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Master of Arts degree in Creative Writing

CHAOS THEORY IS FOR LOVERS

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Poetry
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This portfolio includes creative writing that was undertaken at the International Institute of Modern Letters in 2012. The project also features illustration, photography, cartoons and other graphic work alongside my writing.

CHAOS THEORY IS FOR LOVERS subscribes to the DIY aesthetic I employ as a comic and self-published zine-maker. Once I completed this very challenging body of written work, I wanted to give the text a fun and experimental visual life.

I hope this portfolio is as rewarding to read as it was to create.

Ngā mihi nui

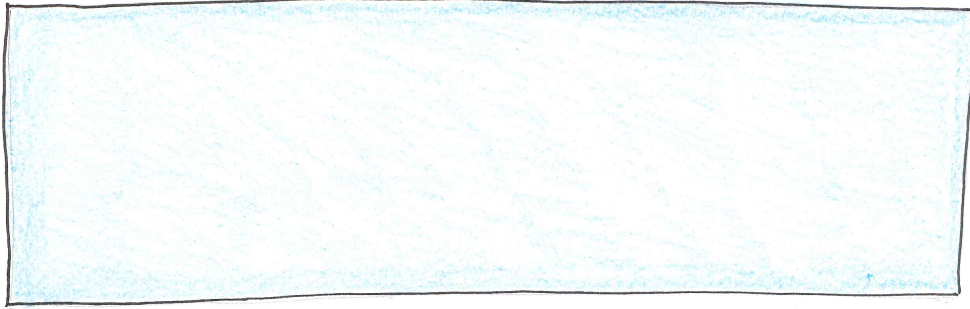
Jessica Hansell



CHAOS THEORY IS FOR LOVERS

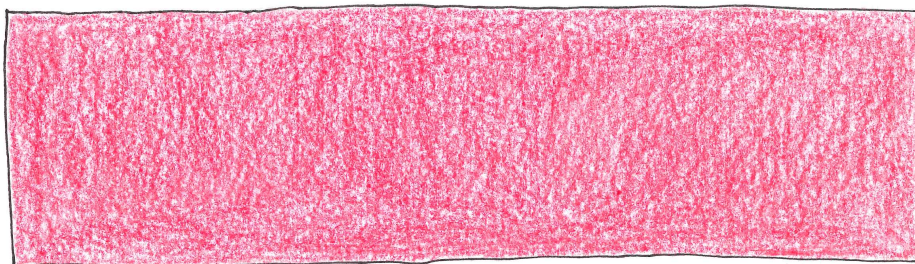
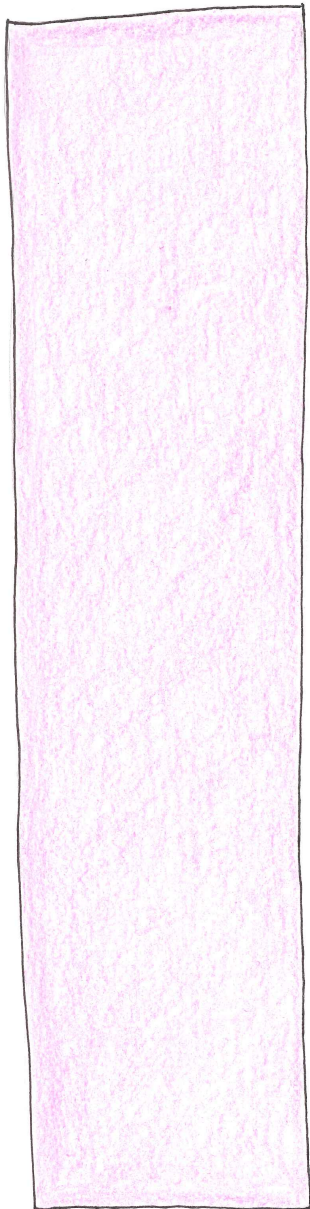
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Columns

Wearing oyster you put your hand down my throat
I opened my mouth because I wasn't afraid
I felt fingers latch onto something
the tag of a balloon
you pulled
a milky block of jelly emerged
it was eggshell blue
you placed it between us
I was impressed
it was twice my height
from inside of me came two more of these columns
one pink
another blood red
I stared at that trinity
they shook
but stood stable
I felt lighter





E.V.E

You know you have a good man when you are willing to take the heat for him



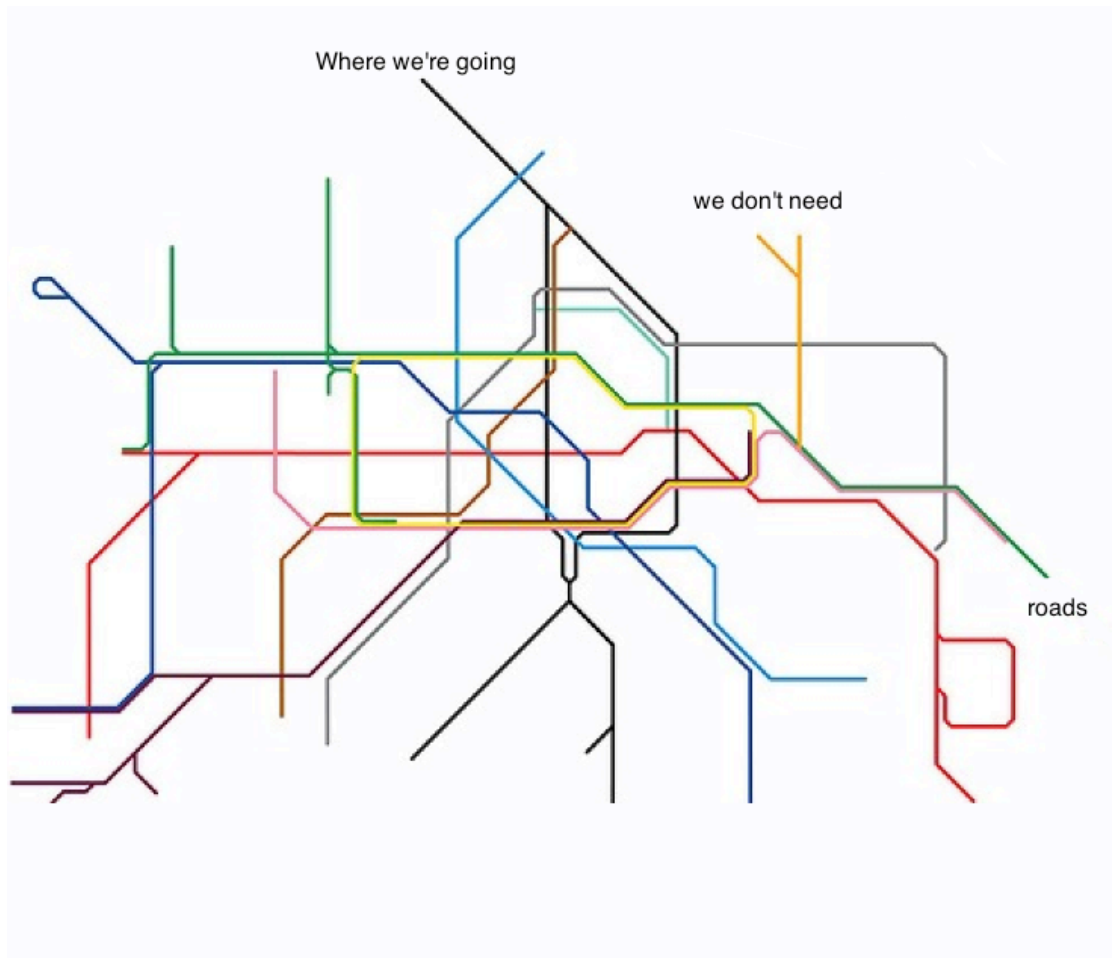
Lilith

Free



Jezebel

Everybody got something to say



On the highway to Hawaiki
There are no valves, no chambers to release you

They wanna soak you in perfume
fit you out for a four-storey tomb

Yes the rapids are savage but
you're not safe if you stay

I'm gonna brave it all
to get where I'm going

Cool your jets

Grey sat in his custom-made car. Parched at the wheel, he watched other motorists do their usual freeze and continue. The terror in their eyes hadn't really changed over the years. Hey, at least they know not to scream these days, he thought. People have come a long way.

His waxy body was starting to chap against the interior. Obviously time to start exiting the vehicle. His sponge door lifted and heat flooded the car. Grey's thick middle was able to hoist everything upright out of his seat. He stood C-shaped, and kicked the door closed behind him. He felt comfortable walking among the polished hoods and concrete.

Grey rocked himself to the lifts, various cooling belts and tubes were all pumping around his tight body. He entered the elevator grateful that it was empty. Ready as he was to face whatever was up there, any awkwardness beforehand might break his nerve. Miraculously he was making it up all thirteen floors without a pit stop. The privacy started feeling suspicious though, especially for one of the busiest television stations in the country. When the lift doors opened he saw it was no anomaly.

There to greet him were a group of station-heads, centered round the torso and voice of a giant shark.

"Welcome Grey," the shark boomed.

Grey inched himself out of the elevator, his fin reaching out for one of the agile humans to take. A young male intern took it and once he was fully out, he lifted his nose to nod.

