

[Poetry For] **A new ing**

word swords

balance two words across a chasm or a street
with _maybe_ SKILLZ
spear them / spier o' them
with
fire fire them like lasers
intercepting
ordered followers
merciless
only called off if you want them to (be)

comfortable
safe
unbounded almost 4ever
young and pleased
with their ideas
and with a love to enact them

Loneliness may be a backdrop condition,
Lifecraft means to proceed by destroying my poetryship
Friends didn't think the relationship was good for me – it didn't seem to them to be making me
happy, but I don't know, I think it propulsed me
Selfened/Selfenced me up/Selfished maybe Maybe they didn't like that
[Visioner] but seems naive to me of me to think that though, they
cared for me enough and saw that short-term some effects were positive.
Roughen yourself, fall and tumb[e/r]. They don't say

Love stain fades
It does
We get clean again
The oil goes out/does come off eventually
That laissez *new* state

The first key:
I have been reading
latched into the surrounding words
that way of working
brings the
structuring thoughts from the page
into its body, like water
salt-washing, spreading kitchen paper
to encomon more
enclosures all-consuming
worktop
I've already been seen there
saturating ballots to dissolve connotation further
beyond my control

Iain 'Mementos' Morrison

Exes take the bestest pictures of us
because we fancied them then,
I don't say now what's wrong with me,
the conquests self-presenting in the area of me, region,
won't fit the frame I was given to reference holdings by.

The dance of it
The sway of the body at nineteen
The swing of it
enflamed
bouncing from the low torso
bum-low centre of levity (only)
gravity not enacted
felt in yet So much
future one hopes for a taste
although tastebuds
are readied to long soon.
High suns,
that doesn't go
but is reconnected
any time happiness
leans in for a kiss.
One pleonastic day
who doesn't love a child?
and then the drags of it
are you in the dregs then you
don't mind if you do what you
do, then, if you
lay out in the slipstream, orgiastic.
I miss out on their legal and illegal descriptions
of my/i so-t[h]armed count[r]y body.

The age of first opposition:
Show me the accounts of all your Scottish Prince Jameses
Do the books make explicit mention of a medievalist twink slavedom?
That would be a whole autre sutra....
James IV, James V, James VI & I
Ratchet there, you see
I can't see a histraught distoric Asian,
The present is a guiltless space
only if it keeps awiping
malfusion of spectacles
without me thinking of that importunate photo.

I stopped waiting for your interior
to breathe back statement into my house,
soon-to-be dead-to-me designer,
so that the space could change
with you, rather than without you.
Slowing is my first indication of freeze impulse

of how I would love, how I would mother too,
loving a journey set out for exactly my future
We try now my foot down on others' aisles and paths

I feel sick with
[G]R[el]ief of
the would-be things,
Relieved of them as against my hope
somehow exacerbated by exercise.
Cramping abs.
No fucking.

A thing that's in a place
that's meant to be in another place,
dirty bum on soft furnishings.
Why do we have a life that's one?
I'm trying to remind myself that it isn't, you know, you
do relate me
to me.

I am societal vandal!
The Scottish summer wind is so freakin fresh
the political structuratus plant is breaking into root!
song in my life, dayality song!
No longer will I the avuncular, leader, fils.
Fractious space, create a fractious space -
enforce me to fill it, me and other lads
I don't know well enough to feel safe or comfortable with.
Aye enter the teenage paradigm, welcomed, the intoxicating male lair, den, of impulse and
parity,
sex connects, equalising, eyes windowing bodies, cocks at the o'clock, mouths lowering and
levelling hips, throats open to excess expression.
Berlin has taken me! I will think of myself no more dada.
Possibilities enact enact! Unsheath!
Unseat! Unsock!

Cry of the Innocents:
performance idea for a staged wail (30 seconds?) in the tunnel of the Innocent Railway, with
the audience held back at the other end.

I heard wail about you so much changing focus these last few days, and feel not just my
(re)covered ass but my romantic heart draw-stringing tighter.

I have to accept this notch, that gall, in all their etymological Anglo-sonorism
even though yes it is I that am galled.

My community centre. Because I use you, I use you. I realise you are not easy to replace.

Nights before going away,
that tidying up feeling,

an answer I know that will
perpetuate itself and
mark us with a flesh ruckus.
With luck I might get a whole performing leg intact
out of the dodgy pump. #legwork

Sadness is also
something that is dying
Postality dismantle these emotions
my narrative slaking
the air that's been trapped in a resealed lunch box
no great incentive to breathe it/clean it quickly
this morning my unused penis
attacking me and my phooey souped up values

The meaning of Colin McG's book, is it's given-away-to-strangers-in-pubsness.
It could be many other things than it actually is.

Notice me noticing it's hard to type the word 'baroque', papering
fingerwork seems a bit alien to my second-key fingers
Also, stop giving me paper - I ordered: lifestyle

I love liquids
Do you love liquids.
I love solids.
Do you also love them?
Can you speak only solids to me?

I sat tonight examiner in
moonlit window purchased flat
out over scenic the Pentlands
real experience settling back (on top of) where in my excitement I'd blown it off from
I thought how I'd like to go out on the hills
freshened, looking into the pity,
with, improbably, you.
Be careful of his throated neck.
The musculature is winding down.
The acrobat was tiring.
I am enduring
love.

This leaving is rehearsal
for what, each time?
the reflux of wine in the mouth
with the soft palette discerning urine
and expecting a fight, hear
coming is rehearsal
to London with a newly declared bum result
to celebrate: it's the birth of a new Scotland!
To celebrate I'm spending a lot of time on trains this year

