

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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