

COLD CALLING
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barque 2004

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DREAM VACATION

For metallic say cushy, then work to rule
manning black
liners as the manual advertisement.

Switching like metal she woke up, India
dream of surety in series of pink groves and monkeys
is that dream available in time for Christmas.

Like a head with its jaw taped up said
you got that for what two cups of coffee,
India or somewhere manual, a packaged brink and tape

in the lap of penury mauling you, the infant paw.
How can she wakes up
on fire recognise
love when the surgeons were at him

So India also leaves. The husbands surrounding the coffee
table leave, take out your
repaired hand, leave it on the table as a tip

should freedom of assembly come
past, any totting
up past, show him the private card, your guarantee of make
work for a sore aureole. Angry red, driven on monsoon

rains matured by them, slightly puffy
face creases like your mother's, your sister
falls apart when they bring out the handcuffs. She made
If we thought it would all become clear, like tracked sky

bundling our coats of fynbos into water limelight
picnic and the infant, in the bag
with foam prints and petroleum negatives. We were

struck dumb. The continent, lack
lustre, refused to be there for us. People all
up in the air about it. Her back

was tracked with kenotic
tissue of fabric of felt of some kind,
his thumb in his mouth, the shaved head of the foreman.

Again smokes up,
is presenting with industrial symptoms
the thin froth of transport. You

your lip like the thousand fish,
trembling vent, black water

strobed only in the sense of its mineral.
Ran from his home leaving his baby daughter
to be burnt with the planters.

CAN SOMEBODY PLAY AMBER ABOVE THE CLOUDS?

“I’ve won lots
of industry awards.” Dark patch above
the granary corrodes our minutes together
along strip down to the water.

Disc brake on motor, motor responses,
shake the facts that is to say his declaratory structure.

No it doesn’t look like
snow, her head careers
to her
left dodging airborne paper, a passerby
asks her—why him—to cut up a sim laugh.
Warden was watching in one of his black eggs.

Spice in my face gets
louder as daylight hangs around
some uprights, high tension bound to chafe
cheek and telephone with the crunch recent
gush saw me bent over a horsehair bow.
The trust bought the new
radiographic machine I needed, could find
no qualified technicians, and the weeks became

Wrench
stands her sore socket

against a wall of wind, after which her wishes
vanish into thick air. Goes with the
harissa, preserved granular
with the wild wet grass
licks the rail when it lies
back at random.

LAST BANK HOLIDAY

Gossip in the local bombonière. Shifting pallets,
absenting summer packets, left to right to left again;
girl kiss the metal dipper
tongue for luck. Anything can be made
to order and free itself, a campaign for choice
between opposite wheat cribs.

I come back and it smells wet and balled.
It smells fever, snorts 'panic is a white disk'
that fell on the floor when she came
to her terms, her flowers. She called me the guy
ropes to his tent life, sucked up
some chlorine foam stop.
Is that the right time? Roll out sorrow,

out of dry dock. You did
him anyway? actually swallowed it? Come back
with an heiress or a population, when summer
sports crumble on the Pieces. Everyone kitted out
with some applicable software, bat, net.

So then I went down. Opened up in the
dune grope, opened up the trunk.
Up to my neck
the sea was like glass, I never
knew a name, how light he would be, could see
crabs alert. Nothing moving, just
becoming regular
pink, light brown, grey, pink, amber, white, pink
into the likker horizon.
I lifted the body to the surface and carried it back.
The first good day is a kind of innocent practice.

SUMMA

a system of notation,	loss
lined up printable	columns: red
as my heart's degree, absence	a moveable
good for my	longing
return to open air.	is loss
charted like skies	blacked out,
the tally a fiction to its stars	entries
on both sides	of unbroken lines.
we drink breath	at the sum line,
having held back at each point	surplus
and loss; each note one	gold day
standard taxed stripped	with gusts
it ripples across people	suggesting
whose goods and love drive	us.
the system drives towards	competence
belief in transparency	the guarantee
of honest men:	precision
cutting the middle out,	the confusion
where surplus freedom is	lapped by
this wrecked speech,	a word
is the only gift I can give you	free
unrationed. tuck it in	between
two entries of a total life.	love.

CELLULAR CONTACT

A pulse scatters ash.

From the synchronised headset
you hear apocalyptic pop,
oily shouts on the tannoy
drowning their commuting
voices. Music stirs up
tinder, memorial briquettes jet
off the production line
including toilet paper.
Nobody asked us— Pilot lights out

for a smoke. The boiler goes dead
quiet, but gas whispers under the brackets,
we work topless, listening to the 24-hour
general.