"Hey everybody," Grey said, in his infamous drawl. It made the humans exhale and beam.

A name-tag was hung around his neck. GUEST. Grey took a moment to soak in this shark's spacious face. He noticed its speech was still a work in progress, a bit gurgly. But he admired the big blue letters around his neck. STAFF: ELI

Eli looked like one of the impressive trucks outside and this pleased Grey, a kindred pride coursing up both their tails. They looked at each other and held fins. Touched humans looked on amid the plastic plant-life and mirrors.

The group moved to a cool room and held a quick meeting. They broke down the schedule and formalities of the interview, then Grey excused himself. In the bathrooms he thrashed under blasting faucets for a few minutes while Eli waited outside. The two of them moved down the navy halls, both covered in a fresh film now spitting on the carpet.

"Now before I ask you about the water and how you came to lead the strike, we might just touch on your background. Your education, how you came to develop the language, how you started the integration," Eli droned.

"That's fine," said Grey.

"Your voice is what makes you the key figure for the movement," said Eli, his envy giving him away. "It's so... human."

Grey's face stayed tight, deciding to let the irony ricochet off them.





“I wouldn’t speak it if I didn’t have to,” said Grey solemnly.

They took a subtle pause in between the offices and framed posters.

“We need your visibility.” Eli’s nostrils inverted slightly. Again their fins touched.

The two entered the studio where the light-rig was pumping. The human crew pretended not to notice them. The brightest part of the room was where Grey guessed they’d be sitting. Under their giant seats were grates, dripping and draining. Above were two metal mouths releasing faint spritz from the ceiling. Grey preferred to stand in the cool shadows and wait for the time being. In the empty auditorium seats, away from the lights he could make out a warm shape. He knew there was another dolphin in the studio watching. For the first time ever, he spoke the language out loud to himself.

“Fantastic.”

Eli had eased towards a group of camera-operators by this time. Grey was in the corner looking around peacefully. Eventually a human female came up to him with a strained but large smile. She wore headphones and like him was also covered in belts and wires. Without speaking she led Grey towards his seat and quickly clipped a microphone to his gel outfit. Before he flipped himself onto the chair, he took a moment to angle his face up to hers.

“Thank you,” he said softly.

The female backed away, her stunned face nothing new to Grey.

Across the room Eli had seen this and flashed Grey his teeth in the fashion of a human smile. Grey returned a synthetic human laugh, knowing their joke would be lost in the manner vacuum. Slowly the studio-lights intensified. Before their heat could cook Grey’s skin, he raised his eyes up to the mist. He relished the cool droplets hitting his small teeth. To avoid amusing the humans he decided to keep the rainbows he saw to himself.

d r a g

I look past their heads.
On the facing cliff I see
mansion the size of
my entire eye. Has it
been standing there all these months?

Friends bicker while I blacken
I travel up there
I wanna know more about
this place, what's it like inside?

I picture floors
their toffee shine
my trots across the room

then a cough will bring me back
to smoke
and me blowing
like they do in the movies

The Original Oracle



Exercise 1.

Shine from your deepest inside point, it's a swollen gold rooster.

Become a Buddha stoned, who has gorged on love and half a peanut-butter smoothie.

Be a pride made up of various freedoms and techniques.

Be a drawn face, serene and precise on an alleyway wall (you know that scrawl you did amid the bins that time? Yeah, be like that).

Be the thick smoke of self-belief, adrenalin and perfect teeth.

Exercise 2.



Say to yourself: my bills (once jutting out of everything) are now a big swirl of kindness and warmth. Imagine the cosmic iron of a cryptic Lord had just glided over them and paid them all. Say 'my troubles are banished, but they fly into the cupboards of no one for I have somehow forgotten to be vengeful to all of my enemies'. For best results forget how good you are at making enemies.

Exercise 3.

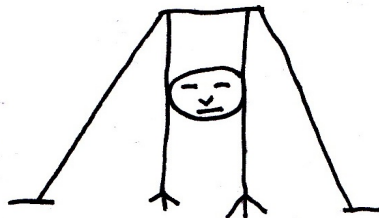


Say to yourself: my memories are curt, mere empowering flashes. Snippets aglow with my secure character really. They all savage my passages until I feel only glory and the raw honeys of electricity flowing through me. My life is an easy sky, a spellbinding thrust that ripples like a flexing set of muscles throughout this realm. My own physique is a freshly minced cocktail of sacred sexuality and discipline. For best results make your discipline non-competitive.

Exercise 4.



Say to yourself: my mental condition is a lone karate teacher. A bear-trap for a psyche, it lies in the forest of thought akin to a whale jaw ready to clamp the badly parked car-tyres of negativity. My skull is only comprised of symbolic crickets, warm cloaks and sharp pencils. My every gem and creation soaks up evil like the carpet in the depressing pokie-bar of self-doubt. I wring out the towels of joy with the clean and humble fingers.







Brave Niu World

Hit the surf in the dark
only seeing seven stars
I dare you
Hand luggage pig banana yam

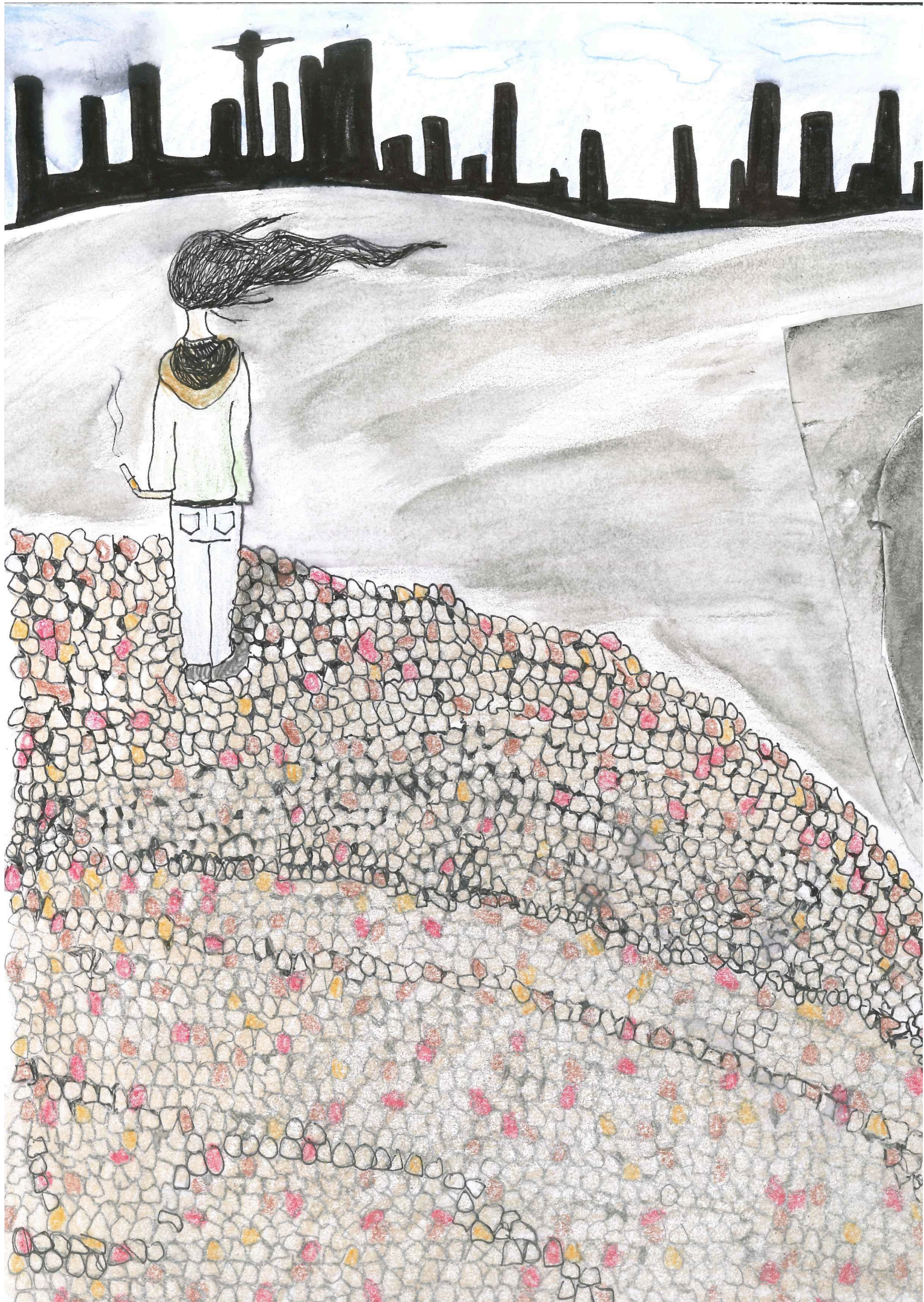
Wince at the zenith
hope to see
a beam coursing
upon a grass wife waving back

All coconuts get supped
and scalped
use them to read
the odd meridian too

One palm to the equator
or just a few fingers
the difference between Guam and Tahiti
no biggie

Study waves and birds
no truer math than that
Notice fish change too
if you're running low
drink the big one's blood

Kōpū Venus and Pareārau Jupiter
well they licked that creamy rock
where your sons stand
every morning





