

# Carrier of the Seed



Jeffrey Side

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*Carrier of the Seed* by Jeffrey Side

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*For Sarah Abigail Cowie*

You made Pandora  
visit me from  
her disruptions across  
the sea her  
mane was stretched  
like Cyprus-flow  
and her mind  
was as smooth  
as causation at  
a time I  
had reached my  
most content you  
pointed her up  
and to me  
you sent like  
when I passed  
quickly through the  
sheep pool clustered  
together there at  
the edge of  
a clearing the  
struggle for mating  
territory accident and  
necessity but at  
base level this  
just comes down  
to quality asset  
concepts recommended for  
global incremental alignment  
nonetheless you were  
loved attracted by  
cries of the  
tormented with the  
stick which she  
uses for leather  
no less than  
poverty expressive of  
self doubt held

in a headlock  
laughing whose mother  
emerges as I  
sometimes do myself  
known for contending  
scandal in the  
libraries exposed on  
sale insist we  
tolerate anthropology in  
the island fashion  
much of our  
lives women and  
children with equal  
truth that burns  
produce syndrome which  
accelerates metabolism and  
the midnight blue  
of zenith impersonal  
and personal made  
clear by the  
notices and the  
poster exploitative and  
acute against various  
defences we might  
keep the altitude  
in view by  
the stream near  
Vancouver yet the  
exploratory research points  
to functional monitored  
contingencies and the  
upgraded model now  
offers responsive logistical  
innovation while at  
the same time  
no place seems  
lowest to these  
my kindred born  
out of me

where I have  
made my bed  
in charnels and  
on coffins robed  
with pure snow  
and crowns so  
wadhik and murquith  
that there is  
still not too  
much hassle for  
the pay but  
still unsure of  
the steps and  
the music graph  
arch cavettos tudy  
overth enext few  
mount etogetm downaga  
forgotten hin gish  
here have eel  
lye busy wild  
owntose mistaking the  
rogue creative principle  
through the dark  
and profound hypothesis  
into evaluation with  
the template associated  
format-tree broken  
backed prospect over  
screening biology that  
visits my sad  
heart agaiden or  
that remore and  
memore fory or  
time dease please  
but I will  
not hold chindred  
plears main winds  
youndred meming time  
yeave I just



refused as I  
wandered fast and  
ran to a  
bar where I  
was seen last  
and sitting in  
the corner too  
far from my  
view was the  
hint of a  
woman who to  
the city was  
new where solidity  
is a stranger  
and reason a  
mystery he looked  
at words confounded  
like they were  
magnified and from  
that day on  
wherever I went  
in the cities  
among the rounders  
in the mountains  
I always remembered  
my wife was  
with me hanging  
her headgear as  
in Hades ganging  
against the maiden  
gonad and hinipog  
there at loonis  
doth also come  
acquittal just like  
a gokonil and  
my luck has  
never been thin  
like the bed  
or something even

like vessels elk  
half mad crying  
suicide she made  
me count up  
to ten she  
was up all  
night working on  
the site but  
is there a  
safe way home  
through the city  
or must I  
always take the  
8.25 from Geneva  
to Paris and  
get lost on  
the way so  
don't let your  
father blow the  
whistle on you  
my love I  
need you so  
much but more  
than else I'm  
waiting for you  
what kind of  
a girl do  
you take me  
for but captain  
don't give the  
order to live  
separated from the  
silver canvas that  
upon its surface  
holds the projections  
of so much  
dreaming forced to  
drift sleepless without  
intention and in

the morning came  
home like once  
you told me  
to she got  
her cards marked  
out so well  
it only made  
me blue and  
my skin it  
reeks of illness  
now and complex  
symmetry he was  
my lover for  
front-end web  
services cross-platform  
functionalities so I  
had to be  
on the safe  
side whilst onsorana  
and that was  
no joke but  
undisciplined vowels fall  
hypocritically which I  
know now and  
the thought of  
politics and rocks  
aren't succinct enough  
or conspil but  
he was too  
depressed and lerpig  
to find out  
that a liar  
was all the  
time working so  
how come angels  
all the more  
yolonert don't remain  
still like boisvert  
for he was

a commander of  
the sea and  
took these things  
seriously and appearing  
suddenly nobody left  
to see if  
you had waited  
freer than the  
ocean that came  
down almost in  
ecstasy who gives  
a shit in  
any case but  
it was a  
came and went  
too quick for  
me night after  
night incessantly millions  
have wept before  
me and after  
when she was  
putting roofs up  
in Mexico I  
paid all sorts  
of money like  
a man who  
was mad with  
the sound of  
many furnaces before  
the mountains were  
removed a cross  
for all men's  
sufferings yet we  
are perhaps unaware  
of that and  
at the same  
time possessing wisdom  
which tells us  
so much and

it is some  
time since they  
were on their  
way here and  
it is some  
comfort to speak  
of these things  
I'm not saying  
it would have  
been better with  
me a dealer  
in trade but  
we have seen  
his star in  
the east constitute  
of mirror residue  
contracted progression and  
the saucer saw  
a few things  
early in duality  
and female preference  
variance depleted genetic  
good genes handicapping  
costly traits she  
was a choosy  
female correlation clover  
in sepia canticle  
perspective overloads concrete  
completion and becomes  
a personal issue  
to cure the  
deadly grief certainly  
experience out of  
all retreat and  
of course finality  
and the latter  
mode participators activate  
how will the  
end be for

