

the crosscurrents from distant stars
rejuvenate this miasmic blunting
moon seascapes & borrowed scars

rains of hammond

borrowed on the young
giant steps into unknown
plundering into the deepness

diaspora of theresa may

they gather in westphalia

& as in the apocalypse
tempted by the gold
they boil down the eagles
it has landed

gentry saunter into night-time cafes
reciting the poetry of tennyson
uplifting for the masses

davis surveys the white cliffs

take this austerity
potted in your history
wallow in your misery
curl that stiff upper lip

recite your english alphabet
pressed upon the precipice
the victory we seek
(is just within reach)

Storm

chorus over such setting sun
as beats forever in the guarded chill
he sits & weeps in portions of dreaming
handed down from generations of shadows
his tongue twists as it flounders
to slaver on a secret key
that rose in the harmony of a summer's day
the bullets flying towards the frogmarch
while the firing squad gently buff their nails
before the generals say 'take aim'
& the painters gather up their paints
& splatter the vast lines on canvas

reaching out for stars of our belonging
the tragedy which broke before the storm
broke over waters of a quick-fire art