

Structure of Silence

8

First thought endless peak complexity which abbreviation I
am becoming slightly disturbed by the new stars how they
fall like thunder homes vanishing no act what is in a smoke
cloud analyst's findings nothing but confirmation of
viciousness spreading catalogue of unreason learn more
quietly consuming continuing slaughter in the hospital
orchard tearing out roots they grip so tight dear it just
dropped blood from your eye

7

My head all afternoon your lap we'll never grow old fire and
water all now war the moon even hot again I'm afraid of
feeling time in my pocket rain banging like fireworks yes
you're right the relief of poisonous air is the purpled hour of
sky we never went strawberry picking I wonder if we will
stop forgetting open eyes unsummer something off

6

Light structure of silence more wind now than answers to
know is to separate to words it past shadow comfort me stifle
the desire sharp flicker withhold me exeunt unheard gentle

5

What flowers emerge those children's fingers breaching the
soil I cannot

4

Rehearsed mornings office extracting light from below 1.5°
delusion trip lights switch on before the door opens I
remember my mother brightly through glass tending a
house martin's battered wing stroking its head with thumb
her open palm eventually returning wings to unquestioning
air start forgetting scroll scroll towards the forecast rain
checking again destruction continues compassion an
unstable emotion quiet now work begins view of cranes
resting like idiots in morning's violet ribbons coming
undone

3

I want quiet ordinary hours living noiseless loving like a pet
I cannot drive I cannot lead you outwards any further than
my arms reach I hope we can begin to unravel the noise the
current switching off our solution our privilege taken for
granted mechanisms of pleasure and anger control us that's
the main issue you say it happened and now now is
happening which we must face to face the ongoing in which
nothing is concluded and there are less birds and consume
smartly hard but hardly compared to other devastations yes
I know what you're thinking

2

What can we find but absence too much stimulates I give up
the research a gospel of despair we must be question marks
form now on a premise

1

And the way wind speeds in rapeseed fields rainy day and
the hour after hour and how we share memories like mints
and what else do you contain and drops of blood down my
collar and to hear of monsters and quick bright things and
confusion and the software of madness and you say the worst

of it is unknowing but to be real is to be surrounded by
mystery and judging landscapes for once I see you and it's
over passing through the return the routine the disquiet
repeating even if only to accumulate such opportunities
complicitly quiet in the moments between the moments
with no devices with questions of territory still occurring
you laugh now I laugh now some thing inches closer

Coda

Harvest now. Metrics ascend where terror is sport. A billion
errs wishes. World bleed. Have we looked into everything?
Circus bread. Stones no longer innocent, arguably.
Experience time passing. Vapid infrastructure. Listen to
what's said

slowly

if empathy is
the fundamental
weakness

and imagining
destruction is
easier than change

and attention
is your final act
of worth

we've made a strange
business of living

0

insist
at the
precipice
of their
design