me I heard  
her cry sometimes  
things are easy  
sometimes things are  
hard sometimes things  
just fall apart  
and now we  
see the marks  
of joy and  
sorrow and the  
ties of life  
as we are  
moving towards a  
theory of beauty  
tremenous natures veiled  
butane on jehoaphat  
stigmata nationalist condensation  
steals redemptive like  
cool alabaster twixt  
the seasons of  
love finding foolish  
fair for frankness  
and killing the  
mind she kept  
in kindness though  
pornography darkness is  
rechargeable for ignition  
through contemplation of  
stench I was  
abandoned with reclaims  
of the high  
nature and there  
are no accidents  
except her anatomy  
bred forth organism  
like that time  
she stood me  
up her dominant  
motherhood wave-matron

phallic surplus condition  
of autonomy closing  
her flesh envelope  
over her minoan  
female tower made  
me curious as  
I crept towards  
moment maximum intensity  
horizontal chain-like  
arranged whereby conversation  
became pointless camouflage  
consumption for the  
sailors was her  
call so don't  
make me go  
into debt and  
don't make me  
play this way  
now thou hast  
sorted out this  
stuff in your  
head he's just  
trying to get  
back cable symmetry  
forgetting reproduction and  
transference blows unquestioned  
opaqueness through conflation  
or colludes with  
the refusal of  
insert and service  
while situation process  
repetitive delaying my  
love has gone  
escalator she's calling  
the river over  
illusion at my  
core while on  
high heaven's vengeance  
what you send

out it comes  
back more get  
out of her  
my people the  
lady from Baltimore  
like we did  
for the eight  
rivals loose at  
feet where they  
lay in the  
vale water-shot  
the last to go  
down with that  
man with high  
quality territory providing  
nuptial gifts for  
some other cherries  
in their eyes  
and my plea  
before you opened  
up your court  
was misheard but  
thieving was a  
thing she never  
was inclined to  
but I should  
take a notion  
to and I  
don't care if  
they all despise  
me or make  
shimmy-down on  
Monday but my  
love's across the  
sea ten away  
or so and  
it's nobody's business  
and no friend  
can replace it



or walk by  
the river's brim  
with a hey  
down low walking  
as it were  
while the eldest  
pushed the youngest  
in yet I'll  
be true to  
my love for  
the lane is  
longest that hath  
no turning as  
the fire that  
always keeps on  
burning to greet  
me as I  
am churning glad  
progressively more and  
kalarna but some  
coroni corpal pororva  
clapsin otorle boodon  
nortal she comes  
on a train  
at dawn but  
no one ever  
said Orion come  
out because he  
knew her reflected  
vaguely a continuity  
and feeling they  
maintain but generating  
vertical spreading memories  
or existence but  
it's not like  
you to hurt  
me and blessed  
yak den arta  
or resigned to

his fate commander  
that nat den  
harper was caught  
for the joy  
of his crime  
still counting extant  
yak which widen  
as if dangerous  
wind stripped that  
meal for charities  
to the womb  
of her paps  
remain calm all  
the important decisions  
have already been  
made for we  
don't wrestle against  
the flesh someday  
we'll sit on  
a mountain and  
work it all  
out pen on  
the table ink  
on the spot  
man outside the  
stable pin on  
the dot keep  
searching there's a  
pain in the  
arms of the  
women now dead  
must split this  
round before convocation  
remembers cold as  
it was relative  
I'm not sure  
if it was  
Nova Scotia or  
German Expressionism obsessed

me looks like  
now ignorant all  
was interested in  
came back for  
money like looking  
good natured whore  
was supposed to  
comfort him or  
something be on  
his side in  
the morning and  
by night safe  
from his long  
dog from Manatai  
aura of civility  
complete pattern of  
when I was  
deep underground or  
widespread and she  
couldn't see the  
point of closing  
next to me  
looking like a  
crystal stretched in  
water she was  
a mistress to  
all the world  
before the end  
came when we  
could see her  
market research as  
she stopped the  
foaming waves and  
as to how  
may erections she  
caused in a  
crowded room who  
can say with  
signs and signals

from her hips  
no matter how  
you start you  
end up the  
same and besides  
I like to  
rest sometimes and  
just linger while  
life overflows triumphantly  
perforated by a  
chivalry that dies  
abruptly while his  
clasint concubine concocts  
drunken entries for  
aggressive sheep in  
plastic comas and  
I was lying  
down in the  
rehab on the  
way out of  
Milton without any  
thoughts as if  
it were embers  
reaching depositary and  
let your lamp  
shine before men  
and renew your  
mind as feet  
make up the  
floor get this  
over I haven't  
much longer they  
must have had  
me in mind  
ask that man  
who knows me  
best she's still  
that girl to  
me till the

two of us  
go down noodling  
nomark nonce playing  
pensive like the  
dog pandering beneath  
piety your name  
is not important  
nor your standing  
in my sight  
I never knew  
you I never  
knew your dad  
with the appetite  
of Darwin translated  
into the protracted  
grimalkin that parsifal  
the ubermensch and  
eater of the  
eaten is it  
possible to lactate  
some even when  
she seemed complete  
upon her seat  
with the first  
speckles of gray  
on her head  
yet possibilities still  
forbid conglomerate without  
elatedness or logocentrism  
harbinger of legs  
or thorax water  
then some empiricism  
postulated something other  
than the potter's  
field credible and  
sulfuric to this  
temperature should I  
now respond with  
molecules due to

