

Paranoia: Suite No 1

When morning gilds my heart,
light among the stained pale cactus,
up towards the vast and
barren;
lush, cool
promises rolling up,
building
from the West.

Would it hurt? Would it shatter?
Would the artist walk
heavy, and how far?
Burlap — burlap weaves,
weave together
and dry,
and hold a million smells
of old harness sweat tight around
my head.

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Indian Summer is a false softening;
one eye, the sky was
false decay.
The town lay still;
to the East, on a golden cross,
hung Seth.

So ended what it looked like
no doctor to serve or
sacrifice
(trees sand sky)

Seth eased forward
his queen's pawn, and the white king
fell over.
He found it hard to enter churches —
was the wrong shape, maybe,
head unbowed,
one knee crooked, one eye cocked,
one time screaming.

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Winter spread out, sealed
and unimaginative, sprawled
before the fire.

Seth paced the pipesmoke,
fell heaving, lungs gone,
heart on a pointed tower somewhere.

Often Paiwa would sleep alone,
Seth standing by the window;
stars made patterns
interweaving city traffic
long-exposure film out late
one night on the hill
down from the Arts Centre.

The trees made
patterns in clumps of gesticulating hieroglyphs ///
cereal boxes with free plastic models of blood clots.

He had a ruptured spleen — Paiwa fell from a cloud
while dusting her geraniums; the flowers made
patterns in pottery pots, earth spilling
water muddied

parquet.
It could be said that they were happy.

Paranoia: Suite No 2

spreadeagled over sunshine over dark wooden nailed down fluted
over trees high over
spreadeagled over Seth over
nailed wooden
nailed down dark high over nailed wooden spread
over
wooden high over nailed
dark flute
high dark
down nailed
Seth
spreadeagled
dark trees
over eagles
over
nailed
sunshine
over wood over spread-out limbs
spread wooden
spread over out over
wooden hosannahs
outspread eagles out over
trees over
sunshine
over wooden nailed down
soaring wooden over fluted
soaring out over hosannahs
soaring out over nailed down dark spreadeagled fluted strange
wooden high soaring
over nailed over trees high over
dark flute spreadeagled over
high dark Seth over
down nailed nailed wooden
Seth nailed down dark high over nailed wooden spread
spreadeagled nailed down dark high over
dark trees hosannah's flute
over eagles hosannahs over
over sunshine
nailed dark eagles over
sunshine trees over
over wood over spread-out limbs dark wooden nailed
spread wooden Seth
Seth spreadeagled over
trees
dark wooden
nailed down
spreadeagled

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Paranoia: Suite No 3

A mountain of cinders moved under the cloud and smoke above. Her feet hurt. Examining her battered feet, she continued to drag herself upwards, fizzling out. Her raw feet would drown, breathing rain. She imagined she was buried in a well, and capsized noisily.

“Please, I don’t... I won’t...” She heard him pick his way towards her, obscured by the darkness.

“Are you English?” he asked. She hesitated. “Come on, I’ll help you to tell.” And he carried her away.

That evening (and afterwards) he was Seth. He bought her the Costa del Sol. He made decisions at the slightest excuse, but nothing else. True, he wasn’t a hired car; he was thinking about that. His father and managing director would be more suitably his uncle.

He turned, and lots of people didn’t.

Without really meaning to, it was quite a problem. She thought about long engagements, and Seth was obviously thinking twice (having the time available). Eventually he called her Paiwa, and it was decided. She went home to the plastic-box factory, and cabled an invitation out of the question — Seth’s suspicious parents returned reproachfully.

She was innocent at the reception, confirming everyone’s suspicions, but eventually the champagne ran out, the tablecloth was displayed to the guests, and they left. She had natural doubts — what was he? some kind of machine? The door came on her thigh — so he really *did* have his teeth. After a while they tried it all over; of course, she was still very hungry. It wasn’t ’til the early hair merged that she could at last leave it.

In the bathroom she calmed down a bit.

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Seth didn’t want to be a father, but kissed her:

“Paiwa, you can father the child for yourself.”

She remembered the city, the doctor, and whispered:

“Please.”

The doctor nodded his projecting structures; Seth didn’t move. He thought: they’re kidding me. He stood down his face.

“Get me a human being” he managed.

“Human? Right-oh.” The doctor exited with assurance. Seth stood waiting, closed his mouth with his hands — it was his first child. At last he roared and drank. He thought — he couldn’t think. Paiwa frowned; Seth put down his thing, and was very tired. He got up as the doctor returned, and held out his hand.

“Hello Baby,” he said; “here we go.”

Kelly looked upward — Kelly was aware. There were moving, shrill sounds, all playing at once. Now Kelly accepted food eagerly; food was over and over. Paiwa’s tight amazement relaxed.

“I can hold on,” she said. “She’s my baby; Kelly’s our baby. You’re a peach.”

Three weeks warmed; Kelly was conscious of cubes (one white cube made a bubble; she felt little noises).

“She’s asleep.” said Paiwa.

Summer came, the sound of a child. Seth soundproofed their few visitors; it was like waiting for someone to arrive. October: Kelly was conscious of good. The New Year arrived; she accepted speech, was conscious of her hands. Paiwa sank forward — Seth looked at the dimensions. They stood incomprehending.

“She talks time and knowledge, and what dangerous young life.” breathed Paiwa.

“This baby is the one for a change.” Seth responded obscurely.

“I’ll envy you one day.” thought Kelly, a humming warmth. They lay on a little soft gong — the low humming noise grew louder — the power screamed like running wax, a clicking, sliding noise. Seth thought suddenly of talk and laughter; that’s how it would be.

The humming noise stopped.

It was Seth and Paiwa’s son.

The door closed.

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dormant – Kelly woke, unsure – settled down snug in the branches of an old miller’s daughter, old rush mats and one light flickering. it was a springtime, near enough, and stirred seeds in Kelly’s understanding of her parents; depths dry and forgotten were dampened, now sprouting in the dark-walled undertow swirling beneath her moat. quiet rumblings, disturbing Seth and Paiwa, reminding them of their son’s strangeness, her distance from their history, their life before her birth.

no sun rose.
and brightened scenery that would have
astonished god’s witness; yet somehow the child
remained uncertain, disturbed by an inner
contortion of trees black with nesting crows...
lying still and expansive she yawned the pages, colouring the line-drawings
with mountain roots, deep roots, undisturbed by strutting or by pygmy
feet; enchanted, crystal in a cabinet
it moved
subtle
yet bubbling past a
submerged root, it disturbed
a water vole brown
fur whiskers
lying sunning herself Kelly
thought
of her conception — her birth
by flowers, by bee-stings and
hive-law, by pollen sacs
and jelly and
quietly felt her body turn
its doubleness
awoken now
aware of conscious
of a mastery
an innerness that spoke to her of the bright
colours of her circling eyes, her secret friends,
she could not remember. it was fine-woven,
crisp, only
silence helped it
grow, moisture.
her mind tumbled over and over, flew haphazard by no possibilities, by few and far of her never
yet acknowledgedness, her grieving reluctance to be everything. her body made its new
demands; her penis stirred and rose, her juices ran, disturbed her even journey, and left her on
the sky, eye full, dull pained, sane, yet only by a strand.
and mercy
and settlement was
coloured spectrum
chords calliope
compassionate.
growing