

Blade Pitch Control Unit

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SEAN BONNEY



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To the memory of
Burhan Tufail
1963-2004

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The Domestic Poem (2000)

(cross harbour. at the right. windy crossroad. past the george.
keep to left. got a market on your body. 3 souls. left at school.
1 minute. Manchester road. 3 minutes.

**leg twitch. listen. the forest door. or brewing coffee / the
kitchen table. papers. hissing. waiting (where d'you put
that voice (left at the siren. blowing stones**

walk on. strike softly away from children.
image: 30,000 years. but shops remain.
got open eye hatch life. sea-lilies, sea-whip:
walk on. pearls in fists, turn up to force 8 &
gizza kiss, to crack on these ribs,
go shopping. for tanks for furnace for fibre
for nettle. them homes are taken. built
from nails them homes. strike softly. siren
step stone. step it, his pretty property
ground to pebbles. & spitting. & shopping.
carried in pockets to river. & nettle. & fibre.
& coils. & rain. & shadows rumble

It doesn't matter if music's attached to the scene when **your ears are stuffed with silver**. Each house is on its own cycle, you walk in from the street and the scene changes *what secret is this*. Perhaps the house of someone you've never known. Perhaps a landscape. In the foreground, a sovereign, a child. Placing the head in his wide mouth.

A photo on the wall and sounds glued to the windows. Border sound. Imsonic (and a presence behind the walls. That you know what it is and shadows. Bookbreath. How to get to and eat it. How lipfuck. To get the tongue in (**in other words // what that means // photocopy the dictionary paste it over the windows you'll still see the sky but**

Mayday

Whatever's missing will be here by spring.
you can date it, you can wrap it, you can
stamp it flat. Don't you worry, it's instant
product. Don't worry about what it is,
it'll bore us. Here in the market we're eating
dogs and honey. Whatever's missing
has never stopped yelling, it was always
the wax in our ears, was amoeba conduction.
I accord no sympathy, no ginger digression,
but flesh it, and the planet moves. Its
a question of biting the hand, expectant
child vs. real fangs. Its called dehydration,
locked in the square till the chief pig rises
from the soil where dust was thrown. Magma
dust, boiling, scorch alembic, transformed
on the bone track its simply what happens,
its every good kid's duty, to smash up
McDonald's and eat some granite. You know
you could choke for years. Or you could stop it.
With the third stone it's possible to discover any
person in any part of the world: did you hear
about that guy who went to a party with a brick
on his face, as the chirping of birds, the lowing
of beasts. Shame begins the dawn shall become
a true oracle. Calcium splinters on impact, do you,
running through pits of hysterical sun, posing for
photographers, a ring of cops around the neck.
If you feel weighed down don't worry, it's only
the price-tag in your mouth, stored in police files
as wealth jangles in pockets and you study
what words mean when you don't understand,
when you don't know you can't be sure. Meanwhile,
you wake up in the morning and pebbles have not

grown in your throat, suggesting the five differences
between granite and cows. This isn't hysteria.
Its as rational as anyone's likely to get, as pebbles
split, scratch toads. It isn't a question, not even
of wealth. Just when and is he ever, does he ever
intend to get those leather hands off my throat.

There's got to be something to do about the hole in the door, the paint on the walls *cowslip. jagwort. helix. monksbeard*) the replacement of stains to unhook the telephone calls. send them free, skidding. watch them scraping the skybrood. then fill in the holes. **whatever. grimly count your pennies.**

(and whatever satisfaction that might **such a pity. and toads there, waiting in shadows.** the view from the window bears little relation to *bitten and sulph'd* have you ever been to the end of the street. take a good hard look at the imitations. they're growing.

Just going down there to post a letter
Left at the siren
Down there down that / gone down
From letter to letter
Vessel to vessel
Latched
Locked
The vessel
Loaded
Remain in the vessel (dyou think it will
Rain
Its mad here mad to
Severe love
Cling to that
Will break still love
Steal away
Loaded
Locked
Down there down that/ its all a
Gate
M st
E
Locked / shut
My love
Away
Throbbing in
 Driftwood

A few ghosts
From vessel to vessel
On impact
Rainballs burst (in
 nettles and bronze
 intact