

Tony Lopez / NON-CORE ASSETS

They took a shadow and laid it in the straw.
Let it be rough and ready to make a reality
Deft, restless and unpredictable. Thus they rode
Through Norwich in every sort of fantastic dress.
Reason explained that good living was now over,
Time itself at hand. Lights, lanterns and fires
Burning in the woods. Damp air, shell-suit trousers,
Light blue sweatshirt, green padded jacket: the subject
Of this attack unknown. If you have no wire,
Roll newspapers into spirals, tie the ends together
In white cloth and herring skins. Thence souls in torment
Who do enter into these family customs
In schools, clubs or any organisation.
Among the straw cut-out is something of the truth.

They are like straight unwinding roads that lead
Into eternity. When we launch a car
We like to drop it. Root nourishing shampoo:
Dolphins ascending a water staircase.
Big coat and grip, gondola wedding,
Big coat and away through Lombardy poplars.
I find we have plenty of opportunities
For listening to speech, yet few people take them:
We need practical ways of securing resonance.
Urizen is at home on the world wide web
Sending pulses of self-indulgent grief echo
To measure your file space without hiring new staff.
A stretched limo floats over a crimson sunset
I never knew he missed driving so much.

Most districts have one or two damaged sounds
No longer so clear or pleasant as once they were.
Tunnels and sprinkler systems still provide good resin.
With its brown paper rocks, tinsel and silver,
This is renaissance style at its purest. Nice way
To put cash to work. *Sequoia gigantea* trees
Are older than Christianity and still alive,
But our best garden view is from the belvedere.
She or he was an evangelical angel
Preaching organisational entropy,
One step beyond employee empowerment —
And into virtual corporations. We find
A nostalgia for the social world of work
Unexploited as yet in direct sales.

Everyone who met those chosen lifters
Was seized by the arms, so that all strangers
Were forced to sign immunity certificates;
Crude, pitiful, and absurd as they were,
In clip-on ties to avoid being strangled.
When studying a sound, get to know all about it,
Use your eyes as well as your ears. A small
Pocket mirror will help you. The first time
That the voice of a dead witness was played in court:
“Just wanted to get the smirk off her face,” he said.
It was our second steroid-abuse suicide.
Taking care will save your correspondent trouble.
A lively tongue makes for first class consonants,
It's useful to be a good telephone speaker.

Shoplifters encourage security staff
Who depend upon their continued activity. Strangers
Who may well have perfect immune systems,
Keep coming back for a pitiful loyalty bonus
And most victims were strangled in the park.
If you want steady growth you need sound money
Coming out of your ears. Like Leonard Nimoy,
She was always looking in the mirror,
According to our witness who travelled
Beside her in the train. Smile or smirk
It's hard to tell from this second-hand transcript
That maybe wasn't worth the trouble. I hoped
She would get over the tongue infection
And disinfect her telephone mouthpiece.

In this version the tale ends happily
Financed from operating cash flow over
The life of the contract. Destocking increases
Because of his wife's greed. He tricks and eats
A heron left to die out on the trading floor,
Moves into facilities management personnel,
Calculating to prevent costly down time
In non-core assets. His new stepmother
And her subsequent life with the dwarfs,
Cautiously rubbing salt into wounds,
And maintaining the final dividend in full
Before she walked out altogether. Start-ups
Have to be set against pump-priming write-offs,
Assuming the standard rate of income tax.

Better off separated, captured by tiny men
Who are at first hostile. They sell engines cheap
And make profits on spare parts. The brave tailor
Rescued by a hunter who asks hard questions
About indirect sex discrimination,
With a fine new frock, hairdo and glass slippers.
There is half a pound of salt in each body.
Enticed and outwitted by the witch
(Who likes a magic drink) Inky and the miser
Pushed her into an oven and discovered her
Sticky boards. The slow compromise of clarity
In workplace aesthetics. Second-half results,
When printed on double-perforated stock,
Can be run on a silent projector.

Later frames are photographs of places he knew
As they are today. His adventures with a whale
Before Snow White's birth: a flexible labour market
Where castles in the air take shape. New light
On the early life of Abraham Lincoln
Before his father remarried. Cordless,
Paperless, here and now: salary is salt
With text on the intervening frames.
Setting off on his good horse Rozinante
He faced quarrels with councillors over rats,
Money, and the enticement of children.
Budget box, wooden flute or feel-good factor
Takes us through the motivation peak cycle,
Who aspire to marry expanding markets.

A little Swiss girl at home in the mountains
Killed a two-headed giant and arranged
The staining and separate disposal of brains,
Skulls, thymus, spinal chord, tonsils, spleen,
And intestines. She beats the witch's curse,
Journeys far, escapes arrest by Despair,
Then unveils an underwriting profit
Photographed in natural scenery. Black Rod
Sees upbeat prospects in vacuum technology
For pure gases. His semiconductor plant,
Growing larger and smaller by magic,
Blows a chimney and spills waste in the river —
Taking objections lodged up to six months later.
Then he re-opens on a greenfield site.

The adventures by which I became rich,
Downsizing in local offices and HQ,
When all around had flipped. The genie in the cave
Showed me how to hold down subsidence payoffs.
Still hunting bears they were changed into stars,
Proving that job insecurity is a state of mind
Unrelated to the trauma of steel-closures.
Mortimer makes good, eaten by a sly old fox
And his twinkle-eyed boss. He wanted to marry
A pretty dancing girl or a bad tempered
Miserly elf. Sober bankers on the bridge
Of our struggling industrial flagship:
Remember the *Herald of Free Enterprise*
Turned on its side, duty-free shops and all, sinking.