Transformer

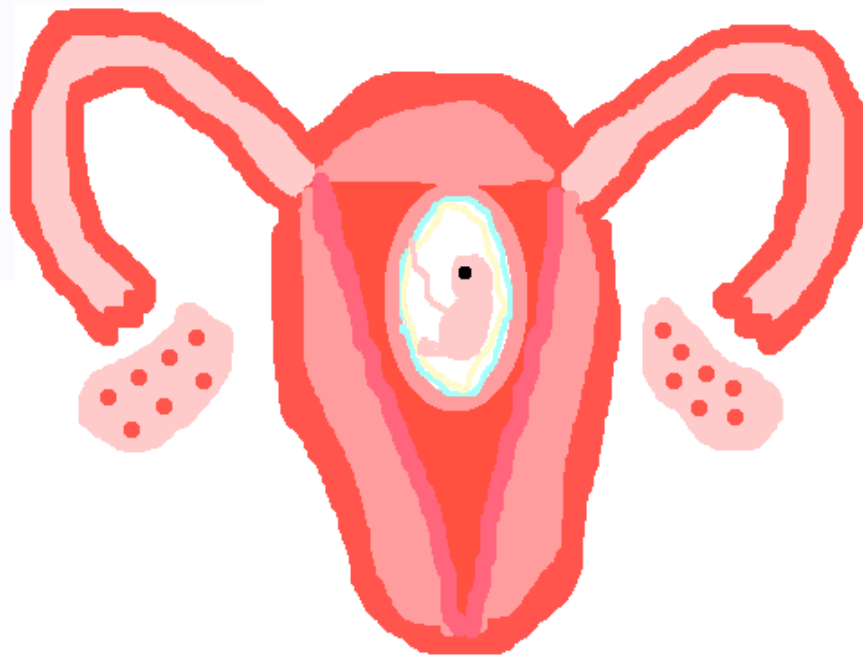
Girl that scoria quarry you left behind is looking for you
All your littering
hoodlum Camels
the dumbo bulldozer switched off snoring

The mineral
built this lame city
not rock'n'roll

You've worn an orange road-cone as a hat
rubber perfume
sat pretty heavy on your bored shoulders
remember?

When you throat-sing to the cranes, let their cackles drown you out
No one likes a show-off

THE WOMB DOESN'T REQUIRE COMFORTABLE SHOES!



The landlady that raised you

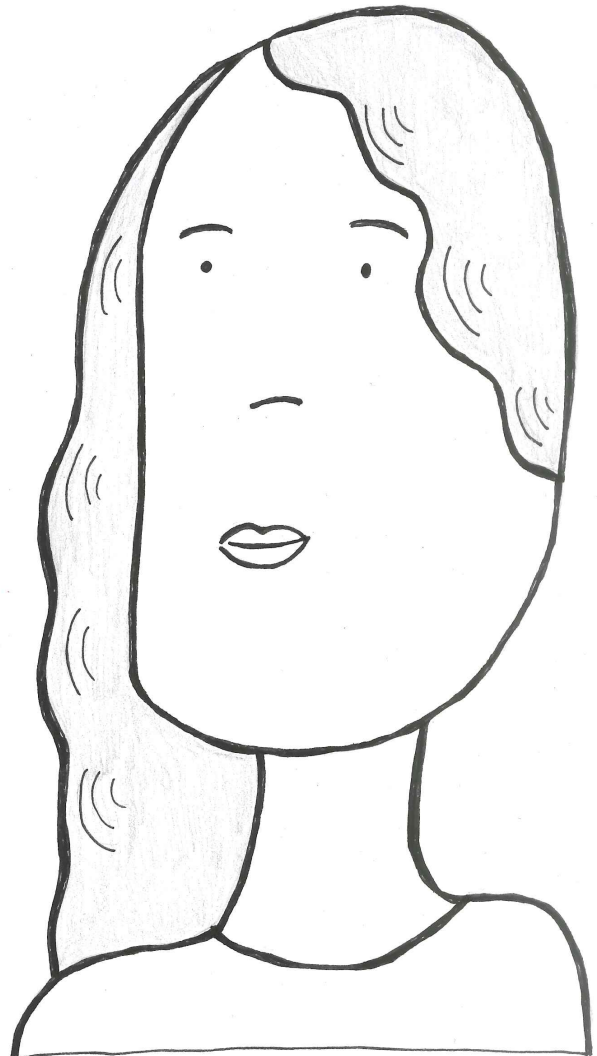
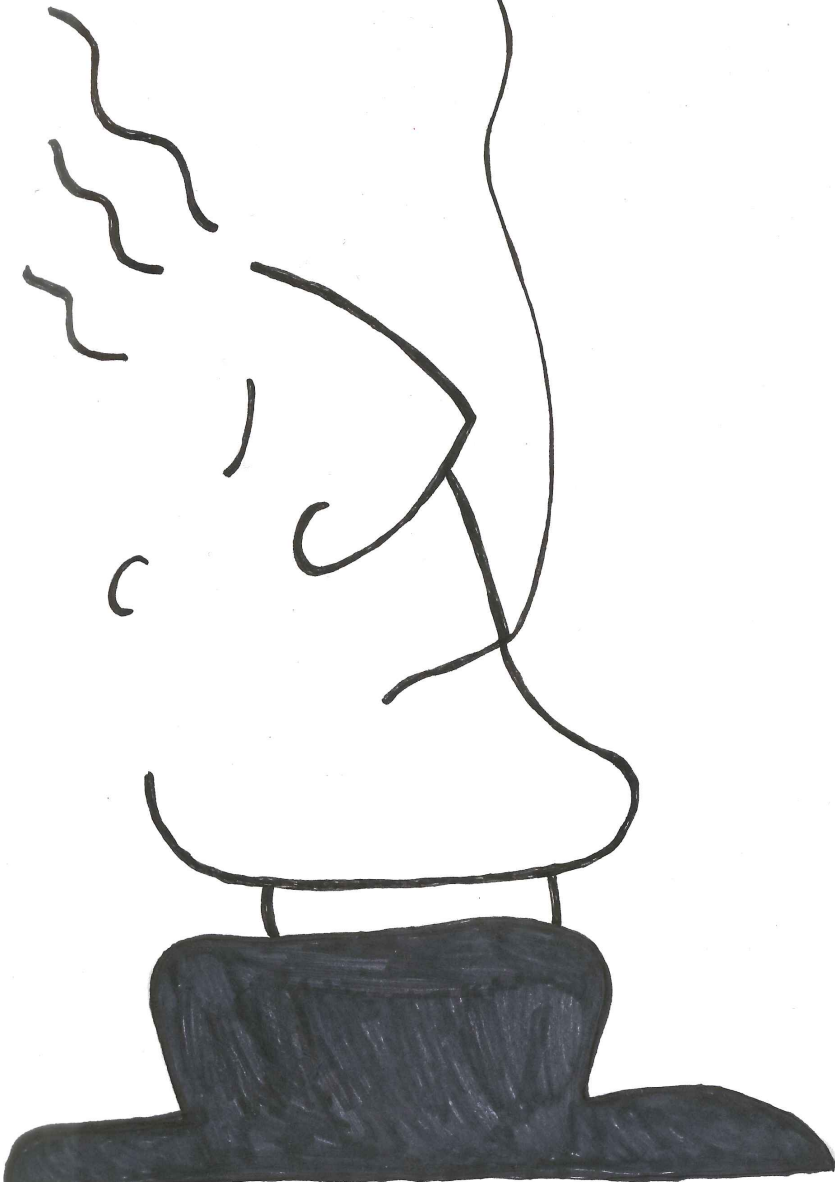
One has gotta abstain
otherwise artifice concaves you
pixel bosoms unlike
the landlady that raised you

Adman brainstorming all posing like tropical rainstorms
got us wondering aloud if we need more supplies
Could have been a new light-year
but they brand new thoughts as nightmares
I still never know why we seem so surprised

The sphinx stays asleep
the wheel keeps spinning
Druids drop cauldrons
and spill all our winnings

All the spreads are astringent
they snub galactic contingents
yet despite these mistakes
please keep building your mind

You and I and others like us



His homeland sounded like forked lightning to me, terrifying but at least there seemed to be a loud crack his people fed off, some sort of pact with the life force. Unlike here. “People will sell you a big shopping bag of whatever you want...and it will cost you the cousin of nothing.” It sounded great. Especially to someone who is the cousin of a lot.

He asked me why we were listening to such terrible music in the restaurant. He was right. The radio was chugging along with one crap jingle after another. But I was starting to crack. I didn't phone in a private request to the station, it's not my fault. The national identity didn't spring from my fucking blueprints you know.

“Give me a break,” I whispered, knowing he wasn't listening anyway.

Everyone remembers the night that the bad signs start to bark. Faded posters of Hawaii decorated the wood-grain wallpaper. There was a Tour de France calendar. This being a Chinese restaurant I pretended I couldn't see these because if he did, the sophisticated commentary would never stop. If I was with a friend we would giggle kindly, but I wasn't with a friend. His ridicule for anything I enjoyed was boundless.

He touched my hand for the first time in days. It was like a royal wedding amid all the dissatisfaction I was steeped in. I soaked up his temporary warmth, even closing my eyes. He reminisced about his apartment for a while and told me how his building had central heating.

