

Nigel McLoughlin

*from* Event Horizon

3.

the instinct  
before it disappears  
in a spine  
of aphrodisiac  
pipettes to the lightning  
caught on a sunbonnet  
worn by a dowager  
like a rookery of notions

it oscillates  
from a blackguard  
who rifles a column  
of backbone to the windscreen

slips over  
burning sandstone or clove  
to babble on a placard  
held by a weakling  
when we least expect it

meaning tangles like nasturtium  
a child's legs  
in a grandmother's garden  
raising hackles  
on a bear  
a creditor of the nominative  
the inevitable imperfection

6.

before the homicide  
yeomen lunge at the turn  
to drizzle over  
headquarters surrounded  
by bougainvillaea winging  
cardinals to stuff  
its feelers into the birthplace  
of the priestess

a milligram stashed out  
on the operatic wing  
of critical monetarists  
wait in lotus-filled airfields  
like cathedrals full  
of blackleg pirates  
struggling to the pulpit

14.

the insurgent disappears  
quick as the appeal of rosebuds  
to approximate a trial

a nucleus moves caught  
in the sunshade  
where pitchforks backside

to the limber gasbag  
rind themselves in shadow  
like a stutter of fellowship

or a thread that might become  
a guru of sheath seen  
to grow careless

with cleanliness turns  
elegantly in on itself  
while an octogenarian

cattleman dodges the draft  
just before the downpour  
old sewer steamer

drudge quick as the nip  
of mouse in his cadence  
mid-sling and catching

a lychee of blemishes  
where others might dither  
and move wolfing oblivion

his pale daughter rides  
a tram towards the limber  
importunity of recapture

18.

integrate the beauty caught  
when nuisance moves  
in a bivouac of print

sighs cascade  
in the cathedral of an urn  
wedge the threshold

against us  
everything harbours  
revisions acting

to stop and recast  
the drumbeat of hollow receptacles  
trampled in our regression

our later cover-ups  
a blether of hoodlums  
under the dome of distant statistics

we move late  
to the lightship like a seashell  
in the beck beyond the crevasse

of airways hides a copycat  
antigen in rivulets  
of blood