

burned her candle stick
like a codpiece smouldering
 he dreaming
of "only a woman's hair"
swift stella! where is love?

GONE

in your empty house
in the dust of a thousand footsteps
my cigarette butt glows -- dying
my love has a big house
where she sleeps in a little room
behind a locked door
 i sleep by the fireplace
with the other dogs

like the spider waiting in the web
like the wasp --
her nest

the tranquilizer on the floor
on edge
if the wind blows hard will roll
roll
accumulating dust like a white wheel

that fist rammed through the wall
is it yours?
 no sly grins!
and be careful of the
plaster and the lathing
the landlord
is a sensitive man!

screaming hinges
writing letters in the wind
the sun outside roaring on the rocks
the taste of last night in my mouth

shut all the drawers
cork all the bottles
turn off the taps
and screw your imagination
to the bed

belt buckle bent
broken fly
spots on pants
that'll never dry

walking up and down
in ibiza town
with a s t i c k
flaming in his teeth
like mighty god
 a little man from far away
has come to flirt with death
 and play
the horn and walk the hills
and drink the sea down to its rills

four a.m.
engine throb
taxi?
to where?

tying your shoe
i fainted into the crotch
of your beauty
thighs subtle roundness
holding doom

with bits of bone
and rusty wire
i'll make a box
for my desire
 oh space oh flames
oh hook of time

i salute you old friend!
death be with you till we meet again!
yellow urine in your yellow cup
skol with the skull if your head be gone!

how does he move to enter night
how does he go into death
 blood birds wind owls
raising stones against the tide
let him plunge into the silent waters

burning stones
beat dark space
crying death
in air's black face

PLAGUE

a prodigious number in itself
add no reasons
you don't have to believe
 thousands died a week
courage failed those bearing dead
and the city was peopled
with terror and confusion