

ALEXANDER

W A T T

*Theif*

UICK

*A story of love in war over 12 gruelling Chapters – we are introduced to the poet and his lover – descent from paradise - reflection on a pear – a flicker of hope – the note on the table – destruction – death – arse fucking – surreal is the new real – more arse fucking – humanity in a cup of tea - spiders – bagodas – an epilogue*

*Chapter 1: voices heard through paper walls are discussing war*

**for Adrianenne**

**17.08.09**

do you hear that sound? a very distant bell  
an alarm in another room - muffled human beings' lovemaking

there will come a day soon when we will eat these words  
and bludgeoned be subdued to the natural gag in us

the waves from two revolutions are to collide in the middle of the ocean  
and no-one will know for battered fish do not float

a soldier lifts himself onto the field of your passion  
the words you crafted are bloody and naked like the soldier's body

you have absorbed me, my thought, the shadow which falls  
in my hand and becomes altered - these are your fingers

fifteen thousand days since you wrote your ghazals to ghalib  
the riches of which i heard rumour through all this time are here

go under and go under and do not speak again of your death  
41 years from today we will awaken and rise up, if we so desire

through the streets the canaries are selling newspapers  
i hear their song and know that i am breathing

*Chapter 3: A moment's reflection on what could have been done when there was more time to reflect*

**The light at the end of the tunnel**

I lie on the floor  
describing a vision...

"some people don't see the light  
at the end of the tunnel -  
they only see the tunnel"

the fucking sticky kitchen lino sticks its  
dried rice grains into me

but we are deep in punk philosophy  
(in the morning i have to get up and do my job

)but that is an aside  
first sort this matter out

who is death? God heard.  
I swim down through my friend's half closed eyes

there is liquor in there. i had it  
but i don't have it anymore

that is the seed of destruction  
so beautiful, golden, i have to lie  
to get whatever

tiny little hand, cool pale fingers like bone  
i used to collect bones, i'd scrape the dried

hair off and arrange them in the garage  
among the car parts. ha ha we'd laugh ---"

i'm not like them that can pretend ...  
maybe i'm dumb --- i think i'm just happy"

i had the answer once  
but it can't have been important

cause i seem to have misplaced it  
so congregate round, here is the sorry story

it's not the end of your life that matters  
losing something can be important too

it's not all about having things  
or even it's not like there is a difference

between having something and not or that

the moment one loses or gains is anything  
but the same moment - the moment you  
see the light at the end of the tunnel -  
but it's all crap by the morning

*Chapter 4: The shape of things to come*

**The Pear is Life**

examine the pear  
how does it strike you?  
what could it be likened to?

take a bite  
what has changed?  
the pear is now inside you

hold what is left  
in your hand  
you might not even

get the chance  
to finish it

*Chapter 5: A cable from the front*

**Suicide note**

sorry everyone  
but i'm taking the

easy option -  
the path to  
self destruction

i am addicted by this keyhole  
in the frozen chicken suit  
the throb of lamb cutlets

and sensational five spice sauce

so my immolation seems like  
a warm corridor  
and i walk it

rather unknowingly

as when one is wheeled and  
taken under sedation  
for an unpleasant operation

apologies -  
for the smell  
of the rotting formula after

that is something  
i can do nothing about

*Chapter 6: reports of a skirmish is at the edge of town: two bodies are found*

**The Pact**

we will all bleed to death  
that is our shared history

i will get my teeth smashed out  
that girl will be unborn

i have got to know you now  
and this is how we will overcome

i will lead you to that tree over there  
the one with the splash of autumn colour  
the leaves are just turning

still mostly green but some yellow  
the grass underneath is dry  
and scattered with broken thorns

you mouth will be thin like a blade  
and the cries will not carry far on the wind  
then you will turn me over to the other side  
and slash the body before it is burnt  
the old truck that is full of fuel oil  
you will drive into the city at dawn

*Chapter 7: lovers operate in secret – but truth trumps love - only one can swallow the truth*