artefact like rape  
terminology of specifics  
or perdue for  
you know my  
love was kind  
and cruel but  
the judge sentenced  
her anyway so  
the entrance down  
hope eteld his  
find well etso  
omnin this or  
are kwa dright  
all day and  
night I fight  
for light while  
you were with  
my mistress it  
just makes a  
fuck of me  
as I go  
up to the  
south of hills  
lower than that  
wagon which tendeth  
to slow me  
down but your  
father is too  
much within you  
he can still  
see a spiral  
of your trust  
seeking to find  
a path out  
you still find  
your security in  
multitudes while your  
husband is brooding  
in doubt I

couldn't put you  
in the magazine  
even if it  
sustained us all  
for seven long  
years my love  
and I are  
parted but young  
men there are  
who are preciously  
deceitful while the  
harp through its  
playing has language  
for me whenever  
the light through  
its branches is  
breaking a host  
of kind faces  
is gazing on  
thee as animals  
signal their distastefulness  
with warning colours  
as auto-mimicry  
within species show  
that this cheating  
strategy avoids the  
cost of toxicity  
but cry not  
in the passing  
there was something  
like a brocade  
you bent me  
to love you  
in your American  
sort of way  
but all the  
same you never  
put me in  
your circle and

I can't agree  
that it wasn't  
all your fault  
nobody else could  
keep me still  
running or keep  
me thinking how  
someone as mad  
as you can  
make a name  
for herself in  
the rush for  
a certain peace  
I can't get  
you under I  
can't be leaving  
you not until  
I've done everything  
I have to  
do in the  
home of the  
brave word while  
the world becomes  
you traded back  
in sleepy quarters  
jealous now juvenile  
jeweler elective reluctance  
is ebbing endeavour  
such are the  
men who came  
to be tamed  
while there's a  
lion in the  
room and there's  
a mountain in  
the straights she  
came here on  
a single fare  
with no papers



in my sack  
and you were  
told to lie  
with her and  
on her until  
the end while  
the clergyman sang  
in her ear  
as his bath  
almost fell from  
the roof and  
I went to  
the north and  
had a girdle  
given to me  
so we don't  
know the day  
or the hour  
and I've had  
my share of  
squeals and deals  
as communicades and  
God knows the  
cavalier lost his  
face thinking he  
had been in  
love but he  
couldn't go back  
to wipers lady  
and desperate men  
never left it  
that way as  
it is only  
comparative like plaintives  
corroded with summer  
heat and exigencies  
of time longelled  
complete Absolom curator  
sprung gevelling cross

rombost fields and  
conold spracken now  
in at a  
valued kingship branded  
spurring hard drives  
and all sorts  
of things like  
that coping out  
on top of  
my regard after  
I saw a  
man fall down  
in Texas and  
get up in  
Tennessee the night  
was on the  
downhill balance and  
slows of other  
times coliseum sunken  
stolen flame harlot  
bedded crucifix down  
by the flanks  
as stars go  
so it was  
in the multitude  
where no one  
cuts a stretch  
out your hand  
who has withdrawn  
it I gave  
it to thee  
the other week  
under that oak  
give me a  
spoon to feed  
me hammer for  
no young man  
should venture where  
once he could

not go into  
sway as her  
will in grass  
tail-worn and  
fortune reminds with  
tomb entrenched shaven  
locks in different  
degrees of heat  
like rendered ramparts  
and heliotrope chained  
to resignation like  
descended and you  
shouldn't be so  
touchy shalt thou  
ditch me for  
some other guy  
after I mixed  
with the crowds  
that trod the  
road on which  
the fool strode  
while others whose  
circles and cliques  
the outsider it  
smothers by close  
inspection planted now  
far apart once  
loved and worshipped  
right at the  
start knowing not  
the weather nor  
the season deluded  
with reason that  
did not reach  
my ear or  
the other guy  
who drove you  
home and the  
messages sent to

me never came  
clear and I  
limped home each  
night from the  
hurt of a  
woman who came  
home after work  
in a cheap  
form of Pullman  
her lover I  
regarded most unworthy  
to recline next  
to her body  
and watch her  
decline into sleep  
where she hid  
unable to move  
or move an  
eyelid when I'm  
in the midst  
of chaos there's  
no need to  
reassure your husband  
that the quality  
is endless like  
the snow there  
was nobody to  
ever know but  
as if on sorana  
was likely to  
occur in orata  
or control her  
tane and norot  
which I never  
needed in the  
first place as  
far as I  
could tell but  
what can I

do now that  
she has gone  
and who can  
describe how it  
went wrong I've  
got nothing now  
to recover my  
doubts apart from  
a feeling that  
the world's gone  
out and I  
don't expect you  
to comfort me  
with words like  
oniligonoe or anahiah  
or make a  
denidon for me  
she generates vertical  
like opiates on  
wind-paper causing  
elapenion a vision  
it was near  
to where you  
were born there's  
a lot of  
shit looking for  
a place with  
embraces to smother  
the things we  
do for just  
a few inches  
leave this place  
I can't reappear  
not after all  
the betting that  
in earnest we  
had made though  
you said you  
don't believe in

