

FENN STEWART / from "Hamlet Maps"

hamlet map 271

this typhus zeal is hectic, tiring
an tethers whirr, insipid squealing

in brine speaks:
i fear my fealty withers

his raging pent stamp had endeared me to him
his toothsome quivers

i watched his damsels race
i can forgive a lot

my blake says muddy, nimble
his gig gleams, bikini filth

his uncles seep onto my floor but that's ok
asmydadwouldsay i was looking for a barium when i found that one

loquats

the olive's bloom is soaking, spooling
crowded scarlet, run amok miss
veins are scalding
human blueness

where's my brother?
he's my witness
picked him up amongst the buses
they explode, it's only christmas

all this dust, i'm perching endless
windows rattles closed: include this
bloody eyes in rocksalt snowdrifts

well-preserved beyond meiosis
call his calm, this split lip's witless
nevermind the poles beyond this
dun and mass and pale fucked-up hips

so i hear, we think we're dying
line-up's tireless metaphysics
squash yellow fruit, these eyeless mashes
motionless, except for small kicks

onset -2

this coffeed air this sagging smoke
this more delight than in his lips
his judgement sings bathwater clouds
his ashes tread upon the ground
these spilling eyes the ease of hilt
yet well i know what am i for
these absent reams the towel's gore
the end of day my reeking knee
as any she belied
and shiny unexpected teeth?
these too will die

stair

shriven acrostics
upon waking
fine sidelines, them hallowed cheeks

sometimes i never told you
dumbfound
another itch, too verdant

some stitches, smear
a warning
some giddiness, somehow

uncertain small quiver wrath
thin bottomless and hopeful digging
some gruel, singing

in time, these rows of duckweed
this rind of helpmeet

scam borders, briefly
lamp lighting

untitled

let's boil ladies, later – wanna?
try some leeways, enter taller
Harrod's cattlecar, my daughter

stuck beneath this enter, father
tell it lightly, like you saunter.
she says pike, this frightful meager
someone's gotta sieve – relieve her

tie my shoelace! simper! potter!
won't do better. can't besot her
gutter, mr anteceder!
peel my teeth and ache my feelers.

say uteri, it's often foolproof,
can't deny we fear užupis
tell your mother, she'd believe this
glastnost lungs and effortlessness

onset +1

round as a divorce blue as a hideous experiment
breadcrumbs and ground beef the skin strains
slices of small green the edge falls open
celery and salt his curved pink lips chops onions
shapes patties in his hands
a dead papyrus his toes curl he sees bondage white-flecked pink
grey bathwater a wrinkled eye
his neck collapses
 scales of dead white skin

a beaten egg it never healed