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
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
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
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