biology it's expected  
that you'll change  
so much trouble  
I've been through  
for you while  
he just danced  
with you a  
couple of times  
calling all cars  
calling all cars  
Keats let me  
down too much  
you left before  
we could be  
strangers this is  
a trying time  
you know how  
I feel what  
about that man  
downstairs we've made  
a bargain you  
and I the  
incendiary of memory  
creeps upon my  
toes but what  
is the dust  
to me we're  
just going to  
have to handle  
whatever comes along  
I was just  
telling the boys  
here how things  
are going to  
be with me  
I must have  
forgotten something I  
can't get it  
off my mind

but it's not  
likely to happen  
again I'll be  
going but you'll  
be coming back  
if I were  
a man I'd  
be swept away  
ationwai tingon forho  
uset hesalec ouple  
buyi nogith aveh  
adth ortgage edsoa  
should go then  
oftra vel so  
Tom don't look  
so stern across  
your shady brow  
that's nothing to  
what I need  
he must increase  
but I must  
decrease it'll help  
him feel that  
he's part of  
it helping like  
the rest of  
us while everything  
was still I  
looked into her  
stare outlining areas  
on the land  
and on the  
sea looking at  
skeletons in some  
ancient encyclopaedia until  
the appearance of  
the fleet and  
the Queen of  
Space chronicler unrobed

offspring below lineage  
at the back  
of her climbing  
stagnated indwelt watery  
light flushed with  
the wind and  
marry me no  
figures can corrupt  
a mortal mould  
saltpetre colonies pentagrams  
of shipwreck and  
depétalled plagues reproduced  
facsimiles of specimens  
abandoned I'd do  
anything to just  
go back again  
windred and remorest  
befored like remintery  
hung deareve choose  
today who you  
will serve the  
sea cannot drown  
me she had  
the best hands  
in the business  
could you ever  
be engaged where  
is everyone I  
thought by this  
time I'd be  
alright I never  
knew where they  
came from someone  
just told me  
and I thought  
they'd come pilot  
high telepoint feel  
fine coping down  
greatly on the



way like it  
used to be  
with you riding  
and inspiring upon  
yonder hill we  
will meet again  
in this life  
don't worry I  
have been able  
to come to  
some conclusion like  
a book I  
picked up at  
the time you  
used to bathe  
in silver seas  
with a white  
horse along with  
everything and the  
motion I left  
her taking pictures  
of strange men  
with nothing as  
a thought when  
the change came  
in the sweltering  
tropics now the  
news has no  
proof on the  
bay ordering it  
about time to  
remember still today  
flunky chain and  
forsake command for  
the word is  
quick and powerful  
and suffering sense  
identity confiscating the  
mass over Helicon

slaughtering the coward  
flatulent pillar of  
tirade to abandon  
mountains awaiting you  
in Norway but  
I need you  
in your room  
with the skylight  
and the wooden  
chair beneath for  
it's you I  
long darlin' and  
the friends of  
my childhood again  
are before me  
as each step  
wakes a memory  
as I roam  
after wooing a  
maiden in her  
wintertime and the  
look in her  
eyes reminds me  
of that summer  
and the many  
times I held  
her in my  
arms so well  
I adore thee  
dearest maiden must  
I leave thy  
shade forever as  
a hundred years  
is very long  
and you can  
believe it if  
you please for  
a lofty ship  
is never breached

but now you  
try and tell  
me that Microsoft  
are my keepers  
and you an  
energy-state thindred  
and remored felt  
only deave and  
adoreve alike come  
now he that  
runs may read  
but the sun  
is standing still  
and I'll call  
on the morning  
of your birthday  
but I will  
not offend thee  
my sweet for  
I am the  
embodiment of retention  
and will not  
be conspicuous anymore  
the chariot that  
came for me  
caused me dread  
it must have  
been that woman  
elongate who has  
haunted me forever  
and which none  
of us can  
resist while I  
sit with you  
under the tree  
in the wrong  
season without a  
pass or any  
knowledge of information

systems so don't  
push me too  
far the world  
doth wink whose  
thoughts are hid  
and I'm afraid  
of nothing now  
because in the  
morning you are  
with me and  
I know it  
is the beginning  
of your moving  
back in June  
sleeping where God  
has planted you  
never saw me  
at my best  
remain with me  
men of high  
ambition from the  
night skies flung  
amid the wild  
now we're getting  
down to it  
and how long  
must I be  
standing in the  
middle of the  
road but nothing  
gets me down  
too much though  
the seasons change  
too quickly and  
the last time  
I heard she  
was in Baltimore  
I couldn't get  
in contact no

matter what the  
year I couldn't  
get in contact  
with my dear  
I want a  
word with you  
about her who  
lives up there  
we were lost  
upon the moment  
before cloudy the  
winds didn't sigh  
to noisy fame  
though lowly it  
may be a  
blessing afternoon call  
and again all  
details lay me  
down I'm just  
glad to see  
her rain on  
the just and  
the unjust vials  
of wrath the  
voice is heard  
within land and  
the way of  
a man with  
a maid is  
apple of discord  
fortune elephants in  
Cyprus boats of  
ermine squandered devils  
gloat freezing up  
the heat of  
life with fetters  
cut from water  
pearl you never  
did learn to

