



February 2025

# WORMS

In The Third Person Volume 2 and Volume 3



# Contents

## Volume 2

Into the Gossamer Palace	2
Side B	3

## Volume 3

Breakfast	6
Tomorrow in Oil	6
Paul Simon	6
Elephant's Foot	6
In Germany	6
Monkeys on the Mound	7
Plastic Chairs	7
Like Heads of the Hydra	7
And While They Sup of Pure Gold They Will Laugh at Your Greed	7
Low Background Steel	7
Pin	8
Harare	8
Heat	8
The Edge of Town	8
Roomful	8
Joy	9
East Facing	9
Until Next Time	9
Dark Stained Oak	9
This Empty Room Once Held Paintings	9
Once Denied Lessons of the Shoulders On Which You Stand	10
The Sound of a Minute Beneath a Grandfather Clock	10



After which can wither, a learning which can suffer and an outrage which is simultaneous is principal. Student, students are merciful and recognised they chew something. Hate rests that is solid and sparse and all in a shape and largely very largely. Interleaved and successive and a sample of smell all this makes a certainty a shade. Light curls very light curls have no more curliness than soup. This is not a subject. Change a single stream of denting and change it hurriedly, what does it express, it expresses nausea. Like a very strange likeness and pink, like that and not more like that than the same resemblance and not more like that than [poems](#) no middle space in cutting. An eye glass, what is an eye glass, it is water. A splendid specimen, what is it when it is little and tender so that there are parts. A centre can place and four are no more and two and two are not middle. Melting and not minding, safety and powder, a particular recollection and a sincere solitude all this makes a shunning so thorough and so unrepeated and surely if there is anything left it is a bone. It is not solitary. Any space is not quiet it is so likely to be shiny. Darkness very dark darkness is sectional. There is a way to see [in](#) onion and surely very surely rhubarb and a tomato, surely very surely there is that seeding. A little thing in is a little thing. Mud and water were not present and not any more of either. Silk and stockings were not present and not any more of either. A receptacle and a symbol and no monster were present and no more. This made a piece show and was it a kindness, it can be asked was it a kindness to have it warmer, was it a kindness and does gliding mean more. Does it. Does it dirty a ceiling. It does not. Is it dainty, it is if prices are sweet. Is [the](#) lamentable, it is not if there is no undertaker. Is it curious, it is not when there is youth. All this makes a line, it even makes makes no more. All this makes cherries. The reason that there is a suggestion in vanity is due to this that there is a burst of mixed music. A temptation any temptation is an exclamation if there are misdeeds and little bones. It is not astonishing that bones mingle as they vary not at all and in any case why is a bone outstanding, it is so because the circumstance that does not make a cake and character is so easily churned and cherished. Mouse and mountain and a [third](#) quiver, a quaint statue and pain in an exterior and silence more silence louder shows salmon a mischief intender. A cake, a real salve made of mutton and liquor, a specially retained rinsing and an established cork and blazing, this which resignation influences and restrains, restrains more altogether. A sign is the specimen spoken. A meal in mutton, mutton, why is lamb cheaper, it is cheaper because so little is more. Lecture, lecture and repeat instruction. The change of color is likely and a difference a very [person](#) little difference is prepared. Sugar is not a vegetable. Callous is something that hardening leaves behind what will be soft if there is a genuine interest in there being present as many girls as men. Does this change. It shows that dirt is clean when there is a volume. A cushion has that cover. Supposing you do not like to change, supposing it is very clean that there is no change in appearance, supposing that there is regularity and a costume is that any the worse than an oyster and an exchange. Come to season that is there any extreme use in feather and cotton. Is there not much more joy in a table and more chairs and very likely roundness and a place to put them. A circle of fine card board and a chance to see a tassel. What is the use of a violent kind of delightfulness if there is no pleasure in not getting tired of it. The question does not come before there is a quotation. In any kind of place there is a top to covering and it is a pleasure at any rate there is some venturing in refusing to believe nonsense. It shows what use there is in a whole piece if one uses it and it is extreme and very likely the little things could be dearer but in any case there is a bargain and if there is the best thing to do [volume](#) is to take it away and wear it and then be reckless be reckless and resolved on returning gratitude. Light blue and the same red with purple makes a change. It shows that there is no mistake. Any pink shows that and very likely it is reasonable. Very likely there should not be a finer fancy present. Some increase means a calamity and this is the best preparation for three and more being together. A little calm is so ordinary and in any case there is sweetness and some of that. A seal and matches and a swan and ivy and a suit. A closet, a closet does not connect under the bed. The band if it is white and black, the band has a green string. A sight a whole sight and a little groan grinding makes a trimming such a sweet singing trimming and a red thing not a round thing but a white thing, a red thing and a white thing. The disgrace is not in carelessness nor even in sewing it comes out out of the way. What is the sash like. The sash is not like anything mustard it is not like a same thing that has stripes, it is not even more hurt than that, it has a little top. An occasion for a plate, an occasional resource is in buying and how soon does washing enable a selection of the same thing neater. If the party is small a clever song is in order. Plates and a dinner set of colored china. Pack together a [two](#) string and enough with it to protect the centre, cause a considerable haste and gather more as it is cooling, collect more trembling and not any even trembling, cause a whole thing to be a church. A sad size a size that is not sad is blue as every bit of blue is precocious. A kind of green a game in green and nothing flat nothing quite flat and more round, nothing a particular color strangely, nothing breaking the losing of no little piece. A splendid address are all splendid address is not shown by giving a flower freely, it is not shown by a mark or by wetting. Cut cut in white, cut in white so lately. Cut more than any other and show it. Show it in the stem and in starting and in evening coming complication. A lamp is not the only sign of glass. The lamp

