

⚡Winner of the PIP Gertrude Stein Awards for Innovative Poetry in English
2008-2009

Bent Double

‘Sometimes I feel my shadow’s casting me’
 an excruciated stick
bent double.
Or would shadow cast its body backwards,
 improvise
the past for form’s sake, back-story cast ahead
shuttered eyeball
 snapped a bench, a waiting room,
disassembling the cross-bar, leant it parallel,
 elbow hinge
jutting through the window,
 a braceleted one ankle,
one stuck out his neck, he wrote blood-hyphens
from his nipple to their biopsy,
evidence adds up,
time to collapse it like a white stick. Maybe
what befell him
 needs this load-bearing bracket,
so we launch
Plan B to cover every angle, like the one
splayed submissively,
 shook the flimsy
door stove in, worked a towering rage,
 else careened
through every group of the lobed for the mislaid
piece that cannot be restored
 even when correct
in every lesion, every nick. The template
shakes himself then more aggressively shakes apart.
Needs must take it on,
 needs must,
in wreckage of such nullity, damage
of denial. Small growers seal confederacy,
corn harvest hurries,
 drowned villas bob
& iron wings flap torridly on sidewalks;
a lens pulls one together but his monstrous wings
tug prosaically at his lapels,
letting him down to earth in bloody chunks.
 Speech casts its speaker
forward: Kick the traces over!

Though in his previous form, which must be under-
played, dot dot dot, a flying toilet
smashed the roof,

 gaped the frontage. Wipe
that stupid character off your face,
move your hand away.

 Your big foot
crushed Versailles, the Petit Trianon.

 Locked gardens
possibly flourish

 in your forward lee. You're pissing away
the ice cap. Set your stamp.

 The hungry cars couple, couple...
What rides on each outing?
Puts away each shot glass?
Tugs at these lips?

 Diminutive arrows sew them, they smart,
a cloak is cast off the stand & I re-occupy it.