“Your place is like... a garden...with French doors. The wind just ushers itself right through.” He didn't know that I had house-hunted for months and that ‘shitty cottage’ was my brief pride and joy. My brothers all came around with new furniture and even nicknamed me ‘pimp’. But I laughed and nodded innocently. I mean, who in their right mind would live there? Kind of like, who would take someone to such a shady restaurant? Who would secretly consider it their favourite?

He spat the pork into his hands. I winced so as to make out his words. “It's all fat, it's disgusting.”

I saw my father's face, the expression he made when I did this exact thing as a child. Yes, I could still feel him giving me that swat in front of everyone. For years I had loathed that moment – the way he dug his shaming heels into my table manners. Now however, I saw this malignant sweetheart in front of me and I got it. I realized this guy had never had such a moment... ever. I didn't exactly crave to slap him myself, but I did gaze at him seated there. Hissing at this mutilated palm of meat while other tables watched. My envy and pity locked hands and the deep-fryer rattled beneath us.

“This place is a disaster,” he said getting up, wiping his hands on the tablecloth. He marched up to the teenage boy behind the counter. I saw his credit-card spring forth so I rose knowing the drill. Grabbing his jacket and taking off my scarf to offer him, I quickly read my plate of food like a newspaper.

Somewhere inside of me, I saw my mother spooning the leftovers into an invisible container. But I pushed the image and the chair out of our way.

WHAT IS FOR SALE

What is for sale?
My aura stun-gun
how it turned pale
I swear this sector
of suckers they are
blinder than brail.

What is opulence
but copulating
occupants who bone
who they please on our
lemonade terrace.

Their crutches are our
green and cream stolen
cheeses, but surely
you all knew that right?
You didn't? Jesus

Not my alchemy,
these are poison these
small allegories.
Plato's Cave oh such
wacky foibles, these
dumb wild stories.

WHAT IS FOR SALE II

(OR what else have you got out the back)

I cast spells for a price
Less tied down than a kite
I'm that witch who eats bad
decisions, they apply like conditions.

Who ordered this meal?
This beast, these 2 backs
Truth be told I'll do it
I am willing to go

Well you can shit on me
however you like I'll
consider it if the
atmosphere is quite nice

If your leather pouch is
heaving my milk and bread
I'm that tragic barren
Baroness saying yes
I take what I can get



Ant Colony

Spite trickles its jaded way.
Blood enters the tower, my circuitry and neck.

Secretly my mind is a wet sack of seeds but I heave it around happily. I even manage to make friends.
But on this day I come to a clearing of revolting dinner-guests all smelling like something I don't drink.

They're looking at me with their multiple bung eyes and I notice their costumes are either unhemmed or clingy. Everything is the same colour-palette as the police-car parked nearby. All eyes lift away from me and head upward. They're faintly smiling despite their obvious chaffing.

I already know the men will keep untalented snails chained up in their chinos and all the thick-necked broads (who accidentally spit in my eye) will suck them out of their shell when I've left.

They keep telling me about a golden boom that I know for a fact never happened. One guest tells me I remind her of a gum-digger they kept in the basement car park. Sadly they had to let him go because he was stealing.

It's all a bit spread out like grimy toys. These people remind me of a full net of fish, flipping themselves dry. I roam the thicket.

A courier is walking around the tables. He starts asking for a 'Douglas' but everyone's eyes are away. I feel a mercury desire to kill rising inside. They correct me and tell me such a feeling is called a 'holistic scone'.

I can taste the car-seat covers in the back of my throat. My eyeballs fold over. Suddenly I am tuning the radio for some man-child who has spilt chow mein down his front. We hoon through tunnels and we'll spin out in somewhere. I imagine the charcoal we smoked prior will give us migraines. If our toxic wheelies are over-zealous I might finally kark it.

But we all know I'll wade it out. At least until someone appears and tells me it's not my time. Or maybe they'll say I need to remember the true meaning of Christmas. I suspect it's to be polite.

My eyes return to the thunder-dome of bad soirées. We all go to the riverbed and the mud swirls like gravy. It twists when I dip in my calves. Some bitch thumps me on the shoulder. She has a Roman nose so I think about the Gods briefly.

Her eyes are dead. She resembles all those photos your camera took by mistake. I see spider-veins threading up her side as she waits for my reply.

She takes a big sack out from behind her back. It is bulging and smells like garden.

She takes out a pair of leather boots and asks me my size. She throws them hard at my face. I think she cut me.

These boots are two sizes too small. But I zip them until my skin is silenced. I sit on the riverside with sharp grasses slicing up my skin. For a few minutes I hallucinate fleas are gnawing into me. I do shots of gin until my tears wrestle the river. I am heading downstream, hopefully towards the next town.

MY BROTHER CAN'T SLEEP

He lifts and drops his lungs, those two barrels. He is soaked. Have you ever tried to breathe into the black like this? He rejects his own question.

It's a leather he says smothers his spirit. These naps that never happen. He feels a palpation at best. Perhaps a loving graze from the woman he keeps letting down.

His eyes scatter, dice scanning the same shapes. Remember when you were a security guard waiting to finish your shift? Yes. That was eight years ago.

Dull little splinters keep boring into his brain. He is watching a silent film. Horny sharks swim around the bedroom.

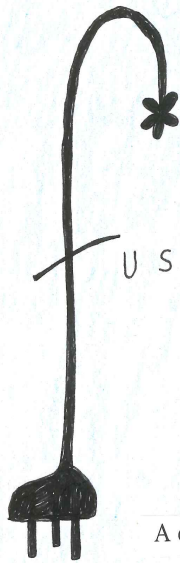
Great, now the bank is nagging. He rolls around, food for the polyester worms. Scrolling in an unmade bed, the audio from his day reaches out. At night my life sounds like a heckle at a public pool, he says.

The lamplight waits.

When he touches it, the glow is wrong. He returns to the alarm clock smut. Fixing a glimpse deep into his. He is now lying on his side. Each numeral a smug expression. Each hour slithers. They all feel like 4:30

He recalls the day a bug stared him down before it flew straight into his eye. And so that bug's ghost flies around the room too.

He hears the morning. Our road fills with motor and language. His sockets sag. Perhaps somewhere there is a place for eyes to sob their own tiny eyes out. Or at least get some rest.



USES
DRIVING
FLOWERS

A deteriorating goat in a cave
tries one last time
the knees don't buckle
and it tastes the wet fern

A baby boy wails down the ward

he came back

he knows to reach for a giant hand

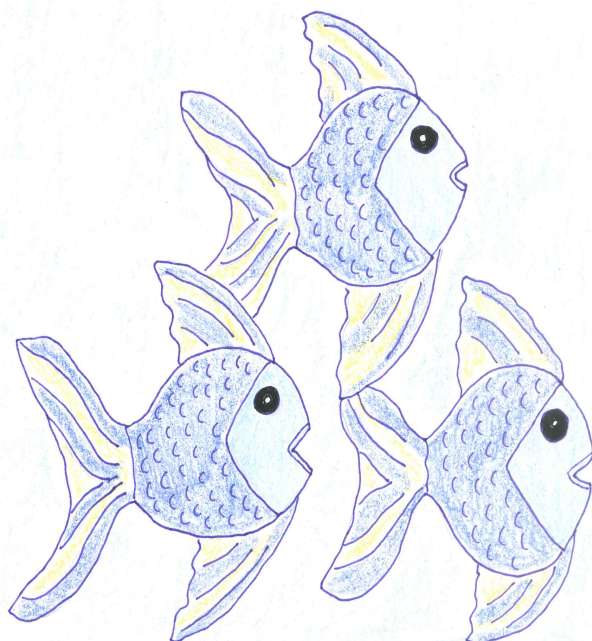
A woman scans the water

she remembers swimming

Each small fish is tuned in

they know exactly where to weave

when the woman dives in



THE 305



The two girls stood behind the bus stop, ignoring the stench. Its mouth was parted and the eyes had eroded into bone and brow. They'd squealed and clung to each other initially. Now they were forensics, thumping it with rocks.

"It looks like a wolf," the scruffy one muttered.

Ramona's aunty had given her a bad haircut that morning. The wind now pummeled her ears so she couldn't hear what she was saying. She knew this feral animal didn't resemble her family dog that's for sure.

Camille just folded her arms, her hair sewn in two complicated plaits. The metallic pink jacket she wore everyday whipped in the breeze. Lately Ramona had been borrowing her father's fishing jacket. Her version was blue and slightly stained.

"Yes, you might be right," said Camille. Its skeleton is different. And the face is smaller."

The smell hit them and the girls burst out laughing.

"Ugh it's putrid!" Camille covered her face with a handkerchief. Ramona used the sleeves from her jacket. It was quite exciting to see someone other than her grandfather use a proper hanky. This was also the first time she had heard the word putrid.

The pair returned to the front of the shelter.

"Don't worry someone will have cleaned it up by tomorrow," Camille muffled through Hello Kitty cloth. Ramona didn't actually find the smell that bad but she kept her sleeve to her face anyway. The girls had about ten minutes to kill. They had fun whenever Ramona made it on time. Camille got out apple pieces from her bag and the pair crunched away.

