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The dog wanted to go one way

The dog wanted to go one way and I, another. The leaves pressed their five red fingers lightly on the ground. All around us was casual destruction, and I don't blame it on the weather. Anyhow – we had gotten used to it, and made jokes that felt like having your butt pinched by a friend's partner. I admired the mien of the dog, how in the distance her silhouette looked like a fallen tree's, noble and tragic.

All of the pans in the kitchen

All of the pans in the kitchen were being used to boil cauliflowers, submerging the house in a deep mephitic funk. He showed me around, entirely relaxed in attitude, lord of the duplex. A sort of constant humming emanated from his body, even as he spoke, producing curious and not entirely unpleasant overtones. I had the strong impression that he was an experimental ventriloquist. On top of the dining table was a weightlifting bench because, he said, one should always exercise with altitude. In the end I turned down the lodgings. I couldn't imagine the musical group he insisted we form, as housemates.

A toppled valise emanated waves

A toppled valise emanated waves of inexplicable energy in the mathematical park. From its appearance I gathered it had been hastily abandoned and frozen overnight, and now its contents were splayed out before it like a nervous poker hand. A large and colourful towel intended for a faraway beach, an imitation toquilla hat. A paperback whose pages had rippled together, the title of which I was desperate to discover. As I poked at the book with a long branch, my dog's hackles began to rise, giving her body the appearance of an extended cockerel's comb. As if on cue, a child shrieked with uncurbed joy in the playground, plunging recklessly down the square root slide.

They were amazed at what they saw

They were amazed at what they saw... a huge self-portrait of the artist, dressed like a general, sitting proud on a mound of voluptuous cushions. Next to it was a work that really made them gasp. A work that had never been seen before, having been locked away in the temperature-controlled vault of the eremitic, now-deceased patron of the arts. The painting was done in the characteristic style, impasto to the point of pastry. The usual mountains and rushing streams. But when they looked more carefully, a hidden landscape emerged in the dizzying folds of ultramarine. There were two brocaded bays retreating, a tender mummy. A mendicant carrying a fresh sense of loss whipped up in tempera. And a doorknob wearing a ruff, signalling the rudderless drift of life. The world is all here, they thought.

A house, in a clearing of a forest painted by someone's father, built with logs that lean inward in a shape of a cone. Beyond the doorway is a table, on which rests a game of cribbage, a segmented orange, a plate of perforated fish, clerical bells, a Latin breviary, and a candle weeping into a pool. By the look of things, the house was vacated in a hurry. In the far right corner of the forest, almost obscured by thick strokes of trees, a figure is kneeling. They wear a hooded kirtle of dark red, and a triangular cloth that hangs down so low, concealing the feet. Though the eyes are hidden in the hood's shadow, the lower part of the face is visible, and from the shape of the mouth's O it is clear that the figure is speaking out in G sharp, maybe semitone A. They are holding up both hands in a gesture which can only be described as dismay, as when a recently alighted train pulls away with your belongings still inside.

Or new

Shaded gold, morning's deliberate sequence
stitched so the metal shows through
Foregrounds small upright figures
and a glade seaming with sorrel

The entire design
declared in unabated sophistry

Cloth is lighter where the sun baffles its border
The closer together the steps are
the denser or stronger the colour

By likeness

Passing through the menu, buttering old bets. You and them
and the silent parsley.

Music is flesh juice, is a kind of two-scene milk. Believe me when
I tell you that nothing is full savoury.

You broach glib and ordinary questions. You are pressing them
into service. Biscuits, blue peppers, previous beans... it's like
consuming blind without any sign from the baker.

Peace is lemon-thin, because the mouth is always sprouting.
Human yourself better! Not by ability but by likeness, a fare cut
down to shape. I know your work, that you are neither cold nor
hot. I wish you would be cold or hot. I am searching for
information recognisable as change.



Swaying Token

Monday, udder: undulate to swipe milk out.
Splash on a finger's squeeze, pink-driven.
Udder in screen, a swaying token.

Ex nihilo

During the journey the lights broke and everyone was happy. We hurtled through the night and shadows raced across our tables and faces. It felt good, like we were getting away with something.

Nest for needle mouse

Happy in love that is everything. Remember not to be complacent. But not. But what want? In a minute do the dishes. Wash hair in the sink.