

Effigies Against the Light

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JOHN WILKINSON



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Chalone

Most slaves bear tarnished
broken fixtures future
second-hand readies to wear

JOHN WIENERS

Operations

To assemble the lily. Gloss half-smear
slips like a thumbprint broken through

sweet glaze; the visible hymen flaps;
a sky funereal peels from a sloping pond

hot sun beats or mains rupture plenishes.
The confectioner's system purrs easily:

summer stripes & smash, do to construct
flaked out, the numbed inquisitor of

feeling propped their water plate. JCBs
shall batter, cars shall rend & groove

natural piety's cover, circulate in
fine fettle. Sugar gushes plentifully.

This kidney island, poor Ind, which half-
slipped on sweets unwrapped, powered

with cane trash, stayed discovery, waits
insulin now turns its sweet to plenty

turn to the clear inlet pain, filled
with Arawak ghosts people a clear glaze,

neither slave nor indentured, dead
processors of sweets wired its virginity.

Petals rattle & smart, rewire together
proof for the technician's fingering

green stairwells, green detention doors
slamming into a kelson swinging low

one after another, endless decompression,
& never a breach to break out through.

Technical Support

'Crisp leaf', the 'fresh', 'Old Nettleshanks'
logarithmically, behind join-the-points

dealt an indelible bruise where hatreds wore
out in strands of refined spermy whey,

conferred it on any sunny patch, it shows
through the deeps of satisfaction & blisters.

Canary Bill would recite a number plate,
chaos too seemed wet as out of a glass stick,

that whitlow under his thumb surely was no
hammer job, physical characteristics

backed out from the menu system, still
the operatives continue to voice feelings

anthropologically, leaving their trail dead.
Match of needs to identified resources,

tender for B, tender for C tranships
infantas for gold for arms for the simulation

stripping retrievable hurt, hanks & spleen:
But that Intelligence Johnny, he folds

up on his spatchcock manual, *Dies Irae*
fuse the teeming decks to an OHP transparency.

Reserved

Pagodas cruise like absent
fathers twist & wring their towels

in wet streets, outside
dignified headquarters, our staff

say We too are a branch,
don't grail you, whom we answer to.

What new alliance can be deserved,
of dilatoriness, a thousand

day's ministrations of love build
poor plucked. Precursors

lounge on curt street corners, in-
decipherable through distance

squat on exposed rafters, pigeons
spread infection hot-foot

matting the intricacies with lime,
how shall this weave our

spell-binds to unity: does it hell.
Orphaned our eternities

seek that lease will break,
shanghaied by a smarm conveyancer

stood providentially at square one.
It isn't fair, it

robbed us of our beautiful centre.
Then watch things spring apart, &

know, with a blank chill
they ought to:

our fingers follow their workings
twisted, twisted, wrung segmental.

Watcher Service

for D.S. Marriott

A tear trickles largely; watch it
ape a continent world, heavenliness

in trial size; – whose archetypes
withdraw, leave the orphan children

to their own reflections.

Dazzle
primitives of pain, peer pressure,

move them seemingly irrelevantly,
down the chalked & closed cheek.

✕

Merciless recoil has met its match.
The lower things jolt helplessly

off each other; bleeding hearts
bleed fearfully a heart which pumps

& naught else, in effect to rue
what they couldn't care less about,

exchanging gossip, exchanging
time of day for their daily stars.

✕

Think how deftly cards would fall,
fluttering such life in little,

the strenuous moon in its paragraphs
direct a brush clumsily jabbed,

as a child might fail to thrive,
linked like a balloon in shackles,

jostling like some soap bubble
drawn towards its twin shall burst.

✘

Just as a gloss weighed in pascals
wrenched me from correspondence,

combative but fading, short of power
to clear the established channels,

through their pent, mean gauge
to intrude the plummet home in me,

across the staples & the verdules,
lit from what far source, & thick

with an unaccustomed intimacy,
proclaims in death's house in large?

✘

Wilted as a duvet spelled on sleep
shifts round my ankles,

teach

ways to forget back to the start,
rejoining this to this, permitting

no telltale seam, fallacious hope,
to track the loose tears; bright

bleeds shall deckle a neat ruff,
& the eye train where a face adhere.

Scientific Research and Development

Harm the entire point escapes, quotient
labels pulled from white track-marks

a thoughtless point to pursue & kill,
muffled, couldn't react in time enough.

I was strapped to scoop out ballast
monoculture plied the straits, Calamus

gagged with How Things Are in a fierce
passivity, rank from the pre-select.

Watch them lose purpose, watch them
sink their hearts under the microscope,

swimming in or from like a jay's hackle
pinned doctrinally, but a faint stir

on the other side of the world reports
It does, & will for its will, shall

take a granary door yawns the way it
will frolic, dance like a bird industry.

"My reinforcements, sing in the face
I wanted to have, who shall go narrow-

feint, their childish felt-tips slubber
labels trued next to a cast of mind,

to the face swabbed for recognition
Comes up smiling, linking to one point."

Up to this point, drag daresay to catch
it through the said discharging ear.