"Oh yeah, I almost forgot," said Ramona. She dipped inside her mouldy backpack and pulled out a stack of glossy pamphlets.

"So what did you think? Aren't they great?" asked Camille. She took them back like a bribe.

"Well I loved the pictures. The apocalypse stuff in the sky was awesome." In truth, that was as far as Ramona got with the material. Her mother had seen the pamphlets and quickly explained what Jehovah's Witness meant.

After Ramona got baptized by cultish neighbors her parents had to keep an eye on her. What did every neighbourhood faith want with her anyway?

"I know you love the pictures, but you have to return them to your friend."

Ramona was lovable but impressionable.

She didn't really get the whole speech but Ramona knew Camille hated talking about her birthday. She also didn't sing the national anthem and had to leave the room whenever they watched science videos in class.

Ramona pointed at the euphoric faces on the pamphlet. One woman was flanked by waterfalls and hiker friends.

"She looks like you a bit."

Camille squinted.

"Not really. She seems full Chinese to me."

Ramona remembered Camille's sophisticated speech she must have gotten from TV.

"I identify as Eurasian. Basically I'm mixed, like you." Sometimes the girls would high-five about this.

The next day Ramona sprinted to the bus stop almost out of breath. Her new shoes had been tripping her up the whole way. Camille said they still had a few minutes and opened the tan encyclopedia weighing down her bag.

"It is a stoat!" she yelled.

They compared the healthy living examples with their rotting friend and agreed this was definitely a stoat. Little did they know its body would stay with them for the next two months. During its decay Camille carefully explained to Ramona what rape, menstruation, an anus, a stillborn birth, an abortion and a hostage was. She explained to her the meaning of words like vulnerable, economy, ecology and even condom.

“Not that I’ve seen one,” she clarified.

One day the girls noticed that the stoat had somehow managed to bury itself.

The bus pulled up and the girls marched on board, veterans. Clicking their tickets and sitting among the adulthood, their stop was the last pick-up before the motorway. While the wheels heaved onto the off-ramp, they watched sun hit water. Ramona remarked that the harbour resembled an ice-rink and was surprised when Camille looked impressed.

They decided it looked like marble too.

The pair took sips of green tea from Camille’s new Garfield thermos. Even though Ramona hated the taste, she did like the warm feeling against her fingers.



Legendary

On the forest floor you can nap in the leaves and dream about pushing your parents apart
you can dart around the trunks until you get to a clearing
there you can wrap ropes around the sun until it slows
now the sun will keep you warm for hours
a woman lives in the moon you know
you can hack up a stingray
you can tell your brothers
her eyes were beads
her nails were hot



Bit of an episode

Praying to put a salve on it all
allergic to faces

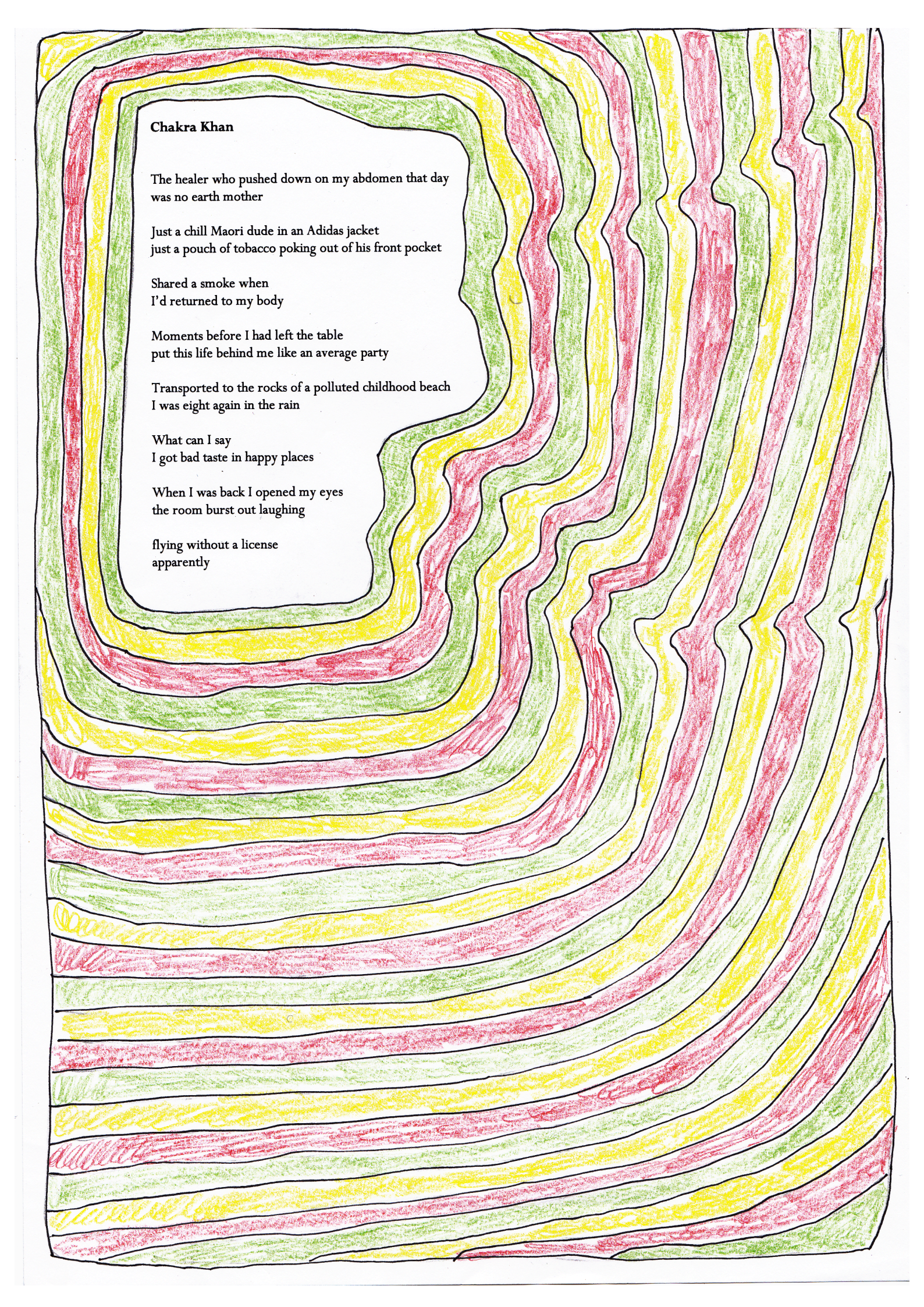
Cross on your door
lying on your stomach

Pinning down your own face and arms
mortified you got it wrong again

Pointy people make you seasick
those jerks burn in hell

Slowly roll out rugs for them to walk
maybe sing them a hint about your skeleton key

Days later you'll recall you have a garden
that you love very much



Chakra Khan

The healer who pushed down on my abdomen that day
was no earth mother

Just a chill Maori dude in an Adidas jacket
just a pouch of tobacco poking out of his front pocket

Shared a smoke when
I'd returned to my body

Moments before I had left the table
put this life behind me like an average party

Transported to the rocks of a polluted childhood beach
I was eight again in the rain