#### Bullet

of course i want you  
if i didn't want you i wouldn't be writing piss  
so get this down your throat

i dream  
we are bathed  
in bruises

i dream of us  
all mutilated

our bodies  
dancing listless  
to the clap of waves

i don't even care  
i wasn't there i mean i walked away from the scene  
this is war this is what happens

i already had the next magazine out  
on the train  
the man beside me was lighting up  
we all have to be ready for the bullet when it comes

i just got it sooner than you  
i'm not the one you knew

*Chapter 8: the children – a triumph of industry – the record pressings*

#### Coalboy

coalboy  
diggin coal  
gonna see you  
down the hole  
make you old  
ruin your soul  
coalboy  
diggin coal

heard a humbucker  
threw a dime  
sure that black neck  
gonna be mine  
stretch the skin  
to make that wine  
heard a humbucker  
threw a dime

he's a coalboy  
gotta have him  
he's my little

baby mountbatten  
touch my coalboy  
you'll be screamin  
he's my coalboy  
here i leave him

*Chapter 9: THE BATTLE*

#### Socrates' socks vs. Hobbes' helmets

ninib did bumsex with job  
job did bumsex with joshua  
joshua did bumsex with david  
david did bumsex with parmenedes  
parmenedes did bumsex with socrates  
socrates did bumsex with theaetetus  
theaetetus did bumsex with aristotle  
aristotle did bumsex with alexander  
alexander did bumsex with bagoas  
bagoas did bumsex with darius  
darius did bumsex with paul  
paul did bumsex with peter  
peter did bumsex with caesar  
caesar did bumsex with aurelius  
aurelius did bumsex with cassiodorus  
cassiodorus did bumsex with hildebrand  
hildebrand did bumsex with richelieu  
richelieu did bumsex with erasmus  
erasmus did bumsex with hobbes  
hobbes did bumsex with io  
io does bumsex with io

*Chapter 10: pain must become the path*

#### Thief UCK

i emerged from the hollow of voices  
and trickled down into the lap of maya  
there i lay and watched the stars revolve  
many years passed, i saw a thousand  
nebulae crackle and burst into life  
and extinguish again in the bosom  
of darkness, leaving just a few glowing  
sparks to fly off into empty space

finally i reached out and clutched the breast  
of my mother - it was succulent  
yet ancient like the soil and the stones  
i drew the ointment of life out of that  
hopeful well and swallowed up whole  
everything that she had to give in love  
then i devoured the rest as well without  
thought simply sucking at her soul to  
fill myself then i left to wander the earth

i came here recently and you are the first  
to know my story don't be afraid of the  
empty spaces we can fill them in later  
i need to know what lights those eyes  
is it the curse of birth? i know about that.  
is it the throb of the universe that rattles  
about the cage of your bones? "Yes" is all  
the answer i need from you and into this  
cage i will creep like a spider to devour

the fly, i am the witness, i am the heart.  
i wait for the end of all things. i watch over

humanity, i guide the dark glide the slide of  
glass into the wrist. I know things about you  
that you have kept from the others. they are my  
pearls. once i am inside you there is no escape  
from the delicate grip of the truth tugging  
at your ribbons you will squirm to escape me  
but your movements will only activate the venom

it is called the dance of the magi and all who  
have danced have returned to me at last  
after a little screaming there is contemplation  
then there is realisation and the bliss of union  
with me. don't be afraid of the kiss that makes  
us forget the past. it is immortality.

*Chapter 11: In the aftermath, only memories are beautiful*

#### Demimorgue

before rigor mortis had set in  
i was to insert a gloved hand  
and check for foreign objects in the wound

i did not know her true name  
but she seemed familiar, like my wife  
lain intimately on marble

as my fingers closed on scalpel steel  
i thought "she has joined the eternal -  
the glass wall has slid between her and us"

though my hands only briefly passed  
between those perfect bones and white skin  
i certainly felt nothing else

*Chapter 12: epilogue - a dream – an union*

#### After Verlaine

after many  
years  
the poet  
and his lover  
reunite

she hands him  
an oar  
and he slips  
into opal water

later they lie still  
as the razor  
spilling persimmon flowers  
into this splendid bed

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