The public waits
the first military tribunal far from 'prying'
eyes (blink and you'll miss it, your civil
piggery when it's gone
to hell proved feasible by double-blind trials).
Looking for love, a little warmth, a little

hot water. White spark and stars shoot out
over the neighbourhood,
the house makes up a red field.

You bled out into full
spectrum dominance, light of day is
endless red-white decade. Read right to
left could open
the hook and eye
that keeps fast their window dressing. We use up

Cipro real fast. Then legislate doubt
enforcement of health, service, by
hypothecation cancel your opt-out
code assassins pre-emptive free agents
ready for the spring conferences. Fox smokes out

the latest date

rapist from the den
of inquiry into a ring-fenced
victim pool, closes the hospital bracket
like an unfinished sentence
and dresses mutton as lamb
to satisfy Wolfowitz despite Colin's clout.

All summer, grillings had us up
against the wall-
eyed northern invaders operating
unreflected by the satellites, but now
cooking fat is available by Ford payloads
we need only ask the search
engine for a suitable drop site.
Language isn't bad enough yet. Fuck puns
split the corners of the newscaster's mouth,
ministers say 'kill' without mincing.

But what's worse than wildcat strikes if not
sweat-stained infants whose soft spots
for pop tarts are bashed by tribal leaders?
Did you get the latest celebrity diet?
Anything you could say
is indexed
now carnivores cut loose
in the mainframe, and still no light
and still sky-lights bled out in turps.
The image loop filtered through fascist
programming is disguisedly lossy.

No mass sightings of an excuse for democracy
have been reported, the colon curls inward
home and away from the cushion of blood
billowing out like an anemone
in my mouth, into the reactive
patter of tiny metrical feet.
Anything you might say is legislated
feel your teeth chatter and split
as initiative paralysis takes over your tongue

alone is still workable though penetration
bombs fill your mouth with rubble.

Keep the Fadaieen, winds
shove winter panic through serviceable branches,
so long as Arafat
is still alive and the right to life is more than
abortion shrapnel, a Row joke.
The best states are not of the mind.

Keep going until hate demolishes the concrete
poem and gives us all the lie. Sunup
and down another so-called last
day drains the corridors of happiness,
the first veil ripped up was not
the burkha but the illusions that excess
grief kept quiet. They say 'hunt and kill'
without twitching 'Love is giving'
says the Christmas sale sticker look
booties another line-item from the black budget
cleavage on every front. White

pearlescent beads sparkled in the aroused interior.
The starry Vespers make an ancient custodian look up
a precedent before he does the business. God
of course He's everywhere
rooting for the home team, He reasons asymmetrical
warfare pitches Yankee ingenuity against past
horrors and canker coalitions, we emulate
His endless present and smack out
three runs with the blunderbuss of hatred.

Keep transcribing the voices of those dead
not picked up on answering machines, who fade out
and blur into another billowing horizon.
Home zooms into the foreground and lights up
the amoral heaven-bracket, they tuck in.

FESS UP

Which makes the urge to scratch a moral issue
a circle of punctuation rear guards
the last word I'll ever say in bed
it's the scenery that pans out nicely
mind is occupied
some territorials want to eat some to bludgeon

a pity. Abject self on patrol, humming of arms
tied together at the elbow with
ribbon, smiles, girl outdoing
the holy order's own filthy hermeneutic,
that one that makes a kind of confession to suspicious men.

Is she trustworthy for taste or destiny,
who draws a forensic circle around the spot
for being bright red. Now it is just
a sphere, but will eventually be a
child. Set to grass

We were told that if we kept going
north, in Sossusvlei we might
swim through a freak of nature
float over red sand. I would express
milk. Now pastured that language seems just
as extinct, as wild convulses in the desert.
We were both worrying about the dogs at the border, so I kept the
inflammation a little secret.
Even my own mind refused to give up a regular sentence
though I kept calling it.

golds for the wedding table, that ghost
scripted life bunching again to contented
spirits mixed into the ground

A cold source spread wide its blessings further down
where we eat our children, cross-legged by fire
keeping the cold out with glass. The planet
whistled through lost times previously unrecorded.

