

LONDONSTONE

by Alex Davies

"Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand..." - Mr. Tambourine Man

The day the bomb hit
capable City folk
in packs,
in museumstowed,
the clock imploded
and time and its markings.

Each noise
a massive point,
Each person
a pendulum.

The Compère is of the city firmament.
The Compère is sad beyond the pale underground.

'I am that delinquent toss chops
what mankind busies herself representing.'

Madmen, madness:

Guards pursue wheeler-dealers,
sand & milky char.
Proprioceptive bus drivers onslaught wingéd mirrors by inches,
Jubilee coins
thumbedin concrete
jam cracks.
Thawed pillions
disenfranchise barber poles.

Pavement musk tossers
tug-lust-horse-tail-till-shits-tusks,
siphon vomit,
horses & carts,
rickets foot t'other,
burlap beak filled pepper.

Above even this,
stock-stay sliders blocks wheel in groove of wheel,
ball of clapper,
timber of cage,
lip of bells ring stench across the river,
oolite & clay kilns.

Where ants once roamed
now roam we more.

Darlings sit in dusty seats,
clasped white hands grip crossed black wings:
it is not love which twists the double helix.

no bell / moves more / than one place / in one row / at one time

Tween ancient pawn shops
house aching deities
howling:
'stone lion,
why howl,
why bite air?'

pressmaker | touchpaper | sponge finger

Spooling conundrums,
bony Corbomite Maneuevers,
hansom cabs & deerstalkers.

'What have you done with my spatchcock?'

'Boy,' the Captain comes to respond,
coughing salt,
to the Compère:

'my cup runneth over with merkins,
methinks my small business plan
requires a mortgage tracker.'

'Yes, we may watch Tower Bridge crumble and be glad.'
'Yargh.'

For all you feudal serfs,
the dog is a smokescreen,
an epic cigar,
hat fixed, part muzzle,
'Argh! Argh!'

Chimps play Go.

'There's fakery in the bakery!'

A snapped cock-a-doodle,
cuckolded,
cuts milking stool ankles,
knees-thighs off dollscissors.

A hat float in the river,
a leather circle twisted in a cone of light,
where hair flows,
surrounds the corpse,
uniform lead blinders
and gilted executive portraiture in chalk outline.

Terrible times.
Expect bleeding.

Troop the colour in triplicate.

Too old men -
two, step up -
us-now inhalers,
mustard gas.

Cowered, wooden lads,
pickpocket joists shred skin,
flies plant eggs,
their bodies blur in the haze.

An old man,
with a mild cane,
raving madness,
melancholy madness.

'I seam ruined dreamed victory.
with all the rinse and the spit',
grotesque shapes, primitive, simian,
given to random acts of dischord.

'Damn you and all you stand for.'

Staple tide,
automated ferocity,
ghostly,
paper dollars.

Begin centrally.

Wallets fix sceptres.
Some of the wallets
are filled with cash.

Bronze legs,
mechanism brogues,
cuban heels
dribbling fiscal warnings
on comics.

Our idols' idols,
sculpted/recycled.

Satan made his name of such things,
hiding behind empty plinths
in the Penny Dreadfuls.

Courtyard fireworks and mechanical turks
acknowledge dedicated sherpas.

War ceremonies paint one colour,
St. Paul's furious boudoir,
parasitic mosques,
crossed out ad nauseum,
spiral radicalism:
all who attend
are four score or more.

God's minstrels anticks:
almonds have no place
in a place of worship,
just as chestnuts
cannot be admitted.

Abbey walls
siphon vomit,
savage quills
wasting blood
as like as if
mosaic.

Confessions: 'I'm petrified of having a fat Labrador.'

Impact conditions blur, or promontory.

Fear collapse:
tin badge,
sepia glass,
fixed shoes,
empty wooden boxes.

sputum / mucus / cheek swabs / shoeprints

Silicon chips implant newspaper wrappings,
the Dutch legal entity
paces in headphones,
inspects the crack,
kicks it, hits the ear flat.

Dainty toes on flint cobblestones,
shouts from camel coats flogging carcinogens,
effervescent peasants
park this diatribe like kushty parkas init,
pickled haze from the bombed gherkin,
shattering the Ace of Spades on deck.

Panic attacking cameramen time-lapse
ghosts
surrounding speeding cabs
and corpses.

turbans | block | bomb explosions

Boots polished hard:
see your face in them.

Rotten sponges,
twine buckets,
Charlton Heston's teeth built of Lego,
loosing shells at the catacombs.

