

Speakbright Leap Password

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NEW AND SELECTED POEMS

ULLI FREER



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from Rushlight

4.

ochre shadows
pulses flushed
paradise
ant hill in termites nest

scumble reveals open rush
the adverts of negation
resemblance to each other
in any language
wash of white
establishing greys

beaten out

the London dialects
properties
& into conversation glazes
air between the fingers
being fixed to some account

in London did they speak
the door agents
paid by drafts

6.

rains as the spring tides
whose debts were on shore
were breaking red
not above
that they will carry more fallout
Mr Law overflowing with damages
sea company choked up the room

furnishing white cliffs
keeping green on the carpet
screens on fire
dictated interference
flesh hangs thin as a sword blade
in lines the white hot space
submerged
by the bridge
in
a chair
water

that the hands fit to export
eat out the wear of them
because of the worm
that eat them
was in callicoes
legislative power
according to directions
several paragraphs up enter
the blue yards of our stuffs
are not the clerks sufficient suppression
to dispatch them quick
enough over the ice
satisfy paying off the public
the armaments
bankers in the Cornhill
mountains

mountains
of grain
& the gravel purples
water in the head
this high tide
fell out at noon
women
&
their daughters
freshwaters
men
houses
property to control
whirlpools
in broken dykes

struggle to pass
back & forth
the same syringe
they speak at the dunes
for their cure
more sand hits our eyes
& deeper into desert

blood rusts horizon
there is no moon
blackwidow spiders
on ceiling
witness enough to prove
all his forces
why
the web in his head

a vehement fire happened
breath that eats them
broke out in a colour shop

by the boiling over of turpentine

language he spoke
burnt down that house
& whoever was therein
subscribe to the canvas he said
perhaps of a greater moth
goods I mean says he
manufactures chrome
& when these gold
tongues melt embezzling matter till
their return
out of the country uranium
deals where there is
no evidence of a bill of sale

burn down that house
the white swan inn sea house
foundations flare gulf
strong contrary winds
& vast
bleaching fields

7.

jaw point cut sharp to white papers
from the moraine of government
poverty crush & packing ice
& then green
the sheep crack fleece
in this turbulence
of mooring in & out to the work bench

the right arm pivoted at elbow
dawn arcs drawn maximum
for right hand
clenched working the square mile
synchronised with the clock

those that hesitate for any length of time
are given an idle time ticket
to idle in mists
of computer pollution
that radiates
from tree barren

& the remaining land
plotted on maps
landowners of their estates
into their mouths
a passing cloud
strips them
completely strips them
of dead weight riches
compass a stabbing gesture of north
& south divided
morass
barely alive in mechanical heartland
stockjobbing greed
of concrete foundations
reaching heights

with cardboard skirts
at ground level
begging cold stiff hands
reach out cracked blue
by the affluence
light structure
fragments against buildings
banking to cloud
with money blindness
in the dark of privacy
yield in traffic
these sort of dealings
filled with confusion
& blue-flies will be forced
they write
have dug a ditch
in rock
as a pretended advantage
insolent in fortune
& double dealing
bound either way
capital
mainly by bold cliffs
near the head
&
corrosive white

8.

a clock runs upon
inhabitants of city
that cried & howled
in the most dreadful manner
again
to open the bulk of its body
to horde its wealth

the continuing crash lands
when money will not circulate
between bundles of rags
that beg at every subway
swearing to strike saying
that even the dogs are stuffed

night slams shut Prussian blue
locked out against
neon working environment
lying with the tripe-man's wife
another decade they roar
democracy in its narrowest sense
obliterated on lips
bitter motions on both sides
to reinforce line
with the severity of law

terror into the people
most clutch fear
controls of their screens
as though
of a human shape
time subliminal
it comes from the sea
menu ebbs
different places

sucked into the largeness
of its head

held together
by the mending hand
visible measures for
reducing the rebels
prepared to surge
then multiply
find pulses
when the barometer
stands at storms