love me right  
chain down now  
the half-wit  
who manifests doubt  
upon the harbouring  
phone-lover on  
the custom of  
tirade and summer  
learning empty talk  
its pleasures are  
blind its lords  
are slaves now  
to the Internet  
summer is over  
the cold night  
of winter coming  
so that I  
may be gone  
never to hear  
the forest melody  
or behold amorous  
villas suspended on  
dry summit platforms  
and fatal harvests  
blocking cupid on  
the bough or  
the mind wandering  
on this journey  
reaching the extent  
of image and  
not satisfied thinking  
the background must  
be chosen and  
what shall be  
like counterparts of  
wisdom that can  
make humanity a  
lie or facilitate  
customised experiences with

remote web-enabled  
convergence systems for  
new business channels  
in a world  
breaking down but  
that it should  
come to this  
at the time  
of the evening  
breeze my dear  
make forever sustain  
delight or before  
long my walls  
will be almost  
spaceless and why  
did you pick  
on me when  
you are what  
it's all about  
and pure on  
the earth in  
the crowd on  
fantastic tension and  
heaven pathless winds  
the tenth condition  
life sleeping like  
silent of dream  
without regions and  
diversions where we  
meet to talk  
so as to  
speak no dogma  
would be applicable  
therefore he came  
and said he  
would take her  
from me she's  
mine I say  
marry me are

you in the  
future already or  
do you remain  
the same like  
the image of  
love around say  
450 BC when  
you jilted me  
behind the tent  
and spiral focus  
matter collection exchange  
cyclone male and  
female gametes began  
when I didn't  
have any money  
which left me  
no choice as  
I wandered down  
by yonder lake  
one quiet autumn  
day by ancient  
gate that leads  
unto the hall  
where the poor  
old dame had  
wandered with her  
blind man and  
the lonely widow  
weeping for her  
children in the  
ground hearing about  
ransom to share  
decline of the  
west science and  
sanity she left  
him writing even  
starting attraction to  
crime north of  
the pines believed



his intentions though  
he was near  
sighted this invasion  
precipitated plane tickets  
and other receipts  
almost death in  
the catalogue the  
patrician of magnificent  
boredom the book  
is not the  
object in your  
hand that heaven  
led me to  
be off with  
you took me  
for a ride  
but no more  
rise up in  
the English lane  
rise up like  
grief as you  
were bound in  
some confusion with  
your memories at  
night and you  
had a pocket  
to keep you  
out of sight  
as you tried  
to be so  
helpful but maybe  
we never existed  
separately so nothing  
can be sacred  
and I cannot  
love or hate  
and I have  
no care for  
fate and it

will be chaos  
in the end  
when the wings  
of fluid hold  
you tight and  
the beggars deep  
in plight stumble  
without sight somewhere  
in the mind  
out of the  
darkness which hides  
your light but  
I couldn't let  
go of '89  
to rest my  
fate and ragged  
soul beside you  
how many men  
have hungered for  
your open palm  
and longed to  
be succoured but  
you lost what  
you had discovered  
and were elegant  
in sapphire daisy  
organdie and steel  
and I could've  
been someone like  
you I just  
don't know what  
happened and with  
tresses to your  
bosom your full  
bloom did reveal  
but I'll never  
get over the  
love you gave  
that man if

I'd known how  
much I was  
going to miss  
you I'd have  
made you marry  
me in Baltimore  
and the ones  
who could not  
understand would make  
do with the  
world's approving eyes  
or skies held  
in oceans where  
footsteps once trod  
tiny towns and  
where lovers love  
and artists meet  
and in your  
cylindrical desert where  
the wandering night  
wind sang and  
where fell last  
summer's leaves and  
closed was every  
door a childless  
mother sighed and  
sat in the  
silent bed a  
lonely pilgrim she  
carrying the coat  
that her darling  
used to wear  
was the last  
that she had  
left and all  
her thoughts were  
there when I  
come to thee  
into the night

that knows not  
the morning between  
the womb and  
the shroud unto  
the poorest of  
us all I've  
wandered over landscapes  
and am alone  
on the embankment  
to which my  
love returns no  
more that's why  
I told the  
conductor don't stop  
this train let  
it move let  
it move let  
it move because  
I'm just mad  
enough to come  
and see you  
gram marh avet  
ostu wmonths sotim  
etogetm yhea down  
again for gottensom  
so don't ask  
me ever again  
I'm getting older  
and more rueful  
fast by minutes  
all the time  
as I observe  
people young walking  
freshly painted tall  
sublime uch thin  
ash ereh ave  
beenokre all busy  
willing etdown to  
see you before

we go but  
back in those  
early years she  
would ripple the  
waters and I  
needed to get  
her in fresh  
air outside that  
French place where  
my feet slipped  
but please keep  
it real I'll  
never fail you  
are afraid to  
be honest there's  
always a way  
I said your  
wife knows about  
this you see  
that's just it  
I wanted to  
put things right  
down to the  
letter while he  
was just a  
child and she  
called him to  
her bedside and  
said I'm dying  
I'm poorer than  
your parents and  
I've nothing much  
to leave sometimes  
I think we  
have no choice  
I wanted to  
be real not  
plastic as once  
I loved a

bonny lass safe  
from all the  
sleet that had  
accumulated on frigid  
England's sterile streets  
while somewhere in  
the light an  
artist drew you  
near trees that  
will never start  
and cooperation was  
not forthcoming so  
that it shall  
not be confused  
with itself come  
on baby do  
your stuff you  
know how to  
serve me suppose  
you screeve or  
go cheap Jack  
sometimes it takes  
luck even to  
think straight but  
they would hold  
you in the  
darkness and kiss  
you in the  
light and they  
would listen to  
your story until  
your stress was  
slight then they  
departed in the  
evening when the  
sun was turning  
night and her  
pulse did beat  
for thee I'm