Windows smashed, boarded
not so dichotomous,
great fires top out skyscrapers,
banks whirl,
sly chalk diluted,
as if,
robust constitution ad hoc.

Mixed screams kept muttering,
proletariat meet on the river bed,
visited by millions,
noticed by no one,
composed of negligence,
the fear
of the children.

Children playing in arcades,
toy with metal claws
activated by money,
and the teddy bears look put out,
and slightly maudlin.

In so much as we become the City,
so the city becomes the voice of us.

The monstrous, shadowed, pre-pubescent
mobs
points the finger real
straight like,
one legged
gluttony womb,
stump quivers,
consumptive skinny,
Parliament fireworks,
neo-residents
attend music halls,
sparklers dance round Stalinist ice cream van drivers.

A doffed cap,
a telegram,
distended bellies,
filled of water,
a plank is placed
over the navel
and they push
us out.

Diego Garcia rams the gates,
riding a snow white Yak to the summit,
speckled Beefeaters
tend Ravens' AK47s.

Monkey o'lick o'bananas.

'You fools! ALL you'll find here is death,
and pidgin English.'

Dogs paw gas lamps and hay bales,
ash & wingnuts.

You could potentially trace
the cut of his jib
through the ruination
of his oxygenated blood,
this bareknuckle boxer,
this bareknuckle boxer.

Against the shingle,
her hair is silvery.
Darkness on her locks.

This loss:
my gut recorded it.
When I moved a finger
a blizzard hit a frozen lake.

A large Nazi helmet
with a toothy grin
guards a dark room fastidiously,
pitchblende,
archaic CRT,
printed reams,
sawbones,
dot matrix printers,
light reflects geometric data,
thick brick hit flesh.

Alabaster clerks ballpeen
hammer impacts tests on asbestos.

Women constructed
dance around
Men constructed.

Shoboshobo.

'I stop to consider the raven.
When it stops to consider me,
I fear death, and move on.'

The boy dies on the toilet,
or of stagefright.

He polishes so hard
we see our faces
in his boots,
his army
shouts and stamps,
red-square crevices forming parallel points at unilateral infinity,
death-bricks bloat
droning bagpipes,
cyclops cock-eggs,
discarded fighter jets.

Ribald & grime,
jib & crimp,
cross-damage-chisels.

Drunkard protest singers -
body politician -
fear gibberish -
young voters is potentiality co-efficient.

Rushmore fucks a task manager,
mistakenly Roger Thornhill,
mistakenly George Kaplan,
mistakenly Cary Grant,
mistakenly Archie Leach.

Why is Jack there?

'These are things that keep me awake at night.'

The Compère makes sawing movements
with his hand,
it does grate.
When I ask him to stop
he says he can't;
'he's describing the saddle'
that shapes the universe.

If the chronometer on the yoghurt pots
correspond directly
there must be a time delay
on the string.

Atom of press
bond atom of skin
taut on canvassing
like butchered.

Lepers' metal rocking horses
turns bipedals.

That blue plaque stinks like a bin.

Label suitcases as razorblades
embittered immigranzt burn parks and fertilise soil
- pegmatite dikes clog factions -
crumbling council estates talk tongues,
washes dishes,
tributaries | territories
pitiless bottled undertop.
Primary explosions, hidden playgrounds,
termitte inverted pyramid,
humped prostrate ceramic tile.

The Captain,
nonchalant,
a pissing rhino.

On the horizon,
a thousand castrati,
the sun sets,
shunt a chuck more coal in,
humping eroded crucifixes,
dancing piccolo halt
on tempura dusk.

Artful yelping,
yawning under awning,
a kind of whirring sound
in a darkened room,
the sound of crashing noises,
and despair.
So we row Queeny in the Thames,
we,
cough a pheasant fox,
glib crescendo,
imperial pianissimo,
Blenheim minim,
the last night of the Proms.

When they piled the bodies up
they marked no precision
so they just lay there
like cattle
or matchsticks.

The City is
reduced to beauty;
make it as
a box of clocks.

The printmakers,
the river,
in museumstowed
strained dust,
Banks declare swords of claret wine,
of measured London,
inglorious,
this impossible machine,
pissing-conduit,
outlasting charge and command,
hero & villain
share illusions
at the waterfall.

Now once more
we tow the lines.

'I must do away with that
the uncertainty of the committed act,'
leant against a sea wall,
a Captain.

'Why have we stopped?'

'Why do you think?'

'Why, do you think?'

'I think we have stopped.'