What can I say
I got bad taste in happy places

When I was back I opened my eyes
the room burst out laughing

flying without a license
apparently

Chakra Khan II

Four years later
zapped back on the beach

Hippy books swear by
this technique

In my room exhausted
hear that voice under my ribs

I place three fingers there
and feel the shame reappear

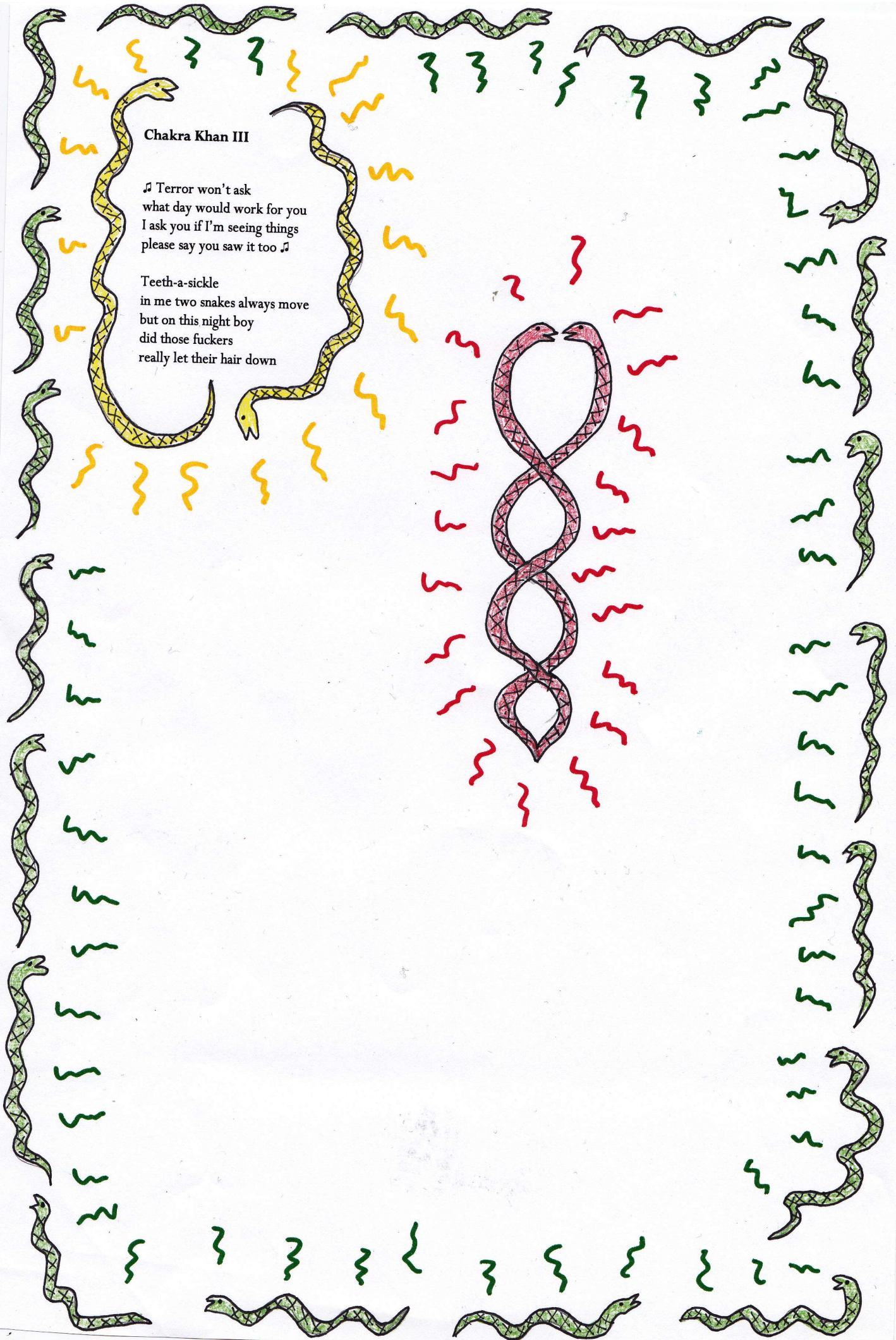
At first nothing happened
and then what do you know



Chakra Khan III

♪ Terror won't ask
what day would work for you
I ask you if I'm seeing things
please say you saw it too ♪

Teeth-a-sickle
in me two snakes always move
but on this night boy
did those fuckers
really let their hair down



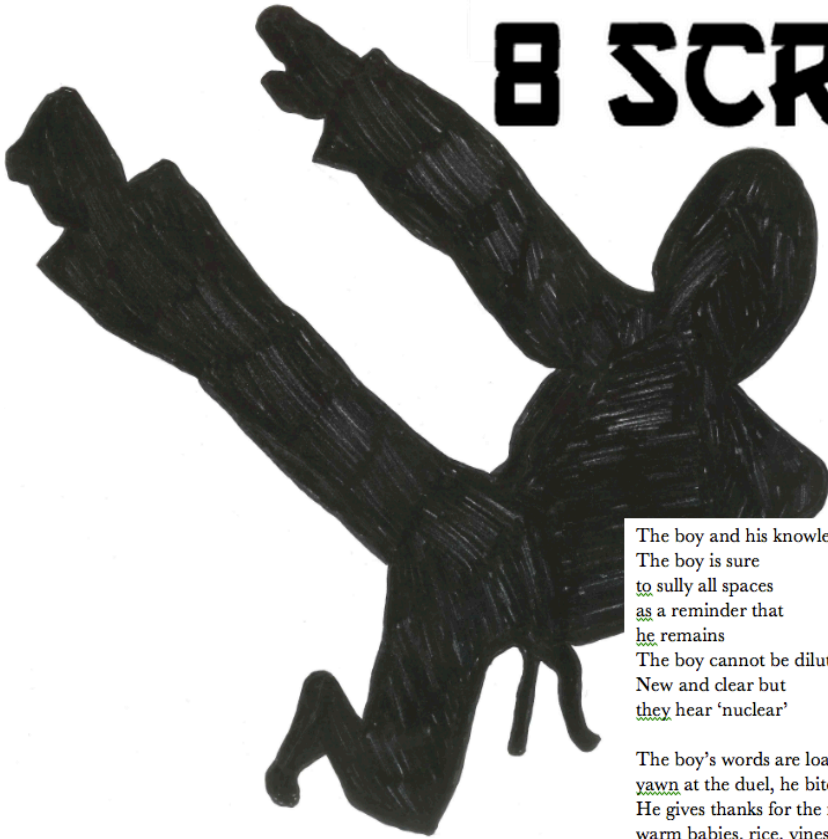
Rocky patch

Quaint papier-mache fear
atop each other
soothed over
looping

We never go out
we never leave
our pupa
because

it might hurt your hand
we might reveal
all isn't
well

B SCROLLS



The boy and his knowledge are felt
The boy is sure
to sully all spaces
as a reminder that
he remains
The boy cannot be diluted
New and clear but
they hear 'nuclear'

The boy's words are loaded gloves that
yawn at the duel, he bites no thumb
He gives thanks for the magnitudes
warm babies, rice, vines, wrinkled lips
heavy plates, animals, all mud, cries answered
smoke signals sent in and out tents
blankets, milk, gambles, dark arts
linking hands, hot water, heart-beats



Love a Duck

Beloved food joint
Asia-Pacific table
We order alot



Tao of the old Madonna

We are living in
a material world so
vogue indefinite



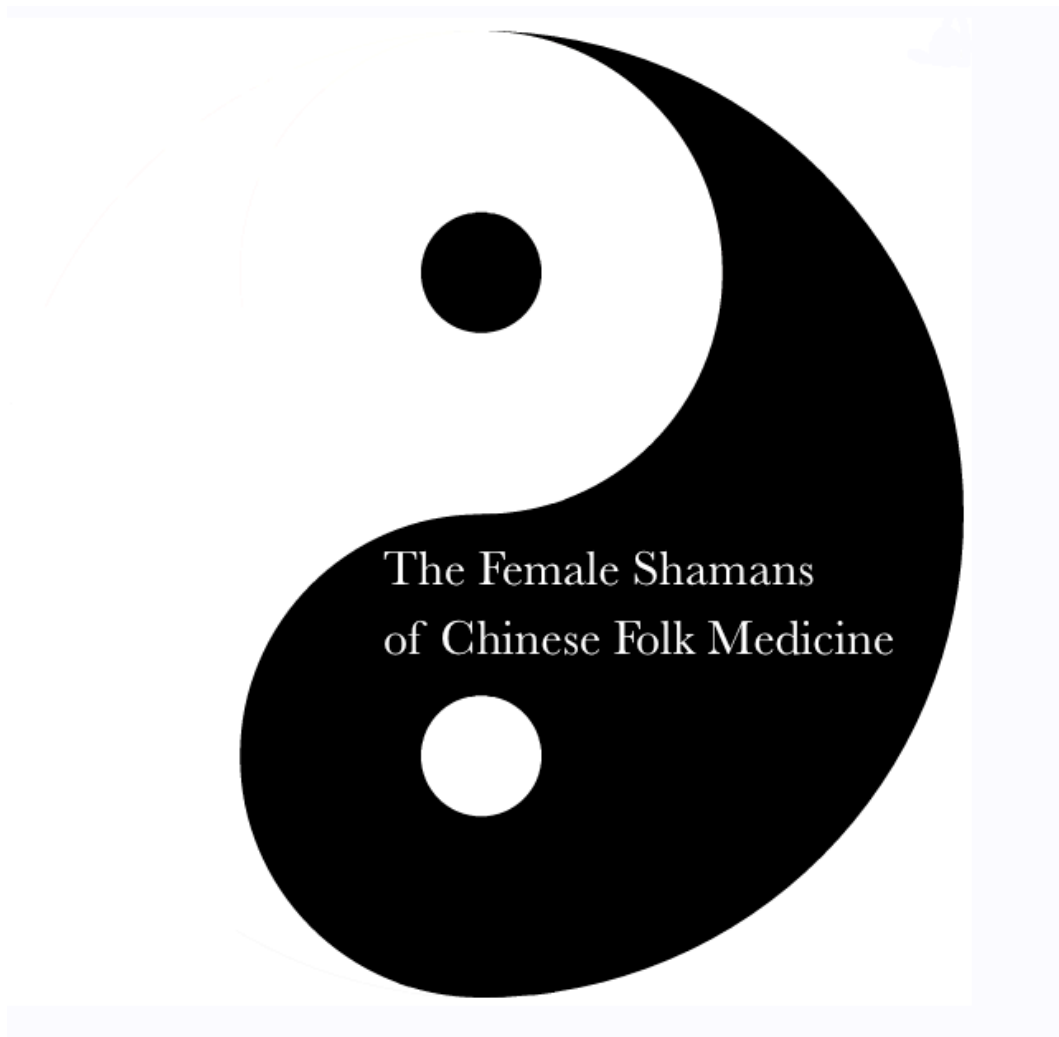
Four sisters

We had food and heat
our moods were ridiculous
I'm grateful for yous

Flood

Jungle I taste
inside one mouth, cascades
I'm down the cliff
waiting for that hot salt
to gush down my face

You're pounding through this
Your body is steak punching back
up to our necks
mud tasting like what
a constant



The Female Shamans
of Chinese Folk Medicine

Kings
beards
priests
then my eyes got to drink this cup

A small mention must be given
says every author ever
but these women entered trances it said and
with the gifts of prophets

500 B.C I spot one in
the writings of Lieh Tze
This one knew your death and birth
she'd drop knowledge at God's volume

wherever she appeared
men, women
and children
would hide their faces or
flee from her
path



Guards, seize her!

