

Lake Shore Drive

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Also by John Wilkinson:

Oort's Cloud (Barque)

Proud Flesh (Salt)

Flung Clear (Parataxis Editions)

Effigies Against the Light (Salt)

Contrivances (Salt)

Lake Shore Drive

JOHN WILKINSON



CAMBRIDGE

PUBLISHED BY SALT PUBLISHING
PO Box 937, Great Wilbraham, Cambridge PDO CB1 5JX United Kingdom

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First published 2006

Printed and bound in the United Kingdom by Lightning Source

Typeset in Swift 9.5 / 13

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ISBN-13 978 1 84771 255 7 paperback
ISBN-10 1 84771 255 9 paperback

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1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

for Maudie

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Acknowledgments

Barque Press published *Iphigenia* as a pamphlet in 2004. The final part of this poem has been revised.

'Organise, Move and Back Up' was published as a broadsheet for a reading at the University of Maine on February 12, 2004.

Other poems have appeared in the print journals *Bad Press Serials*, *Chicago Review*, *Drill*, *The Gig*, *Poetry Review* and *QUID*, in the on-line journal *Free Verse*, and in the anthologies *100 Days* (Barque Press, 2001) and *River Pearls* (EPSI, Guangzhou 2005).

This book benefited from the generosity of North East London Strategic Health Authority in granting a sabbatical year which allowed the take-up of a Fulbright Scholarship at the Nathan S. Kline Institute for Psychiatric Research, New York. Many thanks to Carolyn Regan and Janet McMillan.

Lake Shore Drive

All hangs together, I am in chains. Unfortunately I do not quite know what floor I am on, perhaps I am only on the mezzanine.

SAMUEL BECKETT

Just don't expect lemurs to magically appear from the fine print of the self-storage contract.

KEVIN DAVIES

Mercator

A lovers' shadow, thumbed
from waxy & ambitious
skins advances to the knoll,
casts its bolt, sees eye to eye,

the sticking place is always
darling that reluctant
ever to seal over, coercive
pulls their troubled shade.

Merry co-star will deflect
as though impregnable,
spot spent position-taking
startles to the bigness there,

taps the shadowy mound
loosening caught heels.
Darling sweat the loud
thunder, let its rolls extend

crescendo on crescendo,
flattening a carefully-cut
circle. In San Diego, loaded
sequencers conceive cells.

Dateline

Fingers move across the buttons
in all-there, in nothing-doing,
am they being spoken to.
If you want help, go to the back wall,
in the one-person capsule
to the touch screen. Forensics
cleans up your footprint departed.

Alone they work in concert.
Without betraying a word, they work—
is that an improvised runway? Is
to the same end, is that blood?
that a gang-attack? It saw a severed
head below the elder bush,
or am I a report recently launched?

Save that for a one-man outburst:
there in the world, boulders of lint
shine, make clattering noises,
names are dropped, people dropped,
policies dropped, special effects
run the mill. Internal
motivation gallops in sealed units.

Abacus

A touch looped so to rest
constituted, which by maul
content, touched-on it
betrays. Geranium
traffic drips off the rain,

out of sight out of mind
steeply that it might linger.
Foxglove fingers
snuggling the figures
made for its drops to veer:

pray all activity heed
the one account, divining
bones, the turbid sky
slipping its distillate
from wire to wire, touch

paper, touchstone. What
was had by drip-feed,
run-off of the one
instalment, padding bones,
rolls in immaculate skin.

Squared Off

This is the same room, equable,
to itemize is not to have returned
stuffed with things ill-recollected
either upon this stele, or bellywise.

Are these the surroundings to love,
here were shaken down, frayed
or are they not let in? The things
leather, tarnished smiles, cold hands

scrabbling at valves but intermit,
bury vials during gaps in flow—
re-pump a negative pressure room.
Spins the stylus, floats the pointer,

taking stock of surroundings: are
things in their place, in balance—
favourite persons once counted out,
objects for distrait, sequestered?

A Reasonable Settlement

Here is how we shall settle down. Map
the neglected plot, build military roads
for the school run. Those poltergeists
can throw stones into the satellite nets—

Here is how we deal with obstructions.
Irrigate the soil with colourless blood,
worrying out stones. Poltergeists scuttle
to concoct their clumsy, abstract title-

deeds out of hardcore & galvanised &
corrugated, stretch-marked plastic sheets,
plotting some reality. Ghost mortgagers,
we shall make them real with a punch.

Cité Sportif

Cité Sportif: testing aerobically, by step change
sponsors the crisis so the constant will bricks burn.
Unilateral gives a hand blade-first to a domestic
falange hampered by no fingers follows through/
losing feet halted
lost half her face.

Spare this without fail
curated utmost measures clowning cutoff guns,
torn-blossom aesthetics, paper-eaters
cannot obstruct
an armed proxy, artfully arrange their clippings.

- Oxygen of suppression
- Suck-out from the dug-in
- The tell-tale account switch

wrist-flashing lane IDs
neon-clocked down the strip totally what stamped
intelligence docket couldn't, can you stomach, you
have no stomach which must be superscription
documents sent ahead, to add up to a fateful boy
dubbed incorrigible had from birth or by neglect
traded for time in blocks,
the flat soles cushioned,
the Uzi clips were shucked—

options bud to bud maturing, evidence this moon-
face freewheels a urethral crook, heads for home,
made up, really made, what respect resections him:
His birth-repeat spatters
the real stomach contents not some installed shit.

- Eat & cannibalise
- Pastry-cut trainer soles

- Eat stadium *tropicália*
- This mental block

fly-posted, tag-painted to dissolve, dressed to calculate aggressive daub, organize MP3s:
would an intelligence captain tremble at their well-heeled, feasted song opening with bloody boxes trodden down, stamped out?

His own work. Solely. Stamps
authoritatively.

Native soil. Folds

plain enchiladas. Sunk ballads to regurgitate, fend the fast food he'll have to chew then slew!

subversively, orbs crusted in portentous sugar, seized scallops, interrogation suit has gold thread detailing, monogram tweezered through each

face-grating swabs

these legs, these hands, a man will round the bend for first place on the last lap,

mount the impregnable dais

A hard day

A Riefenstahl

fitness course

between holes could the bunker, could the green,
this hole draw back the skin like a parachute/
clingfilm-wrap what they spilt/ drove from earth
the fox & all proxies bearing parts in their mouths

I think not

I think not

Cité Sportif

Theatrical in their casting out, their eyes strew
engineer the woman they'd once conceived
adorns now bus shelters, nightclubs, wheel-
chairs with drawn-up hearts & carriage, hers
& others', match iconoclasts in rose-red cities,
holy place overlaid on holy place overlaid
where to go round the more scopes the whole.

You are driving but across its range
throwing up, throwing up.

Turn a corner down, turn down its dog-eared
corner, take the corner to see the velodrome
assemble all loose objects including humans—
in L'viv say, then copy, wire New Record Poll,
double crows-feet emblazoned on the sheets,
the critical targets trackside huddle, count,
tagged to every object twisting for aerial skier.

Alive, the broidered initial
but splints your bones' collision.

Using a proprietary measurement scheme,
what takes away wipes the grimace entirely,
nothing gives birth but count in time stitches

- Hold the torchlight
- Hold the explosion
- Replenish dugout stores.

Civic-minded recycling, how does that differ,
bring the choke-points to collection
points he pokes at groggily,