Spring 2012

From Terratactic (Ix)

Brian Laidlaw
from TERRATACTIC (IX)

1  pony expressions

i

it got grateful to be alone & loll in rare exception
such as no such zone dispatches

id wore my knuckles knocking on doors clear off
tic & fidget in barons

barren courtyards with mailbags
the scenes an orphan

punching a blue metal mailbox makes fifty red stars on it
both handed in a paradiddle

ii

shes here post hyphen hideous
an ugly mare i kissed has an ugly foal now
her moan casts a pall across the cul de sac
which i add means ass in a satchel
as the unused stamp for leaches

a pigment rouge on my jerkins crisp lapel
2  atlas at last

i

i enter the cabin carrying some hemispheres
one per shoulder

dolorous light
checker drapes on my back as a callus

i live in a shell of bark
& when this cries

its a maple split open

ii

i leave the eastern in a rocking horse stirrup
& project
int into settlements shouts

like the shouts of aphids the moons a juniper berry

a tumbler of gin in the ether
the western i warm by the hearthcraft aware of the whirr
of its columns of steam i wrinkle & press
my familys fine posters of fauna

as below the gold matte flashes

a crane manufactures a slightly smaller crane
3  homegoing

i

i found it  when all the lamplights
were going out  got scope eye

its earthquake  weather
  you said

earnest  as a plush trout on pillows
i found it
in the schoolyard  a fisher with a tiny

umbrella & a big
mouth  what then is the catch

ii

i caught it
throughout my hometown  nostalgia for
the unkempt horizon  the linear  sentence

i found it in my eye like an ash

the magmic butterfly
lure  prows wide the chasm
i found a phenomenon
called landscape
busts apart
found a hook in my lip
called affection & found it sticks together
i
grill me bout paraffin how its a film on my black friday wordsworth edition how it still spells showed shewed

i was always in good gods hands & also a god is grilling me bout paraffin how

its the carbon of yesteryear is to walk there & if the first preparation after raw

was char that the darkness of ink was intrinsic in

ii
then we were all night at shots to separate ink from its darkness i reply papa its hard being a recluse hunter or gather i either some infinities are more infinite than others like there are infinite trees but more infinite
avocados needles or leaves or
i gather blueberries
cursive & caloric
whose each little o is a cyclops eschewed in shewed
5  self portrait lakeside

confessional stance  
  with a rucksack  
i was a rare do well  
  on the docks

  i was fey but stern
  i was aloof  
but stark

  grace was a fractal fern
  grace was a light in the dark

  & the docks made of tires  
  their pitch tireless
  where i slept i pose  
  lakesick ditties

  i was dead but chipper
  i was aloof  
but hark

  grace was the little dipper
  grace would alight  
in the dark