

Ian McPhail

thickened mug fingers  
hairy with folding around

your neck is limps  
you see it cannot possibly keep up

keep

keep

the ole you betcha  
down the back like a shirt that's  
inside out

it's your own face that  
smiled in a cold caught

flu fabric green a an eye tooth

winked as an nail  
chum!

humps hills apart

yo he apart is hilly  
he humps hills apart, hilly

you know it to be just  
like the attitude to be

the attitude to be is you hump  
the hills apart

hilly to be  
is you

fermented loaves in the corner  
of wrong mouths

play your lips over the wedge of  
cheese that is your being

play your teeth over the vast quantities  
of electric charge  
that mull in the corners of hidden flesh

the flesh mouths the flesh  
the fleshy teeth mouth  
the teeth lips  
the teeth lip

bite the dark

cow eyed festered mump  
under the arm pit

yes pit

it is older

gravity varnished tongue louse  
scabbed like a morning meal

scalds the butter of boil  
aluminum until

until