

## SHELLEY MCINTOSH / Two Poems

### The Angels of Irony

They sit working the gearbox spindles to grind out nanosyllables in web-like fluctuations. The machines are large and ticking and have cooling fins around the resonators near a comb coil. Force fields highlight the implications that are adjusted by means of a charge pattern. One works the glass turbines while another tunes the baffles. Fission of phrasing changes patterns so that every paragraph is a corridor leading to the last. During the long journey through the cavity resonator, particles of text are scanned for ideology or apotheosis, knitting the language into the triple lattice of spin, curving to bridge the collective. Alternating currents bring wave translations to an irresistible haven of barriers. In the sweatshop reservoirs, they play with the language strings, using cyclotron compression for the public realm. Collisions at high language velocities are used to cause the collective endlessly re-imagined and allied. One flits while others swoop around the filaments to adjust subject where object resides in the lacings of grasp. The pearl elements in the triple points of the crankshaft form a crossed coil with the driving pin, creating ever smaller knitted meanings that lead eventually down to the subterranean curves of wit. Ladders near the comb coil are delicately tacked up across the limned lattice where the wires and yarns reach down. They watch carefully as throttle cables clinch the stress and structure inherent in the properties of fabulation along strings of manifold variations. Itinerate words re-enter through the fabric of the oscillators.

## Bliss

Plumb peripheries with quartered spatula  
Wagering warm about a mean mood

Carnival proffers vent and dense drink  
Designates cadence while cadging a salve

This is the map of my fabled venture  
From nadir to merry is oft half a loiter

A scurrilous locum prompts a thrumming measure  
And here jams a virulent strain

Pilloried for its escalatorology,  
an artery to Highbury  
Ten trains later fathoms a pulse  
of vascular scrutiny

Finally it capitulates to a hypodermic past  
With an air of glimmer  
The nub out there is further than I can lock  
My pledge

Miles above on the boards of the digital train map  
Clicking seconds in arterial headway

Ultimately it's lost in train circulation  
Ventures too numinous to mention.