



Songlines

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Argotist Ebooks

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Argotist ebooks

Songlines

godot

1

proof?

the long arm

of the digital epoch

reaches for the brochure

on snorkelling in Samoa

stars thump

in the hollow of a night's thought

2

a remarkable resistance ...

the fist that feeds the brute

raps on the table

3

you're more than a curiosity

a tic in the eyelid

a trough of complexes

after the summer squall

a sundial

warms to my hands

and I stroke its path / stroke

the slide

of rain

as I dry out

under a bruised-blue canopy

somebody up there

restricts mobility to a stagger

wants me to wait

raps on my table

for attention

4

you stretch out

on a sofa

phone ringing

the sea / breathing erratically

you seem worried about my clothes

you unravel them

rub them up the wrong way / stuff them back in a drawer

5

I live in buildings with retractable roofs

in hills which have slipped into valleys

you've come down off your plinth

smashed corridors of glass / you drink fish

for dinner /

you're expecting

someone to arrive

the traffic lights are green / always green

nothing comes or goes / or resonates / trucks don't rumble

6

cars are historical / the 305 link passes / empty

6

in Samoa

the horizon's

a short-sighted egg-layer

dumping its load

islands

ghost amongst sharks

what's coming has the head of an albatross

the sexuality of a woman

what's real is the remoteness

of her rock

the remains

of afterbirths

of echoes

long

gone

factory music prophecies

scaffolding

packs down stripped of its

geometry & spit

the lush pink of Friday

dissolves /

an oleander tosses off stars

girls walk in stripes

destinations touching

heads & limbs

the fields of their unfurrowed fears

I flick on lamps

& birds

perforate the light
for the business of eating

they take bits out of the overall effect

I sit as if hog-tied to a table

I've this cupboard / full of factory music
machinery gyrating

new leases of life

can be viewed from inside
from outside

mouths / eyes / skin pigmentations

tend to get mixed up / / faults appear

ancestral priorities get muddled

I move hands only

& read why buggers like you & you /

bury my heart

3 paces to the left / / 3 to the right

good interpreters become priceless commodities

& people argue over

which is the best corpse in the house to hide in

camouflage is compulsory

who feeds the plants pushes at the prophecies
that push the green fronds /

what remains

marks time on the spot

a gesturing xenophobic

walks in my shoes

- *from*

 this morning's sequence
of a tree's dropped sap
a dog circling a power pole
sparrows at bread

 - from this launched beginning
of a brief intake of breath
bunched nerves bickering
 a man
with privatised fantasies
 warms hands

his home is his refuge his body
 the world / to him / is like a burnt biscuit
 which he eats

<>

and everyday he has his admirers
he needs them / needs their trickery
 their duality
 the forced poking of fun
soft needles in the ribs
the textbook drawings of a clown's posture
 he looks for diversions

<>

- from this spot

he picks a voice

to play with / pushes it in

worries it with his tongue

pushes it in

and

swallows it

the result: a regurgitation

a reincarnationist's dream

his admirers praise condemn

dismiss him

- from this birthplace

built of bricks / / we pullout select put on

newsreels record porno anecdotes play beelzebub horrors

I spend more time with him than I should

we live amongst bricks / woodwork / the stink of plaster

Grace Metalious has her place in his closet

<>

a voice from the wilderness

resonates a dialect

a spring season's vernacular blessed

the child who advertises

precocity

has gone
vamoosed

grabbed a thesaurus of verbs

high octane stuff

and packed himself off

with other people's conversations

the child dressed like Freddie Mercury

sings for his supper his mother

for a bronze plaque named/dated

where goest now young piebald

in the light of the shade

in the limp lyric of the guest speaker

who has learnt the right combination for future travel

for written lingo chiselled

on great blocks of buckled stone

##

the other day a very dead red-headed woman
was washed up on a beach beside the body of a dolphin
both had suffered had lost their meaty aerodynamics
for manoeuvring for flying through water

both had lost ghosts

##

I mollycoddle the moment
when streets burst their kerbs
 in tulips in daffodils
when trees whip out golden blossoms
 buildings unhook shadows
when Jericho comes shouting in my ears
 comes shaking bones
 and all the locals fall flat onto a football field
of disconnected commands
 vandalised rules

I enjoy the practice of *peaceful coexistence*
 the lying down of families
 the staring up at cloud-pocked skies

##

the child has learnt the significance
of stealing bread and milk from his mother
 taking her prized possessions of surviving by word of mouth

he drinks a blood donor's kindness from a plastic cup

domesticity ...

