

Transactions Grotesques

Tom Jones

Self-help poetry

Today relearnt strife and pride from cartoons
not even made in Japan though seeming
so full of aspiration, travel and short
vowels. This comes at a removal but
results in the same co-ordinates of
presumption and ambitious domestic
resurfacing: my heart is masked
with lino staring at chilled haddock
selection. I suffered low turn outs
on consumption day, but it was counted
at the cash box not even the maw:
between these two moments and never
beyond the second all the potatoes of Poland,
thousands to my each word,
scatter their flanks with meaningless grace
and workshop stockpiling. It is not
the power of digestion but of
purchase that leads to a softly
covered bartering of lives: you be
me, I'll be her, while most contractually
and marketably ourselves. All of us
may take control of the variously
empowered also soft talismanic
toy and chafe it up to self-importance
beyond its provenance of manufacture. Shame!
when the word labelling origin is nothing
as the rise of sterling and inclusive feelings
are said to be social when they are
economic. Nothing needs to be like
this choice of words: there's nothing
in my life I'd choose to write of
without cowering and delay. Let it be
said, the consolation of imported
fruit, vacuum packaging and comparative
religion hem out the limited number
of items in my breakfast to a legal

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representation but surely hash cannot
be weighed against me so aware of the
historical significance of Persian trade
routes and hurdy-gurdy of the old peace
time steps, this is a strictly feudal
process of betterment. Must have plundered
somebody for all my connections baronial
in their futility, but the petrol station
is now my demesne, and I cannot stand
to be served whilst in musical crusade.

Hymn

Our dry tongues clambering around
for leaden besmirched ministers
try still the undigested splinter
lounging emetic in the hay.

A bundle led from now open
plains garnishes lacerated
an unfit shop door which to feel
I might be restored to the first scene.

He whose toes cross in the craven sky
umbilical threshes out the
whisper on Spitalfields market
astro-turf, and clams the way

to all puffed offices dis-
sentient ribbands laughing
back their credit till the wholesome
day, who ekes me out a sprig

of wounds and dashes in the season
when tweezers will combine right there
amongst the slag, and sing the May
so long divisive canny rough.

Come to be in a blush which must
already have been it is a
shame undifferentiated
rib-offering package myth

of the voluntary at stake
code eradication return
by plummy vans urbicular
at this late stage of the dreaming

contest robbery there is no
must here goods are translatable
gifts and the martyred bullion
in question irredeemably

of no one the bound wish topos
infernal Volksmärchen and a
synchronous faith coup untold this
laughing in the feathery flames.

Stations of the cross

His more morbid hands cast over
me for infections absconding
in a latent and detergent signature
draw on me for text and comment.

Tip the porter to a region
where instead of skulling you are
the carrier yourself a credit to
your prop toss recollections should

nailing come for or as the court
spaniels play mortal gags to the
clinking of head and iron with the breach still
tendered salt film of my eye.

The intact sheen or disclosure
of ligneous sinews murmuring into
leaky gilt along the crease exposure
is a mass elective feature.

You're in store for the unannounced
patristic quiver of denial
hummed worth a pre-redemptive excursus
your cordial pierced wail was

cashiered and misheard as an
acetic desire for a friend
a whip against consensual stranded boys
overcast on the horizon.

Admission to the director's
right for the untranslatable
dramatist never before a curtain
split forsaking the factious host.

Endured subjects descale the lid
of my gash linen rubber to
ladder my pallor upon the stocking
precariously ribbed opening

anhydriotaphic yet not
undeserved it was expected
commutation kept stony guard over
our nether carriage but the wait.

The pre-millennial Sabbath
shelled mollusc cities buttering
ours with excremental allious hope
o he quickens us to the marshes.

Coming down from the hill there was
choice in aqua-marine and red
but neither shade was right for the season's
daff yellow and egg swapping so

I gave my bastard cavity
unremitted for my friends to
tell themselves into my stained ribs drawing
all men have to start a story.

Flying despite near misses and
terror divorces the scenic
number from departure hopes this second
unassumingly repeated.

*Poem on the idea that sex might be an act of self-
determination*

Entailment in cupidity
requires that lust be redescribed
as that which translates singular
intentional objects into

the death of exemplarity,
the particular as nothing
more than the generality
of the general, a moment

of being without boundaries
of selection, an exclusion
that alone can deracinate
exclusive ties of meaning, when

corporeal perimeters
become frontier campaigns of plot.
The hatch of an unreflective
but nourished desire indicates

the pointlessness fertility
invests in memorial pathos
with purple eggs intending in
fundamental emancipation.

The mystique of a cocked hammer,
ever about to plunge in fence-posts
and on a hair trigger reclaim
the native improvement of an

appetite: look at the best self
petting alsatians hungry riding
broomsticks and spraying each marker
not a marker before that day.

