

🎧 **Series**

Corey Wakeling

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Choose whether you'll stay from 8  
to 21.30, supervising the entrance from  
18.30 to 19.00, or camp at the hospital  
waiting for K-, who's giving birth  
to your ethereal family. Don't step back  
too fast, Prometheus!

Thank you for reminding me  
about December's heady schedule.

There is a ruby in a safe  
in the air-conditioning duct  
on the first floor of the ruin.

Relentless vines know best a deeper futility,  
so why eulogize the Internationale  
with your darkling *bella ciao*.

But don't I look hot in mourning.

They call the calabash the Tasmanian bean.

She's sure that the tenebrous approach  
constitutes the firmest hammer.

Copotain hats in style again.

Who doesn't love ethanol.

Who doesn't resent their likeness  
to Robert Burton, having to elegize RSI  
in the highest turret.

And each new contract gets a turret,  
enthuses the pulsing touchpad.

I leave Mayakovsky at the desk chewing glass  
for a while, but on repeat. That way,

I can always be in the company

of a new turn of the screw.

Cue a camembert solo while you and I

prepare the desk for our wedding night,

“wonder-smitten”.

Good news, a notifications revolution.  
In my heart I glisten like smooth stones.  
Dover, you make limestone not clay.  
The wrong site for a primogeniture riot.  
The revolution comes over, it does not go out.

Guineas insulate the rickety cot meanwhile.

Gladioli sandwich a nervous ant. The struggle.  
Obelisk legs dally and then cramp, fix, harden,  
then stop. Quiet in the wild of blades.  
No one watches. No. Sun can't visit here.  
A tramped thorax steadies the tardive head.  
That's me, undercover. A certain enclosure.

Did you know that the southern coast of Cornwall  
is less forgiving than the northern. I didn't quite get  
to Zennor. The tonsils of Arthur still make  
the scamp acquisitive of estrangement.  
Petit-Romantic, says a once-sincere Brexit campaigner.  
I burn my truck on your face. No, I am a talent.  
Dunes swell with the dispersive turn.

We would all be out of jobs if we weren't somehow  
smarter than the managers. That's little consolation  
when you think that we're stupider than most  
second-rate Renaissance poets.  
Still, somehow, not mine,  
today's good poems better than theirs.  
I never understood that, how I could effectively

meddle in an election  
and still be quite ignorant  
of Augustan yearnings  
among my camp.

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Daffodils.

\*

Hie to Helot, dickhead,  
mates used to say to me,  
because  
their accountant daddies  
told them to.  
I had asthma. I didn't kick a ball.

And I don't remember Khashoggi well enough  
to testify, but the posthumous endowments still  
scald the Indiana cockles, as we say in Joondalup.

We are very well off with automation.  
The steady endowment, post-mortem,  
enriches like a disappointment.  
It really does, John Dewey.  
Curves of still parietal like animated curves of scapula.

A cleave of land separates  
from the immature coppice  
with the season's anxiety  
and we're pleased with the cascading blades

come to furnish this society  
of spectacle a finale.

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I see their swingeing oligarchy nurses babe.

I see a lark again. Can you fight it?

Me again. How many posts in the land around the hut.

How many posts in a college. Nematode calm.

I guide a dump truck of heads through the CBD.

Did you ever know Melville to be wrong about anything.

No grimace in the recursive rictus colonel sinthome.

Now I see DMZ.

The votes on proficiency remind us to consolidate our pride.

We win at head-scratching

while being complicit with browbeating.

Me again. I see a lark again.

Can you feel it. Then fight it.

He's walking dead again. I am smiley half-fully.