TO RISK CALCULATION

Removed flatland, concrete crusting and bunching
around the fired heart of family home, lot alpha delta.
Date grove and well, mineral
earth combed and pronged for good for
the kids pat tenderiser on their little pricks.
We toss off live clusters then head for the hills
(corny I know) and the streak
like camphor rises out of hair, human excrement.
She tells us where fields of marigold

Dehydrated snow drinkers
descending, risk takers, push through altitude sickness and spirits
myths of frosted devils sheathed pastors at the source
of the Ganges, which crop up in secret hand
signs and on the imperial medal.
We found a total of 47 unnameable parts.

Our family home set its heart
on fire. Voice
ruled over, turned out encyclopaedic,
all reality mewling in a nook.
We went outside to look for kindling, glory,
loop back to the trophy cabinet
we've got to be seen with our parents, inside their mouths.
We glowed with penny colours, Florida shining into space
its orange distributive light, kept the cold awake late.
Took a cutthroat to my—
The continuity girl closes up, the wrestler gets his glory
out of traffic, lumps out of radio contact.

Your idea of a good time is absolute love.
We pat wettened beefcake on the stingers,
drop in on the registry with a full case load what
burning this hand will prove to the attendant we break up
camp with old heroic gestures. The wrinkled hand,
the banned adages tying red to red.
Violets for memory mari-

THE SECRET LIFE OF DOGS

Melons burst without stopping
him merging with the service road.

He dropped his beat on the
exit ramp. Bolts ping into water traps,
straight into continent self-made men.
She crowned like hammered
metal in a bubble of blood.
Think dog skin cracking in the heat.

Surplus of possible stories never
decommissioned
to a man smoking on his insect
chair. And open the welkin goes.
Suspected insider trading, her cough
dries up, some kind of coating
dried on the bay branch.

On the continent it's lesbian fantasies
weeping dried with salt poultice.
all choreographed on whiteboard. We have it
in hand tipped off with poison darts. Every wish
Taste on clipped tongue there will hardly be
irenian promises and unfarmed waters will there?

She pressed her palms down flat on a cold shelf of rock,
turned her back to the process. A crop below her navel
She was strung like a wooden instrument, curved
her lower back
out to front as an exercise in management.
Anything which was not sea
was orange, lurid, drifting around a
stripped frame of human arms.

CHASE INJURY OR WORRY

Heart wormed and full.
Imagine a thickness scored by blank,
when the melted air sweeps down plastic
corridors and drives boats out, and dries
up docket, and musical spheres tinkle and crack

the eyes of March are out on
stalks. Claiming their right to free
association by several meters, they took their theme
and spun out that boy with
a common arab name, another occasional

lyric worm fill. Another page fills up with
bolt on prints. Made to gauge and steel
resolutions unwritten or other
wise and feeling
perceptively guilty, pay
tribute to 'your American free

ego' that shakes its hand
free of talc
after slipping from the uneven bars.
Made by turf accountants to line
up behind a vile adjective.
Made in the USA, a freedom fabric

He breaks written English. My heart
wormed and full, that much more
to break even. And everywhere what
little claims are set fire
in the docket, the past drunk
up and split.

STAND UP ROUTINE

Snap of the honey trap. From their
thousand watchful mouths an army
 uniformed in winter
 black endearingly alike rows on
carpeted seats and gummed luck,
 teases out the single girl in
 luminous make-up, the imperfections
of stars in heat. Star turns and strophes
all on the back of an entablature
humming with drones; some lady
 in a gauzy outfit
thought she was unique. Change itself
got compensation for the keeper whose tribe
snuffed it on her account.

 The coveter's produce
is good for weddings, honey to soothe
girtle pains and clot the singer's throat,
only if drawn off by men without perfume,
hair, or other seductive ornaments.

Men walking over
 the glass factory their bootless
cries mercy or uncle. Her baby feasts
 on blue glycerine
tips and looking straight in her made-
 up glitter socket says
 'your free association's a cop out.'
The hive is hot, sleepy
 and perfumed and softened
model of efficiency he greases his hand
and slides in. Honey runs down glass
that being almost sickly music.

Even the ground below us becomes a comb.
We stand it in kohl and boots, break our own ground,
refuse to turn on the line.
Everyday black drops

score growing holes in the linoleum
like cancerous tissue.
Imagine what it's doing to our insides.

terious is this.
She is already telling you how to do it,
she's waiting in a bath of sand.

TO QUIT FEAR

An abashed person publishes her right
to baby and company, alongside a photograph of a glacier
filling the absolute, needles, density
cold no pushing hard down
lightening the North Atlantic Conveyor
to give the snow gift to us,
the trap, bear.

