

The Hutton Inquiry

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The Hutton Inquiry

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*This book is dedicated to the life and memory of my dad
Paul McCabe (1948–2004)*

Contents

A TASTE OF VERDIGRIS	1
A Taste of Verdigris	3
Milton Keynes	6
Modern Realist Keep-Fit Poem	7
Twilight Fishing	8
Fancy an Indian	9
Poems for Lunch	10
Michelangelo Manufactured by the Murdoch Empire	12
Père-Lachaise Cemetery	14
Interpreting Flying Dreams	16
A Piglet Imperialism	17
Cititrix	18
Two for the Zoo	19
Flossing for Fishhooks	20
Sky Tree Wank Star	21
Post-Its	22
Network	23
running poet's heart thinks in free verse when it rains	24
Case Study	25
Garbagesleep	26
The Other Tonight	27
Babalaas	29
Dylan's Bust	30
The Garden Party	32
Dance of the Victorian Remote Control	33

PROGRESS POEMS	37
# 1,502: <i>letter to rupert murdoch regarding his smile</i>	39
# 601: <i>punk</i>	40
# 1,991: <i>kiss my arse or I'll kick your head in</i>	41
# 11: <i>wittgenstein</i>	43
# 1,336: <i>1938</i>	44
# 227: <i>lunch-break powernap:</i>	45
# 902: <i>graduating</i>	46
# 1,927: <i>annual conference:</i>	47
# 1,394: <i>the allies</i>	49
# 743: <i>thatcher & the brighton bomb</i>	50
# 1,492: <i>THE STAND-dOWN cOMEDIAN:</i>	52
# 185: <i>search engines</i>	53
# 838: <i>the class divide</i>	54
# 764: <i>painting the sky:</i>	55
#1,291: <i>beyond iraq</i>	56
# 800: <i>ivor cutler</i>	57
# 1,772: <i>a drunk man compares teenage pregnancies to a horse chestnut</i>	58
# 192: <i>suburbs train</i>	60
# 659: <i>cleaning habits:</i>	61
# 255: <i>darwin</i>	62
# 666: <i>surprise visitations</i>	64
# 592: <i>theatre of war</i>	65
# 1,906: <i>bonnie & clyde</i>	66
#374: <i>revisionist theories</i>	67
# 433: <i>the jogger</i>	68
# 171: <i>mobile phone games in first class</i>	69
# 1,333: <i>defining genre:</i>	70

# 555: <i>george w. bush</i>	71
# 302: <i>indexing blighty</i>	72
# 87: <i>bakhtin's smoking habits</i>	73
# 21: <i>the martyrs</i>	74
# 1,803: <i>the lads</i>	75
# 457: <i>a perfect imagist poem</i>	76
# 409: <i>on the night bus:</i>	77
# 702: <i>the union</i>	78
# 959: <i>television networks</i>	79
#1,857: <i>media coverage</i>	80
# 1,687: <i>backseat activism</i>	81
# 328: <i>management styles:</i>	82
# 1,531: <i>internet death of chris mccabe</i>	83
#278: <i>genetically modified</i>	84
# 819: <i>barflies</i>	86
# 526: <i>some propaganda</i>	87
# 972: <i>pre-reading reception:</i>	88
# 189: <i>vincent van gogh</i>	89
# 1,111: <i>ezra pound</i>	90
# 911: <i>self-referential poetics</i>	91
# 1,174: <i>industrial reminder</i>	92
# 850: <i>red label classification in the letter library</i>	93
# 1,061: <i>sunday morning</i>	94
#133: <i>the office</i>	95
# 50: <i>james joyce</i>	96
# 471: <i>a particularised history of cocaine</i>	97
# 1,002: <i>rome; a play in eleven lines</i>	98
# 299: <i>thank you tony</i>	99
# 1,463: <i>michael jackson</i>	100

# 986: <i>winter</i>	101
# 1,600: <i>in england</i>	102
# 701: <i>maslow</i>	103
# 1,094: <i>billy the kid retires, marries & turns to poetry</i>	104
# 1,744: <i>the hippocritopotamus</i>	105
# 842: <i>wittgenstein 2</i>	106
# 1,231: <i>shopping</i>	107
# 170: <i>the divorce rate</i>	108
# 1,192: <i>osama bin laden</i>	110
THE SMOG: LONDON POEMS	111
The London Weather News	113
Untitled	114
Three London Poems	115
Zone	117
Jogging in the Country Park	118
Any Normal Day in Dagenham	119
London Migration Sequence	120
THE HUTTON INQUIRY	127
“22 May – a meeting . . .”	130
“processes of summer . . .”	131
“best game . . .”	132
“one man’s notion . . .”	133
“Dr Kelly described . . .”	134
“similarity in appearance . . .”	135
“pre-emptive attack . . .”	136
“Email hours . . .”	137

<i>“washing on the line: in the house style . . .”</i>	138
so every book is a car, then?	140
A New Iraqi Flag	141
A Late Arrival	142
Crikey	143
High-Risk Sunday League Strategy	144
SOME TRINKETS: FOR SARAH	145
Some Trinkets	147
A Note for Sarah	148
Shortwood	149
Slices	151
The Girl Who Cried Fox	153
A Christmas Poem	154
Fairy Tale: The Wolf & the Book	155
Uttoxeter	157
Delicious	159

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A Taste of Verdigris

A Taste of Verdigris

PAYDAY

that unmistakable feeling

enchanted

fairytale landscape

masquerading as empire

DELIA

sanitised kitchenry self-embezzled in an honest

understanding of weight issues

the great connexion on the big topic

either up for the butter

or flat out on the fat

unspoilt & still in

partaking at the petit-bourgeois patisserie

amazes this, all from white like doves

the egg's hardboiled & unfreckled

laid in marble

& between the shell & the membrane

a little air pocket

like a navel—or from another perspective—

keegan's chin—

a miracle self-made plexi-pop:

if it floats in water, reject it.

duff air between the shell & membrane:

that my dear is where we reside.