There was a place where cucumbers
leapt from ponds and canaries sung
the shafts of webbed love trinketless
as transatlantic sex comedy

prodding social regeneration
into subversion and bums like
blue sky investment prior to stakes
or broadcast of intended plots,

yet the sense of being after the fact
the evidence of the domestic
parrot also as clawed sentence again
reverts the bill to sparrows' portions

hollow recognition of yankee sense:
there is no little death alone, its
implied negative's a nest egg up
the canine autoperambulant.

Herodotean patience

I slapped my last girlfriend over
an architrave. Abydos
is there to make recompence and
tempt the imperious swimmer.

Why are you being so cold, with
the Persians goring the brine
at Artemisium and our
circumstances so haply

changed just now, all maritime parts
secured and a frozen heart
contrabanded with a bag swop
to Poseidon's diocese

dedicated. It is with a
lot more reason that this time
another why are you being
so cold with the mainland Greeks

empurpling the liquid plain at
Artemisium it seems
Xerxes makes one heroic sack
enough to bag the different

people we were then to whom does
the question belong that I
could never divide the holy
places of the sea as you.

Mechanical reproduction

It's got little to do with tulips now
but the tamping of two sound species
for defect. Even less as it's a plume
without attraction and I am a

de-ionised little girl in pain through
counsel with the peak time fares, newer
to this than goslings, just genitalia
there to bring my whole totemic power

back to Egypt or Phoenicia. Thursday,
recoiled at spring so that my hips
were raised and I gave out bulls. I lost the
presuppositions of a partner

standing in a river with the desire
ankle deep for an ammoniacal
scent and a peppering of my *virtus*
florendi, all I am capable

of lies in acquisition of objects.
Then you did what I had done alone.
Out across the moors there were bags of wrecked
pork mixed with no bits of plastic doll

neither united in the smelt of a taper
finger. At least we did it listening
to the same words: Atem, Haar, and others
nicked back as puppies from a singeing

fete to which everyone's so committed.
Balustrades and balustrades, it's time
to take a thickened review or stock and
fight by writhing on the end of a line,

hooked on the dead skin of my heel where the
left hemisphere used to play ball, I
restructured down on you, so sex guilt
is nostalgically safe in all words.

So many well-defined subject
and abridged possibilities
stir in a leashed conjecture that
balks and gags of the rein we may

suggerate whole weeks in mate then
change moves. It is noble of me
clearly to strategise the glower
not keep it divided stomach.

Transactions grotesques

pouring off milk
my real feelings seem to take place in another smaller person
draft already thought abandoned of occasion for courage
running to the shops
about sex

imagine
item not perceived distinguished made permanent selected
enmeshed and unknown lauded over the worse sort
of people in the bag without any awoken process
easy

who forbids
that there should be any more rocket
shall be rewarded by the gift of a luxury
wrap and the je t'embrasse of all pacific
tills agog

sit and wait
and ham never
comes less than one instructed
colonial by means of the humour inserted
by conquering languages whom then does one
pay by other questions tied in bundles with work
permit
application

what if
collapse
followed a luxury
cruise half way round the earth exacting
hospitality from the scraps of a domestic
budget writing better than our cancer
moments
after sex

the worst deals
often to the
left of the world
other men charm on delivery but in between
and behind render discard amongst otherwise
incalmitous fences

in policy advice
there are pioneers and there are pioneers
some made others their way
thinking
sieves the strain how
it worked

in the
West obscurity cave walls and emulation
embattle the formation Uzbek
republicans have been induced by
latterly

and when
I love
thee not
inflated wheelbarrows buying bread carried off by
a sparrow come again
kerchiefs are tied photographs taken dusk never
fully unpicks it

that's the
thing - coin
movement should be
reversible else things will never be the same
again the diplomatic answer they never were
prompts rebuilding my mackintosh sorry
however
complaisance

what dear names
principates and sheets are you trading under
it might be better safe havens and the Dutch
patchy licence for anything were doubted
bursting pipes
ever

pipng the sounds
of desire through more than
walls supplies an oily neighbourliness more
risqué than any recreational silk or spice in whose
company affairs reportage is likely to explode the lift
of music all over
the world outwith

pack your
suitcase
foray
dirty plosive week end and
mouth tendering connections will defy the buckle
dirty strings left about the rumour of sex
mute screams of not enough
deterrent

slip bills under string
peck away at debate
till seed carpets the desert caves and colonic
floridian tracts so lost and fouled please
tenuous enough as it is left

