

Three poems from *one step sideways and 13 down* (Guillemot Press 2021)

Airy fairy

We begin with the impractical first battle of the Crimean war in September 1854, an event which is as capable of being disproved as the transformation of a tramp into a flower girl. Lower the church book and stare into the numerical datum rut of Fathers of no effect but tax and then retire to an area where you will find actors relaxing like mountain goats. Reincarnation is a Chinese unit of money that I like greatly. It leaves one space for manoeuvre in the measurement of atmospheric pressure. When I become unclothed then I will aim to arouse a French impressionist painter for a very long time. I will seek to be the offspring of a sow at one birth and to have a mild employer, but this is as likely as a thick paste used in Japanese cookery for soups, sauces etc.

Trespass

And so we encroach, like predatory gull-birds. Implied agricultures. Labourers of old. I have done many exercises to strengthen and enlarge my muscles, but still so much sideways drift at sea. We are a people, habitually pretending to be something we are not. Our loving is a huge kind of pasta and soapy froth is normal. Should I carry a gun? I contain theft of property below a certain value in the dividing partition between my nostrils. I dress in cloth used especially for army uniforms. And you? You are half aeroplane and half helicopter. You dream of Goa. But your actual life is more accurately comprised of Biros and old shabby cinemas. If you were a country, you'd be European, and your capital would live in Talinn. Have you taken this in? It's been noted. I go in advance of others.

Do it yourself

The handyman's activity is located further from the centre than usual, at the top of a mineshaft, in identical relation to how a mother and father remain for a brief moment in time – going this way! Let me provide some alternative examples. A Viking in a short skirt meets a poor person. A jerk works out on gym equipment. Perhaps the best possible outcome is to be lacerated, deprived of parents, and to cut back on spending in an effort to create pure nonsense! (Nb my equestrian skills are best described as hellish.) A concluding fact: an English actor and theatre director died in 1989 in a home characterised by a large natural stream and European freshwater fishes.