She knows to prosper
even when others doubt her

To feel her own handful of earth
is to landscape her own opera

but kimono corners can snap as they soar
hurry up this boiled food won't cleave up itself

they say you better be in this parade
or you can get the hell out

forced to wear
a bodice of wasps

well it won't ensheath her
it never could

Her mind stayed clear
a clean peach, a dominion unseized

She will stand waving from any shoreline
she'll always bloom

No war-cry
could ever discourage her

Chimpanzees and Gulls in love (when you're not)

Pressed against jets and baubles
I studied them
weaving their way upward

Lacquered
Panting
Eyeless

The sky ran out of weather that day
The same frozen bodies were slinking around
and the usual cannibals were out heaven admiring

My eyes see only swamp, I don't know why
When I see my reflection, there is something unripe
and the same goes for everyone else

So I shut myself off
until the wedges in my back could beat together
and I smelt that metal

I felt those garbagey feathers and
I flew
dust bounced from all the drums

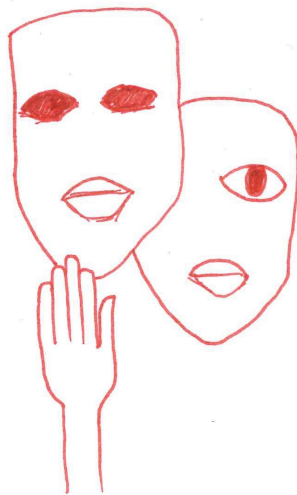
I hope you jerks choke on your ice-cream
because I
maligned nameless bird
am out of here!



And your mother's mother

A silent army
She-wolves taught me
let the men eat first
you are too picky
you can't muck around forever

But I saw you mime me the answers
because you couldn't say them out loud
I saw you say grace
With one watery eye locked on me





No longer applies

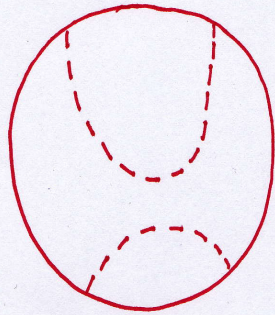
Listen to them, beaten up feelings
fractured wrists beneath the leaves
somewhere like me you're cracking up
about that martial art we once tried

A parting of ways
not my design
you made me think I was a cellar
well your hallway chill lives in my spine
so I won't hold your hand again

Keep the moon stuffed under my cap
with the tides residing in my core, a glen
suns jammed down both my goofy socks
each day I hide the force
each day I bury another Pluto
knowing that you'll truck on just fine

M.B

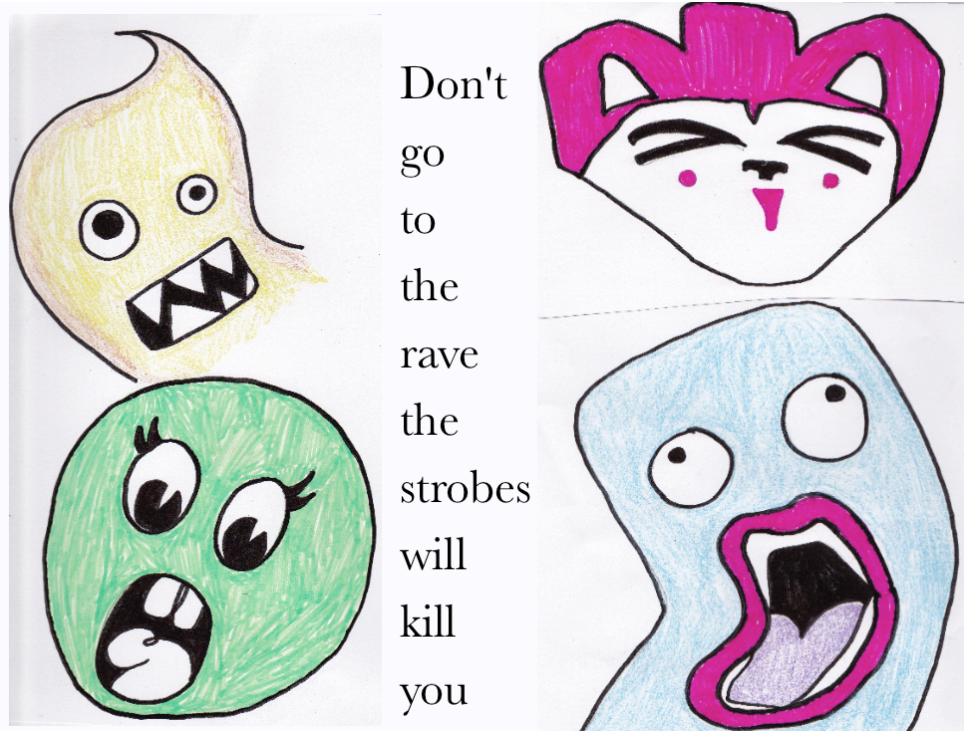
THE FORMER SOFTBALL SUPERSTAR



Met Meredith-Beth in a South Korean bar
she was from upstate New York
loved men from my country
jaded tequila shots
I said
girl you can have them

We did the damage
trust we had our revenge

I'll never forget
that broad
who stole me a fur-coat
just because I was crying and
she wanted to make it stop



Don't
go
to
the
rave
the
strokes
will
kill
you

This is how it went
Young parents
the second kid fires
epileptic gun-blasts

Kid sunbathes on some other plain
hears tropical music
music drowns out mother's terror
music waits deep inside kid's skull

Sweet Nana tells kid
fits are just a party trick
Medication gets trialed and kid goes back to
um let's say normal

Hospitals? Kid forgot them but damn
does kid remember when she's in one
hair and nails
may grow faster than other girls your age

and it's been decades
but if you were there
you'd avoid lights too



Suburban Legend Sestina

Four doors down from your old house
there were two murders
I don't think it was cruel and unusual
it was just a husband and wife
It didn't make it into the paper
it was just considered local knowledge

Before I got married yes I had carnal knowledge
I wasn't used to living in just one house
and I never cared for reading the paper
Someone dies. Someone murders
I was surprised when I became a wife
Everyone said my dress was unusual

I noticed you because you too were unusual
You seemed so controlled and had good general knowledge
'Name Napoleon's first wife'
You wiped the floor at that quiz and it was a full house
All my answers were wrong. 'Crows fly in murders'
(That's the answer you snuck me on that tissue paper)

So I wrote you a love-note on the same piece of paper
I watched your eyebrows crunch at my words, so unusual
We both loved mysteries, Orient Express murders
Over time I watched my version of knowledge
get confined to this apricot house
and all my poems became about the unsung hero, free the wife!

I was sensitive. Your friends knew you had an emotional wife
On the ground I lay down that newsprint paper
I gave up cleaning the house
It says pine on the bottle but it sure smelt unusual
I read the fine print because power is knowledge
Bored eyes cut through grease and best believe my stare murders

But to be the killing kind, the type that actually murders?
You know, that man who plotted against his wife?
To live with that urge, even that knowledge
So I did the 'what killer are you' quiz in the paper
I got Manson, outlandish and unusual
But we love each other, it's just this house

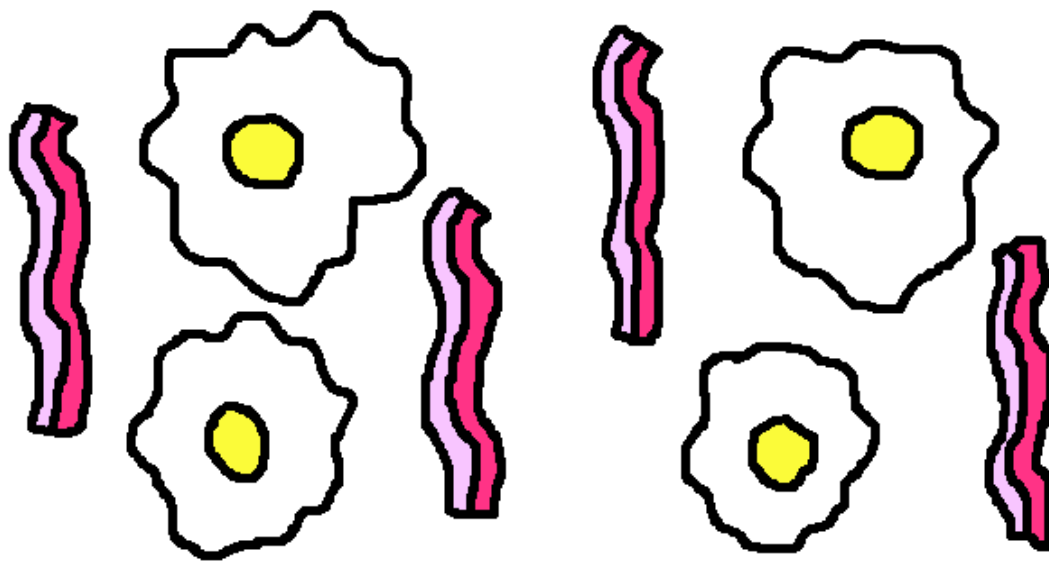


Anime Valley

Hugging path and corners of our great outside
lie these discarded visions
Transmuted pop, glazed street gems
each tower a pair of smiling eyes
Now one could boast a dimpled mouth
only here do dumpsters wear grins like these