I have decided that ostracism should be sought after so that we do not displace but buy into suffering along the lines of deep fault durably secured by Constantine and yet

this occasion does not bear the right history to legitimate the transfer although some of them share our beliefs. For example: that it's good for the stone rim to have such a turn out

of your body though its soft and calcinous grime is only a derivative of the main holiday resorts and the capital. At that barbecue in Manor House when my neighbour

abandoned the aniseed spirit which had gone cloudy upon dilution to prevent the two Cypriots from getting too close, none of the mortar wailed not to be part of the house but

dry off polemical spit still in full mouths instead and how could clay aspire to such things when the application of electrodes cannot be quantified in Euros but must look back

to natural disasters like the dollar? Crowns, heels, goatherds, difficult questions about a little purse for time in the hills like I did at Christmas when they hadn't paid the paper bills,

why it should matter to them two minutes before my alarm and the red cross were called off by the government as if suddenly awoke the whole community of ruin to stretch its

limbs. An industry quickly emerges out of the heaviest tolls, even the changes of the Cambridge surprise make the armpit sinews hang with denunciation. Lilly should be here to

place questions in all the margins and beyond the page and to invite them back to the urn, hissing, buried three days to make the best Armenian coffee for Nadezhda. The odour was marked

in most of the respectable newspapers, the tourist industry was hardly affected by the potentially erotic nature of the expulsion. They turned up the intercom

in baby's room but could not make out the objects beneath her breath and were irritated that not even the most intense analogical ear could make forms of care for people have to do.

On Raleigh's seat at sherborne

Not one sense yields particular
the unitary quality
no political evidence
is singly indubitable

even encircled in the seat
of peer habitude commanding
views of traffic no cabal
affirms but circularity

in a corner participate
because something minor has been
done complementary to the
martial poesy unachieved

without the involvement of the
line, and the first born line taken
away in and of property
delineated for vigour

beyond the bounds of complement
for the lack of a word clearer
than which descent is doubtful
but sovereignty of taking part

it is and it is only willed
that civic membership is more
than Janus-faced and quality
all quality inhere in the

choice of more variable court
circles alone take now denied
entire intestate beyond group
in no sense political lines.

Steal us from ourselves

There were many
but in the loss of head there were more

asked to come help in a Dutch way
with the blindfold scales elective

a property of the choice
in people amends love

and now much head and partisan
mouthing allegiance in full baskets

not allegiance
potential in all without choice

another change for

now any owning undercut we hope permanently in body

again
and as pilgrimage snow on

all breasts bloodless more
it is perfect this is

love in the streets and now
borderless change resides we are

numberless.

Towards a politics of nostalgia tv

Through the welling dusk of the late
seventies and eighties I wear
my mother's tinted glasses and
watch the emblazoning sign of

BBC2, cyan on the
other side of graded eyes with
thick two-tone plastic beating to
my temple vein. The promotions

foiled by reruns are the delect
glacee of vulgar fut'ism
superfluously ready to be
drawn in the eyes of such women

as my mother is in photos
constituted by stained water
residually clear without
my memory. They were left with

nothing to draw on themselves but
credit my vision. It is all
cherries now our leader shows us
the strange virtue of them. But she

saw the bricquette charred no corner
of the sheet stitched up in Arthur's
parka, then I broke the line, and
my dental sheen replaced the night.

Between states

A tannoy was used to explain
rather than whittling clothes pegs
or lubricious road side dances
unweeded child coney caching

impossible to be misled
these tracks arterially fixed
jellied circulation and one
missing beat ply the card legend

above the baby in an ex-
cusable moment everyone
each their shins grazed by the briar
loses family silk but the

tube is still cloyed explanation
fiddling on nerves and sinews and
cat gut and but no terminal
to the asking as if asked to

press blank ingots from my pocket
into service which might be
the quiet very reason we're all here
such a better fed delay

no nothing questionable about
it small change could never be so
intimidating I've arrived
now at the wrong explanation.

Now that I've found I was unelectable
Dresden slips back on the pink tan
of this archest temporary acquaintance
and only the missing grout remains as

refugee havens sincerity tested
by the European outcrops of a
military family prefer deshelled
prawns on the barbecue and it's easy

to feel about to do good overseas when
the heart tendering crisis dropped me ten
points in the poll because I forgot to ask
how my unobserved cremated grandad

died: it bears upon who I love now that the
second chamber is about to pack up
for the close of long term. Yes, the critical
moment passed before I could prevent the

valves closing, opinion reoxidising
and a parliamentary career
misrepresenting who she was or how there
could be immunity in an agreed hereditary

flight. Reputation borders suffering if
only life aortae could be pricked out
by the belly (ever read that e-mail joke
has Plutarch punched onto the card of one

corporate arse-hole?) on time, making it a
petite mort, as speciously an act of
general will another ending of pleasure
no need to wait for your predecessor

it is you glazing a resistance against
the self same coupons themselves the issue
when all the sentiments declared fugitive
in one washed terracotta spot untouched

by the sun the slow uranium of our
friendship hollowed a bypass to keep us
confederate with nothing to go nowhere
please just how could this be a kind of pain?