is a window a condensation hole for the eye

a shabby curtain

she overthrows a fanatic's impression

of a blue sky

 sees what I see

 a fountain in the mouth

 of a girl

dolls lined up on a hot day

new clothes already old

she procrastinates

a pleated look is the thing

 the minas spark in confusion

what exits the house

will be far different

from what enters

she pursues the behavioural habits

of a heavy electric stage band

 which brightens the city

excites streets

 the curious of the streets

the walking sleepers

the universal ventriloquists

practising conversations

on a night's exhumed corner

the expectation

is a second-to-none instalment

of living for the minute

she ignores why I'm here

black hands

sketching mythologies

of orchids / white geraniums / a grape vine

trapped on a trellis

she's labelled her garden

for the hard of sensing

written of love's pictured pedestal

in a ghost story

warhols of this world

guttural echoes

make it to the surface

I favour the rocks some way off

anticlines unlayering themselves

anatomical probes

amongst wigs of kelp

the warhols of this world

sketch dawn singers
on sheets of yellow sky

I paddle the skinline of the sea

unlocking a diary

showing blank entries

pages never turned

a pencil never used

a thought / scalped bare

my code / reduced

to a cough

this rock-star comes only once / a deity left
for the cleansing interests of flies

he pads his fingertips across soft terrain

he makes news

signs autographs from a distance

the beach shifts its sunspots

the weather vane

clicks / above the green pavilion

the weather vane

spins for cricketers

for girls surfing

for summer stretched out like a coloured shirt

I favour the river fizzing

towards the sea

I plot the route home

listening to music dialogues hatching

magpies being shot at

people in a car wake up

their kind of loving

dissolves

in a flash

reaffirmation is a brief exchange of turning up the volume

what to write

to say

my hit list changes rapidly

loyalties form splinter groups

I try to disregard the onslaught of influences

my instinct is to hide

in the middle of a paddock /

some way off

pastoral staircase

measure the changeover

how long it takes

the staggered foetal start

plagued by the grubbiness of veneration

by tomb-like touches gone soft

and I'm it / the person

selling smutty pictures

cheap massage sessions

promoting back-street practices

favours

for favours

the physical remake of a dreamer

I'm the person

outside the butcher's

watching hooked-up sheep

their paddock life / a flayed-alive pastoral

you shake your hair
and the sun flares up

windows ignite

small quasars

spin

pulse

get organised

like haloes

and you braid them into your hair

I parade your vivaciousness

amongst ancestral stones

long-drawn-out days

the houses turned back to front

whores and holy men

making love against walls

(a warped grandeur has hardened with age)

I'm the Halloween mask

which lights up

to catch moths / bats

the worms

which sodomize the night

we meet / / always

in this savagery of sequels

eye-shaped capsules

capturing

where we'd like to get off

town street country?

you make the call
pull in the dialogue

we exchange

this summer's dive into a fragrant upsurge

white sap

from kisses

blurred insinuations

burnt atoms on the bodies of plants

you make the call you cut your hair you climb / stairs

holes for seeing with

1

she stoops

and inhales the pungency

of a future unsullied

unspooned

a gruel delivered thick and vaporous

2

dipped bread / oils her lips

the appetites of people

queue

like eucharist hunters

wanting stories

to wrap in their mouths

to last and last

3

she's like a cat

curled around her milk

a possessive reaction

of what's mine is mine

I mop the floor

rub in the sun

colour-code a family

amongst the reflections

4

a hole for seeing with

isn't sufficient

to persuade my parents

that it's me at the top of the street

staring down at the sea's great wash

of the morning after

when the night's fight

didn't come

the teeth in the neck

didn't puncture the skin

5

I stare down

at the torso

of our house

at the knotting wisteria

the pagan attention to detail

I pursue angles

a walk in the park / an elopement /

6

a calendar

scribbles over homilies

dates are crossed out / magnetic

stickmen suck in numbers

around here

nobody's interested

in what she wants from the boy next door

7

a hole for seeing with

is repeated

raw recruits

are trucked in as required

for the preservation of peace

for the one

who assumes he needs the practice

the sharpshooter

obeying orders

the one

who has the privilege

of choosing / what's most effective

what to hold

a silencer in the flesh my friend

songlines

catching them

requires a net

a barbed hypodermic

a mouth wide enough

to suck in daylight

and all the archangels

the posse-types chant

for bullet-proof bibles

catching songlines

is a privilege / like

going on a mind crawl

from brain

to brain

latching onto rainbows

splitting all colours up –

being slurped down

the gullets

of famished children

from hoardings

jumbled numbers spin upwards

through streets

through cantankerous clouds

a crooner sings in the shade
alleyways snap at ladies' legs
at boys where three's a crowd

I've come out of the sun
to songlines bucking / twisting
musical chairs running for cover

someone
has cleared the riff-raff
from crapping in paddocks
on concrete steps / on paths
leading to homes built on homes
the inhabitants competing
for totemic perches