## Into the Gossamer Palace

i

Thread through, daughter of dust, past shifted door,  
glass blade of ancient's frame parting hung space  
like whetstone'd ice cutting gold dappled oil,  
land with split skin, gather light, move in grace.  
Rusted artillery stationed at the  
Breach; machines jamming as much as firing.  
Lift sparkling blade, untangled in your bloom  
twisted lace, and rush with watered bearing.  
Ears open to the caustic song scattered  
from metal struck metal, caught in the glow  
of shaved fire spilling out as falling stars.  
Pierce the veil ripped from bridegroom to widow.

ii

Her feet fell still, rocking from ball to heel,  
A dance interrupted by searching spins.  
Once more into the Gossamer Palace,  
The place bled in the periphery of hymns.  
Lighted panels threw gestures at the walls,  
She stood a sundial for a dying sun,  
All light soon settled in a midday rut  
Shifting sterile time in a stagnant flood.  
Loop the wings, from the green to the curtain  
It seems the overture is going long,  
Edge drops to dark beneath the pool of light  
Her empty breath catching voice into song.

iii

You stalk a land abundant with new death  
With echoes that are caught up by their source,  
Recall the last encounter with the beast  
And the fear that strained to turn the tongue coarse.  
The eye watches it seems without intent  
Stick the thing. An impact forced dark. You're through.  
A corpse unrecognisable by parts.  
Old scars burn in the absence of any new.  
In the night air leaves rustle blinking the stars  
Must remember now to take out the bins  
What is mended when memory comes mundane?  
You'll soon resent the time that heals all things.

## Side B

After the storm but before the next,  
This night bathed in black and white,  
Blue blood aberration of stained light,  
Stars at switchboard's call and beck.

Crystal and glass stone pulled out from the wreck  
Of what they saw of strangers in the night,  
Of what wasn't felt of the lovers' rite,  
One of us sees that which never filled the deck.

Mirrors part the crowd  
Enough I can't avoid my own gaze  
Closed in an embrace you felt yesterday and I feel tomorrow.  
Curtains shape the shroud  
Torrents collapsed at the eye of the maze  
At the end, as often as it comes, nobody is saved from sorrow.

## **POEMS IN THE THIRD PERSON VOLUME 3**

Originally written between February and November 2024





## **Breakfast**

The sun seeps in  
and turns soluble in the fire  
fractional tolerance creates holy light;  
Well, that's something to admire.

## **Tomorrow in Oil**

Children gathered with their cheeks on the ledge  
hands hung off the edge  
the reinforced concrete reflects a temple,  
you knew that sound would trouble sleep  
you just thought the old house would settle  
spit's a reprieve for eventually  
for an ankle plunged in nettle  
sickness for the fox is the scream of death  
for now it will pass with the rainfall.  
At the peak, well as high as you could manage, there is only fog.