Every character
buckled with repeated abuse, market
index fingers rubbing thin the needle
of the glass A. It's all we can
think of, the ribbing tool, while the turbine
falls off an energy cliff, and NATO
kicks pigskin in the middle like
a balloon heart filled with plastics
and dirty emetics.

Hard-pressing
for progress without pollution
a language ambidexter and newter,
whose lowering cross snaps,
whose infernal I belches its character into sleet,
she comes up with a variation on the standard personal.

Ad canem poking sleep with a stick.
The pointed tooth pierces through bottom
lip, adjusting her sound of s.
The trap with grease.
Chlorinated heart that soars
on inspections missions all
over our secretive turned
earth.

That baby's heart leaps de profundis
with a secret. No letter can convey it,
the weapon of the guileful and the mys-

STRAPLINES

Cautious in foglight and
 aware of other people, how
footfalls behind. Pretend
life is pegged on what fell from his mouth
that one time, on his knees outside a tapas bar
flag down a passing vehicle.
All life is here, under the slaughter-
houses with their shined tourist traps.

I could choose to say anything about
a life made particular by gerrymandering
memory and I do. Spooling clouds wrap up
another night feeding the dance
 floor with skin and drops.
Circuit beatings roll over and continue

 spooky inertia of a battery
caroller waving her electric Christmas
candle the long whole
 night in front of coffee
makers and eyes.
Much as here.

Life sentences running consecutively,
what you agreed to when you were no longer
able to make any choices, your mind flickered
as you got to the counter.

Think back to where you last had it.

You have entered the quiet
zone. Respect our streets
 and empty out the disease of
a theatrical ancestry, dell, not lifted from the almanacs
from a vast track of ordinary losing.
It swallows the swift clover
channel despite its heavy plenty: brushes against
the paper boat like foreign letters.

BOUNTY HUNTER

Early dark a chance for lying
down, arm laid out alongside another.
 Through thick hemp hangings
radiates the starlit crown of jewel makers

Bent window reads emergency
gap jumper as flashes by. The field there to drink in
 country thoughts, and null set, overhung
our transfixed pilot. This guy is fearless once the bubbles
 quiver in between hair
guide lines something like a carpenter's level,
flaps settle down for a cold crossing.

Last chimney of stone before America
slips behind a metal rim, not a drama with salt
and the panicked gut it used to be,
following bird, geometric cuts in planks that are frost
and not a life dropped heavily into the ocean.
I'm waiting for a friend
I'm stuck now brunette dreamy a bag
 jam in the void, something voices up
fantasy over land cape to Cairo lush
pinnacle of straits scurrying for a poor turf.

Remember my father's dreams
skeletal Irish cottagers
 doctor called this wiggle
space, the trigger must be able
to move and everyone waits for yellow
 holding on for dearer life
than this one all maxed out
his blue eyes roll over another giftless jackpot.

Lip sips nectar melts in your
hands, the pool of our futures, not in your
heart, where rusty piping turns to
spearmint and ice.
Tunes bounce up on pillowing air
between spiked languages, curses jut
like accents over their o's, but have no
one to call home. Droplets form
around the nard and comb, giving life
where life isn't even
needed. Now a reward
card, played for air miles and colour t—
this conversation is going nowhere.

Plenty backed up. Thin tissue
spread itself out over the cut – webs placed
in the old days now strong
as marrying steel, now soft
to catch where the slipping thoughtful
slides out. Put all the candied fruits there,
left out for yellowjackets on the table.
Put bezoars in the cup to catch poisons,
a little Nevirapine to stiffen the formula.

I want to look into eyes melting gold
back down to lead
and gulp down the viral load.
I see tiny birds clinging to a spike.
In their brains at least two
rival thoughts are bleating.
So in yours, what you call home
to burr and sink down
inside you suck pleasure out by a tip.
Imagine swallowing the world and spitting

back out of regulations on clean air,
grass turned solid brick, then solid again
jade versions of everything you've lost.
Sleep over

came them, and they dreamt
they floated on an O tied at the roots with
steel and silk, gold seeping through the water.

blares from the pylons, lashes from the masts,
makes the concerto background
part of the plenty for which we'd jeopardize all the love
making humans in ditches and trees.

But the condemned teenager refuses
to buy into my vision of just so-
cieties.

