

COLIN BROWN / Microcosms

trumpet calls of the rose
counterpoint at the fifteenth
my vagabond heart with
inadvertent and advertent lacerations
and inevitable black hats
where shapes and colours were

your heads must project
hope has turned to snow
return to time, arms folded
dishwashing jobs
bedroom mazurkas
and the compliment clause

the liver is meant for burying
war office's blue eyed boy
came to chicago in the twenties
quick and shapely girls
bent into side streets
adorned for christmas

weird shadows

like walking echoes
whispering nonchalant
it's nothing fatal

cities in north america

the american we
nickels dimes quarters
working in the elite
and the wasps, too

regard du temps

the ten year stretch
don't follow the provocation
everytime it rains

only the dignitaries

admit them to yourself

the deacon added

walking forward through puddles

reduced to skeletons

trees cast long shadows

that's what she meant

poor and rich practices

the characteristics of things

beaten swollen reddened

so, what else do you do?

talks about loneliness

blows smoke from windows

a puccini enthusiast

and music from villages

the tall electrician

body like a blade of ice
double row of barbed wire
and sea-green cupolas
carrying the turf

the silver-haired poet

turn to moss
the shore of the redhead
some obscure girlfriend
in mirrored house
to adorn his self esteem

el país es cerrado

el mundo es siguiente
dime una cosa
ella dice
está soñando
como siempre

watch it speculate

free up the communes
flying geese and
orgies of asset strippers
building tomorrows temples

talkin' warsaw blues

too cruel for the human heart
roles and responsibilities
quasi-diaries
sirens of the deluge
meat shops, milk bars

magic has failed

acid zinc lead and carbon
the aroma of countries
ersatz sour cream
vegetables and meat
dead octopuses and squids
thickets of dried fluff
and tailors' dummies