

'A little Death'

#twenga 6

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#1

melting snow
the whole morning spent
sorting shoes

#2

even the sign on his van
is redundant

#3

in Queer Street
an ornamental cherry
bursts into flower

#4

she checks online
for shower valves

#5

a lucky bag
full of love hearts
and parma violets

#6

austerity burns
the zombie' s rotting skin

#7

crowds gather
by the shopping mall doors
for the summer sale

#8

madding eye pokers
flash my lawnmower

#9

the caretaker
looks quite dapper
in bowling green whites

#10

ebola or not
she washes his body

#11

a basket of fruit
and that hymn
all things bright and beautiful

#12

hiding inside
this ill fitting blazer

#13

underneath stairs
cupboard dust
golden crinkled leaves

#14

a trip to the moon
with Jules Verne

#15

rivets straining
we plot our trajectory
to the ruby mine

#16

she represses an urge
to assassinate her MP

#17

slowly unfurling
the fern' s reactions
are fractal patterns

#18

spring rain through
a gargoyles mouth

#19

pink foil peeled
chocolate eggs
easter mass after melting

#20

down by the crossroads
a man plays guitar

#21

her body cleaves
to his urgency
perspiring

#22

a little death
in the city of lovers

#23

our dirge
through 37 bridges
a litany of mist

#24

pull the plug on misery
technicolor dance

#25

no huntsmen
this Boxing Day
but a side of morris

#26

snow slides off
a Birmingham mosque

#27

falling from grace
the parkour maverick
loses his friend

#28

a crowd gathers
on the mown village green

#29

how the argument begins
how it ends
fresh cut vowels

#30

a sunblock polaroid
of half-grin oyster shells

#31

we run towards
the tipsy chimes
of the ice cream van

#32

it' s all weather racing
from Wolverhampton

#33

attempting to break
the unwavering calm
of the palace guard

#34

a giant of a clown
pegs out her smalls

#35

dark indentations
shy and skinless
new moon

#36

after sunrise falling
asleep on the damp lawn

#37

another Joburg power-cut
spied from my rooftop
in Maboneng

#38

an old con admires
the boy wonder' s legs

#39

whispering nothings
she stumbles sweetly
and giggles

#40

I take my hat off
to smell the blossom

#41

less a hindrance
more a challenge
to jump this dry stone wall

#42

Bucky coins a new word
to free spaceship earth

#43

ostrich feather cyborg
from a market
window sill curio

#44

we peruse stolen goods
at The British Museum

#45

playing marbles
I glance in the mirror
boy, we' re getting old

#46

she paints the attic
a skin of grief

#47

code pours out
looping distances
to closer distances

#48

Moebius marvels
over a shard of ice

#49

fingers clasped
ghosts shiver and dissolve
into the woods

#50

it's black two sugars
for both of us

#51

jacked up and waltzing
on Lake Titicaca
we create ripples

#52

a nightingale's song
in the anechoic chamber

#53

between the blessing
of their blindfolds
a fog of lips confess

#54

Miss Havisham
lights a cigarette

#55

slicing through Steve's ear
the throwing star turns
the white board red

#56

half the crowd lampoon
my glitzy presentation

#57

wasted
we spend an hour or so
in the hall of mirrors

#58

grandad stops
to rub his thinking stone

#59

generations
fading from picture books
on the shelf

#60

my first high speed train
pulls into Curzon Station

#61

the milkman
and an absence of green
in the red leaves

#62

we drink apple juice
straight from the press

#63

bonfire smoke
the camera obscura
records nothing

#64

the artificial fairies
dance in the darkness

#65

she tells me
how gravity affects time
on other planets

#66

futures await us
pixelated

#67

their youngest hacks
the online family
resolution service

#68

we lie sunburnt and blissful
on the hissing lawn

#69

the batsman tamps
a worm cast missed
by the besom broom

#70

phosphorescent cultures
form in my petri dish

#71

me and Keith
battle under the stairs
with our lightsabres

#72

seagulls float
over the Southbank

#73

Shakespeare
Beaumont and Fletcher
skating the Thames

#74

cold lorry drivers pray
to the angel of the north

#75

red trade plates
a signal to pick up
the hitchhiker

#76

I leave a handsome tip
for the handsome waiter

#77

a nosy prefect peers
over her shoulder
with dollar sign eyes

#78

it' s such a long way
from here to the Klondike

#79

crushing cardamon
to bring us home
after work

#80

the curator of the chains
rotates his finger

#81

resting her hips
on this black stack of sky
the smooth moon blooms

#82

a hushed buzz
in the sunflower's ear

#83

smoking in the shade
Erdogan dictates
his very first tweet

#84

Costa Rican pineapples
three for two

#85

the cardboard sign
on the gatepost reads
'gone away'

#86

filling my prescription
the pharmacist grins

#87

a red nose
bobbing in the wake
of the funeral barge

#88

Samara's cascading words
wash over me

#89

twitching bats
bolt in and out
of the hungry cave

#90

a string of garlic
on the pantry door

#91

kicking stones
on the Parkland Walk
thinking of you

#92

at the bottle bank
our evening colour coded

#93

in the cellar bar
doing the bump
with little Richard

#94

a glass eye settles
in the loo' s U-bend

#95

Muhammad swears
he will never let them
take his land

#96

chasing clouds
on the double-decker

#97

we practise the art
of dunking biscuits
in hot coffee

#98

a flask of rum
for the dawn chorus

#99

fistfuls of bees

hang around

the hawthorn blossom

#100

my ancient fridge

springs a leak