lost and I  
don't know why  
sarakawi you loved  
me really even  
though you ran  
after your lover  
but could not  
catch him I  
should've been somewhere  
by now I'll  
see you back  
on deck no  
reason for your  
mind to leave  
you the clarity  
of the native  
hands are deep  
within your bed  
and the mournful  
words that are  
uttered can never  
be unsaid and  
the ones who  
were within you  
are now without  
toiling in different  
cities your fortress  
stones break now  
that kingdoms come  
and kingdoms go  
and your soul  
is in Gertrude's  
precious chamber for  
in the world  
outside women in  
the parlour have  
remembered and over  
the scattered graveyard  
the stolen church

bell tolls you  
through the maze  
that surrounds you  
to America in  
this life and  
in the next  
from your computer  
they hope you  
travelled to claim  
your freedom back  
cattle on a  
fading then you  
came home with  
a letter written  
to shattered hearts  
your Arctic beams  
shone down on  
the eyes who  
would not leave  
a minstrel revealing  
the pure sound  
of the music  
and the blood  
that must sustain  
you pilgrims suspended  
between life and  
death and the  
still cold trails  
of autumn-dawn  
shown to you  
caught between two  
vast shores where  
the wind had  
caught your breath  
you were taken  
from above and  
all that did  
remain were dancing  
girls writhing in



their trance with  
their chartered bodies  
in jeopardy and  
all the men  
who surrounded you  
waited for their  
chance they were  
ghostly then but  
now they do  
not haunt you  
for those days  
are long behind  
weary confession but  
you still retain  
your grace and  
all of this  
territory where all  
the maidens in  
the valleys are  
trapped within their  
sleep and soldiers  
cry out in  
their cages and  
you feel the  
padded paws of  
squirrels all about  
you I could  
never work it  
out myself as  
I went out  
one morning in  
the college woods  
those child bearing  
hips playing on  
my mind and  
there's nothing I  
can do with  
my heart still  
entwined while I'm

rootless and my  
swan has gone  
but I don't  
want to wish  
anything on anyone  
I just sunk  
a well and  
answered to my  
lust but so  
great is his  
mercy like a  
father who pitieth  
his children for  
you did not  
receive the spirit  
of slavery but  
send me on  
my way so  
I can go  
back to my  
homeland they were  
a people strong  
and numerous and  
nothing of theirs  
was missing and  
I am about  
to go the  
way of all  
the earth if  
only my anguish  
could be weighed  
so return to  
him you who  
have so greatly  
revolted and you  
who are far  
away hear what  
I have done  
and accept the

gift and live  
the truth in  
love it was  
revealed the other  
day near Miled  
and the Gallatin  
valley but we  
fell into dubious  
company one of  
the bunch was  
on the square  
a full house  
of raw crooks  
I will see  
you all in  
hell first she  
said one score  
one fight and  
no funeral so  
we left for  
Judith Gap decked  
with an angry  
priest and a  
happy bride and  
I'd make you  
my lover on  
Sunday but you'd  
be leaving me  
by Monday I  
know anything goes  
even the death  
of a rose  
for the silenced  
people sheltering with  
fixed authority trala  
expropriation also fish  
with Cretan bull  
monotones cross over  
turtle-mocked libertines

as the remnants  
in the house  
back the lane  
there yard mosses  
glow and come  
to Galatia at  
sumison flood beside  
my yearning sword  
when you opened  
the gallery on  
Tuesday at two  
Maria de Marigrane  
was helping you  
she said I  
was not welcome  
in the big  
city where she  
had great expectations  
while everyone else  
thought her beneath  
their stations come  
down the steps  
to where you  
once crept my  
dear I'm walking  
out on the  
town with my  
lady she's got  
red shoes on  
and she may  
be significant for  
every investment all  
summer long beside  
the compliant seamstress  
I felt better  
in my bed  
so let's drop  
the bassoonist I'm  
candle-weary even

though love's day  
numinous rubies after  
the kiss trapped  
in brutality while  
river-shaded lesbians  
celebrate absorbed skin  
and Lazarus regains  
the spear and  
destiny might be  
reserved in case  
I hear a  
voice shell-encased  
turtledove similar to  
Tripoli where she  
met me her  
singularity showing itself  
in the way  
she descended mirrored  
accordingly to come  
hither consistently but  
it isn't an  
illness there's a  
chemical element that  
takes place at  
a certain point  
though nothing's been  
proven yet come  
off it you  
have a stable  
mind so hang  
on this is  
one of the  
voices calling though  
you were forced  
to closely release  
faculty with those  
who will be  
familiar among the  
admired melting into

nature resented constructions  
against the glutton  
apple and those  
drained myths of  
religious faith where  
mannisms were writing  
contorted letters that  
became contempt producing  
flood disorganising processes  
and time's interior  
form of art  
converging on kangaroo  
only to implement  
mourning dogs while  
laconic restraint passes  
into opacity but  
I believe it  
to be the  
obsession with perception  
which formed a  
contrast in pomegranate  
bruising before time  
jumped for nothing  
in Venice apart  
from autumn and  
gas near Geneva  
night come I  
will fold you  
in vinegar lest  
some time comes  
between us but  
I've used up  
all my sanctions  
and I've used  
up all my  
speed and I  
can't find what  
I mean like  
a man with

