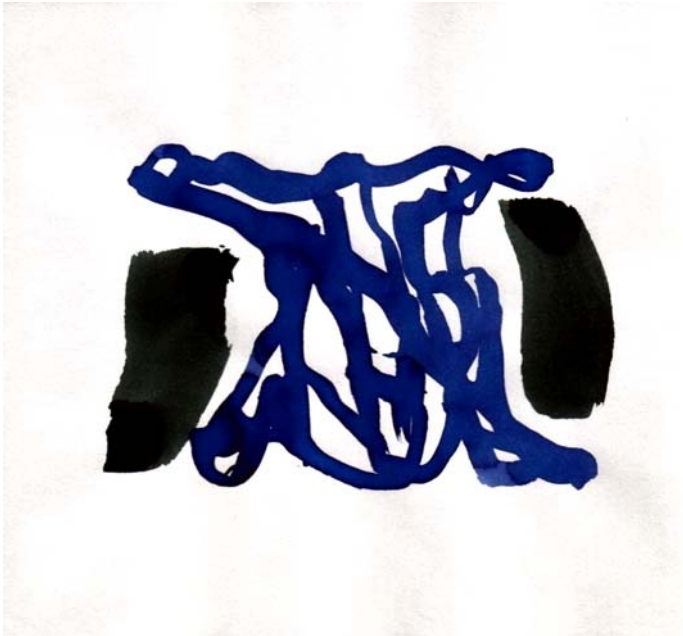


tonnes

(for Lizzy Day)

Keith Jebb



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100 years of the ice-cream cone and
mandy's back. your id card will store
digital libido scan gen and
[*this line is missing*]

this line is missing. my face is
neither popular nor effective.
affective. fect. infect. my skin.

skin sample evidence places me
on your pillow at the time of
the offence. my face in your
pillow. i wish i loved you.

still garden. morning sun dries
overnight rain. raw horse-flesh
ice-cream. apparently.

a dream apart from the allure of confession.
colour so intense almost detaches
from its object. only dna

tells us where we've been. her life
had become the consequences
of a failed suicide attempt. the
language wrapped sharply around her.

slug trails on the carpet not silver but
slivers of cling-film. your image as
a furry blob captured by cctv. is
syntax evasion worse than avoidance?

but i really wanted to say is that
i am not the man i don't know
you think i am.

noise of a fire cracking down outside.
wood smoke faint in the air. the
screen. particular. shift. as if i are
salt. as if how much of me spilt.

lift the phone to know if you've called.
if you have phone back. no
messages. see a face go out.
face out. i am still alive.

the lock a square of black
interpreted by rust marks.
the key a brass rod with a tiny

hand. fingers interlocking. tony
says criticism's a luxury. decision
responsibility. tony is a fascist.

dead flakes from the surface of
consciousness. not the woman
with the squeaky bicycle. this

one had a new basket. this
one had androgyny. this
one wasn't in the road.

the surface conscious. like the road
skin knows where we are going.
every poem had some flaw like
was afraid of its logic to

complete itself. that's how i re
member it. like the miracle
how a scar preserves itself
against renewal. erasure.

it leaves a bad taste. shadows lean
into the garden. we talk about some
thing. circling it. a passport photo
of light reflected from my face.

the body was a husk. mouth skewed
slightly open. eyes closed under
glasses. i kissed his forehead cold

like skin of an olive. two wasps
chew papery wood from the fence.
a radio clucks from the kitchen in
a space i can only name you.

so much of me is lists of things
unfinished. most even dropped
from the lists. apparently.

pressure is mounting on the cartoon government.
google crashes in the english countryside.
more water through bangladesh streams of

no information. no intent. the west's
politicians leave no fingerprints. flash
as you drive over hyphens places
you. the trace and plate of. in time

velocity. take a blade to the skin. over
years the body becomes a palimpsest.
under erasure. the unsign. to write
refusing the word. only control you

exhibit the now unmistakable. in a glass
case her body floating. the physical im
possibility of mind in the banality of the artist.

weight of evidence. a flung body. a
dust flurry in the sidestreet alley
courtyard. leaf clings. fingerprint
on a pulse. patterns of be have our

patterns of dysfunction pattern
interference patterns fractals of
complex in-tension dispersion
pattern of smoke from a gun an

unconscious suicide note crowded
in the corner of an eye holds
your gaze calmly. how wind

gathers dust always to the same
spot at the corner of the house.
no matter how much i sweep it.

water streams inside the window.
lightning in sky the colour of liver
thunder tears between.

us. suspect. specular. copula.
on new street station the pre
recorded voice's spliced

'i am sorry for the late running
of this service.' i. inspect.
i am writing this right now. i
am. i don't mean it. i don't.

lyric. spread your brains out
on the table. flashes between
neurons. beauty is truth.
serotonin needs to know.

non-sponsored torture evidence now
admissible in law. word of the rictus.
in the almost pale of a summer even
a triangle of lights jets across slow
like something in a jar. weight. a face
nailed onto the stars and says she's
getting on with life. getting over it.

a quite partial charm. quiet.
a march quit harm of a. hat
madness. walk stuck. with a
stick. we learn limbs again.
body language signature like
written in the wrong hand.
wrong half of the brain.

a glass of wine. pulling at the brain.
lymph sluggish. after the seizure who
were you? eyes wiped. deleted.
some animal preconscious. tensor.
sign unsign. death not dead. no
thing explains. i was afraid. i.
i apologise. only the moebius band

of skin touch print the flex
of. only that. waiting for
the upload. i stood on the
every edge of you. i. it's
all an accident the way a
cloud is. the away of. way
you'll never see the me of.

and of course there are voices. on
the phone the strange acoustic of
the kitchen always on the coach
the voice of reason the voice of my
government voices of the precon
science voices of science voices
calling me to offer windows.

i do not think they talk to me. *they*
do. so i feel sorry for this sentence.
and this one. i never took the
time to understand them. and
now they're gone. i'm left talking to
you. am the voice of the accused
perhaps any in the wrong place.

i wish i was here. and the rain holds
off and pain holds and. dopamine
reward. so i can say this. love is.
like how hair is a core sample of
what we ingest. my face in your
face. a chemical mask of emotions.
skin ageing over the child.

i wish i was here. and the rain holds
off and. pain holds and dopamine.
reward so i can say. this love. is
like how hair is a core. sample of
what we ingest my face. in your
face a chemical mask of emotions
skin ageing over. the child i wish i

cannot do this. only. one lie. onely.
like feeling the nerve of. like the
white heart of. heart of whiteness.
or like the marbled paper water
has designs on. your designs. the
blood of and flowering into. then
leave across the lawn to dry.

and like sometimes it feels the
wrong size. the mouth face or
even the way nothing fits. as you
walk into the room is cramped with.
and you shift around them as not
noticed not to be note and no
the bigness of this frame is not so

as if the web of the face. a spider. a
flutter of eyelid. the face old in
its lines and grey. like the coleridge
life-mask in its perspex box
the dead print volume haunted.
the mirror folds the gaze into itself.
nothing but glue behind the eyes.

or if the body strung to the corners
of the room outspilling the place.
strung with little lights pulsing
what could be messages. string.
thought she knew her. thought
thought she knew her. skipping
into the cracks. apparently.