

Set I

*the cuckoo is a pretty bird,
she warbles as she flies*

The cuckoo is a
- BANG -
he was a big freak:
weirds have wrappt his
hail & gunnery,
his pronouns & his minds:
watching some documentary
scales, words stalked them,
warbled as they -
equated money with intelligence,
used the word 'reverie'
clean as a dipped saint -
I don't eat that bread /
yesterday I was still dead.

My character was taken
was not yours, who
secretly my small thighs
& the british anarchist movement
stayed indoors:
halt, magnetic sea
& shun mad company.
halt, intelligence
I got my goose shoes on
& talk eclipse, the town is stupid
love fool love,
or we could brick their windows
the aged parents broken,
exposed to annoyance & danger

Back when I was still cruel -
OK, say that again
this time with malevolent roses,
some specks of lords, some
totally harmless character:
the town's last cinema is broken,
& the rest were maimed & slain.
OK, say the word brain,
this time with malevolent roses
mumbled as in a 'reverie'
like lingerie & a clean blade
OK, do that again
we got from London what we needed
slaughter the fascist BNP.

O bitter magnet, we shine
inside the most vivid colours
- *archaic pop reference here* -
but my methods are scholarly
like many a gallant gentleman
I lay gasping on the ground
magnetic & flashing
as any wild-wood swine
we spoke with hail but
my methods -
“most fertile yuppie scum”
my methods are -
I seem to have anarchic tendencies
but I hang around with Trots.

O bitter mag -
what her lawyer called a brain snap
was a naked man, was cruel
after suffering: you can't have
your eyes / ran trickling
although she is your wedded
weird -
I bet he did I bet he
ran trickling down his knee, by fire
I bet he fell down those
warbled thighs -
you cannot have her eyes -
the final host of the murdered soul
net

obviously they read books in hell:
they are passionate and scared,
intersected at bitter angles /
the british anarchist movement,
its scales & documents
splintered under a false full moon
embroidered over with burning gold
not
we don't know who they are
not
intersected at oblique angles,
the power to hurt, for example
splat -
in London town where they did dwell.

anyway, eclipse, as I was saying
with my small brain broken
inside the most vivid moments
with hail scales and etc -
yuppie characters -
slaughter the suffering moon
or watch some documentaries
flashing like zombies
or intelligence
inside our rumoured eyes -
oh pity / aged anarchists are scared
but obviously this reverie, intersected
the police system of knowledge
gargled with gold.