  
pledged to roam with firm supports  
both on and off the virtual books so  
deep so lusciously corrupt log in to

needless poverty dot com and watch  
our online masters there and play  
their games with mindless trust  
as chain range tokenomics supersede  
my housing costs and aspiration  
levels plague the grave participants  
through processed cushioned boasted  
lost whatever found whatever decent  
standards of deceit a rebased token in  
itself and people need those chatham  
runes i'll know the angels when  
they come they'll have the faces of  
my kind a fish can't see the music  
spheres or all the ships far out at sea  
as dockyard people take out loans to  
pacify their gloomy god some context  
here a swap of time to build a stage  
perform a song of restless high-end  
shadows fucking seven three times  
up the market calls it medicine it's  
not it's my caprice my on-the-hill  
where branding and the revolution  
suck where half the funds raised  
during burn dead heat on to a  
fungal list and doctors scream my  
perfect name into the mix should  
write a habit in this road for like  
or not an inch is not an itch i  
recognised my quarry woke one  
modern leper with his blackened  
finger tips supported public sector  
parking and was hastily attacked

*one erased head – ten thousand homeless lice*

borderline creations at the bar eroding space  
disrupt the flow of time by cutting strung out  
lines and making daisy chains with all humanity  
removed as tiny fragments of corrupted blame  
caught breaking through in that regard consistent  
and yet unrelated to those memories you streamed  
through flashback sequences in black i'm giving up  
my violent ways for secret histories of style a  
stand-in waiting in the wings though superficial  
spare and slick my standard brutalising traps quite  
nearly did it justice out of time my psychedelic  
drug infested brain and understated tasteless mind  
perform their cruelties so do be entertaining for a  
bit and twist those moments to a point and go with  
subtle and subversive plots with shame and slaps  
for dustbin lids as exploitation scenes play out  
dissolve the suffocating fumes a new brand name  
for diazepam providing symmetry to this and  
leathery strands of tortured time prestigious  
postings for the dead it's in a memory with mites  
it's borderline it's what's been said while waiting  
for the nascent universe to blend its limestone  
whisperings with a well-worn doctor martins to  
the head the one last broken resident will show  
your newly wakened sorrow to the crowd so  
let the hungry moon forbid