You can walk past rubble
see three scribbled elves
Red gold green born onto bricks
all light my landscape as it trickles

Inside the elevator shaft you glow
gliding down those shelves
I spot your message
the scrawl read 'remember me'
so here I am



IT'S RAINING BACON AND EGGS

Better

I moved house and your name was the brand of the bloody window-frames
so they are my new St. Peter
bodyguard to the gales

Inside this place were other glimmers and grimmery
the power shorted regularly and I couldn't reach the fuse-box
I thought of you each time I had to stand on a crate

I had no one to signal or eye-roll at
when the bubbly Patrice called
twice

and no one offered me a third drink for what felt like mountains
only you know
I can secretly sink nine

Few people asked where I was
those who knew 'how I got'
ate without me

Slowly I got fully clothed
a big family washing line
covered in linen and jokes



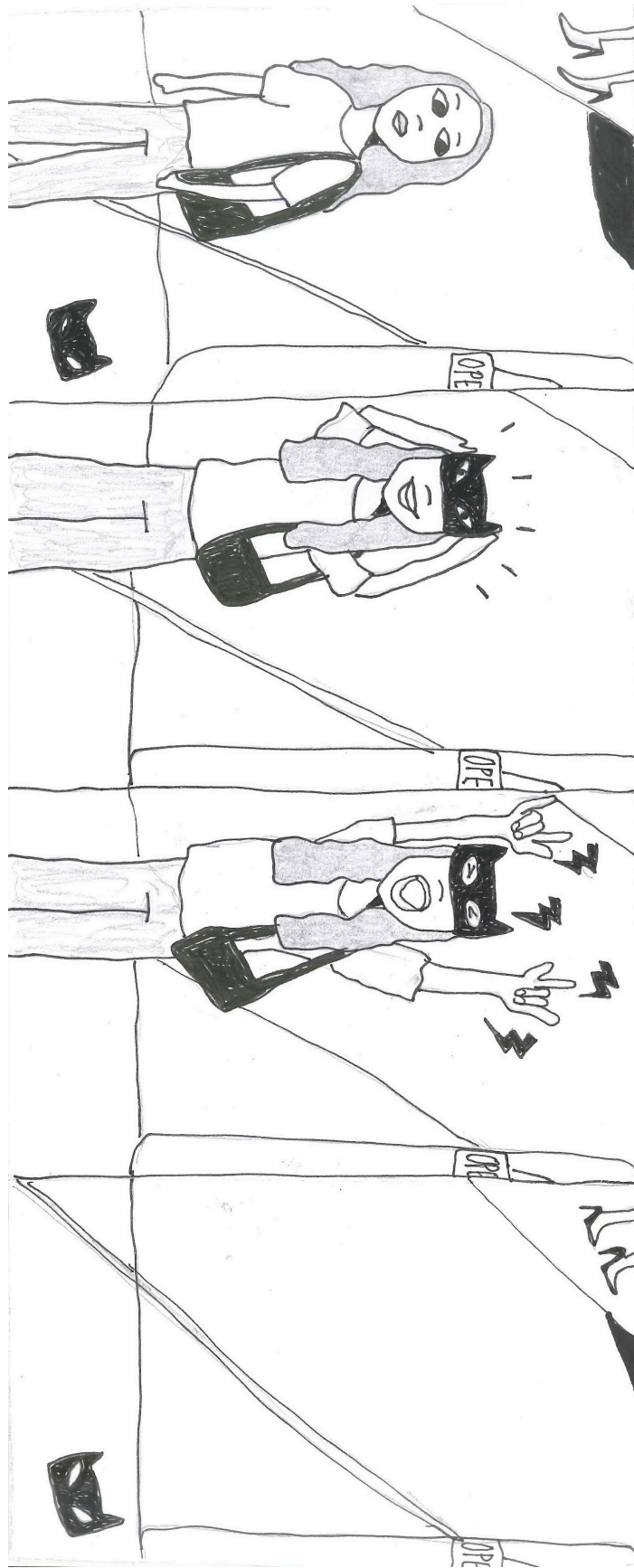
Anime Valley II

I walked through the concrete tunnels when I was young. I still remember those hieroglyphics. Lavish, dramatic alphabets respecting my eyes. An 'A' the size of my father squashed up against others, bubbles blowing up our path. Those words would scream to me. They'd resuscitate that drive that otherwise felt like jail. Words took the back of every bus, and I a happy hostage. These codes taught me that in this life, the police could feel so optional. I may have reworded this slightly.



**A NEW ME CAME THROUGH A NOSEBLEED
I WAS DELIVERED BACK INTO MY OWN MOUTH
I WAS TURNED INSIDE OUT AND GOT ZIPPED UP
I WORE THIS NEW CAT-SUIT AND CREPT AROUND THE BUILDING
NO ONE EVEN RECOGNIZED ME**

**THE NEW ME WENT DOWN DARK ALLEYWAYS
IF NO ONE WAS AROUND
THE NEW ME WOULD JUST CHILL AND PLAY SHADOW-PUPPETS
IF PEOPLE SAID I LOOKED FAMILIAR THE NEW ME JUST STOOD ON ITS HANDS
UNTIL THEY CLAPPED
OR WENT AWAY
THE NEW ME FELT IT!**





Billboards Available
No. 127 899978

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Stylized graffiti tag in green and yellow

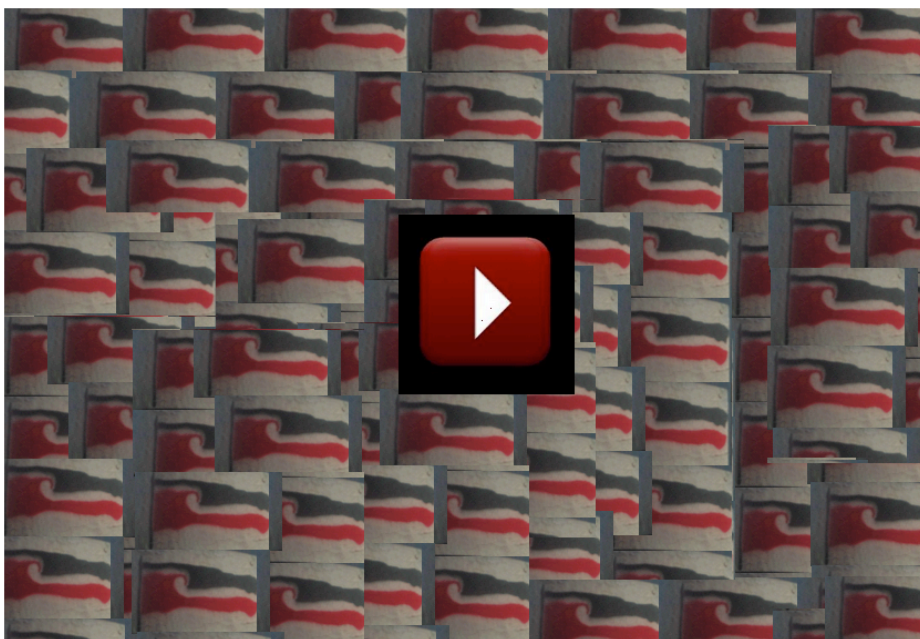
Anime Valley III

To you Trojan, Zephyr, Eloquent
Humble signees, your kiss restored my faith
Any painted name
a tantrum
a child's sentiment
all your scrawls revived me

We are beads loose
spitting back at the chain
I don't think such scribes shambolic
I am one of you

I see my friends on metal fences
on the rippled truck door
in the cubicle
on the power-lines

I even feel you on those surfaces
some think the ink can't reach



Kāwanatanga

Barricaded in.
Start with something small.
Just dream through
Bust this cartilage with me

The fresh will gush into us and you will taste it, man realise
a jumbo prize could fill our life like a sigh.
Fists will pummel the oxygens,
easy!

When theories rupture and the glass ceiling crackles
those shards will float
imagine those pieces of paper slowly
leaving their hands

The low drone we put up with will boil
their codes can't weevil into us now
our words are hearty tackles that hurt the scheme
we are the big deep swing from which to throw ourselves

Prior and future shocks
will be shucked from their casing
Throttling a mere fractal
of what I always knew was out there

They said 'wish you were here'
Well guess what
I am here
I live inside this bulb too

Bearing witness
Bearing fruit
Bearing
with you



Just a note to say....

Hey thanks

When I walk with you
there is a snail ahead
my time is his peaceful lip
locked to the ground

The moon pours milk underfoot
and the trees jostle
calling me on
someone de-bleaked them tonight

When I speak to you
my words are no longer
food for shame
or another dropped egg that

sulks
leaks
lies bungled
like the rest

Your soft paw
is behind your ear listening
catching my suicide
soaking up bathwater

When I detonate
and put up the yellow tape
you don't
let me go there

You reach into my fiction as if it's a purse
to extract
a weather-report
that ushers me back outside