

## Wayde Compton / RADIAL

the radial organs of passage

wander  
away from the perfect zero  
of the ear — like shells of  
flesh, the ice-like sinking  
irises; like a coelacanth  
re-dying

into the influence of the engine

the nest and mesospheric tangle  
in which we court the pandemic

vestiges of opposability, the thumb  
on the pen

the bird bone's blood echoes ink

I go to the globe

while they burn Plymouths in Clichy-sous-Bois

feeling for a Sargasso  
of turbulence, where  
atmosphere knots itself in a purl  
of air and dead letter prayers

like a growth of worldlessness on the skin

I set the car in the camera  
of my thinking in Paris  
settle it on fire

over the face of the water

the War Between Terrors  
inflates heaven

out of the unsettled  
stir  
of wing-thinking,  
thousands of blur-born  
worlds above centring