THREE KINDS OF LIES:

lies

damn lies

& the core LIE\$ we had to learn

A LITTLE BET

four for fun
when the going's good
at the tip
of the survival/pleasure paradigm
folded later into £1.28
embarrassment curbed
by a decent bookie
like he wants me to win
"if we owe it, we'll pay it"
exchanged for the four mile round trip
& the week's chopped tomatoes

EXTENDED OVERDRAFT

the day the overdraft extended
(three years, rejected)
blood watered electric barclaysblue.

strange this feeling of winning.

READY, STEADY . . .

citizens: the chisel in the potato jawed presenter
confesses to sex on the dancefloor & an unnatural
attraction to the shortcrust tory chef

before offering today's pearler:
the problem with 2-for-1 offers
is that you buy one & throw one away

apparently

SOME SAVINGS SET ASIDE

ones & twos crawled like limescale's chainmail
up the 'volvic' bottle
for the totem exchange
of a new set of pans

TASTE OF THE COLOUR OF MONEY

synaesthesia of the money buffer
copper & the taste of verdigris

Milton Keynes

grey glass pocket shots of Milton Keynes
a language made of oohs & ahs
emotion hits the orange zone 19:45:58
sun salmonpink defied not to retain on the retina
& if so, to burn out the negative with a spotted torch—
happier than ever before is a palpable thing
in the seats in front
bassett's liquorice allsorts & REAL LIFE magazine
reflection in the mirrored cubicle
throws back plasmascreeen white
slightly more boozeworn than it was before
though it's a toughy for you I know
to ask for leave
to hold the hand the very hand
of the Drinking Machine

Modern Realist Keep-Fit Poem

it Emails itself, this poem: two weeks
before reading—replicated in inbox
incurring an acute sense of *déjà vu*
on immediate impression—

triangle lionlight scrolled full on her face, smiling—

Re: definitions of culture:

lexical finger-trigger compressed between ‘cell-phone’
& the stalling descriptor like lighter flint or scalextrix
sparked plastic at the syllabic bend
ce’ ce’ ce’ ce’ ce’ ce’ ce’ ce’ ce’
‘cellulite’ said at last with self-disgust
like its news to us (shakespeare complete CD-Rom: no hits)
tinned meat jelly resealed in sausage skin
ugly: yes, but arseways up in the flood

in the jacuzzi
buoyant on an airwet jiffy bag
patrol hit the switch which flattens the surface
to check drowned bald prairie of sex
which we foresee & fart mutually
so someone at patrol suggests the switch wasn’t pressed
& bubbles sing perineums again

through the glass
fitness suitors, lycra digital mapped thighs
registers energy burned tracks under trains
sliding safe / less safe / unsafe
punctuated with an introduction to spiritual journeys
lap warmed legroom windscreen visored light
—radio radio radio
& sweetwrapper full glove compartments

Twilight Fishing

for Ste

1

sparrow's attention span. clockwork birds in the deranged tree.
shards of the glass months shattered over the pond top. heart-thump
of the rod. musclegick in the snot-net. line like light from a nightlamp
lost in the empty eyesocket of the black throat. fleshbone of larynx.
cut it. *let it swim*. red-gold kick. sinking glove. guilt image exact on
the retina smeared to surface. *that will probably die now* I said. I don't
think I thought it would.

2

this was the truth one. *carp*: wood-carved in the mouth. not *a* but *the*
—shock caught watched in the eye of the lake. known silt mover of the
nightdrunk angler. known selfstamped genuine of the book; the first
over europe's jolt roads hybridised to ghost carp offspring. becoming
still under wet paper's see-through skin soft-ripped. cool release in black
monastery pools—memories, matins, bells—submerged heartleaves of fins.
dissolving in twilight before the too-late. to mooncap its vision & try to
lift its weight. to try to. to hold up gold.

Fancy an Indian

Canadian mountains
in summer
glib blue
in the booth
kitsch
with a quote
unrelatable
“out out brief candle
life is but a walking shadow”
swedish girl with loud
london tosser measures
his jokes against
her UK visa
he fills the language gap
with “doggy bag”
explains
“process of elimination”
as rewalking steps
to find the lost
five pound note
or doing the train again
for luckless keys
held tense clinked silence
maintains
maintains
“queen, you must ween knowledge
from the wings”

Poems for Lunch

1

penetrative genius lock-picks concentration's hub
BIG ISSUE shoved between eyes & poems
when last week the same man announced it
with a tune : di-derrida
which made no difference & with more patience
but the same lack of money still don't buy it
Thames prickled silver like silverfoil pricked
for recreational drug use seen once high
stop at the booksellers to flick a guide to fishing
by a quartet of the best anglers from the 1960's
first turned page has a balding picture in black & white
with text I won't forget:
"fish are not concerned with your comfort only their own"
which makes me think of a smoking jacket, slippers
& a hot fish pie
& the Thames bereft of dead fish, even, on their side
only amoeba explosions of soft silt mud
which brings footsteps & time into the realm of the synchronised
up the steps to the poetry factory