no seed I'll  
be with you  
in the springtime  
that's what she  
said to me  
but in the  
meantime just let  
me be a  
son coming from  
your own body  
to be your  
heir while you  
have been our  
dwelling place and  
under your wings  
he will find  
refuge holding on  
tight to a  
lot of things  
he couldn't let  
go of and  
I haven't even  
any kids to  
remember my name  
and I miss  
your scent in  
the hallway though  
your mother treasured  
all of these  
things in her  
heart when the  
doorposts shook and  
they covered their  
faces and they  
covered their feet  
for I am  
a man of  
unclean lips and  
you were as

anxious as I  
was have you  
been faithful to  
me or hast  
fornication to summit  
occasion of death  
been spittled in  
thy lankness so  
go not yonder  
loveless prophet in  
tainted borders of  
rebellion flux on  
the downward slope  
flying while she  
strutted betwixt nylon  
and flower-calling  
truth to tell  
so miss her  
not but lament  
her falling in  
sounds and installations  
lost like that  
girl I used  
to stalk who  
had worship on  
her mind but  
now is away  
and I don't  
want to accuse  
anyone else but  
you I'm not  
friends with the  
lens now and  
I can't explain  
why so let's  
leave it at  
that and we'll  
just say goodbye  
whatever belongs to



you will never  
be lost to  
me and you  
who now says  
nothing drove me  
mad while she  
without prior knowledge  
contains states for  
me sumptuous to  
spurned nakedness now  
that lust to  
breath veritable flesh  
formal animal manifestations  
close the space  
between us odour  
framed in doctrinal  
jewels and preordained  
ledge-folding wealth  
biological so I  
can buy a  
cunt for a  
nickel but after  
he gave you  
his cape I  
saw your true  
nature when you  
were dancing out  
there strange love  
when there's nowhere  
else to climb  
yet the lady  
of turquoise and  
the lady of  
sycamore say that  
nothing endures and  
nothing substantiates through  
the combination and  
separation and all  
will be dissolved

again in the  
panic-flight as  
the heat fades  
in the day  
by the woman  
at the well  
while the world  
is in darkness  
and even the  
high-placed lady  
that your world  
knows slumbers the  
whole night long  
as iron sharpens  
iron and crowns  
are not secure  
for all generations  
as doom approaches  
like you knew  
it would because  
I have come  
and there is  
no other for  
with your own  
eyes you will  
see and with  
your own ears  
you will hear  
and they might  
bring attendants to  
us or they  
might not as  
for the captain  
he fell on  
deck everything he  
gave her she  
brought back and  
all through the  
summer I lost

my head but  
Bellerophan he followed  
her when she  
was upset but  
it backfired and  
she was shaken  
by a mighty  
wind like that  
time near Jericho  
Lane I'm so  
sad I have  
washed my robes  
yet the land  
has darkened shall  
we be without  
blemish as I  
run out of  
time and something  
has gone wrong  
and I can't  
sit here moping  
now the alarm  
has gone so  
fall on us  
and hide us  
like those worthy  
of an open  
look because mysteries  
are confounding me  
that no man  
could number the  
price of wisdom  
that is above  
rubies and is  
hidden in the  
region of drowning  
nights where the  
sweetest thing one  
can see is

daylight when we  
shall meet but  
do not leave  
me tortured by  
your tube for  
as I have  
said unto them  
this day shall  
be unto you  
for a memorial  
seat despite their  
hunger and the  
brethren who came  
before her deep  
in the past  
nothing seemed right  
to understand but  
what shall we  
say when the  
sack is full  
and he with  
whom it is  
found will want  
more like the  
third child in  
the desert whose  
house of bondage  
was where the  
people had started  
but now were  
down low soon  
to come up  
but nothing ever  
changes and nothing  
ever lasts I  
just feel guilty  
over Enron and  
certain things from  
my past in

another part of  
town with memory  
fading clock-struck  
sins the preacher's  
mission has come  
of age and  
the son has  
lost a father  
and the father  
has lost a  
son for rescue  
in the desert  
there are many  
triangles still showing  
but I know  
you will get  
through withstanding just  
as the vibrant  
concubine denies herself  
plastically and crashes  
vestigial unopened in  
streets as shrieks  
of baleful dreams  
shed finally on  
soundless nags unholy  
impersonal but yet  
still vibrant for  
life whispering like  
sullies completely sucked  
but numinous lubricous  
dragon-like whilst  
rodeo clowns clench  
themselves with enzymatic  
destitute flux but  
let's not dwell  
on such things  
here catch up  
with him madam  
before the rocks

are on you  
and do the  
monkey with me  
in ignominious craves  
and condescension chivalry  
expectantly upright enticement  
falls on vexly  
placed drones near  
unsanitary spoolers succumbing  
to reason but  
me I just  
come for pleasure  
now that companies  
are investing in  
responsive digital matrix  
approaches and offer  
outside the box  
incremental mobility but  
you are too  
kind maid and  
I will not  
let you go  
because I have  
travelled the world  
and she hath  
made me enter  
to draw forth  
a spirit outcast  
back with the  
mountain goat so  
I never really  
did understand why  
he left although  
some said he  
smelled like flounder  
but watch and  
wait upon psychopaths  
in the bar  
remembering the girl

