

Iain Britton

## SHADOW SNATCHERS

the moon digs up fists of dirt    the moon sucks in its mouth  
& hot & cold deposits of emotion are severed    shadow snatchers  
hurdle the hedgerows the orchards    they cling to priests  
on the spiritual scrounge    a boy sets aside quality time  
for chasing cats & stoats    beyond the paddocks    known locals  
have dug in deep    have taken up positions amongst modern-day squatters  
who behind closed blinds play at being actors thieves rock stars  
the curious get their hands burnt    the intrusive get ghost-smacked  
we turn our attention to making planets out of clay    the pulpit men  
drop from high domes    gagging in their collars    we've watched  
women colouring themselves into the environment    our house  
has been jacked up so that its chimney penetrates the sky    & every day  
a ripe windfall is washed clean    the boy squeezes out the shimmering juice  
of a plum    squints at distortions    hand-picks the bruised & bloated  
he feels the universe rubbing softly against a diviner's red skin

## TECHNICOLOR REHABILITATION

after the rain the hill collapses  
like soft cake a liquid meal of sorts  
& the town swallows it she smiles  
at the muscular spasms of my mouth's  
sudden gear shift sudden mobility the sun  
streaks its greasy mitt through my hair  
down my spine she hesitates &  
perversely punctures my technicolor rehabilitation  
of broken seasons she forages  
the beaches for microcosms of who inhabits who  
& who for instance rolled me over last summer  
in a sack of kelp

pylons stalk the paddocks  
voices hang upside down moaning  
crying some talking  
as if nothing is too painful

*what if i'm the one being wired to the sky*  
*what if out of kindness she steps forward*  
*& gift-like guts me a freshly-hooked fish*

*TEXTBOOK DRAWINGS*

from this launched beginning    this brief  
intake of breath    a man

with glassed-in fantasies    warms his hands  
his home is his refuge    every day he has his friends

he needs them    needs their trickery    their duality  
the forced poking of fun    soft needles in the ribs  
the textbook drawings of a clown's posture

from this spot of caged emotions    he picks a voice    plays with it

pushes it in his mouth    worries it with his tongue

pushes it in    further

swallows it

the result    a reincarnated dream

from this birthplace    amongst islands    we pull out    select  
put on documentaries    record events

play Beelzebub horrors    i spend more time with the man  
than i should    we live amongst bricks    woodwork

the stink of plaster

Carson McCullers has her place in his closet

a voice from the wilderness    resonates a dialect  
a summer's vernacular in season

## IRIDESCENT PURPLE

famous for her obsessiveness

her rapt performances she empathises

with the woman in the wheelchair

with the woman breathing through a mask

her mouth tasting of frangipani she lives

within the differences of a spectrum

within a hunched body made of life cycles

she knows the mood swings of the lake &

shore the swelling categories of foam

she is pushed through gardens of alpine rockery

with her eyes closed the sun

paints her fingernails iridescent purple