I've scrutinized the caged-earth policy
of a woman
digging up her lovers
sitting them cross-legged /
like damaged gods

from his voice-box hole
the crooner
sings for the squalor
of pigeons

for some individual to step forward

to give instructions /
on how to avoid the rapacity

of hands

clutching at wingspans

over Asia

the cooking pots /

rimmed with teeth

like damaged goods

I place on a shelf

the many growth spurts of this woman

her shelled fragments

the ultimate incarnation

of her soul's head

on a block

the carcass that's going nowhere

on this shelf

there's evidence of something

not quite right – an organ donor

pinned

to her plank of silence

the squirm and thrust of her discomfort

the hip-knock

of her arse /

offends / appeals

shakes Sunday do-gooders awake

her landscaped purgatory

blows sky high

and animals rain down hard

on wet-creased streets

for 40 days /

off and on

catching songlines

in this climate

is for the privileged only

relatives

boxed in with thoughts

talk of home invasions

dial a chinese / / for a change

hydrangea translucency

hunched converts

barricade the only road out

they huff 'n puff into groups -

with long-stemmed bazookas

tucked under fierce thoughts

all walks of life front up uniformed / and ready

to take sides

choose colours / mascots / a sponsored drink

the blue hydrangeas hang heavy now

mine enemies

have chosen the ghettos to play in / have infiltrated the ranks /
intermarried / mongreled-up their relationships
and encouraged a squashed-in / each-to-themselves
failed mentality

I've chosen to be

where forests of tower blocks

peer down from penthouse heights where sacrificial lambs

breed randomly

oblivious of the promised slaughter

once cut

the blue hydrangeas stoop to conquer

with you the day's heat

has a lot to do with people's actions – it's a question
of summing up a scene – charging at the logo'd
firebrands – splitting asunder the cordons
of *do not enter this estate* – a question of how to proceed
to the piled-up resistance further on

a strange translucency makes the going clearer

we're set on blowing the *hostiles*

straight up the chorusing chimneys

you show me

a gap in the horizon's wall

and mates rates for a holiday

free of book-banging rages

you display mug shots

in favour of John the Baptist

I smell meat loaves cooking
 cooling
 being sliced
 for human consumption

the house I built

floats on a red sea of dyed grass

rarely ...

do I sniff

the line breaks of your skin

step up close to feel your hands

attracted to

universal epitaphs
public announcements

the locked atoms
with all your answers

buildings glassed in /

by tiny people

tin drums / cymbals marching

#

rarely do I occupy

the cones the silences of where you've been

or skirt the barbed-wire fences

that encircle the city the bodies

hooked into submission

uncertain

their clothes kicked for rags

#

I walk the grooves of primitive wheels

the camps of skin

families who scavenge

you hot-foot it

through hostile places / wrap

coded messages

in ragged disguises

charms (self-made)

clip-tuck your hair

the look

to find the light

that's searching

all encompassing

spooked niches

breed infant shadows

perfect / lively / endgames

tumbling into puberty

too quickly for mirrors to keep up

it's a race

(the clobber of boots on concrete the iron-in-the-soul indoctrination
of one monopoly's Midas touch one solar surge into another)

it's a race

the counting up

counting down

integers in their global equation

of when

or how many -

do practicums work?

it's the look / the matter of look

of time

I admit tampering with her bracelet / necklace
the red coils of her hair

I admit soiling the words

smearred around her lips

the dyed in the cloth image of her hanging

from optic gossamer

over sunburnt gardens

the crushed clutter of residential

the mega-bite wounds

of suppurating sea cliffs

her hero's beard

is caked with additives

and she licks him like sugar

like salt

she licks him / slicing through with her tongue

the taste turns her

to the addict in her parlour

the powdered white hand

the glistening dewfall

to find the light

the look of capturing
the marked
the unmarked
the river defecating
the city shrugging off
it's goodnight rebellion
its men
ulcerating at work
its women
bundling up babies
to adorn their sideboards

with her / it's been a romp through transparent forests /
dimensions with difference / trials by practice / orgiastic
clarities of highs and lows /

she associates only too well

and turns to the addict in her parlour

I degrade the vision

cut holes in its expanse

remodel the earthworks

of who shall cross its threshold

she shows me around / as if from room

to room

pointing out the death beds

the birth beds

the avuncular figure

in love with his clock

the sky's hard lines

castles rotting in trousers of wood

she unclips aspects of herself

for me to look at

to hold / / fondle

I stare at the waters

of a calendar continuously

breaking

selves incorporated

one by one I stand up

stand down

self helping

self replicating

persons unknown tighten screws in wood

tighten voices in boxes

silence is fleeting

in this deep end of the forest

a parrot tunes up its windpipe

a horse snuffles messages in grass

a steer locks horns

with a zodiac punter -

I pace out

my peripheral notification

and keep to the outskirts

of where I live / / amongst houses

which burrow out of sight /

which sprout periscopes each morning

my focus is full on

beyond the boxed-in estates

wooden palisades

the incestuousness of families

possession by conquest

makes groundbreaking progress

my chimney's calligraphy

suggests a shrinking of substance

of head space

of where to stand

what's in it for selves incorporated

I contaminate the gardens

of my belonging / I do it silently

as if it were a privilege / a duty / a thing which has to be done /
a necessary marking of carved posts / a smudging on the silver-green
blades of summer's new grass

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