PORTONDOWN SUBURBS

They are pepped for the long run.
Being out they miss a commercial
radiation blanket coats those who lie, hand on neck,
in a trench.
Your failures aren't so beautiful, a drug
rose in Boston, a little jaunt round
the neighbourhood. You clapped down with needles
on the bridal manicured hand, the die that says 'ask
again later' bellies up.

A policeman hit in the head by
Venezuelan stone, an assassin by bone,
the Shakespeare sisters by semi-automatics.
Around the green advertisements none
of that is apparent but the prettifications
shine like a new dime above
iced floodplains.

I sit in the living room giving out unevenness.
A radio play announces a Russian ice-storm
and suicide bombing of the Chechen politbureau.
People feel war coming on like a drug,
the excited pulsing at first not
really the drug itself but the imagination
of bloody entanglement, when it hits
the bloodstream and the basal temperature rises we all
get rosy with guilt. A human family
adopts a suicide bomber, they teach her to play
ball. She will throw like a boy. I want

a baby and a peaceful life,
a flat to lie her down in, guy like a drug
to see resemblances to others in the human.
That's today's spirit message,

I AM ON THE ROOF

in memory of John Wieners

Outside the Gravers house I waited
for years in line, hoping that today... snow...
we see the map lays on moving lines
because they are now still and clear.

Only memory
is more particular than you, whose loneliness
washes item and number off the world.
Where love takes its active verb, it engorged each
chink of the collapsing structure, climaxed
you're a made man, you earned your place.

Particularly your tribute, some
nights the doppler song of birds
dropping out of their trees for the naked bulb
and the strong arm in the street.
What desire cannot say, its object
glows into the dark, not into the white.
Where fear would put down scissors
or needle think about something else. This is all
he ever gave me. An old blue mug, a short

line, spare change for a guy spaced
out on interludes but still able to
climb up the mainline
climb out, out for what what
shines only on you. Morning spreads her
single digits and licks off the cream

frosts between them,
pearls hitting the wall and
sheet, lovers like dollars faded beyond
price. Filthy, occasionally imprisoned,
hovering around my parents. In here
is the table where every one was served,
also the wood cut from the forest –
only one we had left – of incipient love.

I sit up straight waiting for love.
I have less to give than that, though I
have everything, am trim and free.

In today's language
occasional life still coffins the head
with pleasure, picket as candy-stick
what do you do with a child who won't share. Scream
with laughter. Pure estrangement ranks with the high cost
of malpractice insurance as a hope for practitioners.

BOILED SWEETS

Sweet drips down the picket. Moral
mutation fattens them up, the drivers'
brains drop into a cola bath, yellow
gashes puff up like a man on gas
nozzles and from trees, manned in New Jersey;
but you can't say sweet
doesn't fly out of the air.

Here's my viridescent vision. The houses were quiet.
The people drained their lust out of objects
left by the bedboard by the first wives and husbands
of their wives and husbands, spat white stuff
into jars. Not generally speaking
their lungs filled under the night.

It's in another class.
Tassels floated on the avenue, landing
on the Syrian restaurant so they would be there
perfuming when the first shift was finished.
His gold course baked. The delivery
boys shivered. They knew the border had to be
less porous put him back down to sleep it off.

Behind split-levels taking down green
stretched the horizon of the possible.
Saturn took us parallel to total longing.
She is here played by 'England'. A couple of teenage
girls knocked hockey sticks against their families.
That stone head looked stolen; welcome change
of topic. Dog wood unfurled at that second
around the girls. This is just too much, and it's over—

like the subscription to the 24-hour news station
taken out by bloody calculus class. Sweet ups
my calorie intake, dopes me.
All retirement parties make a spectacle
of being partial, terminal joy, a cake walk.

MY GIRLFRIEND SEGMENTS

like a mandarin. Her claim is nothing
less than magnificent, the glazed
quail in her honest
 broker's well look: at the magnetic
capsule launched in her tan face.
The hedge is filled with too many
creatures to count, under white rocket
buds. I won't tell anyone else what I've
told you.

Unlock your hands and show me
what you have there, stub or coal.
 How honestly can a man think?
He can now feel happy almost all
the time, and even that –
he walks out looking
cheerful at least, that's proof that
he is not thinking hard enough me
 thinks I've put on weight,

she says 'weight is what
you need, as you once forgot to think' I see
she means the game: buckshot
bloats the tail. The juice, the drip.
A new mouth takes in some air
and wants straight off

to eat. Overall, that blue box
another duty-free import, but she
doesn't want to get gypped again.
She stands up straight on two good
legs, is all tone.