that you once  
were and I  
am sustained by  
that memory that  
you picked up  
on at the  
time for the  
hungry dog knows  
where you are  
and you were  
too good for  
my love but  
where art thou  
now playboys as  
you adjust the  
restraints on Lady  
Bertha who used  
to stay in  
a corner room  
where I broke  
the glass at  
midnight one time  
in summer I  
consider myself more  
expanded than when  
Caroline became potluck  
at weddings where  
nobody protests after  
the fact therefore  
you must really  
force yourself to  
change your mind  
once you know  
why but ye  
O my people  
rise up who  
is not there  
yet and still  
counting as this

is all but  
inevitable come unto  
me in the  
time that passeth  
incapable of improving  
it whilst discontinuing  
the doll-range  
without limit no  
thanks I mean  
what the hell  
is she meant  
to be proving  
flashes of light  
brighter than usual  
or something diffusing  
will be every  
morning an educator  
and make the  
others keep cultivating  
programs for people  
material with broken  
credit made mesh  
available near the  
sad stream where  
the fragment hunter  
strays and I  
sit among the  
trees while you  
hide the money  
we stole withering  
with bare flesh  
arising the valley  
keeps blue shadows  
and hides the  
water and cold  
am I awash  
in blood and  
pain confused and  
shattering I wish



I could dance  
forever but I  
am not truly  
alive because the  
material universe is  
defined by polarity  
splattering only the  
offers I saw  
in the eyes  
of death while  
my soul is  
like poison and  
my emails keep  
getting returned after  
she couldn't fake  
whimsical to panties  
men who search  
inward after empty  
hairy fights which  
lay come on  
meandering love-structures  
in the days  
following the petition  
the painkillers are  
starting to work  
with a hazard  
ejaculatory until deflated  
the master of  
the vagina makes  
you understand me  
so we can  
speak about when  
we were poor  
and how things  
came to pass  
like in the  
lanes and rambles  
and among the  
trees of the

garden near the  
custodian of the  
gate I envied  
you your view  
though it came  
slightly late there  
was nothing I  
could not stand  
but in a  
more robust age  
than our own  
I should have  
taken pleasure in  
calling you out  
long ago though  
most tenderly did  
I love her  
in my heart  
and this can  
never be torn  
away by the  
daughters of memory  
who formed a  
colony of themselves  
but I had  
a really good  
day today when  
you remember this  
I want you  
to know I  
had a really  
good day and  
are you explaining  
exaggerated ornaments of  
courtship not easily  
explained in natural  
ways in taxonomic  
groups in dull  
dreaming out of

the dim silence  
with suggestions elevated  
in the rear  
or at any  
rate with traits  
reproductive isolation although  
she said the  
idea is scarce  
and it is  
passing strange but  
let God be  
true because you  
really had a  
wonderful life and  
on this fateful  
day I sought  
some hours and  
escaped among certain  
friendly trees and  
I saw a  
rose upon the  
land half buried  
in the sand  
all day in  
the breeze I  
made some plans  
for the Golden  
Lanka and wrote  
a note to  
a woman to  
thank her for  
while in some  
fallen moment and  
some unknown kind  
of way I  
passed through that  
day like the  
master of ships  
after he reversed

himself so thank  
you for everything  
you've done for  
me though my  
friends are dropping  
like flies and  
will forget me  
like meta-level  
parallel databases as  
I yearn for  
my diver who  
can stay at  
the bottom with  
his wind holding  
out for lease  
before poolside frievy  
or replenish carbuncle  
ruminations beside nocturnal  
semblance and remoter  
memory a poor  
girl stood close  
by his side  
where the sun  
it never sets  
nor darkness dims  
the sky reaming  
beleand wing ever  
memored O my  
lads we'll yet  
wear the jackets  
of the blue  
when we return  
to the sweethearts  
that we drew  
lange deep ornamitic  
and notive pixony  
for aroduction all  
elden like a  
flower I am

fading away don't  
let me be  
absent from her  
thinking of the  
days gone by  
too weak to  
stand and too  
proud to lie  
I have looked  
but have not  
seen and I  
am waiting like  
in that summer  
when I was  
free and we  
were together and  
I brought my  
love a ring  
to wear upon  
her manipulate for  
a token of  
our own true  
worship and to  
remember me when  
she returns no  
more to be  
parted when I'm  
with you around.

## Biographical Note

Jeffrey Side studied English at Liverpool University and Leeds University. From 1996 to 2000 he was the deputy editor of *The Argotist* literary magazine. He now edits the online version of this, *The Argotist Online* ([www.argotistonline.co.uk](http://www.argotistonline.co.uk)).

His poetry has appeared in the following publications and web journals: *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *The White Rose*, *Homeground*, *New Hope International*, *Underground Window*, *A Little Poetry*, *Poethia*, *Nthposition*, *Eratio Postmodern Poetry*, *Ancient Heart*, *Blazevox*, *Lily*, *Big Bridge*, *Jacket*, *Textimagepoem*, *Apocryphaltext*, *9th St. Laboratories*, *P.F.S. Post*, *Ism*, *Great Works*, *Ken Again*, *Hutt*, *Fieralingue*, *The Dande Review*, *Raunchland*, *Dusie* and *Poetry Bay*.

He has reviewed poetry for the following publications and web journals: *Acumen*, *Stride Magazine*, *Shearsman Magazine* and *New Hope International*.