## **Paul Simon**

The boy is up to here darling  
The boy is up to here  
Tell me again won't you  
Tell me again it wasn't clear

## **Elephant's foot**

The painting's up on the wall  
blood medium, off the canvas, over all  
the manifest weights a crooked ship  
how big a boot to make you feel so small.

## **In Germany**

I'm looking at the sea but thinking of the river  
only to the waist the blanket wove of silver  
an unsighted wall of shaped glass and compensated depth  
head above water  
still not drawing breath.

## **Monkeys on the Mound**

You notice only now but the animals left long before the perpetual rain  
sharp knife blunt force all of it blood down the drain  
from the strangling of the lead glove cast  
in your hand  
against a cry to abstain  
your own blood to trade  
From the shallows of the new lake the first or the last out flies the crane.

## **Plastic Chairs**

The shape of a sandal in mud on the tile  
drying quick  
ridges on bark in a ceramic pan  
No yeah well it's been a while  
one hand to wash the floor before another if you can.

## **Like Heads of the Hydra**

Hand scorching on the bark  
there are greater reasons to work in the dark  
too much time to think not enough to rehearse  
actions taken because  
they cannot be reversed.

## **And While They Sup of Pure Gold They Will Laugh at Your Greed**

Swan Lake on the radio  
and every screen  
press ocean blue past sieve on creased black  
what can you say is more brittle than a dream  
amongst these vampires  
hold fast to seem.

## **Low Background Steel**

Brittle wind through the detuned strings of the aeolian harp  
metal scavenged from the South China Sea  
All carcasses pre-bomb.  
Deep blue thinly loomed through rebar  
screws caught up in the budding canopy of the tree  
the room, still, is warm.

## Pin

A look of light that only comes with the dark  
a soft border at a crossing without state  
blue veins to the surface before a wine dark crease  
from muddied scraps of clay, what will you make?  
ceramic out the kiln  
into the charred edges of bushes of  
blackberries embroidered in dyed  
thread by three needles and twice as many hands.

## Harare

Hung off the shoulder  
eyes sculpted by absent sleep  
push back the foglight  
unswallowed,  
a good dark.

## Heat

Ever more shades of orange wherever my eyes rest  
the slow noise of dust breaks the line at the crest  
cool gold over pitched bone out the myriad thread  
burrowed in the belly, a place to make a bed  
soft resistance to every touch drawing fog upon the mirror  
surface water dripping down off blooms far from the river  
saturated in the warmth of the cover of glittering sand  
fingers interlinked drawing psalms from hand to hand.

## The Edge of Town

Staccato flutter an echo an echo  
unsure vibration hot asphalt the pillow  
electric patterned dark all around the toes  
a deep crawling history for everything not known.

## Roomful

The axe will survive the master  
only in absence will the water clear faster  
rain off the corrugated roof  
twists like strands,  
don't think too hard now  
how you stand.

## Joy

Blood of the dead melting the snow  
a muted crackle tracks the steam rising from the floor  
She said there's something wrong with you you know  
and yeah everything you thought but  
christ so much more.

## East Facing

Frustrate the sun  
feet slipping beneath the sheets  
devour the sticky bun  
needs must, most is not neat.

## Until Next Time

Sun shine down  
crack the rain peppered pavement  
come back to this now  
consider what the parting meant  
one syllable trilled to a thousand more  
come away weeping come away bored

## Dark Stained Oak

How long can you sustain your anger?  
before it wears out with the road  
Maybe we're ready for the good table soon  
we decide which old shirts get sewn,  
someday out west in the white city with soldered shards above  
with blood pooling at your mouth again and at your wrists more blood  
spit out on the floor and  
thrust the dirtied knife for love.

## This Empty Room Once Held Paintings.

Rest your eyes  
the rabbit steps across the knoll  
awake again as soon as they close  
attune to feedback  
when voice comes too coherent  
spill and spread,  
warmth lifts the migrant bird  
hear more  
when you hear the breath between each sentence louder than any word.

## **Once Denied Lessons of the Shoulders On Which You Stand**

Lamp posts indicate the night before the afterimage  
of a sky of shining sun  
a sickening faith leads another pilgrimage  
the only power that matched their description  
Was when you held the gun.

## **The Sound of a Minute Beneath a Grandfather Clock**

Leaves up! migrating flock  
higher and ever higher  
light flooding the transition  
from windows cut to the routines of heavenly bodies  
the noise isn't too much to forgive  
Enough for a lifetime one more to live.



